

## The Nameless 781

### Chapter 781: Long Since

Away from the discussion of the two former friends, Luna sat across from a fierce, tomboy-like beauty. She was King Veles Viserion's Queen, Nina Viserion. Yet, despite their two diametrically opposed personalities, they seemed to chat like the best of friends. It was as though Luna had that effect on everyone... Until she froze.

A voice resounded in her head, resulting from the mirror violently shaking in her spatial ring.

"It seems you're no longer taking this too seriously, dearest little sister. I won't waste my time reminding you why it is we are doing this, I only called to tell you that I know that your puppet of a husband is trying his best to scrounge up allies.

"It would be in your best interest if you foiled his plans... If not... Well, I'm sure you know the consequences."

...

"Why would I do that?" Veles looked at Dyon questioningly. The arrogance was something he was accustomed to, but was it really smart to tell a person with diametrically opposed opinions to yourself that you were certain of changing their mind? After all, humans were creatures of pride, and that was even more so for Veles who had fused with Dragon blood. How could he willingly change his mind so easily?

As much as he appreciated his fight with Dyon, it was just his mere instincts that told him his friend was back. There was no tangible proof. Even though he trusted those instincts, even to the point of being willing to bet his life on it, what he wasn't willing to do was bet the lives of others.

Dyon smiled. "It's simple. I won't be appealing to our past friendship was never something I intended to do. That would only waste the both of our times.

"Although I hope to one day repair it, a single day isn't enough and I wouldn't insult you like that. So, how about we focus on benefits instead?"

Veles raised an eyebrow. But, he was satisfied with Dyon's response.

Trust was something built over time, and once shattered, it was nearly impossible to rebuild once again. If it was a normal person, Veles would never provide a second chance. The only reason he did was because he had always found Dyon's drastic change in personality much too odd to accept. If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would have never believed it.

For one, Veles was sure that Dyon had never met Luna before. In fact, they were roaming the world together and he was also sure that neither of them knew anything of the marriage reward for the tournament. Secondly, Veles knew more than anyone how in love Dyon was with Amphorae.

As a human who had fused with Dragon Blood, it was an understatement to say that Veles was promiscuous. To top that off, despite his usually virtuous personality, he had no qualms about cheating on his wives and concubines. If a month with by without him adding another woman to his harem, his family might place their hands on his forehead and check to see whether he was sick or not.

Yet, even while having a friend who loved to frequent brothels and chase skirts, Dyon never put any of those women in his eyes.

While it was true that Luna was definitely hundreds of times better than any woman you could find on the streets or in a brothel, wasn't Dyon's reaction to her too exaggerated?

It was well within Veles' expectations for Dyon to take responsibility for Luna. But actually falling so deeply in love that he became a pawn of the Moon family? The Dyon he knew would rather die than essentially marry into his woman's home. In fact, what man would take such a thing lying down? It was disgraceful! It was only one disgrace point shy of taking your wife's maiden name for your own. Wouldn't you be emasculating yourself?!

Because of all of these reasons, it wasn't a surprise that Veles found Dyon's sudden change... Fishy. So, in order to understand, he decided to provide this former friend of his with a second chance. Whether this second chance would work out or not... Only time would tell.

"What are these benefits?" Veles finally spoke after his moment of silence.

"A few things," Dyon responded with confidence. "Well, firstly, I'll say a few things that you can choose to take as truth or falsehoods.

"Firstly, the spies of the Angel clan have long been expunged by me. The only ones that remain are ones that I have already marked to be observed, and the only person who is aware of this list is myself and no one else." Dyon's eyes narrowed as he emphasized his next words. "Including Queen Luna."

Veles' eyes widened when he heard this. Unknowingly, he felt like Dyon confirmed his suspicions and a weight in his heart was seemingly released as he leaned back into his chair. He didn't care about the other things Dyon said because they could neither be confirmed or denied, even by Dyon himself. However, the Queen Luna point... That was interesting indeed.

"Secondly, if you agree to these terms of ours, the one commanding our armies will be me."

Veles laughed in mock anger. Was this a joke? He was well aware of the strength of the Angel clan, mostly due to the spies he, himself placed.

The Angel clan, at most, had 50 or so thousand warriors at their disposal. The Viserions and their various affiliate clans controlled almost twenty times that! Although their quality wasn't as high as the Angel Clan due to the fact that many were made up of various low quality clans they have conquered over the years, to allow their chief commander to have only contributed less than 5% of their total forces... Wasn't that too much a joke?

Dyon shrugged at Veles' response since he expected it. "You should reserve your laughter for after you hear why I'm so confident that you'll agree.

"In addition, I should make one other thing clear. Our opponents this time are not to be trifled with. You understand this already, I'm sure. Or else with your arrogance, you would have long since wiped them off the face of this planet."

Dyon gave Veles a deep look before he continued. "There's a reason behind why the prince of an Emperor God Clan would stoop so low as to marry into and become the King of a mere Royal God Clan. In addition, why would they hold a tournament to announce it? Does the prince of an Emperor God Clan really have anything to prove to the princess of a Royal God Clan?"

"If he took a liking to Luna, wouldn't he have just snatched her away? Furthermore, why was the tournament hosted here? On top of all of this, why did they take 30 years to start bothering my Angel clan? What Emperor God Clan would take such an insult lying down, even waiting so patiently?"

"In my estimation, even if we add your million or so warriors, our likelihood of winning, even in light of King Jabari's arrogance, is only about 40%"

Hearing this, Veles suddenly laughed again. "If someone didn't know the situation, they might mistake you for being humble."

"The Moon Clan's forces are approaching 3.5 million. To top this off, their ranks are made up of their Royal God Clan along with two other God Level clans. In fact, the only reason their numbers are so few is because they've only decided to take out their elites. If they brought all of their battle-able bodies, approaching even half a billion wouldn't be impossible."

"Not only are their number almost four times ours, should I decide to join your efforts, they're also vastly superior in terms of quality. Their techniques are at the bare minimum at the peak Earth Level with their best elites even having Heaven techniques! Not a single one would be lower than the saint realm. And you actually have the audacity to say a 40% chance. How bold."

While Veles was dying of laughter, Dyon was inwardly laughing as well. The arrogance in his eyes only amplified.

He couldn't believe that Veles took having peak Earth techniques as impressive when Dyon could treat Divine level techniques like toilet paper if he so chose. Such was the benefit of having the entire library of an Emperor God Clan that stood at the top of the cosmos left to you.

Even in ancient times, Divine level techniques were matters of legend only seen by Emperor God Clans and above. As for peak Divine level techniques like Dyon's soul rend technique? Only the existences who could crush the Viserion main clan as easily as flipping over a hand would have one.

And yet, didn't Dyon have two peak Divine level techniques? Not only soul rend, but his Demon Emperor's Will could also be considered to be at that level.

Dyon found Veles' reaction to be akin to being a frog at the bottom of a well. How could he react if he knew that, with the help of the Soul Tome and since Dyon's soul had broken into the Celestial Level, his former friend could learn any Heaven level technique instantly?

Seeing that Dyon barely reacted to his scrutiny and that his eyes held a hint of mocking within them, Veles finally stopped laughing before speaking seriously.

"Since you say 40%, we'll leave it at that. However, there's something you should know about your Angel Clan."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. For Veles to say that, there was a good likelihood that he really didn't know this piece of information, so he perked up, listening intently.

If the information wasn't about such a sensitive matter, Veles might have basked in garnering Dyon's curiosity a bit more. But, instead, he spoke directly.

"I'm not entirely sure why your father hid this from you and only have some guesses, but in the entire cosmos, there are only a handful of clans bold enough to touch your Angel Clan. I don't know all of the details, but all I can say is that no one would willingly offend that father of yours. A man who no longer has anything to protect is the most dangerous kind of man." Veles said deeply.

He obviously knew that Dyon's father was dead, but his meaning was clear. No one dared to touch you because even the shadow of your father was enough to deter them!

Dyon pondered for a bit. He had no idea what the peak existences in these ancient times were as he hadn't focused on that at all, but could there really be a man so powerful? And wasn't his father dead? Why would a dead man still be able to pressure and Emperor God Clan? Unless he was wrong about who was involved in his dad's death...

Suddenly, an errant thought made a cold sweat permeate Dyon's back.

If Dyon's father was so powerful... So powerful that even an Emperor God Clan didn't dare to take a clan of a mere 200, 000 people lightly... Then who could have been responsible for his death?

However, that thought wasn't what made Dyon freeze. If the Moon and Ahpuch clans weren't responsible for his dad's death, that likely meant that they thought he was alive. That would explain why they didn't attack Dyon for the sake of Luna, after all, Dyon's dad had still been alive when he married Luna.

But... If they thought his father was alive and yet they still had the audacity to attack their Angel Clan... What were they relying on to give them confidence in dealing with an expert as powerful as his father?!

Dyon grit his teeth. Just this small bit of information changed so much. If he went in without knowing this, wouldn't he be making a fool of himself?

He was sure that Luna wouldn't know whether his father was alive or not because his past persona never let Luna see him sad because he wasn't willing to see his love cry. In addition, Luna never interacted with the rest of the clan, constantly staying in their room. She had no friends in the Angel clan, nor did she have any core information.

As for the spies of the Angel Clan, they had never held a funeral because they never found his father's body! He was just presumed dead!

The more Dyon thought about this, the more confused he became. Could it be that his father wasn't dead at all? But he hadn't seen him in more than 20 years...

Dyon shook his head. None of that mattered. Since the Moon clan thought his father was still alive, yet dared to attack, they had a trump card that Dyon had no clue how to prepare for.

"And why do you think my father didn't tell me this?"

"Pft," Veles snorted. "Do you think you would have cared? With your personality, you would have just sworn to beat him down one day and take his place. Why would a father feel a need to brag to his son? You would have found out eventually anyway."

Dyon gave Veles an odd look before bursting into laughter. In his real life, outside of this trial, weren't those the very same words he said to his own father? He lost track of how many times he lost his cool during their training sessions, swearing to the heavens that he would beat his dad one day. It was just too bad he never got the opportunity.

Seeing the laughter, but clear sad look in Dyon's eyes, a shred of pity and understanding gleamed in Veles' eyes. Although he too wasn't aware of whether or not Dyon's father was alive, what he did know was that he hadn't been in their clan for at least 20 years, or else kingship would have never passed on to Dyon.

Clearly, Dyon missed his father.

Sighing, Dyon shook his head. "Since we understand each other, we might as well continue. My only reason for saying what I said about the Moon clan's power is to tell you that the only way for us to have a 40% chance is if I have command. My orders cannot be questioned, and it will be up to you to convince your clan of accepting them."

"Yes, yes, yes." Veles waved his hand. "This is only under the condition you can convince me, something you have yet to do."

Dyon smiled knowingly. "Did you not notice who I came here with?"

Veles raised an eyebrow. "You mean Luna? Are you pawning off your wife? I have to say, she is quite the world-shaking beauty. Despite her being petite, I have yet to taste a woman of her caliber. That is indeed quite the gift."

Dyon gave Veles a 'really?' expression before rolling his eyes. "Keep your lust to yourself. I don't have a habit of sharing my women."

"I meant Merchant Brinsop." Dyon said slowly.

## Chapter 783: Importance

At first, Veles' features flashed in disappointment before confusion. But in the next instant, his eyes widened.

"That little bastard!"

Dyon grinned. "It's so nice talking to intelligent people, I don't have to waste my words."

Dyon's plot was simple. Just like Merchant Brinsop sank his hooks into the Angel clan economy, becoming a spy, he had done the same with countless other clans! Veles had just realized that Brinsop was actually a spy!

Leisurely tapping the arm rest of his chair, Dyon leaned back. "In all likelihood, the Moon clan already knows that I'm here."

Veles grit his teeth in frustration. "Ugh, how ridiculous! And after all of this, you dare to say we have a 40% chance?!"

Dyon shrugged, "Would your personality have allowed us to be incognito? You practically tried to rip my head off the moment I stepped into your territory."

Veles' features turned red with about 70% anger and 30% embarrassment before he calmed down. He knew that Dyon was right.

"With Brinsop's help, I can likely guarantee that 80% of the spies will be removed. Coupling this with a few other methods I'll give you, should you agree, I dare to say that they'll all be weeded out."

"That is... Quite the tempting offer..."

Veles knew how important it was to have intelligence on spies. There wasn't a clan in existence that could prosper without having such information. Even the Ragnor Clan from Dyon's time went as far as directly killing all of the spies they had found out about in order to prevent information of the Epistemic Tower being leaked.



It wasn't necessary to kill them all as that would just incite the enemy to send more. But, it would definitely be good to know of them all. Then, one could feed the enemy false information to gain the advantage. The only reason Dyon didn't use this approach was because he didn't have enough time to make good use of it.

Veles knew that if he couldn't deal with these spies, his chances of ruling the cosmos would find its first road block on this small Planet Haven!

\*\*

"Luna?" Nina stood, her voluptuous body clad in tight black spandex. Viserion culture was different from the Angel clan and much less conservative. But, even then, they were currently in the Imperial Harem, she could flaunt herself as she pleased.

Plus, how could Veles' first wife not be a world toppling beauty? Everything from her jet-black hair, pulled back into a pony tail, to sparkling green eyes was imbued with perfection that only fell just shy of Luna and Amphorae.

Luna shook her head, awakening from her stupor. With a smile, she reassured Nina that she was alright. "How about you give me a small tour of your esteemed palace?"

Nina clapped, happily obliging. But, she didn't notice the complicated look on Luna's features as she turned away.

The two beauties leisurely walked around the castle, lightly giggling to themselves as the surrounding servants tried their best to avoid their gazes. Even some lingering nobles only dared to look after they had already passed them. But, even they looked away immediately, scolding themselves. These two were the wives of the most talented two young men likely in the history of this quadrant. Wouldn't they be sending themselves to death by coveting them?

It wasn't that they didn't know of Dyon's cowardly actions in the past few decades, but that only served to scare them even more. For a man to love a woman to the level of forsaking his own dignity, wasn't he no less than a madman? How would he react to them staring at her with any form of lust?

There were even rumors that he, himself, didn't dare to touch his own wife, treating her like a porcelain doll above all reproach. Apparently, he also completely ignored his concubines for her sake as well.

Thinking to this point, they no longer dared look at the petite silver-haired beauty despite how magnetic her presence was. Even a woman wouldn't be able to control their fiery lust while being with her. One can imagine the kind of will-power it took for a King, who was, even further, her husband, to not touch her either. That was definitely a man capable of doing anything for this wife of his.

Of course, none of this would mean anything had Dyon not just beaten their own King in front of them all! In their dragon-like society, strength meant everything!

As for King Viserion's woman, even less needed to be said. Unlike Dyon who lived in another clan, their King was right here! Even worse, with their queen's temper, she could implode herself at any moment. One day she might enjoy flaunting her body and allow their eyes to take advantage of her, but on another, she might have them beheaded for doing the same thing!

Luna, however, didn't seem to mind being stared at. For a woman like her who wasn't even embarrassed that her moans were heard by her husband's guards, would could imagine what it would take to rattle her.

Nina pulled Luna's small arm toward herself, pressing it into her almost exaggeratedly large breasts. "Little Luna," The two ladies walked into a private garden, escaping the heated gazes within the castle, before reclining on green grass by a tranquil lake. "Don't tell me the rumors about you and your husband are real?"

The truth was that both Nina and Luna had been good friends since their youth. Obviously, Nina hadn't grown up in the Viserion clan and had actually been a Princess of a King God Clan just a few universes over. During the Universe Tournament, Veles had caught her eye with his obviously impressive performance. As such, her family didn't have any reservations about marrying her to him even though he was from a mere branch clan. This was especially so since her former King God Clan was actually a subordinate clan of the main Viserion clan. Because of this, the main clan were hoping to use Nina as a way to keep tabs on Veles from afar.

One might wonder how the Princess of a King God Clan could become close with someone so far down from their station. But, the answer held the same reason as why the Prince of an Emperor God Clan would diligently try to woo her to be his first wife.

Luna was special beyond what words could describe, but the history of the Moon clan was even more so. Many suspected that the clues of Luna's origins matched up far too perfectly with a certain mystery of her clan. Being a shrewd man, Luna's late father decided to publicize the special nature of his daughter as opposed to trying to hide something he knew he couldn't forever. Not only did this not backfire, it actually resulting in their Moon clan gaining benefits from all sides! Because no one was willing to offend even the small possibility of their notions being correct!

As for what these speculations were, that was a story for another time, with too many points of historical significance and mystery to explain in a short moment. What is of importance now though is this...

#### Chapter 784: Gone

If no clan dared to offend the Moon clan lightly, then what power was capable of forcing both Luna and her elder sister into a corner? Wouldn't such a clan be of unimaginable power?... Maybe if Dyon knew about this, the list of things he had to prepare for would increase by one before he suddenly realized that maybe this was the exact reason why the Moon clan dared to attack him now despite being wary of his father!

Luna stretched her petite body, yawning adorably. The lines of her curves were exploited through her once loose clothing, seemingly allowing Nina's eyes to enjoy a feast. "What rumors could you possibly be talking about?"

Nina's eyes sparkled, not hiding her appreciation for Luna's figure at all. Those around her had always labeled her as a fierce lady, and maybe with that side of her personality came a passion for the female body that crossed the lines of light attraction.

"Your husband is the most handsome man I've ever seen. And you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Wouldn't it be a shame if I could never hold such a child in my arms?" Nina inadvertently squeezed her thighs together, lightly biting her full lips.

Luna giggled, raking her violet eyes over Nina's voluptuous and spandex clad body. "What are these rumors exactly?"

Nina harrumphed, pouting her red painted lips. "That fool doesn't know what's good for them. He's a pretty face that I would love to pin down, but unfortunately, I'll only have the chance to experience one man in this lifetime. So hypocritical."

Luna laughter only grew at these words because she realized how even Nina, herself, was being a hypocrite as well.

How could Luna not know what these rumors were? Nina was berating Dyon for not taking advantage of the beauty of a wife before him, but at the same time, she was complaining about her husband taking in too many beauties. If that wasn't hypocrisy, then what was?

As for the reason Dyon ignored her sexually for the vast majority of their marriage, Luna was very clear on the true reason, but she held it to herself. However, knowing the reason is exactly why she never truly hated that block-head husband of hers. In fact, keeping her virginity was supposed to be in line with their plans... But, before Luna even realized it, she had lost it willingly.

She could no longer make heads or tails about how she would deal with that dilemma going forward. To be real, she had been so lost in pleasure that she hadn't thought straight from the moment she took Dyon into her mouth. She even suspected for a moment that her husband had drugged her, but she knew her own body better than anyone else. Even the vilest poisons in the world wouldn't have an effect on her. That could only mean one thing... She had wanted it...

Knowing this, Luna had decided to help Dyon to the best of her abilities. Wasn't that the least that the man who took her chastity deserved? There was no doubt in Luna's heart that over these years, Dyon had grown on her, especially in these recent few days. It was as though he was back to the man who shouted out that she was his woman even in the face of the anger of her father.

After this, Luna knew that she would have to separate from Dyon because in the end... What was done was done.

However, just a few moments ago, Luna realized something that shook her to her core.

Before this, it didn't matter if Dyon took her virginity. After all, what those people wanted wasn't her virginity, but what her virginity meant. No matter how beautiful she was, those major clans wouldn't bat an eye. At most, their more lecherous princes and kings would just steal her away. This wasn't Ancient China. While those men cared for the chastity of their wives, if they just wanted a plaything, why would they bother with whether they were virgins or not? If they cared for such things, wouldn't brothels have gone out of business long ago?

But, almost inconceivably, Luna's primordial yin was gone! She was so infatuated and lost in Dyon's handsomeness that she hadn't even noticed!

Normally, woman would hardly notice such a thing unless they had special instruments to test it. These were the very same instruments used in Dyon's time to check whether or not a woman was a virgin or not. However, in the very same fashion, it was possible to check in other ways, if your senses were far more acute than others!

Dyon knew that Evelyn was no longer a virgin because his sensitivity to things was nearly unmatched due to his overwhelming soul talent. The only reason he didn't realize he had four primordial yins within him at the time his life was teetering on an edge, was because he didn't have enough martial world knowledge to understand it!

However, Luna was not the same! Not only were her senses arguably more acute than Dyon's, she had more than enough knowledge, and even more so, knew just how important her primordial yin was!

What confused her even further was the fact that Dyon hadn't died! For a moment, she even doubted her own identity. If her primordial could be taken away so easily, maybe her father and... That clan... were wrong? Maybe she could go back to living a normal life?

But, with her intelligence, she immediately refuted the idea. Any person who understood reasoning understood that the conclusion that took the fewest steps to reach was likely the more correct conclusion.

All her life, the evidence had been compiling. It was as though even her fragrance matched that legend. That may sound like an exaggeration, but was true.

Knowing this, how could she then say that just because of a lost primordial that everything she had come to know was wrong?

There were two points of interest here. Not only had Dyon taken her primordial yin... It hadn't killed him!

The taking of her primordial yin was one thing. After all, it was likely just the natural flow of the universe. But, everyone knew that if a male stepped too far above his station, he could be rendered impotent. However, when many weren't aware of was the fact if that step was too far, the fall would be even worse, resulting in death! It was just that primordial yins of such a caliber were the stuff of legend.

Thus, after her primordial yin was gone, the process of taking it would be stalled during Dyon's death, and because the process wasn't finished, it would come back to her.

Yet, not only did this not happen, her primordial yin was gone!

#### Chapter 785: Love?

This was the true reason Luna froze when she heard her sister's voice. It was as though she was snapped back from a dream, and in that moment, she began to focus once again. The moment she focused was the moment she realized the oddity in her body. After all, after having essentially been a spy most of her life, how could such a simple thing make her freeze?

All of this only meant one thing... She had underestimated that husband of hers...

The reason none of those large characters cared about her marriage to Dyon was because they were sure that even if he took her virginity, he would never be able to take her primordial yin. All of these years of preparation were in store for only a single thing: her primordial yin!

It was no wonder Luna's mind was in a mess. Before, she wanted to help Dyon to the best of her abilities, ensuring that while the Angel Clan would suffer a bit of a loss, they would still survive.

But that was all ruined!

The truth was that a key part to those old fogies' plans was the treasure they resided only in the Angel Clan, the Energy Core. Luna knew that as long as they got it, they wouldn't be bothered to deal with a pitiful Angel Clan. The only problem was that even she didn't know exactly where it was. So, the purpose of destroying the Angel Clan was to take their time to thoroughly search for it.

This was how overbearing Luna's primordial yin was. Without one of the greatest sources of energy in existence, it should have been nothing more than a pipe dream to even think of taking it for one's self! How could she know how arrogant Dyon's soul was? Would it ever allow a woman he took as his own to act so rampantly within his inner world? Luna's primordial yin had long been sealed away!

Unfortunately, this left Luna in an incredibly difficult spot. She would have been able to help Dyon as long as she got the Energy Core and retained her primordial yin. In fact, it wouldn't have mattered even if they had sex a hundred or even a thousand more times. None of it would have mattered if her primordial yin was still with her...

But now, everything had changed. Dyon had gone from a tiny blip in the plans of those fogies, to an unbearable scar at the center of all of their hearts. The moment they found out about this, it was impossible for Dyon to continue living.

If there was a technique for stealing away a primordial yin a man had already conquered, Luna had never heard of it! This meant that they would likely just kill Dyon and everyone he loved to vent their frustrations before doing the same to Luna and her family as well. Everything was ruined just because of a mere moment of lust!

The worst part was that Luna had conflicting feelings. She had finally found a man who could conquer her without outside help. He made her feel good... Better than she ever had before in her life. He even helped her to the point where she forgot all of her duties as the princess of the Moon clan. One could say that the moment she learned that her primordial yin was gone, Luna's feelings for Dyon had morphed from lust and infatuation, to an undying love.

The heart of a woman was hard to understand, even Luna hardly understood. But, after going all of her life with everyone treating her as a treasure instead of a human being, or better yet, a woman, this was the first time that a man had truly grasped her. He had taken the thing about her that everyone coveted... That everyone had spent decades trying to figure out how to pry out of her... Was domineeringly taken under the power of one man alone...

It was as though Dyon's had proven that she was a human... That she was a woman... That she wasn't a treasure that could only be opened with other treasures... But rather, those men from before were just too incompetent to take it for themselves, so they could only rely on other things.

'That's right.' Luna tried to console herself as her long-time friend continued to bash the both of their husbands. 'They were all unworthy... Only my Dyon is worthy of me...'

But even though she believed every one of those words with every fiber of her being... Even though that it was no longer a ploy and Dyon had truly won her heart... Even though she wanted everything to just disappear and let the two of them be happy... She knew that this wasn't possible...

Maybe if Dyon had a few more centuries to grow, he would become an expert that even surpassed his father, allowing him to sweep over those old fogies who dared to toy with his woman. Luna couldn't stand the idea of another man touching her after Dyon. It made her stomach roll with unending disgust.

Before she hadn't cared. She had resigned herself to a loveless life. She didn't even care whether Dyon took her virginity or not before... But now... She would rather die...

Luna knew she could never live with herself if she betrayed Dyon... But could she live with herself if she was responsible for the destruction of her family?...

She didn't know what to do and it was driving her crazy... At most, she had a day or so left to make a decision... A day or so to decide whether she would choose the love of her family... Or the love of her life...

It was a choice that would decide the rest of her life.

"Ugh," Nina continued her rant. "If it wasn't for those beautiful ladies in the Imperial Harem that that chauvinist let me play with, I would have gone to find myself a nice gigolo to play with a long time ago.

"Can you believe that on our marriage night he promised to fuck me everyday? That bullshit promise only lasted for a month before that cultivation maniac went into seclusion. Then, when he came out, it's only 4 or 5 times a week now! Does he take me as some old lady on menopause? I have needs!"



The moment Luna's attention snapped back to Nina, she heard this and burst into a peal of melodious laughter. Only this friend of hers would find 4 or 5 times a week too little. This was especially funny because there was no doubt in Luna's mind that Veles was also enjoying that harem of 100+ women he had. For him to still have so much time for Nina, it could be said that she was quite lucky.

"What are you laughing for?" Nina said in a pout, before a devious grin spread on her features. "Should I attack you like I used to? It's been a long time since I've felt those soft breasts you hide so well."

Luna pouted her adorable lips, "I still haven't forgiven you for stealing my first kiss. You're the one who deserves some punishment."

Nina covered her lips with her slender fingers in shock, "How could you say such a thing? Belittling our love like so?"

"Love?" Luna's lips slanted in mock disdain.

She remembered the first time she met Nina. Just like the Princess of a King God Clan ought to be, she was arrogant. However, at the same time, she was sexually frustrated. One might faint of shock if you ever saw Nina's toy collection. Her father might have died of anger if he knew what that girl had their family's treasured weapon's smiths working on.

When Nina saw Luna, her eyes lit up immediately, thinking she had found a worthy plaything. As for her maidservants, they breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that Luna's existence might finally allow them some reprieve.

After all, they knew their young mistress's fondness for... "beautiful" things, but they also knew that Nina wouldn't dare give up her chastity to a man because that would cross over her father's bottom line. So, since Luna was, on the surface, a mere Princess of a small Royal God Clan, it was no wonder that Nina thought it would be easy to take advantage of her.

## Chapter 786: All I Can Do

Long story short, Nina brought Luna into her fold under the pretext of being friends and stole away her first kiss. At first, she had wanted to take it slow so that Luna would eventually enjoy it as well. She

thought that she was being "better than a chauvinist who would just take your chastity and not allow you to enjoy it" as she put it. In fact, she was optimistic since it didn't seem that Luna was all that opposed.

But, that was when her father reprimanded her the next day, informing her of how sensitive Luna's identity was. It was only then that Nina didn't dare go any further.

That said, that didn't mean that Nina didn't take advantage of her Little Luna once in a while. However, that was under the umbrella of her being a friend as opposed to treating Luna like a plaything.

"Don't be like that," Nina whined, "I would have taken really good care of you."

Luna giggled, not taking her friend too seriously. After all, despite what Nina thought, she helped alleviate some of her boredom. Plus, it had felt nice to be wanted for something other than that primordial yin of hers. And, she knew that Nina would have treated her well too because her maidservants were all treated well.

"You don't need about those rumors," Luna said mysteriously, "my husband is actually quite good in bed. Even better than you."

"What?!" Nina's playful persona shattered as though she had really just been offended in the worst way possible.

"Mhm," Luna nodded with clear pride in her eyes. "He can make me purr like a little kitten with that Emperor's rod of his."

Nina thought back to all of her interactions with Luna. She knew this little sister of hers as a playful girl, but she was also quite clear of the endless pride and competitiveness within her. In fact, Dyon knew of this too because their sexual exploits were all triggered by their husband and wife pair trying to one up each other. So, the fact her prideful Luna had said such a thing, could only mean that it was true! She would never say anything that belittled herself as a joke!

Even more glaringly, despite her interaction with Luna, she was very clear on who was the top and who was the bottom of their relationship. The Luna she knew was a sadist. But right now... Why did she sound like such a masochist?! "Purr like a little kitten"?! Did she hear correctly?!

A sudden unbridled lust flashed in Nina's green eyes. Not only for Luna, but for that husband of hers. For him to be even better than her, what kind of pleasure would having him on top of her bring? But, she had to banish the thought. Regardless of what she said to her good friend Luna, she wouldn't have allowed her father to marry her off if she didn't love Veles. So, while she would enjoy the occasional woman, that was because she knew he wouldn't mind. However, tasting another man was a betrayal that even her nymphomaniac tendencies wouldn't allow.

That said, wasn't her Luna also quite good in bed? After all, she never said he was better than herself.

As if reading Nina's mind, Luna smiled lightly, using her slender finger to lift her friend's delicate chin. Nina trembled under her touch, anticipation and a dash of servility clear in her eyes.

"I won't lie to you, he's even better than me." Luna said lightly. "However, I've learned quite a lot from him. Why don't you take me to the usual place and I'll show you? Here isn't appropriate."

Luna's voice suddenly became domineering, causing Nina's head to bob up and down like an adorable pecking chicken, trying to ignore the growing moistness between her legs. She immediately stood and began to lead the way, completely missing the complicated look on Luna's face.

Only Luna knew that her asking Nina to bring her to that place would set a plan in motion that she no longer had the right to regret...

Watching Nina's perfect body excitedly hop away, Luna finally stood and followed.

'I'm sorry husband... This is all I can do.'

\*\*

Dyon sat patiently as he waited for Veles to think through his proposition. The truth of the matter was that although the idea of clearing out spies was enticing, Dyon knew that it probably wasn't enough, which was exactly why he started with his weakest offer. What he didn't expect was for Veles to be so close to saying yet regardless.

If you thought about it, it made sense. It was likely for a combination of two reasons.

For one, regardless of how cold hearted Veles pretended to be, he was someone who placed relationships very highly on his list of priorities. Because of that, when he saw the chance of his long time friend coming back to him, the longing within him was overriding much of his logic.

The second reason was very related to the first. How could someone who placed such emphasis on relationships stand the idea that those close to him could be betraying him? It ate away at his heart the same way Dyon's change in personality back then had hurt him.

Merchant Brinsop had used to be a good friend of Veles'. Despite him being quite weak, he had a life perspective that Veles appreciated. Plus, his wife Nina loved the goods he brought from the Moon clan. To think he was actually a spy!

Dyon, of course, had purposefully brought up Brinsop for this reason. Not only did Brinsop's appearance prove that Dyon knew of many spies, how could Dyon not know how close his and Veles' relationship was after questioning him? It would be a shame of Dyon hadn't taken advantage.

However, in the end, Veles' logic won out.

"Your offer is tempting, I won't lie to you. But, with time, couldn't I weed out these very spies just the same? A good portion of the reason why my conquests have been so reserved is in acknowledgement that there was a good possibility that these spies exist and I have confidence in weeding them out within the decade.

"I can't, in good conscious, risk the lives of my clan members for short term benefits, especially when I know that the Moon clan had been searching for a reason to wipe us out all these years."

Veles answered resolutely, bracing himself to see the disappointment on his friend's face. However, all he saw was a still confident smile that made him feel slightly uneasy. Could it be that there was more to this proposal? He was beginning to feel like he was being toyed with.

Ever since the beginning of their fight, Dyon had seemed to have the advantage. It wasn't until he used that pressure to break through that Veles finally reversed the tides. In truth, that had felt quite good. It was like he was finally one upping his long time rival. But, that was when Dyon suddenly pulled out his wings and completely decimated him.

Originally, Veles didn't think too much about it. After all, he had finally stepped into the eighth stage of his Dragon Refining Arts, why would he have time to care about losing that one battle?

He estimated that with just a few hours alone, as long as he consolidated his foundation, he would finally break into the celestial level of body refinement. With a few extra days, he would break into the celestial level of energy refinement. When that time came, he was sure that his rival would no longer be a match with him.

Yet, there was something about Dyon's smile that made him feel as though he could never win. As though the man sitting before him was some insurmountable mountain peak that no mortal had ever tread on before.

Maybe if Veles had been a little less flustered, he would have realized that this was because Dyon's Presence was still steadily growing and now had the effect of making people want to follow him. This was the characteristic of the King level.

Dyon didn't know when, but his Presence had crossed over what should have been a massive bottleneck with ease. Even with his intelligence, how could he ever pin the reason on that petite silver-haired beauty?

This couldn't really be blamed on Dyon. He had never experienced what it felt like to improve a Martial Art through dual cultivation. He had assumed that the reason he hadn't felt a bump in his cultivation was because Luna's was lower than his by a significant margin. That was the easiest conclusion to come to, was it not?

At the moment, his best guesses were that it was because of the pressure Veles gave him during their fight, or, his favorite thought was that it was connected to his wings. After all, he felt the change in his wings... It no longer felt like a manifestation, but rather, as though it was a part of his real body. To Dyon, that seemed like the most logical guess.

In the end, the fact remained that Dyon's Presence was now a hair away from crossing over into Emperor levels, resting at Peak King. His words were no less than an irresistible magnetic attraction to those around him, men and women alike.

"How could I come here and show you such meager benefits?" Dyon said slyly. "Given our past relationship, even if I didn't need your help, I would have told you about these pesky spies of yours.

"As for the real benefits... Have you ever thought about the kinds of treasures my father accumulated over the years? Or..." Dyon's eyes sharpened. "The kind of powerful abyssal cores that resulted from our spiritual vein?"

#### Chapter 787: In Return

At this point, Veles would be lying if he said that he wasn't interested. Who in this cosmos didn't know how domineering Dyon's father was when he appeared? He would only ever do so for two reasons.

One was to remind the world of his power and give them the reason why to never provoke the Angel clan – a father truly as arrogant as his own son. And the second reason? To run rampant through the most powerful Legacy Worlds to ever appear!

Over the course of the years, who knows how many treasures he had accumulated? However... This still wasn't what enticed Veles the most.

As a long time friend of the Angel Clan, both Veles and his father knew of how overwhelming the Angel Clan's spiritual vein truly was. If it wasn't for expertly placed and maintained formations, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that they would have long since been exposed and coveted.

The only thing that that father-son pair didn't know was that the spiritual vein was the result of the most valuable treasure Dyon's father had ever found: the Energy Core. However, what they did know was the result.

Everyone knew the benefit of spiritual veins, it was just that they were exceedingly difficult to cultivate. But, once you did, the benefits were nearly unmatched. And for an Angel Clan who maximized those benefits with their formations, the impact was even greater!

As described before, spiritual veins, if grown too large, can disrupt the flow of a universe and lead to its destruction. That was why even the highest grade spiritual veins only spanned a few hundred meters, let alone the hundreds of miles the Angel Clan's achieved. The only thing that wasn't thoroughly explained was exactly why this happens.

While spiritual veins provide an accumulation of energy, what was dangerous was the way in which it did so.

Spiritual veins were capable of moving large clumps of not only energy, but wills itself! The base requirement for the energy of a spiritual vein was on a level higher than even the legendary enigmatic energy that only dao formation experts could manipulate. And that was Gama energy!

That's right. The reason why tempering veins with Gama energy was so rare was because it required a clan to have a spiritual vein! In addition, you could only use Gama energy to temper your veins if it reached the appropriate level. For example, a spiritual vein that was too small, might only be capable of providing energy at the meridian formation level, or one or two steps higher. And even then, it would only be able to do so for a very small number of individuals.

The truth of the matter was that the celestial meridians Dyon had seen as a reward after his first trial was the upper limit that was possible! Spiritual veins capable of providing dao formation level Gama energy would only be found in a universe that was collapsing under its power!

So, why was this so dangerous? Think about it. The entity that the Daiyu and his servant were so afraid of... Wasn't he also accumulating vast amounts of Gama energy? And how did he balance it? Wasn't it by sacrificing the talent of billions of people? If a process takes so much sacrifice, how could it not be dangerous?!

However, what can be said is that things that require sacrifice often come with the most benefits...

Why was the energy core so sought after? It wasn't just that it provided stability to large veins, even in its absence, it was what the accumulation of those veins resulted in!

During his very first night in the Angel Clan, after setting Luna down to sleep, Dyon launched himself into the air, studying the landscape of the land and trying to find the best Feng Shui points so as to create the best formations all while lamenting the fact Meiying wasn't there to make it thousands of times easier. However, what he found was shocking!

At each and every one of the Feng Shui points he found, there was an abyssal core of potent power!

There was a wind valley that Dyon was sure could slice up even dao formation experts as long as they weren't proficient in the dao of wind. There was an active underground volcano that was seemingly prepared to erupt at any time and made the Origin flames in Dyon's inner world tremble with excitement. There was a forest of woods with such a dense nature energy that Dyon almost fell asleep immediately, filled with endless comfort and healing. There was even a long stretch of mountains erupting with perpetual earth quakes and gravity fields that Dyon barely escaped from. Had he stepped more than a foot into it, his life would have been sealed for sure.

Why did all of these overwhelming abyssal cores appear? And all of them in close proximity to the Angel Clan? The reason was obvious! The Energy Core and the Spiritual Vein it created were responsible!

Wasn't Gama energy just the accumulation of every will in existence combined with every form of energy? And all of that was rushing toward the spiritual vein to help nurture it! So, what would happen if this potent Gama energy had to pass by a strong Feng Shui point before it reached its destination? Wouldn't that Feng Shui point take advantage to power itself by taking the energy it was most compatible with?!

The Angel Clan wasn't only powerful because of their bloodline. Within their own territory, in expertly maintained and confined spaces, they had quality abyssal cores one couldn't find even if you searched the entire quadrant!

Veles coughed uncomfortably, knowing that his love of martial arts might be getting the best of him, he was trying to calm down.

Dyon smiled before adding more pressure. "We will form an alliance, just like we promised to do all those years ago. I hope that one day, you'll accept me as your brother again. But, for now, I'll tell you my dream.



"I want us to be two separate powers that share the capital. Both your palace and mine will be side by side on the original Angel Clan lands, and your people will benefit from the very same training and environment my people do. We will be equals in all things."

Veles' features reddened in agitation, still coughing awkwardly. He had so resolutely refused Dyon before, wouldn't he be losing face if he accepted so easily now?

"Although," Veles coughed, "I'm not entirely sure what an abyssal core is... It sounds quite interesting..." Veles coughed again.

Dyon rubbed his nose, a bit embarrassed. He knew that these things were actually called Spirits. After all, Ri had told him, but he insisted on the much cooler name. Spirits sounded too plain.

After getting used to the martial world's poor naming schemes for things, Dyon was a bit un-resigned. How could named get blander than "Soul Tome" or "Energy Core", so boring... He understood that the idea was that the simpler a name, the more powerful it was because it was likely the origin of its own power, and thus received the most straight forward name, but he still couldn't help but lament the lost opportunities.

What Dyon didn't know was that he had inadvertently gotten his wish. What kind of butterfly effect would it cause for Dyon to break out such a catchy name offhandedly? But, that was a story for another time...

Dyon didn't respond to Veles' oddly veiled attempted at changing his mind without losing too much face. After all, he had to be magnanimous. If they entered their alliance with too much of a difference in status, it would cause problems in the future.

For now, since Dyon needed help to save his clan, and Veles needed resources to strengthen himself and his warriors, it was a win-win predicated on the fact they both needed each other. In this way, there would be balance.

Maybe the only problem they had to work through now was convincing Veles to allow him to lead. As dragons were, the Viserions were hot-blooded. If Dyon didn't establish prestige, it would be difficult to

make them follow his commands in battle. It might be better if Veles gave orders he was fed through Dyon.

If they used that message, they could directly hop over the dissatisfaction that would without a doubt be laced. Given the fact Dyon had access to communication arrays, this method would only slow his commands down by a fraction. Although that fraction could make all the difference in war, he was willing to take such a handicap as long as he got docile troops in return.

#### Chapter 788: Human?

Thinking to this point, Dyon told Veles his plan. Hearing this, Veles directly agreed. After all, much of the reason he was apprehensive was that face was a great matter in the martial world – especially in a clan of dragons. If Dyon came here, convinced him to give up his armies to his command, even though Dyon was technically the one to need help, one might think that Veles was nothing more than a dog on Dyon's leash. This solved that problem.

As Dyon continued to describe his battle tactics, everything from how he planned to use formations and the landscape, to his attack-radius formation and his communication arrays, Veles' eyes continued to widen and become brighter. He had never heard of such ingenious methods before. It was no wonder Dyon wanted to lead.

With that last bit of reservation out of the way, Veles felt content in the gamble he was about to take and Dyon was gratified that he didn't have to use his final trump card to convince this former friend of his.

The truth was that both Dyon and Veles were aware that this could be a death sentence for the both of them. But, if they came out on top, wouldn't they be like a phoenix reborn from the ashes? The path to their rise would be set. Imagine what they could do if they could remove the restrictions on the Angel Clan vein and grow this planet as their central base? If they took a few decades to raise up the quality of their warriors, they could then sweep the universe before consolidating again and turning their gaze even further outward.

As long as they took this first step firmly, the future was limitless!

Dyon smiled. "There are just a few more things I need to let you know about, Veles. If we don't scheme against those bastards, would my name still be Dyon Sacharro?!"

\*\*

In a sacred level of the Viserion Palace, two country toppling beauties were creating mischief. After Nina sent away the guards, she and Luna walked into a treasure room filled to the brim with rare gems and materials. Even the Viserion's most treasured cultivation techniques rested here.

The guards didn't find it too odd when they noticed Nina's presence. Their Queen often came here with quite a few ladies. Although they didn't dare to speculate too much, even they as guards could only remain at the foot of the 100-foot-tall stair case that lead to that sacred level, so it was known to everyone that if there was one truly private place in the whole of the Viserion Clan, it was the Sacred Treasure Room.

Over the years, Nina had transformed this room into her own private playpen, filling it was luxurious beds, couches, and soft sheets, all so that she could "admire her treasures in peace".

However, there was nothing peaceful about the indecent acts and moans currently filling the room as two beauties intertwined the soft, flawless skin.

The delicate movements... The sweet smell... The faint moistness... All riveted with euphoric sounds of pleasure and constantly arching backs and shaking legs...

One would be so enthralled by this heavenly scene that you would hardly notice the fact that the voluptuous beauty with sparkling green eyes was actually being tied down and ravaged by the supposedly petite and delicate beauty.

Maybe in the heat of your pleasure, you would miss the odd mix of pain and delight in her features.

And since you missed all of that, you would definitely miss the distracted look in the dominant, petite beauty's violet eyes, as they dashed around the room, seemingly looking for something...

Until it landed on an ancient tome – surprisingly complete for a mere branch clan – titled [Dragon Refining Arts]...

Nina's feverish moans filled the once quite treasure rooms, vibrating the ridiculous amount of precious metals that surrounded them. She didn't seem to notice the ropes were chaffing her arms, instead choosing to be completely engrossed in her feelings. It was as though she had left reality, stepping to a complete other world.

Luna, however, absentmindedly moved her slender fingers through slender cracks and crevices with an expertise that was almost mind boggling. One could tell that she understood how to use her petite figure expertly. While Dyon had his own spurts of nimbleness, he, without a doubt, lost out to this wife of his.

At the moment, though, Luna couldn't seem to focus at all. Ever since her youth, she had a sensitivity to energy and the flow of it that no one could match. It was similar concept to Bai Meiyong's Feng Shui Compass will, however, it was much less niche and more of an instinct than a technique. It was as though the breath of the universe followed her wherever she went, as such, she could often understand the essence of techniques and formations without ever having had any formal training in any of them.

While this was normally a great thing, and was actually quite helpful in many aspects – even when it came to knowing exactly what a sexual partner of hers wanted, when – it was a major part of the reason her life was such a mess now. Even Luna wasn't exactly clear on what she was.

Was she a member of a long-lost race? Did she have a special and rare constitution? Was she the reincarnation of some supreme expert?

The truth of the matter was that all Luna knew was that she was coveted. Not only for her talent and what it might be, but also for her ability to act as a cultivation incubator. All her life, even her own father, treated her as nothing more than a treasure that could be used to barter for a better future for their clan. The most disgusting part was that how could those old fogies even know of her existence so early if it wasn't for that father of hers?

Even if they eventually found her centuries later, would they really have found her less than five decades into her life?! No matter how oppressive their searching abilities were, how could they scour a cosmos filled with a near infinite number of universes?

'How good would it have been if we had more time?...' Luna thought with tears threatening to spill from her eyes. Realizing her mistake, she dove her petite head into Nina's ample bosom, using the pretext of teasing her nipples to hide her emotion... Hoping that the fragrant sweat was enough to hide the much less exciting of the two salty liquids.

Even though a life where her father actually acted like a real father would mean that the Universe Tournament would have never been able to lead her husband to her, at least in that case, he would be safe. Maybe, if fate allowed it, they would meet later in life. She might not have had a right to be his wife at that point, but with Dyon's place in her heart currently, she almost didn't care what she had to sacrifice to be by his side.

Luna had absolute confidence that all Dyon needed was time... If only he had more time... There would be no one in this universe... No, the entire cosmos that could stop him.

Unfortunately, they didn't have such a luxury. Luna couldn't afford to be overly engrossed in her feelings, nor could she reminisce about what could have been. She had no choice but to move forward. She had to be callous and strong. She had to do things she didn't want to do and face things she had been hiding from for decades...

There was a point in her life where she had completely given up. She believed that maybe it was best if she just road whatever wave came her way, allowing it to happen. It wasn't that her heart was cold or unfeeling, but rather she understood all things so well that anything other than simple logic seemed foreign to her. As backwards and odd as that might sound, this was how she truly felt.

When everyone else saw the sun rise, Luna saw its steadily dissipating energy... How much time it had left to spin so brightly... How close it was to dying...

When everyone else saw a flower, Luna saw its reserves, what flow would allow it to open, as well as what flow would allow it to die.

When everyone else saw the love of their life, all Luna saw was a ball of energy... Maybe the only reason she knew her husband was so handsome was because his light shone brighter than everyone else's...

She just wanted to see the world for what it truly was... She didn't want to know anything and everything about the things around her. Why couldn't she just see the skin she was feeling instead of the

energy of the heat coming off of it? Why was it that even the most beautiful things in life became so disgusting in her eyes?

Why couldn't she just be a human being?!

#### Chapter 789: A Tear

Luna spent her life accepting her fate. She realized that whatever this gift of hers was allowed her to take control of the things around her... So that's what she did.... The most ironic thing was that she took control of everything, but her own life... Maybe the only time she faintly did so was when she organized a tournament for her own hand in marriage, but even then, the results were well out of her own calculations.

She remembered that day as though it was happening the moment she recalled it. Her father had come to her speaking of marrying her off to the Viserion Clan. It turned out that during her interactions with Nina's former clan, she had caught the eye of their crown prince.

In truth, at the time, Luna was neither for it or against it. She was completely indifferent. While she had the vague idea that maybe it wasn't right for others to have such control of her life, she found herself constantly being distracted by what she did have control over. During those times, her dominatrix play with Nina became more furious and violent, and it wasn't until Nina's cries of pleasure became true pain that she realized what was wrong.

As for Luna's father, he was ecstatic that his years of promoting his daughter as a matchless talent had finally paid off. To jump from the dregs of a Royal God clan to the heights of an Emperor God Clan were like a dream to him. He had been trying all of these years to succeed with Luna's elder sister, Laura, before he finally succeeded with his younger daughter.

While others would call him a despicable father for riding the backs of his children toward success, King Moon could hardly care. He was on cloud nine.

The day that Prince Jabari came to finalize marriage matters with the Moon Clan, Luna had happened to be there. The result was something even she didn't expect... A wave of powerlessness overwhelmed her for the first time in her life... It was as though she had been distancing herself all this time, only for reality to refuse to be ignored.

With her intelligence, how could she not have seen through the goal of her father all along? But it wasn't until then that she finally felt disgusted.

In a fit of defiance, Luna made Jabari fight for her in the upcoming Universe Tournament. She didn't know what she expected from the outcome, but maybe she was just finally looking for some control outside of her immoral actions in the bedroom...

Thus, the Universe Tournament was held in the Moon Clan. While Luna's father was apoplectic with rage when her daughter purposely provoked the crown prince of an Emperor God Clan, he could do nothing about it because the words were already spoken.

With Jabari's arrogant attitude, how could he ever think he was going to lose?

Luna had no idea what she wanted at that time. In fact, she wasn't really expecting to escape the marriage at all... After all, Jabari was most definitely the highest talent of this generation. While the Viserion clan had a crown prince of similar caliber, he was already centuries old at the time. As such, how could he participate? So, the Ahpuch Clan didn't take Luna's stance as a slight against their dignity at all. If anything, they found the last act of defiance by a small girl quite adorable.

However, that was when her husband swooped into her life. For the first time, her father no longer controlled her... The powerful clans no longer controlled her... Instead, a man with energy brighter than she had ever seen took hold of her life... But this time, it wasn't to gain some benefit, it wasn't to use her for her beauty, it wasn't even to satisfy some sort of basal and disgusting lust... Her husband saved her for her sake and her sake alone... For the first time, someone took control not for their benefit, but for hers.

The moment Dyon shot down her raging father, taking her in his arms and roaring for the world to hear that she was his woman, Luna's maiden heart fluttered for the first time in her life... At that moment, she caught a glimpse of her husband's handsome features... She felt the resolute beating of his heart instead of just how much vitality it moved... Instead of seeing a ball of energy, she finally saw a human for the first time in her life.

But then... It was all taken away...

With the Universe Tournament taking place in the Moon Clan, the eyes of the entire quadrant was trained onto Planet Haven. This wouldn't matter normally, but suddenly the output power of a planet that should have been low level, sky-rocketed to heights never seen before due to the sheer energy required to project images across an entire quadrant.

Unfortunately, this caught the attention of nearby quadrants. It wasn't normal for there to be such an output in those areas, so they curiously turned an eye during a spur of the moment, only to find the constitution they had been searching for, for millennia...

They descended from the skies, excited and unbridled. After all, why would they care about this small quadrant? They didn't even put the Viserion and Ahpuch clans in their eyes.

But, they had truly kicked an iron plate, because on this "small planet" was an expert they feared to the depths of their hearts. Dyon's father!

With the appearance of Dyon's father, something that was once seemingly a simple matter of snatching a beauty from a weak family became a complicated mess of events. Even more glaringly, Dyon couldn't remember any of these events for one reason or another, despite having supposedly unlocked all of his memories after he became intimate with Amphorae.

Luna closed her eyes, forcing herself out of her reverie. She hated the next memories... In fact, they made her hate herself even more.

She silently gazed at the Nina who had fallen into a deep sleep below her, restraining her sigh. Complicated emotions fluttered through her violet eyes, but she remained silent. Instead, she softly rolled her petite body off of the bed, spreading her arms out as the energy of the air suddenly moved under her command, cleansing her body. Even her ruffled silver hair once again rested without kinks, as though she had just spent hours combing through it.

Nina's adorable snoring filled the sacred room as Luna silently dressed herself in her white dress. In that instant, she was expressionless. It was as though her emotions hadn't just been in turmoil, and it was clear she had come to a decision.

Looking toward the [Dragon Refining Arts] tome, Luna began to calculate.



There was no question that this was the most important treasure of the Viserion Clan. In fact, it was normally impossible for the branch clan to have the full version, yet this one did. On top of that, it was the original copy!

The Dragon Refining Arts was a technique even more ancient than these times. If one were to say that the Viserion Clan only rose because of it, no one would find it to be an exaggeration.

About two million or so years ago, the Viserion Clan was nowhere near the size of an Emperor God Clan. Yet, in what could be considered a short span of time, it elevated itself to all new heights. To use less than a million years to rise to Emperor God Clan status in these times was almost unheard of, yet the Viserions had done it!

The Viserions had also lucked out. The usually arrogant Dragon Race couldn't be bothered to care about mere God level bloodlines because that was the equivalent of a mere transcendent beast. They thought it beneath them to even care about the matter.

As such, not only did they achieve benefits, they made no unbeatable enemies along the way! It could be said that the originator of the technique had thought through everything for the sake of his or her successor.

Knowing all of this, Luna was certain that this was the best way to destroy her husband's attempts at forming this ally. Not only was Veles already dissatisfied with Dyon's actions from long ago, if he were to cross this bottom line here, Luna knew that their talks would go up in smoke.

Luna's violet eyes silently analyzed the protection formations around the tome. 'There are three formations. One decoy. One true one. And another time sensitive one.'

The first was meant to trip robbers up and acted as a trigger to both alert and increase protection. The second was the reason Luna couldn't just reach in and take it. While the last ensured that even if the first two were bypassed, it would be able to detect the fact the tome was gone after a certain amount of time passed.

Luna saw no difficulty in this matter. She innately understood the way things work by their flow of energy, and since energy loved her, she could dissipate it with a thought. As such, dispelling all three

was child's play. She could do something that even Dyon with his soul unsealed would need days to do, in seconds.

However, she purposely left the third formation alone, only tweaking it to set off based on her specifications. After all, if she stole it too perfectly, who knew how long it would take them to notice it was gone?

With a mere swipe of her hand, the tome was gone just as a tear fell to the polished ground.

#### Chapter 790: Why?

After a meeting that lasted about 4 or so hours, Dyon and Veles had finally hashed out everything they needed for the coming war. According to Dyon's estimations, the Moon Clan would act 3 days earlier. However, that was when Veles let him know that they haven't changed their speed of preparations.

Hearing this, Dyon laughed to himself. He knew that Jabari was an arrogant King, but he didn't think he would be so arrogant to give him, Dyon Sacharro ample time to prepare. He must have been tired of living!

Dyon was already planning on teaching Jabari a lesson for daring to have designs on a woman he called his own. But, to insult him like this brought Dyon's anger to a new level. Maybe it was because, deep inside, he had yet to place Luna on the same pedestal as his other wives, or else how could such a petty incident make him more angry than he already was?

In the end, Dyon reclined in his chair, closing his eyes and sighing inwardly. He knew that this was the last chance he'd give Luna. She now stood at a road forked in two. Whether she'd be by his side for life, or thrown aside by him would be decided today.

Seeing Dyon close his eyes like so, Veles waited patiently. Eventually, Dyon awoke from his thoughts, standing up.

"Now it's about time to go." Dyon said, getting ready to leave.

Just as both men were about to reach the door, an outer elder of the Viserion clan burst in, an agitated and angered expression on his features. For a man of his cultivation to be breathing so hard, and for him to forget his place and burst into a private meeting, one could imagine how important the information he carried was.

Veles frowned when he saw this, but he said nothing.

Seeing his King's dissatisfaction, the elder immediately realized his error. While he might be an elder, that was only because he had managed to reach the celestial level. As for his true authority, it was piss poor when compared to the true powerhouses of the clan. For him to burst into the King's study, what right did he have?!

Bursting into a cold sweat, the elder dropped to his knees, slamming his forehead against the marbled ground.

"King, please forgive this lowly servant. If it wasn't important, I wouldn't dare to act in such a way!"

Veles paused, before nodding. He understood this as well, so he didn't react immediately. Plus, his meeting with Dyon was finished anyway. If it wasn't, it would have been impossible for the elder to burst in even if he was a hundred times stronger.

"Speak."

Dyon remained silent by his friend's side, a deadpan expression on his features. But, in reality, his heart was in turmoil. The feelings he had been burying for Luna came rushing to the top, boiling over and searing his veins with a heat even he couldn't handle.

His breathing became shallow, and the mere split second it took the elder to answer felt as though it was stretching out to hours, even days. With Dyon's speed of thought, the fraction of a second was agonizing beyond belief.

He remembered the words he spoke to himself just moments ago. He repeated them, again and again....  
'This is your last chance...'

"Replying to his majesty," the servant didn't stand, continuing to respectfully bow. "The Barbarian Clans we assimilated a few months ago have suddenly started stirring up problems. They've sent a few of their celestials and even their dao formation experts to conquer the towns around them. We've received word of their pillaging! If we don't act soon, a good portion of our periphery territory will be eaten away!"

While Veles was so angry that steam started to mat his long black hair with sweat, Dyon inadvertently took a deep breath, almost collapsing in relief. He thought that he had finally jumped the hurdle of the emotion stamp Luna placed on his heart after he conquered her, but that moment of pain proved otherwise.

The swirling emotions of betrayal and bitterness threatened to overwhelm Dyon's senses, making him, a man who usually had the utmost control of his body, nearly give up on everything entirely...

"ARE THEY TIRED OF LIVING?!" Veles' Roar shook the clan, causing the citizens to fall to their knees in worship for the second time that day.

In truth, Veles couldn't believe what he was hearing. He thought he had a mutual agreement with those barbarians. Sure, it was a slight risk to accept them into the fold, but he had had a certain level of assurance in doing so. He had even married their chieftain's daughter and accepted her as an Imperial Concubine! Knowing well how much that man doted on her. And he dared to initiate an attack of his Viserion Clan? Veles was thoroughly enraged!

The elder trembled on the ground, unable to withstand Veles' pressure despite being of higher cultivation.

In the moment, Veles' anger agitated his body, causing his blood to roar to life. For the second time that day, he broke through again, causing a rush of celestial energy to spiral through the skies, crashing into the Viserion King in a rush akin to a water fall.

His body bulged to another side, adding a half meter to his height that he immediately controlled into a dense power before shortening himself to a height about two inches taller than his original. Now he stood even taller than the 6'6" Dyon and his third stage battle form was finally consolidated!

Dyon smiled when he saw this. It should have taken Veles a couple hours to do this, but hadn't a couple hours passed already? Even while he was speaking with Dyon, his cultivation was slowly being adjusted. He only needed one more push to breakthrough, and that came in the form of anger. It was a well known fact that emotion was an important tool to cultivation, which was why your temperament made such a big difference in the paths you should or shouldn't take. It was clear Veles was perfectly suited to his Dragon bloodline.

That aside, Dyon could understand why Veles was so angry. He understood, from the memories he had unlocked, that despite how Veles may come off, he wasn't a reckless person, that was proven by how long it took Dyon to convince him to join him. This all meant one thing: He wouldn't trust the barbarians so easily, and for him to do so, he had some sort of insurance.

As for who the barbarians were, there was no set definition for them all. Rather, they all fell into a similar umbrella of life.

Barbarians, also known as Rogue Cultivators, were often criminals ostracized from their former clans for some reason or another. After managing to escape having their cultivations crippled, they made their way to often remote planets, taking up refuge and starting their own communities. Often time, so as to remain lowkey, they continued to commit crimes. After all, if they started their own clans, if they grew too large, their old clans would find the similarities and thus chase them down again. So, they usually remained relatively small and lawless.

When a cultivator betrays their clan or sect, it was almost guaranteed that said cultivator would have their cultivation stripped of them. In the eyes of the clan, how could they allow a traitor who knew their secrets to roam about and potentially spread them? It couldn't be tolerated.

Understanding this, one thing was obvious: all barbarians were either ridiculously lucky, or powerful beyond belief! In order to escape the ire of an entire clan, just what kind of talent did you need to be?

Of course, there were some that just had dogshit luck, but the vast majority were simply too powerful to die under the hands of their clans. This was why, despite being barbarian clan, they had plenty of celestial and dao formation experts.

From Dyon's understanding, there were at least a few hundred high level celestials, and a couple dozen dao formation ones, with their leader being at the 5th stage! Such cultivation was almost unheard of, especially on this small planet.

How Veles corralled them? Dyon had no idea. But, it was clear his former friend thought he had succeeded where he hadn't.

Veles stormed out of the room, stepping over the still kneeling elder and no longer bothering with him as he stomped through the castle, roaring for the elders to meet him now.

Hundreds of men, ranging from young men to older codgers flashed through the skies, ironically using the hole Veles had blasted through the castle earlier in the day when he rushed to fight Dyon to descend into the main hall.

"My King." A chorus of voices rang outward as they all kneeled. Yet, despite the showing of respect and reverence, Veles' anger wasn't quelled in the least.

"That damned half-baked, sorry excuse of a man has incited trouble in my Kingdom! The nerve of that bastard after I gave his criminal past the benefit of the doubt!

"Did I not treat them well? Did I not marry his daughter? Do I not treat her well?!

"The one thing I, King Viserion will not stand for, is betrayal! I want his decapitated corpse before me within the day.

"I want his skin torn from the bone! I want the meat of his flesh to be scarred beyond recognition! I want his eyes gouged out and his manhood crushed! I want him with salty streaks of tears mixed with blood, kneeling before me!

"Do you understand?!"

Veles' voice roared through the city, his rage resounding through the ears of everyone present. Maybe only Dyon was truly unaffected. No one knew how Veles managed to nurture and half-step King Reverse Scale, but one could imagine that he had fought a lot of bloody battles. A man like that wasn't one to be trifled with.

At the same time, how could Dyon not tell that this was a partial warning to himself? Who else had the possibility of betraying Veles? Was it not himself?

However, Dyon had 0 intentions of doing so. While Veles might be skeptical, Dyon was firmly against the Moon Clan despite what his past might suggest. His only true path to survival was with Veles by his side, and that also required his full trust.

Suddenly, as Veles was raging, the awkward, yet quick steps of a lady holding up the hem of her dress could be faintly heard. She was a delicate beauty, and while she wasn't otherworldly, any small city would likely have someone of her stature take the helm as top beauty. However, right now, that delicate beauty had tears streaking down her face as she ran, stumbling with every other step. For a cultivator to be uncoordinated, Dyon had never seen it. But, that was when he noticed that this poor beauty was at the mere foundation stage.

Why was such a fragile beauty here?