

The Nameless 791

Chapter 791: That Was It.

The question was answered in the next instant. Surprising everyone, the beauty fell to the ground before Veles, resting her fair forehead against the feet of her King without regard for her image as a lady.

At that moment, Veles fiery attitude immediately softened. "Little Flower, what are you doing on the ground?"

He swooped downward, trying to help this concubine of his up. How could he not know why she was here? But, there were some things he couldn't back down on as a King. How could he face his people if he showed favoritism?

Among his women, the two he liked the most were his fiery Nina, and the soft and docile Mina. He hadn't been with Mina for long, but after getting used to Nina's crass attitude, he truly enjoyed Mina's caring personality. He couldn't even bear to "overwork" her like he usually did with his concubines.

With how fragile Mina's body was, whenever he noticed even a hint of pain of her features, he would immediately stop. He knew that Mina would never complain, so if he didn't, who knew how much damage this little beauty would take?

Veles frowned when he noticed how steadfast Mina's kowtowing was, it even took him some effort to pry her from the ground.

"Husband..." Mina sobbed. She had never asked Veles for anything before, but she felt sweet in her heart when he saw how much he cared for her. How could she bear watching her husband and her father fight?

Veles gulped, holding onto Mina.

"Alright, I won't kill him. You've never asked for anything before, so how could I as your husband not give you a gift in this lifetime of ours?"

"But, Mina." Veles lifted up her delicate chin. "There cannot be a next time. As a King, I can only be so magnanimous. Also, your father must face consequences for his actions. Do you understand?"

Mina nodded vehemently, unable to stop her tears as she burrowed her little head into Veles' large chest. She, too, didn't understand why her father had done such a thing. She remembered that her father had agreed that as long as she was treated well, their alliance would last forever if Veles so chose.

From youth, Mina had been born with a very fragile body. So, despite the fact that she was already nearing her 25th year of life, she was still at the mere foundation stage. Because of this, and the fact her mother had died long ago, her father had always doted on her, protecting her with every fiber of his being.

Although Veles did indeed treat Mina well, the truth of the matter was that her father couldn't possibly know that for sure! So, why would he risk attacking and angering Veles?! If Veles wasn't the kind man Mina knew him to be, wouldn't her father's actions be putting her in danger? A lesser man would have immediately used Mina as a hostage to tie down her father's actions. Whichever way you looked at it, this was a foolish action!

'Does my father not care about me anymore?' When Mina thought of this, the tears streamed out with even more sadness. It was as though she lost all strength to go on.

Veles understood exactly what Mina was thinking, but there was nothing he could do about it. He could only hold onto her as he gave out orders. He didn't trust anyone else to since he wouldn't hand Mina over to a man, and the competition in the Imperial Harem was something he was disgusted by.

Plus, while Nina would console Mina without jealousy, she would also taint her innocence, so Veles couldn't have that.

"Bring him back alive." Veles began to speak in much more calm voice. "Kill those who resist, and capture those who don't. I want a full understanding of what this is and why it happened."

After he calmed down, Veles realized that it might be a good thing that he had. If he just killed the barbarian king, what would he get out of it? He would lose warriors, and those he had left would likely be injured, all while he never found the true culprit.

After Veles finished handing out orders, the elders of the clan began to move in an orderly fashion, heading off to war in a flash. Sending saints would just be a waste, so many of them remained here. In the end, the only people who remained in the hall were two of Dyon's personal guards as well as one of the two dao formation elders Dyon brought along. Aside from that, there was Dyon, the sobbing Mina, and, of course, Veles – those who weren't mentioned were just some sainthood guards who patrolled the palace grounds.

"It seems we won't be able to end this meeting of ours peacefully." Veles said bitterly. "Don't worry, the barbarian clan isn't too large, we'll just overwhelm them with numbers and get answers. The matter will be dealt with long before four days from now, the Viserion Clan will be at your Angel Clan within two days."

Dyon nodded. The only thing left was to find wherever Luna had scampered off to before leaving to their next destination. However, before he even got an opportunity to finish the thought, the petite figure of his wife appeared around the hallway, entering the room with her graceful disposition.

With a smile, she greeted King Viserion who accepted her goodwill. Dyon didn't seem to notice that from her entrance, to her taking a position to his right, she hadn't once looked him in the eye.

"I bid you two farewell." King Viserion waved his hand, calling for an escort. He would have normally taken them out personally, but he had to tend to Mina right now.

That was when the situation changed so drastically that from start to finish, Dyon, for the first time in his life, felt as though he was a puppet on the strings of somebody else...

He felt a delicate hand slip into his, but when he turned to smile toward Luna, he noticed that although she was trying to hide it, there was a faint puffy redness to the bottoms of her eyes, and tears were threatening to swell again. Her calm disposition had seemingly shattered no matter how she tried to bury it.

"Lun – ..." Dyon didn't get a chance to finish his words when he suddenly felt a ring forced onto his finger. It was much too small for him, seemingly sized for Luna's dainty fingers, so it was pushed onto his pinky.

In that instant, loud alarms began to blare as guards rushed from the hallway Luna had just come from. King Viserion's retreating figure froze, he knew exactly what that alarm was for and he suddenly knew that it was no coincidence that the Sacred Treasury guards were rushing in from the same hallway Luna came from...

The silver ring Luna had forced onto Dyon's hand suddenly began to shine and vibrate along with the blaring noise before it shattered completely, allowing a thick ancient tome to fall into Dyon's hands before the eyes of everyone.

No one spoke. Even if they tried to, they would be drowned out by the sounds of the alarm that seemed to only get louder.

All of Dyon's relief disappeared in a flash. An agonizing pain erupted from his chest, threatening to make him faint on the spot... But he wasn't injured...

This was truly a wound of the heart.

The last thing that happened before Veles roared in anger, pointing toward the crowd as though he had lost his mind, was Dyon's cold gaze descending upon Luna.

In that final moment before they began running for their lives, Dyon stamped out the last bits of affection he had for this woman. Never again would he call her his wife. Never again would he protect her as his. Never again would she get another chance.

Luna finally gathered her courage and looked up to face Dyon's gaze, only for her to freeze the moment she met it.

"That was your last chance, Luna Moon."

Luna felt like her world was collapsing, somehow, amidst all the noise, these were the clearest words she had ever heard in her life. Dyon callously stripped her of the Sacharro name, making his stance clear: From this moment forward, we are no longer husband and wife.

Chapter 792: My Words

Luna's whole body shook as her vision blackened. She could no longer express how deeply Dyon's words hit her, but as she had once said, what's done is done. There was no changing it.

Dyon had always been a person with a soft heart when it came to women. In fact, in his youth, before he met Madeleine, it had come out as an overly flirtatious attitude. In reality, that was just his own immature way of following the words of his mother.

In her memory, he had taken her words of always complimenting and protecting women close to you to his heart. They were words ingrained within him even more than the teachings his father beat into him... Maybe it was because of his mother's gentle approach, or maybe because her death came at a time where Dyon was far too young, but either way, those words stuck...

However... For the first time in his life, Dyon completely ignored the words of his mother. He wasn't caring, or understanding. He didn't try to comprehend why it was Luna had done something so foolish, nor did he have the faintest curiosity. He was hurt beyond belief, and despite the coldness in his eyes, his heart was bleeding with its own tears.

Luna tried to let go of Dyon's hand, but Dyon gripped onto it tightly. With a swing of his arm, Luna's petite body flew across the room and into the arms of the Angel Clan dao formation expert. Before anyone had realized what had happened, Luna finally couldn't take it anymore. The rough way Dyon handled her, as if he didn't care for her life or death was the final straw... Her vision completely blackened, causing her to faint.

"Keep her alive, for now." Dyon's voice cut through the loud blaring noises and Veles' enraged roar. It sounded as though he had just raised himself up from the abyss of hell. His voice was deep, and grating... Filled with an endless rage that made the saint guards who were about to surge forward tremble with fear. Dyon had never felt so angry in his entire life. "When we get out of this, I'll deal with her personally."

"YOU!" Veles roared in anger. "To think I actually thought of trusting you! Leave here? If you don't die today, my name isn't Veles Viserion!"

As soon as he finished, Veles thought of erupting forward with unbridled killing intent. But, that was when he remembered the fragile Mina was still in his arm. With all the loud noises and raging killing intent filling the room, Mina was like a delicate feather being tossed around to the whims of a storm. Veles couldn't possibly leave her now.

Since Dyon and Luna were so despicable to have used his goodwill to steal their clan's most valuable treasure, who's to say that they wouldn't use despicable means to tie him down? Unfortunately, before this, everyone had seen how important Mina was to him!

Even worse, there were at most a handful of high level experts left in the Viserion Kingdom. They had all just left to deal with the barbarians! Such timing was...

Veles couldn't help but freeze. He had found the barbarians attacking to be odd, could it have been planned this way from the beginning?

As for Dyon's showing of anger toward Luna, Veles didn't put it in his eyes at all. For one, it could just be an act Dyon put on to convince them that it was all Luna's doing and not his own. The second possibility was that he was truly mad! After all, hadn't Luna failed? She had disabled two, but not the third mechanism. How could that not piss Dyon off? A once foolproof plan had been ruined by her. Or so those around them thought.

Dyon didn't bother explaining anything. With his intelligence, how could he not tell what those around him were thinking. This plan of that former wife of his were truly too devious. He even thought that maybe she planned the barbarian raid as well. However, Dyon didn't feel any warmth because of that. After all, wasn't it in Luna's best interest to increase her own chances of escape? It made sense that she would do such a thing. It had nothing to do with Dyon.

By this point, Dyon no longer had any good thoughts of Luna in his heart. The bleeding in his heart was becoming a shriveled mess of blackness that looked more like an overripe fruit than the source of one's vitality.

Looking at his personal guards and elder, he shouted without a shred of emotion in his voice that wasn't akin to unending rage.

"GO!"

With a flash, wings of gold sprung from Dyon's back. His feet stomped onto the ground, rocketing him up and out of the hole in the ceiling Veles had made earlier in the day. On his tail were his personal guards and the dao formation expert. Although the elder could easily overtake Dyon, how could he not protect his King's rear? As for his personal guard, they had the same thought.

Their destination was, of course, the carriage waiting at the City gates. They had only brought a few of their experts in, in consideration of Veles and gaining his trust. Unfortunately, that had partially backfired as they had no idea what was happening now!

Behind the five fleeing men and one unconscious female, a raging tempest of celestial energy erupted behind them in plumes of three. As expected from the Viserion clan, despite sending out all of the dao formation experts and so many celestials, they still had so many left!

At the moment, nine experts rushed out from behind them, quickly following as Veles' voice of rage continued to bellow.

Without regard, the closely following elders burst into their battle forms. Although they hadn't reached their King's lofty 8th stage, they had still done well for themselves, managing to reach the 4th and enter their first battle phase. Unfortunately for them, progress in this technique had little to do with cultivation and everything to do with talent and understanding. As such, despite cultivating for thousands of years, they paled in comparison to their King who had only cultivated for a few decades.

As for the Dragon Refining Arts, Dyon didn't bother leaving it behind, instead choosing to keep it close to him. If he was going to suffer for Luna's actions anyway, why not benefit from it instead? He had long been interested in this technique, but had banished the thought of asking to see it until his and Veles' relationship grew stronger. After all, this was a secret technique of the Viserion clan, it couldn't be shown to outsiders to wantonly!

The blurs in the skies streaked across the city, quickly coming up to the gates where Dyon's carriage was still waiting. Luckily, it was pulled by celestial level horses which would allow them much breathing room since they specialized in speed.

However... Dyon had other ideas. The anger in his heart was too much to escape like this. If he sat in one place for too long, he felt like he might explode. In fact, he was dangerously close to giving up on this trial entirely.

The moment they touched down at the gates, confusion colored the features of the elder and the personal guards that had stayed put. But, Dyon didn't have time to entertain them. So, he spoke quickly. Far quicker than someone without cultivation could understand.

"We don't have much time, they'll reach us with enough time to obstruct in less than ten seconds. So, listen carefully and do not forget any of my words under punishment of execution!"

Chapter 793: A Hundredfold

"Firstly, do not follow me. This will not end so easily and I am the main culprit. They will chase me long before they chase you. The Angel Clan is still in a precarious position and we cannot afford to leave it without protection for long."

There was clear dissatisfaction at Dyon's first command. But, remembering the punishment that was waving over their heads, they didn't dare to voice it, instead deciding to remain silent.

Those who hadn't been part of the situation couldn't help but look to and from Luna's still unconscious figure. It seemed like she could wake up at any time, even worse, it looked like she was having a terrible nightmare. For an old man to be holding her like he was, there was no doubt that it was more than just a little inappropriate. This was the queen of their kingdom! How could she be touched by another man so easily?

However, when they saw that Dyon couldn't be bothered with it, and even further that he had no worry on his features for the state of his own wife, they all couldn't help but suck in a cold breath.

Tears fell from Luna's unconscious figure as her murmurs became louder. Her murmuring was almost intelligible, but from what they could hear, it was a constant stream of 'I'm sorrys' and 'I had no choice' mixed in with a flurry of 'Dyons' and 'Luna Moons'. Whatever it is was going on had completely turned Luna's emotions and mind to mush. And yet, there was still no reaction from their King.

"Secondly, I've already prepared everything. In my place, there stands Queen Amphorae. Anyone who dares to disobey her order will face my wrath. Not only is she to set the rules, she is to lead you into battle!"

Dyon's words were like a torrent, never ending and not allowing any rebuttal. But, when they heard the idea of a woman leading them into battle, only of the personal guards couldn't help but interject.

"Kin –"

SLAP!

Dyon's fury melted over, nearly caving in the side of the personal guards face with an unrestrained open palm. The guard fell to the ground, listless. Completely unaware of what had just happened.

How many years had he followed Dyon? Practically from birth! They had all prepared and trained along with Dyon for decades. Never once had he ever raised a hand against them! Never once had he ever felt the need to berate them or be angry with them! That even included when Michael tried to steal that love of his life, Amphorae!

When those around them thought of this, they suddenly realized something else. Did he just call Amphroae, Queen? What the hell happened?! When did gain such a title?!

The mixture of shock and confusion reigned, it was as though they were unable to feel any other emotions.

Dyon didn't feel any remorse about his actions. Whether or not he was angered beyond belief right now, he would have taken the same course.

He was King! His orders were not to be questioned!

Without another word, Dyon wings flapped and left, not looking behind for an instant. On that day, Queen Amphorae gained power that she had never wielded before.

With no choice, the personal guard could only hand his head as he quickly got up. He knew that he was in the wrong. While it was okay to convey your ideas to a King when possible, this was clearly not the

situation for it. In a life or death moment, where quick decisions needed to be made, the King's word was the final word!

Seeing both the personal guard's and Dyon's reaction, the two dao formation elders nodded in approval. Although they disliked their King's command, there was no doubt that this was the way a king should act. Before, many had questions about the character of their King, many calling him too soft and too willing to please.

However, in one afternoon, he had shattered all of that. Not only was he willing to punish his former love, Luna, for her actions as severely as anyone else – despite it clearly being painful for him – he had been willing to reprimand a childhood friend of his. To be able to steel your heart was a trait any King should have.

As for the personal guard, only regret could be read in his eyes. He was clearly a man of high character who had already acknowledged his mistake. There was no need for anyone to say anything else, no one was worried about him holding on to any resentment. Instead, they all quickly entered the carriage, flashing away at top speed.

Before this, the speed of the horse had been purposefully slowed. But, now there was no time for a leisurely journey. Heading back to the clan was top priority! In all likelihood, they had just gained another strong enemy...

The best case scenario was for their King to live and somehow gain forgiveness of King Viserion...

However... In the worst case... The Viserions would attack with the Moon Clan! Making an already impossible situation even worse!

Because of the actions of one foolish woman... The future of the Angel Clan was as precarious as ever...

**

In the Moon Clan Palace bath, Luna's elder sister, Laura was laughing so hard that her sides hurt. Because her and Luna's mirrors were connected, she could check on her sister whenever she pleased,

even if the mirror was within a spatial ring. So, she had seen everything that happened from beginning to end.

At first, she was shocked beyond belief that her sister had actually given up her virginity to that puppet of a man, she didn't care too much. After all, after almost 30 years of spending every night together and with how handsome he was, even Laura couldn't be sure that she would never be moved. Plus, all that mattered was Luna's primordial yin.

In the martial world, as long as a woman's primordial yin was in place, it was just as difficult to tell if she was a virgin as it was in the mortal world. This was because all treasures capable of testing such a thing, did so based on whether the primordial yin was present or not.

So, Laura didn't care. It was only a blip on her radar. This was because she knew how special her little sister's primordial yin was. Among all the women in the world, maybe she was the only one who could safe guard her primordial yin regardless of cultivation!

Normally, this would only be possible if the woman had vastly superior cultivation to the man she decided to give herself to. This was normally to protect the man she loved, or else, he would either become impotent, or in the worst cases, die.

However, you could imagine how rare it was for a weaker man to win the heart of a stronger woman. So, even those cases were incredibly rare. It was no wonder Laura didn't care.

Laura's laughter rang through her fog filled bath. The ripples in her ample chest causing waves to stir in the water even as she watched her younger sister continue to tremble in her sleep.

When she finally caught her breath and calmed down, she sneered, putting the mirror away. Since Dyon had escaped by separating with them, the show wasn't as interesting anymore since there was obviously a range the mirror was limited to.

This action of Dyon's only made Laura disdain his existence even more. She couldn't imagine how a man could be so angered, yet still take actions to protect the woman who betrayed him. If that wasn't a simp, then what was? How her sister fell for such a weak man, she would never understand. It was obvious to her that Dyon had separated so that Luna would be safe while the Viserions chased him.

Thinking to this point, Laura leisurely reclined in her bath. Her legs squeezed together as she imagined the tears streaking down her little sister's face, deriving some sick pleasure from it.

With a wave of her hand, a servant girl rushed forward.

"I think I'll taste Casanova today," She said lightly, "He's not the biggest, but he's quite skilled. Quickly, I'm moist and not in the mood to wait."

The servant girl didn't dare be slow as she rushed out of the room to commandeer her mistress' gigolo.

In anticipation, Laura couldn't help but think back to the scenes of Dyon ravaging Luna. It had left a faint imprint on her heart... The kind where she wanted nothing more than to steal her sister's man and make him, hers.

"You think I don't know that you caused the death of our father, little sister? Does that buffoon who's in love with you know how truly sinister you are?"

"I think I'll spare his life for now and keep him around as my sex slave. Maybe I'll even let you watch."

"For all the decades of pain you've caused me... I'll return them a hundred-fold!"

[Author's Note: This whole family should seek some therapy... Or at least get on some meds... Jesus...]

Chapter 794: Profound

Dyon shot into the forest, immediately folding his wings and allowing them to disappear. As much as they boosted his speed, they also made him easier to spot. For the first time, he lamented having golden wings. At this point, he could forget about doing stealth missions at his top speed.

As expected, the celestials completely ignored the horse drawn carriage. Not only were the Angel Clan horses much too fast and had stamina surpassing that of a normal cultivator, they had clearly seen that their target, the Dragon Refining Arts, was still in Dyon's hand.

The truth was that Laura was wrong. Dyon didn't separate from the group to protect Luna and only a self-centered idiot with shallow thinking would reach such a conclusion. That, or they had some sort of bias against him, which was clearly true.

The reason Dyon separated from his clan members was because it didn't matter if they could outrun them. Wasn't the location of the Angel Clan known to the Viserions? It wasn't, by any stretch of the imagination, a secret. If he just headed toward the Angel Clan, he'd be bringing calamity down on his people. It would be a move stupid beyond compare!

For now, Dyon had to buy time until the Angel Clan improved formations were created. The evacuation was also occurring tomorrow. If he delayed those plans, everything would go up in smoke! He had no choice but to draw their attention away. As for Laura's thoughts, Dyon wouldn't be bothered to care for the opinions of such a narrow-minded woman, no matter how slighted she felt.

Dyon's mind was completely blank as he quickly flashed through the forest, hardly stepping on the branches of the thick trees before shooting forward again. His steps were so quick and controlled that he left no footprints.

Although Dyon didn't have movement techniques, the control he had over his body had skyrocketed the moment he absorbed the male half of the body kernel. Even if Dyon wanted to slow or speed up the flow of his very blood, he could do so! This allowed him to use his stamina and strength with a ridiculous amount of efficiency. Dyon was like a long-distance runner who had spent half their life learning the perfect running form and pacing for themselves. He truly knew his body inside and out.

The secondary added benefit was his talent in regards to Martial Arts. These were, of course, the branch of techniques followed by body cultivation purists who believed in relying on their own bodies instead of the energies of the universe. This was why Dyon's Presence and Perception increased so quickly because they both technically fell under the body cultivation umbrella.

"YOU DARE STEAL FROM THE VISERION CLAN?!" One of the elders roared in agitation. They were so angry that none of them thought clearly. What did nine lower celestials mean in front of two dao formation experts? If Dyon wanted them dead, they'd be dead already!

However, Dyon didn't do such a thing. Nor did he try to explain. He was at the point where he was too angry to even open his mouth. Because if he did so... If he allowed his emotions to flow... He really would turn back and kill these elders even if it cost him his life!

What kind of self-control did Dyon have? It could be said that he was nearly unmatched in the world!

For one, he held a burden of being constantly bombarded by his own lust while easily going months without touching the body of a female. However, to Dyon, this was one of the easier things he had ever done in his life!

Dyon was a man that had withstood the humiliation of being beaten down all for the sake of saving someone he deemed worthy. Dyon was a man that didn't bat an eye at the prospect of not seeing his loved ones for decades all for the sake of becoming stronger to protect them. Dyon was a man who had the murderer of his own flesh and blood parents before him, and willed himself not to kill him for the sake of greater good!

But now?! He was thoroughly enraged. He was one false move. One ill placed word. One moment of irrationality from completely snapping and being engulfed by the demon within him.

This was truly the worst trial he had ever undergone in his life. He didn't care about having to fight bloody battles. He didn't care about the pain or horrors of such a thing. But, to be betrayed by someone that was thoroughly engrained in your heart... It was enough to make a man go mad.

It felt the same as though Madeleine had done such a thing to him. As though his first love in this life had stabbed him in the back and twisted until there was nothing whole left in his chest.

This was a pain that he would never forget. One that he could only hope was erased after he left these trial grounds... Because if not... He didn't know how he would handle it...

That was the only thing keeping him sane. The idea that this had to all be an illusion... That his grand teacher was just pulling an elaborate ruse that couldn't continue on to the real world... That after he left... Luna would be erased from his heart completely...

Unfortunately, he was far too naïve.

Dyon lightly stepped on a branch before taking a sharp right. The celestials were following so closely behind him that his action almost ended in him being caught by one of them on the flank. However, this left the celestials stupefied.

'Did he find out?' They all thought at once.

There were only 9 of them here, but how could the Viserion Kingdom not have patrols? These elders had long since alerted the posts up ahead that a top priority criminal was on the way. And yet, just as they were about to complete their encirclement, Dyon drastically changed his direction? Was this a coincidence?

Dyon couldn't be bothered with their thoughts. He had been running for about ten minutes now at a leisurely pace. In fact, it was a pace that the celestials behind him should have caught up to if they were trying their hardest. The fact they didn't only left one obvious answer: A trap. So, he purposefully went straight ahead before abruptly changing direction when his Perception caught a whiff of their anxiousness. He barely needed to think to analyze the situation. The thinking of these people were too shallow.

However, Dyon knew he needed a feasible plan to escape. Because of his past persona's flaws, the information the Angel Clan had on other clans was sorely lacking. As a result, much of the maps they had were dated by decades. With all of the movement in territory and conquering just the Viserion clan had been up to, how could those maps still be accurate?!

Therefore, Dyon knew that he could only use the maps as a rough estimate. Despite that, he went out of his way to memorize them all. The reason why? The one thing that wouldn't change in a mere few decades was landscape!

Intelligently, Dyon treated land such as forest just as loosely as cities and tribes. That being because trees could obviously be cut down. Therefore, he allowed his slowly forming plan to be flexible in aspects needing the cover of these dense trees, while solely relying on things that would hardly change at all. These were things like mountain ranges, lakes, rivers, caves, etc. He graded them all on a scale, never allowing a landscape that rated too low to rate too highly in importance.

For now, Dyon was just buying time. But, as expected, the moment he changed direction, the elders sped up from about 70% of their speed, to 95%+!

"Since you don't want to make things easy, don't blame us for being ruthless!" An elder sneered.

Dyon remained expressionless. It was as though he didn't notice the distance of a few dozen meters suddenly closing rapidly.

However, in the next instant, his foot landed on a particularly thick branch before pressing down with tens of thousands of pounds of force. Before the branch could even snap, Dyon's body had already flown forward, seemingly teleporting hundreds of meters ahead.

He felt a slight pain in his leg, because he had just used his Celestial Wind Movement technique without the necessary wills to support him, but he seemed to not have noticed as the cracks in his bones began to heal rapidly. There was not the slightest shred of pain on his features, and even though he could hardly use the technique to even 10% of its normal heights, it was more than enough to deal with these so-called elders!

"Profound movement technique!" The elders gasped in awe, a cold sweat permeating their backs. When had they ever seen such an exquisite technique?

Chapter 795: Streaking Comets

The reason they were so eager to catch Dyon wasn't only that he had left a blemish on their Viserion name, but it was also to sneak a peak at the Dragon Refining Arts! Because of the sensitivity and importance of the technique, not even they as elders could see the original so freely. Only when they cultivated to the 6th stage would they be allowed such a chance!

However, many were dissatisfied with this rule. They thought that there might be secrets in the latter stages that could help them see a more whole picture, and thus cultivate it easier. This was why they were truly eager. After all, the Dragon Refining Arts was estimated to be a Heaven level technique! How could they, who had only ever seen Earth techniques sparingly, not drool over the prospect?

Oddly, though, Dyon didn't use it again. Causing them to sneer. How could such a profound technique not come with consequences? So, they immediately calmed their agitated states, choosing to follow at a leisurely pace and hope Dyon tired out as their band of 9 suddenly became 12. Maybe if they tired him out, he might have some profound techniques in his spatial ring!

Thinking to this point, they nearly fainted with excitement. Not only did they have justice on their side, they would benefit greatly from it too!

What they didn't know was that they were only partially correct. While it was true that Dyon had to pay a price to use the celestial wind movement technique, as long as he restricted the profoundness level, he would heal faster than he would be injured. For someone like him who was used to enduring pain, what did a few fractured bones that immediately healed mean to him?

The only reason he didn't push ahead further was so he could vent some anger. If he didn't unleash soon, who knew what would happen to his psyche?

Dyon continued his steady rhythm, leading the celestials further and further away from their clan without a single bead of sweat on his face.

Every time they would get close, he would flash forward again. He even made a showing of favoring the leg he used so that the celestials would become more and more cocky. It was to the point where they didn't even send the signals they were supposed to. They were clearly blinded by greed.

The celestial movement technique usually required wind, space and celestial will, and despite its name, it was a great assassin's technique because the celestial will was meant to erase your presence.

Unfortunately, Dyon had always neglected his movement techniques because he relied so heavily on his calculations in battle. Simply put, he had other things that raised his battle power more efficiently, and because he had spent so little time in the martial world and rarely ever got a true break, he simply didn't have the benefit of splitting his attention.

While he thought of using the Florence family technique to learn it, the efficiency of a clone in learning a technique obviously paled in comparison to himself. This was the flaw of the Florence family technique. It was much better used to gain affinity for wills. But, since Dyon now had the perfect bodily constitution, the technique had become completely useless to him and he now regretted using his master's blood essence to power it.

However, hindsight was 20/20. The road of cultivation couldn't be tread without mistakes, and Dyon learned that the hard way.

Because of all of these reasons, Dyon had only managed to cultivate the movement technique to the second stage of the first act of three. So, it was nowhere near what it would be at its peak. Not to mention the fact the technique itself wasn't very compatible with Dyon. He couldn't be blamed too much though. He hadn't known anything about cultivation when he chose it, and his master had long since sealed herself away, so he just chose the best technique the celestial deer sect had to offer. Who could turn down a low-level divine movement technique? The martial world would salivate over such a thing.

Hours passed by, but the celestials still didn't seem agitated. They knew how powerful Dyon was, and it was no big deal for a saint to be capable of keeping up their top speed for about this long. The trouble was that the sun was beginning to set... What they didn't notice was that within the red and purple hues left by the sun, hidden arrays that were slowly being formed beneath Dyon's feet. By the time they realized, it would be too late. Dyon had waited for the perfect moment to execute this.

Normally, any array creation would come with it a flash of light. But, with Dyon's abilities, and the clever use of the environment, they couldn't tell the difference between the dying sun rays, and the arrays!

Suddenly, the celestials began to grin. From what they could see from Dyon's back view, he was drenched in sweat and his skin was paling. Even his once freely flapping linen shirt was clinging to his skin, clearing matted in a clear liquid.

"It looks like the little thief is finally tiring out. Keep running little mouse, we'll see how long you can go for!"

Laughter filled the quickly darkening forest, however Dyon showed no reaction, only continuing along his path as though nothing was said. If those fools paid any real attention, they would have noticed that it had been a long while since Dyon had used his movement technique, yet his speed was steadily getting further and further away from them. If he was tired, then why was he still able to speed up?!

After another half hour, one of the celestials finally realized that something was wrong. But, by now, the forest was filled with an eerie quiet that was only cut through by the soft sound of feet hitting tree branches. As for why they didn't fly, why use more energy when it wasn't necessary? Plus, few had the nimbleness necessary to fly in a dense forest. Although crashing into trees would hardly slow them down as celestial experts, they cared a bit too much about saving face.

'A circle?' The celestial suddenly felt apprehensive. His mind was a bit clearer than the rest, so he felt like he had been here already. In the dark, they were far more susceptible to this trick, but after years of being a border patrol guard for the Viserions who were constantly in the state of war, he had grown to have a cautious personality after seeing the fates of his fellow guards who slacked in their duty.

"Fellow clansman, there's a trick!" The moment the celestial saw Dyon burst with an extra bit of speed, he was absolutely certain. Unfortunately, he was too late.

The reason why Dyon was sweating profusely wasn't because he was tired of running. He was hardly using any of his strength, with his regenerative capabilities, how could he be tired?

The truth was that Dyon had been steadily planting arrays for the past few hours, leading them around in such a large circle that it wasn't until the end that they noticed that something was wrong! Because of how tyrannical using the aurora flame stones were, it was no wonder that a heavy price was being weighed on Dyon's body. This was especially so since Dyon was no longer using the purple-gold stones...

No. The stones he used were filled with streaking comets!

Chapter 796: Arrays

In the next instant, Dyon's body flashed forward once again. However, this time it was different. He no longer bothered to stay in the eyeline of his pursuers, he completely melded into the darkness of the forest!

The celestials froze. None of them had thought that after all this time that their "easy prey" was still hiding his abilities. The scouts were much more surprised because they hadn't witnessed the battle between their King and Dyon. However, the other 9 celestials felt a wave of embarrassment come over them. How had they made such a mistake?

It was only now they remembered just how much of a boost in power this little King got once he used his wings. It should have been obvious to them that he was holding back this entire time!

The only thing that made them sigh a faint breath of relief was the fact he should be easily spotted. With such bright golden wings that gave off their own light, even his transformation would be blatantly obvious to them.

What they didn't know is that Dyon had prepared for such a contingency long ago. He had purposefully not used his wings until now. And, he purposefully dampened the effectiveness of his movement technique. Even further, if they were intelligent, they would be wondering why Dyon hadn't used his movement technique against King Viserion!

Since Dyon woke up, King Viserion was the first to even remotely push him to his limits. Even then, he was toying with him. Dyon knew all he needed to win after King Viserion unlocked his third battle form was more speed. Yet, why had he decided to use his strongest form instead of using his movement technique?

Intuitively speaking, wouldn't it have been smarter to use the weaker form and hide the stronger? Anyone who saw this might think Dyon was a fool.

However... How could Dyon not have his own designs?

Before he came to the Viserion clan, he had already prepared for the possibility of Luna betraying him. The problem was that his relationship with Veles was much too fragile, and was easily exploitable. As such, the scenario of a chase had always been on Dyon's mind.

In his original plan, he had prepared to be chased by dao formation experts. So, how could a mere group of celestials faze him? That was nothing more than a joke.

Dyon was aware of the forested landscape of the Viserion clan. He was also aware that his wings had changed their color. And, even if they hadn't, before his break through, Dyon had had one white wing. That wing was just as bad for stealth as his golden wings. So, Dyon long knew that relying on his wings would be a detriment and not a helper in this situation. Knowing that, why not make his potential pursuers think that his wings were his true final trump card?!

The celestials had organized themselves, thinking they understood Dyon. They remained relatively close to each other after their encirclement plan missed. And while they would have loved to attack, if they alerted any of the more powerful Earth or Heaven beasts in the area, it would be problem.

In the end, they spread themselves out a mere two or three meters away from each other. Their thinking was simple. Even though Dyon was powerful in his winged form, in this dark environment, he would be hard pressed to sneak up on them. Then, since they were so close, they'd be able to react in a short amount of time, immediately surrounding him.

However, what they never expected was the fact that Dyon had hid such a profound movement technique! After seeing him use it, and seeing how he became drenched in sweat, they began to relax, thinking that this was his true limit. All the while, they never knew that using the movement technique to such a small extent was never that difficult for him to begin with! While it might cause minor fractures in his legs, those injuries were quickly healed by his overwhelming blood essence in addition to the perfect fusion of him and his humanoid manifestation!

All this time, Dyon had only used his movement technique to the first stage of the first act. Limiting its profoundness and therefore his injuries. But now? He pushed it to his highest level of understanding, climbing to the peak of the second stage of the first act. In an instant, the efficacy of the technique almost tripled, causing Dyon to vanish from sight!

Just as the elders were feeling vigilant, a flash of blinding gold came from their left flank, immediately followed by a scream of agony. But when the elders followed through with their plan, converging on the blinding light, it suddenly disappeared! However, unlike what they assumed, Dyon was already gone, leaving behind an elder with broken ribs, and an oddly angled arm from a vain attempt at blocking.

The elders sucked in a breath. Was this really a saint? Although this elder hadn't even completed the first cycle of the first celestial stage, only having filled 2 or so meridians with celestial energy, he was still a celestial! It wasn't normal for a saint to be able to even fight with him, let alone hurt him so severely, so quickly!

A cold sweat began to permeate down their backs. They were all of quite lowly status, often attending to small matters. Even the strongest of them, a patrol with second stage celestial cultivation, couldn't claim to be capable of hurting this comrade of his so quickly...

What had they gotten themselves into?!

The elders couldn't help but shiver. Their greed had blinded them, causing them to dive head first into this mission, never once signaling for help. But, if they signaled now, even if their dao formation experts

had somehow magically come back from their war with the barbarians so quickly, it would take at least a few minutes for them to reach here. With the battle prowess this young King had displayed. Would they last that long?!

What they didn't know was that this was all a façade Dyon had purposefully put up. However, that was how he liked it.

He had just spent hours slowly laying down formations, how could he not use them? Right now, he was panting heavily, waiting for his limp and bloodied arm to heal. However, his face was completely expressionless, as though the heavy breathing and broken arm weren't even his own.

Dyon flashed outwards again, seemingly disappearing in an instant before appearing behind one of the weaker elders that were rushing to the position of the still roaring elder. As a sainthood body cultivator, Dyon's vision was already far better than most cultivators even above his station. After all, blood essence cultivation improves all aspects of the body, including the eyes. Because of this, he had sharp and clear sight, even in this dense darkness.

Unfortunately, Dyon also understood that this wasn't much of an advantage. Although these elders were relatively weak, they still practiced the Dragon Refining Art. Even if they hadn't made it to the 4th stage, they would have still had the first level of Dragon Eyes at the very least because one only needed to reach the 2nd stage for this ability. Since they Dragon body-type abilities scaled with cultivation, their vision was tens of times better than a normal lower celestial.

As such, Dyon still remained cautious, understanding that not only would they likely be able to see him if he was in their line of sight, they could also see his body heat!

Another agonizing scream erupted as Dyon's fist completely shattered the spine of the elder he aimed for, cutting their numbers from 12 to 10 with a mere two attacks. Although he purposefully didn't kill them, he had definitely crippled their abilities to participate further!

The elders spun around, hoping to catch sight of Dyon, however, he had once again disappeared. They were incredulous, how could it be possible for someone to be so fast?! And why couldn't they sense him?!

At the celestial stage, a soul would gain more properties. As Dyon also had explained to him when he nearly died at Zabia's hand, it was only when the soul reached the Celestial stage that it would be capable of leaving the body and operating independently. With this, came many other abilities, including a sort of divine sense or bird's eye view.

However, how could these lower celestials have such an ability? In the cultivation world, finding someone whose soul kept up with their energy cultivation was rare beyond belief. Usually only alchemy or formation experts would invest in such a thing, and even they would usually lag behind substantially. Therefore, these celestials didn't have this divine sense. They could only rely on their instincts and eye sight! Unfortunately, Dyon always attacked from their blind spot, and their Perceptions were weak!

Remarkably, Dyon had had a pseudo divine sense for a long time now. But, he couldn't use it now since his soul was locked away. That said... When his soul did finally break away from its current stage, the world would witness the birth of a divine sense the likes of which had never been seen before!

With their second elder taken down, the cold sweat on the backs of the elders increased.

"BACK TO BACK!" The calm elder that first noticed they had gone in a large circle barked.

However, how could Dyon allow that? With an expressionless face, ten motes of light accelerated forward with a blinding speed. They seemingly appeared out of nowhere, rushing toward the elders. These were none other than a portion of the arrays Dyon had laid!

The reason why even celestials didn't notice that Dyon had led them in a circle previously was because the path he had taken was much too devious. The truth was that the circle he led them in wasn't even all that large, it was at most a few hundred meters in radius. The path Dyon took was long and winding, but the only places he set down arrays was within this specific circle he mapped out in his mind.

In an instant, the lights were upon the elders. They all simultaneously punched outward. Although they all disdained this weak attack, they didn't dare to underestimate it. After losing two of their elders to injury, how could they have the heart to be arrogant anymore?!

However, that was when something they didn't expect happened. The moment their punches connected, it felt as though they had hit nothing but air... As though they were really trying to punch

light. Many of them lost balance, falling head-first in the mote of light. In an instant, all ten figures disappeared, unable to resist the pull of teleportation.

Under normal circumstances, it would be easy for a celestial to resist the pull of an array. Dyon had witnessed this first hand when he tried to teleport away from the Niveus Sect Matriarch. However, these were no normal arrays, they were comet level arrays!

Chapter 797: Wouldn't Be Settled

Maybe if they were a bit more vigilant, they could have at least disrupted the teleportation again. This would have resulted in Dyon's destination for them becoming skewed and them ending up far closer than he wanted them. However, when had these ancient times ever seen formations used in such a way?!

**

In the Viserion throne room, Veles sat slouched with a frown on his features. It had been hours since the elders were sent to pursue Dyon, yet there had been no results! Even worse, his dao formation experts had yet to come back from what should have been a simple task. What the hell was going on? Was this truly a plot?

As much as he wanted to go out himself, he couldn't act as recklessly as he had in the past. He was a King now. He had no choice but to act as such.

Considering there hadn't been any emergency flairs sent up, there were only two possibilities. One, the entire Viserion army had been wiped out. Even if Veles was beaten to death he wouldn't believe such a thing. His Viserion clan was filled with fierce warriors, a measly barbarian clan couldn't stand up to them. The second was just that the mission took longer than any of them estimated.

His best opportunity to escape the scrutiny of his elders while also participating was to chase Dyon down immediately. He was confident that after his break through, his speed would be no less than Dyon's. However, he had no choice but to tend to Mina. It had taken hours before he finally coaxed the little beauty to sleep.

The truth was that this wasn't like those Chinese light novels with continents that spanned millions of miles across. Within the martial world, such large expanses of land didn't exist in reality and could only be found in artificially built worlds like the Epistemic Tower floors or Planet Earth after it was forced to expand by millions of times, for example.

The universe didn't create such large planets naturally. As a result, it was quite easy for a celestial level character to fly around the circumference of a planet in less than an hour. As for dao formation experts, those who specialized in speed might be able to accomplish the feat in minutes, if not seconds should they specialize in the dao of space.

This was all to say that if Veles left now, it wasn't impossible for him to find where a fight was taking place. The problem was that Dyon would never remain in the same place because he understood this concept very well. How could Veles know that Dyon had used his former friend's high opinion of him to do exactly that?

Because Dyon had gone around in a large circle, he was technically still within Viserion territory. If Veles knew this, he might cough up blood in anger. However, there was nothing he could do about this now.

At that moment, an old man with a dignified expression walked in. He seemed completely normal, without any fluctuations of energy whatsoever, but Veles showed a rare sign of respect. He only showed this face to three people. Dyon, Dyon's father, and... His own father!

"Father!" Veles called out to the man who walked in, doing his part as the dutiful son and standing to greet him.

Old man Viserion waved his hand. He didn't believe he was at the age yet where his son had to help him walk. He was well aware that he could extend his life by thousands of years if need be. It was just a shame that he had only had a worthy son so late in life. But, he was gratified that he could watch most of his journey before he passed on.

"Little Veles, you're King now. What are you tearing up for? This old man still has many years left, stop treating me as though I have one foot in the grave."

Veles was actually feeling very guilty at the moment. His father had reached the otherworldly 11th stage of dao formation. If he broke through, he would gain another hundred thousand years of life and Veles would no longer have to worry about this old man of his anymore.

However, old man Viserion simply didn't have enough vitality left to do so.

The reason why only those with overwhelming talent waited until they were 18 to energy cultivate was exactly because of this. If your talent wasn't up to par, and you tried this method, much of your youthful vitality would be gone before you could cultivate more. However, if you tried to cultivate earlier and before your meridians were mature, your future prospects would dim, likewise. This was the balance that those without special constitutions had to weather.

Unfortunately for Veles' old man, he had fought a large battle about three decades ago. As such, he was forced to burn his blood essence which directly effected his vitality. If it wasn't for that fateful fight, Veles' father would have likely broken through to the 12th dao formation stage by now and could have been working toward the legendary half-step transcendent stage.

However... Instead, he was the fragile old man before him. Although he still had a few thousand years left of life, that was only if he didn't strain himself. The truth was that a few thousand years to someone who had lived hundreds of thousands was the same as a handful of years to a mortal...

This was why Veles had become King so early...

Veles found this quite depressing. He wanted to spend more years leading the helm of armies and being a grand general whose name shook the heavens. However, he had a responsibility to uphold and he couldn't let his father down.

It was obvious that with Veles' personality, he had exhausted all methods of trying to repair his old man's vitality. This search led him to excessively studying the Dragon Refining Arts to the point where he had reached the level he had today.

There was a simple reason he did so. The vitality of beasts far outweighed that of humans. They usually lived for longer and had a better connection with the universe. So, Veles cleverly thought that if he reached a high enough level of refinement, he would be able to share a small portion of his blood essence with his father. If it was potent enough, maybe he would be able to cure him.

In reality, this would harm Veles' talent and impair his ability to conquer the cosmos in the future. However, for your father, what sacrifices wouldn't you make?

This was why Veles was so pained by the robbery of their sacred treasure. The only reason their mere branch family had the original copy was because he had had a bet with the Viserion main branch on the day of the universe tournament.

With him being the winner, and the affair being so public, they were forced to hand it over, or else they would lose a lot of face. This was actually part of the reason they pressured the Ahpuch family to allow Luna to marry Dyon, because they were angered by the fact the Ahpuch had become witnesses to their promise with Veles.

Dyon stealing the Dragon Refining Arts was almost like sentencing Veles' father to death. How could Veles not be angry beyond belief? He felt like tearing that little vixen who stole it apart!

Here, those familiar with an expert's memory might wonder why Veles didn't just memorize the technique. The truth of the matter was he had... memorized the parts he could see.

The Dragon Refining Arts was a truly fascinating divine technique. According the Viserion family, there were 9 stages, each harder to reach than the last. But, when Veles received the book, he realized that there were 18 blank pages while only 9 had words on them! Even if you beat Veles to death he wouldn't believe that such a high level technique just had random blank pages on it.

Normally, he might have ignored this. Since the others of the Viserion long line had never seen what was truly meant to be on those remaining 18 pages, he should just take things one step at a time, no? However, the moment he broke through the major 6th to 7th stage bottle neck, he suddenly felt something special when he looked at the book. As though... It wasn't complete.... Like there was a mountain beyond the one he was climbing now.

When he broke through to the 8th stage, only one away from the supposed peak, the feeling became even stronger! How could he stand the holder of the secret being taken away from him when he was already so close?!

Not only had Dyon stolen his chance to save his father, he might have cut off his former friend's future! This was an irreconcilable event! This grudge wouldn't be settled so easily!

Chapter 798: Explanation?!

Veles calmed himself so that he could respond to his father, "I know father. I am only feeling guilty. I've trusted the wrong people and I've lost something of overwhelming value." Veles grinded his teeth, unable to contain his emotions.

Old man Viserion gave his son a deep look. Despite his age, his eyes were filled with strength and his back was straight as a javelin. It was as though he was peering into Veles' soul. He looked as if he wanted to say something, but he simply shook his head.

"Don't allow this to cloud your heart. A cultivator's mind state is as important as the techniques they practice. Never forget this."

The old man seemed to see through some things, but decided to just say this for now.

Veles opened his mouth, but then closed it. It was clear what his father was saying. He had seen through what Veles wanted to sacrifice for him, but while he was touched, how could a father allow their child to sacrifice for them? He would never accept such a thing.

Before the father and son pair could finish their heart to heart, a sudden flash filled the throne room as the sounds of numerous bodies hitting the marble floor filled the room.

"WHO?!" Veles was already pissed off enough today. Whoever it was that was disturbing his private talk with his father would face the consequence!

But, when he turned around, he was immediately stunned speechless. Weren't these the celestials that went off to chase Dyon?! How did they end up here?! And why were they all on their asses?! What the hell happened?!

However, when he looked to question them, he saw that they too were confused about what happened. There was a flash of light, and all of a sudden they were here!

"WHAT KIND OF EXPLANATION IS THAT?!"

How could Veles accept such a reason?! He knew from the beginning that Dyon would decide to separate so as not to implicate the Angel Clan, so that meant that 10 celestials were outdone by a saint?! What kind of person with even half a brain cell would accept such a thing?!

The elders shivered on the ground, not even daring to stand up in front of Veles' rage. They still didn't have a single clue of how they ended up here, but now they were facing the anger of their King, so they could only remain silent.

In truth, they only had themselves to blame. They were too greedy and not careful enough. They ended up underestimating their opponent, and in the end, they suffered for it.

But, when they tried to relay the story, Veles got even angrier.

"FUCK!! SO YOU'RE SAYING THERE WEREN'T TEN OF YOU, BUT TWELVE?!" The more Veles thought about it, the more he raged.

In that instant, another blinding light fell and two heavily bandaged elders fell to the ground, groaning.

When Veles saw this, his face went such a dark shade of red that they were afraid it might explode. Veles was one more push away from fainting in anger.

However, he was calmed by his father's wrinkled hand resting on his shoulder. "Calm down, Veles. I'm sure you already have a plan to move forward, don't you?" He said knowingly.

A sinister glow flashed through Veles' features. "It's already too late to seal this information completely, but take this list of spies and detain them all. I've already placed them under watch, so they won't have been able to leave."

The celestials were shocked by their King's sudden change in demeanor, but they remained quiet. For some reason, this calm version of their King filled them with endless fear.

"Tomorrow, we will go to Moon Clan and ally with them." The glow in Veles' eyes became more and more savage the more he spoke.

He had no doubt that the Moon Clan would accept his alliance because he had information on the Angel Clan no one else had! He knew exactly why the Moon Clan was so wary, it wasn't just the power of Dyon's father, but also the fact that their clan was simply filled with too many mysteries!

Although Veles didn't want the Moon Clan to know that the reason he was warring with the Angel Clan was to retrieve the Viserion technique, especially since the Moon Clan was allied with the Ahpuch clan, he knew they wouldn't dare ask why he had had a sudden change of heart because he could provide something they had been longing for!

In the end, the Moon Clan was treat their not asking questions as payment for the information the Viserion branch clan provided. In this way, Veles would be able to show his sincerity by completely selling Dyon out and would also be able to keep his intentions secret. The last thing he wanted was for the Ahpuch Clan to gain the his Viserion clan's Dragon Refining Art.

"I WILL CRUSH THE ANGEL CLAN BENEATH MY FEET!" Veles roared.

**

At this moment, Dyon had quickly used his last remaining strength to exit the Viserion Clan territory. If he was caught there in the morning, it wouldn't be a good look.

The moment he did, he fell and stumbled into a river, allowing it to carry him down while he tried to recuperate. Obviously, this was one of the landscapes he had accounted for long ago. After drifting for a moment, Dyon flashed out of the water and into a mount range, yet another landscape, still not daring to use his wings.

Finally, he came to the place he planned on just as the sun was about to peak over the horizon.

He had expertly gotten rid of his trail using the river, before disappearing into a winding mountain range. He doubted that even dao formation experts could track him now. He was too cautious.

Because anyone intelligent would know that his final destination would be the Angel Clan, Dyon had to find a way to approach his clan from a direction completely opposing that of the Viserion clan.

Dyon knew that by this point, Veles would likely have chosen to ally with the Moon Clan. He had touched his bottom line, wasn't this an obvious result?

As for why the Moon Clan would ever trust him, that would easily be resolved considering how much information Veles had on the Angel Clan. Considering Dyon had also thoroughly explained his battle strategy to Veles as well, it could be said that only he truly understood everything aside from Dyon and Amphorae.

However, Dyon didn't seem to have any reaction. His face was still cold, and his heart? Even colder.

He scaled a mountain all while his body ached, before diving into a valley between the mountain and cutting into its face with a master grade sword he had taken from the Angel Clan. Then, he began to meditate.

Chapter 799: Whole Body

Quickly, Dyon began swallowing pills. A light flashed in his eyes when he felt their impurities, but he immediately used a purple-gold aurora stone to burn them away, leaving behind the pure medicinal effect.

In modern times, it was impossible to do this. For one, aurora stones were practically extinct. Without the Energy Core, it would be impossible to create them. The only quadrants who would have them were the oldest ones within the top ten of the Epistemic Tower rankings.

The second reason this was impossible was because auroras, like even Dyon's innate one, had lost their violent tendencies. This was done deliberately by Dyon's grand teacher in order to make it safe to use and pass along.

That said, there was a way to remove impurities though, that would just by using the aurora flame to guide them out of one of the body's orifices. It was more time consuming, and took more control, but it was possible. This was how Dyon removed the pill that Madeleine's former master had forced on her.

In that moment, the efficacy of the pill skyrocketed. It was originally a crude grandmaster level pill that Dyon was sure his grand teacher was disdain to label as such, but with Dyon's manipulation, it became a true treasure.

A flooding warmth overwhelmed Dyon as his wounds began to heal at a visible speed.

It was a secret that the efficacy of pills were decided by the percentage purity. However, Dyon had never had to harp on such things so he normally ignored it completely. With his skills and Perception, concocting pills with 100% purity was child's play. His soul talent was simply too high.

Maybe the only reason Dyon hadn't realized just how amazing such a feat was, was because he had never truly interacted with other alchemists. The first one he could truly name as such was Madeleine's mother, Nora. However, even then it was short because he still disdained the fact those two old fogies hadn't told Madeleine their identities.

With how intelligent Madeleine was, Dyon was sure she had likely seen through it. With her normally calm and laid back husband suddenly snapping at two dao formation experts, with such pointed remarks about parenthood, how could she not tell? But, she chose not to say anything.

It had already been a long time since Madeleine saw Dyon as her closest family. Even though her foster parents raised her with love, they made the wrong decisions time and time again. So, while Madeleine still loved them, she had slowly drifted apart from them.

That aside, when Dyon learned that Nora couldn't even concoct a pill his grand teacher labeled as a master level one, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Was this really a supposed Moon level alchemist? Wasn't that joke too fierce?

The truth of the matter was that there were some pills that could only be completed if the alchemist was capable of creating with a certain level of purity. Most of Dyon's grand teacher's formulas required at least 90% purity to be completed. Such a thing was incredibly rare in modern times and the only pills with such requirements were practically holy grails to alchemy guilds.

What these alchemists didn't know was that it was only by understanding the universe by studying formations, before combining that knowledge with your alchemy, would you be able to reach such levels of purity.

Nora was exceptionally talented in the way of the aurora. Unfortunately, she was brain washed into believing that the disciplines should be separate. So, the reality was that it wasn't just Dyon's soul talent that allowed him to do the "impossible", it was also his luck in finding good teachers.

After taking a deep breath, Dyon settled himself. Today would be the day of the evacuation, and he couldn't afford to bring trouble to the Angel Clan now. Therefore, he had to waste some more time for now and only go back the following day. While he was sure that Veles sent experts to surround the Angel Clan to check for when he came back, he knew that with Veles' character, he wouldn't attack innocents. So, he wasn't worried about that.

Finally, Dyon's injuries were dealt with, so he finally took out the Dragon Refining Arts. Since he was being punished for a crime he didn't commit, he might as well take full advantage, no? He had wanted to see what was inside for a long while anyway.

It was lucky for him that after leaving a certain range, he was able to put the tome into his spatial ring again without worrying about it bursting out in alarms. However, that experience let him know that there were likely many formations protecting this large book. So, he approached cautiously.

Since the world was against him, he'd give it a reason to be against him.

**

In the Angel Clan, Amphorae had taken full control of the situation. She displayed courage and leadership the old-fashioned Angel Clan Ministers couldn't help but be in awe of.

Even after hearing that her husband was in a precarious situation, Amphorae showed no change in emotions and immediately gripped the reins of the clan even tighter, carrying out actions swiftly and effectively. The evacuation was on schedule and they were already prepared to move out.

No one knew the inner turmoil raging through Amphorae's heart or the fierce hatred she now felt for Luna.

All this time, not once had Amphorae had a single negative thought toward Luna. Even after her childhood sweetheart was stolen from her, even after she was neglected, even after she rarely saw the face of the woman who ruined her life, Amphorae never hated her. But now? Even if Luna was dying a death filled with agony before her, she wouldn't extend a hand to help.

However, Amphorae kept all of this bottled up. Her long red-gold hair danced in the wind as she floated above the clan like a goddess monitoring her people... Feeling the loneliness of a ruler.

Chapter 800: Unusable

Within the cells of the Angel Clan dungeon, a petite woman sat in a corner with her knees drawn to her chest. Despite the pungent smell and disgusting floor, she seemed to still be without blemish. It was as though there was a halo of energy around her keeping her without blemish.

However, that energy couldn't stop the tears that were still streaming down her delicate cheeks. All she could think about was the cold glance and heartless words her supposed husband had thrown at her before tossing her away like trash.

"Am I supposed to pity you?" A cold voice suddenly tore through the quiet atmosphere causing Luna's trembling shoulder to freeze. But, she didn't dare to look up. How could she have the courage to meet the owner of this voice right now?

Seeing that she didn't answer, the voice continued. "Since it's been two days now, and the evacuation is complete, it's time that I question you." The voice continued indifferently as though even spending time ridiculing Luna was beneath them. "Answer quickly and honestly. The Angel Clan doesn't take kindly to traitors. The only reason you haven't been punished yet is because our King has yet to return. Don't make the punishment worse than it already is."

This voice obviously belonged to Amphorae. She hadn't confronted Luna all this time because she not only disdained to, but she thought that it would be more appropriate if Dyon did so. However, with her husband having still not returned, the information Luna likely knew was much too important to ignore any longer. There were only a little over two days left now until the Moon Clan stormed them, so in

order to deal with the possibility of Dyon not being able to make it back in time, Amphorae had no choice.

She furrowed her eyebrows earlier when she walked in after seeing just how many chains were around Luna, but she said nothing. The clan had used their best dao formation cuffs, but according to the Ministers, none of them knew what Luna's cultivation was.

Amphorae had never heard of such a thing. Was Luna really so powerful? Powerful to the point of being able to hide her cultivation from such experts?

Thinking to this point, Amphorae had no choice but to take a more cautious approach. So, she immediately ordered for them to use their best restricting treasures, not holding anything back.

"What is the Moon Clan's purpose?" Amphorae started with a simple question. If need be, she had already steeled herself to torture Luna. For a woman she hated, it only made it easier.

Surprisingly, Luna answered without hesitation. Even with her streaking tears, her voice was incomparably calm, holding a deep loneliness within...

"To steal the source of your spiritual vein."

Amphorae frowned. She was half surprised and half worried. But, she suppressed it for now.

"Why?"

"It's the only energy source capable of extracting my primordial yin safely."

Amphorae's frown deepened. How could Luna still have her primordial yin? Hadn't her husband taken it on their wedding night?

What Amphorae didn't know was that Dyon hadn't touched Luna only just a couple days ago. She also didn't know that despite Luna's words, he had successfully taken it. But, for now, she could only guess

that this had some special reason... Likely the same reason even dao formation experts couldn't see this woman's cultivation.

"How did they find out about our energy source?"

"The spiritual vein in your clan, although you've isolated it, has grown far too large. It even wraps around the core of Planet Haven. No formation is enough to protect such a gargantuan vein. It was noticed the moment those experts came to this planet 30 years ago."

When Amphorae heard this, she frowned. So, it really wasn't Luna who sold them out? For some reason, she didn't believe that anything she was hearing was a lie.

"What does this have to do with you marrying my husband?"

"Nothing. He won a universe tournament 30 years ago without knowing that the prize was my hand in marriage. He took responsibility for his mistake by taking me as his wife and defying my father."

Amphorae was stunned. This was the first time she was hearing this story. In her life, she had never stepped foot outside of the Angel Clan, so she had no idea this had transpired. In truth, among those she knew, only Dyon and Veles had been there, aside from Luna, of course.

But... If they met this way...

"Then?...." Amphorae couldn't bring herself to finish the question. She had come here for the sake of the clan, yet she was embarrassingly asking a question for the sake of her personal heart demons.

"Then why did he fall in love with me? That's what you want to ask, isn't it?" Luna laughed a self-deprecating laugh. It was filled with so much anger, helplessness, remorsefulness and shame that even Amphorae, who hated this woman to the depths of her soul, couldn't help but feel a tinge of pity.

"You will always be the woman he loves most in this world." Luna said, her voice croaking for the first time. "I only used petty tricks and underhanded means to make him fall for me. His affections are nothing more than a spell he's been under for the last 30 years."

Amphorae was stunned. A mixture of anger and resentment flashed through her face. Luna hadn't said much, but how much more did she need to understand? All of these years she had spent thinking she wasn't good enough, that she had no choice but to temper her feelings... That she just didn't have a right to love in this lifetime... It was all because of this woman before her?!

After moments passed, Amphorae finally managed to suppress her emotions. Now was not the time to vent her frustrations, nor was it the time to set off on a revenge war path. However, what this did do was elevate Dyon's position in her heart to a point where no one could contest it. This was especially so after Luna explained further without any prompting.

The man she loved had never abandoned her. In fact, he had somehow fought back through all these years, racked with endless guilt before finally making his way back to her. When Amphorae learned that Dyon had never even touched Luna until a day or so ago, it was like all of her resentment from the past decades were washed away.

The human heart was complex. No matter how much someone loves another, it was often times impossible to remove shadows that weighed on it. Although Dyon had gained Amphorae's forgiveness, it was impossible for him to remove the bitterness she felt in her heart in a short time. There was even a strong possibility that she would always feel that inferiority for the rest of her life.

Before Amphorae knew all of this, she had felt gratified that Dyon had come back to her, but in the back of her mind, she thought that he had only done so for the sake of the clan. After so many years of neglecting the Imperial Concubines, the inner strife of the Angel Clan had reached an unprecedented level. Amphorae couldn't help but feel like a tool for Dyon to grasp hold of the clan's morale again...

However, now she knew that none of this was ever her husband's choice. His heart was simply too warm and he trusted the wrong people... And yet, he had somehow fought through all of that and grasped a hold of his mind again.

As for Dyon taking Luna's virginity, she didn't care. In fact, in Amphorae's mind, it was good that this woman before her had suffered a loss of something. Wouldn't it have been too much of a joke if she spent all these years leading her husband by the nose, yet kept her purity? Amphorae even had the mind to throw her to the military brigs and let the army have their way with her. If it wasn't for her former status as Dyon's woman, Amphorae wouldn't have hesitated.

It wasn't that Amphorae couldn't see that Luna was remorseful, but she couldn't be sure. This woman had managed to trick them all for 30 years and had just now practically sentenced their Angel Clan to death!

What were they going to do about a joint attack between the Moon and Viserion Clans? The Moon Clan was a Royal God Clan who had three other God Clans under their rule. And that wasn't even mentioning the backing of the Ahpuch clan! In fact, there was no guarantee that the main Viserion branch wouldn't get involved considering it was their hallowed technique that was stolen! The only saving grace for the latter matter was that Amphorae was familiar with Veles and knew he was much too prideful to do such a thing. Which almost made her wonder why it was he had set that pride down to attack with the Moon Clan....

'Maybe he won't?...' Amphorae's brow furrowed. She hadn't gotten word that Veles allied with the Moon Clan, but the Angel Clan information network was far too weak to intercept such important inner workings. So, Amphorae had decided to exaggerate and take into account all worst case scenarios because it was only like this that she would manage to overcome this shortcoming. But, she just now realized that if she accounted for the Moon-Viserion alliance, she should also account for the possibility of the main Viserion Clan getting involved.

However, she immediately dismissed the idea. While the Ahpuch clan was involved, it was only to the extent that their first prince and his guards were here. It was as though the Ahpuch clan had washed their hands of this.

Since this was the case, there was a reason... And it was likely that that reason also bound the Viserions since the two Emperor God Clans were in an alliance.

The more Amphorae thought about it, the more her emotions settled. While the Viserion branch clan attacking was a bit unexpected and worrisome, it had its advantages. The warriors of the Angel Clan were quite familiar with the Viserion warriors. Also, the Viserion battle form had a major time restriction that could also be taken advantage of. Not all of them were like their King who could practically spend an entire day and night in his second battle form. But, even Veles could only use his third battle form for at most half an hour.

Amphorae inadvertently began to pace as she melded the new information she was gathering with her husband's laid out plans. The more she did so, the more in awe of Dyon she became. It was as though every question she asked already had its answer...

The only problem was that if Dyon didn't get back before the battle began, their ultimate trump card would be unusable.