

The Nameless 871

Chapter 871: Funny Name

Dyon could immediately tell what his grand teacher was thinking. He had some things to do that required hiding his identity, so he couldn't very well use the Life Stealing ability liberally, or else it would be very obvious who he was. But, he still wanted to use the weapon. In that case, he would likely be hunted down for his treasures.

That said, Dyon wasn't too worried about it. Fists spoke louder than words.

Taking the sword and strapping it diagonally across his back, Dyon thought of something else, "I think I should boost my energy cultivation talent. Currently, it's too poor, and I don't plan on absorbing the energy kernel."

'I was going to suggest that as well. There are quite a few herbs here capable of doing this. Although, keep in mind, that such treasures only work once. That said, because there are so many different kinds here, you wouldn't have to take the same one twice anyway.'

"What are your suggestions?"

'Cultivation talent is split into grades by the abilities of your meridians. Although your current meridians were of the third grade, within your body, they're only capable of functioning as the equivalent of the ninth grade since they were transplanted. Much too pitiful.'

From ninth through first grade, lowest to highest, talent of meridians was ranked. Usually, only meridians of the third grade and above can withstand tempering by Gama energy. Lower grade meridians can't handle the pressure.

Those with God constitutions have first grade meridians by default, although it was also possible for those with God constitutions to also have first grade meridians, it was less sure. This level is the second highest tier for meridians. This was because above first grade meridians were Deity meridians.

Unlike first grade meridians, one isn't born with Deity meridians, it can only be trained up. Only those with third, second and first grade meridians have a chance to do so.

In order to train up to Deity level meridians, one needs either a faith seed, faith of a Legatee, or a True Deity bloodline. Of these three, the last makes upgrading the easiest, while the first makes upgrading the hardest.

As for Dyon, these were things far outside of his reach. Although his transplanted meridians were originally of the third grade, it was "lost in translation", so to speak. Currently, any talent evaluation would have him and the mere ninth grade.

'The good news is that since these meridians were originally of the third grade, it'll be slightly easier to upgrade than a true ninth grade set of meridians. It will still take some time, though.'

"Is it possible to upgrade them back to the third grade, then?" Dyon asked.

'It is, but it'll take some time. Like medicine, it needs to be taken over time to have the best and most solid effects. I such going the organic route as opposed to the pill route. Although it'll be even slower, at least you won't have to deal with any impurities.'

"I'll do what you say then," Dyon confirmed as he walked toward a particular treasure.

'This is called Jade Queen Bee's Honey. Although the Jade Queen Bee is only a peak transcendent beast, the nectar it produces, if given enough time, becomes a true treasure.

'As long as you take one drop of this honey, every day, for a long enough period of time, even forming a first-grade meridian set isn't impossible. It'll just take centuries to complete.

'Not going to lie to you, this treasure is often completely ignored. There's never been such a thing as a God trial taker without first grade meridians. You're truly a first-place loser.'

Dyon gave a 'really?' expression while eyeing the massive jar in front of him. A single drop a day? This thing could last millions of years then!

'It's actually bigger than you think. The jar is actually an interdimensional space.'

Even as the old man spoke, the massive 30-meter-wide jar suddenly shrunk to the size of a child's palm.

With a thought, a drop of golden honey appeared in the air. It emitted such an aromatic smell that Dyon almost felt that it was too much, but he still swallowed it, savouring the taste.

He suddenly felt that his body was flushed with pleasure. A gentle energy swarmed his body. In all honesty, it was so comfortable that much to Dyon's embarrassment, he almost lost control of his erection. Luckily his grand teacher couldn't read his mind anymore.

Because of his constant and perpetual lust, it was a battle to keep it down in the first place. After relaxing so much, it almost raged out of control.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes brightened as a mini vortex of energy swirled around him. It could count as large at all, in fact, it was so pitifully small that he knew if any arrogant "young masters" saw this scene, they would laugh themselves to death. But, it was more energy than Dyon had ever drawn toward himself without soul cultivating.

Just as Dyon was wondering what was going on, his grand teacher started laughing, 'Looks like you've already upgraded to the 8th grade. Stop it, that mini cyclone is going to make me die of laughter.'

Dyon sighed, but there was nothing he could do. If he absorbed the energy kernel, he was asking to die. If there was a way to only take a portion of the kernel, he would, but he wasn't sure that was possible.

'A few hundred years from now, you'll be able to use the Demon Sage's blood to upgrade to Deity level meridians if your luck is good enough. For now, take it slow. Defying the heavens isn't something to take lightly.

'This is very important to your future advancement. It's impossible to become a transcendent without major achievements in at least two of the three paths. But, it's completely unheard of for those two proficient paths to not include energy cultivation. At least, I've never met someone like that, so you must work hard to catch up.

'Also remember not to be too cocky, even when your cultivation unseals. Remember soul cultivation is very hard to translate into true battle power. That said, having the use of your wills again will be of great help. For now, with a celestial body, fighting those peak geniuses of sainthood shouldn't be a problem.'

Dyon listened to his grand teacher's nagging passively as he searched for his last two choices for treasures.

His first treasure was the mask, the second was the reverse scale, the third was his broad sword, while the fourth was the jade bee's honey. That left him with two more choices.

"Mm?" Dyon's eyes landed on an odd oval object that was painted quite a bland grey. Anyway you looked at it, it didn't seem very impressive. Dyon could sense that if it wasn't for his overwhelming soul and powerful Presence, he would have completely overlooked this treasure. It seemed to hide from his observation almost perfectly... "What's this little egg?"

'Hm... It's actually quite an odd creature. Despite having a True Deity bloodline, it doesn't have any of the imposingness of a beast of that level. It has no combat prowess, and it oddly doesn't have the choice of following the human path for cultivation. In addition, it will forever be in beast form, no matter what.'

Dyon was a bit confused after hearing this explanation, "Then why is it classified as a True Deity bloodline?"

'For one, when it's fully matured, even the strongest divine senses, even the immortal senses of transcendents, can't find it if it wants to hide. The fact you even noticed it in its fetal form is quite surprising... I had even forgotten that it was here.'

'Secondly, its abilities are quite heaven-defying. Although it has no combat prowess, its ability to sense danger and find treasures is unparalleled. In addition, if one were to talk about sheer intelligence, its species ranks even above humans. Also, it's immune to attacks of aura, the soul and Presence. It's also exceedingly fast and has teleportation escape abilities although it can't take anyone with it.'

'Its name is quite funny, though. It's called the Celestial Hamster.'

Dyon picked up the small egg. It was only about half a foot in diameter, but it was ridiculously heavy. Dyon could tell that even if he used all of his strength, cracking his shell was nothing more than a dream.

Chapter 872: Look Forward

"With such a heaven defying beast, how do I get it to acknowledge me as its master? With its intelligence, it couldn't be that the first person it sees will be its mother, can it?"

'You're right, with the Celestial Hamster's intelligence, it can obviously tell the difference between its species and another even as a newborn. In fact, this egg is a little larger than it should be, so it might be even more troublesome.

'That said, Celestial Hamsters don't choose their masters based on strength or battle prowess, they choose based on intelligence. If it thinks you're smart enough, it'll choose you. That simple.'

"Interesting..." Dyon pondered for a moment before asking a question. "How do I hatch it?"

'The Celestial Hamster is an ancient era beast, just like the Celestial Deer once was before their bloodline declined. If you want to hatch it, you need Primordial Energy, or a suitable replacement for it. Luckily for you, your Inner World happened to accumulate a lot of it.

'Whatever you do, do not try to establish a soul pact with the Celestial Hamster before it hatches. Not only can it circumvent such an attempt, such an underhanded tactic will make it hate you forever.'

"Alright." Dyon nodded before allowing the egg into his Inner World, then he turned his senses inward to see if there were any changes.

Currently, his Inner World was quite barren, but the land was brimming with vitality, as though it was only waiting for vegetation to be planted. Other than some hills here and there, it was mostly flat, golden lands. In addition, in corresponding with his cultivation level, the land itself was only about a few dozen meters in every direction from the center.

In all likelihood, the land would mature a bit more before his soul and wills were unlocked. From what Dyon could see, his soul manifestation was still meditating silently in the air, and there were also 4 primordial yins circulating him. This gave Dyon another boost in morale, but the fourth was definitely Amphorae's. He found it odd that he didn't see Luna's, but he brushed it off as being a result of her special constitution. After all, so many powerful clans were seeking her out, maybe he wasn't worthy of taking possession of her Primordial Yin.

However, despite all this, the most shocking event happening currently was the rampaging Primordial Energy. An endless supply seemed to be funneling directly into the small egg, causing it to wobble every now and then. It seemed that it wouldn't be too long before it hatched at this pace.

Normally, it would have taken the Celestial Hamster a few more millions of years to hatch because Primordial Energy was practically extinct in these times. But now, it might only be a few more days until Dyon could see its furry and adorable appearance. After who knew how much time the little hamster spent in its egg, it was probably more excited than Dyon.

"Lastly old man, I need some aurora stones. Are there any here as a reward?"

'There is a spiritual vein you can take as a reward, but it's nowhere near the size of the Angel Clan one. The Angel Clan vein could produce even dao level energy stones, meaning even Earth aurora stones weren't an impossibility. However, these can at most create essence level energy stones. There's potential for growth, especially since you have the Energy Core though. That said, don't let anyone find out you have it, because even Emperor God Clans would go crazy for it.'

These weren't ancient times. Spiritual veins were especially rare. Even the spiritual vein of the Celestial Deer Sect was dug up and taken away by its enemies.

A spiritual vein capable of producing saint level energy stones was already the peak of this era. Some of the exceptionally powerful clans might have a spiritual vein capable of producing lower celestial level energy stones, but that was the absolute cap.

In truth, this wasn't only because of the era, but also because of the limitations of spiritual veins. If they became too large, they would cause vicious apparitions of heavens to descend and destroy them. This would also result in the destruction of the clan that owned them. Only the Energy Core was able to mitigate this.

This might seem odd. If even peak Emperor God clans could only produce lower celestial stones, then where do all of the high level stones come from?

At this point, it's important to separate the idea of energy stone mines from spiritual veins. The purpose of spiritual veins isn't to produce regular energy stones, but rather, to draw the energy of the universe toward a clan, making it easier to cultivate there. A by-product of this would be the various energy stone types that are created.

But, energy stone mines are different. They don't have the same restrictions as Spiritual veins because their abilities are much more focused. Their only reason for existing is to produce energy cultivation energy stones. As such, they don't produce things like Life stones and Aurora stones, and as such, don't deft heaven's laws too much. Thus, they're allowed to fully mature.

Essentially, the term "Energy Stones" has both a broad and narrow definition. The broad definition includes every energy stone in existence, while the narrow definition only includes the currency of the martial world.

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After Dyon planted the spiritual vein within his Inner World, he suddenly felt that something within him had changed, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was.

It turns out that the spiritual vein reward was one often chosen by God Trial takers due to the poking and prodding of their various clans. So, for the greater good, they give up one of their rewards for it.

However, Dyon was definitely the first one to plant it within himself. As far as he knew, he had the only Inner World cultivating technique in existence. So, aside from his Demon Generals, no one else had the ability to do this. That said, Dyon didn't specify which treasures his Demon Generals should choose, so he had no idea if they acted the same way he did.

If they had though, their spiritual veins would be at an even lower level than Dyon's considering they didn't take the God trials. According to the old man, only the Emperor and God trials provided it as a reward, so his dream of having 3001 spiritual veins was dashed before it began.

Taking out a 5th level aurora stones, corresponding with the Lower Essence soul stage, Dyon removed his ragged clothes and replaced them with a fresh pair of black, rolled up sweats and a crisp white shirt, before strapping his massive sword to his back again.

After thinking about it a bit, he changed the appearance of his sword as well. It would be a shame if he went through so much trouble to hide his appearance, only to be exposed by his sword. He would change the appearance back when he was Dyon, but when he wasn't, it would appear to be a regular large black sword of the master level.

Although using the aurora stones was a heavy tax on himself, it was worth it.

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"DYON!" Eli jumped up from his squatting position. He had just been inside of the spatial ring Dyon gave him, experimenting with a few new plant cross-sections when he heard Dyon's voice.

In the next instant, Delia flashed out as well, so Dyon had to deal with an overly tall lanky giant, and a petite woman jumping into his arms at the same time. However, he still smiled genuinely, he was happy to see them.

The three of them spent quite a long time talking. Dyon had long seen Delia and Eli as his own brother and sister, so there was no doubt that he missed them.

"Ah, we've taken up too much time." Delia said, covering her mouth. "There are a few people who miss you even more. Don't worry about us, we're happy here."

Although the cultivation room was quite plain, the spatial ring inner world was quite lively, so Dyon didn't doubt her words. It also seemed that Delia was already reaching the higher level of the middle saint realm. Since she had first grade meridians, this wasn't too surprising.

The staple of a true genius was making it to sainthood before 18, celestial with 100 years of cultivation, and dao formation with 1000 years of cultivation. The reason it was denoted as "years of cultivation" was because time spent in the trials were subtracted.

That aside, a person with first grade meridians had more than a 90% chance of accomplishing this, while someone with second grade meridians had about a 50% chance, and so on and so forth.

Either way, by now, Delia was well on her way to the celestial mark. After that, she could safely have her baby.

"I'll be heading out then." Dyon said with a smile. "I look forward to having a little nephew or niece soon." He grinned wildly before running away from the fists of the blushing couple.

Chapter 873: How?

"Alright old man, I'm sure you have a bird's eye view of the Epistemic Tower Inner World, right?"

The old man snorted, 'I already allowed you to cheat by not removing the fog barrier, are you trying to get me to help you cheat again?'

"Exactly." Dyon responded without hesitation. How could a mere fog barrier be the equivalent of his life? If he wasn't strong enough, he would have died to that clone!

'I'm truly limited in helping you here. At most, I can let you know the locations of people. If I told you about treasures and the like, it would be more than bending the rules, it would be breaking them, so I'd get punished.'

"Fine, fine. That's all I wanted anyway. Are my wives in the tower currently?"

Dyon was currently walking up a winding set of stairs that seemed completely out of place in this tower. Why wouldn't this place have teleportation arrays from floor to floor? How ridiculous.

'Madeleine and Clara are within their respective universes still, but Alexandria is in the tower, although she's behind the fog barrier put up for the Kitsune-Shruti universe considering Saru hasn't completed her trials yet.'

Dyon almost pouted hearing this, but then he remembered that the old man could communicate with him, so why not communicate with RI?

'I've already promised to tell Alexandria when you came out. She's on her way already. Considering she's currently an Empress, she can easily let you in and out of the fog barrier at her leisure since you only need to be a Duke to do so.'

Dyon smiled lightly, "That's good. What about Saru? Which trial is she in now?"

'She's currently in the third, going through the 11th wave right now. She'll still need quite a few more years to finish completely.'

"I see... Let me know when she comes out, I have to thank her."

'Do I look like your errand boy?!'

Dyon only laughed, not responding as he sprung out of a door of light.

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Dyon looked around, standing on what looked like a teleportation formation, with an appalled look on his face.

In every direction, for hundreds of miles, there stood ruins of various buildings and pavilions. Martial World level weeds that could only be described as what a vegetation python would look like, wrapped around everything. It was as though he had stepped into some odd video game world that made certain to hit all the stereotypes of an abandoned city.

"Old man, what the hell is this? Are you trying to cheat me again?" Dyon had been partially excited just to see what he'd have to work with in his quadrant's corner. After all, the prosperity of a quadrant and its universes was usually reflected in its Corner. As the former number one quadrant, although Dyon didn't expect too much, he at least expected something better than this.

Although the Corner seemed like an insignificant hub, merely used to teleport various individuals to and from a particular quadrant, Dyon had already grasped its importance. If it wasn't important, what would be the point of the fog protection? There was a reason the barrier appeared whenever it was time for a Corner or quadrant to choose its new key wielder. If this was just any old place, what would it need protection for?

But, looking at this place now, it looked even worse than the Celestial Deer Sect ruins in Dyon's spatial ring. To put that into perspective, an entire war was fought in Celestial Deer Sect territory! So, what the hell happened here? It can't be that it was just neglect. Right?

'There's no mistake, this is indeed the Celestial Deer Corner. The ranking of a quadrant decides the amount of protection the inner world gives to it. Since you dropped to the 100th spot for so long, you obviously lost that protection and the various types of bad energy began to permeate the air here. Such energy is quite delicious to those Serpent Vines you see wiggling around here.

'You're quite lucky. Because you Demon Generals passed through here already, the Serpent Vines are much more docile now. Be thankful.'

"Is this some sort of joke? I don't know what rankings we have now, but I'm sure it's much higher than 100 by now."

'True. You're about 51st right now. But, that level isn't enough to undo thousands of years of damage so quickly. After growing so large, these Serpent Vines have grown quite immune to purity forms of energy. Some of the stronger ones have even learned to cultivate with it. You've got a lot of cleaning to do.' The chuckle of the old man grated Dyon's ear drums, as though he was trying to make sure Dyon knew he wouldn't be helping at all.

"You're such an old codger. You actually wanted to lower the barrier while our base was in this state? Were you trying to see us get overrun?"

'It would have been much more entertaining that way, yes.'

Dyon sighed, bursting with speed as he did his best to nimbly avoid the vines that were constantly trying to strangle him. Luckily, the vines didn't seem to be of the same mind, and thus couldn't work together. If they could, Dyon would be screwed.

Serpent Vines, especially ones that have had so long to grow like these ones, have the ability to grow to the peak levels of cultivation, something rare for sentient plants. At the moment, even the lowest level vine here had already cultivated to the peak essence gathering levels, while there were quite a few at the saint level. It would truly be too troublesome to deal with them all.

The worst part was that the inner world of the Epistemic Tower was massive. Unlike the planets in the real world, or Dyon's artificially enlarged home planet, this inner world wasn't met by the constraints of physics. This meant that each floor was, easily, millions of miles across.

Much of that space was taken up by the secrets in the central areas of the inner world, but another significant portion was made up of just the 100 individual Corners.

Essentially, this meant that for Dyon to clear his Corner entirely, he had to deal with about millions of square feet of area. Just thinking about it was giving him a headache.

In terms of man power, aside from himself, he had barely 4000 people. About a 1000 from the Daiyu, 3000 from his Demon Generals, then there were his friends and wives. Dealing with this with just this number of people, while other Corners had access to millions, sounded like nothing more than a fool's dream.

At the moment, the old man was dying of laughter. 'Maybe I should tell him that you can teleport around the Corners with ease. You don't have to run to the barrier, idiot.'

But, he let Dyon struggle from a few more dozen minutes before he let him know. Of course, that led to a round of curses by Dyon, which only made the old man laugh more.

Dyon was more angry because he felt like he should have known that. With such a large inner world, yet people interact so easily, of course there were teleportation formations everywhere. In fact, they were so protected that the Serpent Vines didn't dare touch them either.

Also, as the key wielder, Dyon could control who could and couldn't use these formations as well. Everything was a win-win, aside from the wasted time, of course.

Exasperated, Dyon stepped onto the teleportation portal, thinking about how in the hell he was going to fix up such a large space.

Chapter 874: Ten!

"Hey, hey, hush!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see that beauty over there? Who is she?"

"Look at her tails. Isn't it obvious? She must be a member of the Kitsune Snow clan, her status must not be very high if she's from such a clan."

"Don't be ridiculous, even though she's hidden half her face, how many women with that demeanor and elegance have you seen? And also, if she's from such a lowly clan, how come she's sitting in an area only Kings can enter?!"

When those around heard this, they were quite surprised and realized the pervert was actually on to something.

Ri very rarely went out. In fact, it could be said that aside from going to take her trials, she never stepped foot outside of the Snow Clan's Palace.

She did this partly for safety, and another part was that she just couldn't be bothered to. She was entirely focused on cultivation, and nothing else.

Because of the rules decided between the Kitsune and Shruti clans, internal strife within their Corner was not allowed. Those found opposing such rules were to either give proper recompense to the current Key Wielder's clan, or were subject to permanent banishment from their Corner.

In truth, this wasn't so straight forward. This was because not only did the price to be spared vary drastically, the key wielder could also choose to reject attempts at forgiveness as well.

Of course, a key wielder could only kick another out during 'fog barrier' phases. When the fog barrier disappeared, all the key wielder could do was freeze the individual, or individuals, out of using their teleportation formations.

For these reasons, Ri was completely safe within the Snow Palace because if the Void clan younger generation dared to attack her there, the Shruti clan would be within their rights to kick many of the Void clan members out. And since Saru had made it clear that she didn't want anyone to act against Ri, this was an added assurance that would last for as long as the fog barrier remained up.

But today, Ri made an exception. In fact, she was trying her best to calm her beating heart and maintain her cold outward appearance. Today was the day she'd see her husband again, and she couldn't have been any more excited.

Every now and again, she was sip the tea in front of her to hide were wide smile. If the Snow Clan younger generation saw such a scene, they would definitely rub their eyes to check if they were dreaming. Over the recent years, Ri had become something of an Ice Queen because of her bottled up anger. However, all of that seemed to dissipate into nothingness at the thought of Dyon, replaced instead by endless pride in her husband.

At the moment, Ri sat in a restaurant in the largest city of the Epistemic Tower Inner World: Central City. The restaurant itself was one made of all place, giving it a pristine and pure appearance, but it also happened to allow those outside to see the finer living of the wealthy.

Although Ri hadn't gone out often, there was no doubt that with the energy stones left to her by Dyon, she was among the wealthiest young people in the entire inner world. Dyon might say that he was poor in comparison to large clans, but it wasn't as though large clans handed their vaults to their children, now was it?

Because of this truth, Dyon's wives essentially had more capital than practically anyone among the younger generation. So, eating at such a restaurant for Ri was hardly a drop in the bucket.

Still, Ri tried to remain frugal. Aside from cultivation resources, and the occasional dress, she didn't spend on anything else.

When Dyon met Ri, she absolutely abhorred dresses. However, that was a product of her trying to escape her past as a Princess. That past brought her a lot of pain, so she wanted to become something other than what she truly was in order to fight for her right to rule her Kingdom once again. But, when her birthday came around, Dyon reminded her that she no longer had to worry about such things.

She inadvertently smiled when she remembered his words, reminiscing about their dance. He might have missed many birthdays since then, but that memory would forever be with Ri.

That aside, in line with those frugal thoughts, although Ri could enter the Emperor floors of the restaurant, she chose not to, instead remaining on the King floor as she lightly played with the Ice Petal's Dance before her, remembering yet another memory between her and Dyon.

By now, Ri's proficiency with the way of the sword was more than enough to peel this fruit alone now. But, she still wanted Dyon to do it for her.

"Wait a minute. Did you say a member of the Snow Clan, that's able to sit on the King floors?" A person who was walking by heard the common and looked up at the restaurant, seeing the otherworldly beauty lightly sipping another cup of tea.

"Yes. Do you know her?" The slowly growing crowd asked curiously.

"Are you all living under a rock? Over the last 10 or so years, there've been beauties with overwhelming power cropping up everywhere!" The passerby became lively and animated, enrapturing those around him in his tale.

"One of them entered the Duke trials and easily placed in the top 10 rankings for all 5 trials. Then she entered the King trials and placed top 20 in all 5 trials! Then..." The crowd waited with bated breath. "This same beauty entered the Emperor trials and placed top 50 in all 5 trials!"

The crowd gasped. They had heard of this story, of course. Everyone knew it. It was just that they hadn't connected the name of the girl to the one sitting above them now.

"Her name was Alexandria Snow!"

Gasps of realization spread through the crowd.

Kitsune's were easy to spot and name. This was because the color of one's tails was different depending on your bloodline. For Ri's tails to be so snow-white, it was clear and obvious that she was from the Snow Clan. If those tails were black, she'd be from the Void Clan. If those tails were golden, she'd be from the Heaven clan. If they were silver, she'd be from the Jikan Clan. So on, and so forth.

However, usually, other than being quite beautiful in outward appearance, snow-white tails didn't come with any sort of cache until Ri. This was why their first reaction was to drool over Ri's beauty, and not her power.

Now that they knew the truth, they couldn't help but drip in a cold sweat. Many of them had been thinking about approaching this young lady to wow her with their powerful statuses. Now that they realized that they were about to show off their little ability in front of an Emperor, they couldn't help but thank their lucky stars that this passerby had saved them from themselves.

Any woman who ranked so highly in the Epistemic Tower world was arrogant beyond belief and also had many guards up. It wouldn't have been a surprise to anyone if Ri lashed out and killed them all. This was because the martial world was still very conservative in many circles, and the reputation of a woman was highly important. So, oftentimes, the most powerful of women would draw a fierce line between herself and her pursuers.

In line with this logic, strong women were thus only pursued by the strong, and weak women were only pursued by the weak. Only if you were strong could you guarantee you wouldn't die if you rubbed a strong woman the wrong way.

It was only now that the crowd realized just how stupid they were. They were so blinded by lust that they hadn't even thought of counting Ri's number of tails!

"She... She has ten tails!"

"Have you ever seen such a thing?"

"No, never! Even the best geniuses of the Void, Heaven and Jikan clans only have 7 or 8! Only Aki Void has 9. How could she possibly have 10?!"

As the crowd was practically losing its mind, an inconspicuous person left the surroundings, three black tails waving around behind him.

'This is my chance! If I get this information back to the Palace, I'll be rewarded!'

He scurried away down an alley, not truly looking where he was going before he slammed into a solid figure that sent him tumbling back.

Chapter 875: Emitheyus

He fell to the ground with a loud crash.

At first, he wanted to vent his frustrations by yelling at the man who bumped into him. But, when he looked up he saw something that sent shivers down his spine.

A tall man, draped in a black cloak, wearing a mask of silver and gold. Although he didn't say anything, this murderous aura he exuded shook him to his core.

The reason he was planning on berating the cloaked man was because the fabrics of the cloak were exceedingly cheap. Because that was all he could see, initially, from his vantage point, he assumed that this man had lowly status. As a man of the Void clan, despite being lowly there, he could raise his head high almost anywhere else.

But, when he was about to yell, all of his bestial instincts told him to not offend this man, or else his life would be on the line. So, he simply got up without saying a word, bowed in apology, before scurrying away again.

From beginning to end, the cloaked man didn't say anything, only watching the three black tails of the Void clan member bounce as he ran away.

'Why didn't you stop him?' The voice of the old man resounded.

"I don't want to kill indiscriminately. This is his only chance. If he offends me, I'll kill him. I'd like to see just how much these Void clan clowns plan to push me."

Although Dyon didn't know what happened to Ri during his absence, knowing the way of the world, he didn't doubt that the Void clan had given his woman trouble. But, despite knowing that, he wouldn't go around killing every Void clan member he saw for no reason. However... If they gave him a reason... They would feel his wrath.

At the end of the day, though, Dyon was in a good mood, because as soon as he rounded the corner and left the alley, he saw a beauty that took his breath away, lightly smiling as she looked down at him.

The breath of the still lingering crowd was taken away when this happened. They had never seen this beauty smile, as she was constantly hiding it up until now. But, for whatever reason, she seemed to be smiling down at them, as though she was a Goddess looking favourably upon her people.

Their hearts beat wildly, their visions blurring with tears for an inexplicable reason. They could sense the emotion in this smile, and it made them want to throw away everything to protect this woman with their lives. Even the women in the crowd couldn't help but get lost in the moment.

Suddenly, their goddess disappeared from her seat, causing them to sigh. How could they be worthy of seeing such a scene for too long? The fact they had seen it at all was enough of a blessing.

But, that was when their goddess suddenly appeared again, this time on the ground, right in front of them. The guards of the restaurant couldn't even react as the fragrance of a woman blew past them.

Were they seeing correctly, was their goddess really rushing toward them?

However, that was when a cloaked figure suddenly appeared before them all. No one could see his face, and he was definitely within the normal parameters of a human, yet his back seemed to block their vision out entirely.

In the next moment, their goddess rushed into the open arms of this cloaked figure, clutching her small hands to his chest and hiding in his embrace.

Ri's tails trembled with excitement, breathing in Dyon's scent as though she had to make sure this was real and not a dream.

Dyon lightly stroked Ri's head, tangling his finger in her long blue-silver hair. He truly felt more comfortable with her in his arms.

After a few moments, Ri finally stopped trembling enough to look up at Dyon, but she could only sigh when she saw his mask.

Dyon grinned, "Feeling sad you can't see your husband's rugged and handsome appearance?"

Ri giggled, flicking Dyon's forehead. But, the word husband set a bombshell off in the crowd. In fact, when Ri responded as though his use of the word was only normal, they almost fainted from shock.

They had heard rumors that Ri was married. Apparently she had had a huge falling out with the Void Clan where she stated that she and her husband would come back for revenge one day. At that point, it didn't mean much because Ri was completely unknown. During that time, Dyon was still in his very first trial, while Ri hadn't even taken one yet. So, it was news that many had long since forgotten... Until today.

Knowing how powerful Ri was... How powerful was her husband?

Everyone took another look at the young man's back and couldn't help but shiver. He had a murderous aura around him that sent a cold sweat down their backs, and that aura was only reserved for those who had just recently come out of high-level trials. Could it be that he was a new Emperor as well?

Since when did Emperors become so common place? They're supposed to be rare!

"Well, you're not alone." Dyon continued. "I feel depressed that I can only see half of my wife's appearance too." Dyon lightly touched the opaque white visor covering the top half of Ri's features. He felt her tremble when he did, but the feeling quickly disappeared.

Dyon couldn't help but frown when he saw this, thinking back to the Void clan rat that was scurrying through the back alleys. Originally, Dyon had been using the main roads, but his Presence caught a whiff of something he didn't like, so he decided to investigate. Now seeing Ri's reaction, he didn't like where this was going at all.

Ri knew that Dyon had seen through her, but she still quickly relaxed. There was nothing to be worried about with her man here now.

"I'll show you later." She said with a slight blush that sent the blood of the men in the crowd boiling. "For now, my husband can't be walking around in sweatpants and a cheap cloak. Let's go, your wife will treat you."

Seeing Ri's reaction, Dyon could only let it go for now. But, he did find it quite funny that Ri said she'd treat him. Why did he suddenly feel like one of those mortal realm millionaires on a reality show, where his wife used a credit card he gave her to buy him gifts?

But, he was gratified that Ri acted in this way. What was his, was hers. He wouldn't have it any other way. So, he allowed her to happily drag him away from the crowd, completely forgetting about the food she left on her table.

She didn't mind, though. She could just force him to peel fruits for her later.

Up on the King floors of the restaurant, the reaction to Ri's public displays of affection weren't any less surprising. The floor itself only had half a dozen people or so, but each one of them held prestige within the tower that few could match. As for the Emperor and holy God floors, they were completely empty. Emperors and Gods were much too rare to be sitting idly in a restaurant. The fact Ri came here at all was clearly for the special occasion of reuniting with her husband.

In truth, there was only one true King on the floor. As for the other five individuals? They were only invited Dukes. As a King, he had the ability of bringing people to floors they weren't qualified to enter.

"What do you think, King Emitheyus?"

It was quite customary for titles to come before names within the Epistemic Tower culture. It was a matter of prestige and recognition. So, Emitheyus took pride in being called by this name.

Truth be told, Emitheyus wasn't from an outstanding quadrant, they were only ranked within the 60s. However, he had still managed to become a King despite not having the backing normally required to accomplish such a thing.

With his performance, he managed to gain the recognition of the elders of his family, and thus be granted more power and freedom. He was a person who knew how to bide his time well, and thus could be considered quite intelligent.

When he saw Ri enter this floor, he knew who she was automatically, so cleverly decided not to bother her. However, he was curious about why she would appear here like this. It was only now that he knew why she would risk the Void clan seeking revenge just for some tea.

Suddenly, he smiled. "It seems we'll have quite the show to watch soon. I'm quite interested in this husband of hers and just how powerful he is..."

"That massive bandaged package on his back weighs at least 700 000 jin, yet he's light on his feet. Even weirder, it seems to give off the fluctuations of a master level weapon... Have you ever seen a master level weapon or treasure be so heavy? He's either purposefully using it to train his body, or it isn't so simple as it seems..."

"Even more odd, he's decided to cover his face. What young hero with such a wife wouldn't want the whole world to know who he was?"

"Curious... Truly curious..." Emitheyus has a thoughtful expression on his handsome face, before he spoke again. "The Void Clan should be here soon. I wonder how this will end..."

Despite saying this, Emitheyus already had a guess. The fact Ri was going shopping with her husband and not running away, meant that she hadn't been hiding all this time, she just couldn't be bothered to care about the Void family. It was either that or...

Her husband was so powerful that even the Kings of the Void family were nothing more than jokes to him.

Chapter 876: All Things

Ri clung to Dyon's arm as they walked from store to store. Dyon felt as though he had become some sort of live doll to be poked and prodded at for his wife's leisure, but he could only let it happen. He knew the day where his sweat pants empire would be assaulted would come, it had just happened too quickly for him to be ready... He didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.

Soon, he was wearing pristine fabrics, draped in robes of black and gold Ri seemed to think matched his appearance the best.

His demeanor was enough to make him seem quite handsome, it was just that the store clerks couldn't help but sigh about the fact he kept his face behind a mask. But, considering the woman by his side and the money they spent as easily as breathing, this man had to be of pretty high status.

By the end of it all, hours had passed, and Ri had managed to prim and trim everything about Dyon's appearance but the bandaged bundle on his back. Not to mention the fact she filled a master level spatial ring with more clothes than Dyon could wear in a lifetime.

When they finally walked out of the final story, they found a group of five waiting with disdainful expressions, and although he tried to hide in the back, Dyon could clearly see the rat he had run into previously peaking from within the surrounding crowd.

Central City was quite large, but information seemed to spread quite quickly. There was supposed to be a rule of no fighting within the city that was enforced by a council of Emperors, but considering how much time those Emperors spent cultivating and ignoring the matters of the world, there was practically no one but the strong to enforce such rules. And, unfortunately, the strong were often arrogant.

What Dyon found odd was that they'd dare so openly attack an Emperor level character like Ri. Wasn't Ri's status the same as those on the council?

Dyon leaned over to Ri's ear. When he did so, many sneered, thinking they were trying to plan an escape. However, Dyon didn't hide his voice at all.

"Are they retarded?"

Ri's angered expression immediately burst into a fit of light laughter that seemed to brighten the world around them. While the crowd was lost in a trance, the Void clan members were stunned. They had never seen Ri laugh before, to them, she was a complete ice queen that needed to be put in her place. Were they seeing things?

Eventually, Ri reigned in her laughter and spoke, "A retard named Aki is part of the council of Emperors of Central City. He probably thinks he can use his position for leverage. He must not understand that we don't care about such things.

"Plus, he doesn't have the power to ban me. The rules only truly apply to Dukes and below. He must want to ban you from entering the city while taking me back to the Void Palace.

"But, he doesn't know anything about you, so he want to send a probe of idiots."

"How dare you insult Emperor Aki in this way!" One of the five figures with six black tails roared.

Ri's head turned from Dyon to the monkey acting a fool. "Do you think you have the right to talk to me in this way?"

"Yo –"

"Wrong." Ri interrupted. "The words you're looking for are Empress Alexandria. If I hear anything else come from your mouth, I'll cut your tongue out."

Suddenly, the Ice Queen reappeared, causing the five Void clan members to inadvertently take a step back. How could this possibly be the same woman that was just laughing?!

No one had ever seen Ri display her sword skills, but there was always a beautiful sword hanging from her willowy hips. This fact alone, coupled with her rankings, was enough for anyone to fear the drawing of her weapon.

This sword was, of course, the very same weapon Dyon had gifted her. Although it was only of the 4th transcendent grade, and she had seen many supreme weapons that could have replaced it during her trials, she didn't want to. However, that didn't change how deadly her attacks were.

There were two divisions of Emperor level characters. The first division was the portion of them that treated the Emperor title as their peak, however there was another set, a set within the top 100, that everyone knew were only capped at the Emperor rank because they weren't lucky enough to be key wielders and thus become Gods.

Everyone knew that Aki was of the first division, while Ri was of the second. They weren't even in the same league.

However, at the same time, Aki had taken his trials decades ago. He had spent much more time cultivating, and thus was seen as more powerful despite having less talent than Ri. This was why he dared to do such a thing.

That said, just because Aki dared to do this, didn't mean the other Void Clan members did. So, what were they relying on?

Dyon's eyes swept through the crowd, before ignoring them in an instant. Everyone his eyes touched felt as though they had been seen through completely, making them feel highly uncomfortable.

Then, Dyon eyes landed on the roofs of three particular buildings. In truth, they were tens of miles away and completely unnoticeable. Given Dyon's vantage point, and the heights of the buildings between him and those buildings, it didn't make sense for him to see through such a distance. However, his Perception saw through all things.

The moment Dyon's eyes landed on those three buildings, those lying in wait felt their hearts seize. Had he seen them? How was that possible?

But, Dyon's eyes left them as quickly as it landed on them, causing them to think it must have been a coincidence.

'There are actually hundreds of them, how amusing.'

"Little feu glace."

"Hm?" Ri looked up at Dyon curiously.

"What stage is your soul at now?"

The crowd found this question odd. Weren't beasts known for having poor soul talent? What did it matter what her soul stage was at now?

Ri, feeling Dyon's intention of wanting her to answer silently, allowed her voice to be directed in a line. She knew that this must mean that Dyon's wills and energy cultivation hadn't unlocked yet, or else he would have likely asked covertly.

'I'm at the peak of the Middle Saint stage.'

Dyon grinned. "Let's go help you break through."

The crowd was confused, but Ri immediately understood. Her blush was slight, but she giggled still, nodding her beautiful little head.

Dyon mostly said this to disregard the coming "danger" completely. He wanted his wives to break into the Higher Saint soul stage as quickly as possible. Then, they'd be able to unlock their divine sense and have an added level of protection. Although Perception was nice, it was only perfect when combined with a soul sense.

Of course, Ri's soul talent was very poor. So, no one would ever imagine that her soul was so powerful. However, Dyon's dual cultivation with her had provided her with a massive boost, and she was able to ride that wave to this point. But, it seemed she had met a stiff bottle neck that he had to do his gentlemanly duty and help break.

At this moment, two black wings burst from Dyon's back, leaving his clothes completely unscathed. After Dyon had broken into the celestial stage with his soul, he had gained golden wings, but he also gained the ability to revert them back to previous properties they once held. He could form their original one black and one black appearance, or two white, or two black, or two gold. He could also decide the number of pairs he summoned as well. The different combination decided what variety of power boosts he could use at a given time.

There was actually a formation within the city that prohibited flying. But, once again, that was only for the weak. Those powerful enough could ignore this rule. And Dyon happened to believe he was one of them.

Sweeping up Ri in his arms and basking in her delighted laughter, he jumped into the skies, soaring over the buildings and toward the nearest teleportation formation.

Out of all of the possibilities, their enemies never expected that Dyon would fly away, let alone carry Ri along with him.

"Stop him!" The various Kitsune clans gathered on the roofs exploded outward with their cultivations, jumping off and hurrying forward.

Chapter 877: Today's Happenings

At that moment, a young man with a dark aura appeared in the air with 9 tails whipping out behind him. He stood in the air, an ability that was easy for council members due to the exemption provided to him by his badge.

According to his understanding, only 11th stage saints and above, below the age of 60, could completely ignore the restrictions of Central City. But, he also knew that those who cultivated wing growing

techniques, or beasts with wings, could ignore these rules as well, so he wasn't perturbed by Dyon's display. Instead, he looked at his wings with disdain.

As soon as Dyon landed with Ri in his arms, he was already on the teleportation formation and prepared to leave. However, it was at this moment that Aki descended from the skies, leisurely landing before them as though this had nothing to do with him.

A moment later, a group of nearly a thousand kitsune arrived behind him, but two more individuals stood side by side with him. They seemed to be of the same status, but Dyon could see that they were about a quarter of a foot length behind him. Clearly, they gave way to this Aki character.

Ri didn't seem to notice their appearance, instead, she remained in Dyon's arm, quite confident in her husband's abilities.

"This teleportation formation is down for maintenance. I'll have to ask you to step off for a moment." Aki spoke slowly and casually. His voice didn't seem to have any anger in it, but Dyon could tell he was pissed off to see Ri in his arms like this.

Even an idiot would realize at this point that the person the Void family planned to force Ri to marry was this clown. However, Dyon didn't know the details of the story yet, or else he wouldn't be so passive right now. He wouldn't need Aki to ask him to step off, he would have stepped off personally to beat him to death.

Dyon didn't respond, he was more interested in seeing what this man planned to do. As for his maintenance excuse, Dyon didn't even bother with it. The teleportation arrays of his Corner spend tens of thousands of years, untouched, and were perfectly fine. How could the busiest teleportation station, likely in the entire inner world, possibly need to be shut down?

In fact, there was quite a line of people Dyon had just cut to get here. What could he say? He didn't feel like waiting for them.

Seeing that Dyon didn't respond, a man beside Aki with eight silver tails spoke. "Are you going to step off? Or are we going to have to force you to step off?"

At the moment, Dyon's eyes were completely calm. He could feel that the teleportation formation beneath him had been hindered by what he assumed was the council badge pinned to Aki's chest. But, he wasn't too worried about it.

Unlike Aki, when this silver tailed man realized he was being ignored, his temper flared up. If it wasn't for Aki stopped him, he would have charged forward.

The other figure who stood beside Aki was a golden tailed beauty. That said, Dyon didn't put her appearance in his eyes at all. If she thought he would soften his stance due to her appearance, she must have never seen Ri's true appearance.

"Friend." She said lightly, smiling brightly with a majesty that seemed to make the world revolve around her. "It will only take a moment to deal with the teleportation formation. The faster you cooperate, the faster everyone else, who are all patiently waiting, get their business done."

Hearing this, the crowd had a fire lit under them, causing them to call for Dyon to step off. They didn't know what was going on, but they did have things to do, so they'd rather the formation get fixed quicker rather than slower.

That said, the more intelligent members of the crowd remained silent. Anyone with half a brain could see that this situation wasn't so simple. How those fools calling out were worthy of entering the tower was beyond them.

Clearly, this golden tailed beauty was much too confident in her beauty. Judging by how she kept glancing arrogantly at Ri, she must think she had a good chance of winning too.

"Is this all you people have to say? If that's all, I have things to do." Dyon was almost too bored to respond. But, he really was eager to get Ri alone. 13 years of lust doesn't just vanish in an instant, he was really too irritated to deal with these people.

The beauty was stunned by Dyon's response, before she laughed angrily. 'Is he an idiot? Even if he knows that teleportation formation is in fine working condition, can't he see the badge on Aki's lapel? The same way key wielders decide who can use their teleportation formation, council members can decide who can teleport in Central City. I guess Alexandria's lauded husband is nothing more than a joke.'

She kept all of these thoughts to herself. She wanted to maintain her appearance as a kind-hearted goddess, and thus would be so free with her tongue as Ri was. Instead, she waited for Dyon to slap himself in the face.

Seeing Dyon ignore their goddess, the golden tailed members of the crowd of kitsune seethed with rage, itching to teach this man a lesson.

"Alright. Babye. Seems the kitsune clan only has one flower amongst a pile of dog shit." With those words, a wisp of aurora flames entered the formation through Dyon's foot, immediately finding the obstruction. After connecting the dimmed portion to the lit portions of the array manually, Aki's ability to stop the teleportation was completely nullified.

Seeing the teleportation array light up, Aki's complacent and lazy expression immediately sharpened with disbelief.

The golden tailed beauty's eyes widened.

Even the silver tailed idiot seemed to notice something was wrong.

"Stop!" Aki roared. If he missed this chance, he might never get another.

But, why would Dyon bother to listen to him? He had better things to do. Namely, the beauty in his arms.

So, he only shrugged. "I gave you a chance. Not my fault you didn't take it."

The anger of the surrounding kitsune erupted. When had they ever been insulted like this? They were from the 30th ranked quadrant! The vast majority of people wouldn't dare to offend them. And those ranked near them wouldn't treat them too badly either. As for those ranked much higher, they wouldn't be so bored as to bother them.

Yet, this man called them a pile of shit and was still slowly disappearing before their eyes.

Ri's light giggling was the last thing they heard before they disappeared completely.

An instant later, Aki landed on the formation in complete rage, a baleful and dark fog emanating from him.

However, the moment he landed, he activated a sound formation Dyon left behind.

"Dumbass."

The voice echoed through the city, centered around Aki and sounding off again and again.

Aki's face turned red, then white, then blue, with rage. Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore and swung his fist down at the formation.

Unfortunately, he truly was an idiot. There was a reason the Serpent Vines didn't dare to touch the teleportation formations. Obviously, they were protected.

BOOM!

Before Aki's fist even connected, he was sent flying into the distance.

Blood flew from his mouth as his chest completely caved in, while his arm became an unrecognizable clump of bloody flesh. In all likelihood, if he wasn't a beast, he would have died immediately. But, without top tier healing pills, it would take him months to recover.

The Kitsune could only watch in shock as their leader was almost played with to death by a completely unknown character. Maybe the worst part about all of this was that news, especially important news like this, could be sold for quite a bit of energy stones to the Sapientia News Network, even more so after their implementation of the Internet.

Because of this, the kitsune could only watch as dozens of figures dashed out of the crowd, each one rushing with picture capturing array plates to be the first to report this incident to the Sapientia. The happenings of today would soon be broadcasted throughout the Corners of the tower...

Chapter 878: That Means...

Within a headquarters filled with golden-eyed individuals, an atmosphere of focus and seriousness permeated.

This was the Sapientia News headquarters. As the younger generation of the Sapientia family, from various branch clans, they were tasked with the responsibility of disseminating the news of the tower to their participating powers, as well as the general population.

Usually, the room was a one-way glass filled one on the top floor of Sapientia Tower within Central City. However, over the past decade, the room had undergone many changes.

In the past, it was filled with various communication arrays and was bustling with yelling voices and flying paper as though it was a 1970s news room. But, now, it was filled with odd monitors, constructed of metal and glass that projected images and allowed information to flow more freely and easily. In addition, there was a heightened efficiency and reliability as well.

Of course, this was because of Clara's implementation of the internet. Truth be told, this plan of Dyon's was actually the brain child of both him and Clara. After expressing his dislike of the Sapientia family system and ability to control information, both he and Clara began brainstorming ideas before landing on this plan of action.

At the moment, the Sapientia had full reign of the Internet. However, as time progressed, Dyon and Clara both knew that they would find it harder and harder to control, especially after he and Clara implemented the later stages of the plan.

However, that was a story for the coming future. As of now, the board room of editors had just received information about what occurred just a few moments ago. After paying an agreed upon fee based on the ranking of information, they were able to watch the events from beginning to end.

"What do you all think?" A woman with a graceful bearing spoke at the head of the room. Her name was Aritzia Sapientia and she was the only member of the main family branch at these headquarters. With that role came obvious respect from the other members of the Sapientia family. In addition to her kind interactions with them, it was quite easy for her to win over them as subordinates.

"There is quite a list of individuals that have exited trials recently. There are too many millions to have an accurate guess of exactly who he is." One editor spoke up.

"I think it's best we filter by likelihood. Considering his wife, his bearing, his strength, and his resourcefulness, there's a less than 5% chance he is below the Duke title. By my estimation it's more than 95% likely he's a Duke or higher."

"I believe considering his wife in your calculations is a mistake."

Although they were disagreeing, there was no hostility between the editors. Much like all of their other discussions, things remained cordial and respectful.

"Thinking about it again, you are correct." The one who spoke of likelihoods acknowledged. "The Snow clan is a lowly one. And, they've promised themselves to each other at quite an early age."

"Exactly. 13 years ago, Alexandria Snow had already confirmed that she had a husband. That means, when she was as young as 20, she had already decided on her dao companion.

"Considering her clan, and who she would have an opportunity to interact with based on her status, it's unlikely that this husband is too powerful, despite being clever."

"Agreed." They spoke in unison.

"Let's disregard Alexandria, then, for the moment." Aritzia spoke with a charming smile. "Despite your analysis up to this point being flawless, it is clear that he is not so simple."

"Lady Sapientia is right.

"For one, our surveillance is able to disregard normal masks completely, yet many were completely fried in the attempt to do so, resulting in us having to buy the array plate videos of what occurred.

"In addition, there is no wing growth technique that perfectly matches the one he used. Although I was not there personally, my speculation would be that it is either an innate ability, or corresponds with some sort of treasure or manifestation, namely a soul or body manifestation.

"Lastly, the bandaged package on his back. It seems to emit the aura of a master level treasure, yet I am certain that it is incomparably heavy, weightier than any mere master level treasure should be."

The surrounding editors continually nodded, agreeing with every word.

"You've missed on thing." Aritzia interjected. "Actually, it's the most important remaining question.

"Just how did he manage to use a teleportation formation that was being hindered by a council member?"

A silence pervaded the room. This was quite a troublesome issue for them as well. But, no one mentioned it because they simply didn't have the proper explanation for it.

Aritzia's eyes sparkled as though she had long since thought of the answer, but was simply testing her surrounding editors.

"I just might have an answer for you." A handsome young man strolled into the room, completely surprising the editors.

"How did you get in here?! This is a Sapientia only area." One of the editors stood.

"For a family that puts information and knowledge over all, that's quite an interesting thing to say. I wonder what the more powerful clans would think knowing this was how the inheriting generation of the Sapientia thought?" The handsome young man smiled a smile that wasn't quite one, using his words to slice the momentum of the editor seamlessly.

The editor stuttered, but didn't have a response. He knew how important the neutrality and amiability of the Sapiaentia was to their survival. He really hadn't thought before he spoke.

Luckily for him, Aritzia cut through the awkward atmosphere as though nothing had happened. "King Emytheus, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Empress Aritzia, it's always a pleasure." Emytheus smiled warmly, but the cleverness in his eyes was flashing with fighting intent as though he had just met a worthy opponent.

This lady might seem petite and amiable to everyone else, but to those who had true intelligence, she was even more dangerous than many of the God level characters.

Rumor had it that she once been the first choice to become the new key-wielder of the Sapiaentia Quadrant a few decades ago, but for whatever reason, she had turned down the opportunity. No one knew the full reason behind her decision, but in the eyes of many, the number one member of the Sapiaentia younger generation wasn't their current key wielder, but her!

As for Emytheus, he was none other than the same King that shared a restaurant floor with Ri just a few hours prior. For him, as a mere King, to command respect from Aritzia in this way, his formidability, despite his background, shouldn't be underestimated. In another world, he was quite worthy of being a main character.

"Since you have some information for us, we'll, of course, give King Emytheus a fair price." She continued, with the same fair smile on her delicate features.

"I don't dare to ask for recompense from such a fair lady. Consider this a sign of good will." Emytheus replied with a smile.

Aritzia giggled lightly, not rejecting this show of good will.

Their tacit agreement was clear between them. Emytheus knew that Aritzia had long figured out the answer to her own question, so why would Emytheus make her pay for an answer she already knew? Doing so would only make her look down on him.

"As you all know, the council, unlike key wielders, aren't the original intention of the creator of the tower.

"Originally, Central City was meant to be a free for all place without any rules or regulations. However, because it was so free, it also allowed the strong to do as they pleased.

"In the end, the council was created, allowing Emperor level characters to rule over the city. With the help of the Sapientia Quadrant formations masters guild and weapons masters guild, 36 badges were created for 36 council members.

"These 36 badges were the culmination of years of study of the teleportation arrays of Central City and the Corners. They could thus cause a portion of the formation to "dim", resulting in a disconnection of the proper symbols, and thus the inactivation of the teleportation formation.

"However, the badge isn't all-powerful. One badge is only capable of "dimming" a 36th fraction of the formation. In addition, even if all 36 badges work together and "dim" the entire formation, as long as an expert funnels enough power into it, although they might not teleport as far as the formation would allow at full capacity, they would still be able to use it to at least 80% of its abilities."

Chapter 879: Left

A sudden realization came over the editors. Everyone knew this history, but it was mostly ignored and forgotten. After being reminded of it now, they suddenly understood.

Unlike key wielders, council members didn't have absolute control of their teleportation formations. Which means, as long as one is a competent enough formations master, by-passing the abilities of the council members was within reason!

However, when they reached this thought, a cold sweat permeated them all. They were all members of the younger generation! The saint floors had an age cap of 1000 years old. You either move on before then, or you never enter the tower again.

They simply couldn't wrap their heads around a man of less than 1000 years old, being capable of seeing through and activating such a profound formation before an Emperor level character like Aki could act... It wasn't even remotely logical!

Those that spoke about Dyon possibly not being a formidable character suddenly felt as though they had slapped themselves in the face. If this mysterious man wasn't a formidable character, then what the hell did they count as?

"It's no wonder he said those words about soul cultivation to Alexandria." An editor, unable to hold his tongue, suddenly spoke out.

Some were confused by his words, but those who understood had a mixture of odd expressions on their faces while the women blushed. Even Aritzia's fairy-like demeanor collapsed at these words, unable to hold back her own blush.

It was quite obvious. For a man to have such formidable attainments in the formation dao, his soul must be incomparably powerful. In such a case, wasn't raising Ri's soul strength as easy as flipping a hand and inserting a penis for him?

Emytheus laughed uproariously. "A lucky man indeed. Or, should I say that Alexandria is lucky? To have her one weakness as a beast compensated for so easily by her husband, what more could she ask for in a dao companion?"

The women in the room sighed. This was true. To marry a formidable man capable of overcoming such a deeply ingrained weakness, isn't that what they would all look for in a man? A man to hold the sky in one hand, steady the earth with the other, all while keeping you by his side. That was a true man indeed.

Aritzia shook her head, overcoming her odd mood before coming to the task at hand. "I'm sure you all understand what to do now. Introduce this new formidable character as a soul cultivating expert, capable of overturning the Supreme Kitsune Clan with a single move. Do not speculate on his identity yet. We focus on being right. Leave the rest for the bloggers."

After finishing handing out her orders, Aritzia stood. "Come with me, King Emytheus. I'm sure that since you've come personally, there's something important you have to discuss with me."

Soon, Aritzia and Emytheus were in a room alone. It seemed almost like a typical corner office, but it had an odd mixture of things that also helped it double as a cultivation space.

At this moment, while watching the back view of Aritzia's swaying hips as she made her way to look over the city, Emytheus' clever eyes had washed over into unbridled lust.

"None of that now, King Emytheus." Aritzia spoke lightly without turning back.

"With all of the information you have," Emytheus spoke, taking a step forward. "You should know that even with all of my success, I've never pursued a woman in my lifetime, nor have I ever touched one. You are the first and only to catch my eye, and I know that I've caught yours. With how much freedom we have in this world, without worry for our elders, why not allow yourself to fall?"

Aritzia lightly shook her head. "I am quite fond of men who have made a name for themselves without the help of a powerful backer, and I'm quite aware that the only reason you haven't taken the Emperor trials is because you want to take the key wielding responsibilities from your current quadrant's expert, however I have yet to decide who my future husband is."

"I don't believe there's a man in existence more worthy of you than me." Emytheus said with booming confidence.

"Emytheus." Aritzia spoke serious. "You know why all Sapientia women are destined to pick amongst men from lowly clans, do you not?"

"Of course I do." Emytheus responded. "Because none of you are allowed to take another name in your life time. If I want to be with you, I must take the Sapientia name. It's in this way that the Sapientia have avoided problems in all these years."

"Since you know, why do you continue to try? You're a man of too much pride. The idea of marrying into your woman's family is appalling to you."

"There will come a day when there is not a single person in existence who can tell me what I can and cannot do. If I want to take a wife from the Sapientia main family, and have her take my name, I wonder

who would dare squeak out a word when I stand at the top of the world?" Emytheus spoke as though he was saying speaking law. There was no a shred of doubt in his voice at all.

"Since you believe that, I will allow you to believe it." Aritzia didn't have any particular reaction to these words. If she was truly in love with Emytheus, maybe she would have trembled at such passion. However, she hadn't told a single lie. While Emytheus was on a short list of candidates to be her husband, she had not chosen yet. Even if she didn't choose for thousands more years, it would hardly matter.

Emytheus smiled, "It seems you've added another to your list today." He didn't seem jealous at all, only his fighting spirit was lit. "I've crushed the rest on your list, I'm surprised you keep adding names."

"Perhaps." Aritzia said lightly. "But, the previous names you've 'crushed' were only tests laid out by me. This is not a test. This is the real deal."

"Mm." Emytheus agreed with Aritzia's words. He had long since suspected this. "I have a feeling this one is just as arrogant as I am, though. You'll have just as many problems getting him to join your clan as you do me. Furthermore, to ask him to abandon his wife for you as well? It doesn't seem you have much luck in love Empress."

Aritzia shrugged, "Such is the life of a Sapientia woman. The moment I decide who my husband should be, he won't be able to escape me even if he wants to a thousand times over."

Emytheus sighed, "If your Sapientia clan continues to be so overbearing, it won't last for much longer. Not many are fooled by this outward appearance of amiability."

"The reach of my Sapientia clan is much farther and deeper than you think. Do you believe that you're the first to see that the idea of a single clan controlling all information is dangerous? Yet, characters thousands of times more powerful than you don't dare to do a thing – they can only compromise. It's best you remember that for when you want to act against my clan in the future."

Emytheus only laughed, having heard this speech a million times before, "To repeat this so often, you must have definitely fallen for me already."

"Mm." Aritza responded with what sounded like an affirmative, but it was so unemotional that Emytheus knew better than to think it was. "As for 'crushing' this mysterious masked man, you had better be careful, I would rather the both of you remain on the list to the end, then I would be able to make the best decision possible.

"In addition, you have an advantage. He doesn't know you're coming. If you win just because of such a thing, wouldn't it be too pathetic?"

"And here I thought you were saying be careful to me when in reality you're asking me to spare his life."

Aritzia didn't take these words seriously and decided to ignore them.

"Don't worry, if I come, he'll see me from a mile away. Plus, for now, I have to deal with that fool of a key wielder, only then will I feel comfortable.

"I'll play with this masked man to death." Emytheus coughed. "I mean near-death, when I have some free time."

With those final words, Emytheus left.

Chapter 880: Little Guys

A moment after Aki was sent flying away, Dyon appeared with Ri still in his arms below a large snow-white palace. Obviously, this was Snow Palace.

The weather in most areas of the Epistemic Tower Inner world was usually calm and sunny, aside from the night time, of course. There were, of course, areas used for training that contained abyssal cores with drastically different weather patterns, but this was the truth for the most part.

However, in the cases of places like the Snow Palace that owned a relatively large area unto itself, they were able to place down formations that bent the weather to their whims. So, in the few hundred acres owned by the Snow Clan, there was a winter wonderland.

This Palace was actually Ri's personal residence. Other members of the Snow Clan were placed in the various homes in the surroundings, but this relatively large piece of land was left to Ri alone as a sign of good will from the Snow Clan.

Dyon laughed. "Looks like you're truly an Empress here."

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead, pouting slightly. "Are you going to tell me why you randomly brought up soul cultivation now?"

At first, Ri assumed that Dyon had spoken aloud because his cultivation and abilities were still sealed. But then she remembered that her and Dyon's souls were connected, as were their souls with Clara and Madeleine.

Although Dyon's soul was sealed, it didn't mean they had an inability to communicate via their souls. In fact, the reason Ri knew exactly where Dyon was despite his mask and the large crowd was because she had sensed Dyon reaching out to her.

Even more oddly, although Dyon spoke aloud, he gave off the feeling that he wanted Ri to respond covertly. Thus, she used her energy to concentrate her voice into a line because Dyon, for some reason, hadn't wanted her to communicate with her soul. It was all very curious. But, Ri, of course, trusted Dyon wholeheartedly. If he wanted something this complex done, he had done so for a reason.

Dyon smiled, taking a step forward and allowing the Snow Palace formation to activate and cause him, Ri and even the Palace itself to disappear into a blizzard.

Afterward, he allowed the mask to seep into his face, revealing his handsome and chiselled features.

Ri, who was looking up at him this entire time, felt her heart flutter. This was a face she had been longing to see for a long time. So, when Dyon lowered his head to kiss her, she accepted without reservation, allowing his masculine sent to overwhelm her soft lips.

By the time Dyon pulled away and allowed Ri to catch her breath, they had already made their way through the large Palace doors and into the only room with a bed covered in white sheets.

Dyon set Ri down on her feet, his eyes ablaze as he slowly took off her snow-white dress to reveal laced lingerie that made his heart thump. He even teased her tails, unable to stop himself from getting lost in their softness, before he too took off his clothes to leave behind a pair of what he assumed were designer boxers in the martial world. He never particularly cared for such things, but when one's wife insists, you have no choice but to oblige.

As for the large bandaged package on Dyon's back, he had let it lean on a random wall as he embraced Ri in his arms and allowed the both of them to fall on the bed.

From beginning to end, Dyon didn't take off Ri's visor. He allowed her to tell her own story at her own pace.

Soon, the couple lay in the bed. Ri lying on Dyon's chest, while Dyon kept his arm wrapped around her slender waist, absentmindedly fiddling with the outline of her panties.

"To answer your question," Dyon finally spoke after toying with Ri's lips between his for long enough. "There was a rat in the crowd I wanted to test out."

Ri raised an eyebrow, "Who?"

"Do you know the name of the man on the same floor as you at that time?"

Ri thought for a bit. "I didn't pay much attention, but I know there were 6 others. As for their names, I'm even less aware."

Dyon nodded, he expected this much.

"The reason I brought up soul cultivation was to help instill the fact that I am a soul cultivator. The more people think that that's my identity, the better. There were more covert ways for us to escape. For example, I could have clashed with Aki, secretly destroying his badge, and thus ruining his ability to fly in the city. At that time, escaping would have been as easy as turning a hand over.

"Although the badge is quite complex and durable, a bit of finesse is all it would have taken."

"Why do you want to come off as a soul cultivator? I assume your plan to strong arm the tower's spirit into allowing you to leave the fog barrier up worked, right? So, it would be unlikely for anyone to believe that you're Dyon, no?"

"For a time, you're right. But, I'm sure everyone will find it odd if long enough passes without the fog barrier disappearing considering my name already appeared on the 5th trial rankings. I believe I have, at most, 10 years before people start investigating our fog barrier. Although mere investigation doesn't mean much, my appearance coincides with when Dyon Sacharro should leave the trial grounds.

"There are enough clever individuals from what I've seen today for them to at least begin poking and prodding at me.

"The level and number of formidable characters in the tower far exceed the number and level from our universe."

Just as Dyon was being serious, his hand suddenly brushed against the side boob of Ri, causing him to grin.

"When did these little guys get so big?" Dyon wantonly fondled while teasing Ri. However, he was surprised when he heard a moan calm from her lips at his touch.

Ri, slightly embarrassed, slapped his hand away. "Focus, pervert."

"Okay, okay." Dyon laughed.

"Why did you bring up that guy?"

Dyon pondered for a bit, seemingly arranging his thought. Often times, he has a gut feeling of the truth behind things before understanding the true reason. It was almost as though his sub-conscious thought was too fast and too clever for his conscious thought.

"From my understanding, there's no exact science to understanding the title a person holds. The only way to confirm a person's title is through tower implemented systems.

"For example, a key wielder is confirmed as one as long as they produce their key. There are also specific events and locations that can only be accessed by those of certain ranks. In addition, there are pavilions and special locations which force you to provide credentials to enter.

"Aside from these things, deciding the title of a person is more like guess work. But, a fairly reliable method is testing a person's Presence.

"Dukes and below won't have Presences any higher than the marquise or, more likely, the Earl level. Kings however, are more apt to have high level Marquise and lower level Duke Presences.

"By this logic, of the six people on the King floor with you, 5 were Dukes. However, the sixth was impossible to see through, even for me."

Ri's brows furrowed. "Doesn't think mean that your title of God would be exposed as soon as someone tests your Presence?"

"Luckily I have this mask. If not, what you said would be correct. It has the ability to hide everything from my face, to my cultivation, to even the objects connected to me. It's quite a handy supreme treasure.

"Also, I can manually decide how much pressure my Presence puts out. With a combination of these two, unless a half-step transcendent decides to act, most of my secrets should be safe."

Ri nodded, but there were many other things still troubling her. "If you can hide things attached to you, why would you allow the bandaged package on your back to be so easily seen through? It's quite obvious to anyone that a master level treasure can't be so heavy."

Dyon grinned. "That's only true for every treasure type but one."

Ri raised an eyebrow, not understanding.