

The Nameless 881

Chapter 881: What Do You Think?

"Since I'm going to play the part of soul cultivator, I might as well go all out. The bandaged package isn't a weapon, it's a weapon's craftsman work table."

Ri's eyes brightened. At first, she thought Dyon was doing an ill job of hiding a weapon, but who would have known that he had thought of this already!

The work bench of a weapon's craftsman was their life, it was even more important than their family and children to a true master. To weapon's craftsman, putting something that important in a spatial ring would be worse than death to them. They saw their work benches as living beings. Would you put a child in an enclosed and suffocating space? Of course not!

In addition to this, craftsman work benches had to be far sturdier than the weapons they would be used to craft. On top of this, there were also many arrays built into them that made them easily compactible, but also able to expand to tens of times their size. With that logic in mind, Dyon's work bench being 700 000 jin heavy was well within reason!

In fact, this all worked perfectly with Dyon's persona as a soul cultivating genius. A true soul path genius wouldn't follow a single discipline, they would follow two, or even three.

Also, 700 000 jin wasn't outrageously heavy to carry for a sainthood cultivator. Carrying something, and using it as a weapon, were two completely different concepts.

Ri could already imagine people thinking they had "seen" through Dyon and try to expose the fact he was more than what met the eye, only for him to whip out the "hidden treasure" on his back to reveal nothing but a work bench. She was dying of laughter thinking about Dyon's innocent expression and well-meaning smile.

What was even better about all of this was that some people might start speculating about where Dyon's wing technique came from, when in the end Dyon could just say it was a treasure he crafted himself and that would be the end of that. This husband of hers was really too devious.

"You should laugh at your husband like this, little girl." Dyon grinned, attacking Ri's soft curves with his "righteous" hands.

After another round of play wrestling, Dyon knew that his 'little brother' wouldn't be able to handle any more teasing without doing the deed. So, he tried to continue onward quickly.

"Anyway, I'm not sure who that character is, but he isn't so simple, and his intentions aren't pure. Be careful of him. As long as he doesn't provoke me, there won't be any issues. But, if he does, he won't even know how he died."

If Emytheus knew that Dyon had already put him on his watch list, although he might be surprised, his fighting intent would only increase.

Emytheus' name had never appeared on any rankings, and he was almost completely unknown. If he wasn't purposely pursuing Aritzia, even she wouldn't know about him.

The coming clash between him and Dyon would be one that shook even the top ten quadrants awake. They would come to know that there were geniuses in the lower quadrants as well, and they were coming.

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Ri flipped herself up, straddling Dyon's waist as letting her plump cheeks subtly split apart on his steadily growing rod.

Dyon basked in his wife's beauty. Her skin was absolutely flawless, everything from her toned belly to the deep ravine that jiggled ever so slightly when she laughed was completely captivating. However, the scene that almost caused Dyon's nose to burst into a fit of bleeding was the delicate and well trimmed garden he caught a glimpse of through her transparent panties.

Seeing Dyon so distracted by her appearance made Ri happy. But, when she remembered the story she had to tell, her mood was dampened as she touched the opaque visor still on her face.

"I'm going to tell you a story," Ri said softly, "But, I won't tell you unless you promise that we take revenge together against the Supreme Kitsune Clan together. If you go alone, I'll divorce you and never speak to you again, do you understand?" Ri's voice, that had begun slightly weak, suddenly became strong and resolute.

Dyon was stunned for a moment before he nodded, his expression incomparably serious.

"When I went to check on the Snow Clan, I ran into a lot of hostility, namely from elders of the family who didn't appreciate my mixed blood. Even knowing I was part Elvin, a clan that once used to be a part of our former number one quadrant, since the Elves have fallen so far, they completely disregarded this. It wasn't until, in my anger, I revealed my kitsune form, and they noticed my ten tails, that their attitudes changed."

The beginning of Ri's story already pissed Dyon off, but since he had already promised, he could only calm himself and continue to listen. It was suffice to say, though, that his hard-on had disappeared into the wind.

"However, at the time, the only kitsune form I knew how release was my void kitsune form, so my anger alerted the Void family to Kukan's faith seed within me. After seeing that my tails were black, the elders immediately knew what would happen and started devising a plan.

"Unfortunately, they were too stupid and actually wanted to agree with the Void clan's ask for a marriage alliance. Their goal was to cling to the legs of the Void clan elders to raise the status of the Snow clan."

Hearing this, Dyon's killing intent inadvertently exploded outward, causing his eyes to redden.

Ri sighed when she saw this. She knew perfectly well that had Dyon known about this before, he wouldn't have cared about hiding anything, or any scheming, he would have directly fought with Aki. This was a major part of the reason Ri hadn't told him earlier. She didn't want to be the reason Dyon's meticulously laid plans would fail.

"In the end, I was sent to the Void clan and forced to wait. Although I could have escaped, the original reason I went to my clan in the first place was for the sake of my mother. I didn't grow up a kitsune, but

she did. So, I gave them more chances than they deserved. I didn't want to go back to mom and not be able to tell her that I tried my best.

"Eventually, I was called into a council of elders, and told about the things that I had "No choice but to do."

"Originally, the elders wanted to directly kill me and take my faith seed away before implanting it into someone more worthy. However, that was when Aki came and spoke words about the "greater good" and how he "took pity on me" and was willing to take me as a concubine."

Dyon almost forcibly sat up at these words, but Ri's small hand pressed into the center of his chest, keeping him down before continuing with her story.

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Aki finished his resounding speech, smiling toward Ri as though he had just given her the greatest favor in existence.

They were currently in a large, black-walled hall, with faint white lights hanging everywhere. This was the Void Clan throne room and was usually a place only elders came to convene. But, today, members of the Void, Heaven, Jikan and Snow family were all present. In the midst of it all, stood one lone beautiful girl with long flowing blue-silver hair. However, currently, there was unbridled rage on her features.

After listening to a shameless prick bloviate about just how magnanimous he was to take a woman from a "lowly family" as a concubine, she was so disgusted that she could puke.

As for Aki, behind his mask of the "good boy" and "magnanimous prince", he couldn't help but constantly rake his eyes over Ri's figure. 'This girl's figure, demeanor, talent, and appearance are all better than that lass from the Heaven clan, Masako. I would have no issues making her my primary wife, but that would make her head a bit too big, plus her temper is a bit too fiery and not docile enough. Even if you have the legendary ten tails, you need to learn to recognize who between us is the one in charge.'

A dense black aura began emitting from Ri as though she could implode at any time.

Almost as if on cue, the elders of the Heaven and Jikan clan stepped in to "mediate" the situation.

"Little Prince Aki's words are correct. How could we kill such a talent? In the history of our Supreme Kitsune Clan, only a small percentage of ten tails don't reach at least the half-step transcendent level, and you want to kill her?"

"I agree with Elder Heaven. Her existence is very important for the future of our clan and prosperity against the damned Shruti elephants. Allow her to raise her status and become a dao companion of Little Prince Aki's. What's the harm? Hm?"

Elder Heaven turn toward Ri with a light smile as though to say 'I have your best intentions at heart'.

"What do you think, Little Princess of the Snow Clan?"

Chapter 882: This Visor

Ri's anger simmered, looking at the shameless expressions on the faces of the elders around her.

"I THINK THAT YOU SHOULD ALL ROT IN HELL!"

The face of the elders darkened when they heard this, while the Snow Clan elders almost stood to force Ri to apologize before hand. But, before anyone could react, Aki flashed forward.

At this time, it had only been a few weeks since Dyon entered his trials. Ri was only 20 years old. In addition to this, she had grown up in an energy poor environment. It wasn't until she met Dyon that she gained the cultivation resources necessary to make full use of her talent. Because of these factors, Ri was only at the 12th essence gathering stage. She stood no chance against a character like Aki who had entered the saint realm for decades already.

Ri could only watch a blur approach her, before a vicious slash cut across her eyes from ear to ear.

In that moment, her beautiful, clear blue-silver eyes were sliced in half, destroying her vision completely. As for her delicate features, they were completely mangled and overflowing with streams of blood.

Aki leisurely cut off a bottom portion of Ri's dress, revealing her ankles. With the torn cloth, he slowly wiped his sword's blade before grabbing Ri's hand and placing the bloodied fabric in her hand.

"The next time you believe you can speak as you wish in my presence, you'd do well to remember this what happened today.

"I expect you to keep that piece of fabric. If you can't produce it when next I ask to see it, I'll take another piece of you. For every time you defy me, I'll take another piece of you. For every time you raise your voice, I'll take another piece of you.

"From today, onward, you are my maidservant. You do not have the bearing of a wife nor are you deserving of being a concubine.

"I took pity on you and wanted to elevate your status, but it seems that you aren't very intelligent.

"You grew up in a pitiful Snow Clan and were gifted with dog shit luck to roll into my Void Clan's legacy, now you think you can flaunt yourself by wielding power that was never meant to be yours. Today you've learned a bit about how high the heavens are. Unless you become smarter, I'll force you to learn more about it.

"If in the end you still decide to be defiant, I'll directly kill you and take your faith seed away."

Aki's every word caused the elders surrounding him to feel uncomfortable in their hearts. It was as though he was talking to them. But, the Void Clan elders were feeling quite content. They hadn't even needed to lift a finger to put this girl in her place.

However, it was only after Aki had finished his slow walk to place him behind his elders once again, that everyone realized that from beginning to end, Ri hadn't said a word. Despite the saint energy seeping into her wounds, hindering her body from healing, she didn't cry out in pain, she didn't tremble, and although one couldn't truly tell with all of the blood, she didn't cry.

The elders and Aki didn't say anything, as though they were waiting for Ri to break down and lose it. But, she remained deathly calm as blood trickled down her face, dripping onto her dress and staining it in a bloody red color.

Suddenly, a light flashed from her spatial ring, causing a tower to erupt into existence. The roof of the palace room was blasted apart, making room for its towering peak.

"Supreme treasure!" One of the elder's eyes glistened with greed. "To think the Snow clan was hiding such a treasure!"

Although the trials provided supreme treasures as rewards, that privilege was only reserved for God level characters and Emperor level characters who performed exceedingly well.

In the entire Supreme Kitsune Clan, they might have two or three supreme treasures at the most. Even Aki, their current best genius, didn't do well enough in his Emperor trials to earn a supreme weapon.

"I knew that little clan was hiding something!" A Void Clan elder spoke out. "This is good. With such a dowry, you're definitely worthy of being a concubine. Little Aki's temper is quite bad, but you must forgive him as his wife, don't you think? Men should be like the earth, while women should be the rivers that fill the cracks, gently forming new paths."

"The Snow clan is quite lucky. First, they steal the River Clan's legacy with that little Kawa who ran away. Now they have another one. How odd, truly curious."

Out of all the words said, none were worried about Ri escaping. Although they didn't know the abilities of this tower, they knew it wasn't an attack type treasure. In addition, it was a mere 1st grade supreme treasure at that, even if it was able to attack, it wouldn't be too devastating. So, they didn't think anyone would be stupid enough to use this treasure for revenge. As such, they assumed Ri had brought this out to ask for forgiveness.

However, in the next instant, the bloodied cloth in Ri's hand iced over before she shattered it to pieces, causing the expressions of those surrounding her to freeze, similarly.

Aki frowned, "Did I not give you enough of a lesson the first time? It seems you have such little comprehension."

He flashed forward again, but this time, before he could make his way over, an elder stopped him. Although they as elders could ignore a supreme treasure, a mere saint couldn't do such a thing.

Ri leisurely floated into the air, entering the tower and looking down on all those in attendance.

Although Ri was effectively blind now, the person her head turned toward felt that she was scanning their faces and burning them memory of them into her mind.

By now, Ri had a Essence stage soul. So, although she couldn't see with her eyes, and hadn't manifested a divine sense, her soul could still fulfill the basic requirements of a 6th sense.

Her anger wasn't limited to Aki, nor did she even care about him. The people she blamed were the hypocritical, back stabbing elders in this room. She wanted nothing more than to shatter their whole existences. But, she simply didn't have the power to do so. How could she, as a mere essence gatherer, match up against dao experts? It was impossible.

So, she simply committed their faces to memory. She would remember each and every one of them.

Then she began to speak.

"There'll come a day when my husband and I return to this clan. That will be the day where your existences are eradicated and the Snow Clan becomes the supreme ruler."

Ri didn't say this because she cared about the Kitsune clan. Instead, she said it because this way, the Snow Clan was face heavier than normal suppression by the other clans, which was a punishment they deserved for being spineless cowards.

Her husband faced off against a dao expert who had fallen to the celestial level as a mere meridian formation boy. And these men and women, who had thousands of years of cultivation, couldn't muster enough courage to fight for their place in this world? She found herself completely disgusted with them.

Aki was stunned by these words before he began laughing. "Do you believe that you'll be leaving here today? How adorable. Wait until I get my hands on you, you'll learn what true pain it then!"

Of course Aki would be confident. Void Clan elders were spatial will experts. Even if Ri had some sort of underhanded scheme, absolute power trumped cleverness every time.

However, Ri didn't respond. Instead, even under the suppression of the Void Clan elders, the tower disappeared under their stunned eyes.

Even after charging after Ri, it was too late. She had long since entered Shruti territory, and thus had reached their Epistemic Tower protected within their main universe. Even if the Kitsune were a thousand times braver, they wouldn't stir conflict in the territory of their enemies.

Under Saru's protection, Ri's journey was as smooth as it could be.

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By the end of the story, Dyon was seething with rage. He now understood why Ri decided to sit on top of him. Unless he was willing to hurt his wife and fling her away from himself, getting up was an impossibility. Since Ri knew that Dyon would never treat her roughly, no matter how angry he was, she knew that this was the best choice to stop him from rushing out and killing every Void clan member he came across.

"Don't worry," Ri said softly, leaning forward to rest her head on Dyon's chest. "I know you're angry, but my eyes have long since been healed.

"At the time, I was a mere essence gatherer, while that bastard was only a saint. Finding proper healing materials, with Clara's help, was very easy.

"This visor." Ri looked up, reaching for the sides of the visor with her hands before slowly taking it off.

Chapter 883: Love-Struck

Dyon was instantly greeted with the visage of a breath-taking beauty. His anger almost completely dissipated. How could one be angry while looking at such an immortal fairy?

What truly allowed Dyon's heart to settle down were the pair of blue-silver eyes looking up at him. They were clear as water and seemed to peer into his soul.

After breaking into the saint realm, Ri had only become more beautiful. He couldn't help but lightly cup her face before hugging her tightly.

"It's something Clara created for me. The eyes are among the body parts that are most difficult to heal, so without continuous care, there was a chance I could have gone blind permanently. So, Clara made this visor of a white oak tree with dense Life Essence. It was a piece she gained from an auction that used to be a part of a legendary vessel. I believe it was called the Holy Arc.

"The visor had been nourishing my eyes for more than a decade now, so my eyes are completely healed and are actually continuously breaking through to new levels. But, I don't keep this visor on for the benefits, rather, I want to remember the humiliation of that day. I won't stop wearing it, even if the benefits cease, until we destroy the Kitsune clans."

Ri put the visor on a bed side table. "However, when I'm with you, I don't want to think about murder, anger or revenge. I only want to be your woman, okay? If you waste the little time we have together to go off and kill some nobodies, I'll never forgive you!"

Although Dyon could see that Ri's position of "I'll divorce you" had very clearly softened, he still listened to her, holding Ri in his arms. He had lost the will to ravage the little beauty in his arms. For tonight, he preferred to just hold her.

Ri didn't complain about this either, falling asleep soundly.

Dyon hadn't slept in 13 years. With this being the first moment he had to relax in what seemed like forever, he too fell asleep soundly. However, before he did, he had one thought running through his mind.

'As a thank you for your kindness, Shruti Clan... How about I allow you to rule a quadrant?'

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Dyon lost himself in a cycle of sleep. Without even realizing it, his body had undergone such wear and tear, accumulated over such a long period of time, that this was the truly the first bid of rest he had gotten in years.

In truth, his battle power had been decreased by at least 40% due to this truth, and it was only now that the minor and major tears of his body were healing.

While he slept, Ri covertly slid her visor onto Dyon's face. Although he looked much less elegant and captivating than she did, and it was clearly too small for him, making Ri giggle, the point was that Dyon was being infused with a rare amount of Life Essence that was much more potent than the Purity Stones he had in his essence level Spiritual Vein.

The Holy Arc had quite a detailed story and mysterious origin. If Dyon was awake, he would definitely agree purely because of Ri's visor.

In truth, Clara had to pay hundreds of thousands of celestial stones for just this broken piece of the Vessel, before re-forging it herself. Such an amount was astronomical because the normal currency of the Epistemic Tower Inner World, at least on this floor, were saint stones!

To put that into perspective, 1 celestial stone was worth 1000 saint stones. For this item to reach such a number was mind boggling on these floors was beyond understanding. However, such was the prestige of the Holy Arc.

Under the power of the Life Essence, Dyon's hidden inner wounds were healed remarkably quickly. It wasn't that the healing abilities of the visor were so amazing, after all, it still took it months to heal Ri's eyes. Rather, it was a hidden property of the material.

Within Dyon, the visor found something it had a high level of affinity with: Amphorae's primordial yin.

After being spurned on by the shadow of Amphorae, the visor reached into its depth, releasing hidden Life Essence it once only released slowly.

A floor of pure energy wafted through Dyon's body, healing every wound it came across.

In the end, the coarse skin on Dyon flaked off, revealing the smooth, caramel skin beneath.

Ri sat by Dyon's side the entire time. So, when she saw this, she decided to bring Dyon's sleeping body to her bath and gently scrub him down. Like a loving wife, she bathed Dyon before bringing him back to sleep once more.

This process was hardly burdensome for Ri, after all, she was a cultivator of the saint level.

By the end of the week, Dyon finally showed signs of waking up, causing Ri to smile.

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When Dyon finally awoke, he was immediately greeted by a womanly fragrance.

Ri lightly and adorably snored, lying across his chest, causing him to inadvertently stroke her hair before he could stop himself.

The movement seemed to alert Ri, who looked up with a smile on her face, seemingly not even remotely sleepy.

"You missed it," Ri said lightly, "The news over the last few days has been quite wild."

Dyon blinked, "Oh?" He suddenly realized that the only reason he could see Ri was because he was peaking out of the bottom of a visor, causing him to be confused until he realized the visor was the same one Ri wore.

Chuckling, he took it off, rest it on a nearby bedside table.

"Mm." Ri nodded, taking off an odd-looking metal tablet from her spatial ring. In fact, it looked oddly similar to a Kindle from Dyon's modern world, aside from its higher quality finish.

An array lit up that made Dyon's eyes sparkle with intelligence before a smile spread across his lips. 'My little Clara truly is clever...'

"Of the articles, at least half have to do with you. It's quite funny." Ri said with a giggle. "There's news of your first-place finish for the 5th trial. It's mostly speculation about why you don't have a death count by your name.

"Then there's the incident that happened in Central City. There are a few things about that actually.

"For one, there's even more speculation about just who you are, but as expected, they believe that you're a soul cultivating expert. And, also as expected, some of the cleverer columnists believe that the "weapon" on your back is a work bench. So, you've been crowned a formation/weapon dual master.

"There's talks of our relationship, although its very little. However, it seems that someone has been doing fake interviews claiming they understood how we met and where you're from." As Ri spoke, she continuously scrolled along the projected image.

"Apparently you're a love-struck run-away prince of the Sapientia family main branch who fell in love with me."

Dyon smiled as he listened to Ri continue.

"Quite a few particularly hot-blooded soul cultivation masters have challenged you to master duels in both craftsmanship and formations. Apparently, they're waiting for you to challenge the master rankings."

"But, maybe the funniest thing of all is the video of Aki attacking the teleportation formation. You're so bad." Ri giggled. "You were about to go and kill him before, when you had already practically crippled him before you even knew what happened."

A video of Aki flying backward with a fountain of blood erupting from him played again and again, while the echo of him being called a "dumbass" resounded. Seeing this, Dyon really did feel much better. But, this was hardly 1% of what that bastard deserved.

Dyon grabbed the tablet, tossing it to God knows where as he lifted Ri up by her waist, not letting her react before his lips found their way to hers.

"Mm, mm, mm." Ri's words were lost in translation. In the end, she gave up trying to speak, instead allowing herself to fall into a wave of pleasure.

'Kid, if you're going to dual cultivate, you should use the technique I told you about before.'

Dyon clearly pissed by this sudden interruption almost lashed out, 'What'd I tell you about these sorts of times. My energy and soul cultivation are sealed, I can't use such a technique right now.'

Chapter 884: All the Work

'The technique comes in three parts, which is why it's far better than other dual cultivation techniques. It improves the soul, energy and body. Even though you can't practice two of the three for now, there's still one path available to you.'

'Alright, alright. Save it. I don't want the first time I'm making love to my woman in years to be for the sake of cultivation. Close off your senses for now, come back later and give me the third of the technique.'

The Dragon King seemed to be exasperated with such a sentimental master, but he still obliged.

"Dyon..." A moaning voice awoke Dyon from his distraction. His lips were caught on Ri's neck, and she was quite enjoying it until he abruptly stopped.

Since Ri didn't need to pretend to be a full-blooded Kitsune anymore, she had long since retracted her tails. However, because she had been immersed in learning the ins and outs of her Snow clan bloodline,

she had become much more in tune with her bestial side. Long story short, being teased like this made her antsy.

Dyon could only oblige.

Feeling the moist and soft paradise tightening around him, Dyon became lost in a pleasure he hadn't felt in years. Before he even realized what had happened, he had had his way with Ri for days, climaxing a number of times he would be too afraid to count.

Dyon would normally never do this. Even if he wanted more, taking his wives' well being into consideration, he was monitor how they were feeling before stopping when he knew they couldn't handle anymore.

But, for some reason, this time, Dyon became more like a raging beast. After breaking through the celestial level and integrating such a high percentage of the Demon Sage's blood, and then combine that with the inner turmoil and loneliness he had faced for the past more than decade, and you created a man with little to no self-control.

With a beauty at the level of Ri in his arms, willing to do everything she could to please him without a word of complaint, Dyon lost himself.

By the time he gripped Ri's soft and willowy hips for the last time, finally feeling a semblance of contentment, days had passed and Dyon finally awakened to what he had done.

Ri's cheeks were flushed with a red glow, a slight pain hidden behind her soft and caring smile. She didn't seem to care for herself, instead choosing to lightly stroke Dyon's cheeks and kiss his lips again, as though she was prepared for him to lose control again.

However, Dyon's soul was connected to Ri's, he knew the truth. After the first day, Ri had been on the same wave of pleasure as Dyon, but as the second and third days approached and left, that pleasure had been replaced by pain for her instead.

Guilt filled Dyon heart as he slowly pulled out, unwilling to hurt Ri anymore. The worst part was his soul was still sealed so he couldn't heal her quickly. He knew that it should be possible for him to use his

runic flame to help her, but his mastery of runic vein theory was pitifully low and definitely not enough to heal a saint level expert.

Ri winced slightly when she felt Dyon slide out of her. Her gorgeous breasts waving, covered with a thin sheet of sweat that made them all the more alluring.

Despite her pain, her smile didn't fade. "What are you so down for?" She said, flicking his forehead lovingly. "Is it not my duty as your wife to take on your lust?"

These words only made Dyon feel worse. He wrapped up the weak and fragile Ri as though she was a small kitten, unwilling for any more harm to come to her.

Duty as a wife to take on his lust? He spit on such a concept. If a wife had such a duty, wasn't his duty to be considerate of her even more important?

Ri silently lay in Dyon's arms, listening to the beating of his heart. "Do you want to tell me about it?"

After that, Dyon didn't much more prompting. His experiences with the trials, and especially the second trial world, came pouring out.

When he said the words aloud, he felt slightly ridiculous. Falling for a trial world imaginary woman, then coming to tell the very real woman in your arms about it? Wasn't that too much of a joke?

However, Ri's soul was intertwined with Dyon's. In this world, there were only two other people who could claim to know her husband as well as she did. Dyon wasn't free with his love, nor was his heart easy to sway. Although the number of beauties who could match up to her, Ri and Madeleine could fit in a single reasonably sized room, Ri knew very well that beauty wasn't enough to move Dyon.

There was something else going. For some reason, the Luna character who manipulated Dyon's emotions had less of a place in his heart than the Amphorae character he had abandoned... And somehow she, herself, had found a place in Dyon's heart, along with Clara, even though Madeleine's impact on his was untouchable...

The more she peered into her husband's soul and listened to his words, the more she felt at peace with his choices and his love.

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"Oh right, I almost forgot!" Ri pulled out a silver box from her spatial ring before handing it to Dyon. "Clara made some major improvements to your communication device so we could talk to each other even across quadrants." Saying these words, Ri giggled thinking about Clara's insults toward Dyon's shabby designs.

"Just a big-headed brute! No finesse! No sense of style! All the space he should have had for aesthetics was replaced by all those perverted thoughts!"

Hearing Ri retell the story in such an animated fashion made black lines appeared on Dyon's features. Was this really his wife? Or was she his enemy?

The communication devices that Clara was referring to were the ones Dyon had created back when his soul was at the mere Blossom stage. They only had the ability to communicate across a single planet, and needed ridiculously high level dao stones to function properly, but he had literally just stepped into the martial world at that point! To be able to accomplish such a feat, the word genius wasn't enough to describe him.

And yet, his partner in life was tearing down his ingenuity in such a fashion. Truly too heartbreaking.

However, when Dyon opened the box and saw the design, he couldn't help but be impressed with his little Clara once again. She truly was a genius amongst geniuses.

'Truly worthy of being my wife.' Dyon thought with a grin.

Within the box was a sleek, silver necklace. However, it was much bulkier than the ones Ri, Clara and Madeleine now wore. It was fit to be called a chain, but a still very compact one. Dyon could see that Clara made an effort to give him a more masculine design.

As for the internal structure, the more Dyon looked, the more intrigued he became.

The metal itself was in tune with his own soul. Usually, something like this would only be possible if Dyon was a part of the forging process, or better yet, forged it himself. However, Clara had managed to do it by relying on her familiarity and connection to his soul.

The material was a very rare and special ore of the soul path. It was known as Spirit Tuning Ore. However, what truly impressed Dyon was the fact that one usually had to be a moon level weapon's master to smith with this level of ore. Yet, he was quite certain Clara's soul hadn't reached that point yet.

Normally, even with this particular ore, it would be impossible to communicate across quadrants. However, this was where Clara's ingenuity came in. From what Dyon could tell, this chain acted as a signal sender, which would then bounce off of various relay stations, before reaching its destination, thus effectively increasing the range of these chains to near infinity, theoretically, as long as the proper relay stations were available.

As for how Clara set up relay stations across the cosmos? She didn't have to. The Sapientia had done all the work for her in the past ten years.

Chapter 885: Skip

The best part was that this "chat room" between the four of them was completely exclusive. Not only was it on a frequency the Sapientia had no way of accessing unless they somehow had one of their souls transplanted into them, even if the necklaces and chains were stolen, it would be impossible for anyone to use them for the same reason the Sapientia couldn't "wire tap" their talks: unless you had one of their four souls as your own, you couldn't use this communication device.

Even further, because of these truths, even if they were stolen, it wasn't possible to use it to track one of them. Only one of Clara, Ri, Madeleine, or Dyon, could use these necklaces to find one another from whatever the distance.

Then, Dyon got another surprise. At first, he thought that these necklaces would only work in 97 quadrants, excluding the top three that didn't have Sapientia branches within them, but according to Ri, even the top three quadrants had decided the Internet was too important an innovation to miss out on.

So, even they allowed the construction of relay towers within their territory despite not allowing the Sapientia to build branches!

This was truly too good. Dyon couldn't help but to grin.

After Ri helped Dyon but his chain on, Dyon felt that he had connected to something inadvertently. At that time, two familiar and breath takingly beautiful faces appeared before Ri and Dyon.

"Ri?" Madeleine asked oddly, "Why are you naked?"

For some reason, they couldn't see Dyon. Because of the way Clara designed the necklaces, the only ones who could see the pictures and hear the voices from them were those who owned the necklaces.

After a bit of confusion, Dyon suddenly understood. Although the mask had disappeared into his face, it could still perform its masking function unless Dyon manually told it to stop. So, although Dyon could see them, his mask was obstructing their ability to see him.

At that moment, Dyon turned off the mask's function, causing Clara and Madeleine to gasp at the same time before their eyes glistened. However, that moment was short lived.

"I should have known it was you, pervert! Your name has been up on the 5th trial rankings for two weeks already and you've ravaged poor little Ri for so long you made her forget about us!" Of course Clara would never put the blame on Ri. Judging by her battered and frail appearance, she knew it was Dyon's fault.

However, Dyon only smiled wider and wider, looking from Ri to Madeleine to Clara.

"I miss you too," He said, flashing a devilishly handsome smile. "Feel like making a trip?"

...

After a few more bits of nagging, Clara and Madeleine agreed to make the trip. With how teleportation formations worked in the tower, it was impossible to tell where someone had decided to go unless you were a formations master.

Not only were formations masters bored enough to do this much too rare, when teleporting to a location with a fog barrier, tracking one's location was impossible. It was an added layer of protection given by the tower to Corners without established key wielders.

In addition, the Snow Palace was Ri's private residence. As such, she could decide who could and couldn't use her formation. The only person capable of overriding her authority was Saru, but she obviously wouldn't do such a thing.

Because they had to keep their connection to one another a secret, Ri, Clara and Madeleine rarely saw each other. However, thanks to Clara, they had spoken to each other quite frequently in the last decade, aside from when they were in trials, of course.

However, that didn't mean they didn't come to the tower frequently. Usually, the stronger younger generation members would take up residence in the tower instead of living within their clans and sects. So, Clara and Madeleine deciding to go didn't alert anyone too much.

Unfortunately, though, nothing could be this perfect. Because of Clara's unknown past, the Sapientia had taken keen interest in her and had thus decided to monitor her. As such, her action of leaving their quadrant was well documented. That said, even more unfortunately for them, today would be the day Dyon told Clara that there was no need to return to the Sapientia quadrant. He knew she was in danger there and didn't like it.

Dyon was like a little boy on Christmas Day as he sprinted across the Snow Palace completely naked, barrelling for the door like a mad-man. Ri was still too weak, so he had gently wrapped her up and left her on the bed for the time being, going to greet Clara and Madeleine alone.

The moment he opened the door, he didn't even give them a chance to react to his full glory before swooping them into his arms.

Despite her feigning anger, Clara ended up giggling along with Madeleine at Dyon's childish actions.

With one swift motion, he re-entered the Palace, slamming the large doors closed with his foot as he balanced both Clara and Madeleine on each of his shoulders. He only lamented the fact he hadn't known about Clara's invention earlier so he could have seen them sooner.

As he was making his way up the stairs, Dyon felt a tug on his ear. He would never suspect his sweet and caring Madeleine to do such a thing, so obviously the culprit was Clara.

"Tell me, how did you bypass my surveill – I mean my invention like that? You suddenly appeared out of nowhere."

Dyon grinned, "What, were you planning on using this chain to monitor me? Have you no faith in your husband?"

Madeleine giggled like the amiable big sister babysitting two rowdy children.

"No faith whatsoever." Clara replied without hesitation.

"Our husband has gotten quite popular. Even the Sapientia fairy Aritzia is so very interested in you. In the long history of the Sapientia News Network, especially during Aritzia's tenure as their head editor, they've never spent so much time and space on a single person." Madeleine was only passively commenting as she took advantage of her position of Dyon's shoulder to stroke his hair, but she only managed to pour oil on the already raging fire that was Clara.

"Ow, ow," Dyon protested. "This Aritzia doesn't even know that all her articles are about the same person. The masked man and Dyon Sacharro are two different people to her, spare me!"

By now, Dyon had made it back to bedroom to find Ri taking a nap with a smile on her face, not bothering with them in the least.

"Who asked you to be so popular?" Clara berated. "For now, news of Madeleine being your wife has remained within the Flaming Lily Sect and only a select few core disciples and Elders know of this fact. But, now that you should be exiting soon, the Flaming Lily Sect might decide to become more liberal with the information. Since people can't find you, they'll go to find Madeleine. Don't you know how to be more lowk –?"

Dyon dived onto the large bed, causing Clara to squeal mid-nag. Somehow, in the process of diving onto the bed, Dyon's hands had unclothed Madeleine and Clara. Madeleine had been wearing her sect's formal dress, but how Dyon managed to unclothe Clara who had been wearing pants and armor was beyond them. The methods of a horny man truly were astounding.

"Okay, I'm listening now." Dyon said innocently, leering at Clara and Madeleine's barely covered bodies.

Clara rolled her eyes, but actually didn't mind her body being exposed in front of Dyon like this. Despite being separated for so long, the moment they met again, they felt right at home again.

Dyon plopped down between the two of them, closing his eyes to listen to Clara's ravings with a content smile on his face, when suddenly a thought crossed his mind.

"You mentioned the Flaming Lily Sect, are there movements I should be aware of?"

Madeleine interjected, "Because of the odd political landscape of that quadrant, I have no choice but to go back for every campaign. During a campaign three years ago, while I was in the Emperor Trials, we lost one of the final two towers of a universe we have a weak position in.

"So, right now, the Fiery Lotus Sect owns 7 of the 8 towers and will likely make a big push, once again, to conquer the last tower and force an invasion.

"They've come close in the past two campaigns, but we managed to hold them off. However, this time, we've gotten word that they've partnered with the Golden Crow Sect to form a joint attack and force us to split our focus.

"If we lose this tower, we're only a step away from losing a universe. If that happens, we'll slip down from the Emperor God Clan ranks down to the King God Clan ranks..."

Chapter 886: I Plan..

Dyon finally understood just how serious this was. Clara wasn't nagging just for the sake of doing so, she had thought deeply about this as well.

The quadrant Dyon sent Madeleine to was ranked fourth, but its political landscape was a bit odd.

As everyone knows, a quadrant is made up of exactly 100 universes. In addition, the requirements for becoming of an Emperor God Clan was the conquering of 25 universes. Because of this, and various peculiar situations, the quadrant known for its Fire Dao have fostered 4 Emperor God Sects, each controlling 25 universes.

In terms of power, Madeleine's Flaming Lily Sect was ranked second amongst the four. However, because of this truth, it always faced stiff opposition by their adjacent neighbors, the first ranked Golden Crow Sect.

Since the Flaming Lily Sect were the only ones capable of opposing them, the Golden Crow Sect placed a lot of emphasis upon cutting them down. Knowing this truth, the Flaming Lily Sect always concentrated their geniuses to cover that front.

Unfortunately, in recent years, the Golden Crow Sect had begun making underhanded deals with the third and fourth ranked sects, even going so far as to covertly send their own geniuses to fight for them while the Flaming Lily Sect was caught unawares.

Doing this was quite easy for the Golden Crow Sect. Since the key wielder of their quadrant was a disciple of theirs, they only needed to promise some small benefits here and there.

Of course, Dyon found the actions of the third and fourth ranked Fiery Lotus Sect and Flame Rebirth Sect incomparably stupid.

The balance of their quadrant was incredibly delicate. If they tipped the scales in such a way, they would be swallowed up before they could understand what happened. However, it was because anyone with a brain would know that this was stupid, that he felt that there was more to this story...

Speculation aside from now, the fall out from this would be catastrophic.

The moment the Flaming Lily Sect fell to the ranks of a King God Clan, their Legatees would lose a considerable portion of their faith, thus resulting in their combat prowess dropping drastically. Such an event would become a slippery slope, causing the sect to lose territory after territory until they were swallowed up by another sect.

However, this still wasn't the main point. At any other time, the Flaming Lily Sect would be doing their best to find a solution on their own, but now, their hopes were riding on Madeleine.

This might seem odd since Madeleine hadn't even earned a right to be one of their Legatees yet, in fact, she might never receive approval, despite her talent, because she was from a different quadrant. This wasn't because the Flaming Lily Sect had bad characters, it was just a matter of self-preservation and the realities of life.

But, the case of this war was slightly different. They had taken Madeleine in, they had allowed her to use their cultivation resources and even allowed her to learn their most treasured techniques. This was not only because Madeleine was talented and brought them glory, but it was also because of who her husband was. Since Dyon's name had already appeared on the 5th trial rankings, that means he was finished with his trials. And since that was the case, shouldn't he be free to help his wife out now? Or else what kind of husband would he be?

"What a headache." Dyon frowned after thinking all of this through. "I assume the gate they're about to lose is a saint gate, right? Or else they wouldn't be so certain I could change the situation around..."

Madeleine and Clara nodded in affirmative.

Dyon sighed. "I can't appear so soon, because if I did, the fog barrier plan would be in ruins."

"It's okay," Madeleine smiled. "I believe that I alone am enough to turn the tides. Our Legatees have already stepped out of sainthood, this is why they chose to attack a saint gate. However, It wasn't until this year that we three exited out Emperor trials, so I wasn't able to be a part of the last three campaigns. With me there, things will be different."

Madeleine exuded air of a confident queen, causing Dyon to smile. It reminded him of Amphorae's bearing, but it was much gentler, while Amphorae was much stricter and commanding.

"I believe in you, of course." Dyon said with pride. "But, you should take three other people with you."

"Three?" Madeleine raised an eyebrow, mistaking Dyon to mean the three other than her in this very room. "It's not necessary to ruin our plans for this small matter."

"I don't mean us." Dyon said mysteriously. "Or, I guess I do mean Clara."

"Me? But what about the Sapientia Quadrant?"

Dyon shook his head. "It's too dangerous there. It seems safe on the surface, but I can feel that the Sapientia are uncomfortable with your existence. Having someone who knows the ins and outs of their new shiny toy must be agonizing for them. On top of that, they can't figure out your origins, which would make them doubly mad.

"I think you should stick with Madeleine from now on in disguise, but make appearances as Clara within the tower every now and then."

Clara nodded. "That makes sense. But, who are the other two then?"

Dyon grinned. "Of course I mean my little brother and sister. I think it's time Little Lyla and Little Zaire make their presences felt, don't you?"

Dyon's plans had been meticulously laid out from the beginning. With the help of the old man, it was all too easy to hide Clara and Ri's origins from their destination. Even with all the surveillance the Sapientia had around the tower, they could do nothing in the face of all of this.

The same went for Zaire and Lyla. By now, they were little young adults and brimming with a will to prove themselves. But, Dyon had strictly barred them from taking part in the trials for now. Aside from Lyla learning from the old man, Zaire focused on training in the harsh environments of the Drago-Qilin lands, waiting for the day he could return to his father's clan and wash the shame from his name.

"With you four, dealing with a measly Flaming Lotus Sect will be easy.

"Make sure to hide your strength until the final weeks of the campaign, then burst forward and conquer all of the towers in one sweep. Then, the Flaming Lily Sect can use the maintenance months of the gates to sweep over and conquer that universe.

"Well, that's the best-case scenario. What I actually expect to happen is for you to return to a 4v4 tower stalemate. Although the Flaming Lotus Sect is ranked third, they're still an Emperor God Sect of the fourth ranked quadrant.

"The reason I'm so confident in you for isn't just for combat prowess, but also the combination of unique abilities.

"Little Zaire's Dragon Soul should be at the half-step King realm by now. Little Lyla's True Empath abilities should have reached the Prediction stage. Little Clara is too clever for her own good, while my lovely Madeleine is powerful enough to beat her husband into a pulp ten times over. With this line up, how can you guys lose?"

Madeleine giggled, accepting Dyon's praise with an open heart.

"Then what will you do?" Clara asked.

A serious expression appeared on Dyon's features. "I plan to head to the 97th ranked quadrant soon to check out some theories of mine. Well, I guess they're ranked 98th now because we leaped-frogged them.

Chapter 887: Hatch?

"It's Zabia's former quadrant." Dyon could almost remember Zabia's warning to never go there because something terrible occurred to those with high soul talent. But, if Dyon didn't go when his soul was sealed, he would never get another opportunity. If his theory was correct, there would be massive benefits to gain from this seemingly small quadrant... Benefits that would drastically speed up his ability to build a clan of his own.

"After that, I'll be returning to our quadrant... It's time I find out what the Demon Sage left me in the Chaos Universe as well. I also want to see if I can find any clues related to the destruction of the Ancient Elvin Clans considering the Chaos Universe was once their home.

"Aside from that, I want to check on the situation of our universe. Make sure the Uidah are still in check, and also bring another batch of geniuses to the tower as well. I also have a promise to fulfill."

Dense killing intent spilled out from Dyon's eyes.

When he had his falling out with the Aumen Royal God Clan, he had promised that he would wipe their clan out from existence. He was truly in a rage that day, but he simply didn't have the power to do anything then.

After that, Tau Aumen, their crown prince, had the audacity to try to and partner with the Uidah to conquer the Earth Gate.

The existence of the Aumen family was a stain on their Universe that must be eradicated.

Dyon could still remember the anger he felt, having to kneel before Ri and Madeleine to tell them that he would never allow such a thing to happen again... That there would be a day he stood so high above everything that no one would dare to touch a hair on their heads.

Now, Dyon had more people to protect, but the promise remained the same.

The Aumen family likely thinks they're in the clear now, that they've somehow survived. But, they were wrong.

Dyon wouldn't go so far as to kill innocents. But, that father-son pair had long been sentenced to death by him. He would truly like to see how a mere 4th grade celestial planned to resist against a killing strike from him.

Seeing Dyon's mood, Clara and Madeleine remained silent for a while, only, each, occupying a half of his chest.

"Dyon, I was thinking." Clara said softly.

"Mhm?"

"I think, when you go back, you should check for survivors from our side of the world."

Dyon blinked. "Survivors."

"Mm." Clara nodded. "Before, I didn't really understand much about the cultivation world, but now I know a lot more."

"Matriarch Niveus was at most a third or fourth grade celestial, right? But, our planet was artificially increased to millions of times its original size due to that bastard chained in the middle of it."

Dyon's eyes brightened as he suddenly understood what Clara meant.

"For that old witch to have decimated half of a normal sized planet is still within reason. But, a planet of the size of ours? It doesn't make sense. Maybe only a first-grade celestial would have such power. And even then, they'd have to be infinitely close to the dao formation realm..."

Dyon's eyes continuously lit up with thought as Clara continued.

"In all likelihood, that old witch had to rely on the chain reaction in the atmosphere to destroy our home. In addition, the heat would be only more than a normal human could handle, but... Remember that those born after you had their souls unlocked. For your whole childhood, you always had a stronger body than others because your soul was constantly nourishing it, because if it didn't, your body would be too weak to house it."

"There's a possibility that there may be others with slightly stronger bodies like you, just enough to last long enough to get to shelter."

"It's a long shot since it's already been so long... It's ... It's my fault for..." Clara felt her eyes freeze over. She blamed herself.

For the longest time, she couldn't bring herself to think about the situation and what happened to her father. Because she shut herself off from thinking about it, it hadn't been until recently that she thought of this theory... If she had thought of it earlier, maybe the likelihood of finding survivors would have been higher...

Dyon wrapped his arms tightly around Clara's waist, pulling her in tightly. "You silly girl... Any one of us should have thought of this possibility, yet you were the one to. I couldn't bring myself to think about what happened either. If you want to blame someone, blame me.

"Don't worry. I promise you, if there are any survivors, I'll find them.

"If your theory is correct, and that old witch didn't have enough power to eradicate everything and could only cheat to reach her desired effect, then that means that that bastard General Mace is still alive too. I'll be sure to give him the life he deserves."

Dyon knew that General Mace had used underhanded methods, even betraying his own people, for the sake of cultivating to the 9th foundation stage. Such a cultivation was ridiculously weak in Dyon's eyes, but it was already much stronger than the minor boost given by the soul nourishing the body. So, if anything, General Mace had the highest chance of survival.

Despite this, Dyon didn't change his plans. If these people really managed to survive 13 years already, he was sure that they had their own way of life already. For now, his priority was still to go to the current 98th quadrant. He had a feeling that the mystery behind the hatred of soul cultivators wasn't so simple. However, it wouldn't be the first time some elder level idiots stifled talents for their own personal gain.

"You have to find time to talk to us at least once a week okay? Or else I'll let Clara have free reign over you once you get back." Madeleine said in an adorably menacing voice.

"Big sister, you're too lenient." Clara harrumphed. "Once every three days. And you better not be getting up to any shenanigans with that mask of yours."

It was at this point that the supposedly napping Ri chimed in. "Yea, or else you'll owe an explanation to the four of us!"

Dyon's face froze when he heard this and began to slowly inch off the bed.

"Four?" Clara immediately sniffed out the main point of Ri's interjection.

The steadily escaping Dyon was suddenly pulled by the ears, only to look up and find the evil glare of Clara's grey eyes.

"It seems you have some explaining to do."

Dyon cringed while Madeleine only giggled, snuggling in for a good story.

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"Only you could manage to wheel in another poor woman during in an imaginary trial world." Despite Clara rolling her eyes, just like Ri, her soul was connected to Dyon's. Part of the feeling Dyon inadvertently felt for Amphorae, clearly rubbed off on her, causing her heart to soften.

Dyon smiled, using Clara's distraction to roll on top of her.

Clara lovingly pouted. Her excessive teasing was only her way of making up for lost time, and Dyon knew that. After no nagging for more than a decade, didn't she need to catch up?

"Even if I never find her, or if she truly happens to be imaginary, wouldn't I be struck down by a bolt of lightning if I didn't appreciate the beauties already in front of me?"

The warmth in Dyon's eyes seemed to seep into Clara's, wrapping around her soul with a comfortable feeling and causing her coldness to melt away.

Dyon lowered his head and kissed her forehead, using his smile to pour out everything he had held in his heart for so long.

"I don't feel like doing anything for the next few months, how about we relax until the 4th quadrant campaigns are about to begin?"

"Mm."

After hearing three mumbling yeses, Dyon felt much better. In truth, his plan was to leave after a couple weeks, but after seeing his wives like this, he couldn't bear to leave them so soon. If he didn't please his women, did he even deserve them?

Just as Dyon was about to lower his lips to Clara's, his eyes suddenly sharpened.

Seeing the drastic change in Dyon's demeanor, Clara's grey eyes looked up with worry. "Is something wrong?" She couldn't help but admit to herself that she had quite been looking forward to that kiss.

Dyon didn't respond, instead choosing to quickly sit cross-legged and summon an unassuming egg from his Inner World. It seemed the Celestial Hamster was about to hatch.

Chapter 888: I'm Afraid

"That egg..." Clara and Madeleine sat in front of Dyon, observing its shaking.

At the moment, an odd feeling was creeping up in their hearts. Although they very clearly knew the egg was right in front of them, in fact, it was even shaking and cracking wildly, the moment their attention was deviated for even a moment, it was as though the memories of it were erased away. If it wasn't for the fact Dyon was holding and looking at it so intently, they would have long forgotten about this egg.

The grey egg bulged and cracked, furiously sucking in the energy from its surroundings. But, surprisingly, much of the energy originated from Dyon itself.

As an ancient creature, the Celestial Hamster required copious amounts of Primordial Energy in order to hatch. The number of unhatched ancient eggs currently sitting idly in the cosmos today might not be innumerable, but it was still a considerable amount, and the reason for this all laid with the severe lack of Primordial Energy.

Among the quadrants in the cosmos, only the top three had even a tiny amount of this Primordial Energy. As for the other quadrants? They weren't ancient enough.

One might wonder at this point: "What about Dyon's quadrant, did it not use to be ranked highly as well?"

Although this is true, the reason for the Celestial Deer Quadrant being ranked first wasn't due to its ancient history, but rather because of the prowess of Dyon's home universe. Remember, Dyon's universe is the youngest in current existence, but it also happened to once be the one with the densest Gama energy and thus produced the best talents and had the best cultivation environment. Even the ancient quadrants couldn't compete with it.

However, with the decline of Dyon's universe, this advantage disappeared. Although the other universes still have relatively good energy density, enough to be at the middle of the pack, it wasn't enough to counter act the loss of Dyon's one universe.

In the next moment, a burst of profound light erupted from the egg, causing it grow to ten times its original size.

Dyon was overwhelmed by the sudden burst, but he continued to hold on, peering into the light intently.

Soon, the light began to morph and Dyon's hands became engulfed in a sudden warmth and softness. None of the expected juices of birth coated his hands at all.

The light slowly faded away, but Dyon's concentration never broke. He felt that if he lost concentration for even an instant, he would never find this little creature again. After spending one of his treasure selections on it, he was obviously unwilling to suffer such an end.

However, what happened next still surprised Dyon.

By the time the light had completely disappeared, allowing Dyon to see just what was in his hands, he finally realized why the egg was slightly larger than normal... This egg actually held twins!

In Dyon's hands sat the most adorable little creatures he had ever seen. He instantly felt a will to protect them from any harm.

One had pristine white fur and large, beady black eyes that glistened cleverly.

The other was had a pristine black coat, but its eyes were like two white pearls, reflecting a milky richness that was filled with wisdom.

Both siblings were looked more like little chipmunks than hamsters, despite their name. Their cheeks were chubby, along with their little bodies, but unlike hamsters, their tails were more pronounced.

They both looked up at Dyon curiously, almost surprised that this young man, who was clearly very weak, still somehow had the ability to see them, and for so long at that. It had to be said that the concealment abilities of the Celestial Hamsters far exceeded the abilities of Dyon's supreme level mask. They could even hide from transcedents if they so chose.

In the next moment, they understood. It wasn't that Dyon's perceptive abilities were better than a transcedents, but because he was well aware of their abilities. As such, he was like a lucid dreamer, forcibly awakening his consciousness in a dream in order to be able to control his surroundings.

In addition, they had just been born and weren't fully mature yet. Because of that, they couldn't hide from Dyon who they currently lay in the palms of. However, judging by the confused expressions on Ri, Clara and Madeleine's faces, despite Dyon holding them, they couldn't see the two adorable hamsters at all.

"Dyon? What's going on?" Madeleine suddenly asked. It felt like reality was distorting before her, but she couldn't put her finger on just what was wrong.

The fact Madeleine could even tell something was off to begin with a testament to her perceptive abilities. As a music lover, it wasn't surprising she had such sensitivity to things.

As for Ri, she could feel her bestial bloodline shift uncomfortably, as though there was a powerful beast bloodline in the close vicinity, but she didn't know where it was coming from.

Then there was Clara, her soul talent was, by far, the best amongst the three women, which also meant her 6th sense was also the best, but she still couldn't put her finger on the problem either.

In truth, none of these three would be able to sense a thing had it not been for the fact that these little hamsters were just born.

Dyon smiled down at his seemingly empty palms. "I gained an egg from the trials, and it only just hatched. But, the little creatures inside of it have outstanding concealment abilities, even so soon after birth. I'm quite impressed. If I lose concentration for even a moment, I'm afraid they'll disappear before my eyes."

"Big brother, this human's cultivation technique is so interesting, have you ever heard of it?" Suddenly, the white furred hamster spoke. It had the voice of an adorable little toddler, and was clearly female.

"I haven't," The black furred hamster was just as immature in his voice. "But this human language is so coarse and foul sounding. Why do you want him to understand us so badly?"

The white furred hamster giggled. "Don't be so mean, big brother. We've roamed the cosmos for millions of years to accumulate enough Primordial Energy to hatch. I'm certain we've never seen another human more intelligent than him. At most, we've only seen his equals."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. People as intelligent as he was? Other than Clara, who could boast such a thing?

The black furred hamster laughed at Dyon's reaction. "I like him, he's just as arrogant as we are. But the difference is we know the heights of the heavens, while he doesn't. His arrogance is blind while ours is deserved."

"Following him would at least be more interesting than wondering about randomly, don't you think?"

"We should at least test him first. We've only followed him for two weeks. He spent one of those weeks sleeping, and the other doing those unholy actions." The black furred hamster sounded like a disappointed elder, but the immaturity in his voice almost made Dyon burst out with laughter.

The little white hamster seemed to blush. "Don't say those things big brother. What would you do if mother heard you?"

The black furred hamster's nose twitched. "I didn't sense this before, but this one has the blood line of another ancient Celestial within him."

Hearing her brother's words, the little sister obliged, sniffing as well. "Oo, the Celestial Deer.

"If a race that was once our equal so happily gave him their blood essence, he can't be so bad, right?"

"That was long ago," The black furred hamster replied. "From what I can tell, their bloodline has degenerated quite a bit to this point. It's hardly 0.0001% as potent as it once was. To gain the approval of them now isn't too big a deal."

"To think they once used to make fun of us for our poor reproduction abilities. Clearly, being able to reproduce quicker has its downsides."

"It couldn't be said that the reproductive abilities of the Celestial Deer were vastly greater than ours, but rather that it became easier for them to reproduce as their bloodline declined."

Dyon listened intently from beginning to end, making certain to not miss a single word. As for his wives, they sat silently seeing the concentration on their husband's face.

Chapter 889: Purely?

"Hm?" The white hamster suddenly looked around. "Big brother look! That must be the source of the Life Essence that sped up our birth last week. It seems to be a piece of the Holy Arc!"

The black furred hamster's white eyes adorably blinked in astonishment, however he quickly calmed down. "This piece is just from a bit of furniture. Now if it had been from the hull of the vessel, that would truly be something extraordinary. Even if it was a hundredth of the size of the visor, it would be thousands of times more valuable."

"To think that a mere piece of furniture would still house such pure energy within it. It's no wonder..." The little sister hamster spoke up.

"Hey you," The Big brother hamster suddenly turned to Dyon who was still focused on them. "We've been speaking in your language out of courtesy this whole time. Don't you have anything to say to us?"

"Burning questions? Clearing up any misunderstandings? Begging us to become your companions? Anything aside from that focused expression would do."

Dyon smiled, "Why would I interrupt two babies getting to know the world for the first time? That would be rude of me."

"Hmph, who are you calling babies?! I've had my consciousness awakened for millions of years already. Just because I didn't have enough strength to break free of our shell, doesn't mean I'm wet behind the ears."

Dyon's only response was to lay both hamsters on his knees and pet them. "I know an old man at least tens of millions of years old, and yet I still don't treat him all that specially. Why would I treat two newborns any better?"

The white furred hamster giggled. "He's funny big brother. He didn't start begging like you assumed."

"Hmph. We're going to test you now to see if you're worthy of us following you for a bit. Consider this opportunity a thank you for speeding up our birthing process. After our mother left, we didn't think we'd be born so soon."

"Isn't that exactly why such a test is useless?" Dyon responded with a smile.

"Useless?"

"Of course. You two need Primordial Energy to fully mature, while I have the densest source of it in these times. Isn't a test added on top of this kind of useless?"

"What you say make sense Giant brother." The white furred hamster interjected. "But we have a tradition of finding masters worth before settling down. Choosing based on benefits is against our ancient codes.

"While the ancient dragons were the embodiment of sovereignty, and ancient celestial deer were the embodiments of purity, and ancient kitsune embodied the elements and their mischief, we celestial hamsters are the embodiment of knowledge and its pursuit. Our reason for existing isn't to rule the world, but to raise those who rule it!"

"Oh? Is that so?" Dyon said with a smile. He didn't seem too perturbed by the grandstanding of these adorable little hamsters. He wasn't the type of person so easily swayed by such things.

"Will you take our test?" The black furred Celestial Hamster spoke up.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not too interested in such things." For the first time, Dyon's eyes lost focus of the furry hamsters that were resting on his knees.

"You don't want to rule the world?" The white furred hamster jumped in.

"No. There will come a day I rule the world. I'd just rather the credit for me doing so not go to some newborns."

"How arrogant! Do you think you can rule the world alone?!" Clearly the black furred hamster was getting exasperated. The twin brother and sister hadn't even noticed that if they wanted to, they could disappear right now and Dyon would never be able to find them.

"Wrong. I rely heavily on my comrades. My friends. My family. My women. And in the future, my children. But, who are you two to me that I should share my glory with you?"

"You are testing me to see whether I have the right to gain your help? You're too naïve!" Dyon's sharp eyes turned back to the twin newborns. He didn't release any Presence, he knew that attacks of aura were completely useless on them, especially at his level. But, that didn't mean they couldn't be affected by his unrestrained confidence. "It should be me testing you to see whether you're worthy of being by my side!"

"You..." The twins were completely speechless. They were a Celestial Race, they had long since stopped counting how many Transcendents they had raised during their existence. Maybe they hadn't done so personally, but the legacies that ran through their blood carried the knowledge of every Celestial Hamster before them. To call them the most knowledgeable existences in the current cosmos wouldn't be an exaggeration at all. Not to mention the fact that they both came from the Royal line of their species.

The worst part was that maybe this response would be acceptable if Dyon was ignorant of who and what they were. But, they were far too intelligent to delude themselves in such a way. They could very clearly tell that Dyon simply didn't care!

This wasn't a confidence that was possible to fake, nor was this an aura another person had. In the end, no matter how many years their consciousness had been awake for, they were still newborns. They had knowledge exceeding anyone or anything in existence, but their hands-on experience was next to 0. Seeing such a valiant aura for the first time, they already knew that this would be a day burned into their hearts forever.

Dyon's eyes softened, he knew he was too harsh. They were just a pair of babies, no matter how powerful their ancestry was.

"It's not that I don't see the value of you two. I do." Dyon's stroked their small heads. "But, what I need are friends, people who will stay by my side no matter what. I'm not a person who seeks benefits without consequence, nor am I blinded by my pursuit of power.

"Despite knowing how urgent my plans are, I don't hesitate to set months aside to be with my wives. Despite knowing that any sect or clan in existence would accept me with arms simply by telling them my name, I don't seek them out. Despite knowing that my road will be harder, crueler and far more struggle laden than any other, I will continue to follow the path laid out by my own heart."

"But..." The voices of the celestial hamster's softened considerably, as though they were feeling incredibly wronged.

"If a day comes when my principles dictate that I must kill one of your kind, would you stand by my side?"

"This..."

"I have a sworn brother. His name is Zabia. There was a time when I threatened the life of both his child and his woman. Today, we have a mutual understanding hard to find even if you search a thousand universes.

"I have a wife. Her name is Madeleine. Even if I saw it fit to eradicate her clan from existence, she wouldn't bat an eyelash.

"I have a little brother. His name is Zaire. I am responsible for the death of not one, but two of his mother's final soul strands, yet he still calls me big brother.

"I have another sworn brother. His name is Eli. I am responsible for his entire family being captured and tortured as pill slaves. Yet he still calls me brother.

"I have another wife. Her name is Clara. I am responsible for the eradication of our entire clan of people. Billions, gone, in the blink of an eye, yet she still calls me husband.

"If you cannot see me as a brother, as a part of your family, there is no value in my seeking your help. In addition, there is no value in your raising me up to become a ruler of the world either.

"With the knowledge of your people, do you really need to choose the most outstanding candidates for you to raise them up? With the legacies you possess, even someone of average talent can rise up and become a dragon amongst men.

"So why then do you choose based on such shallow credentials? Do you not care about the heart of a person? Do you raise up evil, just as easily as you raise up good? Do you foster hate, just as easily as you do love?"

"If you want to choose me purely based on my intelligence, I do not want the two of you."

Chapter 890: Something

Maybe in the history of the Celestial Hamster, this was the first time they had heard such a thing. No... That was wrong, according to the information the Celestial Hamster had, this very scenario had occurred 11 other times. And in each instant, they all died premature deaths.

One might not understand what it meant to have the legacy of knowledge the celestial hamsters wielded... But, it quite simply meant that they were a library that far exceeded even the Timeless Library.

Despite the Timeless Library being a scam that led to the death of the Demon Sage's Kingdom, within it, there still lied a host of information only available to transcendents. If those who created this library hadn't gone out of their way to make it real, how could they have tricked such high-level characters for so long?

However, such a repository of information was actually looked down upon by the celestial hamsters.

Starting from the very first celestial hamster, information was passed down through their bloodline. As a race that existed from the beginning of time, one can imagine just the level and quality of information they had accumulated to this point.

Even further, as a pair of Prince and Princess, the bloodline they possessed once coursed through the veins of the most famous and accomplished Celestial Hamsters to ever live.

Maybe if this was the limit of their knowledge, it would be acceptable. But, even when it came to things they didn't know or understand, it was possible for them to use their bloodline abilities to come to understand them at a depth that was only comparable to a peak-most expert.

To explain, the Second Trial of the God Trials was created using a particular path of Time Will that was known as the historical path. Of course, this was already mentioned in passing, but its importance was never clearer or more relevant than now.

What did it mean to follow the historical path? It meant, that depending on your level of proficiency, it was possible to learn about the past of an object simply by observing it.

Imagine finding an artifact you had no prior knowledge of. If you followed this particular path, or mastered this path, it wasn't necessary for you to guess or speculate as to its uses. One could directly learn about an object from the object itself!

While Celestial Deer were masters of celestial will, Celestial Hamsters were the masters of time will!

Not only was this a large reason for their vast knowledge stores, and also attested to the accuracy of this knowledge, it was also the reason why their concealment abilities were so heaven defying.

The requirements for an object, person or thing to exist would be its placement and movement along a time line. What validated one's existence was the cause and effect that revolved around them. However, what if it was possible for a race of beings to completely displace themselves from time, to exist outside of it.

Humans, and creatures in general, couldn't hope to wrap their minds around an instant where time didn't exist or flow. Even in explaining such a concept, it was necessary to use terms like "an instant" which is, by definition, impossible to separate from time.

When it comes to making up for things a person doesn't understand, the brain is excellent at filling in the gaps, although those fill-ins might not necessarily be correct. The brain often creates false memories, it often forgets traumatic experiences, and even when it comes to things as simple as sight, the blind spot located in everyone's eyes are often filled in with the incorrect images.

Now, imagine this same flaw infested brain, was tasked with comprehending and visualizing a being existing out of a time itself. Even if you were a transcendent, was it even remotely possible for you to understand such a concept?

When a celestial hamster matured, it would grasp the highest levels of time will, and become able to hide from even the peak-most existences in the cosmos. Even if one had a mastery of time will on the same level, if you weren't aware that there was an oddity you were meant to be paying attention for, how could you see through a technique of such a level?

To be capable of doing this, even directly after their birth, the level of the celestial hamster was completely unfathomable.

And yet, Dyon knew all of this, from beginning to end. He even read copious amounts of legends praising this race of beings without end, and chronicling the exploits of those they chose to serve. But, he still rejected them without batting an eye.

The white and black furred twins were silent for a long time. They large, glistening eyes trained on his face, as though they were trying to memorize something.

Dyon only continued to smile, silently petting them. He even began to converse with his wives again, listening to Clara berate him for being naked this entire time.

Sometime during the silence of the Celestial Hamsters, their eyes began to glow as though they had come to a certain understanding. They had only just been born, and despite their lofty attitudes, they weren't ready to run into such a complex and mind-numbing issue. Unfortunately, trillions of years of accumulated knowledge didn't provide them with the one thing they needed right now: Wisdom.

At some unknown time... They disappeared.

...

"Aren't you disappointed they disappeared?" Madeleine asked a while later. Honestly, she found it difficult to even remember exactly what she was referring to. For some reason, Clara and Dyon found this much easier.

In truth, this was because the mortal realm spent a lot of time theorizing about such impossible and mind-boggling things. For example, theoretical physicists from their world were constantly coming up with incredible explanations for the reasons and ways things occurred. Of course, these topics included

vast concepts like time, light and gravity. Because of this, Clara and Dyon were more used to trying to wrap their minds around abstract concepts.

Dyon shook his head, "The only thing I'm disappointed about is the fact I can't exchange them for another treasure. It seems I've taken a loss."

Clara pouted, "They could have at least left a thank you. If it wasn't for you, who knows when they'd be able to hatch."

Dyon laughed, "For all we know, they're in this room right now."

When his three wives realized that Dyon could be right, they felt slightly uncomfortable. In truth, for all they knew, celestial hamster could be any and everywhere. They could be watching everything that occurred with absolute complacency.

Dyon didn't mind too much, but he also didn't say too much. According the words of the hamsters before, they had watched while he and Ri went at it. He didn't care, but he knew his wives would. If they became too apprehensive to have any more sex, wouldn't that be too depressing?

Plus, unlike other True Deity level beasts, Celestial Hamsters could never form a human body. So, their sexual drives were completely different from, say, a Dragon. They couldn't care less about Ri's body or his. That was why Little Yin, a name Dyon decided to give to the white furred hamster, didn't care about seeing Dyon naked, but blushed when Little Yang mentioned the particular action taking place. Even if she didn't care about their bodies, that didn't mean she was immune to the idea of sex entirely.

That said, a Dragon might be the only beast in existence will to copulate with any and everything. Bird, rodent, bug, arachnid, it didn't matter.

What Dyon found interesting was that Dragons should technically be ancient beasts as well. A few dozen millennia ago, only they and the phoenixes remained. Now that the phoenixes were extinct, only they remained. As such, didn't they need a lot of Primordial Energy to hatch too? How did they deal with that?

Dyon shook his head, he'd find out eventually. "I actually think it might be a better idea if you used the Demon Generals instead, Madeleine."

"Oh? Why is that?" Madeleine was a bit confused. She was actually looking forward to seeing Little Lyla and Zaire.

"I'm not actually sure what Little Zaire and Little Lyla are up to, if they were up to something of importance, it would be a shame to interrupt them if they were."

"Also, I'm heading to the Drago-Qilin quadrant eventually... The Crystal Dragon Clan has something I need."