

The Nameless 121

Chapter 121

Ri regretted everything. She had been so lost in her excitement, that she had put Dyon's life in danger. Although this cave was perfectly safe for her, the same couldn't be said of most people. In fact, that was the main reason she had sat them at the edge of the cave, had Dyon seen what was going on inside, he might have already died.

Little Black looked up from his nap with an adorable, confused expression, but then he just went back to sleep, ignoring Ri's panic.

Dyon looked around at the lights intently. They were actually quite beautiful. Ri seemed worried, but it was too late to do anything about it now. But, Dyon didn't feel any different, so it confused him that she was so concerned.

The lights began to slow. All of a sudden, you could make up the figures of tiny butterflies floating around the cave, circling them intently.

Dyon reached out his hand, allowing one to delicately land on his palm. He felt the celestial will within him furiously activate, resonating with the fluttering butterflies.

'This.. what is this?' Dyon couldn't understand what was going on.

However, his surprise completely paled in comparison to Ri's.

'He's alive?...'

"What is this?" Asked Dyon.

Ri was stunned, unable to reply.

"Ri?"

“Oh... um... Right!...”

Dyon looked at Ri with an odd look. The butterflies continued to circle around them. A few had even landed on Little Black. It seemed like they were resonating with him as well.

“Well... this is actually a source of purity will. Purity type wills are rare, but, they do exist. Each is slightly different from the next, but the reigning will above them is without a doubt Celestial Will. But, there are others.

“For example, a non-elemental type will like the will of buddha, or a simpler form like the will of light. Many wills also have paths of deeper understanding that can divert to purity as well. For example, fire and ice can do this...”

Dyon nodded. His aurora had properties of purification. He wondered if this was related.

“This source was actually created by my mother... It helps you along the path of purification... But, my mother was very clear on the fact that only those with a pure heart could survive. The purity surges at night because my mother was at her most powerful under the night sky... but, for some reason, you’re still here...”

Dyon nearly choked on air, ‘am I not pure enough for you?’

But Ri took this a completely different way, “humph, am I not pure enough for you? Maybe you should go hang out with another girl whose image is great enough for you, Mr. Jaws.”

Dyon’s eyes widened as a grievous look appeared on his face, ‘this girl is too much... is it necessary for her to misunderstand me so much? Mr. Jaws? What the hell does that mean?’

“You know that’s not what I meant...”

Ri harrumphed but didn’t reply, ‘all men are the same.’

Dyon could only sigh and change the conversation topic, “why is it that this only happens at night?”

“Well, my mom used to specialize in ice will...”

Dyon didn't say anything when he heard her use past tense, he only respectfully listened. Ri seemed to appreciate the fact Dyon didn't ask any questions or show any signs of fake pity. Those kinds of eyes were ones she hated the most.

“Ice will gets a boost during the night, as fire will would during the day, much like it would probably be easier to tap into lightning will during a storm. My mother couldn't reach far enough along the path of ice purification... so, she made this place, hoping that I would improve quickly and surpass her.”

‘I wonder why they find the purity path to be so important...’ Thought Dyon.

Ri, having finally relaxed from her worry, started walking towards the depths of the cave.

“Although I'm sure you don't cultivate the purity path because I sense too much demonic type will on you, it seems that despite this, your heart comes from a good place. I don't mind showing you the depths of the cave as a payment for talking with me today.”

Dyon was going to correct her, but then he thought of something more important. “What... what exactly would have happened had my heart not been ‘pure’...”

Ri turned back with her mischievous grin, “my mother was very powerful. She was probably even more powerful than my father although I can't be sure. Even if you were at the Celestial stage of cultivation, if you hadn't had a pure heart, the ice butterflies would have purified you.”

Dyon shuddered at what this would mean. But, Ri didn't let him wonder for too long.

“Your death would look beautiful... sure. But, imagine every one of your cells getting washed over by a cleanser...”

A cold sweat covered Dyon's back.

'You mean like pouring rubbing alcohol into a wound?.... but your whole body instead?'

Dyon almost turned around and left, but Ri's evil nature shone through again. She skipped over gleefully and pulled on Dyon's arm, dragging him into the cave. Despite his feigned apprehensiveness, Dyon learned something else about wills, especially his celestial will.

Dyon remembered very clearly that when he used his celestial will in front of the Big Sect experts, they would often not know what it was or dismiss it as a 'purity type will'. This could mean a few things: either it was difficult to distinguish purity type wills when they were so low level, or it was impossible to distinguish them at all. There was also the possibility that celestial will had left this world for so long, that no one remembered what it felt like.

Soon, they enter a wide underground space.

There was a lake of pure energy, bathing the surroundings in light. The space was filled with crystals that had been purified by the energy. Flickers of ice and snow wafted through, but the feeling wasn't that of bone piercing cold, but instead reminiscent of an ache you treat with a cold pack.

'So, this is the purity path of ice?... It feels much different from Delia's ice will...'

Chapter 122

In the dead of night, near a small village on the outer skirts of a large Elvin city, shadows were shifting in the darkness.

"The Norville family is truly an odd bunch..." spoke one of the shadows, a bit of contempt layering his voice.

"If they're odd, what does that make you for accepting their money?"

The shadow had no response, so he could only sigh.

“Just shut up and focus on the scouting. We need to find exactly which children have been orphaned and who haven’t. The campaign ended pre-maturely, so the Norville family wants this done now. They’ve even paid extra in all their excitement.

“Whichever homes you see lack an accompanying adult, mark them down. We’ll have to deal with this before the bureaucrats get involved.”

The shadow could only resign himself. Although the Kingdom was filled with occurrences just like these, he had a family to feed too. He could little afford to not take this job. But...

“What do you think are the odds of the government helping them afterwards,” he couldn’t help but ask.

The leader of the group sighed, “if it makes you feel better, this may be the best course for their lives. They’ll receive training in a singularity type technique, and if they’re talented, they’ll have a prosperous future.

“The Royals aren’t in a place to go against the wishes of such a powerful family, and the other powerful families just don’t care... even if everyone knows what’s going on, there’s no real evidence. And truthfully, even if there was evidence, it would be ignored...”

A shadow who was listening to all of this near the back of their 5-man party was confused. He wasn’t sure what was going on at all. All he was told was that they were responsible for transporting orphans to a new place, so he had no choice but to tap on the shoulder of the shadow near him.

“What... what happens to them?...”

The shadow turned to him and whispered in a faint voice, “Norville means desire in our ancient language... you figure it out...”

The group fell silent, a heavy atmosphere reigning. The soft rustling of the wind through the dark forest did little to help their moods as the continued to skirt around the small villages... marking down homes... knowing that every note they made was signing a child off to a life they didn’t choose.

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The next morning, Dyon was happy to have consolidated his sovereign path at the 3rd level of demonic will. Before, he had been struggling to understand what to do because he couldn't integrate anymore of the sage essence without the proper treasures; but, thanks to Ri's stimulation and the gift left by her mother, Dyon had finally found a path. In fact, he thought he might have found two.

Although initially he believed he had found a singular sovereign path. As he pondered, he realized he had muddled the sovereign path and the battle path. The truth was that his demonic will was a layer of the two.

However, when Dyon thought about how useful this secret place of Ri's was, he couldn't help but speculate on her background. But, for such a carefree and fiery girl like her to be unwilling to talk about it, despite her knowing that Dyon was trustworthy, meant that it cut deeper than she was willing to admit. So, Dyon decided to not pry into the topic.

He subtly watched Ri sleep, but the sight did nothing to help Dyon refrain from gulping.

Ri might not have been an exceptional beauty, but her appearance had an innocent cuteness to it that made her inviting. It almost seemed like she was only one or two features away from being the reason overlords destroyed entire kingdoms for her, and that was on top of her body and skin being immaculate.

She lay to her side as the soft sound of her breathing filled the air. The flickering ice and snow gently coated her light blue-silver hair, giving her an ethereal feel. Her kilted skirt had hiked up in her sleep, revealing leather that clung tightly to her ass, causing a raging storm to build up in Dyon.

Her chest wasn't ample, but her cropped armor held them loosely, slowly moving up and down with her breathing. With the armor not being flexible, it had been pulled ever so slightly downwards during Ri's night of rest. Dyon almost felt as though if he peaked up on the tips of his toes, he might see a sight that would send him to heaven.

The demon qilin blood within Dyon thrummed, but it was even overtaken by the raging sage essence. Dyon immediately closed his eyes, trying to calm the tower that was threatening to make him lose control.

“Breathe... breathe... think of Madeleine... wait, don’t think of Madeleine... think of rainbows and unicorns... sweaty men... smelly bathrooms.... Breathe...”

After 10 minutes of talking to himself, Dyon finally felt that the raging essence within him had calmed, so he slowly opened his eyes.

Dyon started. All he saw was a pair of clear silver eyes, staring at him intently.

“Haha... it seems like you’re awake now,” laughed Dyon awkwardly.

Ri didn’t reply, looking at Dyon with a raised eyebrow. “Did you really need to take off your shirt? Also... you have quite interesting... tastes.”

Dyon could only smile bitterly. It seemed like she had heard what he was saying. Maybe he shouldn’t have been speaking out loud.

“Maybe if you didn’t look so sexy in your sleep, I wouldn’t have to calm down like this. Didn’t you ever learn to not sleep by strange men?”

Ri reached forward and pinched Dyon’s arm hard, causing him to wince, “I knew you weren’t pure. To take something as innocent as sleep and blame me?!”

Dyon only playfully laughed as Ri chased him out of the cave, “I’m taking a bath now! Don’t come in or I’ll chop it off!”

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Dyon chuckled, but obediently waited outside until Ri came out. Although he was a bit surprised that you could bathe in the lake of purity left by her mother, it wasn’t unbelievable. But, what Ri said about it afterwards caused him to ponder about her origins again.

“By the way, I made the mistake of not warning you about the cave yesterday, so I would be an idiot if I made the same mistake again. You can never swim or touch the actual lake, you’ll freeze into an icicle regardless of whether you’re pure or not.”

Dyon nodded. Keeping his inquiries to himself.

“So! Where to Madame?”

“As much as I’d like to take you to the formation guild or even the alchemy guilds now, it’ll probably be best if you register at the academy first. The new calendar year just started, so the period of acceptance is about to close. But, my father happens to be the school head, so even with a late application, you should be allowed to take the test. That reminds me, how old are you?”

“Uh, you said the new calendar year just started, so I should be 17 now.”

“Ah, so your soul only needs to have reached the Higher Foundation Stage and your innate soul has to have been at the Lower Foundation stage to be accepted. I’m pretty sure you meet those requirements considering your aurora, so we can just head there now.”

Dyon smiled, he was going to brag in his usual arrogant fashion, but he was trying to keep his flirtatiousness to a minimum. He was failing miserably, yes, but he was trying, nonetheless.

‘This essence blood nonsense is no joke... I’m going to either have to find an outlet, or find an essence powerful enough to counter the sage essence...’

While Dyon was thinking, Little Black had walked up and licked his palm, causing Dyon to reflexively stroke his head.

“What kind of beast is that? I’ve never seen one before... scales... fur... those white swirls on him are beautiful...”

Dyon scratched around the white scale on Little Black’s forehead, causing Little Black to growl in pleasure.

“I’m not sure either honestly, but he’s been my only companion for a while now,” Dyon said with a smile.

The one thing about Dyon was that while he had no qualms about putting himself in danger, he could never do the same for his friends. He could scream at the top of his lungs that he was the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect in the face of an enemy, but he'd never admit that Little Black might be a supreme level beast or beyond.

With Little Black's appearance not matching up with that of any other beast, no one would make the connection anyway.

Ri didn't find this to be odd as she strapped her thin sword to her back. Dyon tried to stop himself from watching her perfectly proportioned hips sway with her hair as he followed silently behind her.

Dyon had no idea why he was so infatuated with Ri's appearance. Even Delia and Meiyong hadn't made him look at them this often. He could only assume it was the essence within him, so, he changed the subject to distract himself.

"Are you ever going to tell me how you manage to remain perfectly silent when you move like that?" Asked Dyon in curiosity as they made their way through the forest.

Ri smiled an adorable smile. "It's not easy to learn even if I did tell you. My father specializes in illusory type techniques. In fact, he manifested his soul using a unique type technique. In the end, his soul manifested itself as mist. It allows him to understand people intimately and find the best way to manipulate their senses."

Dyon had an astonished look on his face, 'To understand people and then manipulate them? What an overpowered ability...'

But, Dyon pushed this to the back of his mind, he was even more interested in something else.

"How do you use illusion techniques to be soundless? And if this was your father's ability, why do you have it?"

"Remember how I told you using a unique type technique means you have to forge your own path? Because my father's soul manifestation was ranked so highly, and he was very intelligent with his

cultivation, he took a seemingly straight forward ability and branched it into countless techniques. These techniques may be used best by my father, but it doesn't mean others can't use them as well."

"I see... so forging your own path also means innovating your own technique... no wonder only geniuses do it by choice."

"Right. Even when someone has no choice but to choose a unique type, usually they use stock techniques that could work with almost any soul manifestation of their type. Imagine one person manifests as a lion and another as a bear, they would both have access to strengthening generic abilities."

"Interesting..." Dyon was trying to soak in everything Ri said.

"In terms of how the technique actually works, it sounds simple, but it's hard to grasp. Illusions are all about slight of hand. Well, low level illusions anyway. My father is powerful enough to literally distort reality, but, I think that's only possible if you have his manifestation type and become powerful enough."

All of a sudden, Dyon's ears twitched as Ri took a step.

"See? It's not that I'm not making sounds. It's that I'm not allowing those near to me to know I'm making a sound. There are frequencies of sounds that the human ear just can't hear no matter how powerful you become. I'm distorting the sounds I'm making into a frequency that you can't hear. The issue with this technique is that beast can hear me. But, without my father's manifestation, this is the best we can do."

Dyon began mumbling to himself, "so, illusions of the eyes are about seeing things that aren't there, or not seeing things that are. Illusions using the ears are about not hearing things that are there.

"The way Ri's father's technique works is by playing with the frequency of the sounds... I could probably cheat and create an array that can do that, but a flash of gold would give me away even if I was silent.... Hmm."

They continued to walk forward as Dyon thought.

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“I AM SUCH AN IDIOT!”

Ri was startled into looking back towards Dyon, but to her surprise, he was no longer there. And when she strained her ears, her mouth gapped when she realized she could hear nothing.

Confused, Ri was about to turn back when she felt a hand lightly pick up her hair.

Ri jumped forward, pulling her sword from her back, ready to attack.

“You’ve already tried to attack me so many times, are you really going to do it again?” Dyon said with a chuckle, “your hair is amazing by the way. So soft and it smells like spring and clear water. I could get used to that...”

Dyon spoke absentmindedly and didn’t seem to notice Ri’s shock, but his hair comments snapped her out of it.

“Would it kill you to not be a pervert? Smelling my hair? You thought that was a good line? You sound more like a serial killer, rapist, or a mix of the two.”

Dyon held his hand to his chest, feigning a hurt expression.

“Milady Ri, there’s no need for such harsh words. I was only appreciating the finest nature has to offer.”

Ri’s face distorted when Dyon called her milady, but she responded with a kick and changed the subject. She just wasn’t used to people, especially in the Elvin Kingdom, calling her beautiful. In fact, it was often the exact opposite.

‘Whatever, he’ll see the difference between me and them when he reaches the city...’

“How’d you do it so quickly? There’s just no way... My father had to directly teach me the method and that required understanding the illusion path of my water will...”

Dyon was surprised to hear what she had to say, but he made a mental note: 'Don't underestimate people because they only have one will... there's a good chance they've understood multiple paths...'

It wasn't that he was sure that Ri only had one will, it was more so the fact that even a simple elemental will like water could be so versatile. It made sense for water to have an illusion path with how well it did in distorting reality.

"You may not know this, but my music will is already at the peak of the 9th level and I've already understood a path to near perfection within it. In fact, I believe I've found the true essence of music by realizing making music with your body is the root of all music.

I simply applied what you might also call an illusory path to distort the sounds I make into another frequency. In fact, although other wills may have limits to this and be caught by beasts, because music will is so firmly tailored to sounds and frequencies and manipulating people with them, I can reach frequencies even Little Black wouldn't hear."

"A maxed level will... at 17... Why do I even bother with you, humph."

In a fake rage, Ri began to walk away.

Dyon smiled and followed behind her, enjoying the swaying of her 'hair'.

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Further ahead, unknown to Dyon and Ri, a little girl was trembling with her back against a tree.

The little girl was truly beautiful for lack of a better word. Her hair was such a light shade of pink that it was nearly white. Her eyes shone the same color, almost like small pink diamonds twinkling as her eyes watered. She held her little hands to her chest while she slowly backed away.

Her clothes were a ragged grey and her pure jade-like skin was matted with patches of mud and scrapes of greenery. It was clear she had been through a lot and her day was only getting worse.

“What are you doing out here little girl?”

A young man sat on the back of what looked like a white tiger. Its teeth were crystalline and its stripes were a striking gold. It stood at 2 meters tall and was 4 meters long, allowing the young man to sit cross legged on its back.

The young man himself had bright red hair, his eyes shining the same color. His build was robust and large while his ears were long even among the elves. He had a massive battle axe strapped to his back with a handle as thick as his large wrists.

The little girl was too afraid to respond. Her shivering only increased when she realized a tree had stopped her from being able to back away any further.

“It would be a shame to let a little girl with such potential slip away to the Norville family. Come. I’ll bring you with me. I’ll care for you and raise you. Once you’re old enough, I’ll take you as my concubine. Isn’t that much better than living as an orphan?”

The little girl shook her head. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, but she couldn’t say anything with her sobs caught in her throat.

She had just found out that she had lost her parents. With no one able to support her living under them, she was forced to return to her village.

But, with no one to protect her on the way there, she had stumbled around and ran into this situation just when she thought she was finally close to home, or whatever supposed home there was left now. Yesterday was supposed to have been her fifth birthday, but instead, it was one of the worst days of her life.

She fell to the ground, pulling her knees to her chest as the young man and his beast slowly walked towards her.

At that moment, she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder. She shuddered, looking up in a pair of hazel-green eyes. She couldn't help but jump towards the first source of warmth she had had in weeks, sobbing uncontrollably.

She didn't know why she had reacted like that. For some reason, she just felt that those eyes were willing to protect her... And she didn't want them to disappear like her parents had.

Dyon held onto her, letting the girl cry and ignoring the confused young man behind him. He was a bit surprised that the small girl had trusted him so easily, but he was somewhat glad as well. He didn't know what she had been through, but who could stand idly by while a little girl was being subjected to such a thing.

The words of the young man made a fury brew in the depths of his soul. What a complete and utter scumbag.

"It's okay," he said softly, picking the little girl up into his arms.

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Ri stood off to the side with tears in her eyes. It wasn't the first time she had seen a situation like this. War Orphans were becoming more and more common place in the Elvin Kingdom.

What hurt Ri the most was that there should be laws put in place to help the families of those who lost their lives fighting for peace... but instead, orphans were treated as nothing better than slaves to be sold and traded. Whether that be because they had powerful potential and could boost the strength of a family, or because they were extremely beautiful or handsome and could warm their beds.

Dyon turned around, holding the sobbing little girl and gently rubbing her back. But, despite his delicate actions, his eyes were filled with fury.

"Because you've decided to be a slightly less than absolutely disgusting creature, I'll give you five seconds to leave this place immediately. If you test my patience, I will kill you. If you speak, I will kill you. If I see you in my line of sight after these five seconds, I will kill you. If I can hear you after these five seconds, I will kill you. Five...."

Ri was stunned by what she heard. She knew perfect well which family this young man was from, and the Grimbold family didn't take kindly to threats. But, despite what she thought was going to happen, the young man's tiger shivered, feeling Dyon's sovereign air. His will was obsolete.

The tiger, against the wishes of his master, immediately turned tail and sprinted away, disappearing in a blur of white light. Maybe it was because the young man never had any intention to fight, or maybe it was because he himself was embarrassed by his actions, he made no move to stop his beast from running.

Dyon didn't blink an eye at this as he focused on comforting the little girl. Soon, the little girl stopped shivering. She felt a gentle flow of will enter her. Dyon mixed his aurora and celestial will to give her a comfortable feeling, allowing her emotions to calm.

'You can use your aurora like that too?...' Ri was surprised, but this allowed a small smile to grace her lips.

The little girl looked at Dyon with her adorable little hands resting on his broad shoulders. Her eyes blinked, with a purity that you couldn't help but smile about.

Dyon smiled, "What's your name?"

"L- Lyla..."

"Do you have somewhere to go?"

"N-no... my parents..." the girl was threatening to start crying again.

Dyon gently wiped her tears with his thumb, holding her steadily.

"My parents died too," he said softly, "I don't have family either, do you want to be part of my family?"

Lyla looked at him with her large blinking eyes. Her little arms wrapped around Dyon's neck.

“Yes...”

Dyon smiled. “Okay, from today on, you’re my little sister. I promise to protect you like a big brother would, okay?”

Lyla’s small voice echoed in Dyon’s ear, “Big brother, what’s your name?”

“My name is Dyon Sacharro.”

Her next words made Ri break down in tears, unable to control herself.

“Okay, from today... I’m Lyla Sacharro.”

Dyon held the little girl in his arms like he was holding the most valuable thing in the world. Her fragile, petite frame soaked in his warmth.

He saw too much of himself in this little girl... So much so that he didn’t regret his impulsive actions in the slightest.

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Laughs filled the forest as Dyon held Lyla in his arms while walking along with Ri.

“You’re so beautiful big sister Ri, I’ve never seen anyone as beautiful as you.”

Ri smiled pinching the little girl’s cheeks. “You shouldn’t lie to your big sister you know. I’ll end up with a really big head.”

The little girl giggled as Ri tickled her.

Soon, they arrived at a small village on the outskirts of a large city they could see in the distance. Actually, there were many villages around the city in the distance. They were continuous with each other – it seemed that the Elvin Kingdom didn't find it necessary to build walls around their main city.

“Little Lyla, I probably can't take you into the city with me. But, I'll leave your other big brother with you, okay?” Dyon's ring flashed as Little Black jumped out.

“Well... I guess he's actually much younger than you,” Dyon said with a laugh.

Lyla seemed really excited to see Little Black. She immediately jumped on his back, happily patting his head.

“I'll make you a house and hire some maids for you, okay? Then, we can visit the big city together.”

Lyla looked up at Dyon with her wide blinking eyes. “Could you... make a house for the other orphans too, big brother?”

Dyon's heart warmed when he heard this. “Of course, I'll make a really big house for all of you.”

Ri was a bit confused as to how Dyon was going to make a house for them. But, she assumed that he just meant that he'd find a big house to rent, so she went to warn him about the expense.

“You know Dyon, houses are really expensive. If you don't have at least tens of profound stones, it'll be impossible to find one big enough to buy.”

Dyon grinned. “If it's just about profound stones, I'm not lacking in that at all. But, I was being literal when I said I'd make a house. Little Lyla, take Little Black and bring all of the orphans here. Ri, can you find me a few trustworthy people who would be willing to be paid to take care of them? Tell them I'll pay a profound stone a month.”

Ri was shocked. “An entire profound stone per month?! These people might not see ten common stones in an entire year, but you want to give them ten times that in a single month?”

“Of course, I never want them to have a reason to betray my little sister and her friends.”

Ri shook her head but complied. As she was walking away she suddenly remembered that Dyon was an array alchemist, how could he be lacking in money?

Although profound stones didn't matter to the upper echelon of royalty in the Elvin Kingdom, the standard form of currency for the poor folks was in common stones, so, to use profound stones at this level would only be done by the rich.

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Lyla happily held onto Little Black as they began to run around the village, even going to villages all around the large city. In the end, in order to carry the hundreds of kids, Little Black had to use his crystal will to carry a huge platform behind him in addition to it taking practically the entire day.

However, while they did this, Dyon was meditating. He had never done something on this scale before, and his aurora had only just reached the Lower Essence Stage. If he wanted a home large enough to house hundreds of kids, it would take quite a bit out of him.

The concept of using arrays to form tangible objects is something only those at the Lower Essence stage of their aurora could accomplish. Although Dyon's weapon's hell array could feign this if he incorporated his crystal will to them, the truth was they were still just pockets of energy at their core. To substantiate something real from something practically free flowing and illusory, required a potent amount of power.

The other problem was that Dyon had no experience in architecture or the engineering necessary for it. As such, he had to spend a few hours reading whatever books he could find on the topic within his master's memories.

Because Dyon was already an engineer and inventor by trade in the human world, it wasn't difficult for him to pick up on the nuances of civil engineering. It was the same physics, just applied differently.

Dyon took a deep breath. 'First let me clear this forest a bit and prime the land. I don't want to destroy these trees though...'

Dyon changed his mind, deciding to incorporate the forest into his design.

A platform shining in rays of gold and swirling complex patterns appeared in the sky, slowly expanding. Dyon's face was the picture of focus, he sat on the ground, his hands brought together as the fire of his aurora raged larger and larger around him in a purple gold color reserved for those who had broken past the Blossoming Stage.

The array Dyon was using was surprisingly a simpler version of the creation array found at Focus Academy. Although this raised many questions for Dyon, he had no choice to accept it. He assumed it was yet another formation taken from the remnants of the Celestial Deer Clan.

Planks of wood began to manifest from the array, coating the sturdy branches of the tall trees. Pathways, hallways, and rooms continued to appear as the beads of sweat increased on Dyon's brow.

He built exits and staircases, filled rooms with low level books from the Celestial Deer Sect and playgrounds he used to love as a kid. He built pools and sports areas. The entire structure was larger than even the village behind him, and that was all the more reason why blood was seeping out of the corner of Dyon's mouth.

However, he didn't allow himself to give up. He built massive fence structures and elaborate defensive arrays. He poured Celestial Will into the soil around the trees, improving their strength and better fertilizing the lands for food. He placed protective arrays around so that the high up nature of the structure would never lead to the death of a child.

In the end, he looked up at his work to find an elaborate tree house. It was filled with slides from room to room. Dyon had even equipped the structure with games from the human world like basketball, soccer and football. Because he knew it was likely the children had never heard of the games before, he added information transfer arrays as well.

Finally, after hours, he lowered his hands, breathing heavily as he coughed up blood.

"Big brother!" Little Lyla rushed over to Dyon, worried.

It was only then that Dyon realized he had been the subject of an audience for many hours now. He had been so focused that he hadn't noticed.

“You’re... your soul stage is already at the Essence level?” Ri looked at Dyon like she was looking at a monster.

Dyon chuckled, but was too weak to say anything. All he could do was enjoy Little Lyla patting his face to see if he was okay, he found it adorable.

“Do you like it, Lyla?”

Lyla looked at Dyon with sympathy that could melt a heart.

“I love it big brother,” she said with tears in her eyes. It had been a long time since anyone had gone above and beyond for the orphans, let alone caused themselves physical pain for them.

Dyon patted Lyla’s light pink hair while bringing her into his arms. He raised them on an array platform and turned towards the crowd.

“This is a place I’ve created for the orphans of the Elvin Kingdom. This isn’t a place for adults, and I won’t tolerate anyone pretending that it is. Although many of you need help as well, I don’t think anyone would think that they deserve more help than a child who has lost their parents. I promise you, if I find anyone doing such a thing, I’ll kill them.”

Dyon turned a warm gaze to the children huddled around Little Black.

“This is your new home now. You can eat, sleep, and grow up comfortably. I’ll find you teachers when I enter the city. But, for now, go in and enjoy yourselves. No one deserves anything less for their childhood.”

The children looked at Dyon with varying expressions. But, it was mostly excitement. The delightful sound of children’s laughter filled the village as they ran to the tree house, jumping around on the slides and choosing their rooms. Dyon watched all of this with a smile before gliding over to Ri who had a few middle-aged women with her.

“Do any of you have kids of your own?” Dyon asked them.

The women nodded. They were a bit worried and apprehensive about Dyon. Many of them had never seen a human before, let alone a human who was willing to help their children even when their own government wasn't doing the same. They thought there might be an underlying motive behind it. They weren't as naïve as children, there couldn't be anything so good in this world. So, they had their guards up.

“I've set up rooms for you all as well. I don't mind you bringing in your families and leading a good life. However, if I hear that any of you have done anything untoward, I'm sure you understand what that'll mean,” Dyon said with a serious expression.

Although he understood where these women were coming from, actions were louder than words when it came to gaining trust. There was no point in saying anything at all. The women understood this as well. At least they were willing to acknowledge that this Dyon might lead them to a better outcome than what would have been had the orphans been led to the Norville family or any of the other 8 major families of the Elvin Kingdom.

Dyon, after saying this, finally turned to Ri.

“The day's already gone, how about we rest?” He said with a smile. “We can head out tomorrow.”

Ri smiled lightly and nodded. She knew Dyon was too tired to do much else anyway, so she obliged.

'I can't help them like this right now... But I'm glad that you can...'

Chapter 127

Later that night, the shadows once again appeared around the village outskirts, but they were surprised to find high risings of fences and defensive arrays.

They had no choice but to report this back to the Norville family. The situation had changed too much for them to act.

Within the Norville family, an incomparably attractive man and woman heard the news with raised eyebrows. After being silent for a few moments, they reached the conclusion that they should instead choose to wait and see, not wanting to offend anyone too powerful for now. It wasn't like what they were doing had them in the right anyway.

"Husband, it seems we'll have to put this off for even longer," the woman spoke as her oiled naked body slid across her husband's.

The man seemed to be enthralled with her body and more focused on how silky smooth her voice sounded as opposed to what she actually said. Their bright white hair tangled with each other and their purple eyes seemed to cast a mutual spell.

The women continued, between moans, in a voice seductive beyond belief.

"From the information gathering the scouts brought us, apparently a human boy adept at formations built the orphans a home. He's even paid for their living expenses and studies. It's been a long time since I've tasted a human," she gently ran her fingers across her husband's lips.

Oddly enough, her husband didn't seem too bothered by this statement as he chuckled.

"We might be traveling to the continent for the tournament in a year, we'll get what we're both craving," he said grabbing his wife's ass and relishing in her moan as he slid her onto himself.

Their bodies began to heat up as they circulated their cultivation method. Their souls projected out of them, manifesting as majestic serpents as they twirled around each other.

She roared him with a fervent passion, forgetting about the world.

Soon, they laid in each other's arms...

"The situation for the throne is more important than a few future sex toys right now. The families that side with the king may be plentiful... at least three or four of the most important nine, but considering

the situation, they'll soon fallout. That means we'll have to be in a good position to place our family in direct line for the throne," the handsome man spoke softly to his wife, holding her closely to him.

She gently drew circles on his chest with her fingers as a smile as bright as the stars in the sky bloomed, "I think it's about time the Elvin Kingdom fell victim to its desires..."

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After Dyon rested, he ended up spending a few more days ensuring that everything with the orphans was set up properly.

He hired a few lower level teachers for them, which actually infused money into a part of the economy that had been dormant. Because of the constant wars over the past few centuries, it wasn't often that children could afford tutors. And often, if they could, they were from rich families that would have their own private teachings.

This meant those who met the requirements to teach focused on secondary occupations they specialized in rather than teaching orphans. Although many of them wished to, they had their own families to feed as well.

With the promise of money and the protection Dyon left, he was finally confident enough to head into the Elvin City along with Ri.

Holding Lyla in his arms, Dyon hugged her good bye. "I'll come back to visit you soon, okay?"

The adorable little girl nodded, wrapping her arms around Dyon's neck.

Dyon set her down and she ran off with a big smile on her face. This made Dyon feel great, so he set off with a calm heart and a wide smile.

Too lazy to go down all the stairs, Dyon directly jumped out of a window and over the fence, landing softly next to Ri.

“Alright beauty, let’s head off!”

Dyon’s words had hardly left his lips when he felt a foot connect with his ass.

BANG!

Dyon was slammed into a tree, his cheek tasting bark.

“... There’s no need to be so angry about a compliment.”

“Humph... you humans have low standards...” She said softly.

Dyon looked at her in confusion, but once they entered the city, he immediately found out what she meant. He had never seen such a collection of beautiful people. Describing Ri as subpar was almost adequate... Maybe even ugly if this was the standard of this Kingdom.

This didn’t seem to bother Ri too much though, she instead chose to happily point out all of the great things about the Elvin Kingdom.

“Elves are actually descendants of a god race, which is where our beauty comes from. It isn’t often that you’ll find an unattractive elf, which is why I find you and Little Lyla to be so ridiculous. Actually, I’m more surprised about you honestly.

“The fact you’re so handsome is probably the only reason you haven’t met discrimination yet... I don’t expect that to continue for too much longer though. You might have looks comparable to even the best we have to offer, but some people won’t care too much about that. I hope you’re prepared.”

Dyon nodded. He wasn’t too bothered by this. He was used to being looked down on. He was a commoner at Focus Academy, and now he’d be known as a human. Same nonsense, different pile.

“Don’t worry too much though, you can just do what I do and kick their asses. Very few have the guts to make fun of me anymore,” she said pridefully.

Dyon chuckled, he really enjoyed spending time with Ri, in spite of the beatings.

“Also, this is actually the only city on the whole island. Aside from the villages in the forest, the other strongholds of people are just the exclusive lands of the 9 major families. But, I doubt you’ll ever get a chance to go to those places unless you’re trying to die...”

“It’s one thing for a human to come here, to the city, but the sacred places of the families is a different matter entirely...”

Chapter 128

Dyon nodded as he listened, but he was still in awe of the city around him. The architecture of the Elves was truly something astounding. Everything seemed to be made of jade or marble, including even the simplest of shops. The flood of colors was endless, as people with reds and blues and pinks and greens in their hair bustled around, running from place to place.

The roads seemed to have no real logic to them. They could curve and end in massive fountains, or abruptly end in massive homes and businesses. Sometimes buildings would take odd shapes. Dyon saw cone shaped buildings, and bridge shaped buildings, he even saw a library that looked like a book lying on its side!

However, regardless of what it was, it would always have the characteristic shining greens of jade or the swirls of white and precious stones of marble. It gave the city a one with nature feeling coupled with a level of design and ingenuity Dyon had never seen before.

While Dyon looked around, Ri continued to speak, “Anyway, the city itself has 4 major areas while the rest could count as miscellaneous. These would be the three academies and the royal palace. Some sub areas would include the homes of major families, although the majority of those that make up those families would be on their sacred lands outside of the city, it isn’t too rare for their younger generation who attend the academies to be here.

“Not surprisingly, the academies are usually separated by divisions of major families as well. It’s very rare for a member of a major family to not attend the academy that their family backs. Because of that, the areas held by the major families tends to be near the academy they back”

Dyon perked up in interesting. “Does that mean that your kingdom is separated into 3 sub powers?”

“No, actually. The separation of families by academy is actually just an age-old tradition meant to ensure that the major families had to continue investing into the education of the kingdom. By tying their names to academies, they would be more willing to give funds to the academies because it would then become a matter of prestige. It isn’t necessarily the case that those families are allies or would band together.”

“I see... what a clever idea...”

“The academy that we’re headed to now is known as Acacia Academy. It’s backed by the Eostre family I mentioned to you before, the Ingram family and the Conventine family.”

“Mm, are you part of those major families?”

Ri was startled by the question, but immediately answered.

“No. But, I am the daughter of Acacia’s headmaster. He’s the younger brother of the king, so I guess that makes the king my uncle. My mother was actually a human, which is the reason for my normal appearance.”

Dyon nodded. “Wouldn’t that make our children a quarter Elvin then? I’d like to see tha –”

Dyon received a firm kick to the ass for that one.

“Stop talking nonsense and focus. If I don’t explain to you all the ways you could get killed and you end up dying, don’t blame me. Blame the fact you talk too much,” she said with a harrumph.

Dyon playfully rubbed his behind while smirking.

“Continue, continue. It wouldn’t be my place to interrupt royalty.”

Ri sent a glare at Dyon but continued as they weaved into and out of streets.

“Don’t expect the academy to be a cozy place. There is no comradery only competition. You’re soft hearted despite your dense killing intent. I can already tell that that’s gotten you into trouble before. If you get yourself killed for offending the wrong person, don’t blame me for not being able to save you. Not even the king’s real daughter has any power... let alone her cousin.”

Dyon raised his eyebrow at this. ‘The princess has no power? What exactly is going on here...’

But Ri didn’t allow Dyon to ask about it, “this isn’t something that the younger generation should be concerned with anyway. The adults are duking it out, and we’re still trying to find our place in the world. Nothing more. Nothing less.”

“War orphans... powerless nobles... seems like the Elvin Kingdom isn’t as peaceful as I thought it would be,” Dyon said with a chuckle.

Ri sighed.

“I’m certain that the kingdom will stabilize. And soon at that,” she said with determination.

Dyon gave a side glance to Ri as a light smile played on his lips.

‘Interesting...’

But, Dyon didn’t delve any further into it. “Are you sure this really keeps the younger generation out? Normally families fight to position themselves for the sake of the coming generation.”

Ri shook her head. “Maybe that would be true if our lives were short. But, not only do elves live for hundreds of years even if they had no cultivation, with cultivation, our lives increase exponentially. The king is already over 10,000 years old, and since he’s a Celestial Level Expert, he’s technically still quite young for an elf at that stage.”

Dyon frowned. A Celestial Level expert would indeed be able to live to 10,000, but that was the cap for a human. It seems the elves improved upon this substantially.

'It also seems like I'm dealing with real experts this time around...'

Dyon realized that much of the reason he had survived until now was because although the seniors who hated him were powerful, their level of strength was still within his sights. But, an existence at the level of the Elvin king wasn't something he could even fathom. Despite this, Dyon chuckled. He knew very well that even if he warned himself of this, his personality wouldn't allow him to bow his head.

Ri continued, "that being said, the prowess of a family's younger generation often has a lot to do with how that family is received because they would obviously be the future. Plus, it isn't like every older expert has reached the cultivation level of the king."

Dyon nodded. Honestly, Celestial stage experts were as far as the memories of his master went, aside from doa formation experts. When the sage said he had reached a transcendent level of cultivation, Dyon had assumed he meant the celestial stage... But, the more he thought about it, the more he thought that maybe the sage had truly meant something that transcended the knowledge they had.

"I'm confused... if elves live for so long... and their king is so powerful... why is there a power struggle?..."

A complicated look flashed across Ri's face. "... The king is missing and no one knows where he is. In fact, it isn't even that simple," she laughed in what sounded like self-mockery, "the king hasn't appeared in nearly a decade."

Chapter 129

Dyon started. 'For a king to not appear in 10 years... I feel like there's more to this story...'

But, Ri immediately changed the subject. Dyon didn't find this to be suspicious at all, who wouldn't feel complicated when they spoke of their missing uncle?

"Anyway, don't be a hot head and hop into the life and death arenas. Don't accept challenges to the ancient games, I suck at them because I'm half human, let alone you being a full human. Be sure to really think about it if you want to use the unique type technique, there's always the possibility of you crippling your soul cultivation as opposed to helping it."

Ri seemed to be rushing through information as they neared a massive castle like structure, except much like the rest of city, the stones were made of marble and jade.

What was even more odd was the fact that other than its basic structure, it had no other features of one. It stood in a cul-de-sac, completely out of place with the buildings around it. If it wasn't for the fact that it was hundreds of meters across, you'd never think it was worth its prestige as one of the 3 main academies of the Elvin Kingdom.

Ri smiled, seeming to enjoy Dyon's confusion.

"There's another important thing I forgot to tell you. Elves, because our population is relatively small compared to other nations, live on this small island rather than having an entire continent to ourselves like the humans do. That's partially due to infertility issues, but unimportant... The point I'm trying to make is that although the area we take up is small... well, you'd better not take anything at face value."

Dyon was going to ask Ri what she meant but all his thoughts were interrupted by his surprise. Ri had flashed a badge at the large doors of the castle, and Dyon was greeted with the fresh air from a completely different world.

The castle doors led into a field of flowers and sunlight. There was an elegant jade path leading towards the largest structure Dyon had ever seen. The fields were filled with Elvin students. They chatted and laughed, trained and sweated. The air was fresh and revitalizing. The energy in the air was so dense that Dyon's body almost bulged greedily.

After kilometers of fields, a building reminiscent of ancient times was found at the end of the path. It stretched out as far as Dyon's eyes could see in either direction and was at least 5 stories high.

Ri interrupted Dyon's thoughts, "although you can't see it now, the school building is actually a massive square. Within it, there are a whole bunch of things to do although the most popular is probably the ancient games. So, what do you think?"

Dyon couldn't speak for a while... 'all of their buildings... have pocket dimensions within them?! What kind of nonsense is this?!"

Ri's grin was wide as she watched Dyon's reaction with a bit of pride. "Welcome to Acacia Academy"

As Dyon and Ri walked along the path through the field, they were the subject of a few glances, but, nothing too substantial happened.

Soon, they reached the opening of the large square structure. There wasn't an actual door, the opening led straight into the largest atrium Dyon had ever seen. On top of this, the entire first floor of the massive square shaped structure was nothing but pillars holding up the above four floors. Within the inner space, many oddly shaped stairs connected the ground floor to the above ones.

"Oh, there's one last thing I forgot to tell you. The preferred form of currency at Acacia, and the city in general, are intent fruits, so profound stones won't do you much good. Especially since most students who attend this academy are from very well-off families."

Dyon nodded. He didn't mind too much since he had left all the profound stones he hadn't used in training with the orphans anyway.

"Doesn't matter too much, anyway, how do I regis –"

"RI!"

A shout reverberated through the atrium. The few students who were walking around were shaken out of their thoughts. Before Dyon could even react, a gust of wind had appeared by his side and Ri was no longer on her two feet.

"Headmaster?" the students in the surroundings shook their head when they recognized the one who had called out.

Dyon was stunned. He had no idea how to react...

"I've missed you! Where've you been young lady! You shouldn't let your father worry so much!"

Ri was struggling to respond, but she was being hugged too tightly.

A laugh escaped Dyon.

“To witness the fiery Ri as a doted daughter might be the best thing I’ve ever seen.”

Ri struggled to turn her head just so she could give him a scornful look, but Dyon wasn’t paying attention to her anymore. His eyes were trained on the tall and lean man beside him. His hair was a deep and dark blue that rivaled even Ri’s in length.

He was taller than Dyon by an entire head, and his presence was suffocating despite his now childish appearance. His features were sharp, and his eyes matched his hair, but all that paled in comparison to the bright smile his face had when hugging Ri.

“Dad... let go,” Ri finally coughed out.

Ri finally sighed in relief once her father set her down. Having done so, Ri’s father finally looked over to Dyon.

“Yhis is?...”

“Ah, yes, I met him while I was with mom. He’s hoping to join the academy, I was hoping you’d help him out.”

Dyon didn’t let his confusion show on his face. He just assumed that this was a story Ri came up with so that those who were listening in wouldn’t inquire as to who he was so much. The details of how they met, especially the high-level spatial ring Dyon had, might lead to his danger. It wasn’t that Dyon liked playing it lowkey at all, but he decided to just let Ri give whatever explanation she wanted.

Ri’s father raised an eyebrow, but nodded. “As long as he meets the requirements, no one would complain if he has my recommendation,” he aimed a light smile towards Dyon.

'This is what a true expert is... I've never felt this sort of pressure from the other elders.'

"Don't worry dad, there shouldn't be an issue. He has an innate aurora, there's no way he wouldn't meet the mark."

A look of surprise flashed across the headmaster's features. "An innate aurora? I've never seen such a thing before, would you mind showing me?"

Dyon smiled, the curiosity of the headmaster gave him a feeling akin to a kid of Christmas morning. Of course, Dyon had no problems demonstrating.

His eyes flashed in gold as a simple array began to be formed in front of him. Unbeknownst to Dyon, when those around heard Ri say he had an innate aurora, they had already focused their attention onto him. Whispers of astonishment filled the atrium.

Chapter 130

The headmaster clapped happily. "The split minds technique! Never would I think that a child as young as you could master it to such a level! The old fogies at the formations guild would bend over backwards to have you as a disciple!"

Dyon smiled lightly. He already had a master, he wasn't in the market for another. But, he didn't ruin the mood by saying something like that.

"Headmaster, do you not have an array alchemy guild?"

A complicated look flashed across the features of Ri's father. "This... It's been a long time since anyone has accepted array alchemy as the true form of those two practices..."

Dyon frowned. He had heard Uncle Ail complain about this on multiple occasions, but, he didn't think it would be such a big problem.

Ri's father, having seemingly read Dyon's mind, continued, "truth is, many are going with the flow of things. Someone from a long time ago decided that the two crafts were better kept separate, and they taught their disciples who then taught their disciples."

“From your question, I assume you already have a master and that this master appreciates array alchemy in its truest form. Maybe only someone with an innate aurora like you could turn that around.”

Dyon nodded, appreciating his encouragement.

“Ah, I’m sorry senior, I haven’t learned your name.”

Ri’s father laughed, “No, no, that’s due to my own rudeness. You can call me Uncle Acacia; a friend of my daughter shouldn’t be so formal with me.”

Dyon smiled, he appreciated seniors who didn’t put on airs. And for Uncle Acacia to be so powerful, it spoke to his character.

Ri smiled off to the side, “ALRIGHT! Come on, let’s choose a place for you to stay. You can’t be following me all the time. Although you’d make an adorable puppy, I’ll get tired of you.”

Uncle Acacia and Dyon smiled bitterly, fully understanding Ri’s personality. Uncle Acacia gave Dyon an apologetic look before tossing him a school badge. It was made of a simple oak and had an acacia carved into it with sprinkled colors of red and yellow, but despite its simplicity, it exuded a strange profoundness.

Dyon waved the headmaster goodbye as he was dragged away by Ri.

Uncle Acacia chuckled, walking away.

**

Dyon soon found himself alone in a room, it seemed like Ri was intent on leaving him so he could only let it be. What he found interesting though was the fact that his room was much more aligned towards cultivating than it had been at Focus Academy. Dyon was able to sense defensive formations in the wall, and also a few instant repair formations in case you were strong enough to damage the walls.

'It'll be good to practice here. Maybe I should also actually go to class... the standards of a school in a society that has Celestial experts should be top notch... maybe one of my teachers might even be at the saint level!'

Dyon's main goal, though, was to improve his body cultivation. Before he began tempering his own blood line, he wanted to first boost it with the essence blood he had now, that was the only way to gain the best effects.

'I guess I'll have to go to the formation guild eventually to deal with this money issue... although intent fruits are helpful, according to the memories of master, they also hinder later progression. I should avoid using them to learn.'

Although Dyon knew money was important, his curiosity was getting the better of him. He wanted to know what his soul would manifest as.

As per usual, Dyon ignored the set of school robes, opting for his usual sweat pants and walked out of the door.

Almost immediately, he heard the lively chatter of students.

"Did you hear? Elder Flyleaf is holding a lecture soon. If we don't hurry, we won't make it in time!"

Dyon raised an eyebrow, intrigued. 'Do people usually get so excited about learning?'

The enthusiasm swayed Dyon, so he changed his thoughts on finding the cultivation library, and instead followed the flow of students towards a lecture hall on the third floor. Much to his disappointment, the area was already filled with a ridiculous number of students.

'I might as well sit in the air then...'

Thinking this much, a formation flashed below Dyon's feet and he slowly raised himself above the crowd.

Dyon noticed a few raised eyebrows and snickers, but he ignored them. Was he supposed to just wade in with the masses when he could avoid it?

“Who is this kid?”

“Doesn’t he understand that only seniors of high stature have the right to be in the air?”

“Using a formation plate to try and circumvent the rules...”

Dyon held his chin in his hand, sitting cross legged. He was much too bored to entertain idiots who wanted to jump on whatever trend they could.

‘People need to really stop assuming that I use array plates all the time. Are they color blind or something?’

“Hey, kid. Get the fuck down from here, or I’ll get you down.”

Dyon didn’t even bother looking over. He hadn’t slept last night, so his eyelids were heavy. Wasted movements annoyed him. With a thought, his eyes flashed with gold, a silencing formation appeared around him.

Being ignored, the senior student who had spoken clenched his jaw in anger.

“It seems he doesn’t respect you too much, senior brother Benes,” a cute girl stood beside the fuming Benes, giggling.

“Would you like me to teach you a lesson senior brother? Wait... he’s human!”

Just as Benes was about to respond to a subordinate of his, the atmosphere quietened significantly as the majestic aura of a senior stifled the students.

Dyon looked up in excitement. 'This is a Saint?'

Although Dyon noticed Elder Flyleaf frown in his direction, he didn't mind too much. In an island filled with elves, it wasn't everyday you saw a human. In fact, it was practically never. The part of the forest Focus Academy used for its trials was just a very small portion of the island and wasn't a place visited often by elves.

Those that ever stepped out, were killed by higher level beasts they couldn't handle. Making it to the Elvin city, much less one of its academies, happened rarely. In fact, if it wasn't for Ri's knowledge, it would have been very likely that Dyon would have fallen victim as well.