

The Nameless 131

Chapter 131

Turning his attention away from Dyon so quickly that it was almost as though he never looked in his direction, Elder Flyleaf began his lecture.

“Today, we’ll be speaking about wills. It is well known that in our Elvin Kingdom, the understanding of wills reaches unprecedented levels, however, this isn’t because of some innate superiority of birth, but more so a superiority in philosophy.”

Dyon was intrigued. He had long since shattered his silencing array, intent on listening to Elder Flyleaf’s lecture.

“Although many understand that the comprehension of wills and beyond is inextricably connected to cultivation, most ignore the importance of the methods to such a comprehension, instead choosing to focus on tempering their bloodline or meridians. The worst part is that they’ve all neglected the one thing most important to the comprehension of wills: your soul.”

Dyon raised an eyebrow but said nothing. Unfortunately, this didn’t escape Elder Flyleaf, whose eyebrows furrowed as he continued.

“The soul is the most intriguing concept in all of creation. It’s something that isn’t tangible and can’t be found by any means other than cultivation.”

This Dyon agreed with. Even with his forward-thinking personality, many of the concepts of the martial world were hard for him to accept until he came to test them for himself. The soul was something that the human world had long since banished as a myth, only to be found in religious circles, but, Dyon was beginning to learn that maybe some of those so-called myths had truths to them.

“However, despite its enigmatic conceptualisation, the soul also happens to be our strongest connection with the world around us.”

Dyon’s eyes shone. Although he hadn’t agreed with Elder Flyleaf’s thoughts on the soul being the most important to understanding wills, he had to admit that much of everything else he said was profound.

“This is why we have a superiority of philosophy. If everything hinges on wills, and we hinge everything on our best chance to understand them, what could be more superior than this?!” Elder Flyleaf’s voice boomed through the hall, causing many students to shiver in reverence.

‘What is this?... is he trying to affect my mood by forcing his will upon my soul?... fuck off!’ Dyon’s Devour skill sapped the will Elder Flyleaf had aimed at him.

Elder Flyleaf immediately noticed this, sending a piercing gaze towards Dyon. However, having expected this, Dyon pretended as though nothing had happened. Choosing to continue as an eager student.

‘No wonder everyone is in such reverence of him... he’s literally effecting their abilities to reason for themselves, instead choosing to enforce his lectures as though they were the only truth... is this how Acacia Academy works?...’

Elder Flyleaf, noticing Dyon’s reaction and the fact he had no plans on exposing him, dropped the matter and continued with his lecture.

However, Dyon was completely turned off by this now. He had no idea why a teacher would have to use such means, but he didn’t like it. As such, once Elder Flyleaf turned his attention away from him, Dyon moved to discreetly leave the hall, intent on manifesting his soul.

“WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU’RE GOING!”

A booming voice interrupted the lecture, causing the entire lecture hall to focus one of the seniors who had tried to kick Dyon from the sky earlier.

Dyon gave him a sideways glance, before continuing towards the backdoor, ‘I can’t fight an Essence Gathering expert right now... at best I could defend, even with the improvements in my will paths. I refuse to use my last cultivation erasing pill on this idiot.’

Benes’ subordinate grit his teeth, completely angered by Dyon’s lack of respect.

"I don't know when we started letting lesser species into our academy, but it's clear whoever authorized this is an idiot."

Elder Flyleaf was content to sit back and watch this unfold, happy that he didn't have to deal with this and lower his status.

Dyon chuckled, "Idiot? That might be the funniest thing I've heard in a while..."

"Is that so?" Benes' subordinate continued, ignorant of the hole he was digging himself, "you have a complete disregard for etiquette. Not only did you have the audacity to raise an eyebrow at Elder Flyleaf's teachings, you also plan to leave in the middle of his lecture? If the person who let you in isn't an idiot, then what is he?"

Although Benes' subordinate said these things fully aware that only someone at the level of an elder could let Dyon in, by the way Dyon had been disrespecting Elder Flyleaf, there was no way it had been him that recommended Dyon.

Understanding to here and knowing that the elders above Elder Flyleaf could be counted on one's hand, it was an easy assessment to make that it was better to offend a low ranking elder to gain the favor of a high ranking elder such as Flyleaf.

However, Dyon continued to chuckle, "it's audacious to have reflective thoughts on a lecture so profound, is it? Do you know how many reasons one could have for raising an eyebrow? Depending on mood it could be surprise, disgust, curiosity... need I really go on? Considering your intelligence, am I supposed to believe you have an understanding of what emotion I was showing?"

Thinking it through, Dyon decided on this approach. He had no animosity toward elder Flyleaf, so there was no reason to be clear on what he meant by raising his eyebrow. If the elder was smart and open minded, he'd take this as an olive branch.

If he didn't, Dyon didn't mind embarrassing him because Uncle Acacia was his ultimate trump card. However, what didn't escape Dyon's notice was the fact Elder Flyleaf had said nothing, as though he were tacitly agreeing to this interruption. But, to Dyon, this didn't cross the line. If someone raised an eyebrow at his lecture, he'd feel a little peeved too.

“You! – it was clear disdain! Anyone could see that. For a lowly human to have such thoughts on a lecture by such a great elder, did you think that I wouldn’t be able to tell?! With my level of soul prowess compared to yours, did you think you could hide anything from me?!”

Whispers started sweeping through the hall, “human? When did we get a human here? Even the headmaster’s daughter is at least half elf...”

Chapter 132

The truth of the matter was that, to elves, most humans had exaggeratedly normal appearances, as backwards as that may sound. However, Dyon’s devilish level of handsomeness had made even the hearts of Elvin girls flutter, how could they assume someone who rivaled even their most attractive people was just a human? What they had failed to notice were his obviously un-pointed ears.

Dyon didn’t seem to mind the scrutiny though, his smile never fading, “your soul is stronger than mine? Really? You’ve been trying to read through my defenses this whole time and have been failing, did you think that by just saying you were stronger, it would manifest into the truth?”

Dyon’s soul had reached the Essence stage just a few days ago, whereas he had to be weary of this group of senior’s Essence Gathering strength, due to the difficulty of cultivating the soul, it always lagged behind energy cultivation.

The only reason soul strength increased with cultivation is often by it being dragged along as opposed to it keeping up. Although their energy cultivation was comparable to the Essence stage, Dyon could clearly see that their souls were stuck at the Blossoming stage. In fact, Bene’s subordinate was at a measly lower Blossoming stage level.

Benes’ subordinate gritted his teeth. He had no idea how a boy clearly much younger than him could keep his defenses up in this situation.

“Do you expect anyone to believe that a 17 year old boy would have a greater soul strength than me?!”

The surrounding crowd nodded in agreement, sneering in disdain.

“Senior brother Ryba is right, how could such a thing be possible.”

Seeing the crowds support, Ryba smirked.

“You must think that just because you can float in the air using some formation plates that you’re superior, huh? Maybe formation plates are rare in your little human clans, but everyone has access to them here! And yet all juniors have the common courtesy to understand seniority. If you don’t have the power to be in the air, you shouldn’t be up here!”

Ryba domineeringly released his soul pressure onto Dyon. It seemed he was quite confident in himself and the kind of result he would have from this. But, he was destined to be disappointed. If it wasn’t for the pointless jeering of the crowd who had seemingly already decided which side to stand on, maybe his later embarrassment could have been predicted by him.

“Look at him, nearly cracking under the pressure of Senior Brother Ryba’s soul,” someone in the crowd sneered.

During this whole exchange, Benes had a pensive look on his face as he seriously watched Dyon’s every reaction, ignoring the cute girl clinging to his arm.

“Is something wrong? Did he rile you up?” The girl giggled, holding onto Benes.

Benes didn’t respond, but his eyebrows furrowed as he watched Dyon be completely unperturbed by Ryba’s pressure. He felt that there was something deeper going on here, so he kept his mouth closed and observed. Still, none of his caution changed the feelings he was experiencing. He would love nothing more than to teach Dyon a lesson, an irrational dislike welling up within him.

Dyon smiled. “Oh, if it’s just about being able to be up here on my own power, then that’s simple.”

“Don’t be ridi – ” Ryba couldn’t even finish his sentence before his words were caught in his throat.

Dyon had lifted his hand, allowing lights of gold to flicker around, forming a new defensive array under the eyes of everyone. Then, he lightly hopped to it, sitting cross legged and continuing towards the back door.

“... That was a Practitioner 6th level defensive array. To draw it, your soul has to be at the peak of the lower Blossoming stage. So, I’m sure you understand what that means,” Dyon’s voice rang out faintly, slowly closing the door behind him as he floated away, leaving the hall in silence.

Ryba could only grit his teeth in silence. His rebuttals were caught in his throat, the veins of his forehead threatening to pop out from his skin.

Dyon didn’t even feel like giving a second thought to what happened, he instead preferred to eagerly head to the cultivation library. It was too bad he had no idea where it was, so he settled for wondering around aimlessly until he found a good person to ask.

Soon, he was lost in his thoughts as he walked around.

‘It isn’t that it isn’t true that the soul is highly important in understanding wills... it’s just that it isn’t the only important part. There’s a very important reason why you can’t understand an intent unless you break into the essence gathering stage.

‘In fact, those who weren’t considered as geniuses in their youth, probably would ever understand an intent even if they stepped into Essence Gathering.

‘The level your will reaches isn’t so much about understanding. Although understanding is important, a will is more like an aspect of the world you’re diving into. Like... someone might be able to train themselves to punch harder and harder as they progress.

‘However, a punch isn’t necessarily an art form. Thus, you could consider a martial art as a path of understanding in a will. The most basic difference between a 1st layer will and a 9th level will, is how much power it produces. The true understanding of how to use it, is where people truly differentiate.

‘It still isn’t so simple to separate the two, even then. Understanding and will level, that is. A good understanding can directly boost the level your will reaches. However, the only way to truly master a will, is by comprehending a path along with your will level...’

Dyon was fascinated by how the martial world worked. Everything seemed to be connected. Wills could temper your body and energy cultivation, but it also couldn't be understood without a soul to connect to the world.

A soul could manifest, but it seemed like that was also fueled by your bloodline or body cultivation. And for some reason, Dyon was so absolutely sure that all of this somehow connected with array alchemy... or at the very least, the philosophy behind it.

Dyon smiled to himself, 'I'll figure this all out soon enough.'

What Dyon didn't know was that Elder Flyleaf was far more correct than he had given him credit for.

Chapter 133

Moments after the lecture ended, and long after Dyon had left, Elder Flyleaf exited the hall with a complacent and thoughtful smile on his face, entering what looked like a lobby made for those of high standing.

"I haven't seen you smile in quite a while Flyleaf, what's got you so happy?" An elder dressed in similar acacia embroidered robes as Elder Flyleaf questioned him.

"I met an interesting human boy today."

There was an odd glint in Flyleaf's green eyes as he seemed to be reflecting back on every detail of his class that day.

"Human? Since when did we have humans in our school?"

"Well, it's not the first time a human has come here... although he didn't join our academy. That aside, I believe only the headmaster could have allowed such a thing to happen without us elders knowing..."

Unlike Benes and Ryba, Elder Flyleaf was far more experienced. For a human to enter their school without any elders being aware could only have been done by someone with sufficient power to ignore even the elders. At that point, there was only two possibilities, but the other was unlikely.

“The Headmaster? Well, wasn’t his late wife human? That sounds like case closed, what else could be interesting about that?”

“Even the Headmaster wouldn’t allow a human in that didn’t meet the criteria of the school. Don’t you know how rare it is for humans to have innate soul power? What’s more, this boy has an innate aurora.”

The elder’s playful expression suddenly turned serious. “Do you think he could be useful? Him being here likely means that he has no real ties to the humans...”

Elder Flyleaf let a small smile grace his lips, “I don’t know if he’ll be so easily manipulated. He completely brushed off my soul pressure earlier today, my suggestion techniques won’t be effective.”

“He brushed them off?... His innate soul strength can’t have been low then... but we’re in sore need of talent that hasn’t been influenced by higher level experts...”

“You shouldn’t worry too much about that, Erunonidan. If the Headmaster let him in so easily, I’m sure he already has his own plans. Let the chips fall as they may. We haven’t even seen if his soul manifestation will be worth nurturing. He has the looks of an elf, but, if his power base isn’t built upon the same fundamental things as us, he’ll never be properly accepted.”

Elder Erunonidan nodded. “Since he has an innate aurora, he’ll probably go to the alchemy or formation guilds right? We have supporters there, it won’t be too hard to keep tabs on him.”

“Ai, also pay attention to any heavenly signs and changes in the soul manifestation leader boards that may occur in the next few days...”

Elder Erunonidan started, “you think his soul manifestation will cause a heavenly sign to come down?...”

Elder Flyleaf’s face hardened. “He may not even be aware of how amazing he is... to be barely 17 years old, and have the ability to create a peak level practitioner array in less than a minute... his level of skill is comparable to the formation guild head already...”

Silence reigned the room.

Because of Dyon's inexperience with other formation and alchemy masters, he had no way of gauging his skill as compared to them. To Dyon, a Saint level expert who was also a formation master should be far better than him at creating arrays. However, he was wrong.

Because of the separation of array theory and alchemy, often, the highest levels formation masters reached was the peak master level – in terms of this particular world, anyway. A level that Dyon had already broken into the lower level of just recently. The advantage his innate aurora and intelligence gave him was incomparable to what other experts had.

To Elder Flyleaf, he was aware that Dyon's soul strength was nowhere near the formation guild master's, but, the ability to speed array was something he had no concept of. To him, the only way Dyon created a peak level practitioner array was by being able to draw the complete array quickly. Which made him slightly overestimate Dyon, but also underestimate him at the same time.

He overestimated Dyon's ability to speed draw complete arrays. But, he also underestimated Dyon's intelligence by not considering the fact he could create his own short cuts to emulate such an effect.

Elder Erunonidan sighed. "The best way to know if he'll be useful or not is once he's grown enough to participate in the wars..."

A complicated look appeared on Elder Flyleaf's face. He really seemed to abhor the state of things. The frustration on his face was clear. But, he could do nothing but hold it in.

"Because of these wars... we've lost contact with our king... we lost our greatest ally... the power struggles in our kingdom have reached unprecedented levels... and everyone has seemed to forget the reason we fight these wars in the first place."

"All we can do is defend our gate and hope the other races do the same. With the Royal God Clan, humans will always be the rulers of this world. We can only trust that they have everything under control."

"The previous campaign ended early because of the struggles we're having here. But, the good news is that because the World Tournament is coming up soon, there'll be many youngsters who want to

temper themselves by leading their own campaigns. We should receive reinforcements for the Gate soon.”

Elder Flyleaf nodded in agreement. “Either way, if he decides to join the Elvin campaign banner, it would do us good. He’s handsome, intelligent, and as long as he marries an elf of high standing, from the right family, no one will have anything to say.”

Despite how much praise Elder Flyleaf heaped on Dyon, Elder Erunonidan couldn’t help but be surprised.

“Are you sure this is a student you just met instead of your bastard child?”

Elder Flyleaf chuckled, “I just have a good impression of him. If he campaigns under our banner and has good results, it’ll only help us in stabilizing the throne. The traditions that have always chosen our king shouldn’t be done away with so easily. The power-hungry nobles who are so intent on doing away with our old traditions, have already forgotten why those things were our traditions in the first place.”

“Sometimes I can’t help but feel that they have the point... without the help of our long gone ally, is it even feasible to continue with tradition? We haven’t even found a successor appropriate based on traditions.”

Despite Elder Flyleaf’s determination, he had no good answer for his long-time friend. He could only shake his head.

“We must trust that things were made like this for a reason. Trust our ancestors and trust the gods we came from. They gave us our strength, our faith and our future. We can’t forsake them.”

“If only the old and devoted generation could still fight...”

“If only we could still fight...”

Chapter 134

Dyon walked around the school completely oblivious to the fact he had inadvertently become part of something much bigger than himself.

Soon, after wandering aimlessly, Dyon finally found something that resembled a library because of a sign displaying a book. Following up a spiraled staircase in the school pavilion, Dyon suddenly wondered about what Ri could possibly doing. Because of his distraction, he didn't notice the odd glances he was getting as he climbed the stairs, and couldn't be bothered to focus on whispers.

"Who's that," someone looking up asked.

"Don't mind him, if he's entering that library, it must be because he has the authority to. If he doesn't have an allowed access, then someone else will deal with his punishment, there's no need to get involved and potentially end up with our efforts unappreciated."

The students who heard him nodded in agreement. They weren't of high enough standing to really know who had access to this library or not. What Dyon didn't know, was that this stair case was a direct entrance to the 5th floor of the library of Acacia Academy. In all his searching, he hadn't managed to find the main entrance.

However, the main reason no one stopped him was the same reason those entrances never had any guards to begin with. For one, no one dared to break the rules. Secondly, access to exclusive areas of the school were decided by the amount of soul pressure you could withstand.

While Dyon was lost in thought, he hadn't even noticed that something was pressuring his soul. Or maybe, more accurately, to him, the pressure was so minuscule that it wasn't worth noticing.

The surrounding crowd could only watch in awe as a boy that couldn't possibly be more than 18 years old, climbed stairs even the best of geniuses at his age couldn't.

Soon, Dyon reached the top floor to find a small balcony with a discreet wooden door. But, he noticed the obvious lack of handle, which caused him to freeze.

'Is there another way in?'

Dyon was about to leave in an attempt to find another entrance, but then a thought came across his mind. His eyes flashed with gold and flecks of purple as he looked at the door. A small smile appeared on his face as he noticed an array formation.

It was only of the lower master level, so if Dyon wanted, he could simply bypass it, but, he noticed that this formation should have a catalyst. Thinking back to the badge Uncle Acacia gave him, he held it up to the door.

*click

The door pushed in, allowing Dyon in.

The crowd sighed in relief, inwardly praising themselves for not going after someone who had the ability to not only walk to the 5th floor, but to also have access to it.

Dyon was, of course, still oblivious to all of them. He was instead enjoying the sight of the olden style library as the door clicked behind him. There wasn't a single other person in it other than him. He could smell the old scent of ancient books and their leather coverings. Somehow, the room was devoid of any dust at all.

Rows after rows of books lined the library, yet, there wasn't a single sitting area. Dyon noticed a dark corridor at the far corner of the room, but he decided to ignore it for now, instead choosing to begin browsing through the books.

'I should find things about souls and their manifestation... there's got to be a reason the Celestial Deer Sect didn't use this technique...'

Dyon had been confused about a few things. For one, he found it odd that he only knew that the Celestial Deer Sect and the Elvin Kingdom were allies through the memories of Ava about the speech Patia-Neva gave at the Elvin Forest World Opening. He had seen nothing about such a thing in his master's memories.

Secondly, if they were really allies, and the Celestial Deer Sect did focus on soul cultivation, why wouldn't the Elves share the Unique type technique? Clearly it wasn't a well guarded technique, or else Ri wouldn't tell him that he could use it if he wanted.

That second point made Dyon a bit apprehensive. One thing he was clear on was that Ri wasn't very familiar with the human world. Which he found odd since she told him that she was half human... Things weren't adding up. Since Ri didn't have an understanding of the human world, she could very well assume that Dyon could use a technique that might only be possible for Elves to use.

The idea of this being an exclusively Elvin technique would explain why the Celestial Deer Sect didn't have the technique in their arsenal. Obviously, if humans couldn't use it, why have it?

Dyon could only shake his head, focusing on finding books about the Unique Type Technique. But, the more and more he looked, the more confused he got.

There was not a single thing about humans not being able to use the technique. In fact, now that Dyon thought about it, how could the daughter of the headmaster not have been to this library before if he could make it in?

If she had been here, if there had been anything about humans not being able to use the technique, not only would she as a half human be apprehensive about using the technique, she would have understood why Dyon couldn't use soul cultivation type attacks in most battles.

Dyon froze, this could only mean one thing: the technique was within his master's sealed memories. Which meant... the Elvin Kingdom, their relationship with the Celestial Deer Sect, and everything related, had something to do with the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect.

Dyon knew he had to check. He slipped his ring off and slipped it in between two books. With a flash, he disappeared into the ring, before he started to walk towards the Celestial Deer Sects library. He had once thought that he would never need to go there since all of the techniques he needed were given to him via the memories of his master, but now he needed to check.

After a long while of walking, Dyon finally made it to the building that held the bodies of his master and her husband. Bowing in respect, he walked past it and towards where the library was in his master's memories.

Much like everywhere else, the library was a mess. Bookcases were destroyed, books were ripped apart and thrown on the floor. In fact, to find a book on an actual shelf here was a rare occurrence.

Dyon sighed, "it'll be impossible to find anything here..."

Dyon closed his eyes, his body started to shimmer as crystals began to form around him. They slowly began to deform, manipulating themselves into a complex formation.

Dyon projected his Sixth Sense into the formation. All of a sudden, he could sense everything in the room with incomparable clarity. The use of Celestial Deer Crystals had been made obvious to him long ago: they boosted array alchemy. However, there was something so obvious about that fact that people often missed: if they boost array alchemy, can't they, by proxy, boost other things as well?

This was the amplification path of crystal will. With it, Dyon could boost his perception among other things. It was perfect for, as an example, scouring millions of books for a specific thing.

'Almost like an in real life control F function,' thought Dyon with a chuckle, sitting down in the middle of the messy room.

Hours went by as Dyon felt as though he was reading through hundreds of books at once. If it had nothing to do with the soul, he ignored it. If it wasn't a technique, he ignored it. If it didn't have the word 'manifestation' in it, he ignored it.

'Maybe I'm just being paranoid?...'

Suddenly Dyon's mind shuddered. He immediately jumped up.

Dyon soon reached a pile of shredded books. He started rifling through them until he came to one that was seemingly untouched.

'It really was here... what's the story behind this...'

In Dyon's hand, a thin six by six inch book rested. He slowly wiped off the dust on its cover and took a deep breath as he read the title.

'Unique Type Soul Cultivation Manifestation – by RR Sapientia'

Chapter 135

Dyon stood there: frozen, thinking about what the book in his hands could mean.

'Did the Elvin Kingdom have something to do with the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect? Master's filtration of her memories wasn't exactly perfect...' Dyon thought, shuddering when he remembered all the animal sex, 'I can't be 100% certain that she meant to leave it out. She probably just blurred out everything Elvin as a broad stroke, or else why would she practically handicap me? The soul manifestation technique would be and is something incomparably important to me...'

All Dyon knew was that even if the Elvin Kingdom itself wasn't involved, something from it was. He concluded that in filtering out everything that had to do with the sect's destruction, the 25th White Mother had accidentally left out important things.

She couldn't be blamed for this, whether it was giving up her essence blood, or transferring all of her memories, both greatly weakened her. This left her with a very short amount of time – a time that was even shorter considering she wanted to preserve some of her power to leave a bit of her soul in Dyon.

Originally, that soul strand was meant to ensure that Dyon treated Little Black well, but it ended up being used to save Dyon.

Because of the time and weakness, the 25th White Mother decided that it was better to make sure everything important was blocked rather than accidentally leaving something behind that would be too impactful for a currently weak Dyon.

"There's no real point in harping on this... I would have been cautious regardless, but now, I'll have to intensify that. Who I can and can't trust is all a blur right now... it's best if I err on the side of distrust."

Dyon's goal for now wasn't to solve the mystery of the Celestial Deer Sect's destruction – he accepted that there was a reason his master didn't want him to know just yet. What he didn't know was that a

large portion of the reason those memories were sealed was not so Dyon wouldn't see them, but so that no one else could see them...

Either way, Dyon settled on finding more about the current situation of the Elvin Kingdom. There was no reason for such a seemingly prosperous kingdom to have so many orphans who received no help from the government.

Unfortunately for Dyon, government help was a strictly human world concept. But, what he was right about, was that it didn't make sense for a martial world government to not seek out outstanding talents within those orphans. Although Dyon had no way of knowing now, none of the orphans he made a home for ever had an opportunity to display their talents. Something that was completely out of the ordinary.

In the end, Dyon decided to push all of these thoughts to the back of his head. He instead clutched the small and thin book, excited to see what his soul would manifest as. In fact, he thought he was about 90% certain of what it would be.

While Dyon was reading through books on the technique, he learned about how your soul had innate constitutions to it. These innate constitutions meant some people were more inclined to certain wills and technique types and paths. This happened to be the first concrete explanation Dyon had for why he learned sword will so much faster than anything else.

To him, since he had demon qilin and celestial deer essences, his speed at understanding those related wills should be the best. But, somehow, it only took him a week to reach the 7th level of sword will. If it wasn't for him purposefully slowing down his will depth increase in order to explore paths and begin creating his own style, he would have long since reached the peak of sword will and be an infinitesimally small distance away from an intent.

But, as of now, Dyon was just waiting for the appropriate time to burst through to the 8th and 9th layers. He was fully aware that he could do so whenever he wanted, but that wasn't important to him.

All this to say, Dyon was almost certain that the reason for his affinity with the sword was because of his soul. So, he was almost certain his soul manifestation would be in the form of a sword. Something that excited him to no end.

'This way, I'll be able to use the sword much sooner,' Dyon looked at the regular sword on his back, sighing. He wanted nothing more than to use the jet-black sword, but, he knew it wouldn't be right to.

Dyon began to flip through the book. It looked like the technique itself was meant to circulate a pseudo form of mind's eye, or Aurora, to communicate with the soul. Dyon nodded as he read through this, it made sense.

The entire point of his aurora was to not only store his aurora flame, but to communicate with his soul as a power fuel. It made sense to use the same sort of principle to manifest your soul. The reason it was called a pseudo aurora was because the technique barely required the aurora to be open to a single percent.

Technically, not even half a percent was necessary. Only the initial beginning was necessary, which meant no external resources but your own self was necessary.

For a person not like Dyon to open their aurora, they first had to make initial contact with their dormant Aurora, opening it up slightly, before continuing to use treasures to increase its awakened percentage. At least half of the technique was about this awakening and communication process. Dyon flipped through it quickly, obviously not needing it since his Aurora was fully awakened.

Very quickly, Dyon reached the important sections. It described a meditation technique. According to the unique type technique, the method of communication between the Aurora and the soul was different in any attempt to manifest the soul.

While array alchemy used the soul as a power source, the unique type technique attempted to project the soul with the aurora as the power source, as counter-intuitive as that might sound.

Although Dyon couldn't be sure, he assumed the differences in the method of awakening the dormant Aurora was what might change a unique type technique into a singularity type.

Chapter 136

After memorizing the concept, Dyon decided that it was best to meditate on what it meant. Although the first portion of the technique was highly specific in directing the actions one should take, the second portion was more like an explained theory. Essentially, the differences in approaches someone might take was also part of what manifested each soul differently.

Time seemed to go by slowly as Dyon pondered on the right means of soul to aurora communication. Eventually, days had passed before Dyon decided he needed a change of scenery. After a dip in the inner world's lake and a swap into new sweats and a white t, Dyon strapped the long iron sword to his back and flashed out of the inner world, immediately appearing in the 5th floor library once again.

After dealing with the awkward moment of his hand being stuck between two books, Dyon's ears twitched as he heard the sound of a distinctly Eastern melody.

'That sounds like a guqin... down that corridor?'

Dyon knew next to nothing about the Elvin Kingdom, and it didn't seem like the information he needed was in any of the books here anyway. His best choice was probably to ask Ri, but he had no idea where she was. So, Dyon decided that maybe it was time to get acquainted with more people.

'Maybe it'll be another beauty,' thought Dyon with a grin as he slowly walked to the corridor.

He found a dark set of stairs with faint moonlight wafting through as though it was a mist.

Once he reached the top of the stairs, his blood rolled as he realized he couldn't have been more right. Dyon was sure that Madeleine had gotten even more beautiful in the time he hadn't seen her. Not only would she have grown into her body more, the stronger her cultivation, the more she practiced Celestial will and the more she improved her Goddess' Disposition, the more fairy-like she would become.

But, the woman in front of Dyon right now was the most beautiful he had ever seen. Surpassing Madeleine's master. Surpassing Madeleine. And even his own master.

"Elves sure are a beautiful race..." said Dyon absentmindedly.

The girl who had been enthralled with her music, looked up, startled to find Dyon looking at her. Her long silver hair lightly fluttered under the night sky. Her eyes looked like purple-blue crystals, twinkling even in the dark. Her dress was loose and the purest of whites, yet couldn't hide her ample chest and unmatched figure.

The girl only smiled, choosing to continue playing. Dyon listened quietly, an array flashing underneath him as he sat cross legged in meditation. He breathed slowly, trying to calm the raging storm within him.

‘This is ridiculous... All I did was see a beauty and I already can’t control myself. Come on.’

Even though Dyon had grinned when he thought of beauties, Madeleine was still number one to him. Appreciating beauty didn’t mean he had to do anything with them. The trouble was his body didn’t seem to want to cooperate.

Soon, Dyon calmed himself. At some point, he began using the music to meditate on the unique type technique. His body shimmered, a fog-like opaque whiteness coated his body. His aurora began to shine a strong purple-gold, allowing his flame to appear on his forehead.

He slowly established a new connection between his Aurora and soul. The Aurora flames raged, getting brighter and brighter.

Acacia Academy’s inner world began to tremble.

The girl looked up in shock. She had no idea whether she should continue to play or not, but it was clear that something amazing was about to happen.

Dyon’s aurora lit the whole night sky. The inner world became as bright as day, flickering lights of purple and gold covering the academy.

Elder Flyleaf awoke from meditation. ‘So soon?... is it really him?’

Uncle Acacia’s reaction was much the same, a small smile playing on his lips. ‘He’s trying to destroy Acacia’s inner world? How arrogant.’

His expression turned serious after he realized this was less of an amusing joke than he thought it was.

“Call the elders here. We can’t let the inner world collapse.”

A stoic boy who was meditating near Uncle Acacia looked up in confusion, not understanding what was going on. But, he immediately leaped up to do the will of his master.

In the Elvin City, tremors began to transcend dimensions. Cracks formed on Acacia Academy's Castle, ripping tears through the stone pavement of the caldesac.

The city was in an uproar. Citizens looked up in shock as lights of gold and purple began increasing in height. Dark clouds began to roll, blanketing the moon and fighting against the lights of Dyon's aurora. Arcs of lightning flashed, dancing through the air as a pressure blanketed the Elvin Kingdom.

"This..." Uncle Acacia no longer had words for what was happening. Soul manifestation of this scale was rare. So rare that it only happened a handful of times every generation. Even now, each family might only have one or two geniuses of this scale.

In nine corners of the city, each of the major families looked up with serious expressions on their faces. Each of them clenched their fists, wondering which of the other eight families had just birthed a genius.

"Looks like the race for the throne just got more complicated..."

No one knew who said it first. Or maybe they all thought it at once. But, one thing was clear: none of them were resigned to this fate.

Within the Acacia inner world, cracks were beginning to form in the sky. Blinding light seeped through them as swaths of space and time intents flooded into the world.

A domineering aura washed over everyone. The sounds of thunder boomed, leaking in from the outside world. Arcs of lightning seemed intent on destroying the inner world along with Dyon's aurora.

Slowly, the white fog around Dyon began to expand as well, the beautiful silver-haired girl watched on as best she could, protecting her eyes from the blinding light.

Dyon's clothes shredded to ashes and his sword flew from his back, almost as though the only thing worthy of being around Dyon's aura right now was himself alone.

His muscles rippled and flexed, beads of sweat running down them. But, his face showed no sign of strain or pain. His handsome features were radiant as his hair shifted ever so slightly in the air. If one couldn't see the growing flames around him, you would almost think he had nothing to do with what was going on.

Arrogance seemed to almost drip from Dyon. The fog grew in size again and again, intent to dominate everything in its path.

BOOM!

A massive hole was torn through the canopy of the inner world, allowing the entire Elvin City to feel the full brunt force of Dyon's superiority.

Chapter 137

Space seemed to distort around his aura. Buildings creaked and the weak-willed hunched over, trying to stop themselves from kneeling to no avail.

Experts grit their teeth as they felt the creaking of their knees.

"Who could possibly be so arrogant for their soul manifestation to have such an appearance..."

Everyone's thoughts were the same. Could there really be a person with such a personality? For your very soul to manifest such arrogance, this couldn't be faked. It wasn't some fake confidence brought by backing, or who your parents were, or what school you attended. It was an arrogance borne of unyielding faith in oneself.

Uncle Acacia could only smile bitterly. "Who'd you bring here little Ri?"

The torrent of space and time was being fought against by the elders. The skies of the academy filled with soul manifestations, but even with that, the cracks seemed intent on spreading.

Elder Flyleaf had beads of sweat falling down his forehead as he looked over at Elder Erunonidan.

"I'm glad at least one person is enjoying this," he said looking over at Elder Flyleaf with a playful disdain.

"HAHAHAHAHA." A booming laughter erupted from Elder Flyleaf, he couldn't contain his joy.

The other elders looked over at the two in confusion, but, there was no time to ask questions. If the school's dimension really collapsed, there'd be untold ramifications. Although there was a failsafe that ejected everything out, if it was used, a large portion of the surrounding area of Acacia Academy would be destroyed.

However, Dyon's soul manifestation didn't seem to care. The Fog had continued to expand, reaching into the skies and shattering everything in its path. It split into two, vaguely taking form as everyone looked on in anticipation.

Soon, there was one humanoid type of figure. The other seemed to take the shape of a pagoda.

"Is that... twin manifestations?" The beauty shuddered. The rarity of the manifestation scale was even more overshadowed by there being two manifestations.

Geniuses around the city looked up, their eyes narrowing in contempt.

"So what if you have two manifestations? If you're only just awakening your soul, you're still too weak."

The geniuses would have been right, if Dyon had been an Elf. But, unfortunately, he wasn't. To Elves, soul manifestation was something done before even reaching the age of 10, with only a few exceptions. To them, there was nothing to worry about as of now.

But, there was a second reason they called Dyon weak. A reason that couldn't be washed away so easily. To some, two of something might seem better if it was a good thing to begin with. But, to a soul manifestation, two soul manifestations meant a split power. It meant two paths one could take. It also meant confusion and misunderstandings. Dyon, no matter how rare his manifestation was, had a tough road ahead of him.

The Elders frowned looking up at the slowly forming manifestations, “can he really do this...” whispered Elder Flyleaf.

He had no idea, and neither did the other elders. Only time would tell.

However, all of their doubts seemed to be instantly shattered. The humanoid figure looked down at the city, almost as though he could hear the thoughts and misgivings of what he thought of as “so-called experts”.

ROOOOAAAARRR

A piercing roar laced with musical will boomed through the island, covering every inch and sending shivers down the spine of every living thing.

A blood red aura started forming around the pagoda as it seemed to fluctuate from 7 levels, to 9, then to 12, and back to 7 again.

It formed first. Tiles of red and black covered the structure. There were no windows, only a single black door that was slowly creeping open. There was a dense fog of red and black around it, shaking with a violent aura.

The humanoid figure waved its hand towards the pagoda, causing a streak of light to fly towards it. A pillar of blinding white appeared in the vaguely shaped humanoid’s hand, slowly spreading its light to cover the figure.

BOOM!

A pair of what looked like massive wings appeared on the back of the humanoid, as the light became more and more blinding and the darkness of the pagoda loomed over the island.

‘Just... what is that...’

Everyone gasped as cracks began to appear on the humanoid figure and the pillar of light in its hand.

Some sneered, laughing at Dyon's misfortune. Jealousy bred in their hearts like an infectious disease.

"So talented yet you bit off more than you could chew. Now, you'll be losing half of your soul. Such a shame."

Many couldn't even finish their thoughts.

A resounding shock wave, alternating between blinding lights and dreary reds and blacks sent wave after wave of domineering aura through the island.

The cracks slowly began to grow, flakes of white slowly falling from the soul manifestation.

Soon, a shocking sight graced the Elvin Kingdom.

There, stood a man of incomparable handsomeness. He was like a celestial being with the domineering aura of a demon emperor.

Majestic Wings graced his back. One was a sharp and crisp black. No light could be gleaned from it. It was like an endless abyss of nothingness. The other, was a blinding white. Shining with incomparable brightness. Reigning with absolute purity.

Six circles of flickering gold and black hovered behind the being. In the center of each, vague pictures that flickered in and out of existence could be seen. The only one that was clear was the one hovering just behind the figure's head: a sharp eye that seemed like it could pierce through anything. The other circles formed a hexagonal pattern behind the transcendent being, flickering in golds and blacks that complimented the black and red pagoda that loomed over everything.

The pillar of light the figure had been holding became a sword. Domineering and dark, it flickered with lights of black and gold. An eerie fog dripping from it.

The figure itself was naked, but slowly, lights of black and red stormed out of the pagoda, wrapping the figure in a flaming darkness.

If Ri had seen this manifestation... she'd immediately know that this figure... the one threatening to destroy everything with his mere aura... Was Dyon.

Chapter 138

At the center of the city, the commotion didn't go unnoticed.

An untainted castle stood tall, covered in white marbles and green jades. Another forest seemed to be left to surround it, almost as though the castle itself was too great to be a part of the Elvin City.

Inside, a fiery discussion was taking place in a large hall filled with elders. But, only three men seemed to be speaking.

"Elder Kroak, the commotion is too much, even for a genius' soul manifestation. I'm sure you felt the pressure, it was intent on making everyone kneel! If we don't find the king soon, it's best if we consider changing the rules of the kingdom. A new tide is coming."

Elder Kroak was a stoic man. His ears were sharp, and his aura was stifling. His hair was such a bright shade of white, it almost hurt to look at him directly. Yet, despite his old age, a booming vitality could be seen, as though he was still a youth.

"I'm sure your Mathilde Academy would love that, Elder Cormyth. However, Acacia Academy will always stand by the king and the proper traditions."

This Elder Cormyth was decidedly less sharp than Elder Kroak. However, his strength lost out in no way.

Elder Cormyth seemed to expect this answer, so he was unbothered.

"Not only has the king not been seen in nearly a decade, we wouldn't be able to follow the proper traditions even if we wanted to. With the unrest in the kingdom, and the underhanded deeds of the major families, it would be impossible to test for possible successors to the throne."

Elder Kroak smiled. They had had this very same argument so often that he knew all of his peer's points.

"If that is the case, then why do you insist on the throne switching families. If it was about easing into things and following the new trends of other kingdoms, why would we switch ruling families? Wouldn't it be the best for the kingdom if the throne remained in the Acacia family?"

Elder Cormyth's expression darkened, "the Acacia family had never had the throne before the late king. They're not even a part of the 9 major families. Why would they get the throne? Just because they happened to be the most recent rulers?"

Elder Kroak's eyes narrowed. He hadn't missed the wording of the elder. "Late king", as though insinuating the king was already dead.

An Elder that had been watching their argument this entire time sighed.

"Florence Academy has been on the fence for too long... Maybe it's time we made a decision. Whether you like to admit it or not Elder Kroak, 10 years is too long for a king to be gone. When you consider the traditions that choose our king, and the destruction of Celestial Deer Sect, it's impossible for the previous order to be sustained.

"You know as well as I why the alliance with the Celestial Deer Sect was necessary. With them now gone, how could we possibly continue with traditions? That would be like us running ourselves into the ground."

Elder Kroak sighed. Although Elder Cormyth was clearly biased due to the backing of the families that resided in his school, he couldn't think the same of Elder Deryth. Elder Deryth was even older than he was and had seen many things. In fact, he was alive for thousands of years before King Acacia was chosen for power.

Seeing Elder Kroak's resignation, Elder Deryth continued to hone in on a point, "remember, even if we did manage to find a True Empath to succeed the throne, the ending would be just the same as it was this time and all those millennia ago before the alliance with the Celestial Deer Sect," Elder Deryth seemed sad as his old and wrinkled face seemed to age even further, "I will never forget the reason for

this tradition. However, even while following this tradition, it has only led to tragedy and not the result our ancestors wanted. It may be time for us to consider the idea that maybe... they were wrong..."

The hall fell into silence.

Just as soon as Elder Deryth's speech finished, a massive stone tablet standing hundreds of meters into the air began to vibrate in the great hall.

The elders gasped, watching with bated breath.

"A change in the upper regions Manifestation Tome?" Elder Cormyth's voice seemed to eek out, forcing its way out of his throat. His fists clenched, he thought that he was absolutely certain of who was making this change, 'it must be him,' he thought with a smile, 'the Mathilde Academy will flourish!'

A blinding light stormed up the tome, quickly reaching the upper portions.

"How about this," said Elder Cormyth with a smirk, "if this soul manifestation reaches the first quadrant, that family will gain the support of you two elders in their bid for the throne."

Elder Kroak and Deryth looked over at Cormyth with suspicion. The first quadrant was not something to be taken lightly. The Manifestation Tome was split into quadrants, not rankings. It would be impossible to make a ranking of every manifestation ever, thus, the manifestations were instead split into tiers.

"Don't be ridiculous Elder Cormyth. The first quadrant might be rare, but, it isn't unprecedented. Many youths will reach that level in this generation. Many do in every generation," Elder Kroak reprimanded.

Elder Cormyth's smile didn't fade.

"Just a joke. Just a joke."

Soon, the blinding light reached the peak of the tome, forcing its way to the top.

“It really is a first quadrant manifestation...” Elder Kroak said softly. He was slightly bitter. Given Cormyth’s reaction, it was likely this manifestation came from his school.

But, what really shocked the elders was that this light didn’t seem intent to stop. Normally, once a manifestation reached its peak tier, it would stop and solidify. This would result in heaven’s chosen name for the manifestation to appear on the tome.

In addition, the aura of the words would make it obvious which family the manifestation belongs to since the bloodlines of the major and sub families were so distinct. If there was no way of knowing who it was from, often, it wouldn’t matter.

However, in special cases, like the current king, his talent would link him to his ranking once he displayed his manifestation before the tome. Doing such a thing would result in the name of your manifestation being lit.

However, this light seemed too arrogant. It wasn’t content with being a manifestation of the first quadrant. It was ramming against the top of the tome as though there was another ranking. And shockingly, the tome kept growing taller and taller in response, giving way to the manifestation.

ROOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR

This was the time that Dyon’s humanoid manifestation roared arrogantly at the sky. The manifestation shone brightly on the tome, covering the entire tome in a blinding light.

“This...” the elders shook.

The manifestation wasn’t happy with the height of the tome was reaching. Or, maybe, the increase in height was too slow for it.

The manifestation began erasing everything from the tome in its fit, almost to stare down in disdain at even past Elvin Emperors and Kings. Not even sparing unparalleled geniuses. Intent on wiping the entire history for the elves for the simple fact it didn’t think they were worthy of being named with it.

The stone tome began to shatter.

“NO!” The elders boomed. But it was too late.

The blinding light of the tome began to intensify as the Manifestation formed itself into words, burning its name into the sky and bursting through the canopy of the castle.

Near the center of the castle, in a locked vault no one dared to enter, two statues stood on either side of a swirling portal. An eerie fog occasionally rolled from it, partially covering the sign the hung above: Dead King’s Valley.

Despite the majesty of the statues that seemed to stand guard, they slowly kneeled down and kowtowed. No one knew who their respect was for and no one knew it had even happened, because in the blink of an eye, it was almost as though they had never moved at all.

Back within the grand hall, the elders were shivering as they looked at the words left by the manifestation through the massive hole in the castle canopy. The tome had disappeared...

“This is just too much...” the elders all said at once.

In the city, everyone looked up at the words that hung above the castle. Despite their 2D nature, it seemed like it could be read from any direction. Almost as though the manifestation disdained the idea of anyone not understanding its arrogance. Almost as though it wanted everyone to know its name.

There, in fiery letters, marking the Elvin Sky, read the words:

‘You Don’t Qualify to Name Me.’

Chapter 139

The words continued burning in the sky. What the people looked on didn’t know, was that they wouldn’t disappear for a long while...

**

Dyon smiled to himself. It wasn't that he didn't know what was happening, but more so that it appeared like a dream to him. He had no idea his soul manifestation had resulted in such a phenomenon.

Although to everyone else this had been a simple process, to Dyon, he was constantly monitoring the communication between his aurora and soul. The number of times he felt the connection nearly break was too many to count.

In fact, it was rare to succeed on soul manifestation the first time. Often, the more powerful the manifestation was, the later in life it would be manifested. However, this didn't apply to Dyon because his aurora was fully awakened. For instance, had he been aware of the unique type technique when he was 5 years old, he could have done it then as well as long as he had a proper understanding of certain aspects of cultivation.

Slowly, Dyon's duo soul manifestation shrunk to a size more comparable to his true soul cultivation level. During soul manifestation, the manifestation would display power far beyond itself as it was heralded into the world. But, after the process was over, its sole power source would be the soul of its owner.

In the end, the sword in the hand of Dyon's manifestation disappeared into the blood red and black pagoda. The figure loomed at 5 meters tall while the pagoda shimmered in the air domineeringly at 20 meters tall.

They slowly faded out of existence as Dyon opened his eyes to find the purple-blue eyed beauty watching him intently. His sweat drenched body rippled as he felt his muscles flex as though they were getting used to a new-found power.

Dyon smiled a warm smile. "Hello."

The beauty smiled, looking down.

Dyon tilted his head in confusion until he noticed a distinct breeze. He chuckled, "you're quite bold silver fairy. I'm quite happy to be here for your viewing pleasure."

The girl's light laugh filled the library's roof top as the last light of Dyon's aurora faded out of existence.

"Are you even aware of the commotion you just caused?" Her voice was light and inviting, still carrying a hint of amusement.

Dyon stood, causing the girl's curious eyes to scan him once again as he slid on a new pair of sweats, lamenting the fact he had lost a pair until he realized he could just make new ones with his Essence stage aurora.

Dyon chuckled to himself, 'using array alchemy to make sweatpants? Who would have thought?'

"What commotion was that?" Dyon asked, curious as to what she meant.

The silver haired beauty didn't seem to be paying attention as she studied Dyon's handsome face. Suddenly she started as she noticed his ears were distinctly human.

"You're human... It's rare to see someone as handsome as you even in our kingdom, I didn't expect that," she said with a smile that seemed to outshine everything else.

Dyon could still feel endless heat coming off of himself, so he forewent the shirt and instead sat on another array, facing the beauty.

"Elves really are a beautiful race," he said softly. Dyon was imperceptibly radiating a domineering will. Usually the silver-haired girl wouldn't be so bold, but Dyon's demonic will was affecting her emotions without her realizing.

The girl shook her head gently as Dyon thought about how beautiful Madeleine would be when she reached her age. He shivered in excitement.

"You're looking at me but thinking of someone else?" The girl's lips pouted slightly. She was quite adorable.

Dyon chuckled. "A woman's intuition is truly something else... or does it have to do with your cultivation?"

The girl smiled mysteriously. "Why don't you tell me about her?"

Dyon smiled, thinking back to the elegant young lady. Her brunette hair in a bun and her crystal framed glasses accenting her shimmering gold eyes.

"I'm quite conflicted. My mother always taught me to never speak of other women in front of one. But, she also taught me to never disappoint a lady. What do you think I should do?"

"Your mother sounds like a woman that managed to be your father's only wife. I would have liked to meet her," she said with sympathy in her eyes.

Dyon smiled, becoming even more intrigued by this woman. How could she read him so well?

"You would be quite a scary wife to have. How would anyone keep anything from you?" An interested glint flashed in Dyon's eyes.

"It would depend on whether that person made me love them enough to not worry about their flaws, no?" She said with a light smile.

'Looks like I won't win a war of words with her...' Dyon thought with a small smile. That was most definitely a first for him.

"Speaking of worrying, what exactly did I do while I was meditating?" Dyon looked up into the sky, but, the night sky had already calmed. Unbeknownst to him, it had been hours since his soul manifestation stopped distorting the inner world. So, the elders had long since fixed the breach.

The girl pointed to a book that Dyon had somehow missed on the ground.

"Try moving it. I already tried while you were still meditating, but, it wouldn't move an inch."

Dyon started, looking at the ancient tome. It was embedded firmly into the ground. It was an indistinct brown color and had a normal belt latching it closed.

Dyon absentmindedly picked the book up. The girl's eyes flashed as she realized moving the tome was nothing to Dyon, 'as I thought, it's here for him. Is it what I think it is?... there'll be a huge commotion...'

Dyon's mind shuddered as he immediately felt a connection with the tome. However, something told him that he wouldn't be able to open it. Much like the levels of the Sage's tower, he could only wait patiently for the right day to come.

But, the book itself seemed to increase aspects of his soul just by being in contact with it. His perception stretched out further, and he faintly felt that his soul defenses had increased to the peak of the Essence stage although his level was still at the lower Essence stage.

Chapter 140

"Looks like I can't open it," the book flashed and disappeared into Dyon's ring. "Does this have something to do with my soul manifestation?"

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"You nearly destroyed the inner world you know... that book came after your manifestation finally calmed down. You know, it isn't polite to want a girl to kneel by force," she said in a slightly seductive tone, still feeling the effects of Dyon's demonic will.

Dyon's blood rolled, raging to the soft words of the beauty in front of him. Kneel? The image of the silver fairy kneeling in front of him was something he almost didn't want to wash away from his mind.

But, the beauty didn't let him ponder too much about it. With a smile, she rose into the air, floating away.

"I look forward to seeing your performance at the first-year ranking assessment although it doesn't seem like there'll be much suspense..."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. 'First year ranking assessment? I guess it's about time I actually do school related things, hm? Maybe this time it won't get thrown off the rails by people trying to kill me.'

Fate seemed to look down, chuckling at Dyon's wishful thinking.

'I'll need to be careful of that beauty. My standards have to be higher than this.'

Dyon wanted nothing more than to only have Madeleine in his heart. But, at every turn, there was a new beauty forcing his essence blood to rage. It was getting annoying. That aside, he could only blame himself for his flirtatious personality. But, to Dyon, just flirting with a girl had nothing to do with having feelings for them.

He was determined to respect Madeleine above all. If a woman wasn't at the very least willing to resign themselves to a life they abhorred in order to honor the life they thought he gave up for them, they weren't worthy of standing with Madeleine as one of his wives.

With that thought, Dyon stood, floating down directly from the roof and towards his room under the night sky. It had been too long since he had truly slept.

**

The next day was meant to be the ranking assessment for the newly admitted students... however, Dyon didn't show up. He was in a deep sleep he wouldn't wake up from for days.

"Jade... Why did you drag me to the first year assessment?" A girl stood near the silver-fairy, indignant at her long time friend.

Jade smiled a smile that contained a slight bit of disappointment, "Same reason the headmaster was here..." she said softly.

The girl who stood beside Jade was in no way inferior in terms of beauty. Her hair was a striking blond that matched her gold eyes, the telltale signs of a member of the Ingram family.

But now, her beautiful features went from a cute pout to a thoughtful expression. It was indeed odd for the headmaster to come to a first-year assessment. Did they enrol a genius recently? But, none of the first years had displayed talent warranting that kind of attention. Of course, there were some geniuses, but, no more than there would be in any other year.

'She can't possibly be here for Sebastian, right?'

Suddenly she flashed a bright smile. "Did our resident beauty fall for a first year? A first year okay with standing up such a beauty? I must meet him," her grin widened as she studied Jade's reaction.

Jade pouted silently, giving her friend the side eye.

"Oh my, how scandalous. I wonder how the Eostre heads would feel about this," the girl with golden eyes jogged away before her friend could hit her.

But, the hit she was expecting never came. She instead turned to find Jade with an evil grin on her face.

"You'd better be careful, Celine. Or else you'll fall too."

Celine raised an eyebrow, but never lost her bright smile.

The crowds of first years looked on in awe at the upper year goddesses. They were the only upper years there, and everyone wondered why they would come to such an event. However, Headmaster Acacia looked down with a knowing smile, 'it seems I'm not the only one who's disappointed about the results today.'

He shifted his gaze away from the beauties to the sky, training his sharp gaze on Elder Flyleaf and Elder Erunonidan. The two of them could only smile bitterly at having been noticed.

Soon, the news spread about the appearance of Jade and Celine. However, what really stirred the upper years was the fact the headmaster had showed up too. But, what confused them all was that there was nothing different about this batch of first years as compared to previous years – the champion, Sebastian, wasn't any better than the champion of previous years.

So, the question on everyone's mind was the same: who was intriguing enough to make the school's top beauties and the headmaster move?

They all collectively decided that they'd witness the coming assessments as well, just in case there was a reason. However, when the second-year assessment came and went, there was still no significant news. However, the crowd continued to grow. Headmaster Acacia and the beauties continued to show up. In fact, the number of beauties had increased. Opal Conventine had joined Jade and Celine in observing their juniors, which left everyone intrigued.

Soon, it was the eve of the final assessment: the assessment of the academy's utmost seniors – those who had studied for 4 years and were ready to continue on to their own campaigns.

However, Dyon was oblivious to all of this. His body was still radiating heat as his spatial ring glowed.

Within, the tome was floating gently, bobbing in the air. The connection between Dyon and it increased slowly.

BOOM!

The belt of the tome snapped open. The pages rapidly fluttered, but a trained eye would see that they were all blank.

The book continued wildly flipping, until eventually, it settled on the very first page.