

The Nameless 1351

Chapter 1351: Ravings

Dyon hadn't thought about that moment in a long time. In fact, to this day he still didn't know why the Elves had sealed such a fantastic treasure. If he had to guess, it might be related to their ability to foretell the future in exchange for a life... Maybe they knew that Dyon would one day shatter the seal that held it.

There were many curious things about the elves. The sudden words of the Lord Creator triggered many of those thoughts in Dyon's mind. He hadn't just gained the Soul Tome from them, he also gained two other treasures of equal value back then. The Aurora Steps and the [Dao of Array Alchemy].

The elves were truly worthy of being a race that ruled over an Era...

"No! I won't allow this!" Orcus roared, struggling with all his might. Dyon even flinched slightly when he noticed the blackened skeleton vibrate uncontrollably. "Those bastards suppressed me for a lifetime, I won't let you and your race ruin me again!"

By now, it was obvious to Dyon that Orcus was alive during the Golden Era. The so-called 'declining' Clan he referred to before should be the legendary Golden Crow Clan that once stood at the top of the Primordial Era. Although they still fell short of the Angels who were the true rulers, the Angels couldn't take them lightly either...

According to the twins, the Golden Crow wasn't a true beast, but was rather a manifestation exclusive to the Golden Crow Clan – well, this wasn't entirely accurate either, but it was the simplest way to explain these matters. Their offensive power was astonishing, and it was they who birthed the world's first golden flames. Legend had it that their bloodline manifestation was triggered by a fortuitous encounter one of their ancestors had with the Sovereign Flame.

By the time the Golden Era of Orcus came around, much like the angels, the Golden Crow Clan had almost completely declined, giving way to the Elvin Kingdom...

"If it wasn't for you bastards, I would have transcended! I would be standing on the immortal plane, looking down at you pitiful mortals!" The roar of the Lord Creator turned mad.

Dyon, who had just flipped to a page containing a flame so sinister he hardly dared to breathe, paused. This flame was the very same flame that even the sleeping Higher Existence demon tigers didn't dare to get near... If he released it now, he was certain that the Lord Creator's skeleton would disintegrate to nothingness and this would all be over. Although he wouldn't be able to use the skeleton for his clone anymore, it would be worth it.

However, just as he was about to, Orcus' clear insanity hit him like a ton of bricks. A level of enlightenment even he rarely experienced suddenly overwhelmed Dyon.

'The weakest transcendents can only live for a few billion years... Those who can boast as true experts would be able to survive several dozen billion... Only the greatest of transcendents like my grand teacher can live for trillions of years without their dao hearts shattering...

'So how did this mere Orcus, a man who so easily loses himself to anger at the mere thought of elves, possible survive here for trillions of years?!

Dyon's eyes lit up like embers of an undying flame.

The mad ravings of the Lord Creator continued. He incoherently told stories about all the times he had been thwarted by elves and how he valiantly stepped into the realm of Higher Existences even with their interference.

One had to know that the tribulation to enter the realm of Higher Existences was different from the previous three, which was why it was often left out of discussions.

When one first begins their cultivation journey, the Heavens help in any way it can. For example, when one crosses a realm barrier, the Heavens can complete a certain amount of cultivation for you. In Madeleine's case, she jumped directly to the peak of the 1st celestial stage the moment she triggered her tribulation.

Another example of this help was the disablement of interference. Unless one had a death wish, no one would ever interfere with a saint, celestial or dao tribulation. In addition, the moment a tribulation was cleared perfectly, all injuries incurred during it would be healed. Only those who fail to perfectly clear

their tribulations by being too weak or forcibly take it before they are ready suffer severe injuries – like Giralda who prematurely took hers or Hela, who was too weak.

Giralda took a tribulation meant for an eighth or ninth order celestial when she was a mere 11th stage saint. Her accumulations weren't enough, and therefore she suffered.

As for Hela, her talent was nowhere near that of Giralda, so after being caught off guard by her tribulation, she suffered injuries that took her a while to heal from.

So why was all of this important? It was because the Heavens no longer did any hand holding when one sought to become a Higher Existence. Not only could the Heavens rain down tribulations upon you, so could your enemies.

The Lord Creator suffered such a trauma. And, although he managed to survive, he didn't clear his trial perfectly. In the end, the hidden injuries left by this trial was the reason he was never able to shed the final layer of his mortality and become a transcendent.

This anger and rage followed him to this day. On some days, he managed to ignore it, but on others, like today, he was triggered to the point of insanity.

At the same time, however, it was this exact oddity that made Dyon pause his actions and close the Soul Tome. How could someone with such a vicious Heart Demon survive for trillions of years? What was the secret? If he could figure this out, he could win this battle.

Heart Demons were an enigmatic existence in the martial world. Since the cultivation of spirituality could breed good things like battle intent and refined killing intent, why could it not breed bad things as well? While the former two were very helpful in cultivation, a Heart Demon was detrimental. The worst kinds can immediately cause the destruction of one's Dao Heart and even death!

Chapter 1352: Cheap

Interestingly, though, Heart Demons weren't always bad. When paired with the right person, it could be a source of motivation and strength, even increasing cultivation speed and steadying will power and perseverance.

Dyon had such a Heart Demon that he had yet to rid himself of to this day. In fact, he had experienced numerous Heart Demons in his life.

His first was when he was forced to watch Madeleine be taken away by her former master. He had pretended not to care at the time, as though it was his decision, but he knew how he truly felt about the matter.

The second Heart Demon Dyon faced revolved around his parents. This was a Heart Demon he was able to set down and rid himself of after facing the entity for the first time. He finally resigned himself to stop chasing after their resurrection and live his life for the loved ones that still lived.

The third was his guilt over the destruction of the Mortal Realm. To this day, he still felt guilty.

Still, the greatest Heart Demon Dyon faced and one that plagued him to this day revolved around his black flames. The dao comprehension he gained from them forced him to the point of suicide. If it wasn't for those of the Mortal Clan reaching out to him, he would have died without a doubt.

'Is that what it is?' Dyon's eyes sharpened. 'Could it be that Orcus is experiencing something similar to the effects of the Sovereign Heart? Is it really just a coincidence that the Sovereign Heart and the Sovereign Flames share half a moniker? Could this be related to why he can use Presence without a body?'

Dyon looked back at his still struggling wife. The four beast babies also did their best to support, using a secret technique of the Beast Masters to share their energy among one another to help Biibi sustain Madeleine.

'I can't delay anymore, I have to take a risk.'

In that moment, Dyon did something absolutely foolish. He directly sent his divine sense toward Orcus, knowing fully well that if the remnant spirit lashed out with his Presence, he would suffer untold damage to his soul...

Due to his incoherent ravings, Orcus didn't seem to notice Dyon's suicidal actions.

"... I fought them with all my might! Gya, gya, gya! Those bastards really didn't want a genius like me to become a Higher Existence, but my Black Bone Army was too ferocious for them! I slaughtered elf after elf, drowning them in blood and death! With every one that fell, my dao of death only grew stronger! Gya, gya, gya! ..."

It was at that moment that Dyon saw what he was looking for. In the barely formed, vague nascent soul of Orcus, within its small fetus-like chest was a small ember, scarcely flickering. In fact, this small ember looked almost exactly like the planted seed of a Sovereign Dao Heart! However, it was somehow far more powerful even in this embryonic form.

'That's it!' Thunder clapped within Dyon's mind. 'This Lord Creator has long since lost his mind. He knew this would happen, so he had already planned a replacement! This replacement was the seed of the Sovereign Flame. If it wasn't for this, he would have lost his mind already.'

Normally, when the Heavens helps someone form a Legacy world, it also makes contingency plans to preserve that person's life to not lose themselves to madness in the stream of time. However, this contingency plan entailed putting the world's owner to sleep until someone found their world. It was similar to what the Higher Existence demon tigers were undergoing now.

However, in order to accomplish his goals and slowly refine the Sovereign Flame and his new body, Orcus had to stay awake!

Every time another genius of the Flame Dao died, Orcus would steal the root of their unique flames, slowly feeding the seed of this Sovereign Flame for trillions of years. Now, although it was on the verge of being born, Orcus paid the price of his mind for it!

The Sovereign Heart... It was just a cheap imitation of this Legendary Flame!

Dyon took a deep breath. Even if he now understood the root cause of all of his problems, that didn't mean he understood what actions to take now.

Suddenly, something within him beckoned. Those ancient mutterings of Soul Quintessence reached across the bounds of time.

Dyon's expression turned blank, his eyes dulling.

Within his inner world, his meditating nascent soul shifted. In place where his dao heart shattered, a black hole took over. However, one wouldn't be able to focus on anything but the fluttering eyelashes of the small seven-year-old golden boy.

The golden soul's eyelids slowly parted before closing, causing a beam of light to charge through Dyon's Mind's Eye, shattering the space and forcing him to cough up blood.

Dyon didn't seem to notice that his chest was now covered in his own crimson liquid, he hadn't even moved or made a sound.

The fluttering continued. Each attempt was like another blow to Dyon's psyche. His wings forcibly retracted themselves into his back and his body seemed to shrivel up.

If Dyon was conscious, he'd be confused. The last time his soul opened its eyes, it blew a hole through Earth itself, forming an empty space that went on for millions of miles in a mere split second. However, he hadn't suffered any damage at that time. So what was so different now?

"Dyon!" Madeleine suddenly realized there was something wrong with her husband. But she couldn't move. It was already taking her everything just to continue even with the support of the beast babies. If she left now, Orcus would break out and it would be unlikely for them to get a second opportunity.

In the first place, they had caught him off guard. But, now that he knew Madeleine could manipulate life essence, he would be wary of it. Back then, he had been so focused on what he would gain from Dyon becoming his corpse soldier that he had grown arrogant and ignored everything else around him. Even when he saw the arrow, he thought he could easily deal with it. He wouldn't make the same mistake twice...

The pulsing lights within Dyon's Mind's Eye continued. By now, his frame had visibly shrunk. If it wasn't for the loose and pale skin that hung from him, one would assume that not one, but two skeletons were fighting each other.

'Little sister you think...' Little Yang started.

Chapter 1353: Groggy

'It seems he's awakening a bit...' Little Yin muttered. 'Dyon misunderstands. The last time his soul's eyes opened, it was accompanied by one of his Divine Chains snapping. It was the residue energy from that chain being destroyed that created that inconceivably large hole. If it hadn't been for Dyon's soul opening its eyes back then, let alone a pillar of nothingness stretching for millions of miles, at least half a quadrant would have been eliminated by the breaking of that chain...'

'We need to move everyone away right now.' Little Yang said quickly. 'Something big is about to happen.'

'Mm.'

Under the resistance of Madeleine, the twins used the help of the beast babies to bring them all away, rushing outside of the throne room and out of the third phase castle entirely.

It was at this moment that Dyon's arm suddenly raised, focusing a level of soul qi that was inexplicable into a single finger and shooting it into the eye sockets of the still raving Lord Creator.

The endless madness of Orcus froze in time. It seemed that all that was left in existence was a finger ripping through space.

Spatial qi tore through the air like the blades of a sword. Color disappeared, replaced by endless black and white even as reality itself seemed to collapse.

"You..." These were all the words Orcus could say before an otherworldly strength tore him in half, grasping onto the seed that lay in his chest and taking it for its own.

Even after this happened, Orcus was still alive. The vitality of a Higher Existence wasn't something Dyon could comprehend at his current strength. For someone who had cultivated an undead body like Orcus and had even been able to transfer that nature to his soul, as long as the smallest piece of him

remained, it was only a matter of time before he was rejuvenated. If it hadn't been for this plan of his, he could have lived several dozen million more years before meeting his end.

However, this wasn't a simple matter of healing anymore. Without the sovereign flame acting as his dao heart, Orcus suddenly felt lost. The blow of losing something he had labored over for trillions of years hit him even more severely.

"No..." The air of an expert was no longer with him. The perpetual and looming Presence dissipated into nothing. Even the killing intent Dyon made hesitant to enter went up in a puff of smoke.

His spirit shattered. The despair of having nothing to live or fight for was too much for him to handle. The life force of a true expert disappeared into the wind.

At that moment, a seemingly small ember erupted within Dyon's mind's eye. A change Dyon was unconscious to overwhelmed his body, forcing it to undergo something many had only been able to dream of.

However, this wasn't a feeling he was allowed to bask in. In the next instant, Madeleine watched in horror as half of the third phase castle was destroyed.

It wasn't by anything within... Rather... Dyon's celestial tribulation had descended. Pillars of fiery hell illuminated the already reddened skies.

Dyon groggily awoke to raging tribulation clouds above. He blinked in confusion, somehow feeling that something was different about himself, but he was far too weak to think about it. He felt like he would collapse if he took a single step. There was hardly an ounce of energy within him.

To make matters worse, he couldn't communicate with his soul. His mind's eye felt empty and he couldn't contact his manifestations. Even his wings wouldn't respond to his call and his inner world felt unresponsive. It was only after numerous tries that he finally managed to stir and cause a change within his inner world, but even then it was far slower than it usually was. What once happened in an instant took several seconds now.

Dyon suddenly felt that he couldn't sustain his body weight at 106 000 000 jin. Without much of a choice, he could only lower it back to 10 000 jin before he could just barely raise his head again.

"Whose... Whose tribulation is this?" Dyon's mind was still covered by a fog. He felt that his thinking speed had been inexplicably dulled as well. "What happened?"

Dyon's first thought was to move out of the range of these angered clouds. He couldn't help but wonder just whose tribulation could cover so many miles.

"Huh?.. Why are these clouds following me?" Dyon's expression suddenly changed. "Son of a..."

BOOM!

Before he could even complete the sentence, a flame pillar spanning several dozen miles descended from the skies, crashing into Dyon's body.

Madeleine covered her mouth in horror as she watched Dyon confusedly receive a strike that could instantly obliterate a higher celestial. Tears fell from her eyes, but she knew that rushing forward would only make matters worse.

Normally, individuals would only take their tribulation when they were in peak condition. However, not only was Dyon not in peak condition, he wasn't facing a normal lightning tribulation, but a Fire Tribulation!

"This is the Nine Purgatories of Hell Tribulation... Dyon really pissed the Heavens off..." Little Yang muttered.

The Nine Purgatories of Hell was the third ranked Fire Tribulation in terms of difficulty and power. Normally, such a tribulation would only appear during a dao tribulation of an exceptional genius or during the final levels of the Transcendent Staircase. For it to appear now, it could only mean that the Heavens still remembered that Dyon didn't truly complete his saint tribulation.

To make matters worse, because the Heavens were angered, Dyon once again didn't receive its help in cultivating. This meant that just like he had to take his saint tribulation as an essence gatherer, he now had to take his celestial tribulation as an injured saint!

Dyon crashed down from the skies, falling several hundred miles without even the ability to control his own descent. The pillar remained attached to his body, as though it wouldn't be satisfied until it could slam Dyon to the earth below itself.

BOOM!

Chapter 1354: War God

A mixture of blood and organs flew from Dyon's lips. The crimson mixture was so solid that it could have depicted a massacre on its own.

Still, none of this described the sheer horror of the flames Dyon was enduring. The heat was like nothing he had felt before, even the star they faced to enter this mystical world paled. Although it was true that they never faced that star's true might, Dyon's feelings weren't unwarranted.

Dyon's skin charred black. He felt too weak to even lift his head, too weak to even circulate his energies to block. He withstood the full brunt of the first purgatory, not even receiving the grace of a moment to breathe before a second, larger pillar descended.

Vast expanses of land were laid to waste. Aside from Dyon's practically crippled body, nothing existed besides destroyed forest as far as the eye could see. Even if the foliage didn't directly suffer the impact of the flames, the residual heat was more than enough to incinerate everything to ash.

A third pillar descended. Then a fourth. And a fifth. By the sixth, they no longer came down in the form of a pillar, but rather took the form of ancient flood dragons, descending from the skies with scales of crimson rubies and roaring toward Dyon as though to remind him that this was the consequence of going against the Heavens.

How dare you forcibly shatter Our tribulation? How dare you cross the sainthood boundary without Our consent? Weren't you very arrogant then? Why haven't you raised your head now?

The seventh purgatory descended. Twin scarlet flood dragons twisted around each other, their roars resounding through the skies as they drilled through the air.

The eighth purgatory didn't wait, the red-gold clouds trembled as a demonic Hand slowly tore the skies apart. If Dyon's eyes had been open, he would have been reminded of the first time he saw the entity's true body... It was just a hand, emitting a heat that he couldn't comprehend... One filling him with an unquenchable fear...

The massive Hand grasped at the air. The heat from the surroundings gathered even as the ground shattered below.

A halberd formed – The ninth purgatory.

The skies split apart, tearing into two halves as the Hand swung downward. A vacuum of hot wind shot upward.

Dyon's chest heaved. He suddenly felt like he couldn't breathe, like all the matter in an around him was being pulled away. And then, his blackened, charred beyond recognition of a body suffered its last blow.

BOOM!

An almighty halberd descended from the skies. If this scene had to be depicted in just one word, there was none more fitting than Armageddon.

Devils seemed to cackle in the skies, a dividing line of bad and evil split the mystical world in half, and a sea of fire overwhelmed the ground. There didn't seem to be a path to life under such a tribulation. How could a human, let alone one already nearing the gates of death already withstand such a blow? If the first strike could already turn a higher celestial to ash, the cumulation of the seventh, eighth and ninth was one even a pseudo dao expert would be forced to take seriously.

However, the enraged Heavens neglected to consider one point.

From the time the Golden Flame Mystical World first opened to this very day, the remainder of the Golden Crow Clan slowly allowed news of its mysteries to permeate. Legends, folk lore, and secrets of the Sovereign Flame were disseminated to the masses. Just why was this?

Since its creation, this very world had opened almost more than 10 000 times, once every few million years. Every time this happened, only the greatest Fire Dao geniuses would pass the test to be allowed in. And, every time they were, the death count would reach an unholy number.

What Orcus wanted wasn't the pitiful comprehension of mere celestials, what he wanted were the unique flames that could only be birthed to geniuses. Only by compiling them and fusing these unique flames together could he form the seed of the Sovereign Flame and give birth to the first ranked flame in all of existence.

Time and time again, Orcus would shatter the hopes and aspirations of young geniuses, ripping out the root of their talent to satisfy his depraved needs. While their deaths also fueled the restructuring of his body, what he always sought after was the birth of this flame.

The Nine Purgatories of Hell Tribulation wasn't just the third ranked flame tribulation, it was powered by one of the most destructive flames to ever exist, a flame that wouldn't rank any lower than the top three in offensive power, a flame backed by the rage of the Heavens themselves.

So, what would a Sovereign Flame seed on the very edge of awakening do in the face of such oppressive power? Wasn't this like placing a meal before a starving person? Like giving a glass of water to a woman who spent the last months of her life in the driest place in existence? Or like placing a naked woman in front a man who had just taken an aphrodisiac?

While Dyon's body took the brunt of the pressure, in truth being just a hair's breadth away from being burned to ashes, the Sovereign Flame greedily ate the residual Purgatory Flames, basking in it time and time again like a complete glutton.

The golden seed pulsed. Every time it did, a radiant ring of gold would emit from Dyon's charred body.

The skies trembled. It was obvious that the Heavens wouldn't wait for the Sovereign Flame to finish its deed. Even as hundreds of miles worth of Purgatory Flames surged into Dyon's body, a bronze door decorated with feats of War descended slowly from the skies.

Dyon's body continued to lay unmoving. His limbs had shriveled up to stumps and his face was completely unrecognizable. Whether he knew his second of three trials was coming was completely up to anyone's guess.

Little Yin's face contorted when she looked toward the descending bronze doors. They loomed over a kilometer high and several hundred meters across. The stories of war that etched across its surface were like nothing any of them had ever seen before. It was as though their consciousness was thrust within with every image their gaze laid upon.

"War God Heart Trial? It's actually the first ranked Heart Demon Trial in existence..."

Chapter 1355: Fear

If anyone else had been there, they wouldn't possibly have the answers Little Yin and Yang did. Whether it be The Nine Purgatories of Hell, or this War God Heart trial, both hadn't appeared in several billion years, at least not within the tower quadrants. For two of them to appear now, it seemed the Heavens really did want to eradicate Dyon.

"War God Heart Trial? What is that?" Madeleine asked worriedly.

A complicated flash lit up the eyes of the Hamster twins. However, seeing the exhausted expressions of Madeleine and the beast babies, they couldn't bring themselves to ignore the question.

"Very rarely can an individual kill without guilt or remorse. The only exceptions are in the cases that someone is absolutely evil or absolutely confident in their own martial way. Such cases are incredibly rare..."

"For the War God of the past era, his ancient constitution practically made him nigh undefeatable, but he too, much like others who gained ancient constitutions, never transcended.

"Each ancient constitution has its own tribulations attached to it. Because those with ancient constitutions are so special, the Heavens are forced to create new Tribulations specifically for them. The

War God trial Dyon underwent last time was only one of the tribulations – of nine – that the true War God faced.

"The War God was among the greatest ancient constitution wielders to ever exist. Of his nine tribulations, he faced eight which is why his created tribulations number the most among those with ancient constitutions. As for the others, they didn't survive long enough to require the creation of more.

"However, this tribulation was what defeat the War God in the end. When he was just a single step from becoming a dao expert, he fell...

"According to History, the mournful cry of the War God resounded through all of existence. In fact, the Ancient Battlefield that connects the now to the beginning of time likely contains a trace of his rage to this day."

Madeleine suddenly understood something as she gazed down at Dyon's charred body. She remembered that when Dyon told her about his war against the Grand Templar Sect, the Battle Prince that had been in his mind's eye at the time told him that the War God never accepted the True Name of his constitution. Instead, he disdained the name, wanting to call himself Battle God instead.

However, when Madeleine heard those words back then, she frowned. This 'War God' wanted to accept all that came with being supreme and unmatched in one on one combat, but didn't want to be stained by any of the blood that came with it. Instead, he chose to completely dissociate himself from the title of 'War', knowing well the devastation and negativity tied to the word... He was a Coward!

Madeleine's fists clenched. Her husband wasn't so spineless that he tried to downplay the blood on his hands by using meaningless plays on words. Her husband was far better than this so-called War God turned Battle God from fear.

The bronzed doors descended from the skies. As though called upon by the Gods, its aura shook the very space it sat in. Somehow, it seemed to be caught between the bounds of fiction and reality, flickering with illusory and oh-so real lights.

Dyon had only just realized that this tribulation was his own. He could not see anything due to his eyelids being melted together, nor could his divine sense stretch outward due to his unresponsive soul,

so he had no idea what was happening around him. His everything was consumed by an undying pain that wracked his body.

His muscles, or whatever cheap imitation that remained of them, refused to listen to his commands. Even when he tried to communicate with his inner world once more to slowly heal himself with the Holy type energy he had accumulated, he found that process to be even slower than it had been before. It definitely didn't help that his meridians were in shambles.

The feeling itself was horrible. He saw nothing but a dense blackness, heard nothing but an empty white noise he assumed his brain imagined, and felt nothing but an abyssal pain that could only have originated from the depths of hell itself.

Dyon suddenly laughed. Although it came out sounding even more horrid and deathly than Orcus' grating laughter, it was a genuine laughter nonetheless.

He found this entire situation funny. Hadn't he just been on top of the world? In the last almost three years, he had done nothing but win. He had an inconceivable amount of treasures sitting at his fingertips, he had his beautiful wife by his side every day, and he finally felt like he saw a road to victory for the impossible task that lay ahead of him.

He took everything into his own hands, even the plans of a Higher Existence, laid for trillions of years, fell before his designs. Everything was his. Yet, this petty, childish, and infantile so-called Heavens chose this very moment to shoot him down.

Dyon had heard of tribulations being forcibly triggered after they had been avoided for too long, but who knew that he would be unlucky enough to be struck down at his weakest moment? How was he supposed to defeat a tribulation when he couldn't even see?

Who else in all of existence could claim to have been sneak attacked by the shameless Heavens if not Dyon? If he didn't know better, he would have assumed that he was being thwarted by an arrogant young master instead of the so-called Heavenly Laws.

"Screw you." Dyon muttered.

With a thought, a wrist band of dense black appeared on his wrist. It was too bad that his body was so badly mangled that unless one looked closely, it was impossible to tell where his skin stopped and the Dragon King started.

At that moment, an ancient laughter filled Dyon's ears. 'Look at you. You only call me out when you're about to die, nowadays. Are those Purgatory Flames? Tsk, the Heavens really don't like you. I didn't face such flames until I climbed my Transcendent Staircase.'

'Just tell me what's happening, I can't see.' Even Dyon's message to the Dragon King lagged. He could barely circulate his energy, how could he efficiently communicate?

Chapter 1356: Heart Demon

'Seems like it's too late, but you're lucky. At least you won't have to move...' These were the last words Dyon heard before the bronze doors opened, shining down on his body. He couldn't help but snort at the idea that he was lucky.

'Lucky my a—'

Dyon's thoughts were cut off as he was thrust into a world he immediately recognized as his home. No matter how much time passed since then, Dyon had never called another place by such a title. Not when he survived the events of the World Tournament and not even when he reconquered the Soul Rend Sect.

This home... It was the place he shared with his parents when they were alive.

The streets were paved in concrete, the light posts stood five to six meters in the air, and well-maintained suburban houses, some of which even had white picket fences, lined the culdesac. The atmosphere was seemingly harmonious and peaceful.

Dyon stood in the streets blankly, his feet adorned with black flip flops he hadn't worn in ages, and his typical black sweatpants and crisp white T.

Unlike when he took the True Empath trials when he first met his Grand Teacher, Dyon was fully aware that none of this was real. He wasn't entirely certain if he was meant to be this aware or not, but that didn't stop his heart from feeling heavy – and maybe that was the point.

Outside of the trial, Madeleine and the beast babies watched on nervously.

"Just what will he face in this trial?" Madeleine couldn't help but ask.

"The War God foolishly didn't recognize the True Name of his constitution, even changing it to Battle God and creating a Title Legacy. When he faced this trial himself, no one is entirely certain of what he saw, but many guesses can be made." Little Yang said solemnly.

"Because he disdained the concept of War, he never put into perspective the kind of reverberating effects his actions had. He wanted to see battle as a single event in a vacuum, a place where he could vent his inner urges confidently then forget about what occurred the next day.

"However, true battles, or Wars, aren't like this. For every action, there's a reaction. For every death, there's a mourner and for every debt, there is a collector.

"What Dyon is facing now are those ripple effects... There are two possible outcomes. Either he's self-aware enough to accept the consequences of his actions, or they'll bury him."

'A Heart Demon trial, huh?' Dyon looked around with placid eyes. 'Maybe a few weeks ago, before I shattered that glass house of a dao heart I would fear such a trial. But, now?'

The scene before Dyon's eyes shifted. The serene atmosphere became painted with blood and gore.

The once pristine homes lay in a pile of their own waste, the perfectly paved road became cracked and splintered, all while the bodies of their owners were strewn to the ground.

It didn't take much for Dyon to understand what he was seeing. Back then, it was because he enraged Matriarch Niveus and used his Celestial Puppet to kill her that she retaliated in this way. She slaughtered an entire Clan of people simply out of spite and bitterness.

Dyon had no idea he was undergoing another War God trial, but if he did, he would understand. The so-called Battle God of the past would have seen his battle with Matriarch Niveus as a victory, he wouldn't have looked toward the reverberating effects it had. However, Dyon always had, in fact, he still blamed himself to this day for the matters of that time.

If only he had been stronger, he could have blocked that desperate strike. If only he had been stronger, he would have killed her in a single blow and disallowed that strike from happening at all. If only he had been stronger, wouldn't everything become as simple as flipping over a hand?

While the Battle God would have been shocked by the scene before him due to the fact he never thought about the consequences of his actions, Dyon thought about the consequences of his everyday. He no longer fought for just himself, he was no longer that teenage boy who had lost all of his family and only had himself to answer to. He had wives and friends, he would one day have children and an empire. That sort of immaturity had left him long ago.

The lesson the War God Heart trial was trying to teach Dyon was one he had already learned on his own.

Back when he left Focus Academy, he had done so in a blaze of glory. He single-handedly defeated eleven geniuses on his own, even crippling and killing the young masters of several God Clans. Yet, what had happened when he returned from the Elvin Kingdom?

First, he found that Focus Academy had disbanded. Without Focus Academy to rely upon, the Bai family was forced to relent under the pressure of the Daiyu and marry Meiying off to Chenglei.

After that, he found out that the Big Sects took out all their anger on Eli's Viridi family. They ended up being sold off as pill slaves, an experience Eli wouldn't have survived had it not been for the fact he was a Heaven's Child.

Then there was Delia and Patia-Neva. Because of his actions, their perfect cover was destroyed, forcing them to relocate. Delia then joined the ranks of the Niveus Sect headed by Matriarch Niveus while Patia-Neva went into hiding.

His actions, the very actions he had been so proud of, effected the lives of at least three people he cared for dearly in terrible ways.

'This lesson is one I've already learned, and it's one I'll never forget...' Dyon closed his eyes.

The images continued to quickly change. Scenes of G Man's death, the struggle of the remainder of the Mortal Clan, and even some unexpected scenes filled Dyon's mind.

Chapter 1357: Compatible

Dyon saw images of Lionel and Evelyne struggling in the outskirts of an unknown territory. With Lionel being a cripple now, having been stripped of his Belmont bloodline, he could only rely on Evelyne. Oddly enough, the makeshift couple stayed together despite their struggles.

Then Dyon saw images of Lilith and Sokzac, as well as the other Devil Path geniuses. They muddled about their newfound Sect, suffering hardships while trying to keep their true power hidden.

Sokzac frequently fought unwinnable battles, trying to protect not only his prestige, but that of his fiancée as well. It seemed that Lilith's heart had grown a soft space for Sokzac within, even more profound than it had been back at Soul Rend Peak.

Asyna, the dark elf, was especially affected. It seemed her loss to Dyon fueled her to greater heights, pushing her forward with a ferocity. She trained harder, sweat more, bled more, she left nothing on the table, giving it her all.

But then there were scenes Dyon didn't fully understand. Like sights of the secluded Kitsune and their unknown new Void Clan Head.

The scenes continued to shift, as though trying to find something that effected Dyon greatly. However, it failed. Despite being despicable, the Heavens were forced to follow its own rules. The War God trial was meant to make a genius aware of the consequences of their actions. Therefore, it was unable to use Dyon's parents against him since their death weren't as a consequence of any actions he, himself took.

For the Battle God and anyone else who shared an unbridled arrogance, this trial would shatter them wholly. However, Dyon didn't seem effected at all.

Unfortunately, the Heavens would never allow things to end like this. When the scene shifted to Jade's ice sculpture and the Heavens detected the ripple in Dyon's heart, it immediately latched on, refusing to let go.

The scene of Dyon walking to the top from the Acacia Academy Library overwhelmed his vision. Suddenly, he could no longer control his actions. Instead, he was thrust a life he could only watch.

At this time, Dyon's manifestation had just awoken and set the Elvin Kingdom ablaze. Yet, while everyone else was losing their minds trying to figure out the owner of the arrogant words in the sky, he was sharing a calm, sweet moment with a silver haired beauty...

~Dyon smiled a warm smile, "Hello."

The beauty smiled, looking down.

Dyon tilted his head in confusion until he noticed a distinct breeze and his lack of pants. He chuckled, "You're quite bold, Silver Fairy. I'm quite happy to be here for your viewing pleasure."

The girl's light laughter 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?"~

Jade's opal eyes swirled with beautiful colors, blinking as she awaited Dyon's answer. She found this human quite interesting. Despite his words making him seem like a playboy, she could see into his mind quite easily. As such, she knew quite well that even if she made the first move, this mysterious young man would reject her for the sake of the woman he was thinking of now.

This made Jade incredibly curious. Not only was she a beauty by human standards, but even within the Elvin Race, aside from maybe some ladies of the desire-filled Norville family, none could match her looks. In fact, she could see the image of the woman within this mysterious man's thoughts right now.

Although she was truly beautiful, she had yet to mature, being only about 17 years old. As such, it was impossible for her to match Jade as things stood now.

'Could there really be such a pure hearted man?' Jade thought, her heart beat involuntarily quickening as she looked into the mysterious young man's hazel-green eyes.

~Dyon smiled, thinking back to the elegant young lady. Her brunette hair in a bun and her crystal framed glasses accenting her shimmering golden eyes, "I'm quite conflicted. My mother always taught me to never speak of another woman 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? How did she know that his mother wasn't alive to meet?~

Jade's sympathy wasn't faked. She truly felt her heart ache. Despite Dyon's nonchalant mentioning of his mother, she could clearly feel the pang in his heart when she was mentioned.

This was a kind of pain Jade was all too familiar with. Although she herself hadn't faced any hardship in her life, the pain of others always became her own. Right now, it was as if it was her who lost her parents and not Dyon.

As for Jade's parents, those so-called Clan Members of hers tried to hide it, but she was well aware that her parents were long gone. They tried to keep her mentally stable by giving her those phony foster parents, but her abilities were far beyond even what they thought. She had long since seen through them, she could also see how they used her as nothing but a tool...

~"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. ~

Jade's smile bloomed when she heard Dyon's thoughts.

'We're so compatible in the way we think...' She couldn't help but think to herself. 'We're both witty and playful in our word choice. Plus he's so handsome...' Jade shook her head. 'Listen to yourself Jade Eostre, lusting after a 17-year-old boy when you're already 21 this year...'

However, that odd desire seeded in Jade's heart. She hadn't realized that not only had Dyon's pain over the loss of his parents become her own, but she mistook the love Dyon held in his heart for Madeleine, for love she felt toward Dyon...

Chapter 1358: Known

Dyon's first meeting with Jade ended like this, and the days continued to pass. Soon afterward, Dyon fell into a short coma, sleeping for weeks. It seemed that the momentum of his manifestation's birth had taken more of a toll on his body than even he had been aware of.

Like this, the chatter of the Elvin Kingdom continued, many making the false assumption that the owner of the manifestation was Zaltarish and not Dyon. After all, he was a relatively unknown human, why would Elves assume that he was its owner, especially when Zaltarish's manifestation awoke at the same time?

During the time Dyon slept, the Soul Tome truly awoke to him. It was then that Dyon was gifted the greatest energy cultivation technique to ever be created [Inner World: Sanctuary].

However, also at this time, something very important was also happening. The three academies of the Elvin Kingdom were holding a gathering to decide the leaders of this coming Campaign. It would be the first time for many of them, especially Dyon.

At this moment, three beautiful women sat together.

~The girls were a beautiful arrangement of complimentary colors. Jade was dressed in her normal stainless white gown that hung loosely to her outrageous curves. Celine's golden hair seemed to glide gently back and forth across her shoulders along with the wind, wearing a beautiful yellow dress. It had an elegant design, revealing her slender shoulders, but delicately gracing her neck with a flowery arrangement. Opal was the more reserved and petite of the three. Her hair and eyes were both a deep and dark green. The light green dress that accompanied her seemed like the perfect choice. It was short, but somehow still conservative and pure, the edges ending in puffs of greenery.

All three were beauties of differing temperaments. It was only natural that they'd be the centers of attention no matter where they went.

Celine wore a devious smile, still poking and prodding at Jade for answers about why she insisted on attending. As members of a slightly older generation, their leaders had obviously already been chosen. "You still won't tell us Jade?"

Opal looked over at her long-time friend curiously, she too wanted to know.

"What are you two so anxious for? Today has nothing to do with the reason I've been dragging you two around. We're picking out those who'll lead in this generation's campaigns." Jade smiled lightly, feigning ignorance.

"As if we'd believe you. We have no need to give Zaltarish any face, so why would you have to come today? Just because he said so?"

Jade sighed, "If we're lucky, maybe we'll get to see the birth of something new today."~

The image of a handsome young man with a bronzed, refined torso and black sweatpants entered her mind. She couldn't understand why, but she just couldn't get him out of her head.

Jade's thoughts were distracted by a young man coming up to converse with her. This young man was named Jonas Benes. He tried his best to appear like a respectable young man, even going as far as to limit his interactions with Celine and Opal to not make it seem as though he would gladly take any one of them as long as they showed some interest.

In the end, this young man left with a smile on his face, believing that he had succeeded in leaving a mark on Jade's mind.

~Once they were gone, Celine giggled, "He's quite the playboy," She said deviously, "It was clear he's had relations with that girl behind him, but she showed not an ounce of displeasure. He sure knows how to train 'em, no?"

Opal scrunched her delicate eyebrows, but she could only sigh as she was quite used to the raunchiness of her two friends.

Jade smiled, "His etiquette is not bad. At the very least, he hides his lust better than others," Jade said knowingly.

Celine pouted in mock anger, "I saw him trying to pretend as though Opal and I didn't exist. One small giggle and he'd break easily. I wonder if the apple of your eye would break as easily," Celine grinned, trying to pry into Jade's thoughts once again.

For the first time, Jade decided to drop a hint, "If he was here, he wouldn't hold back in flirting with all three of us. Yet, he'd do so without a drop of impurity in his eyes," Jade said softly, looking out towards the distance, "It seems like the geniuses of the other academies have decided to arrive..."

However, Celine didn't seem to care, much more intrigued by Jade's analysis, "Not a drop of impurity?... how could a man not lust after us?" She asked in confusion.

Jade chuckled, "Who said anything about him not lusting?"

This just confused Opal and Celine even more, but it didn't seem like Jade was intent on explaining. Instead, she said something that spurred the competitive fire of even the docile and petite Opal.

"He may lust after you all, but something tells me that even if we lay before him naked and defenseless, he wouldn't raise a single finger towards us. That's how deep the love in his heart is." She said softly.

A gust of wind raged through the coliseum as shimmering lights of a teleportation formation formed in the center of the arena. Soon, a group of 6 figures blinked into existence.~

Zaltarish, Mithrandir and four others made their presence known.

~Zaltarish was the first to make a move, his black changpoa fluttering slightly in the wind along with his sleek black hair. Taking a step forward, he bowed towards the above terrace, "I apologize for our late arrival elders, I hope we haven't missed any of the proceedings."

Headmaster Acacia sneered within his heart. He'd let Zaltarish figure out for himself that his plan to arrive after Acacia Academy's assessment had completed had failed.

In place of his master, Aeson Acacia's voice came out from within the space below the terrace, not bothering to step out, "If you'd like to witness the proceedings, you can sit within the audience, or you can sit among us here. You haven't missed anything, Master has yet to announce the start of our assessment," His voice was faint, yet held a powerful disdain and pride.

Chapter 1359: Handsome

~Although Zaltarish was a bit disappointed that his plan had failed, it didn't matter too much. What really bothered him was the fact an orphan had the audacity to speak with him like this. But, he felt it was beneath him to show displeasure for such an insignificant figure, so, he ignored it. Deciding to instead smile and nod appreciatively.

Turning towards his fellow geniuses from Mathilde and Florence Academy, he smiled again towards a particularly striking and seductive beauty: Mithrandir Norville. Although many had been stifled by the arrival of the geniuses, after the initial shock, not a single pair of eyes could be found looking anywhere else but towards her.

She constantly wore a playful smile, coquettishly luring everyone's gaze towards her. Her hair was a pure white, without impurities and blemishes. Her eyes were like red and clear rubies that seemed to twinkle from every angle. Her dress was tight, short and revealing, leaving little to the imagination. Despite the purity of her hair, everything else about her couldn't be further from it. Her chest nearly spilled out of her dress, a deep ravine of soft flesh that gently bounced with her every movement. Her hips were wide and flexible, seductively enticing gulps from even some women. Her ass was plump and

soft, nearly falling out of her short dress. And yet, in all of this, no movement seemed to let anyone see anymore than what she wanted them to see.

Despite the beauty of Jade, Celine and Opal, whether it was because Mithrandir was so seductive, or because she was truly more beautiful, their lights seemed to have dimmed.

A young man who seemed to be sharp and serious with his black hair and eyes, actually burst out into a laugh, "Mithrandir... She'll definitely be one of my partners, even if it takes a thousand years, I must taste her!"

Zaltarish sneered, "So bold Darcassan, why don't you go tell her that?"

Darcassan paled, glaring at Zaltarish, "You know exactly what happens every time someone tries to flirt with her. Do you think I want to end up as a dog? Wagging my tail on all fours? If you're so eager, you go."~

The various male geniuses aimed at each other's throats. Despite the fact that Zaltarish was rumored to have been the owner of the manifestation from that night, none of them took a step back. Everyone here was aware of how difficult it was to comprehend manifestations. Having a more powerful one, especially having two of them, wasn't necessarily a good thing. In fact, Zaltarish could spend his whole life not truly understanding his manifestation.

So, each of them boldly competed for Mithrandir's affections, despite the danger that came with courting such a woman. In truth, none of them were short of stories of becoming Mithrandir's pet for a few weeks before she tossed them aside.

The women of the Norville family were truly scary. Their understanding of the desire path was too deep for these already hormone filled young men to withstand. They would be charmed into puppets in an instant.

As for Jade, she found all of this very funny. Men were so easy to manipulate. Mithrandir wasn't actually more attractive than any of the other women here. In fact, from an objective perspective, Jade's beauty scaled higher than them all in part due to her family's Moon manifestation. This essentially meant that Mithrandir wrapped them all around her finger due to her seductive air and obscenely short clothing.

~Time passed by slowly. After half an hour, the elders and geniuses were beginning to get restless.

Due to the inclining nature of the coliseum, it was quite easy for the geniuses to see the elders above them and vice versa. So, it was all the clearer how inactive headmaster Acacia was. He seemed to have no care in the world, content to sit and make idle talk with the elders he deemed worthy to speak to.

When grand elder Cormyth was about to ask about the start of the tournament again, a light laughter filled the coliseum.

"You can't be serious, he was that much of an idiot?" Ri was smiling brightly, drifting slowly into the coliseum beside Dyon.

"Truly, he stepped out with his slaves right in front of the Ragnor clan's idiot, Elof. Only thing I regret is that even in his death, he had no idea that he brought about the destruction of his branch," Dyon shook his head.

They seemed oblivious to their surroundings, happily chatting. The geniuses raised their eyebrows. They knew Ri, although they weren't very familiar with her since she often didn't appear in public for unknown reasons, but the handsome young man made those who had sharper senses feel a faint pressure.

Jade's eyes brightened, which was immediately noticed by Celine, "That's him?"

Jade was startled by Celine's quick-wittedness, and could only nod, not shifting her gaze from Dyon.~

However, seeing Dyon so happily chatting with Ri, Jade felt slightly uncomfortable. She, herself, didn't entirely understand what she was feeling and couldn't faintly feel that it was irrational, but the fire in her belly wasn't being soothed.

~Mithrandir looked over in interest, her eyes narrowing once she felt the pressure coming off of Dyon. It didn't seem like he was trying. The arrogance dripped off of him like it was engrained in his being. He was arrogance and arrogance was him. There was no separating the two.

"He's quite handsome, Jade. Why didn't you tell me you found a toy to play with," Mithrandir said coquettishly.

Primrose's blue eyes shone with interest, looking towards Mithrandir, "Our generation's number one beauty is interested in a boy? Be careful, or you might get him killed before he has a chance to become worthy of something like that."

Suddenly Opal noticed something, causing her to take a breath in surprise, "He's human?" her voice was soft, but everyone seemed to hear it.

Almost at once everyone turned their attention to Dyon's ears, immediately noticing the lack of a distinct sharpness.

"Uncle Acacia! Sorry I'm late, did I miss anything?" Dyon's smile beamed.

Uncle Acacia could only chuckle, 'This kid sure knows how to make an entrance.'

Chapter 1360: Appeared

~"Of course, you have. You missed the first-year assessments. The second-year assessments. And the third-year assessments. Only to finally show up for the fourth-year assessments. Did you think that you'd be able to participate here?" Uncle Acacia had every intention of letting Dyon shine here today, but he decided to have a bit of fun with him. But, Dyon's response only made him burst out into a robust laughter.

"Isn't it only fourth years Uncle Acacia? They'd have to be even older than that to make me fear them," Dyon said with a wide smile.

"Just another boastful boy who thinks his lower regions are more robust than they really are. Is there a need to be so infatuated?" Primrose shifted her gaze back and forth between Mithrandir and Jade, but they didn't seem to be listening. Light smiles graced their faces as though this was exactly what they expected from Dyon.

"Why were you two so late? I sent Ri hours ago," Uncle Acacia said playfully as though he was trying to insinuate something.

Ri rolled her eyes at her father, "He was sleeping, so I waited for him to wake up. Nothing more, nothing less."

These words may not have meant much to anyone else, but it did to Dyon, 'she waited outside my door for hours just because I was sleeping?' he smiled, 'she's adorable.'~

Jade too picked up on this subtlety. She knew Ri very well, not because they interacted often, but because she could see into the minds of those around her.

Ri had a lofty goal and a great secret. Although Jade didn't know exactly what that secret was, she knew that she carried a burden far greater than theirs. Since when did the cold, stand offish Ri grow a caring heart?

That uncomfortable feeling in her chest grew uncontrollably. She couldn't help but think of the night she met Dyon.

'Didn't we connect very well on that night? Why is it that the barriers he had up for me are slowly being taken down by this girl? Is she really so much better than me? Aren't I more beautiful?'

Jade's heart was in turmoil. Before, she had felt that Dyon's actions were just fine. After all, even though he flirted wantonly, he only had one woman in his heart. That made Jade place him on a pedestal...

In a world where men having multiple wives was nothing special, Jade wanted to see if Dyon was worthy of her making such a sacrifice. What she didn't expect was for the man she had finally been moved by, the man whose thoughts were finally pure enough for her to open her heart to, suddenly didn't seem that special anymore.

Jade didn't believe that she was crazy for feeling these things about Dyon after just a single meeting.

After almost 22 years of life, she had interacted with so many people. In fact, she had led campaigns before, meeting all the geniuses of their entire universe. Whether it be their Crown Prince Lionel, or the Crown Prince of the Aumen Family, or even the geniuses of the grand Uidah Clan, none of them moved her.

All of them, in one way or another, had a sick and demented soul. This helped Jade close herself off from their feelings, not being moved in the least.

But Dyon was the first... He was the first to stare at her and not see a pretty face and a grand set of breasts. He was the first to take a liking to her not for her beauty, but for her charisma and quick wittedness.

So why was this man that she had taken so long to find not allowing her in, but instead this bland Ri Acacia who had an average appearance even by human standards, let alone elvin? Why?...

Suddenly, Dyon looked toward Jade and smiled. All of the negative emotions that had been brewing floated away like a fragrant wind.

~Dyon pretended not to notice the angered geniuses below. Instead, his eyes brightened when he noticed the table of beauties, causing them to giggle lightly. It was always nice to be appreciated by men as handsome as Dyon.

Dyon smiled at Jade, "Silver-fairy... it only makes sense that you'd surround yourselves with such beauties. Seductive beauties, petite beauties, mischievous beauties... why should I fight if I could just sit here with you all?"

The beauties all seemed to turn a slight shade of red, causing the men to tremble in anger. One beauty blushing? Sure. But 5 at once? Could there be anything so unfair in the world?

Ri looked down at Dyon, shaking her head with a 'really?' expression on her face.

Dyon didn't feel like finding a chair, so he had long since been preparing a small-scale creation array, forming a chair right in front of him and causing everyone around to look on in interest. Everyone had

their own speculations on where the chair came from. But, Dyon's array alchemy mastery reaching the master level was the furthest from everyone's thoughts.

Dyon smiled, well aware of the reaction his demonic will had on most women now, "Will you introduce me?"

Jade smiled, "These are all my close friends. You must treat us well. No being bad," she giggled.

Celine looked into Dyon's eyes with interest. She couldn't help but admit that everything Jade said made sense. Despite his flirting and what he said, his eyes always remained clear. As though there was nothing that could affect him should he have a goal in mind.

The boys to the side sneered all thinking the same thing, 'I hope you'll enjoy being controlled by Mithrandir.'

Introducing all the girls one by one, even Jade couldn't help but spend a slightly longer time introducing Mithrandir, which made Dyon's eyes wander.

He inwardly frowned, feeling Mithrandir trying to subtly effect his soul and sway him.

Dyon got up, walking to Mithrandir, causing the boys to almost stand up and cheer in anticipation.

"You're quite interesting," He said softly, looking directly into her shining red eyes.

Without Dyon noticing, Mithrandir's manifestation had appeared.~