

The Nameless 141

Chapter 141

A blinding light erupted from the book, slowly shrinking to fit the corresponding words that were being imprinted onto it.

Soon, on the end of that third day, the eve of the final assessment, a godly technique was inscribed onto the first page of the manifestation tome.

The words slowly stopped shining bright, leaving an elegant script that read the words: Inner World: Sanctuary.

Despite it being a technique, there were no words describing it beneath the name. Instead, the most complex array Dyon would have ever seen was inscribed below it.

If you looked closely, the array itself had shifting parts, it wasn't frozen like the arrays Dyon had drawn till now. Each shift in gear, or line, resulted in a qualitative shift of the entire array. Resulting in an incomparably complex system of movement.

However, this was the only explanation to be had. The tome closed itself arrogantly, clasping its belt. It radiated a conceit that only paled to Dyon's manifestation, almost as if to say: 'You think I don't have the right to name you? Fine, let's see if you have the right to be my master.'

Dyon smiled in his sleep, unworried by the tome's challenge. A demonic will emitted from him, causing the book to shudder. It seemed like Dyon's confidence couldn't be shaken by something so trivial.

Rhythmic breathing filled the room once again, as Dyon's body went back to a regular temperature. Allowing him to truly rest for the first time.

What he didn't know was that the radiant and revitalizing lights of the tome, had caused the bodies within Dyon's ring to shift, ever so slightly.

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That night, Elder Cormyth was looking towards his disciple with a large smile. Although he was only his master in name, the elder still took great pride in it.

“Your soul manifestation was so domineering – the words have still not disappeared. Anyone who tries to go near them is severely burnt,” Elder Cormyth’s boisterous laugh filled his office.

A quiet young man with grey skin and striking red eyes nodded slightly, his arrogance clear to all. His features had a devilish handsomeness to them that even matched Dyon, although his charisma was lacking. His hair was long and a striking black that reflected no light. His eyes seemed to pierce through the essence of everything as faint ripples of his soul shimmered around him.

Last night, he had manifested his soul after 16 years of trying. Finally, in his 21st year of life, he succeeded in manifesting his soul. The display was grand and unmatched.

This young man, Zaltarish Sigebryht of the Sigebryht major family, had all rights to be arrogant. He was an unmatched genius. Last year, being the year of his 21st birthday, had him just begin his path of energy cultivation, and yet, he was already at the middle tiers of meridian formation. His soul manifestation was so powerful that even with his talent, it took him 16 years to awaken.

Before the events of the past few days, no one had thought much of this. Although Zaltarish was without a doubt a genius. There had been many geniuses before him, and even geniuses currently that were doing the same things as him. However, although there were others who needed comparable amounts of time to awaken their manifestations, how many of them had destroyed the manifestation to me? Only he had.

To Zaltarish, this meant that his talent was so strong, that he took a manifestation that others would need dozens of years to awaken, and awakened it within 2 decades. He smiled to himself as he thought about how proud his emotionless father would be. He could finally help his father fulfill their ambitions. He’d marry the beautiful and seductive Mithrandir Norville, and the Sigebryht and Norville family would become the new royalty of the Elvin Kingdom.

The disgust the major families felt for the traditions of choosing monarchs had grown exponentially, especially with the disappearance of the king. To them, they worked hard as the backbone of the kingdom. It was they made sure the younger generation was trained. It was they made sure that other races and kingdoms didn’t dare attack them despite their relatively small population. It was they who sent their geniuses to lead campaigns at the Gates. For the kings of a kingdom they worked so hard for

to have the chance to be from one of the 21 sub families, or even worse, a complete commoner, was a ridiculous concept to some of the major families.

Despite this, the tradition had continued on for millennia. Sometimes they would get lucky and birth a True Empath in their major families. But, as time passed, it was inevitable that a new king would have to be chosen. But, with the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, it was very much possible for that rule to be done away with. And now that Zaltarish had displayed his talents, the Sigebryht family would be first in line.

Elder Cormyth nodded in satisfaction at Zaltarish's domineeringness. Despite his accomplishments, the light in his eyes hadn't lost their fire a single bit.

"The selection for the campaigns will be done by individual schools. In fact, Acacia Academy should be using their upper year assessment to do so as well. I think it's time we made a bit of a power move," Elder Cormyth said with a smile.

"Ai," Zaltarish's intelligent eyes flashed, "Master, invite the geniuses of our academy as well as Florence's. Since the campaigns are meant for the glory of our kingdom, why not hold all of our selections together? Open it to the public. What's an invent without spectators?"

Elder Cormyth didn't seem to mind being ordered around by his supposed disciple, he was instead more than happy to send a message to each headmaster. Although Headmaster Acacia wasn't too pleased at first, the face of a handsome boy flashed in his memories, causing a playful smile to grace his lips.

If Mathilde Academy wanted to play games, they'd be the first to lose.

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Early in the morning, Dyon woke up feeling refreshed. He stretched lazily, enjoying the feeling of his revitalized bones cracking.

As he did everyday, he checked his communication device to read Madeleine's messages, but, he was surprised to find three days worth.

'I've been out for that long, huh? Guess I missed the assessment. Oh well.'

Dyon didn't care too much, this just gave him more time to cultivate and gain an understanding of his manifestation. It had been days, yet even he didn't know what it looked like. He had been too exhausted to manifest it after its initial reveal.

What Dyon didn't know is that the only reason the Elvin City had no idea where the manifestation originated from, was because two manifestations had occurred that night. One for Dyon, and the other for Zaltarish. Aside from the school elders, no one but Jade was aware that someone in their school had recently manifested a soul. Or, more accurately, they knew that it had occurred, but, assumed most of the commotion was as a result of Zaltarish.

Dyon's good mood wouldn't be ruined by something like that. Until, at least, he read one of Madeleine's messages. It was about Meiying and Chenglei. It seemed that the Bai family had gone through with the wedding.

Although Dyon didn't have much of an impression of Meiying, he still didn't like the idea of a girl marrying into a family she wanted no part of. And that was especially true considering the sinister nature of the Daiyu family. But, there was nothing Dyon could do. The deed was already done.

Dyon sighed. 'It looks like I can't save everyone...'

As Dyon was lost in his thoughts, a furious banging came to his door.

BANG BANG

Dyon smiled bitterly. 'Looks like this day won't be so peaceful.'

Dyon opened the door to find an innocent looking Ri, as though she had never cause a noise that reverberated through the whole floor. She blushed slightly when she noticed Dyon was only wearing low sagging sweatpants, but quickly recovered in typical Ri fashion.

Leaning against the door frame, Dyon smiled, "what brings you here today, beautiful?"

Ri glared at Dyon. He had been here for enough days to know better than to say that, but he still did it. Ri lifted her hand high above her head and flicked Dyon's forehead.

"The only one who can call me beautiful is Little Lyla. Don't think of trying, or else, humph."

Dyon rubbed his forehead in slight pain, but his smile only widened as he scanned Ri's perfect body. He didn't know what it was about her, but something seemed so out of this world. Despite her regular appearance, the depth of her eyes and the shimmer of her hair was unmatched by anything Dyon had ever seen before. Only Madeleine's eyes were comparable, and that was only when Dyon took off her glasses.

Ri ignored Dyon's gaze, instead looking down at the device in his hand with a raised eyebrow.

"What is that?"

Dyon looked down as well, "this? It's just a communication device from the human world."

Ri looked up at Dyon inquisitively, "who are you communicating with?"

Dyon grinned, "jealous?"

Ri sent a palm at Dyon's chest. But, her eyes widened in surprised as she found he didn't fly back like he usually pretended to. She could only blush as she noticed her hand had been in place for a second too long.

Dyon's free hand touched hers. "My fiancée did say I could marry more women, what do you say?"

Ri blushed more fiercely, but pulled her hand back looking at Dyon with an adorable anger.

"You have a fiancée and you dare say these things? Disgusting," Ri crossed her arms, glaring at Dyon in distaste.

Dyon smiled, pleasantly surprised that the demonic will he constantly leaked imperceptibly was having no effect on Ri. He liked that idea.

“So, what did you come for? You ditch me for more than a week, then come back like this? Don’t you think you owe me an apology?”

Ri harrumphed, “I don’t owe a pervert anything. Put on a shirt, you exhibitionist. My father was very disappointed in you for missing the assessment, so you’ll have to make up for it today.”

Dyon scratched his head awkwardly. He did feel a bit bad about that, but it really wasn’t in his control.

But then, he thought of something. “How am I supposed to make up for it?”

Ri shrugged, her cropped armor lifting her chest up and drawing Dyon’s eyes. “He just said to show up to the upper year’s assessment.”

Dyon looked intrigued. “Upper year? Will you be participating?”

Ri looked up at Dyon almost like she was looking down at him.

“Why would I need to participate in something so ridiculous? Assessments are for regular people, like you,” she said with a wide smile.

Dyon laughed. He knew this wouldn’t be as simple as Ri was making it out to be. Something she’d know had she seen his manifestation.

Dyon’s hand flashed as a white shirt appeared in his hand. Unknown to Ri, a formation appeared beneath both of their feet, carrying them off into the air.

Ri looked down, realizing she was no longer on the ground, and could only shake her head.

'This guy is so over the top.'

Dyon looked down at Ri who was no beside him as they soared out one of the openings of the 2nd floor and into the large and open inner space.

"Are you sure you won't reconsider?"

Ri looked up in confusion, "reconsider what?"

"Me calling you beautiful, of course," Dyon said with a grin.

Ri hit Dyon's shoulder.

"Your words are decidedly less pure than Lyla's. Have you even been back to visit that little girl? She misses you."

Dyon thought back to the adorable little 5-year-old girl with the beautiful eyes and long diamond pink hair, "I haven't been back, but I'm constantly keeping tabs on the situation through Little Black."

"Oh? You can establish a mental link with Little Black. He must not be an ordinary beast then," Ri said thoughtfully.

Dyon smiled. He was aware that only the best of beasts had strong enough talent to allow mental links. Weaker creatures would die from the strain.

"She really means it when she says you're the most beautiful girl she's ever seen, you know. I never hear her say that about anyone else, even her favorite nanny, Ms. Everdeen."

Ri smiled, "I know she means it. I can tell. You on the other hand, are evil."

“Too bad you think that way, Ri,” Ri didn’t know why, but she trembled when Dyon said her name, “Because I really mean it when I say it too.”

Ri looked over at Dyon, expecting to see his normal playful grin, but, he wasn’t even looking at her. His eyes were focused ahead, a light smile playing his features.

Ri smiled, but said nothing.

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While Ri and Dyon were slowly making their way to the now grand event, the geniuses of the major families and academies were arriving.

Uncle Acacia could only shake his head and sigh. He had told Ri ages ago to go and get the boy, but it seemed like she had late tendencies comparable to even Dyon.

Near the center of the large square structure’s inner space, a coliseum rose out of the ground. It had almost a kilometer-long radius and rose higher in the air than even the structure that surrounded it.

In a high up structure around a table, Headmaster Acacia sat with two other headmasters of comparable demeanor. Mathilde Academy was headed by a member of the Grimbold major family. A stoic man with broad shoulders and striking red hair that denoted their family. Florence Academy was headed by a member of the Nodin major family. His green hair was as dark as his eyes. His figure was similar to headmaster Acacia’s, being sharp and stifling.

Beside them, sat their grand elders – the men who had been at the castle just a few days ago. Unfortunately, due to the letters in the sky, the castle was no longer habitable. They could only wait for the words to dissipate. Since they could no longer debate the lay of the Elvin Kingdom, they decided to witness these events under Elder Cormyth’s goading.

“So, Elder Cormyth, what was your reason for intruding on our assessment ceremony,” headmaster Acacia spoke with little respect in his voice. He had spent years listening to this very same man shame his elder brother’s rule, thus, he had little patience for his antics.

A cold light flashed in Elder Cormyth’s eyes. He was a grand elder of an academy. He was among the most powerful martial artists in the kingdom and he had major sway in the moves the kingdom made.

Yet, he was being looked down on by a commoner. A commoner who only had rights to lead an academy due to a brother that was nowhere to be found.

However, remembering his purpose, he once again smiled, “no need to be so anxious, headmaster Acacia, all you need to do is allow your proceedings to continue. After they’ve finished, there can be a friendly competition between our schools. After all, we all have the same goal here, no?”

Headmaster Grimbold remained silent. Although Cormyth represented his academy, it was clear that he wasn’t supporting the Grimbold family. If anything, he was directly opposing them.

Despite the tension, Elder Deryth and headmaster Nodin remained expressionless as though the worries of the kingdom had nothing to do with them.

Headmaster Acacia lightly smiled. “We’ll begin once everyone is here. I don’t think a grand elder of the Mathilde Academy has a right to dictate the start of an Acacia Academy event, no?”

Elder Cormyth’s face froze, but he didn’t respond. He instead looked down towards the collection of geniuses. Comparing them to what Acacia Academy had to offer, he chuckled to himself.

In this current generation, Acacia Academy only had five notable geniuses. The three beauties, Jade, Celine and Opal. In addition to the disciple of headmaster Acacia, an orphan he named Aeson Acacia. The final was a lad from one of the 21 sub-families: the Benes family. This was truly a poor showing. Especially since females rarely chose to campaign, although there were some who did. Often, their families wouldn’t allow it.

Actually, Ri Acacia was the exact exception to this. She had expressed her desire to do so from a very young age. However, she was still too young, and no one was aware of what her talents were. She never showed up to assessments and had never fought anyone of note. The only thing that might speak to her talent was her family lineage and the fact few dared to comment on her normal appearance.

However, to Elder Cormyth, this was trivial. He never had the Acacia family on his radar because they hadn’t even been good enough to be a sub-family until headmaster Acacia’s brother became king. And now that that king had disappeared, what role would the Acacia family ever play again?

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In the coliseum seats, countless voices could be heard. Many of them were from Acacia Academy, looking down at the geniuses as well. The suspense of this event had been building for many days now.

The headmaster had been appearing at assessments he usually never attended, the beauties of their school came to witness these same assessments, and now, geniuses from all over the city had come to their school. Everyone was wondering a single thing: who were they all waiting for?

The funny part was, depending on who you asked, each would have a different answer. But, only one group would be right.

Jade sent a gaze towards the terrace the elders and headmasters sat in, almost feeling the tension from her place underneath them. Jade had always been sensitive to things like that, it was part of why she was able to read Dyon so well, even feeling his sadness when he mentioned his mother, despite how good Dyon had gotten at hiding it. Ever since her meeting with Dyon, she had felt the stirring of a brewing storm.

She could only sigh, turning her attention back the area her and the geniuses were in. The area was actually an interruption in the seating areas of the coliseum. Split into an upper and lower area, the geniuses were actually in a lobby type area with a partial covering above to separate them from the elders above them.

They sat in discreet groups, but it was clear that Jade and her group of beauties were the center of attention. After more than two decades of life, Jade had long since learned to ignore this. As did her friends Celine and Opal.

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. "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 paused before speaking, "if we're lucky, maybe we'll get to see the birth of something new today."

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Suddenly, an unwanted interruption barged into the conversations of the ladies.

"Fairies," a young man bowed respectfully, "my little brother was honored to have you attend his conquering of the first year's assessments."

Jade looked over to see a young man Dyon would have recognized as Benes, followed by Ryba, a girl and what looked like Benes' younger brother. It seemed that his younger brother, Sebastian Benes, was the champion of the first years.

Although Benes was smart enough to know that it was impossible for the beauties of their school to have gone to the first-year assessments just for his brother, the true reason didn't matter to him. All

that mattered was that this was a simple way to breach conversation with these ladies without seeming as though he was trying too hard.

Who wouldn't want an amiable relationship with these women?

Jade smiled, understanding the intentions of Benes, "Jonas Benes, right? It was my honor to watch my juniors, I had a great time."

Jade had no reason to disrespect Jonas' kind intentions, so she could only accept his attempts at conversation. Although the Benes family didn't have status as high as the major families, as members of the sub-families, their importance to the kingdom couldn't be understated.

While the major families were responsible for the academies, the sub-families were responsible for the three largest guilds in the kingdom: the alchemy guild, the formation guild, and the blacksmithing guild. With campaigns being as important as they were, it was safer to overestimate the importance of these guilds as opposed to understating them.

Although other kingdoms had other important guilds, like beast taming guilds for instance, the Elvin Kingdom had always focused on just those three, maximizing their effectiveness.

Jonas smiled, appreciating Jade's decorum. 'If I could marry her, wouldn't that be fantastic?'

He nodded slightly towards Celine and Opal. He didn't want to seem as though he would take any of these beauties, he wanted to give the impression that although all of them were beautiful, that he only had Jade in his eyes.

To him, this was a clever tactic, but with Jade's astuteness, she was well aware that if Celine or Opal showed interest, Jonas would without a doubt reciprocate. However, she didn't let this show. At the very least, Jonas was more refined than others, on the surface anyway.

Jonas, knowing that he shouldn't drag out this interaction, decided it was best to withdraw for now.

“I’ll keep this interaction in my heart. It was a pleasure to speak with you. I only wanted to introduce myself and my younger brother. Since you’re all here, I look forward to performing for you,” Jonas bowed slightly, turning and taking his entourage away.

Once they were gone, Celine giggled and said, “he’s quite the playboy, 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. He’s very bad. Very, very bad. But somehow still pure,” Jade said, 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 didn’t seem to catch the narcissism laced in her words at all.

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 for that fiancée of his,” she said.

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 six figures blinked into existence.

The regular students and citizens of the Elvin Kingdom couldn’t help but hold their breath under the pressure of these six young men and women.

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.

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.

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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.

Mithrandir pretended not to notice the hot gaze of Zaltarish, and instead held onto a close friend of hers that seemed to be the polar opposite. Although she was just as seductive in her wardrobe choices as Mithrandir, whether it be her eyes, hair, or wear, they were all a deep blue. Together, they walked towards the beauties of Acacia Academy, ignoring the stares of the men around them.

Celine smiled, welcoming them, "Mithrandir, Primrose, it's good that you're here. It was getting stuffy with all the testosterone."

The girls giggled, lost in their own world.

It seemed like the concerns and tensions of the academies and kingdom had nothing to do with them. They had been friends since they were young, they would hardly decide to close off their friendships for something that was still so abstract.

Zaltarish didn't seem too bothered by Mithrandir ignoring him, he instead smiled towards the terrace, and walked towards its lower level along with the rest of the male geniuses, none willing to lose to the other. Unyielding and arrogant.

Soon, all of the geniuses were seated in their own little groups.

“You must be quite confident in your manifestation to set all of this up to show off Zaltarish, I hope you have the skill to back that up,” sneered a young man with striking red hair that Dyon would immediately recognize as the disgusting man who tried to take little Lyla away.

A small smile played on Zaltarish’s features. “Of course, Ores. Maybe I’ll be less confident when the words I painted in the sky disappear.”

The geniuses froze when they heard this. Although they disliked the idea of Zaltarish having a better manifestation than them, they couldn’t deny that the impact of his manifestation far surpassed theirs.

A young man whose hair was long, and the lightest shade of green laughed lightly, “it’s a shame. To have such a manifestation and yet still not receive the favor of Mithrandir.”

Zaltarish sneered on the inside. Only he was fully aware that he was already betrothed to Mithrandir. In fact, he had been for a long while. The Norville family usually chose partners early since it was very beneficial for their Singularity Type Technique.

The only exceptions were their utmost geniuses, who chose later in life. Although Mithrandir qualified to be among their utmost geniuses, it was all the more reason why Zaltarish was chosen as her partner. This was only kept secret because marriages between major families had never occurred.

Often, they would inter-marry among distant branches of their families, meticulously ensuring that those branches never tangled too much. Separations of five or more generations was usually within acceptable limits.

Now, affairs were a completely different question. While the main spouse was chosen among branches, in order to maintain separate branches to sustain the main bloodlines, relations between different major families and even sub families weren’t rare.

The reason the latter option wasn’t a possibility for a primary spouse, was because this significantly dropped the percentage of a child manifesting the major family’s bloodline. This sustaining of the main

bloodlines is what was responsible for every true member of a major family having a distinctive hair color and eye color, although these were only the surface results.

The more important results had to do with their manifestations and innate constitutions. Meaning, it was very possible for a commoner to share their hair and eye color but have none of the benefits.

Thus, an initial marriage between branches was necessary to make sure a child carrying the main bloodline was born. Then, extramarital affairs were practiced, despite their low chance of producing a child of the main bloodline, it was ensured that should such a child be born, they'd be able to start a new branch of the major family so that future primary spouses were always abundant.

In layman's terms. A union between members of the same major family meant a near 100% certainty that the child would carry their main bloodline. A union between members of differing major families was practically a toss up as to which bloodline would be manifested. A union between a member of a major family and a sub family would result in a higher likelihood of the bloodline of the sub family being manifested since, while the percentage chance of a major bloodline manifestation would drop. And so on and so forth.

This aside, it went without question how game changing a marriage alliance could be. It went beyond just an extramarital affair. Which was why the relationship of Mithrandir and Zaltarish was kept secret. It wasn't yet the right time to reveal such a connection.

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?"

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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."

A light green hair male laughed, "I, Kymil, have never been afraid of such a thing. It's only about waiting for the right opportunity. You can't possibly interrupt a woman while she's enjoying a chat with her friends, right? The best time is after you've helped them with something difficult."

Ores shook his head, sneering. "How is that any different from being a dog wagging their tail? Knowing Mithrandir's manifestation, what male would dare have thoughts on her? You'd immediately become a slave to your desires and follow her around like a puppy. Do you want your elders to have to ask the Norville family for mercy again, Kymil?"

Kymil's face darkened, "Humph, that's happened to each of you as well. Even our elder brothers have fallen slave to her at some time or another. Why would you try and pretend like it's only ever been me?"

Darcassan's laughter rang out again, "you happen to be the most recent, that's all. How was it Kymil? Did she at least let you wash her underwear?"

Kymil could only grit his teeth, not wanting to remember the most humiliating thing he'd ever experienced. He had tried to flirt with Mithrandir, only for her manifestation to make him completely lose his mind. If it wasn't for the Nodin family elders, who knew how long it would have been before he regained his senses, or she allowed him to go.

Zaltarish sat, smiling at all of this. Although he had once fallen under Mithrandir's spell as well, it was obvious that she wouldn't do something too bad to her future husband. She only made him hand wash some of her undergarments and rub her feet, which was definitely not a bad experience at all.

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.

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.

Zaltarish, who had turned his attention away from Dyon, suddenly turned back, realizing that he was indeed human. His eyes narrowed, his disdain increasing. But, he suddenly noticed that Ores' face had frozen.

"Ores?" Zaltarish wasn't even the first to have the opportunity to ask, Kymil was already waving his hand in front of Ores' face.

Ores didn't seem to notice, all he said was, "he's not simple..."

He grit his teeth, remembering the interaction between him and Dyon. Even back then, he felt a ridiculous pressure coming from this human boy. But, now it seemed that that pressure had only grown.

Despite this, his battle intent flared, his Grimbold blood raging like a tsunami within him. He grinned fiercely, his blood lust and aura engulfing the area as Dyon flew over them.

Everyone seemed to notice Ores' rage. Although Ores had allowed his mount to run that day, it wasn't because he was scared of Dyon. What Grimbold would ever be scared? He was only embarrassed at being found out. But, today was different. He'd have his fill of this kid who thought he could say such things to a Grimbold.

Despite this, Dyon didn't seem to care too much. Content to chat with Ri as he leveled out the defensive array with the upper terrace.

"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.'

"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? I couldn’t even tell you how much older they’d have to be to actually get me to fear them,” Dyon said with a wide smile.

Chapter 147

Elder Flyleaf and Erunonidan who were up in the clouds chuckled at Dyon’s words.

Sebastian, who was sitting below Dyon currently, narrowed his eyes. His fists tightened in frustration.

‘From headmaster Acacia’s words, this was the boy they were waiting for? Not me? What’s so great about him?’

Ryba, who was near by Sebastian was angered as well. But, he knew about as well as anyone could, that Dyon was indeed a genius. Without any cultivation, Dyon’s soul was already above his own. Although Ryba wasn’t a genius, he was substantially older than Dyon. To the point where he was approaching his 30s. He followed Jonas for exactly that reason: he couldn’t accomplish anything on his own.

Students like Ryba, who had far surpassed their fourth year with no real accomplishments, were only meant to become part of the armies led by the true geniuses selected to lead campaigns. He was used to this, and ready to do his duty. But, he couldn’t help but hate the fact a human was better than he was.

Below, people sneered.

“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.'

Uncle Acacia chuckled lightly at this before turning towards the other elders and headmasters, "it seems we're ready to begin, no?"

Headmaster Cormyth was ready to burst. Not only was there a human boy standing on the same level as him, a privilege even Zaltarish didn't have, it was now quite clear that they had been waiting all this time for just him.

His heart went cold, he knew he didn't need to send messages to the geniuses below to show no mercy, he could already feel their battle intent boiling. But, he felt the need to do something himself, so his soul pressure rushed out, attempting to make Dyon kneel in fear. It wasn't a malicious attack, only a suppression of the soul. No matter how mad he was, he would remember his status as a headmaster.

Dyon's eyes sharpened, immediately feeling what was going on.

The geniuses below felt headmaster Cormyth's anger and sneered in delight.

However, the moment they were looking for didn't come. Dyon's [Devour] skill had reached the peak of the first stage: perfection. If headmaster Cormyth wanted to crush him, sure, it would be easy. But a suppression? That would never work. Dyon pretended he didn't notice anything, unwilling to offend an elder for no real reason. He, at the very least, appreciated that it wasn't a malicious attack.

He instead smiled at headmaster Cormyth before turning back to Uncle Acacia, "alright Uncle Acacia, let's do this then," about to lower himself into the crowd of geniuses below.

However, Ri didn't seem intent to join him, instead jumping from the array and into the upper terrace to stand by her father.

The geniuses and elders could only stare in awe by Dyon's unwavering attitude. Secretly impressed that he chose to save headmaster Cormyth's face by not exposing him. But, this only made Cormyth angrier. It was almost as though he could feel people thinking that a junior was more magnanimous than him.

All this said, in typical Dyon fashion, he pretended not to notice. His eyes instead brightening 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.

The male geniuses looked on at Dyon in disdain, even to the point of scrutinizing him for wearing something like a t shirt and sweatpants.

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 five 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?"

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

Chapter 148

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

Without Dyon noticing, Mithrandir's manifestation had appeared.

An elegant and majestically white scaled snake shimmered into existence, leering domineeringly. Its eyes shone as red as its wiggling tongue.

It shifted in the air, moving to wrap itself around Dyon, slightly rubbing against his lower regions, causing a growl to escape.

Jade could only watch bitterly as Dyon slowly fell into Mithrandir's trap. Ri frowned, but it was too late to help Dyon now.

Sebastian sneered, 'you thought you were so great, look at you now.'

Uncle Acacia could only smile bitterly as he watched headmaster Cormyth chuckle.

'Some trials you have to face yourself...'

The white scaled snake suddenly shivered, bright silver wings exploding from its back as everyone looked on.

A collective breath seemed to be pulled into everyone as they watched. This was a mutation unique to Mithrandir. Although she had used a Unique Type Technique due to her confidence, her true manifestation ended up matching her the very first Norville in history, causing her to be the pride of her family.

The geniuses sneered, 'it looks like Mithrandir has a new slave.'

Dyon took a step forward, edging towards Mithrandir. To everyone else, this was just Mithrandir's wish. But to her, she couldn't help but frown.

Looking into Dyon's hazel-green eyes, Mithrandir seemed lost for a while in his purity. His eyes hadn't fogged over, and his will hadn't diminished. He simply walked to Mithrandir until he was nearly right on top of her. He pulled her chair from the table, placing her right in front of himself and leaning into her ear.

"If you wanted to play, you could have just asked."

Mithrandir lost focus. Dyon's hot breath brushed against her ear, causing her manifestation to fade out of existence.

Everyone looked on in confusion, 'is it over?'

Dyon reached his hand up, celestial will circulating along with his aurora. "Since you want to play, let's play."

He lightly touched Mithrandir's arm, slowly moving up it.

Mithrandir's body immediately flushed, an incomparable feeling flooding into her. A moan escaped her lips against her will, but she just couldn't stop her legs from squeezing together, trying her hardest to control herself.

Everyone gulped, watching Mithrandir's incomparably sexy figure writhe with pleasure.

Dyon's hand continued to travel, lightly flicking Mithrandir's hard nipple from on top of her dress.

"Mm..." Mithrandir was feeling too good to be embarrassed. She was lost in a world of pleasure she had never felt before.

Dyon had never left her ear, softly whispering into it again, "what do you want?"

"I – I –," Mithrandir couldn't seem to find the words. Her breath was hurried and short. Her skin was flushed so red that it nearly matched her dress and eyes. Sweat started to drip down the ravine of her cleavage that bounced with every breath.

Dyon's hand reached her hips, continuing to lightly rest on her thighs before creeping up to the hem of her short skirt.

The beauties around him didn't know what to do. They couldn't help but flush red just from the residual effects of Dyon's aurora and celestial will. They could only imagine how Mithrandir felt at the moment.

Everyone was stunned. Some still believed that this was what the seductive beauty wanted. But, even if it was, the geniuses had long since lost their smile. Even Zaltarish hadn't been allowed to do these things to Mithrandir.

"Take me," Mithrandir nearly gasped these words out. Lunging forward, she grabbed onto Dyon's crotch. Dyon could only smile faintly as the hand he had on her thigh, was invaded by a sweet wetness due to her forward momentum.

The coliseum froze. Air seemed to stop moving and no sounds could be heard. It was almost as though time had stopped, suspending everyone in disbelief.

Dyon's eyes sparkled hearing Mithrandir's words, but, she could only frown as she noticed Dyon's lower regions weren't showing any reaction no matter how she stroked.

"You!" it wasn't clear you said it first, but an eruption of baleful auras blanketed the lounging area.

Dyon didn't seem to notice, deciding to instead calmly remove Mithrandir's hand and stop circulating his celestial and demonic will.

Dyon chuckled, looking into Mithrandir's still cloudy eyes. "You should be careful with you who play with beautiful. Taking you wouldn't be difficult for me."

Dyon's hand, still resting on Mithrandir's treasured place, flicked up with a last bit of his aurora.

"Oh! God!" Mithrandir grasped Dyon's shirt tightly from her seated position, breathing heavily.

Although Mithrandir was an outrageous beauty, Dyon felt no remorse in toying with her. He had little patience for those who sought to control him, and a beauty was no exception.

It was only after Dyon completely pulled away that Mithrandir realized what happened. Her emotions fluctuated wildly. Sometimes she was embarrassed, other times angry beyond belief, and even still, among all of this, still pining for more.

She could only grit her teeth in anger, turning away from Dyon as her chest heaved violently.

Primrose snapped out of the stupor, "you've got a lot of nerve doing this to a member of the Norville family," she sneered.

Dyon shrugged, not caring too much, "I can be punished for helping a lady experience her first climax? Why don't you let me try it on you so we can see how much you hate it, hmm?"

Primrose trembled, looking away from Dyon and slamming her legs closed tightly. But, Dyon could tell there was still a lingering passion in her eyes, which made him chuckle, “don’t think too much on it, I just happened to find it funny that a virgin was going around seducing men.”

Although this didn’t mean much to the younger geniuses who assumed Dyon just made a guess, or was just making fun of Mithrandir, this one sentence of Dyon’s was quite profound for the elders. To have the sense to tell whether one was a virgin or not, seemed trivial, but it was actually an ability only those with the most sensitive of senses could have. It wasn’t normal to be able to distinguish something like that until the celestial stage was surpassed.

Suddenly, they thought back to the chair Dyon materialized earlier, their eyes flashing with realization: ‘He has an innate aurora!’

Chapter 149

Ri couldn’t hold back her laughter any longer, “HAHAHAHAHA!”

She wiped the tears from her face, clenching her stomach with her free arm. But, the geniuses didn’t take this too well.

“It only makes sense for a human to come here with such an ugly girl,” sneered Ores, “I’ve seen you two together before. You must have settled for fucking a sow, it’s about what you deserve.”

Dyon’s expression suddenly darkened, a not so subtle violent aura wafting out from his body like an endless torrent.

BANG!

However, there was no time to react, even for Dyon. A graceful figure fell from the terrace, crushing the table the male geniuses sat at.

Dyon looked at her elegant back. Her hair fluttered in the air, a layer of ice lowered the temperature drastically as a sword pressed against Ores’ throat.

Ri's hair seemed to have a life of its own, fluttering about with an ethereal majesty that sprinkled a delicate fragrance throughout the air.

Dyon looked on in anticipation, curious as to what her manifestation was. But, it never came, instead, a voice filled with a pure dense killing intent rang out, "you have a lot of nerve... did you think I'd need someone else to stand up for me? To protect me? Go on, say it again. Let's see if you can get the words out this time."

Ri's gentle lake like eyes had iced over, a layer of frost coating everything.

The elders looked on in astonishment, '9th level ice will... at barely 17... a true genius'

It was clear that Ri had no energy cultivation, and yet, Ores' words couldn't help but be caught in his throat.

Dyon slowly walked over and lightly stroked Ri's head, seemingly unbothered by the bone chilling ice.

"You don't need my help," he said softly, "but, let me do it anyway."

Ri looked over to Dyon, her eyes becoming decidedly gentler. Dyon hadn't said anything flowery about how it was a man's job to protect a woman, neither did he pretend as though Ri needed his help. He simply let her know that he wanted to do it. Ri smiled, and she suddenly outshone everything.

People looked at her, dazed. They couldn't help but think about what the difference was. Wasn't she a girl of normal appearance? So, why did she look so beautiful right now?

Of everyone, Ri was probably the most confused, but, not about her beauty. She had never allowed anyone for help in her life, even when they themselves offered. But, for some reason, Dyon's voice seemed to hold a command that she couldn't refuse.

Near the edge of the lounge, Aeson couldn't help but look at his master's daughter with a sad expression. The expression of someone who had lost something precious. He himself had always wanted to help Ri. In fact, he probably stood to attack Ores before even Dyon.

He never cared that her appearance could even count as ugly in a society of such beautiful people. But, she had never accepted him like she accepted Dyon now. The anger in him wanted to yell that she was a hypocrite. That she looked so plain and yet fell for a man so attractive. But, he knew Ri better than that. His looks lost out to Dyon in no way, and yet he still felt that he had lost.

To Ri and Dyon, they had a simple and innocent friendship; there was nothing romantic about it. Dyon wanted to protect her much like he wanted to protect all of his friends. Ri accepted his protection because he was the first to make her feel so comfortable. Nothing more, nothing less. But, to those who watched, the undertones of their dynamic were decidedly special.

A platform of ice lifted Ri back to the above terrace where she seemed like she couldn't be bothered with anything else. She happily sat beside her father who looked at her lovingly.

Ores had barely snapped out of his shock. But, the rest of the geniuses looked on at this scene calmly, eyeing Dyon who now stood in the midst of the broken table, between them all.

Dyon's voice was faint, but unyielding, laced with a demonic will that caused shivers to run down everyone's spine, "I didn't mind taking you all down one by one. In fact, I would have found it to be quite fun. But, it seems like some people have quite perverse mouths."

Ores stood, towering over Dyon by almost two heads.

"Did you think I was afraid of you and that little slut? Surprise attacks must be all you humans are capable of."

Dyon's pinky came up to his ear, wiggling in it a bit before he blew a bit of dust away, "I'm a little confused as to why the weakest bitch here thinks he can talk to nonchalantly. Did you think that just because you walked along side them," Dyon's head shifted towards the geniuses around them, "that you were their equal? If you weren't part of a major family, would they even bother with you?"

Ores' face bulged with veins, matching the striking red of his hair.

“I’m pretty sure I already told you what would happen if you appeared before me again. It seems you didn’t run far enough last time.”

Dyon’s words caused silence to reign. Had Dyon already had a confrontation with Ores?

Suddenly Sebastian stepped out.

“You talk big, but you’ve yet to do anything. Everyone was waiting in anticipation for the start of the assessments, just to find out that it was all held up for a human who only knows how to say things that sound cool? Meet me on the stage if you dare. I’ll show everyone here why I’m worthy to be the champion of the first years.”

Dyon’s gaze shifted, looking up to find a boy around 17 to 18 years old. He was a half head shorter than Dyon, but he dripped with over-confidence. His black hair and green eyes were his only stand out features, aside from that, you wouldn’t be able to pick him out of a crowd of moderately attractive elves.

“You think that I have no right to speak because I’m a first year who isn’t even champion, correct?”

“Obviously. I earned my spot. You’ve done nothing but speak of cheap things and bloviate. Why should anyone pay attention to you? It’s best that I defeat you handily now, so you can stop having thoughts of staying in our academy.”

“And I presume you also think you have the right to stand in an arena with me, right?”

WHOOSH

Dyon hadn’t waited for a response, his figure flashed, appearing before Sebastian in an instant.

Sebastian staggered, catching himself before he fell backwards. But, he couldn’t help but shiver as he looked into Dyon’s eyes.

A blood thirsty aura started dripping from Dyon, causing Sebastian's knees to buckle, shaking under the pressure.

"Can you even stand with me here? Can you take my attacks? My hate? My anger?"

Sebastian fell to his knees, looking down at the ground in shame.

Jonas twitched, looking at his brother's reaction. He wasn't certain of Sebastian's victory, but he hadn't thought he was lose so handily.

"You're not qualified to stand on the same stage as me."

Although Dyon's words were seemingly pointed at Sebastian... every genius there felt his unyielding arrogance... as though he wouldn't hesitate to say these same exact words to them...

Chapter 150

With that, Dyon walked away and towards much to Mithrandir's dismay, sat at the table of beauties. But then he looked back with a facial expression that baffled everyone.

His smile was bright, as though the demonic will he had just exuded had nothing to do with him. Dyon rubbed his head awkwardly.

"Ah, Uncle Acacia, I got too excited. I don't know how you plan to do this assessment, please advise."

Uncle Acacia chuckled. "The assessment will consist of two parts. As you all know, campaigns are a part of the cultivation world, inextricably connected to the lives of all. While it is a great honor, it is also a heavy task given to the youths of the world. As such, while combat prowess is important, so is intelligence and tactics.

"In like with this, tne part will test how intelligent you are while the second will test your strength. Since the academies have decided to hold this year's assessments together, everyone will be participating.

“For those of you who believe you aren’t qualified to lead your own armies, don’t forget that performing well still allows you to be placed under the best of campaign leaders. So, even if you’ve lost hope, always try your best! Let’s Begi –”

Suddenly, Dyon interrupted Headmaster Acacia, “um, sorry Uncle Acacia... but, what are campaigns? And what are we fighting for? I’ve never heard about any of this.”

The crowd looked at Dyon as though they were looking at an idiot. Who didn’t know about these things?

“Dyon? Did you not come from the human martial world? This isn’t somethings exclusive to the Elvin kingdom.”

Dyon scratched his head awkwardly, “I did come from the human martial realm, but, I came from the human mortal realm first... I’ve only be here for a little over a year.”

Silence reigned. Even Ri who had lost interest in everything suddenly looked at Dyon as though she were looking at a freak.

‘A little over a year... and he’s this powerful?...’

If Ri had remembered that Dyon spent 7 months incapacitated, her reaction may have very well been even more fantastic.

“This...” headmaster Acacia had no idea about this. But, he, elder Flyleaf and Erunonidan, smiled soon after. Dyon being from the mortal realm meant that he definitely had no backing. Which meant that it was be even easier for him to campaign under the Elvin Kingdom.

“If you don’t know about it... it’s too long of a story and explanation to give now. For a cursory understanding, campaigns are essentially what a universe’s strength hinges on. You may not have met this concept yet, or maybe you have, but wills are finite. The only way to increase a world’s hold on wills is by conquering other worlds with different laws, daos, wills and so on.

“As for why this is hinged on the younger generation... our universe is ranked fairly low. Therefore, the gates that connect us to other universes aren't stable and can't support cultivation higher than essence gathering. When power exceeds that limit, the gate would collapse, killing everyone inside. So, the ancestors that created the gates directly blocked cultivation levels higher than the gates' limits.”

Dyon's eyes shone. He had come across this concept of finite wills before. During Focus Academy's opening ceremony, while he was standing behind the door, he heard the pillar family heads talk about how Meiyang had carved out a piece for herself in the will of her compass. Dyon hadn't spent much time thinking about non-elemental type wills since then, but this was a good wakeup call for him.

Suddenly Dyon remembered something.

‘Didn't those elders also say I was gaining a monopoly on music will? Is that possible for something so wide spread? Maybe music isn't that common of a will? I never thought about it since Madeleine had it, so I assumed it wasn't rare.

‘But... Jade wasn't using music will while she was playing the other day. Or, maybe, the music will I have access to is only from this universe, so it's comparatively easier to gain a monopoly on it?’

Dyon was once again lost in his thoughts. This world was truly a lot more complex than he gave it credit for.

“So, Uncle Acacia, what do I need to do to be able to participate?”

To Dyon, his only goal was to leave the biggest impact he could on the martial world. What could be bigger than becoming a general known throughout multiple universes?

Before Uncle Acacia could respond, a cold voice came from below the terrace.

“What makes you think you'd have a right to participate as a campaign leader? That would require you using Elvin troops and representing the Elvin Kingdom. Did you think we need a human like you to do this? If you'd really like to show your sincerity, you can compete to be a foot soldier,” Zaltarish spoke calmly, no emotions could be seen on his face. His demeanor was completely different when he wasn't interacting with his friends.

Dyon smiled, not minding. "Ah, you do make a good point. I can't possibly ask for Elvin troops without having contributed anything to the Elvin Kingdom. Since I assume you speak with nothing but the best interest of your kingdom in mind, then I won't take needless offense."

Dyon was calm. There was no need to get angry over something as inconsequential as this. He was indeed not a member of the Elvin Kingdom, it would be odd if he was allowed lead their troops just because he was a talent.

Ores sneered. "Since you understand, you can fuck off now. There's no need for you to be here."

Dyon chuckled. "You all misunderstand. I understand that I haven't earned the right to represent the Elvin Kingdom... yet."

The geniuses frowned.

"What makes you think you could ever earn such a right?" Ores was really unwilling to allow Dyon any leeway.

"Wouldn't you know the answer after the assessment is finished?"