

The Nameless 151

Chapter 151

Seemingly understanding Dyon's intentions, Uncle Acacia began to speak.

"The addition of Mathilde Academy and Florence Academy is a bit unexpected. However, I believe that it's clear that these two academies have long since chosen their campaign leaders," a faint smile grew on Uncle Acacia's face. "As such, I've decided to use my judgement to select three candidates to represent our school. In consideration of the Sigebryht young master's worries, one candidacy will be shared between my daughter and Dyon. The others will be filled by Jonas Benes and my adoptive son, Aeson Acacia."

Dyon smirked, 'Uncle Acacia sure is cunning.'

The truth was, ever since the message he received the previous night, Headmaster Acacia had realized that something was wrong. It was clear that this assessment was for nothing else other than to either undermine the legitimacy of the geniuses of his academy. It was all the more obvious with the late arrivals of their academies' six geniuses.

Headmaster Acacia was well aware that something like this wouldn't be planned or approved by Grand Elder Deryth. However, the arrival was coordinated by Zaltarish. The male geniuses would follow such a simple request without much thought. On the side of the female geniuses, the upper experts of the Elvin Kingdom were well aware of the subtle relationship between the Norville and Sigebryht families. And Primrose, being Mithrandir's best friend, would listen to a request like that as well.

In the end, their plan was to have their comparatively regular students participate with Acacia Academy, then embarrass them with their true geniuses afterwards. What they didn't count on was the late start and Dyon's talent.

Elder Cormyth didn't seem too bothered by his scheme having been found out.

"This isn't too good, is it Headmaster Acacia? We've gathered so many people, yet there won't be a show? Also, Florence and Mathilde Academy only chose two candidates each. Mithrandir of my academy, and Primrose of Florence Academy aren't participating.

“So, why would Acacia Academy use up three spots? There are a finite number of soldiers, you know. In addition, one of those spots is filled by your daughter and a young man I can only assume is betrothed to her? This nepotism is too obvious, no?”

Dyon raised an eyebrow. It was clear that Elder Cormyth was set on making an example of Uncle Acacia, but, because Dyon’s understanding of the Elvin Kingdom was too shallow, he had no idea why. But, as he pondered, he suddenly thought of something.

He wasn’t sure if the Benes family was a major family or not, but what he was clear on was the fact that neither Aeson, himself, or Ri were part of such a family. After he thought of this and coupled it with the disdainful looks he was constantly receiving from the male geniuses, he pieced together that this had something to do with status wars.

However, Headmaster Acacia was well prepared for this.

“Haha, Elder Cormyth’s concerns are duly noted, however, you haven’t allowed me to finish. In the spirit of friendly competition, I allow any of the chosen of my academy to decide whether or not to accept challenges from Mathilde and Florence Academy. Everyone may only be challenged twice. Once for a show of strength. And the other for a show of intelligence. We can’t very well allow a single person to tire themselves to death because of an endless amount of challenges, no?”

The crowd cheered, excited that they’d get a show.

Grand Elder Cormyth could only clench his teeth in anger. Not only did headmaster Acacia not use the proper honorifics by dropping the Grand from his title, he also implied that his school would do something as shameful as tiring out an opponent before defeating them. However, there was nothing he could do about the rules set. They were in Acacia Academy territory.

Suddenly, Zaltarish’s emotionless voice rang out again.

“We will honor Headmaster Acacia’s arrangements. We are happy to know that you are not afraid of your decisions being questioned. We’ll all bare witness to the grandeur of your candidates. As for choosing three instead of two, the original mandate was for three, with a cap of four, should a particular year have enough talents. It shouldn’t be too much of a problem.”

Dyon looked towards Zaltarish, his eyes as calm as could be.

'This guy is quite arrogant to pretend as though things will only proceed as such because he agrees. Too bad Uncle Acacia only wants me to fight one of you. I've already promised a pretty lady to deal with something for her...'

Ores was already standing up, staring daggers at Dyon, but, unexpectedly, Dyon wasn't paying attention.

"Silver Fairy," he said with a gentle smile, "can you tell me who the major families are?"

Jade seemed to snap out of a train of thought she'd been on for quite a while to see Dyon's pure eyes looking towards her.

"Uh, yes. Our school has the Eostre, aka me, Conventine, aka Opal, and Ingram major families," she said, finally looking towards Celine. "The Mathilde Academy has the Sigebryht, Grimbold and Norville major families. And Florence Academy has the Nodin, Aedre," she looked towards Primrose, "and finally Fletcher major families."

'Hmm, so Benes isn't part of the major families either... it seems this is why our school is looked down upon... none of this generation's major family members want to participate in campaigns, and since they're all female, no one looks down on them for it. Instead, they use it as an excuse to look down upon Acacia Academy.'

"And what about the sub-families?"

Jade smiled, finally feeling as though she was talking to the same young man as the previous night.

"There are too many to name. But, there are 21 sub divided into 3 parts depending on which of the guilds they support. The Benes family is actually a sub-family responsible for the blacksmithing guild. In fact, they're the most powerful sub-family within that faction because of the advantage their manifestations give them."

Jade's last sentence suddenly made Dyon realize something.

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Singularity type manifestation techniques ensure a particular kind of manifestation, however, so does the bloodline of families. Ri already made it clear to him that only major families have Singularity type techniques. Yet, Jade just said that the Benes family gained an advantage because of their manifestation. This meant, that while the technique plays a role, so does a person's bloodline, which is probably why the major families were the most powerful.

When Dyon thought of Mithrandir, from talks around him, he knew that her manifestation was as a result of the unique type manifestation technique. However, he also heard that her manifestation was identical to the founder of the Norville family. Which meant that her manifestation probably didn't stray too far from what was provided by the Singularity type technique.

This made Dyon wonder what the point of the singularity type technique was. Suddenly, a thought flashed in Dyon's mind: the singularity type technique was there to ensure that the bloodline never faded.

Imagine if the Norville family, as an example, went generations without birthing a genius like Mithrandir. This would mean that the bloodline's strength would dwindle again and again. Making it less and less likely that another Mithrandir would appear. However, what if that bloodline was rejuvenated with a technique? Almost like stimulating it with whatever made the bloodline great to begin with. Wouldn't that keep the family going?

Unknowingly, Dyon had deduced a tightly kept secret of the major families... And he also had an interesting thought to go along with it... if Singularity Type technique rejuvenate bloodlines, wouldn't it be a high level body cultivation technique as well as a soul cultivation technique?

Wouldn't that mean that the Elves, who were so hung up on soul cultivation, owed much of their power to a form they neglected? Wouldn't that also mean that should Dyon ever get his hands on any singularity type techniques, that he'd gain the body of an elf?

'Oh my, I can get more handsome?' Dyon thought chuckling to himself, 'clearly the beauty of elves isn't as simple as being descendants of gods... or maybe... it's exactly because of that reason...'

"I see... thank you fairy," Dyon smiled lightly.

Ignoring Mithrandir's hateful glance and Primrose's conflicted expression, Dyon suddenly got up.

"Uncle Acacia, sorry for not being a very tactful person, but I think it's actually quite pathetic for the two academies to come here and flaunt their nonsense. So, how about I send them on their way for you? They must be wondering how good your judgement is right? I'll make it clear.

"Grimbold scum, you can bring your ass here first. Grimbold is quite the warrior's name, no? Let's see how much of a warrior you are."

The surroundings erupted, the crowd couldn't withhold their sneers anymore.

"To call the Grimbold family scum... how arrogant!"

Dyon couldn't be bothered with the whispers, instead flashing and appearing on the center arena under the sparkling eyes of Jade and her friends.

However, not all of them looked on in interest.

Mithrandir turned her cold gaze towards Dyon's figure with a look that could kill.

'You're ignorant. You have no idea how Elves battle, you know next to nothing about martial arts, and yet you have the audacity to be so cocky after only training for a year? And now you want to beat the member of a major family? Enjoy your early death. No one will save you. Your life means nothing to us.'

Ores' feet were heavy as he slowly walked towards the stage. His aura was stifling, the sky seemingly darkened with his every step.

His muscles rippled, sending his simple linen shirt into the wind. The battle axe on his back seemed to vibrate with anticipation.

Every step was like an attempt to crush Dyon's heart, to crush his arrogance, to crush any means of resistance.

Weaker students shivered. The pungent smell of piss filled the area under the terrace and even reached the regular audience.

Grabbing his axe from his back, Ores swung it leisurely, but the air seemed to slice willingly. Bowing down to his skill and his power.

Ores leaped.

BOOM!

He landed three meters from Dyon. To him, this distance was enough for an instant kill.

He loomed above, staring down at Dyon with disdain. A Dyon who didn't seem to have any intention of moving despite the danger.

Ores' voice rang out, carrying a domineering will, "I'll only give you one chance. Take out a weapon and defend yourself, or else you won't know how you died."

Dyon's arm trembled, causing Ores to sneer.

"It's too late to be afraid now. You've blasphemed the Grimbold name. Today you won't leave without becoming a cripple. Either that. Or you won't leave at all."

Suddenly, Dyon yawned.

"What are you talking about," Dyon brought his hand over, he scratched an itch, "I just felt so disgusted by your presence that I gained the irresistible urge to scratch myself all over."

The crowd froze as Ores' face darkened.

“You have quite a lot of nerve. I’m going to have fun showing you the difference between you and I,” Ores raised his axe, a gleam of hot and raging fire gracing the blade.

Dyon looked up with an interested expression. ‘4th level Meridian Formation... 34 opened meridians... not bad. At such a young age, considering he must have only recently begun cultivating, he definitely has a good chance of stepping into the saint stage.’

BOOM!

Ores’ axe stopped inches from Dyon’s face, a dazzling array swirled with complex gold, not showing a hint of wavering to Ores’ power.

Ores’ eyebrows furrowed. “Is this how Acacia Academy does battle? Array Plates? How pitiful.”

The crowd booed, disgusted with Dyon’s actions.

Elder Cormyth sneered along with the geniuses brought from the other academies. “Is this your so-called genius?”

Uncle Acacia said nothing, instead lightly smiling. He sent a look over to Ri who was smirking. Clearly, she knew something.

Dyons sighed. “You know, I’m tired of my genius getting mistaken for the work of others...”

“You dare to still say that this is your genius? If I wanted to use a practitioner level plate, you think my family wouldn’t be able to buy hundreds, if not thousands for me? You disgust me. Not only is your lineage subpar, your character is even worse. You don’t have the spirit of a warrior. You aren’t worthy of dying by my axe,” Ores put his battle axe away, intent on walking away.

Suddenly, the air changed around Dyon. A Demonic will permeated the air. The anger was clear in his eyes.

“My lineage? Subpar?”

As enraged as Dyon already was, the one thing a person should never do before him is insult his parents. Ores seemed to have foolishly crossed even this line.

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The wind raged, tens of formations spun violently behind Dyon, their formation slowed so that everyone could witness their construction.

Ores looked back, a serious expression surfacing on his face.

“You’ve done a lot of things to piss me off. First you try to take a five-year-old as your concubine. Then you insult my friend’s beauty. And now you have the face to insult my lineage?”

BANG!

A weapon’s hell array completed, immediately firing a spear of unparalleled speed towards Ores.

Ores Roared, brandishing his axe and swinging to block.

BANG!

Ores flex backwards, sliding across the stage to finally stop at its edge.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve. Is the Grimbold family so great?”

BANG!

A spear sped forward again, tossing Ores cleanly off the main stage and tumbling into the neutral areas of the coliseum. But, Dyon didn’t have any intentions of stopping.

“Wasn’t I weak? Wasn’t I subpar? Wasn’t I unworthy? Give me your axe oh great one”

BANG!

Grimbold flew backwards again. But, this time, a defense array appeared behind him, causing him to cough up blood as it jarred him forward.

The crowd could only look on in awe. Dyon’s spears were laced with so many wills, even the experts were having trouble picking out what was going on.

However, there was one gaze that wasn’t worried about how powerful Dyon’s spear were, she was only worried about his reaction to Ores’ insults.

‘It’s not like you to get so angry so easily...’ Thought Ri.

Ores had had enough. A tempest of aura violently raged behind him.

BANG!

Dyon’s defensive array shattered under the pressure, leaving Ores’ manifestation leering in the skies.

A battle axe wreathed in flames seemed to want to burn everything in its path.

Ores said no words, but his red eyes deepened. His fiery red hair raged with wind, wildly fluttering in the air.

A warrior’s cry resounded through the arena as Ores pounced forward, landing before Dyon and swinging his battle axe with deadly intent.

The elders all held serious expressions, ‘7th level battle axe will... 5th level fire will... both boosted to the 9th level as soon as his manifestation appeared...’

However, Dyon had no reaction. His eyes still reddened with rage. His shirt sliced apart under his storm of sword qi.

“He’s a sword master!” Jade’s eyes sparkled. What was a better mix than a domineering yet elegant man? Nothing could compare to the sword in her eyes.

“You’re not worthy of my sword. You’re not worthy of me moving from this single spot. You’re not worthy to carry the title of warriors. GET OUT OF MY FACE!”

BANG!

Tens of Weapon’s hell arrays released all at once. Shearing the air and careening towards Ores.

Despair colored his eyes as he watched the end of his life.

Suddenly, Headmaster Grimbold moved. Uncle Acacia made no move to stop him, fully aware that it wasn’t in Dyon’s best interest to kill a young master of the Grimbold family.

With a wave of his arm, the spears shattered.

The crowd sucked in a collective breath as the gold and shattered lights finally dissipated.

There, before Dyon, Headmaster Grimbold bowed with his hand across his chest.

“It isn’t noble of me to interrupt your duel, especially when I wouldn’t step in should it have been your life in danger, but, unfortunately, I must. Ores is an important member of our Grimbold family and cannot die under my watch.

“The Grimbold family holds strength above all and no one finds this act more shameful than we do. However, even with that said, I must do it. If one day you become strong enough to eradicate our family, no one of Grimbold blood will blame you.”

Dyon's eyes still held rage, but he calmed it. It was clear that he wouldn't be able to take Ores' life. And, what Ores' senior had said was correct – and it's underlying meaning... even more so. Strength above all else. He couldn't kill Ores today, because he didn't have the strength to fight the Grimbold family. It was just that simple.

“Since the Grimbold family is so honorable, I think it would be a simple matter that can be resolved with an apology just as simple, no?”

Headmaster Grimbold lifted his head and looked back towards a pale Ores.

“Apologize.”

His tone left no room for discussion. As such, Ores stood to apologize to Dyon. However, what Dyon said next surprised him.

“Not me. The beautiful girl over there,” Dyon pointed towards Ri who had a gentle smile on her face.

‘It seems like the Dyon I like is back.’

After an awkward apology, Ores had no face to stay. He never gave Dyon a disdainful look, nor did he seem angered. The only thing he felt was shame. Shame that he had brought such ruin to the Grimbold family. A shame he'd use to fuel him towards better and newer heights.

Smiling up at Ri, Dyon casually strolled back to his place among the beauties, seemingly still not having noticed Mithradir's hot gaze.

Dyon grinned. “Aren't I amazing fairies?”

The girls rolled their eyes, but they couldn't help but feel impressed. It was clear that Dyon wasn't just a braggart, he had the skill to back up his words. They had no way of telling, but it was clear Dyon used at least four wills with his weapon's hell arrays.

That in and of itself would still be reasonable as there were other geniuses of that level here. But, his understanding of his wills had reached an unprecedented level. They couldn't understand what was different between their uses of wills and Dyon's... but there was a clear gap which was why he was able to make up such a large disparity in cultivation.

As for Mithrandir, her eyes slipped in and out of anger and complex emotions. She didn't know how to feel. As a young lady, she was angered beyond belief at how Dyon took such a first time from her. But, something in her didn't allow her to completely hate him since it was indeed her fault. Yet, there was a completely unreasonable part that wanted him to suffer and die.

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Dyon turned his pure gaze to Mithrandir. "You should thank me Madame Norville."

Mithrandir furrowed her eyebrows, gritting her teeth in anger. "What could I possibly have to thank you for?"

"Can it be possible that you don't have an understanding of your own manifestation?"

Mithrandir's eyes narrowed, seemingly understanding what Dyon was trying to get at.

"If you want to make further progress in your cultivation with me, it won't be possible. I have a fiancée and I'm quite loyal," Dyon said shamelessly, "but, I was at least able to give you a helpful hint, no? So, you're welcome."

"You! –" Mithrandir was shivering, not knowing how to respond to Dyon's shamelessness. Who asked him to help her again?!

All this time, Zaltarish had a boiling volcano within him. His face showed no signs of anger, but he was already plotting Dyon's downfall. He had no doubt that he was much more powerful than Ores, but, wasn't Dyon also much more powerful than Ores as well? He felt a discomfort within him, and for the first time since he manifested his soul, he doubted himself.

But, his pride wouldn't allow him to cave.

“I see. Your talent is indeed barely adequate for your arrogance,” Zaltarish spoke softly, but his voice seemed to quiet the entire surrounding areas.

Uncle Acacia had long since returned to his seat. Having turned the event over to the younger generation, he was content to sit back and watch things unfold.

Dyon turned away from Mithrandir, smiling faintly towards Zaltarish, “and you are?”

Zaltarish didn't seem too bothered by Dyon's response. In fact, none of the male geniuses who remained seemed to bother with Dyon at all. Almost as though him crushing Ores had nothing to do with them. In their eyes, Ores had not only underestimated Dyon, he had barely used his full potential because of his pride.

He didn't stimulate his bloodline and he used no techniques. In fact, he only used 2 of the wills he knew. How could a young master of a major family only have an understanding of two wills? To top it all off, he didn't even use his understanding of will paths at all. It was clear he hadn't put Dyon in his eyes, which is why he lost.

However, would they make the same mistake after witnessing this? Of course not. So, why would they bother acknowledging Dyon?

Zaltarish sighed. “However, judging by your response, it's clear you're lacking in any other qualities necessary to lead a campaign. If it was just about strength, of which yours barely qualifies, why would we need leaders at all?”

Dyon chuckled, understanding Zaltarish's meaning. “Ah, so you think I'm stupid because I'm so clearly challenging you all without any understanding of who you are, correct?”

Although Zaltarish didn't expect Dyon to pick up on what he meant so quickly, he didn't let this bother him, “since you understand, doesn't that make this easier? Can we have a leader who only knows how to charge ahead, without any use of tactics?”

Dyon laughed as though he had just heard the funniest thing in the world, "I'm the one who doesn't understand, hm?" Suddenly, Dyon looked up towards Ri, "Ri, could you let me see the array plate for a second?"

A devious light flashed in Ri's eyes. With a smile, she took it out of her ring and threw it down towards Dyon.

Dyon casually caught the plate between two of his fingers before flicking it towards Jonas.

Confused, Jonas caught the plate. Looking down, his eyes flashed with a sudden realization.

"Tell me fellow student Jonas, do you recognize this array plate?"

Jonas nodded heavily.

"And what does this array plate mean to you?"

Zaltarish's expression turned serious for the first time. He had no idea what Dyon's intentions were, but he felt like he was being played.

Jonas took a deep breath before saying, "about a year ago, members of our guilds went to the main continent to gather supplies as our island isn't vast enough to be self-sustaining. While there, we found a truly profound array plate and purchased as many as we could find. Although blacksmithing requires a vast amount of knowledge that strays from array theory, it is still considered a branch of the olden array alchemy. This being because the best of weapons always utilize the best of arrays to strengthen and boost them...

"We were never able to find out who the master behind those plates was... but, over the past year, we've made vast improvements because of it... can it be that Junior Dyon has an understanding of where this came from?"

Jonas' breath was hurried. Although he didn't like Dyon because of what he did to his younger brother, he also couldn't hate Dyon since he hadn't actually injured Sebastian.

Dyon chuckled. Originally, he had only wanted Jonas to appraise the plate and say how useful it would be to their guild. He hadn't expected that his work would have already given the Elvin Kingdom such advantages.

Dyon didn't respond to Jonas' question though. Instead, he lifted up his hand, inscribing the very same first common level array in the air. Except, this time, he held nothing back.

16 swirls appeared. Although they were vastly slower than what Dyon could do, the speed at which the array formed still made the surrounding observers draw in a breath.

RING! RING!

Jonas trembled. 'Heaven's chimes....'

The bells didn't stop. It seemed they were intent on continuing until the array was used. So, Dyon flicked his wrists, using his human-world made storage device to take out a common array plate.

Slowly, the common level array melded with the plate, causing its once brown and dull body to shimmer with a blinding gold. It was only then that the chimes ceased.

Dyon didn't seem to care about this though, instead casually tossing this plate to Jonas as well.

"How do those plates compare?"

Jonas looked down, his hands trembling. "They can't be compared... the one you just created is far above..."

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Dyon looked towards Zaltarish with a smile that wasn't a smile.

“It seems I’m not the only one who doesn’t understand who they’re dealing with. It also seems that I’ve made quite vast contributions to your kingdom without even my knowing. I wonder how much I could do if I actually tried?”

Zaltarish’s teeth clenched. Dyon’s meaning was clear. The plate they had used to improve so much was already vastly surpassed by himself. In fact, he implied that even the first plate was created by him as well. Didn’t he say he had only been here a year!? So how did he create such a profound plate a year ago?! What level is he at now?!

Zaltarish wasn’t so stupid as to doubt Dyon’s creation. Although he wasn’t an expert, as a young master of a major family, he had knowledge in many areas. And, he knew enough about array theory to know that each array had its own unique finger print... in other words, it was impossible for Dyon to lie about who created the first plate in front of someone as knowledgeable as Jonas!

The eyes of the beauties sparkled. Before, they had thought Dyon was just a brute who didn’t think before he did things. But, it was clear from earlier on when he said that he hadn’t contributed to the Elvin Kingdom just yet, that he already had major plans to do so. They had no choice but to change their assessment of the man in front of them.

As for Dyon, this didn’t mean much to him. Since he knew Jonas had only initially acted abrasively with him since he assumed Dyon was breaking seniority by being in the air of a lecture without the power to do so, he didn’t mind his character too much since he knew next to nothing about it. But, judging by his willingness to be honest about the value of Dyon’s array plates, there was no need to hold a grudge.

“So, almighty member of the major families, is there anything else you’d like to test me on? Because if I’m going to be honest, it’s not that I was stupid in not checking your identities before offending you. It was more so that your identities don’t matter all that much to me at all.”

The eyes of the geniuses narrowed.

The crowd spoke in hushed whispers. The appearance of Dyon seemed to a thorn at the side of these young masters.

Zaltarish quickly recovered, a small smile appearing on his face. “Alright then. I hope you didn’t take offense to my question, as a member of the major families, I only want the best for our kingdom. Since

you've contributed, I of course have no objections to your existence. We can proceed with the thought of this as just a friendly competition between candidates then."

Dyon nodded, "of course, no problem..."

Zaltarish smiled, "Zaltarish Sigebryht."

"Dyon Sacharro."

"Mm, then Headmaster Acacia. How about we have a free for all intelligence competition? It won't be school against school, but instead peers against peers, how about it?"

Uncle Acacia, being pleasantly surprised with Dyon's performance, was in a good mood. As such, he didn't think that such an innocent request could lead to any problems.

"And what did the Sigebryht young master have in mind?"

Zaltarish nodded in acknowledgement. "How about you pick a topic of debate? This way, the women can participate too. The crowd can treat this as a cultivation session. It would be greatly beneficial to them, no?"

Uncle Acacia suddenly realized what Zaltarish wanted to do. Having learned that Dyon had only been in the martial world for a little over a year, how could his debating skills in topics of cultivation match up to the young geniuses who had been privy to specialized tutoring since birth? But, it was too late to back down now.

Uncle Acacia smiled, deciding that since the result might be the same regardless, that he'd choose an unbiased topic.

"Since we're here today to celebrate the choosing of campaign leaders for the Elvin Kingdom, how about a topic that's deeply ingrained within our culture? The debate topic will be on wills. Picking a winner in such a case is unnecessary, however, I'm sure it'll be clear to everyone who listens."

Dyon found this topic interesting. He had spent many days thinking about this topic. In fact, he had spent much of his six-month training period thinking about wills. But, what threw him off was the fact Uncle Acacia said that this was a deeply entrenched part of Elvin culture. Was this because of their belief that the soul was most important in understanding wills?

Zaltarish say leisurely, as though he couldn't see the table Ri had broken in front of him. Dyon was just as relaxed. In fact, Dyon had wrapped his hands behind his head, looking up at the sky as though this had nothing to do with him.

Dyon knew more than anyone that there was a tacit understanding that only he and Zaltarish would be speaking, but he didn't mind letting the atmosphere stew.

A calm smile rested on Zaltarish's face as he took the initiative to start speaking.

"Wills are a perfect debate topic Headmaster Acacia. With it being such an integral part of the Elvin Kingdom, what could be a better topic for campaign leaders?"

Uncle Acacia smiled, reclining comfortably in his chair and patting Ri's head lovingly.

Dyon smiled, still looking up at the sky. 'It seems I'll get a chance to embarrass this annoying guy... and here I thought I wouldn't get a chance to put him in his place.'

Looking over, Dyon chuckled as he noticed the beauties looking at his exposed torso.

"I almost forgot that I ruined my shirt."

Ri rolled her eyes as the beauties blushed, a bit ashamed that they had been caught.

Celine giggled. "Hasn't anyone ever taught you to give beauties a mile even when you get none?"

A mysterious glint flashed in Dyon's eyes, "I can give a mile anytime, but do you dare take it?"

Opal, having seemingly understood the double meaning in Dyon's words blushed furiously, causing a light laughter to fill the room and alleviate the pressure that had been building.

Jade rolled her eyes. "Your fiancée wouldn't be very happy with you right now. Who's this beauty, by the way? Would we know her?"

Ri listened intently for Dyon's answer. She too was curious about the answer to this. It seemed like everyone forgot a debate was meant to be going on. But, even the crowd seemed to find this interaction as entertaining as anything else.

Dyon smiled. "If I told you, you either wouldn't believe me, or you'd be jealous beyond belief. Would you still like to hear my answer?"

Jade smiled. She was fully aware that Dyon knew it was impossible to lie to her, and yet he said this anyway. Which only meant one thing: she'd feel inferior should she know the answer.

Celine leaned forward in anticipation. "Just tell us. Who is this outstanding beauty?"

Dyon chuckled, "Madeleine Sapientia."

He wasn't actually sure if the elves would be aware, but he couldn't very well talk down about his woman right? However, the reaction shocked even him.

The words felt like a blackhole for sound before it all suddenly erupted.

The discussion drowned out everything else. Some were disgusted by Dyon's lies. Others were curious as to whether he was really telling the truth. Even the elders within the box turned their serious expressions towards Dyon. They all wanted to know a single thing: is he telling the truth?

Dyon raised an eyebrow at the commotion the name caused. Just a year ago, Madeleine had been basically unknown, living day after day in Libro's control room. Yet, her name now caused such a stir?

Celine broke the tension with a laugh. "You can't be serious, Dyon. But, I guess if you planned on lying, you might as well go big."

Dyon sighed. "Denial is the first stage of grief fairy Celine, I understand your reaction to my being a taken man."

The quiet Opal finally voiced her concerns. "How would a boy from the human world capture the heart of the first in line genius of a God Clan as powerful as the Sapientia family? Worst yet, she's among the six top beauties of not this planet, but this universe. You really know how to dream big..."

All this time, Jade was looking into Dyon's eyes. Only she knew that there was not an ounce of doubt to be had in his words. His thoughts were so pure that she shivered. Even when someone told the truth about something, there would at least be a bit of doubt, even within them. But, Dyon had 100% faith in Madeleine and himself.

Dyon didn't seem too bothered by it all.

"So my Madeleine's become famous," a faint smile could be seen on his face, "I'm glad."

The purity of his eyes made even Mithrandir waiver in his doubt of him, 'could he really be with such an outstanding woman?'

In the year Dyon hadn't been with Madeleine, her progress was frightening. Her suitors had surpassed this planet long ago, stretching out into the universe and even into that of others when she appeared on the battle fields of the gates.

Her beauty and power had become so outstanding that she stood at the top of it all. However, despite the grandeur of some marriage proposals, or the esteem of those presenting it, Madeleine had never shown interest in any of it. And yet, here stood a boy from the human mortal realm, claiming to be the one in her heart.

Jade bit her lip, although she didn't doubt Dyon, she still had to say.

“The Sapientia God Clan is the only God Clan in this universe that has multiple branches at the level of a main branch. And yet, only Madeleine has earned the title of first in line genius. No one of the younger generation has earned such a title from the other main Sapientia branches,” suddenly Jade smiled, displaying her own dazzling beauty, her purple-blue eyes shining with unparalleled clarity, “you pick your women well.”

The crowd went silent. There was not a single person here who didn't understand the manifestation of the Eostre family. There were only two reasons Jade would say what she just said. Either she wanted to protect Dyon as a friend... or, Dyon was truly the fiancée of such an outstanding beauty.

Darcassan's black eyes raged. “Jade you're much too soft hearted. If he wanted to embarrass himself so much, you should have just allowed him to fall flat on his face.”

Jade smiled, seemingly not intent on explaining. Dyon could only smile bitterly. If you were going to help, why not help to the end? Of course, Dyon knew nothing about the internal turmoil that Jade was undergoing.

As useful as the Eostre family Manifestation was... It also made them far more susceptible to their emotions.

‘Why are women so complicated?’

Kymil chuckled, noting Jade's reaction, “Jade you're too gentle of heart. If you weren't, how could you not be among the top beauties of this universe as well? If you were willing to step onto the battlefield, everyone would know your name.”

Kymil and Darcassan took this opportunity to shamelessly hit on Jade while slandering Dyon. But, he didn't mind. Wouldn't they all know the truth come the world tournament?

Dyon laughed lightly.

“Women aside, shouldn't I give the esteemed members of the major families the opportunity to start off this debate? I think we've idled long enough.”

The crowd took this as Dyon trying to change the subject and escape his shameful boasting. But, he couldn't be bothered with this. What was he supposed to do? Get Madeleine to come here for such a petty reason? He'd be sure to become famous enough that no one would be able to deny him his woman again!

Zaltarish's eyes sharpened as he noticed the change in Dyon's aura.

'It seems he's prepared... come then. Let me crush you in the most demoralizing way possible!'

Zaltarish's blood boiled. To the crowd this was just a debate, but to the geniuses below the terrace, this was a battle just like any other.

"Then, I'll have the honor of beginning then," Zaltarish's usual faint voice held a different sort of power now, a power that seemed to want to sway everyone in the crowd to his side.

'so... this is how debating works in the martial world...?'

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'They're using some sort of technique to sway the emotions of people... do you really think you can compete with me in something like that?'

Dyon smirked thinking of how easily he could manipulate people with his celestial, demonic and music wills. But, he decided to play along for now... after all, what fun would there be in the victor being so obvious from the beginning? He'd first crush Zaltarish with pure logic. Then, he'd crush him with his will.

Zaltarish's voice was soothing, but powerful, yielding, but domineering. Dyon could only smile as he began to listen to a discourse oddly similar to Elder Flyleaf's.

"From the time our Elvin Race came to this universe, to this very day, we have always been incomparable in the understanding of wills. The reason for this is simple: we have the best understanding of what is without a doubt the most important aspect of cultivation: the soul.

The soul is an enigmatic existence, one that has baffled the minds of countless experts. It isn't as straight forward as body cultivation. It also isn't as simple as energy cultivation. It's delicate, yet strong, fragile, yet powerful.

However, this is far from the only reason souls are of such importance. Think about how manifestations effect wills. They aid us in understanding them better. They help us in boosting our understanding in battle. With our souls, we can reach a level of comprehension unmatched by anyone else."

The crowd seemed to be lost in Zaltarish's words, hanging onto his every syllable.

"However, the world of cultivation isn't as simple as I've painted it, correct? We need a strong body to support a soul. We can't surpass a will and tap into intents without the proper energy cultivation. So, you may wonder, why is the soul most important?"

Dyon raised an eyebrow at this. It seemed Zaltarish wasn't as simple as he first assumed. He was delving into thoughts Dyon himself had had. The question was... what would his conclusion be?

It seemed that even the geniuses had perked up at this point of Zaltarish's.

"The answer to this is quite simple, no? The flaw is not within the soul, but instead, within ourselves."

Murmurs flooded the Coliseum. Zaltarish's words were powerful. Catching the attention of everyone listening.

"When the soul wants to surpass the body, it can't. Why? Because it is our bodies that are too weak. When our understanding matches an intent, yet is held within the peak level of wills, it is because we ourselves aren't powerful enough to sustain qi at the level of an intent."

Dyon's eyes sparkled. He was well aware that wills, when used, manifested themselves in what would be called qi. This is why he referred to Darius' spear will as spear qi. And why he referred to his sword will as sword qi. However, as he himself thought through earlier, there was a reason intents couldn't be "understood" unless you reached the essence gathering level of energy cultivation. It was because it was only at that point that your cultivation would be able to sustain qi that powerful.

Zaltarish continued, “as those of outstanding intelligence can deduce, the fault hardly lies on the inadequacies of the soul. Our souls, if powerful enough, have the abilities to understand intents long before we step into essence gathering should our genius be up to par. We are the ones holding it back,” suddenly Zaltarish smiled, “but this isn’t the end of that.

“When one’s cultivation reaches dao formation, the body undergoes a qualitative change. Suddenly, the body and soul become one in the name of the daos we have chosen.”

The air seemed to get sucked out of the coliseum. The Dao Formation stage was a legend of unprecedented heights. To the point where there was not a single such expert in this universe of that level of power as far as they knew.

However, Dyon’s eyes sparkled with a different light. One of an inevitable anticipation, a wanting and thirst for power. An unyielding sense of belief.

He suddenly thought back to the sage demon and his song. ‘If Dao Formation is so powerful... how powerful was he to have surpassed it...’

“Once such a level is reached, would the soul ever be held back again? When the soul is the body, and the body is the soul. A union of perfection and unmatched glory, would either ever hold back the other? A perfect amalgamation of cultivation. An epitome of faultlessness.”

A small smile graced Zaltarish’s features as his eyes burned with passion, but, he lightly chuckled to himself, “I’ve said all of this and yet haven’t truly delved into wills. I’ve explained what is most important in understanding them, but not what they truly are.

Wills are the essence and core of everything that is. Whether that be living, or dead, strong or weak.

They are the laws that write what is and what isn’t. When one understands a will, they understand what it means to be that thing.”

Zaltarish lifted his hand, a small blade of sword qi appearing. Condensed to the 8th level of will, it slowly swayed above his palm, its gentle movement sending tsunamis of wind every which direction.

“Wills are what makes a sword a sword. In its purist form, it follows one path. And that one path... clean of impurities and false beliefs, acts as a beacon. When that path is found, your will becomes indomitable. When that path is found... your sword cleaves through everything... even should you want to cut a person in half, and have them remain standing as though nothing had occurred, you could do. Even if you wanted to slice this world in half with a single flick of the wrist, you could do it.”

Zaltarish flicked his wrist.

WHOOOSH

The sword qi flew threw the air, slicing inches from Dyon’s cheek.

It wrapped around him, dancing domineeringly before sped towards the arenas.

There was no large explosion. There was only the sound of the air that rushed to fill a now gaping valley.

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Zaltarish’s sword qi had sliced a 10-meter scar into the center arena. But, it seemed as though it had no end to its depth. It was clear that Zaltarish could have made this scar much longer, but instead chose to restrain himself. However, as a display of power, dug deep into the earth instead.

“As your understanding increases, the depth of your will increases. And as that depth accumulates, you will level will increase along with it. With each sinking step, with each dive into comprehension, with each breath of enlightenment, one taps further and further into wills. Raising a raging tempest of will of the purist form.

“What else must be said? The philosophy of will is exactly as I’ve described it. It isn’t any less complex, and it isn’t any more profound. Because it many ways, it is both. It can be as fleeting as autumn leaves, yet as everlasting as the stars in the sky.”

The eyes of the crowds sparkled with glee. They felt as though their own understandings were deepening, as though their thoughts were Zaltarish’s thoughts.

A slow and steady clap reverberated through the crowd. Cheers erupted, shaking the coliseum's foundation. The roars of infatuated women and idolizing men were many. To everyone, it was as though there was no need to continue.

Suddenly, Dyon coughed.

Like a hot knife through butter, his disruption seemed to not care about the disparity in volume. His will was the most important and the most domineering.

Instantly, a feeling of uneasiness and displeasure spread through the crowd. It was almost like they had been on Zaltarish's drug and Dyon's interruption had sent them into withdrawal.

Boos rained downwards.

Zaltarish snickered. He was at first apprehensive about the fact Dyon had so easily cut through his suggestion technique. But, it seemed like his forceful slash didn't reveal to the audience Zaltarish's ploy, but instead made him an enemy that cut off a good feeling from them.

'Idiots. They don't even realize he saved them from essentially becoming my slaves in this life and the next.'

Kymil lightly chuckled. "You see, Jade? This is the shameless man you tried to protect. You really are too kind hearted of a beauty."

Darcassan smiled in agreement, but Jade held a complicated look on her face. As a member of the Eostre family, suggestion techniques were useless against her. And although she didn't know how Dyon escaped it, it was clear that even her friends were affected.

Uncle Acacia looked down towards Dyon with a worried expression. He didn't know whether he should use his authority as the Acacia Academy headmaster to force them to stay or if their leaving would prevent Dyon from taking too much of a loss. However, as he was conflicted, Dyon began speaking as though this had nothing to do with him at all. As though only those who were worthy could listen to his words at all.

However, this only made Uncle Acacia pale further, because Dyon's voice had no suggestion, no wills and even lacked his usual domineering qualities!

"Wills are nowhere near as simple as you've made them out to be... for a member of the Elvin race – one who claims to be of a culture that strives for the peak of all understanding – I find it surprising that you of all people would say what you've said..."

Dyon had found Zaltarish's words to be overly flowery. They sounded nice and were even quite poetic, but what was that worth before the truth?

Zaltarish's eyebrows furrowed. But, he immediately relaxed as he noticed that the crowd had forewent leaving to instead boo Dyon.

It seemed as though they were intent on forcing Dyon into submission before they happily left the coliseum.

However, no matter how loudly the booed, it was as if Dyon's words couldn't be drowned out.

"For one... you claim that the soul is the key to understanding wills and that what holds our understanding back is nothing but ourselves, but you've already made a logical error. The idea of us holding back the soul isn't mutually exclusive with the idea of the soul also holding us back.

"You then claim that dao formation is the cultivation level we must reach for us to never have to hold the soul back, but you fail to even understand what being a dao formation expert means, yet to claim to be able to deduce its benefits. Don't you find that to be ridiculous?"

Zaltarish's eyebrows frowned as the crowd suddenly felt something shifting in the air. But, they weren't willing to calm down so easily, so although they quietened, their anger had yet to be satiated.

Zaltarish's voice rang out. "You speak as though you yourself understand dao formation? If you claim that I know nothing about it, your knowledge has to at least surpass mine."

Dyon chuckled. “Wrong again. My knowledge only need be equal to yours for me to understand that you know nothing. Because then, if I’m aware of my own lack of understanding, wouldn’t that mean that you also don’t understand?”

Zaltarish grit his teeth. He didn’t like this game Dyon was playing. Although Dyon was technically correct, to Zaltarish, this was petty and unnecessary.

Dyon seemed to have read Zaltarish’s thoughts and chuckled. “You must think that was petty?”

The crowd roared in agreement, hating Dyon’s shamelessness.

Dyon didn’t seem too bothered. “Interesting. I think it’s only about as petty as sending your sword qi to dance for me before marking an Acacia Academy arena as though you owned it.”

Dyon’s words cut through the noise. Immediately silencing the crowd. It seemed as though they were finally beginning to see flaws in Zaltarish. And yet, Dyon had still not used any suggestion techniques. To him, his logic and reasoning was more than enough to crush Zaltarish.

“Dao formation isn’t the soul becoming one with the body. That concept in and of itself is absolutely ridiculous. Dao formation is the soul becoming a body, not your body.”

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Zaltarish’s eyebrows furrowed along with everyone else’s. What Dyon was saying was ridiculous.

“The way you speak, people would assume a no name like you had a dao formation expert for a master.”

Dyon chuckled. In fact, he did. But, with how his truth telling had gone so far during this meeting, he didn’t even think this was worth confirming. Would they believe him anyway?

So, Dyon didn’t respond to Zaltarish’s digs directly, “you’re so lost in your own bubble that you believe everything revolves around an Elvin way of thinking.

“You must think that because your manifestations already constitute as your souls gaining bodies, that it would be redundant for it to once again do so once reaching dao formation. But, you’d be wrong, as you’ve been all this time.”

Zaltarish’s serious expression just continued to harden. It seemed as though every time Dyon spoke, he cut right to the source of the problem. Leaving no room for Zaltarish to lead him on in circles, or even to at least use pseudo-logic to sway the crowd his way.

“The truth is, that your current manifestations are only a pre-cursor to what happens during dao formation. For you, manifestations boost will and gift you understanding. However, dao formation experts form their own wills and forge their own manifestations. To reach dao formation means to take fate into your own hands. To change worlds on a whim. To bend even reality itself to achieve your own goals.

“Did you think that such an expert would rely on chance to hand them whatever manifestation they may receive? How ridiculous does that sound to you?”

Dyon’s voice was growing more domineering and unyielding. His words were beginning to become irrefutable. Almost as though his word was law.

“When you reach that level. Your wills have transcended intents, to become daos. You’ve understood auras and domains. You’ve cultivated. You’ve won. You’ve failed.

“Imagine such a transcendent existence being boiled down to simply being ‘the soul becoming one with the body’.”

Dyon didn’t seem to have any intent on laying off of Zaltarish. Dao formation was a realm that should be esteemed. He didn’t like the idea of the goal his master worked centuries for being boiled down so simply by this fool.

“Dao formation solidifies wills and intents using your soul to then form manifestation bodies to create daos. I don’t know what cheap book you read that taught you it was the soul becoming the body, but throw it away. It’s not good for such an esteemed young master to have such faults in his knowledge.”

The geniuses were stunned. They hadn't been able to pick out a single flaw in Zaltarish's speech. But, right now, they got the strange feeling that everything Dyon said was the unequivocal fact.

"Continuing on with the rest of your logical flaws, we can go back to the idea of the soul being held back, and the soul holding us back not being mutually exclusive. Although to me that statement was as clear as could be, it's been brought to my attention that your knowledge is a bit lacking," Dyon's smile was like a poison in Zaltarish's eyes. He wanted nothing more than to be rid of this boy.

"You claim that we hold the soul back, when that is only part of the equation. Because you're so caught up in what you can't do, you've completely missed what you can do. The level your will reaches is of no consequence."

Discussion erupted. What did Dyon mean by that? How is the level you will reaches of no consequence?

Dyon raised his hand. Soon, a small condensed bit of sword qi appeared.

The crowd erupted into laughter.

"First level sword will?"

The disdain was practically palpable.

The geniuses below the terrace sneered, looking at Dyon with undisguised derision. This caused Zaltarish to finally calm down. Although Dyon's word made sense, debating was also about swaying the crowd. Him revealing his pitiful sword will was essentially shooting himself in the foot.

However, Dyon didn't seem to notice. The sword qi in his hand suddenly warped.

Level 2....

Level 3...

Level 5... 7... 8.... 9....

Level 1... it was almost as though it hadn't changed at all.

The crowd was stunned.

Ri could only shake her head bitterly. 'Level 9 music will and level 9 sword will? You're almost as exaggerated as me,' she thought grinning to herself.

But, what Ri brushed off, sent the elders staggering. They all were thinking of one thing: 'It's possible to control the level your will is at?'

"You're all ignorant."

Dyon's voice was like a dagger, slicing through the pride of everyone in attendance.

"If you haven't reached a level of understanding to be able to decide what level your will is at any given time, can you really say you understand it at all? Ridiculous!

"Do you know why I spent months learning how to control my wills in such a way? Because of another mistake you made. In fact, it was because I made the same mistake myself that I tried so hard to fix it."

The crowd listened intently as Dyon spoke. It seemed they had no will to oppose this boy anymore. Every time they did so, everything would change against their expectations.

"No need to ask," looking at Zaltarish's struggling features, "I was about to tell you anyway. I owe it to Uncle Acacia to win this debate, no?"

Zaltarish could only grit his teeth in silence as the geniuses around him felt their very foundations shaking.

“I used to also think that every will had its own pure path. That one path would transcend all,” Dyon thought back to his talks with Madeleine. It seemed Madeleine had realized the flaw in his logic. In fact, if it wasn’t for her messages about it, Dyon may very well have stuck to those thoughts.

The crowd could only look on in confusion, watching a genuine smile spread across Dyon’s face... a smile only he and Jade knew the root of.

“However, is that really the case? Who’s to say that a sword’s will should be more emperor-like or more flower-like? Maybe it should be the rising sun, or like the falling rain? Should it be more like a dance between lovers? Or like the spar between friends?”

“I once thought that the purest form of music will was the voice...” Suddenly, Dyon’s every words carried a domineering will.

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“...But, is that true? Maybe the only reason I can access my music will better with my voice than with an instrument is simply because I use my voice more than I play the piano or a lyre?”

A sudden realization hit the crowd. They shivered. It was almost like a door of endless possibilities was opening before them.

“You must all be wondering why I would bother reigning in the power of my wills. Wouldn’t an attack from a 9th level will always be more powerful than one from that of a 1st level?”

Many nodded.

“But, you’d be wrong again. For the very same reason that there is no single path for wills, because wills can be combined.”

An endless silence filled the coliseum. The amount of secrets Dyon was revealing were akin to books that only the highest levels of the Sapientia family would author. And yet, he spoke of them like it was nothing. Why? Because Dyon knew that even if he told everyone in the world this, no more than a handful would be able to copy his path.

“Did you know... there’s a very interesting human mortal realm concept...” Dyon’s hands began swirling with first level space and time wills, together, but separate.

The sparkling black and grays coated his hands, causing a collective breath to escape the coliseum. Space will was rare enough, but the will of time was so rare and elusive that had Dyon’s hands not been moving in a fashion much too slow for the speed of his actual body, it wouldn’t have been recognized.

“Space is actually a fabric... a piece of paper layered again and again in every which way....”

Dyon’s words were confusing, but his voice made them oddly understandable. It gave the crowd and geniuses an odd feeling.

“The dimensions of the world... ie forwards and backwards, up and down, and left and right, actually have a 4th level to them – that being time.”

The wills in Dyon’s hands spun more vigorously, giving the geniuses near Dyon a suffocating feeling. They felt as though their bodies were growing heavier as time went on.

“Meaning... movement forward in time, is the equivalent of you taking a step in any direction.

“So, why is this significant? Because, mass causes dips in the fabrics of space... bending the paper inwards, if you will.

“However, curves are very interesting in their nature: they force straight lines to come together in response to their movement in the 4 dimensions. What does this mean? It means that the natural tendencies of objects in curved space is to come together.

“Don’t believe me? Take a large round ball, and two elastic strings. Tape the strings parallel to each other, and draw lines at that starting point to prove that the strings never deviated from their straight path. Then, spin the ball, slowly stretching the strings. What you’ll notice, is despite the string remaining straight at the taped end, the other ends of the string come together.”

The crowd had no idea what Dyon was talking about. What does this have to do with wills and their combining? But, despite their wishes, an array appeared above Dyon, manipulating the experiment as he described. And under the shocked gaze of everyone, the un-taped ends of the strings came together, but, the taped ends were still straight!

Dyon smiled, “you must think that this is just an optical illusion. Even worse, you must think it has nothing to do with wills. But, you’d be wrong.

“The ball spinning and stretching the strings was an example of movement in the original three dimensions. But, what about the fourth?”

A sudden realization hit the crowd. Their faces froze in shock and understanding.

“That’s right, movement in time. Curvature of space. Coming together despite the original configurations of the object. The combination of these things is exactly what you’d call... gravity!”

BANG!

Dyon’s hands clasped together. The coliseum shook. The knees of the weak creaked and groaned. The structures shook violently, suddenly unable to support their own weights anymore.

The shock on the faces of the crowd soon reached the elders. They could no longer maintain their nonchalant attitudes.

Dyon combined his space and time will to exponentially increase gravity!

Dyon chuckled, seeing that everyone had suffered enough. His wills dispersed, returning everything to normal.

A cold sweat appeared on each and everyone. ‘This is the power of combining wills?...’

“The reason I learned to change the depth of my wills at will,” Dyon chuckled, “is because combining wills is exceedingly difficult. It’s much easier to control should their levels be lower. Yet, their affects are much more powerful than even them at their peak.

“I hope you understand now that wills have no set path. There is an infinite amount of possibilities and possible avenues of understanding. There is no path better than another, and no one cares, or should care, what level your wills are at.

“So what if your soul allows you to reach a deeper level? You clearly don’t even understand the basics, so why would you dive deeper?”

Dyon suddenly jumped up from his seat. His shirtless torso rippling as he stretched and yawned lazily.

Stretching his waist, he winked at the beauties and jumped onto an array platform, floating up to Ri.

“Wanna go see Little Lyla?” Dyon asked, stretching out his hand.

Ri smiled, nodding her head and ignoring his hand to jump onto the platform.

Dyon chuckled bitterly, “you could at least give me some face, you really know how to hurt a man.”

Ri rolled her eyes. “Why don’t you go ask ‘Madeleine Sapientia’ to take your hand.”

Dyon’s robust laughter filled the quiet coliseum. “You’d like her. You two would bully me quite well together.”

Ri looked at Dyon. It seemed she understood that he wasn’t lying either. But, it was only a feeling.

Dyon waved to Uncle Acacia who held a proud smile on his face. “See you later Uncle Acacia.”

Uncle Acacia nodded in acknowledgement, his smile never fading as he watched them float away.

The crowd and the geniuses watched Dyon and Ri disappear into the distance, still not knowing how to feel or what to do.

Zaltarish could only maintain his calm outer appearance.

'You've won this time... we'll see how long you can jump around happily in my kingdom.'