

## **The Nameless 161**

### Chapter 161

Dyon stood with Ri outside of the Acacia Academy inner world in a daze.

In the sky, he saw the fiery words that still burned, seemingly pulling him in. Dyon smiled to himself.

‘Interesting...’

Ri hit him on the shoulder. “Don’t stare at it for too long, are you trying to burn your eyes out of their sockets? Even the elders couldn’t stand to stay in the castle.”

Dyon chuckled, not explaining anything. She already hadn’t believed him once today, what was the use in adding to that total?

But, out of curiosity, he wanted to hear what people thought of the words in the sky. “Hm, that definitely wasn’t there last time. What happened?”

Ri looked up at the words in annoyance. “That arrogant Zaltarish guy recently manifested his soul. So, I’m sure you understand his arrogance now.”

“Really? Does this sort of thing happen all the time?”

Dyon truly had no idea about what occurred during manifestations. In the books he had read from Acacia Academy, he was aware of the ranking system, and the totem, but he hadn’t researched far enough to get a good understanding of how rare some of these things were. Essentially, despite knowing that there were 10 quadrants, Dyon had no gauge on how often each occurred.

Ri sighed. “Unfortunately, no... The castle’s totem was destroyed, taking with it millennia of history. All that’s left is those words.”

‘Destroyed?’ Suddenly Dyon thought of the ancient totem that appeared before him, ‘so that’s what they think happened to it...’

Ri and Dyon began floating toward the direction of the orphan haven.

“What about your manifestation? What quadrant was yours in?” Dyon had been looking forward to seeing Ri’s manifestation out of curiosity, but, she hadn’t needed it to trample Ores. Despite the fact Ores thought Ri won with a sneak attack, Dyon was clear on the fact she never needed such a thing.

Ri smiled mysteriously, “I haven’t manifested my soul yet.”

Ri’s words made Dyon’s eyes sparkle with interest. Since she hadn’t manifested her soul yet, wouldn’t that mean that it was difficult to do? Meaning her manifestation, once it was released, would be quite powerful.

What Dyon didn’t know was that this was a point of bitterness for Ri. She felt like she was still decades away from manifesting her soul. She worried that, much like her uncle the King, she’d spend centuries just to succeed.

She never told anyone this though... many of the major families hated the Acacia family. This animosity only increased with the disappearance of the king. If another genius on that level suddenly appeared, wouldn’t she be asking for her own ruin? It was just yet another secret she’d have to keep.

“It’ll probably only take you a few tries to succeed though. Considering your innate aurora,” Ri said.

Dyon nodded in acknowledgement, then he suddenly started.

Originally, he had taken it for granted that he had an innate aurora. But, with Ri’s words, he realized just how important it was.

“You know, I’m quite good at alchemy... what percentage of awakened is your aurora at currently?”

Ri froze at Dyon’s words. It dawned on her that Dyon’s array alchemy had reached unprecedented levels. To the point where he could already match some of the best experts of their island. If he could awaken her aurora to a higher level, wouldn’t she be able to manifest her soul that much faster?

With the destruction of the tome, no one would be able to understand or get a feeling for how powerful Ri's manifestation was if she did it within the cave her mother left her. With the purification path density within it, hardly anything would leak out at all.

But, Ri smiled bitterly. "My aurora is awakened to 30%, but past that point, it gets exponentially more difficult. Even the guild leaders approach 40% at the most, and they've dumped all of their resources into it... which is actually part of the reason their services are so expensive..."

Dyon smiled. He was fully aware that he could use his pill condensation technique to create exactly what Ri was looking for. How could the Celestial Deer Sect not have many aurora awakening pills? It would be child's play to awaken Ri's aurora to even 60%, let alone 40.

"You'll be a part of my army soon, won't you? Why wouldn't I want my subordinates to be as powerful as possible? Don't worry about it."

Ri kicked at the back of his knees, laughing to herself as he almost lost balance.

"Who said I'm your subordinate? Last time I checked, you're riding my lineage to even get a shot at participating in the campaigns as anything other than canon fodder. Why aren't you kneeling down in appreciation?"

Dyon chuckled.

"Sounds like someone doesn't want their aurora awakened," Dyon looked off into the sky, pretending to ignore Ri.

"You're such a child. I'll be sure to let Little Lyla know that her big brother is bullying me," Ri harrumphed, crossing her arms across her chest.

Dyon raised an eyebrow, 'I'm the child?'

“Okay, okay. Vice-Commander Ri, leave it to your commander-in-chief, we’ll get you sorted out,” Dyon patted his chest nobly.

Ri gave Dyon a playful look of disdain but ignored him.

“So, aren’t you going to tell me more about the campaigns?”

Ri took a deep breath. ‘It seems he really is from the human mortal realm. Who grows up here without knowing about the campaigns?’

“It’s quite simple really. Wills and higher levels of it, are the most important thing amongst all the universes. However, they’re finite and built upon the laws of said universes.

For example, there are many religious wills exclusive to this universe. Wills like that have a limit that can’t be increased unless the religion spreads to other universes. However, at the same time, wills like that, that depend on faith, are among the most enigmatic and powerful. They tip the scales to such a large extent, that often the most powerful experts choose to use wills of that nature.”

Dyon nodded, once again thinking back to Meiying’s fengshui compass. He had read about ancient China before and was clear on the fact that ancient Chinese traditions originated in this very universe.

“Unfortunately, the increased power of wills is only one aspect of the campaigns... and even worse, it’s considered relatively unimportant compared to the main reason.”

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Ri took a deep breath, seemingly trying to hold Dyon in suspense.

“The energies of each universe are constantly headed towards an unusable state. The Essence energy of Essence Gathering... the Saint energy of the Saint stage... the Celestial energy of the Celestial stage... as years pass, experts of this level become less and less prevalent not because we’ve become less talented, but because the energies necessary to reach those heights are becoming scarcer.”

Dyon eyes flashed with a sudden realization. ‘Isn’t that identical to the human world concept of heat death?’

In the human mortal realm, there were laws of physics that they believed dictated the universe. One such law was the idea that everything was constantly moving towards more chaos. On the surface, this seemed like a simple concept. For example, your room somehow becomes messier as days go on despite your efforts.

Unfortunately, this theory also has much more important implications. Unless you use energy to clean your room, it will continue to get messier. However, that energy you use, is constantly becoming less abundant. Eventually, there won't be any energy left to fix the chaos. This is known as heat death. The state where the universe no longer has any energy available to do work.

But then Dyon suddenly thought of something else. 'Is this related to the expansion of this planet and the drop in energy density? Or is that completely different?'

"Because of this inevitable end, the powerful constantly want to oppress the weak to stop their cultivation. But, at the same time, they want to become more powerful to transcend this inevitable end. It's a constant battle of not wanting to fall behind your enemies by not cultivating, and the idea that cultivating is also leading to your death."

Dyon pondered for a bit, "so, how does conquering universes help this?"

Honestly, this question had a very simple answer, but Dyon just wanted to make sure he was right.

Ri seemed to understand this and didn't tease him. "The more universes you conquer, the more room you have to escape the inevitable end. There are true experts out there... experts so powerful that they can out live the universes themselves... experts that have 'religions' spread over thousands of universes... experts who only care about ensuring that they remain alive as some of the most powerful beings in existence."

Dyon's blood boiled. Weren't these almighty beings the exact existences that people of the human mortal realm dreamt of? To rule thousands of universes. To have the lives of trillions upon trillions at your finger tips. And to still want more? How arrogant. How powerful. And Dyon wanted nothing more than to be one of them.

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“Big brother!” Little Lyla ran into Dyon’s arms adorably.

She had long since lost her ragged clothing, instead dressing in her favorite color: light pink. Lyla had said multiple times that there should only be one shade of pink, so Dyon did his best to match her favorite shade when he created all of her dresses. He could have just bought some for her, but Lyla liked to watch him use arrays, and he took the liberty of adding some extra protection for the little girl.

Lyla’s large pink diamond eyes sparkled as she patted Dyon’s face with her tiny hands. Ri giggled, her eyes glistening as she watched their interaction.

“Why did it take you so long to come visit me?” Lyla pouted.

Dyon scratched his head awkwardly, a little pinch of guilt gnawing at his heart. “Big brother’s sorry, I’ll visit you more, okay?”

“Okay!” Lyla seemed to not want to make Dyon feel bad, so she agreed immediately, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Ri pouted off to the side. “So you see your elder brother, and forget about me?”

Little Lyla immediately jumped down, jumping into Ri’s arms. Dyon could only watch bitterly as his little sister betrayed him for the enemy.

Bending down, Dyon patted Little Black’s head, looking around at the spacious living room. “At least you won’t abandon me, right buddy?”

Little Black licked Dyon’s hand almost as an affirmation. He was getting to be big. His horns even began to protrude a bit more, creating distinct bumps on either side of his head. And interestingly, the white scale on the center of his forehead was increasing in size faster than the rest of his body.

Noticing an elderly lady with grey hair and eyes walk in, Dyon stood to greet her.

“Ms. Everdeen, thank you for all your hard work,” Dyon smile was gentle. He had seen all of the trouble Everdeen went through to provide for the kids. It was above and beyond what she had to do.

The elderly lady blinked, but smiled a very motherly smile. “It’s my pleasure young master Sacharro. What more could I want in my old age?”

Dyon chuckled. “Don’t say that, people would actually start to think you were old. Such a young woman with so much life ahead of her shouldn’t say such things.”

Although Ms. Everdeen knew Dyon was just saying these things to please her, the purity in his eyes seemed to make everyone want to hang onto his every word. Even the experienced Ms. Everdeen couldn’t help but to blush.

Ri rolled her eyes watching this, ‘You won’t even let the elderly go?’

Ms. Everdeen bowed to Dyon.

“I’m sorry young master, I still have many things to handle. I hope you enjoy your time with Little Lyla. Make sure to have her back for tomorrow’s lessons,” she said strictly, leaving no room for debate.

Dyon smiled at this, not minding at all. It made him think of his own mother, giving him a little warmth inside. He felt quite protective of this Ms. Everdeen. He had picked her out of many women and men who wanted the job because he could feel the kindness in her heart. He had always been good at reading the emotions and dispositions of people, so when he chose to trust, he did so with confidence.

Seeing the care and affection Ms. Everdeen had for the children left a smile on his face he found difficult to wipe away.

Walking back to Ri, Lyla and Little Black, Dyon pondered on something.

“You’re the native here Madame Ri, what should we do today? We could just go and find a nice place to eat. Then we could go to the cave with Little Lyla. I think she’d like to watch me make the pills for your aurora, what do you think?”

Ri harrumphed, “if you’re already making plans, why bother asking me?”

Despite this, there seemed to be a tacit agreement between them that there would be no issues with Lyla going to the cave.

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Dyon grinned. “Well, I still need you to show us to a good restaurant, no? Oh! And I’m broke, so you’ll need to pay. You should be quite wealthy as the daughter of a school headmaster, right?”

Ri pouted. “Is this how you wooed Madeleine Sapientia? Making her pay for everything?”

Little Lyla blinked her large pink eyes intelligently. “Madeleine Sapientia? Is that sister-in-law, big brother?”

Dyon pinched her cheeks. “Of course. One day I’ll take you to see her.”

Little Lyla clapped her hands together. “Yay! Big brother is amazing. Sister-in-law should be too”

Ri narrowed her gaze towards Dyon, using a free hand to pinch his waist. “You shouldn’t lie to a little girl you know.”

“Ow,” Dyon rubbed his side with a bitter smile on his face.

“Big brother isn’t lying, he’s telling the truth,” Lyla said confidently, “you believe him too big sister, why did you say he was lying?”

She seemed a little confused, looking at Ri as though she wanted an explanation. It was maybe the most adorable thing Dyon had ever seen.



Ri raised an eyebrow, but kissed little Lyla on the forehead, causing the little girl to giggle, seemingly already forgetting her question.

Dyon smiled, patting Little Black on the head, they headed out back towards the city.

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Within the city, they walked on the jade and marble roads.

Little Lyla sat on Little Black's back, patting his head and looking around excitedly. It was the first time she had been within the city. Although the Elvin City had no walls and was continuous with the villages on its outskirts, social standing had placed its own individual pressure on the poor... especially an orphan like Little Lyla.

When Dyon asked Lyla about her past, she teared up a bit, but braved through the story. Her parents weren't very powerful, so they acted as foot soldiers for campaigns. Because of the poor wages, Lyla's mother had no choice but to join the recruitments as well. Usually, Lyla would get to see her parents maybe once a year. Despite this, because of her age, she could only remember a single interaction with each of them.

During a recent campaign, due to what Ri called the incompetence of a young master, the name of whom even Ri didn't know since mistakes like this happened so often, Lyla's parents died. In the end, all Lyla had was her first name... not even able to remember her family name.

Dyon could only sigh. He was so excited to lead and make a name for himself, but he hadn't even put it into perspective that he was a kid with no experience. Would he use the lives of parents who had children just like Lyla just to further himself? What if he made a mistake, costing his army their lives?

Dyon suddenly became painfully aware that he didn't have enough knowledge. He knew nothing about the environments of the gates, and even worse, had no knowledge of military tactics. To add to an already compiling problem, Ri told him a shocking piece of information: the laws of the gates were unpredictable and constantly changing.

How was he supposed to plan properly and be prepared if a desert could become a land of ice in the blink of an eye? What about if the land beneath their feet collapsed into an endless abyss of space energy? What if the weak spatial fabric of the gates caused a legacy world to flicker into existence? Suddenly, you'd have to deal with trouble not just from the other universe, but whatever trials the legacy world involved too!

Dyon's face displayed absolute focus as he thought through all of these things.

'In the six months between now and my first campaign, I'll learn everything there is to learn about campaigns. What the celestial deer sect has on them. What the Elvin Kingdom has on them. Whatever I can find. I can't give up on wanting to make my name known. But, I can sure as hell make sure that the least amount of allies die as possible.'

Ri watched Dyon's serious expression from his side profile, sighing inwardly.

'At least he knows to take this seriously. Campaigns are not a game. The fate of an entire universe is essentially in the hands of kids. And why? Because we happen to be geniuses? How selfish is that? Can't an older and more experienced veteran, who may be a bit slower at cultivation, lead armies better than we can?'

A light laughter took Ri out of her train of thought. She looked over to find Dyon smiling to himself. She suddenly felt the urge to hit him.

"What's so funny?"

"I was just thinking about how funny it is that they really put everything in the hands of teenagers and young adults. Don't they know we're moody? What if the leader of the opposing army is a beauty? Won't I get distracted?"

Ri finally couldn't take it anymore and punched Dyon in the shoulder. "You! And here I thought you were finally going to take something seriously for once."

Dyon chuckled, rubbing his shoulder. His playful appearance turned into a thoughtful one.

“Don’t worry Ri, I’ll lead the best campaign in the history of the martial world. It isn’t realistic for me to save everyone. Some will die. But, I can promise they won’t be forgotten.”

Ri, realizing that Dyon wasn’t joking around anymore, lowered her hand and smiled. “As long as you know.”

Dyon chuckled, but suddenly thought of something.

“If gates don’t allow anyone higher than essence gathering in, how do you conquer other universes? It’s obvious that those universes would all have experts that surpass that level of cultivation. Wouldn’t we all just die going to the other side?”

Ri raised an eyebrow. “You really don’t know anything. Gates all have key towers within them. Controlling more key towers means having better control over the gate. If any one universe controls all key towers at once, the gate falls completely under their jurisdiction. They could essentially control the laws of the gates as they see fit.

“More key towers allow you higher tiers of control. Only the highest tier of control, meaning control of all key towers, allows you to change the cultivation limits of the gates. Which then allows you to invade with armies of real experts.

“It’s often at this point that some universes decide to negotiate. The full control of a gate is too great of a threat. So, sometimes clans spill over. An example of this would be the Sapientia God Clan and even us Elves. Neither of us originate from this universe. It’s just that at some point, some of our ancestors controlled a gate, which allowed us a foothold here.”

Dyon had a confused look on his face. “Is this real life, or a video game? This is obviously a man-made construct. The universe couldn’t have just spontaneously decided all of this, right?”

Although Dyon said this, it made sense to him. The Sapientia God Clan had multiple main branches, yet weren’t a cohesive whole. If they were, wouldn’t they rule this universe instead of the Royal God Clans?

Dyon had learned recently that ‘Royal God Clan’ wasn’t the name of a clan, but rather a ranking for the ruler of a planet. As such, if the Sapientia God Clan really originated from this universe, it wouldn’t make

sense for any clan but theirs to be the Royal God Clan of this planet and every other planet in this universe. Although, if they controlled every planet in a given universe, they'd be known as a King God Clan.

Ri could only laugh at Dyon's words. "I guess at some point, however millions of years ago, someone thought this would be a fun game to watch..."

"Ah, whatever. I have time to figure all of this out slowly. For now, how about you tell me where you disappeared to for all those days. I was missing you," Dyon pouted as though he was truly hurt by her absence.

Ri rolled her eyes. "Don't worry about what I do during my free time. That being said, I did promise to take you around the guilds. I'm not familiar with the blacksmithing or alchemy guilds... but the formation guild, I can help with that."

Dyon nodded. He had already made the conscious choice to contribute as much as he could to those guilds so that his army would be the best equipped. He was taking their lives very seriously already.

Suddenly, Little Lyla's voice came from atop Little Black. "Big brother, big sister, I want to go there!"

Her little chubby hands pointed towards a tower in the distance.

When Dyon realized what he was looking at he chuckled lightly. "It looks like I'll be treating you today after all," he said looking at Ri mysteriously.

Ri raised an eyebrow, looking towards the restaurant in the distance, "Heaven's Wine? You're broke, how could you afford to treat me there? That very well might be the most expensive restaurant on the island... even your original million profound stones wouldn't be enough. Also, aside from Little Lyla, we're not dressed nearly formally enough."

Dyon smiled. "Don't worry about all that, let's go."

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Ri looked at Dyon oddly, but still followed.

“What would you like to wear?” Dyon asked Ri.

“Wear? What do you mean?”

“Well, since you said we weren’t dressed appropriately, couldn’t I just make it so that we were?” A mischievous glint flashed in Dyon’s eyes.

“Oh... we don’t really have anywhere to change though, and I don’t have any formal clothes.”

Ri knew she wasn’t exactly telling the truth. But, she disliked girly wear as much as Dyon disdained to wear anything but sweat pants and a t shirt. It reminded her of something she’d rather not think about.

Dyon watched Ri’s expression with interest. He could see that something was troubling her, but he had no idea how his question could elicit such complex feelings.

Dyon smiled, “if you don’t want to, let’s just go in like this.” Dyon took out a white shirt and covered his torso. Rolling up his sweat pants to his calves and leaving on his usual casual flip flops, he put his hands behind his head and strolled ahead without a care in the world.

Ri sighed, “we could just go somewhere else you know. Do you enjoy being looked down upon that much?”

Dyon chuckled, “I’d like to see how they’d look down on us when they realize the reason I can treat you today,” Dyon’s smile was bright, seemingly eroding all of Ri’s doubts.

Little Lyla remained oblivious to all of this. She used Little Black like her own personal pony, riding him from stall to stall whenever she found something interesting on the road side markets.

Dyon chuckled as he shamelessly made Ri pay for everything Lyla asked for. Even still, Ri couldn’t seem to say no to the little girl – instead happily obliging.

Soon, they had reached the front entrance of the Elvin Kingdom's Heaven's Wine.

Completely out of place with their surroundings, a beast, two elves, and a human walked in.

Much like the establishment in Wine City, this Heaven's Wine was tiered into cultivation levels as well, although it had more floors. Instead of the four sets of 10 floors, this Heaven's Wine had a fifth set, corresponding with the Saint Stage and even more delicacies.

The five sets of 10 floors was actually standard in most Heaven's Wines, it was just that Wine City had no need for that last set since experts of that level so rarely went so close to the edge of the continent.

Little Lyla looked around wide eyed. The grandeur of Heaven's Wine definitely lived up to its name. The somber atmosphere, the lavender and reds, even the elegant chandeliers that filled the relatively quiet space with soft twinkles, all culminated to a truly graceful display.

Seeing the entrance of the group of four, many frowned, but since the true disturbance was just a little girl oohing and aahing, many felt it would be too cold to react poorly. Thus, they were ignored.

Many of the rules of Heaven's Wine were understood, yet not written. So, although they were looked down upon, there was no one who could point to anything concrete to pin them with. However, when they noticed that the boy in sweat pants walked unhesitatingly towards the stairs that spiraled up directly to the formation stage levels, many began to find it hard to keep in... even Ri.

It wasn't that the people on the no cultivation floors weren't powerful enough to head upstairs, because they were. If you lived in the city and could come here, there was little doubt you were at the very least powerful enough to do that. But, being able to go up, and being able to afford going up were two completely different concepts.

Ri quickly caught up to Dyon, whispering in his ear as Little Lyla and Little Black followed in behind.

"What are you doing? It's not that I don't have enough money... but neither of us have any cultivation. We might be able to forcibly take it with our bodies and suffer a little, but what about Little Lyla? Even Little Black, does he even have any cultivation yet?"

Dyon smiled nonchalantly. He had almost forgotten that Ri hadn't begun energy cultivating either, but that hardly mattered. Even if he didn't have the owner's badge, his aura had reached the Essence stage. In other words, he had insights into master level arrays. Even the formation created to hold back saint level experts would be seen through by him, let alone the formation for foundation stage experts.

This was because although a Essence stage aura corresponded to a soul at the Essence Gathering initial stages, for the same reason that Dyon could see through the arrays at Wine City's Heaven's Wine, he could also see through these as well: they only simulated high level arrays, while not actually being high level. If that wasn't the case, why would the badge that gave Dyon access to all of this, only be at the half-step grandmaster level?

But, he understood Ri's worry. It wasn't that she had forgotten how powerful Dyon's array alchemy was, it was just that she was very clear on the fact that what he saw through would be for his eyes only. Could he really instruct a little girl on where to step? And would that little girl be able to follow with no mistakes?

Just as Dyon was about to explain himself, the doors of Heaven's Wine were opened.

"I don't know why you want to bet me on this, Luvon... I've long since passed the 3rd common level formation tests, I'm more than ready to take the next steps. Do you really think I can't cross to the 2nd tier with my cultivation suppressed?"

Dyon looked back to find a pair of black-haired young men walking in. They couldn't have been much older than Dyon, maybe a year at most. This also affirmed something else for Dyon: non-major family members usually had more realistic hair and eye colors. This went for sub-families as well, although they still retained their special bloodlines.

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"I'm not challenging you to see whether or not you can do it. Don't conveniently forget the terms. We're competing to see you can pass through to the 4th floor of the 2nd tier. Or, at the very least, see who can go the furthest. The loser treats the winner at the 5th tier!" A devious smile spread across Luvon's face.

The young man who had spoken first looked exasperated with his friend, "why are you so ridiculous? Not all of us have endless funds. Do you want my father to kill me for using his credit again?"

Luvon sighed, “you’re as cheap as your old man, Erlan. Is it fun to pretend like you’re poor? Stop being such a spoil sport.”

Erlan rolled his eyes. It seemed that he’d have no choice but to acquiesce to Luvon’s demands today. As long as he won, it wouldn’t matter too much. But, he refused to face his father’s wrath.

Soon, the boys reached Dyon’s group as they were about to head up the stairs. Looks of surprise surfaced on their faces, before it quickly switched to disdain.

“There’s an unspoken dress code here, you know,” Luvon spoke with his brows furrowed, “also, a word of advice... you can’t just head upstairs because you want to. Formations are a very complex thing, they can’t be overridden by just anyone.”

Dyon turned towards Ri with a questioning look. But, she shrugged, seemingly understanding his question, “I keep a low profile. All my interactions with the formation guild are through Grand Elder Kroak.”

A look of realization flashed through Dyon’s eyes. So, Ri didn’t know these guys although she was familiar with the formation guild because she kept that contact to a minimum... Ri was becoming more and more of a mystery to Dyon.

Dyon smiled, nodding his head. “Thanks for the advice,” turning towards Little Lyla and patting her head he said, “let’s go, big brother will give you something good to eat.”

Little Lyla nodded her adorable head, rubbing her tummy. Dyon and Ri laughed at this, but Ri couldn’t help but still worry about how Dyon was planning on dealing with all of this.

Luvon’s frustration was growing, but he felt a tap on his shoulder. “Ignore them. They’ll figure it out eventually, let’s go on with our competition,” Erlan said, no longer bothering with Dyon and his group.

They brushed by each other, but Dyon didn’t seem to care too much, instead materializing a familiar badge.



Ri's eyes shone when she saw this. She knew that the more well-off families could buy badges like these. This was why the boys from before weren't worried about making it to the top floors.

The badges were like a form of credit their owners had – almost like a Heaven's Wine exclusive credit card. Ri wondered how much credit Dyon had, but she was even more curious as to how he got this badge in the first place, 'did he get it from his fiancée?'

Dyon was oblivious to all of this. All he knew was that with this badge, he could eat as much as he wanted. When he saw the Heaven's Wine in the distance, a wild idea suddenly surfaced in his mind.

When he was thinking back to how he so quickly raised his soul cultivation back then from the Lower Blossoming stage to the Peak, he found something puzzling. Although he was aware that cultivation became more difficult as you progressed, the drastic difference in speed before he reached the Higher Blossoming stage and after was weighing on him.

But, something clicked when Little Lyla pointed out the tower in the distance. Didn't he eat his fill at Heaven's Wine right before he progressed his soul? And that was only at the 4th tier level of the restaurant. How beneficial would the 5th tier be?

Dyon smirked, 'who needs to earn money for cultivation materials when I have everything for free here? Won't it be child's play to find something good enough to help me integrate more of my blood essences and speed up my soul cultivation?'

Also, Dyon realized if he let Little Lyla eat here often, it would be greatly beneficial for her future cultivation. He looked at Ri and smiled thinking to himself how he'd help Ri out too if she behaved.

Ri gave Dyon a weird look when he smiled at her. "What're you smiling about? You're about to treat another woman with something you got from your fiancée? What's there to be proud of?"

Dyon was in shock for a second before bitterly shaking his head. "I won this through a bet with the disciple of the owner."

Ri blinked her eyes. "Really? The disciple of Heaven's Wine should be at the level of an unparalleled genius considering how powerful his master is. How could you beat him in anything?"

Dyon feigned being hurt. “How could you say such a thing?”

Honestly, Dyon hadn’t put Iaachus Vinum on his level as a martial artist. Maybe because he was angry with him for disregarding him in front of his fiancée, or maybe because Iaachus was so respectful to the God Clan young masters, but either way, Ri did have a point. If he gained acceptance of the owner of Heaven’s Wine, he couldn’t be weak.

What Dyon didn’t know was that Iaachus had no choice but to be so respectful to the God Clan young masters. Although he was a disciple of the owner, he was by no stretch the only disciple. And, with the constant absence of his master, many had forgotten how powerful the owner really was.

For example, Madeleine told Dyon that the owner was an expert of the saint stage, but no one was sure of this. In addition, a master of the saint stage was only enough to be the grand elder of a God Clan and a simple elder of a Royal God Clan. Why would a God Clan young master be afraid of such an existence when their clan wouldn’t be?

To top all of this off, Iaachus’ master was non-confrontational. Much to Iaachus’ dismay, his master really would kill him if he killed Dyon for such petty reasons because the owner wouldn’t want such a disciple. But, when an expert wasn’t domineering, to the martial world, they weren’t worth a second thought.

Ri rolled her eyes at Dyon’s acting.

“I won because he thought I couldn’t make it to the top floor since I had no cultivation,” Dyon’s eyes flashed with a gold-purple light.

Suddenly, the formations within the badge spread, covering the 4 of them.

Dyon grinned, winking at Ri.

Little Lyla clapped gleefully, following her big brother with Little Black. Ri could only shake her head and tell herself to stop underestimating Dyon.

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Soon, Dyon and his group had caught up to the competing Luvan and Erlan.

Their eyes flashed with pale whites as they slowly analyzed the formation around them. Without an innate aurora, not only did they lack Dyon's golden color, they were also substantially slower than him at analyzing formations. In fact, it wasn't until Dyon had passed them and they heard Lyla's giggling that they realized they had been passed.

Surprise colored their faces.

Suddenly Erlan's eyes flashed with an odd glint. "He's human..."

A look of realization surfaced on Luvon's face, "so he must have come from the continent for some reason or another... that's probably why we haven't heard of him or whoever gave him that badge. He probably has a good master who lent him that credit badge."

Erlan nodded, his eyes flashing with white to continue his analysis of the formation. "It doesn't matter. Don't we have the same access? But, he's not ascending with his own power, so how could he compare to us?"

Luvon hummed in agreement, "I heard him speak with the blue haired girl about the formation guild. Maybe he's thinking of taking the 1st common level formation test."

Erlan snorted with disdain. "He's human, it's rare for them to have an innate soul strength. With his lack of cultivation, would his soul even be at the Lower Foundation stage? And even if he by some miracle did have an innate soul strength at the Lower Foundation stage, he's a year younger than us. Do you think that teenage formation masters are just everywhere? Stop trying to distract me, I'm not allowing you to win."

Luvon chuckled, ignoring Erlan as he continued with each step cautiously.

Maybe if the two knew that Dyon's innate soul strength was at the Middle Blossoming stage, they would have saved themselves some future embarrassment...

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Soon, Dyon's group sat in a private room in the top tier. They had to go all the way to the top to get such a privilege, but it was well worth it. Here, Dyon could eat as much as he wanted and stay away from prying eyes. In addition, if he focused on the cultivating aspect instead of the food aspect, he'd get more out of the spiritual food than he did previously.

Dyon inserted the badge into the center of the oak round table, flipping the array-like menu that appeared to Lyla so she could choose what she wanted. Little Lyla's eyes glistened. Not having any concept of money, she chose anything she thought looked tasty. Although this sent Ri into a cold sweat, she noticed that Dyon didn't seem to mind.

Little Black, despite his large body, found ample space to lie down comfortably on the table, waiting patiently for his food as well. After Lyla chose everything she wanted, she adorably blushed and passed the floating menu to Ri.

Ri looked up at Dyon to find him looking at her with a gentle smile on his face, "I can really choose anything I want?"

Dyon laughed[ "Of course. Who would have more credit than the disciple of the owner? It was a badge given to him by his master. I've already used my aurora to check the badge, there is no limit."

What Dyon didn't know was that the owner was only so giving to his disciples because normal people couldn't eat as much food as Dyon could, let alone as much spiritual foods. There was no doubt that if the owner has a disciple like Dyon, he would impose a limit.

Ri blinked at Dyon, but eventually smiled, accepting his kindness.

Dyon patted Little Black on the head and helped Little Lyla deal with the foods she had picked. He covertly moved strong alcohol away from her, and only allowed her to eat the most delicate of foods. Although high level spiritual foods were beneficial, if too much was taken into a weak body, the effects could be horrible.

So, although he let Lyla choose everything she wanted, he only truly let her eat low level foods that could be found in the lower tiers. As she matured, he'd allow her to eat higher tiers of spiritual foods.

Much like cultivation and secondary jobs, spiritual foods came with their own rankings. However, naturally occurring foods like fruits, were seen differently than prepared ones like wine. For example, the art of wine making was actually its own secondary profession, the level of which depended on not just the quality of the ingredients, but also the experience of the creator.

A lot of care went into the fermentation and purification processes. Even the container and aging procedures were of utmost importance. So, wines followed the same ranking system as array alchemy did.

However, naturally occurring fruits were different. There was obviously no creator needed for these, so, they followed the same ranking system as cultivators would. A fruit comparably beneficial for a foundation stage expert would be known as a foundational fruit. A fruit beneficial for a fighter at the meridian formation stage would be known as a meridian fruit. While a higher level would be known as an essence fruit. So on, and so forth.

The only last important part that Dyon sorted from his master's memories was that each food, whether it be created or from nature, would also be separated into what cultivation type it was useful for. That being body, soul, or energy. Dyon could only shake his head and berate himself for ignoring this before. Luckily because of his essence blood and Madeleine's body constitution, they didn't suffer from eating high level spiritual foods. But, he didn't want to make the same mistake with Little Lyla.

As Dyon was silently thinking to himself he suddenly realized that Ri was being a little too quiet.

When he looked up, he felt as though his heart was being pulled out of his chest.

Sitting across from him, silently looking at the menu, Ri seemed to be frozen in time... the only sign that she was in fact still here was the trembling of her fingers. She stared at the menu with her lips quivering. Her eyes reddened as she grit her teeth trying to hold something back.

Chapter 167

Suddenly a soft voice came from her side, "big sister?"

Little Lyla was standing on the cushioned couches that surrounded the round table, looking at Ri sadly.

"Ah," Ri seemed to snap out of it, looking over at the worried Lyla.

Ri trembled as Little Lyla wrapped her arms adorably around her head, "it's okay big sister."

Dyon watched this scene with a sadness still in his heart. He slowly stood, walking over to Ri and plopping down beside her.

He smiled at Ri who was holding Lyla in her arms silently, still unwilling to cry.

Dyon looked at the menu to see what had sent Ri into such a state.

There, the image of a beautiful flower shaped fruit appeared. It was a cold, ice blue, and its petals were not unlike the aloe fruit from the human words although their shape was much more delicate and fragile.

The flower spread out from its center beautiful, layering petal after petal in an elegant design. Dyon didn't know why, but he didn't ask Ri whether or not she wanted it. He simply tapped the screen, causing the fruit to slowly manifest onto the round oak table.

After waiting in silence for a few moments, Ri pulled Little Lyla into her lap. Patting the little girl's head, Ri took a deep breath, feeling a little bit better. She wiped the tears from Little Lyla's eyes, unwilling to the cheerful little girl cry.

"This is a fruit my – my mom used to cut for me when I was younger. It's called Ice Petal's Dance. My mother loved the fruit so much, that she created a sword technique named after it... I haven't had it for a long time. Partially because I miss her, but also because it almost impossible to eat properly," she said softly.

Dyon looked at the fruit, a pondering look in his eye. "Why is it impossible to eat?"

Ri sighed. "Each petal contains the actual fruit within it, which makes peeling the fruits a near impossible task. There are hundreds of petals. Few people are even willing to go through the hassle. That's not even to mention that the coating of the petals is bitter to taste, but the fruit inside is really thin compared to the coating. So, if you peel it incorrectly, you could either end up with bitter tasting fruit, or no fruit at all..."

Dyon pondered on this, and suddenly smiled. "How did your mother peel it?"

Ri smiled gently in reminiscence. "Her sword cultivation was so profound... she would use her sword qi to peel the petals back, leaving only the fruit behind. It was delicious."

Dyon smiled, reaching his hand to the center of the fruit.

Ri looked confused, 'is he trying to do what my mom did? There's no way he has that much control...'

But suddenly, Ri's doubt vanished. Her eyes widening in shock.

Dyon's eyes flashed with gold, remembering one of the very first arrays he had ever mastered... the spatial array.

Sweat beaded down his forehead as the array contorted and deformed, slowly coating each and everyone of the ice blue petals.

Little Lyla looked on, giggling happily as she watched. I think you should take a look at

Minutes passed, and soon, Dyon stopped, looking towards Ri with a large grin.

"Today, I serve you Ice Petal's Dance," Dyon gently grasped the center stem of the flower fruit, pulling upwards.

A sweet aroma filled the private room. It was like lavender dipped into apple cider, giving their noses a slight and gentle itching sensation.

The juices of the fruit slowly dripped from the now pinkish flesh as Dyon held the fruit's shell in his hand.

Ri's hands trembled as she slowly picked a petal... peeling it off and softly chewing on it.

The tears she had held back finally couldn't be held back any longer.

The only sound left in the room was a blue haired girl sobbing in a fit of happiness and an aching longing.

"Thank you, Dyon..."

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Ri watched silently as Dyon meditated quietly. His skin was noticeably reddened from its previous tanned color and sweat beaded down his forehead. Yet, despite the pain he was in, a wide smile could be seen on his face.

Ri thought Dyon was crazy for enjoying the pain of whatever cultivation method he was going through right now. But, if she knew he was smiling because he was gaining more benefits than he could count without spending a dime, Dyon would lose whatever higher position he had just gained in Ri's heart.

Little Lyla, though, had eaten her fill and was happily playing around with Little Black.

The food seemed to have been of great benefit to Little Black as well, because his fur and scales were shining with a pure sheen. Even the white swirls that graced his luscious coat seemed to be made of shining with lights of their own.

However, Dyon could be said to have gotten the most from this experience. His blood essence, which had stalled in its integration for such a long time, had been pushed violently upwards. His demon qilin and celestial deer essences were already approaching 10% while his demon sage essence was pushing upwards to 2%.



Initially, this surprised Dyon because he thought the process would take longer. But then he remembered back to the months of training he underwent. Not only did he prime a good percentage of the essences for easier integration, his body itself had gotten stronger, so the process was less of a hassle.

All the while, Dyon had ordered himself another Ice Petal's Dance because it was the perfect fruit for calming his raging essence imbalance.

The was because Dyon was becoming more and more aware of how domineering the sage's blood essence truly was. For one, his soul had reached the Essence stage with no problem. Dyon was clear of the fact this was only possible with the help of the sage demon's blood. If it wasn't for it, how would Dyon's body be able to handle such a powerful soul?

The second reason was because despite Dyon's increase in soul strength, and by extension aurora strength, he still couldn't heal his own body effectively. Although minor injuries weren't a problem, if he got injured like he did back at the legacy world opening again, even with his improved soul he would need weeks to recuperate. This meant Dyon had no choice but to invest heavily into using the pill condensation technique to create potent medicine for himself. But, if he had to use such powerful pills already... what would happen when he integrated even more of the sage's blood essence?

In the end, Dyon decided to cast all of this from his mind. He easily chose strength over those worries. Maybe, one day, he'd be strong enough that he wouldn't even need to heal at all because he'd never be injured. So, Dyon settled on not only integrating as much of the sage demon's essence as he could, but also finding an equally powerful blood essence later to help him balance the demonic aura.

## Chapter 168

Hours later, Little Lyla was still happily playing with Little Black and it was already well past midday. However, since there was still much daylight left, Dyon still chose to bring Little Lyla with him and Ri to the cave.

Dyon stretched as they walked out of Heaven's Wine. His muscles and bones cracked and groaned. Or, at least that what people guessed should be happening. Because, it sounded nothing like that.

Dyon's simple stretch sounded like muffled thunder to those near him. Even Ri couldn't help but look at him weirdly.

When he noticed Ri's glance, all Dyon did was grin, pretending as though a wink explained everything.

Ri rolled her eyes as she stepped onto Dyon's array platform. She had secrets of her own, so she naturally didn't think Dyon had to tell her anything.

Soon, they reached a familiar cave in the depths of the forest. Leisurely walking in, Dyon took a good long look at the pool of ethereal water. But, his mind became distracted when he thought about how Ri had bathed in it, so he decided to focus his mind on the task at hand.

"Little Lyla, you have to make sure not to touch the water, okay? It's dangerous," Ri kneeled lovingly in front of Lyla and told her what she could and couldn't do.

Little Lyla obediently nodded her head before jumping to Dyon's side.

"Big brother, are you going to use the pretty flashing light again?"

Dyon chuckled, rubbing the little girl's head. "Yes. It'll be a big help to your big sister. You should tell her to thank me."

Lyla's head bobbed up and down adorably. "She's very thankful big brother."

Dyon laughed, sitting Lyla beside him looking up eagerly. Little Black seemed to have taken a liking to the little girl, so he curled up beside her as she clapped happily.

The ground of the cave was surprisingly comfortable, but Dyon still made cushions for them to sit on, not wanting Little Lyla to ever feel any discomfort.

Ri, sitting across from Dyon looked at him intently.

"What exactly are you planning on doing? I did tell you how hard it is to open an aurora past 30%, right? You innate aurora folk are too much," she said bitterly.

Dyon looked up with interest, "oh? Is there more than just me? How many people with innate auroras do you know?"

Ri shook her head, "like I said, an innate aurora hasn't appeared in this universe for millennia... but the same can't be said of other universes. There have been 2 that I know of who appeared during campaigns... there may be more, I don't know."

Dyon's eyebrows arched up. "What are they like?"

Ri rolled her eyes, "you sound like a gossip teenage girl asking me about my crush."

"Ooo, do you have a crush?"

Little Lyla giggled when she saw Dyon teasing Ri.

Ri, being unwilling to punish Little Lyla, instead settled for flicking Dyon's forehead.

"Stop talking such nonsense. Who has time for something so ridiculous?" "I think you should take a look at

Little Lyla looked up at Dyon with her large watery eyes, "big brother, can you believe that big sister has never liked a boy? She told me when she came to visit," she giggled adorably.

Dyon smirked. "Didn't you say you shouldn't lie to a little girl? Look at you now. Hypocrite."

Ri furrowed her eyebrows, "who's lying?!"

Dyon gave Ri a devious smile but stopped teasing her.

Ri could only take a deep breath, trying to forget how annoying Dyon was.

"Campaign leaders with innate auras are on a whole other level..." She said softly. "They see so much of the battlefield because of their 6th sense, they lend the best support imaginable with their speed at creating arrays, and their intelligence can normally scale vastly higher than the average leader."

Dyon's gaze turned serious. "So the other universe, our most immediate enemy, has at least 2, maybe more leaders on that level... while we have none?"

Ri smiled bitterly. "You see why my father was willing to pair you up with me now? It isn't just about the Elvin Kingdom, it's about the whole universe."

Dyon contemplated this quietly. It wasn't that he didn't have the utmost confidence in himself, but he was also a realistic person. He knew when it was appropriate to back off, and when it was necessary to step forward.

He could be arrogant and even disdainful here because he was very clear on the fact that the amount of people his age who could rival him could be counted on a single hand. But, even if he had an utmost confidence in defeating one innate aura holder alone, what about two? What if the two that had appeared weren't even all the rival universe had access to?

Ri, noticing Dyon's deep contemplation let a playful smile spread across her face. "So the arrogant Dyon is finally doubting himself, hm?"

Looking up, Dyon chuckled at Ri's words.

"Quite the opposite," Dyon's devilish aura started seeping out from within him, "I was just thinking that I finally found some worthy rivals."

Ri looked at Dyon, shaking her head. 'This guy...'

Suddenly a clap awakened her from her thoughts. Dyon had reverted back to his normal pure appearance and was preparing to help Ri.

"Alright, let's open up your aurora a bit more. Shall we?"

Ri looked on in interest and 10s of medicinal pills flew out of Dyon's spatial ring. A look of confusion cropped up onto her features.

"These pills... they're not potent enough to do anything."

Dyon chuckled, "just watch, beautiful."

Ri, for some inexplicable reason, blushed when she heard Dyon say those words. Her head violently turned towards Dyon to see if he had noticed, but she let out a sigh of relief as she realized he had closed his eyes and clasp his hands in concentrated meditation.

'It's not like he hasn't said that before...'

Little Lyla giggled when she saw Ri's reaction, but was immediately distracted by the tens of tiny gold arrays that appeared around each pill.

## Chapter 169

The two girls watched in astonishment as the pills were slowly broken down to their most tiny portions.

A cloud of colorful dust wafted in the cave, filling the area with a distinctly medicinal smell.

The purity path energy from the cave slowly removed the previous impurities of past pills, making the process much easier on Dyon. This was actually part of the reason he insisted on doing it here. He wanted to open as much of Ri's aurora as he could all at once.

Minutes went by, and soon hours. Before researching this aurora awakening pill, Dyon had thought that it would be far less complex than constitution awakening pills. But, he was very wrong.

A body's innate constitution was in line with nature. It was naturally their body, so they were only tapping into something they already had.

On the other hand, although everyone could technically make an initial contact with their aurora, they were going against the laws of the universe themselves by forcibly opening it past that point. This was exactly why the higher percentage an aurora was awakened to, the harder it was.

Each 30% interval was a major watershed moment, with the last 10% being in the realm of near impossibility, even for the Celestial Deer Sect. In fact, even the Celestial Deer Sect at their peak wouldn't be able to awaken an aurora past 70%, let alone 90.

In the midst of the slowly passing time, Little Lyla had long since fallen asleep hugging Little Black. It wasn't that the little girl had lost interest, but she was truly too tired. Ri couldn't help but lovingly stroke the adorable girl's hair as she watched Dyon slowly separate the important components to bring them back together.

Ri couldn't help but praise Dyon in her heart. Not only had he remained focused for many hours past what she thought was possible, the nuanced control of his time will, the intricacies of his arrays, his understanding of the fundamental parts of the pill and how to properly separate them so as not to lose the potency regained through his time will. Ri found it hard to believe that he really was just a few months older than her.

Soon, the setting sun could be vaguely seen in the cave, reflecting orange and red hues that made the gently fluttering snow and ice sparkle beautifully.

Dyon finally closed his eyes in rest, a large 3cm wide pill resting in his hands. It was almost transparent, but clouds of a rainbow of colors could be seen swirling under its surface.

Opening his eyes, Dyon smiled at Ri. "Here you go."

Ri took the pill delicately, as though she was holding something of untold value. And truthfully, she was. Within the Elvin Kingdom, the guild leaders and elders would pay whatever they had to for this pill. To Dyon, it meant nothing more than a few hours to practice his alchemy, but to others, this pill was life changing.

Watching Ri with interest, Dyon's smile didn't fade.

"Go on, swallow it," Dyon waved his hand in the air as though this was nothing much. He seemed to take too much pleasure in his word choice. Luckily, Ri didn't seem to notice.

Dyon thought back to the endless gardens within the spatial world in his ring. He had never touched the plants and had no real need to. If they could be sustained thousands of years after the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, then, a few months with Dyon would hardly change anything. But, this experience made him realize how important the pills he could make were to everyone else.

'Haha, can't I twirl the alchemy guild around my finger like this?'

Dyon watched on in amusement as Ri swallowed the pill, crossing her legs to meditate seriously.

Her forehead glowed with a white light, but then, something odd happened. As Ri felt her aurora astonishingly breaking past the 30% barrier, the light within her forehead changed to a cold blue flame.

Dyon started. 'Her aurora flame is blue? Not white? Not gold? What does that mean?'

Dyon searched in his master's memories but couldn't find such an occurrence anywhere. That only meant one of two things: either the 25th White Mother had no idea, or it was within her sealed memories. I think you should take a look at

Pondering on the second option, Dyon suddenly thought of a possibility. His eyes widened in realization, but he buried the thought... there wasn't enough evidence and he wasn't a fan of jumping to conclusions. All he knew was that since the aurora was a reflection of the soul – literally being a main link to it... Ri's soul had to be special.

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About half an hour passed by before Ri's aurora flame finally settled down. The feeling coming from her was such a bone chilling cold that Dyon had to layer Little Lyla with array after array, just to make sure she felt no discomfort.

Just as she finally relaxed, the butterflies of the cave began to float around her. But, Dyon couldn't help but gulp.

Ri's hair stuck to her face ever so slightly, evidence of how much pressure she had just been under. Her chest still heaved as she caught her breath, but the sight was much too enticing for Dyon's demon essence to handle. Despite this, he couldn't look away from the sweat slowly dripping down her subtle, but very present ravine.

By the time Dyon's eyes reached down to her exposed and tanned belly, he could only shake himself awake.

Luckily Ri hadn't noticed, or else he'd probably be a dead man by now.

Trying to calm himself, Dyon stretched his hand out to one of the fluttering butterflies.

Meanwhile, Ri had finally taken her last deep breath and was shocked beyond belief.

"65%?!"

She turned a complicated gaze towards Dyon. 'Just who are you really?...'

Just as she was deciding on whether she should ask Dyon and open herself up to being questioned as well, she noticed Dyon frowning.

"What is it?" Ri asked.

Dyon's confused voice rang out. "My ring... it's vibrating... why?..."

Ri's eyebrows furrowed, "ring?... vibrating?..."



Ri looked at what Dyon was talking about only to find him staring at the very same spatial ring she had once held around her neck. But, Dyon's hand was visibly shaking, and it clearly had nothing to do with him.

'What's going on?' they both thought at once.

Suddenly, Dyon's eyes widened with a sudden realization.

He jumped up, running to Ri. He quickly took off the ring and put it in her hand.

"Whatever you do, Ri, do not take this ring out of this cave."

#### Chapter 170

Ri didn't understand what Dyon was talking about, or why he would say that, but she nodded her head obediently. This didn't seem like the time to be questioning him.

"Let Little Black take Lyla out of the cave, and have him stay with her. It's best we err on the side of caution," Dyon said solemnly.

Ri nodded heavily, watching with anxiety as Dyon scrunched his brows in concentration, as though he was thinking through a difficult problem.

'Could it be that they're awake?' Thought Dyon, 'worst case scenario... I'll have to use the cave left by Ri's mother to kill them all by teleporting them out...'

With that thought, Dyon vanished into the ring.

Little Black had long since heard Dyon's words. Flipping Lyla onto his back, she yawned as she wrapped her small arms around his neck.

Ri looked on worriedly. Staring at the ring in her hand, hoping Dyon was safe.

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Dyon flashed into the ring, looking around with a serious look on his face.

Sounds of fierce banging and raging roars resounded through the large world... and Dyon knew exactly where it was coming from.

He sprinted towards the arrays he had put up around them. He knew that he spent hours studying and building the defensive array that caged them in after he stepped into the Essence stage of soul cultivation. Someone, even at the peak of the Essence Gathering level, would be hard pressed to shatter the array. But, by the time Dyon got to the area he left the prisoner's of the sage demon in, he couldn't have been more horrified to find the array had long since shattered.

There instead, thousands of people stood, releasing their auras into the sky, hoping to break their way out of this world.

Somehow, all of them had changed drastically. Their hair color used to be varying, different for each person. Yet, they now somehow all had bright white hair. Their eyes shone a dense, but clear black, as though nothing could cause them fear.

Suddenly, with the arrival of Dyon, everything became strikingly quiet.

But, Dyon didn't know how he should feel about these thousands of eyes being trained onto him. Was he meant to be happy that it was clear they maintained rational thought? Or be apprehensive about the fact he was no match for so many warriors? Especially with how much stronger their bodies were as compared to the norm.

'Should I send them out now? Can Ri's mother's cave handle this many at once? How much time would pass? Would we still be in danger even if I did that?'

Dyon's mind was in chaos, but, he maintained a calm outer appearance as he scanned each pair of eyes one by one.

Suddenly and silently, a handsome young man stepped forward. He was about Dyon's height, 1.9 meters tall, and was only a few years older. From the looks of it, he couldn't have been more than 20 now.

His long white hair flowed, as his shirtless torso and raggedy, hole filled brown pants swayed in the wind.

Suddenly, he crouched downwards. His muscles rippled and flexed as his eye trained on Dyon. To him, there was nothing else in the world but the boy in front of him.

Dyon's eyes narrowed as he felt the dense killing and demonic aura dripping from the young man and the thousands around him. However, none of the others seemed intent on moving...

'A test? For what?'

Dyon knew he had no time to think, and he couldn't see through the young man in front of him, so he jumped to his most serious mode immediately. Dyon could risk it and try to kill them all, but then he would learn nothing. He would either end up dead, or he would kill them all with no one left to explain things. I think you should take a look at

BANG!

Dyon's body immediately expanded to 2.5 meters tall, blasting his shirt into ashes. He had no time to call for his sword, but, something told him that didn't matter.

The eyes of the young man narrowed at the sight of Dyon.

A blood red aura rolled off of the both of them. Dyon stood tall, not an ounce of fear in his eyes.

BANG!

The young man sprinted forward, leaving a deep crater behind him. Demonic will condensed in his hand, hardening his skin and amplifying his strength.

Dyon leaped forward, his massive body shaking the world with his every step. Celestial and wind will condensed at his arm, intent on slicing through the aura of the young man in front of him.

To Dyon, there was nothing other than murder in his thoughts. To destroy the young man in front of him with no remorse. No human kindness. No regret.

ROOOAAAARRR

The thousands behind them roared into the skies, stomping their feet and banging their chests.

Battle. Victory. Blood. Carnage. These were the things you would think of seeing this scene.

BANG!

Their fists collided. A raging tempest of wind blasted between them.

Two young men with one goal. Neither willing to lose. Neither willing to give up.

Silence...

Dyon stood tall, his fists clenched against the young man's. His fist ached, his arm was partially fractured, and yet he felt the best he had in a while. The thrill of battle filled him with a feeling he found hard to describe, making his demonic battle path thrum with excitement.

But, just as Dyon was about to retract his arm to punch once again, his eyes widened in shock.

There, in front of him, the young man kneeled. His arm crossed his chest in a respectful manner, and his head was lowered in reverence.

"You are indeed the proper successor of Demon Sage Sargerus."

The sounds of kneeling filled the once quiet atmosphere. Figure after figure bowed their heads to Dyon. The sea of white and black gave off a will that would make anyone's bloods boil.

Suddenly, the next words of the young man made Dyon tremble with even more shock than before. His thoughts unconsciously jumped to a sassy red-haired girl covered in short, tight red leather.

"Your servant, Arios Sicarius, at your service."