

The Nameless 171

Chapter 171

Dyon stared at the young man kneeling before him, confusion coloring his features. He had obviously not heard the conversation between Ava and her father, so he had no way of knowing that Arios was presumed to be alive. But, even if he had known, that would do little to reduce his confusion and surprise.

However, that was the least of the issues here. How the hell did Ava's brother end up in a Legacy World that should have existed for thousands of years?

Suddenly, Dyon noticed something and snapped out of it. He walked forward, immediately and almost forcefully helping Arios up.

"Get up, I don't need you all to kneel for me."

After he was satisfied, Dyon's size finally reduced. Although his muscles ached a bit, he was glad to see that he handled the stress of the technique much better now. He had been holding back from proceeding to the second stage of the technique's first layer, but it seemed his body might be ready for it now.

Dyon sighed. "I'm sure you can see my confusion... I understand none of what is going on right now..."

Arios looked at Dyon intently, seemingly trying to figure something out.

"We are the Demon Generals of Demon Sage Sageras," Arios spoke plainly, as though it should have been obvious.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Demon generals? What scale of army has so many..."

Arios' eyes blinked, finally realizing that Dyon really didn't understand a thing.

"The army of the Demon Sage is vast and widespread. With how many universes the Demon Sage has bent to his will, it would be odd if he only had a few generals... but even still, we are but a fraction of the original number..."

Dyon's eyebrows furrowed in deep thought.

'The Demon Sage controlled multiple universes?... Well, I assume the truth would be that he used to. Not only is he dead, but with all of his generals here, they're clearly not defending his territory... But there's too much I don't understand...'

"If you're demon generals of such a powerful being, why was I able to beat you all into submission a year ago? And why are you suddenly strong enough to match me after the year of training I've undergone?"

Arios' serious eyes showed a bit of humor, which was getting to Dyon's pride.

"I don't mean to be rude, successor, but you aren't my match now. I simply lowered my level to what I thought a successor of the Demon Sage should be at in consideration of your age.

"As for why you were able to beat and cleanse us, it was due to a special technique the Demon Sage used. In exchange for our strength, he extended our lives by thousands of years. Of course, the other trade offs were the loss of our minds and physical deformity," a complicated look flashed through Arios' features. I think you should take a look at

"The fact you were able to cleanse a technique of the Demon Sage... was already enough for us to acknowledge you," Arios bowed once again, "I'm sorry for testing you, successor."

Although Dyon had been a bit annoyed with Arios' stomping on his pride, a look of interest still colored his features. It was clear that Arios had utmost respect for him, but he was still willing to tease him. This could only mean that the Demon Sage was a leader who allowed such things. Which made Dyon think of a question...

"It's clear the Demon Sage was a good leader to you all," Dyon's words were greeted with glistening eyes and nods of acknowledgement, it was clear they agreed.

"But... if he was such a person, why would he try and forcibly seize my body? Since you all revere him, I won't lie to you all. It was me who killed the last bits of his soul."

Arios sighed. "The story behind this is long and complex..."

Dyon listened intently, inwardly relieved that it seemed these demon generals had long since known it was his doing. This meant that his last bit of worry could be cast away... he wouldn't have to kill them all.

Noticing that Dyon was willing to listen and wasn't angry, Arios continued, "in the prime of his life, the Demon Sage was a single conquered universe away from a watershed," seeing Dyon's confused look, Arios quickly explained, "this watershed is a complex concept that even I don't fully understand. It would be impossible for me to explain it to you, I hope you can forgive me."

Dyon nodded. There was no need to understand everything all at once, he was more interested in understanding the sage's story.

Arios sighed in deep contemplation.

"The problem with his rampant success obviously came with his enemies. The sage was young, so young that his power made no sense in proportion to his age. On top of all of this, he was arrogant beyond belief. The combination of jealousy and his attitude made it all too easy for him to make enemies," Arios looked at Dyon with a knowing look, as though he could already see through him.

Dyon bitterly smiled. "You know well how the martial world works. Whether you're arrogant or you bow your head, as long as you succeed, you will be hated. So, why bother lowering your head?"

Arios sighed. "It seems like you are very much like the sage... Although I can't disagree with you, there does come a time where you need to be a lion in sheep's clothing. You don't have to bow your head... but you could at least pretend to be weaker than you are..."

A serious look appeared on Dyon's face. He truly wondered if he should do that... but then he shook his head violently. It just wasn't in his character.

Arios could only smile bitterly as he watched Dyon's reaction.

"Well... I tried," he chuckled to himself.

Although he couldn't say that he liked Dyon's and the sage's attitudes, he couldn't ignore the fact that without their personalities being as they were, they might not be successful at all.

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Dyon worked hard. Lost days of sleep. And constantly pondered over things every minute of everyday. His brain was never off. People may look at his achievements and roll their eyes because he was lucky enough to have an Innate Aurora, but...

Where were those people when a five-year-old Dyon's eyes shone looking at a computer screen filled with code? Where were those people when an eight-year-old Dyon played his piano and plucked his guitar strings until his fingers bled... needing to vent his feelings about his lost mother without bothering his hard-working father? Where were those people when Dyon sat alone at ten years old... when his parents were gone, and the only thing left was a room filled with inventions and computers?

Dyon's arrogance wasn't born of thin air. It was his hard work. It was his shield. And he wasn't willing to give it up.

Arios continued, "with the accumulation of his enemies, a plan was hatched to deal with the sage...

"Many years ago, the opening of the Timeless Library was becoming more and more of a possibility, with the leading runner being the sage. Because of his vast resources and untold success, there were very few who would be able to rival the sage in this special legacy world opening."

"Special legacy world?" Dyon raised a brow, listening intently.

"Ai. Legacy worlds come with various rankings of their own. Most of the time, it's simply by the cultivation of the expert who left it behind... but, the Timeless Library is a special case.

"Remember the watershed I spoke of before? The Timeless Library is a legacy suspended in space, where all time it stopped. It is the culmination of all the legacies and knowledge of past experts who surpassed this watershed."

Dyon's eyes shone. A culmination of experts who all surpassed the sage? What kind of ridiculous concept was that?

Arios sighed. "The sage was intent of opening this world, not because he wanted to follow and learn from others, but because he felt that something was off with the world. I'm sure by now you at least know about campaigns and the reason they're fought, right?"

Dyon nodded.

"Well, the sage was intent on finding a solution to this, and he had a feeling that the answer was within the Timeless Library. With him being one of the only few with the qualifications to even enter such a legacy world, many of his enemies inexplicably stopped competing for it.

"The sage was intelligent, so he was fully aware that this only happened because they were intent on destroying his hard work in his absence..."

Dyon's arched an eyebrow, "didn't you say this world was suspended in time? Wouldn't it technically be but an instant from when he went in to when he came out?"

Arios shook his head. "Suspended in time, yes. But suspended in which time is the key here."

Dyon's eyes widened with a sudden realization.

"Because of the legacy world's abnormality. The sage could reappear in the same instance he entered... or he could be transported millions of years into the past... or, millions of years into the future. It was impossible to tell. The only thing that was certain was that you couldn't be transported to a time before the first expert who experienced a watershed began the Timeless Library, and that there was an equal chance of being transported to any time other than that."

"Which means there's a vastly higher chance of being sent into the future as opposed to the past..."

Arios inwardly praised Dyon's intelligence. He grasped the crux of the matter almost immediately. I think you should take a look at

Whereas the moment the Timeless Library was created is finite, the future was obviously infinite. Well... as infinite as heat death would allow. This meant that if those who entered had an equal chance of being transported to any given time according to those rules... there was a vastly higher likelihood of being sent into the future simply because there was more time in the future.

Dyon spoke again. "So the sage risked it anyway because he knew the solution was much more important..."

Arios nodded solemnly. "You know... the Demon Sage didn't always have such a name... he only insisted on being called as such... even creating that horrible song... because he was laughing at his own uselessness."

Dyon looked up from his thoughts, suddenly remembering when he asked himself how you could be a demon and a sage at the same time.

"Before he entered the world, he laughed a sad laugh... he knew he was leaving us to what would probably be our deaths... but he had no choice. And we supported him," Arios' voice had grown hoarse.

Arios clenched his fists. "But... he tried his best to fight fate.

"He poured all of his resources and even created the energy accumulating Blood Sacrifice Technique... all to barricade and constrain the Timeless Library to a finite window. After years of planning and struggle, he finally managed to not only find the entrance, but to also time-lock the special legacy world into a two-thousand-year span. Hoping with everything in him that he would be teleported 1000 years into the past instead of a thousand years into the future...

"But, as fate would have it, he didn't have his way...." Arios paused, taking a deep breath. "The sage was teleported hundreds of years into the future. His kingdoms were destroyed... his people were enslaved... and the worst part was... he didn't find the answer he was looking for..."

Dyon's jaw hardene., 'What a story...'

"A bet that should have been 50/50 was lost and with it went one of the greatest dynasties ever...

"Once the sage came back... he was enraged beyond belief, and the loss of his wives and children sent him into a crazed like state. Demonic will is a double-edged sword... it gives you power beyond almost anything... but should you lose control... the consequences are drastic...

"By the time the sage finally gained his sanity, he was a depleted man... he was no longer young... and his enemies had only multiplied.

"He began to travel using his inner world as a haven. Fleeting in and out of Gates and in and out of time... soon he realized that he had long since lost his moment to surpass the watershed."

'So that's what it was... that world wasn't his legacy world... but it was instead his inner world... no wonder there was no time distortion... what does that mean?' Dyon thought.

"In his last moments, he finally told us remaining generals what happened in the Timeless Library... I still remember his words..."

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'What a joke my life has been... my arrogance reached the skies and I disdained everything... and yet, in the end, fate still played with me to death...

'You want to know what happened in the Timeless Library? The place I gave up everything for?...' The sage laughed so hard that tears streamed down his face endlessly. 'Those bastards told me I wasn't good enough. That I wasn't fated. And most sadistically of all... that my successor would be the one to end my life. What a joke!'

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Dyon trembled listening to these words. To lose everything he's worked so hard for... just to be told he wasn't good enough...

"So... the sage settled down, waiting for fate to take hold. He had given up on everything.

All he had left was us... although we were just as talented as his more powerful generals, because of our young age and weak cultivations, we survived only because we were ants not worth being stepped on...

Then, one day, the sage's inner world resonated with his created blood sacrifice technique and awoke him from his slumber. The only thing he told us before he allowed you all in was that he had split his soul to suspend his youngest and last daughter in time along with all of his accumulated knowledge and wealth within the only abandoned universe in existence: 'Chaos.'

I can't tell you much about that universe... nor can I tell you where it is or how to get there... but we hope as a fated successor, you'd do our pitiful master this last favor..."

'No wonder... it makes no sense for such a powerful existence to only have a supreme level treasure... it's not enough for his level. Not to mention the fact it was definitely too easy to wipe him out... regardless of the fact he was just a remnant soul'

Dyon took a deep breath before he suddenly grinned.

"The wives of such a powerful man should have been goddesses among women, no? Then wouldn't his daughter be an incomparable fairy? You don't need to ask me twice."

Arios' eyes widened in shock, before he laughed so hard that his stomach hurt. The thousands of white haired generals cut through the once somber atmosphere with their uproarious laughter. It seemed they had found themselves a good leader.

Dyon smiled, tapping Arios on the shoulder. "There's still one more thing, Arios..."

Arios wiped the tears from his eyes and looked towards Dyon.

A complicated look appeared on Dyon's features. "Do you remember your origin?"

Arios froze. "My origin?... I come from a low-ranking universe... from a planet called Earth."

Dyon gripped Arios' shoulder. "Your sister misses you,"

Dyon's smile was gentle, but his words filled Arios' eyes with tears of sadness, longing and joy. I think you should take a look at

The demon generals, knowing of Arios' odd back story, smiled knowingly. It seemed like at least one of them would get a happy ending.

Due to Dyon's prodding, Arios finally told his story.

Many years ago, he had left the Sicarius family to pursue his own path much like his elder brothers. He was a genius, but he was still intrigued by the Focus Academy... mostly due to its teleportation to the Elvin World. However, it wasn't the world itself, but rather, the reason such a low-ranking school even had such a powerful array.

His curiosity only increased when, at the opening ceremony of his entrance, he noticed the creation array the pillar family kids used. Although he had told his family he was headed to Focus Academy because the Elvin World was beneficial, his true purpose was to investigate these abnormalities.

He kept it a secret for a simple reason: his father. Head Sicarius was a stoic man who wanted his sons to lead their own lives, but that didn't mean he wanted them to be reckless. Because he was a close confidant of the Royal God Clan, he was well aware of the dangers that were associated with the origin of those arrays. Not meaning that he knew about the blood sacrifice technique, but he was fully aware about the destruction of the sect that left those arrays behind: The Celestial Deer Sect.

Because Head Sicarius knew how dangerous the enemies of the sect were, he didn't want his son to be involved in any way. But, Arios was stubbornly curious. As a result, he snuck into the center pillar library using his assassin techniques and read about the Celestial Deer Sect and came to the same conclusion Dyon did: the remains were in Focus Lake.

But, unfortunately for Arios, not only were his movements noticed since he didn't use the same covert methods Dyon did by sneaking in using the ponds, the Celestial Deer Sect didn't reveal itself to him like it did for Dyon. He could only head back empty handed.

Soon after, the Elvin World Opening was announced, and Arios of course participated. However, while inside, a girl he had gotten close with tried to kill him. Dyon, who was listening, immediately knew that this girl was Tammy.

Because Arios was hiding his true cultivation, Tammy was no match for him. But, he could see that she was deeply troubled and felt she was backed into a corner... although he didn't know she was doing this because people noticed him sneaking into the central pillar library.

As such, Arios never revealed his cultivation level to Tammy, and instead let her 'kill' him. Because Arios had mastered the technique to a much higher level than Ava, a technique he called Assassin's Soul Death, he was able to cut off his soul and reinstate it at will. This was why while Ava's soul crystal cracked, Arios' simply dimmed, losing the connection.

Because he was playing dead, the teleportation array obviously didn't take Arios at the end of the month. The worst part was, all this time, the Storm family thought Arios was sneaking around because he knew something, when really, he was curious about something completely different.

But, Arios decided to make the best of the situation. He stayed in the Elvin Kingdom, tempering himself in the forest. He even joined Florence Academy eventually. But, he wasn't as lucky as Dyon yet again and was regulated to a foot soldier role for the campaigns. That being said, he didn't mind too much because he could always go to the main continent to lead his own armies. It was just that he wanted the experience of being a foot soldier so that he could better lead in the future.

However, Arios' string of bad luck wasn't yet over. Because of the anomalies of the Gates and their unpredictability, coupled with the stupid decisions of the leading young master at the time, Arios fell into a warp in time.

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By all rights, he should have died, but, the Demon Sage saved him, bringing him along his own campaigns. Arios thought it would always be impossible to come back... even the Demon Sage couldn't control time perfectly, let alone him. But, it seemed like he had finally come back home.

Dyon smiled as Arios wiped the last of his tears, "we'll go see your family in no less than a year. In fact, if you'd like to go now, I won't blame you."

Arios blinked. "How long has it been since I've been gone?"

Dyon thought for a bit. "Ava was only 18 when I met her, so she should be 19 at most right now."

Arios looked like he had just heard the greatest thing in the world.

"Only two years? I've only been gone two years? HAHAAHAHA."

His laughter was light, as though a massive burden had been dropped from his shoulders.

Arios was only 23 right now and he left home at 20. But, despite this, he had no way of knowing what point of earth's history he had come back to. The fact he had been gone for even less time than he experienced away was only the best of news to him.

Dyon smiled. 'It seems like that technique the demon sage used stopped their aging completely and stopped them from being aware of how much time had really passed. Arios should have experienced thousands of years in the deformed state, but to him, he only spent three years as a demon general. I guess the Demon Sage truly is a kind man...

'Since you've lived such a pitiful life, I'll take up the mantle for you. I can't take you as my master, as I've already promised that to someone else, but you've earned my respect. Once the time is right, I'll be the new Demon Sage. I'll save your daughter. I'll slaughter your enemies. And I'll make sure they know the reason why they're dying. Consider this a thank you for leaving your legacy to me and an apology for being the fated reason you died.'

The demon generals sat down on the ground, happy and content with everything. Although Dyon still had many questions... from their hair to who they were as people and what they'd done in the past, he held it in for now. These people had been through a lot, it was time for them to relax.

Arios looked at Dyon with an interested impression and said something that made Dyon rethink his whole attitude.

"So, successor. When's our next campaign?"

Dyon looked at Arios for a bit, feeling the blood of the demon generals boiling along with his.

Dyon grinned widely, 'I guess it's time to make a splash.' I think you should take a look at

Dyon was immediately immersed in his planning. And even planning his planning. He wanted to know everything there was to know about the army he had just gained, and how to make the best use of their abilities.

What he ended up finding out was surprising. Even the weakest among the generals were of the Essence Gathering level, including Arios. At first, Dyon wondered why a sage would need such relatively weak generals, but then he realized his thought was stupid. Since some Gates cap at the essence gathering level, you obviously needed talented young generals to lead campaigns at those Gates.

There was a total of 3000 generals. A thousand at the lower essence gathering level, another thousand at the higher essence gathering level, and the last thousand at the lower saint level. This realization made Dyon widen his eyes in shock.

'A thousand saint level experts?... ridiculous.'

However, Dyon was also aware that this was but a drop in the ocean compared to the experts even in this universe. Not only did even the small the Elvin Kingdom itself have peak level saints who could wipe out Dyon's entire army with just a bit of effort, if one took the entire planet into consideration, a thousand lower saints, even without taking into account those of higher levels of cultivation, would lose out by sheer lack of numbers. What was a thousand to millions?

Thus, Dyon made a decision. He wouldn't use the demon generals in his first campaign unless he uncovered the mystery of the Elvin Kingdom and the Celestial Deer Sect. Only by knowing who and where his enemies were would he feel comfortable revealing some of his hand. The second decision he made was to cap the amount of demon generals he would use.

Because of the talent of the demon generals, their combat prowess far surpassed those of the same level. As such, Dyon decided that he would only take out 100 lower essence gathering demon generals if he uncovered the mysteries of the Elvin Kingdom.

Dyon smiled to himself, 'sure, leading a massive army is great... although I guess 2000 isn't that large,' he thought.

Remembering that the Gate his first campaign would take place in had a cap of peak essence gathering, Dyon knew the saint level experts weren't a possibility.

'But, what could be cooler than having a small army and still dominating?'

Although Dyon thought this like a joke, there were real reasons why he preferred a smaller army. For one, with his lack of experience, smaller numbers would be easier for him to command. Then, with the unpredictability of the Gates, it was also easier to protect everyone should their numbers be kept in check. And finally, him suddenly appearing with an army of a hundred was still acceptable... two thousand though? That was pushing it.

'Plus... with only a hundred, considering how many spiritual weapons the Celestial Deer Sect left to me, I should be able to equip them all.'

With that thought, Dyon quickly memorized the names of each and every one of his demon generals. Over the next few months, he would take his time to learn about all of their abilities and more about the Gates. With that knowledge, he'd form a well-balanced team of a hundred. Dyon already had no doubt in his mind that settling the matter of the Elvin Kingdom... was only a matter of time.

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"Arios," Dyon called out to the handsome young man.

"Yes, Successor?"

Dyon waved his hand, "don't call me that, it'll only make me feel bad. Just call me Dyon," Dyon smiled bitterly.

Arios smiled in acknowledgement.

"Since you've were part of the Elvin Kingdom for a while... what do you know about its troubles?"

Arios was surprised by Dyon's question, but quickly continued to answer, "as an outsider... not much. But, over the course of the few months I stayed there, I did come to know of some things.

"For one, their king has been missing for a long while, and with him, his daughter, the princess."

Dyon nodded. He remembered Ri mentioning her cousin. But, considering that was the one and only time, Dyon didn't doubt that this princess was gone.

"The other is that the Elvin Kingdom adheres to very strict traditions in choosing their rulers. Oddly enough, said rulers aren't picked from their most prestigious families, instead, anyone can become king or queen as long as they are a True Empath."

Dyon's face furrowed in thought, 'True Empath?'

Dyon suddenly thought of Jade. Jade could see right through him and could clearly tell when he lied and when he didn't. Even to the point that it was almost as though she could read his mind. Also, now that he thoguht about it some more, she was especially sensitive to his Demonic Will as well... Though he didn't know what a True Empath was, that seemed to fit the description of the words themselves.

But... Something was off.

'When I mentioned Madeleine to everyone, they reacted as though Jade's reaction was law. But, it wasn't that it was because it was Jade, but because she was part of the Eostre family. If a whole major family has the ability to see through people like that, and yet they aren't the set rulers despite this, that can only mean that True Empaths aren't as simple as that...'

Arios seemed to realize exactly what Dyon was thinking. "if you're thinking of the Eostre family, I used to have thoughts on them too. Their abilities are so close to what anyone would intuitively think a True

Empath would be, so why weren't they the ruling family if Elvin Kings and Queens were always said True Empaths?"

Arios sighed. "But, I don't have an answer to give you regarding that. The True Empath seems to be a very important being for the Elves, but, at the same time, from what I've pieced together, it has also brought them untold tragedy....

"I don't know why, but from what I've deduced, the Elvin Kingdom can't afford to have a True Empath on the throne without the help of the Celestial Deer Sect... but, the problem is that that Sect was destroyed long ago.

"The reason they needed the sect isn't common knowledge. And what they stand to lose without them is also unknown....

"The last thing is that the hate for the Acacia family is deeper than just the fact the king disappeared. I read an ancient book once, not here, but when I was campaigning with the demon sage, that spoke about the three ancient families of the Elvin Race.

"One was the Florence family. The other was the Mathilde family... and the last, as you've probably guessed, was the Acacia family... The fact the Acacia family is known as an ancient one, and yet isn't given their due respect here, must have a deeper story behind it... That's all I know."

Dyon nodded, 'for one, it wouldn't make sense for a kingdom to let their citizens know how reliant they were on an ally, so it's clear why no one knows the true reason behind the alliance except for a select few. Aside from this, the hate of the Acacia family sounds interesting... it may very well be the reason behind some of these odd occurrences.'

But, Arios' information did give Dyon a new train of thought. Why would a kingdom who knew they needed an ally like the Celestial Deer Sect not help in stopping their destruction? Did that mean that even with the help of the Elvin Kingdom, the fate of the Celestial Deer Sect was set? Or did that mean that they simply decided not to help for some unknown reason? And maybe, that unknown reason was exactly the reason the major families hated the Acacia ancient family.

Dyon sighed, there was no use pondering on this now with no real information. It was best that he went out for now. Ri and Little Lyla were probably worrying.

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Outside the spatial world, Ri was sitting nervously, staring at the ring in her hand.

The vibrations had long since quietened down, but she had no way of knowing what happened. Since the ring was owned by Dyon, she had no way of entering without his permission, so she could only sit and wait while ensuring the ring never left the cave.

Time passed and soon she was started awake by the pitter patter of small feet running into the cave.

Ri looked up to see Little Lyla skipping in. Without her noticing, the sun had already come up in the sky, and Dyon was still nowhere to be seen.

"Big sister? Where's big brother Dyon?"

Little Black walked beside Little Lyla. Although the little guy was aware of the dangers, he too was worried about Dyon. But, he couldn't very well leave Lyla outside.

Ri looked into the little girl's sparkling pink eyes and stroked her long hair, "big sister's not sure... we can only wait," Ri's eyes glistened with worry.

Little Lyla patted Ri's face in her usual adorable fashion. "Big sister, you're too beautiful to be sad, okay? I'm sure big brother will be fine." I think you should take a look at

Ri smiled, chuckling to herself. "I should be comforting you little girl, don't look down on your big sister."

Little Lyla giggled as Ri pinched her soft cheeks.

Almost as if on cue, Ri's hand was suddenly invaded by a comforting warmth. Looking up in confusion, she found pure hazel-green eyes looking into hers with a playful look in them.

"You're beautiful and your hand feels so good in mine. You're quite good, aren't you?"

Ri's eyes flashed with happiness as she finally realized it was Dyon, but his words made her roll her eyes. Taking her hand away, she gave Dyon a stern look. "You think you can just leave us for an entire night and pretend like nothing happened?"

Dyon raised an eyebrow, but soon noticed that the cave was much better lit than it had been when he left. He could only scratch his head awkwardly in acknowledgement.

'I guess learning 3000 names and partial backstories took more time than I thought... but, I can only imagine how powerful an army of generals would be. It's well worth it.'

Picking up Little Lyla into his arms, Dyon smiled. "We should get you back, hm? We wouldn't want Ms. Everdeen to get mad at me for you missing your lessons, right?"

Little Lyla smiled, and wrapped her arms around Dyon's neck. But, much to the surprise of both Ri and Dyon, she fell asleep almost immediately in that position.

A tinge of guilt invaded Dyon's heart. It looked like the little girl hadn't slept that night either.

Dyon sighed. "It looks like Ms. Everdeen is going to be quite angry with me. But, I can't send her to lessons like this. She's too tired."

Dyon rubbed the little girl's back. Lyla had found a strong hold on Dyon's heart and he wasn't willing to see her suffer at all. He berated himself for not at least coming back to let them know he was okay... but it was too late now.

Ri flicked his forehead. "You seem to forget that you have people who care for you now. Don't be so reckless next time."

With that line, she walked out of the cave, expecting Dyon to follow her.

Watching Ri's alluring back and swaying curves walk away, Dyon smiled to himself, 'I guess I do, hm?'

Along the way, Ri asked Dyon about what had happened. Dyon, wanting to be honest, told her it wasn't something he could tell her the full story behind just yet. But, he reassured her that it wouldn't be a recurring problem.

The demon generals had only been trying to grab Dyon's attention. They had been awake for days, but he still hadn't checked in. Since they were vaguely aware of the fact they had been out of it for more than a year, they didn't want to wait too long for when Dyon next checked on them. So, they stirred a little trouble.

The only thing really on Dyon's mind now was feeding them all. He had no choice but to keep them within his ring so as not to alert the Elvin Kingdom. At most, he could bring out Arios since he had once been here, so his existence wouldn't be questioned too much. In the end, he decided that he might as well feed them like kings. He once again inwardly thanked the Heaven's Wine founder for unwittingly being his benefactor.

As Dyon was lost in thought, he suddenly felt a strong grip on his arm.

Dyon looked over at Ri confusedly, not understanding her actions. But, seeing the horrified look on her face, he immediately followed her line of sight.

Still holding on to Little Lyla, Dyon trembled violently.

There in front of them, the fences of the orphanage he had built were destroyed. Half of the house was charred black from an obvious fire, and there was layer after layer of feces piled onto the front lawns, peaking through the windows, and even filling the doorways.

Huddled outside, hundreds of shivering children sat together, looking at the scene with tears in their eyes.

Dyon quickly scanned the crowd. He had memorized the faces and names of every child he had taken in, so the first thing he wanted to make sure was that none of them were missing.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon did his best to calm himself. He didn't want his anger to awaken Lyla or frighten the already scared children. They were lucky enough that none of the children seemed to be missing, he didn't want to make a bad situation, worse.

But, the next sight Dyon saw nearly made him lose nearly all control.

Ms. Everdeen, the sweet old lady he felt like he had just spoken to. The same old lady he had watched through Little Black take such good care of the children. The same old lady that reminded Dyon so much of his own mother...

Hung by her neck from a tree.

Her face was in ruins, nearly unrecognizable. Her clothes had been stripped from her. Deep cuts littered her once fair and fragile wrinkled skin...

Tears of anger streamed down Dyon's face as he felt Ri turn her gaze away, burying her head into his shoulder.

Chapter 176

Dyon silently and gently held the back of Little Lyla's head, making sure that even should she wake up, that she would never see this sight.

The kids noticed Dyon's arrival but were too distraught to move. None of the other caretakers were in sight... it was as though they had never existed.

Minutes passed by as Dyon burned this scene into his mind.

Taking a deep breath, and ignoring the consequences, he sent Ri into his spatial ring along with Little Lyla.

With Little Black by his side, he slowly walked to the group of children.

Taking a look at the children, Dyon's heart ached. Their faces were covered in soot and tears. It was a heart rending sight.

Kneeling down, Dyon patted the head of a boy sitting near the edge of the huddled group. The poor boy's face had snot running down it as he quietly sniffled, but Dyon's touch seemed to be the light of his day.

Looking up with his big black eyes, the boy cried, "Big brother, are you going to leave us too?"

The words of the boy nearly made the tears Dyon had only just managed to stop resurface again, "of course not, Nopos. I wouldn't leave any of you."

"big brother, y-you remember my name?"

Dyon smiled gently, "of course I do," then Dyon began pointing to each child, quietly speaking their names.

"Onas.. Nym... Ruith... Ryul.... Soora... Talila.... Nuala.... Aurae...."

Dyon rattled off every single one of their names. Many of these children didn't even have last names to them, much like Little Lyla. Dyon's heart was pained by the fact this was the best he could do to give these kids a little warmth in their lives.

But...

With every name he said, another light of glistening admiration surfaced in the eyes of those kids.

With every name he spoke, tears of warmth replaced the cold and dried streaks of salt and dread that had once covered their faces.

With every name he whispered, he added another child to his family.

In the end Dyon kneeled before them and bowed his head. He had promised to never do this for anyone other than his master. In fact, in the western part of the world he originated from in the human mortal realm, bowing and kneeling was seen as nothing but a form of disgrace.

But, that was exactly how Dyon felt now. He had let these kids down. Whether that be because of his arrogance, or because he didn't build their defenses well enough, was irrelevant to him. The mere fact he had allowed such innocent souls to experience something like this was something he would never forgive himself for.

The kids shivered watching Dyon's actions. But, his next words were ones they would never forget.

"Sorry is not enough for what I've put you all through," Dyon buried his forehead firmly into the ground, "but, I promise with everything in me, that from this day forward, I won't allow anyone to treat you like this again. You'll live your lives as children should. You'll laugh and smile. You'll only cry tears of happiness and maybe frustration... but never. Never again will they be tears of pain."

Just as Dyon finished, he felt a small hand on his shoulder. He looked up to find Nopos looking at him with tears streaking down his small face.

"it's not your fault, big brother. They were bad people... very bad people... they even tortured Ms. Everdeen to find where sister Lyla was hiding... in the end, only she fought for us. Everyone else ran... now we have your big brother. You're willing to remember our names and you're willing to kneel for us. You will always be our big brother." I think you should take a look at

Dyon's words caught in his throat, he hugged the little boy, and every child after. Silently sending them and Little Black into the spatial world.

Soon, he was all that was left.

Silently, Dyon walked to the tree Ms. Everdeen hung from, gently taking her down.

Dyon slowly and diligently repaired the wounds on the beautiful old lady's skin. Taking his time to repair her grey eyes and her disarrayed hair. Dyon knew this would never revive her, but he wasn't willing for her to have any blemishes even in death.

Afterwards, Dyon created a beautiful dress for her. An elegant and conservative silver covered Ms. Everdeen's body.

Slowly closing her eyes for the last time, Dyon smiled gently.

"You truly are beautiful Ms. Everdeen. May you rest in peace."

Dyon's crystal will whirled to life as he created endless flowers, small birds, and butterflies, gently layering Ms. Everdeen's crystalline coffin with them.

She looked peaceful. Exactly like someone who fought to the end for what they believed in.

Her arms were crossed, and the countless crystallized flowers and elegant animals graced her in death.

Dyon took a deep breath. "When the time is right, I'll complete your perfect burial. The ones who did this to you will kneel before you in repentance. Forever."

With that thought, Dyon took out a new spatial ring... one that he would reserve for Ms. Everdeen.

Silently putting her away, Dyon closed his eyes.

It was still the early morning. Birds chirped, and the leaves of the forest rustled in the wind. But, aside from this, there was nothing but an eerie quiet.

The village that had once had many residents was empty. They had most likely fled in the midst of the disaster, not bothering to care for already parentless children.

Hours went by with Dyon in this state, but he still wasn't willing to move. He smelt the foul manure coming from the once vibrant orphanage. He felt the trembling in his heart as it continued to fiercely pound. He felt the dripping blood from clenched hands he wasn't willing to relax.

Soon, it was already the next morning.

Suddenly, Dyon opened his eyes, a dense fire burning within them.

Black flames danced across Dyon's face, erasing all traces of the tears he had ever shed.

His eyes were decidedly darker, dimming from their hazel-green, to a murky and dark brown.

With a wave of his hand, the black flames engulfed the orphanage. Not even sparing the trees and village around it.

Dyon stood within, untouched. His face without emotion and his heart calm as a dark and gloomy lake.

Chapter 177

Just like that, another day passed silently...

**

Dyon sat in the Heaven's Wine private room, diligently packaging food for every child and demon general.

For the children, he created well rounded meal plans – strengthening their hibernating meridians, increasing their bodies' capacities, and making their souls more robust for future cultivation. For the demon generals, although he didn't know the extent of all of their powers just yet, he had still grasped their specialties.

He wasn't satisfied with his army having any weaknesses, so, he decreased the amount of food towards their strengths, and increased the food to buffer their weaknesses. After he had sent enough for an entire week and equipped the demon generals with cultivation methods for their weaknesses from the Celestial Deer Sect, he finally ate himself.

Although the dip in revenue would be obvious from the Elvin branch's perspective, the overall scale of Heaven's Wine was so large that Dyon's influence was minute. Again, what was feeding thousands for free, versus getting payment from millions? Even tens of millions?

From what Dyon could see, there were no overseers at any branch. There were no guards, no waiters, and this branch didn't even seem to have one of the owner's disciples. So, Dyon deduced that Heaven's Wine was most likely overseen together as a collective, rather than individually. As such, he used their resources freely.

But, at the back of Dyon's mind, he was fully aware that Iaachus could most likely see what was going on. And, by extension, his master could too. But, Dyon couldn't be bothered to care. Not right now. He had too many other things on his mind.

He knew that Ri was probably worried and pissed that she couldn't get out of the spatial world, but, he was in no mood to interact with anyone at the moment. Even his seemingly heartfelt task of diligently tailoring meal plans for each person, was done as though he was an emotionless robot. He calculated. He planned. He strategized. But, during the hours he spent doing this, not once did he feel.

Silently meditating and slowly absorbing his food, Dyon's essence integration slowly increased. Although the pace was much slower than before, it was much better than without the spiritual foods. His demon qilin and celestial deer blood was already approaching 11%, and his demon sage essence had finally firmly planted itself at 2%. With this, his body's strength could finally rival those at the lower meridian formation stage without the need for him to use his understand of wills or his soul. Although, that was only when they too didn't use their wills or souls.

This being said, Dyon felt a faint watershed at surpassing 10% of integration. It seemed every 10% mark would bring him another set of challenges and another level of trials. However, he could only push through.

In addition to his body, he also spent time on his soul. Although he had yet to investigate his manifestation, he could faintly feel his soul diligently approaching the middle tier of the Essence stage. However, Dyon felt like he needed to know more about the soul before he studied his manifestation. For example, he still had no idea what an 'innate soul strength' was. In fact, the first time he had even heard of such a concept was when Ri explained the requirements to enter Acacia Academy.

How could Dyon study the manifestation of a soul, without understanding the soul itself? He knew it was time to pour through his master's memories.

He had hoped he wouldn't meet any mental blocks on the information, but he could only grit his teeth when he realized that there were. I think you should take a look at

No wonder he hadn't stumbled upon the term 'innate soul strength' before, his master had never left it in her memories for him. Dyon could only resign himself to heading back to the Acacia Academy Library. Afterwards, he'd leave his marks on the guilds and slowly uncover the mystery of the Elvin Kingdom.

Despite Dyon's cold heart, his mind was clear as he realized something... if every mental block was in correlation to the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, wouldn't that mean that by a complex system of elimination and cross-referencing things Dyon's master should know versus what her memories didn't have, Dyon would be able to slowly piece together the story?

'It seems you've left me quite the puzzle game master...'

This was Dyon's first real human-like thought in days...

**

Within Dyon's spatial world, everything was peaceful.

The demon generals and children happily ate their food. Dyon had sent each set in separately, marked for each person, and divided by day. Since he didn't know how robust the appetites of everyone would be, he technically sent more than he needed too. In fact, many scratched their heads when reading the notes Dyon left behind.

One of the demon generals laughed. "This is a week's worth of food? I could go through a month and still not finish this."

A beautiful white-haired demon general giggled lightly. "It seems our leader has quite the appetite. Look at all of this, he's assumed we're all as gluttonous as he is. How adorable!"

The atmosphere was light and heartfelt. None of the generals were aware of how Dyon was feeling. Although some could vaguely sense that something had happened judging by the influx of children, they didn't mind too much. Their leader cared enough to send them food, tailor make their meals, and even send them cultivation methods to strengthen their weaknesses. What could they have to complain about?

To them, if the successor needed help, he would come to them. It wasn't like they could leave the world of their own free will anyway. That was simply how spatial worlds worked. As long as the user was able to force you in, you would have to be strong enough to match the creator of the ring to break free.

But, how could experts that peaked at the lower saint level break free of constraints set by a Spiritual Grade ring? At most, they could shake the world like they had before.

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Suddenly the beauty spoke again, "What I'm most interested in is the fact the successor has such good cultivation methods... where would he get them in such a low-ranking universe?"

"Ai. At first, I was only going to flip through casually and let the successor know later that they were too low level... but, these are all at the very minimum heaven ranked techniques and cultivation methods... aside from the body cultivation manuals that is."

"True, but high-level body cultivation manuals are rare everywhere. The fact he has earth level ones is a miracle into and of itself."

"The successor is indeed interesting... he also wants us all to learn music will to at least the 3rd level, doesn't he know how hard music will is to grasp?" A demon general shook his head bitterly.

The beauty smiled. "He must have a reason for it... maybe he isn't expecting all of us to grasp it. Maybe... he's only expecting it out of a few of us."

This was indeed the truth. Dyon had vaguely grasped that music will, despite its being seemingly simple, was among the most difficult to grasp. Much like the human mortal realm, music wasn't something you could force a true level of understanding in. You may be able to memorize notes, and play the covers of your favorite songs, but none of these things constituted being a true expert.

Music will meant being able to convey and understand artistic conceptions. Sure, a normal person would be able to feel that one song was meant to be happy, and another was meant to be angry. But, would they have the talent to understand why such emotions were being conveyed?

Would they be able to distinguish sadness brought by the loss of a lover versus the loss of a parent? Would they be able to distinguish anger from not feeling that you were good enough versus feeling that the world was against you? These weren't easy things to grasp, especially without the use of lyrics seen in the human mortal realm.

As such, music will was more about talent than almost any other will. There was such a high level of emotional intelligence needed, that often, it was simply too much for the vast majority of people. This was why Dyon was so surprised when he realized Jade couldn't use music will... how could someone who could literally see through everything... not have high emotional intelligence?

This was when he realized the sheer difficulty of understanding music will and when Madeleine jumped another level in his respect for her.

**

Near a clear lake of the spatial world, Ri sat next to a handsome boy on a rock as they watched the kids play.

The kids had long since cleaned themselves, and Dyon had even sent each of them a new set of clothes to the point where he even included swimming suits. It had already been a week since Dyon had sent them in here. In fact, he sent another 'week's worth' set of food they wouldn't be able to finish for months.

Ri could only sigh. She knew Dyon thought this was his fault. She remembered very clearly how he had said Little Lyla's name at the coliseum. And, when she asked the kids what had happened, they told her that bad men had come looking for their sister Lyla. And now, Dyon was cutting himself off from them as his way of protecting them all.

If Ri knew that Dyon was also an orphan, she'd understand that his pain right now was even deeper than what she assumed.

"Dummy," she muttered.

Arios, who was sitting beside Ri smiled. "You're worried about him... I am too, honestly..."

Although Arios didn't voice it to Ri, he was well aware that Dyon had absorbed the demon sage's blood. If he lost control of his emotions, no one would know how long it would take for him to return to himself.

Dyon himself might not even be aware he was slipping. To the point where he hadn't even read any of Madeleine's messages for the past week.

Ri sent a glance towards Arios. "You sure you can't tell me about all of you?" "I think you should take a look at

Arios shook his head. "If Dyon hasn't told you yet, he must have a reason for it."

Ri nodded. She understood and wasn't too bothered. In fact, although she was worried for Dyon, she often disappeared for weeks if not months at a time without seeing her father, so she wasn't worried about headmaster Acacia worrying.

Ri sighed, "I hope he's alright..."

**

Outside of the spatial world, Dyon was immersed in his reading. It was an odd sight. He had hundreds of books stacked around him as he closed his eyes in meditation.

Jade was nearby, using her delicate and fair hands to pluck the strings of her guqin. She had spent the past week with Dyon, coming here everyday. But, he had completely ignored her. He was almost like a completely different person.

Because of her gift, she was able to tell something was weighing on his mind, but, keeping him company was about as much as she could do for now.

To Dyon, nothing mattered but his cultivation and his knowledge. He not only poured through everything there was to know about the soul, he had also spent days studying past campaign accounts of the Elvin Kingdom and, although there was a strikingly small amount, he had also looked through tales of Elvin history.

Although he had intuitively known what Ri might mean when she mentioned innate souls, it was only now that he fully understood. Innate souls were essentially just the level a soul could reach, without soul specific cultivation. Meaning, since Dyon's soul had reached the peak of the Middle Blossoming stage as soon as his body was strong enough to handle it, that was his innate soul strength.

However, the meaning was also deeper than this. One's innate soul was also about a reflection of one's personality. It wasn't just about its base strength, but also connected to manifestations. So, Dyon finally understood why it wasn't within his master's memories. But, it also connected back to Ri's blue aurora flame... maybe there was something special about her innate soul...

The last oddity Dyon found was the fact records showed the max innate soul should be at the peak of the Foundation stage. Yet... his was an entire stage higher than that. Technically speaking, the usual max made sense, it spanned from the equivalent of the first foundation layer to the ninth formation layer. But, Dyon's was inexplicably equal to around the lower end of the 5th meridian formation layer.

It seemed off, and somehow not complete... but, he didn't have an answer for it.

Having completed his research, Dyon decided that it was about time he found a secluded place to study his manifestation. He assumed that Ri's mother's cave was the best place... but something was telling him it wouldn't be a haven for him there... definitely not in this state.

Remembering that Ri had told him the elders couldn't handle the flaming words he had left in the sky... he suddenly had the crazy idea to sneak into the empty castle. Why would his own flames affect him?

Although Dyon didn't have an exact understanding of why his manifestation left those flames, he did have a good guess.

A tome flashed into his hands. Flipping to the first page, he stared intently at the shifting array, but still gained nothing from it. But, he wasn't willing to give up on it. He was sure that the flames in the sky were not only the residue of his manifestation, but also whatever was sealing this tome. For peak saint level experts to not be able to handle it... could only go to prove the power needed to seal this seemingly normal book.

He also had come to understand the awakening time of the generals had been drastically cut down by this tome. How?... he hadn't fully grasped. But, how could a technique of the demon sage be cleansed by Dyon's power alone in a little over a year? It didn't add up. So, he eliminated all options until he was left with just this one.

The awakening of the generals coincided with the time this tome wrote in its first technique. There were no such coincidences, it could only be correlated in some way.

The tome flashed and re-entered Dyon's ring. He decided that he would bide his time in entering the castle. He couldn't afford to be caught, and he also at least needed a better idea of what he was looking for. So, he decided that he should probably finally head to the formation guild. He needed the sub-families in his back pocket, and this was the best way to do it. He didn't even see them as people anymore. They were just pawns to him.

Chapter 179

Stretching, Dyon stood to leave, when suddenly, a faint and gentle voice resounded from behind him.

"So... you're finally moving... someone watching might have thought you were a statue. You know it isn't normal to not move for an entire week, right? Although I wasn't here the whole time, it's no coincidence I found you in the exact same position day after day..."

Dyon froze on his way out. It wasn't the first time Jade had tried to speak with him this past week, but, there was something broken in her voice right now. Almost as though she was pained by something.

Seeing Dyon finally stop at something she said, Jade felt a small happiness in her heart. "You know, you are different from everyone else... your eyes were always pure and your determination always focused..."

"Your determination is still focused... almost obsessively so... but, your eyes are murky now. I can't read you now, because you aren't thinking about anything else other than gaining more knowledge and more

power... I had even started to like you... what do you expect me to do when a man I've fallen for won't even speak a word to me?..."

Dyon was silent. He didn't move. He didn't think of words to say. In fact, his heart hadn't even changed from its steady beat even at Jade's words, words that would have sent any other man to heaven.

Dyon suddenly felt delicate arms wrap around his waist, two supple and soft mounds of flesh pressing lightly onto his back.

Although Dyon's heart remained unmoved, his essence blood roared within him. His blood boiled, his skin reddening under the agitation, causing a breath of hot steam to escape his lips.

"You must think I'm crazy, no? But do you have any idea how it feels to constantly know what everyone is thinking? To know that flowery words from suitors are empty? To know that your parents do have a favorite child? To know your worth in everyone's eyes doesn't surpass your skin deep beauty?..."

Dyon felt Jade's grip on his tighten. A faint wetness dripped down his back as she cried silent tears.

"You're the first person to look at me with curiosity. A want to understand who I was. Despite the words you speak, your thoughts are filled with such a radiant purity that I've never found another man who duplicates them....

"Even now, with that purity clearly clouded... I find peace in not being able to read you... Even if you've reverted from that perfect you I fell for, I want to help you get back to that... can you let me earn a place in your heart?"

Dyon said nothing for a long time, but, Jade never let go. His blood continued to roar, it was like thunder raging in his ears.

Suddenly, Dyon grabbed Jade's arms, lightly prying them apart and flipping her in front of him.

Jade was stunned for a second. In a panic, she rested her two hands on the wall by the door, looking up at Dyon with her glittering purple-blue eyes.

She was indeed a beauty beyond words. Her Silver hair shifted ever so slightly to the wind on the rooftop. Her white gown loosely to her curves and ample chest. The fact she wasn't wearing a bra didn't escape Dyon's notice... it was as though she came here for the expressed purpose of seducing him.

Dyon's murky brown eyes looked into Jade's, a faint demonic will bearing down on her.

"I'm not in the best of mood right now, Jade. Do you know why I haven't spoken to you all this time?" Dyon's voice was raspy and deep, as his fingers lightly traced Jade's bouncing breasts.

Jade's lips trembled at the sudden stimulation. Dyon hadn't even circulated his dual cultivation techniques, yet, she already felt like she was at his mercy.

"It's because I knew that should your speech hold even the slightest hint of seduction, I wouldn't be able to control myself. Do you know what you've done?"

Jade bit her lip, and almost as though she did it to gather courage, she placed her soft hand on Dyon's chest, looking him directly into the eyes.

"You can take me if you want... but know you must take responsibility. I'm not a match for your strength, and I won't pretend to be. You can force me to do whatever you like... but I'm willing to give myself to you to gain your favor, not as a toy for you to vent," Jade's eyes were resolute, but somehow also seductive.

Dyon's eyes never waivered, staring directly into Jade's. "Did you think I was a good guy? Take off your clothes."

Jade said nothing. Taking Dyon's hand, she dragged him into the Library's corridor.

In the darkened hallway, Jade's back had somehow once again ended up against a wall. Dyon's hand was placed firmly by her head as his eyes scanned her.

Suddenly, Dyon's hand flashed gold, covering them in a concealment and silencing array.

Jade smiled gently. "It seems you still remember that I'm a lady..."

But, she said nothing more.

Her dress slowly fell from her shoulders, filling Dyon's eyes with what was nothing short of the body of a goddess. Her breasts had a natural and alluring dip to them. Her nipples were such a delicate and gentle shade of pink that it was almost an offense to touch them. Her chest didn't disappoint, bouncing lightly as Jade blushed furiously under Dyon's gaze.

As Jade was about to reach down and take her white laced panties off, Dyon suddenly spun her around.

Jade moaned as her face was lightly pressed against the wall and her breasts were gently fondled.

Jade blushed as she felt something drop to her ankles... she didn't need to look to see what they were.

Dyon lightly kissed Jade's pointed ears, causing her to shiver in pleasure. Gently grinding against her plump ass, Dyon felt that he was losing control with every second that passed.

Suddenly, a raging tempest of Dyon's celestial will and aurora flame blazed, as his hand invaded Jade's delicate regions.

Cries of pleasure rang out from Jade for what seemed like hours. She lost count of how many times she climaxed that day. If it wasn't for Dyon pinning her two wrists above her head with a hand, she would have long since collapsed to the ground.

Her legs were weak, fragile and trembling.

Her fair skin was flushed a deep shade of red that glistened under the faint light of the corridor and her sweat.

Finally, Dyon let her go.

She fell softly to the floor, trying to catch her breath.

By the time she looked up, Dyon was gone.

Jade stared at the light of the array Dyon had left behind. One hand between her legs and another on her breast... she shivered under her own oppressive sensitivity. Her back arched violently for the last time that day.

“Dyon...!”

By the time Jade came to her senses, another hour had already passed.

Jade could only laugh bitterly to herself. “You say you aren’t a good guy, yet you did nothing but pleasure me for hours... you didn’t take my virginity... you didn’t ask me to please you... you just gave me what you thought I wanted and left...”

Touching her delicate regions again, Jade sighed, “it just doesn’t feel as good when I do it myself...”

Jade’s gaze was filled with a murkiness that was difficult to find the center of. The rush of excitement that colored her mind didn’t seem to want to fade. For some reason, she found herself losing more and more control of herself the more time she spent around Dyon...

It seemed that the curse of the Eostre Clan had finally reached her too.

Chapter 180 Can You Believe?!

Dyon walked slowly along the marble and jade paths. He had deviated to Heaven’s Wine to take advantage of Ice Petal’s Dance’s calming effect, and now it was already midday and a good time to head to the formation guild.

Although Dyon had no idea where it was, because of his 6th sense, he could blanket the city and look for a high concentration of formed arrays. The city itself was only about 10 to 20 kilometer in diameter considering much of the buildings had inner worlds, so, with the use of his crystal will’s amplification, he could cover a good percentage of it at a time.

Soon, he came to a bustling tower. People constantly moved in and out – shouting could be heard as orders were sent in and received, and there were even some nervous examinees flipping rapidly through the thick books in their hands.

Because of the noise, Dyon didn't attract too much attention walking in. His black sweatpants were still pulled up to his calves, and his clean and crisp white t shirt clung to his lean torso. His hands were in his pockets and seemingly matching his lazy appearance, his eyes were dull, lifeless and uninterested in everything around him.

Noticing there was a line to the information desk, Dyon stood at the back, patiently waiting.

Looking around, he diligently took everything in.

He stood within a large circular lobby with dozens of doors around the edges. He could faintly feel some space type wills behind them, so he was sure that each led to its own inner world.

At the center of it was a large and hollow centered information desk. There, at least ten beautiful employees took the questions of each customer, respectfully sending them to the proper inner world.

Yet still, at the center of the desk, a large glass tube shot upwards before branching out into hundreds of smaller tubes. Cylinders that seemed to contain scrolls flew in every which way in the web of glass. Dyon immediately understood that this was how they communicated here. He watched with interest as the flow of messages never seemed to stop. Whether going up or coming down, they never ran into each other.

Finally, it was Dyon's turn.

One of the beautiful employees looked up at him with interest. They all wore stock uniforms that made them look almost like human world flight attendants. A low-cut white blouse matched with a grey mini skirt and black stockings, all wrapped up with an elegant white bow around their necks. Even their hats were adorable.

But, even knowing how good she looked, the beauty's brown eyes couldn't help but sparkle when she looked up at Dyon's handsome face. Despite something telling her that he was dangerous, she couldn't help it.

In spite of seeing the elegantly pointed ears of the formation guild's attendant turn a furious shade of red, Dyon paid no mind.

"I'd like information of taking formation guild tests, please."

Dyon's deep voice made the attendant shiver, but she immediately shook her head and focused on her task.

"Common level tests begin at one common intent fruit, or a thousand profound stones. The price is multiplied for each successive level, corresponding with the stage you'd like to enter. So, a 9th common level test costs nine times more than that of the base price. If you'd like to skip levels and save time, there is a penalty of ten times the original price.

"Basically, if you didn't have an 8th common level badge, but wanted to take the 9th common level test, you'd need to pay 90 common intent fruits, or 90 000 profound stones."

Dyon immediately realized it would be cheaper to follow the set protocols, especially when he took note of the fact that these were only common level prices. What of practitioner level tests? And what about the master level test he wanted to take after that?

It wasn't that he lacked intent fruits. How could he lack them with Heaven's Wine as his unwitting backer? He had access to even saint level intent fruits, let alone common level ones. But, revealing this to the public would cause eyebrows to raise.

Seemingly sensing Dyon's agitation, the attendant misunderstood that as a reaction to the prices, "I'm sorry sir, but the prices aren't negotiable. There is the possibility of them being waved, though, if you have a master of high rank."

Dyon shook his head. "What of practitioner level tests? And also master level ones."

The attendant seemed surprised, but since her job was to provide information, she went about it, assuming that Dyon was only curious.

“Practitioner level tests start at one meridian intent fruit, the price of which is worth ten times the profound stones. The penalties are the same if you wish to skip levels.”

Dyon nodded his head.

“The master level tests are special, though. You’d need one of the highest-ranking elders or the head himself to oversee the tests. At that time, the prices are decided by them on a whim. Usually, if they’re in a good mood, a few thousand saint stones would be enough. However, if they aren’t, it can easily climb well past that.

“Usually, talents are approached by master level experts if they have the potential to reach that level, so the overseer of their tests would have connections to that master. In that way, it would act as a shield. It’s very rare for anyone to reach master level without the help of a master... but, it’s also not rare for overseers to take advantage of weak masters to overcharge their disciples in order to fund their aurora awakenings.”

Dyon continued to nod, “and what if I’d like to take a master level test today?”

Although Dyon didn’t have saint stones, he had tens of Spiritual level weapons, to the point where he could equip a hundred demon generals. What was a few thousand saint stones, to a Spiritual level weapon? In fact, Dyon was certain that they’d settle for a high master level weapon easily.

The attendant gave Dyon an odd glance. ‘Is he serious?... he’s not even 20?... he’s lucky he’s handsome or I would call someone over to chase him out.’

The attendant sighed, but still answered seriously.

“Today is a bit of an odd day. Our common level and practitioner level disciples are butting heads with those of the alchemy guild because it seems like our Head, Grand Elder Kroak, got into another argument with the head of the alchemy guild, Grand Elder Cormyth, over which occupation was more important...

“In fact, I hear the argument started because a boy from Acacia Academy showed a high affinity for both professions, because, get this,” she leaned forward as though this was a juicy bit of gossip, “he has an Innate Aurora! Can you believe that?!”