

The Nameless 181

Chapter 181 It Seemed...

Dyon immediately recognized those names. Grand Elder Kroak was actually the grand elder of Acacia Academy, while Grand Elder Cormyth fulfilled the same role for Mathilde Academy. It seemed as though they had opposing secondary occupations as well. He didn't care too much for his fame, but it would make it much easier to swing the sub families to his side.

The beautiful attendant continued, "so, nearly all of the elders are occupied with the spectacle. If the heads are there, why wouldn't they take the opportunity to join too, right? Unfortunately," she smiled bitterly, "this leaves all of the work today to us lower ranking officials.... And obviously means that there's no one to oversee a master level test. They're all instead fighting over who gets first rights to this mystery man with the innate aurora."

Dyon nodded. "What do I need to do to participate in this "spectacle"."

This question was at least more reasonable than the last, so the attendant answered happily.

"You only need to be at the 1st common level, having obtained a badge from us, in order to fight with us."

That was all Dyon needed to hear. His ring flashed, and a blood red fruit about half the size of his palm appeared in his hand.

"This..." the attendant shivered. Although she had said one common fruit was enough for the first common level test, many weren't willing to give up intent fruits for something like that, let alone of demonic type intent fruit.

Dyon didn't care, but not all intent fruits were made equal. He had never eaten an intent fruit because his master's memories told him it might stifle future potential. But, if their juices were processed along with other demon type fruits and were channeled into his body, they were great for integrating more of his demon qilin and demon sage essence blood.

The attendant took the fruit in her hands, slowly and gently. Placing the fruit within a pre-made preservation box, she noted Dyon's payment and pointed towards one of the doors.

“That’s where common level tests up to the 3rd level take place. You can go in there. It may take you almost a day to clear the necessary trials, but the competition between the guilds should continue for at least another three days, so take your time.

“After you’ve cleared it, the overseer will give you a badge. After which,” the attendant pointed to another door, “you can head to the competition square to participate if you’d like to.”

The attendant smiled gently. “I hope I was of help, good luck!”

Dyon nodded, still not showing any fluctuations in his emotions.

The attendant could only sigh as she watched Dyon lazily walk to the first door she pointed to.

Suddenly, one of her friends poked her side, she giggled lightly. “Stop it, you know I’m ticklish.”

Another beautiful attendant with blond hair smiled at her friend, “he’s handsome, do you think he’ll be a good formation master? He’s at most 17 or 18 years old. Although he isn’t as talented as Erlan and Luvon, it’s still excellent that he’s ready for the first common level test at such a young age. Maybe one of us could lock him down early.”

The attendant who advised Dyon pinched her friend’s butt, “listen to you. You’re at least five years older than him, and you’re looking at him like a husband already? Have you no shame?”

The blond haired attendant grinned widely. “Five years may mean something now, but what about when we’re both hundreds of years old? How could it matter then?”

The brunette-haired attendant rolled her eyes. “Cradle robber...”

“You’re one to talk. I can practically smell your hormones from over here.”

The two women giggled amongst one another.

Just as the brunette attendant was about to call forward the next customer, she froze.

The blond attendant looked over at her friend oddly. “What’s wrong...”

The brunette attendant audibly gulped. “Say... how long do you think it’s been since he left?”

The blond attendant smiled mischievously. “Missing him already? It couldn’t have been more than half a minute to a minute.”

Despite her friend’s teasing, the brunette attendant didn’t snap out of her daze. “How long do you think it took him to walk to the door?...”

This made the blond attendant raise her eyebrow. “What are you—?”

Suddenly, the blond attendant saw exactly what her friend saw.

Under the astonished eyes of the attendants and the test overseer, Dyon leisurely walked out of the testing room as calmly as he had entered.

He had not a bead of sweat on his forehead. Not a wrinkle on his crisp white shirt. Not a scratch of his soft tanned skin.

Suddenly, an ax flew from within the room Dyon was about to walk out of.

Everyone froze.

The attendants screamed.

“WATCH OUT!” The brunette attendant could only watch in horror as a free ax from a defective killing array flew out towards Dyon’s head.

Despite all the commotion, Dyon didn’t seem to notice. His eyes flashed with golden lights as a magnificent defensive array appeared behind him.

BANG!

Dyon’s array didn’t even shake. The ax was ground to dust as though Dyon’s array disdained having even been touched by such an inferior creation.

The brunette attendant covered her mouth in shock as everyone watched Dyon stretch out his hand towards the room’s overseer.

“Badge please,” he said faintly.

The overseer snapped out of his stupor, brushing back his sweat and brown hair with a hand, looking at Dyon in shock.

“H-here you go,” The overseer handed Dyon a bronze plated semi-circular badge with the Roman numeral (I) on it.

Dyon nodded his head. “You should deal with that defective array. Not everyone would have survived that...”

Not waiting for the overseer to answer, Dyon lazily walked to the second door the attendant had pointed out.

He walked in as though he didn’t notice the once bustling tower become deadly quiet... as though he didn’t feel countless prying glances at his back.

Click*

The door closed with a soft sound as Dyon disappeared.

The brunette attendant took a deep breath. "He's the one... the one with the innate aurora..."

It would be a while before everyone in the tower snapped out of there surprise...

It seemed a genius had come to their guild...

Chapter 182 Arena

Dyon continued forward down a long and dark corridor. However, at the end, he could clearly see a blinding light.

Soon, he reached that light, stepping out and into the upper regions of what appeared to be yet another coliseum. Why the martial world was so infatuated with ancient Rome? Dyon had no idea. But, he felt his anger boiling due to the familiar environment. He could only try and reign himself in as best as possible.

The stadium itself was smaller than the usual scale, only being about 200 meters in diameter. This allowed for only 5 levels of seats, which drew people's attentions to Dyon's arrival. But, once they noticed the first common level badge in his hand, some nodded and looked away. It was quite impressive for such a young man to succeed in becoming a formation master, so he wasn't looked down upon.

However, not everyone was so nonchalant to Dyon's arrival. Grand Elder Kroak's and Cormyth's eyes immediately shone with something imperceptible. They hadn't thought Dyon would show up here, especially since the competition had already gone on for a few days now.

The elders themselves sat in an exclusive section, in their usual lofty positions. It was almost like an entire section of the seats were cut out and shifted upwards. However, Dyon didn't pay them too much mind although he found it interesting that Elder Flyleaf was also there. Instead, he focused his gaze on the center arenas.

There, a familiar duo could be seen. Erlan and Luvon stood side by side, working through a set of problems together as two unknown alchemy guild geniuses did the same. Well, they were unknown to Dyon. To everyone else, they were twin sister geniuses of the alchemy guild: Tamara and Verrona.

After scanning the situation for a few moments, Dyon immediately grasped what was going on.

In a competition between guilds, it was often difficult to find accurate comparisons since both professions were indeed different. In fact, Dyon found the very fact this competition was taking place to be absolutely ridiculous. Array Alchemy was named as such for a reason, it was meant to be a singular entity. Only then would you obtain the best results. And yet, not only did these people insist that one was better than the other, they even competed to test their theories.

In the end, many of the competitions centered around aurora control and theory, rather than application. For example, alchemy used the soul as a power source to project a flame from the aurora. Then complex and subtle control could be taken in regards to that flame to form the necessary pills, concoctions, elixirs, etc.

However, array theory used the same concept, but to instead project that same aurora substance that produced aurora flames, into the lines of an array. Both required high levels of control, it was just that the form of the medium, lines versus flames, was slightly different.

Aside from those control trials and theory, there were also other tasks to complete. For example, a fight against equally strong opponents. Would alchemy be more useful? Or would arrays be more useful? At first glance, the answer was arrays, but that wasn't necessarily the case. Aurora flames were good at manipulating energies, as Dyon had proven many times with his dual cultivation techniques. Using an aurora flame to incapacitate an opponent was very much possible.

You could block meridians, change the flow of energy to force cultivation deviation, you could even manipulate emotions with your flames character depending on your control. This last one was obviously seen when Dyon's aurora flame gained a healing character after learning the pill condensation technique.

Dyon's badge flashed into his ring. He didn't feel like representing either guild now. He only wanted to make his name known, earn a badge appropriate for his level, set up the beginnings of his plan, then leave.

As such, Dyon quietly waited for the right opportunity, not bothering to sit. As time passed and his disdain grew, he heard the avid discussion peak around him.

“Alchemy Head Cormyth’s daughters are quite talented, don’t you think? The poison character of their auroras is so potent. Look at how easily they took that poor guy out.”

The two girls were actually quite petite for their age. They looked as though they were at most 16, but it was clear from the discussions that they were well into their 19th year of life. They each wore light green dresses with purple patterns, making it difficult to distinguish the two. Although, this was made easier by Tamara’s short brunette hair, and Verrona’s long brunette hair.

“Formation Head Kroak’s son Erlan isn’t doing too badly either.”

“Ai, he teams with Luvon well. It seems having high ranking parents really helps you move in the world.”

“Stop sounding so pitiful, I hear Head Kroak rarely helps Erlan out. His allowance is even worse than mine.”

A soft laughter filled the group, “Luvon is much luckier though, the Dior sub-family is quite wealthy.”

“Stop talking about useless things. Look at how they’re diligently laying traps with their killing arrays. Luvon defends, while Erlan takes his time to set the perfect trap. That 7th common level alchemist is having a hard time against them despite their only being at the 3rd common level of formation mastery.”

The crowd sighed.

“Is it really going to be another tie? They’ve been at it for days... we haven’t even had a chance to see the practitioner level experts go yet...”

Suddenly, Dyon flashed from where he stood, appearing below the stands, but on the outside edge of the arena.

The crowd was shocked into confusion. They had no idea what Dyon was doing. But, it seemed like as soon as he stepped down, the rounds between the twins and the formation guild young masters were over.

Although the crowd was getting tired of watching the same 4 people compete, and many had thought of doing what Dyon did, they couldn't help but feel uncomfortable. Was watching a competition between first common level experts really more interesting than what they had been seeing?

Dyon didn't seem to care about the crowd's reaction, instead nonchalantly putting his hands into his pockets and strolling to the arena.

Chapter 183 Challenge

The four geniuses seemed to have noticed the change in the crowd and couldn't help but frown. Looking around, their pairs of eyes landed on Dyon.

Luvon frowned, "what do you think you're doing here? Even if you've managed to pass the first common level test, it still isn't your time to wag your tail around here."

The twin girls watched Dyon with glittering green eyes that seemed to have flecks of purple in them.

Dyon ignored Luvon. With his enhanced body, he had very clearly heard the words Luvon and Erlan had spoken that day, but he just couldn't be bothered to care. If they wanted to embarrass themselves, he'd give them the biggest stage to do so.

Dyon hopped onto the arena, before turning towards the elders.

"Elders," Dyon nodded his head. He had lost his usual casual smile that usually went with his greetings, but as much as he didn't feel like it, he had no choice but to speak with the elders at this time, "I'd like to propose something much more interesting."

The crowd furrowed their eyebrows at Dyon's lack of respect. To them, he could have at least given the elders a slight bow. But, how could they know that to Dyon, these elders were his peers rather than the revered masters the younger generation saw them as? Was Dyon's mastery not near theirs? So why would he lower his head?

Grand Elder Cormyth seemed to have reigned in his anger. After Dyon displayed his innate aurora, he was much more interested in recruiting Dyon as opposed to putting him down. But, he still found Dyon's antics to be too much. To him, all Dyon had done was make a really good first common level array. It was something few could do, but it was still only a first common level array.

Luvon frowned even further, "do you think you're talking to your normal human elders? Show some respect."

The twins giggled, looking forward to seeing a good show. They thought Dyon was handsome, but his actions were indeed a bit ridiculous.

Erlan looked confused. He could clearly see the smile on his father's face, so to him, it was clear that his father knew Dyon.

'Could he be?...' A sudden realization hit Erlan, but, before he could stop Luvan, Elder Dior spoke out.

"This isn't a place for you to prance around as you see fit. Go back into the crowd and watch. It will be a good learning experience for you. If you spent more time doing this, maybe you'd understand the difference between a mere first common level formation master, and one bordering on the fourth."

Luvon, boosted by his father's support, began to walk towards Dyon. "Either move of your own accord, or I'll make you move."

Dyon remained deadpan. When he realized Grand Elder Kroak and Cormyth weren't planning on stepping in, his annoyance only increased.

"First common level formation mastery can't match up to that of a fourth level, hm?" Dyon waved his hand.

It was as though he was swatting a fly. He couldn't be asked to deal with this.

A majestic array instantaneously appeared around Luvon. It was so fast that no one could see where it came from. But, everyone here was an expert. So, the next thing they heard, wiped all thoughts of Dyon using a formation plate out of their minds.

CHIME! CHIME!

Dyon scratched his head in agitation, “how fucking annoying.”

Dyon flicked his finger at the corner of the array causing a piece to fly off into the distance.

Suddenly, the arena was dead quiet.

Luvon looked around him, trembling. “A – a gold array?...”

The crowd couldn’t breathe.

“Did he just call heaven’s chimes... annoying?...”

Elder Dior paled as he watched his son unable to leave the array. At first, he wanted to shame Dyon for hiding his level of expertise, but he held his tongue. Not only was Dyon clearly a year younger than his son, the formation he used was clearly at the first common level. And yet, Luvon couldn’t escape it!

“This is the power of a perfect array?...” Elder Dior shook his head, “no... it’s not even perfect... he cracked it on purpose... what a waste of heaven’s treasure!”

However, what made Elder Dior unable to stop his trembling... was the fact the perfect array had happened instantaneously! There was no way Dyon was only at the first common level.

The twins stopped giggling, looking at Dyon with serious expressions.

“You’re going to let your big sister have this one, right Verrona?”

The long haired Verrona shook her head vigorously. "Why would you get him just because you were born a minute before me? Doesn't that sound silly to you?"

Tamara laughed. "Alright, whoever beats him, gets him then."

Verrona bobbed her head in acknowledgement. "You won't beat me."

"Humph, whatever little one."

Verrona fondled Tamara's small breasts from behind her, giggling.

"Who's the little one again?"

Tamara slapped her hands away. "Stop it, he's about to say something."

This interaction between the twins would have been top tier just a few minutes ago... but now, no one could turn away from Dyon.

"Like I said, I'd like to propose something much more interesting."

Grand Elder Kroak smiled. "Oh? And what's that?"

The old man still emitted an unending vigor. And although he was impressed by Dyon's display, he still treated him like a junior.

Dyon didn't seem too bothered by this. "I've been reading up on Elvin history... and from what I've seen, although the Academies are part of the hard-set law... the guilds aren't."

Grand Elder Kroak raised an eyebrow. "And what do you mean by this?" his interest had been piqued.

“I mean, that although the sub-families have been conveniently split into three groups of seven for each of the guilds, this wasn’t the original intention of the Elvin Kingdom. Meaning, the structure is tradition rather than a rule...”

Grand Elder Kroak and Cormyth nodded. This was indeed the truth.

“Which is exactly why the heads of the guilds can change simply by winning a guild challenge.”

Dyon’s words brought absolute silence.

Was this 18-year-old boy talking about challenging the guild? What kind of ridiculous concept was that?

Guild challenges weren’t even an Elvin Concept, it was a martial world concept. The Elvin Kingdom had never used such a thing. In fact, Dyon only knew about them because of his master’s memories. After he confirmed that the Elvin Kingdom had no hard-set rules, and he wouldn’t be disrupting Elvin laws, he decided that this would be the first step of his plan.

Grand Elder Kroak frowned.

“You can indeed issue a guild challenge... and we would have to accept so as not to displease the guild headquarters, but do you understand the level I’ve reached as head of the formation guild? Do you understand that you’re also not only challenging me, but everyone in the guild willing to face you?”

“I think you’ve misunderstood something Grand Elder Kroak. I don’t intend to challenge your guild.”

A collective sigh of relief spread through the coliseum. This kid was really too much...

But, Dyon’s next words ruined the whole thing.

“I intend to challenge your guild and Grand Elder Cormyth’s guild.”

Chapter 184 Percentage

Under the crowd's surprise and scrutiny, Dyon showed no fluctuations in his emotions.

The reason he was confident enough to do this was simple, really. The garbage he spewed about checking whether or not the guilds ran on traditions or rules was nonsense. Whether or not they did was irrelevant. If the major families wanted to find issue with him taking over their guilds as a human, they would find issue.

Even if they hadn't set a rule, they would. Even if they normally wouldn't care, they would. A major family Dyon despised had just annihilated an orphanage just because of him. And although Dyon couldn't be sure of exactly which family it was as of now, he had some pretty foolproof guesses.

In other words, if they were willing to do what they did to kids and a sweet old lady, simply to try and hurt Dyon... what do you think they would do if he took over 2, or even all 3, of their most important businesses?

So, Dyon wasn't using something as flimsy as Elvin rules and regulations to decide his moves. What he was using, was the guild headquarters Grand Elder Kroak just mentioned.

Before coming to the Elvin Kingdom, Dyon had no real impression of such headquarters. He only vaguely knew that if there was a set system of rankings for something, and there were multiple installations of it across a continent and even across a universe, then someone must be heading it. And, if someone was heading it, then it had rules and regulations of its own that people who used their services were forced to follow. It was a simple deduction. One he didn't have to spend much time at all thinking of.

Simply put, if Dyon used a rule set in place by the guild headquarters to take over the guilds of the Elvin Kingdom... their feelings about it were irrelevant. Unless they somehow felt that they could do without the guild headquarters... which, from Dyon's master's memories, would be foolish to say the least.

The headquarters was an alliance between all God Clans of a given universe. After the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, there was no longer a leading expert in all things aurora related. As such, the responsibility was shared amongst interested experts of various God Clans. Interestingly enough, this was usually how it worked in other universes as well. Because of how times had changed, array alchemy could no longer be the sole expertise of a clan. Or, more accurately, be the sole expertise of a powerful clan.

This was because, for a still inexplicable reason, array alchemy was looked down upon and suppressed. Dyon intuitively knew that there was a large conspiracy behind this. Array Alchemy was too important for it to just be separated on a whim. But, there was little Dyon could do. He could only thank luck for him arriving at a Focus Academy, meeting with the fanatic Uncle Ail and happening upon the wreckage of a clan who specialized in it. Otherwise, maybe he'd prescribe to the way these so-called experts thought too.

But, Dyon knew this was a fight for another day. For a broken philosophy to permeate so many universes like this, there must be a large power behind it. And since he needed the help of each guild headquarters for now, he would temporarily give into their wishes. Although they may find it odd that a 18-year-old would suddenly take over so many of their branches, Dyon bet that much like the Grand Elders did now, they would rather fight for him, rather than against him. After all... he was this universe's sole holder of an innate aurora. And if they wanted his help for upcoming competitions, Dyon knew they wouldn't harm him.

What else could experts of secondary occupations reliant on auroras want more than to increase their awakened percentages? And how else could they do that other than to earn resources? And how else could they earn resources if not by gaining larger quotas by winning these kinds of competitions? The larger the competition, the better the placement, the better the rewards. To the headquarters of this universe, Dyon was their hope for greater heights... and he would take full advantage.

Grand Elder Kroak was silent for a long while before he finally spoke.

"It seems like you know your worth," he said knowingly, "but... you're still centuries too early to play with us."

Grand Elder Kroak began radiating a blinding white aura, his forehead shining with a distinct white flame.

The crowd was in shock, "41%?!?"

Grand Elder Cormyth froze, "it seems you've been hiding quite a bit from me, hm?"

BOOM!

Grand Elder Cormyth's aura lost out in no way.

The surroundings felt a collective breath escape. It seemed like the two heads had no intention of allowing a little boy to trample over them. They had even climbed the 40% watershed!

To a layman, this may seem trivial. Why would you be boasting a mere 41% awakened state when there was someone in front of you who had long since reached 100%. But, these guild experts were different. They knew very well how important the 40% watershed was when an expert had souls as powerful as Cormyth and Kroak. Dyon may have access to 100% of his soul, but, was it really better than 41% of a saint's soul?

Dyon though, didn't seem too bothered by any of this. Whether their souls were more powerful than his was one thing. But, whether or not he could use that power as easily as Dyon was another.

Dyon had never once dealt with a bottle neck while practicing Array Alchemy. It had always been that if his soul was powerful enough to create an array, and he spent some time studying it, he would transcend to that level.

However, the same was not true of others. 41% access to a saint level soul was definitely more powerful than Dyon's Lower Essence stage soul... but did that mean they could use their aurora effectively at the master level? In fact, just because their energy cultivation reached the saint level, that didn't necessarily mean that their souls had surpassed the Essence stage to become a true saint soul.

Chapter 185 Irrelevant

Dyon remained unwavering. "There's no need to try and intimidate me. I know very well that your energy cultivations are well into the saint stage. And maybe you're not even that far away from the celestial stage.

"But, I can clearly tell that both of your souls are still at the Essence stage. And now, you only have access to 41%. To you, that's more than enough to beat me. But, would you be correct in that assumption?"

Elder Dior frowned. "Are you trying to imply that your soul is more powerful than 41% of a lower Middle Essence stage soul? Even if your innate soul was of the highest order, at the peak Foundation stage, and

you began cultivating with a peak heaven level soul technique, you would at most be at the Peak Blossoming stage considering your age... nothing could be so exaggerated...”

Dyon shook his head. “I’m implying nothing at all. I simply posed a question. Since I’ve issued this challenge, I’m ready to face the consequences.”

To Elder Dior, he had used the most exaggerated metrics possible for Dyon. The Elvin Kingdom didn’t even have a genius with an innate soul at the peak Foundation stage right now, let alone a human having it. And they definitely didn’t have a peak heaven level soul technique, at most, they had a lower heaven level one... reserved for the best of geniuses of the major families.

How could he know that not only was Dyon’s innate soul higher than that... he even had access to a peak level divine soul technique?

Grand Elder Cormyth finally spoke. “You realize that guild challenges aren’t something you can just do, correct? If there was no possible penalty, wouldn’t a guild be flooded with these constantly?”

Dyon nodded. With a flick of his wrist, two lower grandmaster swords appeared. One was exactly like a traditional Japanese Katana. However, the other seemed too thick to be a sword, but too thin to be a saber.

“Here are two grandmaster level swords. These weapons are obviously better than what your blacksmithing guild can produce. And if you wanted a weapon of this level, you would most likely have to go to the center of the human continent or to the headquarters themselves and pay a ridiculous price, no? I believe these will be sufficient? One for each guild I challenge today.”

Grand Elder Cormyth froze. ‘This is who we offended?... What normal kid can just take out two grandmaster weapons? Is his fiancée really Madeleine Sapientia?... Who is this kid?!’

Dyon was willing to expose these weapons for that reason exactly. He wanted to remind the elders of his words that day. Madeleine was in fact his fiancée. And secondly, they had to now second guess who he was. Whether or not they believed that Madeleine was his fiancée was irrelevant. It was only a possible added bonus. The effect Dyon truly wanted was for these elders to second guess making a move against him because of who may or may not be backing him.

With a frozen smile, Cormyth continued, “these will... these will be enough...”

“More than enough,” Dyon corrected, “these will also be payment for my master level badge after we’re through here.”

Grand Elder Cormyth sighed. It wasn’t that he was a bad guy. Being of high regard in an academy was more than about just the prestige and money. In fact, if it was about profits, he would just stick with Alchemy. There were very few professions that paid as well as it did. All he wanted was to rope more students into his preferred secondary occupation. But, often the most talented ones chose to focus on cultivation for campaigns instead.

To have a genius like Dyon... who was even willing to head their guilds, was definitely different. He only wanted the best for the Elvin Kingdom. It was just that he thought the Acacia family wasn’t it... especially with their alleged ancient history...

As such, he supported the Sigebryht and Norville families. But, it wasn’t blindly. If it wasn’t for his support, the Grimbolt family would have never gained the headmaster position of Mathilde Academy. Although he felt that Zaltarish, with his ambition and talent, was very much suited kingship, he received a report the other day that didn’t sit well with him... the orphanage that had popped up out of nowhere had been destroyed.

Imagine that. A human of all things helped your kingdom fix one of its most pressing problems simply out of the kindness of his heart, and yet, due to anger, you erased that kindness from the face of the earth.

Although Grand Elder Cormyth hadn’t told Zaltarish to do it, nor was he even sure it was Zaltarish, all signs made it obvious.

Not only did Dyon embarrass who Grand Elder Cormyth knew was Zaltarish’s fiancée, he had even beaten Zaltarish in front of so many people. And then to top it off, he hadn’t even stayed to gloat... as though gloating about such a victory was beneath him. He instead chose to get up and leave to go to an orphanage the Elvin Kingdom themselves should have opened!

And now, Grand Elder Cormyth could see the shift in Dyon’s personality. Before, Dyon had been willing to give him some face as an elder. When he tried to pressure Dyon’s soul, Dyon had pretended as

though it hadn't happened. But now, could he blame Dyon for being so blatantly disrespectful? Cormyth was clear on the fact that Dyon probably assumed he was involved!

Because of the orphanage incident, Grand Elder Cormyth had rethought his position on a lot of things. He himself had many children and had once participated in the campaigns much like everyone else. If he hadn't been a campaign leader, but was instead a foot soldier, what would have happened had he died? Would his wife be forced to campaign? Would his children be without parents?

Whether Zaltarish was a genius or not was now irrelevant to him. Putting the kingdom in the hands of such a twisted individual would be bad for everyone.

Chapter 186 Half a Minute

Suddenly Grand Elder Cormyth got up, slowly floating down to the arena.

Everyone looked at him with surprise. Grand Elder Cormyth had no obligation to be the first to challenge Dyon. In fact, he could have sent every expert in the guild at Dyon before he himself decided to go. The fact that he stood was a sign of respect for Dyon. This was even more blatantly obvious by the fact Dyon had just now been so disrespectful.

For the first time in a long time, Dyon's face flashed with an unknown emotion, then he said something no one understood but he, Cormyth and a few elders, "I'll accept that you weren't involved then."

A look of appreciation crossed Grand Elder Cormyth's face as he nodded, looking towards his daughters.

"I'll handle this, your old man won't lose so easily."

"But dad, we wanted to go," the twins spoke together in adorable fashion.

They had wanted to see if they could beat Dyon themselves, but Grand Elder Cormyth simply shook his head.

"You two aren't a match for him. Not now. Go on, be obedient."

With that, Erlan and Luvon followed the twins off of the stage.

In a flash, practitioner level guild members wiped all evidence of the previous battle from the arena as Dyon and Cormyth sized each other up.

Grand Elder Cormyth wore green robes with intricate purple patterns, which was strikingly different from the formation guild's plain grey robes. Although he was less sharp than Kroak, he still exuded the faint pressure of a true expert. He was not to be underestimated.

Cormyth began to speak after preparations are complete, "out of the interest of time and respect for your level, your one battle will be with me. Although I cannot speak for the formation guild, I'm sure that old bastard Kroak agrees as well."

Grand Elder Kroak nodded in acknowledgment. Although he and Cormyth butt heads, if they weren't good friends, organizing competitions like this wouldn't be on such a casual and small scale. It was clear that their relationship was deep, despite their disagreements.

"We'll let this be a simple competition then. Right to the essence of alchemy. I won't go easy on you with the topics. Three parts. Grafting theory. Pill recognition. Pill formation."

The crowd began to murmur. Even just grafting theory required years of experience. Understanding plants, their properties and how those properties changed in response to being melded together was a large part of alchemy, but it was also much of the reason why many didn't advance despite being able to form higher level pills.

The second, pill recognition, was equally as difficult. It was almost impossible for an alchemist to memorize the pill recipe and unique formation requirements of every pill, especially when one considers how many pills are tailor made for a given situation on a whim. So, the ability to analyze a pill down to its most important components, and describe it, was another outrageously difficult, but wholly necessary talent.

The last, pill formation, was probably the most straight forward. However, it was also among the most important for obvious reasons.

“Winning two of the three will gain you victory. Since you’re the challenger, and I’ve set the parameters of the challenge, it would be appropriate for you to choose what we do first. What do you choose?”

Up in the stands, Elder Flyleaf sat beside Elder Erunonidan, watching everything unfold intently. They were both a part of sub-families within the alchemy division, so, this could be considered their expertise. As such, they were very interested in how their chosen genius would do.

Dyon nodded. “Let’s just begin with grafting theory.”

Theory based challenges would probably be the easiest for Dyon. Why? Because of his master’s memories.

This was cheating, in a way, but also not at the same time. All of the unlocked memories on array alchemy his master had left in his mind, Dyon had long since imprinted as his own. The memories that couldn’t be considered his own were ones he hadn’t gone through with the objective of learning yet. Think of the 25th White Mother’s memories as books that Dyon had read and memorized. And these books, were simply things Cormyth didn’t have access to.

However, this wasn’t an open and close case. Much like pill recognition, grafting theory had endless possibilities. Without the ability to reason, deduce and conclude on the most likely occurrence in the combination of certain plants, knowledge would mean nothing. As such, Dyon’s master only left the base plants in Dyon’s memories because that was all she had in her own. She never bothered to memorize grafted plants because it was a waste of effort.

Grand Elder Cormyth nodded at Dyon’s direct answer before looking up into the crowd.

“We need an unbiased moderator to provide the questions. I believe test questions from a 5th master level alchemy test would be appropriate here. I am only at the 3rd master level, and Dyon has yet to reveal his true level. So, picking one above mine would be most appropriate. I would have no chance at answering any questions at a higher level, so even should Dyon be a 5th master level alchemist, the result would be sealed regardless, correct?”

The crowd nodded. Although they found it ridiculous that Dyon’s understanding of grafting could ever reach that level, they had to admit that Cormyth’s logic was sound. Even Dyon had no objection.

In response to Cormyth's ask for a moderator, Elder Flyleaf stood, walking to the arena.

With what seemed like a thought, a glass tube Dyon hadn't noticed on the ceiling appeared. Within it, a cylinder containing scroll sped towards them.

POP!

Falling out of the web of glass, the cylinder fell gently into Flyleaf's hand.

Taking the scroll out and unrolling it, a white array appeared, slowly expanding before them.

Soon, the array was already three meters in diameter before it started to glow fiercely.

Elder Flyleaf muttered something before stacks of papers began flying out and neatly arranging themselves. After about half a minute, the process was over.

Chapter 187 A Single School of Thought

"I'll pick one of these at random. It'll be a list of base plants. Your job is to accurately denote the characteristics of the final product of their fusion. As you probably know, common level alchemists are required to understand the fusion of 2 plants. However, this is raised to about 5 for a midlevel master alchemist. So, that's what we'll go with today.

"Should the first to answer incorrectly, the second will get a chance. However, should the first answer correctly, a new question will be chosen. In that event, if the second should answer incorrectly, the victory goes to the first."

Dyon and Cormyth nodded.

There was something odd about the scene unfolding before everyone. One stood as an esteemed elder. While the other appeared as a nonchalant teenage boy who had just rolled out of bed. And yet, the sharpness in the air was decidedly distinct. There was no question that this was being taken seriously.

A wind will blow through the pages that had been stacked on the arena, causing one to randomly land in Elder Flyleaf's hand.

Looking down, he spoke, "grand Elder Cormyth will answer first. Your 5 plants are: Devil's Willow, Ice Pike, Fawning Grass, Flaunting Sun, Lake's Purity."

The crowd was stunned. Wasn't this combination nothing but death? To fuse two fire type plants with two water-based ones and leaving the docile Fawning Grass as an intermediary? This was nonsense.

Grand Elder Cormyth didn't have this reaction, though. He instead closed his eyes in contemplation. There was never an agreed upon time limit, so, there was of course no problem with him taking his time.

Soon, he began to speak, "Graftings of this nature usually act almost like grenades. The condensation of unlike plants together in a single space only requires a small imbalance to cause things to go horribly wrong.

Devil's willow, and its fire characteristic, are best balanced by Lake's Purity. Although Devil's Willow is the more dominant of it and Flaunting Sun, and Lake's Purity is the less dominant of it and Ice Pike, this combination is still the best. This is because Devil's Willow reacts violently to suppression, so much so that it is best to reduce said suppression whenever possible.

To offset this, Fawning Grass can be used as a calming agent. Because of its docile nature, it works well as a fertilizer of Devil's willow, allowing it to live happily.

Because Ice Pike is already the more dominant of the water attribute plants, it can dampen Flaunting Sun alone, creating the perfect balance.

As such, the best order for this grafting is to combine Ice Pike and Flaunting Sun first. This will result in a cold attribute plant that can boost the next addition: Fawning Grass. The boosting of Fawning Grass isn't in terms of its docility, but rather, its effectiveness at utilizing this docility. Meaning, Fawning Grass' effects are boosted because the ice attribute slows the rate Devil's Willow can absorb it. Resulting in a grafting that remains grafted for long enough to then be used.

As for what the final product will be... that's much simpler than the explanation behind how it came to be. It's a poison. When applied with the proper balancing ingredients of a pill, the Devil's Willow will slowly be improved by the Fawning Grass, resulting in its original characteristics becoming more robust.

Remember, Devil's Willow is a plant needing extremely high levels of water. Imagine if those effects are multiplied. How long would someone last with all of the water of their bodies dried up? The blood becomes sludge, unable to pump. The brain shuts down its function. Salt concentration increases, and organs corrode. This is the effect of this grafting."

The crowd nodded. It was no secret to anyone that the Cormyth family were expert poison masters. Even the twins, Tamara and Verrona, dabbled in this art as well. If the Grand Elder Cormyth said something was a poison... it was likely a poison.

Elder Flyleaf nodded approvingly at this answer. This was exactly what a master level alchemist should conclude given this combination of plants. But, just as he was about to choose another list for Dyon, he was stopped.

"Elder Flyleaf, this was indeed a good answer. But, may I ask if that answer sheet of yours provides an alternative and much more complete answer?"

Flyleaf froze, taking a deep look at Dyon before speaking. "It does... but this answer is adequate to receive a passing grade for a master level alchemist. The answer you speak of is what would be assumed of for a half-step grandmaster... it's a special rank created because reaching the grandmaster level is so difficult..."

Dyon didn't seem too bothered by this. "So, I assume within the rules of this contest, should I answer appropriately, with the most correct answer, I would win, correct?"

"Yes..." Elder Flyleaf's voice was faint, but he was really looking forward to see if Dyon would truly be correct.

Grand Elder Cormyth didn't have any adverse reaction to Dyon's words. Instead, he looked up at Grand Elder Kroak and nodded, as though they decided on something.

Dyon took his hands out of his pockets, bringing them together in a prayer-like fashion.

The crowd gasped as purple-gold lights began flashing around him.

“He really is at the master level... and it doesn’t look like he only recently reached it either...”

A cold sweat appeared on the backs of Erlan and Luvon. They just realized that they lectured a master level expert about how formations worked... regardless of whether he had cultivation or not, by the simple virtue that he could form arrays so quickly... they were no match for him...

The eyes of the twins sparkled with a bit of disappointment, but mostly excitement as they watched Dyon’s array expand.

Then, a sudden realization hit the crowd. “Why is he using arrays in an alchemy competition...”

Suddenly, 5-foot-long arrays faced downward, floating before Dyon.

Dyon’s voice rang out faintly, “the reason alchemy and formation theory used to be a single school of thought, is because they play off of each other...”

Chapter 188 Queen Fairy

The arrays before Dyon began to glow, as faint objects began to vaguely materialize atop of them.

“To reach this level of precision as just an alchemist... you need to reach the half-step grandmaster level. However... using arrays, you only need to have just stepped into the master level.”

A flash of blinding light appeared as five distinct plants lightly bobbed in the air above the purple-gold arrays.

The eyes of the crowd couldn’t help but widen.

Grand Elder Kroak took a deep breath. “Creation array...”

Not only did using a creation array require an understanding of what you were creating to even the smallest of levels, it was a complex array into and of itself. Yet, Dyon had used at most 10 minutes to form the arrays and the plants.

The plants themselves weren't a big deal as they were only of the common level. But, to create a plant, regardless of level, was a ridiculous feat. It was nothing short of memorizing an obscenely long string of DNA, maintaining its structure, and even creating the plant's most beneficial environment, all in one.

And although the martial world had no real concept of DNA, they still vaguely grasped the general idea behind the concept. However, the fact this concept was vague to them was exactly why only experts who far surpassed the grandmaster level were able to do what Dyon just did, even for a common level plant.

Grand Elder Kroak chuckled bitterly. "How could I beat him in formation theory... how ridiculous..."

Grand Elder Cormyth smiled as he watched Dyon continue.

The plants began to slowly break apart.

"Grand Elder Cormyth's explanation was an answer, just not the best. Although this combination can in fact form a poison, this poison is as a by-product of that combination's imperfection."

Soon the plants were nothing but floating specks of light, glowing of a faint purple.

"Like I said, without formations, alchemy alone can only complete this feat at the half-step grandmaster level... This is because instead of combining the plants in equal amounts, one needs to splice at very specific sections, remove unwanted additions, and form new sequences using the originals as building blocks..."

"Grand Elder Cormyth's explanation involved maintaining the original characteristics of the plants... however, the best combination involved forming something completely new!"

Dyon's hands separated as the formations began to spin before him, slowly layering atop each other and combining into a single large array... the sparkling particles remaining separated in 5 groups.

The crowd watched with bated breath.

"94% of Fawning Grass... 2% of Devil's Willow... 12% of Lake's Purity... 64% of Flaunting Sun... 23% of Ice Pike..."

Dyon calmly listed the percentage of the characteristics of each plant he would be using.

"Many think of Fawning Grass as a glorified fertilizer... But that only accounts for a small percentage of its characteristics... what it really is... is a caring fairy, unwilling to see any plants suffer..."

Dyon's hand waved in the air towards a clump of shining particles. Suddenly, a portion of it was burnt away.

But, the reaction to this was completely unexpected. The faint sound of a song began to be heard as a fairy began to appear above the group of particles.

A light and airy giggling could be heard as the clump began to swirl around the fairy. It was a truly adorable sight. A small green skinned fairy with light blue hair and eyes danced freely along the sides of Dyon's array, happily making its way to the other clumps as Dyon waved his hands again and again. Each swipe eliminating large portions of the previous characteristics of the plants.

"He... the plant's soul manifested..."

Grand Elder Kroak could no longer remain sitting. He stood almost too violently, training his eyes on what he was witnessing.

The fairy reached the clump of Lake's purity, cupping its small hands for a single drop of purity. The drop was a bright sheen of gold, and although it was small, the poor fairy could barely hold it. She could only awkwardly and adorably drink.

By the time she finished, she patted her slightly bulging stomach and giggled. The laughter was so carefree and pure that one couldn't help but smile.

The fairy began to change. Its skin paled from its original green to a fair and pale gold. Her hair changed into a striking white, lengthening to cover her bare butt, causing her to twirl with delight.

Walking to the clump of Flaunting Sun, the fairy did nothing but bask in its light.

The particles started slowly gathering on her back, forming wings twice the length of her body in a blinding white light.

Floating to Ice Pike, the fairy shivered adorably, diving into the clump. The particles began to swirl, forming an elegant and icy dress on the small fairy.

Its light and airy personality became more reserved and restrained, but a gentle smile could still be seen on her face as her wings flapped to her final destination.

Stopping in front of Devil's Willow, the ice blue eyes of the fairy glistened.

This was when Dyon's voice rang out faintly. "To most... Devil's Willow is unyielding and obstructive. Taking too much water, needing too much space, requiring too much effort. But... when used properly... when restrained properly... isn't that the attitude of a monarch?"

The clump set itself ablaze, charging for the calm fairy.

The crowd gasped, but their worries were unfounded.

Slowly, the flames that had engulfed the fairy condensed.

Faint golden hues covered the fairy's dress and wings. But, the most striking characteristic was the halo of flames that now hovered above the small fairy's head.

Finally, Dyon's array disappeared. A faint layer of sweat covering his forehead.

Turning to Dyon, the now queen fairy smiled gently, looking at her creator.

Her wings spread and a blinding light covered the coliseum as she gently floated to Dyon's open palm.

CHIME! CHIME! CHIME!

This time, Dyon didn't have the heart to stop the chimes. They rang out again and again as the fairy looked up at Dyon from his hand.

Once the 99th chime rang out, everything was silent. The fairy bowed to Dyon, wrapping its wings around itself.

Slowly, the light began to fade.

By the time everyone could see what was happening, the fairy was gone. In its place lay a pill of absolute purity. Above it, a halo of fire spun, bobbing gently.

Dyon took a deep breath. "This is the perfection of this grafting combination... Queen Fairy... A culmination of common level plants to form the necessary ingredients for the Queen Fairy bodily constitution."

Chapter 189 Invitation

The crowd was silent. Each and everyone of them inwardly trembling.

Dyon took what amounted to only half a day... to form the pill of a bodily constitution. Although it wasn't God level, it was without a doubt true that having a bodily constitution was better than not having one. Especially if it was of Earth rank...

Dyon was fully aware of what he had just displayed. Earth rank constitutions were two steps below God level constitutions. However, that was only the case if the God Level constitutions were awakened to

100%, which was definitely not the case for the vast majority in this universe. In fact, the only person with a fully awakened God Level constitution was Madeleine.

Which meant... having an Earth level constitution not only meant you would have an easier time awakening your constitution... it also meant that should you accumulate enough to awaken it to 100%, you would be comparable to those who hadn't fully awakened their God Level constitutions... at least to a certain point.

This was exactly the reason Dyon decided to reveal this. He had essentially, with no provided materials whatsoever, manifested an Earth level constitution from thin air. This was like the act of a God. Knowing this, would anyone really have the audacity to say he didn't deserve to lead these guilds?

The pill within Dyon's hand flashed, disappearing into his ring. It had taken almost the entire day to complete... he didn't feel like wasting anymore time on this.

"Let's continue," he said faintly.

Dyon's words seemed to snap everyone out of their stupor.

"This..." Elder Flyleaf said chuckling bitterly, turning his gaze to Grand Elder Cormyth.

But, he didn't find what he expected. Instead, he found a smiling Cormyth slowly taking a ring off of his finger and looking up at Kroak.

Grand Elder Kroak could only shake his head bitterly, taking off his ring as well.

"Father!" Erlan and the twins looked at their fathers with odd expressions. Were they really giving up just like this?

Suddenly, two rings floated in front of Dyon. One held a green-purple gem, signifying the alchemy guild. The other, held a faintly grey gem, signifying the formation guild.

"I think you've done more than enough to earn these," Grand Elder Kroak and Cormyth both bowed deeply to the astonishment of the crowd.

Although Dyon was surprised that these two were willing to give up so easily, he still nodded earnestly. His opinion of Cormyth had changed drastically, and his opinion of Kroak had formed healthily.

Although Dyon was still in no mood for pleasantries, he still felt like he had to say something.

"You don't have to bow to me, nor do you have to treat me as anything other than a junior. I'm sure you're aware that I only made this move to add a layer of protection for myself while I remained here.

"However, that doesn't mean I won't be putting your guilds first. If you support me properly, not only will your profits increase exponentially... your knowledge will as well. With me here, the Elvin guilds will begin to rival the largest this planet and even this universe have to offer."

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something. With a flash, the Queen Fairy pill appeared in his hand again as he handed it to Grand Elder Cormyth.

"As a sign of good faith, you can take this to be auctioned. For now, I'll be using a pseudonym, one I plan to use for the campaigns as well. From now on, call me Demon Sage."

Grand Elder Cormyth nodded, placing Dyon's pill into a preservation box to be auctioned later. He could only imagine what price this pill would go for. Saint stones might not even be enough... maybe only dao stones would be appropriate... even the Elvin Kingdom only had a few thousand of these... Dyon was essentially exponentially increasing the profit of not just the guilds, but the entire kingdom!

With that, Dyon turned to leave, "I'll visit within a couple days to help. Nothing needs to change from how you've been operating," Dyon said handing the rings back to the grand elders.

Thinking of something, Dyon took inspiration from the Ancient Games he had yet to have an opportunity to play. With a wave of his hand, complex purple-gold formations began to float above the heads of everyone present.

“This isn’t a malicious array... I would just prefer that you never speak of this. I can’t use this tactic against the heads, but I think I can trust them to not speak of this. As for the rest of you, I’ll remove your inability to talk about today’s events when the time is right.”

Just like the ancient games that placed a block on people’s abilities to speak of the rules, Dyon placed a block on the ability of those present to speak of or communicate what transpired here.

The grand elders nodded, acknowledging Dyon’s request.

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Three hours later, it was already the evening and Dyon had just finished planting an array into everyone’s mind. He was currently walking back to Acacia Academy, when he suddenly felt a presence behind him.

Dyon frowned. He knew that in the worst case, he could call upon the demon generals, but he didn’t want to be trigger happy.

“Who is it?” he said probingly.

A light laughter resounded as a flash of wind appeared before Dyon.

“So you sensed my presence so easily, hm? It’s either I’m rusty or your senses are really that sharp.”

Dyon looked up to find Elder Flyleaf smiling down at him.

“Is there something the matter Elder Flyleaf?”

“Nothing serious. I only want you to come with me to see someone.”

“Oh? And who is that?”

“The Princess of the Elvin Kingdom.”

Dyon’s pupils constricted. Princess of the Elvin Kingdom... He had spent a lot of time with Ri, but she very rarely mentioned a cousin... Also, why would this Princess want to see him of all people? What had he done to catch her attention?

Chapter 190 Complex

Dyon narrowed his eyes at Elder Flyleaf’s words. He had been ready for a moment like this, but it seemed that it would come sooner than he expected.

The very same day Elder Flyleaf tried to use a suggestion technique during his lecture, Dyon felt that there was something more to the story. The reason was simple. A suggestion technique doesn’t help you learn better, it only makes you revere the words you’re listening to. Which was exactly why Zaltarish used the technique during their debate.

Originally, Dyon brushed it off. For all he knew, Acacia Academy had a reward system for teachers who gained the most respect from their students... a system used in the human mortal world. But, he had always kept a secondary possibility in his mind... the possibility that a kingdom drenched in unrest would be a hotbed for rebellion... a rebellion that would need supporters... supporters that had to be procured by someone.

And it now seemed, that that secondary possibility was the correct one.

Dyon sighed. “Don’t you think it’s a bit ridiculous that the princess of a kingdom needs to find followers this way?”

Elder Flyleaf laughed bitterly. “Being the princess of the Elvin Kingdom, at least these days, is nothing more than an empty title. We have no precedent for nepotism, nor is the throne inherited in the conventional way...”

Elder Flyleaf took out an array plate and covered them both in a concealment array before walking towards the outskirts of the city.

“I know. True Empath, correct? Are you going to explain to me what that is?”

Although Elder Flyleaf was a bit surprised that Dyon knew about this, he could only brush it off. This kid had surprised him so many times, why wouldn't he have the means of knowing this?

"The True Empath isn't something we have a definition for in the strictest of senses... It's a title given to a person that elicits a specific reaction in the ranking tome. The only definition we have is something left by our ancestors: 'the one who sees all things'. That is all."

Dyon frowned. He was aware that the ranking tome was assumed to be destroyed by the members of the Elvin Kingdom... so didn't that mean that they could no longer name their next True Empath?

Although Dyon had the tome... it wasn't something he was willing to part with, and it was definitely not something he was willing to allow others to know about just yet. Although Jade had seen the tome, he had discretely placed an array in her just this morning to stop her from ever talking about it. That was the reason for their little... excursion.

Why else would he bend to her whims like he did? He may be feeling an incomparable anger right now, but he still had Madeleine in his heart.

The sad part was that Dyon was telling himself a lie. If he had done it just to place the array within Jade without her knowing, 10 minutes would have been enough... there was no need to go for hours. It was clear that his judgement was still cloudy to anyone who watched his actions. But to Dyon, there was a method to his madness. He just knew he would never cross a line he couldn't come back from.

Despite all this, Dyon pushed these thoughts away.

"And how does this connect to being a human lie detector?"

Elder Flyleaf chuckled. "I notice that you're close with Jade Eostre, you're not a bad match. But, it's clear the fact she can read you is weighing on your mind."

Dyon said nothing to this. Him and Jade a match? He had never thought of her that way, and he doubted he ever would. To him, how could she compare to Madeleine? She had done nothing but try and seduce

him. If she insisted on that type of relationship, his essence blood wouldn't object. But if she expected him to cross a line, it wouldn't happen.

Yet another lie. It seemed that Dyon was doing a lot of that to himself recently.

Elder Flyleaf seemed to notice Dyon's reaction and sighed. "You've probably already guessed, but it's in our best interest that you fall for an Elvin girl and marry her. In fact, anyone within our alliance is free for you to choose from except for the princess and her cousin, Ri. King Acacia and his brother are quite selfish in this regard... I'm sorry to tell you."

Dyon found Elder Flyleaf's words odd. They cared about his talent enough to invite him to join them, but then place restrictions like this? Did they think Dyon had an inability to woo Ri and her cousin if he wanted to? Did they really think he could only obtain their affections by forcing them to marry him? He felt his blood boiling.

Watching Dyon, Elder Flyleaf found it hard to contain his smirk, but he managed to do so.

'You may be smart... but you're still too young to be playing mind games with someone as old as me. I bet you're feeling mighty competitive now, hm? Well have at it. Go on and woo our little princesses.'

The truth was that Elder Flyleaf had said this on purpose. Headmaster Acacia and King Acacia would of course have no problems marrying their daughters to Dyon should Dyon gain their favor. But, the elders were also clear on Dyon's personality after keeping a keen eye on him for so long.

When Dyon was focused on something, despite his love of women, it was as though they didn't exist. With Dyon's anger as it was now, if Jade hadn't been so persistent, he wouldn't have even spoken to her until he got his revenge. In fact, he hadn't even read messages from Madeleine in more than a week. If they allowed this to continue, wouldn't their plan of roping Dyon in with their daughters fall on its face?

And the worst part was that Dyon had stated he already had a fiancée. But, when they checked through their special channels for the movement of the Sapientia God Clans, there was nothing about their only first in line genius being betrothed. But, at the same time, they had members of the Eostre family on their side... namely Jade.

So, they were fully aware that Dyon wasn't lying. Which meant... Dyon had yet another focus: the acknowledgement of his relationship with Madeleine. And that brought them right back to square one: how to get Dyon to stop focusing on other things and start solidifying his relationship with the Elvin Kingdom.

"I see you love to bully the younger generation... hm Elder Flyleaf? You haven't answered my question you know," Dyon said knowingly.

Elder Flyleaf sighed, pretending to be defeated. But, he knew fully well he had lit a fire in Dyon.

"The Eostre family has a complex lineage... Their manifestation allows them the highest compatibility with the True Empath lineage, and yet, they're also the furthest away..."