

## **The Nameless 191**

### Chapter 191 Betrayal?

Dyon raised his eyebrow as Flyleaf continued.

“The Eostre Singularity technique is a sort of trade off. On one hand, you gain portions of the abilities of a True Empath... but you trade away life force and the ability to ever produce a True Empath in your lineage.”

“Then why do they continue to practice their Singularity Type Technique? And why did they begin to use it in the first place?”

Elder Flyleaf sighed, “The Eostre family is in many ways exactly like their manifestation the moon... always seeking the glory of the sun, and yet only able to reflect its light...”

“Many years ago, before the elves even came to this universe, we were in great crisis. Our ruling clans, the Acacia, Mathilde and Florence families, were also experiencing inner turmoil. As a result, we experienced a True Empath drought...”

“Back then, the Eostre major family used to be a mere sub-family. But, due to their ancestor, they picked themselves up and pushed forward to where they are today much like the rest of us new major families.

“As a genius like you has probably guessed, a singularity type technique isn’t only about the soul, it’s also about the bloodline. This is the reason why geniuses of major families have no need for the singularity type technique, because their manifestations will end up being close relatives, or even the peak mutation of the original manifestation regardless...”

Elder Flyleaf paused as they left the outskirt villages, entering the forest.

“Usually, it takes millions of years of lineage building to create a singularity type technique that can be passed on for millennia... however, the ancestor of the Eostre family stumbled upon an incomplete technique within the Elvin Legacy realm: ‘Dead Kings Valley’.

“This realm, because it’s incomparably dangerous, would only be entered by the elites of the ancient families of that time. However, due to the drought of True Empaths, those families had no choice but to put the survival of our race first and send as many people in as possible...

“The reason was simple... True Empaths were the perfect guides to our legacy realm, and without them, we needed as many chances as possible... or else we’d decline rapidly and succumb to our enemies.

“In the end, the Eostre ancestor found a technique that allowed a bloodline to permanently manifest portions of the abilities of a True Empath, and despite knowing its flaws, practiced it and allowed his family members to do the same all for the greater good. As long as the younger generation had decent enough guides, the Elvin clans wouldn’t disappear.

“However, despite their best efforts, the fake empathes formed by the Eostre family were just not good enough. But, could this really be blamed on the Eostre family? They had given their everything, even the lives of their next generations for the sake of their race.”

Dyon frowned. He was tired of hearing such sad stories.

“Despite this, the famous words of that ancestor are still etched into the Eostre holy land on this very island: ‘Elves usually live 10x the lives of humans. The Eostre live 5x the lives of humans. So, are you really so pitiful? At least you aren’t human!’”

Dyon didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at this. Were these really the last words someone wanted to be remembered for? Did he really just think this was a sad story?

Elder Flyleaf laughed uproariously at Dyon’s reaction.

“Don’t feel too bad, he was right. The Eostre family paid a penalty, and we’ll always respect them for it, but in the grand scheme of things, it’s really a pebble in an endless ocean.

“An elf will live 1000 years without any cultivating, while an Eostre would live 500. But, if they both cultivate, the life provided via cultivation isn’t halved. So, what is 500 years to a celestial stage expert? Nothing, right?”

Dyon nodded. He finally understood. What was 500 years to someone who might live 50 000 years? If their technique didn't affect years gained via cultivation, you really could say it was a good sacrifice to make.

"Anyway... the Eostre family is unable to break out of this cycle because the bloodline of the singularity type technique would always be passed down anyway. So, even though the True Empath drought has technically ended, they continue to practice it."

Dyon pondered something. "If everything technically worked out, why are you all here instead of your original universe?"

Elder Flyleaf sighed. "It was only after we came to this universe that the True Empath drought ended... and like I said, the Eostre empaths weren't perfect. So, we steadily got weaker, and even our ancient clans went into decline.

"In the last trip to the Dead Kings Valley we made before relocating, we were able to find a foretelling technique, one that foretold our destruction should we stay. As such, we packed up and moved everything of relevance.

"Unfortunately, this is where the story deviates depending on who is telling it..."

Dyon thought about this for a bit.

"Meaning this is why many of the current major families don't like the fact the most recent True Empath was a member of the Acacia family of old... and now that I think about it, that hate probably has to do with the fact I've met plenty of members of the Acacia family, well... only two about to be three, and yet I've met no members of the Mathilde or Florence families..."

"Sometimes you're too sharp for your own good," Elder Flyleaf shook his head, "yes. The fact the Acacia family survived, and the other ancient families didn't, is a major point of contention. To the point where when we got here to this universe, the new major families suppressed the Acacia Ancient clan to the point it's at now. It was only after the recent King Acacia that they managed to make a small comeback.

“It all boils down to the fact that some think the Acacia family betrayed the other ancient families. While some think their actions were necessary. It all comes back to this foretelling technique... a technique that costs one their life...”

Chapter 192 ...

Suddenly Dyon froze. A technique that costs someone their life? He had heard of something like this before... back during his very first visit at Heaven's Wine was the first time he heard of a Ragnor Auxiliary clan called the Saeclum clan. Back then, Saeclum had teased Ipsum due to the fact her nose was witch-like because of the Ipsum clan techniques... but Ipsum fired back by reminding Saeclum that 'at least her clan's ultimate technique didn't cost them their lives'.

This was something Dyon obviously heard clearly. For one, he had already upgraded his body with two blood essences. And, how could he not pay attention to a table laachus, a person he had just had a confrontation with, went to?

All Dyon knew was that there couldn't be such a coincidence in the world.

Dyon clenched his fists... it was the Ragnor Clan yet again. Just what were they doing? And how did this connect to the elves?

But, there was one thing Dyon was clear on. The Ragnor Clan was using the Saeclum clan. Just like their scar-faced slaves... the Saeclum Auxiliary clan was just yet another pawn... There had to be a reason such a twisted character like Baal was born into the world.

Flyleaf was too lost in his thoughts to pay attention to Dyon's reaction this time.

“According to that technique, our destruction was coming... but, it also foretold of the fact that if members of the ancient Elvin clans didn't make it to this universe, they would never again produce a True Empath. But, the problem was which clan would get to come.”

Dyon's brows furrowed. “Why would they need to pick?”

Flyleaf sighed, “prophecies are always vague... even ones that cost lives unfortunately. The problem was that some interpreted the prophecy as meaning that any members of the ancient families could go, while some interpreted it as only one ancient family could send their members.

“The Mathilde family believed that only one family should send members. But, the Florence family believed that all three families should go. The split decision was left to the Acacia family.

“However, no one knows what they discussed in their meeting. We only know that afterwards, only the Acacia family younger generation came with us... everyone else inexplicably didn’t fight for it. What made it worse was that the younger generation of the Acacia family that became fugitives like we did, had no idea what happened. As such, they were scapegoated.

“To the many of the new major families, it was the ancient clans that messed everything up. It was their turmoil that led to the True Empath drought which then led to their once prosperous kingdom being annihilated.”

Elder Flyleaf took a deep breath. “So, in the end we had no choice but to pay a hefty price to who you may know as the Ragnor Clan in order to hitch to their migration to this universe. At the time, the main Ragnor clan in a universe near to us had just conquered this universe’s gate and were negotiating with our current Royal God Clan. We were allowed to sneak in as members of their clan by paying a price.

“That price included the foretelling technique I mentioned. I’m not sure why, but they wanted nothing but that and an exorbitant amount of transcendent stones. Thankfully, we elves excel at space type structures, as you’ve seen, so we were able to package all of our most important things to take with us.”

Dyon nodded. It seemed that he was right about the Ragnor Clan... but their ask was indeed odd. Sure, transcendent stones were great and all, but to jeopardize a negotiation just for that? When it could lead to a falling out with the Royal God Clan and result in your established colony getting wiped out? It didn’t add up.

And what was even weirder was the fact that the Elvin Clan was still here, and they clearly weren’t hiding. So, at some point the Royal God Clan learned of their existence yet did nothing. Did they just not care? Were they that scared of offending Ragnor main family? Or did the elves give them some benefits too?

Dyon felt a headache coming on. Even for him, the web of families, histories and lore was getting to be too much. He felt like he had taken a trip to a history class rather than the martial world. Where was all the glory he wanted? Where was all the fighting? All he’d done was expose the Big Sects as frauds just for them to be barely punished... then he ran to the Elvin Kingdom and all he’d done was smack down a

trash young mater, just him to retaliate by hurting children. And now what? Was he supposed to be the savior of this Acacia family?

This Acacia family was but a corner of a small island, that was but a corner of the continent, that was but a corner of this planet, that was but a corner of this universe. Where was the glory in this?

Dyon sighed and had his second human-like thought in weeks. 'These campaigns better live up to the hype. I'm tired of this.'

Dyon could only ask another question, hoping it wouldn't be too complicated, he hadn't slept in a week and he had had enough.

"Just who are the Ragnor family?"

A serious look surfaced on Elder Flyleaf's face. "The Ragnor main family is very powerful. I'm sure you've heard of the concept of religions and how they're among the most powerful of wills... well, the Ragnor family is part of a massive religion that spans across universes. The Norse religion."

Dyon's eyes widened. He had always thought that the Norse religion originated from the olden European lands of the human mortal realm... but for the Ragnor clan's religion to be so strong that it reached the human world, instead of the human world projecting it outwards to the martial world... Dyon couldn't fathom how powerful it would have to be.

The religious wills Bai Meiyong used were different... those ancient Chinese religions really did originate from the human mortal realm. It was just that some of the martial world took interest in it and expanded it. But, Norse religion was clearly very different.

Suddenly he thought of something else. "So... when the Storm family broke off from the Ragnor family..."

Flyleaf looked at Dyon with interest. "So you know about this too? Yes. The reason they had the gall to break off from the Ragnor family was because an unprecedented genius was born. A genius so powerful that they will without a doubt one day be among the main heads of the Ragnor main family.

In families built around such strong religions, there appears a next level of bodily constitution... a bodily constitution based on their very own religious figures... the bodily constitution of a True Deity.

That first in line genius of what used to be the Storm family now shares that title with another genius of the Ragnor clan... together, they stand tall amongst the younger generation of this universe. They've long since thrown away their original names to become the embodiment of their True Deity constitutions."

Dyon listened with rapt attention.

"They're known as Thor and Vidar Ragnor."

"Oh, for fuck's sake."

Elder Flyleaf laughed. "I guess you've heard these names from the human world, hm? Must be odd hearing them here."

"That's an understatement."

Dyon thought he had done pretty well adjusting to the martial world. He didn't bat an eye when killing. He accepted that a soul really did exist. He accepted that you could somehow live thousands of years if you cultivated well.

He accepted that people could move earth, manipulate time, cause the waves of an ocean.... But now he was supposed to go from watching movies about Thor to fighting him? He suddenly felt the urge to start looking around for cameras.

But, putting the jokes aside, what really pissed Dyon off was here he was, listening to how great everyone else had been or was or would be. The campaigns couldn't come fast enough for him. But first, a few people had to pay.

## Chapter 193 Weren't Willing

In the end, Dyon couldn't be bothered to think about it any longer. He remembered that feeling of helplessness when Thor stood before him at the legacy world opening. He knew at that time that he stood absolutely no chance. And now, he had gotten a reason for it. That was all.

To Dyon, the reason was irrelevant. It was only a matter of time before this Thor character was beneath his feet... just like everyone else would be.

And those who were by his side on his rise up, would always be there too.

\*\*

Soon, Elder Flyleaf reached an odd area. It seemed to be forested just like every place else, but Dyon's sharp senses were catching something strange.

Before Dyon could think about it further, Elder Flyleaf took out another array plate, causing a mirror to reflect both of their images and a doorway to be formed.

Dyon was intrigued by this array. He had never seen one like this, even in his master's memories. From his analysis, it was even more complex than human facial recognition. The array reflected every atom and particle making up the bodies of Flyleaf and Dyon, then projected their mirror image. This meant one thing: cloning techniques could never fool this recognition-lock array... unless you had the exact body of a person allowed to be here, you would never get in.

This was because cloning techniques already used the mirror image of the person in question. Which means that when that mirror image was once again reflected by the array, everything would be backwards... immediately letting the array know there was something wrong. And even if one mastered their disguising technique to the point of not using mirror image tactics, it was near impossible to fathom the expert that would be able to change every particle of their body to be the exact match of another person.

This made Dyon think of something else. This array was far too advanced for the level of array alchemy in the Elvin Kingdom...

Seemingly understanding Dyon's thought, Elder Flyleaf spoke as they walked down a long reflective corridor.



“That array was actually one of the last things left to us by the ancient clans... as you can see, we used to be much better at our secondary professions. All we can really do now is manipulate this one to remember new people.

“Don’t worry, you haven’t been added yet. So, you weren’t scanned against your will. It’s just that I’m one of the few allowed to bring guests since part of my job is recruitment, so the array has a built in +1 feature.”

Dyon nodded, but then thought of something else, “then who exactly is part of this alliance? I assume this is in retaliation to the major families, so you must have some good support, right?”

Elder Flyleaf sighed. “If the support was as good as you say, we wouldn’t want to make you a core part of our plans.

I’ll tell you the truth now. The king isn’t missing per se. It’s more that he left for a specific reason. The reason itself is only known between the king and the grand elder counsel... that counsel being Grand Elder Kroak, Cormyth, and Deryth. However, they aren’t willing to tell us the reason...”

Dyon’s eyebrows raised.

They weren’t willing to tell the reason? This meant... that those grand elders still put tradition above everything else despite what they said. Or maybe, the reason was so damning, that it threatened the structure of what the Elvin Kingdom was built upon.

However, the choice of these stubborn elders was stifling the kingdom.

Because they weren’t willing to rescind the law, the Norville and Sigebryht families felt they had to use underhanded means. And at the same time, that meant that those fighting off those two families in this alliance also lacked the true support of those Grand Elders.

On one side Grand Elder Deryth was still remaining neutral. On another, Grand Elder Cormyth was playing a game of hedging bets. On one hand he nurtured Zaltarish, or used to, and yet on the other he fought for Headmaster Grimbold to head the Mathilde academy. And on yet another side, Grand Elder

Kroak was trying to maintain the status quo... but, clearly, the Norville and Sigebryht families weren't going for that.

Dyon couldn't help but inwardly curse. Damn fogies spend so much time debating and inwardly warring with themselves that they've fixed nothing. It's almost like the only reason they stand on opposing sides of the debate is so that they can do nothing but argue the semantics. And yet in all this time, they've accomplished nothing while they still have orphans running around in forests alone.

Grand Elder Cormyth felt bad about the orphans, sure, but did he do anything about it? Obviously not. He didn't confront Zaltarish. He didn't visit the orphans. And he obviously didn't ask Dyon how the kids were doing or if they were even alive.

Grand Elder Kroak and Deryth weren't much better. Deryth pretended to be on the side of true reason but was doing nothing but wasting away his last days. And Grand Elder Kroak was supposedly on the side of the king, but wouldn't tell the alliance why the king had disappeared? Not even the king's own daughter knew? What kind of ridiculous nonsense was this?

Watching the constantly changing emotions on Dyon's face, Elder Flyleaf could only chuckle bitterly, sighing.

"Don't blame them too much... you're still too young and too naïve..."

"The Grand Elders, more than anyone else, can't pretend that they were that much smarter than the ancestors... so they feel they have no right to change their rules. They believe that since the ancestors chose this path, we should follow it, because, ultimately, it's the path we would choose too. They've lived so many years... seen so many things... they have the perspective the ancestors would have had..."

"Every time we ask them why, they always tell us that even if we knew, it wouldn't change anything. We would still be powerless to change it. It would only make us doubt the ancestors... which was something, although they admit to doing themselves, they weren't willing to allow us to do as well..."

#### Chapter 194 Princess (1)

Despite Flyleaf's words, there was nothing Dyon hated more than wise old people... or more importantly, old people who thought they were wise. But... Dyon's talk with Elder Flyleaf had revealed some important things to him... things that Dyon felt held the answer to everything... he just had to piece them together properly.

Elder Flyleaf watched Dyon ponder everything he had said. 'What a serious kid...'

"Anyway, as of now we don't dare touch the sub-families because they're technically under the jurisdiction of the guilds... As any good government knows, it's best to separate business and law. Although I am a member of a sub-family, my actions don't speak for my family and I mostly work on an individual scale.

"All this said, the major families are the most important to swing. As of now, the 3 families of the Acacia Academy are with us."

"Business and law? That's only secondary to separating religion and law... and yet your Grand Elders don't seem to have done that..."

Elder Flyleaf sighed. 'It seems changing his opinion on the grand elders is going to be difficult.'

But, Flyleaf couldn't help but admit that Dyon had a point.

In the human mortal world, in a country Dyon knew as America, one of the most important doctrines was the separation of church and state. This was so much more important than the separation of business and state that despite countless conspiracy theories and documentaries showing the effect large businesses had on law, the country itself still continued forward. Why? Because the separation of religion and law was maintained.

And yet, the grand elders were allowing their idolization of their ancestors to affect their decisions in the now. For them to be watching their Kingdom crumble before them, and still be unwilling to change the rules?... Dyon could understand the frustration of the families vying for the throne.

Suddenly the end of the long corridor snapped Dyon out of his thoughts. Well, it was more accurate to say that it was the loud discussion.

After Dyon's eyes adjusted to the bright lights, he found 3 waves of colors in a distinctly human world-like structure. The silver of the Eostre family. The gold of the Ingram family. And the green of the Conventine family.

And yet, in the midst of all of this, sat the most eye-catching sight of all.

Currently, Dyon stood on a high up platform made of metal. It stretched out a long way to either side before turning into two staircases.

Below this structure, was an oddly futuristic throne room... or maybe it was just the overuse of an unknown silver-like metal that made it look as such. Dyon's aura immediately picked up that this metal was not normal at all, and yet for it to be used so extravagantly, could only mean that the ancient Elves were quite wealthy. But, ignoring this, the rest of the structures were oddly intriguing as well.

The sides of the room had seats going up at least 20 levels; and in the center was a long walk way to a throne. On which sat a figure Dyon couldn't take his eyes off.

Elder Flyleaf chuckled watching Dyon's reaction. "I hope you're not placing our princess in your heart right now... remember what I said..."

Without waiting for Dyon to scowl, everyone seemed to have heard Flyleaf's words, causing the atmosphere to quieten down almost immediately... hundreds of eyes focused on Dyon.

And yet, he only had eyes for one person.

On the throne at the end of the long pathway, sat a girl with a delicate figure. Dyon couldn't see her face because of an elegantly embroidered silver mask, but the gentle slope of her small, yet sharp, nose, the softness of her pink lips, the fairness of her skin... were exposed and all beyond words.

Her dress was a light blue, gently hugging her outrageous curves. Her hair was a deep blue that rivaled even Uncle Acacia, and her eyes seemed to penetrate everything to fall into Dyon's.

The look she gave Dyon made him almost forget the anger that was boiling inside him. It almost made him forget everything... until a beautiful dark-haired girl with golden eyes and crystal framed glasses erased all the feeling Dyon had just had.

Immediately, Dyon frowned. "I see you elves are really fans of your suggestion techniques..."

Dyon's voice was faint, but in the quiet room, with everyone's cultivation as they were, who wouldn't hear him?

When had Dyon ever almost lost his mind simply looking at a beauty? He may be enamored for a moment, but it would never cloud his judgement. And yet, he felt willing to do anything for this princess just now. And although it was for only a moment, it still made him feel uncomfortable.

With how Dyon had been approaching the last few days, he wouldn't forgive any offense lightly. Especially one that involved swaying his mind.

And yet, despite this, the sweet voice of the princess seemed to cut through everything.

"Dyon Sacharro I presume? I apologize for the suggestion technique... but it's a part of the mask I wear to protect my identity... it was left by my father before he took his leave. After all, even I don't want to remain stuck here every minute of everyday.

"By making anyone who focuses on seeing through it too long fall for me, it's the best form of protection. I hope you didn't take too much offense."

The brows of some of those in attendance furrowed. The princess was apologizing to a kid that was even younger than her? And for a reason that technically put her in the right? Was this Dyon child really that important?

Dyon said nothing for a long while, before simply nodding. "If that's the case, then it's not a problem Princess Acacia."

Dyon felt that the words of the princess were amiable and understanding. There was no reason for him to harp on this for too long. He could only blame Elder Flyleaf for hoping he would fall into this trap.

Unwilling to stay here for much longer, and wanting to get this over with, Dyon spun his wind will around him, leaping to place a foot on the rail before gently falling.

Everyone gave Dyon an odd look. They could clearly feel that the level of wind will he had used was at the first level... yet they knew that a first level wind will shouldn't be able to support an entire body, let alone fall from that height undamaged. It seemed they would have to give this child a second look.

Elder Flyleaf took the normal way, smiling to himself as Dyon leisurely walked down the aisle and towards the princess.

Everyone assumed that Dyon would eventually stop at an empty seat in the stands... or maybe at least respectfully bow to the princess before doing so... but neither of these things happened.

Instead, when Dyon was about 5 meters from the throne, he stopped, a golden array flashing beneath him. He sat cross-legged, the center of everyone's attention. One of his elbows rested on his knees and supported his chin as he looked the princess in her deep blue eyes.

"So... princess. What did you call me here for today?"

#### Chapter 195 Princess (2)

In the crowd, Jade sat with some of her family, giggling at Dyon's antics. It was clear he was testing the character of the princess... but at the same time, she had a feeling that even if Dyon knew who the princess was intimately, and was aware that she was a good person, he would do things this way anyway.

A light smile played the soft lips of the princess, but the answer didn't come from her.

Instead, the black-haired and blue eyes Aeson Acacia spoke from the stands.

"Where is Ri?" he said faintly.

His words didn't seem like they were meant to be powerful... but, Dyon felt his array nearly shatter.

To make a peak practitioner defensive array almost collapse with just words... this Aeson wasn't simple.

Dyon didn't seem too bothered by this question, instead focusing on the princess more intently, "so all this time your cousin had been disappearing, I presume she was dealing with the tasks you asked of her, hm?"

The princess nodded, sending Aeson an apologetic glance, it seemed Dyon wouldn't be as easy to handle as they hoped.

"Indeed. My cousin is quite talented and is tasked with training many of the suitable orphans we've picked up over the years. At one point, it was also her task to train Aeson, so he cares for her deeply. So, I hope you forgive him for his straightforwardness."

Dyon nodded. "With her personality, I don't doubt that she would be a great sergeant."

The princess smiled, but before she could speak, Aeson spoke again, "and with your personality, it's no wonder you make enemies wherever you go. Is anyone safe following you?"

...

Dyon said nothing for a long while... but the feeling of dripping killing intent came off of him in waves.

His demonic will condensed into a blood red light and his black flames began to dance across his once bright gold array. It was clear his mood of effecting the purity of his array.

Everyone understood Dyon's anger in this instance. There was not a single person here who was unaware of what happened to the orphanage Dyon had built. And yet, Aeson, in a fit of anger for having been ignored, poked at Dyon's ultimate sore spot.

The princess could only send a dissatisfied glare at Aeson, but there was nothing she could do. She had already apologized for the sake of Dyon twice already. How many more steps could she possibly take?

Suddenly Dyon spoke. "I'm beginning to understand now why the elves have fallen to such a point that they think building plans around a human boy who's been on their island for less than a month is the best course for their future."

Dyon's voice was deep. So deep that just listening to it was like falling into an endless abyss of anger, sorrow and disdain.

But, that didn't mean that those who heard his words would take to them kindly. His words caused a surge of anger. But, he wasn't finished yet.

"It's clear by your position so close to the princess that you're somehow considered among the best this alliance has to offer right now, and yet you're truly this stupid?"

Dyon's words cut at Aeson. And unlike Aeson's words, Dyon's collapsed the section of seating Aeson had been on, forcing him to stand in a rage. But, yet still, Dyon wasn't finished.

"You call me here, and yet the first thing you do is ask about Ri as though I've kidnapped her. Well, let's take a look at your idiotic world for a second.

"I came here of my own free will, and yet you still haven't seen Ri. What could that mean to you?"

Aeson's eyebrows furrowed, and his fists clenched.

"Since I've already called you an idiot, I didn't plan on waiting for your answer."

Black flames raged in Dyon's eyes as he turned his head towards Aeson.

"It means that either I've clearly done nothing to her, and thus come here with no worries. Or, she's in danger orchestrated by me, such that I can still come here with no worries."

"You!" Aeson's voice trembled with rage.

But, his voice seemed to have no power in front of Dyon's deep fury.



“And yet, the first thing you do is ask me where she is menacingly? Have you fully grasped how truly stupid you are?”

“If Ri was in no danger, and you pissed me off, you’ve just closed the door on a possible ally. An ally even your own princess sees fit to invite.

“If Ri was in danger, and you pissed me off, you’ve just closed the door on Ri. Whether that be to her endless pain or her death.

“Now tell me, what else do you have to say?”

The surroundings were silent.

Dyon’s every word made it seem as though everyone was beneath him. As though his words were law. As though if he thought you were in the wrong, you were without a doubt wrong.

“Nothing to say? Then how about you stop pissing me off and fuck off instead?”

Aeson glared at Dyon, but the princess’ words made him lose his will to fight.

“Go Aeson. You’ve done enough. If Ri was in danger, I would know. You know very well the connection between us. Don’t let your feelings jeopardize this meeting any further.”

The words of the princess were firm and unyielding, displaying the bearing of a true Queen.

Aeson’s position had raised steadily because of his talent... but he was still far from comparing to the princess. He had no choice but to bow and leave, sending a final hateful glance towards Dyon. But, all that look found was a dense killing intent. One that made his spine shiver...

After Aeson left, Dyon closed his eyes. The princess waiting patiently as he adjusted his emotions. Once the princess saw Dyon’s eyes open, she sent him a final apologetic glance before speaking.

"I'm sure you understand the reason for my asking you here. Before the events of today, you were just another talent we wanted to rope in by normal means.

"You come from the human mortal realm, so without hiding anything, we thought that you came with no backing, and we could provide a good sanctuary for you over time.

"However, we believe that with the unfortunate incident involving the orphans, you've become as invested as we have in stopping the Norville and Sigebryht families. As such, we felt it was appropriate to bring you in sooner rather than later."

Dyon nodded. At first, he was worried that information about what had happened between him and the guilds had leaked in some way, but, it seemed like that wasn't the case.

"So, I've only asked you here for one reason. We would like you to join us.

"Your talent is a match for even the best the major families have to offer, and we can supply you with any materials and support you need.

"Your human heritage is irrelevant to us. As you know, our best genius, Ri, is also half human. Why would we discriminate for something so meaningless?"

Dyon had to say... the princess' offer was tempting. Despite the fact he had no need for resources because of Heaven's Wine... to him, that was only a temporary solution. He had no idea how long he could continue to use that method before someone's bottom line snapped. And, even if he could use it forever due to the magnanimity of the owner, limitless credit wouldn't give him protection.

So, Dyon asked a question, "what are your plans?"

Chapter 196 Princess (3)

The princess smiled, seemingly lighting the entire room. "Our plans are for the long term.

Zaltarish is being groomed for the next kingship, and we've noted the underworking of a marriage alliance between those two families using him and Mithrandir Norville.

I'm sure you've seen the words in the sky above the castle..." the princess spoke with clear sadness in her voice, "so, you can tell the kind of pressure such an alliance puts on us.

Mithrandir is already an unparalleled genius in her own right. But, with the addition of Zaltarish, this is a couple the neutral major families might not be able to continue to ignore...

However, the pressure you apply as the sole holder of the innate aurora in the entire universe is something that doesn't pale in comparison to the talent those two display. In fact, despite the bravado of Zaltarish's manifestation, I'd dare to say that it pales..."

The princess paused before continuing. "I'm sure you've had many talks with my cousin... I love her like I would my own sister. We are close as could be and I know her like the back of my hand. There was no one more excited than her when she learned of your innate aurora.

"The impact you could have on campaigns alone is staggering. To some, you may be the only hope us elves have of ever returning to our original universe."

Many elves sighed with emotion. Not all universes were created equal... if you fell from great heights, it would be almost impossible to make up. A prime example was the demon sage. When he came out of the Timeless Library, his talent hadn't been reduced at all. So, why couldn't he simply reclaim the things he had lost overtime?

The answer was simple... once you fell to low ranking universes, the gates fell in cultivation limits along with them. Meaning, you could no longer rely on yourself to improve, you could only rely on your subordinates. But, what did this mean? It meant that you only had one chance and one road to success. If you ever stumbled... it would be near impossible to catch up.

So, the elves were in an endless cycle. They wanted to return to their home lands but could only rely on their younger generation to conquer the gates. But, because they were in such a low-ranking universe, the gates capped at the peak of essence gathering... and at the same time, their younger generation kept declining!

And now, the opposing universe had grown innate aurora talents and were pressing against this universe endlessly. Although there were talents like Thor and Madeleine, there was also more than one

gate in this universe... they couldn't be everywhere at once... and their effects on a battle field could never hope to match someone with an innate aurora.

Finally, Dyon spoke, "so... your plan is meant to span decades. You want to use the time I have between now and before I enter the saint sage, to gain the elves a foothold in the next universe so you can slowly make your way back?"

The princess nodded. "Contributions to campaigns, and especially contributions to gate conquerings are all kept track of via arrays provided by the guild headquarters. This is because they're the only faction that has consistent communication with universes outside of ours."

Dyon's eyes flashed with something imperceptible... it was clear that the guild headquarters were all being monitored on a large scale... and it was clear that this connected back to the suppression of array alchemy.

The princess continued, "this is necessary because this universe had five total gates connecting to a single other universe," the princess sighed, "this is both a blessing and a disgrace... a blessing because we have only one other universe to deal with... but a disgrace because connecting to only a single universe means that we're so far to the edge, that that's all we're worth..."

"That aside... because we have five gates and multiple planets, gates aren't exclusive at all. Meaning, although it's rare, people from the other four planets can come campaign at our gates, and we at theirs. Combine this with a myriad of clans, families, and sects, and it becomes difficult to tell who is contributing the most.

"As such, ranking systems were put in place for each gate using complex arrays given to campaign leaders. By doing this, should a gate be conquered, a universe would know exactly which clan contributed the most, and know exactly which clan would be heading the negotiations."

A look of realization flashed across Dyon's face... so they wanted him to campaign under the Elvin banner so that he could work his way to the top of the leader boards, conquer the gate, and allow the Elves to lead the negotiation for their foothold in the next universe so they could slowly make their way back...

"I see..."

The princess nodded. "So, what do you say?"

Dyon thought for a bit before nodding. "I'll join you. I have no reason not to. I want to make it to other universes anyway... if you give me added protection while I do so, I have no issue with allowing the elves to decide the terms of the negotiation."

The crowd was stunned. Dyon's words were resolute and held no doubt. He didn't say he would try his best. He didn't use soft words like 'maybe', he only spoke in absolutes. Leaving himself no room to backtrack.

The princess' eyes glistened, causing Elder Flyleaf who was near the back to smile knowingly.

'It seems wooing girls really isn't all that difficult for you, hmm? I guess I underestimated you.'

Jade giggled. 'Won't even let the princess go? And after all those things you did to me? What a bad boy.'

The princess smiled. "Then it's official. About two months from now, the youths of the major and sub-families will be holding a banquet. At that time, I'd like you to make your alliance with us clear. I want no room for doubt," suddenly the princess thought of something, "oh, and see if you can get Ri to go as well... she usually hates these sort of things, but, it's important that she's there."

"The last thing is for all of you," she looked up with her deep blue eyes, "I'll be making a brief appearance at this banquet as well. It'll be short, but I believe it's necessary. I think it's time people knew that the king's faction isn't so weak as to allow his daughter to suffer or bow her head in fear," turning to Dyon she spoke again, "once everything is settled properly, I won't be protecting those who've offended you. You may do as you please with them."

Chapter 197 I guess

Dyon looked at this princess deeply. She really did have the bearings of a queen. She wasn't so naïve as to believe she could have both Dyon's and Zaltarish's talent... despite how great that would be for the elves. And only Dyon knew how right that decision was.

The princess rose her voice in a final commanding tone. "Within two decades, all nine major families will acknowledge the rule of King Acacia."

“Long live the king!

Long live the king!”

“Now, let’s begin discussions of the measures we’ll be taking in the lead up to my appearance.”

With that, the hall filled with arguments and debates as various factions split into aspects of business, military, and even some arguing what the laws should be once the Acacias rules was re-established.

In the midst of all this, Dyon’s spatial ring flashed as he took out an ordinary common level ring. In fact, it looked almost no different from a human realm ring made of wood.

He flicked it towards the princess, allowing it to gently fall into her delicate and small hands.

“This is something Ri wanted me to give you. She’s currently in seclusion within her mother’s cave trying to awaken her manifestation, and she assumed you would call me over in her absence, so she gave me this.”

The princess nodded, smiling at Dyon as she kept the ring. She had no way of knowing that Dyon was lying.

Turning to leave, Dyon left behind words only the princess heard, “your plan of two decades is a bit too long for me... originally, it would have taken me six months to wipe out my enemies... but now, with your help, it’ll take me less than three.

“As a thank you... I’ll help you out. Also, since Ri is a good friend of mine, I don’t want to see her family suffer.”

The princess trembled at Dyon’s words. What he was saying was ridiculous. A half a year to solve a problem the elves had spent more than a decade on? No. Not half a year anymore... less than 3 months.

Yet, despite how ridiculous it sounded, the princess couldn't find it in her to doubt Dyon's words. She suddenly gave the ring in her hand another look, 'is this really from Ri?...'

The princess looked at Dyon's proud back... he had already used his wind will to climb to the top of the railing, walking through the corridor and out of the hidden facilities.

\*\*

Dyon walked through the forest, suddenly feeling the need for a change of scenery, he walked towards where he thought the nearest coastline was.

He felt someone following him, but he immediately knew who it was and couldn't be bothered to care.

Using his silencing technique, he covered both himself and his follower so they wouldn't alert any nearby beasts. He could only roll his eyes inwardly. This girl was too reckless.

Soon, he leaned against the last tree and looked out onto a cliff. He had been hoping for a beach, but this wasn't too bad either. The orange and red hues of the setting sun lit the once blue ocean. As far as the eyes could see, gentle ripples played the surface of the water. The wind was subtle and gentle. Not too cold, and not too humid.

Suddenly a gentle voice came from behind Dyon. "There are no beasts this way you know... you didn't need to silence me. And even if you did, did you really need to silence my voice too? Do you hate me that much?"

Dyon tilted his head back to look at Jade's lovely figure. But, to his surprise, she was already wrapping her arms around him and pressing her face to his back.

Dyon pried the girl's hands apart, pressing them against the tree and above her head.

Jade pouted as she looked up at Dyon with her purple-blue eyes. It was almost comedic how her arms were being pinned above her head, but the reaction of her chest was anything but.

Dyon couldn't help but be mesmerized by the deep ravine as he looked down.

Jade blushed. "If you wanted to look again, you just have to ask... but, weren't you more interested in getting me to my knees the first time we met? I'm sure that hasn't changed, right?"

Dyon's eyes widened in shock as Jade slide down the tree, allowing Dyon to keep hold of her hands.

The next words she spoke though, even left Dyon speechless.

"You were intent on keeping me silent before, right?" looking up at Dyon from her knees, "well, are you going to use some boring sound technique? Or are you going to put something in my mouth instead?"

Despite her question, Jade didn't allow Dyon to answer. She had already used her teeth to pull his sweat pants down slowly.

Suddenly, Jade's eyes widened. Staring at the sight before her, she laughed bitterly.

"This isn't fair you kn —"

This time Dyon didn't allow Jade to finish talking.

His senses were invaded by a deep and warm wetness. The endless swirls and suction gave Dyon a feeling he'd never felt before.

His aurora and celestial will roared to life.

Suddenly, his pleasure was Jade's. The lust and satisfaction he was feeling was all reflected within her.

Jade felt herself weakening as she felt the sudden change... suddenly her watery eyes reddened with a fervent passion. That dull and uncomfortable pain she was feeling became nothing but a pool of pleasure she wanted to dive deeper and deeper down.



In the end, she felt like she was drowning. And endless ravine gushed forth from Dyon. The only thing she could do was accept it. Her hands no longer hers. Her body no longer hers. Her feelings... no longer hers.

With that, she passed out...

Dyon looked down at the beautiful girl who laid on the soft grass of the edge of the forest shaking his head.

Carrying her, he sighed. "I guess I'll bring you back..."

Chapter 198 Tired

Dyon walked with Jade in his arms.

Entering his cultivation room, he set her down on the bed and turned to leave.

\*\*

Outside of the Acacia Academy castle, Dyon stood at the end of the caldesac, hands in his pockets.

He looked up at the burning words in the night sky and had his third human like thought in more than a week, 'I guess it's about time I go there...'

Dyon's eyes immediately flashed with purple-gold colors. He had to go all out with this concealment array... he couldn't risk being caught. Having a secluded place to not only understand the words in the sky, but to also fact check his hypotheses was of utmost important to his original 6-month plan.

Dyon disappeared quickly behind a practitioner level array before he formed a much stronger master level concealment array nearer to himself.

With that, he flashed, moving 10s of meters at a time.

Soon, Dyon had weaved through the city and reached the inner forest of the castle. Here was where he assumed he would begin meeting some resistance.

He could feel that there should be a burning heat here... in fact, the trees had withered and dried under the pressure... and yet, it felt like a calm breeze to him.

As expected, there were no guards. But, the forest itself was littered with detection arrays. However, they were all of a lower level than Dyon's master level concealment array, as such, they detected nothing.

But, the ease of travel increased in difficulty as Dyon moved forward. The arrays continued increasing in level and Dyon's worst fear became that the castle would have an array at the level of the recognition array he had just went through with Elder Flyleaf.

But, the worry ended up being without base. Dyon soon stood alone in front of a large and deserted castle. Dyon immediately realized that this meant the Acacia family, despite being suppressed by the new major families, kept some reserves with them... reserves including that fantastically high leveled array.

After one last scan, Dyon was satisfied and walked into the castle unimpeded.

Removing his concealment array, Dyon looked around to find that the castle was oddly probably the only building in the Elvin City without an inner world.

It kept the medieval aesthetic, but with the stones made of marble and jade. Everything was grandiose and larger than life. It seemed the elves loved their pearly whites and murky greens because the color scheme was consistent throughout the whole city.

Dyon sighed. "Since we've reached this phase... I think it's appropriate to stop suppressing my personality now..."

In the next instant, it was like Dyon had become an entirely new person. His murky brown eyes shone brightly again in their usually hazel-green. The black flames that had constantly been faintly dancing around him were vanquished. He even smiled for the first time in weeks.

Dyon smirked to himself. Only he knew why he had suppressed his personality. But, what was clear was that everything had gone according to plan.

Finding a suitable place to place his ring, Dyon flashed into the spatial world.

\*\*

Within the world, Ri was meditating with a lake far away from everyone else. She usually did this in her mother's cave, but since Dyon had locked her in here, she could only make do.

She was pleasantly surprised by the lake's calming effect. She kept feeling a faint will of the purity path... but, she just couldn't remember if she had ever felt a will like it before.

Ri had taken off her armor and pants, leaving her tightly bandaged chest and plain underwear covered with a short transparent skirt. She felt most comfortable like this. So, she allowed herself to sink into the clear lake until the water level reached just below her nose.

But, no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't seem to manifest her soul.

'This is ridiculous,' she thought, 'if I can't manifest my soul with a 65% awakened aurora, aren't I useless?' she gnashed her teeth in frustration.

Ri felt like she needed a break.

Her water will surged, shooting her into the sky and high above the lake.

A smile spread across her face as she fell faster and faster towards the surface of the lake. Her arms and legs were out wide as the wind quickened around her, sending her long blue-silver hair flapping wildly.

SPLASH!

Ri giggled to herself, having fun. Although... the belly flop had hurt more than she thought it would.

She cupped her chest. "Ow... didn't I ask you guys to not get bigger?..."

Suddenly, a voice sounded from behind her. "Really? I wouldn't mind if they did though..."

Ri spun around to find a grinning Dyon, "Dyon!"

Ri was like the wind, immediately appearing before Dyon and kicking him in the shin.

"Agh..." Dyon bent over, smiling bitterly. But, before he could say anything, he felt his head invaded by a wetness as arms wrapped around him.

It took a while before Dyon realized that the wetness he felt was from Ri's body. Her long hair covered part of him as she pulled him tightly into her bandaged chest.

Although he felt awkward having to bend over like this since Ri was so much shorter than he was, he felt too bad to pull out of her grasp.

"You're so stupid," she whispered.

After some time passed, Dyon finally managed to wiggle out of Ri's embrace, he grinned at her taking in her appearance.

"I have to say... I like this outfit much better than the other one."

Ri rolled her eyes, "have you never seen a bikini before? How is this any different from that. Get your head out of the clouds."

Dyon smiled, he had always appreciated Ri's personality. Not many girls would be so nonchalant about being seen like this. But he also found it weird the martial world had bikinis. How could you have bikinis but no sweat pants? Ridiculous.

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something. "Say... Ri. I have a weird question, but I need you to answer honestly, okay?"

Ri, looked up at Dyon while wringing her hair dry. "No, I'm not marrying you, you pervert. How about you go ask your fiancée about that?"

Dyon chuckled. "That's not it. I only want to know whether or not elves have hearing that differs from humans."

Ri raised an eyebrow. "it really was a weird question... of course we do, we descend from gods you know? Even if our bodies no longer match up to god level constitutions, we're essentially all born with pseudo-earth level body constitutions."

"Pseudo?"

"Yea... They're more powerful than a common body, but not powerful enough to be an earth constitution. But, this base body also means that should one of us be born with a constitution, it'll be much more effective."

'Hm... so you can stack constitutions?'

"Ah, I guess it's nice having such great ancestors, hm? But, I don't mean hearing as in how soft of a sound you can catch. I mean as in the frequencies an elf can catch."

"Oh... then no, elves should hear in the same range as humans."

Ri looked at Dyon weirdly as he smiled wildly.

“What are you smiling about?”

Dyon shook his head. “I’m just enjoying the view of a beautiful girl, is there a problem?”

Ri rolled her eyes. “I’m tired of you already. You can go away now. And change your shirt, you look ridiculous.”

Chapter 199 Sappy

Dyon watched Ri adjust her chest bandages without a care for his eyes. ‘She really is an odd one...’

“Ugh... use your creation array to make me new and softer bandages. This thing is too tight and uncomfortable.”

Dyon’s array flashed, causing a blinding light to encase Ri.

Within, Ri suddenly felt her chest fall free, but was immediately tied down again in a loose and comfortable feeling.

Once the light faded, Dyon nodded in appreciation.

Ri looked down at herself in a mix of pleasure and confusion. “What are these... they’re springy, but tight, and yet still comfy?...”

Dyon grinned. “They’re from the human world. That,” Dyon said pointing to her chest, “is called a sports bra. And those,” Dyon said pointing to Ri’s new black pants, “are called yoga pants.”

“The human world sure does make fascinating things... but do the pants really need to cling to me like this. You’re already a pervert... I don’t need your eyes prying at me any more than usual,” thinking of something, Ri pointed to Dyon’s sweats, “gimme those.”

Dyon laughed diabolically as though this was exactly what he wanted. “At your service milady.”

With another flash of Dyon's purple-gold array, Ri stood before him in loose low hanging grey sweats and a black sports bra. Dyon couldn't help but sigh at the perfect of her figure.

"Your chest was so big all this time... yet you hid them... a waste of heaven's treasures."

Ri ignored Dyon. "Alright. You're tasked with making my wardrobe for the foreseeable future. Keep in mind that dark red is my favorite color."

Dyon smiled bitterly but nodded anyway. Ri hadn't asked for explanation for why he had locked her in here, or even about what had happened. She knew he'd let her know when the time was right, and that was enough for her. Dyon appreciated having a friend like this... especially since he knew that revealing things too early might ruin everything.

But, he decided to let her in on at least one thing. "You know, I already manifested my soul... a while ago actually."

Ri turned her gaze towards Dyon. "Really? When?"

Dyon chuckled. "Same night as Zaltarish."

Ri's brows furrowed before she thought of something. "You mean?... stop it, you brag too much."

But, before she could say anything else, Dyon released his manifestations for the first time.

The skies darkened, clouds rolling over.

The inner world shook under Dyon's oppressive manifestation.

A 20-meter-tall black-red pagoda boomed into existence, dripping with a blood red aura.

In front, a humanoid figure of Dyon stood at 5 meters tall, its massive wings seemingly wanting to blot out the sky.

The demon generals immediately felt something amiss, but then they smiled to themselves.

Arios chuckled. "It seems like Dyon is doing just fine..."

A beautiful female demon general stroked her long white hair, "it's not polite to try and force a girl to kneel you know..." she said pouting adorably.

This caused an uproarious laughter to spread through the generals.

Ri looked up at Dyon's manifestation, feeling an oppressive might. "It really was you..."

Ri hadn't been close to the city at the time the words appeared in the sky... but if something was domineering enough to cause such a thing to occur... it would be Dyon's manifestation.

Ri harrumphed. "Why are you telling me this now, show off."

Dyon's manifestations remained as he chuckled bitterly. But, it was an odd sound. His voice had deepened considerably and seemed overlaid by another voice.

"Of course, it's because I want your help. I have no idea where to begin in understanding this and I want to understand as much as I can in at most half a month."

"Why so quickly? What's happened?"

"Your cousin, Princess Acacia is making a move in two months time. I'm meant to make my affiliations with your alliance clear at that time."



A look of realization flashed across Ri's face. "So Alex is making her move... alright... it's not ideal, but I guess it can't be helped. The Sigebryht family and the Norville family are both getting bolder because of Zaltarish... but I guess that plan is about to fall flat on their faces."

Dyon smiled knowingly. 'I wonder how a supposedly secret marriage alliance became such common knowledge for the Acacia alliance,' despite thinking this, Dyon said nothing.

Ri continued. "I really hate banquets though... just do it without me. I'll help you with your manifestation though, I already have a few faint ideas of how it works..."

"I'll also help you manifest your soul... but not here. To make the biggest impact on those neutral families, don't you think releasing your soul in front of all of them would make the biggest impact?..."

Ri hesitated, "you can really do it?..." she asked hopefully. But, then she sighed, "it's probably not the best idea for me to do this..."

Dyon smiled sympathetically. "I know what you're thinking... but you know that the big plays or happening. It's time to put all our cards out on the table."

Ri sighed. "You and Alex are looking at this problem too simply... the problem was never about being powerful. If it was, my uncle's rule would have never been opposed and my father wouldn't be being suppressed even as a headmaster."

Dyon nodded. "I know. It's about the hate of the Acacia family."

Ri looked up at Dyon, surprised by how much he knew.

"Exactly... there's a reason a princess has to stay hidden so deeply. My uncle was the most powerful expert the Elvin Kingdom had birthed since coming to this universe.... Because he didn't want to rule through power, but reason, he was taken advantage of. And now, he's left for reasons unknown even to me and Alex... for all we know, he might have already died..."

Ri's eyes glistened with tears, but, she felt a firm hand on her shoulder. Before she could even react, Dyon pulled her into a tight hug.

"You've had a lot on your mind," he said faintly, "but, right now, I need you to trust me. When the time is right, I'll explain everything to you."

Ri felt odd. Dyon's manifestation was still there, so she felt an arrogant and overbearing will bearing down on her... but, it was oddly comforting. Because she knew that it wasn't pointed at her, but instead, her enemies.

Ri pinched Dyon's side.

"Alright, alright. Stop being so sappy. I'll believe you for now. Let's get to studying your manifestation."

#### Chapter 200 Something More

With that, Ri began helping Dyon understand his soul manifestation. It wasn't that Dyon couldn't do this alone, it was just that he felt at ease bouncing his ideas off of Ri like they had done the first time they met.

He felt like a weight had been lifted off of his heart. Although the death of Ms. Everdeen still hurt him deeply, and he still hated himself for allowing the orphans to go through what they went through, Dyon had only allowed himself to sink that deeply into a depressed state for a clear purpose. With that purpose fulfilled, he immediately pulled himself out... whether it was by will, or thinking of his close friends like Ri, or his love with Madeleine.

If Dyon was one to so easily fall into a depression, he would have long since given up. He was practically raised by his mother because his father spent so much time away from home. In fact, all Dyon knew about his dad was that he was an unyielding man... one who put duty above almost everything else. So, when Dyon lost his mother, he already felt lost. And yet, his dad was there to instill an iron will in him. An iron will that stayed even after even his dad left him too...

Dyon fought through adversity... it wasn't that he believed he could never truly slip into a state like that... but, he felt that, at least for now, he could fight it off. He could smile. He could make those around him feel better. And then, he could get revenge.

Suddenly, Ri's voice snapped him out of his stupor. "I have a feeling that your manifestation is pretty straight forward... well, your pagoda at least."

Dyon nodded. "I originally thought I learned sword will so quickly because my manifestation would be a sword..."

"Right, but instead, your manifestation is a literal weapon's hall... I doubt there's a weapon that exists you can't learn quickly..." Ri's voice held a faint amount of jealousy. This manifestation was truly too good, and yet she still hadn't gotten hers yet.

Dyon, sensing Ri's mood comforted her. "What's the use in learning so many weapons? I can only use one at a time anyway."

Ri flicked his forehead. "Idiot. Don't say stupid things to comfort me. I know you must already be aware of how important this could be.

Weapon's aren't limited to offensive types... well, more accurately, a weapon's hall isn't limited to offensive type items."

Dyon nodded as Ri continued.

"You have access to shields, and support weapons as well. In fact, I'm getting the faint feeling that what you manifest from your weapon's hall is based on your imagination rather than the restriction of your manifestation... truly unfair..." Ri pouted.

Dyon rubbed her head. "Don't be like that, I may not know much, but I do know that if you're still struggling with your manifestation even with the pill I gave you... your manifestation might surpass mine."

Ri waved Dyon's hand away. "Yea, yea, yea."

"In addition to supporting your understanding of weapons, it seems like your pagoda actually manifests weapons depending on your soul level too."

With a wave of his hand, Dyon's humanoid manifestation disappeared, and a white light charged out of the pagoda's door and into his hand.

He looked down at the white light, frowning. "Do you have any idea how to make this more useful? As of now, this sword seems flimsy... at most it's comparable to a peak common level weapon despite my soul being at the Lower Essence stage. In fact, I'm not too far from the Middle Essence stage."

Ri thought about this for a second. "Is that the only sword in the pagoda you can bring out? See how many you can take out at once."

Dyon focused his mind. It was draining having his manifestation out for so long, but this was a necessary step. In fact, Ri was surprised that Dyon could hold on for so long.

However, despite how Dyon focused, he could only pull out a single sword. But, when he thought of other weapons, vague representations everything he could think of came out. A shield, a whip, a spear...

Ri nodded. "As I thought, you can only pull out one manifestation of something at a time. But, concentrate on splitting the sword in your hand instead of calling another one out."

Dyon did as Ri said, and it miraculously worked. The sword split again and again, Dyon was beginning to think it would be endless until he felt a splitting headache.

"Stop it idiot, are you trying to kill yourself?"

Dyon immediately stopped. He found it odd though. He could bring out so many different weapons at once, but there was a limit to splitting a single weapon?

"What's going on?"

Ri, seemingly understood what Dyon was asking, "I think it has to do with sword cultivation. Something is supporting your manifestation of the sword, and whatever that is, is what's being split again and again. However, when you pull out different weapons, you're tapping into different power sources. You

realized how your sword was the most powerful among your weapons, right? I have a feeling if you tried to split the other weapons, you might not even be able to manage one time.”

Dyon nodded. The other weapons really did pale in comparison to the sword. But, he also got the faint feeling that if he focused on any one weapon, he could master it in a short time... a time even shorter than the week it took him to learn sword will to the 7th level.

Suddenly, it was Ri's turn to ask Dyon a question, “so, what do you think the use is of your weapon's pagoda if you have access to weapons higher than the common level?”

Dyon thought a bit.

“I get the faint feeling... that if I could absorb weapons, the spirit representations of the weapons in my pagoda would increase as well. But, there also seems to be a limit. For example, I don't think I could absorb a Spiritual level weapon. At most, I could probably do it with a peak practitioner to a low master level weapon... corresponding with my soul strength, of course.

“But... I'm also getting the feeling that absorbing weapons isn't what I should be doing... there's something more to it.”

Dyon began rifling through his master's memories to see if he could find something similar. What he found made him raise his eyebrows in interest.