

The Nameless 201

Chapter 201 Changing

Ri spoke. "There is indeed something else of a higher level of... I guess you could say purity. Because of how wills work, it's possible for even weapons to cultivate. There are phenomena that allow for those lucky enough to gain kernels of cultivation that were the product of a weapon's or element's will. For example, a kernel of fire that's cultivated for thousands of years could directly boost a user of fire will to a new level. It's also not just about power, but also affinity.

"There's of course a tradeoff because it's not your own power. Something like that might help you say... boost your peak will into an intent... but at a cost."

Dyon's eyes flashe., "These weapons from my pagoda..."

Ri nodded. "They're all kernels of cultivation. Essentially, you have a manifestation that allows you to raise weapons through their own cultivation forms. This allows you to boost your understanding of weapons, and temporarily boost your will... so, if you mastered your sword to the 7th level of will, you could use your sword kernel spirit to boost it to the 8th or 9th level... and..."

"But, since my sword will can reach the peak of the 9th level... it's possible that if the kernel is powerful enough, I can boost my sword will to an intent without having to step into the essence gathering level!"

Ri smiled. Despite her feigning jealousy, she was happy Dyon had gotten such a useful ability, but she had to warn him.

"Remember Dyon... there's a reason it's again the laws of the universe to comprehend an intent before stepping into the essence gathering stage. Unless your back is truly against the wall, don't do it!"

Dyon smiled at Ri, appreciating her concern. "Ai ai captain. So essentially, if I find more cultivation kernels to boost my sword spirit. Or, I further understand sword will myself."

Ri nodded. "If you do those things, the kernel increases in power, and the levels of wills to intents you can skip forward increases. But, so would the stress on your body. So, you'd better listen to me or I won't forgive you," she said sternly.

Dyon sighed. "There's got to be a cooler name for these things than kernel."

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead. "Haven't you been paying attention? I only called it that to explain the concept to you in simple terms. It's called a spirit. Sword spirit. Shield spirit. Spear spirit. That's what you call a weapon when it's gained autonomy and the ability to self-cultivate without a blacksmith improving it."

Dyon laughed. "Spirit, kernel... Both are bland. I think I'll call them abyssal cores. They're essentially containers for holding power, right? The more abyssal cores I find, and the more I fuse them with my own abyssal cores, the stronger I get."

Ri rolled her eyes. "Call them whatever you want. Just know everyone else calls them spirits."

Dyon grinned. "Now... my other manifestation may not be as straight forward to comprehend..."

Ri frowned as Dyon's humanoid figure appeared. It hovered in the air, it's one black and one white wing bearing down menacingly. But, what caught Ri's attention were the flaming golden black circles that formed a hexagonal pattern behind it.

Ri pointed. "Those circles seem interesting..."

Dyon nodded. As of now, only one image was clear, the eye at the very top. However, the other 5 flaming circles had images that floated into and out of existence, as though it wasn't quite in Dyon's power to understand them just yet.

At least, that was until he noticed something peculiar about the flaming circle hovering just behind the manifestation's black wing.

"That's... a black flame?"

Dyon himself was out of it for much of the past week. He needed to be in a state of mind like that to do what he needed to do. But, he could feel the familiarity of that image... it was the exact replica of the

flames that had been constantly burning in his eyes for the past few days... it felt so close... but so far away.

Ri turned her gaze to the flaming circle Dyon was looking at. "Black flame?... I don't think that's fire though... it's different."

Dyon shook his head. "It must have been my state of mind that prematurely awakened that circle. I believe the only one I have real access to is the circle containing the eye."

Ri nodded. The eye was indeed the only clear image, "what do you feel tapping into it?"

Dyon reached out his mind.

Suddenly, everything expanded for him.

Dyon groaned as his soul strength shot upwards, immediately breaking into the Higher Essence stage.

His aurora flared to life, shining brightly with its usual purple-gold color. But, there was now a distinct black undertone.

Dyon felt his body bulging under the pressure, struggling to keep up.

But... he didn't want to give up this feeling just yet.

With a thought, tens of creation arrays appeared. Almost comedically, hundreds of sweat pants and sports bras tailored for Ri poured out. Piling into colors of black, greys, and dark reds.

Unwilling to stop there, Dyon's weapon's hell arrays whirred to life, spinning viciously.

Ri watched this scene with her mouth nearly gaping. 'This is bullshit! His control of arrays was already so great, now you're giving him that ability to use even an array he struggled with before, the creation array, so freely? Ridiculous,' Ri felt like sobbing.

At this point Dyon was sweating profusely, but, he wanted to see just how far he could push this.

Suddenly, he felt something snap within him

BOOM!

Massive three-meter-long wings burst from Dyon's back. They seemed bathed in light but were somehow also real.... Very real judging by the blood pouring from Dyon's back...

Ri watched this intently. 'Wait a minute... weapon's hell array? I almost didn't recognize them! How can a lower level practitioner array be so powerful?!?'

Dyon hadn't even released the spears yet, but just the pressure bearing down on Ri made her feel as though she was suffocating.

Suddenly Ri thought of something. 'His control... is ridiculous...'

Dyon was doing something that had absolutely nothing to do with the original weapon's hell array: spinning them. The more powerful his soul became, the more furiously he could spin the array, making it one of his most used offensive techniques. In fact, he had practiced over his 6 months of conclusions to not only do this better, but to also fuse wills with the array. Although he had previously been able to do so... coating an array with different arrays and fusing them like he had done with space and time... were completely different concepts.

Dyon's wings flapped as he soared in the air, spreading his arms out as his body was bathed in blacks, whites, golds and purples.

Ri's eyes flashed blue as she activated her aurora to get a better look at the situation... and it seemed with each passing second, she only became more and more surprised.

'The arrays... they're changing.'

Chapter 202 Love

There in the sky, the ordinary lower level practitioner weapon's hell arrays were evolving. Their lines became more complex, their spinning became more vigorous, and they were even starting to pick up a faint purple characteristic that was exclusive to master level arrays.

'He can improve arrays in this state?!'

Suddenly, Dyon couldn't handle it anymore.

His wings disappeared in a flash of light and his arrays crumbled.

Ri jumped to her feet, rushing to catch Dyon before he hit the ground.

BOOM!

Ri slid along the ground with Dyon in her arms, trying to stop their momentum. "Oof, you're so heavy... a human shouldn't be this heavy..."

After they finally stopped, Ri looked at the now peacefully sleeping Dyon in her arms. The smile on his face almost made you forget that he was pale beyond belief. Blood seeped out of the corners of his mouth and his manifestation had long since disappeared. And to make things even worse, a profuse amount of blood was pouring out of his back from where the wings had been.

"AH!"

Ri pulled back startled as the hand she was using to hold Dyon's back seared with a heated pain.

"What the hell..." she whispered.

She, as gently as possible, propped Dyon up to look at his back in case there was something she needed to do to stop the heat.

But, what she saw only made her shake her head.

There, flames of black and gold were carving through the blood and Dyon's skin with no remorse. Line after line was drawn, continuously cutting deeply into the skin.

Time passed slowly as Ri could only watch what must have been a ridiculously painful process.

In the end, the blood dried and the flames finally stopped.

There, left on Dyon's back were two deeply etched tattoos. Each equally massive and majestic.

On his right, was a magnificently drawn black wing. And on the left was a magnificently drawn white wing.

Ri finally sighed in relief, setting the passed out Dyon down.

She could only shake her head. "Who asked you to have such a ridiculous manifestation..."

Ri sighed. Dyon's manifestations were indeed ridiculous... usually, in addition to special abilities, manifestations had the passive ability to directly boost your will, much like how Ores had summoned his flaming ax and boosted his flame and battle ax will. And yet, one of Dyon's manifestations was a human... something Ri had never seen before... which meant... there was no will Dyon couldn't boost...

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Far away from the spatial ring, outside of the Elvin City's inner forest, and well out of the range of the Elvin City outskirts, Aeson Acacia sweated profusely.

His light blue eyes and his bare torso glistened under the full moon as he pierced forward with his spear again and again.

The grass tore beneath his feet as the only sounds that rang out were his faint grunting.

Hours passed as he repeated the same motions again and again. Unwilling to allow himself any rest until he reached the peak of perfection.

Soon, Aeson's muscles ached to the point where he could barely lift his spear any longer.

He stood in the small clearing in front of a nearby lake, breathing heavily.

"I promise you... one day I'll shoulder all of your burdens."

Taking a last breath, Aeson slowly walked to the lake, stripping down and jumping in. He slowly meditated on his essence gathering technique, allowing faint spots of light to accumulate around him.

Suddenly, he heard the faint sounds of water separating, causing him to turn around violently.

"Who's there!"

But, the sight he was greeted with was beyond words.

Like a fairy, a girl with blue-silver hair gently waded into the water. Her clothes were nowhere to be found, making sure that the only sight reflected in the water was her fair and flawless skin.

Her eyes held a deep purity to them, and despite the truth of the matter, she was like the most beautiful woman in existence...

Aeson audibly gulped, having no idea what to do with himself.

“You – h – here ... why?”

The girl reached Aeson, shyly blushing under the moonlight as she pressed her exposed body against him.

Her gentle voice rang out. “Need you really ask?”

Aeson trembled feeling endless softness invade his arms.

But, his voice rang out resolutely. “I need to know... I’ve loved you for a long time... but you’ve never shown any interest...”

A faint voice rang out as the girl shyly buried her head into Aeson’s chest.

“It’s simple... you’re brave... strong... you have a story... and I want nothing more than to see you at your happiest...”

The girl paused, seemingly struggling with her next words. But, Aeson had heard all he needed to hear.

He tilted the girl’s chin up, looking her in her beautiful and calm eyes. He smiled gently.

“There’s nothing you need to be nervous about telling me...” he said softly.

The girl adorably nodded, still struggling with her words, she blushed profusely before continuing, “I want nothing more than to see you at your happiest...”

“Before I send you into endless despair...”

Aeson had no time to react as a dagger appeared in his chest.

He looked down in disbelief, unwilling to believe what just happened.

Blood spilled out of his mouth as he choked his last words out.

“You’re not Ri... the Sigebryht family sent you...”

Aeson’s eyes dimmed... the last thing he heard was something that sent him to the next world full of grievances.

“Love... what a useless emotion... maybe if you paid attention, you would have realized my chest is much bigger than that Ri girl of yours.”

‘Ri’ laughed. “I made that mistake on purpose just to see if you’d notice... but you’re just like every other man... thinking with your dick and not with your head.”

The woman laughed madly, her cadence without rhyme or reason, crossing from a shrill screech to a hollow cackle. Just listening to her made one’s blood curdle. This was a person who had lost their mind.

Chapter 203 Competition

Days later, Dyon awoke to find himself lying on a bed of grass. Suddenly, he felt bad.

‘I didn’t give them good places to sleep! I’m such an idiot.’

But, before he could get up, he noticed something weighing on his chest.

There, an adorable five-year-old girl slept soundly, her small hands gripping Dyon’s shirt. Next to her laid Little Black, taking a leisurely nap without a worry in the world.

A dull pain invaded Dyon’s heart. ‘I’m really not good enough to you, hm little Lyla?’ Dyon gently stroked the little girl’s long pink hair.

“Mm,” Lyla stirred, feeling a familiar touch, “big brother?”

Suddenly, she started awake, grabbing onto Dyon’s neck and sobbing.

Dyon held her for a long time. It seemed she wanted to say something but couldn’t get the words out. He could only sigh.

“It’s okay Little Lyla, big brother’s okay. He’s not going anywhere.”

Dyon gently circulated his celestial will and aurora, improving the little girl’s mood until she finally calmed down enough to wipe her tears and smile.

“Are you sure you’re okay, big brother?” she said softly.

Dyon pinched Lyla’s cheeks, causing her to giggle. “This is just a small injury, don’t worry about it.”

Lyla shook her head quickly from side to side, “that’s not what I meant..”

But, before Dyon could ask her about it, there was a sudden rush of kids.

Dyon smiled at the sight, even noticing Ri watching from nearby with a smile on her face.

“Okay, okay. I’m back now, did you all have a fun time?”

Nopos shook his head, water flying everywhere since they had just been playing in the lake.

“Big brother, we had a lot of fun. But you sent too much food!”

Dyon was stunned for a bit, before he broke out into laughter.

Just like that, Dyon spent a good long while playing with the children. Then, he made up for his mistakes by diligently making living quarters for everyone.

The inner world of the spatial ring was massive. Even the Celestial Deer Sect ruins were miles away from sight. If Dyon wanted, it would be no problem to even create an entire country here. But, a single building for the kids near their favorite lake was enough. And this one, he made even more fun and elaborate than the original orphanage.

When Dyon was done, he went around to the demon generals to see if they too wanted living arrangements of their own, but they only shook their heads.

“We’re used to campaigning, successor. Hard beds and barely pitched tents is what we’re used to.”

Dyon shook his head in disagreement, “campaigning with me will be different. With my aurora, what in this world can’t I make you?”

With a laugh, Dyon ignored the wishes of the generals, directly making each of them their own well-furnished tents. It took days, and often times he would almost pass out from exhaustion, but he found this to be worth it.

Soon, Dyon was in his own tent looking around with a content smile on his face.

The tent itself was about 40 meters squared and had a ceiling reaching at least four meters tall. The hard grass had been replaced by soft carpet, and a comfortable king-sized bed stood at the edge of the room. Dyon picked darker colors for his tent, trying to avoid any blinding lights.

Suddenly, Dyon had a thought. ‘Maybe I should make the kids computers... it would help improve their reasoning abilities, and it would be fun, no?’

But, before Dyon could finish that thought, he heard the flaps of his tent open.

He looked up to find Ri. Dressed in lowcut sweat pants and a black sports bra, her hair still waved around with distracting purity.

But, at this moment, she was glaring at Dyon. "You make everyone tents but me? What are you getting at here."

Dyon grinned. "Can't you see how large this bed is? Why would I need to make you a separate tent?"

Ri rolled her eyes. "I know what you're trying to do, and it won't work. You'll be taking me with you as well."

Dyon suddenly had a pensive look on his face, getting up to stand so closely to Ri that they nearly touched.

Dyon spoke softly. "You know... I've figured out a lot of things over the past week... things that have made me question a lot of what I know, and a lot of what I hope for."

Ri looked up at Dyon, hands on her hips and still unyielding. But, she listened intently.

"When the time is right... you'll know what I've come to know too... But, the question is: would you still be willing to come with me after that?"

Ri stared at Dyon for a good long while, before she finally said just as resolutely.

"You're taking me with you. Make me a tent. And, whatever you're planning on doing on the outside. You're taking me with you then too. Don't think I won't kick your ass into submission. Over power, crap manifestation or not, I doubt you're a match for me."

Looking at Ri's defiant will, Dyon smiled, suddenly tilting her chin up.

Ri was startled by his sudden change but didn't make a move to stop him for reasons even she didn't know.

Dyon's voice was gentle, soft and honest. "You know... if I hadn't met Madeleine first, you probably would have won the competition."

Ri didn't even know how to process Dyon's words. What competition? Madeleine first? Ri felt that she was just a girl of normal appearance. And yet, despite the fact Dyon had seen what the Elvin Kingdom had to offer... despite the fact she was sure he was being bribed with endless beauties... despite the fact his fiancée was peerless among women... he said these words to her?

However, another portion of her was angry, not at losing, but rather to have been forced into a competition at all. Why did she have to compete for a man she liked? Didn't this bastard know how to choose his words better?

Wait, who said she liked him?!

Ri didn't seem to realize she was debating with herself. The result, though, was her ignoring that she had ever had such a thought to begin with, only to feign ignorance.

Chapter 204 Slander

An odd look appeared on Ri's face. "What are you talking about?"

Dyon grinned. "The competition to be my first wife of course."

Ri looked up at the shameless bastard holding her chin and rolled her eyes. Slapping Dyon's hand away, she pretended as though there wasn't a faint, bittersweet happiness in her heart. But, she buried it deeply. This was not the time for such things... nor did she know if there ever would be.

Ri harrumphed. "No one wants to be the second wife to such an annoying bastard like you. Now make me my tent!"

Dyon sighed, suddenly remembering the words Madeleine had left him with the night before the legacy world opening. She reminded him that he would often have a massive impact on the lives of people around him without even realizing it... but this time, Ri made him pay attention... no one was more aware than he just how big of an impact he'd make on her life in just two months time.

He felt odd. He had Madeleine in his heart because she was strong willed, unyielding, and willing to sacrifice her dignity to pay back a debt she thought she owed him. And even now, she was working as hard as she could so she could one day be by Dyon's side. And, by the stories Dyon was hearing, she had already surpassed him as ridiculous as that sounded.

But, then there was Ri. She obviously had a story, but he hadn't yet grasped why he was drawn to her. Was it because his demonic will didn't work on her so she seemed more real? Was it because her appearance was more like a beautiful mortal realm woman than someone from the martial world? Was it because she was understanding? Or maybe it was her fiery personality? Her intelligence? Dyon didn't know. And he wasn't willing to say any more than he already had on the matter until he did...

Whether in the end they would be words of friendship, or words of love... he didn't know. But, he did know he had gotten a friend of a lifetime in Ri. And he wanted to treasure that.

Ri suddenly flicked Dyon's forehead. "Stop thinking about useless things," she looked into Dyon's eyes as though she could see through him.

Dyon smiled, grabbing Ri's hand. "Let's go!"

With a flash, Ri and Dyon disappeared from the spatial world.

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Far away from the castle, within the Acacia secret underground facility, a raging storm was building up as a heated discussion continued without end.

"We just lost one of our best geniuses for the future and you want to still talk about the princess' reappearance?!"

It seemed like it didn't matter who was speaking, the rage everyone was feeling was palpable.

“What are you expecting us to do?! Shrink back?! Were you expecting to win this kingdom back with no shed blood?!”

“How about we talk about something more important! Like finding out who killed Aeson instead of harping on the process afterwards?! Do you all think that just because he was an orphan, that he wasn’t one of us?!” This time Elder Flyleaf flew into a rage.

These major families were supposedly on the side of good, and yet they still put up barriers like this. He knew these words coming from a simple sub-family leader wouldn’t mean much, but, he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

An elder of the Ingram family bellowed at Elder Flyleaf. “Since when was it your turn to speak in functions like this one?! You’re a glorified doorman, don’t overstep your boundaries!”

An elder of the Coventine family stepped in to strengthen the point, “and plus! Isn’t it the boy YOU brought here that’s responsible for all of this? You think a human can be trusted? You saw his devilish killing intent with your own eyes! And now you try and pretend like we don’t know who could be responsible?! Ridiculous!”

Elder Flyleaf shook with rage, but before she could answer, a young lady’s voice rang out. Her body was shaking, and she was pale under the pressure of such experts, but the tears glistening in her resolute eyes didn’t seem to care for her appearance or proper etiquette.

“I won’t allow you to speak ill of Dyon! I know this had nothing to do with him!”

Everyone fell silent, looking towards a beautiful girl with silver hair and purple-blue eyes.

But, the silence didn’t last for long before a sneer came from the Ingram elder.

“Of course you’d say something so ridiculous. We found you warming his bed. If he wasn’t responsible, then where is he now?! Why hasn’t he come to defend himself!?”

Jade paled even further, before she felt a warmth envelop her. “Who do you think you are to speak ill of my daughter! Watch your mouth, or else I’ll watch it for you. You dare pressure a member of the younger generation like this?! You think she’d be able to lie to her family about whether or not she retained her virginity?! How dare you say those words?!”

The Ingram elder continued to sneer, unperturbed.

“Wyn Eostre... have you grown senile with old age? Why would you think we’d ever believe your words? We’re just supposed to accept that because the almighty Eostre family can play the fake role of True Empath that we should hang on their every word?! If it wasn’t for your shit family being so useless, how could our king still be missing?! If you’re so great, how about you go and read the minds of the grand elders and tell us what the fuck is going on!”

Elder Wyn Eostre clenched his teeth with rage. “Say those words one more time and see if I don’t decapitate you where you stand! Ingram family or not, your words have consequences!”

The Ingram elder stood taut, ready for Jade’s father to attack at any time.

To Wyn, it was the entire truth that his daughter retained her virginity. It was impossible for her to lie to him, for the same reason few truths escaped the Eostre family. And yet, they still slandered their family’s name? What good major families they were!

Chapter 205 Ignorance

“ENOUGH!” Princess Acacia’s booming voice reigned over the hordes of major family members.

“Elder Ingram. Immediately apologize to the Eostre family. Insulting a virgin maiden of a major family is not a small crime. Do not hesitate to follow my orders or your punishment will be the crippling of your cultivation. You have three seconds.”

The hall fell silent... they had never seen the princess be so tyrannical... Despite the fact they acknowledged her as their interim ruler, many felt that it was only in name. But, they suddenly realized that in the 10 years the king had been gone... the little girl had grown up.

Elder Ingram trembled with rage, but didn’t dare disobey. Bowing, he said his apologies. “I spoke rashly... please forgive me.”

Wyn Eostre nodded, not wanting to offend the princess by holding a grudge.

With the matter settled, the princess spoke again. "Whether or not Dyon was involved in this isn't something that can be concluded upon until he's been confronted. However, as of now, it is in our best interest to assume the worst-case scenario: Dyon has defected to the Sigebryht family and our location and plans are in jeopardy."

A deep breath was sucked out of the air as the major families listened to Princess Acacia's words.

"This worst-case scenario also includes the kidnapping of my younger cousin. Therefore, should Dyon be spotted, this must be handled with the utmost care. He is intelligent... he's already told us exactly what offending him would mean... therefore, he's near untouchable now. I'm not willing to give up on my cousin because with the loss of Dyon and Aeson, she's our last hope."

The major families were secretly impressed with the princess. She calmly spoke of the worst-case scenario as though despite all of this, they could still succeed.

Despite the words not being said, everyone inwardly thought them. The princess was noting down the worst case, because it was highly unlikely that it would be true. Because of this, whenever the real situation was figured out, it would mean that any case other than that worst one, would put them in a better situation.

It was a simple mind game... but one that would be effective nonetheless.

Despite this, Jade's eyes glistened with tears. To everyone who could see her, they could only feel pity. It was clear that it hurt her to see someone she cared for treated like a criminal.

Suddenly, the princess waved her hand. "We aren't in the state of mind to continue this discussion. Go home. Cool down. This plan was never meant to be completed quickly. When I said within two decades. I meant every word of it. This isn't over. Not by a longshot."

The princess stood to leave. Her long deep blue hair swayed behind her along with her clear blue dress.

Her back was straight and tall. It was clear to everyone that she wasn't yielding under the pressure.

Unbeknownst to everyone, the princess looked down at an unassuming wooden ring, thinking to herself.

'If I had believed you... Aeson wouldn't have died...' the princess chuckled silently, 'the worst part is you knew I wouldn't believe you, so the second step of your plan already hinged on Aeson's death... just what level of foreplanning and intelligence have you reached...?'

'If you were right about that... does that mean...?'

Suddenly...

BOOM!

Large cacophonous sounds blasted the underground facility. The place shook. It felt like everything was coming down.

The ground quaked, the ceiling threatened to collapse, and it soon became difficult to hear anything over the screeching, high pitched whine that hung in their ears.

"Princess!"

The missing palace guards Dyon couldn't locate surrounded the princess, immediately moving her into one of the various escape tunnels.

The surroundings shook, the array just barely holding up.

And yet, what the guards and the princess didn't know, was the sounds had long since stopped in the main hall... and only one group of escapees was followed...

One this was made clear... the perpetrators had no interest in the major families... they only wanted the princess dead.

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The guards and the princess burst into the forest, breathing heavily.

The sounds of their footsteps rumbled in concert with an eerie feeling. They had one destination: Ri's Mother's Cave.

The guards knew very well that they wouldn't be able to enter... But, they were willing to sacrifice themselves for the princess. Not only for what she had done for them, but also what her father had done.

But, it seemed they'd never get the chance... Before they could even orient themselves correctly, endless shadows seemed to fall from the sky to surround them.

They said nothing and made no sounds. It was as though they weren't even breathing. But, one thing was clear: each and everyone was a high-level saint... they stood no chance.

They had played right into the hands of the enemy. They somehow also knew that in case of emergency, the major families and the princess would split themselves amongst tens of tunnels, hoping to protect the princess by forcing the pursuers to follow the wrong lead. And yet... they had seen through it so easily.

The princess trembled, clutching the ring in her hand. 'I should have listened to you...'

Dyon had left the princess two paths. With one he wrote about how in the very unlikely chance that lightning struck the ground five times in a single space and she actually believed him about Aeson, everything would be easy... But, the second plan... the one she now had no choice but to follow... meant sacrificing herself for the sake of the kingdom.

'I guess we all pay for our ignorance...'

The princess slipped the ring on, staring at the powerful experts in the most direct way possible.

The last thoughts the princess had before a raging tempest of energy ended everything, were her final wishes. 'I hope I've helped you well Ri... live on... be strong... Dyon... I hope my sacrifice fulfills the role you want it to...'

Chapter 206 Ladies First

Holding onto Ri's hand, Dyon flashed into the castle.

Ri looked around stunned. "We're... this is the castle... How?..."

Suddenly, Ri blushed, realizing she was holding onto Dyon's hand too tightly and went to let go. But, Dyon's grip was firm.

"Don't let go. I'm not sure what'll happen if you're not connected to me. Remember, the words in the sky are the only reason we can be here... if the elders can't handle it, I don't want to think about what would happen to you if you let go."

Ri froze. Dyon was right. But, she felt an odd feeling holding onto his hand like this. But, that feeling disappeared when she heard the next thing Dyon said.

"Your hand is too dainty and small," Dyon kneaded it playfully, "so soft. Bringing you along is definitely worth it."

Ri rolled her eyes, but still didn't dare let go of Dyon's hand. Instead, she flicked his forehead with her other one. Why couldn't he be serious for once? He had completely overcorrected from that angsty teen he was not long ago.

"Focus you idiot! What are we doing here?"

Dyon got a serious expression on his face.

“At first, I wanted to leave my spatial ring with you in case anything bad happened where we’re going... but you insisted on coming... and I don’t know if the ring will be able to handle not being connected to me.”

Ri looked confused. “What are you talking about?”

Dyon shrugged leisurely. “Elder Flyleaf told me that because the Elves are so good at spatial magic, they took everything importance with them... so, wouldn’t that mean that your ‘dead kings valley’ is somewhere around here? Where else could it be?”

Ri was stunned. “You want to enter that death trap? And you wanted to do it alone?! What’s wrong with you! Do you even know anything about it?!”

Ri only got more anger when she noticed Dyon was smiling gently at her.

“UGH! You’re so reckless! There’s only one place in this city that has information about that place. And, it’s not even this castle. If you were hoping to find out something about it here, you’re out of luck. And considering how exclusive the place I’m talking about is, it’s unlikely you’ve been there,” Ri pulled on Dyon’s hand as she stormed forward, “I can’t believe you!”

Dyon chuckled. He knew exactly what place Ri was talking about. But he didn’t tell her that, he was having a fun time watching how concerned she was. She truly did make being a tsundere adorable.

‘Is tsundere even the proper characterization for this woman? She’s not hiding the fact she cares. She’s just being angry while she cares... what do you even call that... I got it!’

“Ri, my little feu glace, don’t be so angry!”

Ri continued storming through the castle, going up stairs, down corridors, and through secret rooms. Everything was like a maze, yet, Ri never hesitated in her movements.

Finally, she stopped in front of an unassuming door. “What the hell does feu glace mean?”

Dyon smiled. "It means fire ice in French, you like it?"

Ri looked at Dyon confused. "Why are you calling me that?"

"Obviously because you're a great combination of the two," Dyon said grinning.

Ri sighed, too tired to deal with Dyon's antics. She didn't know what 'French' was, but she assumed by the context that it was a language of some sort.

"Beyond this door is a long corridor. It looks simple, but if anyone other than me or the princess touched this door, they would die. You coming here alone was suicide," Ri flicked Dyon's forehead, "think before you act next time."

Dyon chuckled. He of course knew things wouldn't be so simple, but, before Ri forced him to take her with him, he had already prepared numerous counter measures... of which included a small-scale teleportation array. At his current level, Dyon could create a teleportation array that spanned a 10km radius. Although that was nowhere near the level of the array he used to come to the Elvin Kingdom and negligible considering the sheer size of the planet, it was more than enough to teleport from one side of a door to another. What would defenses mean to him then?

All Dyon had to do was to sense whether or not the door had any protections against said teleportation, then he'd be good to go. He could already tell that it didn't, so he wouldn't have even had to use his second plan.

If the door had happened to have protections against teleportation, though, Dyon would have simply created array puppets to trigger the doors mechanism again and again until they were weak enough for him to pierce through. It was a crude plan... but effective regardless.

Because of his past of being tricked by those in disguise, namely Chenglei and his attempt to kill Dyon in the legacy world, Dyon spent a lot more time studying disguising techniques corresponding to array alchemy. It was nothing too difficult actually.

But, because of his relatively low level in array alchemy, he could only manipulate how light reflected off of things to trick those watching. Essentially, he could make himself, inanimate objects, or anyone else,

look like a completely different person or thing for an extended period of time. Then, from afar, he could place arrays within them to manipulate their movements.

Using these techniques, tricking a security system into tripping itself was easy. He didn't even have to go the extra step of making the object look human. All he needed to do was manipulate the movement of a humanoid array... which could easily be accomplished by changing the form of a defensive array.

Despite all of that preparation, Dyon ended up not needing to use it. But, he knew Ri knew he was smarter than what she was saying, so, he let it slide.

"Ladies first," Dyon grinned.

Ri rolled her eyes, reaching for the door.

To Ri's touch, a slight glow appeared on the surface of the door, before it pushed in.

Chapter 207 KNEEL!

As they walked towards the end of the long corridor, Ri started to hesitate.

"You know... no one has had the right to enter Dead Kings Valley for a long time..."

Dyon looked over at Ri. She was still dressed in an alluring sports bra, and the greyish pair of sweat pants hung loosely to her curved hips. Dyon didn't know why, but he always found it hard to not get distracted looking at her. Despite her supposedly 'normal' appearance, her body and everything else was anything but.

"After we came here to this universe, there was a temp ban placed on entering because without True Empaths, coupled with the declining genius of the younger generation, it was basically suicide..."

But, even after the ranking tome finally acknowledged the first True Empath in millennia, the ruler 2 spots before my uncle, and we reopened the world... our geniuses had degraded to the point where even with a guide, we were a lost cause."

Dyon listened carefully. Much of this he had already guessed.

The level of the Elvin Kingdom of old had reached unprecedented heights. In fact, he was very clear on the fact that the universe they came from was one he probably couldn't even fathom the strength of. And yet, their younger generation declined to the point where a human boy like him could contend with geniuses 5 or more years his elder? How would that have ever been the case if they had the strength they used to?

Dyon was very clear on the fact that he needed to get stronger. Right now, he was in one of the weakest universes in existence, and his starting point was even lower than the supposed geniuses here.

In this universe, he could fight against experts many cultivation levels higher than him... but would that really be the case elsewhere?

When he met Thor, he couldn't have been more than 19 years old... maybe he hadn't even stepped out of his 18th year of life. That was the same age as Elof... the same age as Ores... the same age as Baal... and yet, he felt like an insurmountable mountain. Like Dyon had no business even thinking about facing him.

An experience like that made Dyon's blood boil. He hated feeling inferior, but he wasn't blindly arrogant. Since that time, he had put in ridiculous amounts of work. And he would continue to. Until there wasn't a genius in existence he wouldn't be above.

However, these same things couldn't be said of the Elvin geniuses. They were still rapidly declining. In fact, from the words of Elder Dior, the Elvin Kingdom only had access to lower level heaven techniques. This made Dyon immediately realize something...

If Elder Flyleaf said they had managed to bring everything with them... and yet the Elves only had techniques that massively paled in comparison to the Celestial Deer Sect... then that could only mean that the rest of the techniques were within their legacy world.

Dyon wasn't interested in some divine techniques. He already had those. What he wanted were the singularity techniques of the 3 ancient Elvin Clans...

While Dyon thought, Ri continued, “so... because sending them in even with a True Empath was still suicide... the king at the time decided to lock the world down... waiting for a time where a genius worthy enough would be born.”

Ri took a deep breath as they reached the end of the corridor. “I have feeling that in the banquet you mentioned two months from now... Zaltarish and his family will petition to enter this world.”

Dyon nodded in agreement, “makes sense,” then Dyon grinned, “before we enter what I have to assume is the final room, what else do you want me to know?”

Ri kicked the back of Dyon knees. “Can’t you be serious! I’m about to risk my life for you because you’re an idiot who can’t tell stupidity from bravery,” Ri turned away, clearly annoyed.

Dyon released Ri’s hand and patted her head, enjoying the partly ice cold, but still gentle feeling.

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’m an unprecedented genius. And you’re always telling me that you’re still better, no? Then how could we possibly be risking our lives?”

Ri looked up at Dyon sighing. “Without my manifestation... it’ll be difficult for me,” she said softly.

Dyon pinched Ri’s cheek, snorting. “As if I’d let something happen to you. Let’s go!”

With that, Dyon pushed the door without a shred of hesitation... and as he expected... even the words he left in the sky had no effect on this room.

The eerie fog rolled along the ground as the portal swirled before Ri and Dyon.

The statues stood majestically on either side, backs straight. The pressure coming off of them was palpable.

When Dyon tried to scan them with his aurora, he felt a searing pain in eyes that made him blink quickly in response.

'Those statues... they aren't normal...'

Ri watched Dyon's back as he stared at the statues. 'Does he not know it's not normal to stand in front of those statues as though nothing was happening?'

Ri stood slightly behind Dyon and she was fully aware that she was being shielded from the pressure. She had no idea if she would even be able to stand if it wasn't for Dyon.

To Ri, she was sure that she was a great talent. In fact, she was sure her talent likely didn't lose out to Dyon's... but standing in front of these statues took more than talent... it took having the will of a ruler.

Ri sighed to herself, 'and after all these years... I thought I changed... all those plans, all that training, yet I'm content to stand with his help'

The truth was that Ri wasn't always someone who loved having a lot of responsibility. It was only after her mother left... then her uncle left... that she realized something needed to change within her. But, it was clear she didn't have Dyon's disposition.

She was caring, supportive, understanding. She was willing to risk her life if it meant having a chance to make sure nothing happened to Dyon... Whether that be because he was acknowledged by her mother, or because he cared enough to let her taste Ice Petal's Dance again, or because of his love and care for children he could have easily ignored... she didn't know what it was exactly. But, she knew Dyon was someone she wanted in her life. Whether she ended up standing behind him, or beside him... and maybe when it was the right time... in front of him.

Suddenly, Ri felt a strong and gentle warmth grab her hand. She looked up to find Dyon smiling at her. It was suddenly very clear to her that she had been trembling.

Dyon pulled Ri to his side, making his thoughts clear.

He turned back towards the statues, his eyes sharpening and his aura bright.

Dyon's voice boomed. "Don't you know who you're in the presence of?! KNEEL!"

Chapter 208 Raid

BOOM!

Dyon's manifestations erupted.

His weapon's pagoda leered domineeringly, dripping with a blood red aura.

Wings burst from his back, one wrapping around Ri as his energy continued to rise.

Ri was stunned. 'What's he doing...'

When Dyon had thought those statues weren't normal... he couldn't have been more correct.

These statues were the guardians of Dead Kings Valley. At their peak, their power was unprecedented. Even with the ravages of time, their power wouldn't pale in comparison to a lower Celestial Stage expert. And yet Dyon asked them to kneel!

Ri felt the warmth of Dyon's wing and the softness of its feathers, blushing when her hands found their way to his bare torso, but she couldn't help but warn him.

"Dyon... those statues are there to make sure anyone entering can handle the pressure of the realm... although they're puppets, I'm sure you know that the greatest of treasures can gain sentience... just like your supposed abyssal cores. It's best you don't offend th –"

Ri's words were cut off with endless shock. There in front of her, the majestically armored statues suddenly moved.

With no thought of reservation or hesitancy, they bowed.

Their knees touched the ground, their heads leaning forward in reverence. Suddenly, all the pressure in the room vanished.

Dyon smiled. His manifestation disappearing, he looked down at Ri.

“See? We just needed to ask nicely.”

Ri was stunned, but when she noticed Dyon still had his arm around her, she lightly pushed him away, pouting.

“You’re so reckless. Are you really so prideful that you had to make statues that are literally millions of years old, kneel for you?”

Dyon chuckled. “Kneel for me? You’re mistaken. How could I let them stand so domineeringly when there’s clearly a beautiful lady is here with me? Is beauty not worth kneeling for?”

Dyon’s carefree laughter boomed as he walked forward, leaving Ri speechless.

Walking forward until he was nearly upon the portal, Dyon patted the shoulder of one of the guardians.

“You come with me,” looking over at the other he continued, “you stay here... if we’re gonna cheat, I think only one of you is necessary.”

Ri looked at the scene wide eyed as the statue stood and nodded, standing dominantly at more than 10 meters, and still respectfully standing behind Dyon.

The statues themselves were covered in cracked stone... it was clear the wear and tear of time was affecting them.

Dyon looked up in pity. “I’m not powerful enough to fix you to your peak right now... but once everything here is settled, I can at least make you look better than old and cracked stone. And, once I reach the proper level of power, even a dao formation stage expert will think twice about fighting you!”

Ri looked on as she thought she saw a flash of appreciation cross the faces of the statues.

'Just who is this man... Dyon...'

Suddenly Ri thought of something. "These statues... they were part of your plan? How could you even know they were here?... unless!"

Dyon laughed. "Of course, I've been to the place you're thinking of," Dyon turned back to Ri, "and once the day of that banquet comes, everyone will come to know the price for playing games with me."

Ri looked at Dyon, a complicated expression on her face.

'He knows... doesn't he... and here I thought I was intelligent,' Ri chuckled to herself, 'how many years have us Elvin Families spent planning? For everything to be seen through by a human boy who hasn't even been here a month?' Ri sighed, 'I guess there's solace in the fact he's the only one to ever figure it out...'

Dyon smiled at Ri. "When you come to know how I put everything together... you'll realize it was more luck than anything else. If not, it would have taken me much longer."

Dyon waved towards Ri. "Come on... don't you know how fun it is to play a game with a list of cheat codes?" Dyon grinned, knowing very well Ri had no idea what he was talking about.

Ri looked apprehensive though. "You know dead kings valley is very particular right... you can't just use external power sources like this..."

A sudden look of realization hit Dyon.

"Ah, you're right," Dyon waved his hand, a complex purple-gold formation appearing.

Suddenly, a look of disgust appeared on Dyon's face.

“This’ll take too many hours to draw... maybe days... unless,” Dyon grinned.

BOOM!

Massive three meter wings appeared on Dyon’s back, his humanoid manifestation appearing domineeringly.

The peak circle of flaming black-gold glowed viciously.

Dyon’s aurora erupted, his soul stage jumping immediately to the peak of the Higher Essence stage as his base soul stage broke through into the Middle Essence stage.

The speed of the array increased drastically. Complex lines cut through the air, leaving behind an endless feeling of majesty and precision.

Mesmerized, Ri didn’t even notice when half an hour passed.

Dyon looked almost like a ghost. His eyes sunk into their sockets and his lean but strong torso looked as though it had lost twenty pounds.

But, he still pushed through as the last line was drawn in the air.

Pushing his hand forward, the array slowly fused with the statue, causing a small tremor to pass through it.

Dyon stumbled but was caught by the statue.

Ri sighed in relief as she watched Dyon slowly burn his aurora to heal himself.

Soon, Dyon looked back to health. It had already been a day and a half since he completed the array, but, all that mattered was that he was doing much better now.

Dyon turned to Ri was soundly meditating, seemingly still trying to manifest her soul.

Walking over silently, Dyon rubbed her head.

Ri opened her eyes to find a shining pair of pure hazel-green eyes. "What exactly did you do?"

"Well, you said we're not allowed external help, right? Isn't puppet making a facet of array alchemy? Aren't puppets weapons? So, if it's under my ownership and I trick the world into thinking it's my creation, it's my power, no?"

Dyon grinned.

Ri trembled. Dyon made it sound so simple... what could be simple about gaining ownership of a puppet that was a peak level dao formation stage expert in its prime... the sheer complexity of the arrays that made it would send even experts of that level into a frenzy. And yet Dyon weaved his way through to leave his mark?... just like that...? A puppet made by someone who had a soul stage thousands of times greater than Dyon's own...

Dyon laughed. "You're thinking too much... maybe at its peak it would be too much for me, but many of its defenses have degraded and the complexity of the arrays have lessened. Also, it has sentience and is willing to follow us. That only made it easier, no?"

Ri rolled her eyes. "I'm sure your fiancée is fed up with how you make impossible things sound so simple. Whatever, let's go."

Dyon smiled. "Alright, let's go," Ri was stunned as Dyon grabbed her waist, leaping with her to broad shoulder of the statue, "think about it, we'll be tested on talent for our cultivation... but we have a celestial level expert with us... what could be a better cheat than this," Dyon laughed as though he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

“Cheater,” Ri pouted.

Dyon grinned. “Well, think about it this way. I can only leave them in my ring when we go campaigning. So, I might as well make full use of them now, no?”

Ri rolled her eyes. “You’ll probably just find a new way to cheat. You think every campaign leader can have ‘demon generals’? You’ve already entered your supposed ‘cheat codes’.”

Dyon was stunned before she realized she was right. But, this only sent him into another fit of laughter.

Wiping the tears from his eyes, Dyon finally looked up.

“Welp, little feu glace... let’s go raid your ancestors!”

Chapter 209 That Boy...

Dyon and Ri sat comfortably, each on one shoulder of the stone puppet.

The world around them was a dense bluish-white fog... so dense, in fact, that it was hard to see even a hand they placed directly in front of their face.

Dyon could faintly feel that as they walked forward, the pressure around them was increasing.

‘This is probably the part of the world that requires a True Empath to see through... what is hiding here? And this pressure it’s... a time limit?’

Using his aurora to constantly keep tabs on Ri, Dyon felt more secure about her safety. But, he still kept his senses sharp. The reason was simple. In the past, a True Empath would have led the young geniuses through this area. These True Empaths would have been so rare that it was unlikely that it could have been anyone else but the King or Queen of the time... after taking that into consideration, how could the King or Queen of the ancient Elvin Kingdom be a mere lower Celestial stage being?

As such, Dyon lied to Ri to help her feel better... telling her that they'd be able to cheat their way through, when that may only be the case after they left this fog. After all, if even the almighty True Empaths of old couldn't protect all of the geniuses, how could a broken-down puppet do so?

Dyon knew that Ri most likely understood he was lying for her benefit. But, he still moved forward with utmost confidence in his actions. For one, he refused to give up such an opportunity... he had to use the energy etching the words into the sky for another purpose soon as part of his plan, so he couldn't use them to keep the castle vacant forever. The second reason was that he knew regardless of the danger, Ri would insist on coming. With that set in stone... the only option was to continue forward.

Ri wasn't a damsel to be protected. Dyon knew fully well that the only reason he handled the stone guardians better than she did was that he had been prepared. Ri could have adjusted on her own. If she couldn't have, how would a simple touch from Dyon snap her out of her fearful state?

Dyon's aurora suddenly picked up something odd. 'There's spatial distortion everywhere...'

"Ri?"

"Yes?"

"I'm about to command the puppet to make some odd movements so we can get out of here, be prepared for sudden movements."

"Mm," Ri sent a slight sound of confirmation.

Dyon silently chuckled to himself. He felt like the leader of a road trip who swore they weren't lost, yet had no real idea what they were doing.

From what he could tell, the fog was concealing what was happening to them, and manipulating them. When they wanted to turn right, they went left. When they wanted to go forwards, they went backward. However, Dyon was sensitive to things like this for one reason: it was an array.

'This array is too high level... how do I get out of here...'

Dyon closed his eyes in meditation, sending his waves of calm towards Ri so she understood he wasn't panicking in the least.

Just like that, a week passed.

With each passing step, Dyon memorized more and more of the array. And with each passing second, his brows furrowed more and more.

Dyon inwardly sighed. 'You're not meant to figure out the array... a True Empath would simply be able to feel the right path... but this is the only option we have. I'm not willing to use another.'

What Dyon didn't know, was that the wills left behind by the Elvin Kings and Queens of old were watching the scene intently. It had been too long since the last members of the younger generation had entered... and there had never been such an odd occurrence.

The crowd of them was endless. They all floated in a fog-filled, yet royally decorated, room. They themselves no longer held any power... not because the wills of the dead had the inability to do so, but because sustaining a special legacy world like this required some sacrifice.

Though, despite being Kings and Queens, they were an odd sight. No longer having humanoid forms, they were but lightly bobbing spheres of light. As such, they communicated with their minds, leaving the room completely and utterly silent.

'A human boy and a half-elf... is this what our kingdom has fallen to?...' A sigh rang out, 'they're just walking around aimlessly... if they had a True Empath with them, this wouldn't be necessary...'

A pause reigned over as no one seemed willing to speak. They had placed so much of their hope for the future in these kids. And, although they had no way of knowing what was happening in the outside world, the drastic declining in talent was clear for them all to see. In fact, since the Elvin Kingdom moved from their original universe, not a single monarch or genius had been worthy of being buried with them all.

However, just as they were about to resign to their fate, a voice of disagreement came.

'It's been a week... and yet they haven't stepped into any of the traps... they haven't crashed into the barriers... in fact, if you pay attention, you'll notice the fact that they're systematically stepping through every area of the array... as though they were studying it...'

This voice came from a will older than many here. It had been so long since they heard his voice, many had thought he had succumbed to his fate and officially passed on.

'Elder brother... what does this mean...'

They were truly confused. How does one study an array that can forcefully make you go in a direction you don't want to? It wasn't a simple matter of thinking you want to go left, but going right, just to force the array to send you in the direction you want. If that was the case, wouldn't it be too easy? No, the array read the will of the those it trapped... it was impossible to trick it in such a simple way.

'That boy, he has an innate aurora.'

'What?!'

Chapter 210 Figured it Out

If Dyon had been there, he would have found this reaction odd. He had never kept his innate aurora a secret, and yet many of this low-ranking universe took the news of him having it in stride. So, why would ancient wills, who had most likely seen much more than the experts of this universe, act so surprised?

The old bobbing will sent the faint concept of nodding into the minds of those listening.

'Ai... his manifestation has an incarnation of his aurora... he has the perfect innate aurora... his future in array alchemy, should those hypocritical old bastards not kill him... will be limitless.'

This was a concept Dyon had yet to come across. In fact, it was a concept even his master's memories wouldn't have.

When Dyon began his foundational understanding of array alchemy... even he had found it hard to differentiate the soul and the aurora. In the end, he concluded that the basis of array alchemy was using

the soul as a power source for the aurora to produce an aurora flame for alchemy, or to manipulate that aurora flame into the lines of an array.

This conclusion was flawless. In fact, many took decades to grasp this concept while Dyon was able to do it within days. But, this was not the most important point...

Often, the importance of the power source was glossed over when it was actually an important concept into and of itself. When one has a manifestation, that manifestation of course effects your aurora. This was what made Dyon conclude that there was likely something different about Ri's soul considering her aurora's blue color...

However, what would happen if you manifested the embodiment of an aurora? What if your manifestation was so in tune with your aurora, that your array alchemy reached all new heights?

This was what happened to Dyon. One of the 6 flaming black-gold circles contained an eye... a mind's eye... another name for an aurora.

This was why Dyon's innate soul was at the peak of the Middle Blossom stage... his aurora wasn't in its complete state until he unleashed his manifestation... In other words... Dyon's innate soul strength was never at the 3rd level, but instead at the Peak of the Blossom stage! Thereby completing the cycle of meridian formation and bringing his affinity for array alchemy to an all new height.

Those with innate auras without a matching manifestation couldn't hope to match up to Dyon.

After this revelation, minutes passed before another thought rang out.

'But... this array isn't so simple. We all know very well that this array wasn't left by us... even we don't know the secrets of it. How could an array of such a level be analyzed and cracked by a child not even two decades old?'

This was something Dyon had deduced as well. Why would the Elves make it so that part of their test for legacies included the need for a True Empath? It didn't make sense. If you wanted to test the talents of the younger generation, why would you make a test they couldn't pass without outside influences? If that was as difficult as you wanted the test to be, shouldn't you only allow True Empaths to enter?

But, this wasn't the choice of the elves currently present...

The old will sighed again. '[A God's Will: Soul Sacrifice]'

Those words would have sent shivers down the spines of the wills had they retained their original bodies.

To those of the outside world, that technique was one that predicted the destruction of the ancient Elvin Kingdom... but, these old spherical wills knew it as something else... something that Dyon had come to think through for himself.

According to the story Elder Flyleaf told, that technique was taken out of Dead Kings Valley during one of their last expeditions in order to try and find a way to salvage their declining Kingdom... but, if that technique was found within dead kings valley, didn't that mean it originated from an even older elf? An elf that would have brought the technique into Dead Kings Valley in the first place?

Dyon couldn't have been more correct. The destruction of the Elvin Kingdom wasn't the first prophecy that technique had ever told...

At the expense of the soul of the one who created the technique... it told of one more thing. Something that etched a new tradition into the lives of the elves.

It told of a day the Elvin Clan would decline. A day where they would barely be able to rise again on their own. A day where their once thriving universe would come to be known as 'Chaos'.

However, it also told of hope. It told of the legend of the True Empath. It told of the fact that one day, love's bond between a True Empath and an unprecedented genius, would lead the Elvin Kingdom back to their former glory.

As such, from that day forward... a race of Elves that derived themselves from a singularity technique transformed from simple guides to the Kings and Queens of a powerful race. Waiting for the day that savior would come to them, binding themselves with their monarch, and leading the elves to glory... a singularity technique that happened to be grasped by the Eostre family ancestor.

The old will continued. 'This won't be where he stumbles...'

And just like that, the wills watched silently as another half a month passed.

Ri only quietly mediated. Dyon had never once stopped sending her a calming feeling.

Warmth blossomed in her heart as Ri thought about how it had been so long since Dyon had slept, yet he still cared about something as meaningless as her feelings.

Suddenly, there was a change in Dyon's psyche. "YES!"

The old floating wills heard this shout and focused intently on Dyon.

'Did he really figure it out...'

"What happened Dyon," asked Ri softly.

"I figured it out! This is like a simple block game. There's one piece you have to shift outwards while diligently and cleverly shifting all the other out of the path.

"The problem and complexity come in with this array because it's the pattern of our movements that decide the shifting of the blocks... and every wrong move resets the blocks."

Suddenly Dyon realized his explanation was ridiculous. How could Ri possibly know about a mobile phone game from the human world? But, the concept was simple.