

The Nameless 211

Chapter 211 Unexpected

Within a set space, there was an arrangement of vertical and horizontal blocks with one opening. Among those blocks, there was a single one that had to be pushed out of the opening in order to complete the puzzle.

However, the difficulty of the game came because every block seemed to have the sole purpose of stopping you from sliding that penultimate block out of the opening. In addition, each block had access to only one-dimensional movement. Meaning, you could only move a given block either left or right, or up and down.

The worst part was that this array took this difficulty to a whole other level. For one, instead of a simple and straight forward sliding of the block by pushing or pulling, all movements were dictated by the pattern of movement a person trapped in the array executed. And to make it worse, the patterns of movement became convoluted because the array was constantly making you go left when you wanted to go right, or up when you wanted to go down.

And to add yet another layer of complexity, while this block game in the human world usually maxed out at maybe 10 total blocks... this array had 999!

Ri's voice rang out. "Dyon?"

Dyon looked confused, "yea?"

"Did you say something?"

Dyon frown deepened. "You didn't hear me?"

"No... you said something?"

A sudden realization hit Dyon. "This is an ancient game!"

“An ancient game?...” Ri shivered, “so I can’t hear your explanation...”

She had seen ancient games many times before... but their scale was much smaller than this. How could this be an ancient game?

But, she didn’t doubt Dyon. The fact he had tried to explain something she didn’t hear was all the proof that was needed. What they hadn’t realized was the mere fact Dyon could even attempt to explain meant he had reached a watershed moment in his understanding of the game. If it had been anyone else, they would have been blocked off from even attempting to speak on it. Yet, to Dyon, he spoke, it was just that Ri didn’t hear! Which meant, Dyon had grasped the game, but the array blocked Ri from gaining Dyon’s knowledge!

Dyon thought deeply to himself. ‘No wonder elves are supposedly the best at these games... their legacy world literally opens with them!’

Because of the Eostre family, the elves were nigh untouched in this game. Their movements held mistakes because they were technically ‘fake’ True Empaths... but much less than that of a normal human or beast. And, the truth was, if True Empaths were also mistake free, why would past geniuses ever have died?

Being a pseudo or True Empath only made the game easier... kind of like having a modified controller to cheat a video game. It wasn’t perfect. Only by knowing the true rules of the games would you succeed 100% of the time.

So... because of this experience, Dyon had suddenly gained an all-new skill.

But... if it wasn’t for the puppet protecting Dyon and Ri from the pressure, they would have long since died. But, thanks to proper planning, everything worked out.

Dyon chuckled. “It really took me almost a month to figure out the rules of a game... how ridiculous. Hold on little feu glace, we’re about to start moving really fast... the pressure is getting to be too much. If it wasn’t for our friendly puppet here, we would have long since been crushed!”

Dyon flashed to Ri's side, seemingly now completely unbothered by the space distortion of the ancient game.

Ri looked happy to see Dyon for the first time in weeks. In fact, she hadn't even heard him speak. All she felt was the constant pressure of his aurora, keeping her calm.

Dyon hadn't had any rest. His brain felt like it was on its last heels, but, the strength of his body had vastly increased thanks to the food of Heaven's Wine... so, he was barely holding it together.

When Ri saw Dyon's haggard appearance, she felt a dull ache in her heart.

"Are you okay?" She asked softly.

Dyon grinned despite the space around his eyes looking as though he had been punched repeatedly.

"I'm just fine... I just need a rest, but I don't want to fall off the puppet. So, I came to lie on you."

Ri rolled her eyes. How ridiculous was that excuse? As if the puppet would ever allow Dyon to fall.

But, she only sighed as Dyon collapsed into a deep sleep as soon as his head fell into her lap. It was like he no longer had any strength to stand.

'I came to help you... but I only became a pillow...'

Ri blushed a bit when she felt Dyon's hands wrap around her waist, faintly touching the exposed skin between her sweatpants and sports bra. But, she couldn't bring herself to push him away... so, she just gently played with his golden-brown hair as the puppet acted on Dyon's final commands....

Dyon slept a long time... fully aware that this set of commands would take at least three days to complete...

The last thought Dyon had before becoming unconscious was one even the elves had themselves.

‘Why is an ancient game guarding a special legacy world...’

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Outside of Dead Kings Valley, the Elvin Kingdom was getting restless.

The alliance felt they no longer had a head and could only conclude that maybe it was best they chose a new side to support...

At the same time, the Sigebryht and Norville families were taking full advantage... announcing that they would have important news that would change the direction of the kingdom come the banquet in one month’s time.

The sub-families had no idea how to take this. They could only sway with the wind, hoping the bloodshed would be kept to a minimum.

But, many thought there would be no bloodshed. What use would there be for it? The king was gone. His daughter was dead. His niece was missing. And his brother had no power to do anything.

Headmaster Acacia could only believe in Dyon. He had met the boy himself, he was absolutely certain that he wouldn’t harm Ri. If Ri’s father was wrong about this... what use were his centuries of experience be? To be unable to read the motivations of a teenage boy? How ridiculous!

He had kept himself distant from the alliance because he was aware that his actions had been closely monitored ever since his brother appointed him this position. But now he felt like a useless figurehead. One with no real sway to do anything...

Headmaster Acacia sighed. ‘Just what are you planning... I know you’ve been there... so, just what did you figure out to make these moves...’

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In a far corner of the Elvin Island, in the Sigebryht holy land, a secret meeting was taking place...

There, a man who looked like a much more mature Zaltarish stood.

He was almost three meters in height. His skin was a pale grey, yet his long dark hair and piercing red eyes gave him a devilish handsomeness few could match... it was impossible to tell that he was thousands of years old.

He stood in a dark throne room, a layer of palpable darkness layering everything.

Suddenly, the large doors of the room pushed open, allowing a rushing teenage boy in.

Kneeling before his father, Zaltarish quickly spoke. "Father, they're here."

The head of the Sigebryht family, Sinaht Sigebryht, nodded faintly, turning his body towards the entrance as an old Chinese man many heads shorter than him walked in.

On one side of him was a beautiful fair-skinned Asian girl. Her hair was a jet black, but her eyes were a twinkling purple color. Despite this, she seemed deadpan, unwilling to express any emotions.

On the other side, was a handsome Chinese young man. He stood taller than his elder and he had the air of a genius but was still reserved in the presence of his elder.

Sinaht's eyes sharpened as he looked at the old man. Despite their difference in height, he felt unparalleled danger.

'Celestial realm...'

The old man chuckled lightly at Sinaht's serious reaction, not minding at all. Although they looked like a member of the older generation meeting that of the younger, they were in fact around the same age.

The old man slightly nodded. "This is my second granddaughter in law, Meiying. This is my grandson, Chenglei. The Daiyu family greets the Sigebyht head..."

"Now, shall we get to business?"

Chapter 212 Stairs

Ri sat cross-legged on the shoulder of the statue as it walked out of the array.

It had been almost three days since Dyon had fallen asleep, but they had finally made it out to find the true test of talent.

In front stood a stair case spanning what looked like 99 steps.

Subdivided into 9 parts, reaching the end of each section meant obtaining a key to each of the 9 corresponding palaces at the very top.

Floating above these 9 palaces was yet another palace that Ri recognized immediately, 'that's the tomb for the wills who rest here...'

Everything still had vague amount of grey-blue fog floating around endlessly... but, the most striking feature was the pressure Ri could feel even from the first step. Pressure she could feel without even having stepped onto it.

In Ri's lap, Dyon still slept soundly, a faint smile on his face. His arms were still wrapped around Ri's waist as he occasionally nuzzled his nose into her torso.

Ri could only sigh, 'you take advantage of me even in your sleep... you have pervert written into your veins... you would rather sleep in such an awkward position than let me go.'

Despite what she thought, Ri had a faint smile on her face. She didn't notice when, but she had been stroking Dyon's cheek softly for hours absentmindedly.

After a few hours, Dyon groaned himself awake. But, when Ri thought carefully, she almost burst into a fit of laughter.

"Your stomach growls louder than your voice," she said lightly.

Dyon blinked awake at the sound of Ri's voice, but his senses were immediately filled with a sweet scent and a bare torso, causing him to grin, nuzzling his nose again, "so soft..."

Ri flicked Dyon's ear, "focus, we have half the time we did when we got here. I'm sure considering your actions something big is happening outside..."

Dyon nodded, reluctantly getting up and stretching. Rubbing his stomach, Dyon grinned, "food first though... you guys said I sent you too much food, right?"

Ri rolled her eyes, waiting patiently while Dyon ate more than should be possible for even a beast, let alone a human.

Ri sighed, "eating so much spiritual food is going to make you burst..."

Dyon nodded vaguely, seemingly too interested in eating to pay much attention to anything else. His strong body made it okay for him to stay awake for long periods of time, and even stay extended periods of time without food... but that didn't mean he was willing to.

Soon, Dyon sighed with satisfaction, taking in his surroundings.

Because of Dyon's manifestation and the stress it placed on him, Dyon's soul had firmly stepped into the 5th middle stage. But, that was more bad news than anything else...

The truth was that his body still wasn't strong enough to handle it when he boosted his soul to the middle 6th stage... He had pushed himself hard, so even now his body ached.... So much so that he had easily just eaten 3x more than he usually did, just so his body would have the nutrients to repair itself.

Dyon sighed with satisfaction having taken everything in. "This'll be simple... the puppet is seen as an extension of myself and I can easily use it to protect you.

Normally in situations like this, protecting more than yourself from the onslaught of energies and auras would be suicide... but if I'm taking a talent test for a 18-year-old with no cultivation... using a celestial stage puppet... wouldn't that be too easy already?"

Hearing Dyon's explanation, Ri nodded. "Let's go then... but I want to see how far I can walk on my own first," she said faintly.

Dyon looked at Ri's side profile quietly. Noticing her resoluteness, he nodded, urging the puppet to place her at the bottom of the first set of steps.

Ri stood at the end of the steps resolutely, her sword appearing in her hand... it wasn't that it was help, but she felt comfortable holding something that used to belong to her mother.

It wasn't powerful... in fact, it was a common level weapon... but she refused to change it.

Dyon watched silently as Ri's energy spiked. Her blue-silver hair fluttered wildly as she took a step forward.

Watching Ri so casually walk up the first tier of steps, Dyon smiled lightly... but the reaction of the bobbing old wills was nothing remotely similar to Dyon's nonchalant attitude.

'I thought at first the girl was just a useless lover the child brought along... but it seems that had she had a proper guide, she'd be among the best to ever step foot in our special legacy world... should we really allow a half elf and human to take the things that were built by us?...'

Silence was the only answer this will received for a long time.

In some form or fashion, it was right. Even considering how it was likely that Dyon was prophesied to be of great help to their race... if he took everything important to them, would they really be okay with a human solving all of their problems?...

And that wasn't even considering the fact that the prophecies themselves were subject to interpretation. There was no telling how the words themselves should be understood... for example, if the rise of the Elvin Kingdom was due to a love bond, how could they tell whether it would be Dyon himself who succeeded, or a child within his lineage with the True Empath that did... what if the rising up the prophecy spoke of just meant enlightenment through death?...

Although the bobbing wills felt ridiculous thinking of all of the possibilities... whether that be interpreting what was meant by love bond or interpreting what was meant by 'rising up'... they had no tangible proof for refuting any one of these possibilities.

But, the problem was, the more they thought about it, the more time passed... And the more time that passed... the further Ri walked up the stairs.

Chapter 213 Releasing

Dyon watched as Ri seemed to be casually strolling through endless pressure.

The fog raged wildly around her feet and her long blue-silver hair seemed to have a life of its own.

Yet, despite the protesting of the stairs, Ri had already reached the 5th tier of steps!

The bobbing wills could only watch bitterly.

'In our history... the furthest a genius has traveled is the 10th step of the 9th tier... but, was it really this easy back then?'

The old bob sighed as Ri almost instantly reached the 1st step of the 8th tier. 'You all need to remember that this world wasn't originally ours to begin with... we gained much benefit from it and now it's brought us two youths that will only help us further... they should at least be questioned before we make a decision.'

Many could only keep their bitterness to themselves. There was no refuting the words of such an old will, especially when they were words of logic.

So, they could only watch as Ri's steps gradually slowed... as her face paled... as the grip on her sword intensified under the pressure.

She could no longer lift her arms as she tried to lift her foot to the 11th and last step of the 8th tier... the corners of her mouth seeped with blood. Her hand had wrapped around her sword so tightly that even her palms began to be cut apart.

'I can do this... for dad... for mom... I can do this.'

Dyon watched with a dull pain in his heart. But, he didn't step forward to help her. This was something Ri wanted to do on her own and helping her right now would be nothing less than a slap in the face.

Dyon knew how complex Ri's past was. In fact, he had only truly just figured it out.

The level of respect he had gained for Ri... for her intelligence, her foresight, her strength... he could hardly put into words.

He had resigned himself in the beginning to seek revenge against those who had harmed the orphans and Ms. Everdeen... but now he had another thing he found just as important: to alleviate the burden a little girl had been holding on to all on her own.

But, despite this. Dyon knew that there were some fights Ri had to fight for herself. And this was on of them.

So, when Ri stabilized herself on the 10th step of the 9th tier, Dyon held his breath in anticipation. The 9th palace... a palace none of the elves had ever been to... what would be in there?

Ri took a deep breath.

Her bones cracked under the pressure.

Her sword weighed hundreds of pounds now, but she still refused to let go.

Her hair no longer fluttered... it was as though it was being steam pressed into her... there was no room for comfort.

Yet, she still lifted her foot for the last step.

Suddenly, it was like there was no sound left in the world. The whooshing of the fog had stopped. The gentle grating of the stone puppet had stopped. Ri's delicate grunting could no longer be heard either...

It was as though everything watched in anticipation as Ri took her last step...

BOOM!

A raging tempest of wind swept violently through the 99 steps, each one glowing successively.

Dyon's eyes widened. 'This... it feels like the aurora awakening pill on a whole other level... does this mean?...'

Almost as if to answer Dyon's question, Ri's aurora raged as a violent blue flame, reaching higher and higher as her body shook on the final step.

Dyon grit his teeth. 'I can't stop this... if I do... she'll miss her opportunity...'

"AAGGGHHH!!"

Dyon winced, listening to Ri's screams of agony. 'Is this what it's like opening the last percentages of an aurora?...'

Ri keeled over, landing so heavily on all fours that she felt the bones in her hands and knees shatter almost beyond repair.

Tears streamed down her face as her glowing aurora only intensified in strength. It was as though the pressure of the last step was crushing her without remorse.

Dyon dug his nails into his palms, trying to calm himself. Watching a friend he held dearly suffer like this wasn't something he was willing to see... but he kept his eyes focused.

'93%... 94%... hold on Ri... I'll come get you soon.'

Ri tried to stop her body from trembling, but she couldn't...

Every shift of her body sent waves of pain through her cracked bones, endlessly.

'97%... 99%...'

"GO!" Boomed Dyon.

The stone puppet launched itself into action, immediately storming up the steps in the blink of an eye. It was almost as though the pressure didn't exist for it as it reached Ri's side.

Dyon wasn't in the right frame of mind to think properly... so he jumped from the puppet, landing on the 99th step.

And yet, he didn't have the time or patience to take notice that the steps did nothing to him as he rushed towards Ri.

But, if he spared the time to think about it, wouldn't the reason why be obvious? Why would stairs meant to fully awaken auroras effect someone with a perfect innate aurora?

"Barrier!" he barked at the puppet.

The pressure was gone in an instant, causing Ri to collapse.

Dyon bit his lip as he gently flipped Ri over, pouring his aurora into her.

'Fucking hell... I knew her body was special but this?...'

Dyon's aurora was having no effect on healing Ri. He felt just like he had back when he first integrated the demon sage's blood... her body was of too high quality for him to do much of anything.

'Let me see if I can stimulate her aurora to help...'

Dyon's aurora melded slowly with Ri's. It was a difficult process that had to be done delicately, or else one of their souls would definitely suffer.

'It's not enough...' Dyon frowned deeply, 'what kind of body can't be healed with two fully awakened auroras?'

Dyon could only grit his teeth, releasing his manifestation.

He knew it wasn't a good idea to do this now. His body had just barely recovered from the time he used it for the stone puppet, and yet, despite being sure that this task would take even longer than the 30 minutes he had used before, Dyon still felt he had to do this.

Chapter 214 Discuss

BOOM!

Majestic wings tore their way into existence as Dyon's manifestation loomed menacingly.

Dyon felt his skin redden and his muscles tear as his soul climbed rapidly toward the peak of the Higher Essence stage. But, he suffered through it as he watched Ri's pale face redden with color.

Dyon felt as though when he simulated his manifestation, the change in his aurora was more than just a quantity change... it was a quality one as well. It was like his aurora was now complete... and this was the feeling that made him think back his thoughts on how odd it was for his innate soul to be the equivalent of a mid meridian formation stage expert.

However... this change was something his body wasn't ready to handle... and he wondered if it would ever be...

By Dyon's calculations, 2% of the demon sages blood and about 12% of the celestial deer and demon qilin blood should be enough to sustain a peak Essence stage soul... and yet his body was having difficulty dealing with a Higher Essence stage one... this was why he was clear on the fact this 'powerup' was more than just an added power output.

But, Dyon could only set this aside for now because his body was trembling under the pressure.

Soon, Dyon was knocked out as well, collapsing beside Ri on the final step... the stone puppet their only guard.

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Many miles away from the Elvin Kingdom, a banquet was taking place for the young elites of the universe.

Sitting elegantly beside a beautiful olive-skinned girl, a beauty of unparalleled elegance and tranquility sat at a large table, sipping a drink leisurely and she typed away on an odd-looking device.

This olive-skinned girl was of course Delia.

Over the past year, she had grown into her god level constitution perfectly. Her features were still full and inviting. Her greenish hazel eyes shone with a new sharpness, but there were clearly specks of a cold blue within them.

The dress she wore was very modern, reminiscent of a western world creation.

A short black skirt with tight stockings and comfortable flats graced her lower half. Above it was a nice white blouse with elegantly arranged fabric folds. She looked like a top-class beauty... and yet, she still paled in comparison to the girl sitting beside her.

Madeleine wore a tight fitting purple qipao that ran a single slit down her left leg. Her hair was up in its usual bun, holding a familiar hair-piece treasure in it. Although it looked lazy, it couldn't hide her beauty even a little.

Her crystal framed glasses now had a distinct purple-ish tint to them, accenting her golden eyes. And although she was the center of attention to everyone attending this banquet, she seemed to only have eyes for the device in her hand.

The smile she had on her face was so mesmerizing the banquet hall was silent, not a single pair of eyes not on her as she giggled, oblivious to the attention she was drawing.

Delia nudged her covertly, whispering in her ear as she leaned forward, "big sister... people are looking at you..."

Madeleine snapped her head up, immediately noticing Delia was right. But, what could she do? She was just trying to mind her own business.

This wasn't even something she wanted to come to. Her master had forced her to under the guise of 'how good it was for her future.' How ridiculous was that?

But, the constant nagging was only getting annoying. Her master had seemingly forgotten about Dyon, and even worse, had most definitely forgotten about the warning he had given her.

To Madeleine's master, the only thing that mattered was Madeleine and her wellbeing. Despite what she had told Madeleine a year ago, she still believed within her that this was a passing phase Madeleine would soon get over. And yet, even had the first 7 months of worrying about Dyon, Madeleine's master found her typing on that odd device for hours a day, never stopping.

At that time, Madeleine's master had hoped that Dyon was just dead, having succumbed to his wounds. Maybe he would just never respond and disappear forever. But, that didn't happen... because seven months later, Dyon finally responded to Madeleine and it was like an already endlessly burning flame had raged to all new heights.

Madeleine's master was known as Ester Sapientia. She was born and raised in a Sapientia lower branch of the planet Earth and had been a genius since birth. However, much like Madeleine, she displayed talent beyond her station, causing her to rise rapidly and eventually earn a place as the elder of the main branch.

However, all along, she relied on herself. She refused marriage proposals, love letters, and even friends much of the time just to further herself. As such, she felt like she was stuck now... with years of accumulated bitter feelings, Ester believed that maybe her disciple should take a new route and form the relationships she didn't...

But, much to her dismay, Madeleine was only interested in forming one relationship... and it was a dangerous one.

Although Ester hadn't said it at the time as a form of a thank you to the boy for saving Madeleine, she was very much aware of how dangerous it was to be the Celestial Deer Sect's last disciple... the secret behind their destruction was as profound as the origin of this world itself... and yet Madeleine's love insisted on being at the very center of it all. And to make things worse! He was from the human mortal realm! An absolute taboo amongst the highest-ranking clans and sects of the universe.

The only reason large clans even allowed recruitment from the human world was in respect to an olden treaty... a treaty many felt was nothing but a formality... but now that flimsy treaty was the only thing blocking Dyon from absolute destruction.

Madeleine's eyes snapped back to the device as she continued to type. "What does that have to do with me?..." she said faintly.

Ester could only sigh at her disciple's reply.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from a handsome young man with long blond hair and striking blue eyes. "Lady Madeleine, would it be rude of me to ask what has grabbed the attention of such an outstanding lady as yourself? Maybe it's something that could liven the discussion here?"

The young man smiled gently. If one looked closely, you could see he bore a faint resemblance to Elof, but his aura was much sharper and more refined. His name was Vidar Ragnor.

Madeleine nodded without looking up. "I'm speaking with my fiancé. Whether that's something you would all like to discuss... I don't know."

Chapter 215

Vidar's face froze at Madeleine's words.

In the corner of the room, Caedlum Pakal chuckled almost silently at Vidar's plight. His laughter caused someone to nudge him.

"Younger brother, what's so funny? Do you know this fiancé of her?"

Caedlum's elder brother stood beside him... but his red skin as compared to Caedlum's was much more fierce and robust, whereas Caedlum's was much subtler.

Despite the oddities of their skin, they both maintained handsome appearances.

Caedlum nodded, "he's quite the interesting man... his talent surpasses even mine..."

Caedlum's elder brother furrowed his eyebrows. "Surpasses?... even with your faith seed?..."

Caedlum shook his head, "well... I don't know if he's improved since I last saw him. But, when last we met, I had yet to tap into my faith seed... regardless, he was much better than me then. Whether he is now is something we'll have to see..."

Caedlum's brother nodded, "if he was able to match up to you then, regardless of whether he can now... he's definitely a genius..."

While the Pakal brothers were having their talk, Vidar was trying to salvage the situation. But, the fact Tammy was near her elder brother Thor clearly trying to withhold her laughter was something that was only making him angrier.

Yet, despite what he felt on the inside, his outer appearance was the picture of tranquility as he smiled amiably. "The fiancé of the first in line genius of the Sapientia God Clan must be a might existence, no? This must have been a recent engagement, or else how would we clans not know of this? Is he here right now?"

Madeleine shook her head, still not looking up as she typed away, "It's not recent," she said faintly, "we've been engaged for more than a year now... and no, he's not here, he's in the Elvin Kingdom."

Vidar furrowed his eyebrows. Engaged for more than a year? The Elvin Kingdom?

Originally, the young elites of the Elvin Kingdom were meant to come to, but, due to the inner strife of their kingdom, they had ended their campaigns prematurely to help stabilize the situation. As such, although being comparable to the geniuses here, none of them were attending.

Was Madeleine's fiancé an elf?

Madeleine sighed, she wasn't ashamed of Dyon, not in the least, so she explained further. "My fiancé isn't an elf. He's a human from the mortal realm. And he happens to be the only one in our universe with an innate aurora..."

"If you don't know him now... you'll know him soon."

With that, Madeleine put the device in her hand away in her hair-piece spatial realm. Then smiled at Delia before grabbing her arm to leave the banquet. Leaving the shocking revelation for the geniuses to figure out themselves.

Before they reached the exit though, one more question came from the youths in the banquet. But this time, it wasn't Vidar.

"Lady Madeleine, before you go, I, Voron Cavositas would like to ask a question... you may have had an interaction with my younger brother Ace?"

Madeleine turned back with an odd expression on her face. "I think what you meant to say was that your younger brother, despite being part of a clan that holds honor in fighting so highly, teamed up with 10 other geniuses, including Elof Ragnor, to fight my fiancé and still lost..."

The atmosphere of the hall suddenly turned heavy. Elof and Ace had no choice but to lower their heads in shame. How could they have known that this would ever come back to bite them in such a way?

Tammy's head snapped towards her elder brother, but only received a nod. She hadn't been there to see the events transpire, so she had no idea this had happened. In fact, all this time she had been avoiding the glare of Ava who stood at another corner of the room surrounded by redheaded members of the Sicarius clan that included some of her elder brothers.

Ava had long since confronted her about the fact the come the world tournament... she would have her revenge.

Aside from this, Voron Cavositas could only sigh. "When this event was learned through our information channels, Ace was not only severely punished, he has been campaigning diligently to improve himself. And yet, I've never seen your fiancé's name on any rankings? Why would that be? And also, should he be defeated by us during the world tournament, or be outshone by us on the rankings, would lady Madeleine consider someone else?"

Madeleine laughed at the question. "Did you think my fiancé was as old as your brother or you? My fiancé turned 18 just a couple months ago, how many 18-year-olds do you see on the rankings?"

Voron's face froze. This was something he hadn't been aware of. In fact, this was something practically no one here had been aware of.

Madeleine was a year older than Dyon, and an unprecedented genius, and even she hadn't been campaigning for long enough to make any headway in the rankings... let alone Dyon who spent seven months incapacitated, had no backing, and was literally a decade or more behind most of those present here in terms of cultivation experience and resource absorption. To be able to make such waves with so little experience... how could any of them have made such a guess? It was clear why he had been caught completely off guard. However, Madeleine didn't seem to have any intention of letting him off easily.

"Be sure to remember this.

"I'm not sure what name my fiancé will campaign under. But I know he will campaign. I'm not sure when he will show up to the world tournament. But I know he will show up. So, I want you all to remember very clearly that when he decides to reveal his name as Dyon Sacharro. That that is the one man I will have in this life and the next."

Without so much as another word or sound, Madeleine left the banquet holding onto Delia, a radiant smile playing on her face.

Chapter 216 Warning (1)

Madeleine walked out of the banquet hall to enter a hallway with such a high ceiling and windows it was almost like its own world.

Clinging to Delia's arm lovingly, she glanced out of the tall windows to look at the calm night sky sprinkling gentle moonlight into an elegant garden.

They were currently in the Royal God Clan's main palace, invited by the prince of this generation.

Martial artists lived for so long that there was no real point in ranking royalty until the current monarch neared the end of his life. As such, princes and princesses were just divided into their generation as opposed to how likely they were to inherit the throne.

In reality, this worked the best. After all, if you lived thousands of years, you could have hundreds of children if you were so inclined... so, instead of constantly switching the crown prince for a newborn who happened to have more talent, you could just make a single choice when the time was appropriate.

So, the heads of Royal God Clans always waited to the end of their lives to make a decision. As such, this allowed the strife for supremacy among siblings to be tempered down from what it could be... it would be at least another millennia or two before the current Head of Planet Earth began to show signs of old age.

But, a head with so many years ahead of him also came with the ambition to match it...

Madeleine's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Delia's sigh. "I miss Meiyong, big sister..."

A sad look appeared of Madeleine's features. "I miss her too... unfortunately, there's not much we can do... The Bai and Daiyu clan have been constant enemies in recent years. It's just sad that Elder Bai sacrificed his daughter for the sake of peace..."

If Dyon knew about the clashes between the Daiyu and Bai clans, he would have been confused... a rare emotion for him.

To Dyon, there was no way that the Bai clan could stand up to the Daiyu clan at full strength. The only explanation was that the Daiyu clan was feigning weakness all while making covert moves... covert moves that for some reason involved Bai Meiyong who was now Chenglei's second wife.

In fact, Dyon was unaware that Meiyong was the second wife. Because if he knew this... his perspective on everything would change... Change so much that he would laugh until his sides split, right before his rage burned like an endless fire for Meiyong's sake...

Suddenly, a gentle gust of wind passed by, appearing as Madeleine's master.

Madeleine released Delia, bowing respectfully. "Master."

Ester Sapia sighed. "Why do you do this, Madeleine? You know I have your best interest at heart."

Madeleine's brows furrowed. She loved her master, she had done so much for her... but this was getting to be too much for her to handle.

“Master I don’t understand. If you’re so sure that time will wash my feelings away, why are you acting like this now? Isn’t a year but a blink of an eye for you? If you’re so set in your beliefs, why can’t you wait until I’m a hundred years old? What about two hundred? Is that not still considered to be young?”

Madeleine’s master sighed. The truth was that Madeleine’s logic was flawless. But, the problem wasn’t whether Madeleine’s feelings were real or not, it was about how dangerous it was to be with Dyon. But, this was a secret she was bound against telling. So, she could only act as though she was an unfeeling master who cared not for Madeleine’s thoughts and feelings.

“Do you think that because he was lucky enough to stumble into the remains of a dead clan that he deserves to be with the first in line genius of the Sapientia God Clan? Do you have any idea why I feel like I’ve accomplished nothing in my life? It’s because you can’t imagine the scale of a clan like ours. The fact we call ourselves a God Clan here is laughable.”

Delia looked at Madeleine worriedly. Regardless of whether Ester was Madeleine’s master or not, she was still a saint level expert. Angering her was not a good idea.

But, all she found was Madeleine’s calm continence.

“Master, I’m not sure what you’re trying to hide from me... but I know you aren’t like this....

“Regardless of what problems or dangers you think are associated with Dyon, it doesn’t matter to me. I will choose him whether I know or don’t know. Whether it leads to my death or my glory. Even if I were to find out tomorrow that Dyon was no match for even the weakest of geniuses here today... that he had lost his arms and his legs... that his handsome face was cut and burnt beyond recognition... I would still choose him.”

Madeleine’s master inwardly trembled, listening to the words of her disciple, but... she maintained her calm outer appearance.

Ester Sapientia sighed looking at her disciple’s calm appearance. To her, Madeleine was the daughter she never had... watching her run head first into danger was something she wasn’t willing to see. As such, she maintained a cold exterior.

“I don’t approve. Nor will I approve. You can continue to play your game of house. But, if I see he’s taken your virginity, I’ll kill him.

“Once enough time passes, you’ll realize he isn’t worth your time. He’s nothing compared to the geniuses inside that room. And definitely, nothing compared to the prince that invited you here today...”

Although Ester couldn’t use her senses to check for Madeleine’s virginity like Dyon could... there were many other tools, although expensive, that could do the same job.

Before Ester could continue, she suddenly felt Madeleine move as she walked passed her... stunning Ester out of her rant. ‘You really dare to disrespect me as your master like this?...’

However, she never got the chance to voice her concerns. “I’m the best genius the Sapientia God Clan has to offer in the universe. In fact, I’m among the best geniuses in this universe period. Aside from those with faith seeds, I am unmatched.

“I will give my virginity to whomever I want to give it to. I’ll love whoever it is I want to love.”

Madeleine’s Goddess’ Disposition suddenly raged to life, endless twinkling lights and purity beyond words reigned down in the hallway.

“If my Dyon is hurt by anyone of the Sapientia God Clan, even if it’s you, I will bide my time. Whether that take centuries or millennia. Then, I’ll kill you.”

Chapter 217 Warning (2)

Suddenly Madeleine giggled lightly. “But, something tells me I won’t have to do something like that. I’m sure you remember the warning Dyon gave you when he entrusted me to you.”

Ester’s jaw clenched remembering Dyon’s words of warning...

Suddenly, Madeleine’s threatening aura completely changed as she turned back, taking her master’s arm in one arm and Delia’s in the other.

“There’s no need to be so serious, master. Let’s go, I have no interest in seeing the prince.”

Ester Sapia was stunned once again by Madeleine. ‘What’s she playing at here?’

“You’re so disrespectful to your master, yet you want to treat me as your friend now? Since when were things so simple?”

Madeleine giggled. “Don’t be like that master, I just showed you the anger you wanted to see, didn’t I?”

Ester’s eyebrows furrowed.

“I wouldn’t draw a line of division between us so easily... you may have no idea, but I’m clear on the man my fiancé is. The God Clans? A Prince? Our rival universe? He sees them as nothing but stepping stones. If you were to get in his way, he would simply see you as another one...”

“So, what’s the use in me getting angry about a result I already have a full grasp of? Since I know Dyon will win in the end, why should I lose my relationship with you in anger?”

Delia and Ester blinked with a sudden realization... Madeleine had been toying with them this whole time. To her, the conclusion was already set in stone. Why would she get angry with her master for wanting to stop her from seeing Dyon, if she knew Dyon would put a stop to that as soon as he found out?

Why would she get mad about her master saying Dyon wasn’t anything compared to those geniuses when to her Dyon would prove otherwise soon enough? Why would she get mad because her master didn’t understand that her fiancé would never lose in the end?

Madeleine’s master didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at Madeleine’s antics.

‘How am I supposed to keep being serious in the face of something so ridiculous?... he’ll definitely win? How blind could love be?...’

Madeleine looked at her master as they slowly walked along the hallway, "I know what you're thinking master... but in as little as 20 maybe 30 more years, Dyon will be as strong as you are now."

Ester Sapientia raised her eyebrow, "you think he'll enter so far into the saint realm in such a small amount of time? Do you have any idea how much cultivation slows down at the peak levels of meridian formation? Even crossing over the essence gathering is near impossible. And couple that with how difficult it is to sense an intent and comprehend saint energy?"

Stop saying such ridiculous things."

Madeleine smiled knowingly. What her master didn't know was that Madeleine had already reached the 10th stage of meridian formation and she had only been cultivating for a year... and that was all thanks to her understanding of Celestial will. Even Madeleine's master couldn't read her cultivation because her meridian paths were so pure that any normal measurements didn't match up. She almost looked like someone with no cultivation at all.

In this universe, geniuses would reach the 8th stage of meridian formation... Those who separated themselves might reach the 9th stage before breaking through to essence gathering... but, those who reached the 10th level were only those with faith seeds, something Madeleine knew she didn't have. Yes, because of celestial will, she had easily stepped into such a level.

Right where they stood, Madeleine could already compete with an essence gathering expert who had only cleared to the 7th stage of meridian formation. The use of Celestial will was ridiculous... but the important part was that Dyon had access to it...

With Dyon's intelligence, would it really be difficult to understand an intent upon reaching essence gathering? After that, he'd simply make use of celestial intent to clear his meridians for essence energy during Essence Gathering. Then repeat the same process of clearing for saint energy during the Saint stage.

To Madeleine's master, a genius reaching sainthood in 20-30 years was possible... but reaching the middle of sainthood, the point where she was at, was ridiculous within that time frame. Ester had spent centuries stuck at single saint stages, yet Dyon was going to clear 4 or 5 saint stages in a few years? This was ridiculous. How could Ester know that to Dyon, the middle of the saint stage was the 6th and 7th level corresponding to one who had opened all 108 meridians?

But, in her ignorance, she couldn't see a hint of doubt on Madeleine's face.

'What is Madeleine hiding?...'

Ester sighed, "you'll know soon how wrong you are about everything. He isn't a match for those geniuses. He won't catch up to me so quickly, and I doubt he will ever catch up. And lastly, I know you'll soon forget about him."

Madeleine only giggled as though she hadn't heard her master.

Although Madeleine's master was beginning to get annoyed, how could she allow a child to rile her up?

"I'll be sending you to another Sapiencia Branch soon between now and the world tournament. They have different philosophies, techniques, and maybe being they will help you forget this nonsense. I'll come to get you to bring you back before the world tournament."

Madeleine nodded cheerfully, releasing her master to type away on the device Dyon had left to her.

With that, Madeleine's master disappeared. And with that disappearance... Madeleine's demeanor completely changed as a pained expression appeared on her face.

Delia immediately noticed this change. "It's okay, big sister. I believe in Dyon."

Madeleine bit her lip, nodding. "Mm, I believe in him too."

No matter how Madeleine acted, there was a nagging doubt in her heart. At first, her anger was not an act, that was how she really felt. But then, she suddenly realized that her anger benefited no one... it would accomplish nothing. If anything, it would only drive her from her master.

The worst part was she wanted nothing more than to hear Dyon's reassuring voice, to feel the warmth of his touch... to see his unyielding back stand in front of her with no fear... but he was far away... too far away...

Chapter 218 Raid

So... she vented. She wrote all about her problems, sending text after text to Dyon. Knowing she wouldn't get a response, but somehow feeling better knowing he would be somewhere reading what she had to say...

In her head, she imagined his calm and reassuring voice telling her that she was silly to worry so much... that in just a few months from now, they'd see each other, and nothing else would matter.

**

Within Dead Kings Valley, Dyon and Ri had spent the month completely incapacitated.

They each lay parallel to each other, being watched over by the stone puppet.

Slowly, Ri's fingers began to twitch as she woke up.

Sitting up, she took in her surroundings... but, that didn't last long because she almost immediately noticed Dyon laying beside her.

Ri's brow's furrowed as she tentatively shook Dyon.

"Dyon?" She asked softly.

Suddenly she felt a strong arm wrap around her waist. Ri's senses were suddenly invaded by such a strong masculine scent she lowered her head and blushed. Dyon smelt exactly like what pinewood sprinkled with spicy cinnamon would smell like... cultivators, especially those with bodies as strong as Dyon's, usually began giving off their own unique scents. And Dyon's was beyond intoxicating.

Being pulled into Dyon's lap, Ri had no idea what to do, "wake up you idiot," she whispered.

But, she suddenly heard Dyon whisper something that made her feel like her heart was shattering into a million pieces.

“Madeleine...” Dyon’s voice was faint... but how could Ri not hear him in such close proximity?

Ri started to fight harder to wiggle out of Dyon’s embrace, she couldn’t handle being this intimate with him right now. But, she felt like her emotions had caused her to lose all of her strength. Dyon’s arm was like a steel bar, unmoving and sturdy...

Ri felt like tears were about to spill out of her eyes. ‘What kind of ridiculous situation is this? Get off of me!’

But suddenly Ri froze again...

“She’s Ri...” Dyon spun in his sleep, pulling in Ri even tighter, “yea... she’s great... don’t you think you two would make great sister wives?...”

Ri buried her head into Dyon’s bare chest as she cried. She had no idea whether they were tears of happiness or anger at being toyed with, but she cried them, nonetheless.

And just like that, another day passed... Dyon none the wiser.

**

“Mm,” Dyon stirred in his sleep. “Hm... what?”

Dyon felt a bundle of softness in his arms, invading his senses with unparalleled comfort.

“Ri? What are you doing clinging to me?” Dyon suddenly grinned, “if you wanted to get intimate, you should have just asked. I’d be more than willing.”

However, Dyon didn’t receive the usual eye roll and forehead flick... instead, Ri wiggled her head up from his chest and the sight Dyon saw was something that sent him into a panic.

“Ri? What’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

Tears still fell from Ri’s eyes as she looked up at Dyon with her gentle blue-silver eyes.

Her hair was a mess, and her face was a sight that would break the heart of anyone seeing it... Dyon had no idea what was going on... for all his intelligence, he was truly lost.

‘What did I do...’

Almost ridiculously, Dyon checked to see if his essence blood had done something ridiculous in his sleep. With his consciousness to reign it in, his body could have very well done something to Dyon to replenish itself... and what could replenish a body filled with demonic blood better than a virgin with a body as powerful as Ri’s?

But, he soon sighed in relief after he scanned Ri. Her virginity was intact... but that only confused Dyon further.

Dyon reached for Ri’s cheek, pushing away the hair that was sticking to her face. “Little feu glace, why are you melting?”

Dyon’s voice was so gentle and full of concern that Ri almost started crying again. But that only made her scream even louder in her head.

‘What is wrong with me!’

Minutes passed as Ri stabilized her emotions.

Dyon was in such a worried state, he didn’t even realize how tightly he was holding onto Ri’s waist... they were even in an odd position on the ground... lying to their sides yet facing each other.

Luckily, Ri soon took a deep breath and spoke softly. "Tell me something Dyon... if I one day looked nothing like this anymore... would you feel the same way about me?..."

Dyon scoffed in relief. "That's what you wanted to ask me?" he lightly pinched Ri's small nose, "you can look the same, you can look different, but you'd still be you, no?"

Dyon didn't wait for Ri to respond, immediately picking her up bridal style to jump onto the shoulder of the stone puppet.

Ri grabbed onto Dyon's shoulders, resting her chin to one side, unwilling to have Dyon look at her in this state anymore. Her water will silently came to life, wiping her face clean.

"You can set me down now, pervert."

Dyon put Ri down, pinching her nose again. "Pervert? Aren't you the one who came into my manly embrace while I slept? I feel violated"

Ri scoffed, clearly exasperated. "It was YOU who pulled me to you! You're lucky I didn't punch you to death!"

Dyon grinned shamelessly. "There's no need to lie, I'll accept all your flaws."

Ri turned away, clearly annoyed. "Humph, what'll it be like in the future? You'll take my first everything, then claim it wasn't you then too? Maybe I should just ignore you from now on."

Dyon suddenly looked distraught. "Don't be like that, I was kidding, only kidding... don't ignore me."

Ri still kept her face turned from Dyon, but smiled gently. 'At least he knows when to give in.'

Ri suddenly felt a gentle pat on her head.

“We’ve wasted enough time,” said Dyon, “let’s start this raid.”

With that, the stone puppet walked forward, leaving the effective area of the last step with Ri and Dyon on its shoulder.

Chapter 219 Last Step?

Suddenly, two keys appeared in front of them. Each was identical to the other.

They were about a good 10cm long and beautifully embroidered. However, their key mechanisms were unlike anything Dyon had ever seen before.

Not only were the key grooves large and 3D in nature, but they were also constantly moving. And from what Dyon could see, it was yet another puzzle.

Suddenly, Dyon looked up to the tomb floating above with a look of annoyance. But, he wasn’t even the first to speak.

“Is this a joke to you? I almost die, yet you want to test me again? Do your job without bias and give us what we’ve earned, your tricks are pathetic,” with a wave of her hand, both keys spun violently, the arrays within them cracking and imploding.

“We don’t have time for your games,” Ri said glaring at the tomb.

Dyon chuckled, ‘it seems like with little feu glace here I won’t have to do all the yelling. It seems like her fully awakened aurora has heightened her senses tremendously.’

A voice resounded from the tomb... and had Dyon and Ri been present during their earlier conversations, they would have recognized that voice as the old bobbing will.

“Leave,” he said faintly, the voice sounding in their heads, “we can’t accept giving our legacies to you two. Use the short cut within the first palace in order to exit. Or else we’ll be forced to kill you.”

Ri’s brow furrowed, ‘are they serious?... is it because I’m only half an elf?’

The old will had spent many weeks thinking about it, and in the end, he decided it was for the best that they ignored these kids. It wasn't even certain that Dyon was the one the prophecy spoke about because it was clear Ri wasn't a True Empath... they could at least tell that much.

And if his lover wasn't a True Empath, then why would they consider allowing him to benefit? But, all their thoughts were shattered when Dyon suddenly began laughing so hard tears came from his eyes.

Wiping them away, he sighed, ignoring Ri's confused glance, "you know what I find funny?..."

Silence reigned the world.

"It's the fact I know very well you have no power to do much of anything. You can't kill us even if you wanted to. If you had real sway over this world, why would you allow so many of your geniuses to die before even making it to these steps?"

"And you know what the best part is? We don't need you to enter the 9th palace. The only requirement is the percentage your aurora is awakened to. The 'key', quote-unquote, is the awakening your aurora undergoes when you can no longer continue. Each step corresponding to another percentage, thus why there are 99 steps. As long as you've connected with your aurora, you've already taken that first percentage... so the rest is obvious."

Suddenly Dyon started laughing again, feeling the agitation of the wills.

"But, wait... damn my stomach is seriously hurting," even Ri had started smiling at this point, "the best part is that you claim this is your world, when all you've really done is store your things in someone else's shed," Dyon took a deep breath trying to stop his laughter.

"You think I'm not aware that the Elves never created that ancient game below? Let alone you thinking you could convince me that you created this world and that these are 'your things'."

'You... you've been to that library? That's impossible!'

“I don’t care what you think at this point anymore honestly. All about 80% of the Elvin race has done is piss me off. If I didn’t have a few people I cared about from your kingdom, I wouldn’t care for it at all.

Let’s go Ri, these old useless things aren’t worth our time,” Dyon smiled gently at Ri, ignoring the anger radiating for the tomb.

But, despite their anger... they knew there was nothing they could do... even the key they created had taken up everything they had, just to try and fake them out. But, it didn’t work.

And the truth was, Dyon was right.

Once they reached the proximity of the palaces Dyon suddenly thought of something, so he turned to Ri, “you know, it would be a shame if we went through all this work and only went to one palace... and I’m in sore need of cultivation stones... I haven’t spoken to Madeleine in too long...”

Surprisingly, Ri smiled gently at this. “How thoughtful of you,” but her next words made Dyon cringe, “to want to rob my ancestors blind just to speak with your fiancée, how romantic.”

Dyon turned his head away and bitterly chuckled. ‘Women... so difficult...’

Suddenly Ri grabbed his arm and buried her forehead into his shoulder to hide her face. “I’m kidding, let’s go raid.... Soon you’ll owe me an explanation about a lot of things. But, I think we have more serious concerns for now, right? I’m looking forward to meeting big sister Madeleine.”

Dyon smiled. ‘Better... but still complicated... just what did I do in my sleep... I need to do it more often.’

With that, they began moving toward the first castle.

The bobs of will raged as they watched Dyon and Ri sweep seemingly endless amounts of cultivation stones and weapons into their spatial rings.

From the first to the seventh castle, the cultivation stones were mostly of the profound and saint level. However, there were millions of them... to the point where Dyon assumed it must be within the billions.

'This is the wealth of an ancient kingdom?... they lost a lot of their transcendent stones to the Ragnor family... if they hadn't, I would be set for life,' Dyon thought mischievously, still ignoring the grumblings of protest from the bobbing wills.

Aside from the cultivation stones in those first seven palaces, there were also many weapons and techniques. Following the lead of the cultivation stones, they were also of similar rank.

The weapons were mostly of the master and grandmaster level, while the techniques peaked at the upper earth to lower heaven levels.

But, Dyon was aware that there had to be more to this. For one, the elves had never stepped into the ninth palace, which meant that whoever the true originators of this world were most likely left what they wanted to protect within that place...

Dyon had figured out the steps were yet another treasure. Just think about it. If someone had enough talent to make it through the ancient game, it was likely that they already had a fully awakened aurora... so why would they then need these stairs? It was clear that whoever left these stairs wanted the person who could figure out the ancient game to raise an army of aurora users...

Dyon shuddered with excitement just thinking about an army using his weapon's hell array all at once. But, he reigned it in. After all, how likely would it be that everyone in his army would be as talented as Ri and reach the last step? This was most definitely a great opportunity he would take every advantage of, though.

Chapter 220 Love

The second reason Dyon knew there had to be more to this was because in all seven of the first few palaces... not one contained a singularity type technique... and none contained techniques even as remotely profound as the one used to prophesy the future of the elves.

So, when they finally reached the entrance of the eighth palace, Dyon took a deep breath before entering. And there, he found exactly what he was looking for...

On 3 separate pedestals stood the most powerful singularity type techniques created in Elvin history... The Florence ancient family technique... the Mathilde ancient family technique... and the Acacia ancient family technique.

Dyon looked at Ri who held a complicated glance while she nearly bore holes into the Acacia singularity technique. But, Dyon snapped her out of it with a pat on the head.

It's yours now," he said softly.

Ri nodded, "what do you plan to do with all of this? Do you want to learn all three? My father once told me that singularity techniques are great body cultivation... but also really difficult. It's likely these are peak divine level body cultivation techniques... it won't be easy..."

Dyon smiled, "when have you ever known me to shrink under pressure?"

Ri looked at Dyon and could only shake her head, "so prideful... if you implode from the inside out, don't expect me to put you back together."

Dyon sighed, "we still need to find out what happened in the end between those three ancient families... and especially why only the Acacia family younger generation came..."

Ri nodded, "well, we do have one clue."

Dyon smiled knowingly, "right. Who else could have left that library but the Acacia family younger generation?"

Ri nodded again, 'he's quite clever...'

"In terms of what I have planned though, don't you think those orphans would love to learn these techniques?"

Ri opened her eyes wide with a sudden realization, "you mean?..."

“Mhm. If I left them here, they’d eventually grow to the age of having to campaign themselves right? So why not protect them through life as an elder brother? They’ll have the best resources, the best food, and the best techniques.

“The only real difference between elves is their bloodline... if the orphans choose one of these three techniques to practice, wouldn’t they make up for that difference?”

Ri suddenly laughed, “this sounds like child labor. You’re growing an army of children now, too?”

Dyon chuckled, “you make it sound so horrible.”

“Well, I assume you’re making meal plans for them so diligently so that they can handle the strain of these divine techniques? You really planned this well in advance, hm? You probably knew you sent them too much food just so you could prepare for us possibly being in here for much too long.”

Dyon grinned. “I have nooo idea what you mean,” walking to the pedestals, and ignoring the wailing of the bobbing wills, Dyon swept all 3 techniques into his ring.

Afterward, he swept his gaze toward the endless piles of dao stones, grinning, ‘I guess I’ll be able to speak with my Madeleine soon.’

Although he was excited too, Dyon suppressed his desire and headed towards the ninth palace.

Walking in, they were greeted by a magnificent sight.

Before them was an array of unmatched complexity, spinning slowly in the air and shining so brightly that Dyon couldn’t pin down the color accurately.

But then, he suddenly thought of something, ‘that’s like the array in the tome!’

Pulling out the tome under Ri’s curious eyes, Dyon opened it to a blank page.

WHOOOSH!

In almost an instant, the array disappeared from the palace, ingraining itself into the tome.

“What’s that...” Ri asked faintly, “wait?! The ranking tome? It wasn’t destroyed?”

Ri gave Dyon a ‘really?’ side glance, “so you’ve been stealing from my kingdom for quite a long time, hmm?”

Dyon chuckled, “I mean... technically... it chose me as its master. What was I supposed to say? But look,” Dyon pointed towards the page, changing the subject.

Looking towards the ridiculously complex array, Ri’s eyes widened, “[Dao of Array Alchemy]... how arrogant...”

Ri was exactly right... someone had the audacity to not only create this array but to then name it as a dao... the level this master had reached was one that Dyon couldn’t fathom... and only a master of that level could have made the ancient game Dyon had just played... but, looking at this page now... Dyon got the sinking feeling that that ‘complex’ ancient game was nothing but a simplified knockoff.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon swept his gaze through the now empty room.

“Well, I guess that it, hmm? Let’s go little feu glace, your kingdom still needs saving.”

Dyon quickly walked out of the palace and smiled deviously as he snatched the entire 99 set staircase into his spatial ring.

And with that, they turned to exit through the short cut left within the ninth palace. Never bothering to speak to the bobs of will again.

**

Later that day, Madeleine sat silently in a dark cultivation room. She was meant to go to a new planet soon, and she knew that the dao stones Dyon had left her wouldn't be able to send a message across such a long distance, so she anxiously sat, typing away everything that came to mind when suddenly she felt a familiar vibration that sent tears streaming down her face.

'Little Madeleine, your useless hubby finally got his hands on some more dao stones! I know you won't be able to respond later because you'll be too far... but don't worry, I'm always here for you.

'I'll be starting my first campaign in 3-4 months time and I'll make sure to make such a big splash you'll be proud to stand by my side!

Also, don't worry about anything. Leave it to me. I'll never let you wait 20 to 30 years to be with me. Come the world tournament, there isn't a single person on this planet or in this universe that can stop me from taking you away. Even if it's your master. Even if it's your master's master. Even if it's the Sapientia God Clan head. Even if it's the head of the royal god clans themselves.'

Madeleine shook violently reading these words, her eyes twinkling and a bright smile appearing on her face.

Then, she sat and read as Dyon sent months worth of messages.

She read about Dyon's adventures. About his new little sister. About his friendship with Ri. About the annoying Sigebryht and Norville families.

She cried when she read about the orphanage. And she laughed when she read about Dyon robbing the Heaven's Wine owner and Elvin ancestors blind.

She felt better than she had since she left Dyon... a weight on her heart was lifted and she promised herself to never let this weigh on her again...

In just eight more months, she'd see Dyon again. At that time, she'd be stronger... she'd be ready to stand by his side tall and firm.

In the end, Dyon and Madeleine messaged each other for hours. By the time Madeleine looked up, it was time for her to leave and head off on a new adventure. But, she left one last teasing message for Dyon.

'Tell little sister Ri I'm looking forward to meeting her. We'll have to discuss how to deal with you and your antics

'-love, your future wife'