

The Nameless 221

Chapter 221 Hinged

It had been over a month since the Daiyu family had visited the Sigebryht holy land...

Their plans were set in place in preparation for a proper takeover of the Elvin Kingdom. Although the Sigebryht and Norville families were confident in their own strengths, it was still the case that the grand elders posed a real problem.

Although the only other Celestial stage expert in the Elvin Kingdom, aside from the missing King and Grand Elder Deryth, was the head of the Sigebryht family: Sinaht, they weren't comfortable with where they stood.

For one, Elder Deryth, although less talented than Sinaht, was far older. As such, his power reflected this age disparity. In addition, even if Sinaht was his match, Sinaht was well aware that his long-time rival would never allow the Elvin Kingdom to fall to him so easily.

In his youth, Sinaht was the undisputed peak genius of the Elvin Kingdom. He ranked within the top ten for the campaign rankings, his manifestation was both domineering and a perfect representation of the peak of the Sigebryht singularity technique, and he was in serious consideration for kingship.

The reason Sinaht had a chance to rule was because he was far superior to King Acacia at the time. In those days, the dislike of the True Empath ruling system was even stronger than it was now... reason being the ranking tome had named King Acacia a True Empath... but... King Acacia was known as a talentless commoner who hadn't even managed to manifest his soul at the time...

Usually, the grand elders would write off Sinaht's chances. After all, traditions were held in high regard... especially considering these traditions stemmed from the life sacrificed by one of the greatest Elves to ever live and the prophecy they foretold...

However, the problem was that decades passed without King Acacia manifesting his soul. Just like Ri had once lamented, King Acacia took centuries to finally succeed. And it was not until then that he was accepted as the rightful ruler.

To the grand elders, this was a sigh of relief. There was no longer a glaring reason not to crown King Acacia... however, to Sinaht, it felt like all of his life goals were crushed by a man he didn't feel inferior to.

And for what? For a prophecy from a long-dead elf? For a savior no one had ever heard any word of? Why couldn't he himself lead to elves to glory? To victory?

This obsession reached such a peak that Sinaht purposefully dashed his talent, forcefully cutting away his cultivation to remain at the peak of essence gathering so he could continue to campaign...

However, the ending of that story was clear for all to see. The elves were respected, but they weren't unrivaled... and worse yet, they remained in this backwater universe. But, to Sinaht, the worst part was that his decision would always put him far behind King Acacia... the man who used to be known as trash.

Now, Sinaht had no way of understanding the level King Acacia had reached. But, he had reason to believe the man wasn't as simple as being a mere lower celestial expert... it might not even be true that he was stalled at the middle levels... Because if he was so weak, it would have never been possible for him to win the heart of that woman... the woman that made the entire kingdom wary of what the princess would become.

There was no doubt that King Acacia was mighty.

Sinaht broke out into a cold sweat every time he thought of the day King Acacia finally manifested his soul... the day the Acacia family manifestation reappeared in the world... the day that forever marked his life in darkness.

However, things would change for him now. He knew it was a risk allying with such an enigmatic clan... the motives of the Daiyu clan were unknown to him. In fact, much of their movements made no real sense. But, Sinaht still accepted.

If the Daiyu clan only wanted allies to make moves to replace the current Royal God Clan, Sinaht would have no issue supporting them. Mostly because this was the best-case scenario...

But... there was always the sneaking suspicion that this couldn't have been further from the truth... that this clan wanted more... and that whatever that 'more' was... it wouldn't be good for anyone.

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Soon, it was the night of the long-awaited banquet.

In a public square near the center of the city, and just out of the range of the castle's forest, a great gathering was taking place.

The cobbled marble roads were shining under the moonlight, and the accents of jade gave the festivities a gorgeous backdrop.

The public square itself was a large opening amongst the complex streets and odd buildings of the Elvin Kingdom. In fact, this square was often where martial meets between the three academies took place. Previously, it had been a special case for the 3 school assessments to take place at the Acacia Academy coliseum... in that situation, there had been no chance to prepare the public square due to the late notice.

However, this banquet couldn't be accused of being ill-prepared.

Hundreds of well dressed and organized tables filled the area, surrounding an elegantly formed stage.

Beautiful Elvin dancers spun in their well-designed dresses. Conservatively dressed, yet still unimaginably appealing to the eye.

Members of the Ualair sub-family played a variety of instruments, from lyres to guqins, accompanying the dancers. This, of course, made sense. The Ualair family was part of the blacksmithing guild and specialized in making high-level musical weapons.

All members of this family had a peculiar elegance to them and their light brown hair and eyes were without a doubt signs of their unique purity.

Watching the youths of this sub-family perform were all of the outstanding members of the Elvin Kingdom.

All 21 sub-families were present, and it went without saying that all 9 major families had made appearances...

However, this only caused a distinct cloud of tension to hang in the air despite the polite chatter because all attention couldn't help but be focused on Sinaht and Zaltarish Sigebryht. They were the ones who called everyone here today... and everything hinged on their words.

Chapter 222 Strong

The tension only seemed to rise with each passing minute. But, the amiable smiles and light laughter never ceased.

In one corner of the square, the Sidebryht and Norville families sat together, chatting leisurely.

Zaltarish was partially annoyed the Mithrandir seemed to be ignoring him. His feeble attempts at conversation continued to fall flat and it was beginning to agitate him.

And it only made it worse that Mithrandir was dressed particularly well tonight. Despite the provocative wear she usually had on, and the similarly revealing clothing her mother was currently wearing, Mithrandir had chosen to dress more conservatively tonight. Yet, Zaltarish couldn't find himself feeling sad about that, in fact, he very much liked this version of Mithrandir.

Although he was fully aware of the desire paths of cultivation the Norville family practiced, Zaltarish wished for nothing more than for Mithrandir to solely belong to him.

Not only was she a genius he believed matched up to himself, she also usually had a playful attitude that he was drawn to. However, it seemed that immature attitude had disappeared ever since the day of the assessments... which only made Zaltarish's anger burn more furiously every time the face of that human boy popped up into his mind.

But, to Zaltarish, Mithrandir was worth being with still... he had already fallen for her and such a small change was already something he glossed over completely. However, Mithrandir seemed to have no interest in him...

Zaltarish was prideful. He didn't want the only reason for Mithrandir being with him to stem from a forced marriage. He wanted her to choose him because he was the best... because no other man could provide what he could...

However, despite his best efforts, Mithrandir's attention seemed focused on something else. And when Zaltarish followed her gaze, he only could only sigh.

Mithrandir's red eyes were trained on the Aedre family as though she was missing something.

Noticing this, Zaltarish finally said something that made Mithrandir's eyes light up.

"Do you want to go and speak with Primrose? I can bring you there... I know she's your best friend," Zaltarish sighed again, "I hope my father's plans don't strain your relationship too much... I also hope you understand that we're doing this for the betterment of the kingdom.

"In my father's youth, he didn't lose out in talent to King Acacia... and yet he lost his right to rule due to weak traditions. He was forced to toil away and erode his potential just for the sake of this kingdom... And when he realized he wouldn't be able to single-handedly change the fate of our race himself, he stopped suppressing his potential and came back to help raise up the Elvin Kingdom and support the King.

"Before the king's disappearance... my father made no moves against him. He had no schemes. And no ambition. His only goal was to help the Elvin race as he had always wanted to...

"And yet, that ungrateful King went as disappeared.

"A useless tradition came back to bite us and here we are now... a broken kingdom... buried on the rankings... with little to no hope for the future," Zaltarish's eyes shined with a passionate fervor as he narrated the story of his father's life.

Mithrandir had lost her faraway gaze... and was seemingly looking at Zaltarish with interest as he continued.

“My father hasn’t always been hard on me... In the beginning, he treated us all as a great father would. He was caring and nurturing... he guided my cultivation despite having so many responsibilities as the head of a major clan... but, that all changed.

“I want nothing more than to succeed where my father failed. I want to see the Elvin Kingdom rise up... I don’t want us to have to rely on some ridiculous True Empath who can’t even put his own kingdom first.

“The one who rules should be the most qualified... not the one who lucks into the position.”

Mithrandir was silent for a long while as she watched Zaltarish grip his drink tightly.

Suddenly, she spoke softly for the first time that night, “if you showed me this side of you from the beginning... maybe it wouldn’t have taken me so long to accept you...”

Zaltarish’s head snapped in Mithrandir’s direction, but she was already no longer looking at him.

But, the faint light of hope had taken root in his heart... so, he smiled faintly, now fully prepared to take on the challenges that lay ahead.

And that smile only got brighter when Mithrandir took the initiative to speak with him

“Also... you don’t have to bring me over... I don’t think Primrose came today...”

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In another corner of the square, Uncle Acacia sat burying a deep rage in his heart.

He had learned a few weeks ago of the death of the princess... and it was clear why someone wouldn’t take the death of their niece too well.

Many looked at him with pity, especially since he sat amongst the members of the broken alliance.

Suddenly, Jade took the initiative to go and speak to him.

She wore her usual pure white dress. Her long silver hair flowed with the wind, and her purple-blue eyes looked like they would be better matched with the sky as moons of their own as opposed to the eyes of a mere elf.

Bowing respectfully, Jade's voice was soft, "I'm sorry for your loss, Headmaster Acacia... But, I'm sure that Dyon is innocent... I hope you don't blame him... the fact he isn't here could only mean something terrible has happened to him too..."

Tears threatened to spill from Jade's eyes, but, she felt like this was something she had to say.

Headmaster Acacia was snapped out of his thoughts to find a pitiful looking girl standing to his side. He could only laugh bitterly, 'just how many young women of our race do you plan on taking...'

Headmaster Acacia sighed, "I know little one... there's no need to apologize... I've been prepared for the worst-case scenario for a long time now..."

Jade nodded. "I hope to one day be as strong as you are..." she said faintly, turning to walk away.

Chapter 223 Returned

Soon, they were well into the night... even the grand elders were beginning to get restless.

The serious expressions on Grand Elder Cormyth's and Kroak's faces had never left a single time that night.

They had both mutually decided that the Sigebryht family ruling wouldn't be good for the kingdom... and yet, with this clear power move being played, it was clear the Sigebryht family had something in hand only they knew about... if that wasn't the case, they'd never be so bold.

But, all they could do was stew as they watched Sinaht Zaltarish leisurely chat and enjoy the entertainment... as though this was nothing other than a regular banquet.

Finally... the suspense reached its peak as Sinaht stood, walking almost too slowly to the stage.

Each of his steps seemed to be another stomp on the hearts of those watching... His movements were smooth and deliberate... no one could deny that he was a true expert.

The members of the Ualair family vacated the stage along with the dancers, sending the entire square into silence.

In fact, it was almost as though the whole of the Elvin City held its breath for this one moment... the only sound was the faint crackling noise the fiery words in the distance occasionally released.

Reaching the center of the stage, Sinaht stood straight and tall, rising to his near three-meter height.

"I know you're all wondering why it is we've asked you here," his voice was faint... yet somehow reached the ears of everyone in attendance.

"The first reason is just to socialize. We are a people that should be united. The idea of pitting against each other for something so useless as power has never been the goal of anyone..."

Although Sinaht's words were vague and roundabout, they clear hit on several key points.

"Those of you of appropriate age are well aware of my actions during King Acacia's rule... Despite losing the position I dreamt of in a way I found to be ridiculous, I chose to focus my attention on helping the kingdom....

"And yet, that kingdom I have given my life for is constantly spiraling out of control. We are overrun with orphans due to the loss of brave souls during campaigns... Our younger generation is on the constant decline... and what has our King done all this time?"

The question hung in the air. Smothering much of the momentum the old alliance thought they had.

The words rung very true... Although they had once formed an alliance due to the importance they placed on tradition and the prophecy, where was that taking them now? Were words written hundreds of thousands of years ago really meant to dictate the current day?

Uncle Acacia felt his heart grip... he could only bitterly smile... he had no idea why his brother had disappeared. Nor did he know if he would ever come back... he simply had a blind faith that his brother would never do anything to harm the kingdom... but how much of that was based on fact? Versus how much of it was based on emotion?

Sinaht continued, "It was this king who disappeared without a trace... it was this king who left our kingdom in such a sorry state... It was this king who decided to continue that barring entrance into dead kings valley... without these resources, how are our young ones meant to compete?

"The techniques we have access to are crude ones we ourselves have formed. The weapons we have access to are crude ones we ourselves have formed. The pills we have access to are crude ones we ourselves have formed... we are as a race of people with no ancestry... no lineage... no backing... and yet we harp on traditions as if we do?"

The hearts of everyone in attendance began to beat wildly.

Sinaht was truly made to lead... he had not used a suggestion technique, and yet the hearts of everyone began to sway towards his views...

"Today... I will repeat myself in saying that we asked you here to first and foremost socialize...

"Today is but a showcase... I do not wish to rule the Elvin Kingdom... I wish to stabilize it, I wish to nurture it, and I wish to hand it before my death to qualified youths...

"Not only do I wish to implement a system that decides the next rulers based on merit rather than luck, I wish to also showcase why my son is also very much clearly suited to be the one to start this new tradition."

Everyone, whether it be planned or coincidence, seemed to turn their gaze towards the fiery words in the sky:

‘You Don’t Qualify to Name Me’

Suddenly, a seemingly gentle but stifling pressure filled the square as Grand Elder Deryth spoke.

“Your words are persuasive; however, did you think of the opinions of others before you decided on doing this?”

Sinaht turned a calm gaze towards Grand Elder Deryth. It was indeed true that had Sinaht had no backing... dealing with Grand Elder Deryth would be difficult... but that was only if.

“I hope your esteemed grand elder will consider reason. As I’ve said, we are one race and one people. Conflict isn’t something I want.”

“But?...” Grand Elder Deryth’s voice was unyielding, seeking to probe Sinaht.

“But, if you insist on running a Kingdom I love into the ground, I will use any means necessary.”

Silence.

The pressure in the square mounted higher and higher.

When suddenly... it was cut through instantly.

“You know... it’s almost kind of sad watching all of this happen...”

The eyes of everyone snapped up to the sky.

Uncle Acacia trembled, tears falling from his eyes.

“Good, good...” he said again and again.

He felt like a weight had been completely taken off of his heart.... Because there, before everyone to see, Dyon stood in the sky finally wearing something other than his usual sweat pants and a white shirt.

Going for a more human world type style, he wore a sky-blue dress shirt matched with sleek black pants. He couldn't stand to be so formal, so, the sleeves were rolled back to his forearms, revealing the twin wristbands that he never took off.

However, what was most shocking was the fact on either side of him stood two girls...

On one side, Ri stood faintly blushing. She wasn't used to holding the hand of a boy in public. She sent glances towards her father, but only noticed endless gratitude in his eyes rather than the constant teasing she knew would be coming later.

She wore a minimalistic blue dress, and somehow despite her normal appearance, she seemed to outshine everything.

Her blue-silver hair waved gently under the urging of the night's wind, and the shy expression on her face made everyone feel a slight pinching in their hearts.

And yet... there was still one other shocking thing... something that sent the members of the alliance into a shock.

To Dyon's right, wearing a silver mask that could hardly hide her extraordinary beauty, stood a girl with long deep blue hair and eyes.

Because before the eyes of everyone, the Princess of the Elvin Kingdom had returned.

Chapter 224 No?

Dyon stood looking down at the crowd, gently holding onto Ri's small hand.

He smiled to himself looking at her shy reaction, 'I didn't think you could get embarrassed. My little feu glace is so adorable.'

However, not everyone was so enamoured by Dyon's appearance. And they definitely weren't happy that he had shown up hand in hand with a woman... and who else could be simmering in rage over this other than Wyn Eostre.

He knew exactly how badly this made his daughter look, and yet all anyone around her saw was a relieved smile. As though all she cared about was Dyon's safety.

The pang of pity made Wyn almost erupt. But, Jade only turned to him with a small smile, "he never forced me to do anything father... you can't be angry at him for this..."

But... the more understanding Jade was, the more furious the Eostre family became.

And they weren't the only ones. Opal and Celine felt their hearts trembling with rage looking at Dyon's calm countenance... as if Jade's feelings meant nothing to him at all.

Yet still, Kymil Nodin and Darcassan Fletcher snickered to the side, standing near each other in a far corner.

"Who else could the human end up with but the ugly duckling?"

"Shh, don't speak so loudly, you'll hurt her feelings. Her Uncle is quite powerful you know, Kymil."

Kymil chuckled, "what Uncle? What king? I seem to see neither?"

Dyon turned a calm gaze in their direction, "it seems all elves have a problem with controlling themselves... maybe a little discipline is needed..." he said faintly.

Before Kymil and Darcassan could even snicker in response, Dyon's manifestation flashed so quickly that only a select few could even grasp what it was...

His soul raged, wildly increasing in strength.

"Advanced weapon's hell array..." Dyon said softly.

Blinding purple-gold formations roared to life, spinning viciously in the air... kicking up the wind and the table dressings.

BOOM!

Four spears sped forward with blinding acceleration...

"AAGHH!"

The crowd was stunned... Kymil and Darcassan... two of their best geniuses... wasted.

Each grit their teeth in clear pain...

Not only had Dyon defeated them in an instant... but he had humiliated them.

The four spears had served a very specific purpose... one pierced directly through their thigh... and the other pierced directly into their foot...

In a manner of seconds... Dyon had forced them to kneel.

Dyon chuckled lightly, "speak out of turn again, especially if it's about my Ri, and I'll kill the both of you."

A cold sweat appeared on the backs of the two young men, but when they turned to their families, all they saw were endless looks of disappointment. Their kingdom had fallen so far that a human boy alone was enough to deal with them. Regardless of whether it was a surprise attack or not, the skill to manifest one's soul so quickly was the mark of a genius... they had nothing to complain about...

They could only grit their teeth in silence, their leg forcefully bent in a position of endless shame and pain...

Sinaht Sigebryht looked on at this scene with interest. He had heard about Dyon before, and especially about how his son had lost a debate to him... but, he wasn't aware that Dyon was also so powerful.

According to his sources, Ores had vastly underestimated Dyon which resulted in his loss... so, the only explanation was that either Dyon never let Ores use his full potential, or Dyon had gotten significantly stronger in the more than a month since then.

Zaltarish, though, was nowhere near as calm, "is there a reason you're here? Since when did humans have the right to speak at an Elvin gathering? This banquet concerns the future of the Elvin Kingdom... you don't have a say."

Oddly enough, Dyon only smiled at Zaltarish's antagonistic statement, "hm... Maybe a normal human wouldn't... but, I'm a little bit of a special case."

The eyes of everyone in attendance but a distinct group furrowed their brows. They had no idea what Dyon was talking about.

Zaltarish, was of course, not pleased, "being the boyfriend of the cousin of the daughter of a missing king isn't exactly what you'd call a firm connection... Even if you were the boyfriend of the princess herself, since she has no power, what would make you think you did?"

"Ah, yes. Indeed...

Say, Zaltarish. You're an elf yourself and understand far more about your kingdom than I do, correct?"

“That is obvious,” Zaltarish said proudly.

“Mm,” Dyon continued, “then what do you say is the main reason the grand elders were given their positions?...”

Zaltarish’s frown deepened, “it’s because they head guilds that are of unprecedented importance to the kingdom... their say is without a doubt among the most important because of this...”

Dyon smiled lightly, “ai... that’s what I thought too...”

Dyon’s words were confusing... what was he going on about?

But, his next actions caused something that made even Sinaht’s calm demeanor shatter.

Dyon waved his hand, and suddenly, thousands of arrays appeared above the heads of thousands of elves... elves that happened to correspond to a very specific set of 14 sub families.

*twinkle

The soft sounds of shattering arrays filled the square, raining down particles of purple-gold light.

Grand Elder Cormyth and Kroak smiled as a sudden look of realization flashed across Grand Elder Deryth’s old features.

Suddenly, the sounds of thousands of elves standing was all that anyone could hear... and then... they all bowed.

“Guild members greet Guild Head Sacharro.”

Silence.

Dyon waved his hand nonchalantly, sending a wink towards the surprised Ri, “no need to be so polite. I’m simply here to have my say in a kingdom I clearly have a lot invested in...”

Dyon turned towards Zaltarish, “this is enough, no?”

Zaltarish trembled. Time and time again Dyon foiled and blocked him... just when would it end?

But, what made everything worse was that when he looked towards the Grand Elders, he only found them calmly taking the rings off of their fingers, floating them up to Dyon.

Dyon smiled, finally accepting the Alchemy and Formation Guild rings.

Suddenly, he turned his attention towards Sinaht, completely ignoring Zaltarish, “I believe we have some things to discuss, no?”

Chapter 225 Can't You Tell?

Sinaht had already begun to take this boy seriously. He was barely a fraction of his age... and yet he had made but a single move to make not only two grand elders yield... but also 14 sub-families.

And yet, was it really that simple? Even if it was just a single move, how many could succeed in pulling it off? What level of genius did you have to be in order succeed in such a way? Even the head of the Norville major family and his wife looked up from fooling with each other to witness this... what was about to happen?

Despite his surprise, Sinaht quickly composed himself, “I guess it was us who judged you rashly. Having such a talent be a part of the Elvin Kingdom is something I would of course wish for. But, if you were planning on comparing your talent to my son, even should you win, I hope you understand why it is that not many would accept you as our monarch.

“I am willing to negotiate a position of high standing for you. But, if you’d like more than that, it’s not something I can or will promise.”

Dyon nodded faintly. He was impressed by Sinaht's response. It seemed he truly did have the best interest of the Elvin Kingdom in mind.

"I have no interest in ruling over the Elvin Kingdom. It's only that I've made a promise to the Princess to help her alliance. So, I'm sure you see where our road splits."

Sinaht's eyes narrowed, 'no interest? This child is not so simple...'

But, Sinaht still smiled at this, "is there even a remaining alliance for you to rely on?"

He looked over to the Eostre, Ingram and Coventine families. Opal and Celine were still fuming and had no intention of backing Dyon's words... but it seemed like their families were also on the fence about this.

For the past month, to them at least, everything had been over and done with. The Princess was dead, they no longer had a head, and the Sigebryht-Norville alliance was so confident in itself that it made moves even in the face of Grand Elder Deryth...

What were 14 sub-families in the face of a Celestial stage expert unafraid to fight someone as old as Grand Elder Deryth? And, even if Sinaht wasn't that strong, there was a trump card he had that made him confident... why would they choose Dyon in this situation?

Dyon smiled faintly, expecting this reaction. He lightly squeezed Ri's hand to let her know he had this all in hand.

"I wonder... Head Sinaht. Who did you ally with to give yourself so much confidence?"

Silence.

Dyon's words were like knives cutting right to the source of the problem. There were a lot of things that hadn't been adding up over recent years... the disappearance of the king... the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect... and all of these things seemed to culminate in the Sigebryht family's bid for power.

The brows of Sinaht furrowed. He hadn't expected such a calm, simple and yet so poignant response from a child. Not only were Dyon's words of appropriate authority for someone with as much influence as him... they weren't threatening or antagonistic... it was only a simple question... and in a meeting about the future of the Elvin Kingdom, could Head Sinaht really deny answering this question?

If he said he had no backing whatsoever, the opinions of those around him would change drastically. He would go to a thoughtful and well-planned leader, to someone who was taking a last ditched gamble for power he was snubbed in his youth.

But, if he admitted to allying with the Daiyu clan, what world of trouble would that open? Would the Daiyu clan be willing to help him out in the open? Was this a moment of vulnerability they were waiting for in order to entrap him even further? What could he do now?!

Seeing Sinaht's predicament, many started to ponder further on many things...

Suddenly, an unknown voice came from the crowd. For some odd reason, no one could tell where it came from, and yet that was less important than the words said.

"Did Sinaht Sigebryht facilitate the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect to drive the King away?..."

Immediately it was as though a question that had been weighing on the minds of everyone was out in the open. Sinaht felt like his world was crumbling for the second time in his life... the first was when King Acacia manifested his soul... and now a human boy had managed to sow descension within his own people against him!

Originally, this wouldn't have mattered too much... even if the other families felt something was odd, in the face of his power, there was nothing they could do anyway, nor did they feel the need to do anything. This was because, whether or not he was involved, he was still the best option for the Elvin Kingdom moving forward.

As the head of the Sigebryht family, he was already the second most powerful person in the kingdom aside from Grand Elder Deryth... especially since the King had disappeared. In addition, he had a talented son, who had an equally as talented fiancée... the other families would follow purely because of convenience.

However, Dyon flipped all of this on its head. For one, he took less than 3 months to swing 14 sub-families including two grand elders. On top of this, he had unyielding talent... talent that involved an innate aura that could dominate on the warring fields of the gates!

In addition, if things weren't bad enough, he was backing the family of the rightful rulers. A family Dyon had clear and deep connections with considering his relationship the niece of the king. Swinging his opinion away from them was impossible!

Sinaht suddenly felt like his back was against the wall... how would you plan for an anomaly like Dyon? How do you account for a genius so blindingly radiant that his very existence changes the course of everything? Sinaht felt aggrieved.

He thought to the communication device the Daiyu elder had given him, 'should I use it?'

Suddenly, Dyon's voice broke him out of his thoughts.

"Head Sigebryht... have you heard of an old lady surnamed Everdeen? Have you heard of the orphanage I built in the outskirts of the Elvin City? Have you heard of Aeson Acacia?"

Ri trembled at Dyon's words, tears threatening to spill from her eyes... she had been raised along with Aeson... although she was known as his drill sergeant, she still looked to him as a close brother.... But now he was gone.

Her grip tightened on Dyon's hand, seeking comfort.

Dyon gave her an apologetic smile... but these words had to be said.

"I –," Sinaht seemed to be struggling with his words. He felt like all of this was a trap. Even if he swore he had nothing to do with all of the things Dyon said, would he really be able to make it out?

Sinaht thought back to the communication device, resolutely deciding to crush it. It didn't matter if he was being framed. He would prove his worth to the Elvin Kingdom even if it meant having to raise them up from flames first.

“Ah, don’t do that Head Sinaht... did I say I was accusing you of being responsible for their deaths? Can’t you tell you’re being played by someone?”

Chapter 226 What Family?

The crowd was stunned... he spent all that forethought and planning just to say that Head Sinaht wasn’t responsible?

The truth behind the death of Aeson and the destruction of the orphanage was something that would have completely buried the Sigebyht family and their hopes of gaining ownership of the Kingdom through the acceptance of its citizens.

Although the major families cared little for the commoners on the outskirts of their cities, elves still had a deep sense of kin. This was clear by the sentiments Sinaht played to in his speech... killing the innocent for the sake of power would be looked down upon no matter what. In fact, it was part of the reason the Sigebyht family had lost their backing from grand elder Cormyth.

Originally, the members of the alliance had assumed that Dyon had been responsible for the death of Aeson and the attack on the alliance headquarters... after all, no one else made sense... who else had knowledge of the location and the motive to betray them? To make things worse, he disappeared!

But then, they started doubting themselves when Dyon appeared with the Princess. If Dyon had only wanted the benefits provided by the Sigebyht family, wouldn’t he make sure everyone continued to think the Princess was dead? Nothing was making any sense!

Suddenly, someone from the Aedre family spoke out. It was a lady who seemed to have aged a lot recently. Wrinkles of worry lined her face... it was clear her emotions were getting in the way of her health.

Streaks of white tainted her once deep blue hair, and her hands shook violently as she spoke... but she was stabilized by a tall and stoic man who sat beside her. However, the calming touch almost made her break out into sobs again.

“You’ve mentioned so many names,” she said softly, “and yet, why is my daughter not amongst them!? What did Primrose do to deserve death? Did you kill her just because she was friends with Mithrandir?! How dare you talk down to Head Sinaht if you’ve acted just as egregiously!”

The poor lady trembled, shaking violently.

Mithrandir snapped her head in the direction of the Aedre family, a sudden realization hitting her.

'Primrose?... is dead?...'

Tears streamed down her face. She had once assumed that Primrose hadn't come because she wasn't willing to face her in this situation... come to find out that she never had the choice to attend at all.

But, the pitiful Mistress of the Aedre family wasn't finished venting...

"And you!" she said turning her anger towards the Princess, "Primrose used to be a good friend of yours in your youth! Did you really sign off on her death?! The Acacia family backstabbed this Kingdom once before, it's clear nothing's changed!"

The Princess looked like she wanted to say something, but Dyon put his arm out in front of her, shaking his head.

'Not now,' was what he motioned.

"My little girl had nothing to do with any of this..." The pain in Mistress Aedre's voice was palpable. In all of this fighting for the kingdom, a death had slipped through the cracks and no one was even aware of it.

Dyon sighed, steeling his heart, "Mistress Aedre, you say your daughter used to be good friends with the Princess, and what happened since then?"

Head Aedre's faced darkened as his deep voice boomed, "you dare question my wife in a situation like this? What gave you the nerve!"

A formless pressure rushed forth, seeking to end Dyon's ability to ever speak again...

However, Dyon remained calm as a familiar figure stepped in from of him, dispersing the pressure with a wave of his palm.

“I think you were very much aware of the fact I wouldn’t allow you to lay a hand on my son-in-law, no?” Uncle Acacia’s voice boomed.

The crowd froze... when had Headmaster Acacia gotten so powerful? Peak Sainthood?!

A deep frown etched into the features of Head Aedre, “what a good Acacia family you are...”

Despite Head Aedre’s words, Dyon continued.

“Since you don’t want to answer the question, I can let you know.

“Because of your bias, your deeply ingrained hate, and your baseless prejudice against the Acacia family, you drove a wedge between your family and theirs.

“But now that it’s convenient for you. Now that you can play on the heart strings of those around you. You want to make use of a relationship you yourself destroyed? If you’d like to align yourself against the benefits of your own kingdom because you lost your daughter, have at it. But, don’t try and claim the moral high ground. I won’t let you.”

Dyon’s words were sharp and held no sympathy. Even Ri and Princess Alex couldn’t help but cringe.

They had never told Dyon anything about this, but wasn’t the story behind this clear? Why else would Ri, who had grown up as the cousin of the Princess, and the Princess herself, seemingly have no close friends? The only explanation was that they were driven away.

Ri and Alex hadn’t been born in the time King Acacia and Uncle Acacia were commoners... therefore the only world they knew were that of nobles... Yet they had no relationships with them? It made Dyon’s blood boil with rage.

Mistress Aedre seemed to react violently to Dyon's words, trembling in her husband's embrace. She lost all strength to do anything but stare blankly at the table in front of her... she had many children, but that didn't mean the loss of one hurt any less...

But, although Dyon's words rang true... his lack of sympathy and tact seemed to breathe new life into the Sigebyrht family. If both sides had committed atrocious acts, didn't that mean that it was still okay to choose either side?

Suddenly Wyn Eostre spoke, "doesn't this make it clear that neither the Acacia nor the Sigebyrht families are fit to lead?..."

His voice was faint but cut through to a real point. What he said was right! Why were they pretending as though there were only two options? There were 9 major families, including the Acacia family, there were 10 choices, not two!

Dyon smirked, unable to hold himself back, 'how predictable...'

"Mm," Dyon hummed, "your words do indeed make sense."

Wyn Eostre anger flashed toward Dyon, "your opinion is irrelevant to me. If it wasn't for my being of the older generation, I would have already killed you for what you did to my daugh –"

"I think it's about time you shut your mouth," Dyon's pressure was nowhere as impactful as Wyn Eostre's, but it seemed like when he spoke, people listened.

"YOU!" Wyn Eostre nearly snapped in his rage.

He shook as he watched tears fill Jade's eyes.

"Dyon... I know you don't want me... but is there a need to treat my father this way?..."

Faint sobbing noises came from Jade as she gripped her dress at her knees... unable to look up at Dyon.

The major families began to turn on Dyon violently. He was so arrogant, and yet he was clearly the weakest existence here! Array alchemy genius or not, what right did that give you to speak to your elders like this!? Especially when Wyn's anger for his daughter was understandable!

Kymil and Darcassan trembled from their kneeling positions... in too much pain to rise but raging too much to calm themselves. Jade was amongst the queens of their generation! And yet Dyon captured her heart and still stomped on it like this?!

Sinaht watched all of this play out with a confused look that slowly became more and more thoughtful in his enlightenment, 'you... how deep was this plan... how'd you figure all of this out?!'

Dyon noticed Sinaht's reaction and smiled.

"You're quite smart old man," he said sending his voice through wind will while the experts were distracted in their anger, "play your cards right and I'll crown you interim King."

Sinaht trembled at Dyon's words, 'this isn't a child... this is a monster...'

Suddenly Dyon spoke again, "I guess my words were a bit rude, hmm?"

Even Ri who had the utmost confidence in Dyon was shaken in the beginning... But she was slowly beginning to piece together what Head Sinaht had... and she couldn't believe it...

"I guess that seems true from your point of view. But let me ask you a few questions then...

"The orphanage was attacked supposedly as an act of revenge against me... yet the only person that was killed was an old lady with information about my whereabouts. The kids weren't touched... Why is that?

"Aeson Acacia was killed. He was a genius, yes... but why kill him? Was his talent really that much greater than those here right now? What changes in this banquet should he come vs should he not?"

The more questions Dyon asked, the more confused the crowd became. Truly... what was the point?...

“The Princess was targeted for assassination, yet much of you disregard her existence now. To you, she’s just an interim leader with no true power... and yet the Sigebryht family supposedly still tried to kill her, yet hinges their argument and their ideals on the betterment of the kingdom and the uselessness of the Acacia family...

“Wouldn’t that point be more profound if Princess Acacia was alive and still had no power to stop this coup? Wouldn’t killing Princess Acacia mean that the Sigebryht were still afraid of the Acacia family? Wouldn’t that destroy the whole point?”

The crowd trembled at Dyon’s words as Wyn Eostre’s face darkened.

“I wonder... what family is seen as the most selfless... the one who gave up the most for the kingdom... the family who gave up even their own longevity for the sake of a better future?...

“What family would have the most to benefit from the villainization of the Sigebryht family and the elimination of the Acacia family?

“What family would want nothing more than for you all to think that Sinaht orchestrated the fall of the Celestial Deer Sect... the destruction of an orphanage... the death of a genius?...

“To think that the Acacia family killed a member of the Aedre family?...

“What family fits this description more than the Eostre family!”

BOOM!

Chapter 227 Flowery Words

The crowd was stunned by Dyon’s words...

However, were his deductions really refutable? The movements of the Sigebryht family hadn't made any sense.

Why would Zaltarish do something like burn down an orphanage and fill it with feces knowing the fact that Grand Elder Cormyth was not an unconditional supporter? It was clear to everyone that the fact Cormyth supported a member of the Grimbold family in inheriting the headmaster position of Mathilde Academy, that he was not all in on the Sigebryht family.

And... if you dismiss it as an act of pure rage instead of one of strategy, then why would he only kill a poor old nanny? Wouldn't it hurt Dyon more if all of the kids died as well?

Then there was Aeson, why was his death necessary? Not only was the timing odd because it put Dyon directly into the line of questioning... Aeson's death, no matter how callused it may sound, meant practically nothing.

If the Sigebryht family had a trump card to deal with someone as powerful as Grand Elder Deryth, why would they be worried about an orphaned boy?

Then there was the attack on the princess. What Dyon said was perfect. Sinaht Sigebryht hitched his argument onto the idea that the Acacia family wasn't fit to rule in the first place. That not only did they not have the best interests of the kingdom in mind, but that even if they did, they had no power to act on those wishes properly...

Why? Because headmaster Acacia was nothing but a figure head. Ri Acacia was a little-known genius who rarely appeared. And Alex Acacia was an interim leader of a flimsy alliance... an alliance that had clearly already turned on her before Dyon began speaking.

If the Sigebryht family felt threatened enough to take action against the princess... wouldn't that then undermine all of their ideals? Wouldn't the Sigebryht family seem weak then? For not only using underhanded means, but to actually attack who amounted to nothing more than a teenage girl?

And that was not to even mention Primrose and her role in all of this.

To top it all off... The Eostre family really would be in the best position after all of these things played out...

As a family that had sacrificed so much by becoming pseudo True Empaths, they ironically had the empathy of much of the kingdom. If the Acacia and Sigebryht family both fell from grace... they would be the most likely to succeed the throne.

And yet... there was another major point that made all of this come together... as pseudo True Empaths, which family could possibly be better at finding candidates to be tested for the True Empath constitution... and yet, in the thousands of years since King Acacia rules, not a single one had been found... why was that?

Was it really that the True Empath constitution had once again disappeared?... Or was it that the Eostre family was never searching to begin with?

As everyone slowly thought of these things through, Dyon quietly waited for the exact response he knew was coming. After all, hadn't he already predicted everything up until now?

And sure enough... it came.

"Where's your proof? I won't have you, an outsider, slander my family.

"In addition, you're clearly not a man of character, so why should anyone believe in your word? Because you say so? Did you 'say so' to my daughter to sway her feelings? Did you care about her thoughts when you showed up here parading around another woman? Did you even give her a glance of apology?

"Or, is it somehow also true in your mind that she's involved? That the girl who wished for nothing more than your safety is somehow an accomplice to this quote-unquote 'horrible Eostre family'. Is my daughter guilty as well?

"And let's say you don't think Jade is involved, you're clearly still punishing her for actions you THINK her family has taken. You have an inability to separate the actions of a little girl from the alleged sins of her family... which makes you the same hypocrite you called the members of the Aedre family.

“It seems you don’t realize that words mean nothing. Facts can be manipulated, and opinions can be swayed. In the less than 10 minutes you’ve been here, the supposed alliance members of the Princess have switched sides on no less than 3 separate occasions.

“To make things worse. You began your long-winded nonsense by making Sinaht Sigebryht look bad, before reversing it to make us look bad. Since you’re so good at manipulating the facts... again, tell me, why should anyone believe you?”

Wyn Eostre was calm and exuded the air of an elder. It was as though in light of the slandering of his family, he had left his role as angered father, and instead began to act as the true head of his clan.

His resoluteness, calmness, and overall air tight logic made some nod in appreciation. Maybe it was centuries too early for Dyon to be playing with these multi-century old elders...

Dyon smiled, however, there seemed to be an unconcealed killing intent within... a killing intent that made the eyes of the elders sharpen and Ri look at Dyon’s side profile with worry.

‘Did he give up and decide to use force?... did he lose control of his emotions?... he’s still too young...’

Thoughts like this permeated throughout the crowd as Head Eostre looked at Dyon unperturbed.

But... despite the thoughts of everyone else... Dyon’s next words only added fuel to the fire.

“If I came here today, I of course have proof.

“When I act, I don’t do so without thought.

“When I love, it’s not up to you or anyone else to question it.

“When I want to kill, no matter how long it will take, I will make it happen.

"I still remember the tears of those children. I still remember the mutilated corpse of Ms. Everdeen. I still remember feeling that it was all my fault and still feeling that way to this day. I still remember you killing my woman's close brother. I still remember you attempting to kill her close sister.

"So, let me tell you very clearly. Your flowery words mean nothing in the face of mine."

Chapter 228 Last

Silence.

Tears started falling uncontrollably from Jade's eyes as she gripped her dress at her knees... her small body trembled as she tried her best to remain silent.

Yet, Dyon's eyes contained no pity and no regret at the words he had just spoken.

Suddenly Celine stood violently.

Her manifestation bloomed, a halo of blinding light hovering above her head. However, the most striking feature of the halo were the small wings on either side of it.

Celine's golden hair and eyes shone more profusely as she pointed a finger at Dyon, too angered to speak.

Dyon turned a cold gaze towards her, "if you have anything to say, say it. And be sure you won't regret it after I'm done. See that you don't implicate the Ingram family in my rage."

Ri quietly held onto Dyon's hand. She could feel his anger... and she trusted that he wouldn't display such emotions for no reason...

This was different than it had been back then all those weeks ago... then, it was a choice... but now, Dyon seemed to have little control over his words. Anyone who spoke against him would be his enemy.

Still, Ri had made the decision to stand by his side, so her thoughts were singular in nature.

'I support you...'

Celine's brows furrowed, but her momentum was stopped by Jade's words...

"You didn't force me to do all of those thing... b-but you accepted it anyway... regardless of whether you wanted to continue the relationship between us or not... regardless of how you feel about my family... is there really a need to treat me this way?..." Jade sobbed, tears streaming down her purple-blue eyes as her silver hair trembled along with her body.

Suddenly Dyon's killing intent disappeared as he seemed to realize he lost control of his emotions.

He looked off into the sky, coincidentally landing on the full blue moon.

"You know," he spoke softly, "elder Flyleaf once told me something very interesting..."

Elder Flyleaf was, of course, within the crowd. He had watched nervously as Dyon seemed to antagonize everyone as he spoke... yet Dyon felt he was to blame for the destruction of the orphanage... wasn't then antagonizing more people the wrong way to go?

But, the more Dyon continued to speak... the more people listened... and the more people listened... the more it seemed like his words couldn't be wrong...

"He said that the Eostre family is much like their manifestation... wanting to be as bright as the sun, but only able to reflect its light..."

Dyon seemed to hold the crowd in endless with his every word... Even Celine had lost her will to fight and sat down... but, that didn't mean her eyes weren't still simmering with rage.

"You all probably know this... but the Acacia Academy 5th floor library is fairly exclusive..."

Everyone nodded. The Acacia Academy, much like other academies, had their upper floors barred by level of talent.

When Dyon had first wondered around, he hadn't noticed, but there was indeed a faint pressure on his soul. This had happened just after he left the Elder Flyleaf's lecture.

To everyone else, this pressure was something they couldn't reach... many could never surpass this hurdle. However, it wasn't unheard of that a genius could do so. Which was exactly why it wasn't such big news that Dyon had done it...

That being said... that library was still an oddity... it was a place where the Acacia family younger generation had left the last vestiges of the ancient kingdom.

It wasn't anything special... actually, it was a prophecy everyone in attendance knew about... the prophecy that explained why True Empaths were crowned as the monarchs of the Elvin Kingdom... the prophecy that stated the love bond between their savior and their monarch.

"I bet you all are wondering why I bring this up?... well, that library is the place I met Jade."

Everyone turned questioning glances towards Jade... when had she become enough of a genius to climb those steps?...

Dyon shook his head, "don't be ridiculous, you think I would hinge my thoughts on something so flimsy? Jade spent her entire life being underestimated by you people, is it really up to her whether you see her genius or not?"

Everyone was stunned by Dyon's words. Where was he taking this? It seemed like every time he'd steer them down one direction, he'd completely switch his flow...

"I only mention this to show you that not everything is as it seems... Especially when it comes to the disappearance of your king."

Ri's hand suddenly tightened against Dyon's causing Dyon to squeeze back for her reassurance.

However, when Dyon spoke these words, even the grand elders felt themselves stiffen.

'Does he know...' the grand elders were shaken beyond belief.

The disappearance of the king had been a weight on the souls of the whole kingdom. Would today be the day they finally found out?

Through all the years of speculation and theories... the only thing they could link the king's disappearance with was the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect...

In reality, the Celestial Deer Sect was destroyed thousands of years before the king disappeared... but, something tangible had changed on the date that happened...

The king, once understanding amiable became more and more irritable. His personality shifted, and he began to appear less and less in public... until finally, he stopped appearing at all.

And the one thing everyone knew... was that it started with the disappearance of their long-time ally... The Celestial Deer Sect.

Dyon chuckled, "I bet you're wondering why I'm bringing this up..."

Dyon's essence blood began to rage within him as he stimulated his master's essence.

BOOM!

A majestic deer appeared behind Dyon, covered in a clear and pure white coat with swirls of gold... she looked down lovingly at Dyon.

Everyone remained stunned at the sight...

And then... Dyon's voice rang out.

“It’s because of the last disciple of the Celestial Deer Sect.”

Chapter 229 Little Lesson

The crowd felt like going home... how many reveals like this could they take.

Yet, some felt completely differently... the grand elders started laughing... imagine that... the most esteemed members of their kingdom laughing like children.

Elder Deryth smiled faintly, “there’s no doubt left in my mind... the prophecy is about this child.”

Grand Elder Deryth’s words seemed to place a blanket of pressure on the Eostre family... if Deryth was right, then wouldn’t Dyon’s words have an extra layer of credibility?

Ri suddenly flicked Dyon’s forehead, “how many things like this do you want to keep from me?! You couldn’t have let me know before?! How many other things are you hiding?!”

Dyon smiled down as the adorably pouting Ri and pinched her nose lovingly, “after today, there’ll be nothing left to hide, right?”

Ri suddenly noticed that they were the center of attention and pulled back, blushing.

Alex who stood to the side smiled at this, ‘I’m glad you’ve found such a nice relationship...’

Wyn Eostre though, only narrowed his eyes... his face darkening even further.

He wanted to speak but Dyon began again first.

“You must be wondering if the secret of the Celestial Deer Sect gives me inside information on the inner workings of the alliance and why your king disappeared... however, it doesn’t.

That being said... after this story... I’m sure many of you will find little reason to doubt me...”

Dyon's gaze turned serious as he scanned the crowd.

"Grand Elders, if I show you how the tome was used to cleanse the True Empaths of old, will you do me the honor of telling everyone the reason behind the alliance with the Celestial Deer Sect?"

Grand Elder Deryth looked into Dyon's eyes calmly, as if he had expected this, 'it seems the words in the sky, the tome, the prophecy... everything has to do with him...'

"You can really do that?" Grand Elder Cormyth's eyes sparkled with hope.

Dyon smiled, nodding in affirmation.

After a few moments, Grand Elder Deryth nodded, "I think it's about time everyone knew..."

Everyone was exhausted, they hadn't had a second of rest since this began, and now the grand elders were going to reveal a secret they had held from the beginning of their tenure?

Grand Elder Deryth took a deep breath, "the path of the True Empath hasn't always been easy...

"Imagine being privy to the emotions of everyone around you. To know their lies, their truths. To know what they really think of you behind a fake smile... to know that maybe your loved ones don't place you in high regard...

"But, what if this was scaled up? What if you could feel the emotions of everyone in a war-torn country? To feel every heartbreak at the loss of a family member... to feel the depression of a kingdom that's hit a wall of decline... and to know that with every passing day, there's nothing you could do to help them all..."

The eyes of the crowd glistened.

“That’s the level a True Empath powerful enough to be our monarch reaches... a level where with every passing day... they lose their minds more and more.”

Dyon smiled, “and what’s better at cleansing the mind than Celestial Will? With the help of the alliance, the monarchs of the Elvin Kingdom could rule for longer and die of old age rather than insanity...

“However, you must be wondering... since the Elves weren’t always in this universe, how did they cleanse their True Empaths before?” Dyon’s ring flashed, a tome appearing in his hand, “the answer is with this tome.”

“That’s?! ”

“Mhm,” Dyon nodded faintly, staring at the tome absentmindedly, “this tome used to fulfill the job of not only identifying True Empaths... but also the job of cleansing their souls, it’s just that that secondary function was lost to you all with the transition between universes.”

Dyon smiled to himself. This is exactly what he meant when he told Ri he had figured all of this out by luck... if it wasn’t for him connecting the cleansing of the demon generals with the awakening of this book, how could he ever make this connection in such a short period of time? However, Dyon didn’t feel the need to mention such things. Right now, only the most important facts were needed.

Zaltarish who had been silent all of this time suddenly trembled, looking down at his hands, “then that means... the words in the sky were never mine...”

As soon as Zaltarish finished speaking, the sudden realization hit everyone.

If it had been Zaltarish who destroyed the shell of the tome, wouldn’t he be the one in possession of the tome?... the fact Dyon had it... only meant one thing...

Sinaht bitterly chuckled to himself, ‘it seems nothing was up to me from the beginning...’

How was this fair? His array alchemy talent was unmatched. He had an innate aurora. And now his manifestation was powerful enough to destroy a stone monument that had stood since the ancient times of the Elvin Kingdom? Bullshit!

Dyon only faintly chuckled, looking off into the sky, “you must all think the words in the sky signify the destruction of the tome... however, you couldn’t be more wrong... the words in the sky signify the sealing technique used to hold the real tome... it was only that my manifestation was a trigger for releasing it... but...”

Dyon waved his hand towards the words in the distance... and under the astounded gazes of everyone, they began to shift and condense, moving towards them with blazing speed.

Suddenly, when the words were just in range, Dyon clenched his fists.

BOOM!

There, before everyone, the stone tablet fell in the middle of the square, raising into the sky hundreds of meters. And the names that had been erased... were back.

Dyon smiled faintly, “why would I ever destroy the one foolproof piece of evidence I have for the deeds of the Eostre family?”

Everyone held their breaths as they watched Dyon look towards the princess.

“I think it’s time...” he said faintly, pausing his words.

The Princess smiled a radiant smile, slowly taking her silver mask off.

Mistress Aedre shook violently watching this scene. Her listless eyes began to glow as tears fell endlessly down her cheeks.

“Right Primrose?”

There stood Primrose Aedre, smiling radiantly... and what seemed to hit people even harder was the fact if you paid attention to the expressions of Ri and Uncle Acacia... they were not surprised in the least.

Dyon laughed, "what? You all thought I'd really berate a mother who truly lost her child? She just needed to be taught a little lesson..."

Chapter 230 Legend

Dyon chuckled, seemingly revelling in everyone's confusion.

Ri took a deep breath as though she was preparing for something... something big...

"Hmm... what's the most interesting way to reveal this..." Dyon said, thinking to himself... suddenly, he grinned.

With a flash of his ring, he let go of Ri's hand for a moment as an adorable five-year-old girl appeared in his arms.

Little Lyla looked excited to see Dyon, "big brother, big brother, Little Black is doing something really cool now, you have to see!"

She patted Dyon's cheeks excitedly as though the two of them were the only ones in the world, her long light pink hair bobbing up and down.

Dyon smiled, pinching her cheeks, "is that so? I guess we'll have to go visit Little Black soon then. But first, let big brother ask you a question. Is that okay?"

The crowd of elves furrowed their eyebrows. Was Dyon taking this as a joke? What the hell was he doing? What could a little girl possibly do in this situation?...

Sinaht Sigebryht, though, had long since stopped doubting Dyon... so the first thought he had immediately jumped to the only possible conclusion, 'that little girl...'

“Okay big brother, what question?” Little Lyla nodded excitedly.

Dyon smiled lightly, “you always call big sister Ri the most beautiful girl you’ve ever seen, right?”

Little Lyla nodded, “yes, big sister Ri is definitely the prettiest.”

Dyon nodded at this before pointing out into the crowd, “take a look around, is there anyone here who might make you change your mind?”

Little Lyla finally turned her eyes towards her surrounding, staring with her big pink diamond eyes.

She swept over Opal and Celine. She scanned Mithrandir. She even looked over Mithrandir’s mother.

And just as the crowd was about to get agitated she looked back at Dyon, shaking her head, “no big brother, sister in law number two is definitely prettiest,” then she nodded in affirmation like she had just deduced the most important thing in the world.

Ri blushed at the way Little Lyla referred to her as, trying to hide away her face. She didn’t even have the mental real-estate left to figure out what Dyon was trying to do.

Dyon laughed, “I brought out this little girl to prove one thing... the fact that this stone tome still does its job... and I brought out Primrose, to prove that the Eostre family are guilty.”

Dyon’s eyes flashed with a gold light as he stepped onto another defensive array, floating him and Little Lyla towards the stone tome seal.

“Little Lyla, put your hand here,” Dyon said, pointing to the stone.

Everyone’s eyes suddenly widened in realization suddenly remembering the only defining character a True Empath would have... the ability to see through all things...

Little Lyla's small hand reached out, and as soon as it touched the stone, there was silence for a brief moment... until...

BOOM!

Little Lyla's hair started glowing in its own pinkish light, her eyes brightening right along with it.

The crowd was stunned...

'She really is... our next monarch...'

Ri smiled lightly, watching Little Lyla be chosen by the stone tome.

When it ended, Dyon casually floated back to Ri's side, "go back for now, okay Little Lyla? I'll be there with you soon."

Little Lyla pouted but still nodded obediently. She seemed to not care about being crowned as a True Empath... in fact, it was as though she already knew.

After Lyla left, Dyon looked at the crowd laughing, "who said love's bond couldn't be between a brother and a sister?..."

But, I bet you were wondering how right she was about Ri, hmm?"

Kymil and Darcassan suddenly let bitter smiles spread across their faces as they started slowly realizing what everyone else had...

Dyon turned to Ri.

"Do you trust me?" He asked gently stroking her cheek.

Ri lowered her head onto Dyon's chest, wanting to find a hole to bury herself in, but she still faintly nodded.

"Mm."

Dyon's ring flashed as he took out the last constitution awakening pill he had... one he gave to Madeleine... the other he gave to Delia... and this one, he had yet to use.

Ri looked down at Dyon's hand to look at this pill, "what's this..."

Dyon smiled, "the reason you haven't been able to awaken your manifestation isn't because you're inept. It's just that your body itself is conflicted..."

Remember when I asked you if elves have special hearing and you said no?"

Ri nodded, finally looking up at Dyon.

"And don't you also find it odd that you can survive in a pool of ice purity despite having no cultivation? A pool that would almost immediately kill anyone else? And how about why your soul is special to the point that your aurora shines blue?..."

Ri nodded again, much of this she knew already... but hearing someone affirm it made her feel like something was slowly unlocking within her.

Dyon chuckled, "you know that day I called to you when you were playing around in the lake? I used my music will to change the frequency of my voice to be outside the range of normal human and elf hearing... yet, you still heard me.

"So, I concluded the reason you seemingly look half human, yet know nothing about humans, is because you're not half human at all... you're half magical beast."

Everyone seemingly sat at the edges of their seats.

Ri lowered her head again, “is someone who’s half a beast someone you still want to be with?”

Uncle Acacia watched this scene with a sad expression on his face, ‘what a silly girl... this is weighing on her even though with her intelligence she should know that Dyon chose her having already known this!’

However, a father’s words here were useless. Only Dyon could say something appropriate.

Dyon only smiled, titling Ri’s chin up, “didn’t you already ask me something like this? Like I said then. You can look the same. You can look different. But, aren’t you still you?”

Ri smiled, taking the large pill into her hands and swallowing it... she trusted that whatever it was she became after this... Dyon would still love her...

The truth was, Ri wasn’t using a disguising technique. If she was, after spending so much time with her, Dyon would have definitely noticed.

What Dyon had realized was that Ri had conflicting constitutions... one that came from her Elvin side, and another that came from her mother’s side... her magical beast side...

Dyon suspected that the Elvin half of her lineage was the equivalent of a God Level body constitution. In fact, it was the last of the top 3 among female constitutions... One was the Infinite Ice Hell constitution... Another was Goddess’ Disposition... and the last was Elvin Queen’s Reign.

Ri closed her eyes as she felt something within her shifting.

However, Ri’s other half was less simple... under normal circumstances, a god level constitution shouldn’t interfere with anything else... even if that ‘anything else’ was a bloodline from a completely different species...

But... Dyon suspected that not only did Ri have a god level constitution... her beast side held a faith seed! Ri's body contained both a god level constitution and a True Deity constitution! Thus, causing them to clash and stifle her potential... even to the point of effecting her appearance.

Dyon stood watching as Ri clung to his chest with both hands, her hair flapping wildly in the burst of energy.

'I wonder... what kind of True Deity body comes from beasts...'

The thing was, Dyon knew he couldn't awaken a True Deity constitution with his pill. In fact, True Deity constitutions didn't need to be awakened through means other than one's own self. The reason he gave Ri the pill was to act as a catalyst.

Her Elvin Queen's Reign needed to be awakened to 100%. By doing that, the faith seed she had would have nothing left to suppress and could then bloom on its own... theoretically resulting in a balanced harmony.

BOOM!

Ri's aura skyrocketed, a jet of energy streaming out from her lower back, causing her dress to flutter wildly.

BOOM!

Another stream of energy accelerated, swinging through the air with no regard...

BOOM!

It happened again... and again.... And again...

Suddenly Dyon's eyes widened with realization, 'those aren't just streams of energy... they're tails!'

A legend from the human world suddenly surfaced in Dyon's mind... the legend of Kitsune...