

## **The Nameless 241**

### Chapter 241 Good Memories

Ri trembled as she felt Dyon's hand on her shoulder. But, all he did was wrap his arm around her, chuckling.

"Do you want to know how far Madeleine and I have gone?" Dyon asked questioningly.

Ri paused for a moment, but still nodded.

"I'm a virgin," Dyon said laughing, "there's no need to force yourself to do anything."

Ri suddenly felt like biting Dyon in exasperation, but, she settled for wiggling her arm out of his embrace to flick his forehead.

Dyon pouted, "ow... what was that for?"

"I wanted to know about you and Madeleine only to know more, that was all. Do you think I feel the need to sell my body to you as compensation? Hmph," Ri looked up at Dyon, clearly annoyed.

Dyon smiled. "What have I missed?"

Ri thought for a moment, settling back into Dyon chest. "Well, the next round of campaigns have already begun."

"Oh? How are the elves doing?"

Ri shook her head. "No one thought it was right to leave without you. So, the elves are the only ones who haven't gone this time..."

An odd feeling blossomed in Dyon's heart as a thoughtful look surfaced on his features. "That's no good... is there anything important happening with the key towers right now?"

“From what we know, of the nine key towers, only one hasn’t settled into the control of one of the universes... each of us have control of four. We’ve been at this stalemate for quite a while, nothing much has changed in a long time.”

Dyon stroked Ri’s hair as he thought. “It must be the Epistemic Tower that’s uncontrolled, no?”

“How’d you guess?” Ri had some pretty good ideas of her own, but she wanted to hear Dyon’s thoughts.

“That tower is the only one without any obvious military strategies to use in conquering it... The terrain is bland and uninteresting in terms of what you can see that is, and the spatial fluctuations are among the highest in that area. It makes it not only hard to capture, but also hard to defend... How do you defend an area that attacks you and your opponent?”

Ri nodded. “In the past, this was always a critical tower. Most decide to conquer the other eight towers before tackling the Epistemic Tower. The problem with that strategy is obvious though...”

“Right... the Epistemic Tower is at the center of everything. Supply routes would essentially be cut off if you choose to cross over to reach the four towers furthest from your gate entrance. It’s obvious how ground breaking it would be for someone to conquer that tower... it would probably shift the tides...”

“Exactly. The Epistemic Tower is named as such for a reason. It holds a formula for how the laws of that gate work... holding that key tower means having an ever-changing map of the gate... It’s also possible that having that map might give you clues on how to approach conquering other gates as well...”

Dyon grinned.

Ri giggled, “you’re thinking of doing something crazy, aren’t you?”

Dyon laughed, “when have I ever not done something crazy?”

Ri pouted. “Maybe when you covered me up even when I said you could look?”

Dyon smiled deviously, tilting Ri's head up, "is my little feu glace in heat?"

Ri's eyes sparkled as she looked into Dyon's. "Do you know what's hard about being a beast with a fiancé who does nothing but roll around shirtless in her bed?"

Dyon flipped Ri beneath him, feeling as though she was lighting his insides on fire with her words.

Ri placed both hands on Dyon's chest, slightly digging her nails in as her voice grew hoarse. "Do you know what's even harder about remembering how he touched another woman in front of her?"

Dyon's eyes reddened, demonic will dripping from him as he felt Ri grind her knee into his groin.

Ri wrapped her arms around Dyon's neck, pulling him in tightly. Her hands ran through his hair as she moaned to the kisses he trailed along her neck.

Ri gasped, feeling Dyon rip her sports bra off to leave faint red marks where it used to be. She pressed her chest his, biting into his shoulder.

"I want it, Dyon..." Ri said softly.

Dyon pulled up to look at a flushed Ri, gently stroking her cheek with his thumb as he kissed her passionately. His hands lowered, slowly circulating his celestial will and aurora while cupping her supple breasts.

"Yes..." Ri gasped for air, biting Dyon's lip until it almost bled.

Ri's breasts were nothing short of perfection – a springy mound of flesh that sent Dyon to full mast without reservation.

Reaching for the bands of Dyon's sweats, Ri pulled them down, exposing his everything. Her heart quickened its pace, her face flushing an ever-deepening shade of red as she watched a heavy mass slap against her belly.

Ri was starting to get restless, every layer of clothing was nothing more than an annoyance. She wanted to reach down to take off her last layer, but she suddenly heard Dyon growl.

A feral air stifled all breathing as Dyon ripped Ri's hands out of her control, pinning them together above her head.

Something snapped within Ri. The domination... the submissiveness... something in her blood was boiling as she stared down at Dyon's throbbing cock as though it was the only thing she would ever wish for.

Ri's aurora blazed, hers intertwining with Dyon's and following its lead.

Dyon kissed Ri's neck, gently biting as he moved down.

Every touch glowed, infusing Ri with almost more pleasure than she could handle. She felt like she was already on the edge of something... yet Dyon had not gone anywhere near her treasured place.

The frustration. The lack of control. The pleasure. All of it was bring Ri closer to losing herself. Her moans were no longer decipherable from growls of anger and agitation.

Suddenly, she felt Dyon's hot breath on her thigh, but when she tried to move her hands, she found them bound tightly to her bed's head.

"Dyon..." Ri's voice almost sounded like she was pleading.

Dyon reached his hand up from his position between Ri's legs, taking in her scent while lightly toying with her pink nipples.

He sucked on her sensitive groin, moving to the other side to do the same.

“Please...” Ri’s hips wiggled in agitation, but Dyon’s hand was firmly gripping the side of her hip... until suddenly... Ri felt the lightest of kisses right on the fabric of her panties.

“Fuck...”

Ri’s back arched, her legs shaking with pleasure as she pressed Dyon’s head between her thighs.

Suddenly, she felt her last layer finally disappear.

Dyon trembled in agitation looking at this scene.

Ri’s treasured area glistened, a small patch of triangular hair gracing it. It was the picture of perfection – its light pink folds were subtle and well kept, the faint string of purity between it and the fabric Dyon held in his hands sparkled in the air and its fragrance was so intoxicating that Dyon almost lost all control.

Ri’s breathing was heavy, but it seemed she wasn’t satisfied.

“Take my everything...” Ri’s voice was ragged but resolute.

Dyon climbed up to find Ri had forcefully broken her bindings. He groaned feeling a hand grip his member, slowly stroking it.

Ri gently rubbed Dyon’s tip against hers, inadvertently causing herself to tremble as she clumsily tried to find her entrance.

Dyon could hardly hold himself together... so... as soon as he felt an opening... he thrust forward, bearing down on Ri with a domineering kiss.

Ri grunted as she felt as though she was pierced all the way through. She wrapped her arms beneath Dyon, grabbing onto his shoulders and biting into them. Her nails digging trails along his back.

Suddenly, she was flooded by an endless amount of Celestial Will. Her moans became wild, filling the room with feral growls of pleasure.

Dyon had never once used dual cultivation techniques as they were meant to be used. But today... he reached the epitome of what it meant to dual cultivate.

Ri's entrance felt like tornado of swirling juices and soft skin. The moving walls and flexing muscles made every part of Dyon feel as though he was lost in the greatest feeling in the world.

And suddenly, he kissed her. He kissed her with his everything. Feeling as though if he ever stopped, she would disappear.

What they didn't know and couldn't bother to care about, was that each of them were sharing a part of themselves with each other... Dyon's soul brought Ri to a next level of understanding; from that day forth, the melding of their auroras would never be the same...

Ri's fate seed and god level constitution stimulated Dyon's beast essence blood, stabilizing it to an all new level. His blood essence integration shot up to 30% for both his celestial deer and demon qilin essences! And his Demon Sage essence suddenly shot to 5%! In one night of endless pleasure, Dyon's body had undergone a qualitative change... few within the manifestation stage could match his body's prowess now...

Ri suddenly felt Dyon twitching endlessly within her. Her walls convulsed again and again under his onslaught.

Dyon's tongue invaded Ri's mouth, playing with hers without reservation.

Ri gasped, digging her nails even further into Dyon's back, "don't you dare stop," she said out of breath.

Ri wrapped her legs tightly around Dyon's waist, her back arching in a final climax as Dyon pressed her down.

Dyon groaned, wrapping his arm around Ri's waist to lift her up. She shivered as she felt him even deeper than before.

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They stayed like that for a long while. Dyon kneeling and Ri locking her legs around him, laying her head on his shoulder.

Dyon raised his free hand to stroke Ri's hair, finally allowing Ri to relax as he stopped circulating his techniques.

She took deep breaths, enjoying the feeling of still having Dyon inside of her.

Ri suddenly giggled lightly between gasps. "Your master left you some good memories," she said faintly.

Dyon chuckled hoarsely. "Happy birthday, my little feu glace."

Ri smiled, "is this your present to me?"

Dyon shook his head, "this is only part one."

Ri's eyes widened as she felt Dyon's member suddenly grow to another size inside of her.

Ri pulled up from Dyon's shoulder, her beautifully shaped breasts in full view as a sheen of sweat layered her flawlessly glowing skin.

She smiled, revealing her adorable canines.

“Take me again, then...”

Chapter 242 Be a Princess

Ri sat on Dyon’s lap facing him, laying her head on his shoulder as she took deep breaths.

They had moved to her private bathing area and currently sat at the shallow end of a large pool.

The space was more like its own bath house rather than a normally sized bathroom. The pool was large and had an interesting curved and abstract shape to it. Elegantly crafted tiles covered the surface of almost everything as a faint layer of steam hung in the air.

Dyon felt like falling asleep just like this... his arms wrapped around Ri’s waist and her breasts pressed against his chest.

“How many hours has it been since this morning?” He asked.

Ri was silent for a while, as though she had fallen asleep herself. But, she suddenly wiggled awake, reminding Dyon that he was very much still attached to her.

Dyon reached down, relishing in the soft feeling of Ri’s plump ass before slowly pulling her up.

Ri moaned as she felt Dyon slide out of her entrance, before collapsing into his arms again.

Taking a deep breath, she finally spoke, “you woke up around ten... it’s at least four right now...” she said softly.

Dyon nodded and brought some soaps over, gently rubbing them onto Ri’s soft skin as she closed her eyes in pleasure. She allowed Dyon to clean every inch of their bodies. The feeling of his hands gliding across her almost raised her excitement again... but, the dull ache between her legs made her think against doing something about it.



After Dyon spun Ri around to spend a conveniently long time lathering her breasts with foam – much to her amusement – he finally washed everything off.

Then, he gently picked Ri up bridal style, his feet lighting in a faint wind and fire will.

Now dry and comfortable, the two of them fell into a deep sleep in Ri's large bed.

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Dyon awoke to an amazing fragrance. His nose buried itself into Ri's hair as he slowly gained his bearings.

Ri shifted in Dyon's embrace, her canine teeth shining as she yawned.

Dyon smiled, feeling two bundles of flesh press gently against him. Ri was truly adorable in her sleep, she had even draped her leg over Dyon, breathing soundly.

Looking through the drapes across the room, Dyon realized the sun was beginning to set which meant Ri's birthday banquet would be starting soon.

Ri slowly opened her eyes to the feeling of Dyon rubbing his hand across her thigh – she giggled, feeling a bit ticklish.

“Pervert.”

Dyon grinned. “How can I wake up next to a naked beauty and not touch?”

Because of her leg position, Ri could subtly feel something hard pressing up between her legs.

Ri smiled, gently grinding against Dyon. “Do you want to stay here? Or go to my birthday banquet?”

Dyon tilted Ri's head up, kissing her deeply.

But then, he pulled back and sighed.

"I know you want to go," Dyon smiled, "so let's go. How could I ever want to disappoint you?"

Ri's eyes shone as she looked up at Dyon before she leaned in and lined his jawline with soft kisses. "I'll repay you later Mr. Jaws."

Dyon laughed, Ri hadn't called him that since the first time they met. At first he was confused, but her meaning was pretty obvious now.

Ri swung herself to the edge of the bed, letting Dyon watch her alluring back as she walked to a large walk-in closet.

To Ri, she wouldn't have wanted to go to the banquet while Dyon was in his coma. But, it was different now.

While the Elvin Kingdom was in turmoil, Ri hated everything that reminded her of her past as a princess. She avoided dresses, social gatherings, and mostly focused on her training. And although now, casual clothes like sweatpants had grown on her, with the problems of the kingdom settled, she was opening up to the idea of re-entering society as a princess should.

Much to Dyon's happiness, Ri's love of sweatpants and sports bras wouldn't die so easily – but, at the same time, she wouldn't cringe at the thought of a dress anymore.

That being said, Ri wanted to attend this banquet for reasons any woman would. She loved the idea of walking in with Dyon by her side with people who loved her around her. At the same time, she wanted to properly reconnect with Primrose.

Although Primrose had been her helper for years now, Ri always felt somewhat distant. A bit as if she still held a faint grudge against major families like Primrose's Aedre family for essentially ruining her

childhood. However, her perspective on things began to change when she learned of Dyon's story. In fact, she shed more tears thinking about how he moved forward despite his past pains than for him having gone through the pain in the first place.

If Dyon could put things that hurt him aside to do such great things, Ri didn't feel like she'd be worthy to be with him if she didn't do the same. As such, she saw this banquet as a good first step to a brighter future for her and the Elvin Kingdom.

Thinking through these things, Ri slowly got ready under Dyon's eyes, laughing to herself because of his heated gaze. Well, that and the fact Primrose had filled her closet with so many ridiculous things. Ri could almost see her best friend winking at her from wherever she was now, 'Mithrandir influenced you too much,' thought Ri, giggling.

Finally finding a pair of undergarments that weren't too ridiculously risqué, Ri put them on. She smiled to herself, admiring their blue lace in a nearby mirror.

Ri's hair suddenly began to shimmer as her ice will melted into it, straightening out her bedhead.

Then, she picked out the dress Primrose had long since bought for her. 'This is too... princess-y....'

However, when she was about to find something else to wear instead, she felt suddenly felt a strong pair of arms around her.

"This is perfect," Dyon said gently, "you should be a princess on the princess' birthday, no?"

Ri looked down at the dress in her hands, leaning into Dyon.

It was a strapless dress, but that was hardly the problem... The waist up had elegantly arranged golds and blues, but the waist down bloomed outwards into endless and grandiose folds. Ri felt she would be hard pressed to walk properly, let alone sit or socialize.

But, she was in love with its silver colors of the puffs of fabric. In fact, if you looked closely, there was the slightest tinge of blue. But, other than that, she thought it was more inconvenient than anything... yet, she felt that maybe practicality was useless here.

So, she slipped it on, letting Dyon do up the back for her.

Ri looked at herself in the mirror, giggling to herself. The bottom of the dress was so wide her arms couldn't even rest properly at her sides.

Suddenly, she noticed Dyon behind her. "You're not planning on going naked, are you?"

Dyon grinned. "Only if you want me to." But, thinking of something, Dyon paused. "Watch this."

Ri watched expectantly, but she was suddenly blinded as a purple-gold array covered herself as well.

The light slowly faded. But, the sight of Dyon made Ri's heart quicken... it was suddenly very obvious to her that she loved him.

Dyon wore a tight-fitting Victorian style tunic and vest. It was as though it was made for a king. Its royal blue was laced with a velvety pattern that swirled elegantly throughout. The seams and buttons were embroidered with a rich gold color leading all the way to its high collar, ending in a roaring dragon. Even the pants and shoes to match, with their sleek black appearance, had a rich air of nobility. And yet... it all would have meant nothing if not for Dyon's demeanor.

Suddenly, a smile spread across Dyon's handsome face as he bowed and stretched out his hand.

"Would you do me the honor of allowing me to accompany you to this ball, Princess Alexandria Acacia?"

Tears threatened to spill out of Ri's eyes as she nodded, placing her hand in Dyon's.

"Mm."

Chapter 243 Growth

Ri pulled Dyon up, hugging him as tightly as her puffy dress would allow.

Dyon stroked her hair, chuckling. "Silly girl, is there a need to cry? Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror?"

Ri looked up from Dyon's embrace, turning to the mirror to look at herself standing by Dyon.

A gasp suddenly escaped her lips. "Dyon..."

Ri's hair now had a braided crown on it... it was a truly beautiful sight, but that wasn't what caught Ri's attention.

On her neck, there was a thin and elegantly made necklace. She touched it gently, tears glistening in her eyes... because she noticed Dyon was wearing one less band on his wrist.

Dyon smiled. "These clothes were something my father once wore. Later in his life, he was a law enforcement officer... but that was simply the aftermath of his military career. One of the only times I ever saw him smile was when he wore this to accept a reward..."

Dyon looked down to the bands on his wrist. "These were the first inventions I ever created. But, they mean more than that to me. The metal you see around it was something my mother passed down to me... it wasn't the best material I could have used, but she always said that making more with less could make anyone better."

Dyon kept the second band for Madeleine. He found it unfortunate that his array alchemy hadn't reached a high enough level to do this for her back then, but he smiled thinking of gifting it to her in the future.

Spinning Ri around, Dyon looked down at her lovingly.

"This is part two of your present," kissing her forehead.

Ri's tears were threatening to fall as her lip trembled.

Dyon smiled, caressing her cheek. "This is a happy day," he said gently, "Don't cry."

Suddenly Ri smiled. "I don't know if I want to go anymore..." She said quietly.

"And I'm the pervert?" Dyon said, grinning widely.

Ri rolled her eyes. "That's not what I meant," she said, hooking her arm around Dyon's. "Let's go."

Like that, they walked out of the room and into a wide hallway near the top floor of the castle.

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In a large banquet, tens of the younger generation had shown up, many of which included the elder brothers and sisters of some Dyon was already familiar with.

Actually, the only elders present were Sinaht and Uncle Acacia. The other elders of the major and sub families paid their respects but decided it might be more damaging than anything else should they appear.

Unsurprisingly, the Eostre family made the biggest contribution to the Princess' birthday as a sort of apology for their obvious shortcomings. In fact, much of their presents included funding and backing received covertly by the Daiyu family in order to coerce their services. As such, the Elvin Kingdom gained another massive boost in income. In fact, it might have been because the Daiyu family spent so much time bribing potential allies that they lacked resources to begin with.

That aside, the atmosphere was lively. It seemed that if those in attendance weren't smiling while watching the orphans play, they were having amiable social interactions amongst each other.

"Do you think Ri will actually come?" Mithrandir sat near Primrose, questioning her as Zaltarish almost comedically prepared her a plate of food. He was so diligent that even Ores, Kymil and Darcassan

couldn't help but snicker. And yet, he was too focused on pleasing Mithrandir to care much for anything else.

Primrose giggled, glancing periodically between Mithrandir and Zaltarish, giving her friend a knowing look.

"I don't know... She's quite worried about Dyon. So, it depends on if he wakes up or not."

Mithrandir sighed, accepting an expertly designed plate of fruit from Zaltarish. "That boy has always been reckless... I hope he's okay."

Zaltarish would have pouted at Mithrandir's words if it wasn't for the fact he wanted to uphold an image. 'I'm feeding you with my heart and soul and you're worried about another man?! Where's the justice?'"

Suddenly, Zaltarish felt a pat on his should. Turning around, he found his elder sister grinning at him. "If you want her heart little brother, you should dominate her. What's this nonsense about you becoming her waterboy?"

Zaltarish's elder sister was... unique. She had faint grey skin and red eyes much like the rest of the Sigebryht family, and you could tell by her facial features that she should be a world class beauty... but she was a bit... muscular...

Akash Sigebryht was only twenty-five, and yet she had already broken into the second layer of essence gathering. But, with that genius came her eccentric personality.

Unlike many other girls and even boys, Akash would fight in campaigns even if there was no glory or ranking to be had. To her, the battlefield was the only home worth having... and that excessive push to be the strongest made her forego ladylike techniques she shunned as 'nature's sin.'

Some tried to explain to her that techniques for women weren't weaker, it was just that they maintained an outer appearance of beauty, but, Akash was having none of it. She insisted on practicing the most domineering techniques... thus resulting in her appearance now.

Truth be told, she was still quite beautiful... if you didn't notice the fact her legs would crush your head in an instant.

But, it was exactly because of this passion that she became the chief head of the Elvin Army just recently. To not just be a campaign leader, but a head at such a young age was something anyone could be proud of. And it was especially unprecedented since Akash was a woman.

That being said, although Zaltarish was proud of his elder sister, her appearance now made him blush. Her words led to an unconcealed laughter raging through the table... It was right about now that Zaltarish hated how charismatic his sister was.

However, noticing Ores' eyes glittering, he took this opportunity to change the subject. "Big sister, I believe Ores had something he wanted to tell you. You should speak with him."

Ores' eyes snapped to Zaltarish so quickly that his flaming red hair lifted off of his shoulders. But, Zaltarish pretended not to notice his glare, already preparing another plate for Mithrandir much to his sister's dismay.

Akash rolled her eyes. She had absolutely no interest in Ores. To her, he was just a kid who was slightly bigger than other kids. She had already crushed all the men of her generation, or else why would she be chief? It obviously was of no help to Ores that he lost to a human boy even younger than him. In fact, Dyon might be the only kid in the younger generation she was curious to see the growth of aside from her own little brother.

Chapter 244 Where

Suddenly, Akash felt two hands tickling her sides causing her to turn back in agitation. "Bele, can't you be more like the rest of the Grimbold family? Imagine coming from a family of warriors and still being a dainty little girl."

Bele giggled at Akash's words her red hair bobbing. She had long since become used to this.

"There's nothing wrong with acting like a woman," Bele cupped her small chest proudly.

Akash scoffed. "Woman, or little boy?"



Bele pouted in agitation, stomping her feet. "Hubby, Akash is bullying me again!"

A gold haired young man sitting nearby with a group of friends looked up but could only shake his head. Bele knew fully well that he was no match for Akash, so why get him involved? In fact, he wasn't even really Bele's husband! Marriages between major families were never the norm... but when Bele found out that Mithrandir and Zaltarish were betrothed to each other, she pounced on him... claiming 'dibs' as she called it.

The worst part was that when he looked over to his sister for help, he only found Celine giggling at his misfortune together with Opal.

So, he could only accept it as Bele walked over and plopped down in his lap. "Gael, did I ever tell you that you have such a dashing name? If our first child is a boy, we should name him Gael Jr.!"

One of Gael's friends nudged his rib. "How could you say no to a beauty like Bele? If you don't want her, give me a chance."

Bele pouted unhappily at the boy. "Gael is the only one for me. Hmph."

Despite her antics, Bele meant what she said. Because she was part of the Grimbold family, she actually had no choice but to participate in the campaigns unlike the other girls.

During one such occurrence, Gael had saved her life as well as many of the soldiers under her charge. If it wasn't for the previous taboo against members of major families wedding, she would have long since given herself to Gael.

Celine smiled at this scene. She liked the idea of her elder brother having someone who loved him for pure reasons.

Gael smiled, accepting Bele into his lap with an arm around her waist. "Don't worry Idril, I'm sure you'll find someone else."

Feeling Gael's arm, Bele was suddenly oddly embarrassed. But, she still smiled warmly.

Idril sighed, a depressed look creeping onto his face. "If the Fletcher family had any say in it... I'd marry a girl from the blacksmithing guild just so that bows and arrows were easier to come by."

Gael laughed, mostly because Idril's pain came from a place of truth. The Fletcher family were expert archers as their manifestations would attest. So, they often did marry into blacksmithing families.

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Just like that, the banter and fun continued for another hour. Ri and Dyon were nowhere to be seen, but, this was still a good environment for most. As such, no one left early.

Suddenly, Sinaht and Uncle Acacia stood. They had been quietly conversing amongst each other, but they thought it would be best if they just left the event to the younger generation.... That and the fact they sensed a familiar and irking presence approaching the castle.

Not wanting it to ruin the festivities, they stood to greet them outside. As rude as that may have been, they believed they had given the Royal God Clan enough face in the past couple months.

Sinaht sighed. "We can keep the old man away... but, it's likely that prince will want to come."

Uncle Acacia chuckled. "That prince is quite arrogant... He knew of the start time of this event yet still came late... Why do you think he asked for Dyon so often?"

A pensive look surfaced on Sinaht's features. "I believe that must have something to do with Madeleine Sapientia."

Uncle Acacia nodded... that was the only thing that made sense.

The two of them flashed outside of the Castle to find a grand carriage slowly approaching the entrance.

Due to the bird emblem of the Royal God Clan, none of the guards dared to stop them... As such, they had already neared the main entrance.

After waiting patiently, a young feminine looking man and what seemed like an older guardian walked out.

Royalty in other settings may be granted devout respect, but the Royal God Clan system was a bit different. The Royal God Clan, for one, wasn't that much more powerful than the God Clans. There difference was on two or three Celestial Stages at the most... at least in this universe.

This was a disparity that could be made up with numbers, or in the case of the Elvin Kingdom, a genius king... Although King Acacia was missing, in his reign, there was no doubt he was a match if not even more powerful than the grand and reserve elders of the Royal God Clan.

However, it seemed as though his disappearance had significantly lowered the standing of the elves in the eyes of everyone... even to the point where being just a few months late to report to campaign caused them to send not their first, but their second prince of this generation to berate them.

With the population deficiencies of the elves... their lack of presence would hardly make much of a difference in the grand scheme of things. It was clear that the second prince of this generation had come with ulterior motives... and they clearly involved Dyon. How could something like this be allowed with King Acacia here?

And yet, here they were...

The second prince bowed politely and with a smile that made you hard-pressed not to think he was a woman...

"I've come to pay my respects to the Princess on her birthday, kind elders."

Sinaht and Uncle Acacia nodded. "That's of course no problem. We've left this banquet up to the younger generation, so, you can head in. Your guardian can chat important matters with us."

The prince's long purple hair covered his face in his bow, so no one noticed the sharpness his eyes gained at these words.

But, he still stood and smiled amiably. "I'll do my best to represent our Belmont properly. Getting to know those who'll hold the future of our planet in their hands is of course part of the responsibility of a monarchy."

Sinaht and Uncle Acacia pretended not to notice the prince's clear provocation and instead led his guardian away, allowing a servant to escort him in instead.

As the prince walked to the hall following behind the servant girl, he suddenly grew an odd smile on his face.

'The elves are nothing but a race at the end of their ropes... To think their Princess would be so rude to me! When elder brother becomes King, I'll be sure they're the first we wipe out... then I can slowly play with her until death...'

Originally, when he had seen Ri, he was stunned. The only beauty he had seen that could compare was Madeleine... But, no one had ever heard of such a beauty from the Elvin Kingdom!

And yet, she cared not for his being a Royal God Clan prince. In fact, her mouth and demeanor were foul!

Then there was the reason he had come here in the first place. Before the appearance of Ri, Madeleine was the undisputed best maiden in the universe with her competitors only being able to match her in either talent or beauty... but never both. However, she was a stone wall when it came to those approaching her. The prince's brother had even followed her all the way to a distant planet, hoping time would open up her heart!

However, this Dyon was clearly a roadblock.

'Hmph, the best you've gifted such an outstanding woman is a practitioner level treasure? And you call yourself a man?'

'I don't know what sick and demented love potion you fed her, but we'll see where you'll be able to hide while I'm here...'

#### Chapter 245 Own World

Within the banquet hall, the atmosphere was as lively as ever.

Zaltarish had gone from preparing fruits for Mithrandir to cutting her food up for her. Ores was still trying to pretend as though he wasn't sending a glance towards Akash every minute. And Akash herself was the life of the party, playing with the orphans and entertaining the young geniuses. She really did have the air of a leader.

Suddenly, the atmosphere quietened when the sound of the large banquet halls doors opening filled the area. Everyone looked over in anticipation, hoping to see Ri.

However, when a feminine looking young man with purple hair walked in, some found it hard to contain their disappointment. Unfortunately, the children were even worse at concealing their emotions – some even making audible sounds of displeasure.

"Aw... I thought it would be big brother." Little Black frowned. "He still hasn't seen my human form!"

Little Black seemed oblivious to the quiet of the room, he was too busy with the chicken legs in his hands. He sat crouched on a chair, his feet planted on the seat as he eagerly bit into the legs. Little Lyla was beside him, giggling at his antics, but she suddenly frowned.

Looking up, she realized the second prince was headed towards them. But, before she could tug on Little Black's sleeve, Akash had already intercepted the prince's path, pretending as though she didn't notice his intention.

The second prince frowned at the woman in front of him. It was even decidedly fiercer considering Akash was even more masculine than he was.

"Is there a problem?" The prince looked at Akash questioningly.

Akash's brows furrowed, 'his eyes are... odd.'

The Belmont family was very secretive with their existence. In fact, they were such an enigmatic family that most simply referred to them as the Royal God Clan instead of by their name.

That had partially changed with the crowning of the new king, but in recent years, it was as though the family laid dormant. Aside from Head Sicarius, Ava's father and the King's best friend, few other people knew about the family.

But, their eyes were something everyone would recognize. One blue and one red, shining in their own balance.

"There's nothing of course," Akash said, recovering from her surprise. "I only wanted to greet the prince in the stead of the Elvin Princess. I believe I'm the most qualified to do so, no?"

Prince Belmont looked passed Akash toward the oblivious Little Black. "Is it normal to allow beast children to live amongst you? It's decidedly crude and disgusting."

The silent atmosphere suddenly got darker, everyone looking towards Little Black with pity in their eyes. But, Little Black didn't seem to care to much.

In fact, his nose switched a bit through bites. "You sound like a man, but you smell like a woman. Why is that?"

The adorable part was that Little Black asked this question innocently. His tone held no malice or ill intent, he only spoke out blatantly as any child would.

Akash closed her eyes, biting onto her lip to try and hold back her laugh. 'This little kid's influenced too much by Dyon.'

Prince Belmont felt his face redden in anger, his eyes becoming sharper as he seemed intent on walking past Akash.

Although Akash wanted to stop him, the Elvin Kingdom wasn't really in a place to garner much respect right now.

Prince Belmont smirked as he watched Akash's war with herself.

But, Akash suddenly snorted to herself. 'Since when was I worried about such ridiculous things... being a leader is hard...'

When Akash was simply a campaign leader, she would do reckless things all of the time, and her men would follow her. But, things were on a much larger scale now... the responsibility was on another whole level. However, that didn't mean she would allow a child to be bullied.

However, just as she was about to reach out to stop Prince Belmont, Little Lyla spoke.

"Prince, I know Little Black looks like a child, but you'll get hurt if you fight him as you are now..."

Everyone was stunned by Lyla's words. Knowing who she was, no one doubted her as tens of pairs of eyes flew towards Little Black.

'Maybe she meant Dyon wouldn't let him off?...'

Prince Belmont turned his gaze toward the little girl with pink hair. Truth be told, he didn't like the look of attacking a child either. But, some lines shouldn't be crossed.

"And you are?" The prince's eyes flashed, he felt there was something special about this little girl but he couldn't pin it. 'Wait... Special elf? True Empath?'

The prince's eyes narrowed. The decline of the Elvin Kingdom wasn't something the Belmonts wanted. After all, there were other Royal God Clans who were constantly seeking for an opportunity to rank up to a King God Clan. Because of this, having strong allies was good... but, if they were too strong, there was a problem.

Thus, when King Acacia disappeared, although it was a blow, it was worth while. However, a weakened Elvin Kingdom, mixed with an impressionable little girl, and add a sprinkle of her dead parents and you might have the perfect recipe for a future figure head to be controlled by none other than the first prince.

As such, Prince Belmont forgot about Little Black for a moment.

“I’m Lyla Sacharro.” Little Lyla patted her chest adorably.

She seemed to have a calming effect on everyone, her demeanor bringing smiles to their faces.

However, her words caused the Prince to furrow his eyebrows. ‘Sacharro?... Where have I heard that name before?...’

Suddenly, the Prince was snapped out of his thought by light laughter coming from the open doorway. It seemed as though it was coming from down the hallway.

“You’re bad. You’ve made us so late.” Ri held onto Dyon’s arm seemingly lost in their own world.

Dyon grinned. “I needed to see where my little feu glace got up to mischief in her youth, I had very pure intentions.”

Ri rolled her eyes. “As if, pervert.”

Ri and Dyon finally made it to the entrance of the banquet hall under the eyes of everyone.

Primrose was stunned by Ri’s change. In fact, other than the day in the square, this was the first of most in attendance seeing a dressed-up Ri... well, at least a dressed-up Ri that wasn’t a toddler.

Chapter 246 What Do You Say?

The crown braid on her hair, the purity in her eyes, and the beauty of her dress were all striking. However, what probably made people even more shocked was Dyon’s ability to complement her perfectly.



His back was straight and his eyes were sharp. He propped up Ri by her hold on his arm, expertly maneuvering around her dress to give her an added level of comfort. And his demeanor... It was as though the King and Queen had made their appearance.

However, there was something decidedly cold about Dyon's eyes right now. His previously cheery self vanished as he scanned the situation.

Akash with her arm stretched out. An unknown non-elf walking toward Little Lyla. The quiet atmosphere in what should have been a festive event. It didn't take long for Dyon to see through it all.

As for Ri, she was already well aware of who this feminine looking young man was. So, she said nothing in response to Dyon's shift, simply holding onto his arm and allowing him to deal with it.

Finally, Dyon spoke. "And you are?"

Prince Belmont suddenly felt a stifling pressure coming from Dyon that caused him to almost back away.

'Sacharro... Dyon Sacharro!'

Akash lowered her hand, taking note of the Prince's slightly trembling hands. It was faint, but definitely there.

'I guess he's the real deal,' she thought, looking toward Dyon.

She, like everyone else, had been in attendance for the showdown at the public square. But, this was the first time she got to look at Dyon so closely.

Suddenly, Dyon couldn't be bothered to look at the Prince anymore, instead smiling amiably toward Akash.

“I’ve read a lot about your exploits Commander Sigebryht. I’m honored to have he change to work under you.”

Akash was stunned for a moment. Wasn’t Dyon exceedingly arrogant? She had assumed he would be among the hardest to deal with... it seemed she misjudged him.

Shaking her head, Akash nodded back. “I look forward to working with you.”

“Hmph.” Zaltarish snorted coldly. “We’ve waited for your appearance for months. It seems you’ve finally decided to wake up.”

Dyon grinned at Zaltarish. If Zaltarish had chosen to ignore him, he would lose major points to Dyon. But the fact he said something at least meant he wasn’t all bad. It was just that he was only good at expressing his feelings when it came to Mithrandir. Which was adorable in its own way.

Zaltarish, as he had told Mithrandir that night, had had a good childhood for the most part. It was only his teenage years that created this false bravado. Because of that, it was likely that it was a bit easier to shed that layer.

That being said, Dyon couldn’t be bothered to speak or even look at Ores, Kymil and Darcassan. Being rude to his Ri and trying to raise his little sister as a concubine were grounds for automatic deaths. It was lucky for them that they were at the very least repentant, or else Dyon would teach them a lesson.

It was only after this that Prince Belmont finally snapped out of whatever spell Dyon’s gaze had put him under, noticing the intimate interaction between Dyon and Ri.

Suddenly he smirked to himself. ‘This is perfect. Having two outstanding women like this... There’s no way they’ve accepted such a thing.’

Stepping forward, the prince began to speak. “Princess Acacia, I Elwing Belmont, have come bearing gifts. How could the Belmont family not have well wishes for the Elvin royal family?”

Elwing snickered to himself noticing the cheap necklace on Ri's neck. Truthfully, it was beautiful and intricately made, but he couldn't feel any energies coming from it. There was only one explanation: it was a common metal.

'You gift your first secret fiancée a lowly practitioner level treasure and you can't even bother to give this one even that? I'll let them see you for what you truly are.'

Elwing's smirk suddenly froze at Dyon's reaction to his words.

"Looks like a prince has brought my little feu glace presents," Dyon led Ri to the empty seats beside Primrose, helping her sit. "Let's enjoy then."

The Elvin geniuses who had been at the assessments suddenly felt themselves inadvertently shiver... usually when Dyon smiled like this, it was a time where you thought you had everything in hand... when really, he was playing you all along.

Ri giggled at Dyon's antics, her beautiful laugh filling the room.

Primrose grabbed onto Ri's arm, pulling their chairs closer.

When Mithrandir saw this, she couldn't help but feel a little lost. But, when Primrose pulled her chair closer as well, she blushed, happiness blooming in her heart.

Zaltarish sighed. 'When will I be able to make her have that reaction?'

Suddenly, the prince felt like a clown – a jester called in for entertainment. He wanted to explode in anger, to call Dyon a lowly trash that had no right to disrespect the royal blood of his family. But could he? All Dyon said was that he wanted to see what presents the prince had prepared, presents the prince himself suggested to display. So, he could only grit his teeth in silence.

Because of this, Dyon had been raised yet another notch in Akash's heart. 'He's too clever for his own good...'

But then, Dyon froze, feeling something odd. He looked around the room before his eyes locked on a little boy.

“Little Black?...”

The little boy grinned back at Dyon, using their mental connection for affirmation. Before, Dyon had felt that Little Black was here, but, this was the first time he looked for him. When they were back in Ri’s room, he had stifled the connection for obvious reasons... So, it wasn’t until now that he noticed the oddity.

The two small children ran up to Dyon, each sitting in either lap. Little Lyla giggled happily as Dyon gave her a look.

“This is what you meant by something cool was happening to Little Black?”

Little Lyla’s head bobbed up and down, her pink hair swaying in the air.

Dyon smiled, rubbing their heads.

“Okay, let’s talk about it later then. First, let’s witness these grand presents. What do you say, Prince Belmont?”

Chapter 247 Differences

Elwing’s lip twitched at Dyon’s words, but, he still calmed himself. If this was the game Dyon wanted to play, he could play.

At first, he had come thinking this would be a simple affair. In fact, he hadn’t even hidden his animosity, to the point of blatantly insulting Little Black. But, Dyon’s demeanor had made him realize something.

‘This Dyon isn’t so simple...’

With that, Elwing’s entire demeanor changed. His arrogance went up in a puff of smoke and his smile became decidedly less fake.

Noticing this, Akash's and Dyon's eyes narrowed, both thinking the same thing: 'I guess he's a prince after all.'

A small smile played on Dyon's lips. 'Let's play then. I wonder what it is you think you have on me.'

"Since it seems as though everyone else has already presented their gifts," Elwing's eyes swept over Ri's necklace, "I, of course, have no issue with going now."

Elwing's hands flashed as an elegantly embroidered box appeared in his hands. He let it go, letting it float in the air.

"Not many know the story of the Belmont family. It's not that it's a big secret, it's more so that it's been such a long time since then and much of it has been lost in the stream of time. At the same time, we're a family that progresses into future... looking into the past only stifles progress. This was the famous doctrine of one of our most senior ancestors." Elwing smiled that though he was reminiscing about the past. Many almost forgot his previously arrogant air.

"However," Elwing continued with a sigh, "today is a special occasion very much worth the retelling of this story... because only with this story can the magnitude of this gift be understood."

At this point, even Dyon was intrigued. A gift closely tied to the history of the Belmont family? This might truly be a gift worth having.

'The legacy of a Royal God Clan?... interesting.' Dyon looked at the box with curiosity.

"To understand, a bit of history about this universe should be told... Many don't know, but much of the martial clans that are here didn't originate from this universe. In fact, there's a distinct possibility from what my brother and I have deduced, that there are no martial clans in existence currently that do."

Dyon felt his heartbeat quicken. 'This seems oddly important, but I can't put my finger on why...'

“It’s not particularly important why that is, it’s very possible that whatever clans that were here have just eroded with the passage of time. What you should focus on is the fact this means the Belmont clan didn’t originate from this universe either. In fact, we entered at a time where this universe used to be much higher ranked. That being said, our story is a bit... unique.”

Elwing’s blue and red eyes flashed with something imperceptible.

“I’m sure you’ve all at some point or another heard of the legendary phoenix. A bird that has reigned among supreme beasts since time immemorial.”

Many nodded it was indeed true. Of the beasts, phoenixes were among the greatest.

To Dyon, at least with his limited western human world knowledge, only dragons could match up to the phoenix. However, the martial world had changed his perspective on a few things.

Although the Celestial Deer wasn’t a supreme level being, it was infinitesimally close to that barrier. That made Dyon think. ‘What if there were other creatures out there of that level?’

Truthfully, Dyon was correct, there were many creatures within the supreme ranking of beasts. However, the difference between dragons and phoenixes was in their variety.

Dragons, being promiscuous creatures with robust reproduction, had offspring even falling down to the earth level. Although offspring between two powerful dragons were rare, males among the species had the ability to lower themselves to the point of mating with lower ranking creatures.

However, phoenixes were different. There wasn’t a single Phoenix in existence that wasn’t among the supreme beasts.

“What you all probably don’t know, however, is that there has always been intense conflict between the species of phoenixes... namely between their three kinds: the ice phoenix, the fire phoenix, and the dark phoenix.

“Many confound the legend of the phoenix as just being an undying deity... However, it’s far more complex than that. In our reality, the phoenix is the arbitrator of life... death... and reincarnation.”

Elwing gently stroked the box in front of him.

“The nine cycles of reincarnation of the fire phoenix is about all the legends get right. Most completely ignore the life path of the ice phoenix and the death path of dark phoenix.

“The truth of the matter is that the flames of reincarnation, the flames of life, and the flames of death, guide some of the most powerful wills in existence.

“Maybe the phoenix wasn’t the first... in fact, no one know who the first was, but, what’s clear is they are now rivaled by very few.”

A pained expression appeared of Elwing’s face as he sought to continue.

“Sometimes in life, balance is possible. The dichotomy of life and death... how reincarnation brings those two together... it should be perfect. However, as ironic as it may seem, nature doesn’t allow good things to last forever, even its own balance...

“With every passing second, we are brought closer to our deaths. The air that breathes life into us may as well also be our executioner.”

For just that instant, Dyon got the faint feeling Elwing had stopped an act. ‘There’s more than just a little truth in what he’s saying...’

“And unfortunately, in typical fashion, nature didn’t allow the balance of the phoenixes to continue either. The death path grew too strong...

“Because the universes of our reality are constantly moving toward an impending destruction, time was all that was needed for the balance to irreparably shift. It’s simple logic... as death is spread, so too did the dark phoenixes become more powerful... and with that, came conflict.”

Dyon immediately connected this to the campaigns. 'Ri told me the campaigns were fought partly for glory, but mostly because the universes were ageing toward death... But, the way this Elwin character is explaining it, it seems like the phoenixes were simply along for the ride just like anyone else. It just happened that the dark phoenixes benefitted.'

Elwing sighed. "What's was most tragic about this was the fact that there were few who cared about the growing power of the dark phoenixes.

"For one, the phoenixes weren't almighty existences. Not only could they die, they were also susceptible to defeat – although you'd have to be among the most powerful to do that.

"However, the main issue was that the phoenixes were prideful and arrogant. Each – the ice and fire phoenix clans – believed they could handle the situation on their own. In fact, they hated each other as much as they hated the dark phoenixes.

"Because of this, the dark phoenixes went on a tear. Destroying universe after universe and increasing their wills because of it. Because they destroyed indiscriminately, they had no need to defend their gates. This gave them the advantage of concentrating all of their forces in singular areas, resulting in only 10,000 universes remaining.

"In the end, the ice and fire phoenixes still couldn't settle their differences..."

#### Chapter 248 Feathers

Everyone seemed interested in how this would come to an end. Is the war still ongoing? Did the dark phoenixes stop having saturated their power? Did someone stop them?

"However, two of their kind did come together. It wasn't for any greater purpose or anything like that... they simply fell in love." Elwing smiled, gently unlatching the box.

"Imagine that, an ice phoenix and a fire phoenix coming together. It's nature's beauty at its epitome.

"But... As you might guess, their clans didn't approve of this. So, they ran. Sometimes hand in hand. Sometimes wing by wing. Sometimes in anguish. And yet still other times in happiness.



“They spent thousands of years on the run from their very own families... until one day, a miracle happened,” Elwing undid yet another latch on the box.

“The miracle of a child... Half ice phoenix. Half fire phoenix. A new species entered the world... The very first Violet Phoenix: Amethyst.

“As you all know, beasts have rankings of their own. An earth beast is among the weakest, akin to a human with a common body.

\_Then, there’s a heaven beast, which is ironically the equivalent of a human with an earth level constitution.

“Then, there’s the transcendent beast... a beast with what we’d equate to a god level constitution. The highest rankings among these beasts would compare to the top three of both male and female god level constitutions.

“And then, there’s the legendary supreme beasts. Beasts that are comparable only to humans with faith seeds A.K.A True Deity constitutions. However, even among faith seeds and supreme beasts there are three rankings. Elementary faith seeds and supreme beasts, Nascent ones, and finally... Divine ones.

“For many years, no one understood why there was a need for the divine ranking. All of the most powerful faith seeds and supreme beasts of the world topped out at the peak of the nascent ranking... beasts like almighty dragons, the strongest of the qilin, nine-tailed kitsune, and even the phoenixes.”

Dyon’s lip twitched at the mention of the kitsune, but he didn’t glance at Ri. He felt the prince would only become more annoying if he found out something like that right now.

Suddenly Dyon froze. ‘He said faith seeds and supreme beasts were different... but just of the same rank... So, why did Ri’s kitsune attributes appear to me as a faith seed?...’

Dyon’s thought were interrupted by Elwing. “However, with the birth of this child... the first recorded supreme beast of the divine ranking was birthed. And it wasn’t just that... the child was at the very peak of that rank!

However, with the birth of such a miracle, tragedy came right along with it... The process of such a powerful beast giving birth is more domineering than any cultivation break through. The heaven's open up, the chimes ring, stars collapse and destruction rains down...

While this is usually a great sign, it also acted as a beacon for the enemies of the ice-fire phoenix pair," Elwing's face noticeably saddened.

"The father, a noble amongst fire phoenixes, battled with his everything. It's told that of his nine reincarnations, he used all of them in that very battle, protecting his wife with his life itself.

"Watching her husband die again and again in the face of so many enemies, the ice phoenix could barely use the last of her strength to birth Amethyst into the world, sending the child away with her last breath.

"With that... the stream of time flowed. To the phoenix clans, the child was dead. And, even if it had survived the initial birth, whatever technique the ice phoenix would have had to use to send it away would have most likely killed it as well...

"However, they couldn't have been more wrong.

"One day Amethyst came back. She stood tall, reliving the one memory her mother implanted in her mind... the deaths of her father... the tears of her mother...

"She channeled all of it. Her anger raged through the universes.

"In the end, the phoenixes were forced to come together once again."

Dyon brows had long since furrowed in disgust. They couldn't come together to defeat the dark phoenixes, but they did to stop their children from being together? Even to the point of killing them? And now they wanted to kill their child?

"The penultimate battle was so large it raged across two universes. One became known as Chaos. And the other... was this very universe!

“Although the details are unknown, the result was clear. The phoenixes practically disappeared from this world. The dark, ice and fire phoenixes vanishing out of the public eye. The last remaining ones have been dormant for a long time... leaving the only one standing as Amethyst...”

Dyon suddenly felt a tug on his sleeve. Looking down he noticed Little Lyla shaking her head quietly before she went back to playing with Little Black in his lap.

Dyon’s eyes narrowed. ‘He just lied about something...’

“However, the reason Amethyst won this battle against so many was because she had been suppressing her transcendence... Now, with her purpose complete, there was nothing tying her to this world anymore. But, before she left, she felt the need to protect her body... As such, she gifted my Belmont family with the task, handing us an imperfect form of her blood essence to boost our abilities.”

Suddenly, a faint flash of anger appeared in Elwing’s eyes, but, it was gone just as fast. However, it hadn’t escaped Dyon’s notice.

“However, to us this was more of a branding than anything else... the power boost was minimal, and the only clear effect was the oddity of our eyes.

“Usually, when a person or beast transcends, their body becomes a faith seed to be passed down among their kin... However, there were some that were very selfish and chose to seal or destroy their worldly bodies instead... That being said, can anyone blame Amethyst for not wanting to see her hard work passed on to a species of beasts she hated to her core?”

“So, she sealed hers. Tasking us with its protection. Unfortunately, she made the decision of leaving it within a gate, saying that she one day hoped her body would be swallowed into the stream of space and time to wander forever... and in the end, she got her wish.

“As such, with nothing left to protect, the Belmont family settled in as Earth’s Royal God Clan. However, without Amethyst’s temple to meditate in, our bloodlines are doomed to decline as we age...”

“Luckily! We’ve learned to stimulate our bloodlines with the remains of the ice and fire phoenixes. The more talented you are, the more ice and fire phoenix blood you can handle...”

Dyon suddenly felt a very familiar tugging on his sleeve that made his frown deepen.

“So, today I gift to you, Princess Alexandria Acacia...”

Elwing finally opened the box, spinning it to allow every to see.

A collective breath was taken as everyone was suddenly invaded with the feeling of a bone chilling cold and a skin searing heat.

Beautiful flaming feathers lay in the box... one had dancing red flames, crackling in the air. And the other, was its exact opposite. A feather coated in ice blue flames, the dancing of its blaze sounding more like a quiet mist.

“The feathers of an ice and fire phoenix!”

Chapter 249 That's Nice

Dyon suddenly felt like stifling a laugh. This poor soul. He took up half an hour of everyone’s time telling an epic story, just to end by trying to gift someone with a faith seed the impure blood of dead phoenixes? Was he joking?

However, Dyon said nothing. He instead smiled toward Ri to see how she’d handle this.

Ri couldn’t help but roll her eyes, causing Primrose to giggle at the couple’s interaction.

Suddenly, Ri sighed. “You just told us all something I assume the Belmont family hold dear and now you want to give me something clearly only your family should have access to? What are you trying to do exactly?”

Elwing smiled. ‘It seems she’s more than a foul-mouthed air-head.’

However, his words were nothing like his thoughts. "Of course. For the benefit of better relations with the Elvin Kingdom now and into the future, this is but a small price to pay.

"As a princess, I'm sure you can understand the troubles of your kingdom as my family has with theirs. We use phoenix blood to make up for our short comings, maybe you can use a sturdier alliance with us to make up for yours."

It seemed Elwing was oblivious to the atmosphere. He was not only the only person who didn't know how useless these feathers were to Ri, he was also oblivious to the fact she had quite practically spent the better part of the last four months sitting in a chair by Dyon.

Anyone could tell Elwing's meaning. Not only did he want to use these phoenix feathers as a ploy for an alliance, his thoughts on what he wanted for the 'future' were clear.

To Elwing, the choice was simple. He had spent his life with his closest friend being his elder brother, a cold and calculating young man. He saw everything in absolutes and relationships as means to an end. Logic dictated that he was the proper choice.

Unfortunately, he didn't know enough about Ri or Dyon... because if he had, he'd re-evaluate whether even pure logic won out here.

But, he didn't, so he instead continued in his role as a jester, much to Dyon's amusement.

"These feathers are but a token. They only contain enough essence blood to be about the equivalent of an earth level constitution, but I believe that is still quite valuable. An earth level constitution runs the price of several million saint stones. In fact, the amount is usually astronomical enough to be worth dao stones. I'm sure you can see the value of this gift."

Suddenly, a snicker came from the side of the room. Two younger generation members of one of a sub-family couldn't hold it in any longer. The mention of the earth level constitution and its value was too much for them to handle.

Dyon turned his gaze to find the mischievous Cormyht family twins trying to pretend as though the giggling hadn't come from them.

Ri turned an eye towards Dyon, gripping his hand tightly as though she too was holding back a laugh. By now, she was fully aware of what Dyon had done to become the alchemy and formation guild leader. In fact, everyone here knew. The prince trying to gift something of equivalent value to something Dyon could manifest from thin air must have been the greatest joke in existence.

Elwing finally began to notice something was wrong. But, he couldn't fathom the reason. So, he did his best to maintain his calm demeanor as he continued.

"In the past year, there've only been a little over a hundred materials auctioned able to provide this level of boost to the body. One of which was actually provided by what seemed like an alchemy genius who calls himself the Demon Sage."

The eyes of almost everyone in the hall turned to Dyon, but, he just sat there with a small smile playing his features. But, he wasn't even looking at Elwing anymore.

"How could I forget about food?!" Dyon muttered to himself, looking at the grand feast laid out on the table. He was suddenly painfully aware that his only sustenance for the past 4 months was Ri and the medicines he was fed.

Suddenly Dyon looked at Ri, grinning. "Very few things can make me forget about food."

Elwing felt like he was going insane as he watched Ri pause at Dyon's words before blushing.

Primrose laughed at Ri's reaction, nudging her. "So they worked, hm? Mithrandir and I picked them out just for you!"

Dyon laughed at Primrose's words. "Just look at how beautiful my little feu glace is, how could she need such things to keep my attention?"

Primrose pouted at Dyon's words. "I'm still not talking to you. How could you make a fragile lady such as myself think she was going to die."

Dyon was stunned silent by Primrose's words, so he immediately scanned the room for help.

Landing on Aeson who was quietly observing from a corner, he grinned. "Why don't you talk that out with Aeson? Maybe you can tell him why you almost let him die."

Primrose's eyes glistened as though she was going to cry, suddenly searching for her own help. "Ri, can't you tell your fiancé that it's sometimes a man's duty to let a woman win?"

Ri sent a side glance at Dyon, making it clear she was on Ri's side.

Dyon couldn't help but bow his head in defeat. It was technically his fault. His last note to Primrose was intentionally vague so that she would think she was going to die. It was a cruel trick, but he needed her death to seem realistic and it was punishment for not listening to him.

In all of this, Elwing was stunned. His mouth was nearly gaping as he stood with the open box in his hand.

"F-fiancé?" He stuttered. "Aren't you aware that he's promised such a thing to Madeleine Sapiaientia as well?!"

Elwing felt like he was back into a corner, he had no choice but to use his last trump card. But, his words only made Ri angry.

"Why would I not be aware of something so important? Is your purpose here to give a gift? Or ruin my relationship?"

Ri wasn't in the mood for joking around anymore, Elwing was clearly a sore spot in what would have otherwise been a great day.

Elwing was stunned, 'she knew?...'

"Ha," Elwing laughed at himself a bit, closing the box. "It seems I'm not needed here."

The box flashed, disappearing in his ring as he turned to walk away.

However, before he left he turned back to leave some final words for Dyon.

“My elder brother has already spent the last four months with Madeleine. They campaign together. Plan together. Fight together. Share life and death together. I don’t believe my brother to be inferior to a boy years his younger.

“Come four months from now, Madeleine may be the one to decide to no longer be with you. In fact, she may have already decided that. You’re not worthy.”

However, to these words, Dyon only eagerly continued filling his plate. “That’s nice.”

And with the conversation left like that, Elwing Belmont left.

#### Chapter 250 Follow My Lead

Silence reigned after Prince Belmont closed the door. Many, having good impressions of Dyon, felt pity in their hearts for what he had to go through just to be with the women he loved. And just as many, not understanding the type of person Dyon truly was, assumed that his nonchalant attitude was a shield he put up between himself and his worries.

However, these glances didn’t stop Dyon from continuing to fill plate after plate for himself. In fact, he didn’t stop until he had practically ten separate and elaborate meals laid out for himself.

Ri glanced at Dyon’s side profile before looking at Little Lyla who still sat on his lap. She somehow felt reassured by Lyla’s carefree attitude. Being the only person here who could understand Dyon’s true thoughts, Little Lyla was the best gauge... However, Ri still didn’t feel settled.

Seeing that Dyon wanted to eat, and suddenly feeling the urge to continue himself, Little Black latched onto Lyla, taking her to a separate chair.

Dyon smiled at this. ‘It seems my little siblings are getting along really well. I still can’t understand what threshold Little Black’s strength is at... but, all in due time.’



Dyon remembered fully well that even back in the demon sage's legacy world, Little Black could already boost his celestial will to a first level intent... Just what did that mean for his power now? Was it the same in his human form? Was he stronger? Weaker?

There were too many questions that Dyon wasn't sure even Little Black knew the answers too... after all, could Celestial deer's and demon qilin's normally conceive together at all? It didn't seem like this was a very common occurrence from the 25th White Mother's memories.

The pensive look on Dyon's face as he thought these things through made Ri's heart stutter.

'Is he worried about Madeleine?'

Dyon started out of his trance when he felt a delicate hand lightly squeeze his thigh.

"Hmm?" Dyon looked at Ri, immediately noticing there was something wrong. "Did I do something bad again?"

"Are you worried about Madeleine?" Ri said quietly. "There's not a single person here that doesn't want to help you."

Sudden nods of affirmation resounded through the room.

Dyon looked around quietly. Diligently looking into the eyes of each and every elf here. Akash. Zaltarish. Opal. Celine. The Cormyth twins. Academy students. Guild apprentices. The orphans.

This was the very first time since Dyon left the human world that he felt that he had any support... Although Dyon found it a bit silly that they thought he cared about Elwing's words, this was heart warming nonetheless.

Suddenly, Dyon smiled, grabbing onto Ri's hand and helping her up. "Do you know why I love it here?"

Dyon led a confused Ri to the center of the hall, suddenly stopping to face her. Dyon smiled gently, looking into Ri's pure blue-silver eyes.

Ri was left in such a trance that she forgot to answer.

"I love it here because it's the first place in this martial world I've earned an actual place. It's where I have two adorable siblings. It's where I've found my little feu glace."

Dyon gently stroked Ri's cheek before bringing his hand to prop up her back, taking her hand in his other.

Ri was stunned by the sudden new position.

She buried her head in Dyon's chest.

"I don't know how to dance," she said softly.

The Elvin younger generation smiled at Ri's reaction and Dyon's ability to fluster her. Ri had always been unabashed and unreserved, a true genius among them. This was definitely a new side to her.

Dyon smiled. "You only have to follow my lead. Let me show you how I feel."

Suddenly, Dyon's aurora blazed to life, melding perfectly with Ri's. Fires of blue-gold danced at their feet, causing the elves to widen their eyes in shock.

'Ri is has an innate aurora?!'

Many had this thought at once. But, it was quickly tempered. It didn't make sense, so the only explanation was that...

'Ri awoke her aurora to 100%?!' Akash's eyes glittered. 'This year's campaign...' She turned, training her gaze on Dyon. 'You've single-handedly changed everything.'

Ri looked up at Dyon as they stood in the flames of blue and gold. Something felt different about the melding of their auroras now... but, she didn't know what it was.

Suddenly, they started moving... and along with each stride... each spin... each pause... A note resonated in the air leaving a trail of flames.

The melody immediately incapsulated everyone. It was as though Dyon's feelings were theirs... Like his thoughts were theirs... Like his love was theirs...

They saw Dyon and Ri first meet. How they played off of each other... how they laughed together.

Then they felt pain. They watched an orphanage burn down, they saw the tears of children and the corpse of a beautiful old woman with a heart of gold.

Then they felt determination. The will to push on – the flames of anger and passion. They watched as Dyon diligently planned, as Ri diligently trained, and how they came together in the end. They saw Dyon's endless sleepless nights in Dead Kings Valley. They saw Ri almost lose her life to its stairs. They saw them stand side by side against their ancestors... against the Daiyu... always together – whether that be in defeat... or their eventual victory.

And then... the music reached a peak. The flooding of their melding auroras nearly blinding the hall. Ri followed Dyon, giving him her everything. All of her trust, her wants... her hopes for the future...

Suddenly, the thoughts of everyone were filled with endless worry – sleepless nights of devotion. They saw Ri sit by Dyon's bed day after day, taking care of him unmatched fervor.

Then, they felt an endless flood of happiness. The images of green pastures filled with flowers as far as the eye could see, of rivers and waterfalls of untold purity... it felt like rising into the sky, a tempest of untainted emotions and... Love.

But then, everything abruptly changed. Ahead, there was a road... and on it, two people stood hand in hand, facing each other.

Dyon finally stopped moving, leaving the last note resonating in the air as he looked down at Ri.

Her face was flushed, a thin sheen of sweat on it... But, she had never looked so beautiful.

Dyon smiled gently at her as they stood at the center of a raging inferno of blue and gold.

“This is my third present to you...”

Everyone looked up in shock, ‘He used arrays to make music and a creation at the same time?’

Zaltarish suddenly felt like taking down notes as he subtly glanced at Mithrandir.

Ri’s eyes could no longer hold in her tears. She gripped Dyon’s back tightly with her arms as though he was the only one who could stop her trembling.

All around them, the blue and gold flames distorted, rising in a flash before slowly condensing.

Then, it solidified... a beautifully embroidered sculpture took the breath of everyone in attendance... assuring this was something they would never forget.

In the air, a flower with endless petals radiated down an unmatched feeling, gently rotating in the air.

It was a promise for the future... A vow that would never be broken.

“This will be our Ice Petal’s Dance.”