

The Nameless 26

Chapter 26

Dyon didn't mind very much. He didn't have feelings for Delia, he just thought she was hot. Was he not allowed to flirt with beautiful women?

Even when it came to Ava, he didn't have those sort of feelings for her either. In truth, he just had a habit of teasing women he found attractive, he didn't really think too deeply about it.

His mother had always told Dyon that he would feel something special when he finally met the woman he wanted to be with. Maybe it was a bit naïve of him to trust so much in this, but he hadn't felt that sort of special feeling from either of those two. In fact, Dyon had never experienced such a feeling before.

Well... Not in full, anyway. His mind didn't even let him complete this thought without the image of a fiery tempered beauty appearing in his mind.

Dyon shook his head. Those matters were too complicated, he didn't even want to think about it.

Since Eli had feelings for Delia, Dyon didn't even hesitate to cross her off the beauties to be teased list. He didn't think twice about it.

Dyon chuckled. "I guess the princess is pretty nice"

Dyon had been to Patia-Neva Peak before, but didn't remember seeing a clearance large enough for a garden in the forest. But, then again, he was only there for a small time and followed a straight path to the elevator. So, it wasn't too surprising that he had missed Eli's gardens.

Eli sighed, his gaze becoming somewhat misty like a young girl lost in love.

"Yea... she's very good with a sword. I often hear her practicing when I go to tend the garden. It seems like the first years for this pillar family class are all ridiculous geniuses. They've far surpassed their older brothers and sisters in terms of talent.

"I heard rumors that the pillar families have been grooming them specifically for this coming Big Sect tournament. Some of them have even reached the 5th layer of the foundation stage despite only being first years!"

"Sect tournament?" Dyon continued picking seeds while listening to Eli intently.

"Sometimes I think you live under a rock, Dyon. The Big Sect tournament is a tournament amongst us lower level academies. A few Big Sects above our jurisdiction come to watch, and if they like our talents, those chosen get to study with them.

"It's a huge matter of prestige for us and also decides how much resources we get for the next few years. The tournament happens half a year after the start of every school year."

'Wait, they actually called themselves Big Sects? What kind of stupid naming scheme is that?'

"So why would they groom geniuses for this one in particular?" Dyon asked.

"Well, this is apparently a hundred-year mark. Every hundred years, a special treasure that the large sects share amongst each other will have been adequately recharged to open a small dimensional world left by a long dead expert called a Legacy World.

"Think about that! To open a dimensional world as a burial place, that expert must have, at the very least, transcended to the Saint level and their understanding of spatial will might have even evolved to the level of an Intent. That's a level of expert I can't even fathom."

For the first time, Dyon was truly shocked by something of this world. Opening up a dimension to be your burial grounds? What kind of ridiculous concept was this?

Even with all its technology, Dyon's Mortal World couldn't accomplish anything close to this.

"But, why would they need kids like us to enter realms like that?" Dyon asked. "Wouldn't it still be beneficial for elders and school heads to take a part in world's like that?"

He found it ridiculous that people would actually leave something so important to teenagers like them. The Mortal World government would never allow something like that to happen.

“Well, these worlds tend to have restrictions on cultivation or age. And those powerful enough to break those restrictions, would obviously have no interest in those treasures.

“Think about it, if you were dying and wanted someone worthy to continue on your legacy, would you want someone who was old and had already tapped out their potential to get it? Or would you want someone who had the chance of surpassing you to get it?”

“I see. So, these experts are looking for people to continue their legacy even after their deaths. I understand.”

“I hear the world they’ve found to open this time is particularly special. Actually, they had found this world many centuries ago, but it wasn’t until after hundreds of years they pinpointed the exact location. But, even then, the last 4 times they’ve tried to open it, the power in the treasure wasn’t enough. This year, they hope that 500 years worth of built up energy will be enough to finally break into the world.”

Dyon raised his eyebrows, “Wow. Seems like we got lucky this time around.”

Eli, though, laughed self-deprecatingly.

“Don’t joke around Dyon, we’re first years without pillar family backing. How could we get strong enough to compete with those monsters? Maybe you have a chance if you cultivate and combine your array formation understanding. Six months might be enough for a genius like you, but I won’t progress much at all in that time..”

Dyon smiled. “We’ll do this together.”

Eli froze, but then nodded firmly. What Eli didn’t know is that Dyon had no intentions of cultivating at all for the foreseeable future. If he was going to join the festivities, he’d have to find another way.

The two worked in silence, a comfortable atmosphere settling in.

“Okay, done! Let’s go see the prin – I mean let’s go tend the garden.”

Dyon laughed at how flustered the first friend he had made here was getting. “Sure, let’s go see the princess.”

Eli’s face burned red as he picked up the basket and turned away, not wanting to face Dyon.

“I’ll be back tomorrow Uncle Ail, see you!” Dyon said, waving to the young-old man.

Once the door to the faction closed, Uncle Ail’s eyes could be seen glistening with tears, “It’s good that Little Eli’s made a friend.”