

## The Nameless 27

### Chapter 27

Eli and Dyon walked through the library, past the pond and bookshelves and through the glass doors. Stopping in front of the main elevator, Eli swiped his card.

"This is the only elevator that goes to Patia-Neva Peak. The princess gave me a card to be able to head up there, I could ask her to get you one. I don't know if she'll accept though, it's almost like giving up the keys to her house," Eli said with a blush, a hint of pride in his tone.

Dyon was a bit confused. "When I was headed to the academy, I saw a lot of villages and stores on the other peaks. They were bustling with people too, I'm sure. Why is Patia-Neva Peak so restricted?"

"The reason isn't one I'm sure about. All I know is that Patia-Neva Peak is the only one that is basically exclusively for Delia."

'Hmm, no wonder she had no guards. Why would she need them in a place like that? Seems like she let me off easy.'

"There's actually another thing we're responsible for aside from tending to the plants and planting new ones. Because of that, we'll probably have to meet with the princess today," Eli said trying to hide the excitement in his voice.

"Oh? And what's that?"

"I'm not actually sure of the details of that either," Eli said as they stepped into the elevator, "But from what it seems like, someone that goes here is pretty sick. And considering they have the help of the princess, they probably have pretty high standing.

"Whoever it is needs a constant supply of plants we grow. I'm not entirely sure what the illness is, but some of the plants they need have suppression characteristics, and the other portion have heavy fire characteristics."

"Interesting... so maybe a yin-based sickness, or even more specifically, a yin-based poison."

Eli looked over at Dyon after he pressed the peak button on the flipped control panel.

“You’re probably right. But, considering it’s someone of high social standing, that still can’t seem to find a cure, it may not be as simple as that.”

Dyon nodded his head in agreement, secretly impressed with Eli’s analysis. As he was about to continue on, something within the wall of the elevator caught his attention. He had been in this very same elevator before with Delia, but with his now heightened senses, he noticed faint traces of gold on the glass surrounding them reminiscent of the ponds around the school.

Thinking of this, he couldn’t help but remember his previous close shave with death.

“Eli, I had a question about the school ponds. What are they exactly?”

“Actually, I was pretty interested in this too. When I asked Uncle Ail about it, he said that they’re actually made up of donated cultivation.

“Some alumni, for the benefit of the school, donate their cultivation after their deaths to benefit the future generation. They become an energy source and the life blood of the whole school.

“All of the ponds are connected by complex tunnels so the power supply can run through everything. I’m sure even this elevator runs on it.”

Dyon nodded his head, ‘Willingly donated after their deaths, huh?’

“I also hear that this technology was brought over by the Storm family when they joined the school. If not for this, as the most recent family to join the six, they wouldn’t be able to be on equal footing so soon.”

Before Dyon could respond, the doors to the elevator opened and they stepped into a familiar forest. Stepping out of the tree, Eli and Dyon walked side by side along the path.

“The princess didn’t want to disturb the forest too much, so this is actually the only path. To get to the field, we’ll actually have to weather through the tall grass and branches,” Eli said, suddenly diverging from the path and jumping over a bush.

Dyon nodded, following closely behind, ‘Seems like I was right. Coming up here, you wouldn’t even know the first place to look, let alone finding Delia among all these trees. Eli’s probably one of the only ones who knows his way around here. Guards really wouldn’t be necessary.’

After 20 minutes of walking, a soft melody and crisp cutting sounds invaded the ears of Dyon and Eli. The rhythm of a blade cutting through air matched perfectly with the plucking sounds of the lyre, creating an odd mix of ice cold killing intent, and a soft fall’s breeze.

Dyon and Eli stood at the edge of a clearance, entranced by what they saw.

Fields of medicinal plants divided into neat rows allowed gentle streams of water to flow in cleverly planned routes. A massive lake was off to its right side, filled with white lilies, slowly bobbing in the wind.

A girl in a purple cheongsam that clung tightly to her body, sat with her knees pressed together facing away from them, playing the lyre that rested on her lap. In front of her, a girl Dyon knew all too well, danced with a blade in her hand.

Faint traces of crystal-like ice rained around her as she slashed through the air with practiced movements.

Beads of sweat delicately fell from her beautiful, tanned skin. Spinning, a cold blast of air sliced through before stopping just before a tree, leaving it unmarked.

The music slowly came to a stop, seemingly causing the lilies to tremble for more. Cherry blossom leaves slowly fell from the surrounding trees, gracing the ground.

‘Cherry blossoms?... in Fall?’

Delia's delicate hand wiped the sweat from her brow. Taking a deep breath, she looked towards the girl in purple

"Thank you big sister Madeliene," She said with a bright smile. Just as she was about to continue, something caught her eye and she looked up to find Eli and Dyon.

She was a bit surprised, "What're you doing here? You're alive?"

Dyon didn't respond, slowly walking forward.

Eli panicked a bit, he hadn't had time to inform Dyon about Delia's status and how he shouldn't be rude, but he was already too late.

"Long time no see, Delia. Are you praying on my death? That wouldn't be very fitting for a lady such as yourself," Dyon's smile almost outshone the beauty in the field they were standing in, leaving Delia breathless for a second.

Eli choked on his spit, having no words to speak and no tears to cry.

'They know each other? How? And he called her directly by her first name?' Even Eli didn't dare to do that.

The girl in purple turned, and realizing it was actually the Dyon she heard so much about, she also smiled.

Dyon's grin froze, his gaze locked onto the young girl in purple. His eyes were stuck on the gentle slope of her soft pink lips. It was an unhurried, casual smile, but it imprinted itself deeply. He had never seen anything more beautiful in his life.

"Wow."