

The Nameless 391

Chapter 391 Foul Mouthed

The first thing Dyon noticed about this man was his golden eyes and crystal framed glasses. In fact, those crystal frames were tinted in a shade of green, much like Madeleine's had been tinted in purple before they were destroyed.

"Yes?" Dyon turned back to fully face the man that landed just a few meters from him with a host of elders that seemed to also be from the Sapientia family. It didn't escape his notice that this man seemed quite interested in the fact he was also holding Ri's hand. As for why this was, Dyon had no way of telling. But, it was most definitely something that he slotted into the back of his mind, prepared to use it should it ever become useful.

"Should I call you Dyon Sacharro or should I call you Demon Sage?" A sly and clever smile spread across Connery's features. He had decided to test this boy's limits. It seemed as though he was trying to keep his demon sage identity a secret. And yet, Dyon's response through him completely off-guard.

"Sure, you can call me demon sage if you'd like. But, more importantly, has my wife come back yet?"

"Wife?" Connery turned his head toward Pertinacis' mother. Had this Dyon and Madeleine already consummated a marriage he wasn't aware of? If that was the case, this was a problem.

That said, it was still salvageable. As long as Dyon stopped referring to Madeleine as he did..

However, even as Dyon and Connery were speaking, those who heard Dyon refer to himself as the Demon Sage were completely shaken.

The Demon Sage? Number one on earth's rankings? Number one of the cumulative rankings? Just what was going on?

Even the guild headquarters had no idea how Dyon had done it.

The reason why Dyon couldn't hack in and directly change scoring was because the arrays provided for tracking were past his level of understanding. In fact, they were still past his level of understanding and

there was a very simple reason for this. The relay arrays used for the rankings weren't put in place by this current universe system... They had been in place long ago and created by the Celestial Deer Sect of old. Much like the teleportation arrays between planets had been as well. Unless Dyon surpassed those olden masters, something even he was far from doing, he would never be able to manipulate the rankings.

But, that didn't stop those with little understanding of true array alchemy to think otherwise. So, when Ulu snorted and said, "Must be nice to be an array alchemist and manipulate the rankings at will."

Everyone immediately agreed. To them, it was much simpler to accept this than to accept that a eighteen-year-old boy really was their better. People took to what they could understand... It seemed they had completely forgotten about the display of domineering power Dyon had just presented them...

Hearing the murmuring accusations, Ri shook in anger. She knew very well what Dyon had done to earn his ranking. In fact, the elves and the Niveus sect had witnessed no small portion of it. And yet, they still slandered him for it.

"Considering how easily his wife lost to us, he probably manipulated her ranking too," Eboni sneered, relishing in the opportunity to take jabs at Dyon and Ri whenever she could.

And yet, through all of this, Dyon couldn't be bothered. Anyone with half a brain, even if they believe he manipulated his ranking, wouldn't use that as an excuse to look down on him. Because they'd know that thought of disdain might very well be the last thought Dyon allowed them to have.

So, he let it happen – instead focusing his attention on Connery.

"Yes. Wife. Madeleine Sacharro." Dyon's face remained neutral. He wasn't trying to antagonize anyone, he was simply asking a question that required a yes or no answer.

Pertinacis' mother scrunched her brows. "When did my step daughter become your wife?! I don't remember attending any ceremony of the sort or accepting such a union."

"Step-daughter? You must be Pertinacis' mother, then. Nice to meet you." Dyon smiled faintly before turning his attention back to Connery who seemed to be studying him.

It seemed that both Connery and Dyon were probing each other. But, those who were witnessing this couldn't understand why the Head of the Sapientia family main branch was accepting this. This wasn't another head probing him, it was a child!

Pertinacis' mother shook in anger at Dyon's dismissal of her. His supposed 'nice to meet you' could barely count as a proper greeting.

"How did you and Madeleine meet?" Connery asked a seemingly useless question. But, Dyon answered anyway.

"We met after your main branch tossed her away."

Dyon's response was quick and showed no hesitation. And yet, his words were sharp and to the point. It made it clear that he didn't like the Sapientia family and it wasn't up to him to convince them that he was worthy, but rather up to them to convince him that they were worthy.

Connery was intelligent and immediately picked up on this. Despite the outrage of his elders at Dyon's disrespect, Connery was completely neutral. Antagonistic words weren't something he would easily fall for. He was just quite interested in the fact that although he was half a meter taller than Dyon, it somehow felt that they were eye level with one another...

"Then what do you intend to do about that?" Connery asked, a light smile playing on his features.

"It would be advisable for you to be clear on the fact that it isn't me who has to do anything. Your response dictates my actions." Dyon responded firmly, unperturbed by Connery treating him as though he was a child. If this Connery character wanted to underestimate him, it would only lead to his death. Dyon had never been a person who bowed to authority. It would be more likely for that authority to snap long before his back bowed.

Dyon had the power to wipe the entire Sapientia family from existence in this universe, should he choose to do so. In fact, even without using his puppets, if he used the Epistemic Tower key, he could take anyone he wished far away without the say so of any of these so-called experts. So, he meant what he said.

Connery was becoming decidedly less amused the more he interacted with Dyon. He was still an expert who had worked his way up from practically nothing, who was this child to threaten him about anything?

The elders of the Sapientia family looked down on Dyon with disdain. “Nothing but a foul-mouthed boy, Head Sapientia. Is there really a need to make a choice anymore?”

However, Dyon had already begun to walk away. He had seen everything that needed to be seen and had said everything that needed to be said.

“For the Sapientia family, choose your actions wisely. The outcome will be the same whether you support my and Madeleine’s relationship, the only difference will be whether your family survives in the end or not.” Dyon said faintly.

“And as for those who seem to think my ranking is fake. I guess you’ll find out in a few weeks, now won’t you?”

Chapter 392 Quick

Seeing Dyon’s figure nonchalantly turn his back on the Head of a God Clan – and not only that, but also the Head of the Guild Headquarters – sent the Sapientia elders into a fit of rage. Unfortunately, it wasn’t only them that were angry. The Heads of notable Guilds around the universe that had been meeting to discuss the demon sage also couldn’t understand the actions of this young man.

“Unfortunately, child. Leaving here isn’t so simple a task.” Connery Sapientia spoke faintly, maintaining his superior air. He felt that he had an obligation to maintain his demeanor as Dyon’s elder, or else he would come off like a joke.

Dyon had already turned away and couldn’t be bothered with these people anymore. He had things to do, namely helping Ri finish her training and also saving the Viridi family. Although he could use force to settle the second matter, Dyon was still apprehensive about being the aggressor in this situation. He had too many enemies and he didn’t want to give the more troublesome characters a reason to begin to act against him.

God Clans? He believed he could handle. But, he wasn’t willing to deal with Royal God Clans just yet...

Looking toward Thadius and the other nine demon generals, Dyon smiled – choosing to silently thank them this time. No matter how they felt, the truth was that they had known Dyon for less than a year. For them to be so loyal was something that Dyon was grateful for..

What Dyon didn't know was that to them, he wasn't just the successor to their old master. Dyon had saved them from millennia of and suffering and had given them the opportunity to take hold of their own minds again instead of remaining brainless zombies. They followed him so whole-heartedly because they could see the good in Dyon.

When Dyon had saved them, he hadn't known that the demon generals would ever be of benefit to him, or that they were even demon generals to begin with. He had just seen people who needed his help, so he saved them. They would always remember that.

Seeing the guild head being ignored, Livy, who was still pressed firmly against a building's roof, struggled to transmit a message to Voron.

After an initial surprise, Voron turned to Ace to confirm something. Slowly, but surely, their smiles widened as their gazes once again focused on Dyon's figure.

Clearing his throat, Voron began to speak. "Head Sapientia, I have to say that it is an honor to meet you."

Connery turned his calm gaze toward Voron who was immediately taken aback and struggled to regain his composure. 'Were these the same eyes he used to look at Dyon? Why wasn't Dyon effected?'

Despite the tranquility of Connery's features, it was clear that a rage was being stoked. If Voron didn't have a very good reason for calling to him, it was likely that the Cavositas God Clan would have to suffer the loss of one of its geniuses.

Struggling to piece together his next words, Voron turned his focus to Dyon. "I remember that you just recently put in a order for pill servants, no? It just so happens that we have a family of former alchemists who would meet your requirements to perfection."

Connery's brows subtly twitched. Just what was this boy getting at? Why was he bringing up such a thing now? The use of pill servants wasn't exactly a topic to be spoken about in the open. In fact, it was very close to a taboo. So, why?

But, when Connery's senses caught a flaring of rage from a very familiar figure, he suddenly put two and two together. Did this family of former alchemists have something to do with this Dyon child? It certainly seemed so...

The crowd, seeing this interaction, suddenly became very interested – especially toward Dyon's reaction.

The conversation itself seemed complete out of place, and yet for those intelligent enough, it was also pointed and deliberate. There was a purpose to this and it just might be what they need to catch Dyon unawares.

However, pill servants... That was something even those who liked to watch people suffer wouldn't wish upon their worst enemy.

The term seemed innocent. Maybe it was simply the act of being an assistant to an alchemist? Tending to gardens, securing materials and fetching items?

But, no. The job of a pill servant was nothing short of hell.

With the low level of alchemy available in this universe, usually research had to be done to move forward. In the human world, when research was conducted, there were codes of ethics to follow as guidelines. Animals were placed on an evolutionary scale for how closely related they were to humans, and the closer you were, the more justification a scientist had to provide for their usage in an experiment. In fact, in the human world, before potentially dangerous products were brought anywhere near a human, it would often go through extensive animal testing...

However, the martial world had no such morality. Weak humans and slaves were seen as no different from animals. What was the need for the extra safety steps and codes of ethics, if human lives meant nothing to these people?

Pill servants were nothing more than lab rats. They were endlessly force-fed pills and monitored for their reactions. Their meals consisted of little more than appetite suppressing pills. They lived in cages, barred from light for ridiculous lengths of time – with no option to bath themselves, no option to relieve themselves, and no option to live a normal life.

Whenever they consumed too many pills for the researchers to distinguish between results, they were cut open and purged.

Their veins were flooded with a substance akin to rubbing alcohol. Their stomachs were pumped and emptied. And then they were sown back up before the process was repeated all over again until their deaths.

And maybe the worst part? Those that died from pill consumption may have been among the lucky ones... If the pill was quick, that is...

Chapter 393 Games

“Oh?” Connery lightly smiled. “Do tell me more.”

Seeing that Connery had picked up on his cues, Voron breathed a sigh of relief as the faint veil of pressure was lifted off of him. Then, he turned to Vidar, signaling for him to take over. After all, the slave trade was a Ragnor family business, not a Cavositas one.

“It’s quite simple, Guild Head.” Vidar continued while ignoring his sneering younger brother, Elof. “About two years ago there was a family who had the audacity to sacrifice the lives of young experts in their charge all for the sake of a depraved power. When their allies found out about this, they were both shocked and appalled. So, they completely renounced them and their actions.

“Luckily, at the time, my brother and his friend, Ace, were there. As you know, our family has been punishing those who should be punished for hundreds of years. In fact, you can think of us as the criminal justice system of the martial world.” Vidar’s words only seemed to grate on Dyon more and more. It was as though he was right next to him, whispering into his ear.

“As such, we took it upon ourselves to punish this despicable family. They’ve already been working as pill servants for a good long while, as a matter of fact. Only a single one of them seemed to be too useless to even do that properly, so, he was sent to fight in the Chaos Arena. At least this way, they can be of proper use to society instead of the bottom feeding leeches they once were.”

Connery nodded in agreement, almost a bit too enthusiastically. "I'll gladly take these pill servants off your hands, then. In fact, I don't mind signing a contract for them here and now."

Vidar shook his head, "Don't be ridiculous, Head Sapientia. With the work your family does, how could we make you pay for such a thing? Won't your research benefit us all in the end?" Vidar's ring flashed as a few sets of ten plates appeared in his hand.

Each slave was assigned one of these. They were essentially a brand to not only track their existence, but to also kill on a whim. The scars that ran across their face was only a guise of their marks. The true marks were embedded within the scars. The scars themselves were more of a psychological chain and ball. The slaves would wake up everyday knowing that they had a scar that would never heal. They were slaves for life... They'd never escape.

When Voron had told him earlier today that these might come in handy, he almost hadn't believed him. But, it seemed like it really would. Whether Dyon truly cared about this family or not was already on full display, and having the opportunity to play with a such an arrogant boy, in Vidar's eyes, was the greatest of pleasures.

Connery happily accepted these plates into his ring.

"The guild headquarters thanks you."

The truth was that the Viridi family had been being used as pill servants in Arena City for months. Although the Cavositas weren't array alchemy specialists, that didn't mean that members of their and other families nearby, weren't interested in the craft. As such, many cities had guilds of their own.

Arena city's alchemy guild had needed pill servants, so the Viridi family had become at the perfect time.

As for Eli, he had been a truly odd case. Pills seemed to not be effective on him, no matter how many he took. In fact, most of his deterioration in health had been due to watching helplessly as his family was ruthlessly used and abused.

Seeing how pathetic Eli was, the guild elders had tossed him away to the streets. But, he kept coming back, refusing to leave his family. In the end, Eli had been dragged down to the chaos arena to die.

No one understood how he had survived so long. His cultivation couldn't even be considered to be at the middle of the foundation stages. There was no reason why he should have survived so long without proper food and water. And yet... He had.

Connery watched Dyon's back silently, his face maintaining a calm and ever so slightly mocking smile. He wanted to see how this Dyon would react to this situation.

Ri and the demon generals had immediately picked up on Dyon's anger. Although the demon generals didn't know as much about the situation as Ri did, it was clear to them that this family was important to Dyon and that Dyon was struggling to reign in his temper.

The irony of demonic will was that while it strengthened your body and allowed you to manipulate the emotions of others, it also slowly took away your ability to control your own. And in cases where the anger hit so close to home, Dyon had to try his best to not crush Ri's small hand even as he held onto it tightly.

But, something seemed to have changed since the last time he experienced such a whirlwind of emotions.

Even as flames of dense black danced in his eyes under the disdainful gazes of those who watched around him, and gentler and forgiving flame of white began gently trickle across Dyon's bronzed skin – skin so perfect it looked as though it had been cut out of crystal.

Ri and the demon generals were the first to feel this white flame, in fact, they recognized it from Dyon's humanoid manifestation. It had been the ability housed in one of the six black-gold flaming circles. And yet, they couldn't place just what it was... Much like they couldn't understand the black flames.

But, what they did know is that Dyon's once unstable emotions, seemed to reset themselves. Dyon's anger all but vanished, replaced with a calm and calculating gaze as he loosened his grip on Ri's small hand.

"I'm sorry." He looked down at her apologetically.

Ri flicked Dyon's forehead. "Don't apologize about something so stupid. I barely felt anything."

Dyon could only smile at Ri's white lie. His body's strength was at a completely new level, and Ri had reset her cultivation. How could she not have felt anything? But, Dyon appreciated her all the more in that instance.

Seeing Dyon suddenly look back at him, Connery was startled to find a calm and arrogant smile.

"Since you all like to play games, we can play some games then? How about it?"

Chapter 394 Good For

"What do you mean, exactly?" Connery asked in puzzlement.

"I'm not really a fan of your politically correct talk. Manipulating the facts, and fabricating tales is hardly something to care about. Those who are intelligent enough know that the Ragnor have no moral ground to stand on, in fact, they're actually quite disgusting. And those who are intelligent enough know that the only reason you're so willing to freely admit you do something so immoral is because you can't get over the fact a child, as you call me, isn't afraid of you."

Dyon's words seemed to sound like they were said in jest. In fact, despite his words about political correctness, it seemed like he himself was maintaining the boundaries of cordiality. And yet, if you focused on the actual words being said, it was clear that he was making no such attempt.

Not waiting for Connery to pick up on the fact he was being disrespected, Dyon continued.

"So, under the guise of those things. I asked in you if you would like to play a game. Let's find out who really is the most intelligent. Ah, I think I'll start actually." Dyon said with a smile, still not allowing Connery to speak. He had his demon generals around him, even if Connery decided to forget all thoughts of face and attack Dyon, he would definitely be stalled for long enough for Dyon to pull out at least one of his puppets..

“When I came here, you already knew who the Demon Sage was. Interesting. Even more interesting is the fact that you seemed intent on exposing me as him. That’s fine, in all honesty, but you’ve made quite a few mistakes in that assessment.

“The first is the assumption that with me exposed, you could use the guise of providing protection to reel me in.

“The second assumption is that I’m somehow so gullible and pliable that I’d be perfectly alright with allowing myself to be manipulated so easily.

“And the third assumption you made is in thinking you actually had something to provide to me.

“Your Sapientia family can’t protect me. Your family’s research is outdated in this universe and nothing compared to my master. And quite frankly, I hate the thought of being used. In fact, I may very well rather die than do such a thing.”

Connery’s brows furrowed. He had long since picked up on Dyon’s disrespect, but why was he doing such a thing? What was the purpose?

“It seems the crowd is quite good at forgetting things, so how about I put things in perspective for you all?” Dyon smiled.

Ri couldn’t help but feel her heart tingle at Dyon’s command of the situation. It always seemed like when Dyon had his back against the wall, he would come out stronger.

Just before, when he had felt that overwhelming amount of anger, it wasn’t that he hadn’t already thought of a solution to the problem — it was that he was struggling with not choosing the path of destruction and just ending them all. Dyon had to be more careful with his actions, and he knew that.

Killing members of the Sapientia family might be fine for now, but what were the ripple effects? How many in this universe would be affected by such a thing? The Sapientia family were the back bones of progression, how could Dyon feel okay with cutting that off unless the circumstances were extreme?

And what about the Ragnor family? Dyon now knew very clearly that they were a member of the three most powerful clans in the quadrant. And he also knew that they came to this universe for a purpose, a purpose they had yet to fulfill. If Dyon wiped them from this universe before they could fulfill the mission their main clan had set for them, wouldn't that bring the ire of a clan much too powerful for Dyon to handle down upon him?

He had to be cautious and reel in his anger. But, that didn't mean he couldn't make them pay. Those who had to die would die, but it would be in moderation. Those who didn't die? They'd be humiliated until they wished they would.

"As the Demon Sage, I'm without a doubt the most qualified to be head of the guild headquarters of this universe. Don't you think?"

Dyon's words brought a stunned silence.

An eighteen-year-old guild head? What kind of ridiculous concept was that?

No one knew whether to laugh, or if they should take such a statement seriously. Connery Sapientia was a man known for having had the best soul talent among humans in the past at least ten thousand years. He had snatched the head position at a young age himself, but even then, he was already hundreds of years old. Then, he had reigned nearly unmatched for millennia. Who was this boy who thought it was so easy to challenge him?

Hearing laughter begin to spread through the crowd, Dyon couldn't help but start laughing himself. In fact, he laughed so hard that his own outburst stopped that of others.

Wiping tears from his eyes, Dyon settled himself down. "Sorry. I just find it funny that people who have no idea about what it means to be an array alchemist are making judgements about who should and shouldn't win.

"These are the same experts that pissed their pants and formed a meeting over a pill I created on a whim. In fact, just a few days ago, an entire planet was willing to use underhanded schemes just to pull me to their side. And yet you're laughing about my ability to beat this guy? Don't you think that makes you all look ridiculous?

“Maybe the funniest part is that the man you’re so sure will win has the most serious face on out of all of you.”

Suddenly, Dyon’s demeanor completely changed from his carefree attitude.

“It’s best you all shut your mouths and watch. That’s all you’re good for.”

Chapter 395

Arrogance. Pure and unbridled arrogance.

No matter how apprehensive Dyon was about the effects of his actions, once he made a decision, it wasn’t in his nature to second guess it. If it happened to be a mistake, then he would learn from it and make a better move in the future. But, right now? Crushing Connery’s pride and saving the Viridi family could be done in one fell swoop, and Dyon was going to grasp the opportunity.

Connery immediately picked up on Dyon’s intentions. The Guild Headquarters not only had dominion over every guild in this universe, it also set rules and regulations. But, even more directly, didn’t Vidar just give the Viridi family over as a gift to the guild headquarters? Then wasn’t it a simple matter of heading the guild headquarters to gain ownership of their family?.

When Dyon was still in the Elvin Kingdom, he had challenged both the formation and alchemy guild heads. Then, it had been a simple matter for him to win. But, more importantly, it opened him up to the idea of guild wars.

In the human world, in ancient times, there had been concepts such as challenging dojos for land, prestige and things of the like.

In the martial world, things were no different. Array Alchemy was a study of the universes laws, but as one might expect, that also came with it a myriad of interpretations, factions and diverging thoughts. As such, it had become customary for experts to pit their philosophies against one another. By putting their guilds on the line, this meant that over time, the more powerful philosophies would win out.

Weaker branches of array alchemy would give way to stronger ones as time passed and stronger guilds heads replaced them. It was a simple cycle of survival of the fittest.

However, the very thought that this was prevalent in array alchemy culture raised some questions... If it was truly survival of the fittest, then how had array alchemy split into two factions to begin with? Why was it that formation guilds and alchemy guilds were kept separate? In fact, even weapon's guilds and beast taming guilds had once been one in the same – together under the array alchemy umbrella. But, over time, logic would dictate that the separation of disciplines made the guilds stronger... But, was that really the case?

When Dyon had fought against elder Cormyth, he had seen a solution to a problem Elder Cormyth couldn't have dreamed of seeing through. In fact, the solution that Dyon came up with was for the equivalent of a half-step grandmaster, something Dyon was definitely not at the time. And yet, he had been able to do it – and the reason why was because he had a great understanding of both formations and alchemy.

In today's times, to form the Queen Fairy Constitution Pill, it would have taken a saint level soul and a half-step to grandmaster level of alchemy. However, Dyon completed it with a lower essence gathering level soul – a soul in just the Lower Essence stage – and an array alchemy mastery of just the lower master level.

It would be clear to anyone that array alchemy was superior. So, the question remained... How then had array alchemy been ostracized? Dyon didn't know the answer. But, that question loomed another over his head. If he forced Connery into this match, would it be safe to use his knowledge of array alchemy? Should he force himself to answer the question with just one discipline?

This was something Dyon had to very seriously consider.

After his talks with his grand teacher, Dyon now had a good understanding of why array alchemy was being forcefully overwritten, although he didn't know how it had been done.

Those of the Chaos path, who sought total anarchy, wouldn't prescribe to array alchemy. In fact, they would do their best to erase it from existence if they could.

But, the problem was that the old man's will was too strong and array alchemy had become too important to daily life. It was medicine and innovation, and often times it provided solutions to problems other things just couldn't fix. So, not only did everyone have access to an aurora, those talented enough had every incentive to use it. And, unless those of the Chaos path conquered every

universe in existence, there would be no way to regulate its usage. As such, if in the end, one day their was birthed an array alchemist with enough talent to rewrite the universes themselves and solve the issue of heat death, then those of the Chaos path would only be able to watch as they lost...

That said, there was a solution to their plight. What if they made it so that no one could ever reach the peak of array alchemy? What if they tore the very essence of array alchemy apart such that no one ever grasped the full picture? Wouldn't that then eliminate their worry?... Instead of policing everyone themselves, they could have people police themselves.

Unfortunately, this worked all too well. Array alchemy was so difficult to grasp as a whole, that it really did make it seem as though it was meant to be split into easier to digest portions. Eventually, even those with the talent to pursue array alchemy in its truest form were born into societies where they were encouraged to focus on one. And maybe most depressingly, many simply didn't have the insight to notice that there were heights you would simply never reach unless you combined the two...

So, Dyon had a decision to make. Was this Connery Sapientia part of the conspiracy to actively separate alchemy and formations? Or not? As the head of the most lofty position related to array alchemy, if he wasn't actively involved, then who would be?

Suddenly, Dyon's thoughts were cut off by Connery. "I would love to, child. Unfortunately, to challenge the head of the guild headquarters, you must be the head of a noted guild yourself. After all, I can't exactly accept frivolous challenges, now can I?"

Dyon nodded. "And are there any other requirements?"

"Well, the only other requirement is that you be of at least master level in one of the main guild branches. That being either formations, alchemy, weapons, etc.

"There's also the matter of price." Connery Sapientia's eyes flashed sinisterly. "Since you're clearly challenging for the sake of people you deem to have lives worthy of saving, I'd say an equivalent price would be your own life. Don't you think?"

Chapter 396 I've Been

Connery silently sneered to himself. He didn't think that Dyon was already a guild head, but he knew that with Dyon's soul strength, the matter of conquering a guild might not be too difficult at all. And as for becoming a master level expert, although in Connery's experience, a person's array or alchemy

expertise lagged behind their actual soul strength, since he had sensed Dyon's soul break into the saint stage, it was likely to Connery that Dyon was already a master level expert – as crazy as that sounded to him.

But, he immediately put down contingencies.

The first was a stalling tactic. Because of the guild conference they were holding, no guilds would be available for Dyon to challenge in the near future because all of their guild heads were here. Although Dyon could technically just call them out now, even Dyon wouldn't know who was a head and who wasn't, thus making challenging and holding people to challenges difficult.

With this added time, Connery would slowly torture and kill the Viridi family to display them on the day of their competition. Regardless of how talented Dyon was, he was still a child. And, Connery had already made note of how easily he lost control over his emotions. If Connery showed Dyon such a scene before their competition, then Dyon wouldn't be able to properly focus.

The second plot was to make Dyon bet his life. Connery had no intention of killing Dyon, he was simply too powerful. But, if he took Dyon as a slave, then crippled his energy cultivation, then Dyon would never become strong enough to retaliate, all while being forced to use his soul talent for Connery's bidding. After all, everyone knew that soul strength hardly translated to combat strength, right?... At least to Connery, that is..

However, Connery made multiple mistakes that Dyon immediately caught onto, causing him to smirk.

For one, Dyon was already the head of a guild. In fact, he was the head of two.

Secondly, Dyon's soul talent and innate aurora were too overwhelming for his array alchemy to ever lag behind his soul strength. So, while Connery thought he was a mere master level expert, Dyon already understood enough to draw grandmaster level arrays right now. The only thing that had held him back was his soul power – something that was obviously no longer holding him back.

And lastly? Dyon had no intention of becoming a slave to anyone.

Noticing Dyon's smirk, Connery was a bit off put. Just what was so funny? But, his thoughts were immediately cut off as Dyon's ring flashed to reveal two new rings on his fingers... One denoting the Elvin Formation Guild... And the other? The Elvin Alchemy Guild.

The last thing Dyon took out was his master level badge. He had earned this the very same day he challenged their guilds. And now? It was coming in handy.

No one said a thing. Everyone's eyes were focused on the items in Dyon's hand.

With a last movement, Dyon waved his hand and created a concealment array. Then, he covertly flashed Eli out of his ring to stand beside him.

When Eli appeared, he was immediately confused and couldn't understand the situation.

In the last two years, he had grown taller. Although he was lanky and clearly malnourished, he was barely a half centimeter shorter than Dyon. In fact, he had been taller than Dyon just a few hours ago if you thought about it.

His hair was still its normal sandy blond, and his light brown eyes matched that of his sister, Venus.

Seeing this boy appear, Oliver, who was off in the distance and had come with Pertinacis and his step mom, immediately felt an ache in his heart. He recognized who this boy was, and could see the pain he had gone through.

Although Eli now wore clean and loose linens, his skin was still much too pale for what anyone would think would still be human.

Noticing everyone's eyes on him, Eli's hand shot to his face, trying to cover a scar he knew had to be there. This scar had been his shame for the past two years and although he had ignored it previously because he had been worried about Dyon's wellbeing, he couldn't help but feel self-conscious about it now.

Connery's brows creased at the appearance of this young man. It wasn't that he cared who Eli was, it was more so that he had no idea where he came from.

If Eli had always been there, then this was a problem. Why? Because Connery, despite his expertise, had no idea. He had even awakened his aurora to 48%, there was no reason why he shouldn't be able to see through Dyon's concealment array, or so he believed.

And, even if Eli had teleported here, and Dyon had for some reason chosen to conceal the array for some reason or another, that didn't change the fact Connery still couldn't see through the concealment.

'This boy...' A serious expression grew on Connery's features. If he had known that Dyon hadn't done this to show off, but rather to hide the special nature of his ring, then maybe Connery would be spitting up blood now.

"Dyon?" Eli looked downward shyly after giving Ri a small smile. He had some impression of Ri after they ran toward Dyon together. He was happy in his heart that his big brother had found such a beauty as a wife again. "What's going on?"

Dyon's heart ached when he saw how self-conscious Eli was about his scar. Still, Dyon didn't make a move to remove Eli's hand from his face, instead, he released Ri's hand and clasped both hands on Eli's shoulders.

He gazed toward Eli seriously, his heart heavy. It was difficult for him to put into words just how he was feeling right this moment, but he eventually felt that actions would speak louder than words.

"I've been a bad friend." Dyon said sadly. "Let me do something for you."

Chapter 397 Grand Event

Eli shook his head furiously, "This wasn't your fault. Don't think that way. You did the right thing... Those students shouldn't have had to die without anyone knowing who was responsible."

Dyon sighed. No matter what Eli said, he just didn't feel right about it. If he had waited until he was powerful enough, then called the big sect's out on their horrible deeds, wouldn't the result have been better. In fact, didn't he have the power to wipe the Big Sects out alone right now? He didn't need his

puppets or his demon generals. Those low level 6th grade essence gathering experts were nothing but fodder to Dyon right now.

“This wouldn’t be the Elvin Kingdom declaring war on the Ragnor God Clan, now would it?” Vidar Ragnor immediately recognized Eli for his scar.

Ri snorted. “If you think your Ragnor Clan can match up to us, have at it.”

Vidar’s brow furrowed. “It seems like the Elvin Princess doesn’t know her history. Maybe I should enlighten you and your husband.”

Ri smiled. “There’s no need. It was your main clan that helped up. You’re nothing but the fodder they sent to this universe. Would you still like to take credit for that?”

Vidar and Elof’s lips twitched at Ri’s provocation. They had thought she was simply a side character, but who would have known that her tongue would be so sharp..

“We would, of course, never start a war over a single slave. If you’d like him, take him as a sign of good will. In fact, we’ve already done our due diligence in marking him for you. If you’d like, we can give him a second scarring too.” Vidar sneered, unwilling to lose this war of words.

“Scar?” Dyon said faintly. “You think such a weak family would be able to scar a brother of mine?”

Vidar’s brows furrowed, “What nonsense are you talking about? There’s nothing capable of removing those – “

Dyon’s hand moved, ignoring Vidar’s response to cover Eli’s hand that was still on his face. “You never need to worry about something like.” Dyon lightly gripped Eli’s hand, nodding his head and asking Eli to trust him.

Ri smiled. She had seen Eli in full view just hours before. How could she not be aware that Dyon had long since removed any ridiculous semblance of a scar. With a wave of her hand, a dense and circular piece of ice appeared as she circulated her ice will.

“Take a look, Eli.”

After reluctantly allowing Dyon to remove his hand from his face, Eli shyly looked up only to find a scene he could hardly believe.

He rushed up, nearly losing his footing on the ruined rooftop, but still gripping the sides of the ice and ignoring the cold the threatened to freeze his fingers off.

Ri giggled. “Be careful. Watch your hands!”

When Vidar saw this scene, his face couldn’t help but twist in disgust. Although others might not know, he knew fully well how difficult it was to remove those scars.

Much like Ri had when she fought Jade, the Ragnor poured copious amounts of will into the slave brands. The more power that was used to damage something, the more power it took to heal it. And, that case was especially true when it came to purging a body part of wills. Something that Jade had learned the hard way.

Tears threatened to spill over from Eli’s eyes. “Thank you... Thank you Dyon.”

Dyon lightly smiled. “Don’t be ridiculous. Take this as only step one of my apology. There are many other things to come.”

Eli immediately composed himself, remembering that they had been in an odd situation before and suddenly realizing that a very tall and greying man was slowly losing his patience.

“Tell me Eli,” Dyon continued, ignoring the angered Connery Sapientia. “How many members of the Viridi family are there?”

“34... Not including me, 33.” Eli didn’t understand why Dyon had asked, but he answered truthfully anyway.

Turning his attention to Connery Sapiientia, Dyon continued. "As you can see, your excuses and feigned attempts at buying time are useless." Dyon didn't hold back in his words at all, letting Connery know that he had seen through them.

"I am the leader of not one, but two guilds. I am already a master level practitioner. And since you want to make this a wager, let's make it a wager then."

Dyon smiled lightly as Connery was slowly losing control of his ability to keep his emotions in check.

"There are 33 Viridi family members. They're still alive, regardless of the condition that they're in.

Give me their slave plates right now, and I'll agree to wager my freedom. In fact, I'll even allow you to put a slave seal in me."

Connery's eyes flashed at this. If Dyon allowed a slave seal to be put in him, that was much different than it being forced. When there were two consenting parties to a seal, only death of one person would undo its effects. Dyon was essentially wagering the rest of his life.

"Why should I give you the plates first? What kind of ridiculous deal works that way?"

"It's simple, really. My only real obligation is to provide you with a grandmaster level weapon. It was you who brought up wagering my life, that was completely out of bounds. So, since you want to be so shameless, I thought I'd give you a handicap. After all, maybe if I'm worried about losing my life to you, I'll mess up and give you a chance to win." Dyon smiled lightly.

Silence.

This level of arrogance was ridiculous. This was a eighteen-year-old boy challenging a grandmaster formation expert as though he himself were already leagues beyond him.

"In fact, I'll give you an even greater handicap. You get to choose the events. In fact, choose three. If I lose even one, you win."

Suddenly, Connery began laughing as he flicked the ring that held the Viridi family slave plates to Dyon.

“This should be a grand event.” Connery laughed, “We’ll do it as a close to the first day of the world tournament. That way, even my Little Madeleine can watch you become a slave for the rest of her days. Then you can watch as she marries off to someone worthy.”

Dyon didn’t say anything, instead choosing to leave under a chorus of laughter and sneers.

Whether it be Eboni and Ode, or the Niveus Matriarch, or the young geniuses of Earth and the other planets, there wasn’t a soul that believed Dyon hadn’t just agreed to sign his life away.

Only Eli, Ri and the demon generals clearly understood why Dyon had chosen this path. And maybe only they believed he could do it.

Chapter 398 Awakened

Along with Eli, Ri and the demon generals, Dyon wasn’t polite about rescuing the Viridi family. He directly headed toward where he knew they were being held – the Arena City Alchemy Guild.

“Big brother, are we really going to let him take them away?” Ace’s face scrunched in disgust. He didn’t care about the Viridi family. In fact, until today, he had forgotten about their existence. After the events of last year, he and Elof had branded them, but, they had ended up in Arena City – Cavositas family territory.

Although Vidar Ragnor had had the array plates, that was only because it was his idea to use that family to pressure Dyon – or, more accurately, it had been Elof, his younger brother’s, idea.

But, now, the optics weren’t as bad for the Ragnor family as they were for the Cavositas family. Why? Because although slave trading was a Ragnor family trade, the slaves themselves belongs to Arena City... A city run by the Cavositas. And now, Dyon was about to stroll into one of their guilds, and take their property away..

Hearing his younger brother’s complaints, Voron sneered. “In a few weeks, he’ll be a slave himself. What are you getting so worked up about?”

In the distance, there was at least one person happy with Dyon's victory, although he too believed that it would be short lived.

Oliver had had Venus' slavery weighing on his mind for years now. Although he was Madeleine's elder brother, his sister's power wasn't his own. In fact, even if he had Madeleine's power, that didn't guarantee the freeing of the Viridi family. After all, although the Sapientia were highly respected, they weren't known for their combat prowess. It wasn't a secret to anyone that the Sapientia avoided mass conflicts so as to maintain their neutral ground and be allowed to thrive as they had been. This meant that the Cavositas had no reason to listen to the demands of the Sapientia family.

After brushing off his brother's worried, Voron set his gaze on Dyon as everyone dispersed.

"The only thing I regret about this is that we'll never get a chance to show him the difference between him and us."

Vidar stood in the air silently, listening to Voron's words. The truth was that even Vidar was too young to be among the top four of earth. It wasn't that he wasn't powerful, it was that the top experts like Iris Ipsum had had almost a decade to accumulate points for their rankings. Regardless of his faith seed, this was only Vidar's 3rd campaign, and yet, he had still managed to rank 25th, something that should have been praised among his peers.

And yet, there was Dyon. And then, there was Ri. And even worse? There was Madeleine. Each one had made it into the top 30, and each one had less campaigns than him. But now, he had come to find out that Dyon had manipulated the rankings?! There was nothing he wanted more than to tear Dyon apart. If he could change the rankings for himself and Ri, why not for Madeleine as well? It all made sense now.

What maybe made all of this worse was the fact that Thor had placed higher on the rankings than he had after his first campaign. And, so had Caedlum. Both had managed to make it into the top 50 cumulative rankings, and yet Vidar hadn't even been in the top 100 after his first campaign. Everything was coming together to reach a fever pitch, and Vidar wanting nothing more than to use Dyon to vent.

How could Vidar know that Dyon, Ri and Madeleine all deserved their rankings? And even if he did know, is that something he'd accept?..

Suddenly, Vidar was snapped out of his thoughts by his younger brother. “Big brother, we should go. Father is likely waiting for you and Thor to come as we speak.”

Although Elof was vague with his words, often by his own lack of information rather than by his design, Elof knew exactly what the importance of this meeting was.

The Ragnor family had been here for exactly as long as the Elves had been. They entered as a low level clan, back when the Celestial Deer Sect were still the overlords of the quadrant. It wasn't that the Ragnor clan was weak. In fact, they weren't too far off in strength from the Celestial Deer Sect even back then. It was just that the branch they sent here was. This was why Ri's words to Vidar had hit so close to home.

This Ragnor branch was a nearly forgotten one, but, what wasn't forgotten was the importance of the mission they had been sent on – a mission that was coming closer and closer to completion.

There was a reason they groomed the Saeclum auxiliary clan to use the technique they coerced from the elves. There was a reason they took hold of the Ipsum auxiliary clan as well. And, maybe most importantly, there was a reason they warred with the Pakal God Clan for their closely guarded technique... In fact, only a few knew that part of the reason that this Ragnor branch fled to this universe was to carry along with it the Blood Sacrifice Technique they stole from the main Pakal branch.

However, that was only part of the reason... And, it seemed as though the second part was coming to a close soon too.

It may have been lost on other more infantile God Clans, but the Ragnor were very clear of the shift occurring on other planets. They were very clear on the movements into and out of this universe, movements that should have been impossible. And maybe what they were most clear on was the fact that their time was coming.

Their mission would soon be complete, yes... But, it was also the time for this 'small' branch to rise up and take their place amongst the best the universes had to offer.

Vidar was sure that his faith seed would play a large role. It was about time he awakened it.

Chapter 399 Met?

After finding a covert place to send the demon generals back into the ring, Dyon walked along the streets as though nothing had happened with Ri and Eli.

“Have you met Ri, Eli?” Dyon asked with a bright smile. It was as though he was a kid again, excited to show off his girlfriend. Ri found this to be quite adorable, but she was still a little shy. This was her first time meeting someone Dyon truly called friend – everyone else was either his subordinate or enemy.

However, Ri seemed to recover from this quickly. “We did meet while you were doing something reckless. You know you could have died right? What were you thinking?!”

Eli giggled as he watched Dyon awkwardly scratch the back of his head. It had been a long time since he had any time to truly relax and he felt the best he had in years. He was happy to have a friend that remember him after so long, despite the short time they had spent together.

After she finished berating Dyon for being stupid, Ri switched sides to talk to Eli. For some reason, she felt comfortable enough to wrap her arms around his in a friendly way. Maybe it was Eli’s shy appearance or his innocent features, but Ri took a liking to him..

“Tell me Eli, how was Dyon back then? How many bad things did he do?”

Dyon cringed at this question, trying to signal Eli with his eyes to remember the bro-code. Unfortunately, it seemed the martial world had no concept of such a thing. Seeing that Ri was taking the opportunity to get close to him, Eli’s mouth began to pour out endless secrets. Well, maybe they weren’t secrets, but they were definitely things he had glossed over in the past.

In the past, Dyon had already told Ri about how he met Madeleine in full detail – that would never be something he held from her. But, there were other things he... May or may not have ignored.

“Mortal World crush? Clara?”

“Flirting with anything that walked?”

“Naked in front of Delia?”

Ri’s voice seemed to gain an octave with every new juicy piece of information. Dyon could only pretend as though he wasn’t there, instead focusing his gaze on the cobbled roads and shop-lined streets.

In the end, Dyon couldn’t even find the tears to cry. “Eli, you traitor!”

Eli couldn’t help but laugh, seemingly unaffected by Dyon’s cries.

Seeing that no one was going to help him explain, Dyon began to. “My first crush isn’t even relevant. I was like five years old, that hardly counts for anything, right?”

Ri’s blue-silver eyes blinked as her long hair bobbed in the wind. “It counted enough for you to remember to tell my best friend Eli about it.”

‘Best friend?’ Dyon choked on air, this wasn’t going well. “Alright, alright.”

The truth was that Dyon had been worried about more than just his parents showing up during the trials – he had also been worried about confronting a girl he had liked back when he was in the human world. It had never developed into love, because Dyon had cut it off. But, that probably only made him feel all the guiltier. That said, it was likely because Dyon had made the emotionally unselfish decision then, that made the old man not deem it worthy to test him on.

Clara. Dyon hadn’t seen her since he was about ten years old. That was when, after the death of his father, he began taking his inventing seriously. He tossed everything for the sake of making his mark on the world. Actually... Dyon had seen her again during the Focus Academy assessments, but he had done his best to avoid her entirely.

To an adult, the decisions of a ten-year-old seem petty. Dyon didn’t even know what the word love meant, and it wasn’t until Madeleine that his brain had a eureka moment – something that was then replicated by Ri. In fact, if it wasn’t for Clara, it would have been all the more likely for Dyon to ignore his feelings for Madeleine. But, when you coupled those past feelings of guilt, with the thought of Madeleine’s life being on the line, it had pushed him over the edge.

Dyon's mother, before her death, had always told him to follow his feelings and act on them before it was too late. But, it wasn't until Clara that Dyon began taking that seriously.

There was a time where Dyon ignored his mother's advice much like he had his dad's. Many saw his lopsided agreement with his mother and wrote him off as a 'momma's boy', when in reality there was a story behind that too.

Seeing Dyon struggling with his answer, and not wanting to ruin the mood, Ri tactfully changed the subject. In reality, Dyon had brought up Clara to Ri, before. It was just that it happened to be one of the things he glossed over.

"Forget the crush then, I'm not letting you off the hook." Ri playfully glared at Dyon, "What's this I hear about you flashing poor Delia? And sexually harassing Ava?"

Dyon nearly snorted out his laughter, "I'm innocent! Delia just happened to be at the wrong place at the wrong time and I was only thanking Ava for saving me!"

"So you want to blame poor Delia for seeing what she saw? It was her home! How was she supposed to know some pervert was going to come flying in with his things hanging everywhere?"

Eli burst out into laughter. He didn't even notice when tears had started streaming down his face until Ri took out a cloth to help him wipe it with a concerned smile on her face.

It wasn't until then that Dyon noticed that they had finally come to the alchemy guild – it was no wonder why Eli's emotions were a mess.

Patting his shoulder, Dyon smiled lightly. "Let's go get them."

Chapter 400 Well...

Much later that day, Dyon had found a place for everyone to stay. He had wanted to be lowkey before, but since practically the whole city knew of his existence now, he decided to rent out an entire home.

Many of the Viridi were in too bad of a state to walk out under their own power, so Dyon had put them to sleep. It was likely even they hadn't been aware that they were saved.

Surprisingly, after his family was saved, Eli stopped all thoughts of crying. He immediately moved to doing everything in his power to have them rest comfortably, impressing Dyon with his knowledge of plants again.

From the day Dyon had met Eli, he had already noted his excellent gardening skills, but, he was ashamed to say that back then, he hadn't truly grasped the scale Eli worked under. But now, with Dyon's alchemy knowledge having increased manifold, it was quite shocking to see that Eli could still impress him like this. In fact, it seemed quite abnormal.

As a wielder of an innate aurora, Dyon usually picked up on things others didn't. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that often times, those small things were what set Dyon apart from those who plotted against him. So, when Dyon realized just how impressive Eli's knowledge of alchemy was despite not having an innate aurora, he immediately thought of the words Voron had said...

Voron had mentioned how Eli was seen as useless as a pill slave. He had no reaction to the pills given to him and his deterioration in health had to do with his worry for his family as opposed to anything else.

He was eventually released, but he kept coming back to the point where he was sent off to the Chaos Arena..

Although the connection seemed somewhat convoluted and flimsy, Dyon immediately wanted to see if this somehow had some sort of connection with his sensitivity to plants. But, now didn't seem like the time to find out. Eli was much too focused on taking care of his family to worry about anything else.

Dyon sighed as his eyes scanned over Uncle Ail and Venus, two other members of the Viridi family he had good connections with.

Uncle Ail's hair was decidedly less spherical. In fact, he ironically looked as young as he was meant to now, despite the fact his skin was pale and sunken.

As for Venus, her lips were cracked, and her sandy blond hair seemed to have greyed. She looked almost nothing like the teen she should. She should have at most been a few years older than Dyon, and yet here she was struggling to hold onto her life.

The first thing Dyon had done for each and every one of the Viridi was purge their system of all pill effects. But, maybe the harder part was to remove the pill impurities.

In all of the pills Dyon had ever created, he never worried about impurities. Because of his innate aurora, his process, within reason, could be seen as the peak of perfection. But, other alchemists didn't have such a luxury and often had the effectiveness of their pills restricted by impurities. Unfortunately, these impurities were harder to deal with than even the pills themselves. The only saving grace was that the level of alchemy, and therefore the level of materials used, were all low grade – this made it easier to deal with.

After Dyon helped to the best of his abilities, he let Eli know that he should mind his rest, pointing out that there were tens of open rooms in this house for him to sleep in before leaving Eli in the large bed filled room.

On his way upstairs to where Ri was likely waiting, Dyon once again thought of Madeleine. He had been diligently checking his device, but there was still no message. That likely meant that Madeleine hadn't arrive yet, unless she for some reason ran out of dao stones again. Either way, Dyon could only wait. Regardless, in just a few weeks, he should be able to see her – a thought that brought a smile to his face.

'It's been a long time...' Dyon thought to himself.

Almost two years. In fact, the start of the world tournament would make two years exactly. Dyon didn't even care that his nineteenth birthday was coming up soon, he was more eager to see his first love. This time, she wouldn't be going anywhere without him by her side.

This Connery Sapientia character seemed intent on marrying Madeleine to someone else.

'As if,' Dyon snorted to himself, 'you won't even get as far as the ceremony planning. Let alone the actual ceremony. I'm not letting my Madeleine go through that again.'

Just as Dyon was about to go up the stairs, his ears twitched with the sound of light footsteps approaching the door of the mansion. With his improved body constitution, all of his senses had been improved wildly such that he could immediately pick up on such things.

‘Maybe?’ Dyon smiled. He didn’t think anyone else would come and bother him but one person. After all, with the display the demon generals had put on, any enemies would be foolhardy to even attempt it unless they bothered the heads of the Royal God Clans – something ridiculously unlikely.

Dyon walked toward the door. Or, more accurately, he did something that looked half like walking and half like running. His body seemed to flash from where it stood to the door. His soul was fatigued after spending so long curing the Viridi, but he did a quick sweep anyway. It was just one person, it had to be her, right?

Dyon’s hand reached for the doorknob just as the chimes of the doorbell rang through the large and most hollow house.

A bright grin spread across Dyon’s face as he saw a sight he hadn’t seen in years. A girl with beauty beyond words. He almost didn’t take note of her now purple hair and eyes.

“Madeleine...” Dyon didn’t let her respond. His arms immediately shot forward, pulling her into a tight hug and burying her head into his chest.

Madeleine’s purple qipao clung tightly to her curves as she lay silently in Dyon’s arms.

“I missed you.” Dyon whispered.

“Thank you.” Madeleine’s words were muffled with her head being held so tightly against Dyon. He didn’t even have the chance to register what she said before the feeling of a cold blade stabbed into his rib cage and toward his heart. “For making this so easy.”

Dyon was stunned to silence. He stumbled backward, as he felt something slowly crystalizing inside of him.

Short and shallow breaths escaped and retreated with Dyon’s pained movements. Confusion colored his features, but he couldn’t divert his attention from what was going on inside of his body. Something was wrong. This wasn’t a simple dagger, this was a technique.

His senses were slipping from him, he had no time to think. His organs slowed, and the beating of his heart hardened.

‘What’s going on?’

Dyon’s body continued to harden uncontrollably as Madeleine watched. She didn’t seem to move an inch, as though she was waiting for something.

Sure enough, the sounds of light footsteps coming from upstairs soon caught Dyon’s attention. But, he couldn’t turn around to warn Ri. The next best thing was to fall. He had to let her know something was wrong in case she didn’t notice.

Ri’s eyes widened as she watched Dyon fall.

“Who are you?!” Ri didn’t think twice, she didn’t know who this person was. But, to be powerful enough to hurt Dyon in the time span it took for her to hear the doorbell and come to see what was going on, she had to be powerful.

Dyon had given her the ring while he was dealing with his saint energy influx, so she still had it.

Ri immediately called upon Thadius, not having time to mind the fact he was half naked.

But, before either had a chance to do anything, Madeleine turned away, disappearing. Even Thadius’ features furrowed at this sight. He didn’t specialize in sensing techniques, and he definitely didn’t have an innate aura or talented soul. He simply couldn’t find this disappearing girl.

Dyon’s senses continued to dull even as Thadius and Ri rushed over to him. It seemed Eli was too preoccupied to come. But, how could he be blamed for such a thing? It had only been a doorbell after all...

'Well, this isn't too good...' Dyon's brain was slowing down. The speed of thought his innate aurora gave him becoming useless. The more possible solutions he thought of, the slower the next thought came. Soon, he would be at a dead end...