

magic

“In fact, if that idiot with the bow gets up, he could probably kill me too. However, both you and I know quite well why it is you can’t kill me, no? If it wasn’t for that, would you lofty so-called nobles try such underhanded tricks more befitting a commoner like me?”

Dyon turned and walked off to the center stage. “Since none of you truly know me, I’ll tell you a little about myself. My name is Dyon, like I said. I happen to be 16 and I guess you could say I possess a little intelligence.

“I love long walks, but not on beaches because sand can get quite annoying. I’m what you all would probably call a commoner. Maybe a couple centuries ago I’d be more reserved, but fortunately, from what I understand, this small school doesn’t have the ability to fight against us commoners at the moment.”

Small school? Rage was filled the room.

“What are you all getting mad about? If that’s all it took for you to get mad, you should have probably fought back long ago. I wonder what the point of funding a school made for elites by elites. They may as well have just used their resources to home school their kids.”

Dyon had reached the center of the stage. He stood, looking off into the crowd. The rage was almost immediately calmed.

“But, unfortunately, I’m not in the habit of helping people who can’t help themselves. So instead of wasting my time, I’ll just show you what happens when a commoner gets to perform. Those guys sucked anyway. Except for you two of course.” He said smiling at Delia and Meiying who still hadn’t recovered from what was transpiring.

“Let’s see, from what I read, anything I’d like to display my talents with should manifest itself, correct? Then let’s go with this... piano!” Dyon spoke softly.

A pearly white grand piano began to manifest in front of him as Dyon walked toward its bench.

“Today, I do this because a few people tried to disrespect me.” The moment he sat, a wave of light surged through the room, sending a light breeze through the air. “Remember my name and who I am. Do not provoke me, and you will not be provoked.”

‘This pressure... he hasn’t even started playing yet. He shouldn’t have any knowledge of how to call upon wills, how is he doing this?’ Delia was more surprised than anyone. Only she knew the extent his knowledge had reached just a few hours ago. To already have the ability to injure Mayumi and emit the will of music without even playing... it was unprecedented.

Dyon’s eyes sharpened as he raised his hands to the marble keys. The pressure in the room multiplied several folds. The light that had been emitted rushed back towards Dyon and merged with him just as he pressed down on the first note.

Dyon’s fingers raced across the keys as a sweet melody rang out. He unleashed his frustration, his pain and his sadness.

He closed his eyes. Sensing the smell his mother’s cooking, feeling her arms around him... hearing her voice ringing out.

He could feel his father’s bitter training and hear his strict voice.

The pressure increased as Dyon’s fingers forcefully slammed the keys, almost as if to beat the piano into submission. His heart beat faster and faster as he tightened the lids of his eyes to escape from the tears.

He heard his father's robust laugh, felt his sturdy shoulders carry him, saw the purity in his brown eyes.

Dyon thought of the anger he felt.

'How dare they? This was their last request and you want to run me out of here?'

The tune immediately changed, multiplying in ferocity. The floors began to rumble and the silver pillars began to shake.

Dyon slammed his foot down on the right most pedal of the piano, layering note after note, chord after chord.

The glass windows of the ceremony hall cracked, but Dyon didn't stop. No one could move, the captivation of the melody was too much.

Patia-Neva waved his hand, trying to use the same barrier he had before to contain Dyon. But, it immediately shattered.

'You want to contain me?'

The music amplified. People in the hall began to forget if they'd ever heard music before. They tried as hard as they could but the only melody that filled their minds took the shape of Dyon's rage.

The glass windows cracked again.

'He... he's gaining a monopoly on the will of music. This is ridiculous.' Kami thought.

"Patia, we have to stop him." Bai spoke in anger.

"No, let him have his temper tantrum. We were in the wrong. We'll stop it if it goes too far."

Although the family heads mostly held faces of anger, all of them were truly astonished. They had never felt this type of pressure before from a mere child.

Delia stood, walking towards Dyon. The pressure not affecting her. She was a bit annoyed to see the same was the case for every other female in the room, but she chalked it up to Dyon's shameless attitude.

But, she couldn't hide were the tears on her face. She didn't know what made Dyon so sad and so angry, but she knew that someone should stop him. So, she reached out and placed her hand on his shoulder.

Dyon stopped playing and opened his reddened eyes. He looked up at Delia who had tears streaking down her face.

He stood immediately and wiped the tears from her cheeks with his thumb. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry. My mom would kill me if she knew about this."

Delia didn't say anything, so Dyon let her walk back to her seat.

Dyon looked around the room. It seemed most of the people in the hall had streaks of tears on their face or were fighting to hold them back.

Dyon's ferocity and sadness disappeared in an instant, replaced by his usual carefree and flirtatious attitude. Then he turned and left, leaving only one thought in everyone's mind: 'How domineering.'