

Lightning 681

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 681: Strange Man

Gravis returned to the street and continued his stroll. Yet, for some reason, he felt watched. Before he had dealt with the young man, he hadn't felt like this, but now, it was very apparent.

This feeling was bizarre since Gravis was able to see everything with his Spirit. Additionally, he knew enough Laws to notice any darkness cultivator looking at him. On top of that, his Law of Danger didn't get triggered at all.

Yet, the feeling of being watched became only more intense as time passed. Gravis furrowed his brows as he tried to find the watcher. For mortals, such a feeling would most probably be just paranoia, but Cultivators had very honed instincts.

Gravis looked around, but no one else seemed to notice anything. It was only him. This probably meant that someone was specifically only looking at him.

As Gravis continued walking, the feeling only became stronger until he came to an intersection. Out of instinct, Gravis turned to his right and looked into the street.

Black eyes.

Gravis immediately locked eyes with a young man. His hair was spiky and black, and his eyes were also black. On top of that, he even wore entirely black clothes. Yet, instead of dressing in gaudy robes like everybody else, this young man wore seemingly simple clothing. The pants were made out of a fabric that a hunter would wear, while his shirt looked rather casual and comfortable.

Gravis immediately knew that this was the person watching him. Gravis also found out several other things.

First of all, the young man was standing in the middle of the street, directly looking at him with an interested smirk. The next thing Gravis noticed was that he couldn't get a read on the power of this person. This person was obviously far more powerful than him, but that didn't mean much. Gravis wasn't even able to feel the power of the more powerful Immortal Kings.

Yet, for some reason, this young man felt different from the other people.

Lastly, the person obviously intended for Gravis to notice him. If he wanted to stay hidden, Gravis wouldn't be able to notice him due to the power difference.

After narrowing his eyes, Gravis slowly walked over to the young man until he stood around two meters in front of him.

For a while, both of them only looked at each other, one with furrowed brows and the other with a smirk.

"Do you know that walking up to strangers can be dangerous?" the young man asked with a smirk.

"Not in this city, not for me," Gravis asked.

"Your father, right?" the young man asked.

"Yes," Gravis answered.

"That is only partially correct," the young man said.

Gravis narrowed his eyes now. "You're saying that there is someone that can threaten me in this city?"

"Yes, I am saying that," he said. "Immortals can."

"Immortals?" Gravis asked with a raised brow. "I was expecting someone with a higher Realm."

"That's where you're wrong," the young man said. "Any Immortal King or more powerful would be stopped by your father, but I don't think that he would involve himself if it were an Immortal. After all, you should be able to battle three to four levels above yourself."

Gravis remained calm outside, but inside, he was shaken. This person knew exactly how powerful he was. Any normal person would consider such an insane Battle Strength to be a joke. It was just too absurd to be real. Even if Orthar or Yersi had said so, no one would believe them.

Yet, this young man was stating it like it was a fact. So, how did he know exactly how powerful Gravis was?

"But with the guards, no Immortal would be able to kill me," Gravis said.

"Half-true, again," the young man said. "Assassinations happen in this city from time to time. Either by people confident in fleeing or people in desperation for money. Some people need a huge amount of money for their loved ones, making them willing to sacrifice their lives for a huge sum of money."

"I'm safe from the more powerful assassins," Gravis said, "but you're saying that the desperate Immortals are an issue. Yet, haven't you also said that I should be able to fight four levels above me? I should be able to block a sudden attack from someone like that."

"And when they try to immobilize me, well, if you know my power, you should also know my Avatar," Gravis said.

"The Minor Law of Freedom can secure your unhindered movement in front of any Immortal, that is correct, but that is also not what I meant," the young man said.

Gravis had only tested the young man with that question. Sure enough, he even knew the specific Law of Gravis' Avatar. Gravis had absolutely no idea how he could have found out something like this.

"Then, what did you mean?" Gravis asked.

"What about people at the Late Major Revolution, and what about the ones at the peak of the Realm?" the young man asked.

Gravis raised an eyebrow. "I haven't heard of this Major Revolution thing," he said.

"That's not good, Gravis. You should know something like that," the young man said, addressing Gravis with his name for the first time. "Your father might think that you should find out the hard way, but I disagree on that."

"You act like you know my father," Gravis said evenly.

"We have talked a couple of times. We even traded just recently," the young man said.

Gravis' insides shook. Someone able to talk and trade with his father was absolutely not a simple person. This was definitely not just some Star God or something similar. This person was probably truly powerful.

Yet, the person could also be lying.

"That's great and all," Gravis said, "but why are you here, talking to me?"

"Weren't you the one that approached me to talk?" the young man asked.

"Yes, but only because you purposely showed your aura to me," Gravis said, getting a bit annoyed at the man.

"So, when I simply don't suppress my aura, and you feel it, it means that I want to talk to you?" the young man said with a smirk. "Quite self-centered of you."

Gravis narrowed his eyes further. "You were also staring right into my eyes."

"Because you kept probing me with your Spirit," the young man said.

"Cut it with the bullshit," Gravis said with a bit of anger. "You obviously have a reason to gain my attention. So, what is it?"

"Do I need to have a reason?" the young man asked.

"So, you actually wanted to gain my attention," Gravis said with a smirk.

"Yes," the young man answered with a smirk. "Because you kept probing me with your Spirit."

Gravis gritted his teeth. Why was this so infuriating?

"Okay, then I will stop. Bye!" Gravis said as he turned around to walk away.

The young man chuckled a couple more times at the retreating Gravis. "Quite infuriating, isn't it?" he asked.

Gravis didn't turn around.

"Actually, I wanted to know how you would react when someone acted like this towards you," the young man said.

"What's it to you?" Gravis said without turning around. He simply continued walking until he saw the young man standing in front of him again. Gravis hadn't even felt any kind of space movement.

"What's it to me?" the young man asked as he looked into Gravis' eyes again. "I only wanted to feel how it feels like."

"After all, you seemed to have a lot of fun while doing this to the Red King," he said.

Gravis stopped.

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Chapter 682: Irrelevant Question

Gravis looked more closely at the young man. This was a very specific piece of information that basically no one but his family knew. Yet, there was still a possibility that he overheard Yersi or Orthar talking.

"Yes, I had fun," Gravis said slowly. "But, again, what's it to you?"

"Not much," the young man said, still smirking. "I'm just very interested in you."

"I'm not into guys," Gravis said flatly.

The eyelids of the young man twitched slightly. That comment obviously had an effect on him.

But then, the young man started laughing. "You're really good at this!" he said.

"At what?" Gravis asked.

"At finding just the right buttons to push," the young man said. "You did the same thing when you called the highest Heaven a marauding... you know, to infuriate that middle Heaven."

This guy knew far too much. He even remembered the specific words Gravis had said to infuriate the middle Heaven. Only the present Elders at the time, his father, the middle Heaven, and the highest Heaven, knew that. Gravis never repeated his actual words to anyone since it wasn't really relevant to his story.

"Is this some kind of Law?" Gravis asked. "Some kind of Mind Reading Law?"

The young man chuckled a bit. "That Law does exist, yes, but for you, specifically, it can't be used," he said.

"Why not?" Gravis asked with narrowed eyes.

"Because your mind is full of Punishment Lightning," the young man said. "Not even I can read your mind, at least, not directly like that. I only have way of speaking, facial expressions, and gestures to make my guess," the young man said.

"But that is obviously not enough to guess something so specific," Gravis said.

"That's right," the young man said.

"Anyway, let's stop this little play, Gravis," the young man said. "How about a bet?"

"What bet?" Gravis asked.

"You guess my identity, and I will answer one of your questions. Yet, if you guess incorrectly, you will answer one of mine. Sound good?" he asked.

Gravis furrowed his brows. "Sounds good."

"Then, go make your guess," the young man said.

"You're the highest Heaven," Gravis said.

The young man only continued smirking. "No, I'm not."

Gravis' eyes sparkled. "Interesting," he said. "To be quite frank, I didn't think that you were the highest Heaven."

"Then why was that your guess?"

"Because I wanted to see how you would react. The fact that you didn't entertain the guess and played around with me means that you are afraid of the highest Heaven," Gravis said. "And that was your question. My debt is paid," Gravis said as he continued walking.

The young man only chuckled but didn't say anything.

Gravis walked away, and after a while, he was already in a different street.

The young man only continued waiting.

One minute.

Two minutes.

SHING!

"Okay, why didn't you stop me?" Gravis asked as he teleported back to the young man with furrowed brows.

"Because you wouldn't anger your lightning because of something like this," he said. "You might be fine with going against your lightning when spiting the highest Heaven, but you wouldn't do that just to spite some random person."

Gravis frowned. That was because the young man was correct. This was exactly the reason why Gravis returned. Gravis wanted to annoy the guy since he had also annoyed Gravis, but instead, Gravis was forced to come back awkwardly.

"Your question?" Gravis asked.

"My question is rather simple, actually. It might even surprise you due to its irrelevance to everything," the young man said.

"Ask," Gravis said flatly.

"Why did you decide to punish that young trader in the Sky Community like that?" the young man asked.

Sure enough, Gravis was surprised by the question. This question truly seemed absolutely irrelevant.

"It is true that it is forbidden to kill anyone in the Sky Community," the young man continued. "Yet, there are ways. For example, you could have simply absorbed the Energy in his Spirit Space, forcing him into the Initial Unity Realm. That would be horrible for anyone."

"Additionally, you could have simply teleported him to the outside of the city and killed him there. Tell me, Gravis, why did you decide to punish the young man like that?" he asked.

"Are you related to that trader?" Gravis asked.

"No. I have nothing to do with him," the young man said. "So, your answer?"

Gravis sighed. He really couldn't see through this strange young man.

Gravis turned his gaze to the still floating statue of the trader. "Several reasons, actually," Gravis said. "Punishing him is a very mixed bag. Yes, he stole from me, and I'm pretty angry about that, but the guy also doesn't deserve to die because of that. Yet, I am still pretty pissed at him."

"Killing him would feel great for me, but it also isn't truly fair. Fairness is important to me, but my own emotions are just as important. The truly fair thing would have been to make him give me everything he owned at the moment so that the relative punishment would be fitting for the crime."

"Yet, that also feels like he would have gotten off far too lightly. So, I went with a middle way. He has obviously already sold my Emblem, which means he should have enough money in assets to pay me back. He just has to sell his house, company, or whatever. That would ruin him financially, but he is still a Cultivator in the Nascent Nourishing Realm. If he puts his mind to it, he can recover from that."

"So, in short, the guy will feel the sting of losing his most valuable possession without dying. That should be a bit worse than I have felt back then, which makes it a bit unfair, but it feels better for me this way," Gravis explained.

The young man scratched his chin. "Isn't that interesting?" he said. "It sounds like you are very torn between two things. Tell me, is it your lightning that is telling you to kill the guy, or is it yourself?"

Gravis wasn't required to answer anymore, but these words got him thinking. "My Punishment Lightning wants to kill him. He went against me, and it says he should die. I don't think that he should die because of that."

"Yet," the young man said. "When you kill an entire world just by existing, you don't care?"

"I think I do, but I'm not entirely sure," Gravis said. "I don't actually want to kill so many beings, which is why I made that trade with the highest Heaven to let the most powerful beasts keep living. Yet, I also don't want to slow down my Cultivation just because it saves some lives."

"So, you avoid killing someone as long as it's not a hassle and doesn't interfere with your cultivation?" the young man asked.

"Pretty much," Gravis said.

"But does it truly not interfere with your cultivation?" the young man asked.

Gravis furrowed his brows again. "What do you mean?"

"Every time you try to find a compromise, you slightly alienate your lightning. Yet, you are also lightning at the same time. So, even these tiny decisions can have a huge impact on your being, even if you don't notice it," the young man said.

Gravis' insides shook. It wasn't that he hadn't known that, but that he didn't want to think about it. His lightning had become really angry ever since Gravis had spared the middle Heaven. His Law of Freedom allowed him to stay in charge of his being since it was more powerful, but what if Gravis transformed his

being from Punishment Lightning into Divine Lightning? Then, the Divine Lightning would be far more powerful than his Law of Freedom.

What would happen then?

"What do you think would happen if that continues?" Gravis asked. This person was not simple at all, and he knew far too much. That was why Gravis asked him.

"To be quite frank," the young man said with a smirk. "I have no idea," he said with a shrug.

"What?" Gravis asked mockingly. "There's stuff you don't know?"

The young man chuckled again. "Yes, there is. After all, not even your father knows everything. Otherwise, the highest Heaven wouldn't be alive anymore, probably. I can't make an educated guess on that since I'm not on their level."

"And on what level are you?" Gravis asked, looking at the young man with a side-eye.

"Isn't it interesting?" the young man said with a chuckle as he diverted the topic. "You have asked me so much, but you never asked me who I actually am."

"Would you have told me?" Gravis asked.

"Yes, I would have," the young man answered.

This threw Gravis for a loop. "What? Seriously?" he asked.

"Yes," the young man said. "Don't always throw possible solutions out of the window. You think you are in control, and you think you can get a good read on someone else's personality. This is a form of control. Yet, is it truly a form of control when you are actually not in control and make an incorrect decision?"

Gravis thought about these words. "I think it is," he said slowly. "Control can be partial, and if I know more about the situation, I get a bit more control. I don't think control is a black and white thing, but a gradient, like light and darkness."

BOOOOM!

And Gravis managed to understand the level four Law of Control.

Gravis' eyes widened in shock. He had just learned another level four Law? Just like that!?

Gravis almost couldn't believe this. A level four Law shouldn't come so easily to him!

Then, Gravis realized that it was probably the young man's doing. The young man made his mind move just the right way so that Gravis came to the correct conclusion on his own.

Gravis took a deep breath, turned fully to the young man, and bowed. "Thank you, Senior," he said.

The young man chuckled a bit. "I helped you because I am interested in you," the young man said. "After all, you have something that belonged to me."

"So, don't you want to ask me who I am?" he asked with a smirk.

Gravis straightened again and looked at the young man. "Who are you?"

The young man smirked.

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Chapter 683: Power

The young man continued smirking, something he had been doing all the time since Gravis met him.

"How about I show you?" he asked. "Maybe you will be able to get to the correct conclusion on your own."

Gravis only raised an eyebrow. How was he supposed to know a person just by them showing something? Gravis didn't know anyone as powerful as this person. By now, Gravis was sure that this person had not lied when he said that he even traded with his father. Being able to see so much and being able to guide Gravis to understand a level four Law was not something easy.

CRRR!

The young man's body transformed, and when he was done, Gravis' eyes opened widely. He knew that body very well!

The young man was not a human but a beast.

He had raptor-like legs, a thin and flexible waist, four arms, a wide chest, and a reptile-like head. His black scales seemed to absorb all the light, leaving only a black hole in the shape of a body behind.

This body was nearly identical to Gravis' body!

Yet, there were some minute differences. For example, the young man only had four arms instead of six. Additionally, his head was shaped less like an alligator's head and more like a dragon's head. Instead of having a wide mouth, his mouth was long and thin, with powerful teeth poking out. On top of his head was also an imposing horn that stretched to the front.

Gravis just couldn't believe it! He was pretty sure that he was not related to the guy. Yet, the beast in front of him only looked marginally different from him. If one saw them together, they would believe that they were father and son.

Yet, how would that be possible? Not even nearly enough time had passed for any of his children or grandchildren to become so powerful. It was impossible that this beast was related to him.

Then, why did he look so similar!?

The young man chuckled a bit when he saw Gravis' reaction. "This is one of your weaknesses, Gravis. You should work on that," he said with a smirk.

Gravis narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You see my body and immediately think that the look of my body has something to do with you," he said as he clenched one of his fists. "Do you honestly believe that nobody else would be able to create a similarly powerful body to you? Do you think you are the first person or beast that ever came up with the idea to create this body?"

Gravis sighed. "You are right," he said. "Instead of considering that other beings can also create this body, I immediately assumed that you had this shape because of me. Yet, you probably had this body far longer than me."

"Correct," he said, his dragon head still smirking. "So, can you guess who I am?"

Gravis looked at the young man with intensity. The conversation Gravis had with him also shot through his mind.

'Wait!' Gravis thought as he scratched his chin. 'He said, I have something that once belonged to him. Additionally, he is a powerful beast and knows nearly everything of my life.'

Gravis looked at the sky. 'This whole thing is starting to make sense. Mom couldn't watch my life in the middle world, and she's at the highest normally achievable Realm.'

'Yet, that doesn't mean that it is not impossible for someone on that level to watch me in a different world. My mother has been granted her own power, and she may not be able to use her powers perfectly. It's very possible that beings on her level can look through the borders of the worlds.'

Gravis' eyes shone as he looked at the black dragon-like being. "I think I know who you are," he said.

"Then tell me, who am I?" the young man asked.

Gravis transformed one of his arms into its beast form and looked at it. Sure enough, they looked identical.

"You are the owner of the black scale that my father has gifted me," Gravis said. "That should also have been that trade you mentioned earlier."

The young man chuckled and transformed back into a person. "You're correct," he said. "A little more than twenty years ago, your father came to me, wanting to trade for one of my scales."

"You should know that it is beneath your father to steal something from someone as weak as me, even if I am one of the most powerful beings in existence. He gave me quite some interesting trinkets, and I gave him my scale."

"I didn't know the reason why he wanted a scale of mine, so I continued watching. I wanted to know what he needed my scale for. Can you imagine what I have felt when I saw him handing over my scale to you?" he asked.

Gravis sighed. "Rage," he said.

"Correct, rage," the young man said with a bloodthirsty smirk. "My scale, the scale of one of the most powerful beings in existence, was handed over to some mere Unity Realm ant. Yet, my curiosity was already piqued, and I wanted to see your death. One scale can only protect you so much."

"But when you slowly started becoming more and more similar to me, I realized that you had quite a smart head on your shoulders," the young man said. "You created a very similar body to mine without even knowing how I look like. As someone so weak, you have managed to create a similar body to one of the most powerful beings in existence."

"And when I saw you suddenly taking out the body of a lower Heaven, I knew that you were not simple at all," the young man said. "I had no idea that you have killed a lower Heaven before. That is quite impressive, even for my standards."

"I was a bit annoyed by your emotional tantrum when you heard that you needed kids, but I know humans. This is just how you humans are. Then, when I saw you destroying the entire world just for your own power, I started appreciating you."

"This is how it has to be," the young man said as he clenched one of his fists brutally. "The weak die and the strong become stronger. So, in short, I like you, kid," he said with a smirk.

This explained how this person knew so much about Gravis. Gravis had not only been watched by the Heavens and his father but also by this beast. Yet, Gravis couldn't fully agree with his assessment.

"I'm not as good as you make me out to be," Gravis said with a sigh. "I have been granted the best starting position and have received a lot of help along the way. Even the highest Heaven spared my life in order to train me."

"So?" the young man said with a smirk.

Gravis frowned. "What do you mean with so? I haven't achieved everything on my own."

"So?" the young man repeated with a smirk.

Gravis furrowed his brows, but the young man chuckled again. "You humans always overcomplicate things, Gravis," the young man said.

"There is one singular truth in the world. It is only three words long. That is not because it only describes a little bit of the world but simply doesn't need any more words. Any additional words would contaminate this singular truth with irrelevant nonsense."

BANG!

The young man closed his fist slowly, but when he closed it, an unimaginably loud boom went throughout the city.

Everything halted.

Silence.

The entire city was dead silent.

No one was moving as the colors faded from the world.

Whether they were beggars or the leaders of the most powerful organization in the city, everyone was equally frozen in grey stillness.

The bustling hub of the highest world had been thrown into silence.

The young man only looked at Gravis with a bloodthirsty grin.

"Power. Is. Everything!" he said slowly.

Gravis felt his insides shake. For some reason, these words hit his very being.

"Outside power is power. Laws are power. Your body is power. Money is power. Equipment is power. Everything, no matter if you achieved it yourself or not, is power. Someone that has achieved everything themselves might feel superior, but when they get killed by an expensive Formation Array from some young prince, they are still dead."

"In their eyes, the young prince is far weaker than them. Yet, they are the ones lying on the ground in multiple pieces. Heaven could have chosen anyone in all the worlds to get his tempering, but he chose you. Is that luck? Is this all because of luck?"

Gravis only remained silent.

"No, it isn't. Heaven is not an idiot. If there were someone more suited, he would have chosen someone else, but he chose you. So what if a lot of your achievements come from more powerful people helping you? It is still your power!"

"Is it fair? Of course not! But fairness is only a concept that you humans created to feel satisfied with your weakness. I can kill everyone in this city for no reason. Is that fair? No! So? They will die anyway, and absolutely nothing will happen to me. This is power, Gravis. There is no fairness or unfairness in power. Power is just power."

Gravis' mind was going crazy as he started to think about his power. He had felt ashamed that he had been granted so much, but should he really be ashamed?

Yet, the young man continued as the city was still locked in stillness. "Today, I helped you in understanding another Law and more about yourself. This is also outside power, but who cares? It is power! Anyone that looks at you in disgust for accepting my help will lie in a pool of blood in front of you."

"A pile of flesh has no opinion."

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Chapter 684: Emptiness

Gravis' mind was going crazy. He felt ashamed when he realized that he hadn't achieved everything on his own. It kind of felt... hollow. What was the point of being granted something when he didn't achieve it on his own? Did he even earn all the power he currently had?

Yet, Gravis was incomprehensibly powerful for his Realm. That was an undeniable truth. Gravis had this power, even if a lot of it came from outside. Gravis was the wielder of this power, and he controlled this power.

After a while, Gravis sighed. "You are probably right, but it still feels hollow. I don't feel like I have achieved my power on my own."

"All power feels hollow!" the young man said, his face suddenly transforming into aggressiveness for the first time. "There is only a single person in the entire highest world that has power but is still happy with their power. Everyone else feels the emptiness that power brings, including me."

This was something Gravis hadn't expected. "I don't understand," he said.

The young man turned to someone beside him. The world was still frozen, and this person just so happened to be frozen while looking directly at the young man.

SSHHHH!

Then, the person was immediately turned into dust by the young man.

"Do you see this?" the young man asked. "A life has just been ended. Their loved ones will grieve for the death of this person. Isn't such an emotional impact interesting?"

Gravis thought about it. "Emotions, in general, are interesting," Gravis said.

"No, they are not," the young man said. "Watch," he said.

Suddenly, some dust gathered together at the spot where the person had died.

Whoosh!

And the same person reappeared in the same position. Gravis trembled. Someone had just been resurrected directly in front of him!

"Have I killed this person? Have I resurrected this person? When no one remembers this person's death, has their death ever taken place? Is this still the same person?" the young man asked one question after the other.

Gravis found it very difficult to answer. These kinds of questions bordered on philosophy, something that didn't have a specific answer.

"I can tell you the truth of power, Gravis," the young man said.

Gravis felt nervous. It was like someone was about to unveil a terrifying and scary truth right in front of him. Yet, Gravis wouldn't run from such situations.

"Tell me," Gravis said.

"So be it," the young man said. The young man turned to Gravis again with an even but calm look.

"Power is everything, but power is also empty."

"Everything you strive for is emptiness and greyness," he said.

Gravis tried to understand what he meant, but he didn't. "I don't understand," he said.

The young man looked at the sky. "When you have reached the Unity Realm for the first time, have you seen the wonder of the world? When you came into contact with the Laws for the first time, have you felt their magic? The feeling of excitement of finding something new and learning something?"

Gravis nodded.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the entire world moved again, and surprisingly, no one acted any different. It was like nothing had ever happened. Everyone was still passing by the two of them as if they didn't recognize them.

Only a very select few people remembered what happened.

The young man looked at Gravis again. "You felt the magic when you first came into contact with the Laws," he said. "Now, tell me, when you were waiting to fight Heaven after becoming a Peak Law Comprehension Realm Cultivator, have the surroundings still seemed so magical?"

"When you have comprehended all the Basic Elemental Laws, time, space, gravity, life, and many other things, were these things still interesting? When that one Law Comprehension Plant gave you access to understand its plants, you were entranced. Yet, if it showed you these things again, would you still be interested in them?" he asked.

Gravis hadn't thought about this before. He had always chased power and always only looked at the Laws he didn't understand. Yet, as he thought about it, he realized that he hadn't thrown a second glance at the things he already understood.

"No, I wouldn't," Gravis said.

"Exactly," the young man answered with furrowed brows. "When we don't know something, we feel the whole thing to be marvelous and magical. When we know a lot about it, we feel that it is interesting, but when we know everything about it, it just becomes a grey concept. You don't see the same beauty and excitement when you watch it as you have before."

"I have just killed and resurrected a person, Gravis," the young man said. "I can do that because I know everything about life, emotions, situations, and Energy. Watch this."

CRRR!

Beside the young man, another black dragon appeared, but this one was leaner.

The black dragon looked around in fear, but when it noticed the young man, it became excited. "Thank Heaven you are here! I thought I die-"

SSSHHH!

And the black dragon turned into dust again.

"This was my dead mate," the young man said. "She was my closest companion for a majority of my youth. When she died, I wanted to become powerful enough to resurrect her."

"When I reached my current Realm, I resurrected her, being happy to be together with her again. Yet, what have I felt? Creating something means completely understanding something. I didn't see my dead lover. I only saw different Laws and Energy working together. Everything about her made sense to me."

"That what you describe as a being is nothing more than Energy, matter, and Laws working together. I can look at my resurrected mate and know exactly what she will do until the day she dies. She is like a smart Formation Array that I have created, and I know exactly what this Formation Array will do in any given situation."

"Emotions are Energy. Souls are Energy. The mind is Energy. A person is Energy," the young man said, becoming increasingly more frustrated.

"Everything is just Energy working together in different ways. Beings are nothing more than smart Formation Arrays. I can make a Formation Array that thinks and acts like a human. I can create a stone with a human soul. I can create a human with a plant souls. I can add new emotions or delete old ones."

"Everything is just on the tips of my fingers. I can create whatever I want!"

"Yet," the young man said as he clenched his teeth in anger.

The whole city started trembling, and no one knew what was going on.

"What's the point of having all this!?" the young man nearly shouted. "When I can have everything and can't lose anything, what's the point!? I have nothing to strive for! I can't become more powerful."

"Friends are just Energy and Laws! Enemies are just Energy and Laws! Your loved ones are just Energy and Laws! You are just Energy and Laws! I am just Energy and Laws!" The young man shouted with rage.

"I can create and delete everything, so what is the point of having it!? I feel no excitement or love when I see someone else, no matter if they are my enemy, my friend, my family, or my dead mate. I only see Energy and Laws."

"The only thing I can lose is my life, and because of that, my life is the only valuable thing remaining in my world. Only when you can lose something can you feel something from it."

Gravis felt a deep heaviness settle in his chest. He couldn't imagine understanding absolutely everything about another person, but he had a frame of reference due to the Laws he already knew.

When Gravis understood absolutely everything, what value would anything have?

"I am the Black Magnate," the young man said as he looked at Gravis. "And I am at the highest normally achievable Realm, a Heaven's Magnate. In order to reach my Realm, you need to know how to make a perfect True World. This means you need to know everything."

The Black Magnate gestured to their surroundings. "Yet, understanding everything means losing everything."

"You strive to become more powerful, thinking that you will be happy then. Yet, the more powerful you become, the more the color of the world vanishes."

"When you become as powerful as me, you will feel the same as me."

"Nothing."

Gravis' insides shook.

"You are not chasing happiness, but chasing emptiness, Gravis."

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 685: Power and Happiness

The tirade of the Black Magnate left an impact on Gravis. The goal he was chasing would only result in emptiness? If some random person said that, Gravis wouldn't believe them, but this was one of the most powerful beings in the Cosmos. His power was only second to the Opposer and Heaven.

Yet, contrary to expectation, Gravis actually didn't feel the surrounding oppressive atmosphere inside of him. The Black Magnate's words brought an aura of gloominess and helplessness to the city, but for some reason, Gravis didn't feel like this helplessness had anything to do with him.

Gravis was even surprised at himself. He would have expected himself to get shaken and fall into an emotional crisis, but surprisingly, this didn't happen.

Instead of feeling the pressure of emptiness, Gravis felt like it actually wasn't such a big deal.

"I believe you," Gravis said after a sigh, "I truly believe that this is how it is when someone reaches the Heaven's Magnate Realm."

The young man furrowed his brows as he looked at Gravis. Due to Gravis' Spirit being the only Spirit not attuned to Energy, Gravis was the only person that the Black Magnate couldn't see through. He had the power to see through everyone since everyone was comprised of the same Laws. Yet, Gravis was different. That was also the main reason why the Black Magnate was so interested in Gravis. He was something completely new.

"That sounds like there should be a but," the Black Magnate said.

"But," Gravis said, "I don't think this is true for everyone."

"What makes you think that?" the Black Magnate said.

"You said it yourself," Gravis said. "You said that there is one being that is at your same Realm but doesn't feel this oppressiveness," Gravis said as he looked at the Black Magnate. "You are talking about my mother, right?"

The Black Magnate sighed as he looked to the side. "Yes. She is the only being at my Realm that seems to also be happy. Every other Heaven's Magnate feels identical to me. As soon as you understand everything, nothing is interesting anymore, even other beings."

"Yet, your mother is able to remain happy and cheerful, even though she has the same knowledge as us. I honestly can't understand why that is. I am in the same position as her, but my feelings are so very different."

"How can it be so different? We know the same things and have the same power, but the same thing that gives me such turmoil doesn't affect your mother," the Black Magnate said with longing. "I have tried to find the reason for millions of years, thinking that I might recover. Yet, I never found it. I just don't know how it is possible."

Gravis looked at the horizon as the city calmed down again. "I don't mean any disrespect, but I think nobody can help you with that."

"What do you mean?" the Black Magnate said with furrowed brows. "Are you saying that it is hopeless for me to ever find color again?"

Gravis shook his head. The calm he felt even surprised himself. By all accounts and purposes, Gravis should feel devastated after hearing that power brought emptiness, but for some reason, he wasn't. "I think it's just you," Gravis said slowly. "Actually, I see a lot of similarities between you and my father."

"Us powerful beings are all very similar to one another," the Black Magnate said.

"And maybe that's the issue," Gravis said. "You have all reached supreme power with the same way, taking everything from the world and others. My father doesn't talk much about himself, but I feel like he has felt very similar feelings for a long time."

"That makes me think that it is not the power itself that makes you feel empty inside, but the way you acquired it," Gravis said. "The only happy, supremely powerful being is my mother. Yet, is it only a coincidence that she was also the only one that had been granted her power instead of acquiring it herself?"

"I've also thought about that," the Black Magnate said, "but I can't come to a definitive conclusion."

"Because you can't," Gravis said.

The Black Magnate glared at Gravis. "Explain," he said.

Anyone would feel threatened when such a powerful hegemon glared at them, but Gravis didn't feel afraid. In actuality, the only thing Gravis felt was pity. The Black Magnate was so powerful, yet he felt so horrible and empty.

"Because you focus too much on power," Gravis said. "You explained to me how power is everything with firm conviction, and that conviction is your problem, I believe."

"Is it not the truth?" the Black Magnate asked evenly. "Is there a fault in my explanation?"

Gravis slowly shook his head. "No, there isn't. Your conclusion and reasoning are perfect," Gravis said slowly. "Your speech about power has affected me far more than your speech about power being empty. Power truly is everything."

"But?" the Black Magnate asked.

"But," Gravis continued, "only if your goal is to survive."

The Black Magnate furrowed his brows. "Isn't survival the very goal of our existence? Isn't it Heaven that wants us to become powerful?"

"That is Heaven's goal, but is it your goal?" Gravis asked. "If you could sacrifice your power right now to become happy, would you do it?"

The Black Magnate frowned as he fell into thought for the first time in a long while. Would he do that? Would he be willing to lose his power to become happy?

After some seconds, the Black Magnate looked back at Gravis. "I think I would," he said.

"So your goal is not survival or power, but happiness," Gravis said with a smile, "and power is not the way to happiness."

"How did you come to that conclusion?" the Black Magnate asked with a raised eyebrow.

Gravis actually had to chuckle, and the Black Magnate frowned. "Isn't it interesting?" Gravis asks. "Sometimes, we can't see the forest because of all the trees. You said that power leads to emptiness. So, therefore, the logical conclusion is that power doesn't lead to happiness. You said that yourself."

The Black Magnate frowned as he looked at the sky. "I did say that, yes," he said.

"You said power is everything, and then you said power is emptiness. So, as long as you chase and rely on power, will you not always rely on and chase emptiness?" Gravis asked.

"Are you suggesting that the only way I can feel something again is to sacrifice my power?" the Black Magnate said.

"No," Gravis said with a smile. "What I'm saying is that power is neither the friend nor the opponent of happiness. I think power is not related to happiness at all. A powerless mortal can lead a happy life. Yet, my mother can also lead a happy life with her power. I think power has nothing to do with happiness."

"That's different," the Black Magnate said. "Your mother hasn't achieved her power on her own, which makes her not reliant on it."

CLAP!

Gravis suddenly clapped loudly once. "Exactly! You said it!" he said. "She doesn't rely on it. It doesn't matter if she is the most powerful or the weakest person there is. She simply is happy. Also, she isn't the only example."

"Who else is there?" the Black Magnate asked skeptically.

Gravis had to laugh a little again. "You're truly lost in the woods," Gravis said. "Look around you! Look at the city! Most cultivators living here have given up on the path to power."

"Look at them," Gravis said, gesturing to the city. "Are these comparatively weak beings happier or sadder than you?" Gravis asked.

"Happier," the Black Magnate said without any emotions, "but that is logical. I see all the Laws working in tandem in their beings. I know what will make them feel happy and what will make them feel sad. They generally feel more happiness than me."

"So," Gravis said. "When you know why people feel happy, why don't you know how to feel happy?"

"I've thought a lot about this, and I can't come to a conclusion," the Black Magnate said.

"It's the same," Gravis said. "You said everyone is comprised of Energy and Laws, even you. So, wouldn't the same Laws that govern happiness also make you feel happy?"

By now, both of them stepped to the side. Gravis leaned on a wall with the Black Magnate standing in front of him. In the beginning, it had been Gravis that felt annoyed by the Black Magnate. Then, it was the Black Magnate that felt angry as all the frustration in his being welled forth.

Yet, as soon as Gravis started talking, the gloominess slowly receded.

The Black Magnate didn't notice, but right now, he had an earnest discussion with someone many, many times weaker and younger than him.

They were just two people talking right now.

Nothing more, nothing less.

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 686: Seeking Help

The Black Magnate and Gravis talked for over half an hour as the city streets bustled beside them.

"Say, have you actually talked to my mother or father before? As in, more than just some simple phrases," Gravis asked with interest.

"No," the Black Magnate said. "I have never felt the need to. If I were to contact your mother, your father might become displeased, which is not something I want. On top of that, your father is on a different level. I'm not powerful enough to establish a connection between us."

"So, by your words, since mortals mainly rely on wealth regarding power, a rich mortal and a poor mortal can't be friends?" Gravis asked.

"Of course they can," the Black Magnate said, "but in the world of Gods, it's different. Power is everything, and when someone is more powerful, they don't talk with unworthy beings."

Gravis had to chuckle a bit. "Alright. Goodbye," Gravis said.

The Black Magnate was surprised for the first time. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You are six major Realms above me," Gravis said with a smirk. "I'm unworthy to talk to you. So, goodbye."

The Black Magnate actually felt a bit nervous, which was astounding. The Black Magnate hadn't felt nervous in an eternity. Sadly, he didn't notice it himself. "This is different," he said defensively.

"How is it different?" Gravis asked.

"Because you don't want to- "but the Black Magnate suddenly stopped talking.

"Oh?" Gravis uttered with a smirk. "Come on, finish your sentence. You have stopped talking because you know exactly what I will answer, right?"

For the first time, the Black Magnate actually looked uncomfortable. "Yes, I know."

"Then, say it," Gravis said.

The Black Magnate sighed. "Because you are not talking to me because of my power," he said.

"And my answer would be?" Gravis asked.

"Then why would your father not want to talk to me even though I also wouldn't have any ulterior motives?" the Black Magnate answered with a sigh.

"And your answer to that question?" Gravis asked.

"I don't know," he said slowly as he averted his gaze.

"Just accept that you're wrong," Gravis said. "It's not that you don't know. It's that you don't want to admit that you might have had an uncondusive mindset for happiness for millions of years."

"What would that even change?" the Black Magnate asked coldly. "So what if I could talk to your father. How would that change anything about my situation?"

"I think it would help," Gravis said. "Not because of his power, but because of his different mindset."

"Didn't you say that I remind you of your father?" the Black Magnate asked skeptically.

"You do, but you are probably even more similar to the other Magnates," Gravis said. "You said all the other Magnates also feel like this. So, when you talk to them, are you not entering a spiral of negative feedback?"

"Spiral of negative feedback?" the Black Magnate repeated as he looked into the street with furrowed brows.

"All you powerful beings are miserable all the time, so you share your misery with the others, who will then share their misery with you. It's just misery going around and around, intensifying the misery of everyone else," Gravis said.

"Do you think my father felt any different?" Gravis asked. "He's had the same issues as you. The important thing here is, had, as in past tense."

"What changed?" the Black Magnate asked.

"My mother and I," Gravis said. "If it weren't for us, my father would probably still be exactly like you. When you're in a major slump, you might not find the way out by yourself. Sometimes, you need others that can show you the way."

"Think about it," Gravis said as he left the wall and gestured with his hands. "You can't have a proper conversation with anyone weaker than you because you see all their Laws and know what they will do before even they know it. So, the only way to have a proper conversation and connection with somebody is to talk with someone on your power or someone you can't analyze as easily, like me."

"Yet, the only people you always talked to are bitter and miserable grandpas, constantly complaining about everything in the world," Gravis said with a smirk. "When you are constantly seeking companionship from darkness, how will you ever find the light? I know it's cheesy, but I think that sentence is rather accurate."

The Black Magnate remained silent for a while. "What would you suggest I do?" he asked.

Before this day, the Black Magnate would have never believed that he would have sought guidance from a mere Immortal. Immortals were nothing more than ants to him. How could someone that weak know anything he didn't?

"Seek help," Gravis said.

The Black Magnate huffed. "That sounds pathetic."

"Didn't you say that power is everything?" Gravis asked. "I said that I didn't like that I have had so much help in my Cultivation, and you said that it didn't matter. Power is everything. Therefore, the source of my power doesn't matter."

"But now, you are saying that seeking help is pathetic?" Gravis asked. "To use your own words, so what if someone thinks you to be pathetic? In the end, they will be the unhappy ones while you will be happy."

"An unhappy, bitter person doesn't have a trustworthy opinion on happiness," Gravis said with a wide smirk.

The Black Magnate remained silent for some seconds and sighed. "Must you always throw my own words back into my face like this?" he asked.

Gravis had to laugh at that. "I'm only showing you that you already have all the answers yourself. You speak truth without knowing the truth yourself, at least not consciously. You are so powerful, and you know so much. You should be able to find happiness easily."

"Sometimes, it just needs a little nudge," Gravis said. "We Cultivators seek tempering when we can't comprehend a Law on our own. We already know basically everything about the Law, but we just can't make the connection."

"So," Gravis said with a bright smile, "you already know everything about happiness. Yet, you can't make the connection yourself, and if you can't make the connection on your own, you should seek something that can help you. The only difference between this and tempering is that the help you need is not a fight but contact with someone that knows the answer."

The Black Magnate closed his eyes and took a deep breath. A cocktail of mixed emotions swirled in his insides, something that hadn't happened in millions of years. There had always been greyness all around him for so long, but today, he was actually feeling something. He might not feel happiness, but he enjoyed this mixture of feelings. To him, it felt a bit like fighting with someone on his level.

The danger, the excitement, the uncertainty, every emotion that a fight brought with it. The Black Magnate missed all of these things. Yet, today, in front of a mere Immortal, the Black Magnate felt very similar emotions.

He had missed these feelings.

"I must think," the Black Magnate said.

"No," Gravis stopped him.

The Black Magnate frowned at Gravis. "This is not something I can just do like that. I should think about this."

"You are not happy and stuck in your ways," Gravis said. "You have no idea what you should do because if you had any idea, you wouldn't feel like shit right now," Gravis said.

The Black Magnate frowned.

"If brooding in your dark cave would have helped, we wouldn't be talking right now," Gravis said. "Instead of relying on yourself, just listen to me this once. What's the worst thing that could happen? The worst thing would be that my father would say that he has no interest. Then, what's the damage? Nothing."

Gravis walked closer and put his hand on the Black Magnate's shoulder, something no one had dared to do in forever. The Black Magnate only looked into Gravis' eyes, and Gravis looked back with determination.

"Dude," Gravis said. "Just trust me on this. This one time."

The Black Magnate closed his eyes and took a deep breath, and after some seconds, he opened them with conviction.

Meanwhile, in the room of the Opposer, the Opposer and his wife were watching the conversation. A Heaven's Magnate entering the city and talking to their son was something major. They had to keep a close watch over everything.

PACK!

Gravis' mother slapped the shoulder of her husband. "You're going to make a friend today!" she shouted with excitement.

The Opposer narrowed his eyes. Apparently, he was not the biggest fan.

PACK!

Another slap. "Hey!" Gravis' mother shouted strictly. "You are going to make a friend today! You are in the same boat as him! You don't have any friends, and that's not good for you!"

"You WILL make a friend today," Gravis' mother said with a glare.

The Opposer had an uncomfortable expression on his face.

Yet, after a while, he sighed.

"Fine," he said, making his wife clap happily in her hands.

"Might as well try."

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Chapter 687: Parents

The Opposer and the Black Magnate sat in front of each other. One would think that the Opposer would be the one in control over everything, but that wasn't the case. Surprisingly, it also wasn't the Black Magnate in control of the situation.

It was awkwardness.

Supreme awkwardness dominated the atmosphere.

Both of them didn't talk much and felt uncomfortable. Yet, the Black Magnate wouldn't give up just because of that. He finally saw an opportunity to see some light in his life again, and he wouldn't be stopped by some awkwardness.

Sadly, this was a foe he couldn't defeat.

After some minutes, Gravis' mother couldn't watch this travesty anymore. Just looking at this situation made her frustrated beyond belief!

So, Gravis' mother joined them and started talking about random stuff. After some minutes of talking, she steered the topic to Gravis, and then the awkwardness started to vanish.

Both the Opposer and the Black Magnate had watched Gravis, and this was something they could both talk about. Usually, the Opposer wouldn't have talked much, but he trusted his wife. If she said that it was worth it to make a friend, he would at least try.

After talking about Gravis for a while, the topic changed to other children the two of them had had over the years. The Black Magnate told several stories about a lot of his children and how they acted, which also made the Opposer open up about some of his long-dead children. Of course, this topic had to be started by his wife first to give him an initial push.

The Opposer might be the most powerful being, but he was clueless when it came to social interactions. He had always been alone until he finally decided to get together with his wife.

Then, finally, after hours of awkwardness, the Opposer was talking out of his own regard, without having to be goaded into saying something. When Gravis' mother saw that, she smiled brightly.

The Black Magnate found conversing with the Opposer very intriguing. Instead of always being negative and complaining about the world, the Opposer actually saw hope in the world again. Ever since Gravis had attuned his Spirit to Destruction Lightning, the Opposer had been as confused as nearly never before.

His 50 billion years of greyness had changed into a confusing mess of emotions. Of course, he preferred this over the everlasting, never-changing greyness.

Surprisingly for the Opposer, the Black Magnate had many similar opinions to the Opposer, which was something he hadn't truly experienced before. The Opposer had always been alone in his room with his wife, and his wife disagreed with him on nearly everything.

Talking with someone that agreed with a lot of his points without being related to him felt weird to the Opposer. Because of these things, the two of them actually continued talking, even when Gravis' mother left.

"Well done, Gravis!" his mother transmitted to him. "The Black Magnate is perfect for getting your father to open up more."

Gravis chuckled a bit as he drank some tea at a table. "That's good," Gravis transmitted back.

"Oh?" the person in front of Gravis said with a smirk. "Something interesting happened?"

Gravis smiled at the person in front of him.

Orpheus.

Talking with the Black Magnate had triggered Gravis' extroverted aspect. Instead of waiting for a couple more days, Gravis directly decided to visit Orpheus. By now, they had been talking for several hours.

"I met the Black Magnate and told him to find some friends that are not bitter and miserable grandpas. So, I sent him over to father," Gravis said.

Orpheus was shocked by several words Gravis said.

"I gotta hear this!" Orpheus said with a wide smile.

So, Gravis told Orpheus what happened, and Orpheus had to sigh. "That's one of the reasons why I stopped cultivating, but not the main one," he said. "My main reason is still that I don't want to lose my family."

Orpheus finished his tea and leaned back in his chair. "But man, it's still surprising that someone as powerful as the Black Magnate has such problems. Every Cultivator believes that they will be happy when they reach supreme power, but that just isn't the case."

"Yet, how many Cultivators would actually accept getting their dream of happiness destroyed? Instead of accepting the reality, they would just find a reason to continue anyway."

"Sounds like me," Gravis said with a smirk.

"Not entirely," Orpheus said. "Your goal is not simply just power, is it?"

Gravis nodded. "My goal is happiness and freedom," Gravis said. "Happiness has nothing to do with power, which is why I'm giving my best to feel it right now. I'm walking around, talking to people. I like spending time with my daughter and Orthar. I feel good when talking to you. All of these things make me feel like it's good to be alive."

Orpheus chuckled a bit. "You can't believe how happy I am to hear this," he said. "But for freedom, you still need power, right?"

"Obviously," Gravis said with a nod. "I don't just want one or the other. I want both. So, in reality, I only have one goal, which is freedom, because happiness is something I can already have."

"You really changed, Gravis," Orpheus said. "The first time I met you, you were very insecure and confused. Then, after training, you became cold, bitter, and angsty. After you returned from the lower world, you were emotionally very confused. But now, you seem to have a grip on your life."

Gravis looked out of the window. "That is a very recent development, actually," Gravis said.

"Your Avatar, right?" Orpheus asked.

"Yes," Gravis nodded. "I always looked into the future and my power, and I rarely looked at the present. Comprehending the Law of Freedom has helped me in seeing my actual path. When I decided to take the Law of Freedom as my Avatar over the Law of the Dead World, I realized that I don't need to have supreme power to feel something of my future goal right now."

"I'm not powerful enough to have true freedom, but I have more freedom than before. The highest Heaven obviously is not even the slightest fan of my decisions, and that's what I like. I'm not antagonistic towards it, but if it tries to force me into its own path, things like this will continue to happen."

"In the lower world, defying the highest Heaven wasn't even something I had considered would be possible without having supreme power," Gravis said but chuckled a bit. "Of course, without father, I would probably already have long died."

"Sounds good to me," Orpheus said with a smile. "But honestly, Gravis, there's something else that impresses me about your life."

"What is it?" Gravis asked.

"All your three children are in the Law Comprehension Realm," Orpheus said. "Do you actually know how incredible that is?"

Gravis thought about it. "I think it should be, but I'm not entirely sure."

"I can give you my children as an example," he said. "Over the years, I've had over 5,000 children."

Gravis took a deep breath. "I know that number probably makes sense with your age, but it still shocks me."

Orpheus laughed a bit. "I'm teaching my children differently from our father. One could say that I am even more reluctant to allow them to cultivate. So, I forbid them from cultivating."

Gravis raised an eyebrow. He was not the biggest fan of something like this. Gravis was an advocate of freedom, and such a rule definitely didn't conform to freedom.

Instead, Orpheus only smiled. "But I don't forbid them from leaving," he said. "As you have already realized, if you don't want power with all of your heart, it's better to not cultivate."

Gravis nodded. When he had been younger, he couldn't fathom why he wasn't allowed to cultivate, but now he realized that it wasn't that simple. Seeing friends continually dying. Being constantly forced into a life and death crisis. Seeing their own power ruining the lives of others. Feeling the constant pressure of danger.

All of this was normal for Cultivators. Only if someone was willing to become a destroyer of lives and dreams would they be able to reach a sufficient amount of power. Not everyone could deal with the emotional impact one would feel when one of their attacks against an opponent killed several cities of mortals on accident.

Guilt, rage, nervousness, fear, a Cultivator had to confront these feelings constantly in their life.

In Gravis' mind, being a farmer's boy, marrying someone, and having children was a far better life. Just like the power of the Black Magnate had crippled his ability to feel anything from the world, so had the path of slaughter crippled the ability of Cultivators to appreciate the value of life.

"So, how do you handle this?" Gravis asked.

"If they want to cultivate so badly that they are willing to leave our family, I will grant them a good start," Orpheus answered. "I will give them some weapons, directions, techniques, and a bit of wealth. Of course, I will also explain to them why I did all of this. Yet, if they decide to forgive me or not is still on them."

"It hurts when my kids don't forgive me, but I'd rather be hated by them instead of having them embark on this path without enough conviction. The love of a parent is selfless. You already know that, Gravis," Orpheus said.

Gravis nodded. Gravis didn't want Aris and Cera to leave, but for their sakes, he was willing to bear the pain. He gained nothing out of it. It was all for their good.

The same thing had happened with the Opposer. The Opposer had told Gravis that there would be a rule that would devastate him in the middle world. Gravis' father said this to give Gravis a scapegoat. If Gravis felt like it, he could blame his father and say that he knew what would be waiting for him but still allowed him to feel this pain.

Just like Gravis and Orpheus, the Opposer was willing to bear the hatred of his child to make the life of his child easier.

This was how good parents acted.

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 688: Last Year

The two of them talked for over a day, just about random stuff, but at some point, Orpheus actually had to get back to work, and Gravis also wanted to walk around some more. So, the two of them split up again.

Gravis relaxed for the remainder of the year, and when the year was up, he also met back up with Orthar and Yersi. Gravis didn't want to disturb them while they were learning a ton about business and human society.

Orthar's thirst for knowledge had only grown more powerful. The more he learned about the more complex facets of human society, the more intrigued he became. He even asked Gravis for some Immortal Stones so that he could read as many books as possible.

Yersi became a social butterfly, and she spent most of her time just visiting public places and talking with others. There were not only Immortals in this city, but also the progeny and friends of Immortal Kings. Because of that, she made a ton of friends weaker and stronger than her.

Gravis' mother entered the auction for the new shop and promptly won it for around 625,000 Immortal Stones. Of course, she disguised herself before entering the auction. If she appeared as herself, everyone would not even dare to compete with her, and she knew that Gravis wouldn't want a shop that had been claimed with such methods.

Gravis also visited some public places and talked with a lot of people. Sadly, there was not much he could talk about with others. The powerful Immortals and Immortal Kings were not interested in talking to a new Immortal, while the other new Immortals were far below Gravis' level. Their mindsets were just too far apart.

Over 80% of the Immortals in the city had an Avatar created with the Law of Space, which surprised Gravis. This was the easiest and worst Law to create an Avatar with, and Gravis hadn't expected that so many of them would use this Law. Wasn't the highest world supposed to be the most elite place?

After talking some more with Orpheus, Gravis found out that this wasn't the case. Due to the overabundance of easily cultivatable techniques and methods to comprehend Laws, many Immortals had not had that much combat experience. Yes, they still needed to have a powerful Will-Aura to even reach this Realm, but there were many methods to boost a Will-Aura in the highest world.

Surprisingly, the average Battle-Strength of Cultivators in higher worlds was far above the average Battle-Strength for Cultivators in the highest world.

Yet, these numbers were only valid when one looked at the average Battle-Strength. It was entirely different when one talked about the Cultivators with Peak Battle-Strength.

Opposer City was mainly populated by Cultivators that were no longer interested in growing more powerful. There were still some that only lived here for a short amount of time to get some money to continue their Cultivation, like Gravis, but these people were in the minority.

Cultivators mainly stopped cultivating when they saw that their Battle-Strength had become weak. Continuing to cultivate with such a weak Battle-Strength would very likely result in their death. That was why there were so many weaker Immortals in this city.

The truly powerful Immortals couldn't be found in the city. These powerful Cultivators were outside, still tempering themselves or living inside Clans and Sects. The methodical teachings of a powerful Sect, together with the abundant resources from the highest world, created some terrifying monsters.

There were even some Immortals that had the Law of the Dead World as an Avatar, which was insanely impressive. Of course, these Immortals were supremely rare. If an Immortal managed to create such an Avatar, all the Peak Sects would fight for such a talented Cultivator. In total, there were probably less than ten.

Yet, they still existed.

But there was another Law that was even rarer than the Law of the Dead World.

Surprisingly, it was the Law of Freedom.

When Gravis first told Orpheus about the Law of Freedom, Orpheus didn't even know that this Law existed. Gravis was incredibly shocked when he heard that. Orpheus was a powerful Star God, and he didn't even know that this Law existed? This seemingly made no sense.

So, Gravis visited his father again, who was adamantly talking with the Black Magnate. Even after a whole year, the Black Magnate had not left. Gravis simply joined them and asked about the Law of Freedom.

"Oh yeah, the Law of Freedom is tough to understand," the Black Magnate said. "Understanding the Law of Freedom is actually the third hardest step to becoming a Heaven's Magnate. Even a lot of Divine Gods don't know it."

This shocked Gravis even more. There were even Divine Gods that didn't know it?

"Why?" Gravis asked.

"The reason for that is the fourth hardest step," the Black Magnate said, "which is the Law of Suppression. Comprehending Suppression while you are already quite powerful is difficult. The more powerful you become, the less likely it is for you to get suppressed, which logically makes it harder to comprehend suppression."

"So, to learn the Law of Freedom, you first need to know the Law of Suppression, but the more Cultivators know about the power of Suppression, the harder it is to escape from it and comprehend Freedom."

"Huh," Gravis said with some surprise. "What are the hardest steps?"

"They are-"

"No," the Opposer interferred. "If you tell him that now, he will laser-focus on that Law and try to comprehend it."

Gravis frowned while the Black Magnate sighed. "Alright, alright."

The Opposer turned to Gravis. "The last two steps are the very last steps you need to take to become a Heaven's Magnate. Obviously, you are not even close to being ready to take these steps. I can tell you when you become a Divine God. Thinking about these concepts before that Realm is a waste of time."

"But yes," the Opposer continued. "The Law of Freedom is difficult. Generally, Cultivators start with the Law of the Dead World. After that, they include life to create the Law of the Living World. Then come emotions, and lastly, the situational Laws."

"The reason why Cultivators choose this way is because of the difficulty of comprehending these Laws," the Opposer said.

Gravis frowned. "But I saw several beasts in the middle world that knew about Danger, which should be a Situational Law, and Pride, which should be an Emotional Law."

"Comprehending a single Law of a different category is not necessarily more difficult," the Opposer said. "The issue is that you need all of them. You shouldn't have much issue with the Law of Pride, for example, but the Law of Rage won't be as easy for you with your logical mindset. Yet, you need both of them."

"Understanding matter, life, and the elements isn't as complicated in comparison. After all, you can simply look at them since you can see all of them with your own eyes. Instead, you need to experience emotions and situations. You can't simply look at Suppression since you need to be suppressed to truly understand its feeling."

Gravis hummed a bit. "That actually makes sense," he said.

Gravis quickly left after his question was answered since it seemed like that his father and the Black Magnate wanted to get back to talking.

For the next year, Gravis spent most of his time with his family and Orthar as he simply waited for his shop to be ready. Gravis had already finished all his intelligence gathering about other forges and also created a general plan with Yersi and Orthar on how their business should run.

And before they knew it, the shop was finally ready to be opened!

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 689: World of Shops

Gravis, Yersi, and Orthar looked at the building in front of them. It didn't look as imposing as a lot of other buildings on the main street, but it also didn't look cheap. Overall, the building looked perfectly average on this street.

Yet, that was already good enough. As long as no one overlooked the shop and actually noticed it, there wouldn't be any problems. Most Cultivators wouldn't look at run-down stores, but if the shops looked normal, they would glance at it at least. That was all that Gravis needed.

The entire building was light blue and about two stories high. The ground floor would act as a reception and demonstration hall, while the second floor would hold the forge.

At least, that was how it was supposed to be. Gravis didn't really need a forge, which was why the second floor basically only had some scattered furniture.

Meanwhile, the ground floor had a lot of different contraptions. These contraptions allowed the customer to try out their weapons directly, similar to the contraption that one woman had used when she tried out her bow.

Behind the counter, the rarest ores that Gravis owned were displayed, including the Middle World Core. When customers saw these ores, they might decide to use some in-house ores instead of using their bought ones. Additionally, not every customer already had their ores ready. Most of them would ask what they needed first before purchasing them. After all, they were not forgers and didn't know much about materials.

The price differences between materials at the same Rank came down to their rarity, not power. When one looked at the ores for their Realm, every ore would be just as powerful but with different strengths and weaknesses.

In the end, it came down to what kind of weapon someone preferred, but that also meant that some Cultivators with certain Battle-Styles needed to spend more money since their Battle-Style needed rarer ores.

These Battle-Styles were not inherently weaker or stronger than others. It was simply that the materials to support them were more expensive. Sadly, there was no positive side to them needing to spend more money. They were simply shit out of luck.

So, what were the most expensive materials?

Funnily enough, the generally used materials for Space Cultivators were the most expensive, with the exception of some very exotic, rare materials. The reason for that was that the ores fitting for the Law of

Space were only of average rarity, but the demand for them was ridiculous. Every Space Cultivator wanted a good weapon, and there were a lot of Space Cultivators.

On the right side of the building, beside the entrance, one could see a two by two meter stone board. Having this board was a necessity for every shop since this was the place where the Certificates had to be put in. Because of this, every passerby could immediately see all the skills and services a shop could offer.

The Certificates were very trustworthy. After all, if they weren't trustworthy, the Certificates would become worthless, and the company that issued them would have huge issues since no one would spend money to get them. This was why the company always had to be strict and fair in evaluations.

Yet, that didn't make it impossible for some rare conmen to game the system. As long as the head crafter of the shop had these skills, there wouldn't be an issue. Sadly, this didn't make it impossible for someone to hire an employee that didn't have these skills.

So, the Certificates only showed that someone inside the shop could do that. These Certificates alone wouldn't convince everyone to enter.

That was where the Certificate of Honesty came into play.

Advertising or saying one thing but doing something else was inherently deceiving. Yet, if the head crafter and/or owner of the place knew the Law of Honesty, it was almost certain that the customer would get what was advertised.

If someone comprehended the Law of Honesty, it showed that this person had a high affinity towards honesty, and therefore a low affinity towards deceit or lies. If someone knew the Law of Honesty, the chances were very high that they despised lying or deceiving others. After all, if they didn't have that mindset, they probably wouldn't have comprehended the Law of Honesty.

And when the boss of the shop was an honest person, the boss would want their employees to also be honest with the customers. This was why this Certificate was so important.

Gravis put the Certificates into the appropriate slots and looked at them as they shone with light. The Certificate of Honesty shone with a warm white light. The Certificate of Middle World Forging shone with an earthen brown light, and the Certificate of World Forging shone with a powerful and radiant purple. The Certificate of World Forging was by far one of the most overpowering and noticeable Certificates that existed.

Nearly all the different Certificates of the surrounding shops paled in comparison to this overpowering, radiant purple light. Only the Certificates on a similar level could rival this purple light. After all, one shouldn't forget that there were other jobs besides forging.

In comparison to beasts, humans needed to upgrade two things. Beasts only needed to strengthen their body by eating other beasts, while humans needed to strengthen their bodies and Spirits. One shouldn't forget that, at the Law Comprehension Realm, the Energy and Spirit fused into one entity.

The best way for humans to increase their physical power was to get natural treasures and then mix them with materials that complemented and elevated the natural treasure's effect. These were called pills, and creating pills was not an easy job at all.

If one made a single mistake while mixing the materials, the pill could become toxic, lose its power, straight-up burn, or other things could happen to it. On top of that, in comparison to forging, if you screw up the pill, the natural treasure would be wasted. If Gravis fucked up a weapon, he could simply reforge it. That was not possible for pills.

The Law of the Dead World could also elevate someone's pill concocting ability to higher levels. Some materials and ingredients had complementing effects but couldn't be fused as simply. This meant that they had to be fused on an Energy-basis, which meant comprehending the Compositions of said ingredients and materials.

Of course, pill concocting didn't rely as much on the Law of the Dead World as forging. The real equivalent of the Law of the Dead World for pill concocting was the Law of Life, the Law that combined all life aspects.

Yet, the Law of Life was considered to be harder to understand than the Law of the Dead World, which was why this emerald green Certificate slightly outshone Gravis' Certificate of World Forging.

There were also other, equally as radiant Certificates. Another one would be the Certificate of True Weapon. One could only get that one if they managed to understand the level four Laws of all common weapons, which meant comprehending eight different level four Laws!

Understanding that many level four Laws was probably nothing special for an Immortal Emperor, but having all of them be from only one category was impressive. Because of the difficulty, this Certificate was just as bright as the Certificate of Life.

This Certificate was mainly used for teachers. Understanding a weapon was far different from any other Law. Instead of trying to understand the truth of how things worked, the process of understanding Weapon Laws was to craft their own personalized path.

Because of that difference, many people required guidance in their weapon Laws.

Gravis looked at the Certificates of the surrounding shops and smirked.

This place was perfect!

There were a ton of powerful shops in Gravis' vicinity but no comparable forging shops. Most comparable forging shops were far down the road.

'Mom sure knows how to pick a good shop,' Gravis thought. 'All these elite shops of different categories pull in a lot of wealthy customers, and they might also be interested in weapons.'

Gravis watched the shops but quickly noticed someone looking at him through a window.

Gravis looked back.

This was a young, blonde-haired man wearing luxurious green robes. He was on the second floor of the store just beside Gravis, the pill shop with the Certificate of Life.

After looking at the person for two seconds, Gravis smirked.

And the person smirked back.

Just like Gravis was happy that these other powerful shops attracted customers without competing against him, this person was also happy that the new shop beside him had powerful credentials but didn't encroach on his customer base.

"Want to come over for tea later?" the young man asked Gravis.

"Sure, but I need to open up first," Gravis answered.

They looked forward to their mutually beneficial cooperation.

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Chapter 690: Orthar's Value

"Is everything ready?" Gravis asked Orthar.

"Ready," Orthar said. "I have brokered several deals with mining companies for future cooperation. For the next hundred years, we can purchase as many materials as we want from them. Of course, there are some conditions."

Gravis nodded and let Orthar continue.

"When we buy materials, we need to buy at least 20,000 Immortal Stones worth of materials in one go if we want to purchase them at the agreed price. Anything below that, and the price would go up by 10%," Orthar said.

"That's quite a lot," Gravis said, "but if we get a ton of customers, we can probably get that amount quickly. What about advertising?"

"I have given discounts for a couple of schools and teaching offices for their students," Orthar said. "They will get a price cut of 20% of the manufacturing fee for the next 100 years. We might not earn as much, but we will have a steady customer base. As long as they receive one of our products, they will come back."

Gravis nodded again. "What about the opening event?" he asked.

"The flyers have been posted on the most relevant message boards," Orthar said. "By now, many relevant customers should know about the opening event of Gravitas."

Gravitas.

This was the name that Gravis decided to give the shop. When something had gravitas, it meant it had an impact. Additionally, it sounded very similar to his name. The name was just perfect.

"And the cooperation agreement with the surrounding shops?" Gravis asked.

"The surrounding shops have been informed of our opening and of our credentials," Orthar answered. "They will recommend our shop free of charge, but we also have to recommend them. This is the list," Orthar explained as he transferred a list of shops and their credentials to Gravis.

"And the beasts?" Gravis asked.

"The unofficial beast district has been informed about Gravitas," Orthar said. "They know that you have been in a natural middle world and that you know how to create equipment for beasts."

Gravis nodded again. Orthar had done a perfect job. He had taken care of everything, but this was also the reason why Gravis wanted Orthar in this position. Orthar was very methodical, logical, and planning, which gave him an incredible ability to maximize the efficiency and publicity of the shop.

Gravis nodded. "Yersi, are you prepared?" Gravis asked as he smiled at Yersi.

Yersi nodded with motivation. "Yes! I've been waiting for this! I'm so excited to meet and talk with so many different people," she said with a smile.

Yet, there was some hesitation in her voice. "But father, are you sure that I should greet the customers in person?" she asked. "Maybe it would be better if I talk to them via voice transmission only."

"Why?" Gravis asked.

"Well," Yersi said as she looked at herself. "Because of my looks. I have seen several humans looking at me in fear. My body is filled with weapons, and some of them seemed to be quite reluctant to open up to me."

Gravis only laughed. "Then fuck them," Gravis said. "The fact that you are a beast should actually encourage customers. After all, beasts tend to be more direct, which is far easier to handle than a slimy, slippery human. If someone isn't even able to see that because of how you look, then they're too stupid to deserve my creations."

Yersi felt relieved when her father said that, but she was still a bit reluctant. She had seen how some humans were afraid of her due to her aggressive appearance. In her mind, Orthar would be a far better fit for her position. After all, he looked like a small, cute octopus, even if he had a couple more eyes.

"Then everything is in order," Gravis said with a smirk. "Let's open!"

Orthar and Yersi nodded, and everyone entered. Gravis went to the second floor while Yersi waited at one of the two counters. As long as the shop wasn't overwhelmed with customers, Orthar wouldn't need to help at the second counter. He had other things to do.

What was Orthar's job while inside the shop?

Intelligence gathering and profiling. It was important to know and see what a customer needed and how they wanted to be treated. Not every customer wanted to sit down for tea first and talk about random stuff. A lot of them would think that this was a waste of time.

Yet, some customers felt themselves to be very important and wanted to be treated like they were royalty, and as long as they didn't overdo it, Yersi could accommodate them.

Orthar didn't have the inherent feeling humans had towards others, but he could judge humans very accurately due to his theoretical knowledge about how humans behaved. He would analyze the customer and give Yersi a plan on how she had to interact with them.

Orthar could sniff out even the most hidden details. For example, if someone entered with nearly destroyed clothes and a nearly broken weapon, some shops might believe that person to be poor. Yet, Orthar was able to see if this was normal by their facial expressions, posture, and aura.

Outwards appearances could be very misleading. It was possible that this person had just had a devastating fight, and the fact that they won meant that they got a ton of wealth from their dead enemy. Treating someone like that like they were poor would insult them and make them leave.

This was precisely what had happened to Gravis when he had wanted to sell some of his ore. That one store didn't serve him for minutes and then rudely greeted him. If they had had Orthar, Orthar would have immediately noticed Gravis' powerful Will-Aura and his Obsidian Ring.

Orthar was incredibly thorough, and he would inspect absolutely everything on everyone. That was why he was perfect for this job.

Orthar sat down on a chair in the corner, reading a ton of books while keeping an eye out on the store. Yersi readied herself as she practiced some different gestures and tones of voice.

Gravis smirked on the second floor as his Spirit entered the Formation Array.

"Let's go!" he said.

BANG!

The shop shined for some seconds, and some text appeared above the entrance.

"Grand Opening! 10% off on EVERYTHING!"

And the people on the street looked at the Gravitars for the first time.