

Dyon yawned, his eyes slowly opening to the expansive blue of Focus Lake. He had to admit that the scenery here was quite beautiful. He felt that his Mortal World should definitely consider building more underwater structures like this.

Remembering the events of the past few days, though, Dyon's gaze grew cold. If the others who had known him as a skirt chasing joker saw him now, it would be hard to say if they'd recognize him at all.

Jumping out of bed, the coldness in Dyon's eyes seemed to vanish as he clapped his hands together.

"I AM SO HUNGRY!"

After taking a quick shower, Dyon threw on some black sweats and a new white T. He rolled up his sweats to about mid-calf then hopped back onto his bed. Flicking his wrists, he, as fast as his hands would allow, pulled out a week's worth of food and started eating.

Soon afterwards, Dyon patted his stomach and let out a satisfied burp. He fell backwards onto his bed, feeling refreshed.

'Alright, first things first, I'll have to figure out how to fix this speed reading technique problem before reading the books on arrays. I suspect Libro didn't give me the full technique, if the Sapientia family was so generous, they wouldn't force all research to be under their name. Not to mention, I wouldn't have seen so many students reading books the normal way in the library.'

Libro had no way of knowing that Dyon would be able to see through him with such a simple deduction. Who knew how he'd react if he knew?

Dyon pushed himself up and crossed his legs, meditating on the matter.

He had gotten in the habit of meditation due to his father. His old man was always a stoic and quiet one, the kind of military man who didn't seem to know how to smile. But, he had taught Dyon many things before his death, things Dyon would never forget.

Of course, there were quite a few things Dyon ignored as well. His father was a man who always emphasized the importance of hierarchy and listening to your superiors. Unfortunately, his son was too head strong to even consider doing any of that.

It wasn't long after Leonel started his meditation that he realized something astonishing.

"Hmm? That's odd... The books I read seem to be organized just like regular memories would be. Don't tell me that sleep was the answer, that makes no sense..."

Dyon thought of many possibilities. Did he have a breakthrough in cultivation? Did the technique just take time to take proper affect? Or maybe it really was sleep?

But he didn't find any of the answers to be suitable. The speed reading technique, from Dyon's understanding, was a low-level soul technique. Low level soul techniques were exceedingly more complex than regular energy or body cultivation methods because the soul was an enigma for many in the martial arts world.

That thought alone seemed to remove the possibility of a breakthrough in cultivation resulting in his now more organized memory of the plants. The spontaneous breakthrough of the soul? If Dyon even thought of mentioning this, he'd get laughed out of any room.

All signs pointed toward the technique just needing time, but something was telling Dyon that it wasn't that simple. An incomplete technique wouldn't find itself whole that easily, and that was the main problem.

Dyon assumed the issue stemmed from the incomplete technique, so it suddenly being perfect now was just odd.

Thinking to this point, Dyon decided not to waste unnecessary thoughts on something he didn't have enough information on, another one of his father's teachings. So, he decided to begin speed reading the books on arrays to test the technique some more. Maybe this time he would be able to see what changes there might be and come to a better conclusion.

Hundreds of books appeared in Dyon's room. After reaching for the first, his body trembled with another astonishing discovery.

'This... it's much faster than before... And... it's already part of my memories.'

Dyon was astounded and he had every right to be. The reason he started with the plant books was because they were much simpler, and much less about theories and abstract concepts. A book on plants simply pointed out the unique characteristics of the plants, what it could be used for, and what properties you would want or avoid when mixing it with other plants.

The more complex books simply detailed the plant's information to the cellular level to give an array alchemist the most in-depth overview possible. This was in fact the most important aspect of grasping plant grafting. But, array theory was many times more complex. It was often the reason why there were no real array alchemists in Focus Academy.

Not only were the concepts beyond the scope of what most could understand, Dyon had just found out that it had insane requirements for the soul and even required a trait most martial artists didn't have: the Aurora.

This was all to say that since array theory books were much more complex, it should have taken him longer to get through a single book. But, somehow, it took him less than a single minute.

Unfortunately for Dyon, even though this should have been great news for him, the information about this so-called Aurora was brand new to him.

‘Dammit, if I had known array theory had such strict requirements, I would have chosen another faction. Awakening this mind’s eye nonsense requires so many resources. If I had this much money, I wouldn’t be joining such a run-down faction. I’d be traveling the martial world looking for the best cultivation methods.’

Dyon almost felt like flipping a table. The more he learned about the Mind’s Eye, the more he wanted to shed tears.

“This mind’s eye would be so useful... increased insight to wills... access to a 6th sense... upgraded intelligence... not to mention, it would make soul cultivation so much easier. Maybe I could one day triple cultivate soul, body and energy...”magic

Dyon suddenly froze.

SLAP!

Dyon’s hand slapped his forehead, “I am such an idiot. Mind’s eye, soul cultivation, my unexplained increased efficiency in speed reading, the technique suddenly becoming whole? Maybe...?”

Dyon dove into the piles of books, seemingly looking for one in particular.

“Ah, here it is,” Dyon held a book up called ‘Awakening Your Aurora for Dummies’.

Dyon shook his head, “Seems like the martial world steals things from the human world too.”

Dyon was a bit confused at first by the title, but he then found out after speed reading the book that mind's eye was a colloquial term for Aurora, they were interchangeable.

The book was broken up into 2 sections. An awakening section, and a sensing section.

The more Dyon read, the brighter his gaze became.

'I see. So, Innate Auroras are possible as well. Those with Innate Auroras experience a smoother path and greater talent in soul cultivation. But, according to the book 'The heavens are fair. If you think you've been snubbed, awaken your own aurora and challenge the skies'. So... the question is, was my mind's eye innate, or did something else awaken it.'

"One way to find out," Dyon placed the book down and kept his eyes closed, focusing on an abstract inner world.

A golden flame flooded his senses, he seemed to sense everything in the room even without his eyes. It was almost as if this sense was a superior one, making all others obsolete.

'Gold!'

Having an Innate Soul was just a one in five chance. But, an Innate Aurora?

Even amongst a billion, there might not even be a single one.

This gold light that flooded Dyon's senses? This was exactly the marker of the pinnacle talent of the soul.

Dyon clenched his fists tighter. His body might be weak and his energy cultivation talent might be poor, but his soul stood above on a plane of its own.

It seemed he finally had some capital to stand in this world.