

'Dammit, how am I supposed to protect myself with arrays if the normal time to set one up exceeds multiple hours for most?!

It only took Dyon a day to run into the second reason soul cultivators were so weak in battle.

No one was going to sit and wait for you to finish drawing your arrays. Many needed special materials to be completed, especially large scale ones. As for ones that didn't require any materials, they were always much weaker than those that could be built with them.

To make matters worse, even if the array didn't need materials, it would not only be weaker, but that wouldn't change the fact the time needed would still be far too long to be used in battle.

'This is ridiculous. Every time I think I have a solution, a new problem appears. Who's going to wait for me to set up an array during battle?

'I could technically pre-emptively set them up, but that leads to too many variables. Plus, they dissipate over time. Mine might last longer than the usual due to my innate aurora, but it still won't last forever, if I run out in battle, it'll be the death of me.

'This 'split minds' technique I found might help... but it doesn't cut the time down by enough.'

But, this time, Dyon didn't allow himself to get frustrated. He had created many things in the human world, this was why the pillar family leaders knew they couldn't kill him openly without starting a war. The hovering board, the protective disk, the cleansing pill? Were all creations from his own school of thought. So, now, he just had to do it again.

This wasn't a problem of lacking information. Rather, this time, he had all the information he needed, he just needed to find a new way to manipulate it. This was exactly what Dyon did best.

"Really Dyon? You're about to try to create a new branch in a school of thought that has existed for millions of years? You're quite bold," Dyon said to himself while a bright smile appeared on his face.

He seemed to be reprimanding himself, but his grin told a different story.

'Arrays might be complex and abstract, but no more so than a computer program would be. It's just a complex series of commands written via a different medium than I'm used to.

'Just like some code is more efficient than others, I can re-work arrays that have been written in an overly complex language and simplify it. Like writing an essay with just the thesis, or writing a sentence, with just a word.'

This sounded ridiculous in the context of a normal language. But, when it came to coding, it happened all the time. What an inexperienced and untalented coder might take a hundred lines to write could be done in just ten by a true elite.

Dyon closed his eyes in contemplation. He knew this would be difficult, and he obviously couldn't do this with every array formation. As his aura increased in strength along with his soul, he'd be able to draw more complex ones faster. But, for now, he had to focus on the simpler arrays so that speed could be ensured.

The bad news was that this meant that Dyon wouldn't be able to draw Tier 9 Common Grade arrays despite the fact his soul was powerful enough to do so. But, he couldn't very well win every battle, right

Everything came with give and take. If Dyon wanted speed now, he would have to give up strength. This was the only way he would be able to protect himself.

‘To be viable in battle, I need to be able to draw the array in my mind’s eye and cast it in fractions of a second. If I recall the speed Little... I mean Big Ava cracked her whip with, I need to at least be able to react to something like that...’

If others heard Dyon’s thoughts, they would think he was crazy. Ava wasn’t just an upper year student, she was an elite amongst them. To expect to accomplish such a thing as a first year... Well, it was ridiculous.

However, Dyon’s mind continued to churn.

‘Surprisingly, there are quite a few I might be able to pull this off with, but let’s begin with 3: a defensive array, an amplification array and a hardening array.

‘I’ll focus on their Tier 1 Common Grade versions for now, then work my way up. Lay a foundation, then build. This is the way the best code is built... I can make up for their lack of power by stacking them if need be.

‘With the defensive array I’ll be able to have some extra defense and I’ll be able to step into the air to escape if necessary if I use them like stairs. With the amplification array I can up my speed and power, but since that would be limited by the durability of my body, I’ll have to use the hardening array to reduce the stress on my bones and muscles.’

Dyon believed that the trifecta of these three would allow him the flexibility he needed in battle.

The first thing Dyon did, before even attempting to simplify the arrays, was to take out large sheets of paper and draw them out. He tried multiple times before he perfected the changes in intensity and intent through each stroke.

The sun was already high in the sky by the time he had finished, and he surprisingly wasn't tired.

'Seems like my increased soul strength had some extra benefits too,' Dyon thought with a smile.

3 large sheets of paper hung from his walls as Dyon looked them over. A smirk emerged on his face as his eyes flashed with enlightenment.

Before he worked on his simplified arrays, a cold light flashed through Dyon's eyes as he thought of something else.

There was only one rule in the Martial World. Just one that dictated every and anything: 'Everything by absolute power or absolute sympathy.'

This was the mantra of Focus Academy and a line that stuck with Dyon. Remembering it now as he was on the precipice of grasping strength of his own was truly telling.

'In that case, I'll grasp the things I want with my own strength,' Dyon said with a mysterious glint in his eyes. He looked through his dark window towards the center pillar.
magic

Sympathy? Was he, Dyon Sacharro, a man who would wait for such a thing?

'First, I'll take all your money. Then, I'll sneak into your "off limits" library since there's no rules, right? Then, I'll kill your so-called geniuses. I'll turn your school upside down and crush anyone who gets in my way.'

One would never think that Dyon was a child who was raised in the mortal world. He spoke of killing as though it was just another action, the thought of one day having to do so didn't even faze him.

The walls of this school seemed to want to crash down around him, but only time would tell who would be crushing who.

To him, this place was nothing but a stepping stone.

The windows groaned as a cold killing intent filled the room. The look in his eyes was demonic. The air was heavy and the atmosphere dark. Then, it all disappeared. A smile once again appeared on Dyon's face as he focused himself back towards his arrays.

"I think I'll this new form of array alchemy: Speed Arraying," Dyon said with a light chuckle.

With a flick of his wrist, he began to fill his walls with the calculations of a madman.