

magic

Dyon walked out of his room with his classic sweats and T. The clicking of his flip flops followed him as he walked through the hallway. He easily ignored the weird looks he was getting.

Thinking back to the map of the school he had memorized, he knew that the array alchemy faction should be in a small corner on the library side of the Patia-Neva pillar.

“Ridiculous. Usual pillar factions have an entire floor to themselves, maybe even multiple floors, but they get a small corner.”

Dyon walked to the library to find the usual large desk and massive black monitor. As he was about to walk past it, a flash caught his eye as the monitor flicked on.

“I was wondering if you were dead you know,” Said Libro with a massive smile on his face.

“Me? Dead? Never,” Dyon grinned, “Plus it’s only been a few days, did you miss me so much?”

“A few days? It’s been almost 3 weeks. You must have really been out of it.”

Dyon started, “3 weeks?”

‘Did I sleep for longer than I thought I did? Who knows how long it took for my soul to improve like it did...? That seems to be the only explanation.

Otherwise, it wouldn’t possibly take that long.’

Dyon recovered quickly though, “Maybe I was busy figuring out how to complete the incomplete technique you gave me,” A mysterious smile crept across his face.

“You?... Interesting, it seems I’ve underestimated you yet again,” Libro shook his head. He should stop giving such a monster any boundaries at all. Of course, he would have realized the technique was incomplete. It was a simple deduction if he thought about it.

“You’d be surprised how proficient I am now, I can even speed read multiple books at a time if I spread my consciousness.”

“Spread your consciousness...” Libro looked at Dyon in confusion before a sudden realization hit him, ‘Innate aurora... the sixth sense.... Monster.’

This was the only way to gain Sixth Sense so early on. Maybe Dyon wasn’t even aware of what he was saying.

Usually, Sixth Sense would only appear after... Libro shook his head, not even wanting to think about it.

‘But this young man is still too naïve. If he goes around flaunting his abilities so wildly, there’ll only be two possible outcomes. Either he’s dismissed as a lunatic, or he’ll be dissected like a lab rat....’

What Libro didn’t know was that considering Dyon’s personality, even if he knew how rare his abilities were, he would probably flaunt them even more.

Before Libro could even speak again, Dyon had already waved goodbye and leaped over the desk, too lazy to walk around it.

Walking to the further corner of the library, Libro found a door with a shabby sign above it reading: Array Alchemy Faction. He lightly knocked and waited patiently.

A while went by, so Dyon decided to knock again, but before he could, the door swung open.

A disheveled man appeared wearing a worn-out red elder's robe. His hair was erratic and charred black in some places, but you could barely tell that burnt portions from the normal brunette color.

His beard was massive, but somehow not long. Coupled with his hair, it was almost like his face was encased in a sphere of burnt hair.

If you really focused, you could tell he was a lot younger than he seemed to be. But, his disposition was that of an old eccentric despite probably not being much older than 30 years old.

"Eli? You've grown taller. I thought you were already here."

"Uh..." Dyon had a weird look on his face as he looked at the man he assumed headed the array alchemy faction, "No, senior I'm Dyon. I came to join."

"Join?" An incredulous look passed through the elder's face. Almost as if he had never heard something so ridiculous. But, he quickly recovered, "Two first years want to join? This must be a blessing from the heavens. Come, come. I've been in need of help for so long."

Dyon awkwardly scratched the back of his head before following the elder in, 'Seems like the array alchemist faction needs even more help than I thought.'

The inside of the faction was a mess of paper, inks and torn up plants. The room was about double the size of Dyon's, but for an entire faction, it seemed lack luster. In the corner, Dyon found a skinny boy picking seeds off of withered plants and dropping them into a crafted basket.

Dyon didn't need to guess much to know that this young man must have been the Eli that weird elder mentioned. Dyon could only imagine how the latter

managed to confuse him for this scrawny boy when they had been in the same room together just now.

Eli wiped sweat off of his brow before looking up. A look of surprise flashed across his face. He seemed to be in complete shock that another person would actually appear here. It looked like he hadn't been tricked into coming to this place and was actually aware of what he had gotten himself into.

Dyon smiled. 'What a weird faction. The student is here, but the elder got the door? I might like it here.'

"I'm here to help in whatever way I can. Elder... er, sorry Senior, I'm not sure of your name."

The elder waved his hands while looking down at his notes, "Don't call me elder. You can just call me Uncle Ail, that's what Eli calls me."

Dyon clasped his hands respectfully, "it's nice to meet you uncle Ail."

Dyon then turned toward Eli and stretched out a hand.

"Hello, you can call me Dyon."

Eli somewhat shyly stretched out a hand. He panicked when he realized his palm was covered in ink and plant juices, but Dyon didn't mind as he clasped down before Eli could retreat.

Dyon grinned. "We're both men, there's no need to worry about such petty things."

Eli smiled bashfully. If Dyon didn't know better, he would think that Eli was a girl in disguise. But, with his newfound Sixth Sense, he was certain that this wasn't a beauty.

Dyon chuckled. He didn't mind that Eli was so reserved.

Dyon was a person who always acted on his first instinct. He did as he pleased, hated as he wished and loved as his loins dictated. At least that was what he liked to think.

Either way, Eli's pure disposition was quite to his liking. Maybe it was because of the harsh reality this Academy had been slapping him with ever since he came here, but he liked the idea of a person without schemes.

"Yes... You can call me Eli." Eli squeezed out. Though, he was immediately embarrassed since Uncle Ail had already introduced him.

Dyon laughed, not minding at all.

Uncle Ail gazed toward Dyon, his gaze surprisingly clear at that moment. Compared to his original bumbling self, this was a striking contrast. He wondered if this young man really knew what it meant to join this faction.