

The Nameless 301

Chapter 301 Enough

Alidor walked up to the tower, stopping at a 3-meter safe distance. Turning back, he spoke to basilisks. "It will only get more dangerous from here."

Although Alidor didn't say much, what he was really thinking was that he had no idea. He didn't know whether this was another game, whether it was a trial, or even if he really was meant to come here. Was this a suicide mission? Was he really meant to conform and follow the path everyone else did?

Alidor's disguise disappeared along with everyone else's. He had only used them as an extra measure, because as he said, he hadn't been preparing for such a weak enemy.

Maybe if anyone heard how Alidor thought of the first son, they'd be shocked. After all, Alidor was still in the meridian formation stage, and yet, he had easily dealt with the best genius a king god clan had to offer at that stage.

But, with the versatility an innate aurora gave you, especially when it came to your 6th sense and intelligence, people at the same cultivation level hardly stood a chance. Although an aurora 6th sense couldn't see through techniques like the Uidah clan's buddah's eye or the Mathilde family's Asura Imperial eye, it heightened your senses. You could see better, hear better, and technically, even feel, smell and taste better.

It was an overall boost so great that often, those with innate aurora were limited by their bodies as opposed to their senses. A prime example of this was when Dyon was stabbed through the heart by Oliver, Madeleine's elder brother.

At the time, Dyon saw Oliver's attack and had even perfectly placed an array to intercept it, but, he knew his body wouldn't react in time. The 6th sense literally gave innate aurora wielders the ability to think and sense at a speed no one could match!

Suddenly, a small voice snapped Alidor out of his thoughts. "Big Brother?..."

"Yes?"

“Can you tell me the story again?”

Alidor’s brow furrowed, “Why do you insist on listening to something you know will make you sad?”

Kaeara remained quiet for a long time before she gave her brother the answer she always gave. “You’re always taking care of me. I don’t even know how much you suffer everyday just so you can. I want to balance it out with this story.”

Alidor’s heart panged with a sprout of something he rarely felt. Kaeara always answered like this, but he always reacted this way. It was ridiculous, and he hated how irrational it was. But, the purity behind his little sister’s thought process was something he could hardly bury.

“You don’t need to do this. It’s my job.”

“And this is my job.” Kaeara pouted.

Alidor’s eyes flashed with gold as he began diligently studying the Epistemic Tower, beginning to slowly walk around its large base.

“Our family was once a part of the Uidah clan. We shared much of their techniques, wills and philosophies.

However, our family structure was odd amongst those of the mortal world. As two equal halves of our collective clan, The Uidah and the Gautama chose the leaders of them both based on talent.

The problem with this method stemmed from our method of measuring talent and how that biased many of our results.

We follow the path of the Buddha, and although there are ten powers in perfect balance, our families only managed to stumble upon one: the Buddha’s eye.

Because of this, our leaders were chosen by who could master Buddah's eye to the highest level. However, there was something about our Gautama faction that gave us an advantage so large that generations would go by at a time before a member of the Uidah family would rule. And that, of course, was our soul talent.

The Gautama family, for one reason or another, had manifested probably the most innate aurora wielders in history. That being said, that didn't mean there were a lot of us. In our long history, I am but the 12th."

Alidor stopped, seemingly studying something before he continued. "However, despite the number still being small, it was still much more than clans even like the Ragnor, Sapientia and Pakal clans. And, even when an innate aurora wasn't produced, our ability to soul cultivate and our innate souls were so far above average that we still maintained an advantage.

Finally, the Uidah clan had had enough. They were tired of losing power for millennia at a time and teamed up with a clan to eliminate us... I'm not sure what clan that was, or what purpose they had in helping the Uidah, but all that matters is that they helped.

In the end, all but the two of us were wiped out. Mom and Dad sent us into the gate to hide, hoping my innate aurora would keep the two of us safe while we grew. The end."

"Big brother, you cut so much out! I'm not happy." Kaeara frowned. How was she supposed to share her brother's pain if Alidor kept cutting out the most heartbreaking parts?

Alidor only sighed, ignoring his younger sister. She didn't need to know about the details. She didn't need to have thoughts of her mother being defiled. She didn't need thoughts of her father being tortured. She didn't need thoughts of her elder brother cowering in a dark basement, holding the bundle that became her in his small arms as he watched it all happen through a crack in the ceiling.

Those were memories Alidor held onto for himself. Thoughts he would use to fuel him as he forged ahead. And this? This was step two.

Alidor's lips almost twitched into a smile as he finished making his way around the tower. 'Alright, I was right. Good.'

Reaching his hand forward, Alidor drew an intricate array. And, almost magically, his hand didn't become mutilated like Kaeghan. Instead, a foggy door manifested itself 3-meters in front of the Epistemic Tower.

"Let's go."

Watching silently as the Basilisks entered, Alidor took one more look behind him before he continued. His brows furrowed, but, he couldn't find evidence of anything out of the ordinary, so, he simply continued, the foggy door disappearing behind him.

Soon, there was absolute silence. The tower loomed and the random spatial fluctuations continued to crackle in the air.... When suddenly, a flash of gold appeared in the air, a handsome young man stepping out of it.

"I think letting you use my face is enough payment for me to use you. Don't you think?"

Dyon smiled to himself, standing in front of the tower before walking forward confidently.

Chapter 302 Dangerous

Dyon touched down to the ground, silently studying the area Alidor and his group had disappeared into.

He was quite content now. He had made a bet in his own array alchemy and had won.

From what he could tell, although Alidor's array alchemy fundamentals far surpassed his, Dyon's soul strength was still stronger than Alidor's. However, that made what Alidor was doing all the more impressive.

Alidor's soul stage was currently at the lower Essence level, while Dyon's was at the peak of the 5th, only a few more soul rends from the Higher Essence level. Despite this, though, Alidor's fundamentals were so sound that he could draw arrays at the very peak of the practitioner stage with speed Dyon could only match if he were to draw mid practitioner level arrays. In regards to complete arrays that is. Dyon's speed arraying short cuts were another matter entirely.

But, that wasn't all. The quality of his arrays were to such a level that describing them in the terms of a practitioner array seemed... lacking.

A perfect example of this was in Dyon's duel with the Elvin Kingdom's formation and alchemy guilds.

When he first stepped to the stage, Elder Dior's son, Luvon, had provoked Dyon by stating that his 4th common level formation mastery far surpassed Dyon's 1st common level mastery. At the time, the members of the formation guild had assumed that with Dyon's supposed soul strength, he could only draw 1st common level arrays. It was just that he happened to be at a level of mastery that was hard to fathom in those low-level arrays.

So, Dyon, instead of refuting, agreed. Then, with the use of a 1st common level array, he completely crushed Luvon's hope of retaliation.

If you take this into account, doesn't that just mean Alidor was doing the same? His innate soul wasn't even as powerful as Dyon's, having only been at the peak of the Foundation stage. And, although most assumed that this was the cap for innate souls, Dyon's perfect innate soul climbed to the Peak Blossom stage when he activated his manifestation.

And yet, Alidor's disadvantages didn't end there. While Dyon had access to a peak divine level soul cultivation technique, Alidor had no such thing. What he did have was time, patience, Gautama clan legacies and maybe the greatest teacher in existence – the creator of the gates. This wasn't to say that Alidor had ever met this creator, but... All one had to do was focus their 6th sense to suddenly realize that everything in this gate. Everything. Was an array.

Dyon was slowly starting to realize this as well. In fact, it was the very existence of the death core that made his thoughts shift into that direction.

He just couldn't imagine the level of array alchemy you'd need to reach to be able to manifest the very laws of the universe... But, Alidor had taken their teachings to heart, slowly working his way from the simplest to the more complex.

"Alright, time to study I guess..."

Dyon had already memorized the array Alidor had drawn. But, something was telling him that simply copying it wasn't enough – the tower was much too enigmatic for that.

The only way to even make it close to this tower was to either have a powerful mastery of array alchemy or use brute strength. And yet, Kaeghan had shown Dyon exactly why just brute strength wasn't enough. If that's all you had to offer, your entire being could end up being like Kaeghan's mangled hand.

Dyon silently chuckled to himself as he noticed Kaeghan's limp hand lying on the ground. 'What an odd guy...'

Shifting his gaze over the trail of dead monks and the fifth son, Dyon suddenly got an idea. 'This dead guy is a member of the Uidah family? Maybe he has some important information about that family on him.'

Honestly, Dyon wasn't too worried about the Uidah family. Even if they sent someone, they could at most be at the peak of the essence gathering stage. Plus, he had just very clearly heard Alidor's backstory. Alidor had something on him, but didn't he also have something on Alidor now too?

The truth was that hearing this story wasn't something Dyon needed, it was only an added bonus.

After witnessing the first son battle, or at least try and battle Alidor, Dyon had already noted that the energy Alidor used was identical to the first son. And yet, this wasn't an energy the Phantus or Basilisks used. And even further, Alidor went out of his way to not use that energy while battling Kaeghan. So, the deduction was quite simple. This was an energy that was exclusive to a very finite amount of people. It wasn't one everyone in the Uidah universe had access to.

So, for Alidor to want to kill someone he clearly had close ties with, all while protecting a little girl that was much too young to be in the gate... The conclusion was clear for anyone who paid attention to see.

Still, Dyon wanted to know more about an enemy that would probably be coming at him for revenge. So, he took the fifth son's spatial rings before focusing back on the Epistemic Tower.

'This place is... dangerous.'

In the human world, there was a word to describe exactly what the Epistemic Tower was in the realm of physics... It was known as the perfect black body.

In the mortal realm, this was a concept that described the perfect absorber – a black hole of radiation.

But, this Epistemic Tower wasn't from the mortal realm... It was a martial realm iteration of one.

If you made a single misstep, not only would you not feel pain as your body was beaten and mangled to a near unrecognizable state... You wouldn't even know how you died as your existence was completely removed from the world.

That's right. This Epistemic Tower was indeed a perfect absorber. It wouldn't just kill you.

It would erase any thoughts or trace that you had even had existed.

Chapter 303 Higher Class

Dyon took a deep breath. Dangerous or not, this was something he had to do.

This wasn't about some pseudo competition between him and Alidor, or about Dyon chasing after the answer to the Epistemic Tower's mystery, or even about having a break through in ranking.

No. Alidor had planned something big. And, whatever it was, had to do with conquering this gate. Something Dyon couldn't allow to happen.

He didn't care about Alidor's sad backstory or even his purpose behind doing all of this. Dyon had long learned that right and wrong were subjective and the world was a painting of grey, not black and white. Sympathy wasn't something he could afford to have when this Alidor was the same man who put his fiancée in danger not once, but twice.

Regardless of Alidor's reasoning, it was clear he wanted full control of this gate. What he wanted to do with it was irrelevant. He had to first pay a price for attacking Ri. And that price started and ended with this tower.

Dyon's eyes flashed and darkened as he stimulated the Mathilde family technique, trying to see if it gave him a different perspective on the tower.

"Ugh."

A splitting headache tore through Dyon's brain. His eyes blinked rapidly, immediately cutting off the Asura's Imperial Eye. 'Damn...'

For his technique to react like that made it clear to him that this wasn't a technique he was meant to see through in that way... At least not so directly.

Dyon began thinking back to Alidor's array and methods.

He had walked all the way around the tower, taking his time to analyze everything before he drew his array.

'What if the reason I can't make heads or tails of his array is because it doesn't have any purpose other than to open up the tower... It has no purpose I've seen before. It's just a key. But, how do I make one for myself, and what does it have to do with the tower?...'

Dyon's eyes flashed with a dense purple gold as he pushed his observational abilities to the limit.

'What do I know?... That space is locked in this area, but also connected within this space. I know brute strength won't open the tower. I know the tower is a perfect absorber... perfect absorber...'

To Dyon, this last point seemed to be the most important. Was it the tower itself that emanated the characteristics of a perfect absorber? Or was it the barrier around it?

'The first son character didn't have to touch the tower to be mutilated...'

Dyon's eyes narrowed as an idea crossed his mind. 'Don't the spatial tears have the same characteristics?... All this time we've been thinking of them like spatial distortions, and yet I didn't sense any spatial will...'

This was another good point. Even Kaeghan who fought Alidor himself hadn't felt any spatial will. That could mean a few things... Either the tears themselves weren't the main source of spatial will, but were rather results of a source that came from the tower. Or, they didn't sense spatial will because it was no longer spatial will... It had evolved into something else.

Dyon's thoughts were suddenly filled with a fox of unmatched beauty. A small smile played his features. 'Ri's faith seed in its true form... It felt like this...'

If Dyon had to describe it... It felt like destruction, erasure and chaos. But, there was also a murderous intent and danger that couldn't be ignored. And yet, it had control over space that Dyon had never reached before.

If Dyon's spatial will wasn't supplemented by his time will to form gravity, or fused with his celestial movement technique, he rarely used it. It was just too weak. This made sense, of course. Spatial will might be accessible, but you couldn't expect to fold space and connect universe with something that was a will any foundation or meridian formation stage expert could use.

But, this will seemed like a step up from spatial will... It was analogous to how celestial will was above other purity paths Dyon knew of. There was simply a shift in quality that couldn't be ignored.

'This helps.' Dyon suddenly sat down, his humanoid manifestation blooming behind him as he pushed his soul stage to its peak.

It was impossible for Dyon to learn this new will – a will he would soon come to learn had the name 'Void'. He didn't have the affinity to learn such a complex and high level will. The only reason he knew celestial will was because his master had pumped him with her essence.

Dyon had learned long ago that there were tiers amongst wills. There were ones almost anyone could learn. Simple and straight forward wills, most of which included common weapons and elemental wills.

However, there was a drastic up in quality as you searched for more powerful wills. These were wills that were rare, but powerful existences. Celestial will would be on the lower end of this category along with demonic will. And void and death will would likely be much higher on this ranking...

When dealing with these higher-class wills, there were only three ways to learn them.

The first was to have an inborn affinity for it. By being born with a faith seed, like Ri, and tapping into it properly, learning and sensing the will would become like second nature to you. This result could also be replicated if you were in a family with a bloodline carrying an affinity for it. It just so happened Ri was both.

The second was to steal or gain affinity. This could be done by stealing a faith seed or essence, or being infused with either of the two.

The last was of course the method Dyon used to gain an affinity for death will. It was to find a core the connected with the very meaning of the will to such a deep level that it could be used as a catalyst for you to learn.

And yet, while Dyon knew all of this and his eyes flashed with a light of success as he solved the puzzle of the tower... What he didn't know was that the highest echelon of wills were known as supreme laws... And he was about to run into one a lot sooner than he thought...

Chapter 304 Doorways

Dyon stood. 'All of the spatial distortions are connected. It seems that I was wrong. It wasn't a one or the other case, it's both.'

What Dyon meant was simple. It wasn't that the spatial tears weren't spatial will, or that it just wasn't the main source of spatial will. It was both.

There was a main source of void will was around the Epistemic Tower, and all of the spatial tears around it were just the resultant consequences. However, those 'consequences', seemed purposeful because of the fact that if connected in the right way, it was possible to bypass the void barrier around the Epistemic Tower.

Dyon chuckled to himself. 'If my little feu glace was here, this would have been a million times easier. She's probably one of the few that could use brute strength to get through this place.'

Although Dyon had figured it out, he still needed to wait for the right moment... a moment where it all aligned and things would fit into place.

Alidor was actually quite cautious. He hadn't found evidence that Dyon was watching him, but, he still acted as though someone was. Walking around the Epistemic Tower was a complete bluff, that was necessary.

The second trick was that he drew the array with his hand, but the source of void will was in the ground. You weren't meant to write the array in the air. You were meant to do it into the ground!

With the constant shifting of the spatial tears in the air, it seemed as though that where the originated from... But, wasn't it also true that the reason for the spatial tears could be a power emitting from the ground? A power that was constantly shifting out of view?

'Nice tricks... To think you made me memorize a useless array while you drew it with your feet. No wonder it looked like nonsense. I was right about it being a key, but I was wrong about which of your limbs was drawing the key.'

Dyon's eyes flashed with a dense purple gold as his aurora was pushed to its limit.

The Tree of Life and Death appeared behind him, immediately piercing into the ground and creating a map of energy in Dyon's mind.

'I can't map out the whole 50km radius at once... This'll take some time...'

This was exactly like a game. The void will was constantly shifting beneath the ground, but, it was doing so on a set pattern. When Alidor walked around the tower, he was waiting for the pattern he recognized to appear.

All Dyon had to do was take his time to analyze the grounds at specific and set times. Then, he could grow the map of just 1 pattern in his mind. Then, by drawing that pattern at the right time, he'd be able to enter!

And just like that, another half a day past before Dyon finally stood. A look of determination colored his features as he feet flashed with an elaborate array he didn't bother hiding as much as Alidor had.

The ground lit, stars and swirls spreading along the ground as Dyon's array bounced from power source to power source.

Soon, a foggy door appeared before him.

Smiling, Dyon stepped forward, disappearing into a new world.

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Away from Dyon and at Lotus Tower, Ri's transformation had changed everything.

The army of four hundred thousand had been cut down to half its numbers over the past few days, and Ri didn't seem like she was done yet. This was only made better by the fact the elves were stepping up as well.

Akash was without a doubt a veteran. Her double-sided spears sliced down opponents with ease as she took advantage of her essence gathering cultivation to take out weaker opponents along with her younger brother, Zaltarish.

Aeson remained silent, but his spear was fierce. He was using this battle to temper his will to an all new level. Much like the demon generals, he hadn't taken a single rest.

Delia was a source of inspiration for many of the stronger members of the nine hundred elves who watched from within the Gorilla's Den formation. She wasn't as strong, but she still tried her best. Her kill count was near non-existent and she often spent a lot of time fighting one opponent at a time, but

she still tried. In fact, the demon generals held smiles on their faces because of her and Ri, so, to help, they helped facilitate Delia's 1on1 battles, stopping people from ganging up on her.

The enemies these hundred or so couldn't stop hit the wall of the Gorillas Den formation. But, the problem was that, as meridian formation warriors, the effort it took to break peak practitioner arrays was too much for most of them. And even when they managed to break through together, they'd face spatial spear grenades as the Elvin orphans hid behind their protections.

The worst part was that even when the odd warrior managed to truly enter the maze, they'd face an attack from pockets of elves and Niveus sect members that were grouped in hundreds. They stood no chance.

Bas and Liska watched all of this from the sky, gritting their teeth. They had realized that waiting for Ri to weaken was useless, especially with the hundred demon generals there. This was not going well.

When they came here, their plan was to use rules given to them by Alidor to flip the death qi against the Lotus alliance, but, for some inexplicable reason, all of the death qi was gone! How could they know that Dyon had absorbed the core? And even if they had known, they wouldn't have believed it!

Bas grit his teeth, but finally said words he should have said long ago. "We can't do this without out Essence Gathering experts. Call them here so we can end this farce. We've lost almost eight hundred thousand of our kin. Eight hundred thousand!" Bas shook violently. Promiscuous or not didn't matter. Their high population didn't mean they were okay with literal genocide.

Liska nodded silently. They knew they needed thousands of essence gathering experts. Tying down Ri was no longer the problem... Those demon generals... They were something else.

"Let them keep fighting. Don't let them have rest or time to plan something else. Call over the elite troop from the gate entrance. The ones who didn't go attack Rod or Looming tower.

"We'll see how they deal with being outdone in number and strength." The anger in Bas' heart lit as he looked forward to the slaughtering of this petty alliance.

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Away from the heating battle, Dyon was standing in a room that made his brain spin with so many questions that he felt dizzy.

The space was circular and lit brightly by a strange golden statue that sat in the middle. Sometimes it had one head, sometimes it had three, sometimes it had six, and yet still, sometimes it had hundreds. Even more odd was the fact this was true for its arms and legs too. In fact, even the facial expressions on the statue were in a perpetual state of change. Dyon just couldn't put his finger on what was going on.

However, the oddities didn't end there. Below Dyon's feet was an odd dark gold fog that looked almost olive in color... An energy that was an exact match for the one Kaeghan used and Alidor attacked him with!

Just standing in it gave Dyon such an odd ever-changing feeling that he felt as though he was getting motion sickness.

This was exactly how he had felt when Alidor attacked him for the first time! He just couldn't understand the strange dichotomy of the energy. It was as ever changing as the statue...

All of this said... There was still a single thing that made Dyon shake to his very core...

Around him were ten identical fog filled doorways. The fog was so dense that see past and into the door was impossible. But, this wasn't the most important point...

Above each door, were symbols that somehow breathed their meaning into Dyon's mind.

Scanning the symbols, Dyon's shock only increased as he trained on two particular doorways. The world seemed to freeze and his mind whipped into overdrive trying to understand just what it meant for these two things to appear here.

'Aurora...'

And...

'True Empath.'

Chapter 305 Help

'What the hell...'

This came completely out of left field. True Empath? Auroras?

Dyon quickly scanned the other doors, maybe knowing the names of the others would give him a clue. However... Dyon only grew more confused.

Of the ten doors, there were a pair of duplicates for each, almost as though this was expected to be a competition. And the other pairs read...

'Cycle of Reincarnation... Ethereal Permeation... Temporal Lock...'

Dyon's eyes suddenly sharpened as he heard a soft rustling coming from in behind the large ever-changing statue.

His feet flashed as he wrapped around the statue. 'Huh... What the hell...'

Dyon stood confused and frozen as a little girl charged at him with her fists up. To be honest, her form wasn't bad and it was clear she had training. In fact, Dyon could sense some of that weird energy coming from her, so she definitely trained in something.

'Wait... That energy, it's a will, then? She has no cultivation, what else could it be?...'

Suddenly the little girl stopped. "It's you! You're the handsome guy!"

Dyon raised an eyebrow. 'The handsome guy?'

After a moment, Dyon finally recognized this little girl as Alidor's younger sister, but why did she have no protection?

'I guess to Alidor this is the safest place for her. There are his enemies and the spatial fluctuations outside, and inside, the trials must be too dangerous to take her...'

In the end, Alidor decided that it was unlikely anyone but Dyon would be able to enter. But, to Alidor there was also a good chance Dyon was dead, even though he wasn't sure. Then there was the fact Alidor really didn't have any other choice. According to his calculations, this lobby area, a place he had been to before, was the safest place for his little sister while he conquered the rest of the gate.

Kaeara, suddenly realizing that she might be in danger backed away slowly. She had no way of knowing how Dyon would react. What if he attacked her as an act of revenge?

'Wait, he doesn't know who my elder brother is! I just need to act natural...'

Honestly, there was nothing wrong with Kaeara's deduction. It had been a long time since her brother left with the basilisks, leaving her here. Someone so young and without concept of how difficult it was to enter the tower, wouldn't have connected Dyon's appearance with that of her brother's entrance.

What she forgot in her flurry to attack was that she had already revealed the fact she knew Dyon by calling him 'the handsome guy'. Dyon could only chuckle as Kaeara tried to put on what she thought was an 'I'm acting natural face.'

Yet, despite her best efforts, Kaeara trembled under Dyon's questioning gaze.

Suddenly, Dyon's hand moved, causing Kaeara to leap back with fright. But, a flash of light was all that occurred as two children appeared before Kaeara.

Her large black eyes blinked with confusion. Why did he do this?

Little Lyla looked from Dyon to Kaeara before seemingly understanding. She skipped over to Kaeara with a big smile on her face. "Hi! My name is Lyla!"

Dyon chuckled. "You shouldn't try to hide much from her or me. I'm already quite aware of who your elder brother is. And, although I can't promise not to kick his ass, I wouldn't lay a finger on you out of spite."

Zaire stood by Dyon quietly, an act Dyon found quite funny. 'Look at him being a man. Well done little brother.'

Dyon had been watching Zaire interact with Lyla recently and always had a smile on his face whenever Zaire did whatever Lyla wanted without hesitation. The only exception was when he was hungry, Zaire didn't mess around when it came to his food.

"My name is Kaeara." A bright smile spread across her face. Although she was seven years older than Little Lyla, this was the first time she had been near anyone that would classify as a child. Her brother had always been so much older than her, and there obviously weren't any other orphans hiding in the gates.

"So, tell me Kaeara, what do you know about the tower?"

Kaeara pouted. "I'm not telling you anything. You want to hurt my big brother!"

Dyon chuckled. "True. But your brother attacked my fiancée first. There's got to be a rule for that."

"No." Kaeara shook her head violently. "My big brother is always right. So, you did something wrong first."

"Ah, I see. Interesting." Dyon looked around, he had to get moving soon anyway. He didn't expect Kaeara to have much useful information anyway.

"You three stay here then. Aside me from me and Alidor, it's an impossibility that anyone else enters. But, just in case." Dyon's ring flashed as a charming demon general appeared.

Her watery black eyes blinked in confusion as she looked around before she noticed Dyon. “Oo, successor. Did you finally call me to service you? It’s been a while, but I’m still quite good.” The beautiful demon general shifted her long white hair away from her face, touching Dyon’s arm seductively.

Dyon sighed. “Faenor, you’re always trying to get me killed.” Suddenly, Dyon smiled deviously. “As punishment, you’ll have to watch the kids.”

Faenor pouted. “You’re no fun. It must be because you don’t like used women. I only had sex with a few other demon generals. Don’t be so sexist.”

Suddenly, Dyon regretted choosing Faenor. The truth was the among the elite demon generals he had with him now, Faenor was the only one with remotely passable social skills. Well, social skills that would be transferable to handling children... a thought which now seemed quite flawed with you looked at it with this limited evidence...

“Yea, yea.” Dyon walked away, patting Zaire’s head lightly on his way to the True Empath doorway. “Have fun!”

“Wait! At least give me another one of those fun video games before you go!” Fraenor rubbed her hands eagerly. A while ago, Dyon had used creation arrays and his expertise in PC building to create computers for the orphans.

Because of that, many of the demon generals became intrigued, so, Dyon began duplicating some of the movies and video games he had brought with him from the human world.

Usually, he only used his human world entertainment when he wanted to have a nice date with Ri or Madeleine. He didn’t know what it was about the martial world, but the level of annoyance there was with taking out a beautiful girl was ridiculous. So many people felt entitled to his women. But, because of the insistence of the demon generals, he had learned a duplication array just to help entertain them.

Dyon sighed. “Alright. Alright. I quite liked this Persona 5 game, have at it.” Dyon silently chuckled to himself. ‘The puzzles will take you forever without a game guide. That should hold you off for quite a while.’

“Successor, one more thing!”

“Hmm?” Dyon looked back.

“Why are you entering that one instead of the Aurora one?”

Dyon looked up at the True Empath symbol. “Oh? That? Just to help out my little sister.”

With that, Dyon disappeared into the fog.

Chapter 306 Fair

Dyon’s vision was suddenly completely cut off.

It felt as though he was in a bubble, completely apart from everything. The only sense that he was still him was the sound of the blood rushing through his body and the steady beating of his heart.

Suddenly, a deep voice reverberated in Dyon’s mind.

“It’s been thousands of years since anyone followed the game of this game properly, and even longer since we’ve had any legitimate contestants. And yet, there are two of you today?”

Dyon raised an eyebrow, there were clearly more than two. The Basilisks had entered as well.

“Why would I count the snakes? They wouldn’t even make it past a single trial. I just teleported them away as soon as they entered. I don’t like useless people.”

‘Oh great... He reads my mind... At least Little Lyla doesn’t use her ability against me.’

“Mm, that little girl is quite good. You shouldn’t have entered this trial. She actually has the highest compatibility I’ve seen with one of my abilities. Well, the True Empath ability anyway.”

'Your abilities?'

"Of course. Each door is a guide to gaining perfection in the path of my abilities."

'Divine techniques?'

A hoarse laughter filled Dyon's mind. "Do you think that aurora of yours is comparable to a mere divine technique? Don't be ridiculous. They can't be compared."

'What exactly are you trying to do here...'

"Have fun. Obviously."

Dyon could almost see the voice rolling its eyes. He wanted to think that it was ridiculous for such a powerful entity to be so petty, but he tried to hold himself back.

"Oh please. You think you can use sub-thinking parlor tricks against me like you did that Jade girl? We're not even on the same level."

Dyon sighed, resigning himself to his mind being read. 'I want to take this trial in the stead of my little sister. Since you want to have fun, it shouldn't make much of a difference to you, right?'

"Of course it makes a difference. Breaking the rule of a game is never any fun."

'Then make it harder.'

"Hm. Still no."

'Then clearly this isn't for your fun. What are you hiding? What's the real purpose behind this?'

A sudden pressure engulfed Dyon.

He had thought he felt an insurmountable mountain when he faced the death core... But, this was on a completely different level. It felt as if even if he had million to even billions of years to train, he wouldn't even reach the feet of this entity.

Dyon's brows furrowed, 'I can't ask questions now?'

"Ha!" The entity suddenly started laughing. "Imagine realizing you stand not a chance against me even given all the time that ever has or will be, and still answering so disrespectfully! Are you stubborn, brave or stupid?"

'I can't exactly filter my thoughts...'

"And that's exactly why I should hear and feel your fear. I think I've decided that you're simply too stupid to feel fear."

'Alright, oh great one. I'm stupid. If you won't let me take this trial for my little sister and won't answer my questions, would you send me to an aurora door then?'

"Don't be ridiculous. I told you that the doors are meant to provide a trial for gaining the perfect form of my powers. Why would you need it since your innate aurora is already perfect? Isn't your innate soul strength at the 4th level? Do you just like wasting time?"

'Perfect? I see. I just assumed you didn't give out the perfect form of your abilities.'

"I don't. It's just that the place you're from had my will blocked from it for a long while. You just happened to break the dam and gain the full brunt of the ability that should have been spread over many. Which is why your manifestations are so ridiculous. You're pretty lucky and I guess unlucky at the same time."

'Will blocked off?'

“Don’t bother asking honestly. Getting involved in human affairs isn’t my cup of tea and I’m not trying to deal with an emotional teenage boy. I’m here for fun.”

Dyon’s brows furrowed. This was the second time someone had eluded to something bad having been forced upon the mortal realm.

The first was the elder from the Daiyu clan, and now it was this unknown entity. He had never heard anything about this from anyone else.

Also, if Dyon had noticed how Elder Daiyu aged... He would have been quite surprised to see that this entity could seemingly speak freely without worry. He just chose not to for reasons that were as annoying as he was.

And what was this about not interfering in human affairs? Isn’t that what he was doing right now?

“Alright, stop thinking about useless things boy. You’re much more interesting than that other character. His mind was filled with nothing but calculations. In fact, now that I think about it, you’re the only relatively sane person who’s come here with one of my abilities.”

‘From what I’ve seen... People tend to go insane when they have only portions of your abilities...’

“Aiyah. How is this my fault? Mortals are so weak minded! I’m just a consciousness broken off from my main body. All I do all day is float around and check on this and the other 99 towers every so often. And yet here I am after millions of years, just fine!”

‘Maybe a bit sadistic though...’

“Oh please. From what I see in your memories, people from your world enjoy watching men and women batter each other half to death. And that’s entertainment to them! What right do you have to look down on me?”

‘I guess he’s talking about boxing and the MMA... Fair...’

“Of course it’s fair! I’m all about balance. I would never do anything unfair.”

Dyon started ignoring the entity. He didn’t know why it refused to tell him anything or why he even played this game, but there was something else weighing on Dyon’s mind. Something important.

Chapter 307 Tell Me

It wasn’t something he thought about often, but, during his test to enter Focus Academy, his task was very simple. In fact, it was almost laughable how easy it was.

All he needed to do was have his cultivation talent tested by some odd stone. According to the attendant, a very deadpan man who happened to be the captain of the silver yacht he had been pulled by, the stone summed the average of his soul, body and energy cultivation talent.

In the end, Dyon had received a score right at the average, something that had greatly shocked those from the martial world. He had always wondered... Why were they so surprised by an average score?...

“There you go, thinking about useless things again. It’s like you don’t listen to anything I say!”

‘Alright, alright. Can I ask questions related to the trials themselves?’

“Sure!”

‘Okay. How do they work?’

“The trials are different depending on the ability. The aurora trials are probably the most abstract. They have to do with your senses, your soul talent, and your ability to comprehend complex concepts. I can’t give out perfect auroras to stupid people.”

‘Don’t auroras boost your intelligence?’

“Of course. But, if you’re stupid, and you get a boost, won’t you only be slightly less stupid? It works better if you’re already smart. That’s probably why my will chose you after it broke through the dam. Well that and it probably liked your stupidity.”

'Uh... Am I stupid or smart?...'

"Both, obviously."

'Is this back to the balance thing you were talking about...?'

"See? Smart."

'Are the only rewards you provide the powers themselves?'

"Hmm. There are other awards... depending on how I'm feeling. I seem to remember giving out that spatial ring on your finger to someone..."

'Oh?... No wonder it's so high level. Aren't you helping me cheat by letting me have this ring?'

"Cheat in the gate? Not really. You can use it to bring across high level experts to other universes, but if you ever released them in the gate itself, they'd die instantly. Even your Dao Formation experts are nothing before me. As if they could escape my rules." Clear pride reverberated in the entity's deep voice.

'Then what about array alchemy? Why is there a taboo placed on it?'

"Who are you trying to fool kid. What does that have to do with the trials?"

'It's very much related. After all, since you're the creator of the aurora, the fact people aren't practicing array alchemy makes it harder for them to realize the gates are even a game to begin with. That's less fun for you, no? Maybe if I knew the why, I could help.'

"As if. The people facilitating the taboo on array alchemy are existences, below, but not too far from me."

Dyon chuckled at these words. 'Below'. Clearly these were existences at the level of this entity, but the entity was too prideful.

"Don't laugh kid. They truly are below me. That's why they're scared of the dao my first student created."

'Your first student?'

"Ai. The aurora was my ability, but the use of it was seen much more clearly by my first disciple. He created the dao of alchemy in your tome. It's really sad you don't even have a concept of the treasure you picked up."

'Can you tell me?'

"Look at you, being more respectful. I guess as your people say, a broken clock is right twice a day."

'Yea... But I always say.'

"If that clock kept running on the wrong time, it'd never be right. Quite clever of you."

Dyon laughed. Maybe this guy wasn't so bad.

"So disrespectful. You realize the First White Mother of the Celestial Deer Sect was my disciple as well, right? You're my grand disciple many times removed. Show some respect."

Dyon's eyes flashed with interest. The 25th White Mother was his master. And every white mother before that was the master of the latter. 'Interesting...'

'That's all the more reason you should be lenient with me, no?'

“You haven’t even given me my due respect, why would I help such an unfilial grand disciple. You’re not even the only grand disciple in one of my Epistemic Towers right now! In fact, you’re not even the only one I’m talking to right now!”

Dyon sighed, ‘Point taken...’

“Good. The tome is among the 33 heaven layer artifacts. Usually, these weapons and artifacts are split into their use for either energy, soul and body. But, this one is a bit special. Although it’s categorized among the 11 soul layers, it has the ability to inscribe technique and spirits – ugh, you disgust me, you actually call them abyssal cores?... Actually... That doesn’t sound so bad.”

Dyon chuckled. ‘Ri would love this.’

“Anyway. Point being, what you did with the death core was stupid. If you had used the soul tome, you could have absorbed over time leisurely instead of literally killing yourself again and again. Essentially, aside from techniques the tome itself inscribes as you master it, you can also use it to cleanse souls and absorb various useful things.

The effect it has on souls is most of the reason why its categorized as it is. As you’ll find out, the first technique it inscribed isn’t even soul related... Well... Not entirely anyway. It uses the soul as a medium to do something quite important. Although, now that I think about it, it’s completely useless to you.”

Dyon was taken aback. ‘Completely useless?’

“Of course it’s completely useless to you. Are you an idiot?”

‘But... Why?’

“Do I really have to explain everything to you?”

‘Please?’ Dyon tested the waters, hoping for an answer.

The entity sighed. "I don't know why you're in denial. You're much too intelligent to have not figured it out.

"Out of everything in this martial world, you have a solid understanding of many basics. And yet, you haven't made heads or tails of anything energy cultivation related.

"You wanted to start finding and making the perfect energy cultivation technique, and yet you, despite being hard working, haven't started even almost two years removed from that decision?

"And you keep telling yourself you just need to mature first here and there. But the reality is you can't improve and understand what's good versus bad about energy cultivation techniques, because you can't even sense the core of what every energy cultivator needs.

"Unfortunately for you, your intelligence may have broken the dam when it came to soul cultivation by allowing you to have a perfect innate aura. And you may be able to make up your body cultivation deficiencies with your understanding of wills and by absorbing essence blood. But. The dam for energy cultivation in your mortal realm is still very much there.

"Tell me. Kid. How are you planning on using the greatest energy cultivation technique ever created without any meridians?"

Chapter 308 Running Out

'Oh? Really. Interesting.'

The entity seemed confused by Dyon's response. He could clearly see that this was Dyon's actual reaction. He didn't show despair or apprehension. In fact, he had already thought of many possible avenues for dealing with it. Possibilities that the entity found absolutely ridiculous, but, how could Dyon have as much experience as the entity? He could only try his ideas until one worked.

After all, if his intelligence had acted as a lure to break the dam on his soul cultivation. And he catalyzed his body cultivation with the essence blood of his master. Didn't that mean there must also be a way to break the dam on energy cultivation as well? He just had to find a way...

"You don't seem to understand."

‘Well, grand teacher, you’re in my mind, aren’t you? You know more than anyone else whether I truly understand or not.’

The entity ignored Dyon’s words. Seemingly intent on making the situation as clear as possible.

“Your martial talent was only seen as average because your soul talent is so high, so it made up for the other two during your test. Your body cultivation talent is near non-existent and your energy cultivation is ACTUALLY non-existence. Do you not understand what having no ability to energy cultivate means?”

Dyon sighed. ‘I assume the biggest problem is learning an intent and beyond. Then there’s stamina.’

“Wr –. Actually, that’s pretty accurate. Even with the Acacia family technique, what is having extra energy going to do for you if you don’t have a means of absorbing it? At most you could reach the peak of the foundation stage without meridians.”

What the entity was saying was correct, of course. The foundation stage was tempering the body itself. It was slightly different from body cultivation in the fact it didn’t improve affinity. The idea of the foundation stage was to prime the body for the improvements that would come with the energy influx of the later stages.

So, body cultivation was explained in two portions. The first was the instant improvement in strength and the second was the future improvement in will affinity.

However, the first tier of energy cultivation, the foundation stage, was slightly different. Its focus was on priming the body for future energy cultivation. Its sole reason for existence was in order to give the organs, nerves, bones, etc, an opening for evolution. A qualitative evolution.

The ultimate goal of cultivation was transcending... But, body cultivation could only improve the body to the very edge of that level. It wasn’t able to push you over the edge.

As such, energy cultivation fulfills that role through a different means. By tempering your organs, skin, bones and blood with essence energy, it opens up your body to being improved further later through your meridians.

Essentially, essence energy opened the door. Then, saint energy opened it further. Then celestial energy even further. The enigmatic energy even further. Until you finally reached that penultimate qualitative stage.

Yes, both the foundation stage and body cultivation resulted in increases in bodily strength... But, they were completely different.

“Even worse,” The entity continued. “Not being able to learn an intent and beyond is a severe disadvantage. You saw how powerful that Madeleine girl got after learning an intent. Even with your soul talent, that’s impossible to make up for. Especially when your soul will be limited by your body’s strength which will be limited by your energy cultivation.

“You can’t expect to be able to sustain the strength of your soul without energy cultivation. As you probably know, the soul soon undergoes a qualitative change once it breaks into the Saint stage. At that point, a strong body won’t be enough anymore. You’d need the qualitative change provided by essence energy.”

‘I know all of this already. You know I know all of this already. Why are you so adamant about making me feel despair?’ Dyon chuckled to himself. This entity was truly odd.

The entity sighed. “What’s so interesting about watching a drama with no drama? Ridiculous!”

‘Isn’t one your abilities to see through everything? What could possibly be left that’s interesting to you?’

“Oh, stop it. Only imperfect wielders of my power feel overwhelmed by such things. I can turn off my True Empath ability as I please.

“In fact, speaking of people with my abilities. I was clearly wrong about you. I thought you were the only sane one, but it seems like you’re insane too.”

‘Come on, grand teacher. Tell your grandson something.’

“Pft, you’re no grandson I recognize. Providing me with no entertainment. How ridiculous.”

'You have a solution, don't you? You have the ability to infuse everyone in existence with one of your abilities. Although, many don't have innate auroras, they still have the ability to access their own, right?

'Plus, you said yourself, your will permeates through the universe. It was just that there was a block on it reaching the mortal realm. Let your grandson show you why he deserves your help, how about it?'

"Hm. Truth is, as long as you cultivate to the 9th foundation stage layer, I probably have a set of meridians laying around. It would be quite interesting to watch you absorb them. Especially considering how painful it would be."

Dyon's brows furrowed in confusion before the entity continued explaining.

"You need to cultivate to the peak of the foundation stage layer first because the meridians I'm referring to have already been tempered with all of the wills in existence. Meaning, it would shoot you up to 108 open meridians near immediately."

Even in the completely black space, Dyon's eyes widened.

"Ha! To think something so trivial is what finally surprised you."

'Trivial...?'

"Obviously it's trivial. Tempering your meridians with all of the wills in existence only requires sitting in a pocket of space. Not an artificial pocket, a real pocket."

'A real pocket?'

"Yes, a real pocket. Legacy worlds, for example, are examples of artificial pockets. They're worlds created by experts. A real pocket of space isn't separate from the real world. It's the same, yet separate. And, the energy within it carries a stream of all the wills in existence."

“The reason you can’t see the top or bottom of the Epistemic Tower is because the design meant to stabilize a space exactly like that. Anyone who has ever entered the Tower under their own power has gained the right to train in it. How many temperings you can undergo is only limited by your perseverance. And, normally, if you make it to this tower, you have plenty of that.”

‘Wait, you said it isn’t separate. But then said it is separate?’

The entity sighed. “It’s such a hassle speaking with children. Yes. These are very real pockets of space. They aren’t a separate space written into this world. They are this world. They’re the origin of all existence and the energy that’s in them ...”

‘Is the energy the universes are slowly running out of...’

Chapter 309 Den

“There you go. The energy is known as Gama. Something I guess someone who was too lazy came up with. It’s just short for amalgamation. The energy in real pockets of space is just the combination of everything we’ve come to know. Which obviously also includes all of the wills.”

‘But if it’s all of the energy, doesn’t it also include saint energy and the like? Wouldn’t people at low cultivation levels explode?’

“I really have to explain everything to you, don’t I? These spaces obviously have levels to them. And it’s a misconception that you only need to temper your meridians once. You can temper your wills at every change of level. After all, why would it be better to temper your meridians with wills? Wouldn’t you like to temper yourself with intents too?”

‘I see. That does make sense... So a lack of tempering is probably what also holds people back.’

“Now that I think about it, any God Clan above a King God Clan has access to at least one of these spaces. It’s really not that impressive... Your universe is just too weak.”

‘Alright. Then What do I have to do to earn these meridians.’

"I'm glad you understand I won't just give them to you. Usually, you can choose a prize of that level by mastering one of my abilities to perfection."

'So that means I've already earned it, no?'

"Ah – "

Dyon grinned.

"Listen kid."

'Grand teacher, you wouldn't lie to your grandson, would you?'

"YOU!"

'You said you don't like it when people bend rules. You wouldn't take advantage of me, would you?'

"Hmph. I can do whatever I want."

Dyon sighed. 'Alright. Alright.' He didn't like being used for entertainment, not at all. But, something was telling him that there was no way that all of this was just for entertainment. If it was, why would he send out the basilisks? Why wouldn't he let him earn it for his little sister? And why would he, despite his words, spend so long explaining things to Dyon?

Even the fact he was willing to tell Dyon about the solution to his meridian problem was enough for Dyon to be grateful.

'I think it'd only be fair if you allowed me to complete something a bit simpler, no? And also... I have more questions...'

“Learning one of my abilities to perfection, even if you have some pieces of it, takes decades. I guess I could give you some leeway. But, you’ll have to do something for me.”

‘And that is?’

“You have no choice but to participate.”

‘Participate? In what?’

“In the competition between this and other Epistemic Towers obviously.”

‘Huh...’

“Idiot. I already told you that there are 99 other towers like this. One for each of the hundred quadrants of the universe.”

‘What is this competition for...’

“You’ve already heard the demon sage’s story. The watershed moment he was close to requires completely conquering a tower. He just happened to take an unfortunate turn. If he had just taken the last step in conquering his epistemic tower, he would have had a better time.”

‘Wait, but I thought he was a universe away from transcending. What does that have to do with the tower?’

“Conquering universes is what unlocks later levels of the tower. If you haven’t accumulated enough power outside, there’s no point in you being inside. Once you have a break through outside, you can take the tower’s challenge on. Simple.”

‘But... I have no conquered universes... How could I compete?’

“You idiot. The fact you can make it into the tower now means that there are obviously levels you can tackle without having conquered a universe. If that wasn’t the case, why would I put an Epistemic Tower in an essence gathering gate?”

‘True... But why the tower?’

“Without the tower, the outside world quite simply doesn’t have the energy density or resources necessary to transcend.”

‘So, you really aren’t going to tell me the reason you’re putting so much effort into improving the strength of everyone?’

“You might not even survive until the time information like that becomes relevant to you...” A rare tone of solemnity laced the entities voice. It suddenly became very obvious to Dyon that this was a lot more serious than he was ready for.

‘But, what about those students you mentioned. That first disciple that created the dao of array alchemy. Someone that powerful should be more than enough help, no?’

“My disciples are fighting. I’m fighting... We’re tired of fighting.”

‘But then, what does the Timeless Library have to do with everything? It’s supposed to have the legacies of everyone who transcended, no? Wouldn’t those be everyone who conquered your towers?’

“No. There was a time where my towers weren’t necessary to reach that level. There was a time where resources and energy were so abundant that you could become a dao formation expert just by eating and sleeping. There was a time where there was a near infinite number of universes. There was a time where no one had to conquer universes to cultivate.

Unfortunately, forcing wars is the only way I can find those worthy my energy. I can’t give you all power, no matter how much I’d like to. So, I can only force you all to fight amongst yourselves and earn it.”

‘Turns out your games have a purpose... hm.’

“Of course. This tower is all about resources. It’s the training needed to transcend and it has access to my five main abilities. As such, it’s protected by what you all call an ancient game.

The legacies on the outside, left by my disciples, like the dao of alchemy you picked up, are also protected by ancient games. The dead kings valley of the Elvin Kingdom was originally an award given by me to one of their ancestors. He just decided to use it in a unique way to help his lineage.”

‘So, your disciple was the one who put a lock on everyone’s ability to discuss the rules? I guess it would have to be the creator of array alchemy who could put the whole of existence under his power.’

“Ha! Actually, that was me. Why wouldn’t I be able to use something my disciple created to perfection. I created the ancient games using his concept as well.”

‘Well... At least he was serious for a moment?...’ Dyon sighed. ‘But, you still haven’t told me. What then is the Timeless Library?’

The entity paused...

“The den of my enemies.”

Chapter 310 Will You?

Dyon paused at the entities words...

‘I think I’ve finally figured you out, grand teacher.’

“Hey! Stop thinking what you’re thinking.”

‘When I came here, the first thing you said was that you didn’t want me crying, so you wouldn’t tell me about the lock on the mortal realm.

But, now, you’re telling about your enemies? Isn’t that on an even larger scale? Wouldn’t that make me want to cry more? You just wanted someone to vent with, hm?’

Although Dyon couldn't see it, the entity raised its eyebrow. Then he suddenly realized Dyon had no idea about the penalty for speaking of the things that transpired in the human world...

If Dyon had known, he would have pieced together that the things that happened to the human world weren't on a smaller scale. Not at all.

Something able to lock even the power of this entity. Something able to stop this entity from speaking about it. Something that caused even some of the largest clans in existence to move to Dyon's universe.

How could this be simple?

If Dyon had known about the penalty. He would have realized that the entity not wanting to tell him what happened in the human world because he didn't want a depressed Dyon was nothing but an excuse.

The mere fact the entity could allude to what happened without suffering the penalty Elder Daiyu had was a testament to its power... But, the fact it couldn't say anymore was a testament to the power of the person responsible for sealing Dyon's meridians.

This was exactly like when Dyon had spoken about the rules of the ancient games to Ri. Unlike everyone else, he could actually attempt to speak. It was just that Ri couldn't hear him. The same was true of the entity. The hold of the seal couldn't stop him. But, even if he spoke about it, Dyon wouldn't hear. In fact, unlike the more lenient ancient games, it might kill Dyon!

"Don't be ridiculous."

'Okay. I'll listen. I promise. Tell me more.' Dyon smiled widely.

"The Timeless Library is a place made up of legacies of transcended beings. Allegedly."

'Allegedly?'

“Well. Not allegedly. There actually are legacies.”

‘Huh...’

“The goal of the legacies isn’t to improve people, though. Think about it. Transcendent beings leave their faith seeds behind to their families. Why would they suddenly make their legacies available all in a single place? And also, why with such ridiculous rules?”

Dyon thought for a moment.

The entity was completely correct. If they were so stingy with their faith seeds, why would they share their legacies with others as well?

Legacy worlds were a bit different. Those were pockets of space people forced their way into.

Although the Timeless Library also required forced entry, what wasn’t adding up was the fact all of the transcendent beings came together to form one world? Why?

“The reason is many fold...

“The first is draining this world of resources. You can’t even imagine how much it took for the demon sage to time lock the Timeless Library to a two-thousand-year span.

“And this first reason helps facilitate the second: Chaos.”

Dyon eyes flashed. Chaos?

“It’s no coincidence that the demon sage’s daughter is in the only empty universe in the world. And it’s also not a coincidence that the death phoenixes fought part of their battle against Amethyst there either.

“What you need to understand is that this universe has two schools of thought and that these schools of thought came about as solutions to the universes... ‘heat death’ as you call it.

“The first, and the most dangerous, is the chaos path.”

Dyon’s eyes narrowed. He didn’t like where that was going.

“It’s a school of thought that you’d probably describe as the anti matter equivalent from your world. In this world, everything is balanced. For every thing, there is a non-thing. For every on, there’s an off. And for every existence, there’s a non-existence.

“The chaos path believes that the end of the universe is a ridiculous concept. It is only that everything is in a cycle, moving toward chaos. They believe that it is simply chaos’ time to rule the universe, while order will take a back seat.”

‘So, you’re telling me that they allow people to enter that Timeless Library to drive them insane and increase chaos? And that they also increase the move toward chaos by forcing those able to enter to pour massive amounts of energy into time locking it? So the Demon Sage being teleported into the future wasn’t be coincidence...

‘But, why didn’t you tell the demon sage that like you’re telling me? Allowing someone as powerful as that to sow chaos should be against what you want.’

“... It’s only quite recently that I could afford to split my soul as I have now...”

Dyon remained silent at this response. The entity was right... again. Dyon hadn’t thought about it before, but dividing you conscious as the entity had wasn’t exactly... healthy...

“Forget it. I’m the one who told you that I’ve been here for millions of years. I’ll forgive your insensitive comments for now. Hmph.”

If Dyon had water in his mouth, he would have probably spit it out. This entity was truly too much. But, at least he accepted responsibility. It was him who had said he had practically been here forever when really the time had been much shorter than that. That's what he gets for exaggerating to prove a point.

"Anyway. The second school of thought was created by my disciple in retaliation."

'Array Alchemy?...'

"Yes. Array Alchemy is quite literally able to write the laws of the universe. My disciple thought that – "

'If you reach a high enough level you can create a new universe... even wills and energy wouldn't be impossible if you had a deep enough understanding... Just like the death core!'

"Quite right. The death core is an example of one of the wills my disciple managed to replicate to perfection. However, the amount of studying it takes to become a being capable of replicating everything perfectly is something you and even I can't even imagine..."

'But... Why is the array alchemy path better than the chaos path? Sure. Anarchy doesn't sound great. But, neither does forcing people to war for a chance to transcend. The world is in a perpetual state of anarchy anyway... There's no real peace...'

The entity sighed. "I'm beginning to lose hope in you, kid."

"The way of the world is balance. Can't you tell by my statue outside? Everything together in resonance!"

"Chaos shouldn't rule. And neither should peace. That's what those idiots of the chaos path don't understand. The world shouldn't be alternating between chaos and peace. It should be in a balance!"

"The chaos path is nothing but an excuse for warmongers. People who've been slighted by life and want to watch everything burn."

“How could you possibly think a world with no light, with no peace, with no love – was a world worth living in?”

Dyon was speechless for a long while before the entity spoke again.

“I only have one thing to ask of you before I decide whether you’re truly worth helping. When the day comes that you learn about what happened to your world. When you come to understand the shackles placed on you and your people. When you realize that the death of your parents may not be everything you thought it was...

“Will you react like the demon sage did and lose your mind?”