

The Nameless 311

Chapter 311 Best

'Since you can see my mind in its entirety, you probably know the answer better than me. What do you think?'

"I think you'll lose it. And you'll lose it to an even worse extent than the demon sage did."

'... You're probably right.'

"You realize that's not the answer I want to hear, right? Why would I help you now?"

'I don't have to know what happened to know the result of it.'

The mortal realm is filled with pain and suffering. Death and disease. Cynicism and greed.

And now, on top of this, you're telling me that someone has to do with the death of my parents?'

"How is anything you just said different from the martial world? We deal with all of the same things."

'Wrong.'

A light smile played on the entities face from worlds away listening to Dyon.

'In the mortal world, there's no out.'

'In the human world you might live to 120 years because of technology – a number that's completely meaningless in the face of martial experts.'

'The human world is filled with disease – something a martial expert never has to deal with.'

'The human world has a set class system that's almost impossible to break out of for a good 95% of the world. The places that allow you to improve yourself simply by virtue of your hard work are few and far between.

'There are places in the eastern part of our world that decide your class simply by the place you were born. Imagine not being able to buy land in certain areas or attend certain schools or own certain businesses simply because your parents had no standing.

'And all of this is made even worse because of how short our lives are. You feel like you spend the whole time working toward an inevitable demise. What kind of life is that?

'But, in the martial world, can't everyone cultivate? Can't everyone participate in campaigns and fight their way to this tower? Can't everyone take advantage of their long lives to accumulate what they need to push forward?

'There is no 'ghetto' of the martial world. And if there was, it would be the Focus Academy I started in. If you could even call that high-tech place a 'ghetto'.

'I'm not claiming that the martial world is perfect. In fact, it disgusts me so much that, often times, I want to return home. But, what it does allow is the right to fight back. A right that was taken from those born in the mortal realm.'

"You've seen too little of the martial world to be saying these things kid. Much too little. Sometimes living too long isn't a good thing..."

'I hope you don't expect me to agree with that. There are rich people in the mortal realm who constantly talk down to poor people. Telling them that money doesn't make them happy. And now you sound like one of them.

'To me, you're just people who've taken for granted the things you've worked for. I'd like you to go and tell a man who's only lived 70 years that living longer isn't a good thing while he's on his last breath.'

A sudden robust laughter filled Dyon's ears. "I know what you're thinking. It's even worse for me to say living longer is a bad thing, hm? Because at least some the people saying money isn't everything have experienced being poor?"

'At least I didn't have to say it.' Dyon said defiantly.

In Dyon's life in the mortal realm, he hadn't become well known just because he was a genius. It was because he spent his time creating things that benefited the entire world.

His understanding of the suffering poorer regions of the world had to deal with was as good as anyone else's. So, he didn't like listening to privileged people talk in this way.

"HA! Because you're getting cocky, I'm giving you a difficult test. In fact, I'll be giving you the True Empath trials."

'That's a good thing... isn't it?'

"Nope. Because now you're not taking the trials to gain more of my power. You're doing them to earn meridians. So, you only get to gain one thing."

Dyon pouted. 'Hey wait! That's not fair! I've already fully grasped your aurora, so I should have already earned the meri - '

The entities robust laughter filled the space again as he teleported Dyon away. "What a cheeky kid..."

Off in a small cabin in a world that couldn't be fathomed, sat an old man on a rocking chair.

His features were wrinkled a ghastly, but the smile on his face seemed to light everything up.

Outside of the cabin, the sound of a battle the scale of which couldn't be measured was taking place... Transcendent beings tore through space and bent the laws of the world themselves to their will.

The old man watched all of this from his rocking chair, seemingly unbothered by the disturbances.

His hair was an unhealthy and straw like grey color. That on top of the fact his eyes seemed unnaturally blinded – they looked like a blue-ish milk filled bowl as opposed to normal irises.

“Master? You haven’t moved in so long, I was worried!”

A beautiful woman dressed in white rushed over. Her features were delicate now, but there was a hint of cold that made it clear this was an expression very few people had the right to see.

The old man looked up. Although he could no longer see, the gentle flash of a holy light etched into his forehead, bathing over the woman.

“Master? You haven’t used your aurora in so long! Did you have a break through?... This color...”

The old man coughed lightly, taking in the woman’s appearance and burning it into his mind.

“I was just speaking to your grand-disciple... He’s quite the interesting character. Much too naïve. But. Interesting.”

A confused look appeared on the woman’s face. “Grand disciple?...”

“Ha! It looks like your 23rd grand daughter found herself a good one.”

“But – “

“Ai. The Celestial Deer Sect is gone... But, maybe not for too much longer...”

The woman smiled lightly. “Alright master. That’s good. They need me, I’ll come check on you again later.”

The old man smiled as the beautiful lady flashed away.

He could hear the despair in her voice. It was clear she had long since given up. To her, what use was a child chosen by a granddaughter of hers? Especially a granddaughter so far removed from the main Celestial Deer bloodline?

And yet, she did her best to put on an act for her master. A man she respected with her everything. Even to the point where she hid the fact her body was mangled beyond belief.

Her legs were shattered, so she was forced to hover above the ground. The back of her dress was matted with blood and torn skin. She was even missing an entire arm having become tired of healing her limbs...

But, the old man ignored all of this. Him showing concern wouldn't help. As sad as it was, the best he could do now was pretend he was oblivious to all of this...

Blood seeped from the corner of the old man's mouth. "I guess I'll let you do it for your little sister. After all, she has the best affinity I've seen for the true empath path." The old man chuckled.

Chapter 312 Take Away

"I wonder how you'd react if you knew I was on the last legs of my life too... Hm? In a few hundred years, I won't be here anymore. And considering what my soul went through to make it back to your world, it won't last much longer than that either... I wonder. Will I see you before then?"

'Dammit! What kind of grand-teacher are you!?' Dyon huffed. His senses were still cut off so he couldn't even hear himself speak.

'Whatever. Step one is fix my meridians, I can't think of anything else right now.'

Dyon still felt like punching a wall though. He hadn't even gotten to ask how he could conquer the tower!

Sure, training was great and all. But, he still needed to get the Elves to the next universe over, and that would be a lot easier with this tower under their control.

If lotus tower gave them a death qi advantage, then Epistemic Tower was sure to give them a void qi advantage. Being able to move troops to and fro, and use void tears as literal defensive barriers, would force a drastic change in the landscape of the battles.

Suddenly a blinding light flashed, bringing Dyon to an all new space.

'A room? This looks like my room... from the mortal realm?'

Looking around Dyon found his room exactly as he had left it.

Piles of hardware and computers were thrown off to the side, having been tinkered with to their death.

A large computer station with seven monitors, four along the bottom and three on top, sat in another corner of the room.

And yet, maybe the oddest part about the room was that there was no bed. It was suffice to say Dyon didn't do a lot of sleeping...

In its stead stood another work table with elaborate blue prints covering them.

The numbers of patents, the jotted notes for coming and used ideas, and the details of new inventions down to their individual nuts and bolts were all jotted down.

Dyon jogged to the heavy curtains, pushing them open to look outside. 'Wow... Even the outside is the same...'

Dyon had never made too much money from his inventions. In fact, the only reason he bothered with patents was to prevent larger corporations from making use of his ideas to make a profit. So, he lived in a regular suburban neighborhood.

Because of his age, and the laws of the United States of America, he was technically not allowed to live alone. But, to Dyon, it had been a simple matter to use his knowledge and forge guardianship documents for himself.

The waves of nostalgia his Dyon again and again as complex emotions he had buried threatened to resurface. 'So... This is your test... Huh?'

True Empaths had to deal with the emotions of everyone else, so, wasn't it best they learned to deal with their own first?... The problem was that, as the old man had said, this wasn't a test for Dyon's right to become a True Empath... It was a test to measure himself.

It was to find out if Dyon would survive the mental damage of what was to come... Or if he'd fold like the Demon Sage had...

'Fair enough old man... Fair enough.'

Suddenly, a knock on the door made a shiver run down Dyon's spine.

He slowly made his way over, his hand trembling as he reached for the bronze doorknob. It didn't even occur to him that he had a security system to check who it was...

'Get it together.'

With that thought, Dyon no longer hesitated. In one swift motion, he opened the door.

"Huh? Ava? What are y – "

"You talk too much. It's my hour right now." Ava pushed her hand onto Dyon's bare chest, knocking him back into the room.

Confusion rippled through Dyon's features. 'Her hour? What? Wait!'

Ava didn't continue to speak. She pulled her tight leather tank top over her head, allowing her large plump breasts to fall into Dyon's view.

'I thought this was supposed to be a test... This old man is more perverted than me!'

Ava didn't seem to notice Dyon's confusion. Instead, she wrapped her arms around him, pressing her soft chest against Dyon. "You're so mean Dyon... You leave such an impression on me just to leave for more than a year? How do you think that made me feel?"

A dull pain ate at Dyon's heart. 'Is this really how she feels? Or is this the illusion?'

Ava dropped to her knees, lightly kissing at Dyon's slowly growing bulge.

"Ava, wait! Stop!" Dyon protested, trying to step back. 'My voice!'

Suddenly, Dyon couldn't move of his own will, and his voice wouldn't project either. It was like he was in a dream – a non-lucid state. He could only experience what was happening and not take action. What kind of ridiculous trial was this!?

What Dyon didn't know was that just hours before, the old man had planned all of this. This was simply how the True Empath worked...

For much of their lives, they had no choice but to listen to the thoughts of others. They could only play an observing role in their own lives... There was no saying no... They could only learn to deal with and understand the emotions they felt.

And now, Dyon would have to do much the same. He would have to deal with all of Ava's emotions. How he made her feel. The things she was dealing with. And worst of all, he had to know and understand that he played a role in this. And he would have to accept it.

So Dyon could only watch as Ava played with his heart as he had played with hers.

Maybe to Dyon it wasn't true that he had. In fact, maybe, Ava also knew that Dyon had never intentionally played with her emotions. However, rational was never something someone should ever pin to emotions...

So, Ava poured her soul out to Dyon by giving him something Baal had almost taken away...

Chapter 313 My...?

Ava's tongue danced along the tip of Dyon's cock as her breasts smothered it, savouring his taste.

Her heart beat quickly, her face flushing as she began to truly understand what she was doing. 'This is the man I love... He deserves my everything. And I'll give it to him.'

Dyon's heart felt like it was being torn in two. There was not a single thought of Ava's that escaped him. He wanted to use his array alchemy to cut off his circulation, much like he had with Mithrandir, but, it seemed like nothing was responding to him.

He could only watch as Ava's light pink nipples rubbed together, meeting as they wrapped around his shaft.

Ava's deep cleavage was like a paradise. The sweat of her skin, her clear and pure drool, even her subtle moans as her thighs writhed as though Dyon's pleasure was her own.

Suddenly, she stood, slowly stroking Dyon as she pulled him along to the table with a smile on her face. "You couldn't even find a girl a bed? You want to lean her over a table? You rogue!"

Just as Dyon was about to be forced to pull down Ava's pants, a loud banging noise resounded through the room as someone burst in.

"Ava! You knew it was my turn!" Delia stood at the door, huffing and puffing. Her countenance clearly shaken.

Ava stuck her tongue out, sitting on the table as she wrapped her hands around Dyon's neck.

'What the fuck is going on...' Dyon stared in disbelief.

'Hmph. First you fall in love with my elder sister with me right there and now you expect me to let you fall into the hands of another woman again?! I won't accept it!'

Delia's thoughts reverberated through Dyon's mind, causing him to be at a loss for words. He could only watch as Delia defiantly let her black skirt fall to her ankles, revealing her black lace panties underneath her black stockings.

Pulling of her blouse, Delia revealed a figure that was more petite than Ava's, but still beautifully shaped.

Her small breast cupped perfectly into Dyon's hand as she kissed his cheek. Her hand fighting for space on his cock with Ava.

'How nice...'

'That thought! It wasn't from Ava or Delia!' Dyon's head snapped to the door to find Ri and Madeleine facing off against each other.

Ri was slightly shorter than Madeleine, her body being more petite as well. Madeleine's curves were much more pronounced. But, neither of these things seemed to matter as Dyon saw the turmoil in their eyes as they looked from him to each other. It seemed as though they couldn't even see what was going on between Dyon, Ava and Delia.

Dyon felt his cock twitch, as if this sick world wanted him to believe that he got off from watching his women suffer.

'I know I told you that I'd be okay with sharing the burden with more sisters, but I didn't think you'd go off and find another woman so soon. The 'we live for much longer' excuse only works if you let some ACTUAL time pass!'

Madeleine didn't say these words out loud. In fact, she kept her usual carefree smile on her face.

Suddenly, a complete new set of thoughts entered Dyon's mind.

'Hmph, why would you take my innocence if you already had a fiancée? If you didn't grab me like you did at dead kings valley, I could have forgotten about my feelings for you!'

Dyon could only stand there, convulsing as he was forced to climax again and again – listening to the pain of these women.

Hours passed before another light knock came to the door.

Dyon's eyes had sunken into their sockets, his muscles barely holding him up anymore.

The worst part was, when he looked down, he could see blood dripping down his chest from where his heart should be. It was as though for every thought he heard, there would be a literal cut to himself...

"Look at that, it seems you're finally understanding just a little bit of my pain, hm?"

Dyon could barely react to Jade's voice.

"You were quite high and mighty, looking down on me before. But, what do we have here? Four women you've screwed over? What about me, don't I count? What about her?"

Jade's purple eyes shifted over to look at a deadpan Meiyong. It was clear that she was meant to still be under a spell.

"This poor Meiyong girl..." continued Jade. "I know what you must be thinking. 'How is it my fault her father sold her off' blah blah blah."

Jade chuckled. “Well, let me tell you something. Did you ever think about the aftermath? Did you think about what happened to Focus Academy after you left?”

“The Storm family was part of a larger clan. Patia-Neva only has himself and his daughter to worry about. The Kami family is part of another larger clan. And the Sapientia family is part of a, say it with me now, ‘another larger clan’.

“That just leaves the Duco and Bai family, no? Yet, the Duco family didn’t have any enemies they needed the backing of Focus Academy for. Only the Bai family did.

“So, what do you think happened after some smart aleck boy strolled in with some greater than thou attitude? You ruined the Storm family, effectively crushing Focus Academy. And then, because the great Dyon couldn’t be bothered to stop there, you also ruined the big sects by shortening their quotas. So, why would those big sects then have enough left to care about some small Focus Academy?”

“The Bai family was left on an island. An island carved out by you, your Holy Arrogance.” Jade bowed ironically, mocking Dyon.

“God. Maybe I’m the one who should be disgusted with you and not the other way around. Did you really think you were blameless from the beginning?”

Dyon’s lips quivered at Jade’s words...

‘It’s my fault?...’

Chapter 314 Streaks

Jade’s features smirked. In fact, she looked as beautiful as she had before the day her and the Eostre family were exposed. Since Dyon had no memories of her horrible state, it was likely the old man didn’t bother to check on Jade’s current appearance... But, maybe, that was for the best.

Dyon was already close to his break point just from listening to the thoughts of four. If you added Jade’s anger and Meiyong’s sadness on top of that... He didn’t know how much he could handle.

And, maybe the worst part was the fact he was home... and yet all he had seen up till now were things from the martial world...

However, with every sentence these women spoke, it was as though their pain became Dyon's. It wasn't just the words that hurt... it was the emotion behind them that was getting to Dyon.

Suddenly, Jade laughed. "Were you hoping that that was all? Aren't you forgetting about a few people?"

Suddenly Eli and his elder sister Venus suddenly materialized, crying in each other's arms. Uncle Ail wrapped his arms around them, trembling.

They sent glances toward Dyon, but it seemed like something was holding them back from

"Did you even think about what would happen to the Viridi family after you left?" Jade chuckled lightly as she circled Dyon.

"Was it a secret that you and Eli were good friends? Was it a secret that you killed Baal partly for Venus? Did Elof and Ace seem like magnanimous people to you? Did you think they just accepted their losses before heading home with their tails between their legs? Or do you think they pressured the big sects into belittling and ruining the Viridi family?"

Dyon's jaw tightened, his teeth clenching together so tightly that he felt blood filling in his mouth. And yet, all this time, Ava and Delia still clung tightly to him and Madeleine and Ri never stopped looking from each other to him.

"I'd be surprised if the Viridi family is much of anything anymore. You thought you didn't see Venus here because she was a woman? How sexist of you. What if she's working away her young days to try and help a family that no longer has any backing? What if she's sold her body to try and make up for your mistakes? Even worse, what if her and her entire family have been sold to the Ragnor family to add to their slaves? Did you even think about any of this?"

'It's okay big sister. When Dyon finds out he'll be really angry! Then he'll help us!'

The bleeding of Dyon's chest seemed to increase even further at Eli's words. Was this really what happened? Was the Viridi family sold as slaves? What had happened in his absence? How could he have made such a mistake?

'Big brother?... Did you kill my mom?'

Dyon's head snapped toward Little Black who was in his human form, holding onto Little Lyla's hand tightly while keeping his head lowered to the ground.

Blood seeped from Dyon's lips as he thought back to the legacy world opening... Because he was too arrogant and jumped into a situation he should have avoided entirely, the last sliver of his master's soul was forced to be used to protect him. Any chance she had had in reviving was completely erased with that one act. Dyon didn't even know if there was any of her soul left...

"Little Black I..." Dyon could only clench his teeth when he realized no sounds came from his moving lips. He could only watch as tears fell from Little Black eyes, his heart losing another piece of itself.

'It's okay little one, I'm here. I'll take care of you. As long as we stay away from Dyon, nothing bad will happen.'

Dyon couldn't even bring himself to look at the materialized form of Ms. Everdeen. His mind was filled with thoughts of a burning orphanage and the corpse of a poor old woman mutilated and hanging from the tree.

Jade giggled lightly. "Are you wondering why I killed her? Are you trying to say that it isn't your fault since it was me and not Zaltarish? After all, it was Zaltarish you looked down on. Not me, right?"

Jade's laughter only grew louder. "You had the audacity to flirt with me. Then you tell me a few days later that you have a fiancée. You deserved what you got. Someone had to teach you a lesson."

Jade stopped in front of Dyon, knocking Ava and Delia away and grabbing onto his shaft much too tightly. "Maybe I should just cut it off, hm? Then you won't have to think with it so much."

Looking up into Dyon's eyes, Jade suddenly found a sliver of defiance. "What? It took the idea of losing this thing to snap you out of it? How fitting.

Mm. Did you think about how I felt? Finally finding a man that wasn't thinking about me just in terms of my looks, just to find out he had someone else? And worse yet, that for that person, he was willing to completely ignore someone like Mithrandir? That's quite frustrating, don't you think?"

Suddenly, Jade let go, moving backward toward the door with a slight smile. "Maybe this torture is too easy for you. Maybe you just don't care about us from the martial world enough. Maybe it's time you dealt with something that really hits close to home, hm?"

Dyon's vision blackened and he was suddenly brought into an empty church.

Near the front, gripping the edge of a coffin tightly, stood a tall black man.

The ever so slight trembling of his body was the only thing that let you know he was alive. Other than that, he was completely still.

It seemed as though it was hours before Dyon was finally allowed to step forward to see what was really going on.

But... The answer was something that made tears of blood begin to streak down his face.

Chapter 315 Dad

"Dad..." Dyon's voice didn't sound out, but he felt like it took all of his strength to even mouth that word.

His father stood in a state Dyon had never seen before. His handsome face was drenched in tears as he gripped the side of the coffin, silently muttering to himself.

But, the view of the coffin itself was something Dyon couldn't bring himself to look at... Because he knew what it held... And it wasn't someone he could stand to see.

And yet, against his wishes, his feet began to move.

No matter how hard he struggled, his steps remained steady, pushing him up the church steps to stand right beside his trembling father.

Dyon's head tilted downward, forcing him to look at the woman who lay in the coffin peacefully.

His mother was a white woman with delicate features. Her hair was a long brunette strung with the petals of flowers, adorning her in death. And yet, even in death, her face still held a rosy color that made it seem as though she could stand at any moment.

'I'm sorry I couldn't protect you...'

Dyon didn't need to look over for his father's deep voice to fill his ears. He couldn't help but tremble under the sound – one he hadn't heard in what seemed like a lifetime.

'I'll protect him until my time comes... He'll be strong and as stubborn as his father. But, he'll be as caring and as loving as his mother. I'll do my best to make up for my failures with you, with our son. I promise... I promise...'

Suddenly, the room shifted around Dyon again.

He was in the same church, except this time, there was only a ten-year-old boy a bit tall for his age standing in front of a coffin.

The boy clenched his fists so tightly that blood dripped to the floor, saying not a single word as tears streamed down his face.

To Dyon, it was as though he was experiencing his parent's death all over again. The pain of his father. The pain of his younger self. They were as palpable as they had been that day. And yet, all he could do was watch.

Dyon felt his world spinning. He looked down at his hands to suddenly notice they were shrinking. He was melding together with his younger self!

The room changed once again, and this time, he was in a training ground with his father running right at him.

“Keep your hands up Dyon! How could you lose to such a pathetic excuse for a man? Who the fuck is Darius Storm to a Sacharro. And you lost to him!?”

This is all because you don’t listen to me! You’re too arrogant and you don’t listen to authority!”

Dyon’s father’s fist slammed into Dyon’s forearms, sending him flying.

Dyon grunted, it was almost like the pain was being magnified. He could feel his own flesh tearing, but, at the same time, he could feel his father’s heart aching because of the pain he was causing his son.

And yet, Sacharro’s face remained as cold as steel. “Tell me! What does being a Sacharro mean?!”

Dyon crawled up, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth. “It means being smart in your fearlessness.”

“It means being smart in your fearlessness! It means recognizing your betters! It means respecting your elders and the authority they hold! You listen to none of these things!

If you had put on all of your armor instead of just the arm guards, do you think that Storm boy would have beaten you to half an inch of your life? Do you think you were very cool staring death down in your loss? Sacharro’s don’t lose!”

Dyon nodded his small head in agreement, lifting his fists up. “Sacharro’s don’t lose.”

“You’ve become too complacent in your intelligence. Too confident in your talent. Too satisfied with your past accomplishments. You need to remember the hunger that drives you. You need to stop doing things for your mother and me and do things for yourself. Do you understand?”

Before Dyon could respond, his surroundings changed again.

He had suddenly become even smaller. His hands wrapped around a knife and fork much too large for him as he sat at the marbled island of an elegant kitchen, watching the back of a petite woman working from the stove.

“Mom?”

Dyon almost couldn’t contain his excitement as his voice actually made a sound this time.

“Hm? Is something wrong Dyon? Do you want more pasta?” Dyon’s mom turned around, wiping her hands on her apron as she went to sit beside him.

“Dyon? What’s wrong? Why are you crying? Did something happen at school? Tell mommy.”

A soft arm wrapped around Dyon as a hand wiped tears he couldn’t stop.

However, the moment didn’t last long before Dyon was back in the church, his moments of warmth torn from him without warning.

Suddenly, the room shifted again and he was in a dark cemetery, looking at the tomb stones of the both of his parents in front of him.

Dyon sat there for a long time, the thoughts of his women and his parents running through his mind again and again for days on end...

He didn’t get a chance to listen to the things his mom had tried to ingrain in him from his youth, but they had never left his mind unlike like words of his father.

She always wanted him to act based on what was in his heart. He was supposed to always treat women well, complimenting them whenever he could. He was meant to help those in need whenever he could, especially when it was more than within his power to do so. These were the words of his mother...

It suddenly became very obvious to Dyon that this was a trial, yes, but, it was also a reminder... To remember the words of his parents. To remember his every action had consequences. To remember not to forget where you came from and the things you learned while you were there...

“Well played old man...”

Dyon took a last look at the tomb of his parents before he closed his eyes.

“Well played...”

Chapter 316 How Do You Know?

Suddenly, all of Dyon’s senses were cut off again. He was immersed in pure darkness.

“You’re quite annoying kid. You weren’t supposed to figure out that I was trying to help so quickly. You were supposed to despair over your parents’ graves for another few weeks. Where is my entertainment!?”

‘I’m not in the mood old man.’

“Pft. Look at you forgetting your father’s words already. RESPECT YOUR ELDERS. So ungrateful.”

Dyon sighed. ‘You’re right. I’m sorry grand teacher. Thank you for your help.’

“That’s more like it.”

‘Also, grand teacher, you never told me. How do I conquer this tower?’

“Hm. Normally, I would have just given the key to the first person to enter the tower under these circumstances.”

‘What happened if it wasn’t under these circumstances?’

“The void tears wouldn’t be here, so you’d conquer it like any other tower. Locking down the space and entering the tower to snatch the key.

“Unfortunately, now, both you and Alidor are here. I can’t exactly play favorites. Especially since I hate you both the same. You’ll have to fight him for the right.”

‘How much time until he’s out?’

“Technically, he vastly underestimated the time needed. Or else, he would have never brought his sister here like this.

“He’s lucky I left that energy out there. Or else by the time he came out, she’d have starved to death.”

‘But if that’s true then?...’

“Your True Empath trial was tailored to you specifically. The true test requires an understanding of every mindset and backstory that has or ever will exist. That’s the scope of the real test, of course yours was much shorter. I just wanted to see how you’d react to extreme and heart wrenching circumstances.

“But, in terms of your challenge to Alidor, I can just end his challenge early. That being said, I doubt you want that now..”

‘You think I’ll lose to him, don’t you.’

“Need I remind you what your father said again? Be smart in your fearlessness. The only reason Alidor isn’t in the essence gathering stage is because he’s studying ways to make use of his aurora to clear to the 12th meridian formation level.”

'That's possible?'

"Theoretically. His aurora has a healing character like yours does. He's just trying to see whether it can be used to cure his meridians of impurities because he isn't as lucky as you to have learned celestial will.

"Point being. His strength of wills is similar to yours. His array alchemy is similar to yours as well, despite your higher soul strength, because his fundamentals are better. His body is stronger than yours because of the Gautama family techniques and special energy. And that's on top of the fact he has energy cultivation many times past you. You don't stand a chance."

'Buuuuuuuuut?'

"Don't try and coax me kid. I already said I'd help you IF you passed. But, you haven't given me a satisfactory answer to my question.

"If one day you find out that not everything is as it seems, will you react like the demon sage? Or will you be better than him?"

'You've already made it clear that things are not what it seems. And that makes it clear that someone caused the death of my parents and forced the mortal realm into its sorry state.

'So... The fact you keep asking me this question means one of two things if not both of them... It's either means there's something you aren't telling me that you know fully well will send me into a fit of rage... Or it's the fact this deeds we're talking about was done by a person or a group of people I would never assume had done it.'

"Since you know that much, answer the question."

Dyon sighed. It seemed this old man really wasn't intent on telling him much of anything.

'I will be angry. I will rage. I'll likely lose control'

The old man remained silent, clearly waiting for Dyon to continue.

'But, there will be a difference between the demon sage and me.

'I have parents who want me to look forward into the future. I have friends who are banking on me to save them. I have a mortal realm that deserves a chance to earn their place among the universes as much as anyone else does.

'I won't be despaired. The demon sage lost everything he had. His wives, his children. His kingdoms were burned, his hard work shattered. And, it was all for a goal that ended up being nothing but a dead end.

'I'm not the same. My wives are still here. My friends are still here. My goals are still here. Even when I lose my mind, I have things to bring me back.'

"Then what if you learn of these things after your wives are taken from you. After your friends are dead. After your goals are found to be hollow in the face of these things. What would you do then?"

'You already gave me the answer to that question, grand teacher.'

"Did I?" A small smile played on the face of the old man.

'Of course. Array Alchemy.'

"And how would that help?"

'Array Alchemy is the answer to rewriting the universe as we see fit. I'm not saying that because I want to agree with you, I'm saying that because these are words I've thought myself before I even came here.

'From the day I realized I could mimic wills with my arrays, to the day I created an earth constitution from thin air, to the day I saw the literal representation of death... all created by array alchemy... I realized, piece by piece, that if I become strong enough, there's nothing I can't do.

'My wives die? I'll pull them out of the cycle of reincarnation. That won't work? I'll bend space and time to my will to pull them to me. My friends die? I'll do the same. My goals are hollow? I'll make new ones.

'I'll be angry at first, yes. I'll lose control, probably. But I will always be able to center to myself. And once I do, it won't be in despair. It'll be in unmatched determination.'

"And why are you so sure?"

Dyon shrugged. 'Sacharro's don't lose.'

Chapter 317 Learn

"Yea, yea. Keep your cheesy one liners to yourself kid. Do I look like an impressionable teenage girl to you? In the end, if you can't figure out how that technique works, all of this is for naught anyway."

Dyon's mind thought back to the Elvin Tome and the first technique it had inscribed in it. The technique itself was named [Inner World: Sanctuary], but the name itself didn't sound anything like an energy cultivation technique...

'Grand Teacher... Do you wanna?'

"No. I don't 'wanna'. Learn by yourself."

'Can't you give me a few clues? Why do you say that this is the best energy cultivation technique in existence?'

The old man sighed. "You know so little... This technique isn't the best because it's the fastest or the most efficient. It's the best because it's the most practical and the most flexible."

Dyon say in confusion for a while. 'Why?'

"You've already learned about the importance of wills, and especially religious wills, no?"

'Ri told me that the second reason for conquering universes, other than to escape heat death, is to strengthen your wills.'

"Partially right. Many of the Gods you've come to know are simply powerful martial experts who've spread their wills far and wide. So, what do you think happens when you step into a universe like that?.."

'You mean a universe that holds a dense amount of wills from another expert?'

"Yes."

A sudden realization hit Dyon. If you entered the dominion of another expert – a place where they held the most will – wouldn't that be a death wish?...

"Entering the universe of an expert on that level is near impossible. This is why the universes are in an odd balance right now. There hasn't been a true universe invasion in a long time and this is also the true reason many campaign victories end with negotiations.

"The defending universe doesn't want to have to deal with a full-scale attack while defending their other gates. And the attacking universe would be at a disadvantage in a universe where their wills aren't dominant.

"Of course, this is less prevalent in weaker universes like yours. But, attacking the Uidan universe is nothing but a child's dream for you right now."

'You mean their odd energy... right?'

"Mm. That's no normal energy. It's a supreme law. And, it happens to be one of my five abilities."

'Ethereal Permeation?'

“Exactly right. But, I’d say that many of their family can only use that supreme law because of a cheat available to their universe.”

‘A cheat?’

“Their Buddah’s Eye is an interesting technique. If the aurora had a bastard child, who then went on to give birth to hundreds of generations of children, Buddah’s Eye would probably be nearing a thousand generations removed.”

‘That’s... harsh?’

“Not really. You’re just an idiot who hasn’t been using your aurora to learn wills properly. Or, more accurately, you haven’t been in the right situations to do so. Actually. Both of those things are true. You’re so lacking.” The old man sighed.

‘So you mean their Buddah’s Eye has can learn a supreme law? That doesn’t sound like an impure ability to me...’

“Your scope is too narrow. A will is nothing in the grand scheme of things. Nothing. It can’t even compare to an intent, let alone a dao and beyond. And the truth is that their Buddah’s Eye is only potent enough to learn that supreme law up to the will level. In fact, many won’t even surpass the 3rd level watershed, let along the 6th or 9th.”

‘But then...’

“Again. Your scope is too narrow. Even if its limited to the level of a will, it’s still a supreme law! Of course it’s still useful.”

‘Alright. Fair enough.’ Dyon chuckled. Despite the old man’s odd teaching methods, he still appreciated having someone tell him things directly for once. ‘So you’re saying Ethereal permeation is much more useful in their universe, which would put us at even more of a disadvantage.’

“And that’s especially true because no one in your universe knows that will.”

'But then, if I learn Ethereal Permeation, that solves everything. Right?'

"Theoretically. But, do you think it's possible to learn a new high-level will tailored to every universe you want to attack? No one can do that. There are too many universes in the world. That's why you use Gama energy to temper your meridians instead of learning every will yourself.

"And that's not even to mention the fact that there are some wills, like religious wills, you quite literally can't learn unless you share a particular bloodline."

'Then...'

"I don't feel like telling you anything. I've never seen such a waste of talent. Imagine having the full scope of my aurora and using it like you do. That's like using a priceless artifact like a paper weight."

'Aw, Grand teacher, don't be like that. I'm new! Remember?'

"I don't care. You haven't even thought about it before. You keep learning wills by staring off into space and thinking about them.

"Imagine if artists were like you. Instead of observing the real world, they close their eyes and imagine what the world looks like before drawing it? Doesn't that sound ridiculous to you? You can't start from the abstract to create the real. You need to start from the real before you can branch out into the abstract.

"The only time you used something tangible to learn a will was in the demon sage's inner world. Well, that and the death core plus your master's celestial will. Think about those moments, wasn't it much easier? Instead of meditating like an idiot."

'Ah...'

Thoughts ran through Dyon's mind with each word the old man spoke. He couldn't have been more right!

Although Dyon's celestial and demon will had been lacking before he used his master's blood essence as a catalyst, that was only because they were much higher-level wills... On the surface, it seemed like he was learning sword and wind will much more efficiently, but that was only because of his affinity and the fact those were lower level wills!

If he had used a proper will learning method, it was likely he would have learned wind and sword will even faster than he had. He was effectively handicapping himself... It was clear he still had much to learn.

Chapter 318 Useless

'Tell me more grand teacher!'

"Hmph. At least you're listening. Truthfully speaking, it's not all of your fault. Most people have to meditate much like you did. In fact, it's a testament to your intelligence that you even came this far by just relying on meditation. However, when you have an aurora, you don't have to take the slow route."

'That's right grand teacher... Before senior disciple created array alchemy, what was the original purpose of the aurora?'

"You disappoint me. You only just thought of this? I'm losing all hope in you."

Dyon laughed at himself. It was true, he should have thought of that much earlier.

If array alchemy was created after the aurora, then it wouldn't make sense for the aurora to have had no purpose before array alchemy. Therefore, the old man must have created it for a purpose.

"At its core, the aurora is meant to increase your connection with the world around you. It enhances the way you think, the way you see, the way you feel.

"The reason people think the soul is so important to learning wills, is because it is. It may not be the only important thing, but it is important. So, I took advantage of that.

“I created the aurora to enhance the soul’s already strong connection to the abstract. It was doubly important to do this because the aurora also needed a power source.

“The best method anyone could have in learning wills is their aurora.”

‘But then, how did Buddah’s Eye come into being?’

“I never claimed to be the first to try and create such a technique, and I won’t be the last. However, Buddah’s Eye is specifically tailored to learning Ethereal Permeation. It’s not very useful for learning anything else.

“That’s why it has the secondary ability of predicting and seeing through attacks. Although, it doesn’t do that as well as the Mathilde family technique either.”

‘Interesting... So the main purpose of the aurora is communicating with the laws of the universe. No wonder why it translated so well to being used in array alchemy...’

“Glad you understand. Now go figure out that technique. I’ll be back once you’re at the peak of the 9th formation stage. No earlier. Begone!”

‘Grand Teacher Wait!’

In typical fashion, the old man sent Dyon away without listening.

A blinding light disrupted Dyon’s senses before his eyes slowly adjusted to his new surrounding.

‘Tch...’

The room itself was quite large with massive pillars wrapping around the outside. In fact, it looked like a bit of a classroom with multiple cultivation platforms hanging around at various heights. But, maybe the most interesting thing was that in a clearing in the middle, there was an orb of floating light..

'The key?!'

Dyon wanted to rush forward, but, something was telling him that it wouldn't be possible even if he did. The old man wanted competition... He would have to fight Alidor for the right to take the key. But, first, he had to cultivate.

'How do I learn a technique I know nothing about... I can't even read it...'

Dyon walked around until he found a platform he liked before taking out a ridiculous amount of spiritual food.

While he ate, Dyon continued to observe the room and think.

Although he had never energy cultivated before, what he did know was that this room had the densest essence energy he had ever felt before...

Essence energy was important for the three first stages of energy cultivation.

It primed one's body in the foundation stage. Connected meridians in the meridian formation stage. And then filled those meridians in the essence gathering stage.

The truth was that relying solely on wills for the meridian formation stage was the best option. Using essence energy to temper the connections between meridians was a bit of a cheat. In fact, using essence energy as a replacement is often what led to clogged meridians and an inability to proceed to higher levels.

However, it seemed clogged meridians wouldn't be a problem in this room. The essence energy that warped around in the air had been filtered to such an extent that Dyon's aura would only pick up the faintest traces of impurities. This energy was definitely pure enough to allow the opening of 99 meridians by relying on it alone.

That being said, what Dyon needed to focus on now wasn't meridian formation. In fact, if his grand teacher wasn't lying to him, he could skip having to worry about meridian formation entirely. What he needed to do now was focus all of his energy on the foundation stage.

The problem was that Dyon was still worried about Ri.

Madeleine should be fine now because she had not only gotten reinforcements, the trials of a legacy relied on one's self. He had been slowly learning that he should trust his fiancées in situations like that.

But, Ri's situation was different. She was at a severe numbers disadvantage, their scouts weren't reliable, and it was likely the basilisks would soon call in stronger reinforcements. And yet, Dyon was very clear on the fact he would need a few weeks if not months to do what he needed to do.

His first step had to be solidifying his array alchemy foundation. Then there was meditating on the technique. And then there was the actual time it would take to cultivate – not even mentioning the time it would take to integrate the new set of meridians to himself. Even Dyon's quickest estimations required half a month to three weeks.

'Hang in there Ri. I know I've given you a lot to shoulder... But just hang on. Your useless husband is coming.'

He had let her suffer enough. As much as Dyon wanted to allow his wives to share his burden, he didn't also want them to bear too much, that was something he would never allow. If there was something he could take on himself, he would never allow them to suffer it, whether it was this very trial or anything else for that matter.

Chapter 319 Stages

Dyon immediately delved into increasing his foundation in array alchemy.

The problem with his foundation stemmed from how he started off. Much of his base knowledge in array alchemy didn't come from his master, but rather, Focus Academy. So, one can imagine how damaging that might be.

This was made worse by the fact he had immediately tried to find shortcuts even in those lacking methods.

Dyon couldn't be blamed for this, in reality. He had done this out of necessity. Had he not sped up his learning process, his life would have been in danger.

For one, he would have died in his very first encounter with Akihiko, the man who had tried to marry his Madeleine. Without his array alchemy, Akihiko's arrow would have without a doubt flown right through him, ending his life. And that was only one occurrence of his array alchemy saving his life. He even had examples of him using it to trick the higher experts of the big sects so that he could escape to the Elvin World.

However, because of this learning process, Dyon had skipped over many things.

For example, array calculations. He had completely ignored this theory because his simplifications were like cutting straight to the answer while array calculations were the equivalent of showing your work. But, that didn't mean they weren't highly important, especially when it came to higher level arrays.

With complex shifting array like the Elvin tome's technique, calculations became all the more necessary. This was because the array was constantly shifting in relation to itself, resulting in completely new configurations with each passing second. If one didn't 'show your work', so to speak, it was impossible to reach the resultant answer. Thus, this was Dyon's first barrier to leap over.

In addition to array calculations, there were many branching topics that related to it. These included things like array placement. This was a set of theories that optimized arrays in many ways that included the time of day they were used, the time from creation it was used, even to the areas of weapons and the body such arrays worked most effectively with.

The foundational studies of arrays even touched topics like the depth to which arrays should be drawn into array plates, how to properly prime those plates to be drawn on, and even array maintenance.

In the end, it took Dyon a bit more than a week to fully ingrain all of these things into his memories and put them into practice. It was lucky for him that much of these things were within his master's memories, or else it would have taken much longer. But, he was still frustrated with how slow he was being.

'Let's hope this helps...' Dyon's hand flashed as the Elvin Tome appeared in his hand.

Over the past week, Dyon had spent a lot of time thinking about what his grand teacher could have meant. He had settled on one most likely possibility...

'If this technique is meant to overcome the disadvantage of attacking universes that aren't yours, it's likely that it's a way to tap into your own being to sustain your own wills without relying on the world around you.'

This idea hadn't come out of thin air for Dyon. In fact, it was highly linked to the fact that the technique itself was drawn as an array.

Because Dyon had recently learned the origins and true purpose of array alchemy, something had clicked for him. If the peak of array alchemy was meant to reconstruct the universe in its purest form.. Then what if that was what this technique was meant to do?

Inner World: Sanctuary? Creating your own internally driven world that sustained your power... A way for your wills to not have to rely on anything else but your own self.

As Dyon began to tease apart the intricacies of the complex array, something else was becoming clear: this so-called energy cultivation technique was also linked with his soul as the old man had said.

His energy was what filled the world, but his soul formed its containers and shape.

In the end, the technique still used his meridians as a focal point. In fact, it could be used as a regular energy cultivation technique if one so wished. But, that would of course be a waste.

So, Dyon immediately decided on the world building option. However, without meridians to use as a focal point, he had to first begin by slowly and diligently refining his body with essence energy.

The foundation stage was quite straight forward.

The first stage was an overall strengthening of the body. Here, Dyon had to flood his body with essence energy, slowly allowing it to become accustomed to the energy.

Often, techniques would be separated in quality at this level. More broad and overarching techniques would simply try and fill the body with essence energy before draining and repeating.

However, Dyon's technique focused on each cell, slowly priming them for later and more focused tempering.

The second stage focused on the flesh, removing all outward appearance of impurities and blemishes.

This stage was often responsible for the difference in attractiveness between the martial and mortal realm.

As Dyon's impurities were removed slowly, but surely, he was in fact becoming more handsome. Without being weighed down by bad genes and the like, Dyon became the perfect version of himself.

This led perfectly into the next stage, the bone tempering stage.

By focusing on purifying and restructuring the bones with essence energy, you could effectively boost not only their strength, but also their flexibility.

This stage allowed one to better handle taxing techniques that were heavily demanding on bodily strength.

Following this stage, was the fourth – the marrow tempering stage. This was a stage that allowed for purer blood, but also a nice priming for future body cultivation as well. Although blood essence was a short cut, self body cultivation started with bone marrow which was the source of the body's blood.

The next stage, the internal organ tempering stage, is what was responsible for the health and longevity of martial artists. In fact, this stage was so important that it took two stages to complete to perfection. Thus meaning this stage was both the 5th and 6th foundation levels.

And yet, the next stage was probably the most important. So important that it took not two, but three stages to complete...

Chapter 320 No Road

The nervous system is arguably the most important part of the body. Being separated into two main parts – one consisting of the brain and spinal cord with the other containing their branching segments – the nervous system is essentially the central hub of the body.

In the martial world, this system is no less important. In fact, it was so important to cultivation that during the foundation stage, the 7th, 8th and 9th levels were all dedicated to priming this system.

‘It seems that the nervous system is what gates the natural to the supernatural...’ Dyon pondered over the complex array, slowly teasing apart its simpler parts before building toward the more complex.

From what he could see, the array wasn’t 2D. In fact, it was his own lack of foundation that made him assume that it was 2D.

When studying an array of any kind, there were layers one must take into account. These layers were like a building block to proper understanding. And, from what Dyon could tell, the building blocks of this array stemmed from the information it held about the foundation stage and its importance.

According to the array – or, more specifically, how the array was constructed – it was becoming clear that energy cultivation built on itself much like the array did.

Strengthening accustomed the body to the foreign essence energy. Flesh was strengthened to support the coming increase in bone density and strength. And the increase in bone density and strength primed the body for an increase in marrow quality all before each of the last steps could properly protect the and sustain the improvement in your internal organs.

The last step was to improve the nervous system, and when you thought of the benefits – or more accurately, the strain – that came with that, it was suddenly very clear why you had to prime the rest of the body first.

The reasons for the importance of the nervous system were manifold.

For one, many neglect the fact that with faster movement speeds, faster communication is needed. If a martial artist could move at speeds close to that of sound or even light, but couldn’t think or react faster

than that, what was the use of the added speed? This was part of Dyon's problem. His aurora's 6th sense was useful, but it was greatly handicapped by his movement speed and reaction time.

Secondly, muscles rely on constant signals from nerves to respond. However, there are always refractory periods with such things – meaning times where signals are redundant or can't be sent due to a cool down time.

An improved nervous system eliminates this. Instead of being limited by how many signals you can send in rapid succession, you'll instead be limited by the amount of energy you have. Something that would greatly benefit a martial artist.

Thirdly, there was the idea of limits that stemmed from this second point. The nervous system of the mortal realm often limited mortals to what their body could handle, only rarely allowing them to surpass these limits. However, the martial world was different.

In a world where will power was among the most important things you could have, wouldn't a nervous system that didn't limit you based on your body's capabilities be ideal?

With the proper priming of the nervous system, a martial artist would suddenly gain full control of those limiters, able to push them at will should they have the mental fortitude to do so.

Fourthly, there was still the concept of the autonomic nervous system. This is a segment of the nervous system that perform involuntary actions a person wouldn't have to think about. These would include the pumping of your heart, or you digestion.

If properly primed, a martial artist at the peak of the foundation stage can control these systems at will. In fact, there were many techniques that relied on increasing heart or digestive rate.

The former could greatly boost combat abilities by increasing blood circulation at the expense of some internal damage. While the latter allows martial artist to replenish themselves more efficiently. In the mortal realm, digestion was very efficient, even to the point of resulting in waste material. However, this wasn't something martial artists had to worry about. By using techniques, you could suddenly deal with hard to digest things all while gaining energy efficiently and quickly.

In the end, this was why the nervous system was tempered so thoroughly. It was so important that those connections be refined and improved that the time investment was worth it. After this priming was complete, the future energy cultivation would increase one's control over it even more.

However, maybe the most important and intriguing point that Dyon found in his study was that the nervous system was actually the main connection to the main character of energy cultivation – the meridians.

This was how everything built up from each other. Every former stage of the foundation stage all led up to the remodeling of the nervous system, all so that one could have a proper gate way into energy cultivation.

Without this gateway, even sensing your meridians was near impossible. Why? Because the improvement of the nervous system is exactly what allowed one to sense their dantian... Without absolute control of one's body in every aspect, it would be impossible to even fathom what it took to energy cultivate.

This was why when Dyon finally reached the top – when he finally hit that pinnacle – his eyes brightened as though he had entered an entirely new world.

He could feel every cell of his body breathing in the energy around him. He could see his blood flowing through his veins. He could even feel the shocks of electricity that arced through his brain with every thought. It was as though he had entered a new state of being, a state he wasn't willing to let go.

And yet, he felt empty. He felt as though there was something missing, a part of him that was locked away. The feeling of loss pained his heart... He knew there was no road to continue forward from here.