

The Nameless 501

Chapter 501 Dare

Delia's large hazel eyes blinked as she looked up curiously at Patia-Neva's hand. Her wails had paused for a moment, but when a faint energy started accumulating on the tips of her supposed father's fingers, her fit of tears came back fiercer. Her large eyes flickered, going back and forth between a warm hazel and a cold blue.

Patia-Neva hesitated. The cries of his daughter hadn't gotten through to him. But, the flicker of warm to cold reminded him of a Patia-Neva mantra that he had long since thought he had come to comprehend.

Warmth blanketed in cold... Hazel flickering to blue... A leaf covered in snow...

It suddenly dawned on Ramiro that the child in his hand was a Patia-Neva. The only Patia-Neva in existence other than him. Everyone else was dead. He had watched them die. He had the power to stop it all, but he had just watched. And now he was about to actively end his bloodline himself.

PAN(D)A NOVEL Patia-Neva turned to his past love as she continued to bleed out, a content smile on her face as tears somehow still streamed down her cheeks.

'Did I misunderstand?...' He felt his whole world crumbling. He didn't know what to think. His cold heart felt like it was shattering, crumbling apart as each moment passed..

His cultivation began to plummet. His peak intent rescinded itself, falling to the 8th level, and then the 5th and then the 1st, until it once again became a will before dissipating completely.

The pain was excruciating. There was no doubt that Patia-Neva was undergoing a cultivation deviation. His path had gone awry... He didn't know what to trust anymore...

He roared in agitation, blasting celestial energy through the roof of this palace transformed prison.

How could King Clyde not have sensed something at this point? The birth of a God Level constitution was already impossible to hide. And now Patia-Neva had gone into a rage!

The pain in Patia-Neva's head was too much to bear. He could barely hear himself think as he felt everything he had built up shattering. He knew he needed to leave. In a state like this, even a lower saint could kill him.

He had every mind to throw the child in his arms away. He could barely protect himself now, let alone a newborn! But, something in him snapped when he saw his past love's content smile... She had fought so hard and for so long...

"Sofia..." Patia-Neva croaked.

In that instant, King Clyte burst into the room, his eyes burning with fury when he witnessed everything.

"PATIA-NEVA! IF I DON'T KILL YOU, I'M NOT A MAN!" Whirlwinds raged as King Clyte boomed.

But, Patia-Neva simply disappeared.

How had he spent so long observing without being discovered? His second most proficient will was his space will. In his centuries of cultivation, he had managed to evolve it to an intent, which allowed him to hide himself in space – although this was also due to yet another treasure he had been brought to courtesy of Kawa and Edrym. While his ice will had completely crumbled, his other wills were intact.

King Clyte could only roar in agitation, blasting the walls and destroying the once elegant palace. He killed anyone who got close, washing this day clean from history.

He stomped forward, picking up Sofia's naked and unconscious body by its neck. "YOU WANT TO DIE?! WELL IT WON'T BE SO EASY! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU WITNESS THEIR DEATHS FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!"

Patia-Neva only continued to flee, holding a still bloodied baby in his hand as he tore his way toward the Elvin Kingdom, the only place he could be safe...

No one would feel bad for Ramiro Patia-Neva. To many, he would be more malevolent than even the worst of enemies Dyon had met till now. A man who was willing to watch his family suffer horrid lives and deaths just for the sake of power... Only to watch it all come crumbling down around him...

In the coming years, he was withdrawn and contained... To make himself feel better, he had even fed Delia lies, even to the point of giving her fake memories of the past...

To Delia, her father was a weak man that had met the cruelty of the Clyte God clan... But, in reality, he was a man who had brought all of this upon himself. A man solely responsible for all of the suffering of his daughter and past love.

It had been more than a decade since then. There was no doubt that Ramiro hadn't reached the same heights of cultivation he had in the past. In fact, it was only recently through the success of his little girl that he was able to see that there was a path in the absolute... He had just chosen wrongly.

He was prepared to forever lose the favor of his daughter. Prepared to never have the right to be called her father again. In fact, he almost wanted that level of punishment. The guilt tore him apart more everyday... He didn't know if he could handle a smile as warm as the one Sofia had given him... He didn't deserve it.

In his spatial pocket, Patia-Neva watched King Clyte coldly. Without his cultivation going berserk, Partia-Neva knew he could kill this man as easily as waving his hands. But, he also knew he couldn't show himself.

That said, how many centuries had Patia-Neva spent sacrificing for duty? For a strength to fight along side his allies? How many had he given up all in vein?

If this King Clyte dared to make a move against his daughter so publicly, he wouldn't hold back. He was almost begging for an excuse to show himself although he knew how detrimental it would be.

"I dare you." Patia-Neva seethed.

King Clyte stood in the air leisurely, with his hands clasped to his back.

“So, King Belmont. Are you going to give us Planets face? Or not.” He sneered.

Chapter 502 Let's ...

. Dyon stood, rolling his neck as a blaze of purple gold flames danced around him. He pushed his aurora to the max as he speedily healed his external wounds and some of his more severe internal wills.

In an instant, arrays appeared below both Ri and Madeleine, shuttling them to his tower.

Then he looked off to the distance at Delia who was currently sitting within the Demon Sage area Dyon had refined.

Ri and Madeleine were startled as the tower moved under Dyon's control, landing before the area and covering it in a protective sheet of energy.

Dyon knew the story behind Delia's story. Or, he knew the fake story Patia-Neva had fed her. But, that was enough. With the slight of hand he had just used, he had already sent a 75% clone under a concealment array toward the Planet Naiad area. With King Clyde moved out here, saving Delia's mother was a simple task. He just needed to stall for time, something he was happy to do.

“It seems a lot of you so-called Kings are intent on offending me today.” Dyon said faintly..

Dyon's wings burst from his back, propelling him into the air and beside King Belmont.

“One of you insists of lying. And the other likes to steal wives.” Dyon covered his mouth, pretending his words had been an accident. “Ah, oops. My bad.”

King Clyde's fury rose. “What did you just say?”

King Aumen, though, remained calm. “As you can see, King Belmont, he doesn't seem intent on reflecting on his actions. Younger generation members like this should be weeded out to begin with. This tournament is meant to decide the future leaders of our universe. How can someone like him lead?”

“King Belmont, you don’t need to worry about much, to be honest. Since I said I would be destroying Planet Deimos. I will be. But first, shouldn’t I make it clear to everyone why they deserve such a punishment?”

King Belmont turned a gaze over to Dyon. He kept aggravating the situation, and he was unremorseful. How were they going to get anywhere? These celestial experts had been geniuses in their own right, or else they would have never become celestial experts in such a trash universe! So their pride didn’t lose out to Dyon’s at all.

“How could you possibly make such a thing clear? We’ve already heard your lies. But now, you’ve killed not two, but three of my subordinates. You will pay for it with your wives and your life.” King Aumen replied coldly.

Ur Aumen, Tau’s younger brother, sneered. “Making an Aumen repeat themselves should be ground for death already.”

Dyon turned a gaze to the boy who much have been somewhere between ten and twelve years old. To win the foundation stage competition at that age was quite impressive. But, not impressive enough.

“I’m not a fan of bullying children,” Dyon said, “but, I do have a seven-year-old little brother who would have placed first in the meridian formation rankings. Let alone your foundation stage rankings. You Aumen’s are a bit too prideful, tsk tsk.” Dyon mused.

“Nonsense!” Ur raged. But, Dyon had already stopped paying attention to him. If he got angry arguing with a kid like these Kings did, wouldn’t that make him one of them?

“You know I asked you if you were sure you didn’t witness any cheating. And you answered yes. Problem is, that was pretty stupid of you, because now you’re on record.” Dyon smiled lightly.

“All anyone has been saying since the start of this world tournament is that I’m some wold famous array alchemy expert who abused his skills to shoot himself to the first-place spot. And yet, when it come to everything else, you conveniently forget about these skills of mine? Tell me, did you just come out seeking to get your face slapped?” Dyon laughed lightly as his eyes glowed with gold.

The crowd watched attentively. Just what was he going to do?

King Aumen began to feel uneasy. This was something he shouldn't have forgotten, and yet he had.

He snorted. 'What can array alchemy do to help you.'

Suddenly he froze at Dyon's next words.

"Do you know how monitors work, shit King Aumen? Ah, don't answer that, I'll explain. In the mortal realm, it's a series of pictures interwoven using three colors: red, blue and green. Using a combination of these colors, it's possible to recreate nearly everything to perfection.

"In the martial world though, they use arrays. They're able to record even the laws of the universe used, and project images that look so realistic, it's almost as though you're there.

"Luckily for you, it's quite easy for me to rewind these arrays." Dyon grinned, "Isn't that exciting?!"

Suddenly, every monitor in the stadium began replaying the one second long event in the slowest of motions to catch everything.

Anyone with eyes could see Ode and Eboni both discretely pull out a treasure and activate them before pillars of light filled them saint energy.

King Aumen could only watch helplessly as this all unfolded. Even King Clyde could only frown. The momentum he had come in with was completely squandered. Instead of helping a potential ally, he had stepped into a mess.

The crowd almost didn't dare to boo. This was a Royal God Clan head, after all. And yet, he had been completely thwarted by Dyon.

"A Celestial expert couldn't see through this? I find that quite interesting.

“Trust me. I killed Femi because it was convenient for me to do so, not because I was scared for my life. I could have chosen to show this whenever I want.”

Dyon turned and started to leave, his mission complete. “I’m sure this should be evidence enough, no? It’s unfortunate that the Clyte and Aumen have Kings that can’t even sense the movement of saint energy. That’s a shame. Hey, maybe your younger generation will be better. Fingers crossed.”

Tau Aumen’s eyes sharpened as he looked at Dyon’s back. He had just disrespected Planet Deimos to the extreme. And in the end, there was a little they could do. Before, they at least had the semblance of hierarchy. But, now....

In the Pakal Clan skybox, Patriarch Pakal looked toward his son. “Alright. This has concluded along with today’s events. Let’s go see this Dyon.”

Chapter 503 Bosom

“Where do you think you’re going! How is this proof at all!” The little boy, Ur Aumen seemed furious with Dyon’s disregard of his family. “For all we know, you manipulated the images to show what you wanted!”

Dyon looked back as though he was looking at a complete idiot. “You’re a kid, so I won’t be too difficult on you. That said, when I was your age, I would never think to say something so stupid.

“I very clearly explained that arrays record the laws of the universe. The only way I could have faked those images is if I was not only a saint capable of manipulating saint energy, I would also have to have the ability to use Horus family techniques and Geb family techniques. That’s on top of being a capable enough refiner to recreate the tools they used, all while also being able to use the techniques of my wives as well.

,com “It is possible for me to create a fake image that simply copied the look of those techniques, but then it wouldn’t feel real. Which is why your father is so ashen faced right now.

“I admit that I’m pretty impressive. But, I’m not that impressive.” Dyon snorted, waving good bye. “Oh, and King Clyte. You’d better give up all thoughts of taking away Delia. She’s my wife’s little sister, and so she’s mine as well. She’s not under Earth’s protection, she’s under mine. If you’d like to play a few rounds with my Demon Generals with your pitiful cultivation, you’re free to try your luck.”

Although Dyon didn't say any more words after this, his anger was far from sated. When he had signed off Planet Deimos to death, he meant it..

However, at the same time, he knew he needed more control. He had handicapped himself in order to improve his body cultivation prowess in his fight with Femi, but he also understood that that wasn't something he could sustain for a long period of time.

The Demon Emperor's Will technique was an odd one of give and take. In the beginning, as long as Dyon increased his body's strength by absorbing more of the Demon Sage's blood, he could use higher levels of the technique with increased ease. However, there was a limit to this. Why? Because the technique itself is an amplifier to your body's power. If Dyon was making his body stronger, to then use higher levels of the technique, the problem became clear. If his body was stronger, wouldn't it be even more strenuous to amplify it?

This was why higher levels of this technique didn't require a stronger body, but rather better understanding and higher efficiency. Dyon could breach the second act, true, but at what cost? In the brief moment he had used it, his bones had nearly collapsed in on themselves and his muscles had almost ripped from their tendons.

Clearly Dyon had the power, but what he needed now was experience. He had to reach a deeper understanding of what it meant to be a demon emperor.

In the end though, Dyon wasn't worried about the final stage of the tournament. The so-called geniuses of this universe were far too weak. If he hadn't refused to use his energy and soul cultivation against Femi, he would have won with absolute ease. He simply had too much of an advantage, especially when it came to his techniques. While his opponents might be lucky to have learned a lower heaven level technique, Dyon had whole libraries of divine level techniques to choose from. There was simply no competition here, and he had made that clear.

Dyon was, of course, mostly correct. In fact, he couldn't be blamed for his assessment given the information he had.

The only problem was that not all of his remaining opponents were of this universe.

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Little Lyla's playful giggle filled the dining room hall as she played in Madeleine's lap. She had long since heard of this other big sister of hers, but this was her first time meeting her. That said, they seemed to form an instantaneous bond. After all, with Lyla's abilities, it took little effort for her to see through people and in terms of Madeleine, who wouldn't immediately fall for such an adorable little girl?

"Little Black," Madeleine reached over and pinched a small boy's cheeks, "Or should I call you Zaire now. Look at you, you're half grown up!"

Zaire grinned brightly. He was currently sitting on Clara's lap, but it was clear that Clara was decidedly worse at dealing with children. She felt uncomfortable and awkward. The truth was that she was very much used to children crying when they saw her cold eyes, but Lyla and Zaire didn't seem to mind at all.

It warmed her heart to see this, but in the same vein, she wasn't all that great at expressing that she felt that way either.

That aside, the rest of the room was filled with familiar faces. They had chosen to come back to the mansion that Dyon had rented instead of stay behind to see how the Cavositas decided to clean up the mess that was the last round.

In reality, everyone who had meant to take part in that final round had died with the except of Ri, Madeleine, and the remaining top 20 members who had flashed away in time. Unfortunately for them, that left one spot unaccounted for. In fact, if you counted Femi's death, there were two spots.

So, it was likely that they'd decide to round up those who had lost in previous rounds, and had forgone participating in the death round, to battle for these two remaining spots. That said, many hardly cared, they were only eager for the final day.

Suddenly, the door of the dining hall opened. But, when everyone turned their gaze over, there was not a soul there.

A flash of purple-gold enveloped the entire mansion, causing even more confusion to pervade the atmosphere.

However, everyone sighed a breath of relief when a familiar boy walked out with a light smile on his face. That said, the fact there were now two of them in this room still left a confusion on the faces of many, and considering he had a beautiful middle-aged woman to his side who was looking around with just as much confusion, their reaction was very much warranted.

Before anyone could say anything, the sound of shattering glass filled the quiet atmosphere.

“Delia?” Eli looked over worried.

However, Delia was in a daze as her eyes glistened with tears.

With speed that shocked many of them, Delia instantly appeared before the woman who was now looking back at her with the same gaze.

“Delia?” The woman spoke in such a soft voice that even them as cultivators hardly heard. It was as though she was scared if she said it too loudly, that her guess would be wrong.

Her small and trembling hand touched Delia’s soft cheeks, trying to make sure that this moment was real.

Just an instant before, she had been in a world of cold ice, sitting on a throne that was little else but a prison. And now she was in front of her daughter? Nothing seemed real anymore.

However, she never got a response to her question... Not verbally anyway...

Delia couldn’t speak. All she could do was wrap her arms around her mother, crying into her bosom.

Chapter 504 Rang

“Little Delia, mom can’t stay. I – I can’t stay here.” Despite her words, Sofia couldn’t seem to let go of her daughter.

The situation confused Dyon. He had long since figured out that there was a massive part to this story he hadn’t figured out.

When Eli had brought Delia to him, thinking that she was dying, he had examined her to be perfectly fine. But, the problem with that was that there was an unfathomable energy that had held her together, thus allowing her constitution to act. The question was, who could have placed that unfathomable energy within Delia?

Dyon didn't know how exactly to sense celestial level energy. This of course made sense, considering his boundary was far too low for such a thing. But, what he could tell was that the energy within Delia had been of a much higher grade than saint energy.

Originally, Dyon had thought that this was because of Delia's mother. After all, he had already met Patia-Neva, and he hadn't given off the air of a celestial level expert. In fact, he was nothing more than a meridian formation expert, just like the other heads at the time... Or so Dyon had thought.

However, Delia's mother was very clearly still a saint! By all rights, the energy that had saved Delia couldn't have come from her. So the question remained...

If it wasn't Sofia, the only person it could have been was Patia-Neva. Or, that was the person who made the most sense. But if it was Patia-Neva, that meant he was strong enough to hide his presence from even Dyon... So why hadn't he saved Sofia himself?

If he was so formidable, why had he even allowed his family to be separated?

Dyon was a person who could hide himself from even King Belmont and Connery Sapientia of all people. He had such a powerful soul that even the celestial experts of this universe were beneath him. And yet Patia-Neva had to have been right under his nose with him being none the wiser.

"Patia-Neva." Dyon's voice filled the room. But, he purposefully manipulated it so that Delia and her mother couldn't hear him. If he was wrong, all he'd be doing is ruining their moment together. "If you're there, now's as good a time as any. I don't need an explanation. But, your family does. I know you have a good reason for not saving your wife earlier, so I promise that I'll protect both her and Delia while you can't."

With a wave of his hand, Dyon sent a teleportation array to an empty room upstairs before sending Delia and Sofia away. At this point, teleporting small distances like this for him, as long as he could make

use of a relay station – a technique he created himself for his first campaign – was child’s play. Larger distances would require more intricate arrays and more time, but his proficiency now was more than enough to help a mother and child have some privacy. It was also more than enough to save Madeleine and Ri.

Within his spatial pocket, Patia-Neva had been shocked to hear Dyon directly address him. But, after thinking things through, and seeing how Dyon wasn’t sure if he was there, he began to understand.

“Thank you.” He said, quietly transmitting his voice to Dyon before tearing his way toward the room Delia and his love were in.

Dyon smiled, and with that final act, his clone disappeared.

Suddenly, Dyon turned his gaze toward the door. “You guys can come in, you know. Why wouldn’t I welcome my mother and father in law?”

A moment later, an awkward looking King Acacia and his beaming queen walked in. Dyon, of course, let them in through his barrier and into the dining room hall.

Ri immediately got up and hugged her mother. They had been separated too abruptly before, and Ri, although she supported Dyon then as his wife, still dearly missed her mom.

“Aw, Little Alex, don’t be like this.” Kawa smiled warmly, rubbing her daughter’s head, “You’re a grown woman now! I expect little grand children to be running around soon. Since I couldn’t raise you, I have to redeem myself!”

A light laughter filled the room as Ri blushed profusely, hiding her face in her mother’s chest.

Dyon got up, offering a seat to his in-laws. He seemed to be treating King Acacia as though he had never said a bad word about him, but that only made the complicated feelings in Edrym’s heart permeate even more.

They had only come here because they noticed odd movements from the Pakal clan. Although Dyon seemed confident in apparently handling the world himself, Kawa had insisted on them being protectors.

“Dyon I –” King Acacia started.

Dyon immediately shook his head. “I can’t have my father in law apologizing to me. Pretend as though it never happened.” Dyon smiled, as long as King Acacia had the intention to apologize, that was enough for him. “This, by the way,” he continued, turning to Little Lyla, “is your successor.”

King Acacia was stunned by Dyon’s reaction. The more he interacted with this boy, the less he seemed to understand him.

“What an adorable little girl,” Kawa smiled lovingly.

“Big brother,” Lyla looked over to Dyon with a sad look on her features, “He needs help.”

Dyon turned a meaningful gaze to his little sister before rubbing her head. “Alright. We’ll see what we can do.” Dyon had already had every intention to help his father in law. Dyon couldn’t sense celestial energy, in the strict sense, but gauging the cultivation of celestial experts was within his ability. After all, he had been able to do so even with Elder Daiyu.

From what he could see, his father in law was much weaker than he should be. Even weaker than Head Sigebryht, something that shouldn’t be the case. Clearly something was wrong.

However, before Dyon could make a move, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Chapter 505 Legend

Moments later, even Dyon was sitting in unbridled confusion. His home had brought together a mix of people few ever assumed would be able to share a dining room table.

A mortal. Elves. Beasts. And now red skinned Pakals. It was truly an odd mix.

Because of the animosity between the Ragnor and Pakal, in the strict sense, Kawa and her husband didn't need to hide themselves considering they were only wary of the Ragnor knowing of their power. But, to be safe, they had hidden themselves, leaving just Dyon and his wives and friends.

The two of them believed that if need be, they'd step in, in time to save them from harm.

But, the problem now was that even Dyon was becoming overwhelmed by all of these crisscrossing and interlocking stories. Is this what they meant by fate? What were the odds that the legacy world he conquered, his very first, mind you, would be the legacy world of the creator of the technique that sparked everything to begin with?

If it wasn't for the blood sacrifice technique, the Storm family would have never come to be and in all likelihood, the Pakal v Ragnor rivalry would have stayed out of this universe.

OVEL.COM Even further, what were the odds that he would have entered that very same legacy world with Caedlum, someone who was clearly much more suited to the legacy than he was? If it wasn't for Dyon's soul talent being so overwhelming, thus letting him grasp true demonic will instead of the artificial will of the legacy world, he would have never succeeded in becoming the Demon Sage's successor to begin with!

Now everything was coming full circle.

"Truth be told," Dyon started, "I had a very special opportunity for Caedlum to be a part of. I just never thought you'd have taken the initiative to come to me..." Dyon turned to Arios, "the demon sage was really a Pakal?"

Caedlum raised an eyebrow. 'Special opportunity?...'

"You could say so," Arios responded. But, it was clear from his answer that things were a lot more complicated than they seemed.

Patriarch Pakal sighed. "To the world, Sargerass was an unprecedented talent destined to transcend. Had he not sacrificed his future for the greater good, causing him to ultimately lose his mind like he had, there was no doubt that he would have transcended."

Dyon nodded, listening intently.

“However, to the Pakal clan, Sargerass is a tale in what could have been. He’s the ultimate regret etched in the annals of our history.”

“So you mean...”

Patriarch Pakal shook his head with regret. “Our ancestors were too short sighted. Sargerass had always been talented, even throughout his youth he was unmatched in the Pakal clan. However, there came a day where a young man that was likely the second most talented in our clan arose to find that he had a faith seed within him.

“At that time, long before my birth, the Pakal clan was very small. Nothing compared to the Emperor God Clan it is now. So, in our history, there had only ever been a single transcendent, so you can imagine how much importance was placed on this single sign.

“Because of this faith seed manifestation, Sargerass was removed as our first in line genius and replaced by his faith seeded rival.”

Dyon frowned. There was nothing he hated more than things being chosen based on luck of the draw.

So many young masters and mistresses walked around with their heads held high for nothing more than being lucky enough to be born into the right families. Did they even deserve such a thing? Did they work to prove that they did? In many cases, the answer was no. And clearly, this was another one of those.

“As you likely know, the demon sage was arrogant to his very core.”

Dyon nodded, remembering back to the first tales Arios had told him about the Demon Sage. A main reason why he had had so many enemies to begin with was because of his arrogance!

Arios had then warned Dyon to not follow down the same footsteps, but Dyon had responded by saying he just couldn't lower his head. Everyone only saw how arrogant he was and refused to see how much hard work he put in to be worthy of being so arrogant.

"In his youth, it was no different. After being slapped in such a way, he immediately cut all ties with the Pakal clan. Swearing to one day prove them wrong." Patriarch Pakal smiled bitterly, "And that he did... So wrong.

"In a mere few hundred years, Sargeras had built his own empire to a level far surpassing a regular Emperor God Clan, to the point where he ruled more than half this quadrant alone! And our pitiful Pakal Clan, still clinging to our so-called faith seeded genius, were barely counted as a God Clan...

"You may not know this, but the requirements for being a God Clan in various universes and quadrants varies greatly. Reason being, God, Royal, King and even Emperor God Clans are decided based on territory owned and ruled, not cultivation level.

"God Clans rule a percentage of a planet. Royal God Clans rule an entire planet. King God Clans rule at least one entire universe. And Emperor God Clans rule at least 25% of a given quadrant. So, while our faith seeded genius had managed to bitterly cultivate to high levels of celestial cultivation and could even match some weaker lower dao formation experts according to our clan records, we were still pitifully weak.

"As you can tell... Regret might not be a strong enough word for this. Sargeras could have raised the clan up to the level of an Emperor God Clan!"

Dyon could only shake his head, "There's no medicine for regret. But, from information I have now, your Pakal clan has become an Emperor God Clan. So things worked out in the end, no?"

Patriarch Pakal clenched his fists.

"The strength of our Pakal Clan now can only be attributed to the kindness of Sargeras. And yet," Patriarch Pakal's jaw grinded his teeth together, "They betrayed him again. This time in the worst of ways! What they've done is nothing short of destroying the legacy of a legend!"

Chapter 506 Cared

“Destroying his legacy?...” Dyon frowned. The demon sage had already been through so much in his life, and the fact of the matter was that he was selfless in spite of his arrogance.

.cOm Unlike other experts who tried their luck with the Timeless Library, the demon sage was almost guaranteed to transcend without it. Which means he had no need to risk losing his kingdom and everything he built. He had done so purely for the greater good.

When you think about exactly what the Timeless Library meant, it was quite analogous with faith seeds.

Faith seeds represented the path of another’s cultivation. Yes, it made the initial stages much easier, but, it came at a cost.

A person with a faith seed could tap into the experience and talent of another past expert to speed up their cultivation to unprecedented levels. But, in order to cultivate, you had to come to an understanding of your own path of cultivation, thus creating your own faith seed.

If until that faithful moment, you spent much of your life relying on the talent of another to advance, one can imagine how difficult it would be to break away from that path and forge your own.

At the same time, having the path laid out for you made it easier, but it also didn’t mean it was a foregone conclusion that you would become a great expert. Take the first-in-line genius that replaced the Demon Sage as an example. He barely cultivated to a high celestial stage, something that was pitifully weak in the grand scheme of things, despite having a faith seed at his disposal.

In the same vein, the legacies of the Timeless Library worked much in the same way. They would serve as a temporary boost in power, yes. But, it would only hinder your transcendence by clouding your own path with the paths of others.

This wasn’t to say that faith seeded martial artists couldn’t transcend, because they could. It was all about making use of your faith seed intelligently. This was because while faith seeds provided you a path of cultivation, it also provided a boost in talent and a library of possible techniques, akin to what a beast species would have access to.

So, if one focused their use of their faith seed in those latter options, as opposed to allowing it to guide your thinking and influence your path, you might even end up with a higher chance that a normal martial artist at transcending. The problem was that this was easier said than done... How many could resist the temptation of quick and immediate results? The answer was too few.

Patriarch Pakal seemed to be trying to gather himself. Caedlum and his elder brother could only sit there, astonished for what was the second time that day. They truly had never seen their father act in this way.

What they didn't know was that Patriarch Pakal's whirlwind of emotions wasn't just due to his reverence of the Demon Sage... It was also a reflection of the pain and frustration the now Pakal Emperor God Clan had put his branch family through under the guise of their ignorance.

"Do you know the complete story of the Time Library, Dyon?" Patriarch Pakal started, after calming himself.

Dyon nodded. The fact was he likely knew more about the real secret behind the Time Library than most anyone in this plane of existence considering the talks he had with his grand teacher.

"Then you know that the demon sage completely lost his mind after those events... And rightfully so.

Much of the specifics have been lost, but from what I understood during my studies all those years ago, is that despite the demon sage being the most powerful expert within this quadrant, he couldn't very well battle armies of trillions on his own.

Knowing this, his enemies completely decimated his empire in the hundreds of years he spent absent... But did you ever think about how ridiculous that was?"

Dyon pondered. It did in fact make little sense... If the demon sage had built his kingdom well, his absence shouldn't have been enough for it to crumble. After all, he controlled 50% of the quadrant at one time. With his faith haven't spread so far, those loyal to him were numerous. On top of that, a few hundred years, which was what his absence amounted to, was a mere blink of an eye for experts at the highest level... and there was no doubt to be had that the demon sage at one point had myriads of celestial and dao formation level experts under him. Dyon wouldn't have even found it surprising if there had been a handful of half-step transcendent either.

Yes, the demon sage was the strongest existence in the quadrant. But, his empire should have reflected his strength. So, how did it crumble so quickly?

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Dyon's mind. 'That has to be it...'

However, to his surprise, Patriarch Pakal responded with. "The truth is, I don't know. The records aren't clear on this at all. There's definitely something important that's been lost to us in the stream of time. All I do know is that some way... Some how... tens of experts on the level of the demon sage descended into our quadrant, and laid waste to everything he had built in a matter of decades... His empire never stood a chance."

A cold light flashed in Dyon's eyes. How could he have not already figured out what was going on?

Tens of experts on the level of the Demon Sage? Them choosing to act only when they knew he would be gone? Or maybe, they even coordinated with those of the Chaos path that lay the trap that was the Timeless Library...

Where would you find those experts? Where else but within their opposed quadrants!

Dyon's grand teacher had already told Dyon about the competition between Epistemic Towers. Every quadrant of a hundred universes shared a single Epistemic Tower. But, there were ten thousand universes left after the collapse of the other quadrants...

What did that mean? It meant that there were 99 other Epistemic Towers that had been grooming their very own Demon Sages...

What would you do if you became aware that your competitor was but a hair's breath away from transcending?

It was no secret that the demon sage was the best of the best. He was only a single conquered universe away from breaching the final level of his Epistemic Tower and completing the final trial to achieve transcendence.

The demon sage had known his enemies were watching. But, he wanted to do something for humanity before he transcended above it all... and his enemies had crushed everything he cared about in response.

Chapter 507 Putting Aside

Dyon's blood rolled, agitating and boiling in his anger.

A man tried to do something for the greater good of everyone, and he was rewarded by being stabbed in the back by pathetic cultivators who couldn't hope to beat him on their own. Were these the type of people who transcended? Were these people really worthy of opening a path of cultivation of their own? Was the universe really so unfair?

Dyon made a silent vow to himself. 'If I ever meet those who did this to you... I'll kill them in your stead!'

That said, it made sense that Patriarch Pakal didn't know where such powerful experts had come from. This quadrant had completely forgotten about their Epistemic Tower. Dyon had little doubt that the other quadrants were laughing away while watching the self-destruct.

Dyon couldn't help but remember the motto of Focus Academy... 'Everything by absolute sympathy or absolute strength.'

There was no sympathy here. Dyon needed strength.

"The rest of the story is as you know it," The Patriarch continued, "The demon sage lost himself in endless savagery, letting his demonic will completely taint him.

"He was angry and resentful of everything, and he wanted to destroy everything in his path... But as you know, that was impossible.

"His empire was gone and he wasn't in the state of mind to rebuild it. He kept trying to lay waste to kingdoms under his own strength, but was forced to flee again and again.

“Maybe if he specialized in another form of cultivation, it would have been possible. But, as you know, we Pakals specialize in body cultivation. I dare say that we’re unmatched, at least in this quadrant... And much of that has to do with the legacies the demon sage left behind.

“Unfortunately, while this made the demon sage nearly unbeatable in one on one battles and small scale group battles, when it came to attacking hundreds of thousands, to millions, then billions to even trillions, he lacked the versatility to do so...

“If he was allowed to just stroll into a kingdom and begin brawling, and his opponents were forced to face him with nothing but their own strength, he may very well have won... But, his enemies weren’t so noble.

“They used killing arrays and formations, they combined their cultivations in fostering powerful attacks, and even teamed up with neighboring armies to thwart the demon sage at every turn...

“With each passing day, it was becoming more and more clear to the demon sage that this was impossible. In fact, this went on for decades. He would fight without rest for months to even years at a time. He knew nothing or rest or reprieve...”

“What changed?” Dyon asked. He was fully aware that the demon sage eventually pulled out of his severe path deviation. But, Arios had never told him the specifics of how.

“Well, if the records are to mean anything, it likely has to do with his daughter. I’m not sure what happened to her, and as his successor, you may have a better guess than I do, but from my conjectures, it’s him finding his daughter frozen in time that snapped him out of it.

“A man who thought he had lost everything finally found something to cling to in his moments of desperation... Because of that, he was able to pull himself up and repair his heart.”

Although Dyon hadn’t heard the story behind Patia-Neva’s actions, he already knew the importance of cultivating the heart. Well, it was more accurate to say that he had a superficial understanding of it while not truly understanding what it meant...

Dyon couldn't be blamed for this. After all, he had spent less than three years in the martial world. How could he be expected to understand such a complex concept already?

That said, Dyon's soul talent was so overwhelming, that even with such a shallow understanding of what it meant to cultivate the heart, he was able to make use of it to improve his wills already.

For example, when Dyon sunk into his feelings of anger and savagery in his battle with Femi, that was him using a crude form of cultivating the heart to gain a deeper understanding of a will he wanted to break through in.

Patia-Neva, however, had taken this to an all new level. He had been willing to spend centuries tempering his heart to gain the results he wanted. Although this backfired on him in the end, it couldn't be said that his path was wrong... It was only that he himself never truly believed in the path, which was what led to his cultivation deviating.

The truth was that there were some in history who used Patia-Neva's exact methods to reach even to levels of transcendence. The problem was the Patia-Neva had never truly cast away all of his feelings... Which meant that the path of cultivation he took, was never suited to him in the first place.

That said, the point was that the heart and how well you cultivated it were very important to your progression in cultivation... It dictated your will power, as well as your own personal path to transcending. If you let it run wild like the demon sage had, or to a lesser extent, Patia-Neva, the consequences were clear.

Patriarch Pakal nodded to himself as he watched Dyon seemingly begin to comprehend something, 'This child is truly intelligent...'

Shaking his head, he continued, "Due to his experience, the demon sage grasped just how important cultivating his heart was. He opened himself up to a completely new path of cultivation, focusing solely on his will power and temperament.

"Because his cultivation had plummeted due to his drastic change in heart, the demon sage didn't dare to awaken his daughter. It wasn't that he didn't have the power to as any saint could do so, it was that he didn't want her growing up in an era where his enemies would still be able to attach her name to his.

“The Demon Sage had essentially chosen to erase large portions of his cultivation in order cultivate along the right path...

“Ironically, he had lived up to his name. Half his life he spent as a true demon, lording over everyone. And in the second half of his life, he became the embodiment of wisdom and patience. He even began to take in many ostracized children with high levels of talent to groom for the future,” Patriarch Pakal turned a subtle glance toward Arios. He didn’t really understand how a demon general could be here so long after the demon sage’s death... But, there were many oddities of the cultivation world. So, he didn’t ask.

“In the end, the ultimate test for him was putting aside his arrogance and forgiving the clan that had tossed him away all the centuries ago... Thus, the demon sage began to raise up the Pakal Clan...”

Chapter 508 Just Fine.

Dyon couldn’t help but bitterly laugh. So the demon sage got burned again for trying to do what was right?

“Maybe the worst part was that the demon sage had hoped that if he helped the Pakal Clan enough, then he’d eventually be able to bring back his daughter and die in peace, knowing that she would now be a part of a clan that could protect her... But as you can probably tell, things didn’t end up working out this way...” Patriarch Pakal once again began having issues controlling his temper. But, he slowly reined it in.

“The demon sage began to impart his old clan much of his knowledge. He spent much of the last of his days transcribing legacy techniques and traveling across the quadrant to gather the necessary resources that he had hidden before he entered the Timeless Library.

“With his help, successive generations of Pakals became stronger and stronger, passing on better and better bloodlines as their parents continuously reached greater heights in their cultivation.

“However, despite the change in the demon sage, there was a deep seeded discontent. The Pakals seemed to think that this was what was owed to them... The Demon Sage was a part of their lineage, so of course he should be helping them, they thought.

“What didn’t make the situation any better was that the demon sage was in fact holding out on the Pakals. He would only slowly increase the quality of techniques and Daos he imparted as the clan became stronger, not divulging everything at once.

“To them, this was because the demon sage needed their protection. If he gave everything at once, then they’d have no need for him. So, by their logic, he only released some of the things he had so they’d always have reason to ask for more.”

Dyon sneered. What kind of ridiculous logic was that? Even in his weakened state, the Demon Sage was capable of facing up against peak dao formation experts. He was a person who had access to countless methods, and clearly endless wealth considering what he had given the Pakals. Why would he need the protection of a clan so weak he had to raise them up in such a way? It was clear that they were all blinded by greed.

If the demon sage wanted to hide away where no one could find him, he could easily do it.

Patriarch Pakal sighed, “The demon sage was intelligent though... He saw the changing of the tides and thus changed his tactics as well. He opened up a Pakal sect to act as a branch clan wherein they’d educate the youths with his resources. However, the caveat was that they now had to pass tests of the heart to share among his spoils...

“Unfortunately, instead of this method leading to a change in attitude for many, it only fractured our family.

“Members of the Pakal sect very quickly became more powerful than the rest and took over the most important positions in their main branch.

“The Pakal clan was thriving even more than before... But, jealousy is the harbinger of destruction...

“While our Pakal clan was rising, there was another clan that was rising as well under the leadership of a man who called himself Oden Ragnor. However, it was becoming very clear to him that he couldn’t match the speed of the rise of our Pakal Clan... so, he took advantage of the discord that had already been festering.”

Dyon's eyes flashed with a sudden realization, 'So this is how the animosity between the Pakal and Ragnor started?...'

Patriarch Pakal laughed bitterly, "The Ragnor offered to help the lagging branch of the Pakal deal with the demon sage's faction if they gave away some of the benefits they gained from the demon sage and those ungrateful bastards actually accepted!

"The Demon Sage was too weak to help us. He had stripped down all of the daos and intents he had built to cultivate along a new path despite knowing he didn't have the time left in his life to do so properly... He had simply done so to ease his soul... To assure himself that he had at least done something right in his life, even if he couldn't see it through to the end...

"After the first war ended, the traitors won. But, Oden was much too intelligent to allow the Pakal an equal chance at rivaling them in the future. So, he backstabbed those traitors and took away a vast majority of the body cultivation notes and legacies the demon sage had accumulated... Eventually using it to create the Ragnor Clans famous Lightning Deity Body Technique... A peak divine technique that has helped them lord over our quadrant only to be matched by us Pakal."

Dyon frowned, "If he backstabbed the traitors, then why can you still rival them?"

Patriarch Pakal sighed, "That is of course because this Oden could never have outsmarted the Demon Sage. How long had Sargeris campaigned for? How many schemes had he seen? He could see through the Ragnor clan from a mile away. On top of that, he had still yet to give us Pakal the best of his resources and legacies.

"However, at this point, the demon sage was truly at the end of his life... He could no longer afford to wait generations to release better techniques slowly. But, at the same time, he knew that because the opposed branch had stolen much of the resources and techniques, even when the Ragnor's scheme were taken into account, his Pakal Sect was still at a disadvantage... But, if he left things as is, it was only a matter of time before the Ragnor came back to destroy us.

"So, the demon sage took a gamble. He handed his favored branch the rest of his techniques, knowing fully well we would likely have them taken by the opposing branch. He then took away all of the talented orphans he had been grooming over the years and opened up his own legacy world, leaving us with a final strand of hope.

“He told us very clearly what would likely happen, and that we should be prepared for the inevitable. But, he also said that after he had chosen a successor, he would lead his army of demon generals to take back the Pakal Clan for his Pakal Sect.”

Patriarch Pakal’s hopeful gaze bore into Dyon. He, a celestial level expert, was putting the final strands of his hope in a boy with cultivation that hadn’t even stepped into the essence gathering level yet. If his ancestors knew, they’d probably roll in their graves.

Dyon sighed.

In the end, the demon sage had truly changed. His old self would have just let the Pakal clan die out. After betraying him, not once, but twice, and even knowing they would do so a third time, he still left them his legacies. And in response, they had likely erased his memory from history completely...

And then, those same people had the audacity to turn around and breed hate with the Ragnor clan as though they Ragnor hadn’t only committed the same atrocities they had.

It was suffice to say that Dyon was pissed. He had to conquer at least half of this quadrant to reach the top floor of the Epistemic Tower anyway... And taking the territories of the Pakal and Ragnor Clans would do just fine.

Chapter 509 Journey

After a few more moments, the Pakals decided to excuse themselves. Patriarch Pakal had said all he needed to say and had established the fact that he would do his best to help Dyon when possible. But, he also made it clear that he would only do so at a critical juncture.

Few cared for Dyon’s Celestial Deer Sect legacies. Why? Because few believed the soul was useful, and even fewer believed in the practicality of array alchemy. Which was ironic considering how they swarmed for Dyon’s Queen Fairy pill.

That said, the truth of the matter was that in this universe, few placed an emphasis on such things.

However, the demon sage was much different. Although energy cultivation was without a doubt the most followed path, unlike soul cultivation, everyone recognized the practicality of body cultivation. The only problem was that the available body cultivation techniques were so few, and those that existed

were too poor to make any large difference. So, one could imagine what would happen if a successor suddenly appeared with access to the peak-most legacies in the discipline.

Ironically, Dyon only had one body cultivation technique at the moment. The reason was because he hadn't had the time to unlock higher levels of the Demon Sage's tower, let alone find his way to the Chaos universe to inherit the remaining portions.

That said, the body cultivation techniques Dyon needed were supplementary. Meaning, he had no use for a cultivation method. Why? Because he had the Demon Sage's blood essence... The work was already done for him.

To put things in perspective, an expert on the demon sage's level would never give the entirety of his blood essence to a single person. Often, clans would withhold portions of their ancestor's blood essences and hand out very small bits as rewards to outstanding younger generation members. This would provide small boosts to cultivation over time and lengthen the impact the ancestor had.

But, not only had Dyon gotten the entirety of the blood essences of his master and her husband. He had also gotten the entirety of the blood essence of a man who was known as the greatest human body cultivator in this quadrant.

This wasn't to say that as long as Dyon integrated 100% of the Demon Sage's blood essence, that he'd reach the demon sage's level, though. There were many things he still needed to learn. For example, the Demon Emperor's Will technique was merely a single one of the techniques the demon sage had access to. In addition, aside from techniques, there was a dao of body cultivation Dyon had yet to comprehend. This dao covered things like body control, power output and even extended to things like vibrational laws and bloodline suppression.

.cOm That said, you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who would have an easier path to success than Dyon.

"One last thing Dyon." Patriarch Pakal turned back for a last time, "You likely don't know how important being in the top ten is. From afar, it seems like you're only participating to prove yourself – or else you wouldn't provoke so many enemies."

Dyon shook his head, not responding. Whether he knew what the prize for being in the top ten was or not, he wouldn't allow anyone to just walk all over him. Those who deserved death, would still die.

"However, it is important you know that the benefits this time are truly worth it."

Dyon had a hard time believing that this universe could provide him with anything he didn't have, especially if you counted the Epistemic Tower as one of his resources. After this World Tournament, he wouldn't even bother coming back to this universe for a long while. As long as he had his wives and friends by his side, he didn't see the point.

'Patriarch Pakal's goal right now is likely for Caedlum and I to grow enough to conquer Earth's gate and move us into the Uidah universe. He doesn't know that I already have the means to manipulate the gate as I see fit...'

The Epistemic Tower key, as long as it was conquered before the field of spatial tears was deactivated and the defenses disappeared, gave you more power than just the ability to teleport to any connected gate within this universe. It also gave Dyon full control over the gate the Epistemic Tower was found in. Technically speaking, Dyon had already conquered the gate, this was why he was number one. The tracking system that the celestial deer sect had put in place already recognized this. But, clearly these people hadn't.

Dyon couldn't help but wonder if it should really be like this. To someone less intelligent, this seemed like a useless ability. After all, so what if you were able to teleport to another gate? The amount of people you could take with you was limited, on one trip that is, and just teleporting to a gate didn't mean you could conquer it. On top of that, even if you did conquer the gate, you'd then be stuck between two hostile universes who had no idea where you came from.

However, Dyon had already seen how useful this would be if he used it cleverly... His grand teacher seemed fond of games, and who was more fit to play this strategy game than Dyon?

Patriarch Pakal suddenly laughed, seemingly seeing through Dyon's thoughts.

"I know what you must be thinking, child. You're someone who took out billions of dao stones to casually bet on yourself. On top of that, you're the last disciple of the former strongest sect in the quadrant, and the successor of one of the most talented cultivators in history. However, whether you

know it now or not, there are many places in this universe that even your master or even our very own Demon Sage would risk life and limb to take part in.”

Dyon’s eyes flashed, ‘Even them?...’

“There’s a reason why this universe was once the strongest.” Patriarch Pakal looked off into the distance, “There was a point where even those with the weakest of talent could become peak meridian formation experts just by eating and sleeping – the energy really used to be that dense. There were countless places of will manifestation that would take the form of the essence of cultivation paths. Places that housed the purest forms of ice will and lightning will and demonic will...

“Yet, that all changed... Great wars broke out and the structure collapsed. But, what anyone will tie the most to this change isn’t those wars... no.

“What they’d attach the most to this change would be the expansion of our very own Earth by millions of times.”

Patriarch Pakal flashed into the distance with his sons, grinning.

“Wouldn’t you like to take a journey to the center of the Earth and see what caused it all?”

Chapter 510 Shall We?

Shock was Dyon’s most prevalent feeling as he watched Patriarch Pakal disappear from sight.

His mind began immediately working things together. It wasn’t as though he had any concrete evidence for his thoughts, but if he were to assign percentage points to his ideas, in his estimation, the likelihood that he was wrong was negligible.

In his trip back to his home realm, he had learned that General Mace was coordinating something behind the scenes, something he needed, for one, needed human world help to accomplish.

The second thing Dyon knew was that this was all revolving around this world tournament. At first, he had been confused. Why this tournament? These people had been alive for hundreds to thousands of years before Dyon’s birth, what were the odds that it was just this year they decided to act?

pAn,DA.cOm There was of course the possibility that Dyon's grasping of the soul kernel had pushed up their time table. After all, they may be scared that other mortal children might break through the seal as Dyon had. If they suddenly had an unparalleled body and energy cultivator to deal with, all of their plans would be in ruin.

But then, because of Patriarch Pakal's words, Dyon thought of another possibility.

The world tournament cycled its hosts and only occurred once every hundred years... This meant that the last time it had been Earth's turn to host was 500 years ago!

Why was this significant? Because Dyon now knew what the prize for being in the top ten was... They'd be doing something they almost never did... Opening Earth's own inner world! A reward that no other planet could provide.

What were the odds that the population of sealed people would be from Earth? That the expansion of Earth was tied with the dramatic dip in quality of the universe? That Dyon's enemies would choose the exploration of this phenomena to execute their plans?

The likelihood of all of these things being coincidence was zero! And Dyon refused to believe otherwise.

'It seems I'll have to be careful...' Dyon thought to himself as he closed the door and headed back to the dining room.

In the end, he hadn't told Caedlum about the opportunity he planned to provide. The secret of the Epistemic Tower was truly too sensitive. For now, he'd keep the information to only those he trusted the most.

As soon as Dyon entered the room, his mother and father in law reappeared as though nothing had happened.

"What do you think of Patriarch Pakal's story? You must know a lot more about the landscape of the universe than I do, mother in law," Dyon had never had anyone, who was alive anyway, that could talk to him about the way of the martial world. He was very much interested in this.

Kawa pondered for a bit. "In terms of era, I believe the timeline of this Demon Sage's existence was very much odd."

Dyon nodded. Although he hadn't said anything, he had seen it as well.

The existence of the Epistemic Tower had been erased from common knowledge after the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect. That meant that the demon sage had to have lived before the celestial deer sect was destroyed.

However, by the same token, during his prime, the demon sage controlled almost 50% of the quadrant and he was the closest to transcending. By this logic, the celestial deer sect couldn't have been the most powerful in the quadrant as they had come to know. Or, more accurately, they hadn't been yet.

At the same time though, this same demon sage had come back and built of the Pakal clan with was currently vying for most powerful with the Ragnor clan – each controlling about 25% of this quadrant. But, this obviously had to happen after the celestial deer sect was destroyed.

This meant that the demon sage had to have lived for a ridiculously long time... He had to have been born well before the celestial deer sect established itself. And couldn't have died until well after the celestial deer sect had been destroyed.

"It seems you understand this as well," Kawa said, nodding with approval. As cultivation increased, intelligence and computational abilities did as well. For Dyon to be able to keep up with her thought process was beyond impressive. "That said, though, the Kitsune were once allies with the Celestial Deer Sect during their reign, and we never heard of this demon sage. But, Patriarch Pakal said that he was running rampant and attacking entire empires on his own. With the information network of the celestial deer sect, it's impossible that we wouldn't have known of him. This only means one thing."

Dyon nodded. "His enemies were from other quadrants. Which meant that the demon sage level existences that came out of nowhere, came out of nowhere because they were never part of our section of the cosmos."

Kawa smiled. It seemed the more time she spent with this son in law of hers, the more fond she grew of him.

“You must be wondering how the other quadrants could have formed resentment for this demon sage. Although I can’t claim to know for sure, I do have a pretty good guess. In fact, this guess is something I know because we Kitsune relocated to another quadrant.”

“Ah, patience, patience,” King Acacia suddenly interjected. “One problem at a time. We’ll of course tell them when they’re ready to know. But, for now, they should focus on first making it into the top ten to earn a right to travel to Earth’s inner world.”

Dyon lightly laughed, choosing not to say anything. They would talk about it soon enough.

“So, father in law,” Dyon’s hand flashed as an ancient tome appeared in his hand.

King Acacia imperceptibly trembled at the sight, his eyes reddening. In his current state, his emotions were easily agitated and he always had to keep them suppressed, even shutting down his most powerful ability. But, right now, he found it almost impossible.

“Shall we cure you?”