

The Nameless 51

Chapter 51

All this said, Dyon was well aware of his problems.

He had seen a myriad of movement techniques in the library, but all of them had ridiculous cultivation requirements. However, he wanted to wait until he could temper his physical body to maturity before beginning.

The problem was that without movement techniques, the situation that happened last night would occur again and again. His senses were more than powerful enough to see Oliver's movements, in fact, Oliver was slow to him, the problem was having fast enough speed to dodge.

If he had used enough amplification arrays to do that, he would have turned his legs into paste. Which brought him back to the idea of tempering his body...

Dyon was about to stand to see if he could sneak out of the academy and head to the outside world, when an idea suddenly came to mind.

'That night, they were talking about how a sect used to be here. A massive hole ended up in the place they used to be? I keep feeling something coming from that Lake... maybe the ruins of that ancient sect are still there...'

Dyon hesitated. He had been trying to ignore this idea during this whole time. But, up to now, he had already run through a quarter of his two month time frame and there was nothing else for him to benefit from here.

He felt like whatever was down below the lake was beyond him. But... if he didn't take any risks, would it even be possible for him to accomplish his goals?

Dyon looked up toward the ceiling, steeling himself. Now that he had reaffirmed the foundations of his array alchemy, maybe it was time to take a chance? If not now, then when?

Dyon jumped up, heading towards books classified as geography. He had ignored them before, but now he was very interested. He imprinted a map of the ancient sect in his mind.

‘The Celestial Deer Sect?’

‘Interesting, it seems like they specialize in array alchemy, yet their books are so profound. It’s either this sect was ridiculously powerful, or Focus Academy is just that weak.’

What Dyon didn’t know was that he was very naïve in his statement. The truth was, the celestial deer sect was probably the most advanced sect in terms of array alchemy due to their Beast Protector: the Celestial Deer.

Because of Dyon’s innate aurora, he never needed a medium to imprint arrays. However, those who forcibly awakened their auroras had no choice but to use these mediums. Of which, the crystals created by the celestial deer was the best.

Grandmaster level array alchemists – a level of expert three steps higher than the current Dyon – and beyond relied on these crystals to power their most powerful arrays and forge their most potent pills. These crystals also had an amplification effect even for those who had innate auroras.

But, the techniques had long been lost along with the destruction of the sect. So, Dyon continued on in ignorance.

‘Aside from my boost in Array Alchemy, I scanned through all of the sword cultivation techniques I could in addition to books about sensing wills and intents. It looks like my path to increasing my power will be through understanding wills.

‘But, I’ll have to increase the power of my body first so I can use my more powerful soul as a medium. Using my level 9 music will for just five hours almost put me on the brink of death before and even made me suffer at the hands of that jackass...

‘If I want to use multiple wills at a time or am in battle, the stress will be even worse. All in all, strengthening my body is my top priority. Then, I’ll focus on movement techniques. After that, I’ll master

arrays up to the 9th common level. If I'm talented enough and still have time, I'll start my path on the way of the sword.'

Dyon took a deep breath, imprinting this map into his mind.

'It seems it's time to visit the bottom of this lake...'

If things were so easy, wouldn't the experts of Focus Academy have already found something?

That said... Since the very beginning, Dyon had felt something calling out to him...

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In the dead of night, Dyon peaked his head down through the ceiling of the bottom level of the central pillar to ensure no one was there. After confirming, he made his way through the window, slipping through and slowly making his way down.

Although they called this body of water Focus Lake, Dyon was well aware that its depths were at the very least comparable to the ocean. He wasn't sure if his usual defensive array could withstand the pressure, so he spent an extra 2 days learning a peak Common level defensive array that just might save his life.

It took him hours to finish drawing it, and he ensured there was a slight imperfection so that the heaven's chimes wouldn't ring. Although this might have let Madeleine know he was alive, if he was caught in the central tower because of something like this, it wouldn't be good.

After a few hours, the sinister aura Dyon had felt before was becoming more and more prevalent. But, Dyon steeled his resolve. If an ancient clan really had ruins that lay here, it would be too beneficial for him to pass up. There could never be benefits without risk, so he was willing to take the risks in order to save Madeleine. Every time he thought about the helplessness she must be feeling right now, his eyes became colder.

Soon, an astonishing sight appeared in front of Dyon's eyes. It was a massive domed formation, covering hundreds of miles in every direction.

Dyon was stunned. It couldn't be this easy, right? How could a massive formation like this be missed by the Elders of Focus Academy?

No, that wasn't right. When Dyon first came here, the waters were clear as glass. Even with its depth, he felt like he could see all the way to the bottom but this formation dome was definitely not here before.

What was happening?!