

Alex looked with a complex expression at the young man.
Changing a world filled with people that could become as powerful as this God right
before him?

How?

He was only a mortal.

"Now, don't be hasty," the young man said with a smirk as he read Alex's mind again. "Right now, you are like a child hearing that they have to lead their father's company in the future. Of course everything will appear like it's too much."

"In fact, you don't have to do much at all."

"You only have to become stronger."

"That's it."

Alex furrowed his brows. "That's it? But you said I'm supposed to change the world."

"Correct," the young man said as he leaned back again. "However, you becoming powerful is exactly what will change the world."

"Could you stop talking in riddles and just directly tell me what you want me to do?"
Alex asked.

The young man snickered. "Sure."

"I already told you a little bit about my main world," the young man said. "To repeat, my world allows someone to reach supreme power by increasing the power of your body and mind."

"There are innumerable ways to supreme power. You can use the inherent energy in the air to increase the power of your mind. This strengthens your soul, and the more powerful your soul gets, the more powerful your mental abilities become. You can crush elephants with just your mind or move the energy of the world in such a way that it creates powerful destructive forces."

"However, you can also focus on strengthening your body. By absorbing the energy in the atmosphere and fusing it with your body, you can become so fast and so powerful that the other person that trains their mind wouldn't even be able to react to an attack of yours."

"You can also fuse with some ethereal concepts and summon them."

"You can also concentrate on weapons, which allows you to sunder reality with a move of your weapon."

"You can also comprehend the concepts of how the world works and manipulate the energy in such a way that it imitates these concepts. You would gain control over fire, gravity, time, space, water, metal, life, and so on."

"You can even just purely absorb Energy without end, becoming a walking bomb that could unleash many years of accumulated power in a single strike."

Alex listened intently.

All of this sounded too magical.

In fact, it sounded more like a game with different classes. All the classes could become about equally powerful near the end of a game via their own ways.

The young man laughed. "Yes, you could also view it as a game. However, remember, this is reality, not a game."

Alex nodded.

"So, in short, there are innumerable ways to power," the young man said.

Then, he paused.

Alex looked at the young man as his brows furrowed.

After that, his nose wrinkled in disgust.

"Anyway," the young man said as he looked at Alex again, not as chipper as before.

"I have implemented all these different paths to power. Over time, humanity slowly began to discover all these different paths, and the peak powers of humanity became more and more powerful."

"Everything was going well, and I had a hell of a time watching the different paths of power fight each other."

Then, the young man gritted his teeth.

"And that's when he showed up," the young man said with disgust.

"Who?" Alex asked.

SHING! Thump!

A bright light shone for a short moment in front of Alex, and he heard the sound of something hitting the floor.

Alex looked over, and he took a deep breath.

It was the naked corpse of a young man!

"This guy," the young man repeated with hatred. "The so-called Mage Emperor!"

'Mage Emperor?' Alex thought as he looked at the naked corpse.

"One of the paths to power I created was the path of magic," the young man explained. "This was also the first example I gave you when I described some paths to power in my world."

Alex felt a bit awkward talking with the young man while a naked corpse was lying beside them. "You mean the ones that use the energy to increase the power of their mind and soul?" Alex asked as he looked at the corpse with discomfort.

"Yes," the young man answered neutrally. "Just like everyone else, the Mages sought supremacy over everyone, but they weren't really any more powerful than the others."

"That was until the Mage Emperor appeared," the young man spat in disgust while giving the corpse a side-eye. "He became the most powerful person in the world, but instead of furthering his own power even more, he concentrated on making the path of Magic supreme."

"So, he killed all the most powerful people of the other paths of power," the young man said with some anger. "Even more, after he killed the most powerful people, he ordered the other mages to kill everyone else that has reached a sufficient standard of power without practicing Magic!"

"In just some few short years, this fucking guy ruined thousands of years of progress!" the young man shouted as he glared at the corpse of burning eyes.

The young man stood up as he paced around in anger.

Alex kept to himself, not saying or thinking anything.

By now, Alex had realized that this God was very easy to anger.

"Do you know how fucking boring the world has been ever since then?!" the young man shouted as he glared at Alex.

Alex quickly shook his head.

"Only Mages are left, and the path of Magic is the only known path to true power," the young man said with frustration. "If anyone wants power, they simply join the mages. Path of least resistance, you know?"

"Why try anything new when you already know of a way to get what you want?" the young man parroted with anger and annoyance. "Why go through that hassle, huh?"

"Even people that try to make the other paths to power work will eventually give up and join the Mages after realizing that their progress isn't fast enough. No shit your progress isn't fast! You are blazing a brand-new path on your own!"

"And the worst thing is that the Mages aren't even suppressing the other paths to power!" the young man shouted. "They don't even need to! Everyone joins them eventually! Well, no shit! You have thousands of years of refined Spells, Techniques, and Crafts while everyone else has fuck-all due to your purge in the

past. Of course they're running towards you in droves!"

"My entire fucking world is filled with nothing but Mages, and battles amongst Mages are one of the most boring ones in existence!" the young man shouted. "You ever seen people just flinging stuff at each other from a distance for hours on end? Shit's boring as fuck!"

The young man's pacing accelerated.

"I'm bored as shit watching my own fucking world when it's supposed to bring me entertainment!"

"And it's all this asshole's fault!"

BANG! BOOOM!

The young man kicked the corpse in rage, and the corpse flew with insane speeds at the wall, which promptly exploded.

Alex took a deep breath.

After kicking the corpse, the young man seemed to feel better, and an evil smirk appeared on his face.

"You should've seen him when he came into my palace like he owned the place," the young man said.

"Back then, I was looking rather favorably upon him since he managed to become quite powerful. I assumed that the other paths to power would recover with time."

"Yet, that idiot just had to act like he owned the place and told me to make space for him."

SHING!

The naked corpse appeared in front of the young man again, uninjured.

BANG!

Another kick, another explosion at the wall.

"Just like right now, I kicked him around the room until he eventually died," the young man said with a genuinely malicious grin. "It took hours, but he still eventually succumbed to his ever-increasing count and severity of injuries."

Alex remained completely silent.

This guy was dangerous!

The young man took a deep breath and looked at Alex again.

"Anyway, that's where you come into play," he said, "someone that has the guts and drive to become truly powerful."

"I will send you into my world with a body that is unable to practice Magic. However, you are a person that wants to become more powerful, someone that

chases power. If Magic doesn't work for you, you will find another way."
"And that's your entire job," the young man said with a smirk as he sat down on his throne again.

"Simply be yourself in my world. Do whatever the fuck you want. It doesn't matter because, in the end, you will chase power no matter what, and you will have to do it with something that isn't Magic."

"That's all you have to do."

Alex thought about the young man's words as he furrowed his brows.

Becoming as powerful as this God in front of him?

That didn't sound bad.

A world where people actually truly fought each other?

That didn't sound bad.

Being able to feel himself becoming more powerful and being able to push himself to his limits yet again with a new body?

That didn't sound bad.

However, Alex still sighed.

'I want to actually go through with this, but it somehow feels weird since it feels like I didn't have a choice in the matter.'

"Pfft!" the young man spat with a short laugh. "No choice? That's your issue?"

"Alright, then let me give you a choice."

"Go back to your world and join the afterlife or come to my world. You can decide for yourself."

Alex thought about his old world and his family that he had left behind.

He missed them.

However, he had already died.

There was no way that this God would resurrect him.

He had lost them anyway.

Alex sighed again.

The God had given him a choice, but it wasn't truly a choice since Alex's decision had already been made before the choice had even existed.

"Finally done with those useless thoughts?" the young man asked with a smirk.

Alex looked at the naked corpse for a second.

Then, he turned to the young man and nodded.

A new life was about to begin for him.

"Not so fast!" the young man shouted. "Don't get ahead of yourself. Before you join

my world, I need to give you a helping hand."

Alex's right eyebrow rose. "A helping hand?"

"Yes," the young man said with a satisfied smirk as he leaned back.

"I have three presents for you that will make your journey to power far easier."