

The Nameless 1011

Chapter 1011: Don't

Violet slapped his hand away, her large brown eyes filled with fury. "All this time, I've never formally taken away your title as first place core disciple not because I couldn't, but because I care little for the title. Since you want to lose the last bit of prestige you have, I don't mind obliging."

Arthurian lightly leaped backward. "Come then, little princess."

"I don't need your invitation, dwarf."

When Arthurian heard this, his complacent expression darkened. What he hated the most was when people referred to his shortness. In a world where cultivators could reach up to seven, eight or even nine feet tall, where some people found it more convenient to report their heights in meters instead of feet, how could he be satisfied with his height? It was just another reminder that he had gotten the short end of the stick in life's lottery.

"You'll regret that." A long knife appeared in Arthurian's hand as his eyes reddened.

Violet snorted. Her long brown hair began to wave in the air as rivers of water appeared around her.

Seeing this, Arthurian's serious expression couldn't help but deepen. Violet was yet another talent more outstanding than him, despite being barely over 200 years old, she had already mastered her water will to the 2nd intent level.

However, Arthurian had a full 800 years of experience over her. Even if she was more talented, what did it mean in face of his absolute power?

Arthurian's body shimmered and disappeared, deploying his Caedes family's Heaven level technique.

The surroundings seemed distorted from reality, bending to his will.

By all rights, a 98th ranked quadrant shouldn't have a family with a Heaven Level technique within it. Unfortunately for others, this 98th ranked quadrant was once ranked 20th. How could its ancient families not have resources surpassing the norm?

What was up became down, and what was left became right. Violet's senses distorted, unable to grasp a solid hold of what was happening.

At that moment, Violet's arrogance was doused with cold water. Although she was an unprecedented talent of their quadrant, able to rank 6th among core disciples at only 200 years old, Arthurian was almost 1000 years old!

Her water will began to struggle to properly solidify. Even her attempts to probe the surroundings with her senses came up empty.

Suddenly she felt a blade glide across her skin.

She leaped backward, thinking she dodged just in time. But that was when Arthurian's laugh brought her back to reality.

"What beautiful skin, I wonder how much I have to expose before you start begging for mercy?"

Violet's face paled when she looked down to see the sleeve of her disciple robes cut, exposing the side of her undergarments.

Rage welled up in her heart. But, now wasn't the time to act like a dainty and innocent girl. If she didn't focus, Arthurian would do much worse to her.

Arthurian's laughter continued to echo. "I heard that that Dyon character is your boyfriend?" Arthurian sneered. "I'd like to see the look on that bastard's face when he realizes how I took his woman's honor. It's too bad no one will ever know what happened today."

Another knife sliced forward, cutting Violet's other sleeve. Before she could spin and react, yet another stabbed forward across her back, exposing her entire torso.

Violet's undergarments were split in two, releasing a pair of delicately formed breasts with gentle pink slopes gracing their centers.

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

"Tsk, tsk." Aruthurian shook his head, involuntarily licking his dry lips. "Such a fiery temper. Would it still be so fiery if I started carving that pretty face of yours?"

Violet's first instinct was to cover her chest. But, if she really did so, how would she continue fighting? She could only try her hardest to wrap a layer of water around her to obstruct the view, but she was finding it more and more difficult to manipulate her wills in within this technique.

However, her instincts were telling her that Aruthurian couldn't keep this up for long either. A heaven level technique should have massive consumption requirements. Considering Aruthurian became a saint with 80 or so meridians filled, he didn't have the capital to be so wasteful. The fact he was toying with her would be his downfall.

Suddenly, Aruthurian's laugh became louder. "I know what you're thinking. You must be biding your time, thinking I'll run out of energy, hm?"

Violet froze. There was only one reason he'd say this: he had a solution!

At that moment, what seemed like a smoke bomb exploded in front of Violet.

Her face distorted, but it was too late. She had already breathed smoke in...

In an instant, her body weakened. "Meridian Constricting Powder!" She shouted out weakly. "You shameless bastard, you went to Poison Tower?!"

Aruthurian sneered. "This poison was supposed to help me steal a relatively powerful inheritance. But, you pathetic so-called geniuses of the outer ring earn inheritances too rarely, so I never found anyone suitable. You'll be my consolation prize."

Violet lost control of her water will, causing splashes of liquid to fall onto her already exposed body.

At that moment, Arthurian appeared before her, reaching out and caressing her breast, completely ignoring the look that could kill even demons Violet was giving him.

"What do you think I should do to you before I kill you, hm?" Arthurian asked, teasingly.

His hands reached down, ripping away the rest of Violet's clothing.

At that moment, the three disciples that Arthurian had sealed involuntarily gulped, their eyes unable to stop greedily taking in the sight. Since they were definitely going to die anyway, what qualms did they have remaining?

Violet grit her teeth, her eyes almost spitting fire. But, she was still slammed to the ground facedown, exposing her most delicate regions for all to see.

Her cheeks became coated with tears and unwillingness. However, there was nothing she could do as Arthurian knelt down behind her.

"What are you doing?" At that moment, a cold voice that seemed to rise up from the depths of hell froze Arthurian.

There was no doubting what Arthurian's intentions were. He was kneeling behind a disheveled woman who had tears streaming down her cheeks, all while grasping her hip with one hand and fiddling with his robes with the other. Even a person completely oblivious to the ways of the world would understand what was happening.

"Vice Leader!" The three disciples called out, each stumbling over each other to explain what had happened. However, just as they were about to warn Dyon about the Meridian Constricting Powder, they were slapped away by an overwhelming wave of saint energy that heavily injured them all.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. "Your death will be very painful."

Arthurian suddenly felt a wave of Presence that filled him with dread. He tried to communicate with his spatial ring with all of his remaining energy. As long as he could fling out the powder, he would win and everything would be solved.

Dyon sneered. "Do you think such a weak powder would work on me?" He strode forward with murder in his eyes. "Meridian Constricting Powder stops one from properly controlling their energies. But did you ever consider that I don't need to use energy to defeat you? Did you consider that just my body is enough?"

Dyon's hand flew forward, slapping Arthurian with such a heavy hand that half his face distorted as though he had suffered a stroke.

Teeth and blood flew into the air. Even Arthurian's skull became deformed. He looked more like a ghastly ghost than a human.

"Don't kill him." Violet suddenly spoke. Despite the tears on her cheeks still being visible, the rest of her features had become completely expressionless as though nothing had happened. "I want everyone to know what kind of scumbag he is. I want him hung from the pillar of shame."

She calmly took clothes from spatial ring and put them on before walking toward the three bound disciples. They were currently still spitting up blood from Arthurian's attack.

When Dyon saw Violet take out a blade, he frowned, grasping her wrist firmly before she could attack. "What do you think you're doing?"

Violet trembled, her teeth audibly grinding over each other. "They saw what they shouldn't see, they deserve to die!" Violet's screech of emotion was so abrupt that it was only now they understood that her indifferent expression wasn't indifferent at all. Instead, it only masked the pain she was trying to bury.

Chapter 1012: Pathetic

"Then what about me?" Dyon's frown deepened. "Did I not also see what I shouldn't have seen?"

Violet's expression twisted and distorted, unable to reel in her emotions.

"Young hero!" The spirit that had remained silent all of this time spoke. "Please help my Legatee. I've stopped her soul from dissipating as a final hope, but I don't have the ability to heal her. Please."

The pleading of the spirit made Dyon remember that there was another victim in all of this.

Arthurian scurried to his feet, running away even as Dyon knelt beside Sophia and checking her status. He didn't bother with Arthurian. Since Violet made it clear how he wanted him to be punished, there was no need for him to intervene. The valley would close soon and a coward like Arthurian wouldn't have any place to go but home. By then, how could he escape the wrath of the Sect Master?

Sophia was still a 9th stage Essence Gatherer. With her cultivation, Dyon was surprised that she managed to become an inner disciple, but he didn't have time to think about this now.

Because she was still an essence gatherer, although her body was more fragile, it was also easier to heal.

Dyon's runic flame appeared in his hand. He wasn't skilled enough to heal his own celestial body yet because runic theory didn't come as naturally to him as array alchemy did, but he had a perfect practice subject here.

It may sound cruel for Dyon to use the life of another to practice, but he would never put her life at risk. He wouldn't stubbornly persist if he knew he failed, he would simply use one of the many lower level healing pills he had. Since he could bring Masako back from the brink of death, why couldn't they do the same from Sophia?

When the spirit saw how powerful Dyon's runic flame was, she was pleasantly surprised. With her experience, she could easily see that it had reached the comet flame level, which meant this young hero actually had a celestial level body! However, she couldn't help but frown when she noticed how poor his control was. Dyon could barely be considered a 1st Common Level Runic Master. His only saving grace was that his master had the memories of being a 1st Master Level Runic Master, which helped him a bit.

The problem was that his master barely spent any time on Runic Vein Theory while she was alive. And, after her death, without a body, how could she produce a runic flame? So, other than the memories about awakening the runic flame, everything else was intangible and theory related, with barely any application memories.

The spirit could only sigh. There was nothing she could do about it, this wasn't the time to be picky. He was the only one who could save her.

Beads of sweat covered Dyon's forehead as he placed his hand on Sophia's bleeding chest.

Dyon's understanding of the human body was deeper than most, simply because of the education system of the mortal realm he was born in. Because they didn't focus on cultivation, of course they spent a lot of time researching what could better the human race.

As a result, the mortal world, especially because their lives were so fragile, had a very deep understanding of the human body that was impressive even in the martial world.

That said, Dyon wasn't a doctor and he didn't spend most of his time in the biological research fields like Clara did with her cancer research. However, it was good enough for what he needed now.

Dyon carefully worked his flame around Sophia lung and heart, feeling out which chambers and vesicles were ruptured.

Then, he slowly stimulated her life force to speed their recovery all while siphoning away some of his own vitality into her as well.

As a man with a Celestial body, his vitality was almost too overwhelming for an essence gatherer, so he had to be very careful.

This sort of job would be far easier with his aurora flames and their healing character, but unfortunately, Dyon's soul was sealed. That said, as far as Dyon understood, Runic Flames were actually more efficient and useful in healing the human body, it was just that Dyon had more control over his Aurora Flames, which gave him the illusion that they were better for healing.

It wasn't long before Dyon realized that Sophia was extremely lucky. It may sound odd to say this to a person who was so close to death, but it was the truth.

When Arthurian pierced her heart, he had done so on a whim. He had looked down on Sophia from the depths of his soul, so he disdained to even use a technique. As a result, the injury itself was quite minimalistic and as long as the chambers in her heart were sealed so that blood could flow properly, in addition to a small reset of her heart, everything should be fine. Of course, all of this was only possible because the spirit stopped her soul from dissipating by taking advantage of their resonance.

The more Dyon focused on manipulating his runic flame, the more he came to understand it. It was only then that he believed Clara when she said he would fall behind her forever unless he spent time practicing his secondary professions.

Dyon had treated runic vein theory like his array alchemy, believing that he only needed to comprehend the theories behind it to improve. For example, Dyon was confident that he could do anything a 6th stage comet level array alchemist could do despite being able to count on his hands the number of pills he had refined in his lifetime.

However, he quickly found that he could not do the same for runic vein theory...

Array alchemy, to him, felt like riding a bike. It was as though he hadn't seen or touched or even thought about this bicycle for an inconceivable amount of time, but the moment it was placed before him, riding it came as naturally as breathing did.

Dyon had assumed that was just his level of genius. Of course, learning something new was easy to him, learning anything was easy to him. No matter how much time passed, he was still arrogant to his core, and he believed he was one of the few individuals who deserved to be.

However, runic vein theory was like a massive slap to his face. As for Magic? He was too embarrassed to even bring it up. His talent for the latter was so poor that he could only look at Loki's faith seed as though it was a beauty laying before him with only the tiniest of fabrics covering her supple skin, yet not being able to touch her.

It was a depressing reality, but it was reality, nonetheless. It completely shot down Dyon's dream of combining the three into something new.

The good news was that Dyon's body cultivation talent was very high. Although runic vein theory wasn't intuitive to him, it completely fascinated him. It had been too long since he was given a true challenge and he basked in it.

What good was his sovereign path if he gave up just because he couldn't learn something easily? Wouldn't that be too pathetic?

Dyon's will to fight grew, stimulating his desire to stand above all others in everything.

The wills shackled by his [Inner World: Sanctuary] rattled to life, but then quickly dimmed. It was no question that had they not been sealed, he would have experienced a breakthrough. But, there was nothing that could be done about it.

'I'll take everything step by step. Although master wasn't a runic vein expert, she emphasizes the importance of control. Before I delve into more runic vein theory, I'll first learn to control my runic flame to a level that matches its power.'

Dyon's eyes sharpened, never letting up. It took him almost two days, but in the end, he finally sealed Sophia's heart.

'Ha, how pathetic. A celestial level runic flame took two days to heal a mere essence gatherer. If my flame had been at the essence gatherer level, even ten years wouldn't have been enough.' Dyon laughed at himself self-deprecatingly, sweating profusely, but his will wasn't injured in the slightest. Instead, his eyes shone even brighter as Sophia gasped for air and began to cough.

Chapter 1013: Resonating

When Sophia awoke, she was first shocked. After, when she realized what happened, she thanked Dyon profusely, swearing to pay him back in any way she could.

Dyon only laughed and waved it off. He didn't save her for the credit. Plus, he got a valued experience out of saving her life. When he became a genius of runic vein theory in the future, she would definitely be among those he thanked in his mind.

As for the three disciples Arthurian injured, Dyon simply gave them pills. The valley was closing soon, so despite their injuries being less severe, he didn't have to time to heal them personally. It was a good thing none of them knew much about alchemy and pills, or else they would have been shocked by the level the pill reached.

It wasn't long before the group of six began walking toward the edge of the outer valley. They all knew that there was a large elephant in the room that they weren't speaking of, but there was nothing they could do about Violet's deathly silence. It seemed as though she had not even breathed in the last few days.

Giving Dyon a meaningful look, Sophia and the three disciples walked off ahead, slightly disappearing into the fog.

Dyon couldn't help but cringe when he saw this. Did they really think he was her boyfriend? Dammit.

'If I try to avoid this, they'll think I'm insensitive.' In the end, he could only grit his teeth and walk beside Violet. Although he didn't particularly care about what others thought of him, he had his own moral line to follow as well. He couldn't leave a woman who had just gone through something like this alone, despite him not having a good initial impression of her.

After almost another hour of complete silence, Violet suddenly spoke. Her voice was clear and firm, once again, as though nothing had happened.

"How did you manage to escape the Grandmaster?"

Dyon smiled weirdly, but still answered. "Our month-long contract was up a while ago."

"Oh? I'm surprised she kept her word." Violet muttered absentmindedly.

Dyon could only silently chuckle. It was true that in those sorts of situations, it would be more likely for the sun to rise in the west than for a woman of Clara's caliber to let something go so easily. But, Clara was his wife, no matter how abrasive she is, she wouldn't make things too difficult for him.

After another long silence, Violet couldn't help but break it again.

"Are you going to make me say it?"

Noticing the odd tone in her voice, Dyon frowned in confusion. "Say what?"

"You asked me what I thought about you when you stopped me from killing those three. Do you really need a woman to ask you for an explanation? Shouldn't you be active and provide it for yourself?"

"Uh..." Dyon's words became stuck in his throat. In any other situation, he would draw a clean line between them no matter how her feelings were hurt. But, he almost didn't have the heart to do so just two days removed from those events. The process of 'letting someone down easy' wasn't so easy at all in this situation. Dyon felt like whoever came up with the saying should suffer punishment for being so misleading.

Seeing Dyon unable to answer, Violet pressed. "I didn't kill them because of your word. Is it that your word means nothing?"

Her voice cracked, a flurry of bottled emotions overflowing. "I get it. You don't want a woman who's been tainted like me. Who would want a wife seen so casually by another? Am I worth nothing now?"

The complex emotions in Dyon's eyes lit. That wasn't it at all! He wanted to roar. But, no matter how he tried to frame it in his head, nothing came out right.

With his speed of thought, he must have thought through thousands of possible responses in that moment, yet none seemed to fit.

Dyon knew in his heart that Violet's plight wasn't the reason he didn't want her. If the words she was saying came from Ava's mouth instead of her own, Dyon wouldn't hesitate to take Ava in arms.

The difference was clear. Violet was only seen naked, while Ava, although she fell unconscious, was legitimately anally raped. It wasn't to belittle what Violet had gone through, but it was to prove that

Dyon wasn't judging her based on merely being seen by another man considering he was willing to accept Ava despite far worse being done to her.

He just didn't have those kinds of feelings for Violet. And although his relationship with Ava wasn't romantic either, she had a place and pedestal in his heart Violet didn't.

Maybe the largest difference between the two was that Ava would never try to leverage her situation or entrap Dyon on moral standings like Violet was doing now. This made the irony of it all that this very situation would never occur between him and Ava. In fact, if Dyon knew Ava at all, even if she did grow feelings for him, she would rather die than tell him about it for fear that he would only accept her feelings out of pity.

When Dyon reached this conclusion, his heart steeled.

"Violet, I'm sorry. I can't accept your feelings."

Dyon didn't turn to see Violet's face fall or her devastated reaction. Or, more accurately, he couldn't. Because the moment his words sounded out, the valley trembled and their nearly three-month adventure came to an end.

When Dyon was teleported out of the world, he once again appeared in the land of snow with others he had entered with. Because he wasn't wearing his mask, he immediately took the opportunity to disappear into his tower.

Dyon learned earlier that one of the reasons the tower could escape spatial locks so easily was because of its own spatial characteristics. After gaining control of the first floor, Dyon could increase and decrease its size at a whim. If Dyon so chose, the tower could become as small as the width of a single atom, or as large as an entire planet. This was likely why it felt like the number of floors was endless.

This would be quite a good life saving measure for Dyon in the future. The only unfortunate part was that no matter how small he became, truly strong individuals would still be able to find him. In addition, the tower wasn't impregnable. If someone used a large area of effect attack while he had still yet to escape, he'd be in trouble.

The good news was that this wasn't what Dyon needed it for right now. He only wanted to use it to change.

Almost as soon as Dyon entered the tower, he immediately heard an agitated shrieking.

"YOU BITCH! GIVE MY ANCESTOR'S LEGACY BACK! THE WATER MIST SECT WON'T LET YOU GO!"
Chrysanthemum's almost incoherent ramblings shook the ice world causing everyone to look over at her with confusion clear in their eyes.

It was only after inquiring about what happened to their nearby friends that the story began to be understood.

It turned out that one of the founders of the Water Mist Sect had been in the core valley for a long time. Every instance of the Valley of Geniuses opening, the Water Mist Sect would send its best disciples, hoping to gain the recognition of this ancestor of theirs.

Unfortunately, millions of years had passed without her choosing anyone.

Of course, Chrysanthemum was very confident in her abilities, so she assumed that she would be the one to break this cycle. Because of the information she was privy due to her sect, she managed to reach the statue long before Ri did. However, to her dismay, just like all of her sisters before her, the statue completely ignored her.

Although Chrysanthemum was heart-broken, she could only let it be. Maybe the statue's spirit had already dissipated. That had to be it.

Yet, after she left, she got word that Ri had actually begun resonating with her ancestor!

How could she accept such a slap to the face? She immediately rushed there to snatch the Legacy away. Although she was clear that Ri was more powerful than she was, resonating took a huge chunk of your battle prowess away.

It was unacceptable!

Chapter 1014: I Want to See

But, that was when Clara got involved! According to their information, Ri agreed to give her piece of the Holy Arc to Clara in exchange for protection.

This made perfect sense. What Grandmaster Weapon's Smith wouldn't want to work with such a rare material? However, just because she understood, didn't mean Chrysanthemum was happy.

A large battle ensued, but Chrysanthemum soon realized she wasn't a match for Clara either!

The realization was a massive hit to her pride. There was no way she could allow her ancestor's legacy to fall into the hands of another, no matter how worthy they might be.

So, completely exasperated, Chrysanthemum went to find her husband to get his help. But, it turned out that Anak was in the process of resonating with his own statue and didn't have the time or patience to deal with Chrysanthemum's ordeal.

In the end, Chrysanthemum could only lead her fellow apprentice sisters to attack Clara together.

Everyone had assumed it was over. It was surprising enough that Clara could defeat Chrysanthemum in one on one combat, after all, she was a soul cultivator. In fact, from the information they had, Clara was still an essence gatherer. They really couldn't understand how she did it.

Yet, when things were looking bleak, Clara took out a Supreme Level treasure that improved her battle power by so much that they could only run away with their tails between their legs.

It was no wonder Chrysanthemum was so angry. But, did she really think that she could defeat Ri now that the resonance was complete? They had all witnessed her losing before the portal opened. Was she going to rely on Anak?

Those who were eager to leave to report the happenings from Dyon's clash with Anak suddenly stopped, wondering if they could get a second story to sell.

Everyone's eyes looked toward Anak, trying to see how he'd act. It was only then that others began to realize that the masked man wasn't here, where was he?

Ri floated in the air calmly. Something in her demeanor had changed slightly... The snow and ice that already seemed to love her even before had begun spiraling around her, forming a halo.

Those sharper geniuses took in a sharp breath. These were the signs of a pseudo domain forming!

Alexandria was just an 11th stage saint, how was it possible?!

Before Anak could take any action one way or another, the masked man suddenly appeared beside Ri, his black wings flapping and exuding a frightful aura that made them all involuntarily take a step back.

Cullen and Amory grit their teeth before decisively turning around and leaving. It wouldn't be long before everyone understood this odd action of theirs.

"I really want to see who dares to take what belongs to my wife." Although Dyon kept his comments general, it was clear who was speaking to as his eyes were only trained on a single man.

Anak's eyes narrowed. It was clear to everyone that he was very much prepared to attack.

Before Dyon could act though, Ri grabbed his hand. "I feel like I'm about to break through." She said softly.

Dyon's expression changed, becoming serious. Breakthroughs in comprehension and cultivation were both very important. From what Dyon could tell, Ri wanted to form her Aura soon. If she didn't find a place to do so, it could become a problem.

Although it was possible to have breakthroughs like this in battle, it required a state of complete selflessness. Obviously, Ri wasn't in this state right now.

"Alright." Dyon spoke decisively, grasping her hand and turning around to leave.

"Did I allow you to leave?" Anak spoke slowly. "My wife decided that she wanted something. If you're sensible, you'll have your wife transfer the legacy to her."

Dyon's steps froze in the air. "What did you say?"

BADUM BADUM BADUM

The overbearing sounds of beating hearts overwhelmed the world of ice and snow again.

Those of the Emperor Giant Clan involuntarily coughed up mouthful after mouthful of blood, shocking those watching. However, nothing was as alarming as when they saw Anak's features visibly pale.

"Are you really so eager to learn the difference between you and I?" Dyon continued, letting go of Ri's hand and appearing less than a meter from Anak, hovering in the air and forcing him to look up.

After more than a month of trials within the Demon Sage Tower, Dyon had gained more than just some functions of the tower. His abilities and understanding in the field of body cultivation had increased as well. He had entered an entry level ability to control his own blood, allowing him to forcibly employ bloodline suppression instead of doing so passively, like he had been before.

Suddenly, two black wings before four.

BOOM!

The world of ice and snow shook violently as those of the Emperor God Clan tried to fight back to no avail. One after another, they fell to the ground, paling and coughing up blood.

Of those in their clan, only Anak and two others managed to withstand this pressure, gritting their teeth and fighting through it.

But, it wasn't over over.

BOOM!

Three pairs of black wings bloomed into existence, stretching out three meters in each direction.

Those watching couldn't help but shiver as the two who stood behind Anak fell to the ground.

Blood dripped from Anak's lips, causing Chrysanthemum to pale with fright. Was this really her husband? What was happening?

"This is the lauded God Anak?" Dyon's sneer deepened. "I'm within arm's reach of you, why aren't you stopping me? Would you stand there and watch me insult your Emperor Giant Clan like this? Aren't you their future?"

"Seeing a supposed God be so pitiful, I really disdain this tower. Why should I bother to take trials at all if the best I can do is share a title with an ant?"

Every one of Dyon's words was like another slap to face and another knife to the heart.

Cullen and Amory, when they learned of what happened today, would only be able to thank their lucky stars that they survived their clash with Dyon. They wouldn't even be embarrassed at their loss anymore. If he could treat even a God like this, what did their positions mean?

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Dyon's body began to radiate an irresistible aura. To the men, he became a figure they could only worship from afar. To the women, despite his face being masked, he became the most ideal man in the world.

Six pairs of golden wings erupted from Dyon's back, blooming outward more than 5 meters.

Anak fell to a single knee. Yet, the fire in his eye hadn't disappeared. If looks could kill, it was likely that Dyon would have died a thousand times over.

The playfulness in Dyon's eyes disappeared. "My wife's breakthrough is more important than you. Count yourselves lucky."

After this, Dyon decisively left, leaving the world of ice and snow in an eerie quiet that seemed impossible to cut through. There was no doubt that the events at this portal would cause an uproar through the martial world.

Who was this mysterious man? How could he suppress a God to this level?

He said that he disdained to take the trials and share a title with Anak, could he really be without a title? This would make sense, after all, he had a Presence protecting treasure. As far as their hundred quadrants were aware, the only way to awaken Presence was through the trials. Since that was the case, those who hadn't taken the trials would need this protection.

Geniuses on Anak's level would disdain to carry Presence protecting treasures because they would believe that their own Presence was enough. Of course, they still had these treasures, but would only use them to protect against shameless members of the older generation.

It would be until later that these geniuses came to understand that Dyon was actually using bloodline suppression against Anak, which would cause the martial world to fall into yet another uproar!

Within the Demon Sage Tower, Dyon laid on the ground, gasping for breath and coughing up mouthful after mouthful of blood as Ri tenderly rubbed his back with a worried expression on her face.

"You shouldn't have pushed yourself so hard," She said softly.

Dyon could only bitterly smile. The only way to push bloodline suppression so far was to force his blood to pump at inconceivable speeds. Unfortunately, his heart wasn't made of rubber, so much of the blood he was currently coughing up contained pieces of heart tissue... "If I didn't do this, it would effect your breakthrough. I can't beat him as I am now, so I could only act tough."

Chapter 1015: Eager

To say Dyon was severely injured was an understatement. Blood's job was to travel across the body, to reach every nook and cranny. Dyon forcibly pushing it past the limits his body could handle didn't just severely damage his heart, it also affected all of his organs. Even his bones were affected, most of them cracking and shattering under the pressure.

Unfortunately, even bones needed blood sent to them. Even worse, since they were the originators of blood cells, it was even worse for Dyon that they were injured.

In the end, Dyon had no choice but to take his second of three top of the line healing pills.

If others saw Dyon take two such pills in such a short time, they would protest about his wastefulness.

Although they were both Grandmaster level pills, this ranking was based on ancient standards and not modern standards. Remember, King Belmont's Master and Madeleine's Mother, despite supposedly being a Moon level alchemist, couldn't concoct the Master level pills Dyon and Zabia needed. It was clear that the standards of these quadrants were too low.

This pill was a true Grandmaster level pill and more valuable than most of the Comet level pills available on the market right now. It was known as the Life Gathering Pill.

It had to be said that just because Dyon could concoct the Queen Fairy Earth Constitution Pill from thin air, it didn't mean he could do so with any pill in existence. If this was the case, wouldn't he be the richest man in existence?

The Queen Fairy Pill, the very same pill Dyon utilized to conquer the Elvin Kingdom Alchemy and Formation Guilds, was created with 5 common level plants. The Life Gathering Pill, however, required 3 Grandmaster level main ingredients, 8 Master level sub-ingredients, and 32 Practitioner level ingredients known as Balancers or Binders depending on their use and 97 Common level ingredients that served the same purpose.

One had to remember that arrays weren't capable of recreating life. Or, more accurately, they couldn't recreate things with strong life force. Common level plants had weak enough life forces that creating

them using creation arrays was easy. However, even if his celestial level soul was unbound right now, it would be impossible for Dyon to create even a practitioner level plant.

This was why Dyon was so eager to combine Magic, Runic Theory, and Array Alchemy. He felt like only when their concepts were taken together that it would be possible to create every plant and spiritual fruit in existence without restriction.

The good news was that if Grandmaster and Master level pills were impossible for even current Moon level alchemists to concoct, then didn't that mean that Dyon had access to quite a few Common level pills that could be comparable to even Master level pills?

The best part about these was that Dyon could concoct many of them from thin air, yet sell them at exorbitant prices. Of course, this would be left for when the Celestial Deer Corner was officially opened. Dyon was eager to steal business from the Sapientia.

After Dyon healed, he directly took Ri to their Corner. He didn't want her to breakthrough in the Snow Palace because the kitsune might cause problems afterward. No matter how many warnings Saru left, she was currently in her trials and couldn't change anything until she came out.

For extra insurance, though, Dyon stored away the kitsune Ri had frozen on their way to the valley. Dyon really wanted to know if the Void kitsune would dare to act recklessly knowing that he had both their prince and princess of this generation.

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"Dyon! Ri!" Eli ran up excitedly. Since Delia had left and still wasn't back yet, he had been bored out of his mind. Although he knew it was dangerous for him to leave alone due to that hidden organization of Heaven's Children, he still hated being cooped up like this. What he loved to most was to garden and take care of fields of plants, how could such a person be happy with staying cooped up like this?

This desire had been slightly mitigated when he had Dyon's main spatial ring because being inside its world was like having an entire world to yourself. But, since Dyon needed the ring to save those slaves of the Soul Market, Eli had to give it up.

Dyon smiled, knowing what Eli was thinking, he handed over the ring.

Eli quickly waved his hands. "You need it, I can't take it back."

Dyon laughed. "No worries. I recently found out some new abilities the Demon Sage Tower has, so I don't need them both."

Hearing this, Eli couldn't hold back his excitement anymore and eagerly took the ring. As soon as he touched it, he sighed, feeling a big weight fall from his shoulders.

Dyon couldn't hide the pity in his eyes. 'Hey old man, do you think there'll be a problem if Eli walks around the Corner with the barrier still up?'

'I won't lie to you, even if Eli stays here his safety isn't guaranteed, let alone if he goes out. You're underestimating Heaven's Children too much.'

Dyon sighed. 'Since he's in danger no matter what, keeping him locked up like this will only be harmful to him... Alright.'

"I have a job for you Eli, I wonder if you're interested." After Ri left to start her breakthrough, Dyon finally brought this up.

There was no suspense in Eli's answer, he responded yes immediately. He was very eager to help out.

The truth was that among all of Dyon's allies, Eli had contributed the most behind Clara. It was just that he was still restless and unwilling to continue doing nothing.

When Dyon saw the various gardens Eli had created within the Life Ring, he was completely astounded.

With Clara's help, he had created various environments utilizing formations tweaked to his requirements. Whether that be terribly cold conditions, blazing hot temperature, high altitudes, dry

conditions, wet mossy conditions, even evil and darkness type gardens and their holy counterparts, Eli had accounted for them all.

He had an attention to detail that surprised even Dyon, and a green thumb that could grow almost anything.

It was only then that Dyon learned what Eli's Heaven Child ability was. He could actually speed up the growth of plants simply by showing them care, affection and attention. Because of this ability, he had managed to grow a massive base of common, practitioner, and master level plants in only 14 or so years.

To put that into perspective, even the lowest level of practitioner plants needed to decades to grow. As for master level plants, their quality was counted in centuries! For Eli to create so many of them in just 14 years was mind boggling.

If Dyon were to sell just the plants within this ring right now, it would be in the order of dao stones. If one tried to use celestial stones, the price would be too astronomical.

The best part was that the seeds used were bought with profound stones. It was truly inconceivable that Eli had been able to do this. According to him, it would only be 5 or so more years before he could begin to foster Grandmaster level plants. Maybe what was most shocking was that the only thing that was holding him back was Clara's limitation in the formations she could create. The environments weren't realistic or powerful enough to sustain grandmaster level plants, yet Eli had innovated new ways to get around this.

Dyon doubted that any clans or sects before the top 15 or so had such robust spiritual gardens. Reason being clans below that level wouldn't grow their own grandmaster plants, in fact, they wouldn't even grow their own master plants, instead relying on the Sapientia Quadrant. Only the best of clans with the most solid foundations would have their own spiritual gardens and their own secondary professionals.

Either way, there was no doubting Eli's contribution. The base he created was more than just a launch point for Dyon's plans. Even if he did nothing more, Dyon had enough to survive for centuries.

That aside, what Dyon needed Eli's help with were the Serpent Vines. Dyon had thought of simply destroying them, but then he had another thought.

Dyon had no doubt that once their Corner was opened to the public, especially considering the plans he had for it, that there would be a whole host of problems. It was impossible for Dyon to be here all the time, so it needed its own protection.

Chapter 1016: Overly Worried

Some Serpent Vines could even fight against dao formation experts without losing a step. Of course, these weren't the level of vines that were in their corner, or else there would be no hope of dealing with them.

However, there were many on the essence level, with a handful at the saint level. If their battle power was coordinated, they could be very useful. The problem was that Dyon didn't have a method for controlling them so he could only turn to Eli.

According to Eli, he wasn't entirely sure of a way either. Apparently, no one had a foolproof method of controlling Serpent Vines, but he was confident that once Delia returned, he'd be able to start studying them properly. He even got Dyon to buy him a few Serpent Vines embryos to begin early.

After dealing with all of that, Dyon left. He didn't need to see Ri through her breakthrough, he had the utmost confidence in her. But, for now, he had to deal with Soul Rending Peak.

It was a good thing those Devil Practitioners didn't dare to enter the tower just yet, or else Dyon would have been frozen out of their corner. It seemed he would have to deal with that before he left the 98th quadrant.

Dyon directly teleported to the Soul Rend Corner and left, appearing above the lake that housed the two pillars that led to their Gate.

'They must have left already, then.' Dyon had expected the same air ship that had brought them here to be waiting to take away those who had legacies, but it seemed he had wasted a bit too much time. 'It's fine. The fact I did this would make me even more of a target.'

Dyon quietly slipped into Soul Rending Peak, making his way into the courtyard he shared with little Rose and Vice Master Evangeline Moon.

The first thing Dyon saw when he walked in was an adorable little girl running up to him with a smile on her face.

"Little Rose." Dyon smiled, rubbing her small head. "Did you miss me?"

Rose smiled shyly before running off. Judging by her glance toward the back portion of the courtyard, Dyon assumed that Evangeline wanted to speak with him.

Walking through the large home, he eventually made it to its backyard. He was greeted with the same serene river and lush greens he had seen before. Even the singular white table fashioned with intricate designs and tea were there. Yet, this all paled in comparison to the golden-haired beauty that sat elegantly on a chair beside it.

By now, it was getting very late and the moon hung high in the skies, yet it was still dim in comparison to Evangeline.

"Come, let's have some tea."

Dyon sat down under the moonlight, accepting the cup of tea Evangeline poured for him.

Oddly enough, they sat in silence for a long time. Dyon wasn't sure what Evangeline wanted to speak with him about, but he had his own guesses. The events of the valley of geniuses could be ignored by stronger quadrants, but for a pitiful 98th ranked quadrant, if any one of their disciples gains a legacy, it would be akin to ascending the heavens in a single step.

Dyon already come to understand that quadrants as weak as this one already took Earth level treasures as impossible and out of reach. Even though the Caedes family had a Peak Heaven Level technique, that was them alone. In addition, it could only be used by those of their bloodline.

As for the rest of the quadrant, they had Common Level techniques at best.

Of course, Dyon knew that Soul Market was relying on a Mystic Level Technique. But, did that mean everyone else did? He doubted it.

"Why were you so late?" Evangeline suddenly asked.

When he heard this, Dyon's hand paused. He had just been about to raise the teacup to his lips, but when he heard the concern in Evangeline's voice, he was shocked.

He had heard the Evangeline was often kind to a fault, but for her voice to be so broken and hoarse over him being just a few hours late was a bit too exaggerated, no?

What this did prove to Dyon was that Evangeline was very much aware of Soul Market. Clearly she assumed that Dyon hadn't come back because he was taken away for the sake of his Legacy.

It was no secret to Dyon that the Soul Market wanted one last large profit margin before officially shutting down, and the valley of geniuses was the perfect stage for this.

Although Anak had demanded that Ri leave her legacy behind for Chrysanthemum, this wasn't actually possible, not after resonance was complete. It was either Anak was stupid, or he didn't care about the logistics, and just wanted to embarrass Dyon.

However, the Mystic Technique of Soul Rending Peak could force the issue. There was no need to explain how valuable those geniuses who resonated were.

Suddenly Dyon froze. He just remembered that Sophia had resonated. At first, she could have kept it a secret, but because of Arthurian, that was no longer possible. 'Dammit.'

Dyon shook his head, focusing back on the matter at hand. "I was handling a few things. Did I miss something important?"

In the end, he decided to pretend as though he hadn't noticed the oddity in Evangeline's voice.

After a pause, Dyon heard Evangeline take a deep breath as though she was calming herself. "Considering you snuck back in, you're already aware of the danger. So, why did you come back? You have no idea the level of formations there are that protect this school. Since you're here now, they know you're here. They're only looking for an excuse to take you away now."

Dyon smiled lightly. "I'm counting on it."

"You!" Evangeline was so angered by Dyon's words that the cup in her hand shattered. Even the liquid within it completely evaporated to nothingness.

Dyon sighed. "That one small cup had at least 10 saint stones worth of tea within it, such a waste, such a waste."

Evangeline grit her pearly white teeth adorably, completely exasperated with Dyon's behavior. Of course she knew how expensive the tea was, but was this really the time to be bringing it up?

"You're still so reckless! A complete maniac! You're a measly half celestial and you think you can change something?!"

"Still?" Dyon raised an eyebrow. No matter how much he wanted to ignore what Evangeline was saying, she kept making slips of the tongue. If she was trying to be covert, she was terrible at it.

"Of course, still." Evangeline stuttered. "You challenged so many elders at the assessment!"

Dyon's eyebrow only reached higher heights. She had just admitted she knew he had a celestial body, why would he be worried about the weak elders of a backwater sect? Too weird, too weird.

Evangeline quickly covered her tracks. "You're thinking you shouldn't be worried about them? Well what about the Devil Path Cultivators? Can you so easily ignore them too? Reckless!"

Dyon laughed. This "old lady" was too adorable. He felt that he was missing something about her, though. This definitely wasn't the way she normally acted.

When Dyon sat down to have his first teatime with her, he felt that she was calm and quick witted. In fact, her personality was very similar to his own. Clever, arrogant and a little too self-indulgent. This flustered version of herself was definitely very much different from the Evangeline who warned him that she'd cut his penis off if he tried to take advantage of "this old lady".

Of course, he found this even more odd considering her persona as a goddess of the people. Philanthropy was a bit out of place with that personality type. Although Dyon often helped people, he didn't classify himself as a Mother Teresa type person like Evangeline was portrayed.

Yet, that same two-sided personality seemed to have gained a third. As though she was an arrogant, kind woman who somehow still had the disposition of a little girl.

Suddenly, Dyon gave Evangeline a meaningful glance. "I wonder. Does this overly worried version of yourself have anything to do with the fact you're trying to poison me right now?"

Evangeline's hands froze. But, after a while, she only sighed. "How did you know?"

Chapter 1017: Why?

"Is it really so difficult? Did I not show off my knowledge of herbs when we last had tea?" Dyon shrugged, still lightly grasping the teacup.

"Nice try," Evangeline giggled, completely unlike someone who tried to pull an underhanded trick. "The poison I chose is completely odorless. It's undetectable."

"If you really believe so, why are you laughing? According to your logic, I just lured you out by pretending to know something I didn't."

Evangeline's light and airy laughter didn't stop. "Obviously because whether you know or not doesn't matter."

"Oh? If I'm correct, this particular poison needs to be consumed. Why is it that you believe you've already won?" Dyon's smile didn't fade either.

"Because power decides everything. If I so wanted, you'd have to drink that poison whether you wished to or not. This is the difference between those who have power and those that don't."

"I assume that this power trip you're on is the reason you deployed such an easily detectable concealment and defensive array?"

Evangeline lightly giggled. "Only you would be so arrogant so as to label these arrays as easily detectable. Your soul should still be sealed right now, and even if it wasn't, someone with your soul strength has no business seeing through arrays designed by me. Clearly someone or something helped you."

For the first time, Dyon's playfulness disappeared. He couldn't understand why this woman knew so much about him. The individuals who knew about his soul being sealed were restricted to his closest confidants. Did someone betray him?

"Aw. Don't be like that. Even with that big head of yours it's impossible for you to guess what happened. Why don't you stop worrying about it?"

"Come. Satisfy this old lady's curiosity. How did you see through an odorless poison?"

Dyon sighed. This Evangeline was correct about one thing, worrying about it wouldn't do him any good.

When Evangeline saw Dyon calm himself down so quickly, her smile became brighter. At that point, even Dyon who had suddenly become her enemy couldn't help but feel his heart seize.

She was truly beautiful. Her glistening opal eyes, swirling with greens, pinks and blues. Her cascading golden hair, waving gently in the night's wind. Her body... Perfectly proportioned, exuding a mature aura that could grasp the heart of any man.

"Am I beautiful?" Evangeline asked coquettishly.

Dyon nodded honestly, a bit of seriousness in his eyes.

"Believe it or not," Evangeline giggled. "I've altered my appearance slightly to make me less so. Maybe if I showed you my true appearance, you'd drink that poison simply because it was my will."

Dyon's eyes widened slightly. She made herself less beautiful? On purpose? What the hell was going on?

Evangeline was already world-shattering. In fact, she lost out to Dyon's own wives in no way. If Dyon was forced to tell the truth, he'd have to admit that she was even slightly better in terms of looks simply because she had an aged elegance that could only be achieved with a time living his wives hadn't reached just yet.

Now this very same beauty was telling him that she made herself look worse on purpose. Was that even possible?

Evangeline adorably pouted. "You shouldn't leave a woman waiting, especially a beautiful woman."

Dyon shook his head, finally answering her question. "It's impossible to add substances to water without there being discernible changes, even if those changes are impossibly small. The simple answer to your question is viscosity."

Evangeline's eyes brightened. "Viscosity?"

"The thickness of a liquid is dependant on many variables. The thousand-year Calming Wisp Petals you like so much decreases viscosity, making water flow better and decreasing internal friction. The poison you used, though, increased viscosity, making the tea thicker than when you last served it to me."

"Really? This is what you based it on? Couldn't I have simply changed the concentration of Calming Wisp Petals I used? If I decreased the concentration, it would have had the same effect."

"That's even simpler. While the poison you used is odorless, Calming Wisp Petals are not. The strength of an odor is dependant on its concentration. Simply comparing the odor profile is enough to know you didn't change the concentration of your Calming Wisp Petals."

"Hm." Evangeline responded with a pensive look. "Then how could you know the type of poison I used? Without knowing the concentration, it would be impossible to judge. Since you were so sure that this poison could only take affect by being consumed, you must have had a reason for believing so, no?"

"Calming Wisp Grasp is a Grandmaster level plant. Practitioner Plants are aged to the decade, Master Plants to the century, and Grandmaster Plants to the millennium. Even a single leaf of Calming Wisp Grasp could be sold for as much as 100 celestial stones. It must also be diluted down to parts of a thousand in order to be used safely by the likes of me.

"It isn't named as it is on a whim. Its calming effect isn't restricted to the humans who benefit from its abilities, it can also have this secondary effect on poisons its bound to.

"Even when paired with a poison far exceeding its capability to calm, the Calm Wisp Leaf still has the ability to emit a pungent smell to warn cultivators that it's been compromised. There are only three poisons in existence that can stop this pungent smell from emitting. And only one of them increases the viscosity of water."

Evangeline couldn't help but clap when Dyon finished his analysis, not hiding the praise in her eyes even one bit.

Dyon had made everything he did seem so simple and natural, but each deduction was more impossible than the last.

Firstly, judging the viscosity change of liquid was already impossibly difficult. It required an attention to detail and Perception impossible for normal individuals. Even those with strong souls couldn't achieve this, let alone a young man with a sealed soul.

Secondly, Evangeline hadn't shown any signs of being an enemy. Everything from her demeanor, to the things those of the 98th quadrant said about her, were a perfect defense. For someone to be able to catch such a minute change in this situation was ridiculous.

What Evangeline didn't know was that 16 or so years ago, Dyon nearly died because he too quickly trusted a pretty face. He still remembered the day he was stabbed by that woman pretending to be Madeleine. He would never make the same mistake twice. Never.

Thirdly, remembering and applying the odor profile of a plant to judge whether or not its concentration had changed was completely inhuman.

Fourthly, understanding the obscure rules that governed Calm Wisp Petals was even more impressive. To say there were millions of plants and sub-types of plants was an understatement.

What Dyon hadn't explained that Evangeline understood was that Calm Wisp Petal was a Genus, not a species. This meant that there were hundreds of types of Calm Wisp Petals, all of which shared that Genus but were of a different Species. Simply put, not all species of Calm Wisp Petals had the ability to emit a pungent smell in the presence of danger.

Dyon had not only identified the Genus, he identified the species as well, all based on smell.

Then he further understood the quirky characteristics of that specific species of the Calm Wisp Petal Genus.

He was simply on a different level completely. Even old fogies who had lived for thousands of years couldn't compare to him. In fact, if they had had heard his explanations, they might fall to their knees, begging to be taken as his disciple.

"Impressive, impressive." Evangeline didn't seem heartbroken that her scheme had been seen through at all. In fact, if Little Lyla had been there, she would have sensed a clear pride emitting from Evangeline's eyes, as confusing as that was.

To feel pride about your scheme being exposed? Wasn't that too weird?

Dyon sighed. "Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?" Evangeline replied innocently.

"If you Soul Rending Peak bastards wanted an excuse to capture me, why would you use this method? Were you really so set on ruining my reputation?"

Evangeline blinked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Dyon's calmness began giving way to anger. "You've been exposed already. Why are you still pretending? Are you expecting to not know that the poison you've tried to give me is the Nine Yang Cloud Aphrodisiac?"

Chapter 1018: Shipped

"Ah, I see." Evangeline smiled meaningfully.

She realized that Dyon came to an understanding that she wanted to force feed him an aphrodisiac so he'd commit a crime of sexual passion. At that point, his reputation was be ruined and Soul Rending Peak would have every excuse to take him to Soul Market.

Veins involuntarily popped out on Dyon's forehead. No matter how calm he wanted to remain, this wasn't something he could accept.

"Tsk, tsk." Evangeline shook her head. "That's enough of that."

Evangeline waved her hand and at that moment, an overwhelming pressure pressed down on Dyon, causing his body to freeze.

'What?!' Dyon's eyes widened with shock. Even if he was beaten over the head, he would recognize that this was energy suppression. In fact, this energy suppression was of the highest order!

This Evangeline was a dao formation expert!

At that moment, Dyon couldn't lift a finger. He couldn't even think properly as his organs and bones threatened to shatter under the pressure.

"Do you understand now?" Evangeline said with a smile.

She stood, walking over to Dyon and sliding a long slender finger across his well-defined jawline.

Dyon grit his teeth, trying to move, but no matter what he did, it was impossible to overcome Evangeline's pressure. The most shocking part was that when he tried to use his Presence to move under the suppression, a secondary pressure even more powerful than the first obliterated his attempt, almost making him cough up blood.

'Emperor Level Presence! Who is this woman?!'

Evangeline's lovely giggle seemed to make the moonlight twinkle under the night stars. Maybe if it wasn't for the situation he was in, Dyon would be able to enjoy the deep ravine of soft flesh that was before him when she bent over to stroke his cheek, but at the moment, he was too pissed to think about such things.

The most frustrating part was that Evangeline was too clever for him. She seemed to know all of his plans before he even made them. Dyon even suspected that she had purposefully allowed a trail of clues for him to realize the existence of the Nine Yang Cloud aphrodisiac.

She was so careful that she made sure to not project her Presence toward Dyon. She only deflected the Presence he directed toward her. Which meant his mask wouldn't activate since it didn't feel a threat toward itself!

"Don't be so angry." Evangeline said gently, with an odd light in her eyes. "You're so handsome already, yet you're still an essence gatherer. Don't ruin those rugged looks with frown lines, it would be too much of a pity."

It was only now that Dyon suddenly realized that Evangeline might really be making herself appear less beautiful. A woman who was a dao formation expert would have their bodies cleansed by enigmatic energy, making them even more perfect.

'DAMMIT!' Dyon's mind roared as Evangeline tapped the edge of the teacup he still held, causing the liquid to gently follow her fingers toward his lips.

There was no suspense or final savior. Not a drop was left as the poison seeped into Dyon's tightly closed lips, sliding through the almost non-existent gaps in his teeth, and down his throat.

Dyon's lower belly immediately heated up, reaching inconceivable temperatures in an instant.

Evangeline's eyes were lit up with a pleasant surprise as Dyon's robes lit on fire. However, with her cultivation, such a weak flame could never endanger her.

Dyon raised his head and roared to the skies. It was certain that if it wasn't for the formation Evangeline had laid, the entirety of Soul Rending Peak would be alerted by what was going on.

"What a man!" Evangeline said with a sweet smile on her face.

Her hand ignored the flames, reaching forward and caressing Dyon's broad chest. By now, his robes had turned to complete ash. Without the support of the strong soul cultivators they once had, the quality of robes Soul Rending Peak could provide to their disciples had taken a drastic drop. There was no surprise that it couldn't withstand the burn.

"I'm sure you understand the intricacies of the Nine Yang Cloud plant, right?"

Seeing Dyon's glare, Evangeline giggled.

"It's not all bad," She continued, "In ancient times, some tribes used it to test the manliness of their younger generation men. Often times, a man wouldn't be allowed to become the next leader or heir apparent unless they reached a certain standard.

"It's called the Nine Yang Cloud because there are nine levels of auspicious signs possible. To be able to trigger the first auspicious sign while still being an essence gatherer... You would do a woman good in bed." Evangeline's eyes twinkled with an odd.

At that moment, a cloud of red and gold was being formed over Dyon's head, brightening the night sky. Not only did this represent the first auspicious sign, it also represented the first level of intensity. Unfortunately, 'earning' these auspicious signs didn't just mean that you were a better equipped man, it also meant you'd be gifted with a more severe burn.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Evangeline's eyes widened, "Seven clouds?"

The fire blazing emitting from Dyon's body threatened to break through the sky. Seven clouds of red and gold, each bigger than the one below it hovered in the air, emitting an aura of pure yang.

One had to understand that the number of clouds that appeared had little to do with body cultivation. It may sound odd considering that this was an aphrodisiac, but it was the truth.

The reaction of the Nine Yang Cloud poison was dependant not upon body cultivation, or even energy or soul cultivation, it was dependant on one thing and one thing only: Your Primordial Yang.

The problem was that your Primordial Yang's strength was also dependent on all facets of your cultivation. Dyon should still be too weak to evoke 7 clouds. Even a single one was enough to wholly impress Evangeline.

The only explanation was the only remaining facet of a Primordial Yang: potential. However, for potential to overwhelm everything else to reach this sort of level... It was mindboggling!

BOOM! ... BOOM! BOOM! ... BOOM!

Dyon's roar grew louder, shattering the chair beneath him. Yet, he somehow floated in the air, trembling fiercer with every passing moment.

Evangeline hadn't even gotten over the shock of seeing seven clouds before the maximum nine appeared. Even the arrays she had so carefully laid were threatening to shatter...

For context, even arrays she built with a casual swipe of her hand could contend with the best comet level formations in existence, let alone this one that she carefully and meticulously laid out while expecting the vicious auspicious signs of the Nine Yang Cloud poison.

Evangeline's smile and pride faded away. It would be impossible for her to do what she wanted to do if Dyon just died first.

Just like every other aphrodisiac, its effects wouldn't cease unless it was either purged by an expert, or the man under its influence vented the excess energy on a female. If not, the victim would simply implode from inside out.

The problem was that the intensity of this particular aphrodisiac depended on the number of clouds a man could evoke. Under normal circumstances, evoking more clouds was great. This was because the Nine Yang Cloud wasn't a poison at all if it was coupled with an appropriately powerful dual cultivation technique. Instead, it became a very valuable, but also very expensive, cultivation resource.

The good news was that Dyon had an appropriately powerful dual cultivation technique. In fact, it was powerful enough by many times over. The bad news was that Dyon had no intention of quote unquote 'venting'.

Despite the pain he was in, his eyes bore holes into Evangeline's skull even as his skin reddened and his veins bulged. Even his lower regions that should have been at full mast was forcefully held down by his body control, causing it to be, ironically, one of the coolest parts of his body.

"Oh? Despite forcefully contradicting the nature of the poison, you're still clear headed enough to glare at little ol me?" Evangeline pouted. It seemed that she was capable of keeping a serious expression on for long. "The auspicious signs are done, you can run off now, no? Imagine all the unsuspecting, innocent and beautiful little girls running around the sect.

"Don't you want to press them under you? Don't you want to assert your dominance over them? To claim them as your women?"

"This is what the elders want, isn't that what you said? At the very least they won't interfere until you're fully satisfied. Wouldn't you like one last hurrah before you're shipped off to Soul Market?"

Chapter 1019: Even Possible?

Dyon's eyes showed no signs of desire. Instead, he was filled with rage and unwillingness. Even after all this time, he still didn't have enough power.

This was the first time he truly couldn't see a way out of a situation. He always prided himself in always being able to think of a way out, always moving forward with only victory in mind. But, today he learned that when the power gap was appropriately large, larger than he could imagine, no amount of scheming or undying will to win would change anything.

Dyon tried to circulate his runic flames. When Evangeline was talking about him venting his lust on his fellow disciples, she had released the suppression on him, looking at him expectantly. This allowed him the chance to try and use his runic flames to purge the poison.

If it had been his aurora flames, Dyon would have had more confidence. Unfortunately, his control over his runic flames was far too poor.

This wasn't the only problem either. Nine Yang Cloud stems were classified as a Planet level spiritual plant! It was categorized far too high for Dyon to purge it with celestial level flames. It was simply a fool's errand without dao level flames.

Evangeline seemed to know this, so she didn't mind Dyon's attempt. She could only shake her head in disapproval. "Are you trying to kill yourself? Letting such poorly controlled flames rampage across your body? What would your wives think of you committing suicide like this?"

"Don't you speak of them!" Dyon roared through gritting teeth even as his skin began to crack and bleed. This wasn't the effect of the poison, but rather his runic flames. He could hardly heal an essence gatherer, he had no business trying to pull tricks with his own body.

"Don't speak of them?" Evangeline tapped her delicate chin with a slender finger. "Which one? Madeleine?"

Dyon froze, his gaze icing over. Who the hell was this woman?!

"Ri?"

Dyon's heart seized with worry. This wasn't happening, it couldn't be happening.

"Clara?" Evangeline seemed to get off on Dyon's helpless expression. He didn't seem to care about his own life, but the moment she started mentioning his wives he fell into despair. How noble of him.

However, Evangeline's next word shocked Dyon even more.

"Amphorae?"

"Who the hell are you?!" Dyon could no longer remain calm. There were only five people in existence that knew about Amphorae. Himself, Ri, Madeleine, Clara and his grand teacher.

Dyon would rather die than believe any of those individuals betrayed him. Even if he had been angry with his grand teacher for hiding the truth about his second disciple from him, Dyon had already decided to forgive him. Plus, he knew the old man had no ill intentions. So, how the hell did this woman know about Amphorae?

'Could it be that Amphorae already reincarnated and awakened her memories without seeing me? Is this an enemy of hers?' Dyon's mind ran on overdrive, trying to think of answers.

However, Evangeline's next words sent him into a realm of confusion that he almost couldn't handle.

"Luna? Saru? L—" Evangeline covered her mouth adorably, as though she was a toddler who made an innocent mistake. "Oops, you don't count them, do you?"

It was only at that point that Dyon remembered that Luna's name was Moon. Wasn't Evangeline's last name also Moon?

Evangeline giggled. "For such a smart man, your thoughts are pretty stupid. How could you compare all of this with that flat chested little girl?" She lightly gripped her own chest, almost as if to prove their size.

Dyon frowned through his pain. It was impossible for anyone to read his thoughts, not with The Seal. So, how could this woman read him so easily. Even a True Empath wouldn't be capable of that.

"Maybe I just know you very well." Evangeline smiled mysteriously. "I'm surprised you haven't run off yet. It can't be that you don't want those little girls because you've set your eyes on this old lady, no?"

Dyon sealed his lips. He was done with talking. If today was the day he'd die, then he'd die. But, he wouldn't disgrace his wives and himself before doing so.

Now that he knew there were experts this powerful watching over Soul Market, he understood how foolish his thoughts of taking it down had been. It was just unfortunate that he didn't find out until it was too late.

"I get it." Evangeline said playfully. "Your wives are very beautiful, so you disdain the idea of settling for women their lesser. Unfortunately for you, I'm too powerful for you to take me by force. So, what'll you do?"

A deep disgust shone in Dyon's eyes. No matter how the poison spurned on his libido, he wouldn't act. From start to end, he was confident in maintaining the clarity of his mind. What did lust mean in the face of death?

In his fifth trial, Dyon died countless times. Yet, no matter how often he did, his will never broke. If this Evangeline thought that his confidence was so easy to shatter, she was sorely mistaken.

Evangeline pouted, a fake hurt appearing on her features. "Am I not beautiful enough?"

Dyon didn't respond. He tried to close his eyes, but found that Evangeline's suppression had once again appeared. He was so enraged that the bones in his fist snapped under the pressure of him clenching them. He wasn't even allowed to control something so minor?!

"You can't close your eyes." Evangeline said coquettishly, "If you did, who would be here to see my true appearance? I want to see just how much will power you have... I wonder, will you beg me to help you after you see my true beauty?"

Dyon's nose and lips twitched in anger, but he didn't make any response.

"You must think that I changed my appearance to someone else completely, hm?" Evangeline's smile became more and more mysterious, completely oblivious to the pain Dyon was withstanding. "Let me tell you a secret..."

She leaned over slightly, breathing into Dyon's ear all while stroking his thigh.

Dyon clenched his jaw as the poison flared up due to the stimulation. Whether it be the view of Evangeline's chest, or how comfortable her hot breath felt on his ear, or how dangerously close her soft hands were getting to his most delicate regions, any one of these things were enough to make any man crazy.

"This is me," Evangeline whispered. "It's just that this is how I looked when I first broke into the saint realm."

Dyon's heart beat quickened, raging out of control. He immediately understood what Evangeline wanted to do.

Taking a step back, Evangeline smiled. Her skin glowed slightly as her features began to change.

"This is what I looked like when I began to cleanse my body with Celestial Energy and became a Pseudo-Celestial."

Dyon breathed outward, a steamy breath escaping his lips.

Evangeline had become even more perfect. The contours of her body, the slopes of her cheeks, even her chest and ass grew another size, becoming plumper and more enticing.

Even as a Pseudo-Celestial, she had already matched the most beautiful woman Dyon had ever seen: Madeleine's mother. Just for perspective, Madeleine's mother was already a dao formation expert. Unless she became a half-step transcendent, it would be impossible for her to become any more perfect. Yet, Evangeline claimed that this was her as a Pseudo-Celestial!

"Is this not enough?" Evangeline smiled. "Do you not want me?"

No matter what Dyon did, he couldn't stop the beating of his heart. But, he didn't move. Instead, he allowed his runic flame to rampage around his body with a fiercer pace, not caring about the damage he caused.

He hated himself for even feeling desire. He didn't want his will power to be tested by this vixen. He wanted to be able to die knowing that his thoughts had never been compromised.

"Oh? Still no?" Evangeline pouted. "This is how I looked when I crossed my second tribulation and became a Celestial."

Evangeline's skin glowed once more, her features shifting.

Dyon felt his heart seize. Was it possible for a woman to be so beautiful? Could she even count as human anymore?

He couldn't seem to control his reaction, a fiery heat spreading throughout his body. The feeling was too overwhelming.

Chapter 1020: Proud

No matter how strong his Perception was, he couldn't find a single flaw. Her skin was soft and supple, glowing with health. Her golden hair had an added level of sheen to it, still reflecting the light of the moon and the nine red-gold clouds that hung above their heads. Although her assets didn't grow in size, they had become even more perfectly proportioned, as though the golden ratio wasn't based on nature's whim, but rather her body...

"The suppression is gone, my little man. Don't you want to have fun with me?" Evangeline happily teased Dyon with her words. She no longer needed to entice him with her hot breath or her endless cleavage. She simply stood and allowed the world to bask in her beauty, exuding an aura of absolute confidence.

Dyon's runic flame and the poison ran rampant in its body, both emanating an impossible level of heat, yet of drastically different kinds. Even so, Dyon didn't move.

"To be your wife must be the best thing in the world." Evangeline clapped in admiration. "I wonder, is it because of them you haven't acted, or is it because you want to die with dignity? What if I tell you that as long as you scamper along and go have fun with your little Junior Sisters, I'll allow them to let you live? Hm? How about it?"

Dyon couldn't understand anything this woman was doing. If she was so eager to have him rape and pillage, what was the point in showing him her true appearance? Was she really so set on shattering his will to its core?

Evangeline smiled silently, scanning Dyon's face before her teasing gave way to admiration.

With a wave of her hand, a complex array appeared on Dyon's arm.

Seeing Dyon's shocked expression, Evangeline shrugged. "That old lizard doesn't deserve to see what happens next."

Evangeline's skin began to glow once more. "This is how I looked when I first began to cleanse myself with enigmatic energy and became a Pseudo-Dao Formation Expert."

Dyon's eyes widened. No matter how fast his processing speed was, he couldn't understand what he was seeing. It was almost as though a mere essence gatherer like him didn't have the right to lay eyes on such beauty... He was blaspheming the work of art that was Evangeline... Tainting her with his eyes.

This time, there was no understanding what his heart did because the moment he fought back on the impulse to pounce on Evangeline and push her beneath him, his vision blackened.

His heart had stopped beating completely. The combination of the poison and his injuries, topped with the visual stimulation Evangeline gave him, was simply too much.

In the end, he kept his own integrity and even though he was certain that he'd die, he still had a smile on his face. To him, he had won.

Evangeline caught Dyon before he fell to the ground. Her playful and teasing appearance was gone, instead replaced by worry and affection.

She sighed. "You always do the most ridiculous things to yourself."

If Dyon had been conscious to hear her, he might have fainted from anger this time. How did him being poisoned have anything to do with him?

Evangeline's skin glowed once more. This time, she held nothing back, allowing her truest appearance to grace the world.

In that moment, the moon seemed to dim. The flowing river that ran through the courtyard began to swirl swirled oddly, even as the flowers and creatures in the surroundings bowed. Not even the wind was left unaffected as it began to sing in the warm night air.

Nature itself felt inferior in the presence of this beauty, yet she only had eyes for handsome and bloodied young man lying unconscious in her arms, not caring about how his sweat and injuries were ruining her clothes and once stainless hands.

Evangeline leaned forward, pressing her hand to Dyon's broad chest and gently restarting his heart.

"I'm sorry for testing you like that, I should have known that my man's will is indomitable. I'm proud to be your wife." Evangeline's lips gently pressed against Dyon's as her energies began to slowly heal him.

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When Dyon awoke, he had no idea how much time had passed.

At first, he was groggy and without sense of direction. But, the moment his memories came back to him, he shot up, causing his head to almost hit the ceiling.

It was only at that point that he realized that he was actually within his own room, the same one he took when he moved in with Vice Master Evangeline.

'What the hell?' Dyon had every right to be confused. For one, he had already assumed that he would never wake up again. And, even if he did wake up, it should have been in a cell crafted by Soul Market. How he was here, safe and sound, was beyond him.

Dyon quickly looked to his wrist, sighing in relief when he realized that the Dragon King was still there. After Evangeline placed a seal on him, Dyon had expected to lose this weapon and everything else he owned. But, from what he could see, not only was the Dragon King still here, all of his spatial rings and everything in them were still there as well. There was even a new set of cleanly folded disciple robes on the lone chair in the room, waiting for him to use.

'Old Lizard, how long has it been since that night?'

'Two weeks or so.'

'Did you see what happened?'

'No. When my senses came back to me, you were already in this room. That woman's level of array alchemy is more than enough to block me off completely when I still have this many seals on me.'

Dyon's frown deepened. 'Maybe?'

With a flip of his palm, a miniature tower appeared in Dyon's hand. 'Tower spirit, did you record everything that happened?'

'Yes.' The spirit replied with a yawn.

'Can you play it back for me, please?'

'No.'

Just when Dyon was about to say thank you, the tower spirit's reply registered. 'What the hell? Why not?!!'

'Because she told me not to.'

'Who's the master here, me or her?!'

'Technically, neither of you.'

Dyon began to feel more frustrated than he had on the night all of this happened. He was supposed to be a weapon's master, yet he couldn't make a measly tower spirit obey simple orders? What the fuck?

'Aren't weapon's spirits supposed to be bound by a set of laws?!' Dyon argued. 'Even if I haven't conquered all of your floors yet, 1 floor is still more than 0! How could you listen to her over me?!'

'I am following my own rules. While you were asleep, she conquered 2 floors.'

When Dyon heard this, he was completely stumped. He had no argument left, this woman had really thought of everything. But, since she knew how valuable the treasures he had on him were, why did she leave them behind? Why didn't she take them? None of this made any sense!

Taking a deep breath, Dyon forced himself to calm down. 'Is there anything she is allowing you to say?'

Dyon had no other choice but to take a back step. Conquering the first floor had pushed him to his absolute limits, so he was very aware that it would be impossible for him to conquer the second floor any time soon.

On top of that, the spirit might not listen to him if he only conquered the same number of floors as Evangeline. To guarantee that he could get answers, he'd have to conquer the third floor, and who knows when he'd be able to do that?

'She did.'

'And those things are?'

'She wanted me to call you a pervert. She said that I must refer to you as Mr. Jaws from now on. And, the final thing she said is that I could allow you to benefit from the benefits she gained conquering the second floor.'

Dyon's frown deepened. 'Pervert? Only Ri and Clara call me that... Mr. Jaws? Only Ri calls me that. Is she trying to hint at something? These aren't things that someone who isn't close to me would understand... But I don't know who she is!'

Dyon couldn't understand. The only dao formation experts he knew were Madeleine's parents. He didn't know anyone else. And, obviously, Evangeline wasn't Madeleine's mother.

'There's really something in this universe I can't figure out?... Wait, did you say I could benefit from what she conquered?' Dyon sounded slightly excited, almost forgetting that that woman had almost killed him.

'Yes.'

'Tell me about it.'

'The number of puppets you have access to have doubled. Also, conquering the second floor gives you access to the room above the Weapon Devouring Room. This room is known as the Origin Beast Room.'

While the Weapon Devouring room allows weapons to feast on each other to grow in level, the Origin Beast Room is a training room for beasts to purify their bloodlines.

'Technically speaking, even a beast with the thinnest of bloodlines could trace their blood back to its origin and reach higher levels. Even if the origin that beast is seeking is on the Supreme level or beyond.

'Unlike the Weapon Devouring Room, though, the Origin Beast Room doesn't need energy stones. Instead, it needs an astronomical amount of beast blood. The higher quality the beast blood, the better. However, the results are more effective when the type of blood is appropriate. For example, don't do something stupid like try to awaken Dragon blood with Tiger blood.'