

## The Nameless 1021

### Chapter 1021: No Choice

Dyon frowned. 'If I have the blood anyway, why would I need the room? Explain clearly.' Dyon lost patience with the spirit. Since it didn't show him any respect, he was disinclined to deal with it.

'In order to improve a beast's blood, you need blood essence, not regular blood. However, it's impossible to receive blood essence without the creature being willful. How could someone as weak as you force a Dragon to willingly give you its blood essence?' The spirit snorted with disdain.

'You mean?'

'The Origin Beast Room only needs regular blood, not blood essence.'

Dyon was shocked. Using normal blood to upgrade your bloodline? That was even more heaven defying than the Weapon Devouring Room. What the hell was this tower?!

'Wait, does this work for humans too?'

Although it was a bit sadistic and evil to think about draining human beings for the sake of his and his allies' bloodlines, Dyon wasn't the type of person to feel morally confused when it came to dealing with his enemies.

For example, he wouldn't hesitate to drain Anak of all of his blood. If his Demon Generals gained a trace of Angel blood like those of the Emperor Giant Clan, their power would raise to an entirely new level.

'You don't have high enough floor access to do this with humans.' The spirit said coldly.

'What the hell? What's the difference between beasts and humans?'

'If you didn't think there was a difference, why did you bother to ask?' The spirit clearly wasn't giving Dyon any leeway. 'Beasts are inherently more in tune with the heavens. This is why they're chosen to represent various wills, like Dragon with sovereign will and Celestial Hamsters with time will.'

'Because they're more favored by the universe, it's relatively easier for them to retrace their blood to its origins. This is why, although it's rare, you hear of snakes becoming dragons, but you don't randomly hear of normal humans becoming angels. There is a much, much, much stronger barrier for humans as compared to beasts.'

Dyon sighed. Unfortunately, this was yet another airtight explanation by the tower spirit. Clearly, although it was hateful, it followed the rules. It wouldn't make things difficult for Dyon on purpose.

'Wait.' Dyon suddenly paused. 'You said I don't have high enough access yet, does that mean there will be a day I do?'

'Let's just say I don't have much hope in you.' With those final words, the tower spirit disappeared, leaving Dyon by himself.

After looking around, Dyon could only sigh. Although he had expected it, after confirming that both Evangeline and Little Rose had disappeared, he felt odd.

At that moment, Dyon heard a knock come from the front door.

'Who could possibly be knocking the door of a Vice Master? Could it be Violet again?' Dyon felt a shiver go down his spine. He really didn't want to deal with that woman again.

When Dyon reached the door and opened it, he was pleasantly surprised to find that it wasn't Violet, but Donari.

"What're you doing here?" Dyon asked in surprise. Although Donari's familial status was high, he was still only an inner disciple. It was quite rare for them to be allowed to come to the core of the sect like this.

"You are here!" Donari said, brushing past and ignoring Dyon's confusion.

"Why wouldn't I be here?"

"No one has heard anything from you in more than two weeks. You didn't show up after the valley closed even after we all waited hours for you. Plus, the official disciple trials are beginning soon. They decided to give us a month after the valley's opening to readjust ourselves and absorb our gains, so there's only about two weeks left."

"Wait for hours? Why would you do that?" Dyon laughed, but inwardly, he was sneering. The reason was obvious.

Donari shrugged, completely oblivious. "I was pissed off too, I have better things to do than wait around for you. Why're you so important?"

Donari stopped looking around and turned back to Dyon, scanning him from head to toe almost as though he was trying to figure something out. His gut feeling was telling him that there was something odd going on in the quadrant, but he had no idea what it was.

He had almost failed in resonating with his legacy in time because his soul was so heavily damaged. The fact he just barely made it was a miracle, but at the same time, his anger toward his family and this Soul Rend Quadrant grew even more after that experience.

He felt like he should have been able to walk around in the core valley along with all the other geniuses, but he was stuck in the inner valley. He hated that sense of inferiority.

"How's Virvor?" Dyon suddenly asked.

"Him? He didn't come back either. We assumed he was with you."

Dyon breathed out. It seemed Virvor had listened to him. That was good. If he came back, he would definitely be taken away. Since Evangeline wasn't involved in the way he thought she was, he decided to continue with his original plan. He couldn't just leave things as they were. Not only was that unfair to

those who were suffering, it was also unfair his master and her clan. They had a legacy built here and it was being destroyed by greed.

Dyon sighed and steeled himself.

Given the current situation, he was in a tight bind for time. Two weeks from now, the sect would open up the Mystical World for the sake of its disciple trials. But, Dyon had a feeling that Soul Market would make its last sales and shut down even before that. Reason being that the Devil Cultivators likely wanted to partake in the treasures of the Mystical World as well.

Simply put, time was running out. If Dyon allowed the Devil Cultivators to enter without him there, the Celestial Beast Clan would be in danger of being discovered. But, if he didn't deal with Soul Market, millions, potentially billions, of lives would be hung in the balance.

At that moment, Dyon suddenly thought of something else: Arthurian. Instances of names being placed on the Pillar of Shame were massive events that involved the ringing of the sect's central bell.

For context, said bell was so loud that an entire planet would hear its call and chime. It was more likely than not that it happened while Dyon was asleep. However, the reason the bell reached so far wasn't because it was physically that loud, but rather, it sent out pulses that reverberated in the soul. For Dyon to sleep through that... Just what happened while he was out of it?

Just as Dyon was about to ask Donari about it, by pure sheer coincidence, a loud chime began to sound in all of their minds.

A deep noise reminiscent of an ancient church bell shook Planet Cathedral, causing its population of billions to look up into the skies involuntarily.

Before Dyon could even properly react, a roar filled with rage shook erupted from the center of Soul Rending Peak.

The skies above blasted apart, concentric circles of sound waves dispersing the clouds themselves and entering the high atmosphere.

'A celestial?' Dyon raised an eyebrow, but then he understood. The only celestials of the sect should be their core elders and masters. Core elders were those who had barely broken through and couldn't be more than 5th grade celestials, while the master was more likely a 5th or 4th grade celestial.

Either way, because they were celestials and not suppressed like Dyon was, he still had to take them seriously.

That aside, a celestial roaring in anger just after the central bell was rung? It didn't take much brain power for Dyon to understand that it was likely Violet's father reacting after finding out what happened in the valley. It was just odd that it took two weeks for Violet to tell her father. Maybe she was just working up the courage to tell her story, which was perfectly reasonable.

Donari visibly paled when he heard the roar. After all, the Master's residence wasn't very far from Evangeline's and he was still an essence gatherer.

However, Dyon was impressed that he recollected himself before he could help him.

"Well, I guess we have no choice but to go now." Dyon shrugged. One of the rules of sect mandated that every member available to show up when the central bell was rung. If not for that rule, Dyon wouldn't bother. This was also the only time lower ranked disciples were allowed to enter the core sect.

## Chapter 1022: Accusation

It wasn't long before every disciple that was available had entered the core sect plaza. Just as domineeringly as ever, the ranking pillar and the pillar of shame stood at the very center.

Above them, a group of powerful individuals stood in the air, attracting the awe of all those who saw them.

They were the core elders of the sect. Although there were only five of them, each and every one was admired as a top expert of their 98th quadrant.

Standing in the center of these five wrinkled old men and women was a stoic man, relatively younger than the other elders. It was clear that he was far more talented than them and had stepped into the ranks of celestials at a much earlier age.

Breaking from sainthood to the celestial realm gave an extra 5000 years of life. If you had already aged in the saint realm, reversing it would be as simple as just breaking through. However, it was clear that these elders gave up much of their lifespan for a chance to break through into the celestial realm, making their cultivation quite hollow and meaningless. Simply put, someone like Anak could kill all five of them without blinking an eye, even if he was suppressed.

However, the 98th quadrant was a fishbowl of sorts. All the individuals here knew was that these elders were all powerful celestials, so they revered them.

That said, they respected the Master of Soul Rending Peak far more.

He was a true expert who had even managed to step onto the celestial floors of the tower! If he wasn't so amazing, how could he have snubbed the Caedes and Jafari families out of the sect master position they had held for so long?

However, this same man they revered was livid today. He exuded an aura that forced every to look away, unable to meet his eyes at all.

Next to him, a beautiful girl clung to his arm, crying her eyes out. Her shoulders trembled, and even her father's touch couldn't stop her ceaseless heaving.

It didn't take long for everyone to recognize that this girl was Violet, the sect Master's one and only daughter.

Everyone knew how much the Master doted on his daughter.

Although there were rumors of the Master accepting Evangeline as Vice Master due to some sort of underhanded nepotism. Those who knew the Master understood that this wasn't true. This was just baseless slander based on the elders' jealousy of Evangeline's talent and youth.

The truth was that the Master had lost his wife long ago. He had come back to his home quadrant with his daughter about 200 years ago to be a core elder. But, eventually earned the spot of sect Master.

No one knew exactly what happened with his wife, but there was news of small tidbits run by the Sapientia News Network about two centuries ago.

Unlike the SNN of today, the SNN of those days didn't have the internet, so they spread their news by relatively normal means that involved information arrays. These information arrays had a limited use, and that upper limit decided how many it could transfer information to before it crumbled to dust.

It was a rule of the sect to vet all elders and especially sect Masters, so the sect Master had no choice but to hand over this piece of information over to the council of elders. This was how they learned of what happened to the Master's wife.

It turned out that an heir of the 74th quadrant took a liking to his wife and took her as a concubine.

Of course, the Master tried to fight back, but even though he was individually powerful, his backing was nonexistent. The 98th quadrant was simply too weak. As such, there was nothing he could do in the face of dozens of celestials, each more talented than the last, and many of whom were decently close to becoming dao formation experts.

In addition, unlike the Soul Rend Quadrant that had rumors of only a single dao formation expert lingering in legends, there was no doubt that the 74th quadrant had one or two ancestors of that level.

The Master could only accept this slap to the face and bring his daughter away and hide the truth from her. Knowing this story, it was no surprise that the Master treated his daughter as his lifeblood. Anyone who dared to treat her poorly would incur his wrath, no matter what the circumstances were. He wouldn't allow his daughter to face any grievance... It was also because of this that Arthurian didn't dare report that his first ranked palace was taken away by Violet through underhanded means.

At that moment, the air distorted as more powerful auras began to appear.

The four up and coming families, the Novrel, Mogy, Acor and Coudry families all sent high ranking officials to check out what the situation was. In fact, they didn't have high enough status to send anyone but their family heads. If they sent lower ranking elders, it would be seen as disrespect.

However, to everyone's surprise, the Caedes family Head also appeared. Behind him, everyone recognized Arthurian and could see his nervous fidgeting as he used the imposing aura of the family head to hide.

Everyone was confused about what was going on. For the Caedes family head to appear, just how serious was the situation?

Just as everyone was wondering what was happening, two more groups appeared.

A team of elders from The Cathedral appeared, wearing white and conservative robes. They exuded an aura of nobleness and purity that made those below almost want to bow to them, especially when they saw the Mother of the Nunnery. Her reputation wasn't any less beloved when compared to Evangeline.

But, the second group was a bit of a surprise. It was led by a beauty with long white hair even surpassing her ankles. It wasn't until after a bit of asking around that those less informed came to recognize her as the new key wielder of their quadrant: Lilith.

She was followed by her two little brothers and about 10 or so other Devil Cultivators including Sokzac. At the same time, her flowing white dress gave her an elegance that surpassed even the Mother.

By now, everyone was here. Even the past key wielder and branch member of the Caedes family was here. He normally had a calm and kind smile on his face, but today everyone saw a rare serious side to him. It was clear that he was confused about what was happening too.

Of course, Dyon and Donari were also among the crowd. Dyon wasn't a fan of standing in the back, so he had already made his way to the very front of the core disciples. In fact, he disdained the fact that these people were standing above him, so he leaped into the air, standing alone with his wings gently flapping.

It was truly an odd sight to behold. Eight groups who had otherworldly levels of prestige in the 98th quadrant, and one out of place young man.

The family heads and the priests of The Cathedral frowned as their gazes turned toward Dyon. They began to exude a pressure that was clearly telling him to get down, but he ignored it, yawning and stretching instead.

Dyon snorted inwardly, who did these people think they were, standing above him? He was confident that he could defeat any one of them in a battle alone. These people could only run around rampantly in this weak quadrant and nowhere else.

The family heads and priests were just about to say something when Violet's head snapped upward and said something that shocked them all.

"It's him daddy!" She pointed at a particular young man, tears streaming down her face with her voice cracking. "He's the one w -who..." Violet fell into a fit of tears, making everyone's heart break as they looked at her. She looked as delicate as a porcelain doll. Who would dare hurt such a lovely young girl?

"He's the one who tried to rape me!"

Even Dyon was stunned into confusion because Violet's finger was pointed not toward Arthurian who was way to left and still hiding, but him.

Dyon was absolutely stunned, but other than a weird light in his eye, he didn't have any other reaction. He had pegged Violet's snake-like personality a long time ago. Why would he still be surprised after hearing this?

Chapter 1023: Not Enough?!

Arthurian, however, was completely shocked by this turn of events. If he knew this would happen, why would he bother asking his Uncle for help?

'Unless...? Is it because of my Uncle that Violet told a lie? Or is it because Dyon angered her in some way?'

On the ground, Donari who was just as arrogant as Dyon and halfway into the air, paused, confusion clear on his face.

He had been with Dyon when the bell was rung, and he had also been there when they heard the roar together. Presumably, if Dyon did this, he would have immediately known that the Master's anger was aimed toward him and the central bell's chime was calling for his punishment. If he knew all of this... Why did he come here?

None of it made any sense. Not only had he come, he was standing in the sky, completely alone and without protection. Could a person really be so stupid?

Still, as a person who had exchanged blows with Dyon, he was well aware of his character. At the same time, as a member of the Caedes family, he was well versed in the type of person Violet was as well. Although Violet didn't use those underhanded tactics on him, plenty of others had suffered at her hands.

In the end, Donari continued his way up the sky, hovering beside Dyon. After he saw the odd light in his father's eye and Arthurian's reaction, he figured some things out for himself.

Plus, if Dyon died now, how would he get revenge for his loss? He needed his target alive.

By now, the Master's face had morphed from red to white then blue. Seeing his daughter's attacker right before him, how could he not want to inflict the worst kind of punishment?

"DIE!" Without waiting for anyone's reaction, the Master extended two fingers and swiped down with vicious force.

At that moment, the only thing in the world was sword qi, blotting out the skies.

The disciples on the ground felt themselves shiver in terror. They knew that if they were the ones facing this strike, there would only be one result: death.

The eyes of the family heads sharpened. Even they weren't sure if they could handle this sword strike. It seemed that after 200 years of seclusion, the Master of Soul Rending Peak had definitely improved. His sword intent had actually reached the third level, one with body!

The naming of the levels of intents weren't empty. When one reached one with body, they would truly become the embodiment of their will. For swordmasters, they'd constantly exude a sharp aura, as though their every step could slice apart the very air before them. It didn't just increase attack power, but also defense and speed. This was the benefit of reaching the one with body state.

The family heads could only shake their heads and sigh. They had come here to take Dyon away, but this Master was too hot-headed.

By the time the sword qi disappeared, the world was completely silent. Many expected Dyon's body to split in half where it stood. Maybe the attack was so quick and powerful that even Dyon hadn't realized he had died yet.

Yet, when Dyon's hand moved to fix the wrinkles in his disciple robes, everyone felt that they had fallen into a dream world. Some even pinched themselves to see if this was still the real world.

Two seconds. Three seconds. Five seconds.

By now, everyone was sure that nothing had happened to Dyon. He was actually completely fine!

"For the Master of a sect, your comprehension of sword intent is pitiful." Dyon spoke with disdain, not a single hint of respect in his voice.

At that moment, a slight worry flashed in Violet's eyes. All of this happened because of her, if her father suffered because she couldn't handle getting rejected, how would she face him?

But, when she looked around and saw the countless experts here, she breathed out in relief. Even if Dyon's wings were powerful, he wouldn't escape today.

The Master's eyes reddened with rage, however before he could attack again, he was stopped by the priests and Mother of The Cathedral. They gave him a meaningful glance, as though reminding him of the situation.

Dyon found this situation quite funny when he thought about it. With the tower spirit's help, he could replay exactly what happened that day for all to see. On top of that, he could do what Violet least wanted and project her naked body for everyone to see. But, he wanted to wait for the perfect time before he did that.

Seeing Dyon's smirk, the Master felt like his heart was going to combust from the inside out. How could any father withstand such a thing?

By now, Arthurian was sneering too. He believed that his family background had saved him, so how couldn't he be complacent. But, his Uncle sent him a glare that made him involuntarily take a step back. Arthurian might not understand, but he did. For Violet to not expose him, she would surely make the Caedes family pay a heavy price. They'd have to hand over valuable resources just because of his little nephew.

"I'm truly interested." Dyon said with a smile. "Can I see your evidence? I'd also like to hear your story."

"Is that him?" In the sky, within the group of Devil Cultivators, Sokzac suddenly asked a Lilith a question. In response, he received a nod which caused an imperceptible killing intent to shoot from his eyes.

Yet, to his surprise, Dyon's head immediately turned in his direction.

The clash of wills only lasted a moment before Dyon's eyes turned back to Lilith. Seeing her standing there perfectly fine, a disgusting thought crossed his mind. It was impossible for her to heal her soul so quickly unless she made use of Soul Market.

Seeing the disgust in Dyon's eyes, Lilith immediately felt uncomfortable. She hadn't had any reaction when Dyon was accused of rape, mostly because it was far too odd. Someone of Dyon's level would never stoop to pick at someone like Violet unless he was a true perverted bastard. However, no matter how much Lilith hated Dyon to the core, she didn't get that sort of vibe from him.

His disgusted look when he looked at her proved this. For him to look at her like that and even be willing to kill her, a beauty a thousand times better than Violet, how could he go after Violet? Clearly there was some conspiracy.

'He must have gotten a legacy from the valley, so they want to use this as an excuse to take him away. Since he's from the Jafari family, he wouldn't agree so easily as the others because he likely has an inkling about the secrets of this quadrant and Soul Market... Which means...'

Lilith's look became complex as she understood Dyon's look of disgust. He must know that the only way to heal a soul quickly was by absorbing another soul. Either that, or you needed a heaven defying plant or treasure on the level of the Soul Tome. Clearly, he wouldn't so easily believe she had the latter.

Somehow, she felt uncomfortable under his gaze. But then, her eyes became cold. 'So what if I used it? What right do you have to judge me?'

Dyon looked away, not bothering with Lilith anymore. But, this only enraged Sokzac who felt like he was being ignored by a puny essence gatherer while he was already a Celestial! Even if all dozen or so celestials in the sky right now fought him at once, even while suppressed, he was confident that he could obliterate them all.

"PROOF!?" The Master's voice boomed in response to Dyon's questioning. "ARE MY DAUGHTER'S TEARS NOT ENOUGH?!"

Dyon snorted. "No."

The veins on the Master's forehead threatened to pop. "Good. Good. Good." He spoke through gritted teeth. "Bring out the witnesses then!"

Dyon watched on expressionlessly as three disciples he immediately recognized walked out. These were none other than the three disciples that had followed Violet that day, the same three that Dyon had given pills that saved their lives.

Violet inwardly sneered. She assumed that Dyon had been so confident because of these three. After all, they knew what happened. 'You're so naïve. Did you really think that they'd back you? Who are you?! To dare turn me down, I'll show you the difference between the two of us!'

When the three disciples appeared, they began narrating a story that moved the hearts of those present.

"It was only a few days before the valley would close and Senior Sister Violet was guiding us through in hopes we might get lucky." One began.

Chapter 1024: 2 out of 10

"That was when we ran into Dyon. From what we could understand, a few months prior, he had an altercation with an esteemed Grandmaster of Sapientia Corner."

The three nodded in unison. "He had the audacity to try and sexually harass the Grandmaster, Clara Gallagher."

When those around heard the name, they sucked in a breath. Even if they didn't have any branches of the Sapientia clan here, they still sometimes travelled into the tower, especially as disciples of the best sect in the quadrant. Coupling that with the fact their best choice of weapons and pills was Sapientia Corner, and many of them had heard of Clara.

At this point, they couldn't help but look toward Dyon with disgust. Even their key wielder would have to bow in respect to her, yet a mere core disciple, and not even an official core disciple at that, had disrespected one of the most talented young women on the saint floors?

The three disciples displayed signs of obvious disgust as they looked toward Dyon, clearly not worried about their lives. They had been promised protection as long as they followed along with Violet.

"Grandmaster Clara wanted to kill him immediately, but our Senior Sister was kind enough to step in and vouch for this evil doer. In the end, she was forced to take a small loss and say she was this evil doer's girlfriend, for hope that Grandmaster Clara would have pity."

A wave of anger with through the disciples. Violet was the number one beauty of the sect, yet she had a heart magnanimous enough to do this, but she was repaid with pain and hardship?

The three disciples seemed to have a lot of practice telling this story, even their reactions and acting skills were perfectly on point as they showed anger matching that of the crowd.

"When we met in the valley, this evil doer wanted to take advantage of Senior Sister's goodwill, stating that she was his woman now since she had told the world that he was her boyfriend.

"When Senior Sister refused him, trying to explain clearly, he lost his mind and attacked us. Although he was an evil doer, his power seemed to have increased substantially after entering the valley." The disciples emphasized this. They didn't know why, but Violet had told them to do this. "We're mere inner disciples, so we lost quickly, and although Senior Sister fought valiantly, she lost in the end too.

"If Senior Brother Arthurian hadn't appeared, Senior Sister would have lost her innocence."

"Thank you senior brother!" They said in unison, bowing toward the Caedes family with respect.

The three disciples along with Violet and Arthurian looked toward Dyon to see his reaction. They expected to see anger, rage, possibly helplessness and sadness, but all they saw was a young man trying his best to hold back his laughter.

Seeing Dyon's reaction, the crowd became more animated and heated with rage.

"Lock him up forever as tribute to senior sister Violet!"

"Castrate him!"

"Burn his name into the pillar of shame!"

Voices of dissent filled the core sect. While the men stood forward to defend Violet's honor, the women felt deeply disgusted by Dyon as they could wholly sympathize with Violet and her plight. Which of them

hadn't had to deal with sexual harassment from a man stronger than them? Some of them had actually been raped by higher ranked disciples but didn't dare to come forward since they didn't have fathers as powerful as Violet did. So, they could only vent their anger on Dyon.

Dyon shook his head, trying to hold his laughter back. "Alright. Alright. So, I tried to rape this woman, but your valiant senior brother saved her, right?"

The three disciples looked up at Dyon without a hint of shame in their eyes. "That's right."

"Do you mind explaining how that happened?"

The Master erupted into a fiery rage. "Who are you?! Who do you think you are to question these brave witnesses? For them to step forward to condemn a core disciple as mere inner disciples, they have far more courage than a coward like you!"

Dyon shrugged. "I just found the story funny because someone as weak as Arthurian has no chance of restraining me from doing what I want to do."

At this point, the gaze of the Caedes family head turned cold. "Do you believe that a mere interim core disciple like yourself has the ability to defeat someone who's held the title of first ranked disciple for so long?"

"Aiyah," Dyon scratched the back of his head. "So many biased individuals. Are you trying to pay me back for killing your pathetic son?"

"YOU!" The Caedes family head almost flew into a rage. He hadn't connected that person to this one until Dyon spoke. Now, he had even more reason to bury Dyon without cause.

"It's simple, really." Dyon said with a shrug. "Since your story says I was chased away by Arthurian, just let me fight him. I'd really like to see how such a coward stopped me."

The Master frowned. Unlike everyone else, he was only here for the sake of his daughter, not some conspiracy. To him, the idea of a first ranked core disciple defeating an interim one made perfect sense, so why was Dyon so confident?

Suddenly, the Mother of the Cathedral spoke. "You are quite silver tongued, evil doer. However, you've forgotten that the story also stipulates that your power abruptly increased due to the valley. It's already been two weeks since the valley was closed. It's obvious that you're only so confident because you've had more time to adapt to a legacy you accepted."

Dyon began to clap. "Well said, old bat. Well said. If you weren't so wrinkled and close to death, I might think of pressing you beneath me too."

"HOW DARE YOU BLASPHEME THE WHITE MOTHER LIKE THIS?!" The priests of the Cathedral flew into a rage. Who dared to anger the Mother like this?!

"White Mother?" Dyon fell over into a hunch, grasping at his stomach and gasping for breath. "Since when could the title of White Mother be held by just anyone? Call her that one more time and I'll make sure you never speak again!"

Before the priests could speak out again, they felt an overwhelming pressure press down against their hearts. Looking into Dyon's eyes, they didn't dare to speak again.

The core valley fell into an abrupt silence. They were so distracted by Dyon's overbearingness that they didn't notice the small shift in the Mother's eyes when Dyon said she didn't deserve to be called White Mother. It was clear she understood that she didn't. However, she was also trying her best to hide her rage, she had never in her life been disrespected like this.

'Spirit, play exactly the parts I ask you to play and change the angles to portray what I want to portray.'

In that moment, a projection appeared in the skies as Dyon's hand flipped over, causing a miniature tower to float above it.

Everyone's eyes involuntarily raised high to see a scene that shocked them all.

"Your death will be very painful." The image focused on Dyon walking toward someone they couldn't see just yet.

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?"

Right after those words were projected outward, the image flipped from Dyon's angered eyes to Arthurian. Then, under everyone's shocked gazes, they watched as Dyon's hand flew forward, slapping Arthurian away with a single strike.

Blood and teeth flew into the air, and Arthurian's face even completely collapsed on one side. It was a miracle that it was fixed to the extent it was now.

Then the image paused, the final scene the crowd saw was Dyon standing over Violet's naked body and her tears streaming down her cheeks.

At that moment, everything took a turn that stunned everyone there.

"As you all can see, two weeks or not, someone as pathetic Arthurian has no business defeating me.

"I understand what you wanted to do. You probably wanted to make me pay for tainting you while still making sure everyone understood that you still maintained your innocence, hm?" A sinister smile spread across Dyon's face as his eyes pierced toward Violet.

"The reason I asked for the story to be explained isn't because I feel falsely accused. It's just that I wanted to make sure everyone knew that a) someone as pathetic as a Caedes family heir has no business dictating what I can and cannot do, while b) making sure you all know that your pure princess has long since been tainted by me.

"Truth be told, she's quite far below my tastes and is no more than trash among the true beauties of the martial world. My wives, for example, are each world toppling. I normally wouldn't even take her as a servant girl.

"But, after two months of seeing nothing but fog and statues, I was akin to a man who hadn't eaten or had anything to drink in years." Dyon shrugged. "So, I used her as a temporary cock sleeve. It was better than using my hand, anyway.

"In my opinion, she's barely a 2 out of 10. I wouldn't recommend it. I gag just thinking about it."

#### Chapter 1025: Storm

When the three disciples, Arthurian and Violet saw the video start playing, they all felt their hearts seize. If Dyon exposed what truly happened, not only would their reputations be ruined, but their punishment would be the equivalent to what Dyon's would have been for their false accusation.

According to the rules of Soul Rending Peak, trials for the Pillar of Shame would always be carried out like this. Although Violet and Arthurian would be fine after lying considering the strength of their backing, them as three mere inner disciples with relatively weak families would die in the cross fire for sure.

But, that was when Dyon did something completely inexplicable. In fact, Violet's bent over and naked body was still being projected into the skies, it was clear that Dyon had no intention of taking it down any time soon.

Dyon looked up into the skies along with everyone else, a clear look of disgust on his face. "Ugh, just looking at it makes me feel uncomfortable. Can't believe I stooped so low."

Violet trembled, an uncontrollable stream of tears falling from her eyes. By now, she obviously knew that Dyon could expose her lies. But, doing so would be far less humiliating than what he was doing now.

Her hands flew to her head as she crouched down in the sky, incoherently shrieking as though she was trying to wake herself up from a dream.

Dyon feigned clearing his ears out. "Could you shut up? So annoying."

"Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" Violet's banshee-like screams filled the silent core pavilion.

Seeing her breakdown like this, most felt endless pity for her. However, those who were more intelligent picked up on a few things.

For example, although the video showed Dyon slapping Arthurian away, despite the camera cuts, it was clear that Dyon was walking toward Arthurian. In addition, Arthurian's hands were cut off in the video, but if one had enough spatial awareness, it was clear that the position Violet was bending forward in matched the placement of his hands.

This all led to one question: how was Dyon the attempted rapist if he was nowhere near Violet to begin with?

Donari immediately understood and the conflict in his heart disappeared. Although he didn't understand why Violet did this, he was sure that she was lying.

This led to an odd split in the crowd where the intelligent realized that this was actually Dyon's final stand. They believed that Dyon understood he had no chance of getting out of this situation, so he decided to stain Violet's name in his final moments.

As for the less intellectually inclined half of the audience, they saw Dyon as a cruel bastard that deserved the worst of the worst kinds of punishment.

Of course, the family heads and The Cathedral elders were among those who understood the "meaning" behind Dyon's actions. But, this put them in an incredibly difficult position.

If The Cathedral pretended like they were in line with the stupid half of the crowd, all the reputation they had built up for centuries upon millennia would completely crumble. But, if they absolved Dyon, they would lose their ability to imprison him for his actions. Obviously, it was better to offend the "stupid" individuals than the intelligent because it would be easier to manipulate them later, but doing so clashed with their purpose for coming here today.

This was exactly what Dyon wanted. If he didn't want to sow this sort of doubt, he would have cut out the portion of him walking toward Arthurian and cut to part where he slapped him away. But, doing things in this fashion would begin to slowly unveil the disgusting nature of The Cathedral for all to see.

He couldn't care less about low IQ individuals. The kind easily swayed by public opinion and couldn't form their own thoughts. It was those who still had minds of their own that he wanted to awaken to the reality of their quadrant. This way, there'd be less push back when he destroyed The Cathedral.

Of course, among those intelligent enough to understand what was happening was Violet's father. This was the only reason he hadn't attacked yet.

On one hand, he wanted to completely crucify Dyon for exposing his daughter's naked body to the world like this. But, on the other hand, he understood how it must feel to be falsely accused like this.

His face couldn't help but twist from confusion to anger to helplessness, before going back to rage. No matter what, his daughter was the last relative he had in this life and also his final hope for saving his wife. As a father, it was his job to act as an umbrella for his daughter's mistakes, no matter how shameless that made him.

In addition, if he was the one who acted, it would absolve The Cathedral of responsibility, at least on the surface. Because then they could claim that he was a grieving father who made a mistake.

However, before any of them could act, Dyon removed the massive sword from his back and floated to the ground.

The crowd involuntarily parted, some of them with looks of pity on their faces, and some with looks of disgust.

The black chains that wrapped around Dyon's broad sword flexed to life as Dyon pumped his runic flames into them.

Taking steps forward, Dyon made his way to the center of the two pillars before raising his weapon and stabbing it into the ground.

BOOM!

The chains snaked into the ground, anchoring the massive sword, before they burst back up, wrapping around the pillar of shame and disallowing any names to be added.

Then, Dyon looked to the skies and held his wrist up together. "Alright, you can take me away now. Good luck adding my name to the Pillar of Shame though."

\*\*

As Dyon was surprising the crowd again and again with his demeanor, a storm was raging through the martial world. Unsurprisingly, this storm centered around Dyon too.

The moment the valley closed, the Sapientia News Network was bombarded with information piece after information. After receiving so much, as the businessmen they were, they decided to release this information slowly and steadily, first releasing a few teasing announcements to build up anticipation.

When that was completed, the Sapientia introduced a subscription service. For the price of 1 profound stone a month, you could receive all of the firsthand news the SNN had in addition to exclusive videos and interviews from said events.

Then they introduced a 10 profound stone a month premium service that allowed VIP members to receive this news earlier than others.

The best part about all of this was that this was the second phase of Dyon's plans. As the creator of the Internet, Clara received a 30% cut of all of the profits they made using it. Although 1 or even 10 profound stones wasn't a lot – in fact, most martial warriors carried the saint stone denomination most frequently – one had to think about just the sheer number of experts there were split between 100 quadrants and 10000 universes.

A single planet would already have about ten billion individuals. In addition, not every universe was as scarcely populated as Dyon's home which only had 5 inhabited planets. It had to be remembered how young Dyon's universe was, in addition to the fact a massive war resulted in mass killings earlier in its history.

This was all to say that a single universe usually had a few hundred inhabited planets, resulting in a population counted in tens of trillions.

Then think about how there were one hundred universes to a quadrant, and one hundred quadrants to the cosmos.

The number of individuals who would not hesitate to pay such a trivial amount wasn't few.

Within the first day of the announcement, billions of subscriptions were taken in by the SNN. By the second day, the number could only be counted in the tens of billions, and by the third, the subscriptions were nearing its first trillion.

Clara could only happily smile as she watched the numbers roll into her Sapientia Banking Account. She had no need to worry about the Sapientia backing out of their word because of the binding contracts she signed. This flow of income was massive for their future plans, and this was just the first month!

Of course, there were some unhappy individuals who thought that the Sapientia were becoming greedy, but this was solved easily.

The Sapientia simply released information on just how expensive it was to maintain the Internet in top condition and that shut those voices of dissent up. How could those who were intelligent not understand how expensive it was to maintain an information network that spanned 100 quadrants? It was perfectly reasonable for the Sapientia to begin charging for their costs.

After almost a week of building up anticipation, the first earth shattering piece was released.

#### Chapter 1026: Opinions

The martial world was taken by storm as they watched God Anak clash with an unknown masked man.

Many were completely shocked by this first release. Some unknown man really dared to antagonize one of the eleven True Gods?

At this point, many couldn't believe it. This was because these individuals had paid for the basic services and didn't have access to the videos those who paid 10 profound stones did. But, after reading the article, they couldn't hold back their curiosity any longer.

The number of premium subscriptions shot upward, each person more eager to see the videos than the last. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the Sapientia profit margin increased by ten times that very day.

When they laid eyes on the video, many couldn't believe what they were watching. This was the very first clash Dyon had had with Anak, and from what they could tell, it was a dispute over a woman.

This led to many speculations. Was the masked man really just overly sensitive, thinking that Chrysanthemum was taking a swipe at his wife? Or did he want to take Madeleine as a wife as well?

Many fell in line with this second line of thinking. If a man dared to antagonize God Anak, why wouldn't he dare to antagonize God Sacharro? Because of this, the SNN coined the term 'The Masked Wife Stealer', labelling Dyon as a man who feared nothing, even when it came to stealing the wives of Gods.

The opinions were mixed. Some believed that Dyon was in over his head because he was a complete unknown.

To this, many pointed out that he survived the first interaction, so maybe not. But, that was when others said that he only survived because Anak didn't want to miss his entry into the valley.

Some of the more astute individuals analyzed the video further. What they found shocked them.

From what they could see, the members of the Emperor God Clan behind Anak were actually trembling, some of them were even bleeding from their fists. At this point, they deduced one thing: this masked man's Presence had to be otherworldly!

Just when people were beginning to recognize the same thing, the SNN released the second half of the video and sent the martial world into another uproar!

When they realized that Dyon's mask was actually capable of easily blocking Anak's Presence, and the fact it was actually a peak level heavenly tribulation type treasure, they couldn't help but begin speculating on his identity. What level of clan could afford to give such a treasure to their young genius?!

The mix of opinions ran rampant. Some sided with Dyon, while others were a bit more cynical. It took more than a single clash for the legend of the eleven True Gods to slip from their minds.

However, the second day was yet another blow to their egos.

News of Dyon claiming to be a 6th stage Comet Level Expert shook the world. Under normal circumstances, no one would believe his mere word. But, the problem was that those words were spoken while he was answering a question of the 25th White Mother! Those who understood just what the White Mother title represented knew that lying to her about something involving array alchemy was absolutely impossible.

Those who witnessed this particular video couldn't help but tremble in shock. The age cap of the saint floor was 1000 years old. To reach such a level within that time was absolutely mind boggling!

For context, it wasn't too surprising for a genius to step into the 1st stage Comet level within 200 years or so. Under normal circumstances, taking 100 years to reach the Celestials soul stage was impressive beyond belief. This was why Alidor, despite being an innate aurora genius, was still a step away from breaking into the Saint soul stage. He was simply too young.

Then, another 100 or so years would be needed to begin to align your soul strength with the knowledge of your secondary profession. There was simply too much an expert on that level needed to know for it to be done in a short time.

This said, the record for a youth stepping into the 1st stage of the comet level was 79 years old. Many hoped that Clara would become the first to challenge this record in a long time since she was only 32 yet already at the peak grandmaster level. In fact, rumor had it that her soul had already stepped into the celestial ranks.

However, simply breaking into the comet level and being a step away from the moon level were two completely different concepts. Even taking a single step forward should take decades, if not centuries. For Dyon to already be at the 6th comet level... It simply didn't make any sense!

The most world-shaking part of this was that a 6th comet level expert could already forge weapons, create pills and form formations capable of effecting, slowing down and helping dao formation level experts. This was how outstanding they were, yet here was one less than 1000 years old?! It was no wonder he was so arrogant!

It was only now that everyone remembered that a few months ago, the masked man had told Alexandria that he'd help her break into the celestial level. At that time, it was met with a mixture of jealousy and doubt, but now, there was no questioning it.

Almost as if to give the public a break from Dyon news, the news of the next day focused on Clara, but was just as shocking.

Everyone was under the impression that soul cultivators were weak in battle, but Clara actually beat Chrysanthemum single-handedly!

When her fight was analyzed, those with sharp eyes came to the astute conclusion that Clara could actually form her will attacks away from her body. Such a realization shook the martial world, sending it into yet another uproar.

Clara's origins were completely mysterious. Even the Sapientia had no idea who she was despite collaborating with her. Some even began to speculate that she came from the outside world just like the Star Clan, the current number one quadrant, had.

Many young men and their clans began to prepare to court Clara. To have such a woman marry into their families, wouldn't that be the greatest thing imaginable? But, that was when they got reports that she was already married, which made them hesitate.

That said, this hesitation didn't last long. This was due to speculation that Clara made her husband up in order to get rid of annoying young men who tried to court her every day in the Sapientia Quadrant. In the end, they could only tell their best young men to not annoy this young woman and slowly try to win

her heart. If they could learn the secret behind attacking with wills from a distance, their clans could all abruptly rise!

That aside, there was also the matter of Ri claiming the Legacy of the Water Mist Sect's ancestor. In response, the Water Mist Sect weren't so shameless as to demand recompense. After all, it was their disciples that were too useless to claim it for themselves, they didn't want to become the laughing stock of the martial world. Instead, they actually extended an invitation to Ri to be directly admitted as one of their core disciples!

Even the top three quadrants became interested at this point, some of their young princes boldly declaring that they would be the ones to win Clara's heart – some of them even included God level characters, however, the True Gods remained silent. Luckily, a woman with power the level of Clara's wasn't one they could disrespect easily. None of them dared to cross a line especially since Clara had the silent protection of the Sapientia Family.

However, it was this shift that made the top three quadrants change their policy toward the Sapientia. The information they had access to had never been this important before. So, although they didn't allow the Sapientia to relocate any branch clans here, they did allow construction of communication towers that would allow the Internet to reach them. They had no choice but to keep tabs on the information in case anything else of interest occurred.

Almost as though it was meant to happen, the top three quadrants were quickly rewarded for their decision.

The next day, the second half of Dyon's video was released. It seemed that after he stated he was a 6th stage comet level expert, a battle had erupted, seemingly instigated by the kitsune clan.

Even while facing 5 Emperor level experts and more than a dozen King level expert, the masked man was arrogant enough to tell the 25th White Mother to continue with the resonance, stating that it wouldn't be fun unless he gave them a handicap.

Then, under the shocked eyes of everyone in the martial world, he proceeded to embarrass the best geniuses many top ranked quadrants had to offer even while under a severe disadvantage.

However, no video was more shock than the one released on the fifth day.

While the video of the fourth day sent the kitsune into a complete rage... The video of the fifth day brought down the ire of the Emperor Giant Clan... Never had they been so embarrassed...

The image of God Anak kneeling before a masked man, radiating outward with golden wings didn't cause an uproar... In fact, it was almost as though a dreary silence had overtaken the Martial World. A silence louder than any commotions

#### Chapter 1027: Protests

After the news of 'The Masked Wife Stealer' shook the martial world, information about the war of the 4th quadrant began to slowly trickle out. It would only be a couple of weeks before the campaign ended, so it only made sense that the news was just coming out now despite the battle for Purple Flame Tower occurring more than two months prior.

When the world first learned that God Sacharro hadn't shown up personally, they were both disappointed and slightly disgusted. After all, he was practically saying that his underlings were enough to help a sect of the 4th quadrant out of their plight. What man would mess with the livelihood of his wife? Especially his first wife?

Clearly, God Sacharro felt that his action wasn't needed, and shockingly, he was proven right.

News of the Demon Generals spread like wildfire as their feats became public knowledge.

Conquering two towers in a mere three days, claiming the nearly unconquerable Purple Flame Tower, forcing away the geniuses of the 4th quadrant as though they meant nothing. Any one of these feats was world shattering, let alone them being attached to a single group.

At that point, the Demon Generals became a staple name, becoming as famous as many of the other personal guards of the future heirs of high-ranking quadrants. Many felt that they would soon have the right to compete with the Star Force of the first ranked quadrant and the Heavenly Sword Guild of the third ranked quadrant, each one respectively led by one of the eleven True Gods.

Of course, those of the Star Force and Heavenly Sword Guild snorted with disdain, wanting to shoot these rumors down. However, that was when another piece of information began to rock their confidence.

It actually turned out that God Sacharro had actually only sent 3000 to add to the numbers of Flaming Lily Sect. And, on top of that, aside from 10 or so of them, the rest were still essence gatherers!

When these statements were fact checked, the public was beginning to become numb from all the shocks of the past week. It felt like a storm was brewing in the martial world and all they as normal people could do was sit and watch.

For 3000 saints to turn the tides of a battle was already impossible. So, for the same feat deemed impossible for saints to be accomplished by a band of essence gatherers... Just who were these Demon Generals?!

Now, people became even more sure that the feats of the Demon Generals would soon work their way up to match the Star Force and Heavenly Sword Guild.

What was unfortunate was that Dragons were too arrogant to ever form such forces to follow another, so they had no such groups in their ranks. In addition, God Anak had his own force as well, named the Winged Legion. However, after his resounding defeat by the hands of a no-name individual, many began to unconsciously lower him from the ranks of the True Gods.

It also didn't help that, aside from God Sacharro, God Anak was the only True God outside the top 10 quadrants. So, many already had a slight stigma against him due to no fault of his own.

The truth was that God Anak wasn't any less powerful than the other two True Gods on the saint floors despite his quadrant's rank, and the two of them knew this as well. It was just unfortunate for God Anak that Dyon so perfectly countered him, leading him to be so publicly embarrassed in front of the world. His fate was truly lamentable.

It also didn't help that the Wings Legion were among the members of the Emperor Giant Clan who were forced to kneel and cough up blood by Dyon.

Just as people were becoming accustomed to the ground breaking news and the bold showing by God Sacharro, the next day came and the Sapientia released yet another wave of information.

This time, it focused entirely on Madeleine, God Sacharro's wife.

It turned out that not only had she single-handedly defeated both top ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects, even after the third ranked disciple of the Golden Crow Sect joined, the three of them were simultaneously defeated!

Reports had it that Madeleine's faith seed wasn't actually the main point of her talent, it turned out that she actually had a God level constitution as well! To top it all off, it was actually the top 3 ranked Goddess' Disposition!

The world could only sigh with envy at the man lucky enough to be her husband, but none dared to have any designs on her. What a joke? Even True Gods didn't dare to so lightly offend one another, let alone the general population.

In the end, Angelica Crow, the third ranked disciple, was captured by Madeleine as a prisoner of war. However, it didn't end there. She also caught the first, ninth and tenth ranked disciples of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sect's, on top of also capturing the seventh ranked disciple of the Golden Crow Sect, Egan Goldeen.

The three-sect alliance suffered a crippling defeat. In the end, just to stabilize the situation and hold out for the next campaign, the arrogant Golden Crow Sect was forced to mobilize their first and second ranked Inner Disciples along with their true forces. However, they didn't arrive in time to stop the conquering of Rainbow Flame Tower.

Just like that, the campaign came to an end. What was once a territory where the Golden Crow Sect owned eight of nine towers, became a gate where the Flaming Lily Sect owned five of nine.

On the last day before Dyon awoke from his two-week sleep, the SNN ended their spree of news with a few speculations that didn't have solid evidence, but were of note.

One was that God Sacharro supposedly had a little sister. It wasn't by blood, but seemed to be by oath. Either way, it was speculated that despite having the aura of a mere Duke, she actually also had one of the top 3 God level constitutions: Infinite Ice Hell.

When this news was revealed, there was an unexpected response: Fear.

The Infinite Ice Hell constitution wasn't like the other two constitutions it shared its top 3 rank with. It had devastating attack potential, yes, but what was feared was the disposition of its inheritor, not its power.

There was a reason that the manifestation of this constitution was an ice demon with beauty that could topple the world, dressed in all black.

Whichever era this constitution appeared in would undoubtedly become an era ruled by its wielder.

The second piece of speculation was that Clara and Ri's relationship was closer than it might seem. Although it was only an opinion piece, the writer posed the possibility that the masked wife stealer could actually be the mysterious husband of Clara.

His reasoning was sound. After all, Clara claimed that her husband was a better alchemist than her, while this masked man was a 6th stage comet level expert. However, his opinion was still taken with a grain of salt.

The third piece wasn't speculation at all, but rather, reality. It was said that Madeleine actually managed to comprehend her pseudo domain before even stepping into the pseudo celestial realm, let alone the celestial realm. As a result, she was directly promoted to Core Disciple the moment she stepped out of the Gate, greeted like a hero.

The fourth piece of information was also about the 4th quadrant. After the Gate closed, it was said that the elders of the Golden Crow Sect and the Flaming Lily Sect went into closed door negotiations. No one knew what they spoke of, but there was no doubt that it involved the abrupt attack of Golden Crow Sect the year prior.

According to sources, the meeting ended with the Flaming Lily Sect releasing their third and seventh ranked disciples. However, it was said negotiations were still ongoing with the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sects for their disciples.

It was unfortunate. The two bottom ranked sects had tried to take advantage of the situation, but now they had lost their most promising and talented saints and would most definitely have to pay a hefty price to appease the anger of the Flaming Lily Sect.

The fifth piece of information was about the Kitsune. It turned out that they were asking for an audience with the masked wife stealer, but to no avail. They had tried to go to the Snow Palace, but Alexandria was nowhere to be found. They had no idea when she would show back up again.

According to sources, the Water Mist Sect was also very interested in information about Alexandria because they were very eager to accept her as one of their core disciples despite the protest of Chrysanthemum.

#### Chapter 1028: Satisfaction

Since they were also an all-female sect, they were quite confident in their chances. After all, sects and clans were separate things, one could be a part of a clan and still join a sect. So, no one thought this conflicted with the Snow Clan.

The sixth piece of information were more speculations about the mysterious Celestial Deer Quadrant. They had abruptly disappeared from the world thousands of years ago, even falling to the 100th spot. Yet, they had suddenly come back so forcefully.

Many were thinking about sending ambassadors to connect, however the prospect of travelling for decades, even centuries, was too daunting. So, many of them were waiting for God Sacharro to officially appear so that they could use their Corner as a short cut.

The seventh piece of information flew completely under everyone's radar. However, this was only natural because it had to do with a quadrant ranked 62nd. The only reason that it was even remotely of note was because it involved a key wielder. Since any key wielder had the possibility of becoming a God, it was always worth paying a little attention.

Of course, it was very rare for someone of a quadrant ranked so low to be brave enough to take the God trials, but it was a possibility nonetheless. After all, there would always be geniuses like Legolas popping up from time to time.

This aside, the news was that the key wielder had actually exchanged hands not by death or inability to climb higher like it normally was, but by formal challenge.

When this happened in the 98th quadrant, it flew completely under the radar. This was because the key wielder of the Soul Rend Quadrant, or rather, the former key wielder, had already become too old to enter the tower. So, the fog barrier had already been up. As a result, when Lilith took ownership, there was no real change because the fog barrier was still up.

However, for the 62nd quadrant, the fog barrier hadn't been there.

According to reports, the former key wielder was challenged and lost in embarrassing fashion. Spectators of the battle described it as one that finished within two strikes. The battle was over so quickly that no one even had the wherewithal to record the match. This might not have been so shocking... If it wasn't for the fact that the key wielder of the 62nd quadrant was actually an expert of the celestial floors while his challenger was still on the saint floors!

Just like that, the key wielding responsibilities of the 62nd quadrant changed hands. Their new key wielder was a little-known rising star, King Emytheus.

\*\*

[Author's Note: Warning, rage inducing tirade ahead, might be particularly hard to read. All I can say is that the pay off will be worth it. Babye \*runs away\*]

While the world was raving about the masked wife stealer, the actual man himself wasn't doing anything so glorious. In fact, it could be said that whatever the polar opposite of glory was, was exactly what Dyon was facing right now.

The moment he completed his last act of defiance, disallowing his name from being added to the Pillar of Shame and facing his wrists up the sky, his punishment came to pay its dues.

From beginning to end, Dyon no longer spoke. His eyes showed no other emotion but cold murder, yet he didn't retaliate. It was as though he was memorizing the faces of each and every person who did him wrong.

To those who truly understood what was happening, they felt their hearts seize. They thought that Dyon knew he had no chance of leaving this place alive, so he decided to become a martyr. Their eyes could only redden as their fists clenched, unable to do anything.

The crowd became split, one half standing aside, doing nothing, while the other half threw anything from rocks to rains of curses.

Even with a celestial body, because Dyon had never practiced any defensive techniques, he could distinctly feel the pain of tens of thousands of cultivators pelting him with any object they could find. Some of the more sinister individuals used more than just their strength, adding hidden weapons and explosive wills to their strikes.

The anger of the crowd only grew when they found that Dyon's words about the pillar weren't empty. No matter how many attacks they sent at his weapon, they couldn't shatter or move the chains that wrapped around it.

Some even tried to lift the weapon from the ground, but they found that they were powerless to do so.

Dyon couldn't help but inwardly sneer. If mere saints and celestials could shatter his broad sword, then its title as a Supreme weapon would be empty.

As for them lifting it from the ground, he was even less worried. One of the abilities of his weapon was to form endless chains. As long as his runic flames could power it, they could always grow longer and more numerous. While it looked like only two chains were anchoring his sword, in reality, it was thousands, each one buried tens of kilometers beneath the earth. Dyon was confident that the brute strength necessary to pull it out was far higher than what those of this quadrant could provide.

In the skies, the family heads only watched as Dyon withstood the rage of the crowd, not seeming eager to act just yet. It wasn't until after the crowd had exhausted all of its means that the five core elders of Soul Rending Peak descended before Dyon's beaten and bloodied body.

Still, they felt uncomfortable facing this young man. Despite his injuries, his back was just as straight and his eyes just as piercing.

"You dare glare at me?!" A fiery tempered elder couldn't handle Dyon's gaze for long and decided to act in hopes of saving face.

A flaming fist flew forward, slamming into Dyon's gut.

Dyon grunted slightly, bending over.

The elder smiled, seemingly enjoying the power he held. He had held back significantly, not wanting to kill Dyon and bring on the rage of The Cathedral.

In the skies, Violet was still distraught. Although the image of her had disappeared, this wasn't a humiliation she could stand.

She knew she was no match for Dyon and didn't dare to go down herself, but that didn't stop her from constantly urging her father again and again, tears streaming down her face, looking particularly pitiful.

When the elder saw that Dyon's gaze hadn't changed after his satisfaction disappeared and he almost cocked back to deliver another strike, but that was the moment the Master finally stopped standing in the air and appeared beside him.

Dyon didn't have to look up to the Master. In fact, after his body broke through the celestial ranks, he had reached two meters tall. But, many felt that the imposing aura of a celestial had little to do with height.

However, those same people were shocked to find that Dyon's momentum wasn't any less fierce than the top expert of their quadrant.

Dyon stared into the Master's eyes unperturbed, Violet's shrieking still ringing in his ears. Her pleas to have Dyon killed didn't fall on deaf ears. In fact, many of the crowd who had thrown objects at Dyon began to chant the same things.

Despite what they thought would happen at this point, though, Dyon didn't beg for his life. He didn't even speak.

"For the crime of offending my daughter," The Master began to speak, silencing the crowd and his daughter. "I should kill you where you stand. However, such a death would be too easy for you."

Even though his words seemed calm, anyone could see the blazing fury in his eyes.

"Your life is no longer your own. You'll spend the rest of your miserable existence as a slave. You'll have no free will, you'll have no freedom, you'll suffer endless humiliation day in and day out."

The Master's fists tightened. "Since my daughter can't act on her own, this first punishment will be from me!"

A torrential rain of fists began to bombard Dyon's body, each involuntarily wielding the piercing power of sword qi.

The crowd and the family heads only watched as this happened, satisfaction clear in many of their eyes.

No one stopped to think that maybe Dyon was allowing this happen, that maybe the shots they took today would be repaid many times over in the future. After all, Dyon still emitted the aura of a 1st stage essence gatherer, wasn't it only natural that he lose so severely to elders above his station?

As for the optics of a Master bullying a disciple, they cared even less. If they were Violet's father, wouldn't they react the same way?

It wasn't until hours later, when Dyon body seemed like nothing more than a beaten and bloodied corpse on the ground that Violet and Arthurian finally gathered enough courage to step forward themselves.

In the air, Donari was struggling against his father's grasp. He had tried to put an end to all of this before it even began, but he wasn't Dyon. His power was truly capped at the level of an essence gatherer, so how could he struggle against the grasp of a celestial?

"You bastard! Let me go!" Donari roared.

A strong palm slapped across Donari's face. "I've accepted your rebellions for too long. Now you even have the audacity to try and defend the man that killed your half-brother?!"

Donari only sneered at the stinging pain on his cheek. "That bitch is no half brother of mine. You want to know why his pathetic life was ended? It's because he dared to insult my and his mother as whores!"

The Caedes Family Head's eyes twitched with a complex emotion. Although Olaf's mother was his first wife, it was just a political marriage. Donari's mother was his true love. Even he wouldn't be able to guarantee that he wouldn't kill his own son for insulting her in such a way.

Seeing that he would lose this verbal battle, he didn't bother with it anymore. He struck the back of Donari's neck, knocking him out cold.

On another side of the sky, Sokzac sneered as he watched Violet and Arthurian approach Dyon. "This is the man you lost to, Asyna? What a joke. And here I thought I'd have to intervene personally. It turns out that he's not even worthy of having my eyes land on him."

Asyna, who had been there the entire time, said nothing. She knew better than anyone that Dyon could fight back. Although it would mean nothing in the end because he had no chance of defeating Sokzac considering he struggled so much with her, it was obvious his power wasn't just this.

RoIRol grasped Asyna's hand. She knew how big of a blow it was for Asyna to lose to a no-name in the very first quadrant they appeared in. She was once a proud warrior of the Dark Elvin Clan, but now she was a shell of her former self. Watching her rival and target lose so miserably, it hit differently for her.

It wasn't just this either. Asyna had confided in RolRol about what Dyon said about her clan being traitorous. At first, she didn't believe it either, but according to her clan's elders, the rest of the elves were wiped from existence in a calamity. So, how come Dyon clearly had the primordial yin of an Elvin Princess? Both stories couldn't be true...

"I'm leaving." Surprisingly, it wasn't Asyna who spoke, but Lilith. Not waiting for anyone's answer, she disappeared from where she stood.

On the ground, Violet and Arthurian had stepped to Dyon's body.

Arthurian's foot swept forward, slamming fiercely into Dyon's torso and sending him slamming into the pillar of shame.

"Stay out of this!" Violet shrieked, sending a violent wave of water will to the unsuspecting Arthurian.

He was sent flying into the crowd, caught complete unawares.

"You!" Arthurian started to rage, but when he remembered the truth of the matter and saw his Uncle's glare in the sky, he didn't dare to say anything else.

After Arthurian's abrupt attack, Dyon was slumped against the pillar of shame, sitting up against his will.

His disciple robes were in tatters, there didn't seem to be a single portion of his body not covered in blood, even his eyes were closed, as though he'd fallen into a deep sleep.

Violet strolled up to him with rage in her eyes. She knew what would happen to Dyon after today, so she also knew that this was her last chance to pay him back for the humiliation he dealt her.

When she looked at his bloodied and swollen face, an indescribable anger boiled up within her. How dare he reject her?! How dare such a pitiful man incapable of even defending himself say no to her?! To say he had women better than her?! To say she wasn't even worth raping?! How dare he, How dare he, how dare he?!

Her palm streaked forward involuntarily as though it was the only way for her to vent her anger, slapping across Dyon's face in a fit of rage.

Dyon body flew to the side, slamming against the ranking pillar.

Violet didn't feel any better after doing this. Her mind flipped through scenarios, trying to figure out the best way to humiliate him.

Suddenly, she thought of something and looked toward the crowd. "Give me a knife!"

It wasn't long before someone had scurried forward, hoping to curry a favor. In fact, it happened to be one of the three disciple who testified against Dyon.

Violet grasped the knife with a thank you, strutting to Dyon and grabbing his bloodied chin. "Today is the day you cease to be a man!"

The crowd turned away, realizing what would happen next, many were unable to watch.

Violet's hand swung forward, again and again, causing blood to fly everywhere, even covering her face.

Dyon's crotch began to seep outward with blood, forming an ever-growing pool of crimson.

It wasn't until Violet had run out of breath that she finally stopped, her face marred by a sinister expression covered with blood that wasn't her own.

A smile of satisfaction spread across her lips as she admired her handy work.

Finally, the proceedings of that day came to an end as the priests of The Cathedral took Dyon away.

Of course, some of the more intelligent people began to question why it was them and not the core elders who did, however, they weren't as brave as Dyon was. There was no question that the events of today would become both a topic of discussion and ridicule for a long time to come.

...

It wouldn't be another three days before Dyon awoke on his on.

There was only one other time in his life that he had faced that level of humiliation. More that 16 years ago, during his days in Focus Academy. At that time, it was because he was both too weak and far too overconfident. As his father had said during his True Empath trial, had he activated his battle armor completely first, a mere Darius Storm wouldn't have been able to push him to that extent.

But, this time, he didn't suffer humiliation because he was too weak. No, this time Dyon allowed himself to be humiliated for the sake of the millions of lives stored away in Soul Market waiting to be sold off like livestock.

Dyon was absolutely certain that a place like Soul Market had numerous fail safes. It had to be noted that their backers were the Devil Cultivators. In addition, any clan involved would become the scorn of the martial world should they be found out. Dyon wouldn't even be aware of the Soul Market's existence if he hadn't had the Dragon King by his side.

For a place so well protected, there was no doubt that there were not only many signed contracts binding those who knew about it, but also a quick destruction plan in case those fail safes failed.

Meaning, if Dyon simply started to interrogate or expose the truth, the entirety of Soul Market could have been destroyed simply to bury the secrets it held along with millions, if not billions, of lives.

The only safe way for Dyon to enter Soul Market was to go personally. However, if he showed that he was too powerful to handle, everything might be for naught. So, he decided very early on to not resist.

In fact, because he knew he had an inability to control his temper, he purposely allowed himself to fall unconscious. If it wasn't for this, his Demon Sage blood would have violently spurred him on, causing him to forget his purpose and start a massacre.

However, when Dyon awoke to find himself in a cold, dark and cramped cell, the first thing he did was watch the events that occurred with a gaze filled with such killing intent that it seemed to solidify in the air.

Of course, Dyon stored his treasures in his inner world before he stabbed his broad sword into the ground. It was impossible for anyone to access it other than him. Even if he died, the world would collapse and destroy everything within. So, he still had the Tower, or else this would all be for naught. Dyon's inner world wasn't large enough to house millions of people yet.

"I'll teach you what true pain is." Dyon suddenly spoke as he watched Violet stab him repeatedly.

#### Chapter 1030: Snicker

Everyone knew that there were some things almost impossible to heal on the human body. One were the eyes, but the other fell under the umbrella of reproductive organs. Whether it be a female's uterus, or a male's penis and testicles, they both required heaven defying medicines to heal.

The good news was the Violet had no idea that Dyon had eaten a Planet level plant used to specifically stimulate primordial yang just a few days prior. Not only had he eaten it, he had even evoked its highest level of use when he caused nine clouds to appear.

The amount of pure yang energy within Dyon's body wasn't something even a dao formation expert who specialized in yang energy could match. Three days was more than enough to heal him completely.

As Dyon knew, the Nine Cloud Yang plant was only a poison when used incorrectly. When used properly, it was a heaven defying cultivation resource. Although Dyon didn't know what happened when he was asleep, what he did know was the fact that he was still alive meant that Evangeline had used some means to appropriately assimilate the plant with his body, meaning he benefitted from all of its properties.

As for the idea of Evangeline using her own body to do so, Dyon dismissed the idea completely. An array alchemy expert of her caliber had many methods to deal with the Nine Cloud Yang that didn't involve connecting them as man and woman.

Plus, had she dual cultivated with him, there should have been a marked increase in his power. But, as far as he could tell, there was no difference in his strength.

Just for context, when Dyon dual cultivated with Amphorae, she was a peak saint, while his body was still in at the mid saint levels, it had been enough to propel his body into the celestial levels. That was such a large increase for a difference of cultivation that only amount to half a realm.

Yet, Evangeline was a dao formation expert. That was an entire realm above his body cultivation, and three whole realms above his energy cultivation. Even his soul, his strongest attribute, was an entire realm below her. Such a large gap should have helped Dyon soar to the heavens in a single step, yet, here he was, still at the same level. At the very least, he should have exploded and died from the overwhelming increase in his power.

Dyon stopped thinking about it. He wasn't in the mood to fantasize about beauties. He was in the mood to kill and not stop until he was bathed in blood.

Suddenly, the dark cage he was in, barely large enough for him to sit up right, shook as a snicker came from the outside.

"Looks like the new one finally woke up. It's too bad though, it's a young man. Those two annoying sisters got in the way of us taking that last little beauty that came in." A voice called.

"Oh? Give him to Brother Dima." A second voice responded in a slightly teasing tone.

The first voice gagged, exaggeratedly spitting to one side. "You deal with that. I wouldn't wish this fate upon my worst enemy, let alone a man ill fated enough to come here."

The second voice snickered. "Didn't you see how bloodied his crotch was when he came here? I heard he was publicly castrated. It's like he was sent here by the heavens for Brother Dima."

"Ah!" The first voice gasped in shock. "You must have been the one who cleaned him up, no? Was it really?"

"Cleaned him up?" The second voice snorted. "He's a cultivator, he won't die so easily. Why would I dirty my hands like that? Plus, the market'll be shutting down in just over another week or so, he'll be sold off before then."

"Cultivator?" The first voice sounded hesitant. Most of the soul slaves they brought in were newborns. So, obviously, they were of little strength. After growing up here, there was plenty of time to place many restrictions on them. Someone who came in as old as Dyon was very rare.

The second voice snorted. "What're you getting so flustered for? Don't you recognize this metal? After being beaten so severely and trapped in this Silver Sponge Metal, his energies would be completely depleted. If you couldn't defeat him now, aren't you too pathetic? Don't you want to be lauded as the man who defeated a core disciple of Soul Rending Peak?"

"Core disciple?!" The first voice exclaimed. "Leave him in there, I don't have a death wish. Better yet, send Brother Dima to deal with him, I'm done. Even a starving camel is stronger than a healthy horse. I've heard old people say that plenty of times, so I'm not trying to gain first hand experience about it."

Dyon heard footsteps as the first voice decisively walked away.

**BANG! BANG!**

A solid hand slammed against Dyon's cage. Oddly enough, the sound disappeared almost as soon as it was made.

At first, Dyon thought that would be the end of it. After all, silver sponge metal was known for absorbing any and all energies, including sound waves. But, after the sound disappeared, the cage rattled. At that moment, the uncomfortable sound reverberated in his bones, shaking him to his core and making his teeth rattle.

Dyon's eyes lit up with rage. Were they really so intent on treating him like a caged animal? Good.

The second voice sneered. "Are you angry? Well, it's too bad that here, your feelings mean next to nothing. I'd love to see the look of despair on your face when you become Brother Dima's plaything."

A laughing voice got further and further away. "A mighty core disciple turned boytoy. I'd pay good money to see it."

Dyon memorized the voice. One of the first people he killed when he left here would definitely be him.

'Old Lizard, what happened when I was out?'

An ancient voice snorted in Dyon's mind. 'For a man to allow himself to be emasculated just for the sake of saving slaves. I can't believe someone so pitiful is my master.'

'I'm not in the mood for your jokes.' Dyon said coldly. Every fiber of his being was telling him to bust out of this cage right now and start a rampage, but he knew that he didn't know enough about the situation. He couldn't even be certain that he was in Soul Market right now.

In addition, because his soul was sealed, he had no way to see outside of the cage he was in. Other than black, he couldn't see a single thing. His only chance would be if his master woke up to check what was happening for him, but he had no idea when she'd wake up next.

Now that he had 13 souls living within his Mind's Eye, the drain on his soul was multiplied many times over. The only way to support them all was for each of them to enter a deep sleep and minimize the energy they used and needed. However, this was a double-edged sword.

'Dammit!' Dyon would have slammed his fists against the cage if he wasn't so sure that would only make him feel more uncomfortable. With each passing day, he hated the fact his cultivation was sealed more and more. If he had his divine sense, why would he need to be humiliated like this? He could have spied on The Cathedral from afar and found out what he needed to know easily instead of being filled with this ball of rage he couldn't vent.

If he had his soul, the moment Violet thought of crossing him like this, he would have killed her without qualms.

'As far as I can tell,' The Dragon King finally started, 'You're no longer on Planet Cathedral. Soul Market is located in the Cathedral Solar System's asteroid belt. I can't tell the number of asteroids is spread across on though. But, I am sure that it's at least 20 or so.'

'You can see outside of this box?' Dyon asked expectantly.

'Of course. Although my soul has weak talent, I'm still more capable than a handicap like you.'

Just as Dyon was about to ask more questions, two familiar voices sounded.

"See, big brother? I told you he was worth following no matter how stubborn he is." A little girl's voice spoke.

An adorable little boy's voice responded with a snort. "Let's see how he begs us for help first. Then maybe I'll forgive him for treating us like he did before."