

The Nameless 1031

Chapter 1031: If Not

Dyon's rage blinked away when he heard these two voices, replaced with a pleasantly surprised expression.

His fingers snapped, causing his golden runic flame to appear and illuminate the small cage.

As expected, he immediately found two adorable little hamsters resting on his knees. One had soft white fur with eyes as dark as the depths of space. The other had soft jet-black fur, with eyes of such pure whiteness that they likely would have shone through the dark even without Dyon's flame.

Dyon grinned, tossing his runic flame to hover in the air to leave his hand free to pet the two adorable Celestial Hamsters.

The black furred hamster, Little Yang, puffed his cheeks in mock disapproval, but the glimmer in his eyes betrayed the fact that he quite enjoyed Dyon's care for him. As for Little Yin, she giggled lightly, rubbing her chubby cheeks into Dyon's large hand.

"Why'd you two troublemakers decide to come back?" Dyon asked.

"Big Brother Dyon, I never wanted to leave in the first place! It was this big meanie that made me go."

Dyon laughed. He didn't blame them for leaving at all. In fact, the moment he let them go, he had prepared himself for them to never come back. He just didn't like the idea of them choosing him for such superficial reasons as intelligence.

"Since you wanted to make things hard on yourself, I decided to help you out. It's not my fault you didn't know how to accept a good thing."

Dyon nodded. "Our relationship will be stronger this way." He said seriously.

"Big Brother Dyon, we came back because you proved your character. Willingly taking that beating to save these poor soul slaves is enough."

Dyon smiled lightly. He never expected that something he did on a whim would be the reason they came back, that was unexpected. But, he had no doubt that with their help, this would be much easier. Who could be better to scout out the situation than the unfindable Celestial Hamster?

It had been more than 8 months now since he last saw them, but they didn't change at all.

Little Yang still wasn't in a happy mood. "We almost left when you treated a Holy Princess like that. That was too much."

Dyon shook his head. "If I wasn't strong enough, I would have died. I have no pity for her. Even ten years of punishment is too little for her, even if it was just a mistake."

Little Yin pouted. "You should forgive her soon, Big Brother. Although we didn't know why she was there before, after using our abilities on her statue, we know she was there for an important purpose."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Isn't she aware of the rules of the tower? If she attacked a genius, she would have lost her right to remain there and her purpose for staying there all this time would be meaningless. How important could her purpose have been if she so easily gave it up for such a false assumption?"

Of course, Dyon knew what ability Little Yin was referring to. Because of their resonance with time will, they were able to understand the history of inanimate objects by utilizing the historical path of time will. This was the sister path of fortune telling, but obviously, in reverse. It was also much less demanding on a person to utilize.

For example, the Elvin Kingdom's technique to see the future required sacrificing a life. However, using the historical path required no such thing.

Even though Celestial Hamsters were the embodiment of time will and as such weren't held by the same restrictions as other species, they still couldn't recklessly foretell the future or they would pay a price as well, even if it wasn't their life.

This aside, it wasn't a surprise that Little Yin and Yang used their abilities on the statue to understand the situation.

"Wait, you two have been following me this entire time, right?" Dyon suddenly got very excited. But, his heart sunk when he saw them shaking their little chubby heads.

"Big Sister Evangeline told us to not say anything and she has good reason too. It'll hurt you if you know before you're strong enough to know. The good news is, with us, you'll be strong enough to know much sooner!" Little Yin said with a beaming smile.

Dyon frowned in disappointment. "Why can't people understand that I don't care about danger."

"You don't understand." Little Yang intervened. "This isn't what you're thinking. You must think that she has some powerful enemies of some sort and therefore doesn't want you to pursue her? Something along those lines."

"Yes. Isn't that what it is?" Dyon asked in confusion.

"No. That isn't what it is. If you know before you're strong enough, you won't be able to withstand Heaven's Wrath. The truth of this situation is literally out of your reach because you're not strong enough to deal with the implications.

"The only reason why Evangeline can interact with you without worry is because she's powerful enough. She can take on the punishment without giving up anything. And the only reason she could tell us without worry is because we embody time will. But, you're a mere essence gatherer, neither your resonance with the universe nor your personal power is enough.

"If you come to understand too soon, the laws of time will rip you apart because you'll be taken as an accomplice."

"The laws of time?..." Dyon blinked, he suddenly felt a cold sweat on his back. A Law was something only a transcendent could wield...

"It's better that you stay confused. Since you're so unconvinced, you should know that Evangeline isn't a dao formation expert. She's a half-step transcendent."

...

Dyon sighed. "Nevermind then."

He really couldn't understand Evangeline's motives, but the fact she used the Nine Cloud Yang nectar on him was enough to make him believe that she wanted to help him rather than hurt him.

At first, Dyon thought that Evangeline had just stumbled upon the poison, and not knowing its value, used it on him because it was convenient.

Just for perspective, a Planet level spiritual plant had its age calculated in millions of years, sometimes even tens of million. Just the idea of a plant taking that long to mature should make its value obvious.

There was only one category of plant above it on the mortal plane, and that was the Star level spiritual plant. But, those were so rare that they might as well be extinct. For all intents and purposes, the highest level of spiritual plant available to them was of the planet level...

Even Eli who was blessed by the heavens would need tens of thousands of years to nurture a garden of Planet level plants, and that was if and only if he focused on a single kind.

However, when Dyon realized Evangeline's level of array alchemy, he began to question many things. There was no way someone of her level would not understand the value of the Nine Cloud Yang.

"Big brother, big brother." Little Yin's adorable voice woke Dyon from his thoughts. "Form a contract with us!"

Little Yang grunted. "One of the abilities of our Celestial Hamster race is to mitigate the risk of using a time will. If we grow powerful enough, you'll be able to do something no human can do on their own:

use time will as the supreme law it's meant to be. However, we're still too young right now. Plus, from what we can see, your understanding of time will is still at the pitiful will level."

Dyon laughed. "I never spent much time on time will because it uses a ridiculous amount of stamina while being nearly useless."

Dyon could still remember the last time he used time will in battle on its own. He had just exited the Demon Sage's legacy world and had to fight 11 geniuses at once. He still cringed when he thought about how much stamina he wasted using time will to slow projectiles shooting toward him. Definitely a waste.

"Of course it's useless to you. If a human wanted to use time will on another human, they'd have to pay a massive price. Time will is wasted on humans because there needs to be a massive power gap for it to be used without side effect." Little Yang explained.

When he heard this, Dyon couldn't help but think of Gin who was currently locked up in the Demon Sage Tower. He had given up his natural talent, reducing his tails from 8 to 7, just to slow Dyon's flow of time of a fraction of a second.

Chapter 1032: Check

The most shocking part was that Gin was a beast, not a human. On top of that, he was a beast who resonated well with time will. One could only imagine the price a human would have to pay to accomplish the same feat. It would definitely be more than just a bit of talent.

Truth be told, Dyon didn't have to imagine. He had seen it happen already in his fight with Zabia. It took Zabia burning his soul to accomplish the task, if it wasn't for Dyon, he'd be dead.

This was all to say that time will was not a joke, other than using it on a small scale and on inanimate objects, you were seeking death in delving into its mysteries. Yet, the Celestial Hamsters before him were actually promising a future where he could use it freely, without concern, as long as he had them by his side. How amazing was that?!

"Don't get too excited," Little Yang interjected again, "If you can't find a method to comprehend time will properly, its all for naught. It's already impressive enough that you learned it to the 3rd will level, going any further is next to impossible, let alone breaking into the intent level."

Dyon smiled, but didn't think too much of it. What was the amount of time he took to learn it to the 3rd will level? A week at most.

He learned time will after Madeleine's elder brother "killed" him. In the two month span he spent "dead", not only did he learn time will, he learned wind, fire, sword and celestial will. In addition, he spent a month of that time learning how to fuse constitution awakening pills for the sake of Madeleine.

Of course, this was with the help of the Celestial Deer Sect training rooms, but it wasn't as though those training rooms had disappeared. They were still there.

In this life, the one thing Dyon would never have to fret over is comprehension. If he decided to divert his time to learning time will, he would do so with ease.

Dyon didn't bother to explain though, right now, he didn't have the time to brag about himself. "Alright, how do we form this contract?"

The only beasts Dyon had a connection with were Ri and Zaire. But, Zaire had connected to him as a member of his kin, not a beast to master relationship. As for Ri, it was as husband and wife. Both connections were based on the soul. Plus, the Celestial Hamsters had their own special rituals, after all, they only contracted with those humans they'd help become the rulers of the world.

The eyes of Little Yang and Little Yin began to glow, a bit of strain appearing on their small faces as a drop of golden blood was extracted from each of their foreheads.

Without needing an explanation, Dyon closed his eyes, forcing his own blood essence to appear.

The moment the three drops of blood fused, their connection would be inseparable.

The process wasn't particularly painful. In fact, Dyon felt a keen sense of calm overtake him, as though the universe had opened up to him.

At that moment, he suddenly understood that this drop of blood that the Celestial Hamster twins gave him wasn't regular blood essence.

Unlike the norm, each Celestial Hamster only had one drop of this blood.

What Dyon came to understand was that the abilities of the Celestial Hamster weren't just a blessing, they were also a curse. The power to stand above the normal ties that bound humans and beast alike in time also made it very difficult for the Celestial Hamster race to put their mark down on history.

If things continued like this for the Celestial Hamster, their lineage would eventually be wiped from existence. To exist outside the bounds of time would also make certain that no one would remember them.

As a result, the Celestial Hamster ancestors decided to anchor themselves to worthy humans. In this way, the legends of the Celestial Hamster race leading candidates to stand atop the world was born.

On one hand, this ensured that the Celestial Hamster race would never be forgotten, and on the other, it ensured that the race could continue doing what they loved to do: learn about history. At the same time, they could also make history themselves, fulfilling their purpose for existing.

The blood that the Celestial Hamsters gave to Dyon was this very anchor. Using Dyon's placement in history, the twins would bind themselves to Dyon's timeline, allowing them to become tethered to reality.

In conjunction with this, Dyon gained an ethereal experience that helped him gain enlightenment into what it meant to exist outside the bounds of time. There was no doubt that in the future, his affinity for time will would skyrocket.

Hours later, Dyon finally opened his eyes, releasing a breath of satisfaction. When he looked down on the adorable brother-sister pair, he felt that they didn't feel as out of reach as they had before.

The twins also sighed a breath of relief, although they hadn't made it obvious before, it took a lot of energy out of them to have their bodies appear. But, now, it wasn't so difficult anymore. Although only Dyon could see them right now, if they wanted others to see them, it would be easier.

From now on, the heights that Dyon reached would decide how great their impact on history was.

However, when they were thinking this, they suddenly gasped when they looked at Dyon. The twins looked at each, unable to hide the happiness in their eyes. They were absolutely certain now that they had chosen correctly. Forget them, even if their ancestor was here personally, he would be falling over himself in happiness.

Dyon didn't notice this interaction between the two siblings because he had already begun formulating a new plan.

"Little Yang, Little Yin, you can leave this cage, right?" Dyon suddenly asked, after pondering a bit.

"Of course," Little Yin giggled, "The only thing completely unrestricted by space is time. They are not equals. There's a reason Void will is ranked above Space will."

Dyon nodded, that conformed with the definition of time his mortal realm had. Units of time weren't bound by space and dimension, it existed separately. A user of time will would run circles around an expert of space will.

That said, Dyon still found space will to be the sharpest will in existence. It brought his weapon's wills to another level, so he didn't ignore it like he did time will before.

Dyon took a deep breath. "We only have a week. But, if I give you guys the Demon Sage Tower to go and save everyone, we'll be discovered before too long."

It was obvious. If prisoners who had no chance of escaping suddenly started doing so, the Cathedral might decide to shut things down prematurely.

Of course, Dyon had planned for this, but that was before he was aware that Soul Market was actually spread across 20 or so asteroids instead of being held in a single place. The difficulty of it all scaled upwards considerably now...

Dyon suddenly regretted giving Eli the life ring now. He didn't plan on having the twins by his side, but now he couldn't take advantage of the fact there were two of them. There was only one tower, but two of them.

There was the possibility of handing the twins array plates that contained teleportation arrays, but there were two glaring problems with this approach. For one, Dyon's master was in a deep sleep. If Dyon had to draw the arrays himself, he wouldn't be able to draw the millions, if not billions, needed before time was up. Secondly, even if his master was awake, he definitely didn't have that number of array plates on him now.

This didn't even mention the fact they were floating in space on one of the 20 or so asteroids. The quality of array plate that would be needed to send even one person from here to Planet Cathedral was a price Dyon couldn't even imagine, let alone that price multiplied by who knows how many soul slaves there were.

"How about you two start by scouting out all of the asteroids? I should be able to see everything from your eyes now that we're connected."

The twins nodded before disappearing in a flash.

"Oh yea, Big Brother, Big Sister Evangeline said to check your inner world thoroughly." Little Yin's voice called out from afar.

Chapter 1033: Technique

Dyon frowned. 'My inner world?'

Truth be told, Dyon fell out of the habit of checking it everyday because its progress was so depressingly slow. Plus, there was nothing to see. It was just a hundred or so square meters of dirt. That was only a ten to twenty-meter span of land, why would Dyon pay too much attention to it?

Dyon sat down in meditation. Without his soul, checking on his inner world was difficult. He had to absolutely focused and tune his senses to the max.

Pulling things in and out of the world was easy, like he had with the tower. But checking on it was a different matter entirely. The only time it was easy for him these days was when he was in the process of a breakthrough and the world emitted its presence outside of the shackles that held it down.

As of now, looking into his inner world was akin to a mortal sitting in a sound proof room, listening for his heart beat. After enough time passed, your senses would adjust and it would even be possible to hear the blood rushing through your veins and arteries. After another undisclosed amount of time, it would even be possible to hear the valves of your heart opening and closing.

In this same way, the calmer and more focused Dyon became, his inner world would become clearer and clearer to him.

Slowly, time crawled as Dyon focused. At the same time, the twins were scurrying around the compounds.

Their speed was absolutely blinding. Without the restriction of space, a normal human couldn't comprehend their speed. Anyone with a basic understanding of physics knew that speed was a function of distance and time. However, distance just described space in one dimension. Imagine if a living being could ignore distance and manipulate time at will. What level of speed do you think such a being would reach?

The only thing that kept the twins' speed within the realm of reason was the fact they had to scout out a place that was restricted by space. If they were instead running away, their speed would be even more inconceivable.

By the time Dyon focused his senses enough to vaguely feel his inner world, about 10 minutes had passed.

The world itself was still as bland. Other than hills and the vague beginning of what must be the shortest mountains in existence, there wasn't much else.

Dyon manifestation floated in the air, in a deep hibernation. Its three pairs of golden wings wrapped around itself as 6 halos of light each representing its own power hovered behind it.

At its feet sat Dyon's primordial yang, while it was in turn surrounded by 6 primordial yins: Madeleine's, Ri's, Kukan's, Amythest's, Amphorae's and Clara's.

Just as Dyon had anticipated, Luna's primordial yin wasn't there which made him feel a piercing pain in his chest. He wasn't sure if it was because Luna had given her virginity to someone else, or because he hadn't been worthy enough to earn her primordial yin's recognition.

Dyon's focus wavered, causing his view of his inner world to blur uncontrollably. In the end, he had no choice but to bite his cheeks and start all over again.

It took longer to refocus himself the second time, but he eventually did so. This time, he wasn't so rattled by not seeing Luna's primordial yin and instead focused elsewhere.

As the picture grew clearer, Dyon's heart suddenly palpitated again.

Before, the view had been too vague, but now he could see seals floating around within his primordial yang.

They were almost like small golden creatures. Sometimes they'd look like immortal phoenixes, with majestic wings and beautifully sculpted feathers. At other times they'd look like domineering Dragons, roaring within the space and standing above the skies like an Emperor of the world.

The images flipped back and forth, and would even sometimes revert to their original seal form, swimming with complex arrays and components of a level that hurt Dyon's brain to think about.

'What the hell is this...' Dyon was absolutely certain that he had never seen this before. In addition, this wasn't a result of the Nine Cloud Yang either, or else Dyon would be aware of it.

The second oddity was that Dyon had never heard of anything capable of making changes to a primordial yang. The seal were clearly artificial, Dyon couldn't comprehend anything strong enough to seal him.

'Could it be that Evangeline's intentions were sinister?' Dyon frowned. He couldn't think of any other reason to seal his primordial yang.

Of course it crossed his mind that Evangeline might have dual cultivated with him and sealed off the power piece by piece so he wouldn't explode. That explanation could explain many things. The problem was that he had never heard of something or someone capable of doing that. Even a star level seal shouldn't have such an ability.

Plus, it still didn't make sense for Evangeline to dual cultivate with him. A woman of her stature would never do such a thing.

Another possibility was just that she was impressed with Dyon's potential and wanted to bind him now so that she could use him as a slave in the future when he was powerful enough to help her. That made much more sense than anything else...

Just as Dyon was racking his brain, the Dragon King suddenly spoke. 'How the hell does she know this technique?...'

Dyon blinked. 'What technique?'

'You're in luck kid. How you got such a powerful woman to fall for you is beyond me. The heavens should strike you down.'

Dyon's frown deepened. 'Stop beating around the bush old lizard.'

'The only techniques capable of effecting change in a primordial yang like this have long since left the mortal plane.'

'Those seals are known as the 33 Dragon-Phoenix Seals. They're detailed in the very same Peak Ancestral Level Dual Cultivation Technique you keep turning your nose at.'

'Ah...!' Dyon didn't know what to say. In the few moments he had to spend with his wives, he didn't want to turn their time of intimacy into a power grab, so he never paid attention to the Dragon King's technique.

But now the old lizard was telling him Evangeline had used it on him?

'The Dragon and Phoenix represent Sovereignty and Life, Death and Reincarnation respectively. However, they have also been the representation of man and woman for a very long time as well.'

'[The Heavens Seal the Dragon and Phoenix] is a Peak Ancestral Level Dual Cultivation Technique. The 33rd Seal is the peak-most level of the technique. When that level is reached, the man and woman would transform, becoming as favored as beasts by the heavens, having the advantage of both beasts and humans without the restrictions of either.'

'But... I've never practiced this technique. How could I have even one seal, let alone the full 33?'

'Isn't that obvious? That woman obviously dual cultivated with you while you slept.'

Dyon didn't want to believe it. Firstly, he felt as though he had betrayed his wives. Secondly, even if he was forced to betray them, he had slept through dual cultivating with a half-step transcendent with beauty great enough to stop his heart from beating? Wasn't this the worst joke in the world? What the hell did he do to deserve this?

Dyon shook his head, that wasn't even the most important part. The Dragon King got this technique after risking his life on the immortal plane. In fact, he was still on the run because of this very same technique. So, how the hell did Evangeline get a hole of it?

With Dyon's intelligence, he should have figured all of this already. The Celestial Hamsters commenting on time will? A woman showing up who had some unknown affection for him? That same woman having access to a technique that only Dyon had access to on the mortal plane? If he couldn't figure out at least a portion of the truth, his supposed 'intelligence' meant nothing.

However, the reason Dyon seemed to be going around in circles was because Evangeline gave him one final help, for the sake of saving his life.

When Dyon almost died due to burning his soul, it was Clara who resonated with his soul to unlock the thing he kept hidden within The Seal. This time, yet another one of his women saved him by doing the very same thing.

Chapter 1034: Karma

Evangeline resonated with Dyon, connecting with The Seal to seal off the flow of Dyon's thought process. The moment he came close to an answer, before he was strong enough to handle the backlash, he would fall into a state of confusion, causing him to go back to square one.

Dyon wasn't new to using arrays to manipulate the thoughts of others. For example, when he placed a contract seal of Alidor, Alidor was then forced to do everything for the sake of Dyon. However, that method was very crude.

Alidor only followed the laws of the contract seal because not doing so would result in the loss of his life. If Alidor decided he didn't care about his life anymore, he could very well harm Dyon.

However, how could The Seal be on the same level as a crude creation of Dyon's when he was still a mere meridian formation expert? No. Their difference was akin to heaven and earth.

The Seal was capable of predicting, adapting and changing its methods, all with no harm to Dyon at all.

No matter how much Dyon thought to himself, until he was powerful enough, he wouldn't figure out what was going on.

Maybe the most heaven defying part was that Dyon would never find anything odd with this, nor would he ever talk to anyone about it either. It could be said that if Evangeline had bad intentions, she could have turned Dyon into an idiot for the rest of his life.

However, it could also be said that had Evangeline not had Dyon's trust, enough to resonate with his soul, The Seal would have never responded.

The Dragon King laughed at Dyon's distraught visage. 'You really are unlucky. In her pseudo dao formation form, she could already match women on the immortal plane. I could only imagine what she would look like after being cleansed by origin qi.'

Dyon shook his head. 'I get it, I get it. Just explain to me how this works.'

'This technique is a partnership. The role of the woman is to evoke the 33 seals. These seals represent the heavenly restrictions placed on the three heavenly paths, energy, the body, and the soul.'

'The role of the man is to shatter these seals. With every seal you shatter, you'll not only gain an increase in cultivation, but also an increase in talent.'

'This woman essentially paved a path to your cultivation. As long as you shatter all 33 seals, you'll smoothly step into the peak of dao formation. As for entering the half-step transcendent realm, that's up to you.'

Dyon frowned. 'This is an ancestral level technique, so why was shattering the 33rd seal only enough to bring me to the peak of dao formation?'

'That's because this technique is split into 3 portions. There are meant to be 99 seals in total. Unfortunately, the ruin I found only gave me the first two portions.'

'I see...' Dyon fell into thought. 'Didn't you say I could also use it with multiple women? What happens if I begin cultivating it with someone else?'

'Only the breaking of the first seal of its kind make a drastic change in you. For example, if you shattering the first of 33 seals for this Evangeline character you'll experience a heavenly change. However, if you break that very same seal with another woman, you'll benefit from the energy, but not the heavenly change.'

'So the change in talent only works the first time, but the energy is consistent?'

'Yes and no. The energy you receive also takes a dip, but you still receive it. That said, breaking the seal with a different woman would help her, even if you don't benefit as much.'

'According to my calculations, if you break 33 seals for 9 different women, it would then be enough to step into the half-step transcendent realm smoothly.'

'What the hell? 33 seals is enough for the peak dao formation realm. But 8 more of the same is needed for that single step?'

'Did you think that the half transcendent realm was a joke? I only took 300 or so years to step into the dao formation realm in first life. But, I didn't become a half-step transcendent until I was well over 300 000 years old.'

Dyon involuntarily took in a deep breath when he heard this. Reaching the dao formation realm in 300 years was already heaven defying enough, but for the same individual who did this to take so long to reach the next realm... It was too shocking.

'You should also note that for every seal you break, the next one become exponentially more difficult to deal with.'

Dyon sighed. 'It doesn't matter. I don't plan on finding 9 women just for the sake of a technique. I'll reach the half-step transcendent realm on my own.'

Suddenly, the Dragon King began laughing again, causing Dyon's expression to darken.

'What is it?'

'Nothing,' The Dragon King said through laughs. 'I just remembered how much dual cultivating it would have taken to evoke all 33 seals. You really missed out kid. I wouldn't be surprised if it took more than a week of constant attempts, depending on how much effort she put in.'

'Normally, it would take much longer than that, but she must have used the Nine Yang Cloud as a catalyst to speed up the process. Even still, it would have taken a long time.'

'I'm not sure why she did this, but from what I can tell, she wanted to make your cultivation journey smoother.'

Dyon sighed. Even he had to admit that he was very lucky. How the hell did he accumulate so much good karma?

'How do I break the seals?'

'It'll be significantly harder to do without your partner cultivating with you, but I assume she has a reason for not staying by your side. Either way, brute force and strength is the best way. Look at the seals like bottle necks, you can only shatter them when you reach a certain level of strength.'

'However, that strength isn't just cultivation, it's about how far above your cultivation you can battle. The stronger you are in comparison to your cultivation level, the easier it is to shatter the seals. So it's a combination of your base cultivation and your battle power.'

'My battle power...' Dyon muttered.

In reality, it seemed like he could battle far above his station, but that wasn't the case.

When he was a meridian formation expert, the reason he could battle essence gatherers was because his soul had already broken into the saint stage.

Plus, those were essence gatherers of a universe that saw third grade experts as otherworldly geniuses. In addition, the only true genius that Dyon defeated, Saru, turned out to be heavily suppressed because she was battling in a quadrant that wasn't her own.

Then one might want to mention his battle with Loki and Elder Daiyu. They were far above him, no? That counts as battle power, right?

But that wasn't the case either. If it wasn't for his celestial puppet, he would have been caught nearly immediately. Then, if he hadn't burned his soul, Elder Daiyu would have killed him in a rage. Even further, he didn't even manage to kill the both of them until he bombed Loki's body with an abyssal core of death.

When Dyon thought through this, he cringed. His battle power really was too pitiful. At this point, he could hardly use even 20% of the potential of his celestial body. The Demon Sage's blood was talented enough to have him be the equivalent of a first-grade body cultivator, but the reality was that Dyon was more akin to a fourth or fifth.

To make matters worse, because of the seal on him now, he had fallen behind those of his generation in terms of comprehension. His wives were already breaking into the 7th intent levels, while his best will, death, was still at the 2nd intent level.

Dyon shook his head. 'I haven't even studied any attack or defense-based techniques. I'm useless.'

Although he knew it wasn't truly his fault, Dyon couldn't help but feel uncomfortable. That said, he didn't get a chance to think about it for long because the twins had come back.

Putting everything aside, Dyon began to meditate on the images of the twins brought back to him. When he saw the sheer vastness of it all, he couldn't help but be surprised.

Chapter 1035: Enjoy

For context, asteroids were hundreds of thousands of miles apart, and that was a conservative estimate. Yet, the twins obviously didn't use any teleportation arrays, but were back within a few hours. Of course, Dyon was shocked.

According to the information the twins brought back, Soul Market was meticulously organized. Of the 22 bases, there were three main divisions decided by both age and value of the soul slaves soul.

4 bases were strictly filled with those younger than the age of 12. They were training facilities, because normally, this age was far too early to sell of a soul.

After this, there was a separation of talent.

6 bases were reserved for those with Lower Foundation stage innate souls. 6 bases were reserved for those with Peak Foundation stage innate souls. As for the remaining 6: 2 were reserved for those with Lower Blossom Stage innate soul, 2 were factories for disposing bodies and smelting them down into pills, while the last were split into one auction house and another station for those Soul Market employed.

Hearing this, Dyon had no choice but to take deep and steady breaths to calm himself. They really were treating these people like livestock!

"Big brother, they plan to auction off all of them in a week. This is a good opportunity, probably the best opportunity." Little Yin clamored.

Dyon frowned when he heard this, though. An auction meant more variables. If he tried to do something then, there would be powerhouses from many other universes. No. If he wanted to save them, it had to be before the auction.

If he waited, and a whole bunch of dao formation experts showed up, how the hell would he be able to do anything? He'd be lucky to even live, let alone saving millions of soul slaves.

Suddenly Dyon thought of something. The moment he did, he started laughing so hard the cage he was in reverberated with a fierce light.

"Good! If I don't make you all bleed, my name isn't Dyon Sacharro!"

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About three days later, Dyon awoke to banging on his cage.

"Haha! It took me too long to find free time to come here. If I had come too late, wouldn't missing out on a core disciple be too hurtful?"

An... Interesting sounding man called out, fiddling with what Dyon thought were keys.

In the next moment, Dyon heard something rattle and fall into his cage.

"Put those on, or else I'll toss your cage into a furnace and still how long you can last." The voice snickered.

Dyon laughed. "Do you think I'm a fool? If you were allowed to kill me, I'd be dead. Go ahead and toss me in the furnace. We'll see how your bosses feel."

"You!" The feminine-like man's voice was clearly surprised that Dyon still dared to defy him. But, he knew that Dyon was right.

In the end, he sneered. "You Planet Cathedral elitists all think that you're in the only strong cultivators in our 98th quadrant? Well, let me burst your bubble! There are 99 other universes in this quadrant, fool!"

"Wow, you speak and lose your temper just like woman. I really didn't know that there were a hundred universes in a quadrant until you informed me, I truly appreciate the information." Dyon sneered.

The voice laughed in anger. There was little else he hated more than being taken for a woman. He was a man, through in through, yet there was a prisoner disrespecting him like this.

"Haha, to dare anger me like this after spending almost a week in a cage of silver sponge metal. I can't tell whether you're brave or just stupid!"

The door of the cage flung open, revealing a scene completely opposite to what Dyon thought.

Before him hovered a massive man with bronzed skin and a bald head. He was more than a head taller than Dyon, standing more than two meters tall.

As for the surroundings, they were even more troubling. Dyon's "cage" was actually a box of 1 meter in height, width and length. In addition, it was only one amount thousands as far as the eye could see.

The cages were even stacked, one on top of the other, sometimes as much as a hundred or even a thousand. It was like they were dogs shoved into kennels before being arranged to save the most space possible. It was completely sickening.

Dyon was so angered that he ignored the burly man before him, scanning the area from left to right with a dense coldness in his eyes. Although the twins had projected this image to him already, seeing it in person simply hit differently.

"Get out here, dog!" The burly man spoke, but to Dyon's surprise, he sounded identical to the feminine man from before.

Dyon's murderous intent leaked outward.

"Kill intent?" The burly man sneered. "I'll show you how much of a fool you are!"

The man, who Dyon assumed was the Brother Dima the other voice spoke of before, took out a rod coursing with electricity before whipping it out toward Dyon.

However, before he could sneer in satisfaction, he realized that his weapon hit nothing but air.

BOOM!

Dima cried out in agony as his head slammed into the back of the cage. He lost control of his electric rod, causing it to scorch himself.

By the time he collected himself enough to look up, shivering in pain, he saw that Dyon was standing in the air looking down on him.

"Enjoy." Dyon sneered, smashing the cage shut.

...

Dyon landed on the ground, looking up at all of the boxed cages with a complex gaze, but in the end, he decisively left. If he was soft hearted now, it would all be for naught.

Taking out a red plaque, he crushed it immediately. Although it hurt because he knew just how expensive these plaques were, he had no choice.

'This concealment array will last three days, the auction is in four... Should be just enough...' With that thought, Dyon sprinted forward with a plan in mind.

Dyon wasn't worried about being found out. When he spoke to Dima, the reason why he was heard was because Dima had opened up a slot in order to force him to put on energy restricting handcuffs. These handcuffs were what Dima asked Dyon to put on. If that slot hadn't been opened, Dyon's voice would have been absorbed by the cage. This was why Dyon wasn't worried about Dima screaming for help. The best part was that even if Dima had some sort of communication device with him, the cage would absorb the message as well.

Unless someone opened the cage, they would never find out Dyon had left. And considering they hadn't fed him since he'd been here, they wouldn't open the slot either. Dyon just had to hope that Dima's disappearance didn't raise too many alarms.

"There are a few security measures around the base," Little Yang reminded, reclining leisurely on Dyon's shoulder.

Dyon nodded. Normally, he would believe in Clara's concealment array to ignore these restrictions because when a concealment array reached a high enough level, detection arrays meant nothing before them. However, would a mere 98th quadrant have arrays capable of teleporting people from planet to planet? Or asteroid to asteroid? No. Yet this 98th quadrant did. Why was that so?

If one wanted to teleport within a universe freely, whether that even be from one end to another, a comet level teleportation array was a must. If you wanted to teleport to another universe within a quadrant, a moon level teleportation array was required. If you wanted to teleport freely from quadrant to quadrant, a planet level teleportation array was required.

Of course, the break down of this was slightly more complicated since each of those sub levels had 6 stages, but this was the gist.

This was all to say that in the state this quadrant was in, even teleporting to another planet should have been impossible. The fact that they could meant one of two things: they were either relying on their partners from other quadrants to help them, or these were arrays left over from the era back when this quadrant was once ranked 20th.

Either way, it meant that whatever detection arrays they had couldn't be underestimated. Therefore, Dyon relied heavily on the twins since he was practically blind without his soul.

Chapter 1036: Dignity

On a distant asteroid reserved as the operation base of Soul Market, a very important meeting was taking place.

The room itself looked much like a court room with elders to one side and a judge's podium up front.

"We only have half a week until the auction, is everything in place?" An old woman very familiar to Dyon spoke.

"Everything is prepared, White Mother." A subordinate responded. "The venue is prepared and the fail safes are in place. We've also received reports of those with invitations starting to slowly trickle into Cathedral City."

"Good. I won't allow any mistakes this time. Our 98th quadrant can't afford to anger these powerhouses."

The reality of the matter was that the 98th quadrant didn't have anyone on the celestial or dao floors. So, what did this mean? It meant that it was impossible for any celestials and dao formation experts to come by normal means.

This meant that the dao formation experts who were coming to take part in this auction had been travelling for decades, just for this one event. In fact, the only reason the time taken was so short was because they used the 74th quadrant as a short-cut. This was a slight blessing in disguise for Dyon although he didn't know it. The 74th quadrant didn't have anyone powerful enough to enter the dao floors, meaning that only celestials were sent.

That said, if something was ruined, how could the 98th quadrant withstand their anger?

After a moment of collecting her thoughts, the Mother of the Nunnery made a decision. "We're changing the schedule. I've been feeling uneasy the past few days... Start the transport today but leave the problem cases for us elders to deal with. Move up the auction as well, I'm sure those tycoons will be happy."

The surrounding elders shifted uncomfortably.

"White Mother, this has to be meticulously planned. Even our least populated base has more than ten million soul slaves. If we're unorganized, it could cause problems."

If they could simply transport everyone in their cages, there would be no issue. But, they couldn't.

Silver sponge metal was normally very beneficial to them, however it was a massive detriment now.

Imagine the result of placing an energy sucking metal on a teleportation array that relied on energy. The result was obvious. The arrays wouldn't have enough power to reach the power location and they could end up losing millions of soul slaves to the depths of space.

Because of this, every prisoner had to be transferred from their cage, into another vessel, before being teleported. If they rushed this, massive problems were all but certain to occur.

Unfortunately, this was a problem for Dyon too. If they opened his cage too early, everything would be spoiled.

"Do as I say."

**

"You bastards! Do you really have to treat them like this?! They already have no hope left, at least leave them with their dignity!"

At this time, two bright blue-eyed beauties dressed in pure white nunnery robes had their cheeks red and puffed with anger. If Dyon was there at this time, he'd recognize the two of them as the twin sisters he met at the Cathedral entrance, the other sister, Mia, and the younger, Bella.

Two olive skinned men sneered looking while looking at these two sisters, each holding a young woman in their hands by the hair.

The two young women were truly too pitiful. Their clothes were already in rags, barely covering their most important parts. As a result, their malnutrition was on display for the world to see.

Their skin clung to their ribs, and their arms were as skinny as a skeleton's. Despite their best efforts, their skin was horribly discolored with blotches of ugly greens and yellows covering them.

Upon closer inspection, it became obvious that this were horrible bruises rather than the effects of their lack of nutrition.

Still, as talented soul cultivators, enough to be shipped to Soul Market, they were still pretty enough to entice the lust of the two men.

Usually, it was only possible for them to "have fun" with new soul slaves when they were found late in life and also transported randomly to their branches. For obvious reasons, this was quite rare because of the auspicious signs that follow the birth of talented individuals. More often than not, they're taken in as babies, and no matter how sick the two of them were, they wouldn't rape a baby.

However, on rare occasions, like Dyon a few days ago, they would be able to intercept a soul slave that slipped through the cracks. Those few pitiful individuals were their victims.

Since Soul Market was closing soon, though, the rules had become much laxer. In fact, there would soon be orders to transfer soul slaves from their normal holding cells which would give them a great opportunity. The problem was that these two sisters kept getting in their way!

"Their dignity?"

The two men looked at each other before bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Do you have any idea where you are?" A voice that Dyon would have recognized as the first voice from when he first awoke started.

"You're defending, guarding and aiding in a market that deals in the souls of people! And you're on a moral high horse?!" Coincidentally, this was the second voice.

The twins turned red and green. Although they were angered, they really didn't have a rebuttal.

"First you two stopped us from using that little beauty from three months ago. Then you did it again just three weeks ago. If you keep pushing us, we don't mind teaching you a lesson!" The first voice sneered.

"I really want to see the look on your faces when you have to cart their lifeless bodies to the furnace room to be concocted into pills. I wonder if you'll think about their dignity then." The second voice poured oil onto the fire, stabbing the twins with his words again and again, loving it when he saw how hurt the two of them were.

The two malnourished teenage girls burst into tears, trembling fiercely. No matter how much they wanted to collapse and curl up on the floor, the two men gripped their hair firmly, unwilling to let go.

Mia's face turned cold. "Let them go."

"Or else what?" The first voice asked teasingly, reaching down and pulling the collar of the girl outward to stare down her cleavage wantonly.

"Stop it!" Bella shrieked, her tiny fists clenching hard. "The White Mother has given us command over the movement and placement of all soul slaves. If you dare take another less than satisfactory action, we'll report you for disrupting the process!"

"Given you command? Is that a joke? Who would put two little girls in command of such a thing? If you want to lie, come up with a better one." The second voice snorted, but he didn't dare move until he confirmed this as true or false.

He wasn't wrong to be skeptical. The two sisters were only about 19 or 20 years old and these proceedings were far too important. It seemed almost illogical to trust them with this. It made much more sense to have an elder oversee everything. If anything went wrong, an essence gatherer wouldn't be able to change anything.

The two sisters inwardly quivered. The two men were right, the White Mother believed in their talent, but she was also excessively cruel to them, always making it a point to remind them about their skin disorder. She definitely wouldn't make a decision like this based on feelings.

In reality, they were only in charge of monitoring the teleportation traffic, making sure everything went where they were meant to go while sending data back to the White Mother. The true overseer was a Celestial stage elder.

However, they would never let the two men realize this.

"If you dare to test it, go ahead." Mia said coldly, taking out an array plate inscribed with complex symbols and holding it out for them to see.

The two men froze.

In that moment, their demeanor changed entirely, pleading for forgiveness and bowing out of the room while leaving the two teen girls behind.

It wasn't until they were gone that the twins breathed a sigh of relief. The array plate Mia showed was only a monitoring array that would be useful to them in completing their task. Luckily the two men were too stupid to tell otherwise.

Chapter 1037: Too Far

Dyon watched this happen with a cold look in his eye, but in the end, he also turned to leave this place decisively. Now wasn't the time for revenge.

However, before he could, he froze in place, hearing something that changed everything.

"Get to your stations. There's been a change of plans, the transport starts as soon as possible."

Dyon didn't recognize this voice, but it didn't take much for him to guess that this must have been the true supervisor of the proceedings. Unlike the two olive skinned men, Dyon wasn't stupid and knew that two 19-year-old girls would never be given such an important task.

'Dammit!' Dyon gripped his fists. There was no way he'd have enough time to do what was needed if everything started now.

There were 22 bases. In order for Dyon's plan to work, he had to go to 20, which excluded the base of operations and the auction house.

Originally, Dyon wanted to change the location symbols of the teleportation arrays just like he had for the girl's family back during the assessments. The Soul Market elders would think they were sending the soul slaves to the auction house, when in reality, they were going to a safe location on Unseen Peak's Planet.

However, that plan barely had enough time to work to begin with.

Before, the teleportation array Dyon altered was a small scale one, meant to be used by ten people at max. However, the teleportation arrays he had to alter now were used during war time to transport millions of people at once. It would take him hours to alter a single one in his current state. By the time he fixed a single one, the transport would have already begun and the soul slaves from 19 other bases would be headed to the auction house.

Even if Dyon's master woke up, it wouldn't matter. There is no doubt that she'd speed up the process and they'd end up saving more people, but more would be lost than saved, Dyon was sure of that.

Dyon could only grit his teeth. 'Saving some is better than saving none.'

With a heavy heart, he sprinted forward toward his original destination: the teleportation pad of the base.

From the information the Celestial Hamsters gave Dyon, he was actually being held with the Lower Foundation stage innate soul prisoners. Dyon wasn't sure why this was considering the value of the legacy they thought he had, but it was the reality of the situation.

Every base had two teleportation pads. One was on a small scale used for elders and workers to teleport easily between bases. The other was a large scale one spanning hundreds of meters, capable of transporting a cap of twenty million people.

A lesser man than Dyon might choose to save those of higher talent first and head to the base housing those with Lower Blossom stage innate souls, however Dyon would never do something so disgusting. He didn't believe that life or death should be decided based on talent, so he left it to luck.

Since he was housed in this base, it was the luck of those here that they would receive his help.

What Dyon didn't know was that he was taken to this base because of the help of the twin sisters. The security measures of the Lower Blossom Stage stage innate soul base would never have allowed Dyon to leave so easily. At any given moment, it had three to five celestial elders overseeing it. For context, there were only six celestial members of The Cathedral to begin with! That was how important that base was to them.

The sisters took pity on Dyon and gave him the best opportunity by placing him in the least secure base under the noses of their superiors. Why? Because they recognized Dyon.

How they did, even they didn't fully understand. But, what was certain was that they were a great help to Dyon.

It wasn't long before Dyon had made it to an open and massive space. If it wasn't for the situation, he might have found it exceedingly beautiful.

The expanse of space was all around him, planets, moons and stars lit of the dark sky.

A vague dome of light protected the base, taking into consideration those too weak to withstand the pull of the violent vacuum around them.

Dyon had known long ago that only those in the saint realm could freely enter and travel through space, but this was the first time he had seen it with his own eyes, albeit under the protection of what seemed to be a well-made formation. He couldn't help but lose his breath for a moment.

With a shake of his head, Dyon refocused himself, scanning the array before him.

Although it was considerably dimmer than it would be when activated, it was incredibly intricate and awe-inspiring. However, at that moment, this array didn't elicit any compliments from Dyon. Instead, it caused an ugly expression and a torrent of curses to escape his lips as he ran into yet another roadblock.

"Whoever the person pulling the strings of my life is really doesn't want me to save these people?!"

"Big Brother, what's wrong?" Little Yin asked with concern, rubbing her chubby cheeks against Dyon's in hopes of comforting him.

Although they were Celestial Hamster with knowledge in many things, they weren't omnipotent. Celestial blood gave beasts who carried them special abilities, but it was only the Celestial Deer that was adept at soul related cultivation, the other celestial beasts were just as poor in the area as normal beasts would be.

It was only because of their sharp senses and bloodline instincts that they could avoid and detect arrays that might cause harm to them, but other than that, their knowledge was nearly non-existent in the matter. So, they could only look at Dyon in confusion.

Dyon's fists clenched.

Let alone with his soul sealed, even if it was unsealed, he'd have no hope of changing this array. Even if his master woke up, she would be restricted by the fact his soul energy was still at the celestial level. All the hope he had seemed to be steadily crumbling to nothing.

Dyon grit his teeth. "This isn't a comet level array, it's a planet level one!"

Dyon stared blankly at the array, clenching his fists. Even for him, at his best estimate, he would need at least half a century before his knowledge base reached the level necessary to manipulate a planet level array, and who knew how much longer than that it would take for his soul to reach the dao levels. Of course, this pace was insanely fast even in comparison to the entire cosmos, but right now, it was painstakingly slow.

It wasn't a simple matter of his soul talent, the question was how long it would take for his body to be powerful enough to withstand the power of his soul.

Considering the pace at which his body was improving, even Dyon couldn't estimate a proper amount of time.

It wasn't as though Dyon hadn't thought of this possibly happening. If the Soul Market wanted to steal talents from all 100 universes of its quadrant, it needed the ability to quickly travel between them all. It was just that Dyon hoped that this teleportation pad they used would be at the moon level at best, at least then, even if it was a slim chance, he'd still have one.

But now, it was all ruined.

'What do I do, what do I do?'

Dyon wasn't a person who became easily flustered. He had long since been able to stare down his own death without blinking an eye, but somehow fumbling around with the lives of others made his heartbeat quicken. He hadn't been this agitated in a long time...

'I have to try.' Dyon clenched his fists, raising his Perception to the limits and peering into the intricacies of the array.

By the time an array reached the planet level, it had long since left the realm of imitating wills and could actually evoke them on its own. Obviously, the most important will that a teleportation array evokes is spatial will.

That said, there were many other facets including protection, stabilization and optimization.

For a normal individual to withstand teleportation of large distances, an array had to have very few flaws, increasing its protective and stabilizing abilities. But, at the same time, it needs to be simple enough that the amount of energy needed per teleportation is kept to a minimum.

The concept is the same as comparing a genius vs average programmer. An ordinary programmer of computer code might take ten lines of code to program the same function a genius programmer only takes a single line to. Obviously, the latter is far more efficient both for himself and the future use of his code.

When Dyon first learned about arrays, there was a reason he immediately compared them to coding from his world. However, this knowledge was doing him little to no good right now.

Chapter 1038: Or?

It took Dyon 16 years to reach the peak of the comet level. During the monotonous 13 years he spent killing hundreds of thousands of beasts in his third trial, his mind was constantly reflecting upon the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. Still, he was simply too far from the planet level.

His first task should have been to find the location symbols of the array, but the moment he tried to, he realized that planet level arrays were organized very differently than what he was used to.

Every symbol was actually built upon each other like a complex, interconnected puzzle piece. To alter a single portion, one had to have enough knowledge to bypass the other layers without disrupting them.

The worst part was that this array was inextricably linked to 20-30 others, maybe more. This made it even more difficult to change the location symbols than Dyon had previously thought. For context, it was already wildly impressive that Dyon realized even this much.

These arrays were meant to teleport to a very select few locations, this was how it was able to keep its energy use so low. After all, there was no way a 98th quadrant had the necessary energy stones to power a planet level array.

Dyon's eyes reddened and involuntarily began to bleed. Analyzing an array far above his abilities was taking too much of a toll on his mental energy. It had been less than a minute, but he was already fatigued beyond belief.

"Big Brother!" Little Yin and Yang called out.

The two of them wanted to help, but there was nothing they could do. However, they knew they had to stop Dyon. Him pushing himself like this wouldn't accomplish anything.

Unwillingly, Dyon turned his gaze away, holding his head in hopes of squeezing away the pain.

Dyon took deep breaths, trying to calm himself. He definitely didn't withstand all of that humiliation just to fail here.

He even had half a mind to start a rampage. If it wasn't because he was so sure that the fail safes Soul Market had in place would put the lives of the soul slaves in danger, he wouldn't have done any of this to begin with.

'Wait... The planet level arrays came from this quadrant's ancient era, but the fail safes couldn't have?... right?...'

Dyon shook his head. That was simply wishful thinking. Even if Soul Market didn't exist back then, that didn't mean that this quadrant didn't have a reason to have fail safes for other things. They might very well be just as powerful as these teleportation arrays.

'Hold on...!' Dyon's eyes brightened. 'For other things? That's it!'

"Little Yin, Little Yang, what's the history of this array?" Dyon asked expectantly.

"The history?" The twins asked in confusion. They could check the history of any inanimate object, but what was the purpose here?

"Yes, quickly!" Dyon pressed, slightly agitated.

The twins blinked but still did as Dyon said. Their eyes glowed as they scanned the array and its surroundings.

"This array was constructed 3 563 782 years ago by the 24th White Mother." The twins spoke in unison. "It is an array of the compound theory branch, built as a single piece of a 1000 array large set.

"The original purpose was to act as a gift to the Sapientia family who needed easier transportation around their quadrants. However, the 24th White Mother, due to suspicions for the family, created an extra 30 as a fail safe.

"To keep this fact hidden from the Sapientia, the 24th White Mother created a new array theory, breaking from the original formula to create a set of 1030 arrays. This made what should have been a 2nd stage planet level array into an array as complex as a 5th stage planet level array.

"Unlike the 1000 original arrays, the extra 30 are known as Master Key Arrays. The original arrays cannot connect to them, but the Master Key Arrays can monitor and locate the original arrays at will. The Master Key Arrays can also shut down the function of the original 1000 at any time as well as causing them to set off a violent chain reaction capable of destroying a planet to ash.

"The function of the Master Key Arrays was entrusted to Soul Rend Peak before the Celestial Beast Clan went into permanent seclusion. The control mechanisms for all 30 arrays were entrusted to the head master of Soul Rend Peak.

"The arrays lied dormant and without use for more than 3.5 million years until the construction of Soul Market 534 years ago where it then became a center piece of their business, used to easily transport tens of millions of people at once.

"Using the master keys, the master key arrays are also capable of creating 10 relay stations each of which have been placed among the 100 universes of this quadrant. What they are used for is outside the scope of this arrays history, but it is presumed to transport captured infants and babies from their homes to Soul Market.

"The 10 relay stations can only teleport to and from this single master key array. However, the master key array can teleport to any other master key array as well as the 1000 original arrays.

"The core of this array is powered by an origin crystal. More than 99.99999999 ...%"

"Alright, that's enough." Dyon said with bright eyes, stopping the twins before they went into excruciating detail.

No matter how cool and collected he was normally, his heart couldn't help but palpitate when he heard the words 'origin crystal'. That wasn't a power source that was meant to be on this plane of existence, it was no wonder it could power such an array for such a long time yet still have more than 99% of its power remaining.

What Dyon found more interesting was the Sapientia family's role in this array's history. And what did the twins mean by said "their quadrants"? Didn't the Sapientia family only control a single quadrant?

When he asked the twins though, they said that it was outside the scope of the arrays history, so they had no idea. It was frustrating, but Dyon could only let it be.

Dyon just assumed it was another anomaly of the Epistemic Tower quadrants. For example, there were 5 True Gods of the Drago-Qilin quadrant, yet there should only be one key wielder per quadrant. Since only key wielders could take God level trials, how the hell did the 2nd ranked quadrant have five of them alone?

Dyon shook his head, focusing on what he'd just learned. 'I can use this.'

Think about it. Soul Market was constructed far after these arrays were created, yet these arrays were perfectly placed for Soul Market?

The arrays were originally entrusted to Soul Rending Peak, so how the hell did they end up in the middle of nowhere, floating around in an asteroid belt millions of miles from Planet Cathedral?

The answer was obvious: they were moved!

If a mere 98th quadrant could move arrays, why couldn't Dyon? If he moved the auction's array to a massive space within the Demon Sage Tower, all of the teleportations would end up with the soul slaves directly entering a safe environment.

Dyon's body flashed away, reappearing in the room the twins were in. At the moment, they were still consoling the two beauties, but, for obvious reasons, that wasn't going too well. Would you allow someone shipping you off to your death to tell you everything was going to be okay? What a joke.

Of course, it also didn't help that the soul strength of the two girls were too powerful for the twins' bewitching technique to work. So, their diseased skin was completely exposed before the two of them.

"We're sorry," The twins cried along with the two girls. "We're too weak to help you. The truth is that we'll probably be sold off after all of this is over..."

It was true, Bella and Mia were the most talented youngsters in The Cathedral and the White Mother didn't like them at all. That black hearted woman would definitely sell them off too...

The two girls didn't have the heart to hate the twins, nor be disgusted by the cracked, blistered and puss filled skin. They had been here their entire lives 13 to 14 year old lives... Their mental makeups were too pure and untainted to feel anything other than pity. But, that didn't make them stop crying.

"Are you going to keep crying? Or are you going to do something about it?"

Chapter 1039: Minimum

Hearing a sudden male voice interrupt their venting, the two girls shivered and hid behind Bella and Mia.

"Who?!" The two sisters spun toward the direction of the voice quickly. But, they were stunned when they saw who it was. "It's you?"

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "You recognize me?"

Bella pouted angrily, tears still soaking her cheeks. "Of course we recognize a liar like you." Looking at Dyon's handsome face bitterly.

Dyon frowned. 'Liar? How did they know I lied to them? That would mean they saw through my disguise, but that's impossible.'

"If you want to talk about liars, no one is as great as you two sisters."

"Hey!" Bella shouted angrily. "We helped you!"

Dyon blinked in confusion before he understood. "So, you're the reason I'm here? Thanks, but to tell you the truth, even if I was in a place with tighter security it wouldn't matter."

What a joke, even sealed Dyon didn't take the celestials of this quadrant seriously. The reason he didn't go out and kill them all was in fear for the safety of the soul slaves and the powerhouses coming in from other universes.

Plus, his concealment array couldn't be seen through by a normal celestial. One would have had to have first unlocked their divine sense to the Higher Celestial stage before being capable of doing so.

"You!" Bella's small face reddened. She was already angry at Dyon for lying to them, she even thought that Dyon knew their back story and created his own to garner sympathy from them. How could she like such a manipulative person? Yet, that same person was looking down on their help like this?

"Bella." Mia interjected, cutting her little sister off from throwing a tantrum. "Why are you here? Why haven't you run yet? Do you really want to get captured again?"

"Captured again?" Dyon laughed. "I allowed myself to be caught for the sake of saving everyone here. If I escaped, would I still be a man?"

"Allowed?..." The two sisters involuntarily whispered to themselves, unable to comprehend.

The entire world they understood, from birth to now, was filled with nothing but cruelty and people working for their own selfish desires. How could they so easily believe that someone would allow themselves to be humiliated for the sake of saving strangers they didn't even know?

"Answer my question." Dyon's eyes turned into golden blaze, peering into the souls of the two sister before him. "Are you going to do something about it, or not?"

"Even if we did want to, what could we do?" Mia said bitterly.

"So you're willing to give up?" Dyon asked again, taking a step forward. "You're willing to spend the rest of your life as someone's pawn? To sit, waiting for the day you're no longer useful to them alive?"

"Uh..." The two sisters had never been questioned so heavily before, they didn't know how to respond.

Dyon remained silent, quietly watching the two sisters.

"We don't want that." The finally answered resolutely.

Dyon's eyes shone. "Good. This is what I need you to do then."

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Within the auction house base of Soul Market, workers scurried around, quickly completing tasks. An auction on a normal scale was already almost impossible to organize, let alone one that planned to sell tens of millions of merchandises over the course of just a few days.

The layout of this base was very simple. On the roof, just like the other bases, a massive teleportation spanning hundreds of meters stood, taking up the entire space. Below that, there was a typical auction house arrangement.

Five levels of seating arrangements faced a large podium. Clearly, they were divided by status. Those from higher ranked quadrants would sit higher than those of lesser.

If Dyon saw this, he was definitely realize that he had underestimated the pull of Soul Market. The idea of being able to instantly learn a technique was far too enticing...

Centuries ago, when the idea of the Soul Market was first introduced, the Devil Cultivators used various means to reach out to potential candidates. The quadrants chosen weren't too powerful so that they could be controlled, but weren't too weak either so that they could provide adequate profit.

After the partners were chosen, the quadrants then selected their soul slaves, or "put in orders". They would then send Soul Market the techniques they wanted these soul slaves to learn and detail to what level they wanted it learned.

Often times, this wasn't even for the sake of themselves. Many of them simply wanted to give their children a head start, so didn't blink an eye when sacrificing the life of others.

This was how Soul Market worked... It had all been accumulating to this day... Soon, investments of centuries would be paid out.

As for the "auction", there wouldn't be one. It would be a simple exchange of payment for past investments. That said, those immature children who had yet to learn any techniques would be bid on.

One could see just how important these proceedings were. If this failed and the soul slaves escaped, the core teachings of tens of quadrants would be exposed to the world.

Dyon had no idea how correct he was about the lives of the soul slaves. Because the quadrants were taking such a risk, Soul Market had to have the ability to protect their interests. Their worries weren't just about their nasty deeds being exposed, but also worry about their secret techniques being disseminated to the public!

These tycoons all knew that if this were to happen, their clans would be finished. This was why the fail safe's of Soul Market not only included destruction of all of its infrastructure, but also the controlled death of each and every soul slave... Even if they somehow escaped, their lives weren't their own...

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"Is everything prepared?"

A stoic looking elder looked off into the starry skies of space, standing with his hands clasped behind his back.

He was currently on the auction house base's roof, waiting for his orders to be executed.

This elder's name was Bowa, often called Elder Bowa by those who interacted with him. He wasn't among The Cathedral members that went to Soul Rending Peak after the central bell was rung, instead, he remained at Soul Market, monitoring the proceedings.

It was this Elder Bowa that gave instructions to the twin sister just an hour or so ago. He was also the one in charge of the fail safes and overseeing the proper teleportation of all soul slaves.

"Yes, Elder Bowa. We're ready to receive the influx of soul slaves at any moment." A single priest among a group of three answered respectfully.

Elder Bowa nodded. "Good. Have them begin with those 6 bases of Lower Foundation stage innate soul, soul slaves. Use their monitoring tags to arrange them by client and keep them in the same cells for convenience. Follow the plan and everything should be fine."

The truth was that Elder Bowa didn't like the White Mother's decision to speed things up for seemingly no reason at all. He believed that even if something were to go wrong, disorganizing themselves wasn't going to help at all.

They had laid down their plans for today, meticulously, for over 500 years, but now, because of a "bad feeling" they were pushing things up? What nonsense.

However, there was nothing he could do about it. The White Mother was the strongest among them and was the last remaining true disciple of Soul Rending Peak. If it wasn't for her, none of this would have been possible to begin with. Plus, she was also the strongest among them, how could they not listen to her orders, albeit unwillingly?

It was just a shame that all of this was happening because during teleportation day, their original plan involved five of their six celestials being here. After all, the Lower Blossom stage innate soul, soul slaves were far too talented to underestimate. After 500 years of cultivation, even if they were solely focused on one technique related to what their owners paid for, Elder Bowa had little doubt that some of them were definitely dangers to saints at a minimum.

For context, Dyon's soul talent was unrivaled through the cosmos, and even he had to awaken his manifestation before his soul grew into its true Blossom stage innate soul status. Also, even Clara only had a peak Foundation stage innate soul. Of course, she also gained otherworldly body cultivation talent to match it later on, but she reached great heights in soul cultivation already.

Chapter 1040: Elder

Knowing this, how could those with Lower Blossom stage innate souls be underestimated? Every single one was an innate aurora wielder... If they were released into the outside world, a place that only had less than 5 innate aurora wielders would suddenly grow to several tens of thousand. And this didn't even mention what constitutions they might have been born with as well.

Even knowing all of this, there was nothing Elder Bowa could do. A quadrant optimized for soul cultivation like this one would inevitably give birth to talents that should otherwise exist.

If this very same man who was stressing out about everything going according to plan knew that there was a young man seeking to ruin exactly that just meters from him, who knows how he'd react.

Dyon had already been here for the better part of an hour, analyzing the anchors of the teleportation pad. Although the plan to move it seemed simple, it was far more complicated than he made it seem.

When the 24th White Mother created these arrays, they hadn't been set in any one location yet. According to the hamster twins, the arrays had been given to the Master of Soul Rending Peak for safe keeping, which meant they were never laid out.

Now, however, they were. And, considering setting down an array was far less complicated than lifting it up, Dyon had to be careful.

This was the same principle as when Dyon crushed his array plaques. He couldn't just 'un-crush' those plaques and put the arrays back. In fact, the only reason he became visible when he spoke to the twin sisters was because he used a sliver of aurora flame to disrupt the array's function.

'The array seems to have melded into the roof.' Dyon thought with a frown. 'The highest-level arrays are inseparable from their base, it adds stability that way. I just can't believe someone would be so stupid as to choose this as a foundation.'

Dyon shook his head, these people were really too stupid. If it wasn't for the fact this was a planet level array and he wanted to be sure first, he would have already acted.

The material the auction house was made up was far too inferior in comparison to the array and its energy source. Dyon had no doubt that over the last 500 years, this auction house was forced to see many days of repair. It was a miracle the place didn't collapse after every teleportation.

'Found it!' Dyon finally sighed a breath of relief. One reason he spent so long analyzing the array was to ensure he didn't make any mistakes, but the second reason was to find the energy source.

An array like this would meld with its base, yes. But, the proxy by which it did so was its core. Which meant that if Dyon carefully took away this origin crystal, the movement of the array would only be a matter of time.

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"We're about ready to begin, Elder Bowa. The supervisors are getting ready to send in the first batches now."

Elder Bowa nodded, still looking off into the distance. But, it was at that very moment, that everything changed.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The roof began to violently shake, quaking beneath the feet of Elder Bowa and his three attendants.

The auction house violently reacted, shaking to its core. If it wasn't for the fact that the lower floors were etched into the asteroid itself, the entire base would have collapsed!

Elder Bowa's eyes widened. 'She was actually right?!'

"Send communications now! Inform all elders to teleport to the auction house immediately!" Elder Bowa's voice roared.

It should only take an instant for them to get here. As the twins informed Dyon previously, each master key array had the ability to deploy 10 relay stations for quick teleportation to it. This extended what should have been 30 arrays to 300. Considering this was the case, how could they not have the ability to quickly make it from Planet Cathedral to their hidden bases?

The attendants quickly scrambled to find their orders.

"Show yourself, coward!" Elder Bowa's old eyes continuously scanned the surroundings, but no matter how much he tried, he couldn't find anyone. Even if he wasn't among those who had to cripple their souls for the sick coverup of their evil deeds, it didn't mean his soul had broken into the celestial level...

He couldn't find Dyon because he didn't have divine sense! The best part for Dyon was that even if he did, it would still be very difficult.

The roof trembled, cracking and folding in on itself.

At that moment, a sudden realization came over Elder Bowa. Is he trying to destroy the array?

Although he thought this, a sudden calm overcame him. If Dyon destroyed the array, it was true that the elders wouldn't be able to teleport here, but it was also true that neither would the soul slaves. At worst case, they could just do the auction at a later date in a less prepared location. After all, they had 21 other bases.

This way, not only would the soul slaves be safe and their investments would be protected, but this perpetrator would have nowhere to run. Obviously, since this person was hiding himself, he was no match for Elder Bowa, or else why would he hide?

If Dyon could hear Elder Bowa's thoughts right now, he'd start laughing uproariously. This was exactly what he wanted.

If he allowed the cathedral to find out that he was transferring the array to a safer location, Elder Bowa might try to trigger the fail safes before Dyon was ready. If that happened, Dyon would have caused the death of millions.... How would he live with himself after that?

However, if the elder thought that Dyon was destroying the array, he'd become lax, giving Dyon room to deliver him a fatal blow.

After speaking to the sisters, Dyon got an even clearer picture of how the Soul Market functioned. He was also able to examine those two teenage girls that the twins saved closely. At first, he didn't notice anything out of the ordinary... until his master finally woke up!

With her explanations, Dyon nearly burst into a new level of anger. These bastards actually placed suicide arrays within these poor soul slaves. The moment anything went wrong, they'd be able to remotely cause their death. If it hadn't been for Dyon's master awaking due to the time for the mystical world opening approaching, Dyon would have made one of the biggest mistakes of his life.

Dyon's fists continued to rain down on the asteroid, digging deep into the ground in a straight line toward the origin crystal.

"E – Elder," One of the attendants stuttered, completing pale with fright. "We can't contact the elders. None of the messages we send are going through!"

Elder Bowa's complacent expression suddenly froze. What the hell did that mean? Was this planned? Was this plan more intricate than what they once thought?

His eyes once again desperately searched the landscape, but he couldn't see anything other than continuously shattering rock and a strongly gleaming formation.

It was at that moment he relaxed again. He suddenly remembered, this was a legendary planet level formation! How could someone scared to face him possibly destroy it? It was also possible that one of the infrequent solar flares that passed through the solar system was what was interfering with the communication and not some well thought out plan.

At this point, if Dyon knew Elder Bowa's thoughts, he'd be cursing in his mind for facing up against such a stupid opponent. Solar flares? Really? That was his explanation? Was he just overconfident or stupid?

Either way, this worked perfectly for Dyon. Although he stood behind his assessment that the choice of base was far too stupid, it still wasn't easy for him to cut through properly. The auction house was placed into a cut out portion of the asteroid, which meant that the origin core was buried somewhere within it as well.

The thing was that Dyon wasn't the one searching for it, his only job was to make noise. As for who would?

"Found it!" The hamster twins squeaked excitedly, scurrying to Dyon's side and teleporting into the Demon Sage Tower.

At that moment, Dyon grinned, erupting into his Demon Emperor's Will, Act one, Stage two.