

The Nameless 1051

Chapter 1051: Suffer

Dyon stood in the air, his fists backed by a roaring bear as they flashed forward again and again.

The 25th White Mother watched this with a frown on her face. 'This bell isn't our original bell... A celestial has no business ringing the true bell, let alone Little Dyon...'

BOOM!

Almost to confirm his master's thoughts, Dyon's fist shattered the bell completely.

Shattered pieces of the bell flew outward, turning the core pavilion into a mess of overturned stones and pits of fire.

Dyon looked down coldly, his scales still fading in and out of existence.

There was no doubt that this commotion sent the core sect into an uproar. The core disciples were the first to make it out since they were the closest. Even the Devil Cultivators, who had begun staying at Soul Rending Peak, came out.

When they saw that it was Dyon, they were completely shocked.

"You dare come back here?!" A core disciple Dyon was decently familiar with roared. He was Wess, the very same disciple who brought Dyon to meet Violet before they headed to the tower to attend the Valley of Geniuses event.

He was skinny and tall, but he was still ranked 4th among core disciples.

Considering his ranking and the fact he was willing to be a subordinate to the 6th ranked Violet, it didn't take a rocket scientist to realize that he had feelings for her. Even if Dyon was proven to be innocent, he

would still hate Dyon for exposing his love's body to the world. That was how delusional love often made people.

"Coming here to puff out your chest? Why? To die?" Luka sneered. He was yet another member of Violet's faction. He hated the fact Dyon was chosen to be vice leader despite others being more qualified. As such, how could he miss an opportunity to slander Dyon?

Before anyone else could jeer, Dyon disappeared from his place in the sky, appearing before Wess in an instant.

He was silent and his expression was fierce. There was no controlling his temper, not now.

His fist collided into Wess' chest. There was no fancy technique, no meaningless tricks, just a simple punch that resulted in an eruption of blood.

Wess flew backward hundreds of meters, colliding with building after building before finally slamming into a hill in the distance. Whether he was alive or not was completely unknown.

Dyon didn't even bother to check. Since he had no deep enmity with Wess, this was punishment enough for his frivolous words. Whether he lived or died would be up to him.

Instead, Dyon appeared before Luka, sending a palm flying toward his face.

Luka's eyes widened. The palm seemed slow, yet no matter what he did, he couldn't dodge.

There was no suspense. Luka was sent flying through the core pavilion even as his face collapsed to one side.

Lilith watched this with a deep frown in her brow. She couldn't understand Dyon's actions, but when she realized that Dyon was taken to Soul Market yet somehow came back, she felt as though she had been struck with a bolt of lightning.

"We can't let him leave! No matter what!" Lilith whispered fiercely, her black eyes radiating with killing intent.

Dyon's eyes tilted to the side, landing on the white-haired beauty. "If you cross me again, I'll kill you. There won't be anyone here to save you again."

There were too many mysteries in Dyon's life. He couldn't understand why Evangeline, someone who was so powerful yet also somehow had his best interests at heart, would stop him from killing someone who would clearly become a tumor in his life. However, thinking back on the day Evangeline stopped his killing blow and combining that with what he now knew about her, Dyon was hesitant to follow through and take Lilith's life... For some reason, he felt that Evangeline didn't want him to.

However, if Lilith dared to step forward to kill him, he didn't care how beautiful she was, he'd put her in the ground.

Suddenly, the fierce crackling of what sounded like lightning blazed through the core pavilion.

The once bright skies darkened, rolling with clouds of thunder.

An unprecedented sense of danger overwhelmed Dyon, causing him to immediately circulate his movement technique.

The skies split as a bolt of black lightning fell from them with such momentum that the ground shattered when it was still hundreds of meters from its destination.

The bolt was so thick and imposing that one could easily mistake it for a legendary black scaled dragon, coiling through the skies, making its presence known to the world.

Dyon's eyes flashed with murderous intent. "In this world, there doesn't exist a single person who can make me kneel against my will!"

His roar trembled the skies as his back flexed along with brandished fist.

A golden light bathed Dyon, shattering any and all of the previous brown that coated the original fist technique.

At that moment, he was no longer just the embodiment of a bear, but was the king of a mountain. Filled and fueled with rage, unbridled and unfettered by the world, Dyon stood alone in the skies swinging his fist forward without a single thought of failure.

BOOM!

The moment Dyon's fist collided with the bolt of lightning, there wasn't a single person who thought he would survive. There was no doubt that this bolt of lightning came from a celestial, a saint had no business causing changes in the weather.

However, they were sorely mistaken.

Black gave way to gold. Crackling gave way to a roar. The dark clouds gave way to a clear sky.

Dyon's fist tore through the skies, shattering the technique in a moment.

But, Dyon's didn't care. His eyes had long focused on the culprit, Sokzac.

...

The one who was most surprised about Dyon's survival was Sokzac. Although he had barely tried, those so-called core elders would have all been severely injured by that one strike. If he was this powerful, why the hell did he allow what happened to him to happen?

Dyon didn't speak, he was simply planning on attacking. However, before he could, more individuals began to appear one by one.

The ringing of central bell was a rare event. Yet, it had now happened twice in one month. How could this not cause an uproar?

Elders from The Cathedral began to trickle in along with elder members of the four up and coming families, each one more shocked than the last at the sight of Dyon.

It wasn't long before members of the Caedes family showed up as well, however there was no sign of their leader, just a few representatives.

Before any of them could say anything, the core elders of sect began to show up one by one, unable to understand just how Dyon was here. They didn't understand whether he was just foolish, or if he truly had something to rely on... What was going on?

When Dyon saw the elders arrive, he immediately thought of the core elder who dared to harm him. He could still remember the bastard being angered simply because Dyon looked at him.

The elder immediately noticed Dyon stare, causing him to sneer. "Did I not teach you enough of a lesson last time? You dare to glare at me again?!"

Dyon's hand flashed outward, causing a halberd appear. However, this time, he didn't fall from the skies.

His wings appeared with a divine radiance as he disappeared, appearing before the sneering elder in an instant.

"You..." The core elder started, but he never got the chance to finish.

Dyon's halberd became like a snake in the skies, piercing forward with piercing shadow again and again.

The elder stumbled backward, trying to defend futilely. In the end, none of his effort mattered.

Bloody holes began to fill his body, first on his left shoulder, then his right... Next on his right leg, then his left...

In the end, a final hole pierced through his neck, stopping his voice from ever crying out. His eyes could only widen in shock as his body fell from the skies.

The life force of a celestial was far more robust than a normal cultivator's, so even while having a massive hole in his throat, the elder was still gasping on the ground, who knew how many hours it would take for him to die? But, Dyon left him there to suffer.

Chapter 1052: What Happened

Asyna, who had arrived with the Devil Cultivators, suddenly felt that Dyon's depth was unfathomable. When they had fought, Dyon hadn't used a single technique on her, in fact, he didn't even use any wills, his soul or even his energy. Just how far could a person go with just their body alone?!

Yet, she had lost so miserably... And seeing him use a technique now and defeat a celestial so easily, she only now understood just how far the gap between the two of them was.

'One with Self.' Lilith and Sokzac immediately recognized what happened. Even Lilith, a genius sent from the gods, a girl who could have stepped into the celestial realm at 20 years old but chose not to, had only reached the One with Self realm in three common level techniques. Yet, Dyon had only just appeared and used three different ones as well!

The family representatives as well as those elder priests from The Cathedral suddenly felt panicked. For a core elder to die so quickly, what the hell could they do here? Many of them directly rushed back home to inform their superiors. If their own celestials didn't come, today would be a disaster!

"Anyone else who wants to die can step forward. However, I'm only here for a particularly shameless father, daughter pair who seem to still be hiding in their shells.

"If you want to interfere, know well that I won't accept your apology later on."

The core elders frowned, the four of them feeling very overwhelmed. The truth was that the Master and Violet weren't there at the moment, they were visiting one of the experts that came here for the auction. However, they should be at Cathedral City, so the elders didn't understand why they hadn't

arrived yet. Although the head of the Caedes family could ignore the central bell's chime, the Master of the sect was obligated to respond.

It didn't slip Dyon's attention that the number of powerhouses was steadily growing. It also didn't escape his attention that they were far more powerful than the core elders of the sect.

When one stepped into the celestial realm, due to the slow down of cultivation, despite there being 12 stages, many colloquially referred to the power level of an expert as either lower, middle, higher, and peak. A 1st to 3rd stage celestial would be lower, while a peak stage celestial would be a 10th to 12th. For obvious reasons, peak stage celestials were very rare because they represented a high likelihood of breaking into the dao formation realm, and as such, they were an important power base of any clan or sect.

What made Dyon's expression serious despite not having spotted any dao formation experts was that his master had informed him that there were three peak celestials here, more than half a dozen higher celestials, and two or three dozen middle celestials, along with even more lower celestials. Even if Dyon was a hundred times more powerful it was impossible to beat them all. At present, he could even defeat a middle celestial alone...

Right now, these people had no reason to interfere with Dyon, but the moment they realized he knew about Soul Market, they wouldn't let him go.

Despite the danger of the situation, Dyon casually swung his halberd before placing it into his spatial ring.

His wings flapped gently, allowing him to descend on the pillar of shame.

He sat cross legged, closing his eyes. Although his broad sword was still below, he didn't move it now. There was no point, after all, he was still following his master's instructions.

Despite Dyon's actions, no one left. After he showed off his true battle prowess, even the Devil Cultivators were feeling apprehensive.

Among the 15 or so of them, it was clear that only Lilith and Sokzac could fight Dyon. However, it had to be said that they still believed that Dyon wasn't suppressed.

The only way they could guarantee beating Dyon was if they went all out, however, doing so right now was very inconvenient. This was because all of those here were from various quadrants. If their identity as Devil Cultivators were exposed in this environment, they would be in just as much danger as Dyon.

Therefore, they could only wait for others to act. As such, Sokzac didn't attack again.

Obviously, Dyon was aware of this because he knew they were Devil Cultivators. It was a simple deduction for him after this.

At this very moment, though, the two enemies that Dyon was seeking were in fact in Cathedral City. It was just that the formerly domineering Master of Soul Rending Peak had his head lowered as he jovially played host to two men, one young and the other middle aged.

To his side, Violet sat like the elegant young lady of noble family, pretending to aloof. But, she couldn't hold back a slight smile when she noticed the young man looking at her with a heated gaze.

When she first met Dyon, she wanted to kill him for ruining her innocence with his naked body although she was the one who stumbled upon him bathing. It was only after she saw his battle prowess that she made him a candidate to be her husband. This was confirmed for her after he easily defeated Arthurian.

She was quite a shallow person. She wanted a husband that was very handsome, but also very powerful. Although Dyon was the most handsome man she had seen in her lifetime, it wasn't until she knew he had power that she pursued him.

Although this young man fell short of Dyon's appearance by a decent margin, Violet was certain that Dyon couldn't match his power. After all, they were high-ranking members of the 53rd quadrant. Weighing both of her requirements, she decided that this young man was another viable candidate.

While Violet's thoughts were of nonsensical things, her father's were more erratic. The central bell had rung several minutes ago by now, yet the middle-aged man insisted on finishing his meal first.

The truth was that they were long-time friends. The Master had met him during a quest he undertook on the celestial floors back in the day and it was because of this friend that the Master and Violet were able to find out about Soul Market. However, this friend of his was a bit eccentric.

The middle-aged man loved food to the point of dying. This wasn't due to any real fault of his own, but because their family technique's fatal flaw was its excessive drain on energy. Although their bodies brimmed with power, they were constantly hungry.

A hardy laugh in between gasps of food rang out. "Brother Marco, what are you so anxious for? Enjoy the food! We haven't met in centuries yet you're still so uptight. Look at how beautiful your daughter is, what could you possibly have to frown about?"

The Master's real name was Marco Ricci. Although he hid this from being public knowledge so as not to attract the attention of the 74th quadrant bastard who took his wife as a concubine, it wasn't a surprise that his long-time friend would know.

The Master released a long sigh. "The years have been hard Brother Aldo."

"Ah yes," Aldo suddenly slapped his leg, "Where's Little Sister Giralda? How come she hasn't come to greet her brother in law? Hm? It can't be that she doesn't want to see me, no?"

Aldo slapped his broad chest, "I, Aldo, am a man. Does she believe I cannot handle rejection?"

A pained expression flashed in Marco's eyes. Many years ago, his wife chose him over Aldo despite the fact he was from a lesser background. But... These days, he felt that maybe it would have been better for her to choose Aldo instead, at least then she wouldn't have been subjected to such treatment.

No matter how eccentric Aldo was, he was a good man and a good friend. Despite being rejected, he didn't alienate himself from the couple and was even there for their wedding and Violet's birth. Now... Marco felt like he was the one who let his friend down by not protecting Giralda well.

This was why Marco never blamed Violet for her conduct. He felt that it was his fault that his daughter had become this way. If he had the ability to protect his wife, her mother, why would Violet insist on choosing a man based on such vain reasonings?

Violet didn't even blink an eye when her mother was mentioned. To her, her mother was nothing but a stupid woman who made a decision that didn't give her the best life she could have had. If her father was Aldo instead, how great would that be?

Aldo frowned when saw Marco's reaction as an anxious feeling overwhelmed him.

He stopped eating and looked at his friend seriously. "What happened?!"

Chapter 1053: Quickly and Cleanly

Aldo's anger completely shattered the table beneath them, causing food to fly everywhere. Luckily, there were all martial warriors and such a simple matter wouldn't dirty them.

It was only after a few minutes of raging that he finally calmed down enough to listen to his long time friend's story. But, that only lasted a while before he was sent into yet another rage.

"You bastard!" Aldo roared. "I entrusted her to you, yet you allow this to happen?! That limp dick eunuch from the 74th quadrant has no right to lay hands on Giralda!"

"Father!" The young man grabbed his father's arm, trying to hold him back, but to no avail.

The Master was sent flying through the restaurant and into the distance.

Aldo frowned. Although he had lost himself in anger, he didn't apply more force than he thought Marco could handle. The fact his friend was so easily beaten by him proved that he had some internal injuries.

In the past, the Master was a second grade celestial, definitely among the geniuses of the martial world. To step into the 11th stage of sainthood before ascending to become a celestial was definitely a feat only the best could accomplish. However, right now, he didn't have battle prowess surpassing a mere 4th grade celestial.

For context, a 4th grade celestial would only have entered the 9th stage of sainthood before becoming a celestial. The difference was like that of heaven and earth.

The only explanation for such a drop was that his long-time friend had had 18 of his meridians directly destroyed or compromised in some form or fashion.

Violet didn't react much to her father being sent flying into the distance. In fact, she had expected as much. She only pretended to be slightly troubled so that the young man would comfort her.

"Father, think of Violet. Control your temper." The young man said resolutely, blocking his father's path.

In the distance, the Master sighed and stood up slowly, coughing up a few mouthfuls of blood. He wasn't angry. He felt that this was what he deserved.

Aldo ignored his son, pushing him to one side. "You should have come to me!" Aldo roared. "You've let her spend 200 years in suffering because of your stupid pride?! I could lay down my own, but you couldn't?! You're undeserving of her!"

Aldo's roars shook the planet. He had long since broken into the middle celestial levels, and although he was previously less talented than the Master, he was definitely far ahead of him now.

Master Ricci sighed. If Giralda chose him, a man of lesser status, over a good man like Aldo, how could he possibly be so petty when dealing with his wife's happiness?

Aldo's family was the most powerful of the 53rd quadrant, the Kong Clan. However, there were two subordinate clans nipping at their heels. If Aldo was such a good man, why would he participate in something as disgusting as Soul Market? It was obviously because his family was being pushed toward extinction due to the collaboration of those two subordinate clans.

This wasn't all, either. Even if the Kong Clan ignored all warnings to launch an attack on the 74th quadrant, there would be massive consequences for doing such a thing.

Why was it that a weak quadrant like the 98th hadn't been annexed? Wasn't the value of becoming a higher ranked clan or sect massive? Wasn't the use of faith capable of increasing the strength of a person many times over? So, why could weak quadrants survive?

It was precisely because there were checks and balances. There was a tacit agreement among all 100 quadrants to disallow conquests that didn't occur within your own quadrant. Inter-quadrant warfare hadn't happened since the Star Clan stumbled into their corner of the Cosmos.

What do you think would happen if a 53rd ranked quadrant launched an attack on the 74th? Do you believe that people would listen to Aldo's explanation? Of course not. The Kong family would be directly wiped out by an alliance of clans and sects.

Marco had already lost the love of his life, how could he drag his best friend down with him?

So, he suffered in silence, raising his daughter diligently and hoping that she would one day become strong enough to save his wife and her mother.

However, due to recent events, he felt like he was failing as a father. His daughter had become vain and pessimistic, seeing the world only as a balance and exchange of goods. She didn't even value her own body for any reason other than maintaining its "price" as high as possible.

She wasn't angered by Dyon's actions due to embarrassment and pride, but rather because she felt like Dyon had directly slashed down what her body was worth.

In the end, Aldo understood these things too. He was aware of his long-time friend's personality and knew he wasn't such a petty man, or else he wouldn't have let Giralda marry him.

That said, Aldo was still fuming. No matter how good of a person he was, how could he not think that if his love had chosen him, none of this would have ever happened?

Before any of them could say anything more, another roar broke through the skies, causing Violet's eyes to contract.

"If that bastard Master and his bitch of a daughter don't appear within ten seconds, I'll start slaughtering your core elders one by one!"

The swarming the core pavilion of Soul Rending Peak felt their eyes contract into small pins after hearing Dyon's roar.

They were certain that Dyon's energy cultivation was only of the first essence level, however his roar... It was more powerful than a normal celestial!

'His body!' They all thought at once.

Suddenly, they felt like all of this was a little to inconceivable. How could a mere 98th quadrant have such a powerful member of the younger generation? And why did it seem like he was in conflict with their number one sect? It couldn't be that this mere 98th quadrant was stupid to the point of angering such a talent, could it?

It was then that many looked toward the Devil Cultivators and their confusion deepened.

Seeing them, they could also only think of one word: geniuses!

None of this made any sense. If there were such geniuses here, this quadrant wouldn't merely be ranked 98th. It seemed Soul Market wasn't their only secret...

It was at that point that the top-level figures of the various families began to show up one by one. First it was those of the four up and coming families, then it was the White Mother of The Cathedral, before finally, the family head of the Caedes family came back with a bright eyed Donari behind him grinning like a madman.

The White Mother frowned when she saw that it was in fact Dyon. It didn't take her long to reach the same conclusion Lilith had. However, she quickly relaxed. As long as she secretly communicated with a few members of their Soul Market council, this would be resolved easily.

However, she didn't believe it had to go that far. If she brought this up too soon, it would give them an excuse to ask for greater benefits. Although they had made a lot of profit from Soul Market since its opening, this final auction had the potential to match and directly double the profits of the last 600 years. How could she turn her nose up at that?

After this was all finished, she would directly take her cut and live out the rest of her life leisurely.

The only problem that remained was Dyon. She had to make sure that he didn't release any information about Soul Market to the public before he died, or else their lives and her picture of the future would be ruined.

"Haha," Donari laughed almost hysterically, "I knew he wouldn't die so easily. As if someone who defeated me would die so soon."

In sharp contrast to his son's reaction, the Caedes family head had a deep frown wrinkling his brow.

"Take him down." The White Mother spoke to her priests resolutely. "Quickly and cleanly. Don't give him an opportunity to speak."

The Cathedral had hundreds of saints, but only a dozen celestials. The only reason Soul Rending Peak could still be seen as their equal was because of the Master's power which surpassed even the White Mother.

Chapter 1054: Unknown

The white clad priests nodded with sinister expressions, causing those disciples watching to be shocked. Wasn't this the morally upright cathedral? Why were they acting now?

Seeing the shift in public opinion, the White Mother smiled lightly, looking very much like a loveable grandmother. "It is our duty to wipe evil from the world. This former disciple of Soul Rending Peak has not only severely injured many, he's killed a core elder. After this, he not only had no remorse, he even threatened to kill more. Is this not justifiable reason for our intervention?"

"Since the Master is nowhere to be found, we only hope to solidify our relationship by helping in his stead."

Hearing this explanation, the crowd suddenly felt that it was very reasonable.

Although Dyon's expression didn't change when he saw so many saints and celestials swarming toward him, he was frowning on the inside.

He was already suppressed to more than 50%. The reason he defeated Elder Bowa so easily was that the energy away from a planet is far weaker, so the suppression was also weaker.

That said, even there, he was suppressed to 40-45%.

He defeated Elder Bowa after activating his wings to their highest level. Although he wasn't exactly certain of the boost to his battle prowess, his estimation was about two to three times.

As for the core elder of Soul Rending Peak, he was far weaker than Elder Bowa. It had to be remembered that those of The Cathedral weren't forced to harm their souls at birth. However, the core elder would definitely have. Because of this, his battle prowess was significantly less than anyone from The Cathedral.

This was all to say was that without his Demon Emperor's Will, Dyon had no confidence in defeating so many enemies.

"How troublesome." Dyon's eyes focused with a sharp light. "Since I can't defeat them directly, why don't I play with you all to death then?"

'They've finished, right?' Dyon asked.

'Yes, the final batch came in a while ago.' Little Yin's voice sounded in Dyon's ear.

"Good." Dyon grinned. 'This'll only work once, so let's make it count.'

The priests surged toward Dyon, each releasing the momentum of their cultivation to their upper limits.

Although Dyon found it a pity that the White Mother didn't act personally, his calm and tranquil appearance didn't change.

Just when the nearly two hundred priests were about to reach Dyon, a massive array appeared causing their eyes to widen in shock. Before any of them could react, they were directly enveloped by the light.

They tried to struggle, but it was all futile. How could anyone below the dao formation realm resist the effects of a Planet level array?

In an instant, nearly two hundred priests disappeared.

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'Master, quickly deploy the signal blocking array I asked you to prepare before around the tower so they can't come back.'

Dyon knew from the very beginning that the master key arrays were all connected. At the moment, he didn't have the ability or knowledge to alter a Planet level array, which meant he could only send them to one of the other master key arrays. Without the signal blocking array, they'd just directly come back and his efforts would be wasted.

Although the array itself covered hundreds of meters, celestials could cover that distance in a split second. Now that they had knowledge about Dyon having these means, they'd be able to avoid it easily in the future. Simply put, Dyon couldn't waste this one opportunity.

In a flash, the array appeared then disappeared back into the tower, leaving those watching the proceedings completely stunned.

Many had very little knowledge about arrays, so mistakenly believed that all of those priests were dead. It was only the White Mother and a few others who recognized the array for what it was.

From beginning to end, Dyon didn't move from his position, coldly looking down on the world. The celestials here had come with their eyes above their heads, haughty and arrogant without care for a mere 98th quadrant. But, seeing the disdain in this young man's eyes, they felt that they didn't even understand what true arrogance was.

How arrogant did you need to be a mere essence gatherer, yet capable of looking down on peak celestials?

"You..." The White Mother's mind went into overdrive. Of course she recognized the teleportation formation, so what did it mean that Dyon had it?

She wasn't adept enough to recognize exactly which master key array it was, so she wasn't certain that it came from the auction house. But, she was certain that at least one of their bases had been compromised.

A communication array appeared in her hand as she attempted to contact Elder Bowa, but her expression could only turn ashen when she received no response.

At that moment, four figures quickly appeared into view. Two of their visages were colored with confusion when they saw Dyon, but the other two were filled with a mixture of rage, anger and unwillingness.

Dyon's gaze snapped toward them, causing Violet to tremble and almost fall out of the air. If it wasn't for Enzo, Aldo's son, catching her arm before she fell, it would have definitely happened.

Under everyone's watch, Dyon did something completely inexplicable.

Blinded by rage and filled with animosity, he flashed forward into a sea of enemies, not caring for their cultivation levels or their identities. From the perspective of anyone, it was complete suicide.

Donari's eyes widened. "Don't!" He called out. But, his father had a firm grip on his shoulder, disallowing him from moving.

What could he do anyway? Unlike Dyon, he was a true essence gatherer. He couldn't even fight a normal saint.

Dyon's speed was completely inconceivable. His wings appeared in their full glory, raising his battle prowess to their absolute height.

A flash of anger appeared on the Master's face as his daughter stumbled backward.

"How dare you?!" A mere essence gatherer threatening his daughter in his presence? How could he allow such an insult?

Aldo frowned. He didn't know why this young man had such animosity toward a little girl he saw as his niece, but it was certain that he wouldn't stand idly by and allow it to happen. He couldn't allow Violet to suffer a fate worse than her mother.

Enzo sneered. This was the perfect opportunity. He had been thinking about how to win Violet's heart. After all, it would fulfill a wish of his father's. What better way than to save her here?

"Uncle, let me do it."

It was too bad that Dyon's speed suddenly reached another level as his movement technique activated. His body flashed through the air as though there was no resistance to speak of, sending shocking waves of power downward through his feet.

Before Enzo could react, Dyon had already flashed by him, appearing in front Violet with eyes filled with murder.

"You dare?!" The Master was filled with rage. It was already embarrassing enough that they let Dyon get this close due to a miscalculation of his top speed.

"Didn't I already say that your attack strength was pathetic?" Dyon's eyes reddened, sending a fist filled with the roar of a majestic bear toward Violet's father.

The Master's eyes widened. Because of Aldo's attack previously, he was heavily injured. Now dealing with Dyon's full force attack, he felt completely overwhelmed.

It was to be expected. Aldo had attacked with the full force of a middle stage celestial of the third-grade thinking that the Master was still of the second grade when he was really in the fourth. It was no wonder he was so heavily injured.

BOOM!

The Master was sent flying under the gaze of the wide eyed disciple and core elders. That was their sect leader! How could he be so easily defeated?!

Aldo was completely surprised seeing his friend blasted away like this. Although he had seen Dyon's speed, he still saw him as an essence gatherer. Even if he had speed, it didn't mean he had power. But, he was shocked to find that he was wrong.

Dyon's hand stretched out toward the trembling Violet and was mere moments away from grasping her neck.

However, that was when Aldo acted.

"To think a junior would act to rampantly around me!" His roar pierced the skies as his anger from just moments ago vented toward Dyon.

An overwhelming sense of danger filled Dyon. It was only now he understood why there were four major division in the celestial realm. The middle stage was simply on a completely different level! To make matters worse, Aldo was an expert of the third grade!

The roar of Aldo's fist completely drowned out Dyon's. It was as though they had been sent back to primordial times...

Aldo suddenly became the embodiment of a fierce gorilla, matted with noble blue fur. His chest shone with the radiance of diamonds and his eyes reddened with the primal instinct of an ancient carnivore.

In his anger, Aldo completely forgot to hold back. He saw Dyon as the enemy of his life, as a monster ready to take the life of his one last connection to the love of his life.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Aldo's fist smashed against the side of Dyon's face causing an eruption of blood, guts and gore that could sicken even the fiercest of warriors to the core.

Without suspense, Dyon was sent flying into the distance, crashing through endless mountain ranges before stopping more than ten kilometers away, his life and death completely unknown.

Chapter 1055: Arrogant

The surrounding celestials stood frozen in shock. When Dyon acted, they hadn't bothered to take action themselves, after all, they could all see that Dyon was blindly attacking two celestials. What chance could he possibly have in that exchange?

However, the first exchange completely baffled them. An essence gatherer with that kind of speed? What kind of ridiculous concept was that? He didn't even use any wills either?!

And those wings... Why did they look so familiar? Why did they give off such an oppressive aura that made their human bloodlines shiver in fear? What kind of background did this young man have to possess such power?!

And then for him to so easily swat away a celestial. Although they were aware that his body was powerful after his roar and threat toward Violet, seeing it for themselves made them intake a breath.

From the beginning, they were treating this young man as a member of the younger generation, when it turned out he was actually on par with some of them!

That said... Nothing was more shocking than the result of the final exchange...

When Aldo's fist flew forward, they immediately recognized him as a member of the Kong family. Considering the highest ranked quadrant in attendance were of the 47th quadrant, Aldo was definitely of high birth even among them. There was simply no mistaking the noble blue radiance and diamond like defense of the Kong bloodline technique.

For a middle celestial of the third grade to unleash such a fierce attack on an essence gatherer, the results should have been clear and obvious. Yet, the results were complete beside the expectations.

The moment Aldo Kong's fist landed and sent Dyon flying away, it wasn't just Dyon who flew into the distance! Dyon had actually grabbed a firm hold of Violet's neck first, taking her crashing through the mountains with him.

This should have been completely impossible. There was no way a middle celestial would mistime the speed of a mere essence gatherer not once, but twice.

However, that was when they realized something even more shocking! Aldo, a member of a family known for their overwhelming strength and overbearing defense was actually roaring in pain!

His once burly arm, filled with veins coursing with noble blue blood and powerful muscles had exploded into a bloody mist.

There was nothing but white bone left from the tips of his fingers to the mid-way point of his forearm. Even his diamond-like bones clearly showed several fractures... It was as though his entire arm could fall apart with the slightest gust of wind.

Without a doubt, had it not been Aldo who attacked, but someone less adept at defense, their entire arm would have collapsed into a blood mist leaving nothing but empty space.

Aldo's roar of pain attracted his son's and the Master's attention. But, when they saw his arm, they fell into endless shock.

What the hell happened?!

'Violet!' The Master panicked, finally noticing that his daughter was gone.

It was at this moment that Dyon slowly got up in the distance. Unlike the completely disheveled and injured Violet, he was actually doing quite well. Such was the result of him using Violet as a spearhead to slow his blasting through the mountains.

Violet's once delicate face had become swollen, her clothes torn in multiple places, while tears of anger, pain and fear rushed down her cheeks.

Dyon held her up by her neck, taking out a silver plaque housing a defensive array and crushing it. Considering these could block the strike of an 8th stage saint, she had no chance of breaking it.

Watching on with an indifferent expression, the defensive array began to change form. Violet's clothes were completely sheered apart, exposing her naked body. However, Dyon wasn't moved. The lust of his demon sage bloodline was filled with nothing but endless rage at the moment. He would sooner throw Violet into a pack of beasts to be eaten than ravage her himself.

The spikes formed by the defensive array changed form, ignoring Violet's shrieking.

Her body contorted, being forced into a kneeling position. However, Dyon forced her head to stay up. He wanted her to watch what happened next.

Seeing his daughter treated like this, the Master cried tears of blood. He had to watch his wife be taken by another man, now he had to watch this happen to his daughter?! How could a man handle something like this?!

Dyon, however, remained indifferent to it all. He was much more focused on his master's berating.

'You cheated, Little Dyon. Although a Dragon Scale doesn't have a formal ranking among treasures, its uses alone could be compared to a supreme level treasure. Do you take your master's words as air? If you dare to break my rules again, I'll double the number of techniques you need to master!'

Dyon couldn't help but chuckle bitterly hearing this.

'And don't think I didn't notice that you used your Presence earlier as well. You're in no position to defeat a core elder so easily while suppressed. Plus, using a Planet level array could also be considered cheating.'

'I got it master, I promise I won't use it again unless my life is really in danger.'

'Good. But, I'm still going to punish you later.' The 25th White Mother said triumphantly.

While his master reprimanded him, Dyon could help but be in awe at the strength of the Dragon scale.

This dragon scale was one of his 6 trial rewards. Originally, he had taken it for the half-step emperor dragon soul bloodline within. However, he later learned he could manipulate it like a shield and weapon. After all, what could have more defense and sharpness in comparison to a dragon's scale? It was no wonder Aldo suffered such a loss.

...

After the initial shock wore off, Dyon breathed out. In reality, he was all but done here. He didn't actually care whether these people thought he raped Violet or not. However, the issue now was leaving safely. There was also the fact that he definitely needed to enter the mystical world.

Plus, because he exposed the teleportation array, it meant that the old witch would never let him go. But, the reason he didn't think too much about it was because even if he didn't, none of them would let him go to begin with.

He had escaped Soul Market, which meant he knew about it. It was thus within his means to expose them, so how could they allow that?

Dyon frowned because Violet's shrieking still hadn't stop. "If you don't shut up, I'll kill you."

Despite the situation, Violet was as enraged as a mother bird who had one of her eggs stolen. "How dare a eunuch do this to me???!!! My uncle Kong will kill you!"

"Castrated?" Dyon started laughing. "You think you have the qualifications to castrate me?!"

A blazing yang qi erupted from Dyon's body, causing Violet's eyes to widen with shock. It was impossible for a castrated man to emit yang qi because losing their reproductive organs was as good as cutting off that path from them forever.

The very reason men could use yang qi but women couldn't if because of their lower regions. The fact Dyon's yang qi was this vigorous, even instilling fear in the surrounding celestials, made it very obvious that his nether regions were very much intact.

In the distance Donari clapped, grinning madly. He felt that Violet was very much deserving of this treatment.

"I've never met such an arrogant 2 out of 10!" Donari laughed.

Hearing Donari's words, Dyon couldn't help but laugh as well, causing Violet and her father to cough up blood in anger.

To the side, Enzo held his father up, his eyes trembling with killing intent toward Dyon.

Their Kong family had such heavy pressures, and although his father wasn't their top expert, he was the successor of the clan. For him to lose an entire arm meant more than just losing an arm. It had to be remembered that meridians were the corner stones of cultivation. Losing an arm was the equivalent of lose 9 meridians. That was an entire grade!

It didn't take a genius to understand the importance of grades and cultivation.

Aldo, despite being suppressed to 50% of his power, sent the Master flying with a single punch despite being only a single grade above him. Falling a grade was as good as halving your power!

Chapter 1056: Why Do I Dare?

Dyon dusted the dirt off of his bare torso before leaping on top of the defensive array that forced Violet to kneel. Then, he rode her into the skies, calmly making his way back as though he wasn't using the master of a sect's daughter as a steed.

Violet screeched in anger. "GET OFF OF ME! GET OFF OF ME!"

The Master's eyes bled red, but he didn't dare to take a step forward. He could see by how easily Dyon manipulated the array that killing his daughter would take a single thought.

The celestials didn't bother to stop Dyon either, they were very much enjoying this show. After all, they still didn't Dyon was aware of Soul Market because the nunnery's Mother was still looking for a way to not have to compensate them for their help.

"Release her!" Enzo roared in a rage, still propping up his father.

Dyon laughed, ignoring Enzo and training his eyes on the Master. "You don't deserve to be the head of my Soul Rending Peak. Not only are you weak, you're corrupt and spineless. It's best you directly hand your duties over to me."

An uproar sounded through disciples. Were they truly about to have a change in Masters?

200 or so years ago, when Violet's father came back, he took advantage of a challenger rule to become the new Master, replacing the former master, Donari's father – the head of the Caedes family.

Therefore, not only was there precedent, no one dared to look down on Dyon. He had defeated their master in one punch... If he wasn't worthy of leading the sect, who was?

The White Mother's brow twitched when she heard this. If Dyon really became the new leader of Soul Rending Peak, it would be impossible to get rid of him.

The reason was simple. The Mystic level technique used to transfer souls to their buyers was protected under strict layers of defensive and killing arrays. In order to maintain leverage and afford his daughter extra protection, the Master directly took control of these proceedings, never giving The Cathedral full reign over the technique.

It had to be remembered that the Devil Cultivators were not always here. This meant, for the most part, the Master was the strongest expert of the 98th quadrant. Who could stop him if he wanted to do something?

With the Master's symbol of Soul Rending Peak, all of their plans would completely fall through.

It was just a shame that the Mother didn't know that Soul Market's situation was worse than she thought.

The Master grit his teeth. "Release my daughter and I'll directly give you the Master Symbol."

Dyon thought for a bit before shrugging. His anger, for the most part, had been vented.

"Wait." Donari's father suddenly stepped forward. "If there'll be an exchange of the Master Symbol, I too would like to participate."

The White Mother's eyes lit up hearing this as she too stepped forward. "So would I."

Before the Master could get angry about these two greedy fools playing around with his daughter's life, another voice called out, filled with ridicule.

"You're both too weak." Sokzac stepped forward, his handsome face plastered with a sneer as his long black hair gently blew in the wind.

Dyon turned a serious gaze toward Sokzac. When he presented the possibility of changing sect masters, he knew there was a distinct possibility of this happening.

If Sokzac became the school master, being exposed as a devil cultivator wouldn't matter. For one, he would control the mystic level technique. Secondly, the Master of Soul Rending Peak was afforded special protections. The only reason that Violet's father couldn't use them was because he was heavily injured from his attempt to save his wife 200 years ago, severely impacting his battle prowess. However, Sokzac didn't have this problem.

Thirdly, the Master had the ability to open the mystic world, a world impossible for even half-step transcendents to break into. The Devil Cultivators could very well decide to hide there until this all blew over, or they were strong enough to handle these enemies themselves. Considering their talent, it wouldn't take long.

Fourthly, as long as they successfully rebutted a first assault on them, they could directly enter the tower and not have to worry about fighting those of the elder generation.

In addition, this way, it was possible for the Devil Cultivators to monopolize a Mystic level technique. Who could ignore such temptation?

Before, they hadn't had the opportunity to do so because they didn't dare to send their most powerful cultivators out of their quadrant. This wasn't because they were scared of the 100 quadrants, because if strength was compared strictly, they could even look down on the Star Clan that ranked first among them.

The true reason was the same problem that plagued the Kong Clan. They had their own enemies and couldn't afford to place their backbone in danger. After all, they were suppressed more than a normal cultivator was when stepping into another's territory.

However, their younger generation didn't have dense enough devil qi within them to be detected. As such, they were the best choice to take advantage of the Tower.

In the end, there were far more benefits than risks. This didn't even account for the fact Sokzac had absolute confidence in defeating Dyon.

At first, Head Caedes and the Mother wanted to be angered, but when they saw that it was Sokzac that spoke, they both readily took a step back. They were very clear on this young man's identity. It was just that they were shocked it wasn't Lilith who stepped forward to fight...

Dyon smiled. "Sure, I don't mind putting you in your place. I was planning on killing you one way or another."

Sokzac's eyes narrowed.

"Don't worry." Dyon said with a laugh. "I'd like to use you as a whet stone, so I won't bother using my Presence on you."

Rage bloomed in Sokzac's eyes. This was the first time in his life that he had been looked down upon like this. How could he withstand such an insult?

At that moment, a disdainful laugh called out. "Your Presence? Do you really want to show off your small abilities before an expert?"

Enzo's eyes were still filled with rage. Seeing someone he saw as a candidate for his wife have her body exposed like this, not to mention his father being severely injured, it was no wonder he was fuming. It would be more shocking if he wasn't.

He was convinced that Dyon used some underhanded means to injure his father. Thus, he was confident in his ability.

'Master, I might have to break your rule one more time.'

The 25th White Mother snorted, but didn't say anything. Her rules were about applying pressure on Dyon, but Enzo couldn't provide that pressure with or without Dyon using his Presence. Plus, she could see through what Dyon had planned. From the beginning, the moment he stepped into the sect, he was prepared for this.

Dyon laughed. "I dare to say among the younger generation of the martial world, no one can be my match in Presence!"

Dyon's words caused a wave of dissatisfaction to course through not just the disciples, but also the celestials here for entertainment.

"I've seen a lot of shameless individuals, but to think frogs at the bottom of a well could be so arrogant." A celestial from the 59th ranked quadrant sneered.

"Truly, the young and inexperienced shouldn't speak so boldly. Who does he think he is, a True God? He comes from a lowly 98th ranked quadrant yet he's so arrogant."

Even Violet who was brimming with anger and embarrassment at the eyes still ogling her took her chance to send another rain of curses at Dyon.

Dyon laughed as his Presence began to cover Soul Rending Peak. At first, because it began at the Viscount level, it was met with contemptuous sneers. However, the more time passed and the more Dyon spoke, the more serious their expressions became.

"Do you know why I dare to stand here after I destroyed your Soul Market?"

Dyon's words send a shock wave through the crowd.

Soul Market? Those who knew felt a sudden killing intent overwhelm them. As for those who didn't, they were still in the dark... But, after living in the 98th quadrant for so long... and watching even some friends they were close with taken away by the cathedral... and then connecting that with the "soul market" name and their culture of hating soul strength...

There was a chain reaction of realization that shook them to their core.

Chapter 1057: My Name!

The Mother felt a surge of regret. She shouldn't have been worried about profits and should have directly stopped Dyon. But, how could she know that Dyon would dare to do this?!

Dyon's Presence tore through the viscount barrier, directly charging through the earl and marquise ranking to their peak.

At that moment, Enzo trembled. He was a mere King... Only Emperors could have Duke level Presence! Dyon's Presence had already surpassed his!

Many wanted to move, but they suddenly realized that Dyon's Presence didn't allow them. Even the mid celestials began to sweat profusely. The only ones unaffected were those higher and peak level celestials. However, when Dyon's Presence directly broke into the Duke level, even their expressions turned serious.

'He's an Emperor?!'

Soul Rending Peak trembled in shock, many directly falling to their knees. The mountains quaked and the lands cracked, even the sky calmed, as though none of them wanted to anger Dyon.

"The truth is that I'm the successor of not only Soul Rending Peak but also the Celestial Deer Sect." Dyon began to explain calmly. But, each one of his words was like another bomb, sending waves of shock through those present.

If it was before, he would be met with contempt, but who in this world dared to look down on an Emperor?!

Among those of the younger generation, namely below the age of 1000, there were only ten individuals who broke through to the King level Presence level. To have a Duke level Presence already put you at the very peak of the younger generation!

That number ten only became eleven very recently.

If you wanted to take it one step further, of those eleven, four were on the saint floors, five were on the celestial floors, and two were on the dao floors.

What did this mean? It meant that Dyon didn't have eleven to compete with, he only had four! He was an essence gatherer! And those who were at the assessments remembered that he was only 32 years old!

"The only person in this lifetime that I'll call master is the one and only master I've worshipped in this life. The 25th White Mother!"

Dyon's words continued as his Presence still climbed, shattering the lower Duke barrier and directly climbing to the middle Duke level.

The disciples and elders of Soul Rending Peak fell to their knees, stumbling out of the skies and prostrating themselves. Many of them couldn't calm their hearts due to poor soul talent, not to mention the fact that many of them didn't dare to take any trials and thus had no presence to speak of.

It seemed that there were only three individuals excited about Dyon's display.

One was obvious: Donari. The more powerful Dyon was, the more passion he felt to catch up and the better he felt about lose.

However, the other two were more odd.

One was Asyna who breathed a sigh of relief. If Dyon wasn't so powerful, wouldn't her loss be too pathetic? And the last was RolRol who felt better watching her long time best friend coming out of her depression.

"So, imagine my surprise." Dyon sneered, shattering into the higher Duke level and causing those visiting celestials to break out into a cold sweat. "When I come to visit my Master's homeland, only to find that it's infested with such a disease."

The Mother of the nunnery shivered. It was no wonder Dyon got angry at her title... It turned out his master was the true White Mother!

In the martial world, titles held true power. If someone claimed a title that wasn't their own met the true owner, they'd be lucky to only be crippled in the exchange!

"You people kidnapped babies. You separated children from their mother. You cleaved families in half without blinking an eye. The you ripped their souls from their bodies and concocted their lifeless corpses into pills! For what!? For your greed?! Because you thought you held a little bit of power?!"

Dyon's roar seemed to shatter the sky, bringing his Presence to the Peak of the Duke level. At this point, those from other quadrants had no choice but to begin relying on their protective treasures. It was impossible to resist Dyon otherwise.

It wasn't just the disciples and citizens of planet cathedral who were shocked by Dyon's words, but also every Devil Cultivator aside from Lilith and Sokzac. They couldn't help but look toward the two of them with questioning gazes.

Although Sokzac snorted, Lilith didn't meet their eyes, the guilt in hers very clear.

"A few people thought that I was just too weak to retaliate. Well, I should tell you all that I only allowed myself to be captured on purpose in order to destroy your bullshit Soul Market. From today onward, it will never exist in this world again."

Silence reigned over Planet Cathedral. Some women began to directly weep, remembering how much pain Dyon went through all for the sake of destroying evil. Could there really be such a noble man in existence?

It was only after a while that the three peak celestials stepped forward. All three of them were from the 47th quadrant and they were very much aware that this news could not get out no matter what. Whoever this kid was, he had to die.

They could breathe a sigh of relief because the White Mother was dead and the celestial deer sect was destroyed. So, they saw Dyon as a bird without a nest.

"Now that you've nobly stated your intentions, you can die knowing that you've caused the genocide of an entire planet. We won't let anyone go."

Dyon laughed. "Do you believe I'm stupid? I prefer to believe that you have shit between your ears."

"I escaped soul market and destroyed it without you detecting anything."

At that moment, Dyon's Presence shattered an inconceivable barrier, climbing to the King level!

Space seemed to warp, the skies rolled, and even middle celestials directly fell from the skies, kneeling before Dyon.

"Yet, instead of simply leaving through the gate and spreading the news, I came here!" Dyon's words were like stones falling onto their chests. The more he spoke, the more they shivered.

"Do you know why I can look down on you as though you're nothing? Do you know why your pathetic quadrants mean nothing in front of me?"

Dyon's Presence inconceivably continued to climb, causing the once confident Peak celestials to stagger backward, unable to hold back their shock.

"Because my name isn't Dyon Jafari. My name is Dyon Sacharro!"

Dyon's noble Presence wasn't dampened even the least by the kneeling girl in the nude he sat upon. His eyes were fierce and his back was straight as a pride that bore into his bones exuded outward.

There was no need to prove his identity because there was only one member of the younger generation with Peak King level Presence, and that was Dyon Sacharro!

Even the happy Donari, Asyna and RolRol were completely stunned. Never in their wildest dreams did they believe that Dyon had such a noble identity. The mysterious Dyon Sacharro, the one the entire world was waiting to appear, was actually right in front of them!

The 3 peak celestials suddenly felt a massive cold sweat permeate their backs. The identity of a regular God was enough pressure to make them collapse, let alone a True God as famous as Dyon!

It had to be remembered that even the 4th ranked Golden Flame Quadrant was apprehensive when they learned of Dyon's identity, no longer daring to continue through with their plan to capture and experiment on Madeleine. Let alone the mere 47th ranked quadrant here today.

However, no one was more shocked and filled with regret than Violet. Why? Because every person in the cosmos knew of the noble fairy who claimed the title of Dyon's first wife. How could she ever compare to Madeleine Sacharro?

What a joke. Someone with a wife that was the object of desire for every man in existence would stoop so low as to attempt to rape a no name young lady from a no name sect?

It was at that point that Violet's face reddened for something other than the embarrassment of having her body exposed to the world.

When Dyon began to flirt with Clara those three or so months ago, everyone, including her, thought that he was a frog lusting after swan meat. But, if not Dyon Sacharro, then who the hell was worthy of pursuing Clara? If he wasn't, then no one was!

Wess, who had been heavily injured by Dyon earlier, suddenly realized just how unworthy he was of competing with Dyon. Even if Dyon wanted Violet as his maid servant, did he have the right to raise a single word of complaint?

Lilith's frown deepened. The more powerful Dyon was, the worse it was for them.

Then, there was the aspect of her pride. She had believed all this time that she was only injured by Dyon due to underhanded tricks, leaving her completely in denial. But, knowing that Dyon was a person who

could stand with his head held high even among the best of geniuses, did she really have the right to continue looking down on him?

Suddenly, it made sense that Dyon had comprehended so many techniques to the One with Self realm...

It might be true that she was 20 and Dyon was 32, but didn't Dyon enter his trials when he was 20? In terms of cultivation, they had spent an equal amount of time.

If Lilith knew that Dyon didn't even know about the cultivation world until he was 16, it could only be imagined the kind of reaction she would have...

It had to be understood that although there was a world outside of the 100 Tower affiliated quadrants, it wasn't so exaggerated that they were a mere corner of the cosmos. It was actually more accurate to say that the 100 Tower affiliated quadrants were the center of the cosmos.

Those quadrants that existed outside of that structure, like the Star Clan formerly, for example, or the devil clans, although they were powerful enough to exist without the support of the tower, there still weren't many of them.

Simply put, the existences outside of the 100 tower affiliated quadrants definitely didn't exceed 20 or so powers.

Chapter 1058: True Identity

This was all to say that Dyon was a genius no matter where he went. While a mere God might be ubiquitous in those outside clans and sects, a True God would astound anyone he or she came across.

No matter where Dyon went, his head could be held high. And that included her own Nightmare Palace!

Lilith didn't doubt that if Dyon was born in her Devil quadrants, it would likely be him that was her fiancé instead of Sokzak.

"This..." The Peak Celestial cultivators didn't know how to proceed.

"True God Sacharro," They humbly bowed. "We admit that we are in the wrong, but while your potential far outstrips any of ours, your strength is still lacking now. Is it possible for us to negotiate on equal terms?"

The quick change in demeanor the peak celestials underwent completely shocked the disciples of Soul Rending Peak. Was this the prestige of a God?

Dyon calmly scanned the crowd of celestials, each of whom held a nervous expression. Although they knew they were more powerful than Dyon now, they also knew that a genius of his caliber would definitely have an inexhaustible number of life-saving treasures. There was a 0% chance they could kill Dyon here. The Kong Clan's successor was a prime example.

Therefore, they had to temper their arrogance even in the face of a member of the younger generation.

"There are a few things you all need to understand before we negotiate." Dyon began.

"Number one: This is not your backyard, it's mine. My Celestial Deer Sect's ancestral grounds are buried here. The Soul Rending Peak sect is my direct subordinate clan. This is not a case of me interfering in your business, it's a case of you interfering in mine."

The celestials in took a sharp breath, already not liking where this was going.

"Number two." Dyon continued as though he didn't notice their shift in mood. "Grandmaster Clara is my third wife and her true name is Clara Sacharro."

BOOM!

The number of shocking events today were simply too much. How could one man be so lucky?

"LIAR. LIAR. LIAR!!" Violet shrieked hysterically. She had taken too many mental blows today, she didn't want to take or accept another.

However, Dyon didn't respond. He had planned on proving it anyway considering it was part of his plan to expose this.

An image of what transpired in the Sapientia Corner played. They watched as Dyon flirted with Clara and how he was taken away into her forging room... Only for her to sit in his lap happily and rest her head on his chest!

Even if Dyon lied about her being his wife, it was clear their relationship was intimate.

Dyon directly ignored Violet's break down, changing the form of the defensive array to muffle her mouth.

Lilith smiled wryly, her face filled with grievances. A week or so ago, footage of Clara utilizing the supreme treasure Dyon had stolen from her surfaced.

At first, when Lilith heard that Dyon tried to flirt with Clara, she assumed that Clara only let him go after he paid with that supreme treasure. It was only now Lilith understood that Dyon had willingly given it to her because she was his wife.

It was no wonder Dyon didn't hesitate in the face of her beauty, even to the point of being willing to kill her. She had never seen Madeleine before, so she didn't understand. But, looking at the fairy-life appearance of Ri, even she felt slightly inferior.

"I don't tell you all of this to show off." Dyon continued unperturbed. "I tell you this because you should all understand who the creator of the Internet is and comprehend what that means.

"Not only do I have proof, I have the means to send it before you destroy it. Which means seizing my belongings before I escape isn't a possibility."

Dyon paused, scanning the crowd. "Thirdly, I'm sure that many of you have recognized my three pairs of golden wings after so long of thinking. I am indeed the masked man who for God Anak to kneel, although that man could hardly be considered a God."

BOOM!

Donari choked on his spit. "Brother Dyon, you can't mean that Alexandria Snow is also your wife, do you? You fucking bastard, won't you let the rest of us live?!"

The eyes of the celestials widened. Everyone was speculating why the mysterious masked man would be so angered by Chrysanthemum's words... It turns out he had every right to be angered! Madeleine was actually his wife!

By now, Violet was completely ashen, unwilling to even make noise. She just wanted to disappear...

"The reason why I've told you all of this should be obvious to those among you who are intelligent." Dyon continued with a carefree smile, chuckling at Donari's words. "I have secrets that I need to protect too. Neither you nor I want the things that have happened in the 98th quadrant to become public knowledge.

"My Celestial Deer Sect and my Soul Rending Peak were both destroyed, becoming mere shells of their former selves. That means while I can easily destroy you all, there's no guarantee that I can defeat my true enemies. This is why I wear a mask and also the only reason I'm willing to negotiate with you all.

"My proposal is simple. This all ends here. You have all been profiting from Soul Market from nearly 600 years already, while I have saved those who remained.

"There is nothing I'd like to do more than to kill you all where you stand, but I am not yet powerful enough to cover the sky with my hand and can't guarantee that I can kill every one of you before you escape.

"So, we'll sign blood essence contracts. None of what occurred today will be spoken of, nor will I pursue you in the future for reasons related to Soul Market.

"If you choose to reject my offer, you should make certain that those next to you are willing to do the same, or else you'll die tragic deaths."

To no one's surprise, affirmations came in one by one. Although they had spent decades travelling here, the time and money they lost was far better than calling down a calamity upon them. They all knew that the Celestial Deer Sect and Soul Rend Quadrant must have powerful enemies, but how often were the little guys crushed in the battle of titans? They didn't want to be those little guys...

If Dyon hadn't explained his reasons for wanting to sign a contract with them, they would have begun to question his strength and identity. After all, if you were an almighty True God, why would you negotiate to let bygones be bygones with people who disrespected your master's homeland? It wouldn't have made sense.

But, since Dyon laid it all out for them so logically, only an idiot wouldn't accept his proposal.

"As for you 15." Dyon's gaze turned toward the Devil Cultivators. "I know your true identity."

The 15 Devil Cultivators shivered, almost drawing their weapons. However, Dyon's next words surprised them.

"I'm not a blindly ideological person. Each person has their own paths. However, you cannot be the key wielder of my Soul Rend Quadrant. Either give it up willingly, or we can fight for it."

Dyon had a much better candidate in mind for the key wielding responsibility of Soul Rend Quadrant. How could he hand responsibility over to Lilith? He still wasn't sure if he should kill her or not, how could he trust her?

Dyon still had a lot to worry about. Even if he became the Master of Soul Rending Peak, there were still a full other 99 universes in this quadrant that were completely lawless. Although The Cathedral often kidnapped babies from those universes, they would only target those from the weakest and poorest backgrounds. In reality, Dyon had no idea what strength level those other quadrants reached.

Soul Market was created 5 to 600 years ago. However, it had been far longer since the quadrant itself fell out of the ranks of the top 20.

It had to be remembered that after its destruction, the Sect Master of the Celestial Deer Sect used a special technique to transfer all of their Legacy Worlds to Soul Rend Quadrant. That meant there could be many individuals like Virvor running around, maximizing their legacies.

Chapter 1059: Few Dozen

Not everyone was as pure hearted as Virvor. Therefore, not everyone would follow the vow they made. In fact, Dyon was certain that a good portion of them would directly ignore this promise and build their own forces.

It may seem stupid for the Celestial Deer Sect to not bind these individuals with contracts, however, think about it. Would you want to build your sect or clan off the back of individuals who were forced into joining against their will?

This wasn't all either, the elders of the Celestial Deer Sect, physically speaking, couldn't prepare contracts. Remember, Elder Daiyu had his grandson, Chenglei, sign a soul contract with Jade instead of him because his soul was severely injured.

If a person who was alive and injured couldn't withstand a soul contract, then how could a mere spirit withstand it?

And, considering they didn't have live bodies, they obviously couldn't use blood or blood essence contracts.

In the end, those elders had no choice but to accept empty promises, hoping that their successor would be able to force those individuals to kneel in the future.

Maybe the only reason The Cathedral and Soul Rending Peak were still in power was because, just like Dyon's home universe, they had forgotten about the existence of the Epistemic Tower over time. If that was the case, it was no wonder they didn't attack to conquer this universe.

That aside, these were only Dyon's conjectures. He had no idea what state the rest of the quadrant was in, but he knew it wouldn't be easy to unify an entire quadrant. Still, he had no choice.

The saddest part was that comparatively speaking, it was his easiest task. After all, he was still much too far away from seeking revenge against the Pakal and Ragnor Emperor God Clans.

This was all to say that Dyon had too many troubles in this Soul Rend Quadrant to entertain having an enemy as an ally. He wanted to give the key wielding responsibilities to someone he trusted, and that definitely wasn't Lilith.

Lilith grit her teeth. The moment Dyon made his identity clear, she had expected this.

Her father had warned her of the possibility of the Celestial Deer Sect preparing a successor, but who knew that that successor would be so powerful?

She suddenly felt lucky that they had prepared Presence protecting treasures after Asyna was so easily defeated. Had they not, none of them would stand a chance against him.

Looking at the hostile gazes of the celestials around them, Lilith could only bitterly smile. Just a few moments ago, they wanted to kill Dyon, but now each of them was searching for an opportunity to curry a favor with him.

However, just how important was this key to her?

In truth, it wasn't absolutely necessary. To enter the auction, you only had to be a king. But, the key was a matter of pride for her. She was a genius among geniuses, how could she accept a title any lower than True God? She wanted to become the 12th among them!

That said, Lilith wasn't stupid. Even with Sokzac, it was impossible for them to defeat so many celestials.

It was at this point that Sokzac finally couldn't withhold his temper anymore.

"To want to take the things of my fiancée before me.... ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING?!"

Dyon's eyes trained on Sokzac. "I don't care who she is, anyone who stands in my way dies!"

"What a good "True God" you are. You want to rely on your title to pressure others into doing what you want? Did you forget that you have yet to earn the Master Symbol of this sect?! If you want it, you have to come through me!"

"How funny. I can't use a title that I earned with my own two hands to pressure others? If I can't use something that's mine, what am I supposed to use? I guess all that black lightning fried your brain cells."

Sokzac's anger rose higher.

Dyon turned toward Lilith again, his brow slightly frowning. "You're still hurt."

Although Lilith tried to hide it, the initial shock didn't escape Dyon's Perception.

Dyon nodded. "It seems you do have a conscience. I was wondering why you were letting your background character run around so rampantly, it turns out that this is the reason."

Seeing Lilith's shocked expression, Dyon chuckled. "There's no need to be surprised. My body could actually be considered one of my weaker points, my true strength is my soul."

Although Dyon's words were simple, they sent a cold shiver down everyone's spine. That was right, how could the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect be a body cultivator? At that moment, they understood why Dyon hadn't used anything but his body from start to end... He was actually handicapping himself!

Of course, this was a half truth by Dyon. He only said this because he wanted to erase the last lingering doubts they might have. The person who told Dyon that Lilith was still injured was his Master.

That aside, Dyon's meaning was clear. He thought before that Lilith used some tragic soul slave's soul to heal herself quickly. But, it turned out that she was just suppressing her injuries.

"You should thank her." Dyon's gaze turned back to Sokzac. "She's the reason you have a chance of leaving alive today."

"Enough bullshit!" Sokzac raged, pulling out a large saber weighing hundreds of thousands of jin.

It was almost six feet long and more than a foot width. However, its thickness was so thin that it moved like a piece of aluminium.

Its body was a complete jet black, not reflecting even the slightest bit of light of lightning crackled over its body.

Everyone took a step back. This was Dyon's final test for them. They could tell how powerful this young man Sokzac was. So, if Dyon could defeat him, there would be no doubt left. Human beings were fickle, and it hurt them to give up so much profit. It was no wonder some were still hesitating.

'Hey master, are you thinking what I'm thinking?' Dyon said with a grin.

At that moment a light giggle sounded in Dyon's mind as a brilliant formation appeared before him.

The surrounding experts watched in awe as a dull grey saber was forged into existence. There were no fancy symbols or intricate patterns, just a simple saber body and handle.

Dyon arms lightly shook as he grasped the saber.

Seeing his reaction, the eyes of the surrounding experts couldn't help but narrow. They could tell that this weapon exceeded one million jin in weight, yet it was created on a whim like this? Just what kind of genius was this Dyon Sacharro?

Of course, it was Dyon's master who created the array. But, to keep up appearances, Dyon took the credit. After all, it wouldn't be good for him if his enemies knew that his soul was sealed.

However, what shocked them even more was the fact Dyon didn't seem to be familiar with a saber at all.

"Interesting." The saber swept across, blatantly displaying Dyon's lack of skill with it. "I'll show you the difference between you and I."

Sokzac immediately understood what Dyon meant and it nearly sent him into another rage. Dyon had never used a saber before, yet he chose it simply because Sokzac did. On top of that, he created the weapon on his own! If Dyon really won this, it would be clear who among them was better.

The worst part was that Sokzac no longer had the excuse that he was suppressed while Dyon wasn't because who didn't know that Dyon was the key wielder of the Celestial Deer Quadrant? If he was born in Soul Rend Quadrant, he would have been kidnapped as a child and sold at the highest price in soul market!

'[Saber Tiger Three Stances].' Dyon's master's voice sounded in his mind.

Dyon's teasing expression disappeared, replaced by the utmost seriousness. No matter what he said, he took Sokzac very seriously as an opponent.

Although Sokzac wasn't a Peak First Grade Celestial who had filled all 108 meridians, he had filled 102, making him a genuine first grade celestial and the very first Dyon had faced personally. There were only a few dozen geniuses in the entirety of the 100 quadrants that could match him.

Chapter 1060: Form

Secondly, there was his lightning. Having fought Thor personally, Dyon could tell that there was something sinister and difference about the Fulgur Clan's lightning. It had a dangerous devouring characteristic that made Dyon uneasy.

This didn't even mention the fact that devil cultivators innately had stronger bodies even without being true body cultivators.

Dyon's master previously explained that geniuses essentially redo the foundation and meridian formation stages whenever they upgrade to a higher ranked energy. Devil cultivators were no different.

However, whereas conventional energies tempered the body poorly in comparison to true body cultivation, devil qi was far better at this.

Meaning, while Elder Bowa was barely a ninth-grade body cultivator, Sokzac was more comparable to a fifth or fourth grade body cultivator. It had to be remembered that even Dyon could only use his body to the effectiveness of a fourth-grade expert!

To make matters worse, Sokzac had his energy on top of this, not to mention his wills.

Even though devil cultivators had weaker comprehension, Sokzac was still a genius who had lived for longer than Asyna.

Dyon had no choice but to take him seriously because he knew this opponent was far more powerful than he was.

Sokzac no longer spoke. He had never been so thoroughly humiliated and angered in his entire life. Even when his father forced him to marry into another family, completely sullyng his reputation as a man. Even when he listened to those Nightmare Palace bastards snicker behind his back. Even when he was rebuffed by a woman who was supposed to be his fiancée time and time again. Never had he been so angered as he was today.

His eyes were as black as ink, flickering with dangerous arcs of lightning. His saber was brandished, almost hovering out of his hand as though he couldn't feel its weight at all. His long black hair danced in the wind, giving him a handsome and refined appearance.

Sokzac's robes, however, were a pristine white, devoid of any fancy embroidery. Maybe if his battle intent was soaring to such heights, one might have mistaken him for a scholar.

In that moment, Sokzac seemed to fuse with his saber, indiscriminately radiating outward with sharp saber qi infused with such killing intent that those observing immediately flew even further back, giving the two of them more than five kilometers of space to their own.

'4th stage saber intent.' Dyon's eyes narrowed. In truth, this sort of comprehension could be considered weak among the best geniuses. A celestial with a mere 4th stage intent would be laughed out of any establishment he or she stepped his foot in. However, for someone who practiced in devil qi, this was ridiculously impressive... No less impressive than mastering a 7th stage intent while still being a saint...

...

Dyon took a deep breath, closing his eyes.

The moment they opened, they were filled with a gold radiance that pierced even through the bright light of day.

Dyon's body seemed to meld with the world around him. His breath was no different to the swaying of the wind and his heartbeat was no different to the shifting of the earth. His eyes could see through everything and his will was impenetrable. In this world, he was a war god who could never lose.

'Selfless!'

The experts felt their lips twitch. Since when was it so easy to enter a selfless state of cultivation, and to do it in battle no less? Was this really the difference between those who were geniuses and those that weren't? What use was their thousands of years of cultivation in the face of Dyon?

At that moment, the saber that seemed no different from a stick in Dyon's hands suddenly became the king of weapons. Although it was clear that Sokzac's proficiency far outstripped Dyon, it was also clear that it should have been impossible to gain such expertise in a mere moment. It was too inconceivable!

There were no words spoken, Sokzac and Dyon flashed forward, their blades meeting in a violent clash in what seemed like an instant.

BOOM!

Dyon was immediately blasted backward, skidding in the air more than just a few hundred meters. His speed was so high that he felt his back almost light on fire due to the friction of the air. If it wasn't for his master making his sweatpants out of slightly more resistant material, he would have been completely exposed.

There was no doubt that had Dyon not placed Violet with the demon sage tower, she would have died just from the reverberating clash.

Sokzac had no intention of letting Dyon rest. Although he was shocked by the weight of the weapon Dyon used, it wasn't so exaggerated that he couldn't deal with it. It was impressive that Dyon could create such a heavy and durable weapon on a whim, but that wouldn't help him here!

Soul Rending Peak was no longer equipped to handle such a battle. Despite Dyon not being able to much else other than defend, the strength of their blows already outshone normal celestials, causing the lands beneath them to succumb to their power.

Dyon's body moved along with the world, never taking Sokzac's blows on directly. However, he was quickly realizing that this wasn't the true essence of the saber.

'Why are swords and sabers classified differently despite being so similar in form?...'

Dyon's eyes flashed. "First form, bite!"

The grey saber in Dyon's hand seemed to glow, forming an illusory saber-toothed tiger that smashed forward.

Sokzac snorted with disdain, his anger still boiling. First Dyon wanted to use a weapon he had never used against him, and now he wanted to win with mere common level techniques?!

"[Fulgur Demon's Clash: First Thunder]!"

A thunderclap sounded in the skies, causing dark clouds to roll once again.

Before the image could even partially form, it was torn completely apart and Dyon was once again sent flying.

Those watching couldn't fuse Dyon's identity with his display. Was a True God supposed to get slapped around like this by a complete no-name? Was Dyon just weak? Or was he too arrogant?

"He's too arrogant." A celestial shook his head in disapproval. "No matter how talented one is, looking down on your opponent like this will only lead to death."

"Not only is he arrogant, he's stubborn." Another celestial chimed in. "From the beginning, he hasn't used a single bit of soul or conventional energy. In addition, while his opponent has used wills, he hasn't used any at all. The only reason he hasn't been severely injured is because he's using some simple defensive techniques to mitigate this Sokzac's power."

This wasn't all either. Because Sokzac was in a non-devil cultivator quadrant, he was suppressed even more than Dyon was, to 70, pushing 80, percent. If he could have used 50% of his power like Dyon, it would be a miracle if Dyon could withstand even one blow.

However, while others found Dyon arrogant, he knew that he had already calculated this. He had fought Asyna, so how could he not know the limits of a devil cultivator? All he was worried about was learning the essence of the saber.

Dyon burst out of the mountain he was sent flying into, brandishing his saber and charging forward.

"Second form, claw!"

A vague image once again appeared behind Dyon, waving in the air as a large, fierce paw. His saber seemed to break into four illusory images, each being the sharp claw of the King of the jungle.

Without suspense, a single thunderclap shattered the image, sending Dyon flying once more.

Sokzac's arrogance climbed to a new level as he stood in the skies, his hair waving about wildly. "Is this the True God of your quadrants?! Is that title really so cheap?!"

His roar was met with a wave of murmurs, however Dyon's response was only a deadpan expression as he surged forward once again.

"Third form, roar!"

Dyon seemed to fall into a vicious cycle of getting beaten back. Sokzac never needed to use more than just his first thunderclap. He wanted to show Dyon that he'd have to change his tactics, or else he would die.

"Since you want to continue disrespecting me, DIE!" Sokzac roared. "Second Thunder!"

Two claps of thunder split the sky apart, slamming into Dyon along with Sokzac's blade. A rumbling tempest spread out in all directions