

## **The Nameless 1061**

### Chapter 1061: Roar

Dyon immediately felt as though Sokzac's power had doubled. The blade rapidly cut toward him twice, causing him to involuntarily spit up two mouthfuls of blood.

Although Dyon's grip on his saber didn't loosen, he could distinctly feel the bones in his arm fracture. However, his features remained deadpan and without emotion.

In a selfless state, you forgot about everything. You forgot about pain, about anger, rage and love, your only purpose was to move forward and comprehend.

Seeing Dyon's lack of a reaction even while lying in a pile of rubble, Sokzac's anger raged once more.

"Third Thunder!"

The clouds rolled with unquestionable ferocity, responding to Sokzac's will. It was clear that Sokzac had yet to comprehend his own Pseudo-Domain due to the handicap on his comprehension, but somehow, his affinity for lightning forced the world around him to respond, directly boosting his prowess.

This was the secret of the Fulgur clan. Devil Cultivators were very much aware of their own weaknesses and thus have had billions upon trillions of years to find methods of mitigating them.

The Fulgur clan's solution was instigating changes in weather. Their cultivation became a lightning rod while the sky became their domain. With a single thought, the clouds, wind and thunder could bow at Sokzac's beck and call.

Dyon stood quickly, crossing the saber across his chest to block.

It was as though he was a puppet without emotion, repeatedly getting beaten backward. Yet, something inexplicable for Dyon, he had hardly stepped into the initial stage of his saber technique.

Dyon's master frowned. 'The selfless state isn't perfect. It's too emotionless.

'The reason Little Dyon was able to learn [Chaos Halberd] was because much of its flaw lied in momentum, something that could be understood and analyzed without emotion. However, there's massive room for improvement because Little Dyon has yet to understand the true meaning behind the word 'Chaos'.'

Dyon couldn't hear his master's words, not because she couldn't project them to him, but rather because she didn't want to tell him. Many cultivation errors were best solved alone, however, a master could give direction.

'Little Dyon, your selfless state is imperfect.' Were all the words the 25th White Mother allowed to float into Dyon's ears.

Dyon blinked, 'Imperfect?' He had no idea that a selfless state could be improved. Had his master not told him this, who knows how long it would have taken him to think of this possibility.

"Fourth Thunder!" Sokzac roared.

Dyon tried to dodge, spurring on his movement technique to their utmost heights.

However, Sokzac's saber seemed to have a mind of its own, changing trajectory and cutting toward Dyon's side.

BOOM!

Dyon was once again sent flying as four consecutive sabers seemed to overlap.

The claps of thunder rang through the skies time and time again, making Dyon seem as though he was nothing more than a practice dummy used to vent Sokzac's anger.

Deadpan eyes watched Sokzac charge again and again, but no one noticed them steadily becoming brighter.

'No matter what, he always charges forward... Always swings the same way... As though power and haughtiness fuel him...'

Dyon had lost count of how many fractures accumulated in his arms. He was certain that had it not been for the Primordial energy that directly tempered him, he might have been directly crippled by now. However, his eyes steadily grew brighter, as though he was just about to grasp something.

'I see... The difficulty of becoming a weapon's master isn't so simple as weapon wills are difficult to learn. The most important point is that every weapon has its own character and how a wielder interprets that character is highly dependent on the individual...

'It took me more than 20 minutes to learn [Chaos Halberd] to the One with Self level... Yet it took me barely 12 to learn both [Overbearing Mountain Bear Fists] and [Whipping Wind, Galloping Steps] to the very same level. Now it's been more than 20 minutes yet I haven't stepped out of the mere initial stage of [Saber Tiger Three Stances]...

'Why? Why did [Overbearing Mountain Bear Fists] become stronger when I was in a rage?... Why did my demon qilin bloodline disappear the moment I entered my selfless state?...'

Dyon's eyes grew brighter and brighter, becoming more lustrous.

The day had darkened because of Sokac's attacks, making the beams of light emitting from Dyon's eyes more obvious than ever before.

"GOOD!" Dyon spoke for the first time in almost a half hour. However, in sharp contrast to his previously emotionless figure, his words were filled with battle intent.

Still, the moment he stepped into the threshold of this new state, he felt his mental energy rapidly drain, falling to zero in a mere instant.

However, Dyon didn't seem angered or helpless. In that split second, he had understood many things despite his fatigue.

His inner world stirred, its bland landscape trembling as Dyon's manifestation twitched.

In the outer world, Dyon's battle cry was met with Sokzac's saber. Five claps of thunder rang out, tearing through the skies and causing Planet Cathedral to tremble, sway in the dead of space.

It was only now the celestials realized that even though these two were members of the younger generation, in modern times, a mere planet couldn't withstand the battle of two celestials.

The Peak Celestials sprung into action, spreading out their energies to their utmost heights and fortifying the planet. It would be inconvenient for even them if the planet was destroyed.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Dyon's arms fractured completely, shattering to pieces.

However, He flexed his arms, forcibly using his steel like muscles to keep his bones in place as a wide grin spread across his face.

His aura grew to frightening heights, causing the Celestials who had just had questions about his strength to involuntarily tremble.

In his inner world, something groundbreaking was occurring within Dyon's primordial yin. The moment Dyon's arms were shattered, three of the thirty-three seals directly burst to fine motes of light, radiating outward and drifting toward Dyon's manifestation.

At that moment, it stood with an imposing aura. The three pairs of wings on its back slightly trembled, bursting outward and forming a fourth set.

The once dimmed 6 haloes of black-gold rings began to shine once more, even as the Dyon in the real world felt his energy continuously growing.

A crown, a white flame, a black flame, a pagoda, a coiled dragon of golden heavenly lightning, and an all seeing eye, each looking down at the world with disdain.

Dyon's shattered arms, beaten black and blue and dripping with blood could clearly be seen by everyone. But, that was when something completely inexplicable occurred.

Black and blue became a healthy caramel. Odd, sharp angles became straight. Open and bleeding cuts became sealed.

It was at that instant that Dyon's once sleeping Manifestation opened its eyes, unleashing a roar that resounded through the cosmos.

Planet Cathedral trembled as Dyon laughed.

He had been prepared to spend decades more with his wills and soul sealed. To be quite frank, he hardly cared about his energy cultivation, but lacking those former two really pained him. However, who would have known that today would be the day he'd feel the seal loosen.

## Chapter 1062: Judgment

'Evangeline, I really have to thank you.'

Just as the Dragon King had said before, breaking the seals was dependant not only on cultivation, but also battle power. The moment Dyon realized that his selfless state was flawed, it was as though a whole new world was opened up to him.

He was very clear that that state, even in his peak condition, wouldn't last for more than a split second before his mental energies were completely drained. However, it was that split second that let him see that Evangeline had already done more than half the work in shattering the first three seals, meaning Dyon could have broken them weeks ago if only he knew how.

Dyon's energy cultivation surged, shattering stage after stage as it climbed at inconceivable speeds. The surrounding experts could only watch in awe as they felt Dyon's cultivation climb from the first essence stage to the second... then the third... then the fifth...

Sokzac's gaze was sinister, he had no intention of allowing Dyon to simply accumulate power in front of him like this. However, Dyon only grinned when he saw Sokzac approaching.

"I promised you that I'd defeat you with a saber, don't be so anxious."

At that moment, there wasn't a single individual who didn't pale in fright.

A divine sense the likes of which they had never felt before overwhelmed the world. In that instant, more than half the planet was covered.

The Peak Celestials looked into the skies, searching desperately for the originator. They were struck with such fear that they couldn't think straight.

A divine sense that could cover half of an entire planet? That accounted for a nearly 20 000 km diameter! What terrifying existence could cover such an area? It would make them no less than a God!

To be able to see, hear and feel everything in such a large area... It was too inconceivable!

It was only after they calmed that they realized that although the Divine Sense was overbearing, it was only at the Lower Celestial stage, comparable to about a lower mid-stage celestial. However, that didn't last long before it too began to climb at an inconceivable rate, shatter the barrier and climbing to the Middle stage... then the Higher... then the Peak!

While Dyon was laughing like a maniac, everyone was paralyzed with fear.

At that moment, they thought that they understood what was happening. Dyon must have had some supreme expert protecting him. Of course he did, how could such a genius be running around alone?

Sokzac paled, but he grit his teeth, unwilling to take even a step back. "Is this why you're so confident? How pathetic. You can't win yourself so you called your backers for help? It seems the True God title is really meaningless."

When Dyon heard this, he paused at first. But, then, he erupted into an even fiercer laugh. He held his toned torso as he lost his breath in laughter.

"Bastard! Don't think I'm afraid of you and your backer! There's nothing in this world that I, Sokzac Fulgur, don't dare to do!"

Dyon wiped the tears from his eyes, breathing in and out steadily. He had to calm himself. The energy from the seals was gentle, but it was still too much for him right now. He couldn't allow his soul to break into the dao level because his body couldn't handle it. He also had to stop his energy cultivation from breaking into the saint stage or else he would miss his opportunity to temper his body with saint energy.

'Master, how do I stop it?!' Dyon's laughter faded as he realized the gravity of the situation.

Dyon's master, who had just been in shock suddenly awakened. However, she didn't seem too worried.

'For a normal person, they'd have no choice but to die or ruin their foundation. But, for you, you have two viable options. You have two treasures of the 33 heavens that can solve this problem. You can either use The Seal or the Energy Core. I recommend the latter.'

Dyon's eyes glittered. Of course he could!

Dyon's inner world before to tremble as an unassuming pearl-like sphere burst out from its center, exposing a small spiritual vein below that was none other than one of Dyon's trial rewards.

The pearl began to spin vigorously, pulling the motes of shattered light toward itself.

In the outside world, Dyon's abrupt surge of cultivation began to slow. His energy cultivation that had already entered the tenth essence stage broke into the eleventh, before slowly creeping up toward the twelfth and stopping at a perfect 108 meridians filled.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh to himself. He had never sat down to energy cultivate outside the months it took him to perfect the foundation stage, yet he had not only become a peak first grade essence gatherer, he was now guaranteed to do so in sainthood as well. Often times, even the best of geniuses might fail to fill a handful of meridians at this stage, but somehow, Dyon, who had weak energy cultivation talent, had leaped over the barriers they couldn't.

"You're all fools." Dyon finally spoke as he checked his body. The overwhelming divine sense had long since been retracted, but Sokzac didn't dare to act rashly because he felt like he had been warned.

"So blinded by your own preconceptions that you can't even see what's right in front of you. Why don't I show you all who that supreme expert you so rightly fear is?"

Dyon felt that he was brimming with an inconceivable amount of power.

Logically speaking, it should have been impossible for his lower celestial level body to house a peak celestial soul like it was doing right now. The difference between a low celestial and a peak celestial was simply too far apart. Under normal circumstances, even a soul that was about to enter the Middle of the Celestial stage would have imploded his body.

But, that was where the magic of his inner world came in. One of the major differences between a transcendent and a mortal was the existence of a dantian, a cultivation sea of sorts that could house a mind-boggling amount of energy.

The heaven defying aspect of Dyon's awoken inner world was that it too could act as a dantian long before Dyon was even close to breaking into even the half-step transcendent level, let alone the transcendent level itself.

This gave Dyon the ability to house far more energy than he would normally, thus keeping his body intact despite having a peak celestial soul.



By Dyon's calculations, as long as he entered the peak saint level and expanded his inner world, his soul would be able to break into the dao formation realm safely and smoothly without worrying about his body shattering to pieces.

Although it was a long and grueling nearly two-decade period of feeling almost powerless, the pay off couldn't have been any greater.

"Show us who the supreme expert is?" Sokzac sneered. "A coward like you isn't worthy of my blade."

Dyon shook his head, "You still don't get it, do you?"

At that moment, tens of arrays began to form in the sky. Then, a hundred became a thousand, and thousand became ten thousand.

Each exuded the aura of a peak saint, yet they were created with such speed that the celestials trembled in terror. Even the best among them was a mere third grade celestial. Facing this kind of power output made them feel a keen sense of danger.

Dyon's eyes lit up with a gold light. "It's been too long!"

Sokzac's eyes widened. If he had to face this sort of attack, how would he deal with it? Of course, he could look down on peak saints with disdain, but even he would have to be careful when fighting ten thousand of them.

It was only now that everyone witnessing this scene realized that all of the arrays were golden!

"Innate Aurora Wielder!" They breathed out in shock. In all of their 100 quadrants, there were a mere dozen or so innate aurora wielders, and each of their names resounded through the cosmos. Yet, one was here, protecting Dyon?

At that moment, Dyon's hands clapped together as a small strain appeared on his handsome face.

A brilliant array, shining with a fierce red and gold sprung from his palms.

His hands slowly separated, and with their movement, an ever-growing spear began to form.

The killing intent was so overwhelming that Sokzac involuntarily took a step back, unable to think anything but a single word: "Judgement"!

Chapter 1063: Claw. Bite. Raw.

The darkened skies rolled, causing the once pitch black to radiate outward with a bloody red.

"I've met stupid people before, but this is the first time I've met so many in a single place." Dyon sneered as the blood red spear between his hands grew longer. With each passing moment, it was as though his image and that of a Demon Lord were slowly fusing and finally becoming one.

Dyon's gaze suddenly quickly shifted from Sokzac, completely ignoring him and focusing on the Mother who he could clearly see was trying to escape while everyone was distracted.

After feeling the power of Dyon's "backer", the Mother realized that this situation had gone south. She had hoped that Sokzac would kill Dyon in their confrontation, then everything could go back to normal. But, she realized that her thinking was too naïve.

She knew that there was no way Dyon would let her live. Not only had she sullied the title of his master, she was the creator of Soul Market! If it wasn't for her, it wouldn't have ever existed to begin with!

Thus, not only had she disrespected his master, she had also ruined the reputation of the land he was meant to inherit.

If she didn't escape now, there was only death waiting for her.

However, just when she was a mere few dozen meters from disappearing over the horizon and toward Cathedral City's teleportation stations, a voice suddenly drifted into her ears that caused her to shudder.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

With Dyon's soul now unleashed, his senses were increased to their peak. How could anyone escape him, let alone a mere 5th grade celestial?

Dyon's hands spread to their utmost limits, separating to reveal a spear shining as though it was crafted out of the finest rubies. Its surface was lined with intricate black patterns, brimming with killing intent. And, to make matters more shocking, it exuded the aura of a second-grade celestial!

The spear hovered before Dyon, bobbing gently as everyone followed Dyon's line of sight.

At that moment, the ten thousand golden arrays in the sky suddenly disappeared, appearing and surrounding the Mother in an instant.

The Mother panicked, screeching unwillingly as she output her strongest attacks.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A rain of attacks landed without end all while Dyon looked on coldly as though none of this had anything to do with him.

A cold shiver ran down the spine of those watching as the disheveled and bloody appearance of the Mother appeared.

She stood in the air, huffing and puffing as her old bones shone through a wall of blood and gore. She looked like nothing more than a hovering corpse.

Dyon lightly tapped the end of the bloody spear that hovered before him, causing it to spin and stop in an instant, pointing directly at the half dead "White Mother".

It was at that point that everyone suddenly understood something. Hundreds of gazes snapped toward Dyon, filled with respect and fear.

Dyon sneered. "It took you long enough. [First Judgement: Carnage]!"

With a light tap to its butt, the blood red spear blasted through the air, tearing through space itself as it appeared before the half-dead White Mother.

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Half of her face disappeared in a rain of blood that immediately disintegrated into nothingness.

The other half of her face showed a clear look of disbelief as the final thing she saw before her vision blackened was Dyon's sneer.

At that moment, just as the Mother fell from the skies, everyone suddenly understood.

The Supreme Expert wasn't Dyon's backer at all... This was simply the level of power a True God had... This was simply the level of power True God Sacharro had...

...

"Comfortable! So comfortable." The smile on Dyon's face refused to die down. He finally felt that he had the world at his grasp. If he used all of his trump cards, he felt that even a higher Celestial would succumb to him.

Of course, Dyon was speaking in terms of first grade celestials. Those below that standard would definitely not enter his eyes at all. If it was a second grade celestial, Dyon felt that even a peak celestial wouldn't be able to stop him if he used all of his trump cards, let alone the third grade ones here.

If someone who knew Dyon's secrets heard his thoughts, they'd roll their eyes. It went without saying he wouldn't fear such high-level experts if he used all of his trump cards, after all, his trump cards included

four weapons of the 33 heavens. If he couldn't accomplish at least that much, wouldn't it be too pathetic? The reputation of those weapons would be too useless at that point.

Dyon would never casually use those weapons, though. Without sufficient power, the knowledge of him having even one would bring tragedy. However, it just felt good knowing that if push came to shove, he had various means available to him.

With a clap, Dyon refocused on Sokzac. "Let's continue!"

In that moment, the saber once more appeared in Dyon's hand. Unfortunately, he still wasn't as skilled as his master and had no means of creating his own training iron weapons. If he could, it could only be imagined how devastating his weapon's hell arrays would become. Luckily, he didn't have to with his master by his side.

However, the moment the saber touched Dyon's hand, everything changed. It was as though everything he couldn't understand became clear, as though he had spent his entire life with a saber in hand.

'To move forward, to hack everything in your path, to be sinister, to be filled with rage! There is no elegance of the sword in the art of the saber, there is no dance, no music, no pomp and circumstance! There is only the will to battle!'

Unleashed to its fullest, Dyon's weapon's master will descended into the world in full force for the very first time.

A brilliant armor that seemed to be forged of crystal and diamond coated Dyon's body. The armor seemed illusory, fading in and out of existence, but it hardly harmed its imposing aura at all.

Within Dyon's mind's eye, the Battle Prince trembled, his fists clenching. 'He's actually mastered such a will... Truly worth following!'

It had been countless millions of years since anyone had comprehended the Weapon's Master will. The requirements were simply too stringent. Even after earning the Battle Prince title, he hadn't even stepped into the threshold.

However, this young man of barely 33 years of age had done so.

It hadn't been even remotely easy. Dyon had to fight a battle to the death with two experts far above his cultivation level, yet still have the confidence and unending will for victory within him to still find a path to victory. This was why this legendary will had chosen him.

After two decades of being sealed, it had finally come out to display its might to the world.

Seeing Dyon's shining armor, Sokzac's battle intent soared. The one thing in his life that he would never be was a coward. Even when Dyon's judgement array filled him with fear, he was still willing to fight. However, he was simply in over his head.

To shut up the voices that nagged about his uselessness, he had forcibly stepped into the celestial realm too early, causing him to only fill 102 meridians. Although he had vented his anger, he had ruined his foundation.

Much of the reason he agreed to take on this dangerous mission other than to steal Lilith's heart, was to find a targeted cultivation cleansing pill that could bring him back to the saint stage. He knew that if he wanted to take over Nightmare Palace, he couldn't allow his foundation to have any hint of imperfection until he was stepping into the dao formation realm.

To step into the celestial realm with first grade cultivation was enough to prove Sokzac's talent. And now, his willingness to step before Dyon bravely proved his heart. Despite being his enemy, Dyon still felt respect for this foe.

"You'll be the first I defeat without that damned seal." Dyon's eyes brimmed with eagerness. "Come!"

Dyon flashed forward, his speed simply incomparable to before. Now that he had access to his supreme laws once more, he had seamlessly stepped into the one with world level, melding with the wind with ease. That didn't even mention the fact he directly incorporated his wind will into his galloping steps. Although it was impossible to perfectly fuse them, having them simply add to each other was enough.

In the blink of an eye, he and Sokzac had exchanged more than a hundred blows. Everyone watching knew that if Dyon used his soul, this battle would end quickly. However, Dyon stuck to his word. He said he would defeat Sokzac with a saber and that was what he intended to do!

With just a brief exchange in what amounted to a mere half minute, Dyon's [Saber Tiger Three Stances] directly broke through to the small success stage, then the large success. Suddenly, learning weapon type techniques had become as easy as breathing. Although his Weapon's Master will was still of the first will stage, no one had the heart to laugh, they could only feel their hearts palpitate as they watched the true incarnation of a War God.

From within the tower, the tower spirit watched on with bright eyes. No one could tell what it was thinking, but it seemed to not want to miss even a single moment.

"Claw! Bite! Roar!" Dyon switched between his stances seamlessly as the thunderclaps of Sokzac's technique rang through the skies.

The tiger images shattered every time without fail, but they seemed to grow through a tempering each time, coming back more corporeal and stronger.

Dyon's senses were sharp. He saw and felt every shift of Sokzac's eyes, every twitch of his muscles, every intention in his heart.

Those who watched could only look on in shock. To watch a technique grow from the initial stage to the large success in less than a minute... How could they hold their heads high in the future?

#### Chapter 1064: Not Bad

Dyon's image in the air was particularly dazzling. Every swing of his arm caused the crystalline lights of his armor to shimmer with an overflowing power, every step he took shattered the skies, and every attack he dealt silenced the world.

Two men fought back and forth, neither willing to take even a single step backward.

Sokzac's technique was very clearly of the Earth level and heavily suppressed Dyon's. However, with every blow, it seemed as though Dyon's saber was slowly catching up, lasting longer and longer under the claps of thunder.

Planet Cathedral trembled as natural disaster level threats ravaged its landscape. Ocean waves standing hundreds of meters tall collapsed coast lines, 10.0 Richter scale earthquakes shattered peaks and created valleys, even the atmosphere itself threatened to break apart completely as it heated to inconceivable levels.

"The legendary Weapon's Master will..." The celestials could hardly breathe, neither could their eyes leave the dazzling armor that faded in and out of existence on Dyon's body.

If there was one major difference between the Dyon just minutes ago to the one now, it was definitely this armor. If it wasn't for it, how could Dyon suddenly withstand the very same strikes that shattered his arms moments ago?

Even though Dyon gained access to his soul and energy cultivation, his soul couldn't directly increase his physical strength, nor could his energy cultivation. After all, Dyon was still an essence gatherer, albeit a peak essence gatherer. The difference between the celestial rank and the essence gathering rank was too large to make a tangible difference in that respect.

However, what was clear was that his techniques reached a new tier of power. Now that Dyon was fusing essence energy into them as he was meant to, to say their power doubled was an understatement.

That said, there was something else that changed within Dyon, something much more subtle.

What was the original purpose of the [Inner World: Sanctuary] technique? Was it not to create your own world? To create a space where nothing in the world could suppress you?

Even without activating his cultivation technique fully, Dyon felt that his suppression had decreased by as much 5%!



The most shocking part was that although Dyon had reached the peak of the essence gathering stage, he had yet to expand his world to adequately match his cultivation. This meant that his inner world was still at its lowest state, yet even without activating, it could decrease his suppression by this much!

Usually, experts could only rely on their pseudo-domains and true domains to achieve this effect, yet Dyon accomplished this at the essence gathering level!

Dyon's saber roared forward, shattering the barrier holding him within the large success realm and directly climbing to the completion stage.

At that moment, Dyon's eyes flashed with a meaningful glint. From the beginning until now, he had yet to use his saber qi. Although his Weapon's Master will was vibrating with anticipation, he held it back.

However, the moment he felt his breakthrough, he unleashed a devastating attack.

Not all wills were created equal, and this was especially true for those who followed the sovereign path. It was far more difficult to advance in this path, but the reward was the ability to suppress wills of the same ilk even while being a level below.

At the moment, Dyon's saber intent wasn't a match for Sokzac's. While his was at the mere first stage, Sokzac's was already at the fourth!

For perspective, the first to third stages were of the essence level in quality, whereas the fourth to sixth were of the saint level in quality. The meeting of these two wills head on was the equivalent of a lower essence gatherer fighting a lower saint... It was simply impossible!

However, the moment Dyon's saber qi was birthed into the world, it was as though it was impossible to stop. As though even if a buddha stood before it, it would destroy. Even if a God lorded over it, it would force him to kneel. This was the undying will for victory this saber qi held, the unquestionable pursuit of sovereignty.

At that moment, Dyon's technique which had only just broken into the completion stage reached a completely new level. Heaven's graces began to sing as the clouded, dark skies were overwhelmed by a golden light.

'This is a true genius...' Those watching trembled, unable to temper their emotions.

The illusory image of a pouncing tiger suddenly became all too real as Dyon's saber clashed with Sokzac's.

Sokzac's saber qi shattered to pieces in a mere instant, leaving him completely unprotected as Dyon's attack surged forward.

"Roar!" Dyon's voice boomed through the skies, travelling over Planet Cathedral without hindrance.

Sokzac was sent flying into the distance, crashing through mountains in an unstoppable fashion for what seemed like forever.

Dyon stood in the air, watching on with a cold expression. His saber was held lightly in his hand, slightly flickering with an unbridled radiance. The moment he applied saber qi to it, it had completely transformed. One could clearly see what looked like the pinnacle of the saber fading into and out of existence on its body, sometimes giving it the feel of a beautiful crystalline weapon, and at others, the plain grey that it was.

Sokzac stood up shakily in the distance, wiping blood from his lips. As a devil cultivator, it was only natural that his body was durable. However, Dyon still looked down on him from above.

"You've lost."

Sokzac wanted to get up and fight it out with Dyon. In fact, he had yet to even use his devil qi which could have easily doubled his power, if not tripled. However, Dyon's next words stopped him.

Finally able to use energy again, Dyon's voice was projected directly into Sokzac's mind. 'Think about what you're doing very clearly. If you expose your devil qi here, I won't help you. It's best you leave now.

'I have no real reason to kill you. Although your people have committed vile acts, that's a decision I assume was far above your paygrade and something I'll be sure to pay them back for in full. Don't give

me a reason to slaughter you where you stand because I promise that even if you were three times stronger, it would make no difference.'

There were simply too many abilities Dyon hadn't used for him to be worried about Sokzac.

Turning away, he descended from the skies and hovered before Lilith, waiting patiently.

Lilith's expression was completely deadpan. It didn't have the same shock and awe everyone else's had, instead, she still had the same lofty aura, as though she was meeting an equal.

"Your fiancé isn't bad." Dyon suddenly said with a grin, completely baffling everyone.

"It's not your place to commentate on this matter." Lilith replied coldly. "He's clearly shown more courage than you. It's easy to seem brave when you knew you would never lose to begin with."

Lilith's voice carried a hint of disdain. She believed that Dyon could only storm through bravely because he had nothing to fear to begin with. It was Sokzac who knew he would lose but still fought anyway that displayed true courage.

Although she didn't quite understand it, after she was injured by Dyon and entered her most feeble state, her heart had opened slightly. It wasn't to the point where she was madly in love with Sokzac, but it was at least enough for her to defend him from outsiders making fun of him.

Lilith didn't seem effected by Dyon's otherworldly handsomeness or his bare torso. Even when his smile made Asyna's heart palpitate while she stood behind the ice-cold beauty, it didn't move her in the slightest.

She just continued to stand in the air, her long white gown and hair looking completely untouchable. If it wasn't for the slight paleness of her face, one wouldn't think she was injured at all.

Dyon silently looked into Lilith's black eyes. He didn't bother to explain that his cultivation had been sealed, so he actually did display quite a bit of courage. It didn't matter to him. After all, this was a

woman he wouldn't hesitate to kill if she dared to aim her ire toward him again. The only reason he was letting them go was because of Evangeline despite what he said to Sokzac.

#### Chapter 1065: Grandness

"Take it however you will." Dyon shrugged. He was genuinely complimenting Sokzac, but it seemed that his fiancée didn't want it. "Are you going to keep your word and hand over the key? Or am I going to have to forcibly take it?"

Dyon would be lying if he said his heart didn't itch when he saw this ragtag bunch of kids. Other than Lilith who was 20 and Sokzac who was 23, most others aside from Asyna were 16 years old or younger. He knew that they were relying heavily of Lilith being the key wielder to forge a path to their future, but Dyon also knew he couldn't be soft hearted here.

RolRol bit her small lips, wanting to say something, but knowing that it was useless. What a joke. They had tried to kill him just a few months earlier simply because they thought his name was Jafari, but now they wanted to ask for leniency? Even the broadest minded and soft-hearted person wouldn't allow such nonsense.

"Stop bullying our big sister!" Two little boys that couldn't have been more than 13 years old grasps at their elder sister's long dress, half hiding behind her, while also raining down adorable curses at Dyon.

However, considering the two of them were standing in the air, the mouths of the surrounding celestials couldn't help but twitch. 13-year-old essence gatherers? Since when had cultivation become so cheap?

"Hush." Lilith lightly pushed them back, her expression never flickering. "If you want to take my key without a fight, I have two conditions. The first is that me and my people will continue to be under the 98th quadrant banner. Secondly, I want you to heal my soul.

"If you can't agree to these two conditions, then we will fight it out right here and right now."

Dyon was silent for a long time. Even Sokzac who had been struggling to stand in the distance had made his way back to stand beside Lilith before he responded.

"I won't agree to the first condition." Dyon suddenly spoke, causing Lilith's frown to deepen. "It's not a matter of you, but rather the people behind you."

Dyon's gaze shifted to Asyna before going back to Lilith. "The people you call elder are untrustworthy individuals. Not only that, but they're scheming and disgusting. I won't allow that sort of cancer to fester here. I'm sure that there are many sects that would take in a talent of your level, you do not need this quadrant."

Asyna's fists tightened as she stared at Dyon resentfully. "My people did nothing wrong!"

"You have your story, and I have mine." Dyon said coolly. "However, I can help you with your second condition. That said, you have no right to question the method I use."

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Three days later, many of the matters had been settled. Dyon had seen to the signing of the contracts personally, deciding on the much more stringent soul contract now that he once more had access to his soul.

When the celestials saw Dyon continuously biting off pieces of his soul to sign hundreds of contracts, they couldn't help but pale in fright. How formidable did one have to be to sign so many soul contracts continuously?

In the end, their fear toward Dyon only deepened, causing them to run back to their quadrants at the fastest speed possible.

As for Violet, Dyon returned her to the former Master, Marco. Dyon coldly placed a seal on her womb, even more vicious than the one he placed on Ulu. Except, this time, he had no intention of ever removing. He couldn't see himself ever forgiving Violet.

After knowing what Dyon did to his daughter, Marco seemingly aged hundreds of years in an instant. But, there was nothing he could do. Dyon was far more powerful than he was, and his daughter was in fact in the wrong. He could only swallow the insult and avoid Dyon's gaze.

Aldo, who was still heavily injured, seemed to have his arm permanently crippled. With only his bone remaining on his right arm, there was little hope to heal it, especially considering he had already broken into the celestial realm.

Although Dyon had the means to heal him, he did no such thing. Even if he knew Aldo's story, he wouldn't have any remorse about the matter. The same way he didn't forgive the Holy Princess. If someone tried to kill him, he wouldn't let it slide so easily.

Then there were the matters of Soul Market. With everything concluded, Dyon directly killed all those involved. He was forced to let those participating quadrants go, but he wouldn't let the others go.

Of course, some people might remember Dima, who was left in Dyon's cage. In order to not be discovered earlier than necessary, the twins kept his cage off to the side, stating that it was Dyon within it and he had to be specially handled. This allowed their plans to fly under the radar until it was complete.

When Dyon returned to Soul Market, he actually found the twins hiding away because some of the elders had been told to retrieve them. Luckily Dyon arrived in time to save them.

Due to his soul being unlocked, their bewitching effect had no impact on him any longer. Although he didn't show it, he could very clearly see their skin disorder spreading.

When Dyon swept his divine sense over them, his heart couldn't help but tremble. It was only then that he realized that not only was their skin rotting, but an entire half of their bodies!

Dyon couldn't comprehend how they were still alive. An entire half of their hearts was infested with rotted black flesh, oozing with puss and riddled with open wounds. It was as though they were two living zombies.

In the end, Dyon could only sigh. Not only did he have no idea what was wrong with them, his master had no idea either. It was such a shame to see two girls who should have been two beauties ruined like this.

By Dyon's estimation, they would barely live ten more years considering the erosion rate of their life force. He could only help them live out the rest of their time in relative comfort. Although he didn't have much of an emotional connection with these two girls, he still felt that it was too much of a pity. After all, they were only 19 years old.

The only thing Dyon could do for them was place an appearance changing array over their features. With his soul strength and array alchemy level, unless it was a dao formation expert, or a celestial with high attainments in array alchemy, they wouldn't be able to see through their disguise.

After looking at themselves in the mirror, the two sisters burst into tears, shivering in each other's arms.

"I can't do much for the two of you," Dyon whispered. "But, you'll at least be free from now on."

"Big brother," Bella looked up at Dyon with her teary blue eyes, "We're not strong enough to do this on our own, so we can only ask you."

Seeing the two girls' biting their delicate lips, Dyon sent them a questioning gaze.

"Our entire lives... We've never left The Cathedral... Is it possible?... We were wondering if..."

Mia shook her head, stopping her little sister. Although they were twins, she had always been the more mature of the two. For a hero like Dyon to drag around two weak essence gatherers... It was asking for too much.

Dyon's heart softened. He knew it was far too dangerous to take them with him, but how much of a hypocrite would he sound like if he used this as a reason? They were two little girls, walking toward the end of their lives far too early. What did they care about danger?

Dyon nodded. "I'll take you with me then." He smiled lightly, kneeling down to pat the two of them on the head. "I'll show you the grandness of the world!"

The two girls broke into another fit of tears, burying their small heads into Dyon's chest.

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Much later, Dyon sighed when he saw that the soul slaves still hadn't awoken. By his estimation, their bodies were too weak. Even after flushing the drugs that kept them sedated, their bodies were in shut-down mode.

Luckily, Dyon was slowly nourishing them. It wouldn't be more than another month or two before they woke up.

Since three days had passed, it was about time to open up the Mystical World. In actuality, Dyon could have done so already since he was new sect master, but he had to handle a few things first.

Now, all that was left to do was heal Lilith and see them off. Then, he'd be able to enter his master's homeland.

#### Chapter 1066: Rage

Late at night in the former Master's villa, Dyon sat meditating on a few things.

The once grandiose, palace-like mansion had become nothing more than a pile of rubble. But, Dyon managed to find a relatively intact few rooms where he and the twins were staying.

He was slightly disappointed that Little Rose and Evangeline were nowhere to be found, but he mostly expected as much. He had no idea when he'd see them again, but the tower spirit essentially implied that it would have to show Dyon what happened that day if he conquered more floors than Evangeline.

Logically speaking, that meant Dyon would be strong enough to know the secret as long as he conquered the third floor, or else Evangeline would have conquered more floors as a form of protection.

Considering Evangeline was a half-step transcendent, even if suppressed to only use her body, perhaps conquering seven or eight floors would have been possible for her. Yet, she didn't. The reason was obvious.



Just as Dyon was lost in thought, his divine sense caught wind of some movement.

"Come in." His voice travelled to the culprit.

There was a long pause, but eventually, the door creaked open to reveal a breathtaking white-haired beauty. Her cold expression didn't seem to dampen her beauty at all.

"Why did you have me come here?" She asked coldly.

"Didn't I say that you could question my methods?" Dyon responded indifferently.

"Are you not the peak comet level expert you claimed to be?" Lilith's frown deepened.

The only reason she asked this of Dyon was because he admitted that he was the masked man that had practically taken over the SNN in recent weeks. According to the released video, Dyon claimed to be a 6th stage comet level expert.

Dyon's lips curled into a disdainful smile. "Did I ever specify what secondary profession I had reached that level in? How are you so sure it's alchemy?"

Of course, Dyon understood Lilith's thought process. If she thought he could heal her because he was a 6th comet stage expert, then it must be because she assumed he could concoct a pill that could heal her.

"Don't insult my intelligence." Lilith's cold eyes flickered with a slight killing intent. She was a lady who was forced to come to the room of a man that wasn't her own fiancé in the dead of night. To say she was in a bad mood was an understatement. Even Sokzac didn't have this privilege, who did this Dyon think he was? In Lilith's opinion, if her soul was injured, she could defeat Dyon as easily as flipped over a hand.

After seeing his battle prowess, she was slightly impressed, but not so much so that she feared his abilities. She had already decided that the moment she was healed, she would enter a sect, challenge their key wielder, and become a True God. She really couldn't stand that arrogant smirk on Dyon's face.

It was as though as her affections for Sokzac grew, her hate for Dyon grew right along side it.

Unfortunately for Lilith who was used to men constantly seeking her affections, Dyon didn't care.

"For someone with such a powerful soul," Dyon started, "Your knowledge of secondary professions is poor. In order to heal a soul at the Lower Saint stage like yours, barely passable in talent, I might add, I can poof the ingredients into existence out of thin air. They cost several million saint stones at a minimum, to the point where some might only be capable of being purchased with celestial stones.

"So, even if you knew I was alchemist, it's quite silly of you to come here so blindly. Do you really believe that your cooperation is worth so much? Do you really believe that I'd rather pay that price than just acting to forcibly take it from you?"

Lilith's eyes grew colder. "I know that you're an alchemist because no disciple of the 25th White Mother would separate alchemy and formation theory. The reason you didn't bother to specify your secondary occupation is because you meant array alchemy as a whole. The reason you keep all of this a secret is because you understand that there's a taboo on array alchemy within your 100 quadrants.

"As for the matter of ingredients, I'm aware. However, as a person who isn't an alchemist myself, how can I know of what ingredients I need unless I meet with you? You should stop trying to prove that you're superior to me in intelligence and just state what it is you need me to collect so that I can be on my way."

Dyon didn't have much of a reaction to Lilith's words, but he did confirm something very important. Being affiliated with his master was a very clear line to others. Being her disciple meant that you didn't conform to the current social norms which would also make him a target.

This made Dyon feel even better about the fact he signed all of those contracts. The fact he was his master's disciple couldn't be leaked, not now. He was still too weak and his home quadrant was still too vulnerable.

This told him something else as well. It seemed that quadrants outside of their 100 quadrant structure didn't care much for this taboo. In fact, from Lilith's expression when speaking of array alchemy, it was

clear that she thought highly of it. If she didn't, why would she ask for a follower of its doctrines to help heal such an important part of her?

Maybe there were other array alchemists in existence... Maybe it was just that they were here.

"Interesting." Dyon chuckled. "Well, I won't be needing those ingredients. You can start by taking off your clothes."

"What did you say?" Lilith's whole being froze over.

"Did I stutter? Were my words unclear? Take your clothes off." Dyon's indifferent expression became cold. He had already lost count of how many times this girl had aimed her killing intent at him. If it wasn't for Evangeline, he would have directly killed her.

Lilith's expression became colder. "There'll come a day where I'll kill you."

Her body turned swiftly to leave. She wouldn't be disrespected like this.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a golden light, causing a brilliant defensive array to appear, blocking the entrance. Of course, the full power of a peak saint could destroy it after a bit of effort, but what else could be expected from an array he created on a whim?

Lilith's small frame trembled with rage.

In an instant, a sword of pure white appeared in her delicate hand. It was a forged katana of more than seven feet long.

It looked as though it was carved from the purest ice, yet it didn't radiate a cold aura. Instead, it was nothing short of holy, as though a goddess had descended from the skies.

Not only was it longer than the Dragon King's original form, it was its direct opposite in color.

Dyon immediately sensed danger.

He leaped backward, slamming through an already cracked wall to appear outside.

Dyon's eyes contracted as a blinding ray of sword qi decimated everything in its path. '7th stage intent!'

It was already impressive enough that Sokzac had mastered a 4th stage intent while being weighed down by devil qi. If that was impressive, then what the hell was this? Even with her comprehension hampered, she was already a match for the best geniuses their hundred quadrants had to offer?!

However, Dyon wasn't impressed. Instead, he was pissed off. This little girl had to be taught a lesson.

'Trying to use wills while your soul is injured, you clearly have a death wish.'

Dyon was free falling down the side of the mountain, completely unworried about the commotion this battle would cause. After all, the Master's Peak was completely isolated from the outside world. With a thought, its built-in concealment array was activated through the Master Symbol.

The sword qi followed Dyon's falling body in hot pursuit, unrelenting and unyielding.

Dyon could feel the path Lilith had chosen and his eyes couldn't help but contract further. If there was a path that could match the sovereign path, it was definitely this one. 'The immortal path.'

Relentless, unending, without fatigue. To disdain the world, but to also grasp it in your hands.

Dyon's finger drew a small circle in the air, forming an array that he then crushed. In an instant, he disappeared.

At the top of the peak, Lilith stood in the air, seething with rage. However, in the next moment, she began to violently cough up blood.

## Chapter 1067: Fine

The soul was the connection between a mortal and the heavens, it was through it that one was able to learn, comprehend and use wills. For someone with a damaged soul to forcibly use their will to its utmost was suicide.

It was for this reason that Dyon's aurora steps were so potent. It was impossible to use wills under its influence due to the direct pressure on your soul.

Obviously, Lilith wasn't in good condition to be using her wills freely, or else she would have fought it out with Dyon a long time ago. A martial warrior without their wills, in some cases, would lose more than 50% of their strength.

Although she knew that that attack wasn't enough to kill Dyon, she hoped that it was at least enough to heavily injure him and level the playing field. She no longer cared about healing her soul, she just wanted to kill him!

However, before she could steady her state and prepare for Dyon's attack, a strong hand gripped her throat, shutting off her air way.

Because Lilith's intent had broken into the 7th stage, it had the properties of a celestial which included the ability to lock down space. Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible for Dyon to create a teleportation formation on a whim capable of escaping that situation. He would need at least a few hours to create a viable array, something that was obviously impossible in the middle of a battle.

This was exactly why Lilith hadn't accounted for Dyon suddenly appearing before her. She was certain that he would have to take the attack head-on.

Unfortunately for her, she miscalculated. Because her soul was injured, how could her will have the same strength it usually did? Although her comprehension was still at the 7th intent level, it didn't have the power backing it to match, leading to her being forced into this situation.

Dyon coldly looked into Lilith's eyes, but her gaze didn't lose out in any way. Despite having her neck grasped and her life and death in the hands of another, there was no fear in her eyes, nor was there any unwillingness, instead, there was only anger, rage and killing intent.

Without even another thought, Lilith attempted something that shocked Dyon. Before either of them spoke a word, before Dyon could even make an attempt to move, Lilith's jaw opened wide, her pearly white teeth flashing as she bit down as hard as she could.

It only took a moment for Dyon to process what was happening. She was actually trying to kill herself!

Dyon watched on coldly. For a moment, he had every intention of letting her kill herself. It would save him a lot of trouble, plus he would be able to directly take the key afterward. As for Sokzac's rage? He didn't care. If Lilith died, he would just kill him too to save future troubles.

However, that was when Dyon thought of something else. Would a genius of Lilith's level really be sent into such a dangerous environment without a lifesaving treasure? Even if she killed herself, in all likelihood she would find a way to spit on Dyon from the grave.

If Dyon allowed this to happen, he could end up with yet another enemy he wasn't prepared to deal with. For all Dyon knew, this was the reason Evangeline didn't want him to kill them in the first place.

Dyon's eyes flashed with a cold light. With his soul unlocked, his speed of thought had reached yet another inconceivable level, by the time he thought everything through, Lilith was still biting down.

The hand Dyon clasped onto Lilith's next flashed with two rays of light, causing an gusher of blood to erupt.

Lilith's jaw went slack, but the coldness in her eyes only grew fiercer as she stared at Dyon.

"If I don't want you to do, you won't die. Your life isn't yours right now." Dyon looked at Lilith with a piercing gaze.

It had been all too simple to stop her suicide attempt. Cutting the tendons that controlled her jaw was as easy as flipping over a hand, especially since he had his hand on her neck.

Truth be told, he was trying his hardest not to laugh. If you've ever seen someone try to keep a stern expression while having a slack jaw, you'd understand. Lilith's lofty aura was cut in half by her dropping jaw.

However, Dyon was too pissed off to laugh.

"Do you believe that you're so beautiful that I should only be chasing after your skirt? If I wanted women even more beautiful than you, it would be as simple as stepping into the tower and spending the night with any one of my wives. You think your naked body is so important to me?"

Despite Lilith's feelings on the matter, she couldn't help but seethe with rage at Dyon's words. She could very clearly remember his gaze when he first saw her. Although there wasn't any lust, his eyes definitely brightened. Who was he trying to fool?

But, when she saw the seriousness in Dyon's eyes, her rage turned to shame. When had she ever been treated like this in her life? It definitely wasn't helping that she couldn't stop the drool from seeping out of her mouth.

"Now, let me explain to you why you have no choice." Dyon's expression remained indifferent. "For one, I don't have the time to sit around and wait for you to collect the necessary ingredients. In case you didn't realize, not everyone in this world is here to wait on you. I have things to do.

"Secondly, who else do you think will heal you? Since you don't understand the world of alchemy, I'll break it down for you.

"Healing pills can both be generic and tailor-made. When dealing with something as sensitive as the soul, the pill formula must be adjusted to suit the person. If you want to use a generic pill, feel free, just know that your soul will always have lingering injuries and impurities that will only increase over time. For a supposed genius like you, such a blow would be devastating.

"That leaves you with one option: to seek a professional to make a soul healing pill perfectly suited to you and your condition.

"Not only will this need an even more intrusive examination than what I have in mind, it will expose things I'm sure you want to keep secret."

Lilith's face slightly paled at these words, but Dyon continued unperturbed.

"Let's say, for the sake of the debate, you choose a professional who happens to be female. In that case, you wouldn't care even if the examination was many times more demanding. However, I wonder what you'd do once that professional recognizes that you have devil qi within you.

"You and your siblings can survive here because you're still relatively weak and can't be detected from a distance. But, do you believe you'd be afforded that same privilege when being thoroughly examined?"

Dyon shook his head. "Then what option would you have? I assume then you would have no choice but to use a soul from Soul Market to heal yourself, no?

"If you were willing to do so, you would have a long time ago. And, if you happened to have a change of heart." Dyon's grip tightened on the white-haired beauty's slender neck. "I'll chase you down to the ends of the cosmos. I promise you that."

Lilith remained silent for a long time. The war going on in her mind very clear in her dark, black eyes.

Her grip on her sword tightened, but the more she thought about it, the more right she knew Dyon was.

Dyon took out a pill. Since Lilith was still a saint, her body didn't require the best pill he had to heal. After crushing it and sprinkling it down her throat, her jaw finally set again, allowing her to speak.

Gritting her teeth, Lilith finally spoke. "Fine."



Just a few hours later, Lilith left the Master's Peak completely expressionless. Except for the cold glint in her dark eyes, it was impossible to tell anything else about her emotions.

As for Dyon, he didn't see her off. The only reason he forced Lilith to take her clothes off to begin with was to ensure that her mind was too distracted to think about the details of what was happening.

#### Chapter 1068: To You All

After all, he didn't want the secret of the Soul Tome to leak and fall into the hands of others.

Still, his Demon Sage's blood couldn't help but roar in agitation, causing the only sound in the room between them to be the fierce thrumming of his heart. It was even worse now that his yang qi had increased to inconceivable levels.

The experience of wanting to hate and ignore a beauty, but being completely unable to do so made Dyon even more determined to visit the Crystal Dragon Clan.

In the end, Dyon forcefully suppressed his desires and coldly sent Lilith on her way. In return, he received the key and an answer to a question.

By his estimation, Lilith's soul was of the Lower Saint stage. Not only that, she also had a Peak Foundation stage innate soul, only a single step below Clara.

Considering Lower Blossom stage innate souls were only an anomaly afforded to those with innate auroras, something exceedingly rare except for within the Soul Rend Quadrant, Lilith represented the peak of what a "normal" individual could achieve in terms of soul talent.

Of course, Clara also had an innate aurora, so her peak Foundation stage innate soul also improved to the Blossom stage after her manifestation was awakened, just like all other innate aurora wielders. It was only Dyon who innately had a Lower Blossom stage innate soul that then improved to the Peak Blossom stage after his manifestation was awakened.

This was all to say that Lilith's soul was very talented, yet, it was of the Lower Saint stage while Asyna's was already at the Higher Saint. Plus, Asyna was almost two years younger than Lilith! It didn't make much sense...

Because of his curiosity, Dyon decided to directly ask Lilith about this, using the excuse that she had given her more trouble than the key was worth.

Maybe it was because she was stimulated by Dyon assuming Asyna was more talented than she was, or maybe she was still angered with Dyon to the point where she wanted to talk down to him, Lilith spoke more than Dyon expected her to.

It seemed that just like her energy cultivation, Lilith was purposely not breaking through.

However, that didn't explain why Asyna's cultivation was so high. So, Lilith continued to explain that the Mathilde family had its own special means of increasing soul cultivation, including their own personal collection of ancient trees.

Although Dyon wanted to ask more about the Mathilde family, it became very clear very quickly that Lilith had noticed the oddity in her behavior and thus decided to not speak anymore.

For obvious reasons, Dyon didn't have any good feelings toward the Mathilde family. He thought that their survival was too... suspicious. For a person to give up their life to foretell of the apocalypse of the elves, only for an entire family to not only survive, but be flourishing?... It was too inconceivable.

'I'll be paying a visit to the devil quadrants one way or another. Whether it be for Soul Market or my Ri's ancestors, they'll pay a price. It's the least I owe them for robbing their tombs.'

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By the next morning, as Dyon expected, the scars from his battle with Lilith had disappeared. Although the buildings weren't privy to the same healing factor as the earth and plant life, that was only to be expected.

Over the past four days, the signs of the battle between Dyon and Sokzac had almost disappeared completely. If it wasn't for the fact many buildings were still ravaged and destroyed, it would seem as though nothing had happened.

As Dyon expected, the devil cultivators had disappeared under the cover of night. He didn't know where they went, but he also didn't care. If they were smart, they wouldn't continue to make an enemy of him.

There were plenty of sects in the cosmos that didn't care about your origin and only chose disciples based on talent. Although they'd have to hide their identities as devil cultivators, still, it wouldn't matter too much to them. After all, they only needed the status of a sect in order to undergo their trials and eventually attend the auction that would be held in a decade or so.

In fact, if Lilith managed to become a key wielder elsewhere, it wouldn't matter if she was exposed. After all, there were many other weak quadrants they could take advantage of.

For now, Dyon pushed that to the back of his mind. The task at hand now was to reform Universe Cathedral as a whole.

There were only six inhabited planets, each controlled by their respective peaks. So, Dyon didn't believe the task would be so difficult.

He had sent an order just a few days prior to call for not just representatives, but every living member of each sect to journey to Planet Cathedral for this day.

As for how they'd react to his new rules? He didn't care. They only had one option, and that was to obey. Unless that rumored dao formation expert truly existed, Dyon was certain that there was no one in this universe that could threaten him.

At that moment, Dyon stood in the skies, waiting patiently as the core elders below organized the peaks within the very same coliseum that assessments were held in. Soon, he would speak.

...

A few hours later, Dyon opened his eyes to see the stadium completely filled. Although this wasn't the perfect environment for such a thing, he had no other choice.

There weren't any "commoners" here. Those below were all affiliated with the sects, whether they be disciples, legatees or elders. Even the former Master and Violet were below. They'd very much like it if they weren't, but they also knew that they didn't have much of a choice.

In addition, the prominent families had also made an appearance, including the Caedes and up and coming families.

Dyon took a deep breath as his eyes flashed gold.

A brilliant array began to maneuver in the skies, covering the more than half a mile radius the coliseum covered.

To create an array on this scale, even Dyon needed to strain. But, he pushed through.

Those below couldn't help but be mesmerized. Despite it taking almost an hour to complete, they weren't bored in the least.

After Dyon finally finished, the arena was overwhelmed by a deathly silence as he adjusted himself, causing everyone to wait in anticipation once again.

It could be said that those who were the most confused were those of Unseen Peak who knew exactly who Dyon was. However, they could only wait along with everyone else.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Dyon once more opened his eyes.

The crowd below held their breath. Somehow, when they looked at this young man, they felt an overwhelming pressure they couldn't describe.

"To you all, my name is Dyon Jafari." Dyon began. "And that is how it will continue to be. Whenever any of you refers to me to someone outside of this meeting, I'll be noted as being a member of the Jafari family.

"A young man whose mother was a commoner of the 74th quadrant and whose father was the former head of the Jafari family. A young man whose elder brother is Zabia Jafari and whose sister in law is Ulu Jafari."

Dyon's words set the crowd abuzz, especially those who were there when he revealed himself to be Dyon Sacharro.

"However, you will all know in your hearts that my true name is Dyon Sacharro. Direct and only disciple of the 25th White Mother. Legatee of the Celestial Deer Sect. Ruler of Soul Rend Quadrant."

BOOM!

Those who hadn't witnessed Dyon and Sokzac's fight suddenly felt shock overwhelm them. In fact, no one took this news harder than the current Legatee of Unseen Peak, Marquis Nikolaos. Just a few months prior he believed himself to be far above Dyon, even believing that he could court Violet. Yet, now he realized just how large the difference between the two of them were.

Another endlessly shocked individual was the "doorman" of Unseen Peak, the old man Dyon had befriended before the assessments began.

It surprised Dyon to realize that he was actually a celestial as well who wasn't too far less talented than Violet's Father. Of course, now that Dyon's soul was unsealed, there was little that could be hidden from him.

## Chapter 1069: Of the Soul

"The first thing I'll tell you all is that The Cathedral is no more. Their members have been slaughtered and their rules have been abolished. Anyone found practicing their teachings will be killed without question."

Dyon didn't want anyone to find out that Soul Rend Quadrant was undergoing reform, or else their enemies might once more train their eyes here.

After Dyon's soul was unsealed, he was able to feel the sheer amount of soul energy filling this quadrant, so he immediately understood many things.

The soul talents of this quadrant were on a completely other level. If it had been allowed to continue existing, it would have been impossible to continue enforcing the separation of alchemy and formation theory. As such, it was destroyed.

Dyon couldn't just build it up again, or else he would just be asking for it to collapse once more.

So, knowing this, why would Dyon place a ban on continuing to practice the rules of The Cathedral? Wouldn't it make more sense to do the opposite?

No.

The reason was simple. The only people practicing under the rules of The Cathedral to begin with were the rich nobles. Only they had the means to cripple their newborn's souls before The Cathedral could take them away.

As for the poor? They could only pray that their children didn't cause any auspicious signs and hope that in the future, should they try to enter Soul Rending Peak, that they wouldn't be exposed for having good soul talent.

This meant that without The Cathedral, those kids would never get taken away, so other than talented children being able to remain with their families, nothing would change.

Instead of being stolen from their families, Dyon would use the monitoring abilities The Cathedral left behind to find and nurture these children. In as little as a thousand years, Dyon was confident that he could raise the level of this universe to compete with any of the bottom 50 quadrants. As long as they listened to his arrangements.

"From this moment forward, the most important path of Soul Rend Quadrant will once more be the soul. Under my leadership, the pitiful 98th rank will be washed away completely in time. However, for now, we must lay a foundation. Listen well. This will be the plan for the future."

Dyon proceeded to lay down various rules. Of course, nothing he said deviated too far from the original rules of the peaks, or else the advantage of suppression would disappear.

Luckily, after taking over the sect master role, the suppression Dyon felt dropped down to 0% instantly. Now he was certain that no one could match him.

Here, even if a high-level celestial came, as long as they weren't of the first grade, he had confidence in winning a long, drawn out battle.

That aside, Dyon also managed to learn how Soul Market managed to break such an important rule like the use of the Mystic Level technique without losing the protection of their ancestor's faith.

It turned out that the layout of the peaks being completely identical wasn't a coincidence. The five sub-peaks were originally sub-sects of Soul Rending Peak.

The "white mother" became the secret master of Slaughter Peak. Taking advantage of this, she then broke the rules, which shifted all of the faith of Slaughter Peak to the other peaks and left it unprotected.

Since it was Slaughter Peak that broke the rule, Soul Rending Peak didn't face the consequences, leaving them an extra layer of protection against the quadrants they were in bed with.

Dyon could only shake his head. This supposed nun was too snake-like and crafty.

It didn't matter too much in the end. As long as Dyon once more conquered 25 universes like the former Soul Rending Peak had, he'd be able to completely ignore the previous rules, restore Slaughter Peak and set forth with the rest of his conquests confidently.

"Donari, come here." Dyon suddenly said.

Under the eyes of everyone, a confused Donari left his father's side to rise into the air.

Dyon wasn't stupid. He didn't believe that thousands of years of conditioning could be erased simply by his speech. Although power could force people into listening, this wasn't the kind of kingdom he wanted to rule.

For this sort of matter, the best proof was what was right in front of you.

"Tell me Donari, what is your constitution?" Dyon asked when Donari had reached him.

After a moment of being stunned, Donari started to speak. "I have the Earth ranked constitution, Assassin's Symphony. The lowest of the three variations of the constitution."

"And what does that allow you to do?"

"It allows me to give my killing intent form. Not only does this make my attacks more potent, it also allows me to do something few other constitutions or techniques could accomplish, and that is to directly harm another's soul."

"What is the hidden secret of your constitution?"

Donari blinked in confusion before he understood. "Because there are higher forms of my constitution, it's possible for me to improve to a heaven or even god level constitution should I refine my killing intent enough."

"You're almost 200 years old now, why haven't you made any progress?" Dyon spoke without emotion, but his words caused an anger to rise out of Donari.

"How the hell am I supposed to do that?! My soul was crippled at birth. On my first trip to the tower, I found out that constitutions are anchored in all three martial paths. If I'm a cripple in one of them, how am I supposed to have any chance of improving?!"



"Don't think that just because you have a lofty identity that I don't dare to fight you!"

A murderous aura erupted from Donari. It was as though he really would attack Dyon at any time.

In response, Dyon's palm slammed forward.

An oppressive aura far beyond what Donari could handle overwhelmed him, causing the Caedes family heir to pale in fright.

The Caedes family head trembled. But, Donari's mother who had been forced to come due to Dyon's orders took it the hardest, crying out and bursting into tears for her son.

She was a dainty and pale woman. She had already considerably aged and could only be considered a middle-aged woman now, but by the outline of her features, it was fairly clear that she was a world toppling beauty in her youth.

However, it was clear that she was a mere foundation stage expert. Luckily, entering the foundation stage allowed you a hundred years of life per stage you climbed, so she was very much still alive.

However, there was nothing they could do. Dyon was simply too powerful.

In the next moment, Dyon's palm reached Donari's chest before he could even react.

A radiant light blinded the world, covering Donari's trembling body.

Just when everyone expected a rain of blood, nothing of the sort happened. Instead, they watched on in shock as Donari's dark magenta hair whipped around violently in the wind.

Upon closer inspection, they noticed that Dyon's palm hadn't even touched Donari's chest. There were a clear three to four inches separating the two.

Those experts in the crowd could immediately tell that Donari's aura was climbing, causing a blanket of killing intent that made them tremble to erupt.

Donari's red eyes glowed even more fiercely as the air around him seemed to sing, an ominous accompaniment playing in their hearts.

At that moment, a bloody light filled the skies.

At first, it was nothing more than a wrecked and deformed light. If it wasn't so intangible, it could have been mistaken for a desecrated corpse.

However, as time passed, the bloody light started to slowly pulse to life, mending its wounds.

Those in the crowd below were absolutely shocked. They were caught between trembling in fear, bowing down in respect, and vomiting in disgust... This was because the bloody light was slowly forging itself into a beating human heart!

It wasn't until Dyon removed his hand from Donari's chest that the experts finally understood what they were seeing.

A manifestation of the soul!

Of all who were there, Donari was the most shocked. He could clearly feel something that had once been broken, slowly mending itself and becoming whole once more.

His soul, that had been at the Lower Foundation innate stage level suddenly trembled as though it was rising from a deep sleep.

Chapter 1070: Interrogation

Normally, a manifestation needed to be awakened using the specified technique. However, when Dyon first saw the technique's booklet, he was shocked when he saw that it was written by an RR Sapiaientia.

Why? Obviously because manifestations existed for as long as time became an entrenched concept. Wasn't it impossible for the Sapiaientia family to have existed since the dawn of time? So how could a member of their family be the originator of the technique?

The answer was obvious, there were an innumerable number of methods for awakening one's manifestation and that particular book was only a single method.

It seemed that the Soul Tome cleansing effect also had a secondary side-effect. By cleansing the soul, it also became clearer to its owner, thus making communicating with one's manifestation far easier. In fact, it became so easy that Donari awakened it instinctually.

One had to remember that often times, the more powerful a manifestation was, the longer it took to awaken. At the same time, the more talented you were in the soul path, the shorter that awakening time was.

It was an odd push and pull the universe put in place that resulted in a myriad of different results.

For example, Ri's father took centuries to awaken his manifestation, proving how powerful it was. But, it wasn't as though he was untalented, or else he wouldn't be so powerful.

At the same time, Dyon's manifestation could be said to be the strongest in existence. The cumulated talent of billions also meant the manifestation of millions. This was why his weapon's pagoda could produce any weapon in existence. Yet, Dyon only had to meditate for a moment to awaken his manifestation and cause an uproar in the Elvin Kingdom.

In this case, Dyon's talent was so overwhelming that it completely disregarded the power of his manifestation.

However, not everyone was like Dyon. For example, those Lower Blossom innate stage soul talents only numbered a few thousand out of the tens of millions of soul slaves there were.

Of course, every one of them had awakened their manifestation, but it took them hundreds of years, just like Ri's father.

As Dyon knew, only those with innate auras who also awakened their manifestations could enter the 3rd tier of soul talent. Could it be that the number of innate aura wielders was a mere few thousand out of all of those talents? Dyon didn't believe it.

If he used the Soul Tome to cleanse the souls of those 2nd tier talents, he believed that he might find a few gems.

And, even in the case that he didn't, it was still drastically cut down the time it would take to awaken their manifestations.

Dyon realized a long time ago that the key to Soul cultivators gaining the ability to match their battle power to the soul strength were their manifestations. As long as they could tease out the secrets of their manifestations, Dyon didn't believe that those of the soul path would be so easy to bully.

The trouble was that a manifestation was like an un-travelled trail... Unique manifestations had no user's manual, often leading to them being a path left untravelled. This was why Dyon's dual manifestation was looked down upon at the beginning because one manifestation was trouble enough.

However, the soul tome might be the key to solving this issue. If they could increase their connection with their manifestations, it would be easier to learn its secrets!

As Dyon was basking in this pleasant surprise, Donari was laughing like a maniac, even to the point where he started executing fighting arts in the sky, punching and kicking the air as though he had lost his mind.

But, the more Dyon observed Donari's moves, the less laughter was left in his eyes. Instead, they began to shine with an odd light as he stealthily covered Donari in his divine sense.

The more time passed, the more shocked Dyon became.

BOOM!

Donari's laughter grew as he roared into the skies. "11th Essence Gathering Stage! And here I thought I would have to directly break into sainthood from here! Dyon! Thank you!"

Dyon smiled. But, inwardly, he was shocked by what he noticed.

Donari's manifestation was a beating heart, it seemed very odd at first, but after seeing its use, even Dyon was a little jealous.

The faster Donari forced his heart to beat, the clearer the world around him became. His increased blood flow not only acted as a buff to his power, but also as a catalyst for processing energy, which was the true underlying secret of his manifestation.

Essentially, his body's capacity for energy increased, as did his ability to easily convert and accept that energy into his meridians. Plus, there was also the clear boost to his murderous intent.

To have a manifestation that could not only increase your prowess in battle, but also increase your cultivation speed, what more could a martial warrior ask for?

This didn't even mention the fact that Donari could now fully utilize his constitution. Despite already being 87 years old, Donari's future had drastically brightened. It was almost guaranteed that he'd reach the legendary 12th essence gathering stage, and after that? The sky was the limit!

Those below weren't stupid. Even if they couldn't see the intricate secrets of Donari's manifestation like Dyon could, even a toddler could connect his soul healing to his increase in cultivation. The results were even better than what Dyon had anticipated.

One had to remember that the stigma on the soul path didn't begin with Soul Market, it was just that The Cathedral took advantage of the stigma to make money.

Originally, the Soul Rend Quadrant fell from glory because of a war between the Energy Path and the Soul Path. If Dyon's guess was correct, the remnants of the that Energy Path were likely the rulers of the

remaining 99 universes. They likely hadn't dared to make a final move on Universe Cathedral because of all the final life saving measures Soul Rending Peak had.

What did this all mean? It meant that the stigma against the soul path had been festering for thousands of years, not just a few hundred. Even the current head of the Caedes family was born into this time. It was all he had known since his youth.

Except for the Jafari family who managed to ignore these conventions, it was something everyone else followed very closely. In the end, it was the only way to protect themselves.

In order to dig this tumor out, they needed tangible examples. Dyon was already one because everyone was clear on how powerful his soul was. After all, the goal of him spending almost an hour spreading a concealment array wasn't just to conceal, it was also as a showing of power.

Now, Donari could act as a second example.

"Alright, alright." Dyon waved his hand. "Go back down now."

Donari laughed uproariously, giving Dyon a massive bear hug before going down to comfort his mother.

A weird light flashed in Dyon's eyes when he saw Donari's mother. Even he couldn't put his finger on exactly what had triggered his weird reaction, but in the end, he let it be.

"Elder Nova, Elder Ricci, do you two mind coming up here?"

Elder Nova wasn't too surprised by Dyon calling on him, after all, he was an elder who had a good relationship with Dyon. But Elder Ricci? Who was that?

Many were confused until they saw a pale faced middle aged man stand. It was actually Violet's father!

No one knew this former Master's name because he hid it well. Not wanting his enemies of the 74th quadrant to know where he was, he abandoned his real name, Marco Ricci, to simply go by "Master".

Seeing the two men, one quite old and the other middle aged, hover in front of him, Dyon's expression once more became serious.

"Currently," Dyon began, "Aside from myself, the two of you are the strongest experts of this universe. However, it's because of this that I'm skeptical."

Dyon's gaze swept over the two men.

Others below were shocked. Wasn't Dyon good friends with the old man from Unseen Peak? Why did it seem like he was interrogating him now?

However, Dyon's expression remained staunch. "The two of you are too powerful to have grown up here. So you tell me, how did you become so powerful?"

Elder Ricci and Nova looked at each other before looking back toward Dyon. It was indeed odd that they were so powerful.