

The Nameless 891

Chapter 891: Flawed

Clara and Madeleine frowned while Ri rolled over from her nap. They had, of course, all heard of the Crystal Dragons before. While they could easily accept Dyon going to a mere 98th ranked quadrant alone, the Drago-Qilin quadrant was a completely different animal!

On top of it all, Dyon had the aura of the Dragon King on him. He would immediately become public enemy number one. In addition, because the Dragon King was seen as a member of the older generation, the moment Dyon was exposed as having relations to him, the Dragon wouldn't be restricted to attacking with members of the younger generation anymore. At that point, Dyon would be in true danger!

Of course, Dyon knew all of this. However, he wasn't worried about the Dragon King's aura leaking because of his mask. As long as he didn't actually use the Dragon King in battle, he would be fine.

"Don't worry," Dyon smiled, "My mask can avoid such base level detection. Also, even if something unexpected occurs, simply releasing my manifestation would be enough to prove my identity. If my manifestation is my own, and not the Dragon King's, then that would prove my body hadn't been taken over."

Of course, despite saying this, Dyon didn't mention whether or not he would wait until his soul unsealed to go. He simply glossed over it... He couldn't afford to allow this seal to slow down his plans. He was willing to slow down for his wives, but not such inconsequential things.

"That aside, there's a more important reason I want the Demon Generals to go instead." Dyon said with a grin.

Seeing Dyon's smile, Madeleine couldn't help but put down her worries and smile as well. With how intelligent Dyon's wives were, how could they not tell that he was trying to pull the wool over their eyes? However, they all recognized this smile, so they all knew the person it was directed toward would truly be played with to death.

"My wife's Flaming Lily Sect wants to make use of her to strong arm me into helping them. Of course, I don't mind. They've treated my little beauty well, so how could I not repay them?" Dyon pulled

Madeleine into his arms, watching with a blazing light in his eyes as her skin reddened under his gentle touch. She was truly too beautiful...

"However, the Flaming Lily Sect, and the entire Golden Flame Quadrant, needs to understand just what type of man I am. Not only am I capable, but the men under my command are as well.

"They need to understand that a mere 4th ranked quadrant disputing over a single gate isn't enough for me to take action personally." Dyon slowly removed the rest of Madeleine's clothing, getting lost in her outrageous curves... Her breasts had grown so large that even Dyon's large hands could no longer completely cover them.

Dyon didn't speak anymore, instead using his lips to seal the moan that escaped Madeleine's lips as he entered her. He had already forgotten whatever nonsense he was saying before. But, one thing was for certain: The name Dyon Sacharro would spread in the coming months for entirely new reasons.

The top nine quadrants had already begun making preparations. Because the tenth ranked Sapientia quadrant had a reserved spot, with Dyon's existence, one of them was doomed to fall to the 11th spot. Although the top three didn't care about such a thing, ranks four through nine were constantly fluctuating.

Although Dyon wouldn't be able to make drastic changes right now, because he was only at the saint floors, as he grew, he would raise to new floors, and thus begin to suppress the geniuses they held there as well...

When this happened, the Celestial Deer Quadrant would once again shoot up the rankings, resulting in their rewards plummeting.

There was no question, for quadrants four through nine, Dyon had become the number one enemy to crush. If they didn't eliminate him now, weren't they doomed to fall from the top ten rankings?

So, Dyon decided to make a statement. Since he was going to be their enemy anyway, it was best they understood right now that he didn't place them in his eyes at all. They would come to know that Dyon Sacharro feared no one.

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From the moment the celestial hamster twins disappeared, about 4 months passed. During that time, Dyon did nothing but spend time with his wives, eat and laugh.

Although Madeleine and Clara couldn't go out with Dyon and Ri, that didn't hamper the mood of the four of them. The only slightly sad times were when Madeleine and Clara had to make some appearances in order not to bring suspicion unto themselves. After all, if either of them simply disappeared, especially Clara, it would be too obvious to miss.

During this time, nothing too shocking occurred. But, they were still quite important.

Many articles concerning the Celestial Deer Quadrant and their meteoric rise to 51st place were written in this time, many of which circulated around just when the famous Dyon Sacharro would finally leave seclusion and reopen their long closed Corner for the world to see.

In truth, no one found it too odd that the Celestial Deer Corner's fog had yet to disappear. This was because as long as one didn't leave their tower and enter the inner world, the tower itself wouldn't consider that your trials had ended.

Many speculated that Dyon was still taking advantage of the tower resources in order to rapidly increase his strength before stepping out. This was because a Corner without proper protection would be slowly weeded away by surrounding Corners in order to steal benefits.

When Dyon's grand teacher explained that ranking decided the quality of a corner, he hadn't told the whole story. Ranking did, in fact, decide the quality of a corner, everything from density of energy, to protection from poisonous type qis, to even things such as better soil for growing spiritual plants. However, what was missed was that this also included a certain level of faith as well.

Within the tower, the prosperity of a Corner was contingent on not only its ranking, but the size of its land as well. Every floor of the Epistemic Tower was rife with competition. Everything from the constant rankings, to the tournaments, to the inter-corner wars, all revolved around this. As such, the fog barrier existed to stop corners from taking advantage of an absent key wielder.

Knowing this, everyone could understand Dyon's actions. There was a reason the tower floors began with saint floors and not essence floors, or meridian floors, or even foundation floors, this was because the cultivation rooms of the individual Epistemic Towers themselves made a need for those floors redundant.

The fact that Dyon hadn't exited his own tower yet meant one thing to the cosmos: He was far younger and weaker than they had first imagined. But... At the same time... His potential was only that much more frightening.

The optimal time to enter the trials, as anyone could tell you, was the moment you broke into sainthood. At that time, it would be the perfect combination of youth and power to epitomize your results within the tower.

This concept was similar to what is seen in weaker universe, where those without heavenly herbs or special constitutions must wait until they are 18 to cultivate. This provided the perfect mixture of meridian maturity, while also not leaping over the youthful cultivation window.

In this same way, the instant one breaks into sainthood is the optimal time to enter one's trials.

Why was this so? It was because the difficulty of the trials was based on age, not power.

The fact Dyon still saw it fit to remain within the tower, even after completing his God Trials, meant he hadn't even entered the trials at the optimal time... And yet he still performed like this!

It was no wonder why he placed 11th in the 4th trial, if he was as young as they all thought he was, that meant the clone had less techniques and wills of a high level to copy, which would also mean that his reflection of Dyon's abilities would be far more accurate, and thus make him even more difficult for Dyon to defeat!

When those of the cosmos thought to this point, they felt a bout of despair and cold sweat. Could there really be such a genius in existence? What would they do once he decides to show himself? Wouldn't their time at the top come crumbling down?

The quadrants ranked fourth through ninth felt even more pressure bearing down on them and they became even more determined to snuff out this genius before he could grow.

Of course, Dyon had already seen through this possibility and he was well prepared to be hunted. However, although Dyon was intelligent, he wasn't omnipotent, nor was he all powerful.

Before entering the trials, Dyon had no idea what they entailed, so it wasn't now that he came to understand just what the fourth trial represented and how it could be used to analyze a genius. As a result of this, a whole new set of problems arose due to Dyon's arrogance.

Originally, Dyon wanted to place as much pressure on himself as possible. So, he didn't ask about the trials, he wanted to be forced to adapt to whatever came...

However, because of this, the more intelligent individuals of the quadrants began to deduce the most likely location of the Celestial Deer Quadrant's Epistemic Tower...

Although their logic was flawed, it wasn't so far from the truth that they were completely off-base. Because of this, Dyon's home universe might soon be in danger...

Chapter 892: Doubt

It was only over the course of those few months that Dyon began to understand the potential problem.

As of now, no one was entirely certain of the location of the Epistemic Tower. For whatever reason, the Sapientia were pretending to not have knowledge of it, or, maybe more likely, they had lost communication with Dyon's universe long ago.

However, after knowing Dyon was likely very young and comparatively very weak, it became possible to deduce a few things.

For one, the Celestial Quadrant had not had a key wielder for a tens of thousands of years. They were, without a doubt, the Corner that had had its fog barrier up for the longest time.

What did this mean? It meant that for Dyon to be chosen as the key wielder, he would have had to fight for the opportunity.

There were two main branches of this so-called Celestial Deer Quadrant Theory (an article released and written by Aritzia Sapientia personally).

The first branch assumed that after the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, something every quadrant knew about, it took the time between the fog barrier going up, and Dyon entering his first trial, for a new peak-level clan to come into existence, and thrust their genius, ie Dyon, into the world of the tower.

The second branch assumed that after the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, the Epistemic Tower was completely forgotten. Over the course of years, one young genius, namely Dyon, finally cracked the secret of the tower and entered it.

The reason these two possible theories were deduced is obvious. After disappearing for so long from the main martial world, something must have been occurring in the celestial deer quadrant to keep them away. As such, there were only two possible explanations: Inner Strife or simply forgetting.

So, the question was, how did these thoughts lead to the narrowing down of where their Epistemic Tower might lie?

It was simple. If the second branch, and Aritzia's favored theory, was true, that meant that Dyon would have had to be fighting in a campaign. And, for him to have been fighting in a campaign, he would have had to be within a gate that matched with his power level. And for him to still be within the tower meant one thing: That gate had to be an essence gate!

If the first branch was true, although the deduction was more roundabout, it was still sound.

Every quadrant understood that even if you were the supreme clan or sect of your quadrant, you had to compromise and allow others to use the Epistemic Tower benefits. In addition, you also had to provide the opportunity for other clans to compete for the key wielder position.

If the first branch was true, that would mean the celestial deer quadrant wouldn't have forgotten about these traditions and unwritten rules, and it would also mean that Dyon would have to prove his worthiness.

In the end, no matter how much of a genius he was, being below sainthood cultivation would mean you were still far too weak to compete! The exceptions to this rule were very few in number, and although Dyon might be one, it was less likely.

Either way, it didn't matter. To Aritzia, she made it clear that her first branch theory was only a formality. In her belief, the second branch was far more likely.

The reason for this was also obvious.

War between universes, meaning intra-quadrant warfare, was very difficult UNLESS one uses the gates as a means of attack. However, the gates were closed off for 66% of the year, staying open for only about 3 to 4 months.

This all meant one thing: universes would only war with each other during those time periods.

If the celestial deer quadrant was only warring during those three to four months, what the hell were they doing for the remaining eight to nine? Even if you were enemies, wouldn't it be smarter to make use of the tower to increase your strength during those eight to nine months? Yet, they obviously hadn't because the fog barrier remained!

As a result, two branches eventually became a consensus single branch as everyone was convinced of Aritzia's theory: The celestial deer quadrant had lost their knowledge of the epistemic tower during their war, and it wasn't until the young genius Dyon Sacharro was born that they had the right to rise up again.

Although Aritzia didn't explicitly state it, everyone was clever in their own right. After all, they were all geniuses of the tower!

By the end of Dyon's four months of vacation, everyone was sure that the Epistemic Tower was hidden within an essence gate... And unfortunately, those people included Hela Ragnor, the genius of the Pakal clan and.... The first saint son of the Uidah...

These three had all left the celestial deer quadrant after the incident of the Dukes and Duchesses. From the very moment the name of their quadrant began to rise, their eyes heated up with greed because they all knew one thing: This Dyon Sacharro wasn't from any one of their clans...

Now that they had solid clues about just where this Dyon might be hiding, the hunt was on...

Of the 100 universes, there were thousands of gates. Originally, this had made searching for the Epistemic Tower a massive headache, especially since they wouldn't allow each other into each other's territory.

However, now... Not only were they absolutely certain that the second branch theory was correct, because they were actually from the quadrant in question, they had also narrowed down the gates they had to check by more than 70%...

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Dyon had personally read Aritzia's article when it came out, so he knew that trouble was lurking around the corner.

Although the deductions on his power level were slightly off, they weren't entirely so. In fact, they could be considered quite accurate. In addition, he was also far younger than more God title characters considering he finished in 13 years rather than the customary centuries. Only the top ten geniuses and a few within the top 30s of a couple rankings could compare with his speed.

So, although the route of deduction was false, it still ended on the correct note, which resulted in the current problems Dyon faced.

In truth, Dyon wasn't completely certain that characters like Hela were in the tower. If he was, he would likely go all out to kill them before they could return with news. However, Hela's performance in the tower clearly wasn't as eye catching as his.

For one, she was comparatively old when she entered her trials, so they were far more difficult than Dyon's. So, she had no fate with the rankings at all.

Secondly, Dyon would have no idea which quadrant she went to. Although he was certain that it was either the 30th or the 98th, because they were adjacent to his quadrant and traveling further would take exponentially more energy, that still left 200 possible universes they could be in, as well as thousands of sects and clans on top of trillions of people.

He simply had no fate with finding them.

So, Dyon immediately went to the worst-case scenario: this information would soon be received by those of his quadrant.

That said, Dyon managed to calm himself and think rationally.

Firstly, despite only roughly 30% of gates being of the essence level, 30% of thousands was still thousands in this context.

Secondly, because of the fog barrier, it would take forever for Hela and the other two to get information back to their respective clans. Unlike Clara, they couldn't make use of the internet as they saw fit because the Sapientia had put many restrictions on it. And, even if they could, it wouldn't mean anything considering the celestial deer quadrant hadn't had contact with the outside world, and thus had no internet to speak of either.

Thirdly, even if they found his universe, so what?

Dyon already had a mole within the Uidah, and the Pakal and Ragnors couldn't encroach on Uidah territory. Since he controlled all the sons and daughters of the meridian and saint level, the Uidah had no chance of attacking an essence gate successfully, and for obvious reasons, they couldn't send any higher powered beings into the gate, lest they wanted to die an ugly death.

The only thing Dyon had to worry about was the Uidah using other devices to enter their universe like the Kitsune and Madeleine estranged parents had.

Unfortunately for them, Dyon highly doubted they had access to such a treasure.

Chapter 893: Soon...

The Dukes and Duchesses, as well as the Kitsune, were all from a 30th ranked quadrant. Dyon had already deduced this because Dukes and Duchesses of the 98th quadrant couldn't possibly beat the like of Loki and the rest. In addition, Madeleine's mother was moon level alchemist! She was, without a doubt, among the richest individuals in the entire quadrant. Her being able to afford such a treasure was also within reason.

However... The Ragnor, Pakal and Uidah clans were all relatively newly established. Even when sending their top genius, Loki, to an unknown universe, the Ragnors hadn't been able to give him even one Spiritual treasure, causing him to become greedy for Dyon's possessions.

Their quadrant was one that had even forgotten about its own Epistemic Tower! They were pitiful in terms of resources despite having the energy density of a once first ranked quadrant.

Despite his mind being at ease, and not allowing this to ruin his vacation, Dyon placed this Aritzia along side Emytheus among characters he would have to pay close attention to. He wasn't particularly angry with either of because they had yet to do anything to cross his bottom line, but their deviousness and cleverness put Dyon on guard.

In truth, if Aritzia knew Dyon thought this, she would only smile. She had been the first to state not to make an opinion piece, yet what had she done almost immediately afterward?

She knew exactly what she was doing. In fact, she had only written this article for one reason: in order to catch Dyon's attention.

Why? Because while Emytheus thought her list of potential husbands had expanded to two, in reality, to Aritzia, it was three. It was just too bad she didn't know that two of those three were the exact same man.

It had been decades since the last time Aritzia personally wrote an article, but this one truly swept the world up into a storm. Her name once again catapulted to the forefront, causing Emytheus to shake his head bitterly.

"It seems I'll have to speed up this war to become key wielder. If I wait too long, those two will think it's okay to have thoughts about my woman!" It was only after he read the article that Emytheus learned the list was three long...

Within a snow palace, Dyon couldn't find the mood to care about such things as he focused on loving his wives.

A man who wanted to compete with him over a woman he didn't even want?

A woman who thought she could one day steal him from his wives and make him take her name?

He didn't have the patience. If they wanted to test him, come one, come all.

Soon, the end of the fourth month came and the time for the Golden Flame Quadrant's campaigns was quickly approaching. It was about time for Dyon to go off on a new adventure.

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Early the morning of the last day Dyon would spend with his wives for a while, Dyon began by taking his daily drop of Jade Queen Bee Honey. In these four months, his meridian grade had broken into the 7th grade and he could faintly sense it approaching the 6th, although he still felt a ways away. Of course, with the excessive amount he had, he gave quite a bit to Clara. This treasure was obviously useless to Ri and Madeleine, but to Clara, it was a god-send.

A while back, Clara had perfectly completed the Innate Aurora trials, and thus earned a set of meridians of her own. However, she hadn't integrated them until she completed her Emperor trials because her body was too weak to withstand the transplant before. After all, she wasn't like Dyon who had the demon sage's blood essence within him.

Dyon felt pain thinking about Clara going through the same torturous agony he had gone through, but he also felt pride in the fact she had made it through.

That aside, Clara's meridians were in the same poor condition as his own, so this honey was of great benefit to her, especially since she was still muddling through the essence gathering stage.

Luckily, her body and soul more than made up for it. Because she ingested half of the body kernel, she had many body constitutions she could awaken. However, without the help of the Spirit Body treasure of the 33 heavens, she could only awaken 3 because of restrictions resulting from the efficacy of pills dropping when you used them more than once.

When Clara told Dyon what three she had chosen, he couldn't help but once again be blown back by his wife's ingenuity.

It was rare for a single person to have multiple constitutions, but for a single person to have multiple constitutions that were all compatible with each other was even rarer! Yet, Clara had the special opportunity to do exactly that!

Firstly, she manifested her soul to see what it was. It turned out that she had a very interesting wind type manifestation that granted her a domain before even entering the celestial stage. Although this was surprising, it wasn't outrageously rare to the point it never happened.

This manifestation allowed Clara mastery over wind in a certain radius, giving her great boosts to speed and agility, as well as biting attacks. In fact, it was because of this wind domain that she could forge without relying on a bulky body and ridiculous muscles. She could rely on precision, and even use wind to boost her strength, when necessary.

After knowing what her soul tended toward, Clara began to do research on just what kind of constitutions would best compliment those abilities.

Her first choice was an eye and skin constitution within the top ten God level constitutions. It was called the Energy Flow constitution.

Those with this constitution were not only highly talented in sensing and perceiving energy, they could also see it. This was highly effective for forging since seeing through the essence of a material was highly important, some might say the most important, but it was also great for combat.

Those who had the Energy Flow constitution could see the flow of energy in their opponent's meridians, as well as the flow of energy around them, to calculate how best to negate attacks. It was essentially using soft to counter hard, something wind cultivators were exceedingly good at. It was clear and obvious why Clara would choose this constitution.

Her second choice was the wind spirit constitution. This was only a Heaven level constitution, and normally had quite weak effects, but when combined with Ri's soul manifestation, it reached a level exceeding even many of the top ten God constitutions.

The wind spirit constitution was exactly what it sounded like. It allowed the easy cultivation of wind will, and the ease of manipulating wind. However, since wind was a normal elemental will type, and not a supreme law, or even a high level will, this constitution was seen as average. But... That was only when its effects weren't stacked with a wind domain.

At this point, Clara was at the point where others couldn't use wind without her permission if they were of the same cultivation level. In fact, even those above her would struggle and feel stifled.

She could form wings of wind, create vacuums of combustible air, vibrate air particles to create vicious and resounding attacks... Even better, all of these were hundreds of times more effective than normal due to the wind domain and wind spirit body stack. Not to mention, the speed of her wind will cultivation was mind boggling. If it wasn't for limitations of her body, she might have already reached the 6th intent level! However, for now, she was restricted to the one with will level.

The last choice Clara made was a familiar one to us all, and it was the choice that made Dyon truly frightened of Clara's future potential.

Back in their home universe, King Belmont was always struggling with combining his inherited red and blue flames. However, his son, Lionel, did so easily after taking the virginity of Evelyn. The reason it was so easy was because Evelyn had the Eternity's Balance constitution... A constitution that allowed the perfect melding of wills, no matter how diametrically opposed they were.

The one weakness of wind will was its power. Although it was a great support will, it was still lacking. It could make you faster and it could make you stronger, but that was all contingent on the abilities you already had...

But, what if you mixed it with other wills? What if you fused it with lightning to reach unholy speeds? What if you fused it with fire to produce ungodly explosions? What if you fused it with sword will to slice through any and all?

"I should probably not piss her off any time soon..." Dyon thought silently, bringing Clara into his arms to hide his cold sweat.

Chapter 894: Yet..

Clara rolled her eyes when she realized why Dyon was doing this, but that didn't stop her from sinking into his embrace. Tomorrow was the day they'd separate, so she didn't have the heart to do much nagging today.

"Why do you think that despite awakening three constitutions, my meridians were still at the 9th grade?" Clara asked.

"Likely has to do with the compatibility of the transplant. Constitutions are fundamentally body related despite them having an effect on the soul and energy cultivation. So, transplanted meridians likely have a tougher time melding with the body than your original set of meridians would. Luckily, the honey can help with this problem as well, helping your integration by quite a bit.

"Once you reach the third grade, it should be integrated enough to have a negligible difference between it and a set you were born with. At that time, your constitutions will become even more effective than they already are."

"Mm..." Clara seemed to lose herself in thought as they watched Ri and Madeleine spar. Since Madeleine was a natural counter to Ri, it was quite beneficial to Ri to spar Madeleine. On the other hand, Ri's ice was not normal when combined with her Void will, actually resulting in her slightly suppressing Madeleine.

Although Ri didn't have the Eternity's Balance constitution, it was still possible to fuse wills, it was just much more difficult and was often limited to two at a time, whereas those with that constitution could surpass that limit and fuse even three or four with much more ease.

So, essentially, their sparring was a round of Ri not making use of her void will, thus allowing Madeleine to suppress her. Then, after Ri accumulated enough training in this aspect, she would begin to use her void will, ice fusion, thus suppressing Madeleine and allowing Madeleine to improve.

As for Clara, she sparred with either one, simply trying to get used to adapting to a wide range of situations and wills. Because she spent so long forging and studying, she didn't have a lot of combat experience. So, she performed poorly during the third and fourth trials.

That said, Clara's definition of "poorly" would still make others drool.

"What weapon do you think I should focus on?" Clara suddenly asked as they continued to watch the firework of black ice and purple flames.

"Truth be told, any light and versatile weapon would work really well for you."

By this point, Dyon's wives knew about Dyon's affinity for weapons. There might not be a better person in existence to give advice on which weapon a young man or woman should focus on.

"Yea, that why it's so hard for me to decide..."

"Flexible swords... Short swords... Daggers... Shurikens... the bow and arrow..." Dyon thought out loud.
"Hm... Spar with me."

Clara jumped up a little too quickly, the beaming smile on her face, while breathtakingly beautiful, also sent yet another shiver down Dyon's spine.

"Nevermind..." Dyon began say, but before he could finish, he felt vicious winds circulating him fiercely, even making it difficult to breathe.

A beautiful manifestation appeared behind Clara. It shared her flawless caramel skin, but unlike Clara, it had thin, fairy like wings that flowed with a crystalline color.

After awakening her wind spirit constitution, it had actually fused with her soul manifestation, creating an all new constitution that had absolute dominance over the air flow.

Dyon could only shake his head and leap backward to avoid Clara's palm strike. But, he clearly miscalculated...

The air vibrated violently at her palm, compressing and shooting toward the escaping Dyon.

By now, Ri and Madeleine noticed the commotion. After sending a glance toward each other, they laughed and leapt into the air, reclining to enjoy the coming show.

Dyon was blasted backward. If Clara hadn't held back, he knew he would have coughed up some blood. This realization made him depressed beyond belief, but there was nothing he could do about it.

With Clara's wind domain, not only was his movement technique suppressed, hers reached ungodly levels. If it wasn't for his overwhelming Perception, she would have completely disappeared before his eyes time and time again.

In truth, Clara's energy cultivation had only just broken into the essence gathering stage. Because her meridians were technically of the 9th grade, she couldn't temper her meridians with essence level Gama energy. So, the power she received from actual energy was quite limited.

However, this was where Clara's ingenuity came in...

An ability of the wind spirit constitution was the ability to call to wind to replenish your energy stores. This was where the spirit portion of the name came from, because wind was essentially breathing life into you.

Normally, this ability was quite restricted and negligible, however, after fusing with Clara's soul manifestation, it was like giving a tiger wings.

All of the wind will within miles seemed at Clara's beck and call, willing to come to her at any moment. In fact, it was because of this that despite being a mere essence gatherer, Clara could withstand utilizing a 5th stage intent.

According to the laws of the martial world, a martial warrior wasn't able to withstand an intent level will until they stepped into the essence gathering stage. However, this same logic applied for high level intents as well, except their necessary stage was the saint stage!

Essentially, the first three intent stages were reserved for essence gatherers. Four through six were reserved for saints. While seven through nine were reserved for celestials.

To use a 5th level intent, without being a saint, was something reserved for only the best of geniuses with the highest of affinities for the intent in question...

Clara's smile never faded, in fact, as she fought, it only seemed to get wider. By now, Dyon was nothing more than a punching dummy.

Clara was able to make up her energy cultivation deficiencies with her constitutions, but what made her even scarier was the fact her soul had broken into the Higher Saint stage and her body had already reached sainthood.

However, this was also a refresher for Dyon... It told him just how important wills were to the power of a martial warrior.

At the mere meridian formation stage, Dyon was able to defeat geniuses who were moment away from breaking into sainthood, purely because his will comprehension was so overwhelming.

In fact, Zabia was not just about to break into sainthood, he was also a first-grade essence expert of the 12th stage... Yet, he was completely powerless against Dyon simply because he had a first stage intent that also happened to be a supreme law...

While wind will might not be a supreme law, Clara had mastered it to the 5th intent level!

Clara grinned. "I did warn you that I would beat you up one day."

Blasts of vibrating winds bounced Dyon around. In truth, they didn't hurt at all considering the strength of his body, but his pride was so wounded he could cry.

Dyon wanted fight back. He still hadn't used his Demon Emperor's Will, nor had he used his wings. Not to mention the fact he had a celestial body, he shouldn't be getting throttled like this. If it was Ri or Madeleine, it would make perfect sense, but Clara?

That was when Dyon remembered something else... Clara had unlocked her divine sense. Not only that, but he had left the Soul Tome with her for the past 13 years, yet she, seemingly, hadn't used any soul techniques...

If he was being suppressed by Clara's soul. He would be able to accept it, after all, her soul was at the Higher Saint stage, the equivalent of his body's strength. Although the soul didn't directly translate to battle strength, if used with Clara's domain and bodily strength, it would be much more effective.

In addition, the soul was the medium through which wills were comprehended, not to mention it also decided the stamina one had when using wills.

The more Dyon thought about, the more confused he became. He had never experienced something like this before, when had an enemy completely confused him? Even a former dao expert like Elder Daiyu hadn't been able to... But his crafty little wife was? He could almost feel his manhood shriveling up into non-existence.

However, Dyon was quite helpless. By now, he was certain that Clara was using some technique left within the [Dao of Array Alchemy], or maybe it was a new technique she unlocked within it, but either way, Dyon didn't know what it was!

Chapter 895: Give Up?

He had only spent 1 year with the soul tome, and truthfully, he only had a few weeks within that time to spend reading and understanding it... In fact, he didn't even know how to continue his [Inner World: Sanctuary] cultivation technique after his inner world was fully formed..

Yet, Clara, in all her genius, had a full 13 years. If you subtract the time spent within the trials, that was still at least a good 5 to 6 years she spent with it. How could Dyon compare to her?

Dyon sighed as yet another blast of air knocked him back. He didn't want to use weapons against his wife, nor was the Dragon King capable of forming long distance weapons, which was a weakness Dyon found out about only recently...

"Do you give up yet?" Clara asked in a sweet voice.

Ri and Madeleine's giggling came from the skies, only increasing Dyon's depression.

"Divine sense is quite amazing, huh..." Dyon's voice drifted through the wind.

A look of surprise flashed through Clara's eyes, but she only smiled in the end. If her husband couldn't figure this out, was he really still her husband?

The fierce winds finally stopped, and Dyon was gently placed down on the floors of the training ground.

Dyon sighed, looking up into the skies as he laid on his back.

"Aww, you're not mad, are you?" Clara's giggle found its way to Dyon's side as she kneeled to the ground and gently tapped his cheeks.

"That was domestic abuse." Dyon faked an incredibly realistic wronged expression.

However, he was only greeted by laughs.

By the end of it all, if he didn't understand what was happening, he wouldn't be Dyon Sacharro. Although his soul was sealed, and Clara hid her soul fluctuations incredibly well, there was only one explanation for her combat prowess.

In truth, divine sense alone would never be so powerful. If it was, the martial world would never look down on soul cultivation so much, especially since the soul was already so important for will comprehension.

In Dyon's estimation, it was a combination of divine sense, Clara's wind domain, and likely a divine sense utilization technique found within the soul tome. Only a combination of these three things would be so overbearing.

Dyon's Demon Emperor's Will suddenly shot to the third stage of the first act, by the time Clara realized something was happening, it was already too late to escape even with her speed. In the next moment, she found herself pinned beneath Dyon in a heated exchange of passionate kisses.

"Mm..." Clara struggled. "We're .. Mm ... We're still outside ... Mm Mm Mm ... Pervert!"

...

In the end, Dyon spent his last day with his wives in bliss.

After ravaging Clara a few times, his depression completely disappeared and was replaced by happiness. Of his wives, he had been the most worried about Clara...

Not only was she completely new to the martial world, she was handicapped in her cultivation. However, seeing her power, he could finally put that to rest.

Divine sense referred to an amplified 6th sense provided by a celestial level soul.

When one first begins on their road of soul cultivation, the first thing they foster is a 6th sense. This was the reason why Dyon's opponents, especially at the same cultivation level, seem so slow to him.

The upgrade above this is Divine Sense. At this stage, it becomes more than a mere 'sense' or 'feeling', a divine sense quite literally gives one another set of eyes with varying ranges based on cultivation and soul talent.

However, the reason why Clara's divine sense was so overbearing was for another reason: The soul's effect on wills.

Everyone knew that the soul was the medium by which wills were comprehended. By this same token, divine sense allows one to use wills in a completely novel fashion.

At the start of cultivation, wills always originated from the body. Whether one was using sword wills, wind wills, or even death will, the will would emanate from the body, outward.

However, once one fosters a divine sense, the body is no longer the only point by which a will can originate.

By now, you definitely understand why Clara was so amazing.

With her divine sense, every one of Dyon's actions were seen by her, whether it be a twitch of the muscle, or an intention to activate a technique. Couple this with her Energy Flow constitution, and it would be completely impossible for Dyon to do anything covertly.

Then, to make matters worse, not only could she predict Dyon's movements with her divine sense, she could create wind attacks from anywhere! At that point, what chance did Dyon stand?

If the general population knew of this divine sense ability, would they really still look down upon soul cultivation? But, for obvious reasons, this ability wasn't so easy as it seemed.

First of all, the degree of using a will that didn't originate from your body was almost impossible. If Clara didn't have such an affinity for wind will, it would have been more difficult than ascending the heavens.

Secondly, the control technique for doing such a thing wasn't a common technique. In fact, by Dyon's estimation, it was a technique surpassing even a divine level one and was only found within the [Dao of Array Alchemy].

Thirdly, and maybe the most impressive part, was that this technique didn't explicitly state that it was meant to be used like this. Originally, it was meant to be a method of drawing arrays without having to use the aurora flames within you, instead using the laws of the universe themselves to do so. This method would speed up the creation of arrays, as well as lessening the burden of creating them. However, Clara saw this technique, saw its potential, then applied it to wills! To call his wife a genius would be offensive to her... This long left the realm of geniuses...

In fact, as far as Dyon knew, this was an ability only Clara could use. Although he had also helped Ri and Madeleine break into the Higher Saint soul stage, their soul talent and control wasn't at the level of being capable of doing this. For now, they could only use their divine sense the same way everyone else did: as a third eye.

That said, Madeleine, being a music will master, was much closer to this achievement than Ri. She estimated that within a few decades, she might be able to grasp the edge of this ability, which was a clear testament to its difficulty.

Although... The fact Clara wasn't very good at explaining her thought process definitely lent to the difficulty in understanding her. In that way, she was a lot like Alidor.

However, this was all truly exciting. Dyon felt that Clara had taken a solid first step in closing the gap of combat prowess between soul cultivators and others.

According to her and Dyon's calculations, divine sense should be able to withstand wills and intents, and thus be able to use them in this way. However, if they wanted to use daos in such a way, they would need to foster and immortal sense... Something only transcendents had access to.

Clara didn't like this flaw in her created technique, but to be able to create an intent level attack from anywhere within your divine sense's perimeter was scary enough as it is... For context, Clara had only stepped into the Higher Saint soul stage, yet her range was already tens of miles. Imagine attacking a person from that range in an instant!

And for Dyon... Considering his soul talent was the accumulation of many, his range might be at the level the moment his soul unlocked!

Of course, another weakness was that this attack became weaker the further away from you it was. But, a weak sneak attack was sometimes far more effective than a stronger attack an enemy was prepared for.

Truth be told, Dyon was excited for his soul to unlock so he could begin learning this technique. He felt that at that point, his battle prowess would sky-rocket.

This was highly important to him because as you increased in cultivation stages, the difference between cultivation levels grew. For example, Dyon could fight a peak essence expert at the peak meridian formation realm, but fighting a peak saint at the peak essence level was absolutely impossible.

If Dyon wanted to rule over a quadrant within the 1000 years he promised, he would need far more cultivation defying battle power than he had right now.

Chapter 896: Unseen Peak

"I'm going to head out first." Dyon said with a bitter smile, pulling his wives into his arms. Although he said this, he still couldn't bring himself to let go, causing their eyes to moisten.

Finally, Dyon pulled back. Cupping their cheeks, it was his turn to nag.

"Clara, stay within Central City, it's better that you don't go with Madeleine anymore. In fact, see if you can steal a position on the council for some added security. You can head to the Sapientia Corner occasionally, but don't allow there to be any pattern to your movements, and also don't allow yourself to get entangled with Aritzia, I still don't trust them. That said, with your intelligence, I bet you could give her quite the headache.

"Ri, you'll probably be the safest, here, alone. You can go and visit Delia too. I've given you three the ability to enter our corner, but be careful! There's an infestation of Serpent Vines and if you allow them to surround you, it would be a problem. Just be sure to teleport to the station closest to the tower entrance.

"Madeleine, you're about to go to war. Don't do anything flashy, it's the time for your husband to show off the power of his subordinates, okay?"

Madeleine giggled with tears in her eyes, but she still nodded along with her sister wives.

"They already know to follow all of your orders. If they dare to disobey, feel free to punish them.

"If you three want to meet, from now on, make sure that it's within our corner. Although Ri's palace is relatively safe, I don't trust the Void family to stay quiet for much longer, nor is the Snow family completely trustworthy."

After a few more words, a couple sly hands and perverted touches, Dyon disappeared from the teleportation station, leaving his wives behind.

**

A week later, Dyon found himself walking along the dirt road of a vast forest that grew up the side of a mountain. Even with his vision and cultivation, he couldn't see the top of it. After walking for almost half the day already, he felt that he was still only half way to his destination.

Of course, if Dyon decided to fly, this would be far easier. However, he wanted to do his utmost in becoming familiar with the surrounding territories.

In truth, Dyon didn't know how long he would be here. It could be a few days, but it could also end up being a few years. Normally he was much more precise with his planning, but this journey was truly just to check his hypothesis about a few things.

That aside, Dyon had still managed to collect some bits of information here and there.

When one exits the tower from any particular exit, there are one of two possibilities. During campaigns, you can either choose to be sent to the battle field, or be sent out to the receiving hub of the universe that guarded the epistemic tower.

Unlike what one might assume, movement through quadrants, as long as their fog barriers weren't up, was exceptionally easy. This was because no true threat one come in small batches of people, and those who could cause true commotion as a single person wouldn't be exiting from the saint floors for obvious reasons.

There was another reason for this as well: not many chose to go to quadrants that weren't their own, so often times it was just assumed that if you were exiting the tower, you were returning to your own quadrant.

The reason for this was one Dyon learned a long time ago: there was heavy suppression on non-native members of a universe, and this suppression was even more fierce for those non-native to the quadrant as a whole. This was the reason why Dyon's Inner World technique was so important, because it was the only true counter to this suppression.

The moment Dyon stepped into the 98th quadrant, he felt this suppression. It was as though the gravity had increased by a 100 times in an instant. It felt ridiculously uncomfortable.

Maybe the most shocking part was that this heavy suppression was coming from such a weak quadrant... By all rights, it shouldn't be like this. Suppression this heavy shouldn't appear unless a quadrant was within the top 20 at the least.

It was obvious that the overall power of a quadrant decided the power of its suppression. The fact that this quadrant was supposedly ranked 98th, yet had such heavy suppression only made Dyon more interested in digging out the secrets of this quadrant.

However, this realization only made Dyon more confused. That was because the energy density of this quadrant was definitely terrible. In fact, it was so bad that it was even worse than the energy density of his universe!

'Such weak energy density... Yet such strong suppression... Just what is going on here?'

Dyon shook his head, continuing to slowly tread along the road, trying to get used to the suppression along the way.

At this point, he no longer wore his mask. Since that mask was already tied to Ri's husband, it wasn't right for him to pull it out anymore unless he changed its appearance. Luckily, that was possible, truly making it the perfect mask, however Dyon couldn't very well join a sect with a mask on, now could he? That would just be inviting trouble.

In the end, Dyon decided to just come out with his true appearance, after all, no one knew what Dyon Sacharro looked like, it hardly mattered.

With that in mind, he continued his slow trek to a sect known as Unseen Peak.

...

Unseen Peak was actually one of 5 peaks that acted as subordinate sects to the leading sect of this 98th ranked quadrant.

As much as Dyon wanted to just go directly to the leading sect, known simply as Soul Rending Peak, there were certain rules he needed to abide by.

In order to earn a right to participate in a selection exam for Soul Rending Peak, one needed one of two things. The first was a recommendation from a sect elder of that peak. Obviously, Dyon didn't have such a thing.

The second possibility was to earn a participation spot from the subordinate peaks. So, that was what Dyon was doing now.

Technically, he had long since missed the registration period for Unseen Peak. It was too bad that things would never be so convenient for him. However, he didn't regret spending the time he did with his wives.

All of that said, that didn't mean he was willing to wait half a year for the next entrance exam. That was because the selection exam for Soul Rending Peak was in just a few weeks. If he waited for Unseen Peak's next exam, on top of waiting those 6 months, he would have to wait yet another 6 months for the next Soul Rending Peak exam.

Clearly, Dyon didn't feel up to wasting so much time. So, he decided to head straight to Unseen Peak. Did he really need to put a place with mere peak saints for elders in his eyes? He'd steal a placement if need be.

Truth be told, Dyon was only having such thoughts because he was disgruntled. Dealing with such heavy suppression, while also having to trek up such a long trail was pissing him off. If it wasn't for the fact he could idly chat with his wives as he did so, he would have flown into a rage long ago.

As one might expect, that rage also made him think silly things. Even Dyon would have to take those elders of Unseen Peak seriously considering the suppression he was under.

Realizing this, he couldn't help but ask Madeleine a question. "How did you adapt to the Golden Flame Quadrant's suppression."

Madeleine, who was currently organizing her supplies for the coming trials responded. "After I was officially accepted by the Flaming Lily Sect as an Inner Disciple, I felt the suppression loosen a bit, but it's still there. I suspect that unless I become a Legatee, it won't ever truly disappear.

"But, luckily, it doesn't seem like gates are a place you have to deal with that suppression in."

Dyon nodded. The gates were a neutral place and although they didn't all have epistemic towers within them, they were still connected and heavily related.

Chapter 897: Legatee

From Dyon's understanding, there were 5 tiers a disciple fell into. The first was working disciple, the lowest tier. Then there was the outer disciple, then the inner disciple, then the core disciple. Finally, there was the Legatee disciples.

Considering Madeleine's words, depending on your level of integration into a clan or sect, you received a certain level of protection from their faith. By this logic, only the faith level given to a Legatee could completely eradicate this suppression. However, just how rare was such a thing?

"I'm more surprised that the suppression you're facing is so heavy... It doesn't seem any weaker than the level of suppression I faced."

Dyon could only sigh. This was supposed to be an easy mission, yet things had already gotten off on the wrong foot. He couldn't even remember sweating this much during his trials. How ridiculous.

At some point, Dyon began blaming those fancy clothes Ri made him wear.

**

Nearing the end of the afternoon, Dyon found a stream and decided take a dip to cool himself off. Under Clara's berating, he triple checked to make sure no women were conveniently taking a bath along with him before diving in.

The cool water wrapped around his body, causing him to sigh in relief. At that moment, he couldn't help but wonder what level of suppression his quadrant had... 'If Saru wasn't suppressed when I fought her back then, would I have still won? What about Zabia?...'

Just as Dyon was thinking, he heard the rustling of some leaves from the edge of the forest. He didn't particularly care if he was seen stark naked, so he only casually looked over to see what was going on. Although Dyon's hearing was outstanding, he didn't actually need it here, which he found odd.

Any martial warrior who could enter these mountains should have long since learned how to silence their footsteps. Maybe not to the extent Saru's had with her music will silencing steps, but it should, at the very least, be at the point where their footsteps didn't sound like thunder going off in Dyon's head.

The reason was simple, this mountain range was filled with decent leveled beasts. To walk around that loudly was just asking to get attacked.

Soon, Dyon saw the masochist pair appear at the edge of the clearing to the stream. It seemed his luck wasn't too bad, but it wasn't too great either.

One of the two was quite a nice-looking beauty. She had dark hair and large, watery brown eyes. If one had to describe her figure, it would be somewhere between Luna's petite stature and Madeleine's overwhelming voluptuousness. She wore what looked like black disciple robes with a distinct insignia over her left chest. If Dyon's information was correct, she wasn't from Unseen Peak, but was rather, a core disciple of Soul Rending Peak.

The other was a male wearing white disciple robes, with a different insignia over his left chest. From Dyon's understanding, this made him a Legatee disciple of Unseen Peak.

This said, maybe their most distinct characteristics was the wild and blooming blush on the young lady's face and the unbridled anger on the male's.

Relatively speaking, their statuses were about equal. Although the five subordinate peaks were exactly that: subordinate peaks, their Legatees were still of high status among the six peaks as a whole. Usually, Legatee disciples of subordinate peaks were once core disciples of the main peak.

In the end, it was quite easy to tell them apart. White robes were reserved for Legatees and black robes for core disciples. The color of inner disciple robes varied depending on the peak in question, while outer disciple robes were grey. Finally, working disciples didn't have robes at all, only given a badge to hang from their waist.

To run into such high leveled disciples so quickly made Dyon raise an eyebrow, but he understood after a moment of thinking. Considering the selections for Soul Rending Peak were coming up soon, the main peak probably sent a representative.

This aside, Dyon could guess the reason behind the drastically opposed reaction by these two. The young man was probably angered that such an innocent young lady he probably fancied was being tainted by him, while the young lady had never seen such a scene before.

However, what neither of them expected was that after Dyon's quick glance over, he would once again shut his eyes and recline in the water.

The young lady raised her hand to her chest, unable to stop the beating of her heart as she rapidly looked away. She couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed in Dyon's blank look, so much so that she couldn't even muster the courage to call him a lecher or a pervert anymore.

Which one of the young men in her sect, even with them being the best geniuses in their quadrant, didn't drool over the sight of her? Yet for this young man, a quick glance was enough? She couldn't help but feel these conflicted and contradictory emotions.

It was too bad she didn't know that Dyon's wives really were much more beautiful than she was, despite her being a beauty in her own right.

As for the young man, Dyon's ignoring of him only made him angrier. Even the Legatees of the main peak wouldn't treat him in this way! Even they would respectfully call him Marquis Nikolaos.

Within the 98th quadrant, a Marquis was already a peak level existence and Nikolaos knew that there weren't more than a dozen of them. As for Dukes? Those titles were reserved for the two Legatees of the Soul Rending Peak, which included their Key Wielder, in addition to the geniuses of some secular clans. Their quadrant didn't have a single king!

However, that didn't stop Nikolaos from acting rampant. After all, how could he know that he was facing a legendary God level character?

That said, it wasn't as though Nikolaos was stupid. He assumed that he had already seen through Dyon.

For one, Dyon's current cultivation seemed to be at the 1st stage essence level. This wasn't because Dyon had had his cultivation unsealed, but rather part of the concealment abilities of the mask. If he wanted, he could even appear to be a celestial, or even a dao expert. Now, whether or not that would fool anyone if he didn't have the power to back it up, relied entirely on Dyon's acting abilities. Ironically, though, the lower essence level was Dyon's true cultivation.

Secondly, Dyon had left his massive broad sword on the shore. Although it looked impressive with its large size and the chains that wrapped around it, it was currently giving off the aura of a 1st grade Practitioner level treasure.

With both of these factors taken into consideration, Nikolaos assumed that Dyon was just from some rich family who sent their young master in hopes of joining Unseen Peak.

If Dyon knew what he was thinking, he would burst into a fit of laughter. Owning a 1st grade Practitioner treasure suddenly made him rich now? Wow. If he had known that, he would have made it a common level weapon.

'This bastard. Not only did he ruin Lady Violet's innocence, he has the audacity to show off his wealth before me!'

When he was at the 1st essence stage, he would have been lucky to have a 10th grade common level weapon. It was only after he became a Legatee that he was gifted a 6th grade practitioner level weapon by the sect. So, for obvious reasons, he was pissed off.

Of course, none of this was helped by the fact Dyon was clearly more handsome than he was.

Finally, unable to handle his erupting anger any longer, he began to speak.

"Who are you? State your name and your purpose. If it wasn't out of courtesy for your clan, I would have already ended your life for the scene you've shown Lady Violet today!"

'My clan?' Dyon was confused by this statement. No matter how clever he was, he would never be able to guess Nikolaos' line of logic.

That said, Dyon wasn't a very patient person. To blame a man simply because he was seen naked by a supposedly innocent woman? What kind of nonsense was that? He had heard that this quadrant was conservative, and apparently also highly religious, but seeing it here before him now made his lip twitch. However, he also knew that this was a good chance.

"My name is Dyon. As for my clan's name, that's not very important, I'd prefer to not rely on my family. My purpose? I'm here to earn a spot to join Soul Rending Peak, of course."

Chapter 898: Annoying

In the end, Dyon didn't bother to change his name. Just a single universe had trillions of people, and there were ten thousand of them! He probably couldn't even fathom the number of people who shared his name.

"Your chance has long since closed." Nikolaos responded with a furrowed brow.

Considering Dyon had reach the essence gathering stage, and was likely below the age of 40, his talent was considered above average in their quadrant. So, saying that he didn't stand a chance would be disingenuous. Although he hated Dyon, if he purposefully said something so stupid in front of Violet, he would be asking to be looked down upon.

"Chances are forged by the living." Dyon responded nonchalantly.

"Forging chances requires strength you don't have. Do you believe you can upturn the rules set by elders 1000s of times more powerful than you? No matter which family you come from, they will at most be equal to Soul Rending Peak, and even more so wouldn't start such a fuss over one merely above average disciple."

"Is that so?"

"Of course." Nikolaos' eyes narrowed.

"I hear that the prestige of your Peak relies on the disciples you can offer up. Were you not once the glory of your Unseen Peak? And now you're back to support them as their Legatee."

Hearing Dyon's words, a beam of unconcealed pride shone in Nikolaos' eyes. It was clear he couldn't tell Dyon was subtly manipulating him.

"Even if you say this, rules are rules. In addition, the chosen participants for this selection exam are far more powerful than you are. Not to mention the fact you don't have the status of a disciple yet."

By this point, Violet finally couldn't handle it anymore. "Could you two have this conversation while fully clothed please!"

Dyon smiled, his eyes still closed. "You two can go on, I'll probably reach your Peak by tomorrow."

Nikolaos snorted. "There's no guarantee you'll make it through the gates. If you piss off the outer sect elders, you won't even know how you died. Let's go Lady Violet."

Violet, however, had long since left, unable to handle such a scene any longer. If Dyon wasn't naked, she might have directly lost her temper and attacked him. She had already decided to teach this perverted nudist a lesson. If word of her seeing such a scene spread out, her reputation would be ruined!

Although Nikolaos would never spread such a thing because he was still very much worried about winning her heart, this Dyon character wasn't someone she could control.

What pissed her off even more was that when she inadvertently looked back, Dyon still hadn't opened his eyes!

From beginning to end, Dyon didn't care much for the reactions of those two. 'That little girl isn't very good at concealing her killing intent. She seems to hate me even more than the guy did. This conservative quadrant is going to be the end of me.'

**

Early morning the next day, Dyon finished his slow trek up the mountain. Although he knew there was a possibility to use Nikolaos and Violet to make his journey smoother, the last thing he wanted to do was spend time with a two people who were hostile toward him.

Currently, he was wearing an expensive and elaborately embroidered changpao. He wasn't entirely certain why Nikolaos was so sure he came from a large clan, but through process of elimination, it came down to two possibilities: the chain on his neck, or his broad sword.

Since Dyon was already seen as a rich young master, he might as well keep up his act.

At this moment, the entrance of the sect was quite barren. Aside from two bored looking sentries who were posted on either side of the tops of the gates, there wasn't anyone in sight.

There was a large clearance between the end of the forest and the sect itself, as well as ridiculously tall 100 meter walls that surrounded the gates. In addition, there was a clear teleportation formation to the side.

By Dyon's guess, it was likely that there was another teleportation formation within the actual sect. It seemed kind of ridiculous to open these hundred-meter-tall gates simply for the sake of allowing disciples in, only to have to close them, then open them up again later.

However, this realization made Dyon quite intrigued. What was it this Peak needed such high walls for?

In more powerful quadrants, they wouldn't even bother with building walls at all. After all, martial warriors could fly...

If it was really such a common threat, the sentries wouldn't be so lazy either... How odd.

Dyon managed to walk all the way to the front of the gates, a mere extended hand away, without the sentries noticing a thing. The funniest part was he didn't even try to conceal himself, even to the point where he comedically knocked to no avail.

'Fuck it.'

A pair of black wings appeared on Dyon's back just as he bent his knees. The ground cracked under the pressure the moment Dyon stopped supporting the weight of his massive sword.

A mini explosion was set off that finally alerted the lazy sentries up top. But, it was far too late for that.

"Hey! Wait!"

Dyon had already exploded upward.

A violent gust of wind propelled him upward, shooting himself and his 700 000 jin heavy sword more than 200 meters in the air and displaying the whole of the Unseen Peak to his eyes.

Alarms were sounded off in that instant, alerting the entire clan to a threat as Dyon gently landed atop the gates, leisurely watching as the two sentries barreled toward him.

Dyon plugged his ears while sighing, "How annoying..."

Dyon casually glanced at the incoming sentries. They both were at the meridian formation layer, seemingly about the 6th stage. Even while suppressed, this power level was a joke to Dyon.

He twisted his body, narrowly avoiding the outreached swords before pinching their blunt edge and pulling their weapons away.

In one swift motion, they were both disarmed and disoriented, but Dyon wasn't finished.

Grabbing both of their collars, he slammed their heads together, causing them to lose consciousness in an instant.

Having finished, Dyon laid them both down to "rest" before sitting down and dangling his feet from the tall gates, waiting for the commotion to bring someone actually worth talking to.

Without question, there was a currently massive uproar sounding off in Unseen Peak.

The sect itself was split into 6 distinct areas, arranged almost like an onion, with more important areas near the center, while less important areas were near the outskirts.

The furthest area out were reserved for the residences of working disciples and was also the most raggedy. The closer to the center of the sect you approached, the closer to the area reserved for core elders and the sect master you reached.

Because of this arrangement, working disciples were the very first to react to the alarm. However, they were clearly not in a position to do much at all. Considering most of them were still at the foundation stage, going up against a person capable of causing their sect's alarm to ring was practically suicidal. After seeing Dyon's leisurely appearance, they were even more certain that acting would be stupid on their part.

Seeing that it would take a bit for anyone with power to come, Dyon riffled through the belongings of the unconscious sentries before he found the sect's rule book. Then, he began to read at a speed far surpassing that of a normal individual.

The book itself wasn't all that long. Only about 5000 words or so. With Dyon's cultivation, finishing such a book was child's play.

"What an interesting little sect..." Dyon mumbled as he tossed the booklet back to the unconscious sentry.

Dyon assumed that the first to make it here, actually worthy of his time, would be the outer sect elders. From the information he had gathered, they would likely be about the peak essence gathering level. Inner sect elders would be saints. Core sect elders would be at the mid to high saint level, while the peak leader would be a peak saint.

However, this terminology meant different things depending on the power of a quadrant, which made it difficult to place a pulse on its meaning.

Chapter 899: No One

For example, a peak saint in a top 20 quadrant definitely meant that this person was between the 10th and 12th stage of sainthood. However, this same term in a quadrant as weak as this more likely meant the 7th or 8th stage. This was because poorer quadrants had worse grade warriors, which meant their caps would be lower as well. Obviously, a mere 4th grade saint would never become a 12th stage saint. It was impossible because their 82nd to 108th meridians were rendered useless the moment they advanced as a 4th grade warrior.

By this same logic, these so-called "peak essence" elders were likely weaker than that title assumed as well. This was why Dyon was certain of dealing with them despite the heavy suppression he was under.

Soon, a whole host of individuals were grouped together by the gate, but it seemed none of the elders had appeared yet.

'An alarm of this magnitude sounds off, but the elders don't appear? This sect is a joke.'

Dyon had long seen through what sounded off the alarm, but he allowed it to purposefully sound off to attract attention. That would make things far easier on him.

The problem was that to sound off the alarm required power strong enough to either destroy the gates, or leap over it. By Dyon's estimate, this would need power equivalent to at least a mid-level essence gatherer.

Of course, elite Inner Disciples and core disciples could match up to this power output, but the outer fringe working and outer disciples definitely couldn't. If he was truly hostile, he could have killed hundreds of them by now! Were these supposed elders really only with so many of their own seedlings dying?

Finally, Dyon saw a group of disciple with sky-blue robes approaching. This color should correspond with Inner Disciples of Unseen Peak.

When they saw Dyon staring down at them, anger erupted in their eyes. This anger only grew when they saw that Dyon was a mere 1st stage essence gatherer. They had been forced to act just for this? Why would their alarm sound for such a non-threat?

Dyon inwardly laughed, 'These people probably don't know the requirements for causing the alarm to sound-off. Even if they did, they'd likely assume it was broken. The real question is... When if this alarm going to stop ringing...'

Suddenly, a blue robed youngster stepped out with anger on his face. "Scram back to where you came from! Our Unseen Peak isn't a place for you to act as you please!"

There was no reason for Dyon to get angry, honestly. He was technically the one in the wrong. So, he replied simply.

"You aren't the people I need to talk to. Bring one of your elders here, preferably a core elder with some real authority." Dyon waved his hand. "Actually, scratch that, it's best you bring your Peak Master here."

"You!" The rage on the faces of the disciples erupted.

"I'd prefer to not hurt anyone unnecessarily. You could step forward if you wanted to, but just know that the conclusion is foregone. I'm only here to take a placement for the Soul Rending Peak entrance exam."

Just as the disciples were about to rage once again, laughter interrupted them all. A black robed disciple followed by a group of elite blue robed disciples made their way through the air, leisurely walking as though they were still on the ground.

"I didn't know that mere 1st stage essence gatherers had become so cocky these days. My horizons have truly been widened."

The black robed youth was ordinary in appearance, except for the fact he had long maroon hair and blazing red eyes that made him look more like a demon than a human. He even had an oppressive slaughtering aura that surrounded him that made Dyon raise an eyebrow.

Those who followed the slaughter path were rare. In fact, this was the first of them Dyon had met that wasn't Ava's father, Head Sicarius.

Of course, considering the Sicarius family was, at its core, a family of assassins, this path of choice made sense for them. However, it was still impressive for someone from this backwater quadrant to manage to follow such a path. It seemed that if he was born in a better environment, he would be a much more known character.

'Those black robes... A core disciple huh? Interesting.' Dyon smiled. He could tell that this murderous young man wasn't planning on appearing, however Dyon's cocky words had aggravated him.

The moment this young man appeared, a mixture of excitement and fear spread through the crowd of disciples.

"Isn't that Senior Brother Donari?"

"Sh, don't speak so loudly. I hear he's broken the no killing rule of our peaks dozens of times, yet the elders never punish him! Do you want to be next?"

"Not only did they not punish him, they even suggested he join senior brother Nikolaos as our second Legatee, but he declined, stating that this stage was too small for him!"

"Cocky?" Dyon responded, unperturbed. "That's relative. For example, if I really don't deserve a participation spot, you might have a point. Unfortunately, you're a frog in a well. You should learn to choose your words better. The most those murderous red eyes of yours do to me is make me sympathize with the problems you must have getting a woman's consent."

The crowd of disciples were stunned by Dyon's words. Even most elders didn't dare to talk to Donari in this way, let alone a 1st stage essence gatherer!

Dyon's eyes constricted into pins as he hastily tilted his head to side. His hand shot upward, catching something that was about to fly by his head before it slipped out of his range between two of his fingers.

Seeing this scene, Donari's eyes narrowed just as the hand of a blue robed disciple behind him lowered.

"Interesting." Dyon looked at the long needle between his fingers. "Seems the Unseen Peak Inner Disciples are only so-so."

Dyon's forearm bulged before his wrist snapped forward, sending the needle flying toward the disciple who sent it at blinding speeds. The blue robed disciple's hand hadn't even fallen before he felt a sharp pain in his knee.

"AAGHH," A pained cry sounded as a disciple fell from the skies.

However, he never got the chance to touch the ground. Before he had even fallen more than a foot, Donari raised his hand, causing a blade of red to appear. With a clean slice downward, the disciple's head fell from his shoulders...

His head hit the ground first... With wide, disbelieving eyes, he rolled around before coming to a slow stop. Completely dead.

Donari rubbed his wrist as though he disdained to kill such an ant, "You want to become a participant, hm?"

"Exactly right." Dyon replied with a smile, not caring about the death of the disciple. After all, that needle was meant to kill him, the fact he had only aimed for a knee was already an act of mercy. If it wasn't for the fact he had to consider the sect, Dyon would have directly killed him.

"There are only five spots. All of which are occupied by core disciples. Do you really think you're worthy?" A murderous aura steamed off of Donari, it was clear he hadn't taken Dyon's response to him too kindly.

The cycle of the peaks was quite interesting. Although the peaks were separate, they were still a cohesive unit at the same time. This was proven by the fact the uniforms of their core and legatee disciples were identical aside from their insignias. This showed that no matter which peak you were from, you would be respected as a core or legatee disciple.

In this way, every year, a batch of core disciples from the subordinate peaks would head to be assessed by the main Soul Rending Peak. At the same time, this current batch of inner disciples would be tested to earn the lost core disciple spots.

Of course, not every core disciple that participated would be accepted. After all, core disciples were candidates to become Legatees. So, their positions were taken very seriously.

In this era, Legatees were capped at three per sect. This universal rule was circumvented by establishing subordinate sects like these, but it was impossible to avoid the weakening of these Legatees as a consequence. As a result, many core disciple's first goal would be to become the main peak's Legatee, as opposed to a subordinate sect Legatee.

Considering this truth and how long the Unseen Peak core disciples had been waiting for this opportunity, how could they ever willingly give up their spot to Dyon? Wasn't that a bit too ridiculous?

However, Dyon acted as though this was the most natural thing in the world. "It's the fortune of your Unseen Peak to accept me as a core disciple. I can guarantee I'm more qualified than any one of you to become the glory of this sect."

Chapter 900: No Clue

"Are you trying to die?" Donari asked in a low roaring voice.

"Keep your anger to yourself. Unless I get confirmation that I can participate by defeating you, I don't plan on wasting my time fighting you for no reason. Like I said before, call someone with real authority here."

Shouts of anger began coming from the crowd of disciples.

"You're not even a disciple here!"

"You're not worthy of speaking to Senior Brother Donari!"

"Get out of here!"

Dyon hopped down from the hundred-meter-tall gates, not bothering to slow his fall as he slammed heavily into the ground.

BOOM!

A resounding crash sounded throughout the sect, causing the lips of those in the surroundings to twitch.

Looking at the massive crater around Dyon, that was no normal weight on his back. On top of that, he took the impact with his body! What level had his body refinement reached?!

Dyon walked to an unassuming black post with an old man sleeping in a rocking chair by it. He had long since noticed this old man, and could already see through his cultivation, however he hadn't bothered him. Dyon knew that he would hate having his nap interrupted, so he left the old man alone.

But, it was also clear that this old man might be the reason no other elders had acted yet. It was too bad that this old man pretending to be mysterious was nothing in Dyon's eyes.

Dyon casually flicked his finger at the black post, causing it to vibrate violently and nearly shatter where it stood.

Nonsensical numbers appeared, fluctuating wildly, but ultimately not landing on anything exact.

"Rule 1.03. There is no deadline for becoming a working disciple. The only exam date there is are for direct entrance to the outer sect.

"Rule 1.04. To become a working disciple, one must display the battle power of a 3rd stage foundation stage expert.

"I guess I'm a working disciple now, right, old man?"

The old man snorted awake in a half snore, casually flinging a badge toward Dyon before going back to sleep.

"Rule 1.08. To become an Inner Disciple, one must first rank in the top 100 outer sect disciples, before then defeating an Inner sect disciple."

Dyon casually scanned the audience, getting a good gauge on their power levels before his eyes landed on a particular grey robed individual.

"Y- You..." The outer sect disciple took a step back. He was indeed in the top 100 outer sect disciples, but he didn't understand how this newbie knew that. They all had a tacit agreement to not help this invader, but he somehow hadn't needed to ask any questions at all!

"Rule 3.11. Challenges from lower ranked disciples must be accepted. Rule 3.12. A single disciple can only be challenged 3 times per a given week, and never more than once on a single day unless said disciple accepts willfully." Dyon smiled. "Tell me truthfully, how many times have you been challenged this week."

"Th- Three times!" The disciple stuttered, very clearly lying.

"Tsk, ts. Are you sure you don't want to change your answer? Rule 3.13. Should a disciple refuse a challenge through deceitful means, there's grounds for expulsion from the sect."

The disciple grit his teeth. "Z- zero."

Dyon laughed. From his estimates, this disciple was at least top 20. By normal logic, he would be challenged very often.

"I'll have to formally challenge you then, Senior Brother."

The grey robed disciple trembled. "I concede."

"Aiyah. Unexpected, unexpected." Dyon shook his head as though he was lamenting something.

The grey robed disciple was clearly angry, but there was nothing he could do. However, that was when he suddenly thought of something.

"You're technically still a working disciple, no matter what you can't rank in the top 100 outer sect disciples if you aren't an outer sect disciple."

Seemingly having found an avenue for victory, the disciples loudly gave their own agreements.

However, Dyon only shook his head. "The sect is divided into six regions. The outer sect, the inner sect, the core sect, the legatee courtyard, the elder courtyard and the sect master courtyard.

"The rules are quite vague." Dyon said with a devious smile. "How is a person to know whether "outer sect disciple" refers to outer disciples, or simply disciples who reside in the outer sect?"

The surrounding disciples froze. It was true that their sect was split into 6 regions, but more importantly, both outer and working disciples resided in the outer most region! If the rule book really worded it in this fashion, it was truly open ended...

Those who saw Dyon casually reading the rule book just moments ago felt a cold sweat permeate their backs. Just what kind of existence could ingest so much information in such a short time, and actually be able to find and use loopholes against those who had become familiar with that very same information for years... even decades!

"I think it's fairly clear that I can defeat an inner sect disciple..." Dyon said slowly. "But, I don't mind defeating another for the sake of the rules." Dyon looked toward the lackies that had followed Donari here. "What do you say senior brothers? Which of you would like to have a little spar with me?"

The once imposing elite inner disciples looked at each other, as though they were waiting for the other to respond first. After seeing how easily Dyon handled one of their own, neither of them were eager to face him, especially since failure would likely mean death by the hands of Donari.

"Me."

Dyon looked over to who spoke. But, surprisingly, it wasn't one of the Inner Sect Disciples that spoke. Instead, it was Donari himself...

Dyon glanced at Donari. "Rule 4.01. To become a core disciple one must either be acknowledged by a core elder or pass the core disciple exam.

"What do you say, old man? If I beat him, give me a core disciple robe and let me take his participation spot."

When the crowd saw that Dyon was looking at the napping old man, they thought he had gone insane.

To be a core elder of their Unseen Peak, unfathomable strength was needed. How could the mere gate keeper of the outer sect be a core elder?

They inwardly sneered, no longer daring to make fun of Dyon on the surface anymore. Instead, they would wait for him to slap his own face.

"No need." The old man mumbled. "I'll accept you as a core disciple. However..." The murky eyes of the old man opened. Somehow, despite being unfocused, they had a subtle sharpness to them that made Dyon's eyes glow with intrigue. "You can't become such an important member of our Peak when no information about you is known. Don't you think?"

"Who are you?"

Dyon smiled. "My name is Dyon."

"Do you not have a family name?"

"Of course I do."

"What is it?"

"Jafari." Dyon said with a slight menacing murderous intent.

This name was like a resounding thunder clap throughout the sect. There was no longer any murmuring, because no one dared to. There was no longer and slander, because no one dared to. There was just an eerie silence overcast through Unseen Peak as dozens of elders appeared in the sky.

There weren't many notable clans within their 98th quadrant, this was because they were a place where sects thrived. Often times, it would take many families to build up a single sect, and as such, single families were quite powerless to resist them.

However, there were exceptions to every rule...

In their quadrant, their six peaks were a nearly unmatched existence. But, there still remained two clans capable of matching up to their prowess. The first was Donari's Caedes family. And the second... Was Zabia's Jafari family!

After the incident three decades ago, the Jafari family had completely disappeared from their quadrant. No one had any idea where they went, but here was someone actually claiming to be one of them!

In truth, Zabia never told Dyon just what happened. He seemed very afraid, or at the very least, wholly disgusted with the goings on of this quadrant. However, Dyon did have a clue.

When Dyon first mentioned the Dukes and Duchesses that attacked their quadrant, Zabia was certain that those Dukes came from this very universe. This told Dyon that Zabia's family had likely had some major conflict with a group who held that title.