

The Nameless 901

Chapter 901: Public Outrage

The only thing Dyon regretted was that Zabia truly didn't want to speak about it. In fact, Dyon went out of his way to not tell Zabia that he was here. Was that a stupid and dangerous decision? Probably. Considering Zabia knew how intelligent Dyon was, and just how powerful he was, yet still insisted he not go, that should be telling in and of itself. However, Dyon also knew that there were no rewards without massive risks. So, he dived right in.

When Donari heard this name, he trembled in anger and his fighting intent soared. Now that he knew this Dyon was a member of the Jafari family, he wanted to kill him even more. It wasn't that their family were enemies, it was just that Donari refused to be suppressed by a member of the same generation as him.

Not for a moment did anyone believe Dyon was lying. Because if it was a lie... It was just far too stupid! The amount of trouble that came with be a Jafari in this quadrant far outweighed the benefits! Although their enemies wouldn't act out on the surface, the number of people trying to backstab Dyon would skyrocket!

Dyon smiled, looking up at the sky. "Oh my. It seems my family is quite famous." Sighing, Dyon continued, "I had wanted to hide this from you all as I have no need to rely on my family's name to get what I want, but this esteemed elder here insisted."

The elders looked at Dyon with a wide variety of odd looks. This child seemed so intelligent and crafty just moments ago... How had he become so stupid in an instant?! To willfully say you were a member of the Jafari family, wasn't that asking for trouble?!

"Sorry," The old man recollected himself. "My ears are old, I didn't hear what you said properly. Do you mind repeating?"

Dyon's eyes softened when he looked at the old man. He could tell that he could hear perfectly fine. The only reason he was saying this was in order to give Dyon a way out. This made Dyon's favourability of the old man jump up a few levels. However, Dyon wanted it just like this.

With a wink, as though to say he was prepared, Dyon repeated. "My name is Dyon Jafari."

"My father is Bol Jafari. My mother is from the 74th quadrant. I took my trials as a member of the 74th quadrant, however, against the wishes of my family, I decided to come back and have some fun in our old stomping grounds." An oppressive pressure erupted from Dyon that made the elder's eyes widen with shock. "You can all call me Duke Jafari."

Suddenly, everyone understood why Dyon dared to come back... It seemed there would be a major stirring in their small quadrant very soon. This was because these enemies of the Jafari weren't the Peaks, nor was it the Caedes family... It was the most powerful force in the quadrant... The Cathedral.

When Nikolaos heard Dyon's title, and felt the Presence he released, his eyes widened as he trembled in fear.

He had just been acting aloof, staying a fair distance away along with Violet, not wanting to appear so as to give the illusion that he couldn't be bothered to. In fact, he was pissed off that his clan's elders appeared just because of a family name. However, now he realized that this was bigger than even he was prepared to admit it was.

To be from such a large and powerful family was one thing... To then have a mother from such a powerful quadrant was yet another... And to still yet be a Duke level character!? Nikolaos felt that his world was falling apart.

No one doubted for a moment that Dyon was telling the truth. That was because his Presence was too high level to not be a Duke! In addition, the fact he didn't appear on the 98th quadrant's rankings made sense as well because he had a mother from a much more powerful Corner. Why would he associate himself with the 98th ranked environment, when he could have the lofty 74th ranked?

Even further, Bol Jafari, a man who was actually Zabia's father, was a man whose name resounded like thunder. Although they knew who Bol's main wife was, what powerful man didn't have multiple wives? Everyone assumed that this mysterious woman from the 74th quadrant was simply another wife Bol had taken.

Dyon's lie was simply too perfect. His home quadrant was adjacent to the 30th and 98th ranked quadrant, however the 98th quadrant, was adjacent to the 30th, 51st, 74th and a mysterious quadrant too high ranked for them to dare to investigate. Obviously, the 51st ranked quadrant was Dyon's home

which had shot up the rankings, while the 30th was the legendary Kitsune-Shruti quadrant. So, for one, it made perfect sense for the Jafari to have chosen this quadrant while leaving their own.

Secondly, the Jafari was a family of dark-skinned individuals and Dyon happened to be partially in line with their gene pool. If his father was Bol, and one assumed his mother was of a lighter race of people, Dyon's current countenance made perfect sense.

Thirdly, power spoke over everything! The fact Dyon was a Duke made many not dare to doubt his words. Since he was so powerful, what did he need to lie to them for?

Everyone was clear on why Dyon was back: Revenge!

The old man shook his head after Dyon's confirmation. "The young are truly the future. We'll allow you to be our 6th participant. There isn't actually a cap. As long as you are a core disciple, you can participate, and clearly, you have the qualifications."

"Much appreciated." However, after saying this, Dyon didn't head to the core disciple courtyards. Instead, before the eyes of everyone, he scanned the working disciple cabins, picked an empty one, and disappeared into it.

At first, everyone was stunned. You're a core disciple now, but you're sleeping in working disciple cabins?!

However, they couldn't help but cough up mouthfuls of blood when they heard snoring resound through their now quiet sect.

The elders could only look at each other helplessly before flying away.

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"What do you all think?"

The old men of the Unseen Peak had converged, clearly to speak about Dyon's appearance.

"He's either incredibly intelligent, more intelligent than anyone I've ever met, or he's incomparably stupid." A middle-aged woman snorted.

"If he's a member of the Jafari family, he knows of the struggles of this quadrant. Although the Jafari and their sub-clans have suffered, they're among those who ended up better off after opposing The Cathedral."

"Maybe we're the stupid ones for having this discussion in the first place. I have no doubt that The Cathedral has long since planted spies within our peaks and among every family. Knowing this, we can't do anything to change the situation anyway, so why do we bother?"

"Even though there is a 100% certainty that there is a Cathedral member among us, if they were so stupid as to report back for such a petty reason, they wouldn't have lasted so long anyway." Another elder shrugged.

"True."

"Either way, I believe this child is quite interesting. He knows that The Cathedral cares about their outward appearance, so they would never act against him in open. At most, they would need to find or fabricate something to make him seem worthy of punishing."

"You believe that he's doing this to put pressure on The Cathedral? After all, the more people know about him, and the brighter he shines, the more air-tight The Cathedral's reasoning for wiping him need to be."

"Exactly right. Our quadrant used to be rife with glory, but we've been suppressed again and again, for the sake of what? Instead of being among the prestigious top ranked quadrants, now we're muddling about at the very bottom. It won't be long before we're ranked 100th and stuck there like the celestial deer quadrant was."

An elder laughed, "How interesting life is. The former 100th ranked quadrant found themselves a Dyon to cause their meteoric rise, maybe the Gods have sent us our own Dyon to raise us up."

The elders got a good laugh out of that. What a coincidence indeed.

"Either way," An elder replied seriously. "We can do nothing to help him, but we also don't need to hinder him. Simply let nature take its course. The Cathedral won't dare to so blatantly kill off a Duke, lest the earn public outrage."

Chapter 902: Suppressed!

These elders had no way of knowing that the two Dyons they were laughing about was the same person. However, they were right about one thing: Killing a Duke was no small matter.

After being held to such a low ranking for so long, the public was yearning for more. But, they had no choice but to swallow their frustrations because they simply didn't have talented enough young geniuses.

Maybe the most troublesome part about all of this was that this was only considered public knowledge in about five or so of the main and strongest universes of their quadrant. As for the remaining number? Information was completely censored in addition to travel being heavily restricted.

According to The Cathedral, this was for the sake of safety of those weaker individuals. But, intelligent people knew different...

One might wonder at this point, with so much censorship and monitoring, how did Dyon enter this quadrant so easily?

Dyon was wondering this too. However, he didn't have an answer just yet. It seemed he would have to slowly find out why such an air-tight quadrant had such a seemingly large hole in their system.

That aside, this information was well known to the main and most prosperous universes of the 98th quadrant. As such, many powerful families and sects resided here. After being suppressed by The Cathedral for so long, they were already pissed off and disgruntled. It was just that The Cathedral was very good at manipulating public opinion and diverting the attention of families to lesser matters.

However, if they gave these families a blatant reason to team up, although The Cathedral would still win in the end, that didn't mean they wouldn't suffer a loss.

Therefore, they had to do things carefully. It was likely that by now, with their robust information networks, they already knew about Dyon's appearance and were already planning...

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Within the very same universe, on the very planet Soul Rending Peak resided on, the largest city of the quadrant stood: Cathedral City!

The hallmark of this lofty city, the former stomping grounds of the Jafari family, was the massive pearl and silver laden Church that stood mightily at its center, as though it was a Palace rather than the place of worship that it was.

This Universe had 6 inhabitable planets, one of which was this Planet Cathedral. As for the other 5 planets, they were reserved for the branches of the main forces that resided on this planet. These, of course, included Unseen Peak, where Dyon was currently residing.

Currently, within the seemingly pure and holy church, dark forces were moving within. Surprisingly, their actions had little to do with Dyon, but it seemed Dyon's matters were a convenient addition to their topics of discussion.

... In the Cathedral Basement ...

"How's the month's quota?"

"Above expectations, but nothing too crazy. We've had a steady flow of revenue for the past few millennia."

"That's good. The Sapientia Quadrant Centennial Auction is coming up soon, without enough capital, we won't be able to compete with those top quadrants."

"To be still worried about such a thing, you're such a money grubber Old Ten. We've been accumulating this wealth for thousands of years, we long since had enough wealth to compete. Unless, you've been skimming off the top and there's something we should be worried about?"

Old Ten froze before narrowing his eyes. Even as a passing joke, saying such a thing was practically a death sentence considering who they were working for. None of them would dare to do such a thing.

"Why so serious Old Ten? There's no need to take the ramblings of an old man seriously."

Seeing the tension, another robed elder cut in. "Forget it, Old Twelve, you know better than to say such things.

"That aside, we all know how inconvenient it is for our employers to cross into our quadrant. However, they have a much easier time sending less noticeable members of the younger generation. Their Devil Qi isn't so potent yet, and is, as such, untraceable."

"Why are you telling us this?"

"Isn't it obvious, idiot? He's warning you brash fools not to treat them like children just because they are, unless you want to die an ugly death."

The elder who cut the tension the first time once again interjected. "Old Ten. Old Twelve. I won't say it again. I usually tolerate your squabbles, but my rope length is at 0 for the coming months.

"The Dark Elf Clan, The Fulgur Black Clan, The Infernal Beast Clan, The Eclipse Sect, and even Nightmare Palace have all sent representatives."

The air was sucked out of the room the moment these clans were listed... Each one was more legendary than the next.

The Dark Elf Clan were a former branch of the Elvin Kingdom that fell into demonic practices. However, unlike Elves that innately had Earth level constitution, Dark Elvin bodies were innately Heaven level!

The Fulgur Black clan was a family of black lightning cultivators and were among the few to survive prying apart the secrets of the most imposing and mysterious will in all of existence!

The Infernal Beast Clan was the peak most enemy of the Celestial Beast Clans, being their equivalent in power, while also following the Demonic Path!

The Eclipse Sect was a faction built on a legendary cultivation technique surpassing the peak divine level!

However, none of these four clans and sect held a candle to Nightmare Palace that ruled them all...

Maybe the most shocking part was that if anyone outside this room heard these talks and saw these reactions, they would be confused beyond belief... Because despite being so imposing and undoubtedly easily as powerful if not more so than the top three quadrants of the cosmos... The names of these clans were completely unknown....

The question was, in a plane of existence that was sure to only have 100 quadrants and 10 000 universes. In a plane of existence where every powerful clan was on full display for all to see... Just where did these contenders come from?

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"W... Why? Why would they send so many experts?"

"I do not know the details, but they definitely wouldn't send so many young geniuses into such a dangerous environment for no reason.

"It's like a combination of the Sapientia Auction, making sure that their investments are panning out, as well as that Epistemic Tower event coming up..."

The elders furrowed their brows. "What event? Why haven't I heard of this?"

"Of course you wouldn't have heard of it. Our best geniuses are only Dukes. Even that bastard child Dyon we got a report on a few hours ago, is nothing before those geniuses meant to participate in this event. Our small quadrant wouldn't need information on it because we don't stand a chance anyway."

One of the elders laughed, "Are you planning on letting that child do as he please? Although he's nothing but an ant and a frog in a well, he's quite a large fish in our quadrant. You all know that those devil clans won't have a use for us for much longer, at that time, all of our problems will have to be dealt with by us. It'll become much more difficult to hold onto our position of power at that time."

"Handling that child won't be easy. If he had decided to stay in the dark, and our information network sniffed him out, getting rid of him would be as easy as flipping a hand. However, by now, his name is too well known."

"Hmph, the only reason he'd be so well known so quickly is because those elders of the Unseen Peak spread it out intentionally despite saying they wouldn't do anything to help him."

"It hardly matters. He's a mere 1st stage essence gatherer who happens to know some body refining. He's not a match for even Soul Rending Peak's core disciples, let alone being a threat to us. If you really want to get rid of him, just do it during this year's assessments."

"How's that?"

"Just change the rules up a bit." The elder said with a shrug that made it clear he could care less. "Since he's a Duke, just give him an opportunity to become a Legatee of Soul Rending Peak by defeating one of their two current Dukes. Then, have them kill him."

"We don't even have to try that hard." Another elder said mysteriously. "Remember, he said that he was a Duke of the 74th quadrant, you all know what that means, right?"

The eyes of the elders widened. "He's being suppressed!"

Devious smiles spread all around. "Although our quadrant is weak now, its suppression is not too different from what it used to be. Right now, he's a mere 1st stage essence gatherer, facing suppression to at least 50% if not even more of his power. With that being the case, we could probably kill him before he even earn a spot in Soul Rending Peak."

"That's not entirely the case. You might not know this since this occurrence is fairly rare, but those who share a bloodline from two quadrants avoid suppression in both. Right now he should be at full power. How could mere 1st stage essence gatherer defeat an Inner Disciple if he was suppressed to 50% of his power? That hardly makes sense."

The elder who spoke was embarrassed, but still nodded in acknowledgement.

There were multiple ways to avoid the suppression of a quadrant.

The first was to share a bloodline with someone who wasn't suppressed. The second was to accumulate enough faith from that quadrant by becoming an important figure or Legatee. The third was to have enough power to suppress that quadrant alone. The fourth was, obviously, to be born in that quadrant. And another was a unique method provided by Dyon's cultivation technique, although unique methods like these were very rare and very sought after.

There was also universe-based suppression, but that was often much more negligible than quadrant level suppression.

That aside, the fact Dyon's mother came from the 74th quadrant and his father came from the 98th, allegedly, meant that he was suppression free in both quadrants.

This line of logic was within Dyon's calculations. He wanted to, as long as possible, hide his true strength. A younger version of himself would never do such a thing, but he was forcing himself to think about more than his ego recently.

If these elders were to find out that despite being suppressed to less than 50% of his peak power, he was able to throttle Inner Disciples, there would be problems. In fact, the likelihood of him leaving this quadrant was fall to nearly 0.

"Then we'll go with the first plan." Another elder said nonchalantly. "That aside, when will we receive these youngsters of the devil clans? We must hold a ceremony of some sort. We also need a way to integrate them without others asking questions.

"I would suppose to rein in these youngsters, but if they are too rampant in their actions, it might cause future problems for us and their clans."

"Such a thing won't be necessary." At that moment, a contradictorily cold, yet sweet voice sounded. It was as though it came from the depths of hell, yet also managed to carry the softness of the female voice.

At that moment, a peerless beauty walked into the room, somehow circumventing the senses of all of the elders present.

Her face seemed to be delicately sculpted of the most pristine ice. Her skin was so pale that in combination with her flowing white gown, it was as though the ghost of a world-shattering woman had just entered.

Her long white hair disappeared into the folds of her white gown, gently gracing the ground her dress trailed upon.

Anyone saying they had ever seen a woman more beautiful would no doubt deserve to be slaughtered where he or she stood.

The elders had long since surpassed the age of normal baseless lust, having been approaching the end of their lives for a long while now, but seeing this girl a fraction of their age before them, they couldn't help but feel those flames reignite. However, none of them dared to stare for too long...

This young lady wasn't normal by any stretch. That white hair was a symbol of only a single family of the devil clans... The current most powerful existences in Nightmare Palace... The Royal Family... The Ravana family.

If they were correct about that, then the only young lady capable of reining in those geniuses that followed her would have to be the greatest genius of their family since their inception. Princess Lilith.

She was just 21 years old this year, yet she was already a 12th stage saint! A first-grade saint at that! In fact, it was rumored that she could breakthrough at any moment, but was waiting for something. This level of cultivation speed... It was simply unmatched!

In truth, these elders weren't qualified to have such information. It was just that those weaklings the devil clans usually sent to monitor them would give them some information for some small benefits here and there. This was why they knew so much. Yet, to see the truth before them now... It was too much!

"Greetings elders. My name is Lilith Ravana. I've been sent to represent the Nightmare Palace in leading the members of the younger generation we've sent this time."

As the young lady spoke, it was as though all who heard her were transported to a dream land. Her very voice itself was like an illusory technique that made them want to tell her all of their secrets.

"I know you might be confused about why we've sent so many, so I will do my best to explain." Despite her words being amiable, they still kept their edge of frostiness.

"For one, the places we originate from do not have the Epistemic Tower, so we are unable to partake in their treasures. Our elders have long since lamented this and have finally decided to take advantage of the opportunity provided.

"Secondly, the Sapientia family auction has an important item we must buy. Our home land does not have standard energy stones, so although we are wealthy in our own right, we simply did not have recognizable currency for your quadrants. As such, we needed your help in achieving this.

"Thirdly, there is an important event occurring in the Epistemic Tower that will act as good tempering for us, so we have decided to participate."

The elders nodded vigorously, as though they were fighting over each other to prove who was listening better.

"We will need a few things from you during this time." Lilith continued unperturbed. "Firstly, we need accommodations for 15. Ensure that all of my maidservants are female.

"Secondly, arrange sparring partners for my fellow devil clan members. Although I can command them during important times, if they do not blow off steam frequently, they will disobey even me.

"Thirdly, key wielder duties of this quadrant will be handed over to me at the earliest possible convenience. If the key wielder is unconvinced, tell him that he may challenge me at any time.

"Fourthly, arrange the best you have in Soul Market and sell them all. It will no longer be a necessity after this."

With those final words, the beauty turned in left as though she had never been there to begin with...

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Dyon had no idea about the arrival of such geniuses, but even if he did, he wouldn't care. This wouldn't be because he wouldn't be interested in their origins, but rather because they wouldn't affect his plans much anyway.

From the very beginning, Dyon had already planned on having to deal with some covert and powerful force, it just so happened that they appeared far earlier than he assumed.

However, this Soul Market was something Dyon hadn't heard even a single word of. Despite his diligent investigative work, other than hearing about how much this quadrant hated soul cultivators, the word soul only came up when referring to Soul Rending Peak.

Of course, Dyon found it odd that the foremost sect in this soul hating quadrant would have the world soul in it... Even more poignant was the fact that while this sect was named Soul Rending Peak, Dyon's very own soul cultivation technique was named Soul Rend!

The odd coincidences were beginning to stack up, but Dyon simply didn't have enough information to draw conclusions.

Maybe it was simply a coincidence. After all, to rend something meant to tear it to pieces. It was possible that the namesake of the sect had nothing to do with Dyon's soul cultivation technique at all and simply underlined a barely furtive attempt at make their hate for the soul even clearer.

And then there was the elephant in the room. Although soul cultivation was seen as a weaker form of cultivation, it didn't go so far as to be hated. That made little to no sense. To this quadrant, soul cultivation was almost akin to demonic practices, as though soul experts were forming cults and performing sacrifices of the innocent.

Normally, one should be able to see through such stupidity easily. However, the combination of censorship and information restriction in the quadrant made it difficult for people to be well informed. Even further, The Cathedral was somehow highly in support of this!

A Soul Market... A group of young geniuses from a non-existent quadrant... A religion seemingly eager to hold a blindfold over the eyes of its people...

This 98th quadrant wasn't so simple.

Chapter 904: Fear

By now, the events in the basement of The Cathedral had long since passed and the core disciples of the various subordinate peaks were gathering at Soul Rending Peak.

Dyon hadn't done much else but sleep for the past few days. No one bothered him. In fact, his working disciple cabin was easily the quietest area in the entire Unseen Peak. It wasn't until the day they were meant to leave that someone brought a set of black robes embroidered with the Unseen Peak insignia for him to wear.

After putting the robes on and sliding on a pair of martial warrior shoes that seemed to come straight out of a 1970s Kungfu movie, Dyon strapped his massive broad sword across his chest using its black chains before walking out.

Since Dyon was exactly sure where to go from here, he simply walked to the gates, finding himself beside the sleeping old man again.

"You sure know how to live the life, old man. I can't wait until I can sleep all day too."

The old man snorted, not bothering to open his eyes. "Isn't that what you've been doing these past few days anyway? Simply wasting away your youth."

Dyon laughed, before replying mysteriously. "And you're wasting away your power."

The old man shook his head. 'Smelly brat.'

Normally, Dyon would create a chair for himself to recline on. But, he was doing his upmost to separate his personas. Unless it was absolutely necessary, he wouldn't reveal his soul related abilities. For now, he would strictly be a body cultivator.

Unfortunately, this meant he lost many style points while he waited for the other 5 core disciples to appear. Dyon knew he didn't appear early, he arrived at the very time the inner disciple who brought him his robes told him to. So, it didn't take long for Dyon to realize that that Inner Disciple had purposefully lied to him.

'Interesting...' Dyon felt that this inner disciple had quite a large amount of courage to dare lie to him. 'It seems that I'm still not taken seriously.'

A smile spread across Dyon's face. He didn't bother to wait. In fact, from start to finish, he had only been standing alone for ten seconds. Even in that inner disciple's wildest dreams, he wouldn't believe that a supposed martial artist would lose patience so quickly. However, he clearly didn't understand Dyon very well.

"Old man, I'll be taking a trip to the Inner Sect."

Before the sleeping old man could respond, wings of black had already appeared on Dyon back as his disappeared into the air.

'Such a temper...' The old man shook his head. 'Since you knew you were lied to, couldn't you just have headed back to your cabin?' Even though he thought this, the old man went back to snoring in the next instant.

Dyon made it to the end of the outer sect in just a few minutes.

The 6 sections of Unseen Peak were separated not only by elevation, but also a land and a heavily guarded bridge.

The edge of the outer sect was actually a massive drop off. The geography of this place hardly made any sense. They were on the top of a mountain right now, weren't they? How come the bridge seemed suspended in the sky?

Looking over the edge, one would see an endless sea of clouds, and in the infrequent gaps, there would be a drop to a very distant earth below.

The bridge itself was only one of four, one for the south, east, west and north of the outer sect.

It swayed in the wind and honestly, didn't look all that reliable. That said, did Dyon really need a bridge? He could fly.

However, he was truly interested in what these sect disciples were trying to do.

Considering the distance between the outer sect edge and the inner sect, by normal measurements, a mere 1st stage essence gatherer wouldn't have enough energy stores to fight the force winds and cover the distance. In fact, only a mid level essence gatherer would have enough, by Dyon's estimation.

In all likelihood, these disciples wanted Dyon to take the bridge, thinking that he was only a body cultivator, and thus couldn't make it without using the bridge.

It wasn't their fault, honestly. Dyon had retracted his wings before he fully cleared the Unseen Peak walls, so only the sentries knew he had wings at all, until this point.

When the guards of the southern bridge saw Dyon approaching, a sinister light flashed in their eyes. Dyon had already retracted his wings and was calmly walking toward them.

"Halt!" The guards called out.

Dyon continued to walk until he was about a meter from the two of them.

They wore a sort of single shoulder armor that seemed to be a 6th stage common level defensive treasure. This was quite good for this sect, so Dyon assumed that this was why they were so haughty. Well, that and the fact that this single shoulder armor was a symbol of the Punishment Faction of the peaks.

Normally, only those considered undefeatable within their cultivation realm would earn the right to join the Punishment Faction. Considering these two were guarding the outer sect southern bridge, it meant they were considered undefeatable within the meridian formation realm, and could even fight across cultivation stages. So, when they were told that Dyon was only of the 1st essence gathering stage, they didn't fear him at all.

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"Do you need something?" Dyon asked, completely unperturbed.

"Do we need to have a reason to stop you?" One of them replied arrogantly. "Rule 11.03. Questioning the authority of a Punishment Faction member is punishable with 1 week of solitary confinement."

Clang

Dyon watched as handcuffs fell to the ground.

"Cuff yourself. I can't be bothered to. After you're done, head back to the outer sect punishment hall, you're not worthy of being held in the core sect punishment hall. It would dirty the -."

Just as the guard was about to finish, he suddenly felt a soft breeze pass him by. When he looked up to see what it was, he realized that it was actually Dyon walking by him!

"You... Good! To dare defy the Punishment Faction!"

Two fists blazed toward Dyon, carrying with them a domineering flame qi that Dyon assumed would be quite hot if he didn't have a celestial level body.

Although Dyon could simply take their punches head on, he instead slid backward, watching with amusement in his eyes as their fists collided with each other, sending them flying apart.

Dyon leisurely bent down, picking up the cuffs and walking over to one of them.

Before the guard even realized what was happening, he heard a click and felt cold metal wrap around his wrist just as a fierce kick snapped his knee back at an awkward angle.

"AAGGHH!"

"You dare attack a disciple of the Punishment Faction?! That's grounds for expulsion from the sect!" The second guard charged over, convinced this all had to be a dream.

Didn't this guy trick and weasel his way into a core disciple position? How come he was so powerful? Were they lied to?!

As Punishment Faction disciples, they had duties to attend to. The only person free of such rules was Donari himself, and that was only because of the power of his family.

When Dyon caused the alarm to sound off the other day, they were under obligation to remain and guard the bridge. So, they hadn't seen anything.

After that, they heard all the rumors and the twisted story spread afterward. Everyone thought that Dyon had simply conned his way into the sect, especially since he remained in the outer sect. They all assumed that that was because he didn't dare to face the core disciples, lest his poor strength be exposed.

Little did they know that Dyon simply didn't care about the small benefits of the core sect. Let alone the Unseen Peak, even the Soul Rending Peak hardly interested him. The only reason he was here was to find a base of operations for his investigations. Nothing more, nothing less.

Yet, to think these idiots saw this as a sign of weakness. It seemed he would have to educate them.

Dyon grabbed the approaching fist of the second guard, slapping the other end of the cuffs on him.

The guard was shocked that Dyon grabbed his flaming fist. All of a sudden, he felt endless fear.

Chapter 905: Curiosity

"You... Even if you can defeat us, you won't have a good ending!" The guard started laughing as though he had lost his mind.

Dyon grabbed the center chain of the cuffs and leapt into the air, letting them tangle below him as he crossed over into the Inner Sect.

As soon as he left, the crowd of students that were hiding came out. Of course, Dyon had noticed them already, he just couldn't be bothered to care.

"Should we tell the outer sect elders about this?..."

"Read the rule book, idiot. Outer sect disciples don't have the right to interfere with a core disciple. Only core elders can."

"But..."

"Don't even think about it. You saw it for yourself, he knows the rule book like the back of his hand."

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The scene of Dyon dragging two Punishment Faction disciples through the Inner Sect spread like wild fire. However, surprisingly, no one dared to stop him or even speak a word of reproach. Something about Dyon's calm and nonchalant appearance in the face of the agonizing screams of the two chained disciples sent shivers down their spine. This was simply not a man they could afford to offend.

After a seemingly leisurely stroll, Dyon had made his way to the center of the Inner Sect. There, he found a communal plaza that acted as a central pathway branching out to every other area of the Inner Sect. From here, it should be possible to follow a straight path to wherever you choose.

At the very center were two poles. One pole had the rankings of the inner disciples and acted as a stage for glory. The other pole had a list of the worst disciples to ever appear in their Unseen Peak, and acted as a stage for shame. Anyone who committed unpardonable offenses was listed here.

While the first pole changed depending on the area of the sect it was in, as well as the changes in disciple power, the second pole was identical whether it be here, or the outer or core sect.

Dyon leaped to the top of the second pole, still dangling the two Punishment Faction disciples from his hand. After rummaging through the belongings, he managed to find a suitable knife.

With a casual swing of his hand, they were stripped naked other than their single shoulder armor. Then, nailed to the Pole of Sins using their cuffs.

After finishing this, Dyon leisurely sat at the top of the pole, a clear look of boredom on his face. "Tell the Inner Disciple who brought my robes to crawl out here."

Dyon reclined on the top of the pole. "For every minute he makes me wait, he'll lose a finger. For every ten minutes he makes me wait, he'll lose a limb. If he makes me wait more than half an hour, he can consider his life forfeit."

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Within the core sect, six black robed figures and a single white robed one were gathered around a table. Four were female, while three were male. A few of them were figures Dyon would recognize, namely: Donari, Violet and Nikolaos.

They were currently in luxurious courtyard, fit with a small spring and lush flowers, laughing amongst each other as though they were the best of friends when the reality of the matter was far from it. In truth, they were each other's fiercest competition, but for some odd reason, they had come together.

Although they didn't very much like each other, the one truth they could all agree on was that they had each earned their spot as a core disciple. However, this new Dyon character hadn't done any such thing, so they decided as a collective to deal with him.

Initially, they assumed that he would choose to endure. At that point, they could slowly raise the stakes until he ran away with his tail between his legs. In fact, they were currently laughing about how stupid Dyon must look waiting alone at the gate for an event they wouldn't be leaving for, for at least a couple more weeks.

However, that was when a servant came rushing in, breathing heavily. Actually, it would be more accurate to call this 'servant' a lackey, because he wore the blue robes of an inner disciple.

"Senior brothers and sisters." The inner disciple bowed deeply, recognizing that interrupting such powerful characters wasn't in his best interest. "There's a problem."

The five of them frowned.

"What happened?" A petite beauty with light brown hair asked.

As the inner disciple spoke, the more and more angry the core disciples and their Legatee became. Maybe if they were clear headed, they would have realized that the inner disciple was embellishing the story as best he could, but at this point, they were willing to find any fault with Dyon.

The truth was that the inner disciple had no choice but to lie. According to reports, this Dyon character was actually threatening to harm and torture him. If he didn't incite these seven to go and deal with Dyon personally, he would be the one to suffer because he was the very person who brought Dyon's robes to him!

In the beginning, it should have been easy. Lie to a core disciple, embarrass him a little, and gain the opportunity to cultivate in the energy dense core sect. But now, his life was on this line!

For a martial artist, losing limbs and appendages was a very serious matter. Meridians were spread through of the body, so being cut off in such a way was as good as placing a road block on your future.

Of course, there were many methods of regrowing such things, however, this was the 98th quadrant! To find such things was already an impossible task, let alone to then be able to afford them! If he really allowed Dyon to do this to him, he would be as good as dead!

Nikolaos' face darkened. "Lead the way."

**

By now, 15 minutes had passed since Dyon's statement. He continued to recline as though what was going on had absolutely nothing to do with him, enjoying the atmosphere.

Those who were gathering around had no idea what would happen and couldn't help but to gather around. The cleverest among them began selling seats to the best vantage points to see the most action at the safest range. Considering there were many owned buildings surrounding the inner sect pavilion, the number of individuals like this weren't small.

Suddenly, a booming voice sounded off. "Little Bastard, you dare spit in the face of the Punishment Faction in this way?!"

The crowd watched in shock as an inner sect elder appeared in the air. Judging by his single shoulder armor, his identity was more than obvious.

The Punishment Faction was divided into an organized hierarchy. There were the disciple members, but also the elder members, while those were further divided as well. Essentially, outer and inner disciple members were overseen by outer and inner elder members. As for the core members, there was only one, and he was the head of the Punishment Faction.

This was all to say that an inner elder of the Punishment Faction was only second in authority to the head himself!

The lazily reclining Dyon casually sent a glance up at the elder standing in the skies. It amused him that the single shoulder guard was still a mere 6th stage practitioner level defensive treasure. Clearly, he had been too spoiled in becoming the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect.

"Elder, please help us!" The two former bridge guards cried out pitifully.

They hadn't been hanging there for long, but their wrists were chaffing, their arms were highly uncomfortable, and they were actually stripped naked for everyone to see! This was the most embarrassing moment of their lives. And this was not even mentioning the fact Dyon had shattered their knee caps.

The elder in the sky wore blue robes much darker than the normal inner sect robes, but, his face was completely red with rage. Dyon found him to be quite interesting, though. The fact he hadn't attacked was more than enough to catch Dyon's curiosity.

Dyon smiled. "You're not a bad elder."

With his Perception, seeing through the character of people weaker than him was quite a simple matter under normal circumstances. Although Inner Sect elders were lower level saints, and Dyon was suppressed to less than 50% of his peak prowess, he wasn't so out of it that he couldn't handle a 4th grade saint.

Chapter 906: Stopped

According to the rules, Dyon was in fact in the wrong. So, he didn't find any issues with an elder being angry with him. He just didn't care.

Just a few days ago, dozens of elders watched Donari kill an inner disciple and no one made a move on him. Dyon wouldn't wantonly kill people, in fact, he wasn't even serious about killing that inner disciple who brought him his robes, but that didn't mean he would allow slaps to his face in the name of following the rules.

This said, Dyon still needed Unseen Peak. There was a reason he hadn't just used the same overbearing tactic to force his way in Soul Rending Peak, and that was because the elders of that main peak couldn't be so easily dealt with by Dyon even in his unsuppressed state, let alone his suppressed one. As such, he was forced to take advantage of Unseen Peak. In the end, this meant that Dyon's rule breaking actions still had to maintain an air of rationality, lest he lose his foothold into Soul Rending Peak.

The elder, still standing in the skies, was stunned by Dyon's words, and even more surprised that they didn't come with a mocking tone.

Just as the elder was about to respond, another voice interrupted him.

"Dealing with this is beneath you, esteemed elder. Allow this little one to take the role of senior brother and discipline those who need to be disciplined."

The crowd couldn't help but suck in a breath when they saw the lineup of seven individuals who entered the pavilion.

Five core disciples. A Soul Rending Peak disciple. And their Legatee? It wasn't often that they saw even one of these characters, let alone seeing them all at once.

The elder frowned when he heard this. Even if he was a five-year-old child he would be able to tell at this point that this situation wasn't so simple as it seemed. These arrogant children didn't even show due respect to their elders, let alone speaking so cordially to him now and even offering to help discipline and add structure to the sect. Clearly, they had instigated this.

However, although he had a strong moral compass as an elder, that moral compass also forced him to follow the rules. He had already been overstepping his bounds by questioning Dyon in the first place, although in reality, it was only because he didn't recognize Dyon.

As an Inner Sect elder, he had no right to question a core disciple, and even less of a right to question the Legatee of their branch sect. He might be more powerful than some of their core disciples, a large majority of them, in fact, however, that meant nothing.

He could only send Dyon a helpless and apologetic glance, only to be surprised by the fact Dyon didn't seem to care about the identities of those who had arrived.

Dyon didn't bother to respond to the inner elder's glance. Although he said his character wasn't bad, Dyon still found him to be a coward and he didn't very much like to associate with people like that. There was a reason he said that the elder wasn't a bad one, rather than saying he was a good one.

Casually taking a glance down at the approaching disciples, Dyon scanned them before his eyes landed on a particular individual hiding further behind the front seven. It didn't take Dyon much effort to recognize that this was the inner sect disciple who had brought him his robes.

With a single leap, Dyon softly landed on the ground despite the weight on his back.

"It's good that you've come down on your own." Nikolaos said when he noticed Dyon's actions. "It saves me the trouble of coming to get you myself. Admit your wrongs and accept your punishment."

Nikolaos began to exude an otherworldly aura, causing those surrounding him to feel as though he had placed an individual hand on each one of their throats.

The privileges of a Legatee were many, but one of the most important was the ability to completely suppress those of their clan or sect. As a member of any clan or sect, you have a small bit of that clan's faith protecting you, that faith then increases as the position you earn in the clan or sect increases. However, among those of the sect or clan, no one has more faith than the Patriarch. After the Patriarch, Legatees lag not too far behind...

This seems simple enough, but the reality of the matter is far more complex.

Although everyone of a sect has faith, the only ones who can consciously mobilize it are Legatees. Which means... If you have joined a sect and happen to anger its Legatee, the chances of you winning a fight is near zero. This isn't because the Legatee is definitely more powerful, although it is a strong possibility considering their position. It is because a Legatee has the ability to suppress anyone of their sect by making use of the faith they all inherently had within them.

With these abilities, Nikolaos was undefeated, and as far as everyone else was concerned, he would stay undefeated.

Dyon paused in his walk and took a glance at Nikolaos' smug features. "So, you'd like to use your position as a Legatee to bully your fellow junior brothers and sisters?"

"Bully?" Nikolaos sneered. "You've clearly violated the rules of our Unseen Peak. As a supposed core disciple, a privilege you neither fought for nor earned, you've very clearly already over-stepped your bounds.

"As the Legatee of our Unseen Peak, it's my responsibility to handle you. Our Core Elders don't have time to waste on you, neither do they acknowledge you as a true core disciple.

"Now. Do as I say so we can end this as quickly as possible."

Dyon shifted his gaze toward the inner disciple hiding in the back. Although he was clearly standing their for his own safety and protection, the gloating expression on his face was clear.

"Which one of you ordered that inner disciple to lie about the meeting time?" Dyon's eyes left the inner disciple, scanning the seven faces before him. What he saw was an odd mixture of deadpan, nonchalance, and one deathly stare coming from Donari.

Seeing that he didn't receive an answer, Dyon smiled. "I understand. You're unconvinced by my appointment as a core disciple?" Dyon didn't bother waiting for them to respond. "I wonder, if I fought you all right now, and defeated you all right now, would you accept your loss? Or would you find another reason to hate me?"

Dyon took another step forward, causing Nikolaos' eyes to widen. By all rights, Dyon shouldn't be able to move right now.

It was too bad he was far too naïve. Dyon was already suppressed to less than half of his peak abilities, the suppression Nikolaos placed on him was a drop in the bucket. Not to mention the fact he was already more powerful than Nikolaos was in the first place, meaning the suppression he could place on him was limited to begin with. If that wasn't the case, wouldn't Nikolaos be able to defeat even core elders?

"Don't mind me." Dyon said casually walking by Nikolaos and arriving in front of the inner disciple. "It's been 20 minutes. I'm sure you understand what that means, no?"

The inner disciple stumbled backward. "Senior brothers and sisters... Please...."

Suddenly, Dyon felt a murderous aura overwhelm him as a fist blazing with foggy red qi erupted toward him.

At this moment, it was as though time had completely stopped.

The dense killing intent made everyone's blood run cold, it was as though the fist wasn't aimed toward Dyon, but rather, themselves.

Those who were spectating didn't truly understand the significance of Dyon walking through Nikolaos' suppression, even if they knew, they would likely have assumed that Nikolaos didn't use the whole of his ability. In truth, this would have been true. Nikolaos didn't use his full suppression abilities, but he definitely used enough to crush a mere 1st stage essence gatherer. The fact Dyon wasn't writhing on the ground was already enough to astonish him.

Some with fainter hearts immediately looked away. They were very clear on Donari's cruelty. Since he took action, even if Dyon didn't die from the first punch, he would definitely be beaten bloody in the subsequent punches.

Although Donari wasn't the most powerful of the core disciples, it didn't matter. He was, by far, the most feared. Not only was he a member of a family rivaling the Soul Rending Peak, he was also far younger than any of the other core disciples. In fact, he was the youngest core disciple in the history of Unseen Peak.

He didn't have a title yet because he had yet to take his trials, but no one doubted that when he did, he would become yet another Duke of their quadrant.

And now... That Duke was attacking a mere 1st stage essence gatherer without holding back a single ounce of his strength...

Dyon turned toward the punch, and watched as it slammed into his chest.

BOOM!

Force winds blasted from the center of the collision, sending the inner disciple flying and the core disciples along with Nikolaos trotting backward leisurely, it was as though they had a tacit agreement to allow Donari to do whatever he wanted.

The bricks of the pavilion went flying, creating a small crater of dust and cracked flooring.

Dust flew into the skies, even as the inner sect elder watched worriedly from the skies, unable to deal with the inner turmoil he was facing.

However, just when everyone assumed that Dyon was heavily injured, the dust began to slowly settle, revealing two silhouettes.

Under everyone's shocked eyes, Dyon was revealed, nonchalantly looking down at the mangled fist resting on his chest.

Donari's face was contorted in pain, unable to stop the blood from seeping from his mouth.

Dyon grabbed Donari's wrist, taking out one of his knees with a sickening cracking that made Donari call out in pain and fall to the ground.

"Just a few days ago, I said it was Unseen Peak's fortune to have me as a core disciple. It seems none of you truly believed me, or else you wouldn't attack me with such pitiful cultivation. Did you think a mere 4th stage essence gatherer was enough to do much of anything to me?"

"You see, I wasn't planning on dealing with your arrogance. I simply didn't care. Whether it be what you thought in your minds, or whispered amongst your friends, I simply don't care.

"However, the moment you think you have the right to treat my name like dirt, and my life like soil, that's when you've truly earned my anger."

Donari's features were a mix of unbridled anger, shame and complete disbelief.

They had long since guess that Dyon was likely a body cultivator first and foremost, or else he wouldn't have been powerful enough to deal with an inner disciple so easily. However, the problem with body refiners was that the difficulty in understanding their power level was far more difficult than it was for the soul and energy.

Unless you were highly learned and also had senses capable of being ranked amongst the top members of your cultivation level, you wouldn't have a chance of seeing through a body cultivator until you fought them personally.

Even worse for all of them, even if they were such a person, they still wouldn't be able to see through Dyon because of his mask!

How could Donari know that he was attacking a celestial body, albeit suppressed? How could he know that Nikolaos' suppression worked on Dyon, but it was hardly a drop in the bucket compared to the rest of the suppression he was facing? How could he know just how serious Dyon was when he said there was no one more worthy of being a core disciple than him?

The core disciples felt their scalps go numb. Although there were some of them more powerful than Donari, if they were asked to defeat Donari, would they be able to do so, so easily? They didn't know...

They couldn't help but look toward Violet and Nikolaos, as things were going, maybe only they could defeat Dyon completely.

However, when they looked at Violet, they noticed that her once deadpan expression had turned into a smile while Nikolaos was still in a daze.

Dyon didn't bother with Donari anymore, instead walking over to the inner sect disciple who lay shivering in the distance.

"You have one of two choices," Dyon spoke slowly and meaningfully. "The first is that I remove two of your limbs in accordance with the 20 minutes you made me wait. The second is for you to be strapped to the pole until the true date of our departure. Which is it going to be?"

"I – I... You can't do this! It's against the rules! I at most only lied to you a little bit, how does that warrant such punishment! You speak of bullying, are you not bullying me now?!"

"I wonder..." Dyon began. "When you were scheming against me, would you have done so if you knew exactly how powerful I was?"

"I..." The inner sect disciple had no response. He truly wouldn't have dared to do anything if he knew Dyon was so powerful.

Feeling his world breaking down, the inner sect disciple could only drop to his knees, slamming his head against the cracked ground. "Please! I'm sorry. I was forced to do this, or else how would I as a mere inner disciple dare to act against a core disciple?"

Dyon looked at the kowtowing inner sect disciple before looking back toward the writhing Donari, the stunned Nikolaos, and the, surprisingly, smiling Violet.

His brows furrowed slightly when he noticed Violet's odd countenance, but when he saw her blush after their eyes met, his confusion only deepened. 'What the hell is wrong with this woman? She hated my guts just a few days ago...'

Without a word, Dyon left, leaving the inner sect disciple on the ground.

He didn't need to say a word for everyone to understand his meaning: 'This time I've shown mercy, but don't cross me again.'

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After Dyon's actions, no one dared look down on him anymore. Although characters like Violet and Nikolaos were not afraid of him, because they could also beat Donari just as easily, Dyon had left them with enough apprehension that they didn't dare to act rashly.

In truth, Violet felt her feelings for Dyon flip. She had been very angry that her innocence was ruined by him, but since Dyon was so powerful despite being so young, she could likely use this to her advantage. 'As long as he's obedient, I'll allow him to become my husband. If not... Hmph.'

Dyon, of course, had no interest in Violet. He simply didn't feel the same feelings he had when he first interacted with Madeleine or Ri or Clara. In his mind, she would never match up to them.

As for Nikolaos, he did not want to risk losing face. He found that he couldn't see through Dyon at all, and even worse, from beginning to end, Dyon hadn't used that large sword on his back. In fact... he seemed to intentionally allow Donari to strike his chest. Although on the surface, this didn't seem like much, but the speed at which Dyon turned toward Donari meant that he could have easily dodged... Yet didn't...

There was another reason Nikolaos didn't take action, though. From the start, he had said that Dyon didn't deserve his spot among the core disciples. Yet, he had just used the most direct method to slap him in his face. If he pressed forward, not only would he shame himself, he would bring the ridicule of Violet upon him. Despite the fact many said branch clan Legatees and Soul Rending Peak core disciples were on the same level, Nikolaos knew better than to believe this... He couldn't hold a candle to Violet, and he knew it. If he wanted to win her heart, it had to be with his demeanor. If not, he didn't stand a chance.

Just like this, the events of Unseen Peak came to an end. Days later, the core disciples gathered together with several elders, Violet and Nikolaos.

Dyon was, of course, there, dealing with Donari's hateful stare. Due to the poor alchemy available in this quadrant, Donari's wounds were far from fully healed. However, he planned on heading to his family first before heading to the assessment. It was clear that there would be trouble, but considering everyone thought Dyon was a Jafari, they found his nonchalance about the matter only to be expected.

With those final thoughts, they all gathered near a teleportation formation before disappearing toward Soul Rending Peak.

Chapter 908: Stuck

Dyon frowned as the teleportation formation flashed. 'This teleportation is too high level for a quadrant like this. That's not to mention the fact I'm 70% certain the divisions between the areas of the Peak are also high-level arrays...'

The more time Dyon spent in the 98th quadrant, the more oddities he found.

For one, the suppression was far too much for such a weak quadrant. The fact that Dyon lost more than 50% of his abilities was utterly ridiculous.

Suppression itself should be based on the power of the peak-most clans and sects within a quadrant. However, the highest-level clans and sects here could almost be treated with impunity by Dyon. Yes, it was true that there were quite a few celestials that Dyon couldn't hope to beat, but in terms of his ability to escape from such existences, Dyon wasn't worried in the least.

In addition to all of this, according to the information Zabia gave Dyon, in their entire quadrant, there was only a single dao formation expert, and it wasn't even confirmed if said individual was still alive or not.

Interestingly enough, that dao formation expert wasn't known to be a part of any one clan. Or, more accurately, Zabia didn't have much information on who it was. It was just that Zabia's father had thought it important to pass on this information to his son before his death.

Luckily for Dyon, the Death of Bol Jafari was unknown to the 98th quadrant, so he was able to take advantage of having an identity as his son.

Either way, that dao formation expert was the furthest from Dyon's mind. Such an expert would either constantly be in seclusion, or constantly traveling in order to seek a breakthrough. This was because he was unlike those dao formation experts from powerful quadrants. If the 98th quadrant was as weak as it seemed, the opportunities for improvement here were limited.

This was all to say that this quadrant shouldn't have any existences powerful enough to sustain such pressure.

It wasn't that Dyon didn't think of the possibility that maybe there were some hidden forces, or maybe this suppression was lingering on from past, much more powerful clans and sects. It was more so that he just didn't have the supporting evidence. He couldn't think of a logical reason for a sect to feign weakness, nor did Jafari have any information on any past clans powerful enough to meet the criteria.

On the surface, the possibility of there being hidden forces makes sense. After all, maybe they wanted to launch a sort of surprise attack, and as such, kept themselves hidden.

There were a few problems with this.

For one, the Epistemic Tower wasn't just a normal resource. No. It was THE resource.

Dyon's home quadrant dropped from number one in the rankings, to the power of only about the 60s, purely because of the lack of this tower as a cultivation resource.

The drop off in power and potential was simply astronomical. To put things into perspective, even a quadrant ranked in the 50s could annihilate a 60th ranked quadrant with a mere 20% of its abilities, let alone what a top one quadrant would be able to do.

It simply didn't make any sense. As far as Dyon knew, the 98th quadrant had been this weak for far longer than his home quadrant had been. Which means they had even more time to fall through the rankings than even the former Celestial Deer Quadrant had.

Secondly, who the hell were their enemies? Who were they trying to sneak attack? Inter-quadrant warfare was so rare that its instances could be counted on two hands in modern times.

The only reason an entire quadrant would have to feign weakness was if an entire quadrant was their enemy. However, this seemed wholly unlikely...

This was because if there was truly a hidden force hiding, and they were the reason the suppression was so high level, then wouldn't this suppression itself expose themselves to their enemy? Such a plan would be far too stupid.

Maybe if access to this quadrant was restricted and monitored, sure. But, Dyon had entered far too easily.

This wasn't the only odd thing about this quadrant either.

In Dyon's home quadrant, it made sense for them to have formations far past their capabilities. After all, they were the former home of the Celestial Deer Sect. However, what was so special about this quadrant that it had teleportation formations capable of sending them from planet to planet?

To say the distance was millions of miles was an understatement. Even if Dyon's soul was unsealed right now, it would take him days, if not weeks to set up such a formation. Then, to top that off, he would have to supply it with enough energy to sustain itself over a long period of time which would require an astronomical amount of resources.

Then there was the oddity of the naming scheme of their foremost sect, and the high level formations even within their branch sects.

As Dyon was lost in his thoughts, the scene before his eyes dimmed and revealed a stunning scene.

Their group of about 15 appeared on a silver disk, arranged in a semi-circle nearby four other disks.

Across from them sat a couple dozen battle platforms beside another couple dozen judge stands.

In the surroundings, the loud noises of a restless crowd almost made Dyon want to plug his ears.

Suddenly, a voice cut through everything. "Six core disciples? You must be getting desperate, hm, Elder Nova?"

Dyon sent a glance toward the voice, only to find an old man, wearing dark red robes.

According to Dyon's knowledge, inner sect disciple robes varied in color depending on the sect. In conjunction with this, elders of a sect usually wore the darker version of this color as their own robes. So, while the inner sect disciple of Unseen Peak wore light blue robes, the elder Dyon had met was wearing dark blue robes.

Seeing that this elder was wearing dark red robes told Dyon that he was from Slaughter Peak, while the pattern on his chest, underneath their sect insignia, told him that he was a core elder.

From what Dyon could see, it seemed that the Peak Patriarchs didn't participate in this event. Although he found it odd, he didn't think too much of it. Maybe they were already here and Dyon just didn't know.

As for the relationship between Slaughter and Unseen Peak, they were constantly vying for first place amongst the five branch peaks. So, one could say that the competition between them, as well as the rivalry, was quite fierce.

In a historical context, Unseen Peak used to be backed by the Jafari family, while Slaughter Peak used to be backed by the Caedes family.

Obviously, with the disappearance of the Jafari family, the Unseen Peak was becoming more and more incapable of challenging Slaughter Peak. That said, they didn't fall so far that the other Peaks could challenge them.

What Dyon found interesting, though, was that Donari would choose to come to Unseen Peak instead of his family's Slaughter Peak. But, Dyon wasn't exactly on the best of terms with Donari, so he simply didn't care about whatever family issues he had.

As for this "Elder Nova", it was the very same sleeping old man Dyon had become acquainted with. He had changed out of his black and scrappy clothing to don a dark blue robe. He seemed to have a completely different air to him now.

Elder Nova only smiled, "We just had too many good seedlings to keep it to 5."

"Is that so? Since when was a mere 1st stage essence gatherer a good seedling? A rejected 4th grade essence gatherer too? He even looks to be injured. This truly is a poor showing." The red robed elder shook his head in mock pity.

On the surface, he wasn't exactly wrong. Core disciples, even of the branch sects, should be far more powerful. Many were already at the 8th or 9th stage, let alone bringing mere 4th and 1st stage disciples. Dyon couldn't lie, it did look like a poor showing.

It wasn't only because he and Donari looked weak, it was because they also brought 6 disciples.

There was an unwritten rule that every branch would only bring their 5 best disciples. Although it wasn't a true rule, it was what was usually followed. The fact that Unseen Peak brought 6 made it look like they were throwing everything they had out and hoping something stuck.

Chapter 909

However, those who were aware of Donari's power knew better. And, those who had seen how easily Dyon destroyed Donari were even more clear that he was an even greater freak.

"Little brother, you should be so impatient. Come back home and stop being so stubborn." A maroon haired and red eyed individual of the Slaughter Peak spoke out from behind the red robed elder.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. He had assumed that Donari would be healed by his family when they reached Soul Rending Peak, but it seemed that that wasn't the case.

"Fuck you." Donari responded simply and straight forwardly. Never once looking at this elder brother of his.

Truth be told, Dyon found this quite funny. Donari was a person who had killed, wantonly, for who knows how long. Now, he was like a child throwing a tantrum. Dyon found these kinds of people the most disgusting.

Dyon leaned toward Elder Nova. "Hey, old man, how about we put some stakes on this?"

Donari's elder brother frowned. "Was it your turn to speak? Learn your place."

Dyon assumed he was trying to intimidate him by released his 10th stage essence gathering cultivation, but how could such cultivation perturb Dyon?

"Good thing I wasn't talking to you, then." Dyon responded, ignoring him. "How about it, old man? I'm sure you didn't come here just to spectate, hm?"

The old man laughed. "How about it, Elder Rhode?"

"What's the bet?" Elder Rhode was intrigued. In his mind, he was sneering. In his mind, Elder Nova had no intention of betting at all, but since Dyon asked so openly, he would lose face by rejecting. Because of that, he had no choice but to propose a bet.

Unfortunately for him, it's exactly because of this thought process that Dyon went about this as he did.

"Elder Nova, bet that I'll place first." Dyon said with a smile.

When the crowd heard Dyon's words, there was a mixture of shock and disdain.

Some people had such poor sensory abilities, that unless they directly fought someone, they would be unable to tell their cultivation level. People began to assume that Dyon must fall in this category, or else he wouldn't have ignored the intimidation of Donari's elder brother so easily.

However, to everyone's shock, Elder Nova didn't reprimand Dyon at all.

"Sure, let's do it."

Suddenly, the old man and Dyon ignored the crowd as though they were old friends.

"What kind of betting stakes are you thinking?" Elder Nova grinned.

"If it's not big, is it really worth it? We should take them for all they're worth or else we wouldn't be able to swindle cowards like them again."

"Of course, of course. Energy stones are too bland. What's truly hard to replace are rare materials."

A devious glint flashed in Dyon's eyes. "Rare materials and prestige."

The old man and Dyon grinned at each other before looking at Elder Rhode who was already steaming in anger by now.

Dyon took out a vial from his spatial ring. "This is 100 drops of honey from the Jade Queen Bee."

At that moment, it was as though an odd magic had swept through the coliseum, completely sucking the sound away in its entirety.

How could they all not understand the significance of what Dyon had just brought out? In a poor quadrant like this, when had they ever seen a treasure like this? It was completely earth shattering!

Everyone knew that the honey of the Jade Queen Bee could increase the grade of one's meridians. The first drop guaranteed an increase of 1 grade, something Dyon experienced the first time he took the honey. Even if you didn't take all 100 drops yourself, you could increase the meridian grade of 100 people! That was something even the Soul Rending Peak would completely drool over.

Just as the red robed elder was about to recover and call out Dyon for being a lying scumbag, Dyon popped the top of the vial off.

In that moment, the entire arena was filled with scent that was completely irrefutable. It was as though they were all transported to their best memories, reliving them with bright smiles on their faces.

The fact of the matter was that God constitutions were too rare, and only they guaranteed first grade meridians. Dyon's inner circle of friends and family should never be the gauge for the frequency of talent in the cosmos as a whole... In the entirety of the 98th, their most heaven-defying talent had a mere high ranked Earth constitution. In their entire history, the number of those with Heaven constitutions could be counted on a single hand!

At this point, even those elders of the Soul Rending Peak that hadn't shown up couldn't help but lose control of their emotions. If their core disciples were given even a single drop, wouldn't their rankings shoot upward? This treasure... It was just too valuable!

Even Elder Nova who had been Dyon's partner in all of this had to use all of his will power to not tremble. If he had a single drop, wouldn't the bottle neck he had been wrestling with for so long simply disappear?

"To tell you truth, I've already taken my fair share," Dyon waved the vial around as though it held nothing more than water. "The amount I have left isn't enough for me to progress any further, so I might as well use it as a gambling stake, don't you think?"

Dyon's words immediately doused cold water over the greed of those watching. Many assumed that since Dyon pulled out such a vial so easily, that he must be hiding other treasures. But, his innocent statement seemed to make it clear this was all he had. Of course, this was deliberate. These elders looked down on Dyon too much to assume he was scamming them. After all, a mere 1st stage essence gatherer using such a stake to bet on himself? Wasn't that too retarded?

"However," Dyon smiled innocently, "I'm also certain that your Slaughter Peak doesn't have an equivalent treasure. Just how are you planning on betting with us?"

The red robed elder's face suddenly turn a blazing shade of red. He really didn't have anything that matched up to the value of even a single drop of this honey, let alone 100 drops of them.

"That's okay, that's okay," Dyon waved his hand, putting the vial away.

"WAIT!" Donari's elder brother suddenly interrupted, a gleam lighting in his eye as though he had seen through Dyon.

'Hmph. You think you can scare us into not betting like this? You're still too tender.'

"Is something that matter?" Dyon asked.

"I'll bet my Caedes family's peak heaven technique."

This time, the crowd began to clamour to ridiculous noise levels. One time use resources were nowhere near as valuable as cultivation techniques. In truth, the a peak heaven technique still fell short of 100 drops of this Jade Queen's honey, however, it wasn't so egregious that others would look down on him for using it as a stake.

"You sure?" Dyon asked.

"Yes."

"You're a little short." Dyon said slowly.

"If we lose, I'll become your servant for 100 years." The red robed elder chimed in.

'How could this be more perfect, this is exactly what I wanted.' Dyon couldn't help but laugh inwardly. From the very beginning, he wanted an opportunity to steal a high ranking official of the sect so that he could interrogate them about things he couldn't find out from the general public. Now one had voluntarily jumped into his lap. How could he turn it down?

Dyon took out a parchment paper specifically used for soul contracts.

"Deal." Dyon said with a smile. "But, 50 of those years will be under Elder Nova."

Chapter 910: Sensed

When Dyon was in the process of taking out the soul contract, before anyone could see what happened, Elder Nove's hand shot forward at blinding speeds, destroying the parchment.

Dyon's eyes sharpened at this action. He could very clearly see Elder Nove's actions. However, he was surprised to find that even if he wanted, he couldn't have dodged him.

In that moment, Dyon's brain went into overdrive. Just why would Elder Nova destroy the parchment and so blatantly? In fact, from the looks of it, his power far surpassed Elder Rhode, or else he would have noticed Elder Nova's actions...

Elder Nova stepped forward, hiding Dyon's awkward position as though nothing had happened and taking out another parchment paper from his own ring.

When Dyon saw the type of parchment paper it was, he immediately understood.

'Is the hate of the soul really so deeply ingrained in this quadrant that they don't even allow the use of soul contracts?' At that moment, Dyon was very thankful. Although he wasn't afraid of the experts of this quadrant, if he so blatantly incurred their wrath, his mission would basically come to an end before it even began.

"Let's sign a blood contract then." Elder Nova said with a smile. He was confident in Dyon to understand the meaning of his actions. Or, more accurately, he was testing Dyon. If this young man couldn't understand, he wasn't worth helping at all.

"Good." The red robed elder's eyes gleamed, clearly confident in his victory, completely unaware of the fact that his long-time "rival" had surpassed him by more than a thousand times over, long ago.

Elder Nova sent a casual glance back toward Dyon. Seeing that he was standing calmly, with his hands clasped behind his back, Elder Nova nodded in satisfaction. However, he also began to wonder just who Dyon truly was. By all logic, a true member of the Jafari family should understand the taboo of soul

related cultivation and treasures here... Unless, Patriarch Bol purposefully hid it from his son. After all, for Dyon to show up here alone, he clearly didn't have the full support of the Jafari family.

'Unless... Is the Jafari family already here?' Elder Nova's brows slightly tightened. But, in the end, he couldn't figure out the truth and could only let it be.

After the two parties worked out the contract and dripped their blood onto it, the brown parchment paper turned a bright shade of red before burning into nothingness. With that, the contract was complete.

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"Asyna, why the fuck did you drag me out here? You know Lilith told us to not move around so much."

A girl with an adorably round face, partially covered with bangs and cutely bob cut hair. While her hair was a glistening brunette, her eyes were large and a mesmerizing shade of blue. She exuded a doll-like air that made anyone who saw her have the instinct to protect her. It made everyone completely forget her foul language.

As for Asyna, the woman this supposed little girl was walking beside, she was on the complete other side of the spectrum.

Asyna had delicate chocolate skin. Maybe one wouldn't usually notice this first, but it was just that she exposed so much of it that it was hard for it to not be eye-catching.

She wore a tight-fitting leotard with such a deep 'V' down its center that her belly button was exposed. If one had the courage of their convictions to take a look at this seductress, you would notice that the ambiguous points of her nipples were prominent, while her outrageously large chest was the only thing holding her strapless leotard up.

Because of her dressing, her plump assets hung out proudly, whether it be her chest, or her ass, jiggling with her every step. They were incapable of being held back by the golden fishnet stockings she wore underneath her black leotard.

However, while she exuded an aura of temptation, the large and exorbitantly decorated ox tongue spear draped from her back, not to mention the skulls earrings that hung from her long and sharp ears, held a killing intent that made many not dare to approach her.

Hearing the girl's word, Asyna harrumphed. "Don't remind me, RolRol. They keep sending garbage from the dregs of this garbage quadrant to spar with us. I'm not satisfied.

"Plus, a moment ago I sensed something interesting."

"Something interesting?" The adorable girl named RolRol skipped to keep up with Asyna's long strides.

"I can't be entirely sure unless I go there, but if what I sensed is correct, my boredom will definitely be relieved..."

Although RolRol looked like a cute little girl, she was still 14 years old. Not to mention the fact that she was very intelligent nonetheless. In her estimates, anything that Asyna sensed truly would be interesting.

They had come here to enter the tower, of course. However, there were a few things they had to deal with before they left. Under the orders of their leader, Lilith, they were meant to keep a low profile for now because the 98th quadrant wasn't closed off from the rest of the world.

Because of the existence of Soul Market, powerful existences visiting wasn't too rare, although they would keep their presences hidden. If they were in the tower, it wouldn't matter if they were exposed because they would only be dealing with members of the younger generation and they all believed that Lilith was undefeatable under such circumstances. However, the outside world was a completely different animal, so they had to be careful.

Unfortunately, dark elves had difficult to control personalities. As the leader of the dark elvin group that was sent, and Princess of their clans as well, Asyna didn't take too kindly to being ordered around, nor was her strength too far off from Lilith's as well. It was just that she was only 16 years old, so of course she was weaker.

Asyna grinned, "I sensed an Ancient Elvin bloodline. In fact, if I'm correct, although it's really faint, it's the royal bloodline too."

...

Back within the trial arena, the crowd had begun to gain its fire back. With the arrangement of the 5 branch peaks finished, it was time for the selections to begin.

For as long as anyone could remember, the Soul Rending Peak selections were all the same.

The first round begun with a test for age. No one above the age of 250 was allowed to participate. This was not only to mitigate cheating, it was also a small gauge of talent. As everyone knew, simply stepping into the peak of the foundation stage – meaning fully tempering your body with essence energy – gave one a lifespan of 500 years, while stepping into the meridian formation stage didn't add any years to one's lifespan.

Knowing this, if one couldn't become strong enough to join Soul Rending Peak within half of that time, they weren't worthy of joining to begin with.

The second round was a test of talent. This round might seem redundant in the face of what the third round would be, however, it had two purposes.

The first was to ensure that no one with high soul talent joined their school. This was a major taboo of their quadrant and could not be allowed.

Unfortunately, the instances of those with high soul talent being ostracized wasn't new, nor was it rare. Almost every selection there would be a handful of youths with high aspirations, not even knowing of their soul talent, who would be shocked by the result.

Because of this, the second round was the most stressful time for many first timers and was also the time where the higher ups of the Soul Rending Peak would finally show up to oversee the proceedings.

The second reason for this test of talent was to appropriately organize the groups for the third round. While this was a selection exam, it was also used by The Cathedral to raise public morale by providing entertainment for the masses. If two powerful candidates met early on, it would ruin this. So, in order to provide the best entertainment possible, the groups were selected in order to separate the most powerful and build up the anticipation.

As for the third round, it was where the true fighting began. The participants would be split into groups to decide a winner that would continue on to the final elimination round.