

The Nameless 931

Chapter 931: Senior Brothers

Thinking of his mother, Donari sighed. Maybe the only regret he had in leaving the Caedes family was leaving his mother behind. Although many might not know, Donari knew that his father didn't favor his mother for any wholesome reason, but rather because of her constitution. Donari didn't know much about it, but according to hints dropped by his mother, she had the ability to maximize the talent of bloodlines.

Donari had always known that there was some hidden reason like this. After all, his mother was just a mortal lady with no cultivation when his father met her. Even now, she was a mere foundation stage expert and that was after his father had poured centuries worth of cultivation resources into her, hoping to extend her life as long as possible.

For one reason or another, Donari's mother hadn't been able to give birth to another child. Maybe it was a consequence of her constitution, or maybe there was some other reason. In fact, Donari even suspected that it was all done by his mother to deliberately protect him. Knowing his father, if his mother ever gave birth to a child more talented than him, then he would be forgotten just like his elder brother was.

Donari shook his head, focusing on his spar instead. He hadn't thought about such sappy things in a while, maybe it was because his mother was only a few hundred miles from here that he had become so emotional.

By now, many of the participants had already gone. Even Virvor had already sparred with his respective inner sect disciple and passed with flying colors. Now, only Dyon and Donari remained.

Truth be told, Donari felt a lot of pressure fighting this inner sect disciple. She seemed to have a cold and serene mind that made it difficult for his killing intent to affect her, not to mention the fact that she was a saint who had lowered her cultivation to Donari's level so as to maintain fairness.

The worst part was that Donari's injuries from his fight with Dyon back on Unseen Peak still hadn't healed. He hadn't complained about it all because that just wasn't his style, but that didn't mean it wasn't affecting him.

Of course, Dyon noticed this. But, he knew that Donari would never accept any healing pills he could give him. Plus, the healing pills he had were personally refined by Clara and made with his celestial level body in mind, if he took them out publicly, it would cause another uproar.

Luckily, the inner sect disciple facing Donari finally nodded in satisfaction. With her cultivation, she could obviously tell Donari was injured too, so he had earned her respect for not bringing it up and instead fighting valiantly.

"You pass." She said with a light smile before her cold expression returned.

At that moment, it was finally time for what the crowd had been waiting for with bated breath. Which core disciple would Dyon fight? Did he truly have a chance? Even worse, while the disciples lowered their cultivation for the sake of a spar for others, the core disciples absolutely would not do this for Dyon! Would a young genius really have his future path cut off here?

Just as the crowd was anticipating the final spar, the sound of the core disciples arguing suddenly caught their attention. Before, there were battles going on so it hadn't been too obvious, but with everyone now patiently waiting, the only true action seemed to be happening on the Soul Rending Peak viewing platform.

Realizing that they were becoming the center of attention, the core disciples had no choice but to swallow their arguments. Losing face for their Soul Rending Peak was a massive taboo they didn't want to weigh on their shoulders, even if they were core disciples. However, they were almost set off by Dyon's calm smile. Was he really not worried about fighting one of them?

Core disciples of Soul Rending Peak were without a doubt the leaders of the coming generation. Their prestige in the entire 98th quadrant was nearly second to none. How could they allow a 32-year-old kid to sully their reputation like this? But, the problem of deciding who would fight was still a massive one they couldn't make.

Turning to the Vice Master, they left their place behind her to respectfully bow before her. "Please, esteemed Vice Master. We cannot choose between ourselves, we believe it would be best if you made the decision."

When Evangeline heard this, she didn't have any particular reaction. She didn't care which of them fought Dyon, the result would be the same. Becoming a core disciple was not a joke. However, before she could randomly choose, a melodic voice interrupted her.

"Vice Master, how about you allow this lowly one to make the decision?"

At this moment, all eyes trained on the white-haired beauty who had an aura about her that was beyond words. She was the only woman they had ever seen that could sit beside their goddess and not seem completely outmatched. And what was more, she was so young!

However, everyone was also confused. Although they didn't dare to ask, it had been almost three days now since the assessments began, yet these beauties sat in seats of honor without anyone knowing who they were. They even sat in front of the core disciples, did this mean that their status was even higher than theirs? If so, who were they?

Hearing Lilith's words, Evangeline was a bit surprised and even got a bad premonition. But, declining such a simple request would seem far too petty of her. It was no wonder why Lilith waited until this moment to bring it up.

Seeing Evangeline's approval, Lilith turned to the crowd. "Many of you don't know who I am. Considering our destinies will be inevitably tied for the foreseeable future, I believe it's time I introduce myself.

"My name is Lilith Nightmare. About a month or so ago, I defeated senior brother Kernick Caedes to become our quadrant's new Key Wielder."

BOOM!

It was as though all those who heard these words felt fireworks going off in their minds. They could only dumbfoundedly stare at the beauty before them without any words...

Kernick Caedes could be considered as Donari and Olaf's elder cousin. He had been a pillar of their 98th quadrant for two centuries already, and although they had such a low rank, no one had the heart to

blame him. Their circumstances were simply too poor and they knew that not everyone could be like that monster Dyon Saccharro who single-handedly raised his quadrant from the 100th rank to the 51st.

Better yet, Kernick had an extremely good reputation within the sect. Unlike other members of the Caedes family, he was exceptionally humble and modest, even going as far as to diligently cultivate the talents of their sect. Everyone knew Kernick's famous catch phrase: "A tree can't grow with only one strong root."

He repeated these words all the time even as he gave pointers to his junior brothers and sisters. To hear that his position had been taken by a complete stranger, albeit a beauty, many couldn't help but feel bitter in their hearts.

Seeing the reaction to this news, Dyon's eyes flashed with respect. He had never even met this Kernick character, but he already knew that he had the qualities of a true leader. If not, there's no way this many individuals would lament the loss of his position, especially considering it was taken by such a beauty. This Kernick was truly worthy of being a Legatee.

Being the key wielder of such a weak quadrant, it was very easy for one to give up. How many individuals would take advantage of the resources they could gain from their position and forget about everything else? Dyon was sure that the answer included many people.

Lilith, however, didn't seem too perturbed by everyone's reaction. She had little connection to this universe, so why would she care about their feelings? They were all just puppets on the strings of their devil path quadrants.

"From now on, I can only promise to do my best to live up to Senior Brother's image. I thought that this would be a good time to take the right first step.

"For good reason, our Soul Rending Peak has pitted the odds against this assessment participants here. He did, in fact, challenge the prestige of our sect by disrespecting the judges we've chosen. However, anyone can see how much of a talent he is. Although he's not quite ready to stand near the top, and his character needs tempering, he still deserves a chance to win.

"So, how about this, senior brothers." Lilith's light, yet cold smile made the knees of the two core disciples feel weak. At this point, even if she asked them to jump into the planet's core, they'd agree

without hesitation. "You two are far too powerful and he has little to no chance of beating either of you. How about we give him a chance and allow the newest member of your core disciple ranks to fight him in your stead?"

Chapter 932: Asyna

Newest core disciple? The two young men looked at each other before their eyes fell on RolRol and Asyna. Could it be?

Almost as if to confirm, Asyna stood, leaping over the curious core disciples and falling down like a meteor onto the arena stage.

Seeing that their chance to gain Evangeline's favor had slipped away, the two core disciples could only accept their fate and sulk away.

"A moment." Lilith said, not allowing the judge to start the fight.

Instead, a small dome appeared in her small, ice-like hands.

It floated downward gently before beginning to expand at an alarming rate. In a split second, the palm-sized dome reached hundreds of meters across before crashing into the ground with a muffle boom.

"Since this isn't a spar, but rather a true battle between core disciple level characters, some extra precautions need to be taken." Lilith said with a smile.

Seeing this, the frown in Evangeline's heart deepened, but she didn't dare to show her true feelings outwardly.

With this dome placed down, it was impossible for anyone to interfere at all. Even if one of their lives were in danger, the burden would be on Lilith to stop it... And something was telling Evangeline that Lilith's intentions weren't so pure.

Although others might fall for her words, she wouldn't. How could members of those quadrants even be comparable to their core disciples? They were so much further ahead of their younger generation that only some of their elders could defeat them with relative ease. To toss her out under the pretext of Asyna being the "easier" opponent, Lilith was full of shit!

Dyon, this entire time, hadn't given Asyna a glance. Instead, he was intently studying the dome he had just been trapped in.

Asyna wasn't too happy about this. Did he really think that she was just as easy of an opponent as those other opponents of his? However, she calmed herself. What use was there being mad at a dead man? Plus, he was handsome which made him easy to forgive in Asyna heart.

'Maybe I should refine him into a puppet after this... It would be too much of a shame if such a handsome man was wiped from existence.' Asyna blushed slightly thinking about what it might mean to have such a man as a puppet. By then, her heart had already calmed.

"Aren't you going to tell me where your Elvin Blood comes from?"

Dyon continued analyzing the dome around him. "Why do I need to explain anything to you?"

"Hmph. You don't even have the awareness of a gentleman when you're speaking to a woman."

"I treat my wives just fine." Dyon spoke offhandedly. "Are you saying you deserve the same treatment I give them? I'd say you should probably take that up with them."

Those around were completely engrossed in Dyon and Asyna's conversation. Although the dome had come down, it clearly didn't stop their words from coming out.

No one was surprised that someone on Dyon's level had wives despite being so young. Who wouldn't want to marry a Duke level character? Even the noble princesses of their quadrant would line up for miles at his door.

But, to see him treating such a beauty so coldly made them feel pain in their hearts. Although all of them were off-put by Asyna's murderous aura, they weren't blind.

That said, what truly shocked them were their talks about elves. Hadn't that legendary species gone extinct long ago? Why were they being talked about here? And furthermore, this Dyon character had their bloodline within him? What did that mean?

Everyone knew that even the weakest of Elves were born with Earth level constitutions at a bare minimum, while those with ancient bloodlines would have Heaven level constitutions at the minimum. If Dyon really had an Elvin Bloodline, that would definitely explain his combat prowess... In fact, it would more than explain it!

By this point, the judge had said to begin long ago, yet neither of the two had moved. It was as though Asyna was studying Dyon who was, in turn, studying the dome.

Asyna was clearly dissatisfied with Dyon's answer. This was the first time a man had treated her this way. Although many avoided her, those that dared to talk to her would never be so disrespectful. "Even so, I'll have to insist you tell me. I'm quite interested in what my fellow clansmen have been up to."

"Fellow clansmen?" Dyon finally turned a piercing gaze toward Asyna. "You still have the audacity to say something like that?"

Dyon had learned the story of the elves long ago. The short of it was that they utilized their legendary prophesying technique, sacrificing the life of the user, to see into the future and witness their own destruction. In order to survive, they sent all of their people away, but three of the ancient families stayed back because according to the prophecy, their race would be wiped out if they didn't.

In the end, only the dregs of the Acacia family escaped, allowing Ri and her father to eventually reawaken their bloodline much later. But, the Florence and Mathilde families completely disappeared from existence, leaving behind Universe Chaos, the supposed only uninhabited universe in existence and also the very same universe that was adjacent to Dyon's home land and the resting place of the Demon Sage's Legacy and daughter.

But, was that really true? Even if Dyon was beaten to death he would never agree that there wasn't some sort of conspiracy at hand.

Why? Because here stood a member of the Mathilde family, clearly very much alive.

Asyna was stunned by Dyon's words. What was that supposed to mean? She had not a single clue. It was clear that he was accusing her, or rather, her clan, of something. But, she didn't know what that could possibly be.

Seeing Asyna's reaction, Dyon didn't say anything more. His Perception had caught everything it needed to know that she knew nothing so there was no point in questioning her further. However, that didn't mean that he didn't notice Lilith's eyes contract at his words. Even if Asyna knew nothing, this Lilith clearly did.

That said, none of this increased Dyon's impression of Asyna. Even if these petty tricks meant nothing in the face of his absolute strength, even the strongest man would be annoyed by a swarm of mosquitos. Just how much did they expect him to endure?

Seeing that talking wasn't getting her anywhere, Asyna slowly took her large, three pronged spear from her back before slamming it into the ground.

The arena floor shook violently, bursting with cracks that quickly spread along its surface as though it was nothing more than glass.

This one showing forced those watching to take in a breath. If they had been apprehensive about the strength of this young girl before, they no longer dared. Throughout all of these proceedings, the only one they had seen even remotely damage the arena tiles was Dyon during his group stage match. To see Asyna do it so easily damage thousands of square meters worth of these battle tested tiles truly shocked them.

It was only at this moment that they realized that they couldn't see through Asyna's cultivation. Just what did that mean?

There was another thing. If Asyna was stabbing her weapon into the ground now, didn't that mean that she intended to fight Dyon without it?! Arrogant!

Before this match began, no one thought that Dyon had a chance. However, after seeing who his opponent would be, many began to think that Lilith and Evangeline had coordinated their efforts to make it seem as though Dyon was fighting a tough opponent when the reality of the matter was this he was being let off easy. However, seeing this, how could they continue to think so. Even if someone told them that this young lady was even more powerful than the two core disciples that came today, they might actually believe it!

Asyna charged forward, completely leaving her weapon behind. Her speed and footwork made those who could see its intricacies sigh with admiration. Were these the core teachings of Soul Rending Peak? How profound.

Only those core disciples knew well that these were no core teachings of their sect. They had seen them many times and none were this profound. Just who was this young lady?

Dyon felt an odd pressure envelop him, as though an eye in the sky had locked down his position and could see his every movement.

'Divine sense!' Dyon's eyes narrowed. This girl was at most 19 years old yet had a celestial level soul? What the hell was going on?

Chapter 933: Many Things

In his entire time in the martial world, Dyon had never fought an opponent, with cultivation similar to his own, that had senses sharper than his own. Even Saru, albeit because she was fairly young, seemed incomparably slow to Dyon. However, now, not only was his soul sealed, causing his senses to drastically drop, it could very well be his movements that seem slow to Asyna!

By the time everyone's ears register the reverberating boom of Asyna's acceleration, she had long since closed the distance between her and Dyon to a mere handful of feet.

Dyon threw out a simple punch, maintaining his calmness even in the face of the unease he felt having divine sense locked onto him.

However, Asyna seemed to have seen through it long ago. Her curvaceous body bent at an impossible angle, allowing only the very tips of her long black hair to graze Dyon's fist as she threw her own directly into Dyon's abdomen.

A muffled grunt left Dyon's lips as his body keeled over, but, he wasn't sent flying. Asyna's control over her strength seemed to have reached a level of mastery Dyon had never seen before as she unleashed a flurry of attacks.

Her fists were violent and unrelenting, even as they seemed to suck Dyon's body toward her with every blow. The laws that should have governed the world were completely shattered by this seductive beauty.

Lilith smiled watching this display. She was quite familiar with the Mathilde family's array of attack techniques because with Asyna's personality, to say that she was often challenged to sparring matches was an understatement.

This particular fist technique was difficult to master because it required intent level wind will, but also a level of control that was rare even among normal dao formation experts.

It was known as [Violent Void Fist]. It was a set of fist techniques that capitalized on taking the initiative, while also taking advantage of the laws of wind will to create suction vacuums that disallowed your opponent from creating space, which in turn allowed you to keep the initiative. It was actually the weakest of the [Violent Void] set of techniques, but to considering it was still a borderline divine level technique, it couldn't be looked down upon. Of course, this was something Dyon was learning first hand as his body was ravaged with fist after fist.

"Tch." Dyon's skin reddened and his muscles flexed, directly allowing him to enter the first stage of the first act of Demon Emperor's Will.

In an instant, Asyna felt like she had gone from hitting flesh and bone to hitting a steel plate. Even the sounds of her fists pounding into Dyon gave off a clear metallic ring that made her ears buzz with discomfort.

Asyna's eyes sharpened, her plant foot sliding back as her other whipped forward like a lethal weapon.

The wind was completely at her beck and call, accelerating her kicks to blinding speeds.

Suddenly, Asyna's attacks reached a completely different level. The combination of her swift kicks and violent punches melded together into a beautiful art, assaulting Dyon's steel-like body and tearing the robes on his with vicious slicing wind.

However, Dyon no longer allowed himself to lose the initiative. Although Asyna had only taken a small step back, it was more than enough for him to begin his retaliation. In that moment, a towering man and a young girl fought with striking dichotomy. One with violent yet beautiful arts, and the other with straight forward, bland responses.

Minutes flew by with very little change. However, Asyna was frowning. Although her attacks were effortless, they were infused with her energy cultivation and powerful body. Coupling that with the fact her divine sense was deployed and she was definitely using all of her abilities. The problem was that not only had Dyon not used a single technique, he hadn't even used any wills either!

Asyna had begun arrogantly, sticking her spear into the ground and charging forward, but hadn't Dyon responded just as arrogantly? Not only had he not used his weapon, he was only using his body to counteract her!

Of course, Asyna had faintly noticed the fact Dyon utilized a strengthening technique earlier on to force her to use her [Violent Void Wind Slicing Kick] technique, however he hadn't used anything else.

The most frustrating part was that Asyna had decided to toy with Dyon, thinking that a technique that strengthened your body couldn't be used for so long with severe backlash. After all, her own Mathilde family had a few techniques that could do this and all of them lasted for half an hour at the most and would leave its user severely injured afterward. However, at least half that time had passed already, yet Dyon wasn't showing any signs of slowing down. How could that be possible?!

Even as Asyna was losing her temper, those who were watching this battle were completely engrossed. The two of them hadn't even moved from their singular position, but that didn't take away from the entertainment at all. Just the level of skill was enough to put everyone watching in awe, even those golden robed elders, and the upper echelons of the branch peaks were learning from watching these youngsters.

What shocked them the most was Dyon's battle style. He hardly wasted any movements, and his use of his power was ridiculously efficient, but he didn't seem to be using any special technique or wills. It was truly baffling. Could it be he was still holding back against someone so powerful? Just what level was he at?!

If Dyon knew the thoughts of these people, he would have to sigh. He simply didn't have any attack techniques, and as for his energy cultivation and wills, they were all sealed. He wasn't avoiding using them because he was arrogant, he wasn't using them because he couldn't! In fact, the only reason he was still going easy on Asyna was because he speculated that she was also holding back, while at the same time, he needed to study the dome they were in more. That Lilith character might be beautiful, but he didn't trust her moral compass even the slightest bit.

Suddenly Dyon's eyes widened as he realized something. 'So that's how it is... This bitch!'

Lilith seemed calm on the outside, but inwardly, she was completely shocked. Not only was Dyon more powerful than she thought, even with her cheating, it didn't seem to affect him at all!

By this point, Dyon was absolutely pissed.

This dome was a supreme level treasure, although it was well hidden, it couldn't escape Dyon's perceptive eyes nor his level of array alchemy. Because of this, Dyon didn't have a prayer in destroying it unless he made use of the full power of his life stealing broad sword. In all likelihood, if he went all out he would shatter the dome because it was a 1st stage supreme treasure while his sword, although not yet complete, was still at the 4th stage.

The problem was that Dyon didn't want to reveal his trump cards yet and this Asyna, who seemingly wanted to kill him, wasn't worth his weapon.

What Dyon realized in his length of time fighting her was that she was also suppressed. Asyna was a peak first grade sainthood warrior who had cultivated to the 6th stage. Not to mention her arsenal of intents and techniques, this battle power was too low. That meant she was suppressed, just like he was!

This told Dyon many things. For one, maybe he would have trouble if Asyna wasn't suppressed, but she was no match for him now. Two, these group of beauties weren't from this universe, maybe not even

from the quadrant, yet had such control of its proceedings. And three, he would make sure to teach these two little girls a lesson they would never forget.

Asyna immediately sensed Dyon's change in demeanor as well as his anger, but she didn't know what was wrong.

From the very beginning, Dyon had gone very easy on Asyna. Not only was she a beauty that he didn't have deep seeded anger against, she was also very young. The fact she wanted to kill Dyon was clearly not her own decision, but rather, the decision of someone else. Dyon wasn't so petty as to be angered for such a small matter, especially when she had no chance of beating him to begin with.

Chapter 934: Once Again

Even when he stepped into the very first stage of Demon Emperor's Will, it was for simple defensive measures. Because Dyon's demonic will was locked, this technique lost half of its effectiveness. So, what did it mean for Dyon to only use the first stage that was once a 2x multiplier at its peak? It meant that his strength wasn't multiplied at all, rather, it was only his defenses that increased.

Knowing this, to then say Dyon took it easy on Asyna might have been a complete understatement.

"You..." Asyna couldn't believe what was happening. "How is your body so powerful?! Who are you really?!"

Dyon wasn't in the mood to talk anymore. Instead, he took a mighty step forward, allowing his foot to sink deep into the arena tiles as his Demon Emperor's Will shot to the third stage.

In that moment, Asyna felt an overwhelming kingly aura envelop her. It felt as though a demonic emperor had risen up, filled with endless rage and bloody intent, prepared to bring the world into chaos.

Dyon's upper robes burst apart as his Presence threatened to shatter Asyna's Divine Sense all together.

Golden veins coursed across Dyon's well sculpted body, captivating anyone who saw them. But, maybe the most shocking sight were the almost life-like angel wing tattoos on his back, boldly shining with white, black and gold lights.

"AH!" Asyna's voice screamed outward as Dyon's fist blasted into her belly.

Rings of air blasted from her back while she vomited blood, the shockwaves from Dyon's violent punch almost tearing a hole in her abdomen.

Asyna fell to the ground in a heap, violently coughing up blood and holding her delicate hand to her stomach, unable to move.

At that moment, she had lost her murderous intent. She looked like nothing more than a teenage girl, gravely hurt by a towering man. It was a scene that elicited waves of pity and almost scorn at Dyon's actions. How could he be so heavy handed with a lady?

Dyon turned a sharp gaze toward Lilith in the stands, his eyes filled with intent to kill.

He had long since analyzed this dome. Because his energy cultivation talent was poor, and sealed, it had taken him a while to notice. In fact, had it not been for how proficient he was with arrays, he wouldn't have noticed at all until it was too late.

This dome had the ability to control energy flow at the whim of its owner. Using that capability and the built in arrays, Asyna could replenish her energy at a much faster rate than Dyon while Dyon would slowly lose his ability to recuperate. By the end, Dyon would be too tired to continue while Asyna would be brimming with energy.

The worst part was that this wasn't the end of it. If Lilith so chose, she could direct the flow of energy to strengthen Asyna's attack as well. Even though she had only made use of the first ability, it was already insidious enough to piss Dyon off, especially since it was done to kill him.

By now, the core disciples had paled.

Asyna and Dyon's battle had been fierce, and they definitely had more than enough power to shatter the tiles beneath them, yet they hadn't. What did that mean? It meant that their control over their energy was so precise that they were able to make use of 100% of it to attack, not allowing even a bit to transfer to the ground beneath their feet. If Dyon didn't have this ability, the 700 000 jin weapon on his back, even if he was just standing, would be more than enough to completely destroy this arena a million times over.

It was only now they understood that had they been chosen to fight Dyon, they would have lost miserably, maybe only the top half of the core disciples had even the slightest chance against him at all, but those experts were close to the celestial realm and some had even already stepped into it!

Dyon's angered gaze toward Lilith hadn't escaped the notice of those watching. What was he so angered about?

"If you continue to cross me." Dyon said in a deep and rumbling voice, clearly spurred on by his use of Demon Emperor's Will. "I won't hesitate to kill you!"

Lilith's teeth clenched at this statement. It was obvious by now that Dyon had seen through her, but it wasn't as though she could voice what the problem was. At the end of the day, she was still only 21 years old, despite her cultivation, her judgement wasn't perfect, nor was her control over her emotions matured either. In the end, she could only take deep breaths to calm herself down from personally killing Dyon right here for threatening her in this way.

Soon, her ice-cold face recovered. "It's best that you focus on your opponent at hand, or you won't know how you died."

Behind Dyon, Asyna had finally stopped coughing up blood. In her eyes, an endless fury resided there.

She was the Princess of the esteemed Dark Elvin Clans! The heir of the Mathilde family! Why was a man from an inferior quadrant capable of bringing her to such a state?

"AHHHHH!" Her head tilted back as she screamed into the skies.

Her hair whipped about, seeping out with an energy Dyon had never sensed before. It wasn't a will, nor was it saint energy. Yet, it came with it an aura of majesty and devilish intent that made all those who felt it feel their skin crawl.

In that moment, a massive Asura's Eye, littered with pulsing red veins, appeared in the skies, causing the dome that withheld it to tremble in terror.

The Mathilde family's legendary manifestation had made its appearance once again...

Asyna's scream seemed to shatter the air, screeching and clawing its way through as though it came from the mouth of a banshee.

The energy radiating from her seemed to have about the same level of prowess as saint energy, but its density was such that it was very clear that if it was used to power Asyna's attacks instead, the results would be far more devastating.

Dyon frowned, immediately leaping backward to avoid Asyna's slashing claw.

Before, Asyna already had an off-putting, murderous air about her. But, now, it seemed to have multiplied several hundred-fold, causing all those who saw her to involuntarily shake.

What those of the audience didn't know was that the dome was constantly filtering the energy Asyna released down, not allowing them to fully understand just what was happening. Of course, this wasn't for the sake of those here, they weren't even worthy of coming into Lilith's line of sight. The ones Lilith was worried about were those powerful entities who frequented Soul Market. Although they tolerated the existence of such a place because it brought them endless benefits, what they didn't know was that it was their Devil Path cultivators that were the masterminds behind it.

However, Dyon was feeling the full brunt of it. It was just that he didn't have the same amount of knowledge as those old fogies. No matter how intelligent he was, there were some things that wouldn't be found in books and could only be passed on through wisdom and word of mouth.

That said, this didn't mean that Dyon didn't have some guesses of his own. One thing he knew for sure was that the reason this energy was so similar to saint energy, yet not at the same time, was because it originated from a different path of cultivation.

After meeting Luna in the second trial world, Dyon had been opened up to the world of energies. He had even begun to think that if so many different types of energies existed, was it really necessary to use the conventional method of cultivation?

Normally, a martial warrior would build an energy foundation, first tempering the body with essence energy, before allowing it flow into one's meridians. Then the process would be repeated with saint energy, then celestial energy, then enigmatic energy. However, what if there was another path? What if there were hundreds of other paths that allowed one to build themselves a different foundation?

Clearly, Asyna had a foundation built on the conventional method, or else she wouldn't be able to use saint energy. But, now it seemed she had tapped into a different method of cultivation entirely. What did this mean?

Asyna slowly stood, piercing toward Dyon with a blood red gaze even as the eye in the sky pointed toward him as well.

Chapter 935: Run Out

Her hand stretched toward her spear in the distance, causing it to wobble once before shooting out of the ground at blinding speeds and charging into her grasp.

'What the hell was that...!' Dyon's frown deepened.

Dyon had never heard of such telekinetic abilities existing in the martial world. In theory, one would be able to imitate such an ability with wind will, but Dyon's Perception would have caught on to that if she had. If Dyon wasn't wrong, Asyna had just made her spear, that was no doubt several hundred thousand jin in weight for itself, fly toward her without using a will at all.

'Old Lizard,' Dyon communicated with the Dragon King, 'Was that her weapon's spirit that did that?'

The Dragon King snorted, filling Dyon's ears with an ancient and rumbling voice. Clearly he didn't like Dyon's nickname for him. They rarely communicated with one another, but Dyon still dared to be so casual with him as though he wasn't a lauded transcendent being.

'No. That weapon is a Supreme level one, but it's still not good enough to have its own spirit. Usually only Legendary path weapons would have them. Also, I'm sure you've noticed already, but you should be careful of this dome, or that white haired little girl's words will come true, you really won't know how you died.'

'Then do you know what's going on here?'

'She cultivates a different path, it's known as the Devil Path. Or, rather, she cultivates both the Devil and Conventional Path. I didn't think it would still exist at this time.'

'The Devil Path?' Dyon's frown deepened as he prepared to receive Asyna's strike.

'You should be careful, she's easily about five times more powerful than before. It would be as much as ten times if your Conventional Path quadrants didn't heavily suppress those of the Devil Path. That said, you should be very wary of her once you enter the tower. Either that, or you should probably kill her now to avoid such future problems.'

'Is this Devil Path anything like the red crystal will of the Ipsum clan? Because if she's been sacrificing people for her power, I'll have no qualms with killing them all right now.' Dyon's anger congealed. That white haired beauty had already pissed him off enough for him to kill her, if they had something like this on their list of sins, Dyon wouldn't mind going all out with them.

'No. It's nothing like that. Although the Devil Path do have some cultivators who do such things, they're in the minority. Just like there are some of the Conventional path do horrible things for power as well. There's not much of a difference between the paths in terms of morality. The only reason why they are enemies is the same reason why those of the Soul Path and Energy Path warred against each other in this quadrant: Greed.'

Hearing the Dragon King's explanation, Dyon understood. Did it really make sense for soul cultivation to be banned in this quadrant? No, it didn't. But, this was the reality. Since this was the case, why would he believe that the hatred of the Devil Path had any better reasons?

After being in the martial world for so long, Dyon didn't believe that anyone of the Conventional Path was so noble so as to war against powerful opponents just to "protect their dao". That was absolutely ridiculous and anyone who spouted such drivel deserved to be pointed and laughed at.

The martial world worked on one thing and one thing only: benefits.

'Are you saying that you know the true history behind this quadrant?'

'Anyone truly powerful knows the secret behind this quadrant. The only reason you don't know is because you aren't powerful enough. Simple.'

'I learned of the dark inner workings of this quadrant two bodies ago, right before I took over your martial uncle, when I became the elder of a well-known sect.'

Dyon rolled his eyes. 'Why didn't you tell me about this when you saw I was struggling to find someone to interrogate?'

'I can't read your mind. I have no idea what you're doing here. Plus, my true body is constantly warring with my consciousness in this plane. It's no surprise that he wants to tear you limb from limb.'

Dyon didn't respond to this. Even he didn't really understand why he was here, he just had a feeling that he should come.

After hearing Zabia's story, he had a feeling that the story of the Soul Path war that happened here wasn't so simple, so he wanted to get to the bottom of it. He also suspected that the kidnapping and taking away of those with soul talent wasn't so simple either. After all, in a quadrant like this, he almost expected there to be public executions daily. However, after those with soul talent were taken away, they were just never seen again. It was far too odd.

Coupling all of that with the ridiculously high-level suppression and the mystery of these Devil Path cultivators and how they somehow had the favor of The Cathedral and Soul Rending Peak, and Dyon had a mystery he simply couldn't ignore.

'If you want an explanation, you should probably wait until after this fight. If I tell you now, you'd definitely do something stupid. There's a reason your Zabia friend didn't want to tell you.'

Dyon didn't have time to respond either way because the tip of Asyna's spear was already growing larger and large.

His head tilted to the side as he stepped forward, hoping to take advantage of the weakness of a spear in close quarters to lock Asyna down.

However, as someone who had wielded a spear for years, how could Asyna not understand this? Her Asura's Eye, combined with her Divine Sense pushed her senses to unholy levels, she could act almost without thinking now.

Her spear spun, aiming the butt of its shaft toward Dyon's ribcage and slamming into it with violent abandon.

Dyon grunted as he felt his bones nearly snap, bending violently inward.

A vacuum of wind stopped Dyon from flying away just as Asyna's spear head spun back toward Dyon.

"[Violet Void Slash]!" Asyna roared.

The crowd felt true fear watching the blade arcing with dark energy. There was no doubt in their minds that this approached the power of a celestial, and that was a conservative estimate!

Dyon's eyes narrowed, "Act Two!"

In an instant, Dyon's power jumped to an entirely new level, shattering the tiles beneath feet.

His arm shot upward, taking the full force of the blade trying to slice him in half.

At this point, many looked away. They didn't want to have to witness such a vicious death. There was no doubt in their minds that when they next saw Dyon, he would be in two halves.

Lilith's eyes flashed as she murmured something under her breath.

'Fuck!' Dyon raged, an unrestrained anger erupting from his chest.

Evangeline stood abruptly, wanting to stop the match but there was nothing she could do about the dome. Even if she told Lilith to stop what she was doing, what were the odds of Lilith actually listening to her?

Asyna's slash multiplied in power, seemingly fueled by some unknown source.

The flesh on her arms burst apart, spraying the arena with blood as an endless supply of energy poured into her.

There was no question that this attack had reached the level of celestials. In fact, even Evangeline felt her heart palpitate while watching it. She could tell that this wasn't entirely Asyna's power, but there was nothing she could do about it. "No..."

BOOM!

Many closed their eyes, lamenting the loss of a genius. If this had been a normal spar, would anyone doubt Dyon's qualifications to become a core disciple? He was only 29 yet had this level of power! There was no denying his talent...

Suddenly, a roar that shook the heavens awoke everyone from their emotions. Golden glass-like shards fell from the dome as array after array fell apart.

Everyone's eyes focused on the center, only to see Dyon, standing with two massive black wings on his back, exuding the aura of a devilish king. At that moment, one was bent, blocking Asyna's blow, while the other stretched out for meters, adding to his imposing demeanor.

"My patience has run out."

Chapter 936: Too Much Trouble

Asyna's spear couldn't pierce Dyon's wings. It was as though each beautiful black feather was forged of the toughest ore in existence.

Her hands shook as blood erupted from the web of her finger and thumb, unable to withstand the reverberating impact.

The claw of Dyon's hand shot forward, clutching Asyna's throat and lifting her into the air.

"Asyna, no!" RolRol's heartbreaking and lovable voice called out as tears fell from her immature cheeks.

Dyon's demonic intent rolled through him, fueling his demon sage blood essence to make his emotions darker. "A mere 19-year-old kid who only knows a single will dares to fight against me? To try and kill me? Who gave you the guts? Was it her?"

It hadn't taken Dyon long to realize that Asyna had only mastered one will. From beginning to end, she had only used wind will. At first, it had confused Dyon until he realized why.

Asyna had cultivated two paths to the level of sainthood at a mere 19 years old. Did she really have the time to put into comprehending wills?

On top of that, according to the Dragon King, a trade off for massive power boost given by the Devil Path was a lowered comprehension toward universal laws. Couple that with her young age and it resulted in Asyna only having comprehended a single will to the intent level.

Dyon's Presence shattered Asyna's manifestation, causing her to cry out pain. Her unyielding gaze softened, filling with unwillingness, as though she was a wronged child who hadn't just tried to kill him.

Asyna had no choice but to quickly retract her divine sense, unwilling to allow Dyon to shatter it as well. Unlike her manifestation, that kind of damage would be almost impossible to come back from.

Dyon slowly took the massive broad sword off of his back, causing Asyna to involuntarily tremble. She wanted to concede, but the deep pride within her wouldn't allow it. In addition, even if she wanted to, Dyon's clamp around her throat was much too fierce to allow her voice to escape.

It was only now everyone realized that from beginning to end, Dyon hadn't used his weapon. In fact, they hadn't even felt a single energy fluctuation from him! Could he really fight to this level without his wills or energy cultivation? That was completely ridiculous!

Suddenly, a golden flame wrapped around Dyon's sword wielding arm, coursing into his broad sword and causing it to expand with reckless abandon.

The already massive seven foot long sword doubled in size, pulsing as though it was alive.

Veins of red and gold shot across its black surface, oozing an aura of death that completely outmatched the feeling Asyna had given them earlier.

"Leave her alone you bully!" RolRol's voice called out. She wanted to shoot forward, but Lilith caught her, stopping her from going.

"Let me go! You cold hearted witch! This is your fault!"

Lilith only grit her teeth, still not letting RolRol go.

Dyon's runic vein pumped his broad sword with the power of his body, "There's a price for pissing me off."

Suddenly, Dyon's body disappeared. In an instant, he appeared at the edge of the dome. The only thing separating him, Lilith and the platform of Soul Rending Peak disciples was what seemed like a thin piece of glass. However, Dyon knew better than to think it was as fragile as it seemed.

Dyon's arms lifted into the air, causing a vortex of golden flames to erupt, once again doubling the size of his massive sword. And then... He swung downward.

"No!" Lilith's voice called out.

Even for her clan, Supreme level treasures were incredibly rare. Her Nightmare Palace had a dozen at the most. The fact she had one right now was a testament to how important she was to the prosperity of their clans. The loss of such a treasure wasn't something even her Nightmare Palace could ignore. She didn't know what it was, but she was absolutely certain that if Dyon dared to attack it, he could break it!

Lilith knew next to nothing about arrays. The only reason she could control the dome was because she had bound her soul to it, allowing her to understand absolutely everything about it. But, at this moment, she couldn't help but remember part of Asyna's report on Dyon... A report that said she was 60% certain that Dyon had manipulated the location symbols on a teleportation array with absolute ease, something even she as a 10th stage grandmaster couldn't do.

If Dyon used this knowledge to attack the weakness of the dome... What would that mean?!

BOOM!

"AHHHHH!" Lilith grabbed her head, seething in pain as she felt her connection with the dome completely shatter. The backlash made her feel as though her head was being stomped on repeatedly, drilling the flesh in her brain to complete nothingness.

However, when everyone turned their gaze to the dome, it didn't have a single scratch on it. How could a Supreme level treasure be so easily destroyed, especially by someone as weak as Dyon? No. What Dyon had done was forcibly sever the connection of the dome to Lilith.

In the vortex of golden flames, Dyon had hidden the very volatile ancient form of aurora flames. Because of their violent nature, they were very good at destroying things, especially when those things were created with docile aurora flames to begin with.

Without any master, the dome flew up before shrinking down to the size of palm once again. Dyon casually caught it and stored it within his ring before tossing Asyna's bloodied body in front of Lilith's screaming figure.

RolRol completely ignored Lilith, rushing to Asyna's side before glaring at Dyon.

"It's best you look at how her wounds were caused, little girl. If anything, your supposed leader dealt more damage to her than I did. Clearly she's not much of a leader."

A complex light flashed in RolRol's eyes. She knew very well that Dyon was right. All of the blood on Asyna was caused by Lilith forcibly feeding her energy she couldn't control, it had nothing to do with Dyon. In fact, even if Dyon had killed Asyna, he would have been in the right.

Evangeline watched as Dyon's eyes left RolRol and turned toward Lilith with dense killing intent. She had no choice but to flash forward, blocking his way.

"You can't kill her. You can't kill any of them. You've already stirred too much trouble even injuring them." She spoke very quickly through divine sense before grabbing Dyon's shoulder.

"This year's assessments have concluded!" Without another word or waiting for Dyon to protest, she flashed away while keeping a grip on his shoulder.

Chapter 937: Qualms

Several minutes later, Dyon found himself sitting across from the golden-haired Evangeline. They lounged by a quiet spring as she arranged some tea.

Seeing that Dyon only watched her silently, she couldn't help but speak first. "Are you not angry?"

"Why would I be angry?"

"I made things very difficult for you, shouldn't you be angry?"

"Not exactly. Your words may have seemed to make things difficult, but the reality is that I didn't have to do any more or less than I would have had to already."

"But if you lost..." Evangeline's delicate hands trembled slightly as she handled the tea leaves.

The truth was the Evangeline wouldn't know what to do with herself if she was the reason for anyone's death. To say that she was a kind-hearted individual was a definite understatement. She quite literally couldn't handle watching others suffer. It felt like it was her own pain.

As for why she was purposefully make it seem like she was against Dyon, that was obvious.

The first was to protect Dyon from the anger of Soul Rending Peak. Although Dyon was in the right to begin with, the powerful didn't care about such bland things as right and wrong, they only cared about what they could get away with.

The second reason was to show that she was favoring Dyon, but rather, venting her feelings instead. After that, no one would bother to punish Dyon again because she had technically already done the punishing.

Of course, Dyon guessed this. He was quite good at reading the character of others, especially with his still growing Perception. Although he wasn't entirely certain of the levels of progression attached to Perception, he was sure that his wasn't exactly low. It would take an expert beyond his imagining to pull the wool over Dyon's eyes.

"I'm sure you had a certain degree of certainty that I wouldn't lose." Dyon smiled, appreciating the innocence of this mature beauty. "If anything, I'm the one who's sorry for sullyng your reputation."

Evangeline blushed slightly. It had nothing to do with her feelings for Dyon, but rather, she wasn't used to the idea of any man living together with her. But, unfortunately, even if they both wanted to renege on their deal, it wasn't possible due to their contract. As long as Dyon was living in Soul Rending Peak, this would be his home.

Composing herself, Evangeline just sighed. "My reputation will be slandered whether you existed or not. There isn't a small number of individuals who believe that I am the mistress of the Master of the sect."

Dyon frowned when he heard this. For obvious reasons, he didn't know about the political landscape of Soul Rending Peak. For it to have such turmoil even around the Vice Master position... It could be said that there weren't good things in store for the future.

"At the very least, being rumored to be my woman is far better than being a mistress of a small-time sect like this one." Dyon lightly teased, trying to lighten the mood.

Evangeline giggled lightly, causing waves to bounce across her soft ravine. "Little boy, I'm thousands of years old, you shouldn't be so eager to tease an old lady like me."

Dyon smiled. "You pretend as though your age makes you any less alluring."

Hearing these words, Evangeline's opal eyes glistened with happiness. She had heard many compliments in her life, but it was often accompanied with a thick and disgusting lust that prevented her from appreciating them. However, although she could tell that Dyon had a desire to warm her bed, she also saw a purity in his eyes that told her that he would never cross such a line without her permission. There were very few things a woman wanted more than a man who took her words and feelings seriously.

"You're quite free with your words." Evangeline said knowingly. "Didn't you say that your wives would be unhappy?"

Dyon lightly coughed, averting his eyes. It seemed that it was much more difficult to trick a seasoned woman than the younger ones he was used to.

The shame of the matter was that he walked right into the trap too. After all, didn't he scold Asyna just earlier for asking for the same treatment he gave his wives? His voice wasn't exactly concealed back then.

Evangeline's smile deepened, seemingly enjoying Dyon's awkward situations. She had a feeling that this sort of thing didn't happen to him often, so she felt quite good being one of the few to witness this scene.

Of course, she also knew that Dyon was playing a game of retreating and advancing with her. Allowing her to win a few exchanges of words would help their relationship deepen. Despite knowing this, though, Evangeline only appreciated Dyon more. How many youths in his position would be willing to take such a loss? If anything, they'd be scrambling to prove their wittiness.

Dyon accepted the cup of tea Evangeline passed to him. He knew next to nothing about such things, but what he did know a lot about was alchemy. He immediately recognized the herbs Evangeline used based on their leaves and smell.

"To use thousand-year-old Calming Wisp Petals for a small guest like me," Dyon lightly breathed in the scent of the tea, enjoying the relaxing effect it had on his muscles. "I'm flattered."

Evangeline was shocked to hear Dyon's words. "You understand the dao of tea?" There was a faint excitement in her voice, for good reason too. Those who understood tea making were rarer than even cultivation geniuses were.

Dyon shook his head. "I only know a few things about herbs. But, I'm more interested in knowing how you procured such a rare spiritual herb in this quadrant."

Evangeline smiled. "Is that your subtle way of asking about my origins? This old lady has some secrets to keep. If you want to know about them, shouldn't you share some of your own first?"

"What would you like to know?"

This kind of response surprised Evangeline. She didn't expect Dyon to be so straight forward.

"Okay. I'll see how sincere you are then. What are you doing here?"

Dyon shrugged. "I'm not here for anything in particular. I just had some free time and came for some experience."

"Oh? I'm surprised... It doesn't seem like you're lying."

"Of course, I'm telling the truth. I wouldn't dare to lie to you."

"You must know how dangerous it is for someone surnamed Jafari to come here. Yet, you really have no other purpose? It's either you're a very good liar, or you gave up your intelligence for that handsome face."

Dyon burst into a fit of laughter. "I guess I'm not very intelligent. However, this is the perfect environment for me to train in. I could slowly consolidate my cultivation in a safe space like everyone else, or I can give myself a bit of pressure. It's pretty clear what will help me out more in the long run."

"I see..."

"Does this mean you'll tell me why you're here now?"

"What if this is just my home quadrant? Why can't I be here?" Evangeline responded with a bit of a teasing tone. If this really was her home, Dyon's question would be silly. Of course someone with her talent would come here if that was the case.

"Something is telling me your origins aren't so simple. Call it intuition."

"A little mystery would do you good."

Evangeline's smile truly had a way of lighting up the room. Coupled with her almost blinding golden hair and she looked as though she was a goddess that just descended from the heavens. Dyon felt lucky to be able to speak with her so casually, but he didn't understand why this lofty beauty was so familiar with him. Could it really just be because she was a good natured person?

"I'll let the Soul Rending Peak goddess keep her secrets then." Dyon graciously took a step back, but he still took the opportunity to do a little give and take. "Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Depends on what the question is."

"Why did you stop me from killing her? I'm not that magnanimous."

Evangeline was startled. She could sense that Dyon wasn't messing around, had she not stopped him, he would have killed Lilith without any qualms.

Chapter 938: What's Going On?

However, could she really blame him? With her cultivation, how could she not see through the despicable means Lilith was using?

This also confirmed something else for Lilith. Had Dyon had a true purpose here, would he really risk it just for the sake of short-sighted revenge? The fact he was willing to kill Lilith meant that he truly didn't have some higher purpose here.

But, this also confused Evangeline at the same time. She had heard Dyon promise to save the poor girl with soul talent. Why did he hold back then but not with Lilith?

Truth be told, it wasn't anything so complicated. Dyon didn't save the young lady because he knew it wasn't just her life on the line. He had a sneaking suspicion that there were many in her situation, so saving her alone would be short sighted.

However, that opportunity to kill Lilith was definitely his best. He knew that she was powerful, so attacking her while her soul was being torn apart would have been far easier. In the future, not only would she be on guard against his power, she herself would also be more powerful.

Even if he ended up being chased by the entire 98th quadrant because of it, Dyon was confident in his ability to hide and gather clues. Of course, this would be much harder without the status of a core disciple, but it would be worth it.

In the end, though, Evangeline couldn't see through Dyon. It was rare for people to care like he did, but it was even rarer for people who did care to know when to set aside their morality to fight for themselves. This latter issue was the problem Evangeline, herself, faced. However, for the sake of not becoming the same woman she was in her past, she chose to endure even when she shouldn't.

Evangeline sighed. She truly envied Dyon's demeanor.

"Since you're a member of the Jafari family, you should know a little bit about the underworking of this quadrant. Quite simply put, the clans of those young women you saw today are responsible for the state our 98th quadrant is in, but it's also the reason the current situation is sustained.

"As for why those clans chose to send their youths here, I have no idea. What I do know is that they don't plan on staying here for long. I'm sure you're clever enough to understand what that means."

Dyon pondered for only a moment before grasping the crux of the situation.

For one, Lilith took over the position of key wielder. Obviously, this meant that what the younger generation was doing here was already clear and didn't need to be explained further.

What was odd was the fact they would still be here instead of directly heading to the Epistemic Tower. Why risk being found out by experts from other quadrants? Obviously, they had some loose ends to tie here before they left, and whatever those loose ends were, was related to exactly what Dyon wanted to accomplish here.

"Seems like you understand." Evangeline continued. "Just don't do anything stupid. And don't waste my precious tea."

Standing up, Evangeline tidied the wrinkles in her golden dress before swaying her hips to walk into the distance.

"Oh." Evangeline's voice came from afar. "Don't think of taking advantage of this old lady, or else I'll cut it off."

Dyon silently chuckled to himself. He wasn't thinking of crossing those boundaries with this mature beauty, but the fact she said it like this made it feel like she was inviting him to do so.

Lightly sipping the refreshing cup of tea, Dyon lazily reclined. Over the past few months, he hadn't done much else than study the finer points of his array alchemy and whatever little information he had on runic vein theory.

He didn't cultivate at all, not because he couldn't do so, but rather because something inside of him was telling him that it wasn't appropriate to do so.

It was a truly odd feeling. Ever since he completed the second trial, Dyon had felt a fit of cognitive dissonance that was truly irritating him.

Maybe the weirdest part was that his dao heart was still incomparably firm. The disconnect he was feeling had nothing to do with what path he should take, but rather a hodgepodge of intents pulling him in different directions.

That was what was confusing Dyon. His path was the same: to reach the pinnacle of everything. However, his mind kept confusing exactly how that journey should be undertaken.

Was the path to absolute domination reliant on understanding of the laws of the universe? In that case, Dyon should focus his mind, heart and soul on array alchemy, magic and runic vein theory.

However, what if that was the wrong path? What if his path was focusing on his combat prowess? If that was the case, his entire focus should be on mastering techniques and improving his energy and body cultivation.

And what if that path was wrong too? What if his purpose in this life was to reveal the secrets of the soul? What if he was birthed with the soul kernel for a reason and the time he wasted on anything not soul related was another day the cosmos was left in the dark?

To this day, Dyon still didn't understand why he was the one to break the seal placed on his people. By all rights, a mere mortal shouldn't have had any impact whatsoever on a seal placed down by a transcendent being. And although the entity pretended to not care about this, and it was quite true that it had little affect on his plans, Dyon couldn't help but believe he, too, was confused.

In the end, Dyon believed that following the path of soul cultivation probably had the most support in terms of which path he should take. However, something was still telling him that the answer wasn't so simple.

Of course, Dyon had also thought about simply following all of these paths. After all, with his intelligence, he didn't doubt that he, with the lifespan he had gained from his cultivation, in addition to the extra lifespan Luna had given him without his knowledge, would be able to have great achievements in them all. The problem was that he couldn't help but lament that 'what if'...

Dyon's father had always been a person who placed discipline above all else. When he made a decision, he stuck to it. In fact, if Dyon's father knew he had multiple wives, he would probably get scolded to death. And maybe for good reason, too.

If it was his father making the decision, he would likely insist on choosing a single path. After all, with Dyon's potential, just what kind of result would there be if he truly focused on a single thing?

However, Dyon wasn't his father. Just like how he followed his gut when it came to his wives, he felt that choosing a single path might not be correct for him.

Dyon hadn't been in the martial world for long, but he did understand that this kind of indecision when it came to cultivation was bad. Even if he was firmly set on the idea of standing atop the world, if he chose wrong like Patia-Neva did, the results could be disastrous.

So, Dyon decided to consolidate his knowledge and cultivation instead. His body had reached the celestial realm far too quickly and he could tell it still needed time to adapt. Luckily, he had spent 10 years in the third trial which helped tremendously with his consolidation, but the reason he still needed more time was mostly because of the influx of Primordial Energy.

Although Dyon's body had been tempered with Primordial Energy, it was still lacking compared to someone born and raised in the era, for obvious reasons. Because of this, Dyon wanted to first allow his body to reach that level before he continued to cultivate. In this way, his foundation would be incomparably solid.

There was something else as well. Dyon wanted to wait for his energy cultivation to unseal so he could re-temper his meridians with this Primordial Energy as well. He had a hunch that this would help his

body and meridians fuse better, allowing him to jump over the hurdle placed before him by the fact these meridians weren't originally his own.

Dyon sighed. He had so many things he wanted to do, but in the end, more time than he was willing to give was necessary for them all.

'Old Lizard, I think it's about time you tell me what's going on.'

Chapter 939: Dissect

'This really isn't something you should look into.' The Dragon King's ancient voice sounded in Dyon's mind. 'I try to give you techniques even the best quadrants would start wars over, yet you ignore them for the sake of saving people you don't even know. Truly wasting heaven's treasures.'

The Dragon King wasn't exaggerating even a little bit. Two of the techniques he mentioned to Dyon, one of which was a dual cultivation technique, and the other of which was a sovereign path technique used for mastering and strengthening wills, were both legendary techniques that surpassed the divine level.

According to the memories of Dyon's master, there were two levels surpassing the Divine level, each of which was separated into four levels just like the previous stages. Thus, in addition to Common, Earth, Heaven and Divine techniques, there were also Mystic, Ancestral and Origin techniques.

Normally, these top-level techniques would have next to nothing to do with Dyon. This was because without the proper power level, using them was impossible, while using common to divine level techniques didn't have such restrictions.

That said, the usability of such techniques wasn't that straight forward. This was because cultivation type techniques could obviously be used without restriction. This restriction is mostly for attack and defense-based techniques, as well as movement type techniques.

To put it simply, even a person with no cultivation whatsoever could use an Origin level cultivation technique. However, if this same individual tried to use an Origin level attack technique, they would enter cultivation deviation and die.

Without the strength of a Transcendent, using Ancestral and Origin level techniques was nothing more than a pipe dream. It would result in near instantaneous death.

In addition, without the strength of a high-level dao formation expert, using a Mystic level technique would lead to death in just the same way. In fact, maybe on half-step transcendents could truly use them without consequences.

Luckily, the Dragon King understood this, and as such, both techniques he gave Dyon were cultivation type techniques. One improved the soul, body and energy, while the other improved will comprehension.

'What level are those techniques that you have to advertise them so fiercely?'

The Dragon King snorted. 'They're techniques my true body found on the Transcendent Plane, what level do you think they are? Even those bastards up there want to kill me for them, and you dare to turn your nose up.'

Dyon's eyes lit up, 'Ancestral level technique?'

'Peak Ancestral level technique. You should know that even most transcendents are forced into having to stick with Divine Level techniques. Only the luckier ones might have Mystic techniques.'

'It took me millions of years before I found these. Unfortunately, I don't have suitable women to dual cultivate with, so only the latter technique is helpful.'

'The wills technique is still useful to you?'

'Of course it is. Did you think that a dao was the highest level there were? Transcendents can master Laws and the best among us can form our own Origin Source.'

"Origin Source..." Dyon mumbled under his breath.

'I had to completely restart my comprehension in order to use the technique, and it nearly crumbled my dao heart, but now it's much firmer.'

'It was worth it?'

'Now I'll live for much longer, how could it not be worth it?'

Dyon nodded inwardly when he heard this. Transcendents didn't have a set lifespan, or, rather, their lifespan was contingent on the strength of their dao hearts. Considering this technique threatened to destroy your dao heart at every turn, it obviously tempered at the same time.

It was no wonder the Dragon King would be chased for such a technique. A method capable of extending your life and make you more powerful, who wouldn't want it?

'No wonder why your main body is so mad at me. He's constantly running away from beings that could kill me with a single thought, yet I can leisurely enjoy his hard labor without consequences.'

'You should probably avoid transcending if you can. Either that or you should get rid of me. If you transcend while still taking me as a weapon, my main body would be able to find you with ease because we're connected.'

'Depends,' Dyon said thoughtfully. 'How willing is your main body to offend my two grand teachers?'

'You mean that old man and the First White Mother? They're in the middle of a massive war, how could they have time to protect you?'

'I see... This isn't something that concerns me now, I guess.'

'The only chance you have is if you somehow master Laws to a decent degree before transcending. Transcendents don't have cultivation levels after reaching that plane, everything is contingent on comprehension.'

'Really?' Dyon was intrigued. The world of transcendents wasn't something a person of his stature should be learning about, yet, here he was.

'Well, that's not entirely true. It's just that cultivation techniques with the capability to train the bodies and energies of transcendents are all of the Origin level, and they've long since all been lost. Supposedly anyway.'

Dyon raised an eyebrow at this. 'Supposedly? What's that mean?'

'To be very honest, I have no idea what the level your current cultivation technique is at. [Inner World: Sanctuary] isn't the name of a technique I've heard of, even on the transcendent plane. However, a technique capable of circumventing quadrant level suppression shocks even me...'

'Shocks even you, hm...'

'Before, I didn't bring this up because the technique had a very hard cap. The size of your inner world and the wills it can manifest are directly proportional to your strength. However, because the land your inner world was imitating was from these modern times, there was a limit to its growth. There would have come a point where your Inner World could no longer sustain stronger wills or house any more energy because the strength of its structure was too weak. It would have been just enough to cross you over into the transcendent level, but no further. In fact, even lower level Laws would have caused your inner world to crumble.

'However...'

Dyon's eyes widened. 'Primordial Energy.'

'Exactly. Your world completely broke down and reconstructed itself with the strength of ancient lands. Now, I can't see the cap in its potential...

'Also, theoretically, this can also be done with the energy on the transcendent plane as well. If you broke down your inner world again, and infused it with the Origin and Immortal energy of the transcendent plane, just what kind of result would there be...'

'I really have to thank the Energy Core then...'

'Yes. The reason I didn't think of this possibility before was precisely because I never thought you would gain the Energy Core. It's been missing for millions of years, to the point where many speak of the 32 heavenly treasures instead of the 33. You truly have some dog shit luck.'

Dyon smiled, he did think he was pretty lucky as well. But, he couldn't escape the feeling that this was all very convenient...

However, he pushed that thought aside for now. He didn't like wasting energy on things he didn't have enough information on, especially when he couldn't gain more information.

Instead, he was quite content to think about what the result would be if he truly infused the energy of the transcendent plane into his inner world. After all, the reason transcedents were forced to ascend was because their presence in the lower realm would cause it to crumble. Only the upper realm could withstand their existence. So, obviously, constructing an inner world with such energy would have very clear benefits.

That said, it was for this very reason that the existence of The Entity was so confusing.

'That's enough about the future. Tell me about what's going on here.'

'You're really set on knowing this? You know the only reason I'm constantly warning you is because of the laws I'm bound under, right? If it was my true will, I would have tricked you into death a long time ago.'

'Yea, yea. By the time I transcend, I promise you that I won't be afraid to face up to your true body. If you anger me enough, I might even dissect your corpse for the sake of understanding runic vein theory a bit more.'

The Dragon King snorted. What Dyon didn't know was that somewhere in the transcendent plane, a monstrous black scaled Dragon, spanning hundreds of kilometers in length was roaring with a might that would shatter entire quadrants. Clearly Dyon's words angered him beyond belief.

Chapter 940: Auctioned

'The first thing you should know is that underestimating this quadrant will lead to your death. They're not ranked 98th because of their lack of potential. In fact, in terms of birthing talents, they're not too far behind your home universe. It's just that their backstory is even more tragic than your own.

'While your talent was stolen away by a transcendent, their talents were rounded up and taken away. The 'geniuses' you see here, aren't the true geniuses of this quadrant at all.'

Dyon's smile disappeared.

Before his master's soul strand disappeared, she had told Dyon the story of their universe and how many experts had coveted them because of not just the energy density, but also their potential to birth talents. Of course, that was all then taken away by the entity. Although his universe could still birth great talents, its ability to do so was heavily crippled.

Just the thought of this was shocking considering just how many God level talents were still being birthed in their quadrant. It was even to the point where they were still comparable to the top most quadrants. Imagining what their talent level would be like had their energies not been stolen away... It was truly mind boggling.

But, now, the Dragon King was telling Dyon they weren't alone in their plight.

'You can consider yourselves lucky compared to them. Although your talent was sealed away, you still got the opportunity to live normal lives. In fact, you created branches of thought never before seen in the martial world. Things like physics and chemistry always existed, but they were never so properly explained nor understood. I can also tell that having that knowledge also helps you with your cultivation and comprehension.

'However, those of this universe were truly pitiful. The reason you have yet to understand the special nature of this universe is precisely because your soul is sealed away. You don't have the ability to sense just why the suppression is so heavy here.

'The energy needed to soul cultivate is similar, but different to that used by the Conventional Path. The hallmark of a good soul cultivation technique is its ability to efficiently convert Conventional Path energies to a usable form for the soul. However, that doesn't mean that readily usable forms of this energy don't exist. In fact, this quadrant, as a whole, is completely flooded with such energy. While Conventional Path energies are scarce, Soul Path energies are even denser than what is seen in the peak most quadrants.'

'What?' This explanation made sense, but it confused Dyon beyond belief. 'In this kind of environment, how could the Soul Path lose to the Energy Path?'

'That's obvious. The Soul Path has never been able to effectively translate their soul strength into battle prowess. I have no doubt that soon after your soul unseals, it will advance by leaps and bounds into the dao levels. But, I also have no doubt that even then, you would be no match for true dao formation experts. If you tried to fight, you'd die without leaving a corpse behind.'

'I don't believe it's so simple.' Dyon's frown deepened. 'Maybe in one on one combat, a soul cultivator would be looked down upon, but in war, I dare to say that no one is more effective than a soul cultivator. Everything from pills for recovery, to weapons for fighting efficiency, to formations for battles of attrition, soul cultivators are unmatched in all of these aspects.'

'You're too naïve. Not every soul cultivator is lucky enough to be gifted the [Dao of Array Alchemy] like you were, and even if they were, the formations you're talking about were things you learned from the second trial world, no? Haven't you noticed that large scales formations are rare in this day and age? It's a lost art.'

'Something like using the feng shui of your surroundings to construct and power large scale formations is a feat that only the most ancient clans can do. And, even they can only maintain the formations they had from long ago, having lost the ability to construct new ones.'

'Also, don't you find it odd that this quadrant is being controlled by others behind the scenes? Obviously this wasn't a fair a war.'

'Are you trying to say that this has something to do with the ban on Array Alchemy?'

'That's very likely the case. Such an accumulation of soul talent would definitely be a threat. Even with the general consensus being that formation theory and alchemy should be kept separate, it was only a matter of time before someone became curious enough to test it.'

'Obviously, there's no such ban on array alchemy in the transcendent world because those who've lived for millions of years aren't so easily manipulated. Instead, there was just immediate all out war between the Chaos and Balanced Paths.'

'Alright... But if this quadrant was once known for its soul talent, how did everyone somehow forget that?'

'It's not that they forgot, everyone with enough power either learns of it or remembers it. It's just that they receive benefits from the current situation in this quadrant.'

'There was a time where this quadrant was ranked into the top 20. It wasn't any higher because ranks were mostly fought for through combat, and for obvious reasons, a soul-based quadrant was weak in that aspect.'

'However, after the Energy Path won, they no longer had the talent to sustain their ranking and continuously fell into disgrace.'

'The vicious cycle continued because those with exceptional soul talent were taken away while only those who willingly crippled themselves or didn't have soul talent were able to continue living a normal life.'

Dyon didn't like where this was going. He understood why the Dragon King and Zabia would think he would go and do something stupid now.

Although having cultivation talent didn't necessarily mean that you would have good soul talent, having good soul talent almost guaranteed having good cultivation talent. Dyon was an exception only because his energy and body cultivation talent were sealed away, if not for that, how could his cultivation talent have been so poor before? Dyon didn't doubt that his original set of meridians were at least of the third grade, if not better.

The soul was capable of helping comprehension to varying degrees. Obviously someone with high levels of comprehension would also have high cultivation talent, and even in the cases where this talent was lacking, comprehension abilities could make up for it.

A person with high soul talent, but a poor meridian grade, could cultivate with the effectiveness of someone two to even three grades above them. Meaning, that girl that was taken away for her soul talent, even though she only had fifth grade meridians, could cultivate with the effectiveness of a person with third grade meridians at the very least. This was the benefit of soul talent.

So, if all those with soul talent were being taken away, that meant that all the true talents were either gone or were forced to cripple themselves at an early age. On top of that, without the resources of a high ranked quadrant, nor the benefit of using those soul talented individuals as alchemists, there was no method of repairing those crippled souls here. In fact, the level of pill needed to heal someone with an injured soul was unfathomable and the requirements increase depending on the talent level of the soul.

If it wasn't for Amphorae, Dyon's soul was still be unrepairable. Even though Zabia's soul was healed with a master level pill, Dyon's soul was so far and away more talented that even a comet level pill, even by the standards of his grand teacher, wouldn't be enough.

'Stop beating around the bush, Old Lizard. What is happening here?'

'There are very few mystic level techniques in this plane, but one among them was a core teaching of the former Soul Rending Peak of this quadrant. That sect was nothing like what's it's become today, it once had the ability hold its head high even among the best sects in existence.

'However, that mystic technique was very evil. So, although it increased the prestige of the sect, it was banned from being put into practice and only acted as reference for cultivation due to its profundity.

'This technique allows one to integrate the soul of another, making all of their experiences your own and even allowing you to absorb their soul cultivation to increase yours. The limitation of this technique was that those with weak soul talent wouldn't survive the process, thus making what you could gain from their soul very limited.

'As you might have guessed by now, those with soul talent aren't killed. Instead, they're brought to Soul Market where they're groomed. Most focus on learning a single technique for years, practicing it over and over again until perfection...

'Then, once they've reached their full potential, they're then ranked according to the usefulness of their soul...

'Sometimes they're auctioned....'