

## The Nameless 941

Chapter 941: Little Sister?

'...Sometimes they're bought out right. But in the end, the result is the same. Their souls are devoured for the knowledge it holds, and they become human vegetables. Without purpose, without will, and barely with life.

'Their bodies are then refined down into pills to be consumed to benefit from their energy and body cultivation, thus leaving behind no loose ends.'

Dyon almost couldn't stop himself from completely destroying Evangeline's courtyard. How was this a way to treat people?! They were more like livestock than human beings!

'Remember, don't go doing anything stupid. I told you not to underestimate this quadrant.

'Why do you think the Soul Market has lasted this long? Why do you think this quadrant is still so weak even while taking advantage of such a high level technique?'

Dyon took a deep breath. 'Probably because other, more powerful quadrants are taking their share of the pie.'

'At least you're not entirely stupid. There is a Council of high ranking elders from various quadrants that control the Soul Market. However, what I didn't expect was that those Devil Path cultivators were behind the scenes this entire time.'

'You mean the council doesn't know?'

'Of course not. How could they be willing to allow their enemies to benefit from their hard work? Even when I was an elder of that sect, I had no idea.'

'Wait. How do the Devil Sects benefit if it's the council that heads everything?'

'Remember that singular dao formation expert you've heard mentioned a couple times since being here?'

Dyon nodded. 'According to what I've heard, in the past few tens of thousands of years, this 98th quadrant had only produced a single expert of that level.'

'In all likelihood, that was a lie. This quadrant might not even have a single dao formation expert.'

'The reality is that the quadrants involved in this Soul Market scheme aren't almighty powers. None of the top ten quadrants are involved. It's actually being kept a secret from them.'

'However, this information of mine is outdated. It's likely that in the time I've been gone, those quadrants that did participate were able to use this evil plan to improve their rankings. They weren't top ten back then, but maybe they are now.'

Hearing this, Dyon couldn't help but begin to worry. Just how many lives had they given up to reap such rewards?

A single universe could already contain trillions of people, let alone the 100 of them that made up a quadrant. With so many people to pick and choose from, Dyon didn't doubt that there would be millions of adequate talents born every year!

Dyon jaws clenched before giving the Dragon King information on the current ranking of quadrants. Luckily, he was able to sigh in relief because it didn't seem like any of the top four quadrants were involved. That said, this was information dated by several thousand years, the circumstances could have changed by now.

After collecting his thoughts and burying his anger, Dyon began to reflect on his next course of action.

'So, in all likelihood this 'dao formation expert' was an image created by the devil path cultivators.'

'Yes. Because at the time the quadrants that participated were fairly weak, they wouldn't be able to take a dao formation expert lightly even if they had some of their own. In addition, we were taking advantage

of their quadrant and their Mystic level technique, for the sake of fairness, it was obvious that this dao formation expert would receive a bit more benefits.'

At that point, Dyon suddenly understood many things.

The Devil Path cultivators first instigated a war of Soul versus Energy Path, thus greatly weakening this once highly ranked quadrant.

After they accomplished this, they took advantage of this opportunity to reel in a few of the weaker quadrants with promises of making them much stronger.

By doing this, the Devil Path cultivators were able to create a solid footing in the Conventional Path quadrants, while also fostering themselves a group of allies that they were forever bound to.

Even though the martial world didn't work on morality and principles, it did work on benefits. If the information about the Soul Market ever came out, these quadrants would give their enemies the moral high ground to wage war. For the sake of benefits, their enemies would multiply before their quadrants were divided up amongst those 'white knights'.

As for why the Devil Path cultivators still hid their identity even knowing their allied quadrants were in the same boat as them, that was obvious as well.

Because they were of the Devil Path, something so evil would be easily blamed on them. If those quadrants claimed they had no idea where the souls were coming from, and pretended truly believed that they came from already deceased martial warriors, the punishments would be much lighter, while the Devil Path cultivators would become the public enemy.

In the end, the Mystic technique had long since fallen in their hands and for their own reasons, they were slowly manipulating things behind the scenes, reaping in benefits and building up their own network of strength.

'It seems that I'll have to go check out this Soul Market...'

The Dragon King sighed, already having known that Dyon would do this. Even though those quadrants would never risk sending their dao formation experts here for the sake of having room to take a step back if they were caught, that didn't mean that Dyon would be able to deal with them easily. Considering the leap of quality those quadrants underwent, their top experts were far and away better than the celestials Dyon had dealt with in the past.

Just as Dyon was lost in thought, a small servant girl came. "Excuse me, young master Jafari." She spoke in a small voice. "Lady Violet is here to see you."

Dyon was shocked by these words. Wasn't Violet just a core disciple? Even if core disciples had high status, it couldn't possibly be enough to stroll into the courtyard of the Vice Master, could it?

Could it be that Evangeline was so blatantly disrespected, even by disciples? Or was it that Violet's identity wasn't so simple?

Now that Dyon thought about it, he had assumed that Violet would be among the two core disciples he would spar with. However, he turned out to be wrong, which meant at the very least, Violet was ranked higher than those two bottom ranked core disciples.

Seeing Dyon's confusion, the little girl quickly continued. "I'm sorry, young master Jafari. She is the Head Master's daughter, my status is far too small to refuse her."

Hearing this, Dyon was enlightened. No wonder why she could stroll around the courtyards of high ranking elders so easily, she was actually of such high birth. Dyon didn't know much about the Head Master, but he did know that he had managed to reach his position despite not being a member of the two main families. His achievements were truly commendable.

Dyon stood, patting the head of the little servant girl who couldn't have been more than eleven or twelve years old. "There's no need to be so polite to me, just call me Dyon. What's your name?"

"R-Rose." The little girl stuttered. She wasn't used to interacting with people and normally dealt with Evangeline alone. It could be said that her life was very good now despite it having started off so terribly.

"That's a beautiful name, Little Rose. I have a little sister who's just as adorable as you are, although she's probably grown a lot since I last saw her." There was a hint of sadness in Dyon's voice, he really did miss Little Lyla and Zaire.

Little Rose's large brown eyes looked up at Dyon and blinked before a smile crossed her small face.

"You have a little sister?" Suddenly, another voice called out causing Dyon to frown slightly. Apparently Violet hadn't felt like waiting and directly entered. The more time that passed, the more Dyon was angered by his sealed soul. Since when had people been able to sneak up on him like this.

Hearing Violet come in, Little Rose scurried away to attend to her own matters. From Dyon's Perception, he could tell that her cultivation was even better than those fools who had practiced for decades. It made him even more certain that Evangeline's origins weren't so simple. To be eleven years old, yet already on the brink of the essence gathering stage was a cultivation speed that rivaled the top 40 or so quadrants, and was clearly far better than what this 98th quadrant could live up to.

#### Chapter 942: Conditions

Of course, it still wasn't comparable to the speed of top most geniuses. After all, Dyon's own little brother reached the essence gathering stage at a very young age. However, there were very few people who could provide more resources than Dyon. So, he was very impressed by this little Rose girl.

The oddest part about it all was that it was the Dragon King that told Dyon this. If it wasn't for that, she would have looked like an ordinary little girl. Evangeline truly had some great methods.

Recomposing himself, Dyon responded. "To what do I owe the pleasure, Lady Violet?"

Violet didn't seem to notice that Dyon ignored her question, instead, she leisurely took Evangeline's vacated spot and poured herself a cup of tea.

Dyon calmly sat across from her, looking off into the distance as though he didn't care whether or not she answered.

"I would like you to join my faction. For a talent on your level, of course I would personally make a trip."

"Faction?"

"Indeed. We have factions for various reasons, not all of these reasons are restricted to the sect either. For example, fighting for resources in the Epistemic Tower is a major reason they exist as well. As much as we hope to be a cohesive whole when we enter, that just isn't the case. Because our ranking is low to begin with, many have lost hope. It's a vicious cycle.

"It begins with us having too few resources to go around, which leads to us fighting over them, which results in factions, with then leads back to us having too few resources to go around.

"The most unfortunate part is that we don't have a single expert that's managed to climb to the celestial floors, so we're stuck with the poor resources of the saint floors."

Violet sighed. In order to make it to the celestial floors, the very first and most basic requirement was to become a celestial within 1000 years. This was because the age cap of the saint floors was exactly that. This requirement alone was already an impossible task for this 98th quadrant. It already took most of them about 200 years to even make it near the peak of the essence gathering stage. Even their best talents would struggle to sense saint energy because of their damaged souls, causing them to delay their break through into sainthood.

In the end, it was considered lucky to break into sainthood by 500 years old here. To then, with that pace, think of becoming a celestial before 1000 years was nothing more than a fool's dream.

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"Hm... Factions, huh?" Dyon spoke slowly, truly pondering.

Following someone else wasn't his style, however he didn't come here to be in the spotlight. After he had done his part in becoming a core disciple, it would be better if he laid low. Although he didn't care to offend the daughter of the Head Master, or even the Head Master himself, there was no reason for him to purposefully make things hard for himself.

So, although his first instinct was to reject, he didn't do so immediately. After all, thinking about how Violet was the Head Master's daughter, and how she was a high-ranked core disciple, she might very well know about the Soul Market.

"Yes." Violet said with a sweet smile. "In recent times, we've managed to birth a few geniuses. Also, I'm not scared to tell you this secret. We will soon have a method to increase our ability to sense saint energy, and when the time comes, celestial energy.

"Of course, these resources are based on contributions made to the faction. Those who contribute the most will, of course, be rewarded more. With your resources and power, it shouldn't be a problem for you, right?"

Dyon smiled knowingly, understanding what Violet was referring to. Although his power was appealing, what was even more appealing was the Jade Queen Bee Honey that was on his person!

"However..." Violet's smile disappeared as she suddenly became serious. "As much as I want you to join our faction, you must be more careful with your words in the future.

"I understand that the history of quadrant might not be very... Clean. But, you must learn to hold your tongue. If The Cathedral decides to take action against you for so blatantly provoking them, even my father wouldn't be able to protect you."

Of course Dyon knew what Violet was referring to. He hadn't tried to hide his voice at all when he swore to save that girl from her fate. He didn't even know what her name was, yet he did so anyway.

Seeing Dyon's calm expression, Violet couldn't help but firmly continue. "You should understand at least a little of what's going on, but just know that even the Caedes and Jafari family are mostly kept in the dark. I promise you that if you think you know the whole situation, you do not.

"The powers at work here are bigger than you can imagine. I'm saying this for your own good. If you want to play hero, you need to be thousands of times more powerful than you are now."

Seeing Violet speaking so seriously, and especially considering what she said, Dyon was even more certain that she, or at least her father, knew a lot about what was going on. In fact, when he heard her

speak about how they have a chance to improve their younger generation, Dyon suddenly thought of something.

Did Violet's confidence in helping her faction members sense higher levels of energy have anything to do with the Soul Market?...

The Devil Path cultivators came here to tie up loose ends before heading to the Epistemic Tower. In all likelihood, that loose end was the Soul Market.

Dyon wasn't entirely sure what they wanted to do with the Soul Market. It could be that they were going to shut its operation down, or maybe they would be taking its profits for themselves after so many years of staying in the background. What they needed those profits for? Dyon didn't know entirely... But, what he did know was that there was a massive Sapientia Auction occurring soon. An event of that level only took place very rarely. Sometimes once every thousand years, sometimes once every ten thousand years. It was all dependent on how long it would take to accumulate the necessary amount of treasures.

According to Dyon's knowledge, the auction was announced and although the date wasn't set yet, it wouldn't be much more than ten years before it took place.

Because of the exclusivity of the auction, only Kings and above could take part. Every ticket was highly sought after and many battles would be fought in the days leading up to the fateful day. In addition, there would be transmission arrays stationed on all floors to protect everyone. By projecting an image of the participants, one could avoid being there in person and thus have an added layer of protection.

All in all, this was an event that not many would want to miss. Dyon didn't believe that it was a coincidence that mere months after the announcement of this highly anticipated auction that the Devil Path cultivators would just coincidentally appear.

As for why they didn't send the elder generation, that was obvious. The only way to enter the tower is by starting from the beginning, and to start from the beginning, one needed to be less than a thousand years old. That said, a thousand-year-old character with the talent of Lilith was definitely a scary individual, likely a high level celestial, if not already a dao formation expert.

Thinking to this point, Dyon became more cautious. If the Devil Path cultivators had such a person with them now, he might definitely be in trouble.



According to the martial world, the mark of a true genius was to enter the celestial realm before 100, and the dao formation world before 1000. Of course, only a handful of people had such talent. However... Dyon wouldn't bet against the Devil Path having at least one of these individuals. After all, Lilith was only 21 yet already about to break into the celestial realm.

Of course, Dyon also understood that comprehending a new energy wasn't so simple. This was especially so for Devil Path cultivators who had their comprehension hindered. In addition, the age of '100' was taking into account time spent in the trial world, something Devil Path cultivators obviously didn't have to worry about until now.

'This Lilith will probably enter the God trial first... Plus, since they allowed her to become the key wielder, she's likely the most talented person they have. This is getting more complex...'

Dyon took a deep breath before smiling. "I don't mind joining, but I have a few conditions."

#### Chapter 943: Very Young

Violet happily listened to Dyon's conditions. Seeing that he only asked for freedom and insisted to only act when there was a mission of importance, she readily accepted. In terms of the power of her faction, Violet believed that Dyon's power was only second to her own, so of course she would treat him well.

Now, whether Violet was truly stronger than Dyon or not, was another matter entirely.

After dealing with those matters, Violet handed Dyon a badge that would give him access and authority within their faction's courtyard before leaving with a sweet smile on her face.

At that moment, a deep chuckle resounded in Dyon's ears. 'Seems like that little girl can't wait to pounce on you. She's quite a bold little lady.'

Dyon shook his head, not responding. Violet was a beauty, but her personality was poisonous and sly. He didn't get a good vibe from her at all. As much as Dyon's bloodline wanted him to choose bedmates purely on appearances, his true feelings would never allow such a thing. If he did such a thing with a

woman he had no feelings for, he would feel like he was betraying his wives as well as cheapening himself.

Thinking to this point, Dyon's mind couldn't help but drift to Jade.

He thought about her every so often and even though she hadn't taken over his dreams or lived in his nightmares, she still had a good bit of real estate in his mind.

Jade was the only woman he had ever crossed the line with that he wasn't entirely sure of his feelings for. Even though they had never dual cultivated, the things they had done together would more than constitute intimacy.

Dyon told himself that he had only done those things to continue fooling Jade into thinking he hadn't seen through her, but that was just an excuse. When Dyon met Jade, he was hit with the same wave of comfort he felt when he first saw Madeleine and Ri. Of course, it was funny saying that he felt comfort seeing Ri now, considering she had tried to kill him first. But, it was the truth.

Yet, Dyon had forcefully cut those emotions away from himself. After learning about all the horrible things Jade had done just for the sake of gaining his favor? He felt incomparably disgusted.

However, at the same time, it proved just how lost Jade had become. She wanted so badly to never lose Dyon, so badly to make him forget about Madeleine and Ri, that she was willing to force him to undergo the worst kinds of pain just so he would be forced to rely on her.

Dyon often found himself making excuses for her. 'It was the fault of her technique' or 'She didn't kill the children, at least' ... But, he knew deep inside that this could never erase the things she had done.

No matter what excuses he made, Miss Everdeen would never come back. She'd forever lay in the crystal coffin. In fact, for all he knew, in the time she's been gone, Jade had committed many more atrocious acts. Although Dyon didn't know what the Daiyu had to give up in order to get Jade to cooperate with them, Dyon knew that with Jade's intelligence, she wouldn't ask for anything short sighted. In all likelihood, she was somewhere out there living a pampered life.

Shaking his head, Dyon sighed. In the end, he hadn't even been able to face her. He had to rely on Ri to fight her for him because he couldn't bring himself to do it.

He had never had trouble doling out punishment to even beautiful women if they deserved it, but for some reason he couldn't do the same with Jade.

'Pft, are you even a man?' The Dragon King's disdain filled voice sounded off in Dyon's ears again.

Dyon only shrugged. Considering the nature of dragons, the Dragon King had probably dual cultivated with more women than he could even remember.

'Old Lizard, how about you go find some transcendent females to spread your seed to instead of worrying about me?'

Dyon winced as a mind shattering roar almost made his mind vibrate into nothingness. However, he still chuckled. He knew good and well this was a sore spot of the old lizard.

When he reminded Dyon about his dual cultivation technique, he had let it slip that he couldn't find any suitable partners on the transcendent plane. Clearly coercing women of that level was much harder than what the Dragon King was used to.

Hearing Dyon's laughter only made the Dragon King angrier, however, that didn't bother Dyon too much.

'Forget this. Don't you think it's odd that someone of Violet's stature came to the Unseen Peak? I came here under the assumption that whatever secret there was would be on Planet Cathedral. But... Maybe it's actually on Planet Unseen?'

The Dragon King snorted, clearly still upset. 'It's been too long and I never personally went to the Soul Market. With my level of cultivation, what would I need a bullshit Soul Market for? I have the experience of too many lives to go to such a place. So, if you want to rely on me to find out where it is, I'll have to disappoint you.'

Dyon frowned, he had guessed as much. After all, the Soul Market was all about learning cultivation techniques without the effort or decades of work. Although there was the human pill option, the Dragon King wouldn't need that either.

'I'll start with Planet Cathedral. If I don't find any leads here, then I'll have to head back to Planet Unseen.'

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While Dyon was slowly piecing together the happenings in the 98th quadrant, the Flaming Lily Sect's battle was just about to begin.

At this moment, Madeleine stood at the edge of a flying ship, hovering outside of two massive pillars etched with intricate arrays. These pillars were, of course, the very same pillars seen across all 100 quadrants and acted as the connecting gates to the campaign inner worlds.

Currently, Madeleine was waiting patiently for the arrival of a few individuals.

During a gate's maintenance period, those who wanted to travel from the Epistemic Tower to the universes could still do so, it was just that they would be teleported directly to the outside of these two pillars instead of directly outside the tower.

Luckily, the gate housing the Epistemic Tower shared a connection between both the Flaming Lily Sect and the Golden Crow Sect. Therefore, Madeleine didn't need to risk entering the Golden Crow universes to receive these guests.

Currently, Madeleine was very relaxed, a far cry from the anxious and nervous atmosphere of her fellow female sect members. Everything from her long, flowing red mage robes, to her matching violet hair and eyes made her look like an otherworldly being.

Although Madeleine hadn't been in their sect for long, or rather, not long compared to martial world terms, she had ingratiated herself well. Since this was a saint gate and the help they were about to receive came from her husband, Madeleine was unilaterally decided upon as leader. The Sect Matriarch

had even promised Madeleine that should this endeavor be a success, she would be granted position as a Core Disciple and have the chance to fight for their one remaining Legatee position.

If this were to happen, Madeleine would be the first ever in the history of the Flaming Lily Sect to become a Core Disciple without having first stepped into the upper Celestial ranks. And maybe the most beautiful thing about it all was that there wasn't the same jealousy and envy there would be in another sect. The Flaming Lily Sect was truly a sisterhood, and they took this culture very seriously.

"Junior Sister, could it be that your husband isn't coming? Are you tricking us to make it a surprise?"

The girls of the sect were disappointed when Madeleine broke this news to them. They had been looking forward to meeting the famous Dyon Sacharro, but all of their dreams had been crushed.

Madeleine smiled lightly. "I'm sorry. Dyon is currently doing something very important, but it might not be too long before you meet him. With his personality, staying lowkey isn't really his style."

Of course, they all understood this. After everyone saw that the fog around the current 51st quadrant wasn't dissipating, they assumed that Dyon had still yet to step out of the tower.

When the members of the Flaming Lily Sect realized this, they all began to tease Madeleine for having a husband so much younger than herself. For reasons they already discussed, if Dyon was still in the tower, he was likely still an essence gatherer and therefore likely very young as well.

#### Chapter 944: Clues

Unfortunately for Madeleine, she could only smile bitterly at these jokes and fully embrace her "big sister teaching little brother" role, or else she would expose Dyon. Luckily, the assumed age gap wasn't too large.

Many speculated Dyon probably entered the tower around 14 to 16 years old, which would explain him not having entered the saint realms yet. Which meant that by now he would be around 27 to 29 or so years old. Madeleine had just turned 34 not too long ago, which let them know that she probably married Dyon when she was around 20 or 21.

Such a thing wasn't too rare in the martial world and often happened even when the gender roles were flipped. So, aside from a bit of teasing, no one looked down on Madeleine.

"Don't worry, though." Madeleine continued with a knowing smile. "This little husband of mine is quite a genius and bred an army of his own from a young age. Those who you're about to see are his Demon Generals!"

Almost as though they heard a cue from Madeleine, the two pillars began to shine a bright light before the waters they stood in started to lightly tremble.

In the next moment, thousands of bright lights flashed out from a swirling portal of colors.

The first moment that those of the Flaming Lily Sect saw these warriors was met with skepticism. From what they could see, most of these supposed "helpers" were only of the lower essence gathering level, even the best among them had only reached the middle essence gathering level.

Maybe what was the most odd was that this was just a feeling they got from years of experience, something about the cultivation of these warriors was too odd to accurately gauge. They could only make vague estimates.

However, this moment didn't last long... In the next instant, they felt their throats constrict as a heavy weight landed on their chests.

The three thousand Demon Generals stood with an imposing and devilish aura, their white hair whipping violently in the wind. They each wore majestic and robust black armor, every one of them carrying an assortment of weapons they were most familiar with.

With a single look, one could see that the material of this armor was not normal, nor were the cultivations of these Demon Generals so simple...

The moment they saw Madeleine standing calmly at the edge of the hovering flying ship, they immediately knelt in the skies, crossing their right arms across their chests.

The voices of three thousand demons boomed through the skies.

"We humbly greet Mistress Sacharro!"

The inner disciples chosen to fight this battle for the Flaming Lily Sect were completely blown away by the Presence of the Demon Generals. With a single glance, one could tell that the vast majority of them were Kings! And the thirty Vice Heads at the very front... They were all Emperors!

All of these women were the best of the best. To be able to become an Inner Disciple of an Emperor God Sect stationed in the fourth ranked universe, one could imagine that any one of them was a world shattering talent. On top of that, they were all otherworldly beauties capable of stealing the hearts of anyone who laid their eyes upon them. Yet, even with all of their experience, they had never witnessed such a thing!

In other quadrants, the status of a King title was monstrous, let alone an Emperor. Even in the face of their key wielder, geniuses of such status would never kneel. Any one of them could lead a generation on their own! Even among all one hundred quadrants, ten thousand, and the quite literally quintillions of people and various beasts in the world, the number of Kings didn't surpass a few dozen thousand and the number of Emperors didn't surpass a few hundred!

It was suffice to say, that those with this level of status were rare beyond belief. And yet, there were 3000 of them right here, completely ignoring their own potential and prestige to kneel not to their leader, but their leader's wife.

At this moment, everyone understood just what kind of prestige Dyon held. To raise such subordinates, even to the point that they were respectful to even your wife... This was no normal leader.

At first, everyone thought that it might be just because of fear. Maybe it wasn't Dyon they were afraid of, but rather, whatever power it was from the Celestial Deer Quadrant that raised him.

However, when they saw Demon Generals like Thadius, River and Ronica swarm Madeleine with happy smiles, even hugging her and chatting like old friends, they completely threw those ideas away. For better or for worse, they were a family. Dyon didn't rule them with an iron fist, yet they still respected him enough to kneel.

It was at that point that even the elders and Vice leaders of the Flaming Lily Sect, floating a distance away, redoubled their desire to meet this Dyon Sacharro.

They, themselves, were beauties in their own right. Although many of them had begun to show signs of aging and mostly looked like middle aged women, that only gave them an attractive and mature air that was similar to a well ripened fruit.

"I can't see through these children at all." An elder finally spoke her mind.

"Their white hair doesn't seem natural... It's likely that they all went through something traumatizing. Do you think there's a possibility that the Celestial Deer Quadrant used some underhanded means to garner their loyalty?"

"I don't think so, there aren't any odd fluctuations in their souls. They all seem to be acting naturally."

Although the Flaming Lily Sect didn't have a single half-step transcendent, they had a good number of high-leveled dao formation experts. With elders of this level, to not be able to completely see through a few juniors was truly surprising, but that didn't stop their senses from being sharp. They could still see quite a few things.

"Even if this is a saint gate, aren't they a little too weak to help much of anything? We have tens of thousands of outer disciples, and nearly a thousand inner disciples, what difference can they make?" An elder asked worriedly.

One might wonder why such an important gate was a saint gate, however, that would be backwards thinking. It's because that this gate was so important that it was a saint gate.

In the general martial world, even celestials, to a certain extent, were considered as members of the younger generation. The reason why they'd leave such an important gate to be managed by the younger generation was manifold.

For one, it was almost a silent treaty. By leaving it in the hands of the younger warriors, it was symbolically acquiescing to the fact that they wouldn't fight to conquer the Gate.



The second reason, however, was more complex.

The foundation of a sect was its younger generation. The stronger this foundation was, the brighter its future. Therefore, if one sect's younger generation far outdid the other's, they would naturally become more powerful over time. If this occurred, it would only make sense for the sect with the brighter future to thus command more land. Everyone agreed with this.

However, this isn't what happened in this case. The Golden Crow Sect, along with Fiery Lotus Sect and the Flame Rebirth Sect, colluded with one another to quickly hit this gate during the last campaign. At that time, not only had their best geniuses been away, the disciples they had left to casually gain experience were forced to withstand the geniuses of three Emperor God Sects. If it wasn't for Madeleine and a few other inner disciples quickly making their way back to defend the last tower, they would have completely lost control of the gate entirely.

This, clearly, completely disrespected the spirit of what these Gates represented for the sects, however, since there was no written agreement, the Flaming Lily Sect could only swallow their anger and plan for the worst. If their sect fell from the Emperor ranks because of this, it would spell disaster for their whole foundation.

"I don't think we should underestimate these 'Demon Generals'. Although their cultivations are a little lacking, the fluctuations in the energies of heaven and earth around them make it clear that their comprehension levels are very high. Their bodies are incredibly robust and some of them have even crossed in the 7th intent level."

The elders widened their eyes in shock. The one who had just spoken was the Vice Matriarch and her cultivation was definitely the most profound of them all. If she said such a thing, she must be correct. However, what was shocking was the fact the 7th intent level, also known as One With Law, was something only celestials should have the ability to comprehend. How could essence gathering juniors reach such a level?

"We'll just leave this up to fate. It's our own good karma that we've taken in such an outstanding disciple with an equally as outstanding husband, we can only leave it up to them. Since we've already decided to place our trust in the hands of the youths, there's no need to focus on these matters any longer."

"What we need to do is understand why the Golden Crow Sect would make such a move at this time. It can't be forgotten that our quadrant is the birth place of flames... It's likely that after so many years, the Golden Crow old fogies have finally found some clues about the Golden Flame."

## Chapter 945: Reprimand

Within a well-furnished mansion, 15 young geniuses were gathered. However, the mood in the air was stifling as endless killing intent and darkness threatened to destroy the entire courtyard.

"Who did this?" A skinny, but tall and handsome young man asked with a darkened expression.

RolRol, who still had tears in her eyes, kneeled beside Asyna's bed, holding on to her delicate hand. Every so often she would take a moist towel to wipe the sweat off of her smooth chocolate skin, but the worry in her brows never disappeared.

Just beside Asyna lay Lilith, but RolRol completely ignored her as though the white-haired beauty had next to nothing to do with her.

Aside from Asyna, RolRol and Lilith, the Devil Path quadrants had sent twelve other geniuses from their five super powers, each having sent three of their own. So, when those of the Dark Elvin Clans saw Asyna's sorry state, their anger boiled to new heights. Asyna was their princess, how could they allow such a slap to the face? If their Emperor found out about this, living through his punishment would be a gift already.

As for Nightmare Palace, their anger was even fiercer. They were so powerful that they were even capable of lording over the vicious Devil Path quadrants, how could they allow such a thing to happen to their own Princess?

The worst part was that Lilith's injury was even worse than Asyna's, which completely baffled them. From RolRol's words, Asyna had had her manifestation shattered and almost suffered damage to her divine sense. None of them could understand what level of Presence it would take to do something like that to someone with a soul as powerful as Asyna's...

The problem was that the only person who would know the truth was Asyna because Lilith's treasure had been used to hide particular fluctuations of energy. If not, they might have alerted their enemies to the fact they were here. However, now, that added layer of protection was acting as a double-edged sword because they knew next to nothing about their enemy except for the fact he had prowess capable of defeating Asyna without even making use of his wills or energy cultivation.

Even if Asyna woke up right now, she might not be able to give them an accurate accounting because she had been forced to retract her divine sense the moment she sensed the threat of Dyon's Presence.

"If you want to know who did this, how about you look at your cold-hearted witch of a fiancée?" RoIRol replied with disdain. They could all clearly feel the anger RoIRol felt toward Lilith at this point.

Although their quadrants were allied, it was only for the sake of survival. If they didn't band together, the Conventional Path cultivators would have a much easier time of killing them all. Because of this, they never really acted as a cohesive whole, and they disdained Nightmare Palace pretending to be their decided upon leader. Couple this with Lilith's arrogant and aloof personality and it was a recipe for disaster.

Of course, this usually didn't matter because Lilith had the talent necessary to suppress them all. Although she wasn't the most powerful among them, her potential was enough to scare them all. In addition, they all knew that the only reason why some of them were stronger was because she was purposefully suppressing her cultivation. If not, she would have stepped into the celestial realm as much as a year ago already!

Hearing RoIRol's words, the tall young man's brows furrowed even further. If it was a normal individual who talked to him like this, he would have burnt them to dust before their words even fully formed. But, RoIRol was the favorite grand daughter of the Patriarch of the Eclipse Sect. If anything happened to her, that crazy old man wouldn't care about their plans and directly come here to seek judgement.

Taking a deep breath, he smoothed the lines of rage on his face. "Little sister RoIRol, I understand you don't like my fiancée very much, but this is very important. Please put your anger aside for the moment for the sake of the greater good. What senior injured our two princesses?"

"Senior?" RoIRol scoffed. "It's because of that arrogance that you all will fail sooner rather than later. It was a member of the younger generation that did this to them. Maybe if your Nightmare Palace was a little more aware of itself, this wouldn't happen!"

The young man almost didn't think he heard correctly. Although he had been asking RoIRol was happened, he already had many assumptions of his own.

Despite this being a weak quadrant, Lilith and Asyna were still saints. Aside from himself, in fact, all of them were mere saints. So, it only made sense for him to jump to the conclusion that some celestial ranked elder had done this to the two princesses for some reason or another. However, this was completely out of his expectations!

This feeling made him feel very uncomfortable. He was the Prince of the Fulgur Black Clan, one of the five supreme powers of their quadrants, Sokzac Fulgur. Because of his talent, and for the sake of building better relationship with Nightmare Palace, he had been betrothed to Lilith at a very early age on the caveat that he marries into their family. Although it was a bit demeaning for a man to do such a thing, he still readily agreed.

However, despite all the success in his life, he had rarely faced adversity, let alone a member of the younger generation that could make him feel any pressure besides maybe the 14 in this room together with him. Yet, he met another in this backwater quadrant? Before they even stepped foot into the Epistemic Tower? How the hell was he supposed to feel?

Seeing Sokzac's surprise, RoIRol snorted adorably. "He was only 32 years old and he didn't use any wills or energy cultivation to defeat them. In fact, Asyna speculated that he had very high attainments in formation theory, yet he didn't use his soul at all."

"32 years old?" A member of the Fulgur clan snorted with disdain. To them, there was no glory in defeating Lilith and Asyna if you were so old.

"You idiots are still at it!" RoIRol raged. "This isn't our home! The rules here are different! He's 32 years old, yet his Presence is so powerful, don't you understand what that means?!"

The young man who spoke earlier felt like there was a fly caught in his throat. That was right... If he was 32 and had such a high level of Presence, that meant that he had already completed his trials. Considering his power, the trial level he completed shouldn't be low either.

"According to the title testing stone, he had potential surpassing a Duke. But, the stone shattered before it could accurately assess him. I suspect that he's lying about the fact he's a Duke for one reason or another. Even if I couldn't feel his Presence, Asyna's soul had already evolved into the celestial realm and her manifestation cultivation wasn't that far behind either. Yet he shattered one and nearly shattered the other! That's not something a mere Duke could do." RoIRol continued, clearly exasperated.

"Our elders told us that the first thing we should have done when coming here was to get protective treasures for safeguarding against Presence, but you all disdained the idea of doing so because you're too stubborn and arrogant! Now we've suffered not one, but two losses because of it.

"We have no pills good enough to repair Lilith's soul because it's too powerful. We also don't have any pills to heal Asyna because her body is also too strong. It'll take months for both of them to recover. In fact, because of the nature of Lilith's injury, it could take her years to fully recover! We might even be forced to use the funds we would have used on that treasure to heal her instead, delaying their trials even further and affecting their trial results!

"All of this could have been avoided!"

Being reprimanded by a cute 17-year-old girl made them all feel uncomfortable, but her words were true. Their elders had warned them of the dangers of Presence.

Among all the young masters of the Conventional Path, many of the more talented ones who received the grace of their sects and clans were protected against the Presence of others. This was because the difference between those with and without Presence was far too great. There was a reason that it was the hallmark of the rulers of the martial world.

Chapter 946: Still Here?

Having such protective treasures would allow them to not be so wary of members of the younger generation and would also stop those with more powerful Presences to so easily beat those who hadn't fostered it properly yet.

It wasn't that Devil Path cultivators didn't have Presence, because they did. The problem was that they didn't have a targeted training method for it like the Epistemic Tower trials. In addition, they were very young. There was a reason why Conventional Path young geniuses were much older than them, it was because it took time to cultivate things like Presence and Perception. Even the eldest among them, Sokzac, had only turned 20 just recently, almost a decade younger than Dyon!

The room fell into silence. Maybe they really had been too cocky. They had all been so excited to show the young geniuses of the conventional path their prowess, but now they had suffered to a no name

youngster from a mere 98th quadrant? Many of them began to feel their dao hearts being eaten at. They were too young to suffer such a mental blow...

If the 98th quadrant dealt with them so easily, what about the 90th? The 50th? The 10th? The 1st?!

Seeing that this was happening, RolRol's eyes flashed with a bit of panic. She didn't mean to cause such a thing. If the confidence of a cultivator was destroyed at such a young age, they might never recover.

It was at this point that Lilith's delicate and pale pink lips twitched. "If you want to regain your confidence, listen to me and enter Soul Rending Peak like we were meant to from the beginning."

RolRol was surprised that Lilith woke up, but she was even more surprised by her words. This didn't seem like her normal response to such a situation. In her experience, Lilith would have definitely called them all cowards. But... This sounded like... Encouragement? She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Which young genius didn't want to be encouraged by such a beauty? Maybe if they could be the one to defeat this Dyon, they would gain Lilith's favor! Although Sokzac was her fiancé, the Devil Path Cultivators decided things based on strength, and with Lilith's personality, they had never seen her show any affection toward him at all.

Suddenly, the young men swelled with fighting spirit. The young women that came with them could only roll their eyes. Most women didn't find their pride in their battle prowess anyway, so they were the least effected to begin with. However, that didn't mean Lilith's words didn't fuel them as well. They were eager to test themselves in this new world.

Seeing this change, Sokzac was maybe the only one who was dissatisfied. This was the first time he had seen Lilith take a step back, but it actually wasn't for him! They had been betrothed for more than a decade already, yet the words he exchanged with her weren't any more than she exchanged with anyone else. It was no wonder why he was so dissatisfied.

In Sokzac's mind, Lilith was a woman that everyone wanted, therefore it was only natural that she should be his. At the end of the day, even if she inherited Nightmare Palace, it would be him who was truly in charge as her husband. Who would dare disrespect the only man Lilith allowed to touch her? Of course his status would be high.

He had already begun to dream about the day he would rule over two of the five super powers. When that time came, he would be the most powerful man in their Devil quadrants. Then, he would begin to slowly conquer their worlds, before going on to those of the conventional path.

Of course, he knew that Nightmare Palace saw him as a chess piece to control the Fulgur clan, he wasn't stupid. But, since he knew that, how could he be manipulated so easily? Nightmare Palace didn't have any suitable male heirs, and even if they did, none would surpass Lilith. In this case, he was the most suitable candidate.

After all of those old fogies died, it would be his turn to rule. He had full confidence that he would have Lilith begging and groveling at his feet like a woman should as long as he had enough time.

All of this would be even easier if he could find the appropriate treasures to supplement his Black Lightning in these conventional quadrants. At that point, he would be matchless in the world!

Seeing all of this happening around him was like watching his dreams crumble apart. He sometimes hated Lilith almost as much as RolRol and Asyna did.

"You still haven't told us the name of this person." Sokzac was still a controlled individual. After living in the Nightmare Palace environment for so long, he had learned to be shrewd.

"Dyon Jafari." Lilith said slowly. However, she still felt the need to remind them about something. "Remember you can't act outrageously. He has become a core disciple of Soul Rending Peak. Not only is killing him not so easily, he took away the Imperium Dome treasure so you can't even use your full power without risk of exposing yourselves. Don't repeat my mistakes."

Lilith was forced to keep her words vague because many of those who came with them didn't know the truth about Soul Market. If those like RolRol knew about it, they would likely break down in tears before throwing a fit. However, her words were more so pointed at Sokzac, so the warning was clear.

"What?!" Those around were incomparably shocked. They had been wondering how Lilith got injured, but now they suddenly understood... This Dyon had shattered her connection with the Imperium Dome!

It was at this moment that they no longer doubted Asyna about this Dyon having his attainments in soul cultivation. It was either that, or he had a treasure capable of doing it for him. However, such a treasure, capable of breaking the connection between a person with a soul as powerful Lilith and a Supreme treasure... Simply didn't exist!

This also explained the extent of Lilith's injuries. If it had been a lesser treasure, this level of damage would have never happened.

The binding requirements of a Supreme level treasure far out ranked that of any lesser treasure. Maybe if the treasure was lower ranked, Lilith would have only felt a small bit of pain before recovering. However, this was completely different.

Hearing that their supreme treasure had been taken, those of Nightmare Palace felt like going out to fight it out with this Dyon right now. But... Could any one of them say they were capable of defeating someone who put Lilith in such a bind? At this point, they could only rely on Sokzac.

Aside from Lilith, the Nightmare Palace had only sent two others, both of whom were little boys aged only about 12 or 13. They were actually both Lilith's half-blood brothers. In any case, they weren't in any position to fight for their sister right now because they had only just stepped into the saint realm.

"You can all do whatever you want to do..." Lilith said weakly. "However, leave this Dyon to me. If you want to compete with him, I'll allow it. But, if any one of you kills him, you'll be my enemy!"

Lilith's weak voice suddenly gained a strength that made them all shiver. Suddenly, all their dreams of gaining her favor vanished into thin air.

"You can all go now. RolRol, I can only say that I'm sorry about Asyna. Use the Holy Arc piece on her..."

At this point, Lilith had already said many things that were completely out of character. But, this was maybe the most shocking of all... No one had expected that Lilith would take out such an item. According to her normal actions, she wouldn't even use it on herself!

RolRol's large brown eyes widened before glistening in thanks. Her adorable bob cut hair bounced as she accepted the holy item before taking Asyna's unconscious body away. "Thank you!"



With that, Lilith closed her eyes as everyone dispersed, sighing lightly.

Suddenly sensing something, her brows furrowed. "Why are you still here?"

Sokzac was clearly unsatisfied with Lilith's response. He was her fiancé, was it a crime to spend time with her? To be in her room? Even if he wanted to bed her right now there shouldn't be any resistance from her. What was the point in delaying?

Chapter 947: Interest

However, he didn't say any of this. He had long since learned that the most satisfying part of conquering a woman was her willingness and consent. Lilith's heart would be his sooner or later. It only made sense that it took time to crack such an amazing woman.

"You know very well that we could heal both you and Asyna almost immediately." Sokzac started.

Although Lilith frowned, she didn't say anything.

"As long as you absorb the soul of a soul slave with comparable soul strength to your own, or even if it's just a few who have weaker souls than you, the result would be the same. Also, one or two refined body slaves would be enough to heal Asyna in a couple days.

"If you don't want the young ones to know, that's fine. Just let me handle it."

Lilith knew just how important timing was to their plans. If she wasted a few years healing her soul, she might not be able to complete the God trials before the auction. In that case, she would be forced to undertake a lower leveled trial just to gain the proper credentials to take part in the auction.

Of course, she had thought of the possibility of allowing one of the others to simply take part in the quadrant for her, but there were two problems with that.

For one, only those high ranking members of Nightmare Palace knew exactly what she needed from the auction. Even Sokzac didn't know because it had to do with a massive secret much too important to divulge.

Secondly, there was no guarantee that any one of them would finish on time either. It had to be known that the auction would be in a little over a decade, maybe a decade and a half at the most. Finishing a high leveled trial at such a pace was something only the top, top, top most geniuses could do. Usually, it took dozens of years, if not centuries.

Knowing all of this, Lilith only sealed her eyes tighter before nodding.

Having gained Lilith's approval, Sokzac smiled. "I know that you're a strong woman Lilith, I don't want to encroach on that. But, leaning on your husband a bit isn't a bad thing. I hope in the future you'll allow me to protect you too."

Without waiting for Lilith's response, Sokzac left, leaving an odd light in her eyes and an inexplicable quake in her heart.

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After the Dragon King finished raging at Dyon's teasing, he finally managed to recollect his thoughts. 'Why do you want to start with Planet Cathedral? You spent a lot of time here before you went to Planet Unseen.'

Dyon stood, tidying up the pots of tea he had just finished drinking before heading toward his own room to replace his tattered clothing.

'Back then, I didn't have the status of a core disciple, so I had to be very covert. The only reason why I went to Planet Unseen in the first place instead of directly going to the assessment was just an extra precaution in case they had a method of telling I wasn't a citizen of Planet Cathedral.'

The rules of Soul Rending Peak seemed to be giving and kind-hearted, with the hopes of the general population in mind, but in reality, it was still very oppressive. The only commoners allowed to participate had to be citizens of Planet Cathedral. Of course, you were allowed to join the other five sects of the universe if you resided on their planets, but this wasn't Dyon's home universe. There were hundreds, if not thousands of other inhabited earths in this universe, yet none of the people living there got a chance because of the heavy regulations on travel. This was even worse after one considered that there were a whole 99 other universes in the quadrant no one even thought of.

Of course, Dyon didn't know that Virvor was from one of those 99 other universes, or else he would be very curious as to how Virvor escaped the vetting processes, or even how he got to this planet in the first place.

That aside, Dyon had many things in mind. Since he had come here to gather information covertly, he hadn't gone to any high profile places. He steered clear of The Cathedral entirely, he didn't go to any of their larger stores either. On top of that, there were many places even within Soul Rending Peak itself that were worth checking out. With his status as a core disciple, it would be much easier.

Dyon quickly stripped, washing his body of the day's wear and tear before donning his new core disciple robes, assuming that Rose had laid them out for him. After strapping the badge Violet gave him loosely from his hip, he flashed out of the courtyard.

Soul Rending Peak was organized almost identically to Unseen Peak. Oddly enough, it wasn't grander or larger by any stretch, as though both sects could superimpose with one another without anyone being any wiser.

Dyon casually noted before continuing on his way to leave the sect.

Soon, he found himself in a pavilion identical to the one he used to make an example of Unseen Peak's Punishment Faction. However, this pavilion wasn't for the Inner Sect, but was rather for the core disciples.

It was a bit odd having such a large space for what amounted to only 13 people, with his addition, but this was the truth of the matter. It was likely that in the past, the core disciple ranks were much more robust and thus could make full use of this space. But, in the modern setting of the current 98th quadrant, there were simply too few geniuses capable of passing the rigorous testing.

If Dyon had to find one thing that he respected about this evil quadrant, it was that they never laxed their requirements for becoming a core disciple. Of course, one should likely also recognize that the supposed current core disciples of the sect would rank at the very bottom should this have been the era where Soul Rending Peak was at its prime, but they were core disciples nonetheless.

That said, this had nothing to do with how staunch the 98th quadrant was. Because of the reality of heaven's energies related to Fate and Faith it could provide, once a sect was established according to a certain code, changing that code would shatter the foundation the sect or clan was built upon.

Dyon silently nodded to himself when he thought to this point. If you could so casually change the fundamental realities of a sect or clan, after enough time passed, would that sect or clan really be the very same one that was established? In that case, would it still deserve to monopolize the faith its ancestors fought for?

In the end, this was a major reason for the conservatism of the martial world. Simply put, those old fogies that ruled the world didn't dare to change the rules of their ancestors, thus leading to a cycle of the most powerful also being the most close minded, for fear that they would lose the protection their ancestors built.

If Soul Rending Peak decided to ignore all of this and push forward with its own set of rules, then the suppression that Dyon was feeling for having entered this quadrant would have lost much of its effectiveness, thus destroying a layer of protection this quadrant has for itself.

Of course, this left one question. Likely the most fundamental rule left behind by the ancestors of Soul Rending Peak was that their Mystic Level technique should never be used as intended, but instead only be used as reference for comprehending and creating other techniques. So, why was this suppression still here if Soul Rending Peak clearly ignored this most core of teachings?

Just as Dyon was pondering this, he passed by the two pillars, his brows peaking with interest as something caught his attention.

#### Chapter 948: Missed

It was no surprise that along with identical layouts for their sects, the 6 peaks also had identical rule books.

When Dyon first read this rule book, he had, of course, taken an account of everything. Although these two pillars were in the core disciple pavilion, they contained the very same information as the pillars in both the inner and outer sect pavilions.

One was a ranking of disciples, while the other was colloquially known as the Pillar of Shame. Obviously, the first was a matter of glory, while the second recounted the names of the vilest villains in the history of not just Soul Rending Peak, but all of the Peaks.

What had caught Dyon's attention was that on the current core disciple rankings, there were well more than 13 names, unlike what he expected... In fact, there were 28.

Unlike the Pillar of Shame, the disciple rankings only applied to those currently in the sect or currently of that ranking. Which meant that the number that appeared accurately represented the number of core disciples.

Before, Dyon had thought that Lilith had completely made up the fact that Asyna was a core disciple, but there was her name, right there. He really didn't think that the Devil Path cultivators would go so far to ingratiate themselves with Soul Rending Peak... What did they gain out of it?

If it was before he spoke to the Dragon King, he might have found this odd. However, now that he had a better understanding of this quadrant, he actually had a good idea.

Asyna, although it was next to nothing against his Presence, actually had a very powerful soul. And, even though Dyon couldn't sense Lilith's because his own was sealed and she didn't release it, he was sure that she had a powerful soul as well. Following this line of logic, was it really so shocking that the former greatest Soul Path quadrant would still have something that powerful soul cultivators could want? Not to mention the Mystic ranked techniques, even the sect itself likely had inner workings that would be useful.

Although Soul Cultivation was banned, for the same reason Soul Rending Peak didn't dare to casually change its rules, it didn't dare to destroy the infrastructure that once held up the sect either. Dyon had a conjecture that maybe the reason they had so few core disciples was because the trial required soul talent to complete perfectly.

Considering Dyon's soul was currently sealed, he didn't think he would do too well on the trial. But, he was sure that he was at least good enough to pass.

Soon, Dyon had walked out of the core sect, through inner sect and eventually left the outer sect to glide into the forest that separated the sect from the Cathedral City.

'I've felt a pair of eyes on me ever since I left Evangeline's courtyard...'

Many people had looked to Dyon in awe, simply for the robes he wore. However, he kept getting an odd feeling. The problem was that he couldn't tell if he was being paranoid or not because his senses were incredibly dulled. Although he had his Perception, since it was a martial art, and thus relied on his body, if he couldn't physically see what he was dealing with, or at least be pointed in the direction of an illusion, its effectiveness would be nearly nonexistent.

Dyon suspected that if it hadn't been for the beast blood he received from his martial uncle and master, he wouldn't have even sensed that something was amiss.

This frustrated him, and for good reason. However, there was nothing he could do about his soul being sealed. Plus, given the fact his inner world had become far more difficult to build due to the Primordial Energy, he had lost his semi-accurate gauge on when the technique would have run its course.

For now, he could only rely on the Dragon King to sense things for him, but beasts, aside from a rare few, were never adept at sensory type aspects of cultivation because of their weak soul talent. Not to mention the fact that since he couldn't withstand the strain, the Dragon King's weapon was forced to keep countless seals on itself, even further worsening his ability to help out.

Dyon frowned. 'I have to get rid of this person before I use my mask, or else it'll cause issues later on...'

Clara had crafted Dyon quite a few array plates for the sake of emergencies, but he really didn't want to use a teleportation array for this meager situation, it just wasn't worth it. Not everyone was able to so easily draw arrays when compared to Dyon. Plus, Dyon had learned long ago that the spatial energies in his home universe were very weak because their life blood was being sucked away by the entity at the center of the Earth. This meant that teleportation was many times harder in other universes and the requirements for the array plates were many times more stringent.

Knowing this, Dyon realized that teleportation arrays were much more valuable than he had once treated them.

This wasn't even mentioning the fact that Clara had specifically constructed them so they could ignore the spatial sealing abilities of even celestials.

All in all, the price wasn't worth the result.

Dyon sighed. 'It seems I'll have to show off a bit then...'

Dense fog slowly pooled at Dyon's mouth as he pushed his body to the second act of Demon Emperor's Will.

In the next instant, black wings burst forth from his back, a tsunami of wind threatening to destroy the whole of the forest around him.

The bones in his legs cracked as a crater tens of meters blew apart beneath him.

Then. He disappeared.

What Dyon didn't see was that the moment he flashed forward with his highest speed, circulating his Celestial Movement Technique to the best of his abilities, the trees that were threatening to fall apart and the ground he had just destroyed began to slowly grow back.

In just a few minutes, it was as though he was never there.

The moment Dyon accelerated to his top speed, he felt as though those pair of eyes had left him. He soon reached the outskirts of Cathedral City.

Taking his broad sword off of his back, he placed it into his ring, knowing that if he kept it, wearing a mask wouldn't have any purpose considering how famous his blade had become.

Afterward, he allowed the mask to appear on his face.

The instant it appeared, it was as though Dyon's presence was completely erased from the world. Someone would only be able to spot him if they had their eyes on him. If they dared to probe with their divine sense, they would suffer the backlash of tribulation lightning within the mask.

Dyon took out an aurora stone, grimacing as he slowly channeled the violent flames into his body.

Slowly, but surely, a change form array formed, before covering his silver-gold mask.

Since Dyon had appeared with this particular mask already, it wouldn't do him any good to appear with it in that same form. He didn't want his identity as Ri's husband to be connected to his identity as Dyon Jafari, not yet anyway.

Soon afterward, the mask changed from its silver-gold appearance to a dark black mask.

'Ugh,' Dyon nearly collapsed to the ground, sweating profusely. 'I pushed myself too hard... to think I'd struggle so much with a mere grandmaster level array.'

Dyon knew that he had no choice, though. If he settled for a lesser array, those soul experts from the devil quadrants would see through it. Then they might begin to wonder why he would hide the appearance of his mask, and that would have obvious terrible repercussions, namely putting Ri in danger.

Wiping the sweat off his brow, Dyon looked around to find a massive rock. After changing the Dragon King into a long knife, he cut a small cave into it before locking himself in to recuperate. He didn't want to use Clara's pills to heal the damage to his legs, so he could only slowly circulate his Runic Flame. The problem was that his attainments in runic vein theory were... shallow, to say the least. So, it took him a lot of time and he needed to be very careful.

The more Dyon dealt with situations like this, the more and more he missed his soul...

## Chapter 949: Too Big

Back in the core sect of Soul Rending Peak, the largest core disciple mansion was receiving a guest.



"Senior Sister Violet." A young man with a pale appearance and reserved disposition bowed respectfully. However, the surprising part wasn't his respect, but rather the fact he showed such respect despite wearing core disciple robes.

"What are you doing here? You know that I don't like to be disturbed."

Violet was currently observing the water flow of her courtyard spring. What was interesting was that this mansion, and in particular, this spring, was meant to be reserved for the top core disciple. But, Violet wasn't ranked number one, she was ranked number six.

Understanding this, it was truly odd that she'd live in this particular courtyard...

That aside, to a layman, it looked like this petite, brown haired beauty was just dipping her feet in the water and relaxing. It was only those who understood the specialty of this spring that knew that Violet was actually cultivating.

"We... We lost him." The pale young man said slowly.

"Lost him?" Violet's brow furrowed. "How is that possible? Did you not send Bonni like I asked you?"

Hearing these words, the pale young man was incomparably aggrieved. He had not only followed Violet's words, he had gone above and beyond. However, this leader of his wouldn't care about that, she only cared about the results... And the result was his failure.

As for Bonni, although she was only an inner disciple, that wasn't because of her lack of strength. In the future, she would definitely be an outer sect elder at the minimum, with her most likely peak being an inner sect elder.

One has to remember that becoming a core disciple isn't just about power, it's also about talent and passing the trial. There were many inner disciples with cultivation that far surpassed that of core disciples, and Bonni was one of them. Not only that, she was also adept at movement and stealth techniques. The idea of her losing track of a 32-year-old made next to no sense.

Seeing that the pale young man didn't answer, Violet's frown could only deepen. She knew that that meant he had followed all of her orders to the letter.

"Did he notice he was being followed? Bonni would at least know this, right?"

"According to Bonni, he didn't notice her presence, or else she would have sensed him lock onto her. From her accounts, he just seemed to have accelerated his speed for no particular reason. It could just be that he was following the sect's no flying rules, so he had no qualms after he stepped outside of the sect."

Violet nodded, this made sense. It was logical to increase your speed after stepping out of the sect.

This was also a breath of relief because this meant Dyon was likely not on guard against her. But, it was troubling that he had so much speed...

In Violet's eyes, they had only seen the tip of the iceberg that was Dyon. The fact that he revealed so much of his strength just now likely meant he didn't know he was being watched.

"There's something else you should know, senior sister."

"What is it?"

"The other reason Bonni lost track of him was because there were no energy fluctuations with his increase in speed."

"You mean?..."

"He didn't use his energy cultivation, nor his wills, to lose Bonni... He's much more powerful than any of us knew... It's almost too shocking to believe that he's only 32..."

Hearing this, Violet's eyes brightened with a mix of emotions ranging from lust, the will to conquer, and apprehension. This Dyon was almost too big a bite for her to eat...

...

At the moment, Dyon was slowly healing his bone, he had no idea just how many benefits his inability to use major parts of his cultivation was to him at the moment. At least for now, Violet didn't know that Dyon was aware that he had been being watched. Which, one would think, was a good thing.

'Old Lizard, do you think there's a connection between my Devour technique and the Mystic ranked core teaching of Soul Rending Peak?'

Obviously, Dyon hadn't used Devour in a long time because it was a soul type technique. In addition, he rarely got the opportunity to use it because just like other soul techniques, it was incredibly dangerous to put into action and could cause severe backlash. All of this said, the technique was very useful to him.

It was hard to ignore the similarities between Devour and this mysterious Mystic ranked technique.

For one, they were both soul based techniques. Secondly, they both involved absorbing the soul of its victims. And, finally, in one way or another, they both involved the memories of the owner of the soul being absorbed.

As far as Dyon could remember, he had only used the absorb memory ability of Devour once, during his first campaign, however it did exist. It was just that he preferred to use Devour to replenish his soul strength.

As for this Mystic ranked technique, it could allow other to instantly learn anything the originator of the soul knew to the same level of proficiency.

Drawing connections between the two was inevitable.

'The odd thing is that I don't see anything in my master's memories that categorized Devour as an 'evil technique'... If I knew that it was, I wouldn't use it so liberally.'

There was another connection that couldn't be ignored. This 98th quadrant was formerly the strongest soul path quadrant in existence. While Celestial Deer Quadrant, Dyon's home, although, yes, it was the former 1st ranked quadrant, it also had very high attainments in the soul as well.

The reason why it was this quadrant known as the highest ranked of the soul path, and not the quadrant from Dyon's master's era, was because the Celestial Deer Quadrant was about much more than just the soul. Plus, it was also the quadrant that was the ancestral grounds of otherworldly body cultivators such as the Demon Sage and the Ragnor and Pakal ancestors. This didn't even mention the elves who had high attainments with their bodies as well.

It could be said that this quadrant was the only true members of the Soul Path. This was not only because it was the only path they once followed, but also because of the type of energy that hung in its air... Energy Dyon couldn't sense because his soul was still sealed, and energy the Dragon King wasn't qualified to sense because his soul talent was too poor.

'It's not impossible.' The Dragon King finally answered. 'This quadrant and the Celestial Deer Sect had very good relations, for obvious reasons. In fact, no one truly dared to set their sights them until after the Celestial Deer Sect was destroyed. It's not out of the realm of possibility to believe that the elders of Soul Rending Peak might have given over their technique to the elders of the Celestial Deer Sect for research purposes.'

Dyon frowned. 'Don't you think that's important information you should have told me before? Do I have to poke and prod information out of you?'

'I assumed you knew, you have your master's memories, don't you?'

'My master sealed a portion of her memories for my safety. Although I have ownership of The Seal now, and can undo those restraints at will, I obviously can't use my soul right now, so how could I check those sealed memories?'

'Well, it's because your mind is protected by that treasure that I can't see through it despite being linked to you. Don't expect me to understand all of your intentions, hmph.'

Dyon rolled his eyes. Was this really an ancestor dragon who had lived for millions of years, or was he an angry teen. Shouldn't it be beneath him to squabble with Dyon like this?

'This is good information to have, though. Another layer to the mystery. If my master thought that knowing information about this quadrant would be detrimental to me, there's a reason for that I should figure out slowly.'

After about half a day passed, Dyon felt that he had reached his peak condition again. Truth be told, he didn't need to spend so much time healing since a few fractures in his legs wouldn't hinder him too much. Plus, he had a lot of experience fighting with this exact injury, especially during his second, third and fourth trials. However, he was currently in enemy territory. He wanted to be at his peak just in case anything untoward happened.

Dyon left the rock he hid in, taking mind to seal the entrance once again to make it look as though he was never there. Then he left the area, quickly finding a dirt road from his off-road position that led directly to the city.

Soon, Dyon found himself approaching massive city gates.

Having taken off his mask long ago, he strolled past the guards with an amiable smile on his face. After greeting them politely, he strolled in.

The guards didn't bother to vet Dyon, after seeing his core disciple robes, their expressions were filled with awe and worship. How could they dare to follow the strict laws of Cathedral City now? What were rules in the face of power?

## Chapter 950: Input

Dyon casually walked into Cathedral City, training his eyes on the massive renaissance era-like Church that loomed over everything.

The city itself was very reminiscent of what Dyon imagined a European town of the 1800s to look like, except for the fact that it was definitely much cleaner than a genuine city from that era would be, and it smelt much better too.

The aura of this town dripped with conservatism. The smiles of its people seemed faked and forced, their interactions were boxy and unnatural, even the children seemed to be walking on egg shells. Maybe the oddest part about it all was that these people seemed to think that this was just how people should act.

It seemed that people didn't visit this quadrant very often, so they simply had no idea how the outside world worked, and not many dared to enter the tower due to their poor ranking. It was only a fact of life that badly ranked quadrants would be bullied. Maybe the only reason no one bothered to conquer territories of the 98th Corner was because the resources given to that sort of ranking were much too poor to care about.

Of course, Dyon understood the other reason for this. The only people who would visit this quadrant would likely be those looking to profit from Soul Market. Individuals like this wouldn't be so keen to interact with the 'locals'.

Dyon did notice that the only true emotion these locals seemed capable of displaying was reverence. He noticed this every time he saw one of them glance at his robes.

'They probably won't reprimand me for breaking the city's rules... I wonder if it'll be the same if I go to The Cathedral.'

The Cathedral, itself, was a place of worship. So, much of it was open to public. As such, Dyon could stroll into it whenever he wanted. However, he didn't want to do this just yet.

Dyon's plan for hiding his identity wasn't what it seemed like on the surface. Because there were so few core disciples, it would be quite easy to narrow the list of individuals to only a handful. So, Dyon didn't wear this mask for the expressed purpose of hiding his identity forever. Rather, he just wanted to make use of the benefit of the doubt until it was too late for his enemies to do much else about it.

So, the first thing Dyon did before anything else wasn't to head to the places he wanted to investigate, but rather, he went to the teleportation stations and used them.

Just like before, he subtly manipulated the location symbols to send him to the outskirts of Cathedral City.

This time, he let his altered mask appear on his face before he appeared before the guards and also removed the symbol of Violet's faction that hung from his hip.

When the guards saw a tall man with a black mask approaching, their first reaction was to stop him. But, they realized two things. For one, they couldn't sense this man's cultivation at all. Secondly, he was actually wearing Soul Rending Peak core disciple robes!

Despite there being a rule of no masks in the city, the guards didn't dare to be the ones to reprimand such a high-ranking person. They could only hold their breaths and let Dyon walk through the gates unhindered.

Just like that, Dyon had a strong alibi. By the time his enemies began to question it, it would be too late.

After completing his little illusion, Dyon began to go from store to store.

Every time, he was received with open arms and diligently taken care of. Just for the sake of appearances, he also bought a few things here and there. None of them were anything too special and they meant next to nothing to Dyon, but he knew that in the eyes of the people here, these were treasures they could only look at but never touch.

From start to finish, no one dared to tell Dyon to remove his mask, and none dared to report it either. However, his journey was also fruitless.

The shop owners weren't of terrible strength. Many of them were saints, with a rare few having stepped into the lower celestial level. This made sense because many of the shops were controlled by the Caedes family along with the four up and coming families vying for the hole left behind by the Jafari family.

However, their strengths weren't enough to hide anything from Dyon's Perception.

Taking advantage of this, Dyon had asked some roundabout questions, the kinds of questions that might lead one to assume he was speaking about Soul Market, but all of the shop owners were genuinely confused. By the end of his inquiries, Dyon was sure that Soul Market was far above the paygrade of these shop owners. If he wanted to know more, he would have to go to The Cathedral.

'Old Lizard, why are you so useless? You really don't have any idea where this Soul Market could be?'

'My power is sealed because you're too weak, yet you blame it on me? Never forget that it's impossible to transcend unless your soul also reaches the half-step transcendent level. So don't assume that just because my soul talent is poor compared to humans that I didn't have high achievements in it.'

Dyon sighed. He knew that this was true. But, that didn't stop him from being frustrated. There could be people having their souls extracted as they spoke and there was nothing he could do about it.

The worst part was that this Soul Market was likely protected with a formation that was beyond even his ability to draw. So, in all likelihood, even if the Dragon King was unsealed, it still might be difficult for him to sense it.

'It seems I have no choice but to directly go to The Cathedral...'

Soon, Dyon found himself on the lone path to The Cathedral. It actually led to a massive wide set of stairs, more than a hundred meters across. As long as Dyon followed them to the top, he would be able to enter the church.

The Cathedral was much busier than Dyon had thought it would be. Many families had brought their young children to play around, some couples even came here on dates.

However, everything still dripped with the same unnatural aura. The families seemed to have plastered smiles on their faces, and the young and old couples alike didn't even dare to hold hands.

The doors of the church itself were left wide open, leading first to a lobby, before showing another set of main doors that led to an altar and row after row of seats.

The ceilings were plastered with ancient glass artwork, while the floors alternated between pristine red carpets and expertly stone-smithed stone flooring.



The moment Dyon reached the top of the stairs, he was greeted by two nuns who wore much more natural smiles. They were dressed in all white, with their head-dresses even hiding their necks. But, Dyon's eyes couldn't help but brighten when he saw them. These nuns were actually such beauties!

He couldn't see their hair color, but their eyes were bright blue and their faces were exquisite. Even their long robes couldn't hide their figures. Maybe the best part was that they were actually twins, Dyon felt like he had truly stepped into heaven. It was rare that he saw women as beautiful as his wives, but when he did, the demon sage blood he tried to constantly temper would always roar back to life.

Well, that was the case when they didn't try to kill him like Asyna and Lilith had. It could be said that Lilith was already as beautiful as his wives, while Asyna only had to mature a bit more before reaching that level. Yet, Dyon didn't feel like looking at either one of them like that. Being nearly killed had a way dampening the attractiveness of person...

The sister nuns didn't seem to mind Dyon's gaze, and instead smiled brightly.

"Young master, it's rare that we have such esteemed guests come to humble cathedral."

"Me and my younger sister welcome you."

'Kid, you're really hopeless without your soul. Can't you see that they're bewitching you? Continue acting as though you've fallen for their tricks, or else they'll assume you have a powerful soul.'