

The Nameless 961

Chapter 961: Dead Man

After listening, Clara sighed. "As a thank you from the Sapientia main family, I was actually allowed into the main library for a month. I assume they thought that even with that amount of time, I wouldn't be able to make much of a dent into their ancient texts."

Dyon lightly chuckled, it seemed the Sapientia family had underestimated his wife a little too much.

The Speed-Reading technique was something that Libro had given Dyon well back during his Focus Academy days. However, that technique could only be considered a mere fraction of the true Sapientia technique which was easily a Heaven Grade technique, while the one Libro gave Dyon was only a lower common grade technique.

What they didn't know was that Dyon had modified the technique to use one's Mind's Eye. Of course, the mind's eye was the true name of one's aurora, something Dyon had learned long ago as well. Using this slight modification made Dyon's version hundreds of times faster than the common level technique. It was just that only those with Innate Auroras could use it, but luckily, Clara happened to be one of them.

"It was there that I found most of the information I have on constitutions now..."

Clara went on to explain things that the Dragon King had already told Dyon, but clearly in much more detail.

"... It seems that there are constitutions that surpass the God Level, however even the Sapientia don't have information on them. Or, maybe they have an even higher level library I wasn't allowed to enter that might have information on them."

Dyon knew that once a martial expert's technique reached a high enough level, it could be acknowledged by the heavens and start being passed down via organic means. For example, the mind's eye was actually a technique created by Dyon's grand teacher. It approached perfection to such a level that the cosmos had no choice but to acknowledge it, and thus, for generations to come, the rare few began to inherit innate auroras.

Constitutions fell into the same designation. However, because of the length of time that had passed since their creation, constitutions had begun to weaken, even requiring them to be 'awakened' via pills or other means.

The aurora hadn't reached this point yet, although those with innate auroras were becoming more and more rare. That said, Dyon wasn't worried about this considering he had the Aurora Steps. As soon as he found a soul talent he took a liking to, he would awaken their aurora without even needing any resources.

That aside, according to Clara, the book she read theorized that there was a higher-level past God constitutions, but they had become rarer and rarer over time, and practically becoming extinct.

Even worse, the book was pure speculation. It just posited an equation that calculated the rate of degeneration of the technique across generations, before concluding what it should have been at its peak. Although the methodology was sound, at the end of the day, it was a theory.

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"So... The simple answer is that I don't know. They could have a constitution, or they might just have a congenital disease. There's no way to know unless we examine them, and even in the case we do, both a congenital disease and a constitution on a micro-level are alterations in DNA, it would be impossible to tell the difference between the two unless we had a reference... Of course, there is one more possibility to find out..."

Dyon sighed, how could he not know what Clara was referring to? The problem was those adorable furry little hamsters had disappeared for almost half a year now, if they didn't want to be found, he couldn't do anything about it unless he had major breaks through in time will, but even then, it would be like searching for a single needle in an ocean hundreds of kilometers deep.

"It's fine. I was serious about what I said to them, I wouldn't want them on my side if they chose me for such a shallow reason. Plus, isn't my beautiful wife much smarter than I am, if they were going to choose someone based on intelligence, it should be you." Dyon smiled, lightly pinching Clara's cheeks.

"Don't try and butter me up, you'll make me think you're hiding something."

Dyon laughed. "Like what?"

"An illegitimate child." Clara answered seriously.

Dyon coughed violently, choking on air. "When did I become such a scumbag in your eyes?"

"You've always been. Nothing's changed." The sweet smile on Clara's face was in complete contrast to the devious light in her eye, as though she could see through Dyon entirely.

"It seems I haven't taught you enough of a lesson. You're lucky my soul is sealed, or I would have you screaming even louder." Dyon trained a heated, lust filled gaze on Clara, wantonly following her curves with his large hands.

"Sounds like the excuse of a man who can't satisfy his wife. Mortal men have been doing it without the use of dual cultivation cheats for thousands of years, aren't you a little too lacking?" Clara ruthlessly teased.

Dyon feigned a hurt expression. Of course, he didn't take any of this seriously, Clara always became an obedient and adorable little kitten after they finished their sessions. Considering their souls were connected, he could always tell exactly what she wanted even before she was truly aware, he didn't need his soul to send her into a world of pleasure, but, it would help.

"I'll remember that when you're begging for mercy next."

"And I'll be sure to watch the replay of me kicking your ass next time you want to be smug."

Dyon's eyes widened. "You didn't."

Clara grinned. "I did."

She swiveled in Dyon's lap, flipping her palm to reveal a silver array plate with a glass finish on one side. Her eyes flashed with a golden light, before a replay of Dyon getting slapped around in the air started to play along with light and airy giggling.

Dyon groaned. "I can't believe Ri and Madeleine betrayed me like this."

"Hehe." Clearly Clara was feeling very good about herself right now.

At this point, Dyon had no choice but to change the subject. "What do you plan to do about the Valley of Geniuses?"

Clara shrugged. "I don't think I need it. The Dao of Array Alchemy has more techniques and theories than I could learn with a million years of life, I don't think I care about improving my battle prowess so much. Or more accurately, I want to raise my battle prowess in the right ways.

"The more I study soul cultivation, the more I feel like we're on the edge of something. That divine sense technique that I created using the tome... It was almost too easy, like there was a logical progression of things that only had one answer.

"I'll go because it's a good opportunity, but I'll only resonate if I find a past genius that aligns with my thoughts perfectly. If not, just forget it."

Since Dyon's soul was sealed, there was no reason for him to carry around the soul tome, and since Clara enjoyed studying it, why wouldn't he let her have it for now?

"Plus," Clara continued. "Ri wants to go, so you can appear in your role as her husband while using me as an excuse for disappearing as Dyon Jafari."

Dyon nodded, he was thinking this too. Dyon Jafari was still a minor character, but Alexandria Snow's husband had become a household name. The fact that he hadn't appeared in a while was weird enough, if he didn't show up for such a big event, it would be even more questionable.

The only problem was this would hamper his plan to use himself as bait. However, this was solved easily as well.

The Valley of Geniuses was massive, but it was also separated into tiers of pressure. The more powerful statues were surrounded by stronger pressure so that weak individuals wouldn't overestimate themselves and die by attempting a resonance they weren't strong enough to withstand. Because of this the areas that 'Dyon Jafari' could enter versus the areas 'Ri's husband' could enter, would reflect their vastly different social status, the latter clearly being far more powerful than the former.

It seemed he would have to lead a double life for a while.

There was, of course, another reason that Dyon needed his second identity for this. By now, Aki Void was likely healed. The moment Dyon laid eyes on him, he was a dead man.

Chapter 962: Let's Go

After spending a few cozy nights with Clara, Dyon left in secret to head to Snow Palace where he quickly found Ri. It would only be a few hours until the Valley of Geniuses opened, so Dyon decided to go there ahead of time.

Entering the large, pristinely white palace, Dyon crept up to Ri's cultivation room and slowly opened the door. When he saw the sight before him, he couldn't help but inwardly sigh, he was a truly lucky man.

Ri was currently naked, but he could only see her back-view. Her ten white tails silently twitched with life as she slowly circulated her inherited techniques.

From the sheer cold in the room, it seemed that Ri was forced to take her clothes off lest she shatter them into icicles.

Since she was cultivating, Dyon didn't dare disturb her. He silently sat in a corner, using the residual cold to acclimate his body to obscenely low temperatures.

Suddenly, the temperature dropped again as Ri's tails turn to black ice. Her beautiful silver-blue hair darkened, waving around wildly even as she emitted a dense void will.

BOOM!

A vacuum of violent proportions erupted, threatening to pull Dyon in the depths of a black hole.

'Whoops...' Dyon began to regret sitting here, but he knew he couldn't distract Ri. So, he grit his teeth, silently sinking his fingers and toes into the ground to keep himself from flying toward Ri.

Despite the situation, Dyon was quite happy. Ri's cultivation technique was a high level one left for her by Kukan within her legacy. It replaced her individual meridians with separate cyclones of void will that acted as blackholes to endlessly suck in energy. Because of this, Ri's stamina in battle far surpassed that of those at her cultivation level, and she also had no need to temper her meridians like others did.

The fact that such a violent reaction was happening now meant that Ri had just broken through. Calculating the momentum of the breakthrough, it seemed that she had just stepped into the 11th saint stage and had begun to connect to her 91st meridian.

This speed of cultivation might seem slow compared to Lilith and the other Devil Path cultivators, but there were many factors to take into account.

For one, Devil Path cultivators almost completely ignored comprehension of wills during their early years because said comprehension was just too poor, so they had more time for cultivation.

Secondly, Devil Path cultivators didn't have to enter trials. So, although Ri was 32 years old now, and had just stepped into the 11th stage while Lilith was only 21 and had already stepped into the 12th stage, Ri had stopped cultivating in order to first become an Empress.

Thirdly, Ri's requirements for advancing were far more rigorous than anyone else. Although her cultivation technique gave her the ability to have more energy and faster recovery than others, the trade off was that each meridian took much longer to fill. This didn't even mention the fact that this cultivation technique was highly dangerous.

The last point was that Ri had spent her childhood in an energy scarce environment and had even restarted cultivating from step one when she was already 18 years of age. The fact that she was already a saint was mind-numbingly shocking.

The momentum of Ri's breakthrough finally calmed a couple hours later. Her raised tails and hair settled down and also recovered their vibrant and pure colors, before she opened her eyes with a light smile.

Suddenly her hair raised and her head whipped around, "Who?!"

It was only after she saw that it was Dyon that she calmed down. She hadn't had her guard up because Clara had laid down plenty of formations around the palace, the only people who knew how to get in were her, Madeleine and Dyon. It was just that she didn't expect to see Dyon here.

Dyon had wanted to inform her before, but Ri hadn't been responding to his messages. So, he assumed she was in seclusion or trying to comprehend something. Clearly, he was right.

Looking at Dyon's disheveled appearance, Ri giggled. "Who asked you to peek on me? This is what you deserve."

Ri gracefully stood, not shy about her figure being seen by Dyon at all. Since heaven's energy was still shining down on her after the breakthrough, she looked even more stunning than usual... It was almost hard for Dyon to breathe. He was so distracted that his fingers dug into the hard marble ground even further.

"Am I beautiful?" Ri asked with a sweet smile, her silver-blue eyes twinkling with amusement.

Dyon's breathing quickened as his mouth dried. He could already hardly handle the beauty of his wives after their bodies had been cleansed by saint energy, wouldn't he directly die after they had been purified by celestial energy? Just thinking about it made all his blood rush out from his head.

"Too beautiful." Dyon squeezed out.

Ri giggled lightly. "I assume you're here to escort your wife to the Valley of Geniuses? You know..." Ri reached Dyon's sitting figure before elegantly taking a position in his lap and wrapping her legs around his waist. "We do still have a few more hours until then..."

If Dyon needed to hear anything more than this, would he really still be a man? It wasn't long before Ri's feverish moans filled the cultivation room.

Dyon had a lot of enemies going into this rare event... Whether it be Arthurian, or those of the 74th quadrant, or Emytheus, or Aki Void... He faintly wondered how they'd feel if they knew he was care free enough to roll around with a beauty before confronting them.

It would be no surprise to anyone that by the time Dyon had tamed his beauty, the pair were already running slightly late. But, there was no real use in complaining about it, Dyon could only wait for Ri to recover her strength.

Eventually, the couple tidied up and Dyon let Ri choose his outfit. It seemed she wanted to match, so he acquiesced to wearing sky-blue robes to compliment Ri's white gown and light blue belt that also held her weapon. If it wasn't for the domineering sword she kept by her hip, one might mistake his wife for a dainty maiden who couldn't protect herself.

After she was finished dressing Dyon and herself, Ri moved to grab her white visor, but before she could, Dyon grabbed her hand. "Must you?"

Ri giggled, seeing Dyon's unwillingness to hide her appearance. "You want to show off how beautiful your wife is while I can't show off how handsome my husband is? What a double standard."

Seeing Dyon's sadness, Ri put the visor away. How could she not understand the heart of her husband? Dyon had been willing to be with her even when those bastards of the Elvin Pillar Clans bullied her for her average appearance.

Dyon didn't want Ri to wear the visor because he didn't like the idea of the Void Clan holding a permanent place in Ri heart. It was also a constant reminder that he hadn't been there for her when she needed it most. Although Ri only saw it as a source of motivation, Dyon saw it as a source of pain that only fueled his anger. How could he enjoy his time with his wife if he constantly felt a boiling rage within himself?

The Demon Sage's blood didn't only affect his personality by way of lust, anger was another major point that left Dyon discontented. He flew into a rage much quicker than he used to and always acted in the extreme. It made him feel like a lesser version of himself, like he was a man who couldn't rein in his own emotions. How pathetic was that?

Ri was perfectly right, had he learned of what Aki did to her before he met Aki, he would have ignored all of his laborious planning for the sake of a single moment. Of course, he wouldn't regret it, but at the same time, he knew he had to be better for the sake of not only his future, but for the futures of everyone around him.

The more Dyon felt this way, the more he thought about his grand teacher and how he had advised him to go to the Crystal Dragon Clan's territory to find an opportunity to use their treasured spring.

From what Dyon knew, Crystal Dragons were among the very few treasures in the world with the capability of naturally restoring their own mental energies. It was likely that this spring that his grand teacher referred to was linked to this in some way.

As for how Dyon would get such an ancient clan to allow him to use their most prized inheritance, he didn't know. But, if it was for the sake of protecting his wives, Dyon was willing to do anything.

"Let's go," Ri smiled sweetly, grabbing a hold of Dyon's arm.

Chapter 963: Ice Queen's Dance

By this point in time, the entrances to the Valley of Geniuses were lined with millions of young geniuses. Of course, like many opportunities provided by the Epistemic Tower, its presentation wasn't so simple.

The Epistemic Tower itself, no matter which floor one was speaking of, except for the top-most few, had relatively similar layouts.

One could imagine the tower's inner world as a massive and perfect circle. The edges of this circle were perfectly carved out into 100 pieces representing each of the 100 quadrants. Of course, these pieces were known as Corners.

Then, there was Central City. The central portion of its name didn't just refer to center from the corners, it was also center from the sky!

Central City was equidistant not only from each of the one hundred Corners, but was also equidistant from the ground and the upper-most limit the saint floor. It was essentially a city, spanning tens of kilometers across, hovering in the air.

Of course, this central hub was designed this way with purpose. Its position allowed all of the mysterious realms of the tower to find their own place in between all of the corners, randomly laid through out.

The tower was truly magical, containing a wide-ranging number of extreme conditions, wild beasts, and comprehension opportunities. And, this all didn't include the exclusive 'event' type occurrences of the Valley of Geniuses that only opened once in a while.

It was for all of these reason that Dyon looked down upon those of the 98th quadrant for not taking advantage of this opportunity because of their cowardice. There were very few places in the outside world better for training than the tower!

Unfortunately, not every quadrant raised disciples too cowardly to enter the tower, or else the coming event would be much easier.

Currently, Ri and Dyon were making their way to the entrance closest to them. Due to the nature of these special events, it wasn't possible to directly teleport there, instead, it was almost like a mini-trial to make it there. As such, Dyon had taken Ri in his arms and was flying at the highest speed one pair of wings would bring him while cutting through a dense arctic-like blizzard.

However... Since this was the closest entrance to Dyon and Ri, wasn't this also the case for the rest of the Kitsune?

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Ri's happy mood was instantly dampened. "Annoying rats."

With her break through into the celestial realm, her divine sense had shone through. Although her range wasn't as large as Clara's it was still more than enough to sniff out busybodies.

They were currently flying through a land of extreme cold. It was actually only ranked 7th among the extreme cold environments of the saint floor, but it still wasn't something a normal essence gatherer could withstand.

However, it seemed like those of the kitsune clan had left some stragglers behind. Although Ri never stepped out and her and Dyon had seemingly disappeared, the Void clan didn't think that Ri would willingly miss such a big event.

Since the opening of the Valley of Geniuses didn't have a set date, it was a pleasant surprise for everyone when signs of its opening spread. Obviously, this also allowed Aki Void and his lackies to set up a few traps.

That said, since Aki Void could think of it, how could Dyon not? The problem was that there were a total of seven 'doors' that opened whenever a special event was taking place, how could Aki be certain that Ri and Dyon wouldn't purposefully choose another entrance just to avoid problems?

Knowing that Aki would think this, Dyon chose the closest entrance without hesitation. Why? Because he knew that the kitsune would be forced to spread themselves out seven ways in order to cover seven entrances. Since that was the case, why would Dyon bother to go to the trouble of going to another entrance? He would just let his enemies do all the work and look stupid in the end.

It wasn't long before dozens of groups of kitsune, together in combinations of two and three came into view. Seeing the wide assortment of tails, it was clear that all the kitsune were acting as a cohesive unit. It seemed those old fogies didn't enjoy the slap to the face that Dyon and Ri had given them. The embarrassment of having their 'number one' genius publicly laughed at was clearly too much for them.

The hit to their prestige that the kitsune took after Aki 'went viral' couldn't be ignored. It was made even worse by the amount of resources it took to heal such heavy injuries placed in the beast of the peak saint level. Dyon had truly made them suffer a terrible loss.

When the kitsune saw Dyon and Ri getting closer, there was a mixture of reactions. Everything from trepidation to eagerness could be seen.

Many of the smarter individuals understood that they were only cannon fodder, here to let Aki know which entrance Dyon and Ri had used. Unfortunately for them, their commander was too stupid. Since Aki was so sure that Dyon would try to outsmart him by going to another entrance, those stationed here were the weakest. In fact, they were all of the lower saint tiers.

Maybe in the 98th quadrant, such a showing would be amazing. After all, many of those who came from the 98th quadrant were still in the essence gathering tier, while less than a dozen were saints. However, what did lower saints count for in the 30th ranked quadrant? They were nothing but members of the lower dregs.

But, what could they do? Ri was an Empress, yet they were all Dukes, what could they do in face of her? The worst part was that Aki had left behind a King to force their hand and watch over their actions. That King wouldn't care about their lives at all!

"STOP!" An eight black tailed young woman stepped forward. Her name was actually Aiya Void and she was Aki's younger sister.

Since the kitsune only have seven Kings on the saint floor, they all had to be used for this mission. But, Aki had unilaterally used his power to place his younger sister in what he thought was the safest and furthest place from danger. Although this left the others dissatisfied, what could they do? If they wanted to change something, they should become more powerful than Aki first.

Aiya had felt high and mighty when she took on her responsibility as well, thinking about how amazing her elder brother was. Since he was so amazing, what right did a pitiful young miss from a mere Snow clan have to refuse to give her hand in marriage? In her views, no one was better than her elder brother, so obviously, he deserved everything he wanted as well.

Obviously, from her childish view of the world, Aiya had never suffered hardship because she was always under her brother's protection. Even her title as Queen was too easy because considering her eight tails, she should have pushed herself to enter the Empress trials.

Seeing that Dyon didn't listen to her, Aiya felt anger to the depths of her heart. "Did you not hear me?!"

When had she ever been ignored in her life?! She was the little princess of the Void clan, who didn't give her everything she wanted?

Ri's gaze turned cold, her expression becoming just as frosty. "Let's me do it."

Not even bothering to leave the comfort of her husband's arms, Ri stretched out a delicate finger.

The only reason Aki dared to do all of this was because none of the Kitsune knew Ri's cultivation. In their eyes, even if Ri had ten tails, the fact she took so much time to become and Empress would definitely hamper her progress.

What none of them knew was that not only was this beauty a ten tailed kitsune, she also have the Elvin Queen's constitution, something that put her amongst the most talented Elves ever. Even those of the dark elvin clans would be hard-pressed to match her in talent.

The moment Dyon perfectly balanced her two dispositions, using the constitution awakening pill, Ri had become like a butterfly throwing away her cocoon.... She had already stepped into the same cultivation tier as Aki had!

"[Ice Queen's Dance: Immortal Pillar]!"

Chapter 964: Land of Ice

The dozens of kitsune froze in shock. At first it was because this was the first time they had seen Ri's full features. Could a beauty of this level really exist in the world?

But then, it was because of the shocking words she had said.

The Snow Clan, despite being a lowly clan of the kitsune, was not to be underestimated. To still be a part of the 13 main classes of kitsune, a Supreme Level Beast, how could their lineage be simple? If the Snow Clan chose to leave the 30th ranked quadrant, they could become overlords of any one of the quadrants ranked 40th or below.

With this level of power, their core teachings were also adequately amazing.

Ice Queen's Dance was a set of techniques that Ri's mother had imparted to her. Originally, she had only been taught the sword dance portion of the technique, however, after re-entering the Snow Clan, she was given the entire inheritance.

However, as Ri was learning the techniques, she suddenly realized that there had to be more. At that time, she began to deeply reflect upon her own heritage, constantly studying her bloodline to become more in tune with it.

Unlike Kukan's faith seed, Ri's bloodline would never harm her future. In fact, by focusing equally on both Kukan's legacy and her own, she could eventually combine the two to forge her own path, bringing her to the peak of the martial world.

At first, it was difficult. Much like Dyon's master, the Snow Clan's bloodline had dwindled with every passing generation. In fact, they were very close from falling out of the ranks of Supreme Beasts and into the ranks of Transcendent Beasts. If that happened, they would no longer be birthed as humans, but would instead be birthed as beasts who had to cultivate to earn the right to become human.

Unfortunately for the Celestial Deer, this had already occurred to them, which was why the First White Mother had lost hope in her lineage. However, the Snow Clan still had a shred of hope... and it wasn't until Ri's mother came along that they began to firmly grasp it.

It was thanks to Ri's mother that Ri, despite being only half a member of the Snow Clan, was able to firmly establish a connection to her bloodline. What she was able to find out was that faith seeds actually had a secondary purpose that was perfect for seeking the origin of one's bloodline!

Faith Seeds were actually kernels of martial intent, filled with the will of an expert and passed along the stream of time. When it entered into the body of an individual, its intended purpose was to help along the path of cultivation, not become a pillar to be relied upon.

If one learns to wield that martial intent, it could actually work to tease apart the truths of the world, and one of those truths were the limits of one's own bloodline.

When Ri learned this, the first person she went to was Madeleine and they began to cultivate together, testing the truths of their hypothesis. It wasn't long before they realized that they were right in their assumptions!

It was only then that Ri learned that Ice Petal's Dance was only a derivative of Ice Queen's Dance, a lower Mystic level technique that was once the pillar of the mighty Snow Clan before their decline.

Of course, as things stood now, Ri had no business using this technique, lest she want to implode from the inside out. However... What she could do was make use of this ice filled extreme climate to imitate 0.001% of the intent behind the technique!

"NO!" The kitsune cried out as the shivering cold spiked upward.

However, it was already too late.

Pillar after pillar of ice erupted from the ground, encasing them all, one after another.

Aiya's fierce expression was preserved perfectly, but even her, as a king, was simply not qualified to act against Ri. What did a mere lower saint mean in the face of an 11th stage saint?

Dyon coldly watched this scene. He felt that Ri was being much too lenient with them, but he couldn't tell if those were truly his own thoughts, or if it was the Demon Sage's blood influencing him.

Ri sighed and lightly stroked Dyon's face through his mask. "Even though I didn't kill them, without the help of a celestial adept in ice intent to clear their meridians of the cold qi, they won't be able to cultivate for the rest of their lives. The only three clans of the kitsune alliance with that ability would be the Ocean Clan, the River Clan and the Snow Clan. Both the Ocean and River Clan owe my mother a heavy debt and have also allied with my Snow Clan. Even under the pressure of the three top clans, they'll turn a blind eye for at least a decade. After all, what celestial isn't training and away constantly?"

"Are you sure? That annoying little girl seemed to have some relation with Aki. With eight tails, she's pretty important." Dyon hovered in the skies, staring at the human ice pillars.

"She's Aki's younger sister, Aiya." Ri sighed. "She's just an ignorant little girl. She should be almost 50 years old already, but she has the disposition of a 12-year-old. There's no point in punishing her any further. Just let her suffer for a few days. They didn't manage to send a message to Aki because that little girl is too stupid and too full of herself, if we're lucky, it won't be until months have passed and the valley has closed that they think to check here."

Dyon took a deep breath to calm himself and lightly nodded before shooting off into the distance.

In the distance, just outside the range of Ri's divine sense, was a bare-chested young man with brown skin and blue eyes leading a group of about a dozen. His muscles towers atop of one another, fighting and twitching for supremacy... It was as though he didn't sense the mind numbing cold at all.

"Big Brother, it seemed they didn't need out help after all." Another young man standing in the group spoke out.

The bare-chested young man laughed heartily. "No matter. We only came here as a favor to Little Sister Saru, who would have known that her friends were so powerful despite coming from such a weak quadrant."

"Well, that quadrant isn't exactly so weak anymore." The young man responded with a light chuckle.

"You're not wrong... To explode from the 100th rank to the 51st only using of the younger generation on saint floors... Their younger generation is definitely among the best. I guessed we worried for nothing."

The group nodded. Everyone knew that the true rankings were fourth for on the celestial and dao floors. To be able to cause such a change on the mere saint floor, this was a feat rarely seen.

"What do you think Big Brother? Will little sister Saru get over her feelings after exiting her trials?"

"Hmph, it doesn't matter. Whomever my little sister likes, she can be with. I dare anyone to say otherwise!"

The group laughed in unison before heading off toward the entrance. They had long since become used to Saru's elder brother's eccentric personality.

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Deep within the land of ice, a gathering of millions of geniuses was taking place.

In every direction, as far as even the eye of a saint martial warrior could see, there was endless white and cold. However, that didn't dampen the excitement of those that came.

The Valley of Geniuses didn't open often, with each iteration being decades apart. Because of this, many young geniuses missed their opportunity to enter, either as a result of them being within their trial worlds, or for various reasons related to the difficulty of reaching the entrances for this grand event.

Many, though, saw this as an opportunity they would rather slow their cultivations down for than miss. In the end, there were no shortage of geniuses who refused to break into the celestial tier before they could first enter the Valley of Geniuses.

It wasn't that the saint floors didn't allow celestials to enter, because they did. The only limiter for a given floor was your age, and for higher floors, there was also the matter of the prestige of your clan – that meaning that it was impossible to raise to the level of the dao floors without a King level clan, and without an Emperor level clan, one could not step onto the very top floor.

The reason why geniuses suppressed their cultivation in order to enter the Valley was precisely because of the pressure distribution.

Unlike the trials which only looked at age, the Valley was trial specifically tailored for sainthood cultivators. While it also, obviously, took into account talent, an event on a given floor would always be reserved for those who shared the majority cultivation of the floor, with the only exception being those who fell below that majority standard – which was why some essence gatherers would participate this time around, as well.

This was because these events were much like the Gates. They required 'off' periods where they would slowly re-accumulate strength before being opened once more.

Chapter 965: 9th

One has to understand that the Valley of Geniuses, as a singular example, was responsible for maintaining the souls of often long dead or transcended geniuses alive, and also supplying them with enough power to pass on their legacies. For a tower that's been functioning for millions of years, the amount of energy that requires is astronomical.

Simply put, celestials would be able to make a mockery of the system, even to the point where they could forcibly take legacies that weren't meant for them. If you were a celestial? Go fight it out in the Valley of Geniuses on your floor. It was as simple as that.

Of course, since the tower was capable of having the energy to support another level of the Valley, energy constraints weren't the main focus behind its reasoning. Rather, it was to allow other geniuses the chance to grow.

The martial world was never short of shameless individuals who used their higher cultivations to bully those weaker than them. There were even individuals who purposely sought out geniuses to cut off their growth before they could become a threat. The tower was filled with enough dangers, it definitely didn't need bastards like those making things any worse. It was just a shame that not everyone was like those prideful dragons.

The most important point was that the Valley of Geniuses was meant to be a measure of talent. If you failed as a saint, but still came back as a celestial, you hadn't proved anything.

It was a good thing for Sokzac that Lilith had stopped him from coming, or else he would have wasted a trip.

"HAHA! Am I late?" A booming voice cut through the fierce cold winds before an explosion of ice and snow that could have been mistaken for an avalanche erupted into the skies.

The millions of young geniuses, who were all capable in their own right considering they too had traversed the harsh climate to reach here, looked over. For someone to be so bold as to show off in front of them, this man had to have some ability.

When the snow finally cleared from the young man's violent drop from the sky, no one had the heart to berate him for his arrogance any longer...

There was no mistaking the fierce red armor, the ridiculous size and the overbearing aura. This was a member of the Clyanne Giant Clan. And the fact that the young man who spoke out was leading more than a dozen massive men and women, he had to be the 7th Clyanne young master, Amory Clyanne!

How could any of them have the heart to look down on a prince of an Emperor God Clan of the 14th ranked quadrant. Wasn't that asking to be embarrassed?

"Since Brother Amory has stepped onto the scene, I should make my own appearance lest he feel peerless, no?"

At that moment a world-toppling beauty descended from the skies, but what shocked them all was that this very same beauty wasn't the one who had spoken, rather, it was the young man she followed respectfully behind. Such a beauty was only a servant? Was there any justice in this world?

However, when they saw the twin moon sabers by his hips, his flowing silver hair, and his starry-like eyes, they lost all their conviction. Reprimanding the 11th young master of the Streyluna Clan and offending the 12th ranked quadrant? On top of the fact that the beauty might not even appreciate their help? Which of them here wasn't a genius? How could they also be stupid?

Seeing the pretty boy descend from the skies, Amory's battle intent soared. "Good, the esteemed gigolo Cullen is here."

Cullen Streyluna didn't seem perturbed by being called a gigolo, clearly he was used to it by now. Instead, he looked off into the skies, it seemed a few more world-shattering geniuses were arriving.

It seemed like all the greatest geniuses were extremely fond of arriving fashionably late as one after another descended from the skies. None of them introduced themselves, after all, with their level of abilities, their fan groups would do all of the work for them.

However, none of the those who arrived earlier minded doing this kind of work. After all, the Valley of Geniuses was incredibly fair. The geniuses with the audacity to appear so late were obviously all so powerful that the terrain of this ice world meant next to nothing to them. As a result, they'd be capable of heading much deeper into the Valley of Geniuses and as such not bother with them as small fry who would remain in the outskirts and garner attention from the lesser statuses.

Immediately after Cullen descended, members of the 21st ranked Gemini quadrant appeared. The lauded members of the Gemini Clan were actually an odd race of humanoids who were always born in twin, triplet, quadruplet or even quintuplet sets.

Their foremost geniuses were actually sextuplets, made of two pairs of triplets born at the same time, to the same mother. They were overwhelming prodigies, each having reached near unattainable heights in cultivation in just a short time.

Despite the seemingly low ranking as compared to the quadrants of Cullen and Amory, neither looked down on them. First and foremost, those clans ranked 12th to about 25th didn't have a large gap between them, much like those ranked 4th to 9th often swapped places randomly from time to time.

Secondly, all rankings, and most trials of the like, were taken as individuals. However, the Gemini race was known for their abilities as siblings. A Gemini fighting without their twin brothers and sisters would lose more than 70% of their battle effectiveness, yet they still managed to rank so high! It was no surprise then that during mass events like this one, the Gemini clan truly shone because it was only now that they could unleash their full strength.

The sextuplets casually touched to the ground. Three brothers and three sisters, but all of one mind. Despite their skin being slightly grey in color, they still reached a realm of attractiveness that very few could, especially the three sisters, they were no less beautiful than the beauty Cullen had brought along with him.

Even more shocking was that the Gemini race was rumored to have roots in ancient times. If a genius among them managed to retrace their bloodline back to its origins, the Gemini race might once again stand atop the martial world.

Despite Amory's Giant race having faint traces of ancient dragon blood within them, he still took these dainty looking sextuplets seriously.

However, the shock over the Gemini race didn't last long before yet another odd race of people appeared. It was yet another Giant race, however, they boldly grasped the name of Emperor Giants.

Yet.... No one dared to challenge them on it.

There were many Giant races throughout the 100 quadrants. The term Giant actually reached back to ancient times as well, originating from the Nephilim Tribe.

If Dyon were here, he would immediately recognize that this Nephilim tribe was transcribed in lore for his people as well and were known as the offspring of the sons of God.

Back then, the Nephilim Tribe had many branches traced back to anything ranging from ancient beast bloodline to even faint angel bloodlines!

Giants were essentially the result of other races having children with humans, resulting in "super-humans".

So, what faint bloodline could make even Amory's Clyanne clan concede the title of Emperor despite having dragon blood roaring through his veins?

Angel blood!

The Emperor Giant clan descended, booming outward with an aura even more oppressive than that of the Clyanne clan.

They were at least twice as large, standing at almost 6 meters tall. Dozens of them fell roughly onto the land of the snow, their chest's and backs bare, showing off the dark tattoos on their backs.

"Look," Someone whispered to a member of the clan, "Their leader has already earned his second set of angel wing tattoos!"

The murmurs of the crowd couldn't help but get louder. There was only one member of the Emperor Giant race that could earn a second set while still in the saint realms, Anak the King! An actual God level character had appeared!

Unlike Dyon's angel tattoos, the Emperor Giant Clan's weren't natural. Instead, they had their own harsh trials to be acknowledged by the clan. Usually, one would have to be at least of the middle celestial realms to earn a second pair, while the first pair would require the peak saint realm!

Yet, Anak had actually earned his first before he even stepped foot into sainthood, then repeated the same feat again! He had even stripped an elder clansman of 'the King' epithet, taking it for his own! He was truly logic defying!

However, if he wasn't so powerful, would he really deserve to be the Prince of the 11th ranked quadrant? He had even boldly proclaimed that he would snatch a top ten spot for his quadrant once he stepped onto the celestial floors, yet no one dared to doubt him.

Suddenly, everyone's lips twitched. They had been so distracted by Anak's imposing aura that they didn't even notice that petite beauty sitting leisurely on his shoulder, looking at him with an affectionate gaze.

Thinking about the logistics of such a matter, everyone shuddered, feeling pity for the small woman until someone suddenly recognized her.

"That's actually Princess Chrysanthemum of the Warm Mist Sect!"

They could hardly believe their eyes, because this petite princess was actually an Empress level character of the 9th ranked quadrant!

Chapter 966: Any Woman

The breathing of the men became shallow. An Empress level character was rare beyond belief, in fact, Emperors were incredibly rare as well. But, there was something about seeing a strong woman with rare beauty that fired them all up.

That said, that was all it did. How could any of them dare to have thoughts on a woman that was Anak's? Wasn't that asking for death?

Only Amory clenched his teeth and fists. He had loved Chrysanthemum for a long time, but it seemed his race had lost out to the Emperor Giant race once again...

However, a marriage alliance between the 11th and 9th quadrant was truly a big deal. It wasn't that inter-marrying between quadrants was rare, but just that the identities of these two were so sensitive. Anak was the most talented Emperor Giant to be born in the last thousand years, while Chrysanthemum was the treasured grand daughter of the sect master of her all female sect.

To top this all off, the highest-ranking members of the Water Mist Sect all had bloodlines that made them among the top percentage of dao partners. Only those of the Flaming Lily Sect surpassed them as another all female sect beat them out. In a lot of ways, the pure yin characteristics of those of the Water Mist Sect made them even more ideal.

The fact Chrysanthemum clearly chose Anak caused countless individuals to sigh with envy.

"I hear that Anak actually wants to marry the twin flowers of the female only sects."

"The twin flowers?"

"Of course. In the last 20 or so years, there have been two females that raised themselves to the top of the Empress world that also came from female only sects. One was Chrysanthemum of the Water Mist Sect. I hear if she performs well in the coming years, they might promote her to Core Disciple before she's even stepped into the celestial realms!"

"And the other?"

"Madeleine, of course!"

The crowd's eyes widened with realization. Who else of the younger generation would be able to stand side by side with Chrysanthemum if not her?

Oddly enough, despite one being from a water sect and the other being from a fire sect, Madeleine still had the gentle and goddess-like demeanor of a woman from a water sect while Chrysanthemum was the exact opposite! In fact, most of the reason why they were so surprised that she was sitting so calmly on Anak's shoulder and looking at him so lovingly was exactly because they were used to her fiery temper.

"Wait... Isn't Madeleine's last name Sacharro?"

"So what?"

"Isn't that Dyon character's last name the same?"

"Don't be ridiculous, with how many people there are in 100 quadrants, how could some people not share the same name? Plus, one comes from the fourth quadrant, while the other comes from the former 100th."

"I would have believed you a few months ago as well, but don't you know why those of the 4th ranked quadrant won't show up this time?"

"Why?" Everyone looked over with keen interest.

"There's actually a campaign war happening right now and all four Emperor God Sects are embroiled in it."

Those listening were shocked to hear this, even those outstanding geniuses who had just appeared perked their ears up.

"But what does that have to do with anything?"

"Well, the Flaming Lily Sect released some... Prized information because of this war."

"Stop leaving us in suspense and speak." Amory had a very straight forward attitude and didn't like the story telling skill of the no-name genius.

After breaking out into a cold sweat, the young man continued. He hadn't expected to catch the attention of the geniuses, but now he was scared to offend Anak.

"According the sect elders of the Flaming Lily Sect, M – Madeleine actually came from the Celestial Deer Quadrant and was married to Dyon Sacharro before he entered his trial world. Given that his wife's sect is in danger of being attacked from all sides, he sent his personal guard to clear the Gate for the Flaming Lily Sect."

The atmosphere burst into an uproar. What 'personal guard' could possibly deal with the younger generation of an Emperor God Sect of the 4th ranked quadrant, let alone three of them ganging up on a single one!

There was only one word for this... Arrogant! He didn't even feel the need to show up personally, he sent his henchmen!

From start to finish, Anak didn't say a single word. Of course, considering his status, he had heard of the troubles of the Flaming Lily Sect. He was one of the only 10 geniuses of this generation with King level Presence!

With his status, he had wanted to go and help personally a curry a favor with Madeleine and gain her goodwill. However, he had been rejected. When he wanted to go and help anyway, informally, he had heard news of the Valley of Geniuses and could only give it up.

As for this Dyon, according to reports he hadn't even stepped into the saint realms yet, how could he be worried about such a character now? If he stepped in front of him, he would crush him!

"It's okay hubby." Chrysanthemum said in a sweet voice, delicately kissing his cheek. "You can have any woman you want."

After this, everyone had thought that all of the antics had concluded. It would only be a moment before the entrance trembled and allowed them all to enter, however, they were all sorely mistaken.

BOOM!

At that moment, a violet wind shook the height in the air as a masked man carrying a beauty every bit as world-shattering as Chrysanthemum appeared.

The imposing aura of Anak, the one that had stifled them all the moment he appeared was suddenly fiercely cut in half, met an equally fierce aura.

Dyon's eyes blazed with fury. With his level of cultivation, how could he not have heard all of the words being said?

In that instant, all of the geniuses forgot to breathe as Dyon's eyes met Anak's. "You'd do well to control the words of your woman."

Absolute silence reigned over the iced lands. Many had to double and triple check whether they had heard correctly, however not a single one of them dared to laugh. Which one of them weren't geniuses? Which one of them didn't have keen senses? This wasn't the Presence of a person they could afford to offend lightly! Even if they believed Anak was untouchable, were they untouchable as well? If he decided to hold a grudge, what their power mean in the face of such a man?

It was at that point that everyone realized just who this man was. This was Alexandria Snow's husband! The very same man who had made a mockery of Aki Void just a few months earlier! He had completely disappeared since then, but him appearing here made perfect sense. But, why would he provoke a character like Anak?

The difference between Aki and Anak was even more exaggerated than the difference between heaven and earth. One was barely qualified to be an Emperor, coming from a 30th ranked quadrant, while the other was a God! A member of the ten most lauded geniuses of this generation before Dyon Sacharro made that number eleven!

The meaning was clear. Even if you could easily handle Aki, you were still far from being able to do anything to Anak!

As for the late arriving geniuses, their expressions were even more serious than the crowd. Not only was Ri a character powerful enough to stand on par with any one of them, the man she chose as her husband couldn't possibly be simple.

What they couldn't understand were Dyon's words. Why was he angry? What did Chrysanthemum say to offend him enough to poke at such a wasp's nest?

When they replayed the events in their heads, they remembered the Chrysanthemum had said that Anak could have any woman he wanted. Of course, that wasn't because she was magnanimous, but rather her own pride speaking. If he could conquer her, what woman couldn't he conquer?

Could it be that this masked man had a relationship with Madeleine? Is that why he was so angry? Wait... Could he be?!

No... No... That didn't make any sense. The fog barrier for the Celestial Deer Quadrant was still up. Could it be that this man was angry because Chrysanthemum said "any woman", which would include his own wife as well?

Chapter 967: Impossible!

Thinking to this point, their lips twitched. How fiery did your temper have to be to take such a clearly innocent statement so far out of context?! Chrysanthemum was obviously referring to Madeleine, what did that have to do with you?!

Fuck, they had seen arrogant characters before. How could there be a shortage of them among such geniuses? However, this was the first time they had seen arrogance to this extent. He would definitely suffer for this.

"What did you say?" Chrysanthemum's delicate features darkened. Even if Anak was her husband, it was her who had chosen him! If she didn't want him as a husband, even 1000 of him wouldn't have been enough to force another result. What right did this no-name, who even had the audacity to stand above her in the skies, have to say that he should control her?!

Chrysanthemum had no intention of waiting for a response, nor was Anak going to stop her. He didn't choose his wives based on beauty, he chose them based on power! If they weren't strong enough, they couldn't be his dual cultivation partner, and thus what use did their beauty have to him? All that was important in this world was power!

She pressed down on Anak's shoulder, catapulting forward with blinding speeds, brandishing her palms as she allowed the cold winter winds to accumulate along her delicate hands.

Everyone sucked in a breath. Chrysanthemum's speed definitely exceeded the realms of a normal saint, but what was truly impressive was that Anak stood completely still, not even the ground beneath his feet moved! As though a peak saint level character didn't just push off of him with their full power. His body's strength... It made next to no sense!

Seeing Chrysanthemum act, Ri frowned with displeasure. She was 100% on Dyon's side. Madeleine was her big sister, their souls were even linked. Aside from Dyon himself, she was likely the most aware of how much love Madeleine had for their husband. Yet someone wanted to so casually speak about taking her for themselves? How could she tolerate something like this?!

Ri's personality had always been fiery, however after years of seclusion and constant reflection of the docile water and ice arts, she had almost forgotten that she still had this spark within her, and clearly those around her had forgotten as well. It seemed she would have to remind them!

Dyon's arms opened up as he allowed Ri to stand up and out of his hold. The fury in his eyes hadn't lessened even a small bit, but since Ri wanted to act, he would allow her to.

Ri's graceful figure lightly fluttered in the air. While Chrysanthemum's fury was wild and uncontrolled, hers was refined and as calm as the surface of a lake. All of her rage concentrated onto her own palm, accumulating a violent ice will.

"Hmph, to use water-based abilities against me? Courting death!" Chrysanthemum raged.

In the next instant, their palms collided. However, against all expectations, there wasn't a single sound.

Chrysanthemum looked into Ri's calm silver-blue eyes, complete astonishment written all over her features. She was in the 12th stage of sainthood, but Ri was clearly still at the 11th layer! Why was the difference so large?!

"You're not worthy." Ri spoke indifferently.

A drop of blood trickled from Chrysanthemum's delicate lips as she was forced backward three steps.

Astonishment took a hold over the crowd. They had all been prepared for a long battle that would have likely resulted in Ri's loss, but this was completely outside their expectations!

It wasn't that they looked down on Ri, because Ri's rankings made it quite clear that she was more talented than Chrysanthemum across the board. Whether it be the Duke trials, the King trials or the Emperor trials, Ri ranked much higher than Chrysanthemum on them all. The problem was that Chrysanthemum was already almost 80 years old by now while Ri was still barely 30!

That was when they suddenly realized something. If Ri was so far and away more talented than an Empress on Chrysanthemum's level, didn't that mean that the only holding her back from the Goddess title was the lack of a key?!

No matter how surprised the crowd was, Chrysanthemum was even more so.

From the beginning, she had disregarded Ri. Her attack was originally meant for Dyon who had the audacity to publicly reprimand her for her speech, who did he think he was?

It wasn't her looking down on Ri because she was a woman, but rather that she recognized those white tails and immediately categorized her as a member of the Snow Clan. Since Ri was a member of such a weak clan, especially compared to her sect, how could her legacies match up? Not only did Chrysanthemum have more time to study her own techniques, the core teachings of the Water Mist Sect should have far surpassed that of the Snow Clan. It was common sense.

Yet, Ri had actually dissolved her attack so easily! And although Chrysanthemum hadn't used any particular technique, only relying on her comprehension of ice will and the environment around them,

Ri had actually proven that the laws of water and ice were more willing to follow her than they were willing to follow Chrysanthemum!

It was at that moment that everyone remembered... Ri was a beast! The embodiment of what it meant to be a beast depended upon what the heavens blessed you with. Dragon were the representation of sovereignty. Celestial Deer were the representation of purity. Celestial Hamster were the embodiment of time will and history. Then what about the Kitsune of the Snow Clan?

They were currently in a land of ice and snow, while Chrysanthemum was a human. Yet, she wanted to fight a beast that embodied these very elements? Wasn't she asking to make a fool of herself?

Chrysanthemum's chest heaved with anger. She had just been haughty enough to imply that since Anak could win her heart, he could win the heart of any woman. And yet, mere moments later, she had lost an exchange with none other than another woman.

To top it all off, Ri's beauty was her complete match. In fact, her pure white tails gave her a particular pull that Chrysanthemum couldn't match.

Chrysanthemum glared at Ri before shifting her gaze toward Dyon, "A man who hides behind his woman is no man at all!"

These weren't empty words. Everyone had been speculating on Dyon's identity for months and they had all concluded that he was a weapon's master. In fact, Dyon still had that massive, white-bandaged package on his back as she spoke. Such a man didn't have any combat prowess. Who didn't know that soul cultivators had an inability to translate soul strength into battle power?

However, when Chrysanthemum's eyes landed on Dyon, she was shocked to see that this supposedly weak young man was still staring at her husband. Even Anak's usual disdain for the world attitude was washed over as he too stared back at Dyon.

There were only nine other individuals who Anak deemed worthy of his gaze. However, seven of them were no longer on the saint floors, having long since stepped onto the celestial and dao floors.

As it was, of the ten outstanding geniuses of this generation, three were still on the saint floor, five had already moved to the celestial floor, while two, despite still being youths in their prime had long since stepped onto the dao floors!

Anak was obviously one of the three of the saint floors, as for the other two, in all likelihood, they wouldn't even bother to come to this event. Their clans were ranked much higher than Anak's and as such had legacies that could completely ignore what the Valley of Geniuses on the saint floor could provide to them.

Despite all of this, Anak felt like he was facing one of them right now! He couldn't help but inwardly frown. He wanted to use his senses to probe Dyon, but something was telling him that if he did so forcefully, that mask on his face would retaliate.

To make matters worse, there was a deep rage boiling inside of Anak. Although others couldn't feel it, he could. There was something about the masked men standing in the skies that made him feel suppressed, as though he should be a loyal subject and never think of disobeying this man.

The more he looked at Dyon's black wings, the more his heart trembled. The more Dyon looked into his eyes, the more he felt that he should avert his gaze. Even his clansmen behind him were effected, many of them had begun to tremble, gritting their teeth and clenching their fists to the point where droplets of blood fell onto the pure white snow.

Suddenly, Anak's pupils narrowed into pinholes, 'Bloodline suppression! That's impossible!'

Chapter 968: As Well?

Chrysanthemum large brown eyes trembled with rage. "Coward!"

When had she ever been so blatantly ignored by anyone? And so publicly at that? On top of her having just suffered a loss? How could she allow such a thing to slide?

"Who are you?" Anak's voice sounded out, reminiscent of an earthquake shattering the lands. It was hard to believe that such a voice came from a young man less than 50 years old.

Despite the waves crashing through Anak's chest, his features were completely calm, as though nothing was happening to him. However, despite his calm appearance, it wasn't long before those around began to notice the trembling of the clansmen behind him.

What was going on? Many wanted to ask this question, but they didn't dare to speak. The atmosphere was far too stifling. However, that didn't stop others from recording what was happening. It was certain that the Sapia News Network would pay an arm and a leg for the recordings of what happened today! Even if only Ri and Chrysanthemum were the only ones to fight, the result was world-shaking news!

It was at this moment that Saru's elder brother arrived. But, seeing the situation, he only watched silently. Even his normal carefree personality was tempered in the face of Anak, he didn't dare to act recklessly.

"Now you're interested in knowing who I am? Before, you seemed very content to ignore my identity entirely." Dyon's rage filled voice rumbled, not losing out to Anak's overbearingness in the least.

Badum Badum Badum

The distinct sounds of beating hearts cut through the fierce winds of the ice world. At first, those around thought that they were simply hearing their own beating hearts. After all, a clash of such tycoons was far too much for small characters like them to handle.

However, just as they were concluding this, a lower saint of the Emperor Giant Clan violently vomited a mouthful of blood, unable to stop himself from clenching his chest.

Confusion colored the faces of those around. Presence wasn't capable of doing something like this! It could freeze a person's battle prowess and even make them shiver in fear, not daring to move. But, it didn't physically harm a person... The only possibility was if Presence forcibly stopped someone from circulating a technique. If that happened, then maybe the backlash from that would cause someone to cough up blood. But, it didn't seem like that youngster of the Emperor Giant Clan was circulating a technique...

Not a single one of them thought of bloodline suppression. How ridiculous. The Emperor Giant Clan were the descendants of angels, even those monsters of the first ranked quadrant couldn't use their bloodlines to suppress them. It was too far from any of their minds for any of them to think of it.

Anak was completely un-resigned. He was a genius of geniuses, how could he be suppressed by some no name character?

The more he looked at Dyon's wings, the more he wanted to rip them off of his back!

"You have guts to dare stand above me." Anak spoke calmly. "KNEEL!"

BOOM!

A Presence that could topple worlds erupted from Anak, enveloping the world of snow.

Without exception, genius after genius fell to their knees, trembling in fear. Their own wills were crushed, their heads never to raise up again. It was as though they had fallen into their own pits of despair, completely unwilling to fight for their futures and completely willing to forever kneel at the feet of Anak.

Even his own clansmen weren't spared, one after another, each fell to the ground, kneeling in reverence to Anak.

Amory, Cullen and the Gemini Sextuplets grit their teeth, activating their Presence protecting treasures, completely unwilling to be embarrassed in such a way. For them to have treasures capable of protecting against a King level Presence, it was clear how much their clans valued them.

However, they all shook in rage despite being unaffected. This Anak character was far too unbridled! He didn't even spare them!

They all knew how Presence worked. A genius like Anak could easily direct his aura in a controlled manner, there was no need to implicate the millions that were here. Yet, that was exactly what he did!

'Bastard!' They all thought at once.

Chrysanthemum sneered. As the young princess of her Water Mist Sect, of course she had her own protective treasure. But, she knew a mere 30th ranked quadrant couldn't afford a treasure capable of protecting against King Presences.

She turned a fierce gaze toward Ri and Dyon, completely prepared to leap forward and thrash both of them for angering her so much. 'We'll see what being a mere beast does for you when you're suffering under the Presence of my husband. First, I'll let you kneel for him, then I'll teach you a lesson!'

However, the moment she was so looking forward to never came.

The moment Anak's Presence erupted, Dyon's mask clapped with thunder, eliciting dark clouds to roll in the sky.

The geniuses around immediately realized what was happening.

"Tribulation Lightning Protective Treasure!" They yelled out in unison.

There were many types of treasures that protected against Presence, however, none were more effective than tribulation lightning! However, they were far too rare! A material capable of housing tribulation lightning was valuable beyond belief and even a single one could buy out an innumerable number of clans!

At the same time, this type of protection was by far the most effective. How could the lightning of heaven allow a mere young genius to dare to try and suppress it? Were you trying to go against the heavens? Just how much guts did you have?!

Dyon obviously had no need to use this sort of protection. His mask was only here to hide his identity and his aura. However, he didn't have a choice in the matter.

The [Swallowing Lightning Willow's Dance] mask was made of Lightning Willow that underwent nine revolutions of ten million years. Even though its purpose was to store a lightning legacy and protect one's identity, because of its nature, it also acted as a protective treasure.

The moment it sensed such a fierce Presence aimed toward its owner, it lashed out.

By the time the lightning clouds formed, Dyon had already stepped forward, grabbing Ri's hand and completely dispelling Anak's Presence from her using his own. What did a mere lower King Presence have in the face of Dyon's Peak King Presence?

The clouds rumbled, forming overhead and bearing its angry fangs toward Anak.

At that moment, Anak didn't dare to be careless. He slapped his own chest, causing a reverberating boom to sound of the iced plains.

His own protective treasure activated, creating a shield of blinding light just as a thick bolt of lightning descended from the skies.

BOOM!

After venting its rage, the lightning clouds slowly parted, purposely taking its time as a final warning. To dare to use your Presence to try and suppress the heavens, weren't you seeking death?

Anak's slightly disheveled figure soon emerged from the blinding light. It didn't seem like he was seriously hurt, but one could see the raging flames behind his eyes despite his calm appearance.

Normal lightning couldn't harm him. Even normal tribulation lightning couldn't harm him, after all, he had already surpassed his saint tribulation with flying colors. However, that tribulation that just came down was at the celestial transcending into the dao realm level!

Dyon's treasure wasn't a normal tribulation lightning treasure, it was among the best of the best of them!

What background could he possibly come from to be capable of having such a treasure?!

One had to understand that Anak didn't have a lack of treasures. As someone who ranked within the top eleven of all three most important God trials, his rewards were obviously great. However, the question was how did this man have one? Did he earn them through trials as well? Or was his clan just that powerful? Who was he?!

It was at this moment that Anak remember the bloodline suppression and his heart once again began to thump violently.

A clan that could afford to give such a treasure to a junior... A clan with a bloodline capable of suppressing his own... A clan that would have reason to hide its identity even being so powerful... It couldn't be?!

Anak's actions had thoroughly enraged Dyon. First he had thoughts on his wife, then he dared to try and make not only himself kneel, but Ri as well?

Chapter 969: Expensive

What was also lamentable was that he actually forced the swallowing willow mask to use a portion of its tribulation lightning. It was already depleted, yet now it was even more so. The only good news was that a saint wasn't enough to make it use too much of its power. That that didn't change the fact that Dyon was completely pissed off.

Even if he had to use all of trump cards, it would be worth it to teach this bastard a lesson!

The moment he thought this, he felt Ri lightly squeeze his hand. "He's not worth your time or your effort. He'll come to know in the future that he can only become a character below you."

Ri's sweet smile caused the angered hearts of those geniuses who had been forced to kneel by Anak to throb for a completely different reason. How could would it be for her confidence and smile to be directed toward them?

However, her words implied something spine tingling. Was she blinded by love? Or could this mysterious character really match up against Anak?

One had to know that Anak was already a Pseudo-Celestial, his cultivation had technically left the normal saint realms.

Remember, the foundation stage and the meridian formation realm both came before the essence gathering realm. But, both of those involved tempering the body and meridians with essence level energy. Wouldn't a true genius want to repeat these very steps with saint energy and then celestial energy?

Those who did so were known as the pseudo cultivators of the realm they were going to step into. And it was also because of this "re-tempering" that, despite having the body of a celestial, Dyon could still struggle against first and second grade saints.

Currently, Anak was in the process of repeating the 'foundation stage' with the use of celestial energy instead of essence energy. Technically, he was still a saint, but his body was elevating to the levels of a celestial. Cultivators who reached this level were known as Pseudo-Celestials.

With this level of power, not to mention his wills and technique, plus the fact Dyon's soul and energy cultivation were sealed, it would be almost impossible for Dyon to defeat him. As it stood now, there was a less than 1% likelihood that he could. It was unfair, but it was also the truth.

Of course, Ri would never bet against her husband. Dyon was a man who fought a celestial and a peak saint with the cultivation of a meridian formation expert and came out alive. Only a fool would bet against such a man, let alone his own wife. However, if Dyon revealed too many things, individuals like Aritzia would have too many clues and hints to use to put the pieces of the puzzle together. It just wasn't worth it.

Dyon continued to stare at Anak, his eyes nearly spewing fire.

It was at that moment that the entrance began to rumble. A vortex of icicles and snow warped into a violet portal. This was the final test, only those who could survive the violent churning would have the right to step into the Valley of Geniuses.

Dyon's gaze shifted from Anak to the swirling vortex of ice and snow. "Don't cross me again, or I'll kill you. There are some people even you can't afford to offend."

Without waiting for Anak's response or the crowd's reaction, Dyon stepped through the air holding Ri's small hand and disappeared into the tornado.

Many were shocked by his words, and even more shocked by his actions. Even though the vortex was only a small trial, it still shouldn't be so casually conquered. Yet, considering the fact his and Ri's bodies hadn't been thrown out viciously, it was clear that they had passed.

However, it wasn't long before they all understood. Alexandria was a beast meant to embody the very elements meant to be a test for them. Wasn't such a trial a joke in front of her?

The most poignant point was that Anak hadn't responded. Only a fool wouldn't be able to see the fury in his eyes, yet he, as a God level character among the greatest to ever live, actually withstood the slap to his face. It was too inconceivable!

What was unfortunate was that those here still didn't fully understand just what had made this mysterious masked man so angry. Could he really have only been pissed off that Chrysanthemum implied that Anak could take any woman he wanted? And thus took that as an insult to himself?

Chrysanthemum was no stranger to angering others with her words, but she usually did so deliberately. This was the first time in her life that she hadn't even meant to anger someone, yet had anyway...

There were some that thought of the possibility that this masked man might have some relationship with Madeleine and might even be Dyon Sacharro himself. However, that idea was shot down simply by virtue of the existence of the fog barrier. No one had ever heard of a case where a key wielder could exit a tower while maintaining this barrier. The idea of someone silently developing with the protection of the tower was more than just an advantage, it was blatant cheating!

But, how could they know that the tower had broken its own rules, making Dyon's trial tougher than it had to be? Instead of having a clean sweep of first places, Dyon would forever be stuck at 11th for the fourth trial, and that completely pissed him off. If he didn't deserve first place, that would be one thing. But, the fact he did deserve it, yet had it taken away from him was completely unfair.

Of course, that ended up being a blessing in disguise and led to the Aritzias of the world posit that he was very young and therefore not a saint yet. However, Dyon still took his pound of flesh as compensation. Now he would have time to clean up their Corner and fortify its defenses, lest others begin to believe that they could be bullied.

That aside, those who had recorded the happenings of the past few minutes felt like they had a blazing hot stone in their hands that they had to get rid of as quickly as possible. However, at the same time, no one wanted to miss the opportunity to enter the Valley of Geniuses. If they left to sell their recordings now, they would miss out on a once in a lifetime situation.

There was nothing that could be done. The Sapientia had kept a tight seal on the Internet, only allowing one way traffic with them as the distributor. Because of this, there was no simple way to send them information, it would have to be done in person.

Since it was like this, those who had recorded the events could only grit their teeth and enter the vortex. A few months from now, after the valley closed and kicked them all out, it wouldn't be too late to sell their information then. They could only lament the poor, uninformed souls that would offend Dyon from now until then.

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The moment Ri and Dyon entered the vortex, there was a strong force that threatened to tear them apart. However, just how high were Ri's attainments in ice will? And just how tough was Dyon's body?

Others outside assumed that Dyon had only entered so easily with Ri's help, but this was a trial. Even if he was holding Ri's hand, the challenge was his own. They would find out this truth soon enough.

Just like that, the husband and wife pair glided through the storm. Ri was completely untouched, it was as though this was an attack of her own forming. Dyon, however, took some nicks and scratches, here and there, but only to his clothing. His skin remained unharmed.

Ri sighed. "Those robes were so expensive."

She didn't blame Dyon too much, though. Without access to his wills, his only option was brute force.

Ri couldn't help but remember the time where her affinity for ice will was poor. Despite that truth, because she was a martial genius, she had still managed to enter the 9th will level before even 18 years of age. However, now that she was constantly returning her bloodline to its origin with the help of her faith seed, her affinity had skyrocketed. Coupling that with the sovereignty path her Elvin Queen's Reign constitution gave her, ice will bowed down obediently to her whims. It was just a shame that she couldn't help out Dyon.

Chapter 970: Stumbled

Dyon laughed. "See? If I had worn sweat pants, would we be lamenting a loss right now?"

Ri rolled her eyes, flicking Dyon's forehead. "Luckily, I bought an identical set."

If others so how this husband and wife pair were so casually strolling through this trial, even to the point of joking around with each other, they would only be able to shake their heads and bow out in shame.

Dyon stopped laughing suddenly, a serious expression on his face. With a last step, he crossed the trial and entered a fog filled valley.

As far as Dyon was aware, after passing through the final trial to enter the valley, groups of individuals who entered were randomly teleported through the outer regions of the valley.

Although it was called the Valley of Geniuses, it wasn't much like a normal valley at all. Instead, it was shaped like massive, layered bowls. The most outer regions were of the highest elevation, while the closer to the center you ventured, the further down you went.

Very few could make it to the lowest elevation, but it was estimated that it was more than a 10000km below sea level.

One would think that since progressing required downward momentum, it would be easier. However, this wasn't the case at all.

Not only were the lower regions of much higher pressure than the higher regions, they were also filled with this bland fog that had hallucinogenic properties. Geniuses who ventured here not only had to guard against the pressure and ensure that they didn't run out of stamina, they also had to guard their minds and souls.

This was very bad news for Dyon. After all, he couldn't even see through the bewitching techniques of the twins back at The Cathedral. The good news was that Dyon was aware that they were attacking his senses although he couldn't see through it due to his Perception. In addition, Dyon had the Dragon King by his side.

Now, the only question was whether or not he'd be recognized by any of these statues with his soul sealed. It was quite possible that he had made this trip for nothing. After all, resonance required these past geniuses to brand his soul with their legacies. He didn't know whether or not it was possible to do this with his soul sealed away.

Regardless, he had to come. He needed those Soul Market bastards to think that he had received a legacy.

"We have some time." Dyon suddenly said. "Most of those out there would take a few hours to cross the trial. Do you want to take a look around the outside first, or directly go to the center?"

"I want to go to the center." Ri said firmly. She had heard of a powerful ice legacy left behind by an ancestor of the Water Mist Sect. It was likely the very same legacy Chrysanthemum was aiming for, but she wanted it for herself.

"Alright, be careful Little Feu Glace." Dyon needed to test something in the outer regions before he ventured forward. If his theory didn't work out, then he wouldn't have any hope of gaining any legacies here.

"Mm." Ri squeezed Dyon's hand before flashing forward. A pair of incomparably beautiful wings of ice, spanning hundreds of meters bloomed from her delicate back, causing Dyon's eyes to widen.

Ri's giggle came from far away, "Your wife is amazing, no?"

Dyon could only shake his head in defeat. If Ri combined this movement technique with her understanding of void will, wouldn't she be even faster than Clara? Truly inconceivable.

There was no need to worry about Ri. Since her soul had broken into the celestial realm, how could illusions meant for saints effect her? He was full of confidence in her.

'Oh?' After Ri disappeared into the abyss, Dyon realized that he wasn't as affected by the illusions as he thought he would be. At first, he thought this might have meant that he had already fallen into the illusions, but when he consulted with the Dragon King, he came to a sudden realization.

'Little fool,' The Dragon King snorted with disdain, 'Did you forget your mind is protected by The Seal? Even True Empaths can't read your mind anymore, let alone mere illusions meant for saints.'

'But, the twins...'

'You're thinking about it incorrectly. Instead of underestimating The Seal for not protecting your mind against those twins, it's more appropriate to raise your wariness toward those two sisters for being capable of ignoring the abilities of The Seal.'

Dyon frowned. It wasn't that he hadn't thought of this possibility, it was just that it was far too ridiculous. Those twins were already 20 or so years old, yet were barely at the essence gathering level. Of course, this made them astounding geniuses of the 98th quadrant, but in the upper ranks of quadrants, their cultivation was pitifully slow.

Because of this, Dyon had unconsciously underestimated them and underestimated the abilities of The Seal.

'Don't overthink it either,' The Dragon King continued. 'With your soul sealed, it's likely that The Seal took a hit in its abilities as well. Although protection of the mind is one of its passive abilities, you'd be naïve to think that it's not at least partially crippled by you.'

Dyon sighed. There were too many things in this martial world that he didn't understand. But, at the same time, this filled with fighting spirit. His race of people had created branches of thought the martial world had never even begun to conceive and it seemed like it was up to him to continue this tradition.

First, though, he had to test a theory.

Dyon quickly switched out of his torn blue robes and into his Soul Rending Peak disciple robes, strapped his faction badge to his waist and allowed the mask to disappear from his face before unbandaging his broad sword. Since he was going to be in the outer regions for now, there was no need to continue on with his identity as Ri's husband.

It was good that teleportation was random. This could be his excuse for how he escaped Clara. Obviously, someone of Clara's status wouldn't hold hands with someone like Dyon Jafari just for the sake of not losing a servant.

Looking around, Dyon realized that he was in the furthest reaches of the valley, there weren't even any statues here. He would have to continue forward before he reached any of them.

Dyon walked toward the edge of the abyss. He couldn't see to the bottom. In fact, the edge he stood on extended in both directions so far that it looked nothing like the massive bowl he knew that it was, instead, it looked like a straight edged cliff.

Although the size of the valley of geniuses surprised Dyon, after a moment of thinking, it made sense.

The tower had been in existence for hundreds of millions of years, and although only a rare few geniuses would earn a spot in this valley, over such a long period of time, the sheer number of them would baffle anyone.

At the same time, there was a lot of turnover in the outer regions of the valley. Obviously, whenever a legacy was earned, the statue would then disappear to be later replaced by another genius. However, this occurrence was relatively rare. Among the millions that entered, maybe only a few thousand would be lucky enough to resonate completely.

Unfortunately, this was entirely because the past geniuses were stingy. It was just that those of the martial world were vile individuals. Unless one had proper protection while they were resonating, the jealousy of others would run rampant causing quite a few tragedies.

Fighting while resonating was like looking in two directions at once, there was no doubt that your battle prowess would fall drastically. Only the strongest could simultaneously receive a legacy while also fighting off others. It was for this reason that the valley allowed group teleportation.

Dyon allowed his feet to slip, causing him to plummet into the endless fog. 'Old Lizard, do you have a statue here?'

'You think this esteemed ancestor would have a statue on the pitiful saint floors?'

'Hey, watch it. Don't insult my master.'

Although Dyon said this, he did find it weird that his master was on the saint floors. She was the guardian beast of the first ranked sect in the cosmos. Even if she was younger then, her talent had to be unmatched by many. Even though her celestial bloodline had fallen to the transcendent rankings, it was still a celestial bloodline.

On top of that, according to Dyon's understanding, only supreme beasts could be born as humans. Transcendent beasts wouldn't be able to transform into humans until they reached dao formation.

However, when Dyon... 'stumbled', cough, upon his master's intimate relations with his martial uncle, he saw them committing their dirty deeds in their human forms as well as their beast forms. The problem was that according to those same members, Dyon's master had only been a celestial at the time. So, clearly, celestial bloodlines were quite special even at the transcendent level.