

The Nameless 971

Chapter 971: Incomparable

'Plus, you have me here. What do you need my statue for?'

Dyon nodded in acknowledge, this was true.

BOOM!

Dyon heavily crashed into the ground before popping back up.

With a quick look around, he realized that his estimation of the amount of time it would take others to get here was bang on. The outer region was completely empty aside from various statues as far as the eye could see. It was likely that anyone who could enter so early had immediately done what Ri had and surged toward the center regions.

Dyon grinned. 'If my theory is correct, I'll have almost half a day to cause havoc here. Don't be mad at me, tower owner. Blame the fact I'm too much of a genius.'

"Hm... Which of you should I start with?"

Suddenly, an uproarious laughter sounded out. "Kid, with your shitty talent, you can forget about resonating with any one of us!"

From what he could see, Dyon was a 1st stage essence gatherer despite already being so old. On top of that, these statues had the ability to test the corresponding talent of those they chose, so they could all see that Dyon only had 7th grade meridians. Who would choose someone like that?

However, just as he spoke, another voice called out. "Shut up hermit! Kid, are you willing to resonate with me? Your body cultivation talent is at a level I've never seen before!"

A chorus of voices sounded out. The body cultivators all wanted Dyon's approval, the energy cultivators looked at him with disdain, while the soul cultivators remained silent. For some reason, they could sense Dyon's soul at all. But, at the same time, they felt an overwhelming pressure coming from it that told them they simply didn't have the right to ask him to accept their legacies.

It was clear that the Epistemic Tower's ability to judge talent far surpassed the 98th quadrant. It could directly ignore the fact that Dyon's soul was sealed and see through him with ease. The only reason they couldn't sense his soul was because his soul was just that overbearing!

Dyon wasn't surprised by these reactions.

One might find it odd that statues that should have been geniuses in their era were so eager to hand their legacies to other geniuses. However, there was a simple explanation for this: Karma.

For the same reason ancestors agreed to enter half-dead states to extend their lives and protect their clans from danger, these statues used this as an opportunity to gain more good karma and thus be born with more talent in their next lives.

However, they wouldn't be able to reap these rewards until after they handed over their legacies and thus disappeared from the valley.

Why did they not just hand their legacies over to any random genius they came across then? This reason was also simple. How could you gain a lot of good karma by handing over your legacy to someone who was mediocre? If the genius you chose didn't accomplish much with your legacy, then the karma you received would be smaller by comparison.

"Kid, I found this fist technique within the legacy world of a dao formation expert back when I was an essence gatherer. It's overbearing and perfect for men such as ourselves, accept my legacy!"

"Don't listen to him. Fist techniques have no finesse. Don't you want to impress the women in your life? I know a suave gentleman such as yourself must have more than one. To accomplish such a feat, what could be better than a kicking technique?"

"Ridiculous! Palm techniques are superior!"

"Fools! What's more overbearing than using a single finger to stare down at your opponents with disdain?! Imagine heaven's finger descending from the skies, covering thousands of miles on a whim and crushing all those in sight!"

"What use is technique without power?! Listen kid, I have a Life Stealing technique that directly steals power from your opponents during every exchange! How overbearing is that?!"

"Pft! A pitiful Life Stealing technique? Are your eyes blind? Can you not see that the sword on his back already had such a function? Why would he want the legacy of a fool like you?"

"Listen, Kid. The truths of Runic Vein Theory are what us body cultivators indulge in. Wouldn't you like to under how to use your runic flame to absorb the life essence of even the plants on the ground? Imagine being able to turn thousands of miles into a desolate wasteland with a single breath and turning all of that into your own power!"

"You shameless bastard, how is that different from life stealing?!"

"Country bumpkin! You think that everyone is as stupid as you?! Your life stealing technique requires touch. The moment an opponent realizes what is happening, you think it would be so easy to continue to steal strength from them? My technique is obviously of a much higher tier! Whether the enemy is prepared or not is irrelevant because it relies on the earth beneath our feet!"

"Kid, forget these bastards. Wouldn't you like to form an indestructible body? A body capable of entering the center of even the fieriest of suns? To enter into the depths of abyssal cores of the dao level without leaving even a single scratch on your skin?"

"To have skin carved of jade and bones steeped in diamond. To have blood like the raging seas and a heart as fierce as a Dragon! That is what I can give you!"

"How so very poetic of you, but none of you can give him what I can give him!"

"Nonsense!" They all cried out in unison.

The statues spirit appeared, sneering at the surrounding. "What us martial warriors lack the most is time. Wouldn't you like to complete everything in half the time? Or maybe even a third of the time? Would you like to learn two or even three things at once?"

"I can give you a runic vein theory legacy you can use to construct up to two other clones with power equal to your own!" The spirit didn't pause for even a moment, not allowing another to speak. "The best part about the technique is that you can fuse with your clones to increase your cultivation when you deem it right!"

"Stuck at a bottle neck? Fuse with your clone! Want to gain the properties of the material used to create your clone? Fuse with your clone! Want to satisfy many women at once? Use your clones!"

By this point, those energy cultivation statues were completely stunned. In fact, if any of the geniuses outside witnessed this scene, they would be shocked beyond belief.

Although this was only the outer ring of the valley, what genius worthy of being here wasn't haughty beyond belief? Yet they were all prostrating in front of a kid in martial world terms, begging him to take their legacies! This was too much!

A major reason was because Dyon had broken into the celestial realms with his body. These statues simply didn't have resistance to such a thing. On top of that, he had fused with the body cultivation talent of billions of individuals! It was no wonder they were falling over each other.

However, the reason the statues were stunned was for a completely different reason. They could accept that Dyon had poor energy cultivation talent but great body cultivation talent, what they couldn't accept was the fact the man who had spoken about the cloning technique wasn't trying to give Dyon his own legacy, but rather the legacy of the clan behind him!

These two concepts were completely different!

The geniuses before were essentially handing over their fateful encounters, these things were their own and had no relation to others. However, none of them dared to hand over the core teachings of their sects and clans because not only would this ruin their karma by mixing, there was a chance that the good karma they received would be cut short by their clans and sects chasing their chosen geniuses.

In the martial world, there was a massive taboo on spreading your sect's core teachings. Although they might let their secular techniques circulate, no clan would tolerate their core teachings being disseminated.

There was another thing. A core teaching of a sect that could raise geniuses worthy of being here would be at the divine level at a minimum, with a chance of reaching the Mystic level! The value was incomparable!

Chapter 972: Spirits

The statue's spirit sighed. "My sect was annihilated long ago, there's nothing to worry about kid."

A dull sadness took over them all. Considering they were just the sliver of souls, they could obviously sense the happenings of their true souls. Apparently, this statue had been here long enough to witness the fall of his sect.

"If anything, passing on a legacy like this to someone as talented as you is a good thing. At least then we can continue on."

"There's no need to feel bad, this already happened tens of millions of years ago. I was only waiting for someone like you to inherit my core teachings. Unfortunately, those as talented as you are never stop in the outer rings and always immediately shoot off to the center, so I could only wait."

With this, everyone realized a few things. At the same time, they all tacitly agreed to take a step back. Clearly this spirit needed Dyon more than they did. Although they wanted the added Karma Dyon could bring, after being here together for so many years, they saw their neighboring statues as a secondary family.

"Who destroyed your clan, senior? Maybe I could help you get revenge as long as it doesn't conflict with my own principles."

The spirit shook his head. "My clan was destroyed during the Phoenix wars. From what I hear from my fellow spirits here, they've long been extinct, so there's no longer any vengeance to seek."

Dyon's eyes brightened with realization.

Years ago, when he had first met the younger prince of the Belmont Royal God Clan, he had tried to offer Ri a gift of two phoenix feathers. Back then, he had also told them the history of the phoenixes and how there used to be many more quadrants. It was only after the Dark Phoenixes ran rampant with their death will that the number was so severely reduced.

As far as Dyon was aware, all three branch phoenix clans were enemies with one another. The most disgusting part of the story was that the fire and ice phoenixes only allied to keep Amethyst's parents separated, which ultimately resulted in their deaths. Dyon really didn't understand why the old bastards of clans were such busybodies. You spend years as enemies only to ally in order to keep a couple in love apart? What kind of twisted nonsense was that?

That aside, because dark phoenixes were the embodiment of death, the older the cosmos became, the more powerful they grew. The fire and ice phoenixes, the embodiments of reincarnation and life respectively, were, by heaven's intentions, meant come together to suppress the dark phoenixes. However, they didn't do so, resulting in the near infinite number of universes reducing down to a mere ten thousand.

'I'm not sure how accurate that ten thousand number is anymore considering the existences of the devil path cultivators... Unless they're hiding amongst us already?'

Either way, the story ended with Amethyst raging over the loss of her parents, accumulating her own forces to eradicate the phoenixes from existence all before she transcended herself. She might very well have destroyed the phoenixes on the transcendent plane as well.

This truly made people understand the kind of power Amethyst wielded. The dark phoenixes had been responsible for destroying a near infinite number of universes, yet Amethyst built a force capable of eradicating them all to their last.

It was also at that time that Dyon remembered something else. According to what the Belmont prince had said at that time. There were three ranks to supreme beasts and also three ranks to faith seeds. Elementary, Nascent and Ancestral.

For millennia, the Ancestral ranking had never been used until the ice and fire bloodlines fused with Amethyst's birth. It was no wonder she was so powerful. It seemed he had yet another one of his wives he couldn't afford to anger....

"It seems we have some fate, senior." Dyon said with a smile.

"Oh? How so?"

"My wife is the inheritor of Amethyst's faith seed. So, it could be said, in a way, that I'm connected to the revenge sought out for your clan."

The spirit's eyes widened with surprise before he laughed uproariously. Whether Dyon was lying or not was something they could easily check. They could all sense Amethyst's Primordial Yin within Dyon.

"You snotty nosed brat, you have quite good luck with women. So many powerful Primordial Yins, Amethyst alone wasn't enough for you? You better be careful. Some of the power houses found deeper down in the valley have been here long enough to have been in their youth while Amethyst and Kukan were being chased by every man under the sun. Obviously, considering you have their primordial yins with you, they all failed.

"If they sense their Primordial Yins within you, the kinder ones would directly ignore you, but the evil ones might purposely try to harm your soul during resonance. Luckily, the tower's rules would stop the latter from happening, so you should be safe."

The outer ring of the Valley of Geniuses fell into light hearted and cheery atmosphere, completely obliterating the bleak air from before.

Dyon was happy to chat up the statues and build good relationships with them. It wasn't that he had nothing better to do, but rather because what he was about to ask them to do might be considered a loss to many of them, and for good reason. So, it wouldn't hurt if they had a good impression of him before he brought it up.

Dyon soon learned that the first spirit to offer him a cloning technique wasn't the only one to have been here long enough to watch their clan be annihilated, while others only just learned of their clans being destroyed.

It made sense, after all, in order to be aware that their clan was destroyed, their main body would have had to be present or they'd have to be near a statue who was conveniently there and also told them about it. They couldn't have transcended or died yet, which left a relatively small period of time, comparatively speaking.

So, many of them, having warmed up to Dyon began asking about the outside world. It was then they learned of the fates of their clans.

Some were happy because their clans had grown much larger than they had been in the past. While others were very sad because their clans had either fallen into mediocrity or were directly destroyed.

Dyon even found some past members of the 98th quadrant. They immediately recognized his Soul Rending Peak robes and were excited to speak with him. As the former 20th ranked quadrant, it made sense their disciples would be outstanding enough to enter the valley. However, they weren't too surprised when Dyon told them of the decline of their clan. After all, they had seen 98th quadrant disciples over the past few centuries, and it was obvious to them that they had fallen. It was just sad to hear Dyon confirm the truth to them.

But, Dyon didn't tell them everything. There was no point in breaking their hearts and informing them about Soul Market.

They were happy enough with Dyon because they could feel how overbearing his soul was. And considering they were a soul-based quadrant, this was obviously the best thing for them.

"Seniors, there are a few confusing things about our sect that I don't understand." Dyon respectfully spoke to the past geniuses of Soul Rending Peak.

"What is that, Junior Brother?"

"A few days ago, I was training in the forest surrounding our sect, and I was quite certain that I had caused a lot of destruction. But, after I went to nearby city to get a few supplies and came back, the destruction was completely gone. Do you know the reason?"

This had been bothering Dyon for a while now. He was very confident in his memory, there was no way he misremembered.

The eyes of the spirits became a mix of excitement of complexity before they sighed. "It seems like the teachings of our Soul Rending Peak have truly fallen, but at least the foundation is still there. If what you say is true, then the core treasures of our sect haven't been stolen yet, this is very good."

Another spirit nodded. "The reason behind this lies in our understanding of the soul. Which is why we say our teachings have truly declined... If the sect had the capabilities of properly guiding a disciple of your caliber, you would have long since understood just what was happening."

Chapter 973: Greedy

The spirits seemed fond of concluding the ideas of each other as yet another jumped in. "The soul is the basis of all life. It's what connects our fleshly bodies to the universe around it.

"It's for this reason that we need our souls for comprehension and it's also the medium of communication that allows us to use wills, intents, daos and beyond."

"In line with this," Another hopped in, "The energy used to nurture the soul is completely different from the energy used to cultivation the conventional path.

"What a good soul cultivation technique will do is extract the usable properties of those energies, break them down, break your soul down, and then build them both back up together."

"Ah. What Junior Sister says is true. This is the very reason why our quadrant is so special. Of our 100 universes, more than 50 of them are filled with this already processed energy."

"Mm. If a normal cultivator with poor soul talent entered, they'd believe that the energy in our universe was incredibly thin. This is because the energies of the conventional path are, in fact, technically speaking, thin. However, the reason it's thin is because it's been replaced by this processed energy."

"Essentially, our quadrant is a haven for soul cultivators. Because the energy is already processed and optimized for the soul, it skips a step of soul cultivation, giving you twice the results with half the effort."

"The reason we explained all of this though is because of what makes this processed soul energy so special."

"The soul holds the life essence of an individual. What this energy can do is stimulate and nurture that life essence. The reason this is so important is because the secret to transcending actually lies in the soul. Only fools look down on soul cultivation, blindly seeking battle power over a strong foundation."

"Pa. You can't blame those people. They feel like they have no hope of transcending anyway, so they focus on short term benefits."

"Stop quibbling in front of our handsome junior brother," A female spirit smiled down at Dyon. There was no lust in her eyes, she only wanted to play her big sister role well. "Anyway, I'm sure you understand what this means by now, right? I can tell you're very smart."

Dyon lightly smiled. "I assume this soul energy is very good at stimulating the life force of things, allowing quicker recovery, even to the point of repairing broken earth and torn plants."

The female spirit smiled brightly, clapping happily. "You are very correct, Junior Brother. However, it's not usually so exaggerated. Under normal circumstances, it would take quite a long time to have this effect, although this 'long time' to us is blinding speed to any other quadrant. The reason the surrounding of our sect recover so quickly is because of our core treasure. It's what our sect is built on and it's a secret only core elders know."

"When you reach that level, you will naturally know. However, forgive Senior Sister for not telling you. Since our sect still stands, we must follow its rules."

Dyon nodded, not minding at all. Since this beautiful senior sister of his didn't know the current state of the sect, she wasn't willing to break the rules. Dyon didn't want to cause them pain, so he hid the current happenings of the sect from them. Either way, he'd find out what this treasure was eventually.

Considering how greedy the devil path cultivators and those quadrants who allied with them were, the fact they hadn't taken this treasure away meant that it wasn't so easy to take away.

Of course, since his senior brothers and sisters were following the rules, this meant that Dyon wouldn't be able to get their sect's Mystic level technique out of them. But, that was fine too. He didn't want such an evil technique anyway.

What Dyon didn't know was that there was an even greater secret of the former 20th ranked quadrant that these senior brothers and sisters of his didn't even dare to elude to. Something that was very much tied to why the Celestial Deer Sect was allied with them... Something that went further than just comradery between fellow soul cultivators.

For them to be willing to mention an outstanding treasure, but still not dare to speak of this... It could be seen just how important this secret was.

"Seniors, I'm going to make quite a presumptuous request."

"Oh?"

The statues perked up with interest. What kind of request could it possibly be?

"I don't want to choose one of your legacies." Dyon paused, a grin slowly growing on his face. "I want them all."

The statues were stunned. Even if they were in the outer ring, even a God level character talented in soul arts would need days to absorb even a single one of their legacies. As for statues nearer the center? It might take months. There were no shortage of stories of geniuses who ran out of time before being forcibly kicked out of the valley.

"Kid, that's impossible. Even with your level of soul talent, we wouldn't dare allow you to resonate with more than three of us at once. Assuming you took three days to finish, at that pace, you could only resonate with 90 of us at the most while there are thousands of us here. You'll destroy yourself if become too greedy."

"Mm," The spirits continued to berate Dyon out of good will. "With your talent, you should also be heading in deeper. You can't spend all of your time here. Even someone with your soul talent would need a week or two to absorb a legacy from the inner valley, let alone the core valley."

"Seniors, you'd all be right if I was choosing a conventional path. But, I have a cheat that just might work."

Dyon continued to grin mischievously. He wanted to one day build an empire that spanned the cosmos. Although the Celestial Deer Sect had a great number of techniques, Dyon was certain that its best teachings were stolen. On top of this, the Celestial Deer Sect was focused on soul cultivation, Dyon didn't want the empire he built to be forced into a single box. He wanted it to be adept at all three paths.

Since he was so ambitious, he would have to find a way to fulfill these requirements, and what better way than the valley of geniuses?

"What cheat?" The spirits began to get curious.

Dyon's spatial ring flashed as an ancient tome appeared in his hand.

There was a stunned silence. Some didn't recognize this treasure immediately. After all, a treasure of the 33 heavens was incredibly rare. This went without saying, there were only 33 of them and more than half of them were lost in time! No matter how old these spirits were, it would take them some time to recognize the Soul Tome!

"This..." A soul cultivator was stunned. "This treasure... The Soul Tome?!"

After hearing this name, an uproar clamored through the spirits. Who wouldn't know the heaven defying effects of the tome?

Its passive ability could heal any ailment of the soul, no matter how overbearing it was! And its active ability? One could instantly learn any techniques transcribed into it depending on your soul's level!

Chapter 974

At this moment, because his soul had broken into the celestial realm, the moment Dyon's soul was unsealed, he would be able to instantly learn any heaven level technique transcribed into the tome. Once his soul broke through to the Dao stage? He'd be able to instantly learn any divine level technique!

That was just on the surface. Think about how many billions of years of the tome had existed for, how many hands it had swapped, over all of that time, just how many techniques had it accumulated?!

This snotty nosed brat! He had a tome filled with techniques already, yet he still wanted theirs?! How greedy!

Dyon could only shrug at these thoughts. The Soul Tome was too stingy, up till now, it had only given him two techniques.

Of course, when the Soul Tome felt Dyon's thoughts, it shook with rage. Those "only" two techniques were both completely heaven defying. One was the essence dao of array alchemy, and the other was a completely unranked cultivation technique! How was this being stingy at all?!

The tome had plenty of techniques within it, but it had never had a master as weak as Dyon. All of the techniques it had stored within its pages were of the Mystic level at a bare minimum. Even if it showed them to Dyon, what purpose would that have? It would just be sending him off to his death!

The Soul Tome continued to vibrate, making its displeasure known. Its owner actually wanted to fill its pages with puny Earth and Heaven level techniques. It was completely filled with grievances. First Dyon had the audacity to put two corpses within its pages, now this! It had never been treated so terribly in its whole existence!

Dyon slapped its tough leather cover. "Stop complaining, didn't I give you an elementary level faith seed to play with too? What're you complaining for?"

The Soul Tome vibrated out what Dyon assumed was a harrumph, causing the spirits to laugh before choking on their own spit.

This kid dared to steal the faith seed of a clan and use it to feed his treasure? How bold! How arrogant!

Truth be told it wasn't Dyon who stole the faith seed, it was the Dragon King. But, at the same time, Dyon would have done it personally had he not passed out at the time. He was glad the Dragon King took Loki's faith seed. It would greatly help him in comprehending magic in the future. After all, who could have much higher attainments in magic than a transcended being?

Plus, if any other young masters and clans angered him in the future, he would directly steal their faith seeds too. They didn't have a single hope in divining who he was anyway, there wasn't a technique in existence that could see through the pages of the Soul Tome.

"So, how about it, seniors? Don't you want your legacies to grace the libraries of the soon to be greatest sect ever? There's only a few hours left until others start coming.

"Think about it. All of you are seeking a single dose of karma. After I die, the accumulated karma will end. However, if I start a sect with your legacies as the foundation, if I have the potential you all think I do, then wouldn't it be possible for that sect to rule for hundreds of millions of years? In that time, the good karma you accumulate would be several hundred-fold if not much more. Because, in a way, you'll all be the founding fathers and mothers of the greatest sect ever created!"

The Soul Tome continued to vibrate, expressing its discontent. Dyon could feel that it appreciated being with Clara far more than with him.

'Hush, in the future I'll find you some Origin level techniques to swallow up, how does that sound?'

Dyon felt the Soul Tome vibrate again, before it nodded eagerly like an adorable toddler.

Dyon laughed lightly. Unlike his other treasures of the 33 heavens, the Soul Tome seemed to be very child-like.

'Your soul isn't powerful enough to evoke its spirit to appear. You'll understand more in the future.' The Dragon King explained.

"Kid." The spirits finally recovered enough to answer seriously. "Although you're very talented, becoming a sect or creating a clan of the level you're talking about is almost impossible.

"As far as we're aware, the only person to come close to doing so was the Demon Sage."

A look of reverence appeared in the eyes of the body cultivators before it was replaced with pity. The Demon Sage had left his own clan to prove that they had made the wrong choice very early on. In his lifetime, he managed to build his clan to the level of a Peak King God Clan with 24 universes under his rule, the very same as the Uidah Clan of Dyon's quadrant. However, his empire was destroyed after he entered the Timeless Library.

"On top of that, 25 universes is only the entry level of what a true clan should be. In ancient times, an Emperor God Clan was akin to an ant."

Dyon listened attentively to these seniors, after all, they spoke the truth. During his second trial, even the Viserion Emperor God Clan could have been wiped out in an instant by those Mysterious Clans.

Of course, in those times, universes numbers in the trillions. However, just because that was the case didn't mean that they had suddenly become easier to conquer. If anything, because there weren't the campaign gates as an easy proxy for war, conquering universes was many times more difficult in ancient times.

"Kid, you have to understand that it's not that we don't want to believe in you, but just that it's far too improbable. Even though Emperor God Clans have become the standard for power in this era, it hasn't become an easy task to accomplish. And, without an Emperor God Clan, the tower will never allow you to step foot on the highest floor.

"Do you want to know the worst part? You want to become create the greatest sect ever, but have you ever considered why the position of first ranked quadrant has become unshakeable? Have you even considered the competition your facing in this era alone?

"After the rank of Emperor God Clan is achieved, the next large jump in faith comes when a sect conquers 100 universes. It is at that point that said sect officially become a One Comet Sect.

"The current first ranked quadrant, the homeland of the Star Race and the Star Clan, is a Two Comet Clan!"

Dyon's eyes widened. Common sense was telling him that this spirit senior was telling him that this Star Race had conquered 200 universes, but the moment he thought this, there were many things he didn't understand.

For one, how was his Celestial Deer Quadrant ranked first those few millennia ago if there was such an existence here? Secondly, weren't their only 10000 universes left? Now there were 10100 universes? That didn't even mention the hidden universes that housed the devil path cultivators.

But then Dyon began to re-evaluate. The 10 000 universe number he had long since kept in his mind was a number the younger Belmont Prince had given him, how credible could it possibly be? The number was likely taken an estimate he made after reading about the fact there were 100 Epistemic Towers. Since there was one for every quadrant, assuming the ten thousand figure was reasonable.

Obviously, since the Star Race was under the rule of a single clan, they didn't need two towers for both their quadrants.

That said, this was all Dyon's guess. One way or another, he had found it weird that there were exactly ten thousand universes left. The number was too... perfect. Real life was rarely so rounded out.

What was truly surprising was that the difference between first and everybody else was so large...

The second ranked Drago-Qilin lands didn't even have a single Emperor God Clan, let alone a Comet level clan. The fourth ranked Golden Flame Quadrant had four Emperor God Sects. Similarly, down the rankings, a quadrant usually had at least two Emperor God Clans. None were even close...

"There's a lot about this cosmos we don't know. The Star Race only appeared a few thousand years ago and completely swallowed up a quadrant that used to house a minor quadrant, not even ranked in the

top 70. At that time, they had already become a One Comet Clan, so what could such a weak quadrant do?

Chapter 975: Bad Luck

"They would have continued their conquest, but it seemed they didn't know about the interconnectivity of our quadrants before they attacked. From what we understand, they just happened to discover that poor quadrant nearby and saw it as an easy pie to swallow.

"By the time other quadrants realized what was happening, it was already too late. And, for obvious reasons, the Star Race wouldn't just cough up something they had already eaten, so we could only allow the one time breaking of our unspoken rules."

Dyon nodded. For the Epistemic Tower system to work as it had for so long, there of course had to be some unspoken rules, or else what was stopping powerhouses like the Emperor Giants from conquering one weak quadrant after another?

It was also for this reason that almost all quadrant had Emperor God Clans, yet there was such a large difference between the quadrants themselves.

Under normal circumstances, only the most powerful would be able to reach that level. But, in the current system of things, the strong of individual quadrants could rise up although they'd be considered weak elsewhere.

Obviously, the Star Race rushing in and not minding these unspoken rules at all completely destroyed this balance. In order to not earn the wrath of all 99 remaining quadrants, they could only issue a stiff explanation of their ignorance before falling silent for many years. Of course they would never apologize, they were much too arrogant for such a thing.

Dyon sighed. "Are you seniors finished with trying to scare me? To tell you the truth, not only do I have to Soul Tome and am the husband to the holder of both Kukan's and Amethyst's faith seeds, I am also the successor to the Demon Sage.

"Who better than me to finish off what he couldn't?"

The spirits blinked and attempted to rub their eyes. Quite a funny scene of their illusory hands slipping through their heads was seen before exclamations of shock once again roared through the valley of geniuses.

They had never seen such a collection of treasures on a single person. How could they not sense the similarity between Dyon's blood essence and the Demon Sage's now that it was pointed out to them? Just what kind of karmic luck did this little brat have? It made no sense!

One of the spirits took a deep breath. "Alright little brother, this old one here will take a chance on you. I've been here for so long anyway, for all I know, I've already reincarnated as a pig and this means nothing."

An orb of light shot out from the spirit. Usually, this would then enter a young genius's body for them to then begin the resonance process, but Dyon had no need to do that. Instead, he opened a blank page of the Soul Tome and accepted the orb of light happily.

Of course, he didn't have to worry about ever running out of pages. How could a treasure on the level of the Soul Tome have such an ordinary flaw? From the outside, the tome seemed to only have a few hundred thick pages, but the reality was that its pages were infinite!

Dyon looked down at the technique that appeared in the tome before smiling happily. It was a fist technique that relied on the concept of vibration. Dyon had long since been interested in concepts and how they compared and contrasted with wills, it seemed he would finally get a chance to study them. Concepts weren't anything ground breaking to Dyon. In simple terms, they were the foundation in which will paths were built upon.

After the spirit sent over his legacy, he smiled as though a weight had been lifted off his shoulders before he smiled and disappeared along with his statue.

As though he had opened the flood gates, dozens of orbs of light began to flow toward Dyon before being greedily eaten up by the immature Soul Tome.

Dyon clasped his hands in respect as the statues slowly disappeared. He knew very well that this was a big risk they were all taking, yet he took a chance on him anyway. Although there were obviously a few

that couldn't bring themselves to, Dyon didn't resent them for it. After all, he had made massive gains already.

With this, he was actually quite expectant for the future. He would definitely do everything in his power to not let those who had trusted in him down.

It had to be said that the trial to earn the right to stand tall in the various Valley of Geniuses was difficult. These seniors had put their lives on the line in order to earn this opportunity for themselves, and for many of them, their main bodies had long since left this world. It could be said that this chance they took on Dyon was the final one they'd make in this life cycle.

Memories weren't carried over into your next life, there were very rare exceptions to this rule that often involved very high class cultivation techniques. The fact these spirits did this was effectively cutting off their own life and moving on forever... Dyon would never forget it.

Just like that, Dyon made a round of the outer regions of the Valley of Geniuses. For obvious reasons, it would be impossible for Dyon to accumulate the legacies of them all. Whether it be because some refused due to Dyon's poor energy cultivation talent, or because they were just unwilling to take a risk on an unknown, all were legitimate reasons. Plus, the outer ring of the valley of geniuses was simply far too large. Still, Dyon managed to accumulate a few hundred legacies, giving him no small bit of happiness.

By now, Dyon's keen senses had begun to pick up on movements other than his own in the outer ring, it seemed that he had run out of time to run amok. So, he decided to leave and enter the deeper regions to test his luck. If he couldn't find anything of use, he would go and see his master.

As for the statues that decided to not take a chance on Dyon? He didn't worry about them divulging his secrets to others. Because of the nature of the Valley of Geniuses, any statue could essentially see through all of the secrets of the geniuses that entered, it was only in this way that they'd be able to make the perfect choice. This was why it was so easy for the statues to understand that Dyon wasn't lying about various things.

Since this was allowed, of course the tower would have protective measures that restricted these spirits, or else no one would ever risk entering the valley at all.

It wasn't long before Dyon reached the very edge of the outer ring. Much like the first time, there was a massive drop into yet another abyss, and from what Dyon could tell, the fog had become denser. Still, without hesitation, Dyon allowed his feet to slip out from underneath him. However, this time, he wasn't greeted by silence or the disdain of spirits, instead, he heard the fierce sounds of battle.

At first, Dyon planned on ignoring it. After all, it was exactly his job to interfere in any and all situations. However, the words he heard caused his feet to pause.

"I don't know how scum like you made it to the inner valley, but you can consider your life forfeit! I was planning on letting you stroll around a bit more, but who knew that your dog shit luck would run out?!"

Dyon immediately recognized this voice. It was the very same Rand character that Clara had banned from entering the Sapientia Corner. And, considering the anger in his voice, he was none too pleased.

From the words he said, it was obvious that he was attacking someone of the 98th quadrant. Even if his guts were a 1000 times larger, Dyon would never believe that he had the audacity to attack Clara. Plus, if it was Clara, he wouldn't have even had the chance to say those words before he was sent flying.

But, there was something even more baffling. Was there really someone within the Soul Rending Peak that could enter the inner circle?

It wasn't that entering the inner circle was so difficult. After all, if members of the 74th quadrant could enter, it couldn't be so difficult. Truth be told, as long as you were a Marquis, you had a good chance although it was difficult. And, as long as you were a Duke, it was well within your abilities. The problem was that those of the 98th quadrant should have had next to zero resistance to illusions due to their purposefully injuring their souls.

Dyon shot off in the direction of the noise. He noticed some geniuses walking around, but he directly ignored them, blasting through the fog. Dyon didn't have any deep seeded attachments to Soul Rending Peak, but after being treated so well by his senior brothers and sisters, on top of being trusted with their final hopes, how could he allow the members of their sect to be bullied?

It wasn't long before Dyon had made it to the vicinity of the sounds and had the scene laid out for him.

In the center of a group of five, Virvor stood with his recently bought rod, a serious expression on his face. He looked to be incomparably focused.

Dyon sighed. 'This guy really has bad luck...'

Chapter 976: Temper

As Dyon was wondering what bad deeds Virvor had committed in his last life to deserve such poor karma, he also analyzed the situation.

He couldn't help but frown when he realized that all five of the geniuses surrounding Virvor were all Dukes.

'This Virvor has a lot of secrets... Firstly, he's hiding his cultivation level. Secondly, he had the capital to buy a master level treasure despite being a commoner. And now he actually has the ability to enter the inner valley. He doesn't even seem scared facing five dukes. Is he confident? Or is he stupid?'

If others heard Dyon's thoughts, they would roll their eyes. This was the man willing to offend any and everything regardless of strength, wondering about the stupidity of someone else when challenging a warrior above their strength. Truly hypocritical.

Being of his guesses, Dyon decided to silently watch for now. If Virvor's life was in any actual danger, he would jump in. But, he wanted to see what limits this mystery commoner had. Dyon's intuition was telling him that Virvor's secrets might link back to the 98th quadrant as a whole.

Virvor's eyes glanced around. There was a steady crowd growing by now, but no one seemed intent on helping him out. He could only sneer inwardly, he was truly disgusted by the ways of the world.

"The mighty 74th quadrant, hm?" Virvor laughed uproariously. "Do you hear how ridiculous that sounds? There are 73 quadrants ranked ahead of you, why don't you go and pick a fight with them?"

The five Dukes of the 74th quadrant blushed with shame before steeling their hearts. No matter how righteous Virvor's words sounded, this was the way of the martial world. Who asked Virvor to covet a

treasure he couldn't protect? He should have simply handed it over to them obediently just like they would have to do if someone of higher standing than them found trouble with them.

"I've always wondered," Virvor continued. "When shameless bastards like you gang up on a single person for a single treasure, do you really think before you act? How could you possibly split a single weapon five ways? Is it really about the money? Is the mighty 74th quadrant so poor?"

Listening to the constant jeering of Virvor, the five Dukes began to get agitated. These were the exact words that they told themselves when higher ranked quadrants wanted to bully them, but none of them had the courage to say it to the faces of their enemies like Virvor did. This feeling of inferiority was eating them up on the inside, but at the same time, it was only fueling their anger to new heights.

Rand's chest heaved, but he soon calmed himself, revealing a smirk. "Let me beat this fool to a pulp, lest he continue to think that we're bullying him." Taking a step forward, he brandished his sword. Clearly, this was of much lower quality than his last one, but there was nothing he could do about it. It wasn't as though he could go and ask Clara for a new one.

The four Dukes sneered. They fanned outward, encircling Virvor so that he had no chance to escape.

Rand's hands tightened around his double-edged sword, holding it perfectly parallel to himself. "There's no little girl to save you now," Rand sneered. "It's too bad that that fool who saved you last time isn't here for me to cut him down too."

Virvor snorted. "If she was here, I wonder if you'd dare to call her a little girl."

When Rand heard this, he couldn't hold his anger in any longer. He had spoken without thinking much because compared to his age, Clara really was a little girl. But now Virvor was using that to ridicule him. How could he continue to stand for it?

His foot slammed into the ground, propelling him forward at blinding speeds. This time, he couldn't bother to use technique. Before, Virvor had gotten a group's support, so Rand had been insensitive to defeat him as quickly as possible to avoid problems. But, now? He would play with him to death!

What could a mere 10th stage essence gatherer do to him? He had long since stepped into the saint realms!

Virvor sneered with disdain. In the next moment, a saber appeared in his hand. Anyone seeing it would automatically realize that it was a mere common level weapon, in fact, it was the lowest of the low, standing at the mere first stage. However, those with sharp senses felt a keen sense of dread and fear.

When Dyon saw this saber, his eyes contracted into pin holes. Virvor hadn't taken this weapon out during the assessments and it was clear why.

Virvor was a true saber master. He only brought out his weapon with intent to kill, but he couldn't afford to offend the nobles of Planet Cathedral because he had no backer. But, here? Where it was nothing but these young geniuses? Virvor had nothing to fear!

The path that Virvor followed was a unique one. It was known as the Monk Path.

When weapons reached a high enough level, they would form a spirit. As this spirit grew, the weapon would also grow along with it. However, there were two types of spirits. The first kind was the transplanted spirit. This kind of spirit was artificially added to the weapon by the weapon's master either during production or some time after the fact.

However, the second kind of spirit was much more mystical. This kind of spirit was called a birthed spirit. It was spawned into existence by the love and care a master put into their first ever weapon.

There was no need to compare the two. The birthed spirit was the much rarer kind by far... However, those of the Monk Path had a higher chance of birthing this spirit than those of most other paths.

In the next moment, a blazing red, illusory saber appeared behind Virvor.

'Manifestation!' Dyon thought immediately.

"In your next life," Virvor spoke slowly, raising his saber. "You should learn who you can and can't offend."

SHHHUU

A blade of saber qi blotted out the skies, seemingly becoming the only thing in existence.... When it finally disappeared, all that was left was Rand's corpse.... Sliced in two.

The four remaining Dukes of the 74th quadrant stood, completely stunned. How many centuries had they spent bullying the 98th quadrant geniuses? Not once had anything like this happened. Even if Rand wasn't the strongest among their youth, his level wasn't so far below that of their best that he would so easily lose... This meant only one thing: Virvor was even stronger than their Legatee!

They didn't want to believe their eyes at all. Wasn't that a manifestation? Didn't those 98th quadrant fools cripple their own souls? How could he possibly have a manifestation? And such a powerful one at that?

Virvor's saber manifestation raised his saber intent by two levels! That was completely unheard of in their circle of geniuses!

To go from the one with mind level, directly to the one with body... That leap wasn't something that could be ignored, especially considering the difficulty in comprehending weapon wills.

By this point, Dyon was silently chuckling to himself. This Virvor character didn't need his help at all. But, what was curious was that he had manifested his soul...

Manifesting one's soul wasn't like manifesting your bloodline. For example, Dyon doesn't need a special technique to invoke his martial uncle's demon qilin spirit, he only needs to be angry which would result in him resonating with the bloodline. It happened very rarely, but it did happen, like when Ulu tried to take away Ri's ability to ever have children.

However, soul manifestations required a specialized technique. Of course, this technique meant next to nothing to Dyon considering he had several copies of his own, but in a quadrant like the 98th? Where could Virvor have possibly gotten it?

At this point, Dyon still had no idea that Virvor wasn't from Planet Cathedral. In fact, Virvor wasn't from the Cathedral Universe at all. The only thing that was certain about him was that he came from the 98th quadrant, everything else was a mystery.

Virvor lightly held his saber, his grip was so loose, in fact, that it seemed like the blade could fall from his hands at any time. "Who's next?"

The four dukes stood frozen. Should they run? Should they fight? Did their fate mean anything when confronting their own death?

They glanced at each other before bolting in four separate directions, clearly leaving whoever lived or died up to chance. However, what they didn't know was that Virvor disdained to chase after them. With his way of the saber, he saw no benefit in it. It was better if they went to find a more powerful backer so that he could continue to temper himself.

Chapter 977: A Hundred

Those who were looking forward to a good show instead began to look upon Virvor with respect. In the tower, where you couldn't rely on the power elders of your various clans, your personal strength was the most important. And, clearly, Virvor had that.

At the same time, they were wary of him. The Duke title was the one with the most variance in strength. This was because the gap between Duke and King was only secondary to the gap between Emperor and God, and equal to the gap between King and Emperors. So, there was no lack of peak level Dukes that could handle dozens of weaker Dukes at once.

What they wanted to know was where on this spectrum of Dukes Virvor fell... If he really was a peak level Duke existence, they wouldn't provoke him even if they had a hundred times more guts.

Suddenly, the sound of clapping and laughing sounded out.

A handsome young man wearing black robes identical to this mysterious Virvor character walked out with a grin on his face.

"Junior Brother Virvor, you're truly powerful." Dyon smiled widely.

Now it was Virvor's turn to be stunned. He was certain that he'd be the only member of the 98th quadrant to enter this far, but here was Dyon Jafari standing before him. The most shocking part was that just earlier, he had seen Donari.

At the same time, his vigilance was raised. Dyon had definitely seen his manifestation, with the rules of the 98th quadrant being as they were, didn't that mean that Dyon would be his enemy now?

Dyon shook his head. "Don't you know what my last name is? You think I take the rules of our quadrant seriously? If anything, my life's goal is to topple that bullshit system."

Virvor blinked. It was only at this point that he remembered Dyon's vow to save that girl who was taken away for her soul talent. Maybe if that hadn't happened, Virvor wouldn't so easily trust Dyon. But, at that point, Virvor was a no name character. It would have been impossible for Dyon to plan all of this.

Of course, Virvor was correct. Dyon had acted out of emotion at that time, without any forbearance.

"What do you want?" Virvor replied coolly.

"There are too many people here, let's go somewhere else?" Dyon invited.

With a quick glance around, Virvor nodded. Then, the two young men flashed away at top speeds, disappearing into the fog and causing the disappointment of the crowd. However, they could only accept it.

It wasn't long before the pair had cut through the fog and travelled a few dozen kilometers. After making sure that they weren't followed, Dyon began to carelessly scan the statues to see if there was anything of interest. He wasn't surprised to see that the statues of the inner valley didn't speak to him, clearly they were even more arrogant than those of the outer valley.

"Do you have a soul protection treasure too?" Virvor suddenly asked, unable to handle the silence. He remembered that the soul talent crystal had no reaction to Dyon, but the fact he could enter this deeply, only a fool would trust those results.

Dyon laughed. "You could say so."

Virvor nodded. "And why are you so certain that I won't rob you after you tell me this?"

"Didn't you just confirm that you have one as well? Why are you so sure that it wouldn't be me attacking you?"

"My intuition is very strong. If it wasn't, I would have died a long time ago."

Dyon blinked, but still nodded in acknowledgement. Those with high soul talent usually had great intuition, it came along with their strong 6th sense.

One had to know that one first developed their 6th sense before it then evolved into divine sense, and then immortal sense later on. Before Dyon's soul was sealed, he often relied on his 6th sense.

"Why did you want to speak with me?"

"Because your secrets intrigue me." Dyon responded without hiding anything.

Virvor's face turned cold. "What do my secrets have to do with you?"

"Believe it or not," Dyon replied slowly. "More than you think."

Virvor suddenly laughed disdainfully. "The only reason I came here is to thank you for not allowing me to step off my saber cultivation path. But, if you want to pry things that don't belong to you out of me with such a shameless tactic, you're sorely mistaken."

It didn't take Dyon long to understand what Virvor was referring to. Back during the assessments, Donari's elder brother had been goading Virvor to fight him, calling him a coward. At that time, Virvor almost stopped and turned back to kill Olaf. However, Dyon had stopped him from doing so.

It was only after that Virvor realized how important that moment was to him. Although he followed a path of killing with his saber, it was also a path of assuredness. He had to be confident in his every choice. Had he attacked simply because of mere taunting, his saber path would have been forever tainted.

Dyon smiled. "You're welcome. But, you're mistaking my intentions. My secrets aren't something I can tell you right now. No matter what my own intuition tells me about you, that isn't a risk I can take."

"Then you should understand my answer already." Virvor snorted. He was the same, how could he trust Dyon just because of intuition? The only reason he so easily mentioned the soul protecting treasure was because it was obvious they both had something like it, or else they wouldn't have passed the assessment without getting taken away.

"Ah, ah. Don't be so quick to refuse." Dyon spoke with confidence. "While my secret is still mostly protected, yours isn't. My guess is that whatever secret you have mostly has to do with the capital and soul techniques that you have. While my secrets have to do with the life and death of trillions of people. How can they compare?"

"Trillions?" Virvor was stunned. But, he was almost certain that Dyon had to be exaggerating.

Unfortunately, Dyon's expression was completely serious. If it was revealed that he was Dyon Sacharro, according to his deal with the tower, the fog barrier would disappear. At that time, their corner would be revealed.

Although Dyon could use his key wielding abilities to stop others from teleporting to their corner, and thus to their universe, those of the Kitsune Clan would learn of Ri's connection to him. While everyone else would believe that the celestial deer quadrant was too powerful to mess with, the kitsune would know that their quadrant was actually quite weak and easy to mess with.

As for the unspoken rules of the quadrant, Dyon didn't trust in them even one bit. If others actually listened to these rules, how could the Demon Sage's empire be wiped out? How could his celestial deer

sect be so completely crippled, even to the point where their core teachings were stolen? Clearly, if enough quadrants benefitted from breaking these rules, they'd do so! The only reason they banded together to stop the Star Race was because it was an existence that threatened them all.

Until Dyon strengthened the Shruti Clan to the point where it could wipe out or severely weaken the kistune, he couldn't allow the connection between Dyon Sacharro and the masked man to be revealed.

Virvor shook his head. "What benefit could I possibly have to reveal my secrets to you?"

"For one," Dyon said with a smile, his serious appearance disappearing. "Following me has much more benefit than being on your own?"

"Following?" Virvor frowned. "Not interested."

What a joke. He didn't believe that there was a member of the younger generation he had met yet that could beat him. Although he had witnessed Dyon's fight with Asyna, because of the dome, the fluctuations of energy were blocked. It was difficult to make an accurate gauge of just how powerful they were, which was why Virvor was still so confident.

Of course, that was exactly the point. Lilith hadn't want to reveal too much.

Dyon shook his head.

BOOM!

A world-shaking pressure erupted from his body, pressing down with a vast pressure. Dyon's eyes seemed to pierce into Virvor's soul, threatening to shatter it entirely.

A cold sweat matted Virvor's forehead. But, at the same time, a flash of excitement lit in his eyes, filling him with fighting spirit.

"Even a hundred of you are no match for me."

Chapter 978: Stronger

Dyon had held back a lot. In fact, he only revealed the pressure of a lower level Duke. However, that was already enough to confirm the fact that he was a King because only Kings could have such a high level of Presence.

He knew that he couldn't reveal King level Presence, or else that would be as good as telling Virvor his identity. So, he had no choice but to temper himself.

That said, this should have been more than enough to completely convince Virvor.

"Let's fight!" Virvor suddenly said.

Dyon shook his head. "Now isn't the time. If you want to fight after all of this is through, I'll happily oblige."

The fire in Virvor's eyes slowly faded before he nodded. This really wasn't the right time.

"This still isn't enough for me." Virvor spoke.

Dyon laughed. "I wouldn't ask you to pick me as a person to trust purely based on my power. That's ridiculous. Those who choose to follow me see me as family. And, truth be told, if you chose to follow me purely based on my power, I wouldn't trust you to begin with."

Dyon was a man who had even turned down the legendary Celestial Hamsters because of this very belief. What was a mere Virvor in the face of those two adorable little rodents?

"What I want is an exchange. I want to know all of the information related to your experiences in the 98th quadrant. I can sign a contract with you swearing to never use this information to harm you. But, I do need this information."

"What do you have to exchange for this?" Virvor asked.

Dyon smiled. "The soul is very important to you now, no? How about a soul cultivation technique?"

Virvor shook his head, "I already have a soul cultivation technique."

"Of course you do, or else you wouldn't have such attainments right now. What I'm offering is an even better cultivation technique."

Virvor laughed. "Better? If you knew that ranking of my technique, you wouldn't say that so lightly."

"How would a peak divine level technique do for you?"

Virvor choked on his own laughter, coughing violently. "W – What did you just say?"

Dyon only chuckled lightly, not repeating his words.

"That's impossible..." Virvor didn't know how to feel. The legacy he received had a peak Earth soul cultivation technique within it, and he was very confident in it. With just a bit over twenty years of cultivation, he had already reached the Peak Blossom soul stage. Such speed was unprecedented.

Although Virvor was about 120 years old now, the first 100 years of his life was no different than any other commoner. It wasn't until he was lucky enough to stumble into a legacy world that he shot up. It was no wonder he had such confidence in it. This was the legacy that saved his life!

Normally, with his talent and strength, it would have been impossible to gain the acknowledgement of such a high-level legacy world. However, the remnant spirit of the world gave his legacy over to Virvor in exchange for a single promise.

In truth, the spirit hadn't left anything behind to bind him. There was no binding contract, nor was there a threat of destroying the legacy he had in hand, or death. The spirit had simply trusted Virvor and had given him the first bit of kindness and warmth that Virvor had ever felt in his life.

In retrospect, it was likely that the spirit didn't bind Virvor to this promise because it was simply far too unlikely. The chances of Virvor having the opportunity to fulfill it were far too slim. After all, it had already been 20 years and nothing had happened. However, Virvor would always remember that act of kindness and with his way of the saber, he would never betray that spirit.

Virvor's heavy breathing slowly calmed. When he remembered the promise he had made, he could only steal his heart to refuse Dyon.

Soul cultivation techniques were even rarer than body and energy cultivation techniques. Virvor's Earth technique could be sold for an astronomical price, let alone Dyon's. But, he still had no choice.

Just as Virvor was about to refuse, Dyon casually took out the technique he was talking about. Of course, the technique Dyon had been referring to was 'Soul Rend', his own personal soul cultivation technique. In truth, this was definitely worth much more than whatever Virvor received, however Dyon already saw Virvor as a subordinate of his. How could he be stingy with his own people?

The original soul rend was destroyed long ago. Dyon had no choice but to begin the arduous process of re-writing the techniques from memory. However, what was good was that this process was impossible to fake.

As Dyon learned long ago, even works of writing had their own wills. How could the will of a divine level cultivation technique not be fierce?

The moment Dyon finished transcribing the technique, a large wave of heaven's blessing came down from the skies, wrapping the book up and giving it an ancient feel that was nothing like the relatively normal pieces of paper Dyon used to write.

Without any prompting, Virvor knew that this technique was authentic. However, that wasn't the reason that he was so taken aback. There was a sense of familiarity he couldn't ignore.

"What did you say the name of this technique was...?"

"I didn't say, but I can tell you now." Dyon smiled. "This technique is known as [Soul Rend]. It's quite difficult to learn and use," Dyon began explaining, "But, it's very much w – "

Dyon's words froze as his eyes widened. Before him, Virvor had actually dropped all pretenses and kneeled down on one knee.

"This loyal follower greets successor!"

"Uhh..." Despite how many things Dyon had seen in his life, how could he not be shocked.

He was very aware of what Virvor's personality was like despite not having known him for long. Kneeling down was not something he would do easily.

After a moment of shock, Virvor finally began to explain exactly why this was happening and it was only then that Dyon began to understand.

Apparently, the legacy world that Virvor had stumbled into was actually the world of one of the former elders of the Celestial Deer Sect. He was only the elder of the working disciples, but he was an elder nonetheless.

After the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect, the leader at the time paid a heavy price to allow their legacy worlds to cross over to the then 20th ranked quadrant.

That was when Dyon remembered that the Celestial Deer Sect wasn't actually from his quadrant at all. During Dyon last talk with his master, she had apologized because their force was among the many that had migrated to his home universe in order to take advantage of its dense energies. It was only now that Dyon understood that the original home of the Celestial Deer Sect was actually the former 20th ranked quadrant!

In fact, this former 20th ranked quadrant also went by another name in the past: Soul Rend Quadrant!

Before the Celestial Deer Sect moved away, it was ranked even higher than 20th, vying for a top three position. It only fell after their strongest sect moved, for obvious reasons.

Of course, this move was confusing to many people. It wasn't often that a top ranked sect moved. This wasn't just a mere inconvenience, it was the equivalent of losing the faith protection your ancestors left for you. The location of the sect or clan was just as important as the rules it was built on. Meaning, if the location was moved, then the faith would disappear as well. This was the same as the Celestial Deer Sect casually tossing away its status as an Emperor God Sect to once again start from the bottom up.

But, Dyon was among the very few who understood why such a power sect would do this. It had to do with the secrets of the Balanced Path and the mystery behind the deaths of the universes. Dyon's universe was likely the final hope and key to understanding what it would take to slow down or even reverse the effects of 'Heat Death'. However, all of that hope was ruined by the entity who was still stealing the very essence of Dyon's home as they spoke.

All of that said, it was clear the Celestial Deer Sect had come to understand a few things. If they hadn't, how would they have become the number ranked sect? It had to be said that before that, their position was third or second at best, yet, when they moved, not only did they not become weaker, they became stronger?

Chapter 979: My Own Wife

Dyon was even more eager to see his master's statue now. There was simply too much he didn't know.

"Alright, alright." Dyon helped Virvor up. "You don't have to kneel to me. Remember, we're family."

"Successor, you're actually?..." Virvor said with a faint excitement.

"Shh. Now's not the time for people to know."

Virvor laughed uproariously, unable to contain himself. Everyone was wondering who this monstrous Dyon Sacharro was, but who would have known that he was standing before them all this time. It was no wonder he has said that even a hundred Virvors was no match for him. It was the truth! Who among the younger generation would dare to say with any certainty that they could defeat Dyon Sacharro?

How did Virvor figure it out? Well, wasn't it obvious?

The spirit of the legacy world he had found had made him promise to never reveal any of the techniques he received unless he found the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect. And, in the case that he did, he would follow him or her loyally.

At the time, Virvor had thought that finding Dyon would be like finding a needle in a haystack, and by the time he did, Dyon might not need him anymore. However, the spirit had given him one clue: the first portion of the successor legacy was in the Celestial Deer Quadrant, while the second was hidden within their Soul Rend Quadrant. Unless a person gained the acknowledgement of their Guardian Beast, he would never become the successor.

The moment Virvor had learned of Dyon Sacharro, he was almost certain that he had to be the successor. It was a bit of a leap, but he had already fostered so much loyalty to the Celestial Deer Sect that he refused to believe that its successor would be average.

Thus, now having Dyon tacit agreement to his theory, he was ecstatic. He even believed that Dyon was simply too humble, which made him respect him even more.

"Successor, how did you escape Grand Master Clara? She's very powerful. Although I believe in you, because you want to hide your identity for now, it would have been hard to do both that and escape her."

Dyon laughed. "Although she's a bit abrasive, it's still not to the point that I'd want to escape my own wife."

Virvor choked for what seemed like the hundredth time that day. There were many beauties in the tower that seemed completely untouchable, and Clara was definitely one of them. Everyone assumed that her husband was made up by her in order to dodge the constant annoyance of being courted by every other young master.

It was at this point that Virvor suddenly understood. When Clara had said that her husband was an even better alchemist than her, no one had believed it. It was largely for this reason that everyone thought she had made it up. But, to Virvor, who could possibly rival the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect in alchemy?!

Dyon only grinned. It was rare that he got the opportunity to show off his wives. In fact, he wanted to claim them all for the world to see, it was just unfortunate that he couldn't now. So, he would take full advantage when he could.

"Successor, I thought I should tell you that Donari was here as well."

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Looks like I've underestimated his constitution again. By all rights, he should have high soul talent, but I'm also certain that his soul was crippled."

"Successor, I'm sure if you healed his soul for him, you'd gain another powerful backer. His potential is very good, he's just being held back by our quadrant."

Of course, Dyon knew this. With the Soul Tome, he could heal any and all soul related ailments, it was just that the time needed to accomplish this healing varied depending on a few factors... However, Dyon couldn't simply heal someone just because. He wasn't certain that he could trust Donari.

"Donari definitely shares our sentiments about the 98th quadrant, even to the point where he left his family. However, I still want to test him a bit more." Dyon knew that if he wanted to accomplish the things he set out to do, he needed the help of many talented geniuses. It could be said that the Demon Generals were an excellent start as each of them could compare to the best of geniuses. However, three thousand wasn't nearly enough.

In truth, many forces would kill to have 3000 individuals of the caliber that the Demon Generals had reached. One couldn't forget that these 3000 generals were hand picked by the Demon Sage across time and space. In addition, each of them had massive attainments in cultivation without any guidance whatsoever. They didn't even have their own techniques to use.

It could be said that the Demon Generals would have completely taken over the Epistemic Tower rankings had it not been for the fact that their cultivations and wills were sealed.

However, even with all of this said, there were simply too few of them.

Even still... they were about to kick up a storm that shocked the whole of the martial world.

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"What is going on?!" A man with short, golden hair and blazing red eyes slammed his fist, incinerating it to nothingness.

In just the last few days, they had gotten reports of the losses of not one, but two tower points. This didn't make any sense at all, the Flaming Lily Sect should have been on its heels, defending with all their might, but now they were attacking? And with such success at that? They couldn't understand losing to towers in the span of three days. Even back when they caught the Flaming Lily Sect off guard, it had taken months to win three towers!

The man who had spoken was the chosen leader of the Golden Crow Sect, Egan Goldeen. Because they were allied with both the Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth sects, they hadn't felt the need to send their very best, instead deciding to rely on their allies to take on the front lines.

Of course, this led to a lot of dissatisfaction. Even though they were technically ranked below the Golden Crow Sect, the Fiery Lotus and the Flame Rebirth Sects were still sects of the mighty fourth quadrant, how could they take such an insult lying down? However... That was exactly what they had done...

It was no secret to any of them that the only reason that they hadn't been annexed by either the Golden Crow or the Flaming Lily Sect was because both those two powerhouses were keeping each other in check. If they stepped out of line, they would definitely suffer. But, if they listened and the Golden Crow Sect repaid them with what was promised, they would definitely win out in the end.

Still, the idea of listening to a mere 7th ranked Inner Disciple rubbed them all the wrong way. Putting this little fool as the head commander was too clear of a slap to their faces. However, this 'little fool' was the youngest son of the esteemed Goldeen family, a pillar clan of the Golden Crow Sect. Even if they were thousands of times braver, they didn't dare to show any dissatisfaction.

"Commander Goldeen," A young man wearing black-red robes inscribed with the lotus of the Fiery Lotus Sect spoke up, his name was Vale Gaia, "According to our reports, the Flaming Lily Sect released information that their top ranked inner disciple, Madeleine Sacharro, is actually the wife of God Sacharro. After hearing that his wife's sect was in danger, God Sacharro went into a rage and decided to send over his Demon Generals. It's because of them that we're on our back foot right now."

Chapter 980: Exactly this Reason

Egan's face steeled as his jaw clenched. He was handed over commanding responsibilities because the higher ranked inner disciples of their sect didn't want to miss out on the Valley of Geniuses. However, their two allied sects still saw this as a slap to the face because as a fourth ranked quadrant, did they really need the valley on the saint floors? Their own sect core teachings were too good. So, obviously, this was just a made-up excuse.

That said, Egan took this opportunity very seriously. He was tired of others thinking he relied on his family or that he was merely the younger and less talented version of his elder brothers. But, to see the responsibility he was given crumbling before his eyes filled him up with a bottled-up rage because it was yet another genius that he had no hope of surpassing that had interfered.

Who didn't know how amazing God Sacharro was by now? It was no wonder he had such an amazing wife. Had their sect smashed their foot into an iron plate?

'No!' Egan roared in his mind.

The truth was that the sect had already heard about Madeleine's relationship with Dyon. But, after hearing that Dyon had only sent 3000 young geniuses, they sneered, thinking that Dyon was far too arrogant. However, it seemed that they were the ones who were far too arrogant. In a mere three days, the demon generals had already swept over the gate, conquering two towers and giving the Flaming Lily Sect three total towers.

Of course, since this was an Epistemic Tower gate, there were nine total towers. At the beginning, the Golden Crow sect had five and the Flaming Lily Sect had four. After their sneak attack, the Golden Crow Sect controlled eight, leaving the Flaming Lily Sect with only one. Now the script was beginning to flip again...

Over the past few days, the Golden Crow Sect's only plan was to defend while planning a swift strike to take down the final tower. However, before they could even act, their aspirations were completely crushed...

Suddenly, another figure rushed in, sweating profusely and breathing hard. "Esteemed Commanders, they're attacking the Purple Flame Tower!"

Egan blinked. This was good wasn't it? Every tower had its own dangers. For example, the death qi that Dyon had to deal with back during his first campaign. As for the Purple Flame Tower, it was filled with toxins that could instantly kill any saint if they weren't constantly using their saint energy to drive the poison away. It was among the most firmly held towers of the Golden Crow Sect because no one dared to attack it.

To all of the commanders, these so-called Demon Generals had gotten too cocky. The Purple Flame Tower obviously wasn't among the towers that the Flaming Lily Sect originally held. They couldn't understand why those Demon Generals would leap frog, so to speak, over re-capturing one of their past towers to instead attack the Purple Flame Tower. In fact, because of the position of the tower, it even left them susceptible to a pincer attack from the North and South.

"Commanders! They seem completely immune to the poisons!"

"What?!" All three commanders spoke out at once, standing from their chairs. That was completely impossible!

If they truly grasped the Purple Flame Tower, they would have the most easily defended tower of the nine. On top of that, they would have a perfect point to attack both forward toward the Golden Crow Sect's final tower, and backward toward the Epistemic Tower! If this happened, and the Epistemic Tower was re-conquered, the Golden Crow Sect's key wielder would lose his position!

Egan felt like his world was falling apart. This would definitely be blamed on him entirely. How could anyone think that 3000 geniuses could change something in a war that scaled to the tens of millions? The sect would definitely think that it was all due to his incompetence.

He grit his teeth. "We'll go all out with them! Command one corps to come from the Golden Flame Tower, one from the Red Flame Tower, one from the Epistemic Tower! Since they want to so blatantly slap our face, we'll pincer them from three sides!"

"Commander Goldeen, the distance from the Epistemic Tower to the Purple Flame tower is too far and treacherous, it might now be worth it. A pincer from two sides is enough. In the case that we fail, at least the Epistemic Tower will have adequate protection."

The one who spoke was the final commander of the three, a young woman from the Flame Rebirth Sect. Because of some luck their ancestors had, they managed to find a few intact corpses of adult Vermillion birds, a distant relative of Phoenix ranked as Transcendent beasts.

The vermillion bloodline that coursed through their veins was far weaker than the same quantity of phoenix blood, however, they had much more of it while also maintaining a monopoly.

That aside, a large part of the reason the Flame Rebirth Sect agreed to participate was exactly because of this truth. They wanted the secrets Madeleine had in her bloodline. Legend had it that it was possible for vermillions to evolve into phoenixes, but, for obvious reasons, they didn't have any phoenixes to use in their tests.

Although Madeleine didn't advertise exactly what her faith seed was, the purple flames she used were one of a kind and easily sensed by those with Phoenix and Phoenix related Bloodlines. They needed her.

Egan shook his head. "It's for exactly this reason that we'll do it this way. We'll lull them into a false sense of security with a pincer from two sides, before sweeping them away with a final one to cut off their path to escape. They'll never expect that we'd be bold enough to do this, and that's exactly why it'll work!"

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Deep within the Golden Flame Quadrant's main gate, in the territory of the Purple Flame Tower, the flames of war were being sparked to the utmost degree. News of the Flaming Lily Sect's incoming attack had already spread, but it was met with complacency. All of the generals tasked with holding down the fort at this particular tower were all aware of the advantages they had, so why wouldn't they be complacent?

Although they weren't completely immune to the poison fog of the tower, because they were the defending party, according to the rules of the tower, the poison affected them far less than the attacking party, meaning they could expend less energy staving off the poison. Such an advantage made this tower almost impossible to conquer, which was why it had been held by the Golden Crow Sect for so long.

While Commander Goldeen, along with the first ranked inner disciples of both the Fiery Lotus and Rebirth Sects, were stationed at the Epistemic Tower, the Purple Flame tower was handed to the tenth and ninth ranking inner disciples of the two sects. For obvious reasons, the more powerful disciples were defending other towers.

Among the two towers reconquered by the Flaming Lily Sect in the past three days, they were both headed by the seventh and sixth ranked disciples of the two allied sects respectively. The Golden Crow Sect had assumed that disciples of that rank should have been enough to defend for a few days until they were prepared to launch their final attack, but it was this that ended up being their fatal mistake.

The two seventh and sixth ranked disciples were powerful geniuses in their own right, but the Demon Generals were too much, especially in the face of the joint command of Alidor and Madeleine.

Over the past 14 or so years, Alidor had thrust himself into training, preparing for the day he could get his revenge on the Uidah family for the death of his entire clan. By this point, he had firmly earned Dyon's trust and was perfect for being the lead strategist of this undertaking.

In addition to him, there were other familiar faces that had appeared aside from the Demon Generals, namely Caedum Pakal, Thor and Ava, all of whom had been training very hard for the past few years. Each of them had long since stepped into the rank of sainthood. Without the restrictions of poor energy density, their talent exploded to its true levels and each of them had already made a name for themselves. It was just that Dyon's name was so dazzling that others paid little to no attention to the other of the Celestial Deer Quadrant.