

The Nameless 981

Chapter 981: Now

Ava's elder brother, Arios, had long since told Dyon that his younger sister had a Heaven stage constitution. After receiving a constitution awakening pill from Clara, Ava had taken a massive leap forward. Her Silver Mirror Constitution raised her battle effectiveness to untold heights and she too had earned the right to be named a Demon General while also becoming a Queen level character.

Caedlum Pakal didn't lag behind at all. He had the Asura faith seed and had begun to get more and more used to his legacy, mastering it more and more every day. Not only had he gained the right to be called a Demon General, gaining the acknowledgement of the rest, he had also earned the title of Emperor.

Thor spoke for himself. Although he could no longer use his faith seed for fear of being located by the Ragnor Emperor God Clan, surprisingly, that didn't dampen his talent at all. If anything, forging his own path in lightning will had made him even more powerful. He, too, had become an Emperor.

Delia had also decided to come. Although she didn't like the idea of leaving Eli, Madeleine was also someone she saw as her very own big sister. How could she leave her in her time of need? In addition, it was necessary for Eli to stay within the tower so that he wasn't kidnapped by the hidden association of Heaven's Children.

Delia was still a Duke because she never took her King trials, and as such, hadn't passed Dyon's requirements to become a Demon General, but who would dare to underestimate her? She was a young woman who had a top three God level constitution, her power was unquestionable as she too had long since stepped into sainthood.

With characters of this level, any one of them could match up to a seventh or sixth ranked inner disciple of the Fiery Lotus or Flame Rebirth Sect. They hadn't even waited a moment before splitting into two armies and sweeping through the Blue Flame and Black Flame Tower.

After that, everyone had assumed the next battle would take place at Rainbow Flame Tower, a choke point to the Epistemic Tower. Everyone knew that it was impossible to even think of attacking the Epistemic Tower without either the Rainbow Flame or the Purple Flame Tower. This was because in the case of failure, a path to retreat was necessary. Even in the case of a long drawn out fight, supply and reinforcement lines also needed to be secured.

Those two towers were by far the best choices. However, since the Purple Flame Tower was opposite the area controlled by the Flaming Lily Sect, who would have thought that they would attack it first? It had caught the Golden Crow Sect and their allies completely off guard!

This was exactly what Alidor was banking on. Because of the strategic significance Rainbow Flame Tower held, the Golden Crow Sect had stationed both second ranked inner disciples of Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sect there, knowing that it was of the utmost importance to hold. Yet, the Purple Flame Tower was only defended by their tenth and ninth ranked disciples.

Of course, Alidor didn't know this for sure. He had just taken a chance on what he thought was the most logical reasoning, and in the end, he was correct.

As for the poison, what did Alidor have to fear? Not only was he, himself, an innate aurora wielder, their esteemed leader's wife was already seen as one of the most talented young alchemists in existence!

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"General Gaia, they're quickly approaching, what are your orders?" A lower ranking officer respectfully lowered his head before the ninth ranked inner disciple of the Fiery Lotus Sect, who also happened to be the younger brother of Vale Gaia, their first ranked inner disciple.

"Orders?" General Gaia laughed. "What orders do you need? Crush them!"

A General of the Flame Rebirth Sect frowned, "Gale, don't be such a fool. This very same army has already taken out more powerful members of our sects already. Do you believe that they would be so stupid as to ignore the Rainbow Flame Tower if they didn't plan on dealing with the poison fogs of our Purple Flame Tower?"

Gale snorted. "Obviously. They believe that since we're the ninth and tenth ranked members of our sect's inner sanctums, that we're easy to bully. They probably think that they can defeat us before the poison settles in. They're the fools! Don't overthink things Brother Rubrum."

Rubrum paused. What Gale said was reasonable, they might assume that they were easy to deal with. However, just how many inner disciples were there in their various sects? How many geniuses had they trampled over to reach their positions? This was still the 4th ranked quadrant! Even though they were ranked ninth and tenth, there weren't many geniuses ranked below the tenth quadrant that could contend with them.

"Even still, we should be careful. At the very least, we need to find ways to slow the battle down and force them into drawing it out. Going out with intent to crush them would be detrimental to us." Rubrum finally settled on a compromise. It wasn't as though they could just sit by and do nothing.

"Good." Gale nodded, his fighting spirit igniting. "You and your junior take the east, me and mine will take the west. We'll take the aggressive approach and burst through their left wing and circle around back. You'll take the soft approach and slow their advance. By the time they realize, it'll be too late and we would have surrounded them."

The two tenth ranked juniors nodded, and their plan was set into motion.

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By now, the Flaming Lily army had already advanced to the outer boundary of the Purple Flame Tower's territory.

Madeleine stood in the skies with Alidor and Delia by her side, looking down into the purple fog that lay before them. This was still a few hours before Egan Goldeen got word of their attack, so the battle had yet to begin.

While Madeleine wore her red velvet mage robes, Delia dressed in an all black gown, exuding a cold air.

Alidor's aura was retracted to the extreme, looking every bit the scholar that he was. Although he seemed stoic and with a care in the world, he was actually squirming on the inside because his little sister Kaeara, had insisted on participating along with them. She was powerful in her own right, but Alidor was too protective and never let her take any trials. If it wasn't for her constant pestering, she wouldn't have been allowed to participate this time either, but Alidor had no choice but to give in.

Madeleine smiled, seeing through Alidor quite easily. "There's no need to worry, the Demon Generals would never let anything happen to her. Let little Kaeara grow a bit."

Alidor nodded stiffly before checking over to make sure that everything was prepared.

The poison they were dealing with was tailored to be just powerful enough for a saint gate. Normally, detoxifying type pills were very rare, which was why Poison Tower of the Sapientia Corner was so popular.

One can only imagine the level of complexity a pill that solved the toxin of many different poisons reached. Luckily, those lost pill formulas could be found within the [Dao of Array Alchemy]. If they were dealing with poisons that could affect celestials, it would have been impossible to deal with so easily, though.

"We have exactly 6 hours. If we can't conquer Purple Flame Tower within 5 hours, we use retreat formation and plan A." Alidor communicated with the various Vice Commanders via Dyon's array communication hub.

Unfortunately, because much of the army was comprised of Flaming Lily Sect disciples and their various friends and husbands, as well as the citizens of the Flaming Lily Universes who weren't good enough to make it into the sect, it was impossible for Alidor to implement Dyon's more complex formations. They had no choice but to keep it simple.

"Now," Alidor spoke softly.

Chapter 982: No Sense!

BOOM!

The Vice Commander Demon Generals roared into the skies, infusing the gate with their music will.

The land seemed to tremble under their might, oscillating to their wills. Even the purple fog of poisons retracted slightly in fear.

At that moment, the Flaming Lily Sect army was filled with endless will to fight as they all charged forward.

The Flaming Lily Army was split into about 3000 equal portions, each headed by a separate Demon General. At first, this had caused some dissatisfaction. After all, their Flaming Lily Sect was the second ranked sect of the fourth ranked quadrant, how could they allow mere helpers to command them? Especially considering they were subordinates of another genius.

However, they could only swallow their anger. Madeleine was given full control of this operation, so she had the right to make all decisions.

That said, this dissatisfaction didn't last for long. Seeing the seamless communication, innovative tactics, and sheer ease of it all baffled them. How could they not be convinced after conquering two towers in a mere three days?

At the moment, two-thirds of the army had remained in Flaming Lily Sect territory, prepared to launch an offensive on Rainbow Flame Tower at any given moment. This left 1000 Demon Generals and their subordinates for this offensive. With about 10 000 young geniuses to every grouping, they had ten million for this attack.

Despite this number, it had to be remembered that they were dealing with the combined forces of not one, but three Emperor God Sects on top of the fact the number of geniuses the Golden Crow sect far outweighed that of the other two sects, and was slightly more than the Flaming Lily Sect. Considering the armies guarding the two towers they had reconquered had long since retreated, it wouldn't be long before they all regrouped for a total of more than a hundred million enemies, this was why launching this offensive so quickly was necessary. The Flaming Lily army had used a vast amount of resources laying teleportation formations down to get here as quickly as possible.

The combined armies of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus Sect froze when they saw the sheer momentum of the Flaming Lily army. By the time they realized they had been intimidated into nonaction, the Flaming Lily sect was already upon them.

Gale stood in the skies with an ugly expression on his face. The roar of the Vice Commanders had intimidated even him. But, what pissed him off was that when he looked at their cultivations, they were mere lower saints. He was filled with a sense of inferiority and irreconciliation.

"Attack!" He roared into the skies, hoping to snap his army out of it. But, it was already too late.

The two armies clashed, and the opposing army immediately became a disorderly mess.

The Flaming Lily Sect cut through with practiced precision, never losing awareness of their position due to the constant reminders of their higher leveled officers. The corners of the army remained firm, not allowing any one of the armies to charge forward and collapse their wings.

Alidor's lips constantly moved, firing out an array of commands. "Maaleshiira, pull back and launch a long-ranged offensive on their right wing.

"Gaylia, be ready with your mist formation and wait for my command. Delia will be ready to help you at a moment's notice.

"Kaeda, you're moving too far forward, I need you further back to heal the front line I'll switch out in about ten minutes."

Gale and Rubrum felt completely overwhelmed. They had never seen an army work so much like a well oiled machine before, it was too baffling.

The worst part was that their armies were becoming disconnected, as though Alidor was slowly biting off piece after piece before swallowing them whole. Their casualties were running sky-high while their enemies had lost a paltry amount. The worst part was that their front lines seemed to constantly switch, immediately forcing them to deal with fresh warriors time and time again.

Gale's eyes went red as he looked into the skies. Across the battlefield, his eyes met with Rubrum as they both came to a tacit agreement before launching themselves Alidor.

Suddenly, a laughter sounded out as a red-haired man with twin black metal knives appeared before the both of them. "You think it's so easy to take the head of our Commander? Wishful thinking!"

Arios smiled wildly, it had been a long time since he unleashed. After all, he was from a family of assassins, how could he not have a murderous side?

Caedlum appeared by his side in the next moment, beating Thor to the action. His shirtless torso rippled along with his red skin, exuding an aura of murder that caused Gale and Rubrum to frown in seriousness.

No matter how arrogant the Demon Generals were, they wouldn't be so arrogant to believe that they could easily defeat a top ten disciple of a sect from the fourth ranked quadrant. They had to take this seriously.

Caedlum slammed his fists together, blasting himself toward Rubrum with a deadly momentum.

Arios didn't lag behind, brandishing his two blades and leaving a trail of fierce winds behind him as he charged toward Gale.

The Fiery Lotus and Flame Rebirth sect armies below couldn't believe what they were seeing. Just before the battle between the four men had erupted, they had all believed there was only one possible result: the win of both Gale and Rubrum. This wasn't blind faith, but rather pure logic.

They were both ninth ranked inner disciples of lord level sects, their names had long since become well known on the saint floors and they had the respect that came with that, not to mention the battle power. As for Caedlum and Arios? They were relative unknowns. Who would ever think they had such battle power? It didn't make any sense!

The worst part of it all was that their supposed advantage as the tower defender wasn't having any effect. If anything, they were getting tired faster than their opponents.

It was certain that today, win or lose, everyone would come to know the name of Dyon's Demon Generals.

Chapter 983: Holy Goddess

Arios twisted nimbly in the air, sliding past Gale's spear strikes with an eerie calm. His two black knives danced, deflecting decapitating blows while delivering piercing strikes.

Gale should have had the ultimate advantage, as a spear wielder, given his advantage of range, he should have been toying with Arios. Yet, Arios was simply too skilled. With his fighting experience, how could he not have long since gotten use to fighting with a range handicap?

Thor watched from the ground, fighting intent brewing in his eyes. He was a spear fanatic, how could he not want to fight another spear user? Unfortunately, it wasn't his turn. He had no choice but to focus on commanding his regiment. With Arios and Caedum fighting, they were missing two generals, so Thor had to pick up the slack.

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Back within the Valley of Geniuses, Dyon had separated from Virvor. It wasn't that he was eager to get rid of him, but if the normally stoic and anti-social Virvor suddenly so eagerly began to follow someone, it would raise annoying questions. Plus, although Virvor was talented, he wasn't a top of the line talent, as seen by the fact his soul was still at the Blossom stage. The Inner Valley was definitely his limit for now, so it was best that he remain there.

Dyon spent a few days lingering around the inner valley, convincing a few statues to take a chance on him while also making sure enough people saw his face.

'More and more people are coming in now, it's best that I use my identity as Ri's husband to venture any deeper. I can't reveal too much talent as Dyon Jafari.'

Since he had already appeared as Dyon Jafari, there was no need for him to continue the façade. This was part of the reason he clapped and laughed before approaching Virvor. That way, there would be plenty of individuals who could confirm that he had entered, and so deeply at that. This would make it easier to reel in the Soul Market bosses.

It took only a moment before Dyon had switched back to his light blue robes and silver-gold mask. He once again bandaged his broad sword and catapulted toward the center regions, eager to see his master.

Truth be told, the smartest thing to do would probably be to continue on as Dyon Jafari. Although it would expose his talent to the 98th quadrant, and that might be partially detrimental to him in terms of the strength of enemies they sent at him, it would also help with making him more desirable to the Soul Market. In addition, it would also be less odd for him to happen to resonate with a statue from the Celestial Deer Sect.

However, Dyon's meeting with the Emperor Giant Clan ruined all of that. Dyon didn't fully understand why, but he could distinctly feel that his bloodline suppressed theirs. This feeling was something he had no means of suppressing, especially when his emotions raged out of control. Because of this, no matter what disguise he used, anyone of the Emperor Giant Clan would immediately know who he was.

This left Dyon with no choice but to risk it. There was definitely a chance that someone might connect him to the Celestial Deer Quadrant because of this, but who would have known that fate would throw such a wrinkle into his carefully laid out plans? The only saving grace was that this chance was incredibly low because everyone still thought Ri was from the Kitsune-Shruti quadrant.

Dyon soon reached another steep drop off. But, here, the landing wouldn't be so casual. From what Dyon could tell, the gravity multiplied by many times. Even with his body's strength, he would definitely become nothing more than a puddle of meat and blood.

'Interesting.' Dyon smiled lightly. A pair of black wings bloomed from his back as he dove forward.

Fierce winds threatened to tear Dyon apart, but his wings were far too sturdy, each of them comparable to a treasure in their own right. It wasn't long before Dyon touched down to the ground, landing lightly.

The moment he appeared, he felt fierce and unknown energies try and bombard his mind before being rebuffed. The fog here was much denser, and it seemed like this came along with fiercer illusions and mental attacks.

Although it was tougher to maneuver around the core regions, this also acted as a form of protection. Since you couldn't see more than ten meters ahead of yourself, that also became the case for everyone else as well. Thus, it made it more difficult for others to interfere with your resonance.

Since visibility was so low, Dyon could only advance slowly, making his way through slowly.

'Statues are much rarer here...'

After a few hours of walking, Dyon had still not run into a single person, nor had he seen a single statue.

'The core valley is more about karmic luck. The space is so large, but the geniuses who can earn a right to be here are very few.' The Dragon King explained. 'It should also be noted that the requirements for being placed in the core region are quite special and sometimes even more difficult than the requirements to be placed in either the inner or outer regions of the celestial level valley of geniuses.'

Dyon nodded in acknowledgement before his feet froze for a moment. He had been walking for so long without seeing a single soul, yet now, just ten meters ahead of him, the alluring view of an elegant woman's back had invaded his vision.

The woman stood before a statue of what seemed like an untouchable goddess. At first, Dyon thought that it might have been master, but he was quickly disappointed since their features were far too different. However, Dyon could tell that this statue was definitely that of a soul cultivator.

Having seemingly sensed Dyon's presence, the alluring back of the woman swayed slightly before a beautiful oval shaped face came into view.

Her eyes were a deep and profound gold, only made bolder by her dark, jet-black hair. Her features were subtle, and delicate, curving softly to the form of her face.

A slight look of surprise crossed her eyes before she quickly hid it, instead smiling when she saw Dyon and turning her back to him.

"Do you recognize this woman?" She suddenly asked.

Dyon was surprised by the question. Considering the rarity of statues in the core valley, logically speaking, someone should be so calm when a potential contender invaded a statue he found first. Dyon wouldn't have even blamed this mysterious beauty for attacking first and asking questions about his identity later.

In the end, he decided to play along, curious about what she wanted. "I don't."

"Her name has been lost in time, but she's most definitely one of the 108 Holy Princesses."

"Holy Princesses?" Dyon asked in slight confusion.

"I'm surprised you don't know." The mysterious beauty spoke in a slight teasing tone. "Your wife wears a visor made of material from the Holy Arc. It was a legendary vessel, so much so that mere pieces of broken furniture that were once housed within it could be sold for astronomical prices today."

"Among those who rode the Holy Arc, there wasn't a single one who didn't cause world shattering events. The 108 Princesses, the 12 Queens, the 3 Empresses and the Holy Goddess. Legend has it that the First White Mother, the ancestor of the guardian beasts of the Celestial Deer Sect, was actually one of the Empresses of the Holy Arc. Imagine that, a woman that powerful was only one of three, and there was actually a woman even more powerful than her!"

Dyon blinked. When this mysterious beauty had mentioned Ri, he was slightly on guard. But, then he remembered that everyone knew he was Ri's husband. It wasn't a secret. After all, his video embarrassing Aki had spread through the martial world.

However, what was truly curious was why this woman was telling him all of this. If anything, telling him how important the figure in the statue was, would make him want it even more.

"Unfortunately," The beauty sighed. "No one understands the credentials required to gain her acceptance. She's very clearly a soul cultivator, but we've long since lost count of how many soul cultivating geniuses have come, yet not gained her acceptance. She's, by far, the longest standing statue here."

"Some think that her soul fragment has long since dissipated. After all, even the tower can't preserve a soul indefinitely. There must be some kind of limit."

Dyon smiled. "Is that why you're so confident in telling me?"

Chapter 984: Death

"Well," The mysterious beauty pondered for a bit. "Even though the requirement of this Holy Princess are unknown, it's pretty much certain that she wouldn't hand her legacy off to a man. Everyone knows that the Holy Arc was a strictly female vessel, it would be far too abnormal for one of their own to hand a legacy to a man.

"Although, there is a story that makes it a slight possibility that she might..."

"Oh?"

"Mm. Apparently, the Holy Goddess spent most of her esteemed existence alone, solely chasing after the path of her cultivation.

"However, later in life, she met a man she could no longer ignore. He was the first disciple of the creator of the aurora, mind's eye!" The beauty sighed. "It was no wonder such a holy woman fell for him, that man was the originator of the long lost [Dao of Array Alchemy]... His concepts and thoughts are the only reason a martial world even exists today. If not for his achievements, we humans would have long since lost the ability to retaliate.

"Think about it, we only have a mere fraction of his teachings, yet it's still so much to the point where we're still learning about it today."

Dyon had never been surprised so often in such a short amount of time. In terms of seniority, he couldn't even figure out his connection to his grand teacher's first disciple, but he knew it was there. Then there was the fact that the [Dao of Array Alchemy] was actually in his hands, what kind of coincidence was that?

The mysterious beauty suddenly giggled. "I guess if one day you became as outstanding as that man, you could gain the acknowledgement of this Holy Princess."

"Hm," Dyon mumbled absentmindedly while he looked up at the large statue.

"Do you believe you can?" The beauty asked.

"There's nothing in this world that I can't do." Dyon replied without thought. It was clear that his mind wasn't truly focused on the question, or the beauty. Although this surprised the woman, it also told her that these were Dyon's true thoughts.

"Mm, well. Good luck." The beauty smiled a final time before starting to walk away.

"What was your name again?" Dyon suddenly asked.

A giggle came from far away. "Aritzia. Aritzia Sapientia."

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Dyon sat down cross legged before the statue, looking up at her beautiful carved features.

"Shouldn't you at least talk to me lady?" Dyon said after more than half an hour had passed. He had never been blatantly ignored by a statue. Even within the inner valley, as long as he stopped before a statue, with his talent, he would definitely get a response. This was even more so for soul cultivation based statues.

However, he was still greeted by silence.

'Could it be that her soul really has disappeared? I don't have the ability to check that...'

Without his soul, Dyon's senses were far too dulled. That didn't even mention the various protections that the remnant souls here received. But, none of that should matter. Dyon dared to say that there wasn't a single other person in existence with as much soul talent as him, if this princess didn't choose him, then who could she possibly choose? Was she that insistent on picking a woman?

It was possible that her legacy was one that only women could practice, but even in that case, Dyon would want it so that he could give it to his wives. The more protection they had, the better. At least then he could worry a little bit less about them.

But this core region was also quite curious. By all rights, if Aritzia was correct, even one of the Holy Arc's Princesses should have been worth far more than the mere saint floors. If Dyon thought his master was worth more, how could the junior sister of his master's ancestor not be?

Dyon sighed, getting up and dusting himself off. He couldn't stay here forever waiting for something that wasn't going to happen.

As he was about to walk away, he suddenly had an evil idea. "If you don't come out after this, you're either more tolerant than you should be, or your soul really has dissipated after all this time."

Dyon grinned as he walked up to the statue, rubbing his hands.

With a single leap, two black wings appeared on his back. In the next moment, he was hovering above the towering chest of statue. Unfortunately, there was no deep ravine to look down into due to the conservative dress of the Holy Princess. However, that didn't stop Dyon from stretching out a hand coated in aurora flames.

As Dyon's hand grew closer, he almost felt as though he saw the statue vibrate. But, it disappeared instantly, so Dyon thought he had perceived something that wasn't there.

"Alright, Holy Princess. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Dyon's evil hands touched flushed against the cold stone breast, pouring aurora flames into it.

The statue began to vibrate violently. This time, there was no mistaking it, it had definitely moved.

Dyon grinned evilly. "I'm not letting go until you come out." Using the aurora flames took a toll on him, but it was definitely worth it. It was only with them that Dyon could make the remnant spirit feel as though it was actually being touched.

"Y – Y – You SCOUNDREL!"

An adorable voice that sounded more like it came from a teen than a mighty Holy Princess sounded out as a spirit appeared with furiously blushing cheeks.

The Holy Princess had never in her life been treated this way. Everyone who visited her statue was filled with the utmost respect, even when she ignored them all, none of them dared to say a word of disrespect. It had already been millions of years, yet she had never heard anyone ever say anything negative about her. How could things go from that, to her being groped by someone she saw as nothing more than a child?!

"Stop raging," Dyon rolled his eyes. "It's not like I enjoyed."

The spirit grit her teeth in anger. Even if it was true that he was only touching stone, with her holy identity, he actually dared to say that he didn't enjoy it?!

"Leave! Or I'll... I'll...."

"You'll what?" Dyon's ears perked up. The same way the spirits were protected from the geniuses, the geniuses were also protected from the spirits. What could she do to him?

The adorable Holy Princess stuttered, not knowing what to do.

"You only have to give me your legacy, and I'll stop bothering you."

"NO!"

"Why not?"

"Because you're not worthy!"

"Am I not? A mere Princess of a long destroyed Holy Arc dares to still be so arrogant?"

"You!"

"Do you dare to say that your soul talent is better than mine?"

The Holy Princess wanted to immediately respond with yes, but the truth was she never bothered to check Dyon's soul talent, in fact, she hadn't bothered to check anyone who had come to her statue. Her role here was much more complicated than that.

However, out of curiosity for Dyon's confidence, she decided to casually take a look.

"This..." The Holy Princess was stunned, before her face started fuming in anger. "What evil technique did you use to raise your soul talent?! How many lives did you sacrifice?! How many families did you destroy?! You! Evil! Scoundrel! Evil! Scoundrel! Evil!"

Dyon almost burst into a fit of laughter. It seemed that the only bad words this little innocent beauty knew were 'Evil' and 'Scoundrel'.

"You dare to laugh?! Even if I have to have my existence wiped from the heavens, I'll kill you and wash your evil from the world!"

Dyon's laugh froze, a sudden overwhelming danger enveloped him, leaving only one thought: death.

Chapter 985: Bow To

Dyon's body seized. At that moment, there was no doubt in his mind that he would die.

Memories flashed by, his entire life being put on display. What a joke, he was only 33 years old, yet the first 16 years of his life was spent in a room filled with computers and the last 16 years was spent putting his life on the line for the sake of becoming stronger. He had spent a total of 2 years in a coma,

all after fighting some of the hardest battles in his life. It could be said that he had only truly lived for 2 years total...

He regretted too much. He regretted not spending more time with his wives, he regretted not accepting Clara earlier, he regretted not being able to find Amphorae, he regretted not being able to protect his friends, his family.

Then Dyon felt anger. Who was this Holy Princess to arbitrarily cast judgement? Who was she to take his life away? Even if the Holy Goddess herself was here, she wouldn't have that right!

An overwhelming pressure swept toward Dyon's soul, threatening to crush it to dust.

The Holy Princess Spirit appeared in Dyon's Mind's Eye. In order to bypass the restrictions of the tower, she had to pay a very heavy price, but this just proved her willingness to sacrifice everything all for the sake of killing Dyon. She would have her existence wiped out completely, without any hope for the karma she had gained over her life carrying over, nor would it matter due to the fact she would lose the ability to be reincarnated at all.

However, what she had sensed when she checked Dyon's soul was something that she couldn't ignore. Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible for her to see through Dyon to that level, however, the tower gave the spirits the ability to do so. When that was coupled with her own overwhelming insights, seeing the fact that Dyon's soul was actually the compiled talent of many was simple.

With a Holy Princess's depth of experience, how could she not know how evil a technique capable of doing such a thing was? The worst part was that when she entered Dyon's body, she realized that it wasn't just his soul that was like this, it was also his body. Just thinking about all of the sacrifices needed to raise a person's talent to this level made her tremble with an uncontrollable rage. She had never felt this angry in her life!

In truth, the Holy Princess was not wrong. There was no doubt that the technique Dyon benefitted from was of the utmost evil. How could the sealing of the talent of an entire universe of people for your own benefit not be an evil technique?

However, she had still falsely accused Dyon. What she believed was that Dyon had done this knowingly, but she was completely wrong.

That said, how could she understand the nuance of the situation. And, even if Dyon knew that this was the case, he still wanted to tear this ignorant Holy Princess limb from limb. How could he care if it was an honest mistake? He would make anyone who dared to try and take him away from this life pay their debt in full.

The Holy Princess weaved through the world of gold, seeking out the center of Dyon's Mind's Eye. She couldn't help but be surprised about how vast Dyon's Mind's Eye was, but this only further angered her. How else could it be so large if not for the evil technique he used?

The Mind's Eye was the Aurora, not the soul itself. However, it was the easiest way to access someone's soul, especially with the spirit form that the Holy Princess was in.

It wasn't long before she had reached the core of the world. Although a lot of time seemed to have passed within, the truth was that the sound of her berating Dyon outside was still echoing.

When the core of the Mind's Eye was displayed for her, her eyes widened once more. She saw a soul in the form of a child nestled in its mother's wombs, chained with fierce diamond chains, etched with complex arrays beyond even her comprehension.

The baby curled in on itself, sucking its thumb and sleeping soundly, completely unaware of the danger it was in. It was as though the chains weren't wrapped around it at all, either that, or they felt as comfortable as a blanket.

The Holy Princess was stunned. How could the soul of such an evil person have such an innocent appearance? And the soul wasn't supposed to take form until one reached the Half-Step Transcendent stage, at which point the baby would have to awaken in order for one to call down the energies of the transcendent plane in order to transcend. So, how could the soul of a mere essence gatherer have reached this level already? Even if his soul strength was at the Celestial Level, it was still far away from this stage.

It had to be said that the manifestation of a soul and its true form were two completely different concepts. Dyon's manifestation was overbearing and filled with majesty, but that was only in comparison to souls of this plane of existence. In terms of the transcendent plane? It was nothing more than an innocent baby...

There was a reason why remnant souls that took the form of the experts they represented were called spirits and not souls. This was because the image they projected wasn't their true form. If it was their true form, what everyone would see was a vague, gaseous blob of energy, similar to what Dyon saw in the Elvin Tombs.

Those spirits had been dead for so long that they had forgotten their true forms and instead became blobs of lights. The only reason the Holy Princess could remember her form for so long was because she resided within her own statue, how could she forget her form if she lived within it?

However, this baby was the true form of Dyon's soul. It had already, inexplicably, taken form already. And, the most devastating part, and the part that confused the Holy Princess the most, was that she didn't sense the other soul auras here.

The reason she was so confident that Dyon had used an evil technique was because his soul talent was divided into too facets. She had never heard of someone having so many weapon's spirits, then to on top of the have two flame spirits, a heavenly lightning spirit, a sovereign spirit, and an eye spirit. They followed too many diverging paths and couldn't possibly come from a single person. It didn't make sense.

If this nascent soul was the accumulation of those various soul talents, although it would still be surprising, it would at least have an explanation. But, the aura of this soul was too condensed, too pure, to be from more than one person.

'He has to have a method of cleansing away the auras of others before incorporating their talents unto himself. If not, then his personality would have already been overrun by the thoughts and opinions of all of the poor souls that he's absorbed up to now. He needs to die!'

The Holy Princess' delicate hand stretched forward, condensing the soul energy she had once held in her previous life. Even as a remnant soul, her power was not to be underestimated. Dyon's master was capable of blocking a blast from a pseudo heavenly treasure and saving Dyon's life as a remnant soul, let alone the remnant soul of a Holy Princess who had had the protection of the tower.

In the outside world, Dyon's body began to tremble violently. It wasn't out of pain, or injury, but rather an unbridled rage.

The momentum and air of an expert shrouded him, encompassing the entirety of the valley.

The geniuses froze in place. This sort of air, this sort of suppression, it was something they had only felt when they dealt with their family and sect elders.

No! It was worse than that. It was more arrogant, fiercer. It was filled with a Presence and untouchable confidence that stood against the world.

Dyon's inner world shook violently as his manifestation began to roar into the skies. It wanted to get out, it wanted to leave its restraints. It didn't care that its soul was still sealed, it didn't care that it wasn't time for the Sanctuary to be unveiled yet. It wasn't the world to know that it existed, that it was enraged, that there wasn't a single person in existence that it was willing to bow to.

Chapter 986: Fools

In the distance, in an unknown corner of the core valley, Anak raised his head to the skies as his eyes reddened. His body was fiercely trembling, except unlike Dyon, it was due to involuntary fear. His mind was roaring in anger, but his blood was recoiling, burrowing into his body and digging into its crevices to hide.

He had no doubt in his mind who was causing this scene. It wasn't only him who knew, but every other member of his Emperor Giant Clan as well.

His fists clenched. "I'll definitely kill you and wash away this shame! Since my blood wants to fear yours, I'll simply take it!"

Of those who felt what was going on, Ri and Clara looked up with a frown. With their soul connection to Dyon, how could they not know that this was him? However, at the same time, they could feel his anger. What happened for Dyon to be so angry?

Within Dyon's Mind's Eye, the Holy Princess' attack had finished charging. Her spirit form had dimmed considerably and she was already facing the backlash, however, she had long since steeled her resolve.

"Don't blame me." The Holy Princess spoke coldly. "Blame your past evil actions. You reap what you sow. You don't deserve a next life."

Just as the Holy Princess was about to unleash her attack, a brilliant array formation appeared, protecting the golden baby.

The Holy Princess trembled with shock, quickly retracting her attack. But, it was too late.

Her arm shattered to pieces, half of her body dissipating in an instant.

"The Seal?!..." She coughed violently as her spirit paled considerably, losing more than 80% of its power in an instant. What a horrible ending for her, she had tried to use a soul-based attack on a person who had their soul protected by a weapon of the 33 heavens as a mere remnant soul? Wasn't she asking for death?

Was this really how she would die? How could such an evil man be so lucky? To monopolize one of the legendary 33 weapons as a youth of barely 33 years old? These weapons were even world shattering on the transcendent plane, let alone here!

"GET OUT HERE!" Suddenly a voice filled with rage made the Holy Princess tremble with fear. Because she had broken the rules of the tower, she had lost its protection and her soul was already dissipating. If this evil man decided to imprison and torture her, there was nothing she could do!

Deadly aurora flames surged from Dyon's hand as he extracted it from a stone, piercing through his body and arriving within his Mind's Eye.

The violent flames wrapped around the Holy Princess' half torn body, forcefully dragging her out against her will.

Dyon's eyes were blinded by rage, completely reddening with pulsing veins of golden blood. From within his spatial ring, he pulled out what looked like a spherical array.

Inside, there was an odd spirit. It seemed to be screaming in agony, constantly forming then collapsing as though it had lost its mind.

This array was something Dyon had created the last time he was blinded by rage. It housed Matriarch Niveus, the woman responsible for annihilating his homeland. He hadn't allowed her soul to be dissipated, instead, she had been constantly tortured for her deeds for the last 14+ years. 14 years of torture might have made the mind of a normal mortal collapse by now, but one had to remember that Matriarch Niveus had lived for over 9800 years, 14 years was too short of a punishment for her.

When the Holy Princess was pulled out of Dyon's Mind's Eye, this was the very first thing she saw. By this point, how could she not be absolutely certain that Dyon was some sort of reincarnated demon? He was evil to the point of being will to torture this poor senior for who knows how long?

"Evil! Scoundrel!" The Holy Princess screamed out and struggled, but it meant next to nothing.

In one swift motion, she was thrown in along with Matriarch Niveus, their screams becoming one before being shoved back into Dyon's spatial ring.

Even after doing this, Dyon's rage still hadn't seemed to subside.

His fists flew forward, smashing heavily into the Holy Princess' statue.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A violent torrential rain of punches bombarded the statue, but the material was simply too tough. Even with Dyon's strongest power, there was no hope in denting it. But, he still let all of his emotions go. He hated the feeling of being powerless, yet that feeling seemed to be happening more and more often. Even if he didn't die just now, whose to say that the next expert who deems his life meaningless wouldn't succeed?

"FUCK!"

Emotions Dyon had buried for a long time surged upward. Thoughts of his home being destroyed with the flick of a finger. Images of Amphorae giving her life to save him. Flashes of Luna's last smile before she committed suicide.

"Calm down!" The Dragon King's ancient voice sounded in Dyon's mind. Although he much preferred his master's demonic side, as a weapon, he was bound by heaven's rules. Since he was aware that Dyon didn't want to fall to such a side, then he had an obligation to stop him.

The voice snapped Dyon back to reality. He could only stare down at the now exposed bone of his blood drenched fists, clenching them tightly.

Dyon didn't care what reasons the Holy Princess had, as far as he was concerned, she could rot in hell along with Matriarch Niveus for all of eternity. In the martial world, intent never mattered as much as the result, so what obligation did Dyon have to forgive her? If he was too weak, he would be dead. Then who would have to forgive who?

"Dyon!" Two voices rang in Dyon's ears as images of Clara and Ri appeared in the skies. Although there weren't any Sapiencia relay towers here, their distance from each other was close enough that it didn't matter.

Dyon shook his head. "I'm fine. Those who should be paying for their mistakes are paying for them."

The two women sighed in relief.

"What happened?" Clara couldn't help but ask.

Seeing their worried expressions, Dyon could only explain briefly. Despite the fact he had kept out most of the details, the two beauties couldn't help but pale in fright. Were they really that close to losing their husband?

"We should be together." Ri spoke up. If she and Clara had been there, maybe things wouldn't have happened like that. At the very least, they could have vouched for Dyon's character.

Dyon sighed. "Clara, it's best you help Ri claim the legacy. That Chrysanthemum, although she lost an exchange with Little Feu Glace, isn't so far behind her that she would lose if Ri was distracted by a resonance."

Although Dyon didn't want the connection between Clara, Ri and him to be known before, after thinking about it, he preferred to take the risk in order to make sure Ri was protected. After all, there was no one questioning Ri's origins since it was confirmed that she was a member of the Snow Clan, they could just pass off Ri and Clara becoming friends as a coincidental meeting.

Clara nodded. "I've already refined that dome treasure you gave me. No one will come even close to us."

Dyon had decided to give the treasure he stole from Lilith to Clara. After all, with his soul sealed, he couldn't properly refine it. At the same time, it could give them an added layer of protection. It was especially suited to Clara's fighting style.

"Oh, also, I found your master's statue a few days ago," Clara suddenly said, "But the range on the necklaces was too short for me to contact you then. There are already a few people fighting over her then, so you should hurry over."

Dyon nodded. He wasn't too worried, after all, his master had been here for thousands of years already. It was obvious she wouldn't pick someone easily. It was likely that people were only fighting over her because she was relatively new compared to the other statues here. What he was more interested in was why the saint floors had such powerful individual.

Either way, his fists were itching. His rage still hadn't subsided yet so he was really curious to find out what fools dare to try and take his master's legacy from him.

Chapter 987: Sad?

Even in this fog, it wasn't hard for Dyon to get directions from Clara. Considering they were close enough now, Dyon could feel her general position. All Clara needed to do was explain which direction his master's statue was in relation to herself, and Dyon would understand.

It wasn't long before Dyon heard the sounds of battle, only a few hours.

"Gigolo, obediently leave and allow your father to claim this inheritance." A booming voice called out, shaking the very air itself.

"Fatso, why would such a beautiful lady pick you to inherit her legacy? She would definitely pick a suave gentleman like myself."

Near the clearing around the 25th White Mother's statue, Amory Clyanne laughed loudly with his massive three-meter-tall frame, watching Cullen and another well known genius duke it out.

The fatso in question was yet another Emperor, coming from a family of Gluttons. If this was an insult, it would be one thing. But, the truth was that this was the legitimate name of his race.

His family's origins reached back to the ancient Seven Dark Sins clans, of which, as far as they knew, only the Gluttons had survived. For obvious reasons, this meant his fat was definitely not just for show, it gave him unbridled power. But, that didn't stop other geniuses from poking fun at him.

That said, this clan was known for placing food over everything. There were many stories of even their most talented geniuses going on decade long escapades searching for the perfect dish. Because of their priorities, they didn't rank very highly and were only 23rd on the quadrant rankings. That said, they shouldn't be underestimated.

This genius here was one of three notable members of their younger generation, named Chanzui Glutton.

"Haha! Your mouth is going to get you killed one day, Cullen. When the esteemed 25th White Mother was alive, she could kill you with a wave of a finger, let alone her husband. And you dare to take advantage of her with your words? Aren't you tired of living?" A sturdily built female spoke out with contempt.

"Don't put words in my mouth, you man-woman. I was simply complementing the 25th White Mother."

Despite his nonchalant response, Cullen was inwardly cursing. If the 25th White Mother really took offense to what he said, it would definitely be a problem.

Who didn't know how legendary both her and her husband were? The Demon Qilin was the only man to ever survive being taken over by the Dragon King, how could he not be a legendary figure?

Although they both died when they were still much too young, that didn't stop others from respecting them as geniuses of their time. It could be said that the only reason Dyon's Master's achievements were less than that of the Demon Sage was all due to the interference of the entity. If not for him, both her and her husband would have shaken the martial world.

It was hard to picture it, but Dyon's master really was young. One had to remember that the true mark of a genius of to reach the celestial realm before 100 and the dao formation realm before 1000. Not only did she do both of those things, she also had outstanding achievements in soul cultivation even as a beast, to the point where she could maintain her own soul from dissipating thousands of years after her own death.

Dyon's master had barely entered the dao formation realms and was only about 500 years old when she died. In fact, she had only recently taken over the position of the 24th White Mother at the time. It was truly a tragedy of the martial world...

In truth, the geniuses were just fooling around at this point, still feeling each other out to see who really wanted the legacy and who was just testing their luck. After all, they were all aware that the 25th White Mother's Legacy was definitely soul related, yet none of them were soul cultivators. It was for this reason that although there were quite a few of them there, only two were fighting. In fact, Cullen hadn't even drawn his twin moon sabers.

Just as they were all joking around with each other, their gazes all snapped in one direction as the dense fog slightly parted. Normally, they would ignore such a thing, but anyone capable of entering this deep wasn't someone they could take lightly.

When Dyon entered their view, those who had seen his confrontation with Anak froze, serious expressions coloring their features.

At this point, Chanzui and the man shaped woman became curious. All of them had practically grown up with another, despite the teasing, they were decent friends and there wasn't any true animosity between them. Or, more accurately, those with true animosity weren't here. So, when they saw those

geniuses they were familiar with take this unknown character so seriously, how could they not be intrigued?

Dyon ignored their gazes. Although he was still greatly angered, he wouldn't be so stupid as to start a fight with a dozen well known geniuses with his soul and wills sealed. That would be suicide.

Instead, he walked toward the statue, his eyes slightly reddening. It was lucky that those geniuses hadn't stepped too closely to the statue for fear of being attacked from all sides, or else they would have been able to see Dyon's eyes and make some guesses.

"Hey!" The fatso suddenly yelled out. "I don't care who you are, there's a process here."

Dyon ignored his words, instead, bowing deeply to the statue. 'This disciple has been unfilial.' Dyon said inwardly.

At that moment, for the first time in the history, the statue of the 25th White Mother rippled slightly as an otherworldly beauty appeared.

The 25th White Mother truly lived up to her name. She wore a long white gown that blended into her flowing white hair. Her white, gem-like eyes were gentle and inviting, all while giving off the air of an expert. And her features were soft and delicate, beaming with air of innocence that lacked in the distinctly mature aura Dyon felt the first time he met his master. Clearly, this was a much younger version of her.

Despite being the younger version of herself, how could the 25th White Mother not recognize her own disciple? Just like the spirits, she was well aware of what her main body, or in this case, main soul experienced.

However, she could only sigh. She very much wanted the world to know that this was her disciple, but she was also highly intelligent. The fact Dyon was wearing a mask right now only meant one thing: he wanted to hide his identity.

That said, this wouldn't stop her from communicating with Dyon quietly.

"Why do you look so sad? Is your master's appearance so ugly?" The 25th White mother joked.

Dyon couldn't help but chuckle lightly. He liked this version of his master, she still retained much of her youthfulness. It was just unfortunate that he couldn't communicate with her back without speaking aloud.

"Of course not. If Senior wasn't already married, I would definitely take senior as my wife."

The surrounding geniuses couldn't believe their ears. Cullen had just now fallen into a depression because he even slightly alluded to such a thing, but this mysterious masked man didn't have any qualms at all!

The most shocking part was that they had all tried their luck to get the 25th White Mother to appear, showing off their abilities and talents one by one, yet all he had done was bow?!

It was at that moment that they remembered, this masked man was known as a weapon's crafting genius. Or, rather, everyone assumed that he was given the bandaged package on his back. Therefore, his soul talent had to be the reason she appeared so quickly. Right?

However, at this point, they all sneered inwardly. With his words just now, how could he still have the right to earn her legacy? This was no different than insulting the 25th White Mother.

Who didn't know how seriously women of the martial world had to take their reputation? Aside from those who followed seductive paths of cultivation, no woman dared to be loose with her words, nor with the words she accepted. There was no shortage of jealous men waiting in the wings to insult the women who rejected them. They were disgusting low-lives, yes, but they still existed.

Chapter 988: Insights

In the next instant though, they were all stunned once more, because the 25th White Mother actually began to laugh!

Even if they were hundreds of times smarter, they would never guess that Dyon was her disciple.

For one, any disciple that the 25th White Mother took should have definitely been making waves in the world by now considering that it had been thousands of years since she died. Either that, or they would have perished along with the Celestial Deer Sect.

Secondly, they had never heard of the guardian beast of the Celestial Deer Sect taking a disciple. Such an event would have been earth shattering and worthy of a large ceremony many powerful figures would be invited to.

Lastly, who joked with their masters like this? Most master-disciple relationships were one of stiff respect and protocol. Not many truly became as they should be... Not many became like the mother to son relationship Dyon and the 25th White Mother had.

Although Dyon and the 25th White Mother hadn't spent long together, every time they were brought together was for an event neither one of them would forget in their lives. Not to mention the fact that the 25th White Mother had secretly followed Dyon for years, hidden with The Seal, waiting for the right time to reveal herself. They were closer than what simple time could provide.

After their brief exchange, the 25th White Mother began to speak again.

"I know you came for the core teachings of our Celestial Deer Sect, how, if I had them, I would have given them to you a long time ago," She spoke sadly. She wanted to help her disciple, but she couldn't. It made her feel like she didn't deserve to have such a talented Dyon under her wing.

"The truth is that our sect master destroyed the core teachings and erased its truths from our memories before the sect fell. He then the final copy, along with his own Legacy World to the Soul Rend Quadrant. Our final core teachings are hidden there.

"According to the year it is, and calculating the orbits of the universes, planets and galaxies..." The 25th White Mother spoke quickly, using an ancient calculation means to provide Dyon the exact position of the Legacy World.

"You don't have to be in too much of a hurry. Orbits of such large bodies are very slow, so at least for the next ten thousand years, the position I've given you won't be too far from what I've told you. But,

you'll have to recalculate the position of the planet when the time comes, or else you'll have to search the entire solar system."

"Don't even think of going now." The innocent appearance of Dyon's master disappeared, replaced by a very serious expression that more matched the maturity of her main body. "The Legacy World is designed to be difficult for even dao formation experts. Going now will just get you killed. Also, the key for opening the Legacy World is hidden with our long-time allies, Soul Rending Peak."

Dyon wanted to explain the change of the situation in the Soul Rend Quadrant, but if he spoke aloud, it would reveal too many secrets to those standing around. He could only nod as his master streamed more and more information into his mind.

"My main soul likely sealed away the true reason our sect was destroyed, and for good reason. The secret isn't something you should have to hold until you become powerful. The fact that a transcendent came down personally, paying a heavy price even by his metrics, should be enough of a clue.

"You have to understand that the entity chained within our Earth is no normal transcendent. Even on that plane of existence, he was among the three most powerful. If his plan succeeds, he'll be completely unmatched.

"I'm sorry that master can't help you personally, but the only way to win against the entity is for some on this plane to become powerful enough to destroy his body. If we can't accomplish this, I'm afraid that there's no hope left..."

Dyon frowned deeply. Even a former dao expert like Elder Daiyu couldn't even enter a million mile radius of that entity's body. Dyon, himself, had personally stepped a single foot into that inner world at the center of Earth and began trembling with fear at just the simple sight of his hand.

This was a man with a body capable of completely filling the center of a planet that was millions of miles in circumference and still seem massive.

On top of that, if the 25th White Mother's story was correct, the entity had even allowed himself to be caught. Now, Dyon was supposed to become strong enough to destroy the body of a transcendent ranked within the top three on even their plane, all while not transcending himself? What a terrible joke.

When Dyon thought about how this entity was actually the second disciple of the old man, he felt an even bigger headache coming on. If even that man couldn't handle him, what was Dyon supposed to do?

The 25th White Mother sighed. "The only reason we stood a semblance of a chance is because the entity was heavily suppressed. The laws of the universe wouldn't allow a transcendent to run rampant in this plane. However, that doesn't change the fact that the strength of his body is unfathomable.

"Master doesn't say this to scare you, I only want you to be properly prepared. The only chance you have is faith energy."

Dyon blinked. Faith energy?

"The best way to surpass the limits of your cultivation, gaining battle power to overwhelm the heavens is by working with the power of faith. A Legatee of an Emperor God Clan who is, say, a third grade saint expert, could fight on par with a loose cultivator of the second grade saint level. That boost cannot be underestimated. Unfortunately, a mere Emperor God Clan isn't enough...

"Assuming that you become a half-step transcendent before attempting to destroy his body, to reach the power level of such a strong transcendent... I can't even imagine the strength of clan that would require."

Dyon took a deep breath. Anyone else who heard this would be filled with despair, but when he was backed against a wall, he only had one goal: to find the way to succeed. Even if he needed to conquer every remaining universe to succeed, he would do it!

Seeing the fighting spirit lit in Dyon's eyes, the 25th White Mother's illusory eyes threatened to glisten with tears. If she was in her true body, it would definitely be streaming down her face by now.

The good news is that the time needed to integrate the Gama energy of an entire universe was astronomical. One had to remember that the talent supplied at the creation of a universe wasn't just for a fixed point in time, that same energy had to support that universe for the trillions upon trillions of years it existed, from its very first day, to its very last. The idea of absorbing all of that energy was simply mind boggling.

Dyon would make sure to use every bit of that time to his advantage. Only a few thousand years had passed since he began this integration... Dyon would make sure to make that bastard pay for his complacency.

Dyon's master went on to explain many more things. Everything from points in cultivation, to warnings about the mysterious organization that the entity had help him descend. Hours passed by as the geniuses didn't dare to do anything. Since the resonance had clearly not begun yet, there was no benefit in attacking Dyon yet, so they simply waited, very much confused about what the masked man and the 25th White Mother could have to talk about for so long.

Of course, they all assumed that Dyon was communicating with her secretly, while the reality of the matter was that only the 25th White Mother was speaking.

By the time she finally finished, the 25th White Mother had a sad expression on her features. "I don't have a legacy to give you that isn't already in your memories. When your soul unseals, you can use The Seal to pry the rest of my memories open and you can gain many useful insights and techniques."

Chapter 989: Kill

"How is your Array Alchemy?"

Dyon smiled. "I should be comparable to a 6th stage Comet expert."

This was the first time Dyon had spoken in hours. When the geniuses heard his words, they choked on their own air before they began cleaning out their ears to make sure they had heard correctly.

Under 1000 years old? 6th stage comet expert? No matter what secondary profession he was referring to, it was too ridiculous!

If they had known that he was talking about array alchemy as a whole, they'd be even more surprised. This was definitely not the same as succeeding in either formation theory or alchemy theory.

They were certain he had to be lying, but when the 25th White Mother nodded seriously with a tinge of pride in her eyes they couldn't help but breathe out the breath they had been involuntarily holding.

One had to know the sheer rarity of comet level experts were. Moon, Planet and Star level experts were almost non-existence. In addition, comet level experts were already good enough to create treasures and pills suitable for use for dao formation level experts.

In addition, the gap between the grandmaster stage and the comet stage was like heaven and earth. That wasn't even mentioning the gap between the first and second comet stages, let alone the first and sixth stages. It was simply too inconceivable.

Even if their clan's elders were here, they would have no choice but to address Dyon as a peer instead of a junior. What the hell was going on?!

It had to be said, even the greatest expert of the secondary professions here were Moon level experts at the very best. There were no Planet or Star level experts. For Dyon to be such a young Comet level expert... His future was with a ceiling!

"Your cultivation is still lacking, but I understand that it's because you've been sealed. You will comprehension surprises even me, you're on an excellent path, my little disciple."

"Do you know how long?" Dyon asked vaguely, not wanting them to understand.

"With the help of the tower, I can see how long it'll take you to be unsealed, yes. You still need about 15 more years. It seems that the difficulty is increased by the infusion of that strange energy, is that really Primordial Energy?"

Dyon nodded. He didn't know how the Energy Core did it so quickly, but it had complete sucked away the Primordial Energy of an entire universe away for his use. It was truly baffling. The entity needed millions of years to integrate the energy of their universe, but the Energy Core had done it in seconds.

Of course, there were a few key differences.

For one, it only took the Primordial Energy, which is still a far cry from the sum total of all energies. Secondly, it didn't refine the energy, it only absorbed it, which is, again, different from what the entity is doing.

Dyon's master smiled, almost as though she was saying goodbye. She had given Dyon everything he needed, it was time for them to separate once again.

At that moment, Dyon felt a weight on his chest, before he began to get agitated. He wanted to find a way to tell his master to enter his Mind's Eye and rest there. Although he didn't have enough energy to support both of their souls, if his master went into a deep slumber, it wouldn't affect him at all. Then he could use the technique he received to construct a new body for her as an apology for all the times her soul was shattered because of him.

However, explaining that aloud was definitely difficult. Letting others know that he had this ability would be far too troublesome.

Just as Dyon was wracking his brain to find a way to say what he needed to say in a way only his master would understand, he thought of something. It would be dangerous, and would likely cause him to be attacked from all sides, but it was definitely worth it.

"Senior, we can begin resonance now."

The 25th White Mother was stunned as she involuntarily looked around at all the geniuses that were here. If Dyon had his soul and wills unsealed, she wouldn't be so worried, but this was a reality that she couldn't change.

On top of this, because Dyon's soul was sealed, he couldn't resonate with her. So what was he thinking?

The 25th White Mother's eyes widened with realization. 'He must want me to enter his Mind's Eye? But why?'

Hearing these words though, the geniuses involuntarily reached for their weapons. Normally, they wouldn't dare to lightly offend Dyon, however, there was another reason to attack someone that was resonating.

If one defeats a person during their resonance, it was possible to fight over the legacy before it was able to return to the statue. This was why they all stayed here despite not having the necessary soul talent to gain the legacy voluntarily.

On top of this, they felt Dyon was far too arrogant. He could have said his second profession ranking silently. He could have also said that he wanted to begin resonance silently too. Yet, he had said both of these things aloud. They, as geniuses themselves, saw this as a slap to the face!

Cullen and Amory shook their heads, backing away to watch the show. Their thoughts were clear. They would definitely not participate, not after seeing Dyon's clash with Anak. They needed to see what was real and what wasn't first.

Just as the geniuses were preparing to attack, yet distortion of the nearby fog occurred, causing all of their eyes to follow. When they saw the group of tailed individuals, they simply nodded and turned their attention back.

The moment Dyon turned back his whole body froze before a deep killing intent shook the world around them.

"You can begin senior." Dyon said without turning back to his master.

Aki Void's gaze met Dyon's, causing him to be stunned. Especially the momentum of his killing intent, he suddenly felt the need to turn tail and run.

However, he quickly regained his composure. He had the most powerful members of the Kitsune Clan with him, if he caught Dyon, or even killed him, getting to Ri would be far easier.

His features steeled. "Kill!"

The geniuses paused, not sure whether to act or not. On one hand, the grudge between this masked man and the kitsune clan was well documented. Not only was it rumored that the Void Clan tried to bully Alexandria Snow because she had their faith seed, the masked man had also very publicly

embarrassed the face of the kitsune clan. Although that latter reason may seem petty, there was little large clans cared about more than their face.

In terms of the younger generation of saints, Aki Void had been their number one genius for a long time. Because Ri came from a smaller clan and rarely appeared in public, she didn't receive the same backing Aki had from the clan. As such, despite having far more talent than Aki, she wasn't accepted in the same way. While they wanted Aki to grow to lead, they wanted to control Ri.

"Dyon, it's no good if I enter your Mind's Eye now. For one, if I do this, you'll have to deal with the other geniuses on top of dealing with the kitsune clan. Secondly, there's no point. If I take up residence in your Mind's Eye, all that'll do is siphon away your own soul strength. Even though it doesn't matter now because your soul is sealed, it will definitely slow down the construction of your inner world even further."

Of course Dyon knew this, however he couldn't allow others to know that he was handicapped and weak. If he fought the kitsune as he was right now, it would become very obvious, very quickly that he wasn't as powerful as his Presence dictated. If that happened, it would lead to a lot of trouble in the future.

But, if he fought them while everyone thought he was resonating, then there'd be an explanation for his weak strength. Everyone would dismiss his insistence on resonating at such an inopportune time as him just being flagrantly arrogant, when in truth, he wasn't actually resonating at all.

Dyon cracked his neck. "Don't worry about it senior, if I don't give these fools a handicap, this would be too easy."

The sturdily built woman began to laugh. "I usually only accept the best of pretty boys into my harem, but for those words you just said, I won't mind bending a masked man over."

By the time this exchange had happened, the kitsune had already surged forward. There were three of them, Aki Void of the Void Clan, the eight-silver tailed hot-headed young man, and the eight golden tailed beauty that was angered when Dyon ignored her in favor of Ri. They were the only kitsune of this generation talented enough to enter this far into the valley, but still shouldn't be underestimated.

Dyon's master could only blink in confusion before entering Dyon's Mind's Eye anyway. Since he said so, he definitely had a plan.

At that moment, Dyon's master began to emit a light, doing her best to emulate the circumstances of a true resonance so those around wouldn't understand that she had actually entered Dyon's Mind's Eye.

With his master gone, Dyon's rage shook the heavens, replaying the story Ri had told again and again as he watched the three kitsune fly toward him.

Masako, the golden-tailed beauty, grasped at the air, causing a flash of golden light to dissipate and leave behind what looked like an eleven-inch oak branch in her hand.

Dyon's eyes narrowed. 'Magic user.'

Chapter 990: Dare?!

Masako was from the Heaven kitsune clan, the ancestor of which was at the same level as Kukan in his life. Their abilities were very similar to Clara's Energy Flow constitution, one of the top ten God level constitutions. However, it was obviously on a much smaller scale.

Simply put, they had tempered versions of Clara's ability, with increased affinity for Conventional Path energies and the ability to read the flow of energy within their opponent's body. This made them very good Magic wielders, so it was no surprise.

Despite the beauty and elegance of it all, there was nothing pretty about the ferocity of her attacks.

Masako took vanguard, allowing Aki Void and Gin Jikan to flank her. Clearly, they were very much used to fighting together.

Her delicate hand swiveled and whipped, arcing elegantly through the air, drawing pattern after pattern with blinding speeds.

In an instant, several arrays appeared before morphing into individual, snake-like whips.

Coiling snakes, half a foot in diameter blasted toward Dyon from all angles, threatening to pound him into nothing but minced meat.

Gin's tails emitted a silvery light just as Aki's emitted a black fog. The lights spun in unison, finding their way to Masako's arrays and melding together.

At that moment, the transparent snakes no longer moved simply, instead gaining a profound edge. They sped up and slowed down without warning, even jumping through space and appearing elsewhere at times. The kitsune triplet pair hadn't held anything back, instead choosing to attack with everything they had.

The geniuses who had yet to make a move watched in shock. They were very aware how powerful the combination of these three were, what they didn't expect was that they would attack with full force so soon. Usually, when facing an enemy you had never fought before, some probing would be in order... This proved one thing: This masked man was dangerous!

Dyon faced the coming onslaught with a calm expression, his Perception working in overdrive as he took in every one of their movements. And then, he flicked both of his sleeves, allowing hundreds of silver plaques to appear in the air, bobbing around him gently.

Aurora flames erupted around him, supported by his runic veins for added control.

"This will be the first debt collection for your kitsune clan." Dyon's eyes sharpened.

The geniuses blinked, 'Those are array plates!'

Dyon's finger lightly flicked, causing one of the hundreds of floating silver plaques to shatter. In that moment, a brilliant array appeared from it, unleashing a fierce attack.

BOOM!

A translucent snake shattered into nothingness.

The attack was so precise and well timed that Masako almost stopped her charge forward. How was it possible for anyone to time something so perfectly? That was impossible!

However, it continued to happen. Dyon became like a conductor, a god, standing in his domain. Simple flicks of the finger unleashed devastating attacks, shattering snake after snake.

By the time Masako was within range, her nearly dozen translucent snakes had fallen to a mere three, causing her to shake with anger.

Magic worked differently than array alchemy did. Every creation was linked to her own energies, and controlled as such. That was why Dyon created inanimate objects, while she was capable of creating life-like snakes for attack.

Of course, Dyon was capable of imitating living things by changing the form of arrays, but it wasn't to the same level as Magic wielders. They would always lack a certain candidness and naturality. This was also why amplifiers used by magic wielders, like the oak branch in Masako's hand, had to have life essence characteristics.

Masako had already paled considerably by the time she was a few meters from Dyon. "Die!"

A blade of energy appeared from the edge of her amplifier, coated with the silver and black energies of Aki and Gin.

The three remaining snakes bit toward Dyon's legs, head and back, pincering him in from all sides.

Dyon hand reached out to the side, causing a silver plaque to fly toward him at blinding speeds before shattering on his palm.

Another brilliant array appeared just as Masako's blade nearly slashed Dyon in half. But, before it could, Dyon disappeared!

'Teleportation array!' The geniuses were stunned. Could arrays really be used in battle like this? They had never seen anyone fight like this. If this was possible, who the hell dared to say that soul cultivators were weak?!

Dyon appeared behind Masako, his back facing her. Even while training his eyes on the still charging Aki and Gin, his fingers flicked again.

Four brilliant arrays appeared, spinning in the ferociously before beaming outward.

In a moment, the three remaining snakes were sniped, causing Masako to cough up a vat of blood just as the fourth spear flew toward her back.

Aki's eyes burned with rage, but this rage was nothing compared to what Dyon was feeling.

"Coward! Hiding behind arrays, fight like a man!" Gin roared.

The geniuses to the side looked at Gin weirdly. Wasn't he the "man" who just allowed a delicate beauty to take vanguard? The "man" that attacked three on one? The "man" attacking a genius while he was resonating? Was he really complaining about the mortality of it all right now?

BOOM!

Masako's delicate scream called out as she was sent flying.

Her arms bent at an awkward angle as she rolled along the ground like nothing more than a rag doll, before falling unconscious. Despite her energy manipulating abilities being top notch, and being a beast, her body was still too fragile.

It had to be said that these weren't normal arrays. Whereas a regular weapon's hell array took Dyon less than a split second to draw, Clara meticulously drew these particular versions over the course of hours, even days. Each had the power of a single full-strength attack from an 10th stage Saint, and although this couldn't be said to be overwhelmingly powerful, when used as cleverly as Dyon used them, they were deadly.

Plus, Masako herself was still a 9th stage saint. She wasn't so powerful that she could ignore an attack from an expert a single layer beneath her. The only reason she took vanguard for the three of them was because she had the best control over energy, and as such could more easily implement Gin's time will and Aki's void will.

"This doesn't make any sense." The fatso, Chanzui, muttered to himself. "He has such strong control even while resonating, he definitely has a split mind's technique!"

The geniuses shuddered. If this was true, what was the use in attacking him?

Usually, soul cultivators had powerful minds, and the best ones were capable of doing multiple task at once without losing a single step. It was just that the geniuses who could do so were far too rare!

It had to be said that the reason attacking during resonance was the most optimal, usually, was because the process was almost like looking in two different directions at once. But, if this genius could do exactly that, then there was no advantage for them either way!

Dyon's fingers flicked again.

"You dare?!" Aki roared. But, it was too late. A spear filled with power rushed for Masako's unconscious body, slamming into her delicate throat.

Those watching were stunned. Was it really supposed to be so easy to kill a Queen level character? The Kings in the crowd shivered. Would they die so easily against him as well?

What they didn't know was that Dyon's Presence had completely frozen Masako. He couldn't allow the level of his Presence to leak, or else it would reveal too many clues about his identity. Masako wasn't unconscious at all, nor did she freeze because of her snakes dying. No. She died because she tried to attack a true God!

It had to be said the Masako had a Presence protecting treasure as well. In fact, her wand made it so that she had two. However, protective treasures had their limits. A genius like Masako would only have a treasure capable of protecting against a lower King. This was already enough to ignore the Presence of

all members of the younger generation. Only geniuses like Aki who were the beacon of a generation would be provided with protective treasures capable of protecting against Emperors.

Dyon simply outsmarted them. He had focused his Presence to a small area, making him seem much more powerful than he really was. But, this was exactly the effect he wanted.