

The Nameless 991

Chapter 991: First Form

Gin and Aki stopped, their nerves on end. But rage burned in their hearts. Masako was someone they had both grown up with since their youth, the three of them had always been the triplet geniuses of their generation. Yet, she had died right in front of them!

"Are you mad?" Dyon calmly walked toward the two kitsune, his hands clasped behind his back. "Are your hearts burning with rage? Anger? Sorrow? Do you want to tear me limb from limb? Eat my flesh and drink my blood?"

Gin and Aki's eyes reddened, but they didn't speak, instead gritting their teeth in silence.

"I wonder, when you thought it was so easy to marry my wife, to make her your concubine, then your maid. When you thought to ruin her life and turn her into your puppet, making use of your backing, did you think about what kind of backing she had?"

"Did you think about the possibility of retaliation, the possibility of revenge? The possibility of you losing something you cared about instead of just taking things as you pleased?"

"Today I'm going to kill you. Not only am I going to kill you, I'm going to kill anyone who dares to interfere. And when I'm done, I'm going to wipe your Void Clan out of existence and make those esteemed elders you thought were your backers kneel and the feet of my wife."

The world trembled under Dyon's words. They were filled with such confidence that none of them dared to think of doubting him.

Aki grit his teeth before he turned toward the geniuses. "Friends, my Void clan's has an irreconcilable hatred with this man and his wife.

"Firstly, his wife used underhanded means to somehow gain our Void Clan's prized faith seed. You all understand the importance and taboo surrounding the faith seed of clan, do you not? As members of the Void clan, we had an obligation to investigate. This is all we wanted to do, open a dialogue between our clan and the Snow clan.

"At the end of it all, to compromise and no longer pursue the matter, my Void Clan and Alexandria's Snow clan reached an agreement to allow a marriage alliance between our clans. I guarantee to you all, on my honor as a martial warrior, she did not have a husband at the time this was decided.

"However, Alexandria cursed her ancestors and disrespected her elders, spitting in the face of their arrangements and running off to spread her legs this for unknown man, slapping my Void Clan in the face.

"You tell me, is this not foul? Is this not out of bounds? Do I not have the right to fight for the honor of my clan?"

The geniuses nodded. They all knew exactly how important faith seeds were to clans. If their own clan faith seed fell in the hands of another, the mere fact they didn't kill her and take the faith seed by force was already enough of a concession. For Alexandria to ignore this kindness, they would be angry as well.

Dyon listened to this with an eerie calm in his eyes, his anger had boiled over to the point where he no longer expressed it in normal ways. The thumping of a heart filled with rage was slowly growing louder.... It wasn't that he didn't want to attack, but that he had already used a trick to kill one of them, he needed to be meticulous with his next, or he would suffer a loss. But, this didn't mean that he wasn't thinking of all the ways he'd make Aki pay for his words.

"Friends, help me seek justice for my clan. I won't ask you to help for free. This man is known for his prowess in his secondary profession, it is guaranteed that he has a lot of wealth on him. I guarantee that I won't touch his spatial ring, you all can split it amongst yourselves as you see fit."

The eyes of the geniuses lit up with greed. They had been dissatisfied with Dyon proclaiming that he was 6th comet level expert. He was too arrogant! How could they know that Dyon had only said it aloud because his cultivation was sealed? To them, he said it aloud on purpose to slap their faces.

On top of that, some of the more astute geniuses recognized the silver plaque Dyon used for his attacks. Everyone knew that the more powerful an array, the more of a treasure an array plate needed to be to house said array. Those silver plaques, each and every one of them, were grandmaster level materials! Their price combined was astronomical!

Amory and Cullen looked at each other, both thinking the same thing. "I want his mask." They both spoke at the same time.

Aki smiled inwardly while maintaining his outward appearance of seeking justice. "Like I said, all of his possessions can be split amongst yourselves as you see fit. I won't interfere at all."

"If you want me to help." The fatso yawned, clearly too lazy for all of this. "I want your Counsel badge. I heard you eat for free in Central City as a Counsel member. I want to live that life."

Aki nearly coughed up blood looking at Chanzui's lazy gaze. But, he grit his teeth and nodded anyway.

"Good, good." Chanzui clapped happily.

The man-woman looked at Dyon. "If you apologize and give me some of your wealth, I won't mind taking a step back and not fighting at all."

Dyon's head slowly turned toward the sturdily built woman, his eyes as calm as the surface of a lake. "I don't think any of you heard what I said. I said that I'd kill anyone who dared to interfere. If you step forward, you've signed your own death warrant."

The man-woman's face twisted in anger. "It's clear that you don't know what's good for you!"

Even if some people made fun of her appearance behind her back, and some of the bolder ones did so to her face, no one had ever dared to disregard her so easily. Regardless of her looks, she was still an Empress, still the young mistress of the Amazonian Clan, and still a central piece of the younger generation of a quadrant ranked 17th, Princess Diana.

Her spatial ring flashed, causing a blazing red bow to appear, spanning more than two meters in length.

Almost as if her action was a signal, the other geniuses began to move, pulling out their own respective weapons while remaining cautious.

Some of those who knew they would be nothing more than canon fodder decided not to participate, instead much more willing to record the proceedings. At least that way, they would make up for not being able to take part in the spoils. It was certain that the Sapientia News Network would pay an arm and a leg for a story surrounding so many geniuses fighting. Especially since there had already been a major death!

Masako was only a Queen level character, but just how many Kings could one expect to be on the saint floors? At most, a few thousand among the billions. Better yet, there might be an even more tragic death to come soon. Although they didn't know what title Dyon held, it couldn't be low, right?

"Don't worry about his teleportation," Aki called out, looking at Dyon with disdain. "I wasn't prepared before, but now I've locked down the immediate space."

Hearing these words, a major worry of the geniuses disappeared. With the space locked down, Dyon's effectiveness would take a massive hit. Unfortunately, they wouldn't get too long to bask in this comfort because Dyon had decided to attack first.

His arms raised into the air, orchestrating the movement of the silver plaques. And then, his assault began.

Spear after spear flew outward, bombarding the geniuses and forcing them into defensive positions.

Diana sneered. "I've got your cover!" Brilliant, flaming red armor covered her body as she pulled back on her bow. Energies, as though guided by her fingers, began to swirl to life, following the path of her pull and appearing in the form of an arrow. "First form, [Meteor Rain]!"

Diana's arm cocked back, raising the bow into the skies and unleashing hundreds of translucent arrows of energy.

The arrows seemed to have a mind of their own, separating into concentrated streams of about a dozen and slamming into Dyon's spears.

Cullen shot forward, drawing his twin moon sabers and cutting a path forward. Amory followed close behind, roaring into the skies and causing his already exposed torso to erupt with red dragon scales.

Dyon's expression didn't change. He already knew that the Clyanne Giant clan had thin dragon blood in their veins. It was no surprise that Amory could invoke some of it to boost his power.

His eyes quickly calculated the happening as his enemies reached closer. It seemed that Gin was taking a back seat along with Aki, likely waiting for an opportune time to implement his time will to the utmost effectiveness.

It was important to keep an eye on them, but he could set them aside for now. As for the rest of the geniuses, Chanzui had yet to make a move, Cullen, Amory and about a dozen or so subordinate Kings were charging forward, and Diana was covering for them with her arrows.

Dyon's Perception swept through, immediately gauging who had intent to attack and who didn't, before unceremoniously ignoring those only here to spectate.

A template of the battlefield appeared in his mind, calculating at inhuman speeds as his silver plaques continued to levitate in the air.

'I have a limited number of these plaques. Only about ten thousand silver plaques and only ten hidden red plaques. Considering the distribution of the plaques, they won't last for longer than half an hour at the most, I need to finish this within that time frame. First... Diana.'

Dyon knew that if he didn't deal with Diana, he wouldn't be able to pick off the Kings, and in a battle of attrition, he would definitely lose.

Cullen reached Dyon's position, swinging his moon saber at his head. "[Half Moon Slash]!"

Dyon's hand flicked outward, bringing ten silver plaques to smash into his hand.

Ten blinding defensive arrays appeared between Dyon and Cullen.

BOOM!

The blade collided with the first, tearing through it as easily as paper. There was no way a defensive array would be able to stop a full force strike from an Emperor. But, Dyon didn't need to stop him, he only needed to slow him down.

Dyon lightly leaped backward, narrowly dodging the swing of the saber even as his fingers flicked to send a spear toward Cullen.

Unfortunately, Diana was ready. An arrow had already appeared between Cullen and Dyon's attack, thwarting it completely.

In that moment, Dyon faced attacks from all sides. Cullen had already begun swinging his second blade, Amory had reached Dyon's range and had sent a roaring fist coated in deadly intent toward him, all while a dozen or so others had cut off Dyon's escape routes.

Diana relaxed into a sneer. Facing so many attacks at once, even those three Gods would have to take it seriously, let alone this masked fool.

But, that was when something they hadn't expected to happen, happened.... Dyon's palm waved, bringing yet another plaque toward himself, then... disappeared.

The eyes of the geniuses widened with shock. Didn't that Aki fellow say that he had locked down the space? What the hell was going on? Where'd he go?

Unfortunately for them, this wasn't the worst part of their plight. Originally, they had been attacking Dyon while surrounding him. Now that Dyon had disappeared, those attacks were going to land on their own allies!

Cullen's blade was screaming toward Amory's fist. The numerous other geniuses had all sent their own attacks as well, but as it stood now, all they would end up doing is hurting each other.

Coughs of blood rang throughout as they each forcibly stopped circulating their techniques. It was especially terrible for Cullen and Amory who had both used some of their strongest techniques because only they knew how truly scary this masked man was after seeing him clash with Anak.

The geniuses turned to Aki in anger. They had attacked with such vigor because he had guaranteed that he had locked down the space. Since he was a Void will user, how could they not believe him?

"I demand an explanation!" Cullen turned to Aki, his handsome features completely twisted with anger.

Aki was frozen, he didn't know what was happening either. He was absolutely certain that he had locked down the space. In fact, he did so much better than any space will user could have. After all, Void will was a Supreme Law! Even though Aki hadn't broken into the intent level just yet, because of his will's ranking, it was just as effective as any intent level space will. None of this made any sense!

Pu!

At that moment, dozens of spears suddenly shot out toward injured Kings. The most shocking part was that these spears didn't show any sign of their approach until it was almost too late. It was only then that everyone understood: concealment arrays!

The Kings, despite being caught off guard, were still ready. After all, they too had undergone deadly trials and had their own levels of Perception, despite being far below that of Dyon.

Still, although none of them died, severe injury was impossible to avoid. The only two who came out completely unscathed were Cullen and Amory who were simply too powerful for such a weak surprise attack to work on them. However, Dyon had already prepared for this reality. His goal the entire time were the Kings.

Dyon appeared before everyone once again, his hands clasped behind his back, his feet not having moved a single inch in any direction. It was clear to everyone that Dyon hadn't moved at all, he had only made it seem like he teleported by instead using a concealment array, and since none of them were soul cultivators, they couldn't tell the difference!

A mixture of embarrassment and anger tore through the geniuses. At the same time, those spectating from the side gained a new level of respect for this masked man. What a bold plan! Even if they could think of it, would they have the confidence in executing it? Would they dare to take the risk? Definitely not! Not when facing so many top tier geniuses, they would all be focused on running!

Aki didn't know how to feel. On one hand, he was feeling gratified that this wasn't his fault. But, on the other hand, over a dozen of their helpers were now heavily injured and would definitely not continue to participate. It was far too dangerous to continue fighting a crafty opponent like Dyon while also dealing with the injury to their meridians and bodies. It was simply suicide.

The geniuses who were blasted into the distance immediately took out their own healing pills, looking at Dyon with wary expressions. They had only attacked because their Emperors were at their front. Yet, now it seemed that this meant next to nothing.

Diana, Amory and Cullen could only look on with ugly expressions as their fellow clan members wallowed in injury. To call them subordinates was inappropriate. It was more apt to call them their brothers and sisters. And for Cullen? The women were his lovers. How could they not dislike what they were seeing?

However, Dyon had no intention of stopping. He was thoroughly pissed off and he had very clearly said that anyone who dared to interfere would die.

His fingers unclasped from his back, flicking with an unmatched elegance as spears began to shoot out.

"No!" The three Emperors roared, surging toward Dyon.

The Kings dodged and sent out their best attacks, being forced back again and again. Even as Dyon continued to deal with the three-pronged assault of Cullen, Amory and Diana.

By this point, Diana had no choice but to stop her focused attacks on Dyon, instead taking time to protect the Kings.

"Leave!" She roared. All they were doing here was holding them back. As long as they entered the fog, it would be impossible for Dyon to continue dealing with them.

Just as they were running, the last words they heard sent a shiver down their spine. "I've remembered your faces."

"Don't take things too far!" Diana couldn't hold her emotions back anymore. If Dyon really survived this and decided to seek out individual justice with their Kings, there was no doubt that their clans would suffer a terrible loss. Kings were much too rare and too valuable, maybe only the top three quadrants could treat Kings like regular weeds.

"I warned you already." Dyon spoke with a voice filled with condescension and disdain. "Any who interfere will die."

Chapter 993: High Horse

Dyon's master watched all of this from beginning to end and she was the only one who understood just how much pressure Dyon was under. She couldn't help but feel her heart bloom with pride.

In order to utilize the silver plaques the way he had been, Dyon was utilizing an aurora stone in secret. However, the ferocity of the flames were taking a massive toll and his body was beginning to break down. To be so calm and calculating while also dealing with a ridiculous amount of pain was enough to stun even her who had long since seen many things in her life.

The only good news was the environment. Although the fog was nothing to Dyon because of The Seal, it still had to be remembered that this very fog was actually a very dense illusion formation. If one lost focus, they would also fall into this illusion.

The reason Dyon was so sure in his plan was because the backlash of having to retract their attacks at the last moment was enough for this fog to begin taking effect. Although Amory, Cullen and Diana were the treasures of the clans and thus had protective measures against this fog that surpassed just their own base tolerance, the Kings wouldn't receive such treatment.

Because of this, the moment they suffered backlash and injury to their meridians, they were immediately bombarded with the effects of the fog, causing their battle power to drastically drop, and thus causing them to be injured by Dyon's sneak attack despite trying to defend.

Dyon knew that with normal means, defeating this group of individuals was impossible with his cultivation sealed. His battle power had taken too much of a hit.

However, Dyon wasn't a person restricted to normal means. Even with his back against the wall, as long as his mind was intact, he always had confidence in his ability to see the path to victory!

The four once again fell into the dregs of battle, each fueled with their own fury. Diana no longer cared about her greed, all she wanted to do was eliminate this threat. With the protection of the tower, it was impossible for her elders to seek revenge for any deaths, so it was up to her to stop them from happening in the first place.

Cullen and Amory were even more fierce with their attacks because only they were truly aware of just how much of a threat Dyon was because only they saw his clash with Anak.

Dyon nimbly dodged saber strikes and rage filled fists, all while paying attention to Diana's occasional arrow. It was clear to anyone watching that he was on his back foot, and his willingness to use his plaques seemed to be dwindling more as time went on.

'He's running out!' The three of them thought at once.

Their attacks increased their ferocity, hoping to force Dyon into using the last of his means. It was no wonder, they all thought, those plaques are too expensive for him to have so much of them. This kind of battle style isn't sustainable. It costs too much.

'Are you ready yet?' Aki communicated silently with Gin who had yet to make a move. He was beginning to feel the strain of locking down space for so long. This wasn't something you could do without large reserves of mental energy, or, celestial level energy or above. Only celestial energy was loved by the heavens enough to allow something like sealing space to be done easily.

'Just about.' Gin replied, his eyes still red from Masako's death.

Dyon's calm had been replaced by a serious expression. Before, only Cullen and Amory had been doing all out, knowing exactly how great Dyon's potential was. But, Diana had held back, still probing the enemy.

Now seeing that Dyon was slowing down his use of the plaques, she too had begun to release more devastating attacks.

"[Amazonian Goddess: Arrows of Truth]!"

Diana's attack strength tripled, tearing through Dyon's defensive arrays with even more ease than Cullen's [Half Moon Slash].

Amory applied pressure of his own. An illusory red-scaled Dragon appeared behind him, boosting the strength behind his attacks.

Seemingly taking a cue, a bow appeared behind Diana just as twin moon sabers appeared at Cullen's back.

The geniuses watching couldn't help but hold their breath. They never saw they'd see the day when three Emperors needed to go all out to beat a single unknown man. If he was one of the well known three Gods of the saint floor, it would make sense. But, this man had come out of nowhere!

The attacks were becoming too much. Dyon's body was slowing down because of the damage the aurora flames were causing, while the defense arrays, even layered by tens and twenties, could no longer withstand the impacts of their strikes.

The worst part was that the only movement technique Dyon knew was a staple technique of the former Celestial Deer Sect. How could he use that out in the open? That was blatantly begging to be exposed.

Dyon's master began to worry, a deep frown taking over her delicate features. "Dyon, I can still attack once, let me help you."

'No!' Dyon roared in his Mind's Eye. 'Let me do this. I won't have you die again because of me. I'll make them suffer at my hands.'

At that moment, just as Dyon was desperately dodging attacks from three sides, Gin finally acted.

Time will was very special. By all rights, it should count as a Supreme Law, yet there were too many restrictions on it. For it to be powerful, one needed adequate legacies and ample time to prepare. Unfortunately, Gin had both of those things.

"Jikan's Legacy, First floor. [Tower of Time]!"

Gin's eyes flashed with a silver-white light as his hands clapped together. The veins on his face bulged as his tail became noticeably paler, losing its healthy sheen.

A black, illusory tower fell from the skies, right above Dyon, slamming onto his forehead and entering his mind.

In an instant, Dyon felt like the world around him sped up to inconceivable speeds. It was only later that he'd realize that it wasn't they that sped up, but rather him that had slowed down...

Gin violently coughed up mouthful after mouthful of blood before collapsing to the ground unconscious, but the sinister smile on his face didn't fade even as one of his tails turned to ash, leaving him with only seven.

At that very same moment, attacks that Dyon thought he had more than enough time to dodge slammed into him violently.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Diana's arrows slammed into Dyon's side, sending him flying toward Amory's fist.

The timing of the two blows was uncanny. Dyon felt that his inner organs had been violently shaken up, as though they had been stuck in a blender and turned up to the highest setting. If it wasn't for his mask, blood would have long since flown from his mask.

However, as things would have it, trouble never came alone. Cullen had long since sent a strike of own, aiming to slice Dyon in half.

At that moment, Dyon's robes had been torn to nothing. He didn't even have the time to summon his wings to protect himself. It was almost as though for every ten moves his enemies made, he could only think of executing one.

Cullen's moon saber met Dyon's shoulder, intent on slicing him from shoulder to hip.

Pu!

Dyon's finger flicked at an agonizingly slow pace.

A spear shot out from his own plaques, slamming into his shoulder and blasting him into the ground, allowing him to narrowly dodge Cullen's strike.

The geniuses watching were stunned. How cruel!

Dyon's shoulder had become a bloodied mess, making his left arm all but useless. By now, he understood what had happened despite his speed of thought being considerably slowed. Gin must have paid a heavy price to apply his time will to him.

One of the major restrictions on time will was its use against living objects. For obvious reasons, this was a massive taboo. It could be used on things with weak life force, like Masako's snakes, or inanimate objects with relative ease. But, anything above that threshold was subject to causing heavy backlash.

Gin had paid the price of his talent and his future prospects in order to slow Dyon's time relative to everyone else's for a short period. And they almost succeeded in taking Dyon's life too... Had it not been

for Dyon forcibly injuring himself to dodge Cullen's killing blow, he would definitely be in two halves right now.

Even though Gin hadn't succeeded in his ultimate goal, his contributions were unprecedented.

Dyon's damage wasn't limited to his arm. Diana and Amory's attacks had torn up his insides, making it difficult to even breathe. Even worse, their attacks hadn't paused for even a moment. The instant they realized that Dyon hadn't died, they prepared their next attacks immediately.

Suddenly, Dyon began to laugh as he watched the three attacks approach him. "Good!"

His eyes reddened with unbridled rage. These bastards dared to slander his woman and even attack him for the sake of their own greed. Then when the lives of those they cared about came to be on the line, they dared to stand on a moral high-horse, telling him not to go too far with his revenge.

Gin's attack faded. It was completely unable to be sustained for an extended period of time, as such, this was no surprise.

Dyon's black wings erupted from his back, sending fierce winds that slapped Diana and Amory's attacks away.

The vibrations stirred his inner organs again, unable to withstand the full impact.

Cullen's moon saber slammed into Dyon's wings, sending him flying toward Aki's position.

Chapter 994: Let Me Out!

Aki hesitated. He was completely focused on keeping the space sealed, if he attacked now, it would definitely compromise that.

"Haha, don't worry about it." A voice suddenly called out from beside Aki. "Focus on keeping the space sealed, I got this."

A sudden realization hit Aki. It was actually Chanzui, the fatso who hadn't made a move this entire time. He was actually so lazy that he wanted to benefit without doing a thing. But, when he saw that Aki was thinking about ignoring his role in sealing the space, he decided to step in.

A mistake at this crucial moment with a man as intelligent as Dyon as their opponent was asking to lose. Since he had already made it clear that he was standing opposed to Dyon, there was no longer any backing out. It would be a serious detriment to his laid-back lifestyle if he had a maniac like Dyon chasing him for revenge, so it was better if he dealt with it now.

Chanzui slapped his belly. In an instant, the palms of his hands expanded my ten, then twenty, then thirty times.

His palms reddened before raising into the air and slamming toward Dyon with heavy killing intent.

Cullen, Amory and Diana acted. A flurry of fists, arrows, sabers and palms flew toward. Even if it was a celestial genius, to take this sort of attack without protection was nothing more than suicide.

But, that was when Dyon disappeared.

At first, the four were stunned. But then, they inwardly sneered. Did he really think the same trick would work twice?

The crowd sighed inwardly. They admired Dyon's courage. To think of fighting five Emperors at once? All while resonating with a legacy? Was he just too arrogant? They wondered what would have happened had he taken his opponents as seriously as he should have.

The four attacks slammed at Dyon with unbridled ferocity. Chanzui's palms, Cullen's sabers, Amory's fists and Diana's arrows, each and every one found their mark.

Diana relaxed before a smile spread across her slightly manly features.

Pu!

At that moment, the sound of a knife shearing through armor completely outshone the sound of four devastating attacks landed.

Diana froze, her eyes widening in shock as felt an uncontrollable pain twist through her.

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Amory, Cullen and Chanzui were blasted apart. It was only at that moment that the crowd understood that this time, Dyon hadn't used a concealment array, he had legitimately teleported!

And just like that, Amory, Cullen and Chanzui had attacked each other. Without having put up any defenses, they were each sent flying back by the attacks of their allies, and since they hadn't held back even one bit, hoping to kill Dyon with a single strike, their injuries weren't light either.

Diana was the most shocking one of the four, but Dyon had actually stuck a knife into her lower back, twisting and snapping her spinal cord. At the moment, the only reason she could still stand was because she was using saint energy to fuel her muscles, but unless she found someone to reconnect her spine, her fighting abilities would be forever crippled.

Dyon used his last dregs of energy to kick Diana to the ground, turning her around and clamping onto her throat.

"Anyone who interferes, dies."

Diana shivered as she looked into the depths of Dyon's eyes. Was this really the man she had thought to make an enemy of? For what? Her pride? Her greed? Which was it?

"Die." Dyon swung his knife downward, hacking toward Diana's head.

Diana could only grit her teeth and activated her protective treasure. In that moment, she disappeared from Dyon's hand, likely having teleported out of the core valley entirely.

Dyon had no reaction to this. For these Emperors, they were the life blood of their clans. Many quadrants wouldn't have a single God over many generations, so talented Emperors upheld their clan. The fact they had treasures that could protect against Emperor level Presence and illusions of this level was enough to prove the value they held. Of course they would have some life-saving treasures. For example, had Anak not had a life-saving treasure protecting his life, he would have been severely injured after using his Presence against Dyon.

With a swift motion, Dyon hid his knife in his sleeve before taking out a healing pill that Clara had made for him.

What knife could have so easily sliced through Diana's armor if not the Dragon King? He didn't dare to use it on a large scale for fear of the Dragons, but a small scale like this wouldn't be any problem. Dyon knew that everything was being recorded, so he had to be careful.

The other lucky draw was that the tattoos on his back were hidden by his bandaged broad sword, which would stop those of the 98th quadrant who had seen them from so easily making the connection.

The geniuses could only watch in shock as Dyon's injuries healed at a visible speed. In the end, they could only sigh. This was the difference between those who had high attainments in secondary professions and those who didn't. To have such wealth... They had never heard of a pill capable of healing a saint's body so quickly. It was a good thing they didn't know that Dyon's body was at the celestial level, or the outburst would have been even worse.

Dyon suddenly felt much more relaxed. The damage from the aurora flames and the fierce attacks were all subsiding, in as little as another minute, it would be as though he hadn't fought at all. Even though he only had three such pills and their expense were more than all of his plaques combined, it was worth it. He refused to allow Aki to escape.

By now, Dyon's chest was completely bare, revealing a chiseled and tanned form. To everyone around, he looked like a true weapon's smith. Such a toned body had to have spent hours before a furnace, refining weapon after weapon.

Although it was directly tied to his body's strength, it definitely explained his finesse. After all, weapon's smithing wasn't about power, it was about precision, and as anyone knowledgeable in training the body will tell you, controlled movements are just as good at building muscle as explosive movements were.

Dyon's body brimmed with life as he walked toward Aki who had lost all of his supporting cast. Cullen, Amory and Chanzui had been blasted into the distance, out of view. Whether they actually came back or not after this was a tossup, if they were smart, they wouldn't. Masako was dead, and it would likely be months before Gin next woke up.

Now, there was only Dyon and severely fatigued Aki. After sealing space with his void will for so long, he was greatly mentally drained. That drain became even worse after Dyon forcibly broke through his block, causing him to suffer a slight backlash.

Dyon's hand flashed as a red plaque appeared in his hand. With a single movement, he crushed it before sending the array flying toward Aki. Before he could even react, it was already upon him, locking him within a defensive array far more powerful than any Dyon had used before. This one was meant to contain a celestial for up to ten minutes, meaning Aki would need hours to escape.

After Dyon did this, he leisurely walked to Masako's body and took it into his spatial ring before doing the same with Gin's.

"YOU! What are you doing?!" Aki raged, slamming his fists against the array, but at this point, he could hardly build up any strength.

"I met your little sister on the way here." Dyon suddenly said.

Aki froze. He immediately knew what this meant. All that planning he had done, all the clever traps he had placed, all of them were ignored by Dyon. He had never taken him seriously from the beginning!

"She seemed to think that her brother deserved to marry any woman he wanted, what do you think about that?"

Aki grit his teeth. "Let me out!"

"Are you sure you want that?" Dyon asked. "I'm sure you have a protective treasure right now, which is why you haven't succumbed to your fatigue and these illusions. But, since you wanted to take my stuff, shouldn't I take yours?"

"What do you say? Do you want to find out how long you can last in the core valley while being so mentally drained?"

Chapter 995: Lack Luster

Aki shook, caught between rage and complete embarrassment. However, he could do nothing as Dyon's hand touched the outer barrier of the defensive array, causing a steady stream of aurora flames to pour in and thus change the form of the cage.

Aki's prison began to grow spikes that steadily grew toward him, piercing into his skin and shattering his bone.

Blood curdling screams began to ring out, causing those geniuses who were still watching to tremble with terror.

"Don't worry," Dyon spoke calmly. "I don't need you to retract your blatant lies and slander toward my wife, I'll be going to the Kitsune clans personally for an explanation. Instead, you can focus on accepting the punishment for your crimes."

A spike shot forward toward Aki's crotch. No matter how he twisted and turned, it was no use. The space was too small and the defensive array was too powerful. It was meant to hold celestials, how could an already drained Aki defend against spikes created from such tough material?

The men in the crowd turned their heads away, unable to watch. They involuntarily crossed their legs, swearing up and down in their minds that they'd never cross Dyon.

"I'll kill you!" Aki roared.

There were a few things on the body that were almost impossible to heal no matter what medicines you had. The eyes were one of them, and the other? Reproductive organs. Unless Aki managed to get his hands on a Star level pill, he would forever lose his pride as a man.

Dyon clicked his tongue. "Eunuchs are supposed to be more docile than this."

Aki was so blinded by rage and pain when he heard this that he fainted.

Dyon didn't seem to mind. He calmly manipulated the array, stripping Aki of everything valuable on him. In the end, Aki was stripped completely naked and was flipped upside down for the world to see. The most grotesque part about it was that Aki's manhood was completely gone, mangled into a bloodied mess.

'Master.' Dyon spoke in his Mind's Eye. 'Do you see any where his protective treasure is?'

Hearing Dyon's words, the 25th White Mother startled awake from her shock. It still hadn't set in that Dyon had actually won. Truth be told, she was planning on intervening until she saw that Dyon had teleported away. It all made sense though. Clara had created those special teleportation arrays, the ones that could only be written on red plaques, in order for Dyon to escape the spatial locks of Celestials. What did a mere Aki mean in the face of that?

'Most protective treasures are bonded to the souls of young geniuses at birth. Aki's is no different. With your soul sealed, it's impossible to deal with. And, even if your soul was unsealed, entering to personally deal with a protective treasure would only lead to death even if you were a half-step transcendent. Souls on this plane of existence are simply too fragile.'

Dyon nodded in acceptance. In a lot of ways, it was better this way. Since it was impossible to kill Aki, he had no choice but to go with the smarter of his two plans instead of continuing to vent his anger.

Dyon took Masako's body out of his ring, ignoring Aki for the moment.

Her face was pale and there was a large hole in her throat. However, despite what others thought, she wasn't dead. That said, she was critically injured and without a high-level healing pill, her only path was death.

Those of the Heaven Kitsune clan, for obvious reasons, had much more robust life essence than others. It was similar to the way Luna from Dyon's second trial transferred forty thousand years of life to Dyon. People like her and Masako were simply loved by Heaven's energies.

Luckily, Masako's body was far less demanding than Dyon's and didn't require his highest-level pills to heal.

Dyon unceremoniously pulled a pill out and shattered it in his two fingers. He then did something nauseating... Taking the powder in his hands, he reached into the hole in Masako's throat, cleared out the path down her collapsed esophagus, and shoved the pill in.

Just as the geniuses still watching were wondering what the hell was going on, their eyes widened as the supposedly dead Masako wriggled to life. Her pale limbs gained color, the wound in her throat began to close, and she started to cough violently.

Dyon slammed his palm into her chest, causing her lifeless heart to beat once again.

Finally, Dyon looked around. "The show is over. Is there a reason for you all to still be here? It can't be that you want to steal my resonance, is it?"

The geniuses who were still there began to sweat profusely before shaking their heads vigorously. Dyon was right, the show was over.

One by one, they all left, leaving Dyon with an unconscious Masako and Aki. Only he knew the reason behind his actions.

'Master, I have a question.'

'Hm?'

'If you siphon off energy from my soul, could you use it to draw arrays without putting yourself in danger?'

'Theoretically, it should be possible. There's nothing stopping me from drawing arrays right now other than my own limited energy supply.'

Before Dyon could explain his goal, something unexpected happened.

"Kid, listen to me and stop resonating with that heart-breaker. Your ability to control the battlefield is unlike anything I've ever seen. I want to make you the God of Archers!"

Dyon paused. A statue from the core valley? Taking the initiative to come to speak to him?

The most shocking part was that the distance between statues was not small, this guy was definitely using a lot of effort to come here. There was even a chance his soul could dissipate before he succeeded. If Dyon said no to him, wouldn't he have died for nothing?

However, it seemed that after watching Dyon's battle, the spirit was thoroughly impressed.

Although the young geniuses might be fooled, with his years of experience in life, plus the help of the tower, he could see through Dyon entirely.

In truth, Dyon had no business winning that fight. In fact, if it had been anyone else, there was almost a 100% certainty that they would have died a horrible death.

Dyon had won not because of his power, but because of his intelligence. His ability to use every minor point on the battlefield to his advantage was something that impressed even the Archer spirit.

From the way Dyon pretended to focus on Diana before taking out the Kings, to the way he used his concealment arrays to hide his ability to teleport, to the way he used the power of his opponents against themselves. It was masterful, beautiful, it had even brought the spirit to tears.

He was so moved by Dyon's control of the battlefield that he had risked it all to fly here without the support of his statue.

"Wait..." Dyon suddenly realized something. "Heart breaker?"

The spirit bitterly smiled. "The 25th White Mother was the fantasy woman for too many of us men, but her clan insisted on marrying her off to another beast for the sake of their bloodline. I lost the race before I could even try!"

Dyon suddenly laughed. All of the tension he had built of in the last hour or so seemed to dissipate.

From within Dyon's Mind's Eye, his master pouted adorably, not liking this portrayal of her one bit.

Although Dyon could just tell the Archer about his Soul Tome, he didn't do so immediately. Something was telling him that he could get more if he was patient.

"Okay, then how do you plan on making me the God of Archers?"

"I know that you're skeptical, kid. But trust me, choosing me will be the best decision you've ever made in your life."

Of course the Archer understood a few things. Because of the restrictions placed on them by their clans, they weren't allowed to give out their core teachings, even to promising geniuses. This meant that the valley was essentially an exchange of geniuses handing off their fateful encounters, and they were often... lack luster.

For example, the best technique Dyon had gotten thus far was a single Divine level technique. However, the only reason he got it was because that spirit's clan had long since been destroyed.

Chapter 996: Map

Aside from that, the vast majority were Earth level techniques, with about half a dozen Heaven level techniques.

These techniques shouldn't be underestimated, of course. However, when the expectations for the Valley of Geniuses was compared to the result, it was no wonder those from the highest ranked quadrants didn't come.

"You must be wondering, right? It makes sense, anyone with any deductive skills would see the issue." The Archer continued. "Why someone as talented as the 25th White Mother would be on the saint floors? Why a suave gentleman such as myself would be here? I even heard there was a Princess of the Holy Arc here too."

Dyon blinked with interest. He had been wondering this.

"The tower is all about opportunity. Quadrants ranked below 30 would treat even lower Heaven level techniques as unattainable treasures. Quadrants between 10th and 31st will likely never sniff a Divine level technique in their lives. Quadrants ranked 4th to 9th reserve Heaven level techniques for only their most core members, while they'd be lucky to have lower Divine level techniques for core teachings. The luckiest few might have a mid-Divine level technique to chew on.

"As for the top three, only they would have multiple mid Divine level techniques, it's why they reign absolutely supreme."

Dyon listened intently. He had never had things broken down for him like this. It was only now he realized just how spoiled he was being.

Diana's Amazonian Goddess archery techniques? High Earth. Cullen Half moon saber techniques? Lower Heaven. Amory's fist techniques? Peak Earth. Chanzui Palm techniques? Peak Earth.

Even as genius as they were, only Cullen had been allowed to learn a Heaven level technique from his clan and that was only because it was part of a subset of techniques that was incorporated with his cultivation technique. This was the reality of things.

It was just that Dyon alone had access to at least half a dozen Divine level techniques, and that was just from the Celestial Deer Sect. Whether it be Devour, or his Celestial Wind Steps, or Soul Rend, or the cultivation technique he had given to Madeleine back in his Focus Academy days. This didn't even mention the countless Heaven level techniques he had. There were at least a few hundred of them.

For Dyon, he was looking to hit home runs with the Valley of Geniuses, while for others, they were looking to fill in the gaps their sects and clans couldn't.

"That's why we're here. If the worse off geniuses gain these techniques later, it would be impossible to compete on the Celestial Floors. Those floors are where the real contention for rankings begins. When geniuses reach the Celestial realm, progression is no longer as easy. If you don't fight for fateful chances, you're doomed to die mediocre..."

"This Valley of Geniuses here is the last chance for many to fight to change their fate. So, here we are."

The Archer's words enlightened Dyon. Of course, there were a few exceptions like the 98th quadrant that had a Mystic level technique. But, for the most part he was right.

After the Saint realms, cultivation slowed down drastically. If you didn't fight for opportunities, you were destined for slow progression.

A genius could go into seclusion for a couple decades while starting with no cultivation and coming out a first stage celestial. But, if you tried to do with after entering the celestial realm, you would definitely die of old age unless you had otherworldly treasures supporting you.

"Think about it." The Archer put the finishing touches on his explanation. "What would give you more Karma? Choosing the genius that already had many high-level legacies at his disposal, or choosing delivering coal in the winter to the genius who came from poorer means?"

"After passing the necessary trials, some of us are given a choice. So, in a lot of ways, the core valley of the saint floors are filled with even more geniuses than those of the celestial floor. Or, we're at the very least comparable."

By this point, Dyon completely understood. All of the geniuses who chose the core valley of the saint floor were looking to raise up a genius of their own to heights they would have never reached without them. It was a risk, but at the same time, it also came with the greatest reward.

'What he says is right,' Dyon's master spoke, 'The reason I chose to stay here instead of enter the celestial core valley was because I wanted to accumulate enough Karma for my clan to birth a true Supreme beast in the future. If it wasn't for the uniqueness of our Celestial Blood, we would have long since lost the right to be treated as equals by humans.'

'However, I don't need that anymore.' The 25th White Mother smiled a beautiful smile, one that could freeze the world in its place. 'Not only was my son born with a Supreme bloodline, my disciple is already more amazing than I could ever dream.'

Hearing this, Dyon couldn't help but blush slightly, which stunned him. He wasn't a person who easily got embarrassed... As far as he could remember, only his mother had made him blush like this. At that moment, he swore that he would never allow anything bad to happen to his master again.

Recollecting his thoughts, Dyon faced the Archer spirit. "What you say is true. But, you must also know that the Celestial Deer Sect has been destroyed, no? Judging by that truth, the things the 25th White Mother can give me are the core teachings of the former number one sect in the world, and she wouldn't even be breaking any rules. Can you match that?"

The Archer Spirit coughed, his eyes widening in shock. Because of the separation of statues in the core valley, they didn't communicate as easily as the statues from the inner and outer valley.

Dyon blinked in confusion. "How could you not know? If you were of the same generation as senior, you should have definitely outlived her."

The Archer Spirit coughed uncomfortably. "I died." He whispered in a faint voice.

"What?" Dyon asked in shock.

"I DIED, ALRIGHT!" If he wasn't a spirit, he would definitely be blushing right now.

"Uh... I'm sorry?" Dyon really didn't know what to say.

"Don't look at me like that. I came from a quadrant ranked 83rd at the time. I was very talented, but just like many others, my clan didn't have the resources nor the strength to help me reach the top.

"So, I forged my own path and became very successful in my own right while constantly using the tower to temper myself.

"When I was ready, I took my God trial even under the firm disagreement of my quadrant. They all thought I would die and for good reason, they didn't want to lose a talent like me just because of my ego.

"But, I ignored them all, and against all odds, hundreds of years later, I finally passed. Obviously, with that kind of time taken, I didn't break any records and didn't enter the ranks of those ten monsters, but still, I was a God and no one could take it from me.

"That said, although my clan was very happy with my achievements, they were also very much disappointed because of the rewards I chose." The Archer sighed in anger. "Those old fools didn't understand that if I took Supreme level treasures as rewards we would have all died. They didn't understand that I was thinking for the clan.

"Instead, they thought I was selfish, that I was hiding my rewards because I didn't want to share. But so what? Even if that was the case, did they have the right to complain? They were the ones who didn't want me to enter in the first place!

"Whatever, whatever, I'm rambling. Either way, I had a falling out with my clan.

"The truth of the matter was that I only took two treasures. One was a bow Spiritual level bow, and the other was a map that I traded my other four chances for. As you could probably tell, a Spiritual level bow is far below even the trashiest reward for the God trials, I had essentially given up everything for that map. Hundreds of years of blood sweat and tears, all for that map."

Chapter 997: Conditions

"Either way," The Archer continued, a bit of pride seeping through in his voice, "I was still able to make a name for myself. I entered the Valley of Geniuses not too much later after I exited my God trials and caught the eye of a good man who gave me a legacy far surpassing that of what I could have hoped for. Although it was only a set of Heaven level techniques, I was more grateful than you could believe.

"I made my way up to the Celestial Floors not long after and began to fight for my new opportunities. Not long later, I was given the Prince of Archery epithet because I had awakened the spirit of my bow.

"My progression after that sky-rocketed and I stepped into the dao formation realms at just 600 years old."

Dyon nodded with admiration. Although 600 years old was older than his master's age when she stepped into that realm, it had to be considered that the Archer had spent centuries within the God trials first. To still be so quick afterward, it could truly be said that he had stepped into his own.

"When I reached the dao floors, I felt that I was finally powerful enough to seek out the treasures from the map, and that I did. However, that moment could be said to be the first mistake I made in my life...

"As you know, it's impossible to climb the tower with a clan backing you. In order to step further, the more territory your clan needed. So, the fact that I stepped onto the dao formation floors should be enough to tell you that I never cut ties with my clan despite every hint telling me that I should.

"I trusted the wrong people and suddenly a secret that I had kept with me for more than a century became news sold off to the highest bidder.

"By that point, I had raised the level of my clan from the 83rd position to the 42nd, however that was still nothing in the face of those power houses, especially since I was alone.

"I can imagine what those bastards thought," The Archer laughed in anger, "What did a beggar like me from such a weak quadrant want with such a powerful Legacy World? What right did I have to monopolize it for myself?"

"Of course, I had no idea that those I had seen as my closest friends had betrayed me." The Archer's spirit shook, he was filled with such rage that he couldn't even name those individuals. "So, I went to the Legacy World. After months of near-death experiences, I finally received the Legacy. But, who would have known that I would be greeted with that mocking and shameless faces of a near half dozen clans from various quadrants.

"By that point, I was beaten and tired. What chance did I stand?" Somehow, the Archer's voice had once again filled with pride as a sneer shone through in his words. "I made those bastard's pay for their greed. I slew them all where they stood and with the last of my strength, I stumbled back to my clan and slaughtered those responsible in my rage."

Dyon's eyes shone as he listened, feeling every bit of the Archer's frustration and gratification.

"Unfortunately, I died not long after. Although the treasures I received in the Legacy World gave me otherworldly levels of fighting strength, it didn't make me immortal. I had too many enemies and too many injuries. I succumbed to them soon after..."

The Archer sighed. "Forget all of that. I got my revenge and I died in relative peace. Although those six clans who attacked me still exist, they're not doing so well after losing so many of their top experts, and my former clan is even worse off. If they were ranked 100th right now, I wouldn't be surprised."

Dyon coughed awkwardly, causing the Archer to look up in surprise.

"No..." The Archer started before breaking out into laughter. "It's no surprise that we're ranked 100th. We were barely 83rd before and only raised up because of me. When I came back, I slaughter many of their best talents and all of the elders. It's no surprise they've fallen so far."

Dyon had a weird expression on his face when he saw the Archer's happiness.

The spirit waved his hand. "It's no big deal to me, kid. I never had any family. A huge part of the reason my clan dared to treat me so poorly was because they never agreed to an orphan becoming their key wielder. The only reason I survived for so long while laying with such scorpions and poisonous snakes is because those fools manage to send someone powerful enough that was also young enough to enter the same floors as me. And, by the time I reached the dao floors, none of them could match me."

The Archer's heavy mood was completely lifted as he laughed uproariously. "Those bastards finally got what they deserved. Their legacies mean nothing but shit now."

"Come, kid. Accept my legacy. I'll give you the set of Heaven level techniques that old man from the valley gave me back then, and I'll also tell you where I hid the legacy from the map. Think about it, isn't it a good deal? I had to risk life and limb, but you can just pick them up for free. I hid them in a very particular abyssal core, there's a little danger, but nothing compared to what I went through."

"How did I defeat so many powerful enemies at once? Isn't it because I received the ultimate God of Archery Legacy?"

Dyon would be lying if he said he wasn't intrigued. The Dragon King could morph into almost every weapon, but a bow wasn't among them. The black band on Dyon's wrist was made of a very particular metal that could be molded to his wishes, but it was limited as well. One of the things it had problems replicating was the string of a bow.

Theoretically, as long as Dyon provided the string, the Dragon King could form the body. But, for obvious reasons, the logistics of such a matter was more trouble than it was worth.

Because of this, the bow was one of the few weapons Dyon had never tried.

The Archer squirmed anxiously under Dyon's silence which caused the 25th White Mother to giggle. Her disciple was so bad, making such an expert uncomfortable despite him not having anything to worry about.

"Kid, I promise you that the true King of Weapons is the bow and arrow. What is the only unbeatable strike? Isn't it the one that can't be retaliated against? What could match the range of a bow and arrow? In my prime, I got pin a fly to a wall completely unharmed from thousands of miles away. This is the power of an Archer!"

Dyon's ring flashed as a Spiritual level bow appeared in his hand. It had a beautiful 3-meter-long silver body and was etched with few Comet level arrays that improved eyesight.

Of course, this bow was from the vault of weapons left behind by the Celestial Deer Sect. Dyon had wanted to give it to Clara, but she found it too large and heavy.

As for how Dyon had it, it was of course because he had gone to Eli to take his main spatial ring back. Without a ring capable of housing the living, how would he save those slaves of the Soul Market?

Dyon took a deep breath, holding the bow before him and closing his eyes as though he was visualizing something.

"Good bow!" The Archer exclaimed. The bow in his lifetime had been destroyed in his fight, but it had to be said that before its spirit awakened, it had only been a 1st stage Spiritual treasure. The bow in Dyon's

hand was a Peak Spiritual treasure corresponding to the 9th stage, it was only missing a few things to be upgraded to the 12th stage.

Inwardly, he was shocked. He had never seen such an odd occurrence. At the beginning, he could tell that Dyon was a novice. But, after standing with the bow in his hand for what seemed like a few seconds, his form was already becoming more and more mature. Was it really possible to practice without even pulling the string? What kind of bullshit was this?

"I think I can do it." Dyon suddenly said. After fighting with Diana, he had become more and more intrigued with the bow and arrow. Although he liked the idea of close combat, there was also something about controlling a battlefield from the skies that also appealed to him.

'Little Dyon, you've comprehended the Weapon's Master Will?' Dyon's master asked in shock. The only way someone could go from being a novice to learning a weapon so quickly was that way.

Dyon laughed lightly. 'Only to the first will level. My wills were sealed soon afterward, so it's not nearly as effective as it should be. If it wasn't sealed, the moment I touched a bow I'd be comparable to someone who had understood it to the 9th will level, and with a little practice, the 1st intent level.'

The moment the 25th White Mother understood was the very same moment the Archer understood.

"You can really shock people to death kid..." He muttered to himself. Understanding a supreme law at such a young age was just too shocking. It wasn't the same as the Void Clan kitsune, because Dyon was human. Their bloodline practically forced Void wills down their throats while Dyon's did no such thing.

"I can accept." Dyon said with a smile. He had brought out the bow for exactly this effect. "But, I have a few conditions."

Chapter 998: Who Else?

"Name them." The Archer said eagerly.

"I want you to be my subordinate. Do you want to live again?" Dyon's eyes shone with an odd light.

"Huh?... What?!" The Archer was stunned. Even the 25th White Mother was shocked. But, after a moment of thought, she suddenly understood. Was that why Dyon had insisted she enter his mind's eye? Did he have a way to reconstruct their bodies?

"I like your character, senior. I want to become a man who rules over everything for the sake of the safety of my family and friends, but I can't do it alone. I can't promise that it will be soon, but I can definitely give you benefits exceeding your imagination. Are you willing?"

"H – How?"

"A senior from the outer ring gave me one of his clan's core teachings because he learned that his clan had been destroyed. It's a Divine Level body cultivation technique. As long as my runic vein theory reaches a high enough level, I'll be able to reconstruct your body."

The Archer was stunned. A Divine level technique would definitely be able to accomplish this. After all, Mystic level techniques were meant for transcendents, this meant that the Divine level technique was the peak of the mortal world. As such, why wouldn't it be able to reconstruct a mortal level body?

The Archer took a deep breath. "Kid, I appreciate your kindness, but you're still a little too green." After getting over his shock, the Archer finally began to think things over calmly. "Even if I believe that you can gather the materials that would be needed to house my soul, materials, mind you, that would cost an astronomical price and would be rare beyond belief, you have to understand that my soul is merely a fragment. Even if it has a body, without constant nourishment, I'll eventually dissipate. I wouldn't even be able to fight properly because I'd use more energy than I could give."

Dyon smiled. As soul cultivators, how could Dyon and his master not understand this? So, why would the Archer be the only one to bring this up? Isn't it because Dyon had a solution already?

"Tell me senior, if I can solve this problem, are you willing to follow me?"

The Archer blinked. "If you can solve this problem, for a talent like you and as repayment for your kindness in giving me another chance at life, I'd follow you to the death."

Dyon's smile widened as his ring flashed again.

The Archer choked and began to cough. What else but the Soul Tome could cause this sort of reaction?

"I'm sure senior knows what this is, right? There isn't a soul ailment in this world that it can't cure. As long as your newly constructed body touches its cover, in just a few days, your fragmented soul will be whole again."

Without hesitation, The Archer agreed. He never thought that he'd get another opportunity to live, how could he not be excited?

When the Archer entered Dyon's Mind's Eye, he was shocked to see the 25th White Mother, but soon he understood some things and started to laugh. Dyon didn't worry that he might have ill intentions. For one, he trusted his ability to judge character, and secondly, even if he was wrong, with the existence of The Seal, no one could hurt him. If the Archer tried, he'd just end up like that Holy Princess Dyon was still too pissed off at to forgive.

'Kid, you're really recruiting well, huh?'

Dyon chuckled. 'She's actually my master, it can't be counted as a recruitment.'

'Oh?' The Archer responded with one-part shock and another part jealousy, causing the 25th White Mother to smile smugly.

'Kid, why is your Mind's Eye so large? This really isn't normal...' Unlike the 25th White Mother who had been too distracted and worried about Dyon's fight to look around, the Archer didn't have such qualms. 'WHAT?!'

Dyon's mind vibrated uncomfortably. 'Hey, hey. You're in my mind remember, don't make such a ruckus.'

The 25th White Mother looked over to see what the Archer was yelling about, but what she saw shook her to her core.

'Dyon... How could this be...' She covered her small mouth, unable to control herself.

'What are you two going on about?' Dyon frowned in confusion. He was currently sitting down and pretending to resonate. If he left too soon for a process everyone knew should take days, if not weeks, it would raise too many questions. Although no one was here now, there was always a possibility that they could come back.

'Your soul... It's taken form already, how is that possible.' The Archer trembled.

'Taken form? What are you talking about?'

'Dyon, the form isn't supposed to take form until one is a half-step transcendent. Your soul has already taken the form of a baby. According to the laws of the martial world, the moment it opens its eyes, you should transcend.' Dyon's master explained.

'But that's impossible. If I had the soul strength of a half-step transcendent, my body would have already exploded ten times over.'

Even though Dyon said this, his mind was thinking at abnormal speeds. When his soul had been severely injured, why hadn't the Soul Tome been able to heal him? Or, more accurately, why hadn't the Soul Tome had enough time to heal him?

At first, Dyon had dismissed this as an anomaly resulting from his accumulated soul talent. After all, damage to his soul was the equivalent of damage to billions. Such a thing would be impossible for even the Soul Tome to heal. But, was this another possible explanation?

Come to think of it, if the Soul Tome couldn't heal him, but the momentum and heavenly changes caused by taking Amphorae's virginity could, then how amazing did that make his red headed beauty?

Dyon's master shook her head. 'A soul at this level can survive on its own, as though it was its own body. This is why transcendents can attack with their souls while we cannot. Their souls have defenses as though they themselves were the cultivator.'

'Even if it's true that your body would be destroyed, you definitely wouldn't die. Even a peak level dao expert can't destroy your soul right now... In fact, even a half-step transcendent would have to go all out. The only problem would be the fact that your soul is still asleep, so if you lost your body, unless you happened to fall into a soul energy rich abyssal core, you'd remain unconscious forever.

'But, there seem to be two seals on your soul. One of them I recognize. It's from the [Inner World: Sanctuary] cultivation technique. But these crystalline chains... These arrays... No, runes? Magic circles?... I can't make heads or tails of them.'

Dyon was stunned. This was his master. A woman who was once a Star level array alchemist. There wasn't even a single Planet level array alchemist today! Let alone someone with her knowledge! If she couldn't understand, who the hell else could Dyon ask?

In the end, Dyon could only push it from his mind. There was nothing that he could do about it

Chapter 999: You Met...?

The best explanation he had was that the accumulation of soul talent had caused this morphing of his soul. It was just that this explanation was lacking... If it was really for this reason, why was his body still intact?

It had to be said that since Dyon began his journey in the martial world, his soul had always been a constant problem in that it grew faster than his body could handle. He thought that by absorbing the male portion of body cultivation talent that this problem would be solved, but for some reason he still felt that his soul was far more talented than his body.

For example, his body cultivation had stagnated for a while now. At first it was just because he was consolidating his realm, but now it was because he legitimately didn't have the resources for continuing to cultivate a celestial level body. The kinds of spirit fruit he needed costed an astronomical amount, even for him.

In a way, he felt like his body cultivation talent was part of the problem. Every step for him was the equivalent of ten or twenty steps for everyone else simply because every percentage he improved was

worth much for. It was like his body was the equivalent of a first grade expert, while everyone else was a 5th or 6th. Although he was stronger, it was harder to get there as well.

It was unfortunate, though. Unlike energy cultivation which had a very easily understood meridian number system. Body cultivation wasn't so straight forward.

This realization made Dyon think of the Demon Sage again. If his information was correct, the rest of his inheritance was in Universe Chaos, the only uninhabited universe in existence. If Dyon wanted to leap over this hurdle of understanding, he needed to first receive the rest of that inheritance. Maybe he'd even find the information of runic vein theory he needed in order to utilize the dragon transformation technique.

It was at that moment that Dyon suddenly remembered something else, 'The Demon Sage's Tower... I've been so busy with so many things that I've yet to pass his test to gain full control of it...'

The tower was a supreme treasure that Dyon had received from the Demon Sage almost 16 years ago, now. Dyon faintly remembered that Demon Sage telling him that in order to gain full control of its upper floors, there would be a few more trials to pass.

Of course, directly after receiving this treasure, Dyon was forced to escape and fell into a coma for almost half a year. Then there was the Elvin Kingdom fiasco where he once again fell into a coma, and that led directly into his first campaign and the World Tournament, which unfortunately led to yet another coma. He really had to stop falling into comas...

Either way, now that Dyon had no choice but to stay here for a few months to keep up appearances, why not test out what these other floors could be?

The tower had been in Ri's possession while Dyon was in his trial world because he wanted her to have protection, but now that she knew about Soul Market, she insisted on giving it to Dyon. Since she had bared her adorable canines, Dyon could only accept.

That said, Dyon would be lying if he said he wasn't intrigued by the tower. It was able to completely ignore the spatial lock of dao formation level kitsune adept at Void Will even in its lowest state...

What other secrets did it have?

In the next moment, a massive tower fell with a loud thud before Dyon's Master's statue. It looked as domineering as ever, a pure black accented with fierce reds. It looked like the home of an overlord.

'What's this?' The Archer suddenly asked.

'This was part of the Demon Sage's inheritance.'

'Demon Sage?!' By this point, the Archer was tired of being surprised. He almost felt gloomy about the kinds of people he was trying to compete with until he remembered the value of his own inheritance.

Although the Demon Sage came far before their time, his name reverberated as the most lamented death of a genius in the history of the Epistemic Tower. There weren't many geniuses who others guaranteed would transcend, but the Demon Sage was one of them, until his life was cut short prematurely.

Dyon didn't mind the Archer's reaction. Instead, he wanted to speak to his master about something first.

'Master, what's with the Soul Rend quadrant?'

The 25th White Mother frowned. 'What do you mean? Remember I told you, you're still too young to seek out Leader's Legacy World.'

Dyon shook his head, "That's not what I meant." He then began to explain all of his experiences with the 98th quadrant from beginning to end as he walked into the black tower, completely oblivious to the fact that the more he spoke, the more his master paled.

'Soul Market? Soul Cultivation is banned? Soul Rending Peak is being controlled by Devil Path Cultivators?' The 25th White Mother's voice trembled with rage. She knew that the ally quadrant would suffer some hardship after they were destroyed, but she didn't know that it would be to this extent.

'Dyon, you have no idea how important Soul Rend Quadrant is to us. The Celestial Deer Sect is the mouthpiece for the Celestial Beast Clans. Celestial creatures need very special environments to grow, and only the soul energy rich Soul Rend Quadrant can provide that.

'The home of the Celestial Beast Clans is in the Mystical World of Soul Rending Peak!'

Dyon's footsteps stopped. He had felt like the spirits of the Soul Rending Peak seniors were hiding something from him, but he didn't know that the secret was this large!

A Mystical World is similar to a Legacy World. The only true difference between them is their function. Legacy Worlds house inheritances, while Mystical Worlds aren't constrained by that requirement, they can even be lived in normally.

For example, Dyon's supreme level ring has a Mystical World with in. As for Soul Rending Peak, the same trial world used to test core disciples is actually the very same Mystical World the Celestial Beast Clan is in!

After a few moments of explanation, Dyon suddenly understood. It turned out that the reason the forest was able to repair itself was because of the treasure that maintained this Mystical World. Because Celestial beasts needed special environments to grow, this treasure helped provide that.

When Dyon had found out about the possibility of a treasure, because he had such poor impressions of the current Soul Rending Peak, he had already been plotting about how to take it away. But, now hearing his master's word, he struck that idea down. In fact, he could never touch that treasure unless he wanted to expose the Celestial Beasts to untold hardship and danger.

Dyon wasn't surprised to find out that this treasure was one of the treasures of the 33 heavens: the Life Stone. It was among the Energy categorization and did just what its name entailed.

Its passive ability was actually unknown, lost to time. Its active ability though, was heaven defying enough that the disappointment of this could be ignored. It had the ability to absorb energies of all forms and convert it to life essence. As long as one provided with enough energy, it was theoretically possible to live forever all while healing injuries at ungodly speeds.

'The Celestial Beast Clans use the Life Stone as the life blood of our clans. Because of our special bloodline, it's impossible for us to not be coveted by the sects and as such, we're forced to hide.

'Of our once robust lineage, only us Celestial Deer and the Celestial Tigers remain. As for the Celestial Rabbits, The Celestial Foxes and the Celestial Hamsters, we have not heard from them in millions of years. It's possible that they are also in hiding, but we doubt it. After all, my being the Guardian Beast of the Celestial Deer Sect was public knowledge, yet they never reached out.'

'As far as I know, master, at least two Celestial Hamsters live today.'

'You met Celestial Hamsters?!' The 25th White Mother beamed with joy and pride. As a Celestial beast, how could she not understand the meaning behind such an event. However, cold water was poured over her head after Dyon explained what happened.

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In the end, she could only sigh. 'You're so stubborn. The fact they were not only Celestial Hamsters, but twins, definitely meant that they were part of the royal line. Their ability to help you far exceeds normal celestial hamsters as only they have the potential to awaken the combat bloodline. If what you said is true and they relied on your Primordial Energy to hatch, the likelihood of their bloodlines returning to its origins is even more likely.'

Dyon shrugged. 'Maybe one day they'll come back when they understand the meaning of my words.'

The 25th White Mother giggled. 'Stop speaking like a wizened old man. I want my disciple to remain carefree for as long as possible. Have fun, spend time with your wives, bring me little grand disciples.'

Dyon scratched the back of his head embarrassedly before changing the subject. 'What should I do about Soul Rending Peak then? I definitely want to save those I can from Soul Market, but how do I make the sect pay without endangering the Celestial Beast Clans?'

Dyon heard a sigh from his mind. 'If the fall of Soul Rending Peak is as you've described, there's no one there who can threaten our two remaining celestial clans. Even though we've been hiding, the clans wouldn't be headed by anyone below the 9th dao formation realm. Also, the Mystical Realm is

impenetrable by anyone not of the Soul Rending Peak... Even a half-step transcendent would have to leave in shame.

'The problem is that you've just told me that Devil Path cultivators were accepted as core disciples....'

Dyon's brow furrowed. 'It doesn't seem like the celestial beasts are common knowledge among the disciples that have passed the trials, though.'

The 25th Mother shook her head. 'The Mystical Realm is separating into 18 tiers, each more difficult to reach than the last. Technically, you only have to pass the first tier to earn a spot as a core disciple, but our two clans are located on the 18th tier as a sort of final reward.'

'Reward?'

'Yes. Remember I said our species are highly coveted. One of the reasons why is because our celestial blood allows cultivators to remove impurities from their cultivation and undergo the legendary waste expulsion.'

'This reward is reserved for the best of disciples. But, if it's as you've described it, these disciples don't seem worthy enough to pass even the first tier, let alone make it the 18th. This is likely why they've been forgotten. This is a good thing. However...'

'The Devil Path cultivators are easily the most talented disciples to enter in thousands of years...'

'Exactly. We can't let them reach that level, no matter what.'

Dyon nodded seriously. It seemed he couldn't cause havoc the moment he returned to Soul Rending Peak, or else he would have let his master down.

By now, Dyon had reached the first locked floor of the tower. When he entered, he immediately noticed an addition seal on his wills and soul cultivation. But, this made him smile. He already had them sealed, so this didn't make these trials harder on him, this, in fact, made it easier.

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As Dyon was beginning to unlock the locked floors of the tower, the war for Purple Flame Tower was still raging.

The forces of the Flame Rebirth and Fiery Lotus sect were being steadily pushed back. It had been nearly four hours by now had passed and the ground that the Flaming Lily Sect army had made up was nearly at 95% already. All that was left was to secure the entrance and claim dominance of the tower by taking its top floor.

Gale and Rubrum had long since lost their cool. It was clear to them that Caedlum and Arios were no longer trying to win, but were rather stalling.

At the same time, their 10th ranked juniors were in tough fights of their own. Ava and Thor took the front lines, eagerly seeking out fights of their own. Unlike the long time Demon Generals, the two of them weren't very used to the battlefield, so the veterans had taken a step back for them. The more the new Demon Generals thrived, the better results they'd have in the future.

The 10th ranked disciple of the Flame Rebirth sect sweated profusely as she faced Ava's twin blades. They were slightly shorter than her elder brother's, but just as deadly.

The most shocking part about her battle was that body constantly shone a blinding silver light. At times, her body would become as reflective as a mirror, giving her an ethereal beauty that made those in the distance sigh with admiration.

Ava's blazing red hair danced as her body weaved, nimbly dodging the palm strikes of her opponent.

'What is going on! Why does fighting her head hurt so much!?'

Ava laughed happily. She hadn't felt so free in a long time. For so long, her life seemed overcast by that horrible event in the Elvin Forest. Often times it would be made worse by people bringing up that she was fortunate, that somehow since she still had her virginity, it should hurt less. Those people seemed completely oblivious to the fact that to Ava, it hurt just as much. There was no silver lining.

However, Dyon had given her an opportunity to rise up. She felt like she had a purpose, that she could fight for the things she wanted and grasp them with her own hands. Dyon was the only person who never tried to explain away what happened to her, instead, he gave her the tools to better herself, to not ignore it, but to move past it.

A sudden realization hit the 10th ranked disciple. "Silver Mirror Constitution!" When she came to understand this, she could only grit her teeth in jealousy. Heaven level constitutions were rare, but ones as great as the Silver Mirror were even rarer.

It was no wonder fighting Ava was so terrible. Considering that she was a saint now, she could already reflect 20% of the attacks of her opponents at the same level. She would only lose a single percentage for every small stage her opponent was above her, and 10% for every large stage.

The best part was that when she broke through to the Celestial Stage, she'd gain the ability to reflect 40%. And when she was in the dao formation realm, as much as 60% was possible! Fighting someone with this constitution had to be among the most difficult things to do... It wasn't known as one of the three greatest defensive constitutions for no reason. This said, the drop in percentages for fighting higher realms in the celestial and dao formation stages were even more penalizing.

This aside, the only reason Ava was still a King was because of the emotional barriers she faced. But, every day, she gained more and more confidence in herself. She felt like it wouldn't be long before she felt confident enough to attack the Emperor trials.

Ava only smiled beautiful, her eyes becoming like beautiful carved glass as she struck forward again, pushing her opponent back.

Thor was fighting right alongside Ava, brandishing his spear as though he was a War God for the ages. Despite the complicated history between the two, they still fought shoulder to shoulder, giving the martial world a sight to see.

Alidor nodded to himself in the skies, 'It won't be long now. Delia, Madeleine, prepare for the final offensive. It'll have to be your two who conquer the top floor.'

The two otherworldly beauties nodded. They were the most powerful warriors on their side right now. After all, unlike the Demon Generals, they hadn't abolished their cultivation to practice the Inner World:

Sanctuary technique. It could be said that if it wasn't for this cultivation technique, the battle would have long since been over!

Just as Alidor was about to order the final attack, his ears twitched and his eyes narrowed. Despite Alidor's very obvious soul talent, he had yet to break into the Celestial realms like Ri, Madeleine and Clara had. Currently he was still at the peak of the Essence stage. This wasn't because Ri and Madeleine were more talented than him, but rather because Dyon would rather die than dual cultivate with him, not that he'd be willing even if Dyon offered. As such, he couldn't gain the same benefits as Dyon's wives.

However, this didn't mean his senses weren't incomparably sharp. His 6th sense was frighteningly sharp, in fact.

'Enemy pincer attack incoming!' Alidor roared into the communication device. 'Prepare to rearrange!

'Kaeda, reposition your medical squad to the center.

'Gaylia, pull back your long-range squad to protect Kaeda's units. Implement the Gorilla Formation.

'Maaleshiira, Aredhel, Jassin ... Position at 5:30 using turtle retreat method.

'Ava, Thor, hold the front lines and keep pressing.

'Halaena, Ithirae, Kuoronos ... Position at 10:30 using spartan advance method.

'Anyone seen retreating and not following orders will be beheaded on sight!'