

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1261: Holy Church

Sam didn't take the beast this time, he walked out of the temple grounds and met with the elders of other organizations.

"Where is the wormhole to your superior realm?"

One of the elders took the step forward and said.

"Sire, I will take you there. My beast is big enough to accommodate you."

Sam nodded and just boarded the bird as they traveled.

"What is the superior realm of yours called? Who is in charge there?"

"It is the holy church, Sire. They worship the angels and they have a lot of realms like ours under their control. Their leader is an Astral Plane Pre-transcendent stage cultivator."

"Is it normal for people from your realm to go there?"

"There are no restrictions, Sire. But the tax on the other side of this gate is high. We need to pay a large sum if we want to visit on our own. Otherwise, the wormhole supervision wouldn't let us get out of the city."

"City?"

"Yes, the wormholes connecting to all the other realms are gathered there, the Holy Church built a large city there and the security is only second to their headquarters. The security is called the Supervision team and they all guard the wormhole city with their life.

They wouldn't let anyone out."

"So, this potion Holy water is their doing?"

"Yes, Sire. The Holy Church is an organization with an emphasis on light elements. Anybody who has a light element along with any other element is welcome there. Particularly, people with light and fire elemental energies.

They also despise dark elemental energy and necromancy is something they are wholeheartedly against."

Sam just sneered in his heart as he heard that.

He then looked at Aiwa who is sleeping with exhaustion and asked.

"Is there any place suitable for her to join?"

The elder almost wanted to say his own organization's name, but he understood his place and didn't dare blurt that out.

"There is an adjacent realm to the Holy Realm sire. The leader of that realm is an organization specialized in ice elements. I think she would be a good fit there."

"Okay, thanks for the information."

For the rest of the ride, Sam stayed silent. He closed his eyes and started poking the dormant soul once again. He is still angry with the earlier incident and it was completely shown on the soul. He forcefully tore the soul apart to get the information and digested it.

This time, it is larger than the previous one and in this process, he had to suffer severe headache in backlash as he suffered the backlash from the soul.

But when the digested information was revealed, he couldn't help but feel the pain is worth it.

Because this is something regarding his location.

Sam knew that his bloodline art, no matter how powerful wouldn't have just thrown me somewhere too far. After all, he is not that strong. He is already surprised enough that he crossed several realms.

Now with the location details, he was finally relieved.

He is actually within the area of influence of the City of Desert.

He is currently in one of the lower realms that are a bit far away from the Mavin realm the city of the desert is located in. But from the looks of it, if he moved with the hierarchy of these realms, he would be able to go back to that realm, but it would take a few months for him to go.

The information didn't just stop there, it also have the hierarchal structure from the Mavin realm until it reaches Sivan's Clan.

What is more surprising is not the information itself, rather the need for Sivan to learn so much about these subordinate realms.

Sivan is just the younger generation of the Clan he is part of, but he is already in later stages of the Astral Plane transcendent stage, there is no need for him to care about the realms that are this far away.

But Sam didn't care too much about it. Whatever the reason the other party has, at least it is useful for him now.

Sam was dropped at the wormhole. Aiwa and he walked in and arrived at the Holy realm.

The first thing they saw after coming out of the wormhole and walking out of the door are two large burly men in full metal armors standing with their hands-on their swords and the luxurious cloaks behind their shiny armors.

"Entrance fee, please."

Sam didn't object and just paid the fee. One of the knights led the way out after learning that it is their first time coming here.

"May the Lord have his blessing upon you."

The knight said before leaving.

Sam shrugged and limped to the nearest city along with Aiwa. They arrived after a few hours and they took residence in an inn.

"You are awfully silent for a feisty girl. What is wrong with you?"

Sam asked as he tinkered with his peg leg.

"Nothing, I am good. I never thought I would get the chance to even get out of the Winter state, but now, I crossed the planet, then the realm, and from what you said, we will be going to another realm. This is so amazing that I am overwhelmed to even speak a few words."

"Are you sure you don't want to go back? Don't you have some family members?"

"Nah, they are all dead before I even knew them."

"That is one closed end."

"Oy, Old man."

"Yes."

"Thanks for helping me. I never knew a cripple could be so strong."

"Is that a compliment or an insult?"

"Either way, since you are so strong, why were you abandoned in such a backward place. From what I can see, you are way too strong and you are way too calm about these realms and stuff. I didn't even know there are other realms and the cultivation beyond Consummate stage is only legends and myths to me."

"Guess, the world is bigger than what you can fit in that fish brain of yours."

"Who are you calling fish brain?" And thus the banter started. Sam felt so light-hearted with all of this. In this place, no one knows him and he can be as he likes. This might not be his life at the moment, he has too much to do and too many things to accomplish, but he decided that if he ever has a retirement, he would choose such a relaxed life.

After some more banter, Sam took out the holy water and got ready to treat himself. Normally, this kind of medicine wouldn't be enough to heal his meridians. With the healing energy spread all over his body and the requirement because of his high cultivation wouldn't be enough at all.

But with the energy control and manipulation given by this body, things would be different for him.

He doesn't have to let the energy go to waste and he can make all the energy focused on one meridian and make it heal. If the energy is left after that, he can direct it to the next meridian.

He closed his eyes and leaned against the wall as he swallowed the potion. All the healing energy was channeled in his body and Sam controlled it before channeling it to the meridian forcefully.

He used his own spiritual energy as a carrier to take it to the meridian and locked all the energy there.

Even if it wants to spread around, it wouldn't be able to do so. All it could do is heal this one meridian using all the energy.

The process went on for half an hour and Sam could feel a slight pain all the time.

After dealing with that, he opened his eyes and heaved a sigh. The whole dose is barely enough to heal one meridian. If he wants to heal himself, he at least needs fifty doses of this potion and he is sure that an organization like the Holy Church might not even be capable of producing that many.

The ingredients for a potion like this are really rare and an organization with an Initial stage Pre-transcendent cultivator of Astral Plane is not big enough to get that many.

He is even surprised that they gave out something like this to the Ice temple.

"We will be spending some time in this realm. We need to go to the headquarters of the holy church and make a business deal.

After we are done there, I will take you to the realm where you can stay."

"Why don't you let me follow you along? I kind of like this adventure."

"You are too young and too weak to be a part of my adventure. In my hometown, people with your cultivation level would at most be soldiers now, so don't think that you are all that, just because of your talent. The world is very big."

She just made a face at him and went out.

"I will take a look around the city for a while."

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Chapter 1262: Pretentious Pope

Sam and Aiwa are on the road, she shopped around in the city and changed from her fur clothing, and after some rest and she got rid of all the effects of the antidote and the aphrodisiac. But they didn't go in the direction of the Holy City immediately, instead, they went deep into the forests in the surroundings.

"Where are we going? We have been roaming around for two days."

"Just wait." That is the only answer Sam has given her during this time. He is looking around for the traces of the beasts and their footprints.

After two days of search, Sam finally found one that he is interested in.

"I am not walking for such a long time. I need to find a beast that is fast enough." Sam finally replied.

He hopped on his one good leg and made his way towards a den on top of a hill. A head popped out of the cave and growled at Sam.

It is a Cougar and when he looked at its fur, he was delightfully surprised. He ran into the cave and after an hour, he finally came back with it as he rode on its back.

This is a large cougar. It looked like a normal cougar in every way and even its name was just that, a cougar. This is one of the beasts that have neutral energy without any elemental influence.

It is fast, agile, patient, and a perfect hunter. Even though many of the qualities of the actual cougar back on the earth are not present in this one, this is a good enough beast for Sam at the moment.

He picked up Aiwa and both of them moved to the Holy Church's headquarters.

Meanwhile, Sam started thinking about what kind of deal he needed to make with the Holy Church. He needs that potion named holy water in large quantities. Some of the medicine that he has now is of a higher quality but it is not exactly for curing things.

Most of them are for recovering the energy and the ones that are for injuries wouldn't work on the meridian network. They would mostly stop bleeding for him at best and clear him of physical exhaustion and muscle rejuvenation.

The holy water has pure light elemental energy that works perfectly for his situation. He could try to exchange the potions he has at hand for them, but he believed that they wouldn't fetch enough.

This Holy water potion is an all-in-one potion for the low-level cultivators, for mortal plane cultivators, this might as well be considered a complete resurrection potion.

While thinking, Sam managed to reach the holy city in an hour at full speed. The cougar is at the peak stage of Astral Plane Initiation. This might even be the second strongest creature in all of the realm or at least on this planet.

If only he had Sky with him. He would have made it a lot faster. But now, he had to travel for half a day at full speed to reach the destination.

After checking into an inn, Sam observed the situation for the next two days, while Aiwa once again went on a spree for shopping.

The Holy Church is actually the same kind of church that was present back on the earth. But instead of worshipping the god almighty and Jesus, the people here worshipped the angels directly.

The Archangel Michael, Gabriel, Azrael, and so on. They worshipped various angels and each angle has different buildings within the church estate.

Sam couldn't help but feel surprised. All this while, he has been touching various people and gods of different mythologies from back on earth. Many characters were something he was familiar with.

The only thing he didn't get to meet are the Characters from Christian Mythology.

Now, he did that as well.

Even the preaching of this place is similar to that of the church back on earth. Everything they say is about god almighty. Praising their gods and angels for every single thing. Every visitor that came from outside was encouraged to become a believer.

In the two days, Sam visited the church. The open area where he could see the angel statues. He wanted to see if he can find one for Samael or Lucifer. But there is none.

He went on to purchase some of the texts and go through with them and the teachings resemble extremely close to the biblical studies, the lucifer is marked as the fallen-one.

He couldn't help but smile about how uncanny all the mythologies are so close to the ones back on the earth. He always wondered what the connection between the earth and these realms are and now curiosity only grew more.

After the two days of basic scouting, Sam got the idea of the hierarchal structure and who to meet here in this place.

He went to the administrative area of the Holy Church where people with various serious injuries and illnesses register themselves for treatments. Healing is one of the most basic income sources for the church.

He revealed his cultivation directly and said.

"I want to meet with the person in charge."

The administrator took some time to recover from the shock and immediately ran in.

After a few minutes, a man with a large and luxurious robe which even made Sam take a second hard look came out with grace and an air of superiority.

He looked at Sam for a moment and said.

"May I ask, what brings Sir here?"

"I need to talk a business deal. Would you mind finding a private place for us?"

"I am in the service of the lord. I don't talk business with you. I will arrange a meeting with the administration, you can talk with them."

Sam looked at the high-grade silk robe hanging on the old man and noticing his gaze, the old man felt embarrassed.

Sam raised his aura and said in a deep voice.

"This is something only you can decide. A person with power and authority."

"I am but a servant sir. I am no man of authority or power."

"What is your position here?"

"I was rewarded with the title of the pope for my work."

"Even the titles didn't change..." Sam muttered a bit and continued.

"I may not be as wise as you and your lord, but I am pretty sure of one thing. The only type of person that is dangerous than the man who likes to flaunt his power and authority is a man who denies that he has the power and authority all the while using them to the fullest."

The pope looked at Sam with an embarrassed expression. Sam continued.

"You must understand by now, that I don't need to have this current discussion. I can just take what I want. So, take it when I am giving the respect. I have it in a limited amount and if you stretch it too much, you might not get any of it anymore."

Only after that did the pope stop being pretentious and led Sam inside.

"I want thirty doses of holy water potion."

The pope was dumbfounded. He doesn't even know what to say about that.

Sam knew he would get rejected with just this, so he already prepared a detailed plan.

"Before you reject me, hear me out properly..."

He went on to go through with the rest of his proposal.

"This is a long-term partnership between us. I will give you the most detailed construction plan in the next three days if you agree with this.

We can sign a soul contract."

Sam then took out a special token and continued.

"This is the exchange token. Someone will come here in a few years with an exact token that matches with this. You can pay my share to that person and they will give you a long-term business deal that could extend for a few more decades."

"Who is that person that will be coming here?"

"Either my subordinate or a friend. Whoever comes with this can get the share. Think of this as my investment here. When the time comes, my organization will be in full contact with you."

"We can only sign the deal after you show the plan. Until then all of this is but an empty talk."

"Sure. But I need a few light elemental inscription masters."

"There will be a residence arranged for you in the church estate, they will be sent there."

"Thank you."

With that, Sam went out and met with Aiwa.

"We are moving into the church estate. We will get out of here after three to four days."

"Into the estate? They just let you in?"

"Of course, they will let me in. It is all business. It is all about profits."

"But I heard that not many people can stay inside the estate."

"Yes, and you just heard that it is all about profits. Don't be too surprised."

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Chapter 1263: Dwarves

Sam and Aiwa moved into the church estate.

For the next three days, Aiwa was in the city. She walked around, bought everything she wanted. Most of her life was spent in the winter state. She was unable to see the outside of that frozen land much in her life.

Now that she got the chance, she is enjoying it very much.

In these three days, Sam created a design of the tower that works on the light element. He made the inscription masters make the formation plate required for the demonstration.

The demonstration was complete along with the construction plan. The holographic presentation was perfect. But the inscription didn't even realize what they had done until they finished it. When they thought of replicating and creating the technology by themselves, they were left with a lot of confusion because nothing they did added up to the final product.

Sam didn't care what they tried, he had his ways to make them work to create technology, but them not being able to replicate it.

He presented it to the Pope of the Holy Church.

This is the Holy tower of Healing.

This works on a large supply of light elemental energy and it is suitable for healing mortal plane cultivators. Each floor of the tower runs on healing formations that are suitable for different cultivation levels.

He didn't create anything for the Astral Plane cultivators, that would be too much of a price to pay for a partnership with one such organization.

After giving out the detailed plan and the formation masters and artisans confirmed that this would work, the Pope gave out the potions as well as the soul contract as Sam asked.

Along with that, Sam also got a recommendation letter written down for Aiwa so that she could go to the Organization that would be good for her ice elemental energy development.

The recommendation was from the pope himself, so there is no way the organization that has business deals with the Holy Church would reject it.

After that, he bought a beast pouch suitable for the Cougar and moved to the next realm along with Aiwa.

They stayed there for two days as they explored the surroundings of the organization as well as scouting the hierarchy and etiquette.

Sam particularly focused on the bad apples of the organization. If they are within the limits of his tolerance, then the rest of the organization wouldn't be that bad.

And he was really satisfied with it.

So, Sam went to the organization with Aiwa.

"Are you sure you don't want me to accompany you? You are a cripple, after all, you may need my help."

Aiwa asked and Sam could only smile about that. He doesn't need much help from Aiwa and any other help he might need is way beyond any means Aiwa could have on her hand.

After thinking for a while, Sam replied.

"I am currently in a bit of a pickle and I cannot explain it to you. The next time we meet, I wouldn't look like this. I wouldn't have a mask and I wouldn't also have the peg leg. I would no longer be a cripple and I will show you my true face."

"I already saw your face on the plains."

"I already told you that is not my true face. That is the face I have to live with for now. Anyway, you will recognize me, even when I come back with my original face, then you can come with me back to my hometown.

Until then, try to improve. With your current strength, my chef's last apprentice can take you down."

With that, Sam left her in that organization, and with the recommendation letter and his strength, the head of the organization himself directly met with him and processed the recruitment.

After he was done there, Sam went into the snowy mountains alone as he meditated once again. He decided to proceed further after he healed himself.

He got all the things he needed.

He stayed in the caves for two days to completely heal the meridians one after another.

After the healing is done, he focused on the soul once again. The more he attacked the soul, the more it is trying to resist him. He noticed that the backlash from the first and second times are vastly different.

The second time, made him feel acute headaches for quite a while.

So, he needs to be much more careful.

Sam wrestled with the soul and after much effort, he managed to get the third piece without harming himself.

But digesting it didn't give him much information. They are tactics Sivan used to deal with some of his opponents when their clan is going against other organizations for some resource points and territory.

He left the realm after that and went to the next realm. He got some information from the Holy Church on where he could find the best artisans nearby and he got a decently positive address.

This is an organization of dwarves. They are the best when it comes to crafting with metal, so he doesn't have to worry they would screw it up if he gave the perfect plans.

But before he could go there, he needs to collect some metals that would be perfect for the product he needs.

So, he went on the search for them while he started designing the products he need so that he could present it to the dwarves.

He also needs to make something to repay the dwarves.

For the next week, he was on the conquest and collected some materials. After that, he sat down once again and decided to take some more information from the soul.

This time, he got some more internal information about Sivan's clan. The internal deals between the clan elders, disciples, and the subordinate organizations could be used as dirt when he needs.

Sam didn't even know what to do with that information in his current situation. But he is sure that this would come in handy when he goes back to get his body as well as take revenge.

He doesn't know how far the players will progress with the organizations, but Sam knew that they wouldn't be able to deal with the last three without his presence. Even if they were able to deal with it, they would at least wait until

they reach the Peak of transcendence and even the Astral Plane Consummate stage, and even before that, they even have to deal with the remaining two organizations before that with the heads being at Late stage of Astral Plane Consummation.

It would take a few years at least and that would be enough time for Sam to get back into his own body.

After this piece of currently useless information, he just went on with the search for materials. He spent the next three weeks for the materials and tried to rip the soul apart one by one, but all the information is mostly about Sivan's personal life.

His trashy childhood and the oppression. The memories of the starting stages of him being crippled.

His revenge on some people caused him this condition. With his psychopathic behavior towards his enemies, Sam is really sick of this guy.

He got it tough, but Sam knew many people who got it as tough as him if not tougher. But none of them turned out to be as psychopathic as this guy.

This guy has no bottom line, he would torture an infant to get a confession from a mother if he needs to and he actually set precedence for that.

Sam understood that he is in an even worse situation than he actually thought. Getting his body is not just a matter of strength and power, he would have to play with this guy's unpredictable mentality.

But that is too far away.

After gathering all the material he needed for the next project and completing the design, Sam finally made a move to the Dwarven tribe.

This is one of the closed organizations and Sam is tempted to see if the other party is the same organization that was connected to the Banished Realm, but once he reached there, he instantly realized that he is not.

These dwarves are more or less similar to that to the previous dwarves he meant, but it could be said these guys are variants. In this sense, all these dwarves only have metal and fire elements which is a great combination for a species that is known as great artisans throughout the ages.

The first thing Sam did after arriving at the realm is go to the best weapon shop in town. He looked at the weapons to judge the quality of crafting. Looking at Sam checking the weapons, the shopkeeper is really intrigued.

Sam is looking at all the right places and whenever he spotted a good one, he has his expression showing it, so he approached Sam and excitedly showed the collection.

"Do you take custom orders?" Sam asked after he was done window shopping.

"Of course."

"Then, I have a few designs that should be produced. They need to be precise to the point. Do you mind arranging a meeting with the weaponsmith?"

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Chapter 1264: Staff

"My master is the Weapon Smith and I am also his assistant.

So, if you don't mind, please show the designs to me. If it is not complicated enough for the Master to review directly to agree to make it, I would never hear the end of it."

Sam just shrugged and took out three scrolls. He opened one of them is it actually a large staff. This is not a Bo staff used for battling directly. It is a

walking staff, which would help him walk. But the staff is divided into various parts with a very complicated internal structure.

The remaining two scrolls are also part of this design, they are magnified designs of the internal structures that could help them get a clearer idea of what they need to make.

After looking through the design, the shopkeeper was shocked.

"Who designed this?"

"I did."

"You are an artisan?"

"It is kind of complicated to explain. Will it be possible for your teacher to do this? Can I meet him now?"

"Yes, of course. Please follow me."

After that, the shopkeeper decisively closed the shop and led Sam outside. They soon reached the estate of the chief of the dwarven tribe. Within the estate, there is another building behind the main mansion and there is a middle-aged-looking Dwarf working at a forge.

The shopkeeper went to him to talk and after a few minutes, Sam was invited in.

The Weapon Smith looked at the design and said.

"Are you really the one who designed this?"

"Yes." The dwarf looked at Sam who wore a mask and a cloak.

"Your attire is not so convincing."

"I know that. But I don't have any intention or necessity to lie to you."

With that, Sam raised his cultivation. He is a lot stronger than the dwarf who is Astral Plane Pre-transcendence. If not for the fact that Sam is currently in trouble and he is not willing to go to higher realms for some reason, he wouldn't have even come here.

The Weaponsmith stayed silent for a while and proceeded to look at the design.

"It would take some time. This is very complicated. We need to make a lot of small things and the materials needed are also kind of rare. The outer layer of the staff needs to be thin like a sheet of metal, but it also needs to be strong enough to endure the physical attacks and the energy circulation.

From the looks of it, you would be adding the inscriptions too and it looks like they are for some serious energy usage and an offensive one at that.

This is going to be difficult."

"You don't have to worry about the materials. I have them. I even know of the alloy formulae that need to be used. If possible, I would like to be with you throughout the process. But if not, I can only give out the instructions."

"No problem, you can follow along as long as you don't interfere in my process."

"That was easier than I thought."

"My techniques are not exactly that easy to imitate just by watching them and it is not some inscription or formation work to reveal too many secrets. They need practice and most of it is spontaneous. I am not afraid that you would steal my technique."

"That is great. Can we start as soon as we can?"

"I have a project at hand. I will complete it by tomorrow morning. We can start ours in the afternoon."

"I will stay at the East Side Inn."

"I will send someone to inform you. We can discuss the payment details tomorrow."

Sam went back to the inn.

The next day, he was called by the shopkeeper and went back to the forge. They started discussing how to proceed and the payment that Sam offered is something that the old man didn't expect.

Sam is giving out the knowledge of the material studies of the dusk organization, some wine recipes, and some rare metals on top of that.

The old man skimmed through the introductory knowledge of Material studies and was really surprised. Sam also tossed in this world's adaptation of the modern earth's manufacturing processes like the powder metallurgy and the Weaponsmith didn't really give him much trouble before accepting.

Sam spent two and a half weeks finishing the staff along with his old man. While the old man finished each part separately, Sam finished the inscription side of it.

By the time all the parts were completed, Sam has attacked the soul two more times and only got something related to the financials and the sexual affairs of the people from Sivan's Clan.

When the staff is finally assembled, it looked just like a normal bo staff, but it was a bit thick and its cross-section is not exactly circular. Only the top part where Sam holds the staff to get some support while moving, the rest of the staff is mostly square in terms of the cross-section.

The staff is divided into three parts from the handle down. Each part has a square crosssection and in the middle of each part, there is a small circular piece joining the two parts.

Sam held the staff and walked with its support. It is better than the crutch and he went out into the forest to test some of its functions.

After he was satisfied with it, he came back and spoke to the Weaponsmith again.

"I actually have other projects that I want you to make, do you want to do it?"

Sam said and took out a bunch of scrolls, when the Weaponsmith looked at the scrolls, he was stunned. He couldn't help but gulp with his eyes wide open.

It took a while for him to calm himself down.

"I would be really honored to do this for us, but I am unworthy of such a great product."

"You don't need to be so hard on yourself. You did a great job with the staff."

"Yes, I did and it took everything I had to make it. I am not suitable to make something like this. But you don't have to worry. I know of someone that would be more than happy to make something like this. In fact, he would do it for free and even go as far as getting you the best possible materials too."

Sam was surprised.

"Really? There is someone so generous in this world?"

"It is not exactly generosity. It is more of a pride thing. He just wants to be recognized. It has been a few decades since he sent this challenge.

He challenged everyone to bring a challenging design that would make him feel stumped and make him completely overwhelmed. If he can get that design, he would get the best possible materials from his own collection and make the product for them with all he got."

"How can people trust his words that he is not really dazzled by a design?"

"He sits in a special formation that resonates along with his soul. As long as he has an emotional reaction, even if he hides it in his face, he wouldn't be able to hide it with his soul.

I will give you my token and he would allow you to meet him directly, you don't have to go through the regular queue.

Show him this and you would be able to see the reaction. I am pretty sure, this is going to be the best product he has ever seen."

With that, he gave him the token and told him the way.

Sam was immediately on the move. Now he has a staff in the hand that attracted some weird attention when someone looked at it closely.

After entering the wormhole and reaching the place, Sam took a deep breath.

There is a large queue in front of the Artisan's mansion. People have various designs in their hands and they are eagerly praying to whatever the gods they are worshipping that they should be the one getting selected.

Sam showed the token to the guards that are patrolling the queue so that no one causes any ruckus.

He is actually surprised a bit by the diversity in the guards. Some of them are human, some are elves and there are even some dwarves.

The guards didn't shoo him off or immediately welcomed him in, rather they returned the token back to him and they went to inform their leader, who then came back and checked the token again before going back in. After this repeated two more times, finally Sam was allowed inside.

When Sam met the person, he was a bit surprised. Because the artisan is actually a half-elf and half-dwarf.

This is something he didn't expect.

He has seen a lot of half-elves, but most of them only procreated with humans as they resemble the elves but are a little uglier.

Dwarves are too short and their looks are too crude.

So, he didn't expect any union between the two, but since the person is in front of him, he had to believe it.

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Chapter 1265: Useful information

"Give me the designs."

The Artisan looked at Sam emotionlessly. There is not a single trace of any emotion in his eyes or face. This is the ultimate poker face. Sam took out a few scrolls and placed them in front of him.

"One design would be enough, give me the best of the bunch."

"All of these combine to make one design."

Sam said as he opened the first scroll with much difficulty.

The assistant came and helped him spread the scrolls one after another as he brought some display boards used by some artisans while working.

When everything was spread, the Artisan was stunned, at this moment the spiritual energy in the surroundings vibrated a bit and the people outside of the mansion could clearly sense it, all the guards and others looked at the mansion in shock.

The guard captain came out and said.

"The selection process is complete. Sir Gravin has found the design he liked. Now, please leave the premises."

And thus the ruckus began.

Some people started questioning the judgment, some said that it is unfair and some said that they would present theirs and it would definitely be better than whatever the artisan has selected.

The guards are no pushovers though, they immediately cleared the whole mess.

Meanwhile, Inside the mansion.

Sam just waited for Gravin to take in the excitement caused by this design. He didn't interrupt his thought process.

"This is great. Who designed it?"

These are the first words that came out of his mouth.

"I did," Sam replied calmly.

Gravin looked at him with some suspicion, but he didn't question him further.

"This is a great design, but the materials you have specified are not exactly the best for them."

"I know that. But I am not in a situation where I can get the materials that I like. I have to compromise."

"Good thing that you met me. I have the right materials for this."

With that, Gravin waved his hands and material, Sam is extremely familiar with came out. Meteorite Sand.

Sam is impressed, to say the least.

"You really have a vast collection."

Sam said as he touched each pile of sand.

His favorite Black meteorite sand is there, then the Silver, the grey, the fire, almost all major kinds are there.

Gravin looked at Sam inspecting the sands calmly.

"Are you sure you want to use such a precious collection on me? I am sure they didn't come for a small price."

"They didn't. They are way too expensive, I paid way too much for that. But I am going to use them to create the greatest masterpiece I have ever made and you brought the design for that. So, I am going to use the best I have."

"If you say so."

Sam agreed and they made a deal.

"I have another one if you want to take a look. I want that to be made as well. But I don't know if you have enough sand with you."

Sam took out the second design and Gravin grinned in delight this time.

"Don't worry, I have just the materials. But I have to say, using these things is not exactly easy. Are you sure you are up for it? The energy control needed is something even higher cultivators cannot do."

"I am sure. Controlling energy is the only thing I am good at at the moment."

Gravin just nodded and they shook on the deal.

This time, the production process is going to take longer. Sam once again missed his body and the divine dimension. Now, to make these two things, it would take around two months at least.

Sam has to wait around for this time. Of course, he could find the materials for the breakthrough, but the current realm is not powerful enough to hold the materials that could help him break through to the next level.

He is sure that Sivan would have been trying his best to break through with his new body and the new potential he discovered for himself.

He is in fact counting on it. Sivan's Clan is rich and their networks are broad. He would be able to gather all the materials needed for the breakthrough easily and could cultivate peacefully. Now, Sam only needs to find materials for only one person's cultivation which is a lot easier compared to finding the resources for nine people.

He would take this chance to let the other party grow his body's cultivation while he maintained the cultivation of this body and when he performed the exchange, he would be able to get his body at higher cultivation.

Most of it is Sam's guess, but from what he learned about the other party's personality through the memories he has been obtaining for a while, this could be considered as an educated guess.

And Sam doesn't know how right he is.

As he is thinking of what to do in these two months, Sivan is chugging pints of blood one after and eating raw flesh one beast at a time as he tried to increase his cultivation faster and faster.

He even went as far as getting different beasts as prey for Yanwu and the rest to improve the cultivation for both sides.

He is taking on this aggressively.

Back at Gravin's place, Sam decided to do some exploration. Gravin could do most of the work by himself except for the extremely complicated parts where he might need Sam's guidance, he doesn't need Sam around for much.

So, he decided to go around and see if he could find anything worthwhile.

At the start of the journey, Sam once again tried his hand at the Dormant soul.

By now, the soul dimmed noticeably and it is shivering in fright whenever Sam came around to take a peek. Sam forced it to constantly undergo the stress of his soul energy as he tore one part after another.

Even though the backlash increased a bit, he is also getting faster at gaining the information he needed.

And this time, he finally got the information he needed.

He was confused since the first time he got the information regarding his location from Sivan's memories.

He couldn't understand why Sivan from such a large clan knew of these small organizations around and he finally got the answer.

These are all actually Sivan's vassals. This guy has many organizations under his control. In fact, the Holy Church is also under his control, but even those organizations don't know that he is their true boss.

Sivan has created a large hierarchal structure and is getting taxes from each and every organization. He is going after the quantity to increase his riches.

He has a large force under his personal control without any relations to the clan and for it to thrive, he needs to find resources suitable for all cultivation levels as he nurtured them since they awakened.

He has a troop in every cultivation level from the Mortal Plane to the Astral Plane Transcendence.

This is indeed a large army and to nurture it, he has organizations of various levels under his control that would send him resources annually. Along with the resources, many talented people will be recruited by him as they go through various tests within this hierarchal structure and reach him to join his force.

And all of this is happening without even revealing his name.

Sam is genuinely impressed. To run such a large racket without even revealing any information to his clan and the rest of the world, would take a lot of intelligence and wisdom.

Now, when Sam paired this information with all the schemes and plans their family is using to suppress Sivan even though he was a cripple, he couldn't help but laugh.

Sivan should be the weakest candidate as he has the least battle prowess, at least Sivan wasn't able to gain much prowess as he gave up on himself personally fighting. But when it comes to the forces, he is the best of the best.

Not a single Elder much less a candidate can oppose him when it comes to it.

Sam immediately held his journey off and made a list of organizations and their hierarchal structure.

This is the foundation of Sivan's strength that could help him stand politically as the leader of the clan as well as many realms.

Even now, he is dictating how the lives of people in various realms will be going on and no one knows he is controlling their fates.

If he matures properly, that would be a force to reckon with. It is already larger than the Dusk organization in terms of numbers and it is also a lot stronger as Sivan has way too many Astral Plane cultivators under his control.

Sam really wished, he got the names and identities of the people within his force knowingly or unknowingly. But he only got the organization names.

But still, Sam decided to take action.

He is not willing to let this guy go that easily. So, he would start by destroying his foundation one stone at a time until his whole empire collapses.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1266: Forced partnership

Sam changed his destination to the Primate realm. A realm that is known for the primate species it houses. It has almost all kinds of monkey species of a

decent bloodline. There are many planets with different environments housing different kinds of apes and monkeys.

There are many organizations in this realm and in particular, the Primate sect is the best of them all. The Sect has thousands of years of history and has a deep connection with the Apes of this world.

When Sam enquired a bit about the sect near Gravin's estate, he got the news that the sect is so famous in that area and so connected to that realm that some high grade and highly dangerous ape tribes in the wilderness has connections with the sect and wouldn't harm its disciples no matter what and even goes so far as to help them in critical situations.

This is a decent organization, but the leader of the organization is only a Peak stage Pre-transcendent cultivator of the Astral Plane.

It is easy for Sam to take this down and he decided to take it down without any second thoughts.

After reaching the realm by crossing some wormholes and then crossing another two to reach the planet the sect is in and finally traveling on cougar for three days straight, he finally reached the sect.

He could have used some force to use the space gates of the sect, but he doesn't want to alert them which might lead to their escape or even cause a bigger commotion alerting the supervisor of this organization in a higher realm which would blow his cover.

He would sooner or later be found out by Sivan, but he would rather be it later than sooner.

But once he reached the city, Sam didn't hold back at all.

He directly went to the main gate of the sect ground.

The guards looked at him weirdly.

Sam has only one arm and he is limping. His peg leg is not exactly hidden properly. He is holding a walking staff which is weirdly shaped in their opinion.

He is wearing a cloak and a black metallic mask. No matter how they saw it, he didn't look okay in that surroundings.

"Excuse me? What are you doing in the premises of the sect?"

One of the guards came forward and asked him.

Sam didn't bother looking at him much and tapped his staff on the ground as he moved his hand a bit downwards on the staff.

At the grip of the staff, there are three holes that are exposed and three small cylinders popped out of them. The three cylinders are extremely small they looked like some slight protrusions.

The three of them are facing three different directions. The middle one straight ahead, the top one to the left, and the bottom one to the right.

Energy gathered in it as the three energy bullets went and hit the three different directions.

Two energy bullets hit the walls on either side of the gate while the middle one destroyed the gate itself.

BOOM* *BOOM* *BOOM

The three explosions made the wall and the gate collapse while the guards crouched down in terror. They couldn't even take the aftershocks of the explosion.

"If you want to live, you guys better run."

Sam said those words as he moved forward. The three protrusions constantly oscillated in the staff. They are very small, each with only two centimeters diameter by the power they are packing is too much for these people.

The disciples and the elders are already running towards the gate. But Sam didn't care. He just walked in as if he owned the place and the slow pace he kept up and the limp made him even scarier.

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

One of the Elders sane enough to know that someone that confident in the enemy territory shouldn't be taken lightly asked.

But Sam just aimed the staff at him and the energy bullet was launched.

The body of the elder exploded and in that place, a large crater and a bunch of meat paste and blood.

He walked forward and another elder arrived. Another energy bullet landed and another elder exploded.

Sam didn't bother sparing anyone. Generally, he would have gone easy on people that are not of his concern. He carried a lot of power throughout the years and if he wanted, he could have made a lot of people disappear and occupy everything he wanted and needed with pure tyranny.

But he is not that guy. Even the destruction of the organizations and killing so many people were out of necessity. He didn't have any more personal agenda other than their gods asking him to kill their own followers.

Now, the situation is different. Sivan is the one who threw the first punch and anything that is supporting him is his enemy and opposition. He doesn't care if they are only following orders or if they are indirectly involved and didn't even know of their involvement, he can only clear them out, so that they wouldn't be used against him later.

Soon, the elders gathered and formed a barricade as they attacked jointly.

Sam tapped the staff once again and all the large-scale attacks from the Astral Plane cultivators were simply blocked by a single transparent energy barrier that was formed around him with the staff as its center.

Meanwhile, the energy bullets are still being shot and the elders were unable to escape death.

The leader of the sect finally couldn't take it anymore and activated all the trump cards he could think of, but everything was just useless.

When he finally realized that he couldn't do anything against Sam, he finally relented and knelt down before asking.

"Sir, you are clearly a person of great strength, why are you fighting with us? How have we offended you?"

"It is not you who did it, it is your superiors that did it. I have nothing against you."

"My superior? The Golden Silk Sect?"

The sect leader said involuntarily. Sam just smiled behind his mask and remained silent. He didn't care what this guy thought of the reason behind his demise and his sect's destruction.

Sam got ready to make a final move and the sect leader couldn't let himself go like that, so he desperately pleaded.

"Sir, please give me a chance to redeem myself. Whatever the offense our superiors brought you, I have no idea. Neither I nor my subordinates have any hand in it. I plead with you to give us a chance to redeem ourselves. Please. I believe we deserve a chance to at least save ourselves."

Sam paused and his energy bullet that was about to be shot disappeared.

He stayed silent and gave a quick thought.

What the other party said is right. But he is reluctant to let the subordinates of the other party go just like that. After all, the primate sect is one of the pillars that is providing financial assistance to Sivan without even knowing. He of all people knew that financial assistance can be of great importance in this world.

He defeated most people with just massive amounts of money which enabled him to get manpower and materials for large-scale things that could attack in his stead.

But now that this guy pleaded to do whatever it takes to please Sam, he thought of something else.

"Bring all of your core members and arrange a secret meeting. None of the matters from that meeting can be revealed outside."

The elder hurriedly nodded and immediately called for a meeting with all the core members in the sect.

Sam then started laying his demands down and the core members' faces paled.

They were tempted with some of the offers he has presented, but they were also not exactly ready to give up their freedom as making a soul contract with Sam is one of the basic things to do in the partnership, Sam is proposing.

"Sleep on the matter and come back tomorrow. I will be staying here. I will give you a sample of the things, I would be offering you and if you think it is worth it, you can sign the deal."

That was what he said and the sect members did as they were told.

Sam created a bunch of designs overnight. He didn't make a big deal out of it and only made some normal designs.

Most of them are related to the sect's defense.

"These designs can compensate you for the defense you lack because of the elders I killed. I will give these to you first. You can call your formation masters and check them. Remember that this is just the tip of the iceberg."

He said to the sect members in the next day's meeting.

They checked everything with the formation masters until evening and came back hurriedly.

The sect leader hurriedly agreed, after all the alternative is death, and that too for no apparent reason. He would for something he didn't cause.

"I will be staying here for three more days. Lock down the sect and begin your construction process for the defense. Also, I need the locations for some rare cultivation resources that would be useful for me. I am sure there should be some forbidden zones that you are afraid to go."

The sect leader nodded and did as he was instructed.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1267: Cultivation Technique

Sam stayed there for three days and finished the designs. They are not some new designs that he created out of blue. They are already premade and most of them are the designs done by the students and other designers within the Dusk organization. They are not even his own designs.

When the leader of the Primate sect looked at the designs he was ecstatic. Sam killed around nine elders. Generally, that kind of enmity wouldn't go away that easily. Even Sam had forced them into the contract, they would still hold the resentment.

But the Primate sect leader lost the resentment immediately. He didn't care if Sam had killed the elders, he only cared that he has new cards in his sect that could help them prosper even more.

"From today, onwards you guys will be able to earn more from what I provided to you. You will be giving me the ten percent share of the gross income you have with the help of these things. And with that ten percent, you will open an orphanage. From infants to teenagers, whether they have awakened or not, they would welcome in the orphanage and they would be trained once they are awakened.

If they were to reach the requirements of your sect, they will join the Primate sect, if not they can stay in the orphanage until the Great realm cultivation stage. They would contribute to developing the organization.

Sooner or later, a few people from my team will come and they will take over the orphanage part of it, so you don't have to worry too much.

Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"As for your regular hierarchy and partnership with the Golden Silk sect, just let it go as it did before. But every disciple you send there should be a spy if they ever recruit anyone from this site, that person who be a spy for you and in turn for me."

"Yes, Sir."

Sam nodded in satisfaction and got the list of the forbidden places within the realm. When he looked through he understood most of the locations have nothing useful to him. They would have been useful if he has his previous body, but currently, he doesn't have other elements, and ingesting other elemental energy substances is completely useless.

After going through all of them, he only had one place left to visit.

The Primal Valley.

Sam made his way there and reached it in three days. The surrounding areas of the Primal valley are completely empty. They are devoid of all living creatures. Except for the trees and the grass, all the other creatures are gone.

Sam entered the valley directly without much fear. He is a bit vigilant though. No matter how confident he is, this is indeed a new place and he doesn't know exactly what kind of danger he is going to face.

He spread his spiritual sense as much as possible as he walked forward. Soon, he sensed something, the energy within the valley is extremely pure and dense. Every breath he took made him feel refreshed.

But along with that, he also sensed a threat. He tapped the staff and a barrier appeared around him.

BAM

A large force hit the barrier at the rear. He looked around to see a large ape looking at Sam viciously and to his surprise, it is a creature of Astral Plane Transcendence, even though it is in the initial stage, this is the strongest creature, he has seen in a while.

This is called the Primal Diamond Ape. Many people will mistake that it is a creature that has some earth elemental variation related to diamonds, but no, the same diamond comes from the shape of their joints.

They are shaped sharply like diamonds and when the enemies were hit, they would be in for hell.

Sam saw first hand as the fist stayed on the barrier for a brief moment, how those diamond fists look.

The ape jumped backward as it looked at Sam with vigilance and hatred.

Sam is clearly stronger than the ape, but he still wanted to try his luck with a sneak attack as it has a great chance of succeeding, but now the surprise element is gone. The ape can only fight and hope that Sam leaves the valley. So, it started attacking.

Sam's barrier was strong though, the ape wasn't able to penetrate it even after so many hits, but soon it seemed to have realized something. It latched itself onto the barrier and started smashing its elbows at a single point.

Those diamond-like pointy elbows smashed the barrier after twelve hits that landed in three seconds and Sam was really surprised by it.

The Ape landed straight at the staff and grabbed a hold of it tightly. It knew that Sam's barrier came from that staff, so it is adamant in taking it away first.

Sam just smiled and the top section of the staff, the part that is right below the handle and has a square cross-section opened up. A large rectangular protrusion spanning the whole length of that section came out and energy gathered at it.

The ape became vigilant and jumped to the side, but an energy beam came out of it and scratched past the side of the ape removing a chunk of its flesh before hitting the cliff wall behind it.

BOOM

A large explosion happened to make the whole valley quake and the rubble resulted in the explosion spreading everywhere along with dust.

Sam used his barrier to shield himself from all of it and when the dust settled, he could see the ape huddled itself in a corner with the side of its abdomen bleeding profusely.

It didn't dare move forward and Sam went to the middle of the valley without any obstructions.

There is a large pond in the middle and there is a tree on the bank of it.

The water in the pond is glowing with silvery-white light. The water even appeared a bit milky to look at and the tree has some fruits that are ripe and they looked like pears but with extreme white color.

This pond is the reason for that pure energy atmosphere within the surroundings and these fruits are the result of the nourishment given by the pond.

It is obvious what this ape is guarding so adamantly.

Sam thought for a moment plucked two of the four ripe fruits as well as a few gallons of water from the pond before leaving the place. He doesn't need all of it. These kinds of resources will become useless as they take more and more of it.

He stored them in the spatial ring before leaving the valley. He even threw a recovery potion for the ape before going away.

The ape hurriedly walked to the pond and when it saw that the pond is still there and the tree is also completely intact, it was relieved.

It went towards the pond and drank some water after drinking the potion clumsily. It looked in awe as it saw the wound recover.

Sam went back to Gravin's realm to check the progress of the products and when he noticed that there are no hitches, he finished some inscription work that needed to be done for the finished parts and once again went after the dormant soul.

But now, the dormant soul is not even in a huddled sitting position, rather it is lying down huddled into itself while shivering in fright.

Sam didn't care much and started picking on it. Once again mental wrestling has begun and after an hour and taking some blows, Sam finally tore the soul apart.

He took a larger chunk this time and the soul became extremely transparent and the glow has become dim.

With another three to four tries, it would be completely gone.

Sam absorbed the soul piece he obtained and got some really great memories this time. Along with that, his mental energy also recovered a bit and his soul got stronger for some reason.

This time, he got even more useful information. Information regarding Sivan's cultivation technique and other fighting techniques, including his mediocre battle experience.

Sam knew that Sivan hadn't battled much in years. But he didn't expect that it would be this bad.

The battle experience is so little to the point he felt a bit ashamed to be in this body for a bit.

Sivan only learned how to use his energy to defend himself from the attacks and he could barely make any attacking moves.

He mostly used the energy to manifest some physical attacks, like a punch, or an ax cleave, a hammer smash, or something.

He does use energy bullets, but he barely even used them.

Most of the fighting in his life is done by someone else.

Particularly that guy named Butler Si. Sam couldn't help but sigh at this pathetic guy's life.

At least, he got the cultivation technique and other required information though, he could use this to cultivate and increase his strength.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1268: Carrier

While Sam went as far as gaining the information on cultivation techniques and battle experience, Sivan is currently feeling extremely frustrated as he couldn't even get a scratch on Sam's soul.

The Ghost chimera is looking at him like he was a little kid who strayed into a jungle and ended up being prey to the king of it.

He couldn't even take a closer look at Sam's soul because of this chimera. He has been cultivating his soul because of this difference, but until now, there is barely anything he could do. The most he was able to do is exchange a couple of mental blows with the chimera and then had to back down.

When he looked at the face of Sam's soul which is currently covered with the chimera, he could only imagine a smug smile pasted on it.

He frustratingly came out of the sea of consciousness and looked at Butler Si, who is standing in front of him.

"I want to use the dark elemental energy and cultivate a soul strengthening technique. Go and check the library for a suitable one."

Butler Si frowned.

"Young Master, it is not a good idea." He looked at Sivan's blood-red eyes and the jet black hair that had a faint red blood hue, he couldn't help but object to his ideas. His vampire bloodline is on a complete raise since he started consuming the blood of the beasts.

He had to take at least four meals a day to even control that urge. Butler Si already warned the young master about this situation, but the young master didn't bother to listen to him.

Now if he cultivated some soul strengthening technique with dark elemental energy, he would be even more out of control.

It would only fuel the instincts of the vampire bloodline and make him more violent. He is already hard to control and the other young masters who are trying to pick a bone with him will be the ones to pay the price for it.

But when he looked at the stubborn look of the young master, he knew that it is inevitable. He is cursed with obedience towards his master, he has little strength to resist against him.

He sighed in exhaustion and went to the library to check for the techniques.

Meanwhile, at the desolate.

Philip is currently supervising a large-scale construction project.

It is as big as a large ship. Many artisans are working on it with various equipment and many inscription masters are simultaneously drawing the inscriptions. Philip held a blueprint in his hands as he looked at the whole project.

Sirona walked towards him from the side as she took a peek at the construction project.

"When did even design this? I never saw something like this in the projects we worked on together and never saw anything related to this in the library."

"Did you guys work together a lot?" Philip asked instead of answering the question.

"Not really, but every time he came back, he would come looking for me to get a second opinion on every major project. I helped him in the puppet meridian network, Cultivation chambers, and many other projects.

I am surprised that he didn't come to me with such a large project and some of the parts of the design are missing some of his usual flares. They appear a bit..."

"Raw." Philip finished her sentence and Sirona nodded.

"Yes, they appeared too raw. The usual finesse and elegance he usually adds to his projects are not present."

"Well, he didn't actually design the project on paper, it appeared straight out of his head. Most of the design was actually done in his head and he sent it directly into my head."

"No wonder, he didn't even name it. Too bad."

"Bad? I think it is amazing that he didn't name it. That guy has no sense of naming whatsoever. I still feel sorry for all the things he named before."

"I don't think they are that bad."

They both chuckled.

"You look a lot more cheerful than before." Philip said to Sirona.

"I am. I never knew I could feel this way."

"Good for you then."

They stayed silent and after a few seconds, she asked.

"So, are you going to name this?"

"Yes, there needs to be a name for better coordination."

"What is it?"

"I am thinking 'The Carrier'."

"Really? Carrier?"

"It might sound normal, but I cannot think of a better name. After all, it carries a lot of things."

Back at Gravin's mansion.

Sam was done with understanding the cultivation technique and other battle techniques that guy used.

He immediately decided to start cultivating and the first thing he took out is the water he collected from the pond.

He drank half of it as he sat in a calm environment without any disturbance and started cultivating. His mind is peaceful as he let the energy circulate around his body. He removed his peg leg before he started and in the place of the arm and leg the energy condensed together to form a temporary circulation network completing the meridian network of the cultivation technique. As he circulated, Sam felt relaxed.

His whole body seemed lighter than ever and he felt more complete. He couldn't even notice the missing limbs.

He never had such a cultivation session. His cultivation technique might be profound, but it is also a bit straightforward and for a lack of a better word, crude.

He didn't need to control the energy too much and he doesn't need to loosen the bottlenecks one by one as he reached the next level.

All he needs to do is destroy each bottleneck with an excessive amount of energy along with the rest of the beasts.

He is more of a beast than a man in the process of cultivation. But now he felt like a true cultivator.

Soon, the energy from the water was completely gone as he strengthened his cultivation and then he started absorbing the energy from the rest of the water.

He finished absorbing all the energy. But he didn't directly go for the fruits.

He stopped the cultivation and decided to go for the next organization that helps Sivan's growth.

And for this organization, Sam is sure that he doesn't need to hold back at all.

He would never in a million years partner with these guys. The atrocities they commit are completely beyond Sam's bottom line.

He decided to take all of his recent frustrations with this body on them.

But this organization is a bit branched out and no one knows the supposed headquarters of it. But from what Sivan knew, Sam learned that there is no such thing as headquarters for this organization. It is constantly moving and all the core members are in constant motion as they fulfill their duties.

They gather in a commonplace now and then to discuss important matters and that place is not even known to Sivan.

But Sam didn't care. He would destroy all the places of this organization spread across three realms and he went on that journey.

The first place he arrived at is actually a large bar. He directly barged into the largest private room of the bar and tapped the staff on the floor.

Crash

A secret door was crashed open under the stone slab and the stairs were revealed.

The waiter was stunned and he immediately ran out to call for their boss.

But by the time they returned, he was already inside and they started hearing some explosion sounds from under it.

Sam went through the stairs and reached a large underground room. Where some people are drinking and gambling. In the corner of the room, there are a bunch of little girls huddled together as a guy inspected their looks one by one.

Sam aimed the three protrusions at the handle at the gambling table and only by then did they notice Sam's presence. They are not even alarmed by the forcefully reveal of the door and Sam's entry.

"Who the fuck are you?"

One of the gamblers asked, but he was only replied with three energy bullets.

BOOM* *BOOM* *BOOM

Three explosions.

The person who asked the question took one bullet all by himself as he was turned into meat paste. The second one landed in the middle of the table and all the gamblers were blown away and in the process, the third one hit two guys, who died with half of their bodies gone.

Sam didn't even bother to wait for them to come back to their senses.

The energy bullets were launched without and propriety and the dozen or so gamblers died along with the guy who is inspecting those little girls.

Meanwhile, the bar manager came in with a few people and some more people came from the adjacent room and attacked him from the rear.

Sam activated the barrier and turned around slowly.

He looked eerie with all the blood and gore behind him and the black mask and the cloak didn't help. The staff is an added bonus to that creepiness.

Sam started shooting the bullets once again.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1269: Cleaning up

The energy bullets rained down and soon the foundation of the room was on the verge of collapse. The people in the bar upstairs had already run out when they noticed the quakes.

They couldn't understand why something like this is happening all of a sudden and when they noticed that the rest of the street is as calm as ever, they understood that someone is causing all of this from underground.

Meanwhile, some people who knew what is happening underground hurriedly ran in different directions to inform some people who are involved with the racket, and within five minutes, a bunch of young masters, some administrators, and even some old men who didn't make an appearance in a few years arrived.

crash

By now, the bar collapsed. Sam came out of that rubble unscathed, followed by the little kids. He saved them with his energy barrier when the bar was collapsing and now they are also escaping this place without any additional injuries.

But the young masters and the old men that came here are not exactly happy. One look and Sam could guess that these guys are. Pedophiles.

These people are the customers or might even be the partners of this disgusting racket.

"How dare you..."

One of the old men was about to open his mouth with some self-righteous yapping. But...

Boom

An explosion happened and his upper body turned into a bloody mush.

Sam didn't wait for others to talk back, he aimed at every person that showed even a hint of hostility and walked past the group along with the kids.

He made his way towards the space gates of the city that will lead to another city where there is a wormhole connecting to a different realm.

He took the children to the Primate Sect and left them there. It turned out all of their parents are either dead or the kids don't even remember anything about themselves. So, this is the only thing Sam could do.

Anyway, since the orphanage work is already underway, he could at least leave them with somewhere to live and learn freely.

After that, he went back on the quest to destroy this disgusting organization once again. His first direct onslaught actually alerted the nearby branches and the word is spreading like wildfire, but he didn't care.

He is not really playing any long game and he doesn't need anything from them. He just needs to kill these guys and be done with it.

So, he did exactly that.

For the next three weeks, he roamed across the three realms, one realm a week as he killed every member he could get his hands on saved two hundred kids in the process.

The only people that are left now are the leaders of the organization that is in an extremely desperate situation.

Sam almost caught up to them three times and they had to escape with everything they had. Now, they are afraid that they would be caught for real this time and they are trying to get help from the superiors they are paying taxes to.

But to their dismay, no matter how much they tried, they couldn't stay in a place for a long enough time to make this special ritual contact them. And from the looks of it, even if they managed to contact these people, they wouldn't be able to reach these guys since they are on a constant move.

So, after a lot of thinking, they decided to proceed with a different plan.

When Sam reached their next hiding spot, only one of them was present, while the rest of the group escaped.

Sam caught to him trying to flee through the forest and when he was caught, he only had one thing to say.

"I know where these people are going. This time, You don't have to do this blind chase, I can definitely lead you to a place, where you can definitely catch up to them."

Sam was confused.

"You are selling out your partners just like that?"

He didn't even ask the other party anything, why would he reveal such information.

"You didn't ask me anything, so you are definitely going to kill me. If I am going to die, I will at least take down everyone else with me."

Sam shook his head with a sigh. It seems like loyalty is a really expensive thing in the world. Not many people could afford to have it.

"Sign a soul contract first."

Sam demanded. After all, there is no way he could trust the enemy with face value.

But to his surprise, he even signed the soul contract immediately. It seems like he is way too desperate to help Sam.

But since he signed the contract immediately, Sam didn't worry too much and thus their journey began from then on.

They crossed three planets through the wormholes and eighteen cities within by foot before they reached a mountain range.

They climbed the range reached the peak and to Sam's surprise, there are a bunch of leaders along with some more people that he doesn't know.

The guy that led him here suddenly took an inscription scroll and used it to create a distraction and escape.

But to his dismay, this body's senses towards the energy waves are way too keen and before the scroll could even activate, Sam created a barrier.

He tapped the staff once again and an energy bullet destroyed the escaping guy on the spot.

"How dare you attack the subordinates of the Grand Silk Sect. You shall leave your life here."

One of the men, Sam is not familiar with spoke.

"So, the Golden Silk Sect is also superior for this organization? Just how many subordinates do you guys have?"

"You knew of us?"

"It doesn't matter now, does it? Let us just get this over with."

And then, Sam finally revealed his true cultivation making everyone's eyes widen in horror. The leaders of this disgusting racket are only at Peak state Pre-transcendence and the people that the Golden Silk sect sent are three Initial stage transcendent realms of the Astral Plane.

"Why is someone powerful like coming after a low-level organization? How disgraceful."

"Say that to someone who cares."

With that, the mayhem ensured made the peak littered with half-destroyed corpses and Sam was done there without a scratch.

He returned back to Gravin's estate after that to look at the progress of the projects.

To his surprise, Gravin is completing it faster than he thought. It seems like he figured out some techniques and improved himself while doing this.

Sam went to his residence and started probing the soul once again.

In this journey, he didn't stop dealing with the soul. He just gave it a break.

Now, that he is back to a peaceful place, he decided to resume the probing.

From the looks of it, he would definitely be done with this soul before he broke through to the next realm.

After some struggle, he got another piece and now he got some more detailed information on all these subordinate organizations. Information on how they contribute to Sivan and what their actual duties are.

Sam couldn't help but shiver a bit when he went through all of that. Seventy percent of all the organizations under this guy are extremely filthy. They all are earning large amounts of cash with the most disgusting of the jobs.

The Golden Silk Sect is one of the organizations that have the most disgusting organizations under its ranks.

He couldn't help but want to curse them for doing all things.

Sam is the kind of person who never thought of himself as a goody two-shoes guy who stresses himself over saving people.

He never acted out of his own benefit and everything he has done until now was either for his progress, entertainment, or organization.

He didn't save people out of goodness of his heart.

He never really cared how filthy the world is and how disgusting it is to stay there. He never took it upon himself to clean it up. When the world decides to be this filthy and the people are so adamant about making it even filthier, he didn't need the feel to correct them and clean it up for them.

But for the first time, he felt genuine hatred towards an organization that has nothing to do with him. He really wanted to kill everyone who is a part of this organization and every subordinate organization under them.

Now that he has detailed information on who stays where he decides to act on it immediately.

He went back to Gravin and informed him.

"I will be out for another month, if you are done before that, just leave them as it is, I will finish the inscriptions and we can assemble them together. Meanwhile, you can study this."

Sam said and gave him another scroll before leaving.

For the first time ever, he really wants to clean up the filth in the world. He had a feeling that even if there is no link between the Golden Silk and Sivan, he would have had this impulse and he decided to act on it.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1270: Golden Silk Sect

In the next month, the realms have seen chaos that they never even knew before. A black-cloaked man wearing a black mask roaming across the realms destroying one organization after another has become a topic that the kids in the slums to the leaders in mansions discuss every now and then.

They didn't know what his agenda is, they didn't know what his criterion was for destroying these organizations, but everyone is on the edge of their seats.

Some are wishing they are not going to be the target, some are wishing that their opponents become the target. Some tried to get in touch with him with some resources as gifts so that they could ask him to do something for them.

Some are trying to see if they could join him.

Everyone has different thoughts, but he is the only common thing in those thoughts for everyone.

There is one organization among all of them that knew answers to some of these questions thought.

Many people don't know that every organization that has been attacked in the past few days is the subordinate organization of the Golden Silk Sect and even if the whole world didn't notice the connection, it is inevitable for them to notice it.

They immediately made the connection to Sam to the one who destroyed that disgusting organization and also the one that killed their three elders in the process a month ago.

They wanted to try their hand at him when he is going on this spree, but they couldn't get a hold of him no matter how much they tried.

Sam is not revealing any pattern, order, or systematic approach he might have taken. Every organization he is destroying is being chosen randomly.

It is almost like he is pulling names out of a hat and going there to destroy them. But the Golden Silk has too many organizations under their control for their own good and now they cannot spread their elders and core disciples to such a long-range. It would only make it easier for Sam to kill them.

They could only grit their teeth and calculate Sam's appearance and attack with a sure-fire method. Or they could sit and wait for him to arrive at the gate of the Golden Silk Sect.

In the past month, they chose the first option many times, but by the end of it, they realized that the second option is the only option they actually have.

So, they prepared all their defenses and got ready to face him.

From the information they bought here and there, they concluded Sam's cultivation level.

They have three people of Middle-stage transcendence of the Astral Plane. They felt like they still had some upper hand and waited to prey on Sam.

And Sam didn't disappoint them.

But at the end of the month, he arrived at the gates of the Golden Silk Sect.

He looked at the massive gates made with some golden metal. There is an emblem of a golden silk moth on the arch of the gate.

There are no guards whatsoever at the gate and Sam aimed his energy bullet at the arch and shot it.

BOOM

But the energy bullet didn't destroy the arch as he wanted it to, instead, it bounced off of an invisible barrier and created a large crater.

Sam looked unimpressed. He expected as much. There are even some low-level organizations that managed to do this.

He tapped the staff on the ground and the surrounding energy gathered, the first section of the staff opened up revealing the large energy rectangular protrusion aimed at the formation.

An energy beam formed and was aimed straight at the moth on the arch once again.

CRASH

This time, the beam wasn't shot back, rather the barrier shook as the energy forcefully penetrated through that and made the arch crash.

The elders and the core disciples that got notified by this immediately got ready to counterattack.

In the middle of the sect. At the core area. One of the three Middle stage Astral Plane transcendent cultivators is sitting along with some elders and core disciples as they created a formation.

They are all making hand signs in sync. They are seated in a large circle facing inwards and in the middle of them all there is a large Golden Silk Moth coordinating with them.

It is reeling out the golden silk threads and the silk threads started weaving themselves into various objects at a rapid rate as all of them made hand signs.

Meanwhile, the other elders who are at the Initial stage and the remaining two Middle stages transcendent cultivators came out to face Sam, or more like stall him.

They prepared for the best of their attacks as they waited for Sam to break the barrier and be caught off guard.

Sam kept on attacking the barrier at the same point with the energy beams as he moved forward and after some shots, the beam turned continuous. It didn't stop anymore. It is one large continuous beam that was aimed at one spot on the barrier.

Soon, the barrier couldn't hold up and it was destroyed.

Sam calmly walked towards the gate and blasted it open with an energy bullet.

As soon as he stepped past that broken gate, he sensed three large attacks aimed at him.

One is a large meteoritic dragon made of full fire and rocks, the other is a swarm of ice moths made of pure ice elemental energy and finally, the last one is an earth attack that would trap him in the ground with a large quicksand and the wooden vines are added to the mix to keep him more trapped.

Sam felt himself going down as the two attacks came from the front.

The elders hoped that Sam's face showed some expression of fear or at least anxiousness. But it was covered with the mask, so they assumed they showed those exact expressions.

But if they could see, all they would see is an expression of disdain.

The only thing that barely impressed him is the earth trap with the wood elements added into the mix. That would catch anyone off guard as long as it is perfectly timed, but the remaining two attacks are all showy.

They are good for destroying a large number. If it is for dealing with one person, they are utter waste. They are taking a long time to come at him which would give him a chance to escape.

But the problem is they are confident that their earthen trap would fail at all.

Sam pressed a small button in the middle of the first and second sections of staff and the bottom of the staff opened up. It spread open like a small metal flow with only four petals. It is very small.

Energy gathered under it. Sam took a deep breath and tapped the staff once again.

A large barrier appeared around him and it rippled outside.

Not only did the quicksand become completely useless in an instant. The ice moths and the large meteoritic dragon hit the repeated barriers that are appearing because of the ripple effects.

Each barrier is expanding rapidly and is making it hard for the ice moths and the dragon to reach Sam.

When they are finally near him, all the barriers wear them down and they are simple attacks that Sam overcame with a swing of his walking staff.

Everything happened in three seconds. The Elders were shocked.

They couldn't help but feel the cold sweat running down their spines.

This is the first time they felt so terrified in their lives.

This is not the first time they used this combination attack. This is one of their signature moves and they have used this against stronger opponents and caught them off guard.

They didn't expect that Sam to be this prepared.

One of the two Middle stage cultivators looked at the staff, he managed to notice that the rippling barriers came from that staff.

This type of defensive maneuver is something he hasn't seen and in his opinion, a normal cultivator of the same level as him shouldn't be able to do it.

So, he attributed everything to that staff just like any normal person. But the problem is he issued command.

"Make him lose the staff. That is what makes him use the technique. He is a cripple, there is no way, he is this powerful without that staff."

Sam also heard the order and he couldn't help but shake his head in disapproval. All the elders came out of the hiding with their weapons and charged at him while the few mages started attacking from long range.

But all Sam could see are a bunch of shooting targets moving towards him.

He clicked the same button as before and the staff returned to normal. He started using the basic energy bullets as he attacked every person that came at him.

The few weaker elders who dove headfirst were taken down easily. But it turned out that the other elders seemed to have some decent battle experience and they managed to do dodge the few attacks.

"It seems like, this wouldn't be as boring as I thought."

Sam muttered to himself as he stepped forward.