

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1311: Creations

Philip is currently working on a new set of designs. He has been trying to draw these perfectly for days, but he wasn't able to do it no matter how much he tried.

This time, the design just came into his head, but he was not smart enough or experienced enough to create a blueprint from a full-fledged design for the artisans to understand. But he knew that he would eventually get there because this is not the first design, he made like that.

In fact, this is the third one.

Sirona walked in with her usual cold face and asked.

"You are still not there?"

"No, this is taking a lot more time than you think. Why don't you try this? I will transfer the memory to you and I will take over the construction."

"No need, I am comfortable with the constructions. You can just deal with this yourself."

Philip sighed and shook his head in exasperation. He put down the tools and stood up before stretching and walking out along with Sirona.

"So, how is the construction going. Did we finish the first part of this set?"

"Yes, I think we are ready for a demonstration."

"Demonstration? With that? People would be scared out of their wits if they saw something like that. We cannot use it in desolate no matter what. Let's move it to the feathered Planet. I heard there are some useless barren islands there."

"Your wish. I will disassemble it and move it with different spatial rings, it wouldn't fit in a single storage."

"No, no. Don't do that. I don't have that much time. Here, use the divine dimension fragment. I think this would do the job."

Sirona took the ice divine dimension fragment and went to someplace far away from the woods.

In the middle of nowhere, there is a large colossal tower standing proudly. Several artisans are working on it as they checked the different parts.

When they saw Sirona, they jumped down the tower one after another and gave the reports to her.

"We checked everything ten times Madam. Everything is alright."

"You guys go and rest. You need to go to Feathered planet in a while, the demonstration would be held there."

"Thank you, Madam."

They left and Sirona stood there as she took in the massive figure. The tower stood at least sixty meters above the ground. This is not the biggest thing they made thus far, but this tower held most of the capabilities they didn't even think possible until now.

Sirona never thought Sam would be holding something like this in his brain.

She knew he created many fascinating things and thought she has seen his limit, but now she could see what he is really holding back.

When she thought why he might have held back from making this, she could only think of one answer.

'The world is not ready for this.'

This thing causes too much destruction if it is in the wrong hands and if the designs of this thing were to leak to others and someone managed to reconstruct it or reverse engineer it, for most of the cultivators that have great individual strength, their significance would be lost.

The Mortal Plane cultivators would become utterly useless no matter how she looked at it. They wouldn't stand a chance and even most of the Astral Plane cultivators would have to be careful about the presence of such an object, only a very few cream-of-the-crop cultivators would be able to resist what this thing could bring on them.

She used the divine dimension fragment to store it away. No spatial ring as a linear space to fit the whole tower while it was still standing. So, she could only move this thing with the divine dimension fragment.

She took it to the feathered planet for a demonstration.

The demonstration was done pretty quickly and when they saw it, they couldn't help but feel their hearts go cold. That day, an island went completely missing from the planet, and not even a single trace of it was left and it happened in exactly three seconds.

While Sam's friends are feeling terrified by the fruits of his creative mind, somewhere far away some of his foes are looking at another set of fruits but much less destructive and much less valuable.

Sivan got the second memory fragment a few days ago, but the ghost chimera once again threw in another fragment of its own into his head, messing with his thoughts and actions.

It took four days for him to just calm down and look through what memories Sam's fragment has brought and he was really surprised.

These are the memories of his early days in the desolate, it contained the memory of him scaling the volcano, obtaining the feathers of the golden crow

tribe, him traveling to Starwood, making of his first weapon, the golden crescent, forging the Black Meteorite Sand for Jack, making the harbinger and so on up until he created the first park.

Everything regarding the journey came out and every invention he made on the way opened up to him.

The creation of energy cells, the blueprints of harbinger, the blueprints of Sam's park construction.

Everything came to his mind and he was dumbfounded.

He knew that Sam has this flying board and he was really looking forward to seeing that, but it was nowhere to be seen when he opened up the divine dimension.

After he got these memories, he immediately asked Yanwu who is the only one that is even willing to communicate with me among the beasts.

"Where is the harbinger?"

"That was sealed inside the second floor of the tower, with the rest."

When he heard this, he didn't know how to feel.

He has half a mind to kill the golden ape and destroy all the locusts and termites and all the other beasts that are acting as guards to the tower, but whenever this thought came to his mind, yanwu and the rest of the beasts are looking at him with hostility.

He knew better than messing up the fortune of gaining such beasts' loyalty. After so much effort, Yanwu started talking to him, he knew that he shouldn't piss them off and he also felt there is hope.

He couldn't help but feel a bit shocked and awed about what else could be stored inside the tower.

He immediately went back and started preparing for making the energy cells. He needs to use the manipulation ability which he possessed even in his crippled body to make the empty spirit stones into powder, compact them again and make them into energy cells.

He couldn't help but think of the uses Sam had for these things and felt excited and most of all he is excited to have the harbinger.

But only after he started making the energy cells did he understand how difficult it is to make them.

He might have had the experience with manipulation ability, but he didn't have the same focus Sam has. The concentration that was needed to make these things is too much and he was never the maker, to begin with.

After some time, he decided to give the blueprints to his artisans and research different ways to make the harbinger move while he gave the blueprints of the parks to his subordinates to create them in the realms with more mortal plane cultivators to gain the extra income.

He was a money whore, to begin with, and this is the perfect object for him.

After he was done with that, he sat down with Butler Si and asked.

"Butler Si, none of our artisans thought of using these things like this, the basic formations and inscriptions seemed to be completely different when they fell in the hands of Sam. Why is that? Why do you think he is so capable of doing things like this?"

I am really fascinated by this moneymaking park. He did it when he was in his teens, can you imagine that? The artisans that are hundred of years old couldn't even do that, but he managed to do it.

What makes him be like that?

I am really looking forward to seeing what his brain holds. I want to dig it up now. I want to devour the soul as a whole, but I realized, the more desperate I appear, the easier it is for the chimera to deal damage to me.

But I really cannot help but think about it."

When Sivan spoke like that, Butler Si remembered the scene he saw a few days ago in the Red Matter Planet.

He doesn't have an answer for Sivan's question, but sure as hell knew that his young master didn't even scratch the surface of what Sam can do.

After all, he did destroy a branch without making a move himself and everything happened in a few minutes in which, Butler Si himself almost got injured.

When he looked at this that way, Butler Si started connecting some thoughts and came to a conclusion. He shouldn't let Sam stay away for a long time. In the few months, he was away, he managed to create that cursed ghost destruction, he doesn't want him to make something more powerful.

He immediately excused himself and went to meet the elder from the Star Eye sect.

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Chapter 1312: Resistance

Butler Si went to the Star eye sect once again. This is already the fourth time. The first two times, he went there because of Sam, but the third time, he went there to get the location of his disciple and he barely made it there.

Now he is back here for another location on Sam and this time, he hoped would be the last time.

When he went to the elder's residence, the elder was taking a nap. He is resting normally, despite his immense cultivation.

The attendant went there and woke him up as soon as Butler Si arrived inside. The elder woke up and bowed to Butler Si.

"I am really sorry Sir Si. Currently, the toll on my body is too heavy. The first time it was okay, but after I searched for that person named Sam, the second time, I felt a bit fatigued as if some extra resistance is added and I only learned that resistance stayed when I tried to look for your disciple.

That is why it already took so much time to find your disciple.

Currently, the resistance is wearing off a bit, but I will need some more time to get rid of it completely, and then I will do whatever you want."

Butler Si was a bit disappointed. He already learned about this situation when he came here looking for Disciple One, but he hoped it would have been gone sooner, but it seems like he was in too much of a hurry.

"Don't worry, elder. Please rest as you need and don't rush your recovery because of me. But please do inform me whenever you are ready."

"If it is really important, I can recommend you to someone from the sect. I assure you that they will hold every secret for you."

"No, elder. I will just wait for you to recover. No matter how secretive they could be, they could never compare to you and I would only take your services. There is no need for someone else to be involved in our partnership. I will take my leave now. Please do inform me, after you recover."

"Yes, Sir."

With that, Butler Si had to return to the clan in disappointment. He doesn't know why this so-called 'resistance' came upon the Elder, but he does know that anything related to prying into the universe's secrets is dangerous and detrimental. It shouldn't be taken lightly.

If there is such a strong resistance placed on the Elder, then that could only mean that he shouldn't be seen or tracked like this, it is a signal from nature to the elder who is prying.

But everything these Seers do is against nature, so they often ignore these omens and things and will just brace to suffer consequences that might be triggered by their actions. But this is the first time, the backlash hit and stayed for so many days. At least this is the first time, Butler Si, witnessed something like this.

He stayed put for fifteen days and only after that, did the elder contact him.

He went back to the Star eye sect and the elder is ready for doing the same ritual again.

He sat in the middle of the large inscribed formation as he looked for Sam's location once again.

He felt the same resistance as before, but he gritted his teeth and looked for it anyway. He could finally sense the location, but as soon as he was done.

The formation in the room started burning. The ink itself started burning as if it was some kind of fuel being lit up and the flames centered on the elder as they hit him on the chest.

The Elder spat out a mouthful of blood and felt extremely weak.

Butler Si ran in without a second thought and caught hold of him.

"Elder, are you alright? Elder?" He felt a bit anxious. He doesn't know how to react to such a situation. After all, the very reason the Elder was close to him is that he saved his life once, but from the looks of it, Butler Si put his life in danger this time.

He felt guilty and ashamed.

Elder cleared his throat and said.

"Don't worry, Sir Si. I am alright. This is a normal occurrence. Sometimes, one formation can only take some much pressure from the nature so when it reached its limit, something like this would happen once in a while."

Butler Si, was still doubtful about this, but he didn't know what to say for such an answer. So, he could only believe what he was told.

The Elder cleaned up the blood, while Butler Si waited outside. After he came out, he looked a bit pale, but he wasn't too exhausted.

"Butler Si, I am really sorry for the sight you had to witness."

"No, it is okay. I am really sorry that I put you through this."

"I have some information, but I don't think this would help you."

"Please tell me what it is."

"The person you are looking for is within the territories under the Gaja clan."

Butler Si was shocked. This is the last thing he wanted. Sam alone is enough of a problem, but it gets mixed with the Gaja clan, there would be endless trouble.

"Do you at least know, where the approximate location is?"

"That is what I am about to tell you. His location is being masked by the Anti-Seer lock. Which means, he is with one of the young masters of the Gaja tribe in their secret location."

Butler Si sighed deeply.

He looked at the Elder once again and bowed a bit.

"I am really sorry for the trouble Elder. Please ask me if there is anything you want me to do for you."

"Don't be like that Sir Si. I am really sorry, I couldn't help you. I will see if I can find his actual location."

Butler Si nodded and left the place.

He went back to the Clan, but he didn't go to meet Sivan immediately. He felt a bit powerless and wanted to spend his time alone for a bit.

But to his surprise, Sivan himself came looking for him.

"I thought you would be here. It seems like you are also being troubled by Sam."

Butler Si stood up hurriedly and bowed before saying.

"Yes, young master. I wasn't able to stop him. He destroyed the Red glove mercenaries and two of my disciples died. I don't even know if the injured ones will be able to overcome the mental trauma.

I just cannot find a way to corner him. He is just way too prepared."

"That is where you are wrong. Red Glove is only a part of one of our 12 sets of organizations. The set it was part of was not completely destroyed. It was only partially dealt with. You still have time."

"No, young master. From the information I got, Sam is not within our territory anymore. He is actually in Gaja territory."

Sivan raised his eyebrow in surprise.

"Well, then that means, you rectified the immediate problem we are facing. I thought we wouldn't be able to get rid of him in the short time, but he escaped to the Gaja territory after you got involved, which means he felt the pressure.

That is one problem solved, but now we have a bigger problem." They kept on discussing how to deal with this problem.

Meanwhile, Back in the stray dimension.

Sam's research is going smoothly. He wants to create a simulation device that simulates any person's thoughts if they willed to do so. Irrespective of their

elemental affinity, but the simulation system itself works with light elemental energy, so it is a bit troublesome. But still, most of his theories were right and he knew he is going in the right direction.

While he was deep in research, Grivon came.

"You came faster than I thought, it has been barely two days," Sam said as he cleaned his hands after he was done inscribing something.

"Well, I have some trouble. While I came looking for you, some of my brothers and sisters from the clan are trying to reach out their filthy claws into the pie that I carefully cooked for myself.

So, I decided I would take your help in getting rid of the claws."

"What is the problem exactly?"

"My brothers and sisters are trying to take over some of my businesses. Granted they are the weakest businesses without much profit, I was just trying to penetrate into the market discreetly in some of the neutral areas."

"Neutral Areas?"

"Areas that are neither under our control nor Mari Clan's control."

Sam chuckled when he heard this.

"Your clans really are self-centered. You divided realms based on that?"

"What can I say? It was hereditary. Anyway, those fields are something that I was not good at, to begin with, and on top of that, I suffered some significant losses just so that I could enter the market, now that the hard part is over, they are taking it over.

I cannot even stop it now, because the clan meeting regarding that was over, while I was in redmatter. So, I need revenge and I am here for your help."

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Chapter 1313: Shields

"What kind of revenge do you want?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you just want to kill them, you don't have to come to me. But if you want to kill them without anyone knowing and with a sense of mystery left behind, I could help you a bit."

"No, no. No killing. If the clan finds out, that I killed my peers even before my previous generation heir selection was not over, then I would be dead."

Sam shrugged and said.

"Okay, that is just one option anyway, there are others.

If you want to take revenge on the business side of things, there are a few methods. You can penetrate the market and take away their share of customer base, you can destroy their business without any involvement in the market too.

If you ask me, these two are the best options. I would proceed with either of those two."

"What about others?"

"they involve some killing and smearing the reputation and a lot more deeds that accumulate to kill their business."

"Then I will go with the first two options, but still the question is which one is better?"

"That is the question you need to answer. Do you have interest in penetrating into that market?"

"Of course, I have interest, but those places were a bit too difficult, my brothers and sisters saturated their position a long time, in fact their parents did that for them when they gave those businesses to them. They have

decades of loyalty and reputation behind their stability, I would say it is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. Particularly in the business world. Customers might appear extremely loyal to a single enterprise, but that cannot be more wrong. They are fickle, as fickle as weathers in the wind. They just fly away along with the strongest current.

Most of the time, the customers appear loyal to one particular brand because, there is no other brand offering a better or similar service or there is no other brand with a better service that they could afford.

It is easy to get majority of customers to shift their interest as long as they have better product."

Grivon looked at Sam with a but skeptical expression.

Sam chuckled and said.

"Okay, it seems like your age-old clan teachings really got to you. I will prove it. Give me the profiles of the main businesses of the people you want to take revenge on. I will pick one as a trail and prove my point to you."

Grivon still had that skeptical expression and took out a bunch of profiles, Sam looked through them briefly and picked one.

"This is new. I never knew that people can target this niche and gain that many profits."

Grivon took a peek and said.

"Well, that is because of the loyalty and the brains behind the creations of that business. There is one main person behind this business. My sister only takes care of the customer and financial side, the person who creates the product is a complete outsider from the clan."

"She is not your real sister, is she?"

"What do you mean real?"

"Is she born to the same parents as you?"

"Oh, in that way, no. She is the daughter of my father's younger brother. But she is a bit older than me."

"That's good. You wouldn't feel as bad when you wrecked her business."

"Wrecking her business? Do you know the percentage of market she holds in terms of defense artifacts, within that realm? Ninety percent and the reason why she holds so much is that she created that market. She searched for this weirdly talented guy who was so interested in the defense artifacts and made his products more usable to people. She made them need these things."

Sam just shook his head. He is tired of explaining it to him.

"Just come back in two days, to collect the results. I will show you, how you can wreck a person's business without doing anything underhanded."

Grivon also shrugged as he left.

He clearly doesn't know too much about Sam. After all, the Dusk organization didn't spread far enough. Even though it has a greater influence in dozens of lower realms, it is not the same in the higher realms. The most he reached are the Medium level realms.

If Grivon knew how much Sam has earned in business and how many types of businesses he has monopolized, he wouldn't be this skeptical.

Sam once again started giving out a list of materials and a list of subordinates to the attendants who brought them to the warehouse within a few minutes.

He started designing things without much trouble. He didn't even have to think that much. After all, Sam has a decent experience with defensive formations to the point that he created a bunch of new types of defensive methods using the formations in a more unorthodox way.

Even from the top of his head, he can think of a hundred different kinds of designs that could swallow the business of Grivon's sister.

The assistants he asked for were stunned by the speed, Sam is dishing out the designs. If they didn't know any better, they would accuse him of copying from something, because only copying would grant them that speed.

For the next two days, Sam kept himself and the rest of the group busy with the products. He created exactly one hundred models all with various elements and various functions, but all of them have one thing in common, before activation, they all looked the same. They are but a small metal cylinder in their hands.

It is half a foot long and they all have one button on top of them. That is also another common thing, but the buttons on the bodies of the cylinders varied very much as they had different functions.

Most of these artifacts are created with the experiences of his new body as inspiration.

Due to him having so many elemental energies and defensive measures, Sam never really got the opportunity to explore the defensive methods in other areas.

Particularly, the energy barriers is something he only used for formations. But now that they are part of his daily routine, he managed to combine his knowledge of energy barriers and elemental energies to create varying models.

After two days, Grivon came back and he was surprised by the cylinders neatly arranged on the table.

Sam looked at him and said.

"All hundred products are of hundred different models. They have almost all elements. Fire, wind, water, light, dark, lightning, earth, metal, wood and space. Of course, there are some neutral models which could be used by anyone."

"Really? Almost? What else was left?"

"Maybe Time?"

Grivon shook his head as he looked around.

"Where are the neutral ones?"

Sam pointed at a row and Grivon picked one of them.

It has one button on the top for activation and two more on the body for variations within.

Sam showed all three buttons and explained which is which.

Grivon pressed the activation button. The energy suddenly condensed from within the cylinder and the surroundings as it condensed in the form of a large shield in front of him.

It is translucent and it is glowing.

Sam stood in front of the shield and said.

"Hold it properly."

Grivon held it tightly as Sam took a step back and threw a punch. He used the strength of a middle stage Astral Plane pre-transcendent cultivator.

BAM

There was a loud sound, before the translucent barrier rippled and the blow completely dissipated. Grivon was stunned. He almost didn't feel the impact at all. It as if the shield directly took the attack and sent it somewhere else.

"Use the first variation."

Sam said as he lunged forward and moved to the side attacking from the opening there.

But as soon as the first variation was pressed, the shield expanded and covered Grivon in spherical barrier. The attack was once again absorbed.

"The second variation."

Sam said calmly and Grivon pressed it. This time it still stayed as a spherical barrier, but the as soon as the punch landed, Sam was blown away from that spot and was sent flying.

He moved mid-air and landed safely as he walked forward.

"The second variation works on both normal activation mode and the first variation. To deactivate it, all you have to do is press the button on top again."

Grivon pressed it and the shield was gone.

"I didn't think these kinds of barriers existed. I know defense artifacts use energy barriers, but these barriers are different."

"Of course, they are different, I made them."

"What about their durability though?"

"That's what I am going for next." With that, Sam took out a very different device. It is a small stand with a groove that fits the cylinder base perfectly. The cylinder stands in it. Within that stand, there is another groove where he placed a space jade.

"One charge of the artifact can take ten blows from an Astral Plane Pre-transcendent cultivator at Middle-stage, three from late-stage and one from peak stage. As for the Initial stage, I think it can last for quite a while.

After it was gone, as long as the cylinder was not damaged, they can place it in this and place a space jade filled with spirit stones and place it here, the cylinder will charge itself.

Sam then turned the stand upside down and there is a small glowing semi-circle on it.

"This circle indicates the charge it holds, if it is complete, then the charge is full."

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Chapter 1314: Business Class

After Sam was done with the demonstration, Grivon started asking other questions, the questions related to the financial side of things.

But when he heard the price of making this, he was stunned. He didn't expect that it would be this easy to manufacture and this cheap.

"Why did no one think of this before?"

Sam didn't have the answer to this question. In fact, he himself had this question hundreds of times, every time he made something new from the simplest of the techniques, he asked this question to himself, but there was no one who can give him that answer.

"So, what should I do now? How should I proceed with this?"

"Find an organization within that realm that has a good reputation and grip over a different market, of course, it would be better if it was in the weapons market and buy a portion of that organization. A large portion would be better.

If it is not possible, then make a partnership with them, but only for these artifacts, after they became popular enough, we will introduce the new products and by then they would ask you to be their partner and your value only increases by then."

"Do you want me to release this product from under the banner of others? Why shouldn't I just open my own organization?"

"I already told you, there are many ways to wreck a business and if you don't reveal your identity as the young master of the Gaja clan which you really didn't want to release, to begin with, they would devour you in whole within a week.

There are many means and methods, I don't have time to explain to you that. I don't even know how you can be so smart and stupid at the same time.

Why are you so dumb when it comes to the business?"

"I am not really interested in the process I guess. I am more of a military guy. Even now, all I could think of is how to utilize these artifacts to benefit my forces. I was never much of a business guy."

"At least, you are self-aware enough to admit that you don't understand this. The business is just like war. Good products are Strong soldiers, bad products are weak soldiers. The people who run the business are the commanders. If the commander is good enough, they can use the weak soldiers to defeat an army of strong soldiers, but if he is bad, even if he had strong soldiers, he wouldn't be able to defeat an army of weak soldiers.

Currently, these are strong soldiers, but they are your secret forces. You cannot go there directly and establish your strength, if you do that, your identity as the general would be revealed. You want to remain secret, so you need to appoint a commander there.

If you have a really strong commander, but none of the other parties know his strength, they would attack him, but he would be able to withstand it, but if the commander is directly related to you, they would have a chance to relate to him to you.

But if you hire a strong local force to act as a cover while your secret soldiers act as their force to attack your enemy, your cover wouldn't be blown as a general, no one would connect the excessive strength and relate it to you. They would relate it to the local force.

Your cover would be saved and you would gain the victory."

Grivon looked stunned and there is a look of enlightenment on his face.

"I never looked at it this way. I just felt burdened by all of the financials, the research burden, and all the other things that need to be handled, I couldn't even find a proper analogy to understand this.

But now, I do. This is actually quite a simple logic."

Sam just shrugged and said.

"It is better that you understand, so from now on if it is business-related, try to think this way and don't continuously ask me why I told you to do some certain things. Figure it out yourselves."

With that, he handed over the blueprints for the artifacts to him and he went back to his simulator research.

He has way too much to do. He just barely managed to scratch a surface.

Grivon immediately went back to the clan and contacted his secret business associate. His loyal subordinate handles all the secret businesses he is maintaining without the knowledge of his clan or his peers.

He told what Sam told him and the associate understood it immediately. He didn't need any analogies to business and war, like Grivon.

Grivon decided that he should make him meet Sam directly so that he would be less burdened by these details.

Along with that, he also contacted other subordinates who tried to find a place to establish the factory for the manufacturing of the artifacts. His associate decided that it is better to not place the factory in the same realm because there is a chance that his sister and the very organization they made a partnership with might target the factory.

So, they decided to go for one of the places where they have maximum influence in and decided to establish the factory there.

After finishing the initial arrangements, he came back to Sam.

"So, what is your price for this?"

Sam thought for a moment and asked.

"What would be the value of trumping all your peers and your senior successor candidates in businesses and profits?"

"That would make confirm my ascension to the successor seat fifty percent more plausible. The clan only sees, the benefits the successor brought to the clan financially and tactical. So, you can guess how important that is if I managed to increase my share of revenue to the clan while decreasing the revenue of my brothers."

"I will make you achieve that. I will triple your revenue while I reduce the rest of your peers' revenue by half, would you be able to get me the heirloom of Divine Palace of Healing?"

Grivon was stupefied.

"Divine Palace of healing? Do you mean Vardar's place? What do you need his heirloom for?"

"I have my reasons. I heard Vardar will sell his soul if he can obtain something of great value for it. I want his heirloom, The Blessed Umbrella. Will you be able to get it?"

"I guess I can try to buy it from him. But I need to check it first."

"Try it. If it is possible. I will give you a new lease on the business side of things. Your peers or seniors wouldn't be able to compete with you. I will give you the ideas and designs and I want some of the revenue from it. Are you down for that deal?"

"Let me see how it goes with the Divine Palace of healing first. If I can I would agree to it. I have no problem with that and as for the revenue, you don't have to worry about it. The researchers here have a rule, if I managed to obtain any revenue from any design or product they created, they would be entitled to twenty-five percent of the profits I made.

You are no exception."

It was Sam's turn to be surprised.

"You are really way too generous for someone from a clan like this."

Sam muttered, but Grivon just smiled and left the place.

Sam went back to the research.

While Grivon is working on the first deal between Sam and him, Butler Si is feeling a bit conflicted.

He is currently pacing around his yard as he kept on thinking for a solution to the current problem. He believed in the prediction of the elder from the Star eye sect.

There is no way he could be wrong, but if Sam is really in the Gaja clan, he knew how troublesome it would be for Sivan.

He needs to find a way to deal with Sam before something drastic happens and he had a feeling that the more he waited, the more powerful and disastrous the incoming attack would be.

After an hour of this continuous pacing, he finally had a determined expression. He looked through the spatial ring and took out a special token.

It looked like it was made of condensed and solidified blood.

Sam would have easily recognized this. This is a token made of blood iron.

"It seems like, it is time to involve those people."

He sighed and disappeared from the spot.

He traveled for three days and finally reached a small planet without many powerful beings.

The strongest person on this planet is barely Peak stage of Astral Plane Initiation.

At least that is what the rest of the world sees. He went to a corner of the planet deep in the woods where no one ever showed up.

There is an underground construction there which he accessed through a hole in the ground.

There a space gate formation was present and there is a groove on the pillars surrounding the formation.

He placed the token in that groove where it fit perfectly and entered the formation which made him and the token immediately disappear.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1315: League of Blood Iron

Butler Si, reappeared in the middle of some woods, but there is not a single sign of life around him. Even the trees in the woods are completely withered. There is not a single leaf in sight, and even the ground is devoid of any dried leaves.

He currently stood in a small circular patch in the middle of these dead woods and the Blood Iron Token once again came back into his hands.

There is a small path leading somewhere and he looked at that path with a complicated expression. He is quite reluctant to go there, but by now, he is already at a point of no return. He took a deep breath and started walking in the path.

He walked slowly like a normal person and it took ten minutes for him to come out of the woods and he appeared before a large stone gate.

He placed his hands on it and gently pushed.

It opened without making a single noise, even though it is literally grinding against the floor.

Inside, there is a stone-paved path that lead to the large stone house in the middle of the plot of land.

There is a string of words etched on top of the house.

"LEAGUE OF BLOOD IRON."

Butler Si, had a determined expression as he walked to the stone house and opened the door, revealing a small room with nothing but a stone table and a middle-aged man sitting behind it.

There is not a single sign of any other person or things inside the room. The middle-aged man is sketching something on a piece of beast skin with what looked like a piece of charcoal.

He didn't even take a look when Butler Si walked.

Only when Butler Si came to the table did he look at him.

"Welcome to the League of Blood Iron. May I know what your membership status is?"

Butler Si, didn't answer and took out the Blood iron token once again, before placing it on the table.

The middle-aged man who has a turban on his head with a face full of beard looked at the token with a smile.

"Oh, an honorary member. It has been a long time since we had one of those visits this place. Please let me verify."

Butler Si just nodded.

The middle-aged man took the token and placed it on the table as he removed the beast skin and the charcoal from there.

The token lit up and a projection came out of it. He looked through the details and smiled once again.

"Sir Si, welcome back to the league. Are you here for making your membership permanent again or are you looking for someone to carry out an assignment for you?"

Butler Si pursed his lips and said.

"I would like a temporary direct membership for now. I don't think I would be able to stay longer and I also need an assignment carried out."

"Let me process that. It would take some time, please wait."

With that, he took the token and went through a door on the wall behind him. He came back after five minutes and gave the token back.

"Your temporary membership has been confirmed. You would be a full-fledged member for a month and in this one-month period, you would be able to go to the league's common room directly through your token if you wish to.

Please take the door to your left and you would arrive there."

"Thank You."

Butler Si, said politely as he entered the door to his left. He could feel the space warping around him and he reappeared in the middle of what looked like a bar.

There are over half-a-dozen people there among them three people are sitting together, while the other three are sitting by themselves separately.

Apart from them, there is a bartender at the bar counter, who is polishing some crystal glass.

Butler Si walked to the counter and took a seat.

"I would like a Sudden death."

"Right away sir."

The bartender politely said as he walked to the shelves as he picked different kinds of alcohol from which he started preparing a drink.

He poured it into a large crystal glass and served it to Butler Si who took a sip as he reminisced.

"Just like I remember. Thank you."

"You are welcome, Sir Si. Are you back in business?" Bartender asked with the same polite smile.

"No, not really. I am here for something personal. I would like to place an assignment."

The bartender nodded and took out a scroll which he gave to Butler Si, who started filling out the blanks in it. This is an application form, after he was done filling it, he took out a portrait of Sivan, which means it is currently a portrait of Sam, and attached it to the scroll.

The bartender looked through the details, there are some details even regarding the body switch, Sivan made and how the current possessor of the

body is not Sivan and making sure that the person has no good relations with the Mari Clan.

"That is good enough. I will place the order and inform the league members."

"Thank you."

"By the way, Sir Si. That person has come back." He said while wiping a glass with his head down. His voice is still polite, but it is not as vibrant as before.

Butler Si, stopped sipping his drink and looked at the bartender with a surprised expression.

"He came back? Why did he suddenly appear out of nowhere? I thought he lost his strength and went into the hiding in some low-level realm."

"No, Sir Si. He is stronger than ever before. He was only taking a break from all the bloodshed, but suddenly he came back.

He said something about someone crossing a line once again and this time, it seemed to have affected the secluded life he was living. He came back with increased anger and the Twelve Keys are having a hard time appeasing him."

Butler Si downed the whole glass of cocktail and felt a bit frustrated.

"Every member of the league has let loose a bit with him not being present here for quite some time, some of them even went so far as acting as lackeys for the members of Divine League. He is really furious and is looking through the documents one by one relentlessly."

"How long has it been?"

"A few months." Butler Si finally sighed.

"So, there should at least be some league members who are completely safe and willing to take the assignments right?"

"Yes, there are."

"That is enough for me. I don't really care what he does. Let him go berserk for all I care."

"But your issue with him. He might come looking for you."

"If he would have come for that, he would have already been at my place. Do you really think, just stepping out of the league would have given me a way out? You and I both know, what it takes to get out of that man's sight."

"Yes."

There was some silence. Butler Si had another drink before taking out the token.

"I need to go out and get rid of my other responsibilities for a while. Even though temporary I still need to follow the league rules, so I will be busy for the next three days. Just don't bother about the vetting and hire whoever is willing to do the job."

"Yes, Sir."

"And don't mention my arrival to that person by yourself. Only talk when he asks for me."

With that he took the Blood Iron Token and injected his energy, it took him back to the formation in that remote planet, from where traveled another three days to go back to the Mari Clan.

He met with Sivan immediately.

"Young Master, I wouldn't be able to serve you for the next month."

"What happened Butler Si, are you okay?"

"Yes, young master, I am trying to handle the issue regarding Sam. He is currently in the middle of the Gaja clan, even the star eye sect is unable to

pinpoint his location. I will go undercover to the nearest realm and see if I can find anything.

And I also assigned the task in the league, so they should be able to find his location."

"What? You went to the league? Are you out of your mind? Is that why you are leaving for the month?"

"Yes, young master. According to the league's rules, any temporary or permanent member cannot work for any external organization. I applied for the temporary membership so that we can have more access to some high-level members. The normal members wouldn't be able to enter the Gaja clan."

"You can just stay here. You can just resign the post and just stay here without working for a while."

"No, young master. League's rules are absolute. If we respect them, the league respects us back. And by respect from the league, I mean them letting us survive. I hope you will go into seclusion for this month.

I already made a deal with your uncle, he would be able to look after you within the clan.

Go to your special residence and don't come back until I am back here."

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1316: Grey Marsh

While Butler Si made arrangements to deal with Sam, the person in question is knee deep in research.

But he has to come out of it because, Grivon is asking so many doubts about the business and their strategy. Only when he once again met with him after this week did he understand, how much Grivon has done and how fast he managed to move.

Within a week, he established a factory with people to forge cylinders and people to draw the required inscriptions and finally the people to assemble and test the product properly.

He had done all of this in a week. Maybe the pre-existence of the building might have helped a lot, but it is still faster than Sam had expected. But on top of that, he actually had teams currently discussing deals with three different organizations.

His associate directly contacted the heads of the three different organizations, he kept his identity and his relation to the clan a secret, but he still managed to give them a taste of his strength and power so that the other party would be open and a bit more honest about the whole cooperation.

Now, he is having trouble because, he doesn't know which organization he should choose. He came to Sam once again since even his associate cannot pick one.

Sam looked at the profiles of the three organizations carefully.

"You have a very great opportunity here, but I don't know if you are capable of shouldering and powering through it."

Sam said casually as he took a sip of some wine.

"Opportunity, what is that?"

"The profiles of the three organizations are completely varying. They belong to different organizations but they also happened to be the top three organizations of this one large realm.

You can cut a deal with all three of them without stepping on anybody's toes."

"How is that even possible?"

"It is right before your eyes. Just how dumb are when it comes to business.

The first organization, is an overlord. They own half of the realm. They have superior authority over the realm and they don't have too much of their branches spread over to the other realms, because they know that the hold they have on their own realm is good enough.

After all, that is a realm with over thirty eight planets that have abundance of resources. If I were them, I would act like that as well.

Apart from the nineteen surely subordinate planets, the rest of the planets also had to give them some leeway for their businesses.

The remaining two organizations are considerably younger and weaker compared to the first one, they are just recently expanding and even though they are ranked number 2 and 3, their main strength comes from the external realms.

They knew they couldn't tackle the first organization with the resources inside the realm, so they expanded outwards and are increasing their strength, I must say they are doing really good as they managed to get a decent share over the market with their businesses in the given timespan.

But you don't have to consider their internal market grasp. You go for the first organization for the market grasp of that realm within which would defeat your sister, then you would go for the other two organizations for the external development.

You would supply all three of them.

First one, would sell the items in the realm, the second and third will export them to the different realms they are operating in.

It is that simple."

"But the heads of the three organizations don't see eye to eye, how can we make them all agree and make sure that they don't eat each other out."

"That is where your strength and promise come in. You use a carrot and stick method. You first make all three of them afraid of you and then you have to give them a promise that you would give the next batch of new products you might have to them.

At least, when it concerns the business within that realm and the realms they are exporting.

They have their own pies and they would eat them without eyeing others."

"That sounds so simple, why do you think that I didn't think of that?"

"Because of the same reason you said. You are retarded when it comes to business. But your business associate might have seen this, why didn't he tell you this."

"Well, he is kind of a linear person. He would only do the task that I ask him to do. I asked him to find the best options to cooperate, he did and when I asked his opinion which would be better choice between these three, he gave me the first one, since my objective is to take over my sister's market.

But I didn't ask for any alternatives that might benefit me, so he didn't give them to me."

Sam just shrugged.

"Then ask him from now on. Don't disturb me for every small thing."

"Well, I will ask him. But I am here for something else as well."

"What is it?"

"Sivan's branches. Give me a location. I need to flex my muscles a bit. I will personally lead a group take them down."

Sam thought for a moment and replied.

"Do you know the planet named Grey Marsh?"

"I know that, it is a planet in the realm not so far away from here. Does he have a branch on that planet?"

"Branch? He owns that planet. Every special, exotic beast that comes out of that planet is something he reared it inside. The organization that is ruling the planet is under him and they take the creations from one of the genetic labs, Sivan has and leave the creatures there is a controlled but natural environment.

They will grow enough after feeding on the creatures and he will hunt them and they will be sold out as exotic earth and water elemental beasts that are so desired by a large community.

Have you ever wondered, how he is managing to catch a few hatchlings as well whenever he had creatures? Because, he is only catching the creature from the marsh while he brought the hatchlings from the lab."

Grivon was dumbfounded.

"Grey Marsh is a neutral area, but we have some friends there. The organization you are saying that rules the planet are friends with one of my brothers."

"Isn't that brother's name, Gyron? I know of him too. He is feeding some of your information to the friends he had on Grey marsh which is ending up on the table of Sivan.

Why do you think all the conquests that were undertaken by the youngsters of your organization were completely gone wrong? Do you really think that it is a coincidence?

That strife between you guys and the younger generation of mari clan was actually caused by Sivan, because he was bored.

He wanted to see which group would win by staying united and he enjoyed it thoroughly."

"What? To enjoy it?"

"Yes, there is no other motivation, he didn't even care to look for the hidden forces that were brought out or the special weapons that were used, he had people record everything and he had those videos in his private collection.

Trust me, when I looked through those memories, even I was entertained."

"Holy shit. My brothers were played."

He looked horrified. Sam was a bit surprised.

"I thought you don't like your brothers."

"Of course, I don't. I am feeling sad because I missed this."

Sam was dumbfounded this time. He really fell in the middle of some twisted freaks.

"Anyway, since I gave you the location, do me a favor. Pick some of the beasts they created. It would be better if they are alive, but even the corpses would help and also my specter would be coming with you."

"Why?"

"I am going to collect the souls. I need them for something. Also, don't reveal your identities."

"Of course, we are not going to reveal your identities. When it comes to battle, I am sure I am better than most. Who knows, I might even be better than you."

"It's good to have dreams, but it would be better if they made any sense. Now, go and take care of your business and don't disturb me for the next week, even if you came back with the task. I am at a critical juncture of my research."

Sam went back to research and Grivon went back to handle things on the other end.

He went to the business associate and explained Sam's plan.

"That is indeed plausible." The associate said nonchalantly.

"Did you know that before?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me anything?"

"You didn't ask me for that. You said particularly when you hired me that I should just do as you asked and obtain the results that you want. I am doing the same."

"But this is a better result."

"Yes, it is. But this was not the result you wanted."

"Okay, okay. I am an idiot, if you have better plans, tell me from now on. Okay?"

"Yes."

After that small discussion, he went back to his troops and with a team of ten made his way to the grey marsh.

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1317: Double Agent

Grivon entered the Grey Marsh that same day along with his crew and directly went after the main branch of the organization.

He and his team wore navy blue cloaks fully covering their bodies. They even used some crystal eye masks that mask their eyes. They are extremely powerful. His team has extremely high-level cultivators and every one of them could be considered overkill.

He has a necromancer who collected souls and got the information. He learned who the head of the organization is passing the information to and where they are keeping the mutated hatchlings and the locations of the contained environments for the fully grown beasts.

He went with the team and started hunting until the next day as he collected the beasts and specter collected souls.

They finished the whole thing and came back to the stray dimension. But he didn't disturb Sam, instead, he focused on the information he got and decided to investigate it himself all the while keeping an eye on the business deal that was going on.

One week passed like that.

Sam managed to make his minor breakthrough in the research. At the moment, he is standing in the middle of a metal box as he wore a pair of gloves as he tried to draw something in the mid-air.

A few lines which looked like they are made of condensed like appeared in the air. He pressed something on the gloves and they changed their color, he tried to hold the lines and he managed to do it.

He moved it like a stick. He turned off the whole thing and smiled.

This is the big step, but it is not ready yet. He still has a lot to do regarding this and he knew he would be having more fun doing this.

After he was done there, he handed over the gloves for the assistants to test them once again, before he left and went to take a bath.

He knew that Grivon would be coming that day. He had a meal and went to meet with him.

"So, what do you need to learn today?" Sam asked directly.

"What do you mean?" Grivon was really surprised.

"I gave you business lessons last time. So, I was wondering if you want to learn something else. Cooking, drinking, maybe some tips for bed."

Grivon gave him a side-eyed glance and said.

"That is really funny, now can we talk some serious business? I have brought everything you asked for. The Grey Marsh is completely dealt with and today, my business is officially starting. My sister already moved some of her forces from the clan grounds and even she moved.

It seems like she wants to deal with this problem violently. I sent my own team there and they are going to handle any surprises that my sister might create."

"That is one problem solved. Anything else?"

"Not much. I brought the things you asked for. You can take a look at them. And I also have new information from the Grey Marsh, I investigated and I want to see if you know anything else before I decide to make a move."

"What kind of information?"

"The leader of the Grey Marsh directly reports to someone named, The Cook."

"The Cook? I know that guy from Sivan's memories, he is an intelligence broker. He is also one of the guys that operate solely and don't belong to the twelve foundational organizations of Sivan. That information is accurate, you can act on it if you want.

But it is hard to find him."

"That is the point here. The Cook is actually an agent of the Gaja Clan. He is the intelligence broker we employ. We work with him, we put him there."

Sam was surprised by this.

"What do you mean you put him there? It is Sivan who made him come here. Sivan saved his life and The Cook didn't want to stay in his debt forever, so he

was placed in the middle of your territories and his territories to broker intelligence.

He finds people who have intelligence on your clan and gains that information to pass it over to Sivan and Mari Clan."

Grivon looked horrified when he heard this. Sam looked at his expression and a thought popped in his mind.

"Don't tell me, your clan did the same."

"Yes, that is what exactly happened. One of the successor candidates of the past generation. The guy who might be considered my uncle has found this guy and brought him to the clan, we saved him and placed him in the middle to trade intelligence for us. This is the picture."

Grivon showed the picture and Sam's facial expression changed once again.

"You guys are screwed, in the most royal way. Somebody is playing on the two sides of the game and he might really not be of any side.

He is playing for his own side and is trying to screw both of your clans over by managing the intel. That is a pretty nice plan. I have done something like that before too and trust me it is extremely effective."

"I don't think he is doing a good job at that. None of his intel was wrong. We almost got everything down to the teeth whenever we followed the information he passed down to us."

"I thought you are good at warfare."

"I am good at warfare. But this is not warfare."

"This is warfare, Grivon. You are indeed too young and naïve. Espionage is a big part of warfare. If you cant even be good at that basic thing, you can never be good at warfare.

Just go to the spot, the next time you set up a meeting, catch him and get the information you need.

That is all you need to do and the problem will be solved. You will understand after you extract his memories."

"The next meeting is in two days."

"You can do that then. What else? Do you have other matters? I want to go back to my study, I have way too many new ideas to give you lectures here."

"Well, this might be a bit problematic, I don't know if you will agree."

"Just tell me what your problem is. I don't like this beating around the bush and you projecting your doubts early on. You can be direct and precise and I will give you what you want if I can give you what you want and if I don't want to, I will deny it with an equally direct and blunt response.

So, just ask me. You will get an answer."

"We have a person in the clan. An old man who sweeps the clan grounds. I don't know who he is, neither do my brothers and sisters, subordinates, and even the elders.

But some of the highest levels of elders with enough authority let him be. He would be in different places randomly as he sweeps the courtyards, streets and sometimes, he sits under a tree.

He doesn't show a single sign of cultivation. There is not a single energy wave we feel from him. Some people just make fun of him and some people just ignore him. But I want to befriend him."

"It still doesn't explain what you need from me."

"I will get there, let me explain first.

That old man is one of the oldest members of the clan, he is over one thousand years old and he should be at the peak of Astral Plane Consummate stage."

"And how do you know that and the rest of your peers don't?"

"It is because I read through the library that was not touched since three hundred years ago and there are records of our ancestors. This person was a legend back then. He destroyed everything that stayed in his path with a calm face.

There is a story that said that the head of the Mari clan at that time, literally wet his pants in a battle with him."

"That still doesn't answer the question, you are giving me too many waste details."

"He doesn't have a leg now. I don't know what happened, but his leg was gone."

"So you need an artificial limb to bring this guy to your side."

"Yes."

"Then, your question should have been, 'I need you to make an artificial leg to a person I am trying to poach, will you do it?' I don't need all of these details."

"Well, you are an expert in many things, I just want to get your opinion."

"I don't think so. You are not getting opinions, you are trying to fish for information."

"What do you mean? Do you really think, I would think you have information on one of my ancestors? How stupid do you think I am?"

"No, I think that you think that you are keeping a good cover while you are analyzing me. You are placing different scenarios, including the business plan, the shield problem, and now this old man thing to test me."

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1318: Old Man

"What do you mean 'analyzing' you? Do you really think that I am that bored?"

"Don't treat me like an idiot Grivon. You are insulting my intelligence if you think that you could just get out of this situation with those slimy words.

I make my judgment calls only after I clearly understood the situation.

Every problem you have mentioned in front of me, even if I don't have anything to do with it sometimes, you are looking for my reaction. Of course, you might be looking for my insights, but your utmost priority was that you are looking for my reaction.

You don't know much about me. You don't have enough information around you that could help you understand what kind of person I am.

With the limitations of your knowledge, in your view, I am just a guy who was worthy enough to be targeted by Sivan and skilled enough to survive and even damage Sivan after that. That alone makes it worth it for you to poach me.

But apart from that, you don't know me, you don't understand my intentions, you don't understand my thought process, you don't get why I would trade such technology just for you helping me take revenge.

You are trying to get inside my brain and the start of it, are you trying to understand my reactions to different situations and things, and this time, a thing is an old man without a leg."

Sam smiled after he was done and Grivon stayed silent in his seat, he doesn't know what to reply, he wanted to refute, but he was caught off guard, he was completely blindsided by Sam openly questioning his motives, even though he is not completely right, he is close.

He is indeed trying to understand Sam, but he is not looking for the answers regarding the questions Sam thought he was pursuing, he only needed to know how greedy Sam can be, how rational he can be, how confident he is in his ideas, he wanted to know Sam's emotions, what he cares about, what could invoke sympathy inside him, what would make him angry, what would make him excited.

So, far he didn't find anything.

The biggest emotion Sam has shown him is amusement when he said his problems or irritation when his research was being disturbed.

Apart from that, there is not much emotion. He smiles occasionally, but he was never particularly happy, but he was not particularly sad either, which is weird for a guy who got his body stolen like that.

He just wanted to have a better grasp on a dangerous person who is working with him. He just wanted to avoid risks. But he already got caught.

Sam smiled when he looked at Grivon's expression.

"You don't have to worry too much. You are not the first person that wanted to read me like a book. At least you are trying to be subtle about it, I have had experience with much more direct and blunt approaches.

It is just that you don't have any experience in this, you are not really good at this.

So, if you want to study further, learn first."

He had that amused smile on his face which made Grivon feel a bit embarrassed. But Sam just continued.

"As for the answer to your question, I will make the limb, but bringing the old to me and making him agree to measure his leg is your problem.

By the way, it takes a long time to make this and I need the best of the best artisans who are good at making things precisely.

They should be the epitome of perfection. I don't need artists who are extremely creative, I need tools that would easily learn and adapt faster. If there is even a slight chance, then I wouldn't be able to ensure that the old man wouldn't be angry."

"The thing is, I already made the old man agree, all you need to do is, come out and take measurements and after you are done with the product, you also need to train him a bit to understand how this thing works."

"So, when are we going?"

"We can go anytime you want."

"No better time than now. Let's go."

Grivon led him out of the stray dimension and they went to the Gaja Clan's main estate. It is huge. Massive. It is as big as a small town and it was all for essentially one family.

Sam looked at the luxury and elegance shown in the surroundings, the gardening is something that made him chuckle.

They are using floral sculptures that could be groomed in the garden. It seems like they are extremely obsessed with the looks of the clan.

While they were walking, Sam observed the behavior of the guards, servants, and even some lower-level clan members. All of them saluted to Grivon and

there is not a single clan member who just walked past him without greeting him.

It is almost like they have no problems whatsoever between them all the while they are trying to make a mess out of each other.

Sam is currently wearing the black cloak to cover his face completely. If his face was shown within this clan, he would be killed before he could even make a sound to start explaining how he is not Sivan.

After they walked for some time, they finally reached an old shack.

There are a bunch of trees in the vicinity, this place was not as well-groomed as the surroundings. The old man had long hair and a large beard, they are messy, but he is clean. He wore clothes that looked old and ragged, but even they are clean, they were just a bit roughed up.

They walked there and Grivon was the first one to meet with him, he gestured Sam to stop and walked towards him and started speaking in a whisper.

After he was done with the whispering, he gestured for Sam to come.

"You can proceed."

Sam placed his hands on the right leg of the old man as he used an observation ability. He observed the whole leg for every single minute detail and made sure nothing is hidden from him.

But the more he looked, the more surprised he was. He couldn't help but glance at the old man who seemed to have understood his thoughts and just smiled while he slightly shook his head.

Sam looked at him and nodded in understanding.

He finished getting the structure of the leg and then focused on what is left of his left leg before finishing up.

Both of them once again walked out of the estate and Sam couldn't help but ask.

"That old man..." But he was cut off.

"I know, I know. The old man is not as powerful as I made him out to be. He lost a lot of his cultivation. He is not even one percent as strong as he was in his prime."

Sam looked at him in surprise and swallowed the words he was about to say and changed them.

"If you know why are you trying so hard for him. You do know that this limb doesn't fall under the category of the deal we made regarding your businesses.

This is a completely new deal and it wouldn't be cheap."

"I know that too. It is just that man has contributed so much to the clan to be only treated like dirt at the moment. He spent his whole life fighting for the clan, I read the stories and I felt terrified whenever I imagined myself in a situation similar to the one he was in.

And he managed to do that when the clan was not what it is today.

He is the reason why we are lording over like this, but he is but a crazy old man in the eyes of his descendants.

I don't really like that treatment he was going through.

I just wanted to make sure that he gets what he deserves, but since it is a bit too far away from me, I will do whatever I can do to thank him."

Sam couldn't help but smile, but it is not the smile of joy or kindness or acceptance. It is once again a smile of amusement.

This guy wanted to open up to Sam and study him, but instead, he opened up and gave out such an important character trait about him that easily.

"Don't ever become my enemy Grivon. You are such easy prey. Even with all the resources and fighting strength you possess, you wouldn't last a month against me."

"Why is that?"

"You are too empathetic. I am not saying it is a bad trait, but the methods I employ when I am really going at my enemy will make your blood churn and heart go cold. You wouldn't be able to properly think after seeing one of the scenes I will leave behind.

You would be like a mouse trapped in a maze filled with cats, you would be searching for routes to come out of the maze of confusion I create for you, but you will always end up in the mouth of one cat or the other.

Which means, you should be careful in the current battles you are going through."

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1319: Medicine

Two days after Sam and Grivon made the trip to the clan.

Sam took a break from his research. He is a bit tired of the grunt work and handed it over to the assistants as he relaxed with some chilled liquor.

Grivon sat beside him in his blue cloaked attire. He just returned from dealing with The Cook.

"You are right. I looked through the memories. He hates both of our clans and played two young masters from two clans and made them fools. He mixed up the intel on both sides. He is not even playing some grand scheme, it is not even formulated in his head yet.

But currently, he is just making sure that both ends got the correct information so that they would destroy some of their opponents' targets. Then he is planning of sending some of ours and some of theirs on some suicide missions by messing the intel."

"Why is he doing that?"

"I don't know exactly why. That is what is most surprising. It seems like there is a voice inside his head indicating his hatred towards both the clans and he is taking revenge. He knew that our clans wronged him, but he doesn't know how."

"That is really interesting, maybe you should have brought him here, I would have loved to take a look."

"Really?"

"Since he is dead, I can say whatever I want. It doesn't make any difference. Anyway, what else do you want, you are disrupting my break."

"Since you said that it would take a long time to make the limb, why don't we talk about my other brothers and sisters?"

"Sure, what kind of revenge do you want next?"

"I saw one of my brothers is having some trouble recently. He is currently going through some rough patches. My intel tells me that his close associates are found dead recently."

"Someone killed the close aides of your brother in the clan?"

"Not in the clan, they were dead in the realm where his business foundation was established. Both of his subordinates died out of the blue. I don't even know whether they are killed or something else happened."

All I know is that they are critical in running his medicine business which I want to enter now. My associate is already getting in touch with some other business organizations. I need your help."

"Medicine? What kind?"

"All kinds, he has a massive grasp on the market and I want to destroy it. I want to take over everything before he finds the proper replacement that could hold his own market."

"I can help you, but I would need another set of people working for me. Your other research projects might be hindered because of this."

"No problem, if I can get that market under my control. I wouldn't worry if all the other research fell behind for a decade."

"It wouldn't take that much. It is not that hard actually. I was actually dabbling in some medical research before my body was stolen and I wanted to introduce to the market under my control first. But I think I can introduce in yours since I would get twenty-five percent, that would also give me a lot of money before I go back to my organization."

"Why? Are you that sure that your organization would become poor in your absence?"

"It would become a bit strained for spirit stones, but not for the reasons you can think of."

"Now that I think about it, why didn't you directly go for your organization? You are just staying within this place and playing around with some dangerous people under Sivan, you could have just gone to your organization and prepared there right?"

"No, I cannot, there is a loophole in the contract I made with Sivan. He would be waiting for me to go to my organization."

"Why is that?"

"In the contract we made, it was written that 'In my absence, the organization wouldn't be attacked for a decade by any of Sivan's forces and his subordinates' forces. If I go back, it wouldn't be considered my absence and he would be able to attack my organization. It is not the time for me to go and meet them.

They are making preparations, but once they were done, I will be out of here."

Sam explained as he started drawing something on paper.

He has some ideas regarding the medicine industry. He wanted to use some of the new techniques he learned to increase the speed and efficiency of medical recovery.

He now has a chance and he can also make some money on the way. He is sure that Philip would be exhausting all the money Sam stashed up and the profits from the organization for the preparations, so it wouldn't hurt to have some more.

"I think, I can give you a prototype in ten days, do you think you can wait for that long?"

"Prototype? you are going for a machine?"

"Yes and no, you will understand when I am done."

Sam then started writing down some recipes for potions and gave them to him.

"These are some of the potions I like very much. I think these would help you if you really cannot hold back for now and this will also give you a chance to establish yourself in the market.

Once you release the star product outside, you will be able to take over the whole market by yourself. Just give me ten days."

"Alright."

Grivon didn't bother much and took the recipes before leaving.

Sam worked on the thing for the next ten days along with some of the assistants he had and it really succeeded perfectly.

Meanwhile, Grivon indeed penetrated the market, and this time with the effort from his business associate, he managed to gain a great deal with just the potions.

But there is something else that he also noticed, some more subordinates of his brother are dead and so are some of the subordinates of other brothers and sisters.

They all died the same and the clan launched a deeper investigation into the whole thing.

"They are thinking it is some kind of deadly microorganism.

This is something Mari Clan often uses. They will throw these kinds of mutated abominations on us and we only find out when some die like this. I believe this is another attempt from them."

Sam was really surprised by the revelation.

At first, he just thought that those subordinates were killed because of the normal clashes between the same clan members. After all, that is a crueller competition than the rest of the world combined.

But it seems like the current situation is a lot more interesting than he thought. He even went as far as thinking that this whole thing might be about him.

As conceited as it sounded, he felt that there is a possibility.

But he didn't mention it and took out the new product he was working on for a while.

It is an Automatic Medicine Injector. It looked like a gun, but it is used for injecting medicine into the body.

Sam decided to take the injection route of the medicine which was very minimally explored in this world.

The injection is mostly used for killing, not for saving, so he decided to even it a bit and make sure it is viable for both of the cases. But there are some added tweaks that would enhance the effect.

"Pick one of the researchers and injure him a bit."

Sam asked as he looked at Grivon.

Grivon looked a bit surprised and reluctant. He looked at the researchers, but instead of reluctance, they are all quite excited. He was confused and picked one of the artisans.

Sam took out a space jade and placed it on one of the grooves of the injector. The artisan cut himself on the arm and just left his natural healing to take care of it, but he injured himself deep enough that it would take a day for it to heal completely.

Grivon looked at him as if he was looking at a crazy person.

He couldn't understand why someone would be so reckless just for an experiment. But Sam just smiled and took out a small glass vial and loaded it into the injector.

He closed it up and injected the medicine into the researcher's hand.

The shot was done in an instant and everyone could see the refreshed look on the researcher's face, but they didn't look at him for long as their attention was completely diverted to something else.

Looking at the injury on their hand to the surprise of Grivon and his subordinates, the wound started healing at a rapid pace.

It is almost the same speed as a competent healer healing on the spot. It is fast and precise and before they knew it, it is as good as new.

Sam waved the injector in front of Grivon and said.

"This is the new product that takes the market and ensures that there is a constant stream of income because the medicine that complements this is only available at your business. How is it? Enough to shake your brother's market?"

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1320: Leagues

Grivon looked at Sam with a bunch of questions, but none of them are coming out, he wants to ask them all at once, but he couldn't decide which one.

Sam looked at him but he didn't bother to explain, he just led him and the rest of the assistants to a separate room where the machines are kept.

They are a setup made up of some special crystal glass he made up. They are automatic potion makers. All the potion makers have to do is monitor the volume of the herbs and other ingredients in different sections of the setup and maintain the heating, extraction and other procedural sections of this setup and the final product will be a special injectable medicine that could heal an injury.

That is just from one setup, there are around a dozen setups that act for internal injuries, resistance for poisons, resistance for some mutated microorganisms and infections and all of them would be placed in the injector he made when they were needed and placing the space jade with a specific set of elemental energy stones that are of the same elemental affinity as the patient using them, it would give them an extra addition and increases the speed of absorption of the medicine into the cells.

The cells absorb the energy far quicker than they do with the medicine so this diffused energy will act as a catalyst to make the medicine enter the cells a lot faster.

But there is one particular setup that is way different than the rest of them. It is the setup that could create medicine for suppressing the elemental energy corrosion which is extremely valuable. Each vial of this could be auctioned off and Sam made equipment that could create ten vials a day and the blueprints that could make as many machines as they want.

Apart from that, Sam gave out another setup to make poisons and this one is a little different. There is no specific recipe to use this thing. As long as they have poisons and venomous substances, they will get an output poison and they can use it as they liked.

"Holy shit. Sam, do you know what is going to happen with these things? You will not be able to fathom the storm we are going to raise?"

"Fathom? There is one thing you should never forget when you are here with me and particularly when you are talking about my inventions. I always fathom what my inventions can do and will do. I never put something out without knowing the consequences and that is also the reason, why I don't really put things out that easily."

"You are incredibly arrogant. You might want to check that attitude, or you wouldn't be able to make friends."

Grivon said with a smile as he looked at the crystal set up carefully.

"I don't need any new friends. I have enough of my own and trust me, there are no better friends in the world than those that accept you for who you are."

"Yeah, yeah. Anyway, I am too excited to even argue that point. I have such medicine in my hands that the whole world wants to gain it, but they cannot. I am the sole seller and anyone who wants it, has to come and buy from me."

Sam looked at him with a smile and shook his head.

As much as he was amused by this guy's excitement, he has to disagree with the last statement. Because he is not the only guy in the world who has access to it, maybe he is the sole seller, but he is not the sole manufacturer.

At this moment, while Grivon is completely excited about the new products, back in the desolate, Philip and Sirona are currently in a room as they looked at different soldiers who are voluntarily acting as test subjects.

There are a bunch of healers and potion makers along with them and every one of them has an injector in their hands, but these ones are way different than the ones Sam made for Grivon.

Because instead of one vial they can fit around four vials at the same time and they can even modify the output of each vial individually according to the preference and situation.

There are around forty-five crystal setups and each one is completely different. Even the ones that Sam made back there are different here because the output is at least five times higher.

They are currently testing different effects of different vials on different types of cultivators.

As they were testing, a healer who is in charge of the project came towards Philip.

"Sir, are you sure you don't want to sell this medicine. This method is new and this is revolutionary. If we put it for sale, we could earn billions in a month."

"No. We don't have the authorization to put it up for sale."

"But..." The researcher was extremely reluctant, and as he was about to argue more, all Philip had to do was give one look and he shut his mouth up.

"I don't know if you are in the desolate when we started up early on. One year after the city was constructed we managed to find out a few moles in the artisan and other towers. We brought them to the stage and burned them alive because they gave out a few secrets to other major powers.

And as I said, that is when we just started out.

So, you better keep your thoughts in check, if even the news of these things got out, I will come for you and your research team and I will burn all of you alive in a furnace."

With those words he left and the researcher gulped in nervousness.

Days passed.

Sam went back to the simulator research and made himself busy while Grivon came back and forth as he asked for advice for the medicine business.

He didn't start right away and took ten days to properly set up the factory.

He didn't set up the factory somewhere else though. He knew that the situation wouldn't be easy when someone got greedy for these things, so he needs to find a safe place for the factory, where the enemies cannot access no matter how much they tried.

Within these ten days, they interacted more and more and Grivon started understanding what kind of person Sam is, of course, the information he is constantly collecting from different realms is also being helpful.

He started looking at lower realms in which Sam acted before he came to the city of the desert.

"You did a number on the puppet organization, didn't you? What did they do to you?"

"Nothing."

"They did nothing and you still went as far as making them extinct for their furnace? This is insane."

"Yes, it is."

"Why did this golem sect get involved in this? They are not really fans of puppets, so they wouldn't partner with the puppet organizations that easily."

As the words golem sect came to his mind, Sam suddenly remembered something and asked.

"Do you know anything about Divine dimension fragments?"

"Of course, why?"

Grivon was so casual about this.

"I need to get some. Where can I find them?"

"That wouldn't be easy. Divine Dimension fragments are only in the hands of organizations that have a leader who is at least at late stage Astral Plane Consummate realm and they are very few even in organizations like our clan. It is hard to find them.

If you know about them, you should know how they are made, so it is hard to find them. But there is a place where they are relatively abundant, to the point that everyone uses them like spatial rings."

"Where is that?"

"Divine League. Sivan doesn't have it in his memories?"

Sam frowned and said.

"He has something related to a league and he knew the name of Divine League, but he doesn't have much information on either of those. All I know is Butler Si has some connection with this place called League."

"Divine League is a place where people who are completely at peak stage Astral Plane Consummation and are on the verge of breaking through to the Divine Plane Cultivation. They are also some people who are the leaders of the league who are almost on the verge of Divine Plane Cultivation and are still trying but cannot stay in the Divine Realms.

They act as couriers between the Divine Realms and our realms. Even for them, the divine dimension fragments are valuable, but since the members are few and they have access to the Divine realms, they can obtain them.

Why do you need them so badly?"

"For research. I have some ideas, even though it is not possible for me to use them immediately, they would be perfect by the time I go back to my organization."

"Maybe, by then if we manage to destroy some of the young masters of the Mari Clan, you might get some Divine Dimension fragments, some of the current generation successor candidates hold them. Of course, they hold them in secret, so we would only find out after we defeated them."

"We will just have to wait and see then. By the way, we need to go back to your ancestor."

"Why?"

"I have a prototype for the basic structure, I want to see if it fits and the joint is strong enough. After all, I don't know the exact strength of your ancestor, I cannot estimate whether it would be enough until I test it on him directly."