

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1321: Retarded Genius

Sam and Grivon once again went to the clan, but this time, they are taking a different route as the old man is currently roaming around the clan grounds.

As they were going, Sam suddenly came across something interesting.

There is a young man who is of same age as Grivon working in a large patch of empty ground with some rocks.

The rocks are actually sculpted into different shapes and sizes with a lot of holes created in them and even the holes are of different shapes and sizes, some circular, some square and some triangular.

Some rocks had their edges sculpted off too making them into an extremely irregular shape and these rocks are being piled up on one another on the and there are different piles in different sizes.

But the main attraction to anyone is the way the young man is sculpting and the way he behaved.

He is using light elemental energy and the light beams to sculpt the rocks which made Sam feel refreshed. He didn't come across anyone that could use light element for attacking, these light beams are good enough to snipe out a candidate from hundreds of meters away.

As Sam was marveling, Grivon spoke.

"He is retarded."

Sam looked at him in surprise.

"Retarded?"

"Yes. He was like this since he was born, he has great cultivation talent, he has affinity to both light and dark elements, he even managed to use the light

element to attack, but he cannot heal, he cannot do necromancy, curses or any other dark elemental attacks.

All he does is play around with these rocks for half a day and the other half a day, he would just look through the books.

Nobody knows what he is doing, his father is powerful which makes it possible for him to survive, but not all youngsters lay off of him, they make his life a living hell and a few months ago, after taking some severe beating, he started making this.

I think he is making a sculpture or something to get his mind off of the torture he has to endure, but he feels at peace here."

Sam nodded as they walked forward, but he couldn't help but look at the piles of differently sculpted and structured stones being arranged weirdly like that. He felt like he is missing something.

"Did he make anything similar in the past?"

"Of course he did. His personal courtyard is full of those things. But they are of a much smaller scale."

"I would like to see them after the tests are over."

They walked over to the old man who is sitting under a tree as he looked at a lake and Sam took out the basic frame of the leg as he attached it to the old man.

"Try standing up and see if this would be able to handle your strength, of course, along with the reinforcement of your energy."

The old man stood up and shook the leg for a few times before nodding his head.

Sam sighed and felt relieved. He really didn't know if this thing would be enough or not, but now that he had the proper material and the structural integrity, the rest would be easy.

Time consuming, but easy.

They walked away and on their way back, they decided to visit the guy's courtyard.

The courtyard was singled out from the rest. The yard is completely full of dead leaves and debris, there are a bunch of stone sculptures and they looked like abstract art, as Sam looked at them, he focused more on the shadows of the sculptures than the sculptures themselves and even when as far as using energy vision for some time.

He couldn't help but smile in excitement when he was done.

"I want to meet this guy."

"Why? I told you, he is retarded, he doesn't speak well with others. Did you really like these abstract sculptures that much?"

"Retarded? He is a fucking genius. I am not coming back without meeting with him."

With that, Grivon just shrugged and brought Sam back to the place where the young man is sculpting. When he saw Sam and Grivon walking towards him, he smiled calmly.

"You have a good relationship with him?"

Sam asked in surprise.

"Of course, I like him better than all of my brothers and sisters. He is a great guy and has a pure heart."

"That is great. What is his name?"

"Milind."

Sam walked forward and extended his hand.

"I am Sam. Nice to meet you Milind."

Milind hesitantly extended his hand and when Sam didn't do anything and just shook the hand, he had a delightful expression on his face.

Sam looked around the sculptures and said.

"You are doing some great work here, but there is a small problem."

"W.. What. Is. It?"

Milind asked as he spoke brokenly.

Sam smiled and took out a large leather scroll before scribbling something on it, Milind took a look and had a frown on his face.

When Grivon came and took a look, he felt extremely confused. There is not a single word in the scroll, Sam only drew different diagrams which he couldn't even understand.

He was done within a few minutes and gave the scroll to Milind.

"I think this will help. You have a great medium but you lack the basic concepts a bit. Once you are good at those, this will be much stronger and the defects would be completely gone."

"Thank. You. Sam." Milind said with a smile of a child. Sam once again shook his hand before leaving.

"What was that about?"

Grivon asked as they walked towards the clan gate.

"Are the houses of the people that bully him very near to that empty patch he is using?"

Sam asked instead of replying for the question.

"Yes. Why?"

"In around two months, let's come back here. I will show you something amazing and along with that, I got some insane ideas that I can explore after I go back into my body and I cannot wait to do that.

So, let's speed up our process.

I will give you the next set of information. This time lets go after one of the twelve heads of Sivan's foundation."

Grivon suddenly became excited. He is really looking forward screwing Sivan over and he is only waiting for Sam to give the information out.

"Let's go to my personal estate outside. We can discuss there with my special team."

Sam nodded and then they went to the personal estate which is a few kilometers away from this place. There Sam saw the rest of the blue cloaked people who are Grivon's aces.

He started explaining the details of the organization and what they do, a brief layout of the organization that he could get from the memories, the number of people in charge and their details and so on.

The team started making plans and Sam was included in that as well.

But as they were speaking, someone contacted Grivon on his personal communication token.

"Young master, one of your subordinates died today in the city."

Grivon frowned and he immediately made a move. Sam followed him to take a look at the situation.

They reached the city and went directly to a bar where Grivon's subordinate was lying dead.

There is a lot of blood coming out of different orifices of his body and it was extremely gruesome.

"This the same way the subordinates of my brothers died. This is troublesome. We were still unable to identify the microorganisms that are doing this."

Grivon said as he refrained from going near the body, he turned to the owner of the bar and said.

"I will give you a new location and building in the street outside of the estate. I am really sorry for this, but I don't think it is advisable to keep this bar open, we need to burn it down."

The bar owner was not least bit sad by those words, in fact, he became extremely happy when he heard the words building outside the estate.

That is a huge steal.

Meanwhile, Sam frowned as he looked at the situation. Even though the death is extremely similar to some of the deaths caused by virus, he felt that there is something more to it.

Sam has seen a similar death before in his previous life and he still had a vivid memory of that, even now after so many years.

He looked at Grivon and said.

"I don't think he is infected."

Grivon looked at him with a frown.

"What do you mean?"

"I think he was assassinated."

"Assassinated? In the city? I don't think many people would dare to do that. And no one saw this guy with anyone.

From the witnesses he suddenly screamed in severe pain and started rolling on the ground, before he started bleeding and finally he died. This is the same way the first few members died."

"I know, I understand how he died. But trust me, he was assassinated, try using the soul extraction if you don't believe me."

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1322: Blue Cloaks

Grivon was really not convinced by what Sam said. But he made his subordinate perform the soul extraction and his face changed immediately because the soul was not there.

Someone already did a soul extraction on this one and that means, someone is here before or someone really killed this person and took the soul.

Every time a person was killed like this, the Gaja clan members thought it was a virus or some other microorganism as they experienced this a lot of times.

The Mari clan due to Sivan's great exploits in this field managed to make this almost a daily routine. They always send a new variant they obtain from the research to the Gaja clan almost like it was their testing grounds and the clan members are like their test subjects.

They release the viruses and Bacteria like they were releasing relief funds for some victims of natural disasters. Of course, the Gaja clan replies in kind with their fierce attacks. They just don't hide like cowards and use viruses, they go to the Mari clan territories, kill a few guys and come back out in the open while holding their opponents' heads.

When the Gaja clan saw some guys dying with blood in their orifices, they assumed it was Mari clan and already started taking down some heads back home.

They didn't think twice.

But now that Grivon saw it, he immediately went to the clan to explain the situation while Sam and the rest of the Grivon's subordinates, went back to his personal estate outside the Clan's estate.

They took the body with them and Sam used his observation ability on the body to see what changed and when he focused on the brain of the person, he immediately understood what is wrong. His guess was completely right.

When Grivon came back, Sam directly said.

"Someone is on the loose on your clan's young members. That guy is a covert killer and trusts me, you wouldn't be able to notice him while killing you while he is standing right in front of your face while talking to you nicely about your last dinner."

"what do you mean?"

"He is using the nerves of the victim to kill them. He is making their brain stress, putting pressure on it with the energy inside the victim's body itself."

"Energy in the victim's body? And the victims don't even know it. With all due respect, Sir Sam, I believe people would notice that their energy is being tampered with. It is impossible for someone to be that dumb."

One of the blue cloaks said with a cold face.

Sam looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"It is possible. If the person is skilled enough, they can do wonders with the energy control."



"Of course, what you are saying is theoretically possible and that is true when you think about the work you do in the lab, but trust me, the direct confrontation wouldn't work like this."

Another blue cloak spoke and Sam frowned this time. He didn't expect that someone would give him this much resistance. He couldn't even think of a proper reason for that.

But he still explained.

"If you have a good grasp of the brain of a person, you can do whatever you want with them. Each nerve there controls a different part of your body. If you have enough understanding, you can make a person cry, laugh, depressed, angry, and even make them completely comatose.

Making them bleed to death through the orifices is almost the easiest task of them all."

"I am also not buying it Sir Sam. No matter how powerful that person is, I think I would be able to put some resistance when they are attacking my brain sneakily. After all, it is impossible to control the energy present within my body.

I think your explanation is too farfetched."

Sam looked at the other blue cloak that just spoke up with a deeper frown.

Grivon also noticed that something is a bit off.

"What is wrong with you guys? Let him explain his piece and we will see what happens later."

"It is not like that young master. Nothing is wrong with us. I know you have a high opinion of Sir Sam and we agree that he has some decent skill in terms of invention, but when it comes to killing, I think we are more well versed and

with the number of battles and assassinations we are involved in, I think we would know of skill like this if it existed."

Sam looked at them and Grivon and said.

"That's good then. I also don't want to bother myself too much. Let me go back to the lab, I have a ton of research, and the sooner it is completed the faster I could back home.

And, you can get the details of the next target locations from me at the lab later. Goodbye."

With that, he got out of the estate and went back to the stray dimension.

He doesn't need to convince anyone about his expertise in anything. Sam knew what he is good at and how good he is at those things. It is because of that attitude that he managed to keep himself in the upper hand in most of the situations he had to deal with in his whole life.

After reaching the stray dimension, he wrote the details of the next location on a scroll and gave it to one of the attendants while he went back into the research.

This attendant is like his secretary that helps with everything and when he took those scrolls, he suddenly spoke up, which he doesn't normally do at all.

"Sir Sam, would you mind if I say something?"

Sam was surprised and nodded.

"Please don't take the words of the Blue cloaks the wrong way. They are just a bit jealous of you."

"Jealous, for what? I am not here for their jobs."

"Yes, I know. But they are just jealous because they were Young master Grivon's main priority before you came along. They are his solution for

everything. The blue cloaks, protected his businesses, saved him from assassinations, killed people for him, and made him what he is. In fact, they even helped with conquering this stray dimension.

So, the young master used to give them a lot of special treatment, in fact, they are extremely privileged when they were within the stray dimension or young master's personal estate.

But you took that spotlight away from them. You already gave the benefits worth half of what they gained young master in a few years. You didn't that in just a little over a month which made the young master be fond of you too much.

They are a bit threatened."

"So what? I don't see how that is my problem. I don't have time to pamper some spoiled brats. Let them be jealous all they want, if they are stubborn, they are the ones that are going to end up dead."

After that little conversation, Sam went back to the research. Grivon took the list and went to the next location to destroy some people and take some heads back.

This time, this is the head of one of the twelve foundational organizations of Sivan. Since Sam already took one down himself, this is the second one. This is extremely special.

But it took some time for Sivan. A little over a week. But he gained significantly. He gained some new territory to open up his businesses, he gained a lot of money and resources, he gained some artifacts and heirlooms and finally, he managed to gain credit for this from the clan and got their rewards too.

He stayed in the city and celebrated with his blue cloaks team. Of course, they are wearing the blue cloaks openly, they are just acting as his business owners. They are a secret force after all.

As they are sitting in the private room of the bar and drank while cheering and yelling, one of the blue cloaks suddenly held his head in pain.

"Argh. My head."

"Yong, what happened?" The person next to him asked in surprise, but before he got an answer, the blue cloak fell down and started bleeding from the orifices.

Grivon and the rest of the blue cloaks were stunned.

They immediately caught hold of him and realized that he is on his last breath. Grivon didn't think much and quickly took out the injector before directly injecting a shot of basic healing medicine and energy stability medicine.

Meanwhile, one of the blue cloaks injected some more healing medicine and one of them even injected the corrosion resistance medicine out of desperation.

They don't know what to do and to their surprise, they managed to keep the guy alive.

"Go out and check the person. See anyone suspicious."

Grivon yelled out and the leader of the blue cloaks immediately made a move. He went out to look around, but to his dismay, everything looked completely normal.

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Sam looked at the Blue cloaks standing in front of him with a look of amusement. They all had embarrassed expressions on their face and Grivon in particular wants to bury his head and never show it again.

But he has to wear some thick skin and ask Sam for help.

Only when this happened right in front of them did they manage to believe what Sam said about the killer.

Sam placed his hand on the brain of the blue cloak and used his observation ability. He then checked the rest of his body.

"He is doing fine. But he would need a lot of rest. He wouldn't be able to walk properly for a few weeks and it would take even more for him to fight like before and if he can reach the full performance as before, we have to wait and see how severe the nerve damage is."

"You mean to say that there is a chance that he wouldn't be able to recover fully?" One of the blue cloaks asked hurriedly.

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean. Good job on injecting all those shots, one common point on those shots is that energy will become slow and stable inside the body for a moment and that disrupted the killer's actions.

From the looks of it, he controlled the energy within the body and made it go through the nervous system inside the body to the brain. But the energy stability, made it stagnant in one spot and the rest of the process also halted.

He might have thought, he was caught and he escaped immediately without finishing the deed.

I must say that you also got lucky this time. So, just hope that you are as lucky the other times."

"It can't be. I was right there. I was sitting right in front of him. How could I not sense the energy fluctuations when someone that close to me is getting attacked."

The leader of the blue cloaks said agitatedly and looked at Sam for an explanation, but all he got was a shrug.

Sam didn't bother much and was about to go back to research.

"Young master Grivon, let's take him to the clan healer. I want to get their opinion. I still believe it is the virus."

One of the blue cloaks said and Sam gave him a look of surprise.

"If it is the virus, then he shouldn't have been saved just like that. He would have died no matter what medicines we injected in. The clan elders already said so. They cannot find any reaction to the normal medicine in the blood cells of the infected people. They couldn't even identify the virus."

"Maybe, they managed to react to this medicine because of the different methods of ingestion. Or the cure for that virus infection must have been in that injection itself. Who knows."

The blue cloak replied and looked at Sam coldly.

Sam frowned and this time, it is not out of confusion, he is clearly annoyed this time. He turned around and looked at him straight into the eyes with a hint of killing intent flashing now and then.

"What does that supposed to mean?" Sam asked before Grivon could even speak.

"After all, a virus and the antidote are great ways to increase the income. Mari clan does this all the time. They will let a mild plague fall on a nation or a planet and sell the antidote later. It is not like it is a new practice. It wouldn't take a genius to figure out to put the dots together." The rest of the blue

cloaks also looked at Sam coldly by now and they spread out like a fan, almost as if they are circling him.

"That's right. All it takes is an idiot with half a brain." Sam said with an equally cold tone. He didn't react for the blue cloaks circling him. He just focused on that one guy.

The blue cloaks are all strong, but the strongest of them is an Initial stage Consummte level cultivator.

Sam's team is stronger than them by many times. He is not the least bit intimidated by them. After all, he managed to make the disciples of Butler Si go on a wild goose chase and kill a couple of them. He doesn't believe that some team that used to brute-forcing through everything would be able to do much to him.

"Enough. Guys, where do you think you are. Back off. Now."

The blue cloaks backed off and Grivon looked at Sam and said.

"I am sorry Sam, we are out of line. Let's just leave it at this."

Sam controlled his killing intent and was about to step back, but the first blue cloak kept on yapping.

"How convenient. Good job saving his ass young master."

"I said enough." Grivon got angry and looked at him coldly. Even he had had enough of this nonsense.

"Why should I young master? You are too trusting of this guy. He comes here and he gained your basic trust and now he might have released the virus and made some of us die. He managed to make you believe him and gave you this unrealistic theory. Tried to kill one of us, and 'coincidentally' only his medicine works on this virus, now he has a lot of money to make."

"Use your brain dipshit. I already gave you the designs and recipes of the medication, what money do I get to make in here?" Sam asked calmly.

"Maybe, this is not the complete antidote, you might sell the complete antidote later. I am sure you are the one that is behind this."

"And what is my motive?"

"Your motive is to make money of course. After all, you are a coward who couldn't even fight his own battles and hide behind his pretty inventions. You just want to make money while making the Gaja clan and young master Grivon do all the dirty work."

"Back off, Bigon. You are crossing your limits. You wouldn't be able to take back the words you said." Grivon also seemed to have become angry and he stood in front of that blue cloak directly saying it to his face.

By now, Sam lost the frown and his expression turned to the one of derision and disregard, this guy is really imaginative. By hook or crook, all he wants is to paint Sam as the culprit.

"Young master, what I am saying is true. Let me beat the truth out of him."

As he spoke, he sidestepped Grivon and made a move. Of course, Grivon is just a middle-stage Transcendent stage cultivator of the Astral Plane. He cannot react in time.

But Sam already sensed the energy fluctuations and he reacted faster.

He extended his hand and an energy barrier appeared in front of him.

**\*BOOM\***

An explosive sound appeared as the fist landed on the barrier, but instead of the recoil, the Bigon felt a suction as the barrier used the force to ripple apart and suck the fist into it.



Sam pulled his hand backward and the barrier changed its shape into a bunch of energy snakes as they coiled around the arm and then around the rest of Bigon's body and before the rest of the blue cloaks could react, Bigon is lying with his face down under Sam's foot while his limbs are tied backward like he was some wild game.

A rope of energy also held tight against his mouth and was pulled back exposing his clean throat.

Sam looked at the rest of Blue Cloaks and Grivon as he spoke slowly and calmly.

"I might look easygoing Grivon, but don't take that for granted. Even if it is not you who did it, I wouldn't tolerate it because it is your job to keep your subordinates in check.

I am not here to placate their insecurities."

\*crack\*

The left hand of Grivon was twisted like a rope as many bone protrusions came out of the flesh in several places from shoulder to the knuckles.

"Now, the legendary blue cloaks of Grivon, the young master of the Gaja Clan. What makes you think that you are better than me? What makes you think that you have a right to talk down to me?

My team would mop the floor with you in three seconds and even they don't dare to talk back to me like that and trust me, every one of them is a maniac with a controlled mind. You might think you are all that because you killed a bunch of people.

Remember this when you come against me the next time. The deaths I have caused in this life are more than the deaths that all of you have witnessed in this and the rest of your previous lifetimes combined.

I have killed people in many ways than you could even dream of."

\*CRACK\*

The right hand is also gone.

"So, next time you yap your mouth, just be ready to get killed, and trust me I have methods that will make you want to commit suicide with all you got and I wouldn't hold back to use them."

\*CRACK\* \*CRACK\* \*CRACK\*

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1324: Preparations

The group looked at Bigon's body in shock. They couldn't even glance at it for more than three seconds straight.

Bone shards are protruding out of his limbs and even the spine is deformed and he looked like a bloody mess.

They are shocked that he was even still alive.

Sam just released him like that and started walking away.

"Tell the healers to start with the spine, cut open and start healing it from the top to bottom, same with the limbs.

Tell them to attach the nerves and muscle tissue properly, otherwise, he wouldn't even be able to move properly for the rest of his life. He would become a cripple that needs a wheelchair to even more than a few feet. He would have all of his limbs, he would be able to feel them, but he wouldn't be able to utilize them."

He didn't even care what Grivon thought of his little episode. He just walked away. Grivon gestured the rest of the blue cloaks to carry this guy away first and went to the healers within the stray dimension.

They took a look and said they could heal him, but they would need to conduct an extremely complicated surgery for which he agreed and then went to meet Sam immediately.

"Sam, about that..."

He was about to speak up, but Sam cut him off immediately.

"I don't care what kind of explanation you want to give. There is something you should know Grivon, you are not smart enough to conduct analysis experiments on people's mentality, so in the future don't try it again.

At least don't try it on me.

You wanted to see how I would react and that is why your response is minimal when that piece of work is yapping, but soon you realized you didn't stop it soon enough as he started crossing lines.

If you want to know about me, stop trying to get into my head. You are way too young and inexperienced to do that and I am saying it with the most respect I could muster.

You are good at many things, you are talented and you are smart enough to strategize further. I like you a lot and your way of thinking amuses me as you remind me of someone I knew in the past, but just because I enjoy you doesn't mean, I would tolerate you and your shenanigans all the time."

Grivon gulped and swallowed all the words that he was about to say and replied awkwardly.

"I am sorry."

He knew that explaining and absolving himself from the situation wouldn't change a thing. He knew he screwed up big this time and he decided to keep his mind games in check in which he is obviously not that good at.

"Keep your team in check. It seems like they are way in over your head. The only reason I didn't bash their heads in is because of you."

"I need to do that. I recently noticed the change in their behaviors, they are becoming more and more comfortable with their superiority."

"No, they are becoming complacent and getting comfortable with the sense of superiority. They are not superior Grivon, compared to the disciples of Butler Si, your guys are just average, if they were to clash, your team would be wiped out in a few minutes.

A killer's killer is always his pride. So, don't let them get to that point and don't let them close to me again, otherwise, you would lose your team in your home ground."

Grivon sighed and stayed silent for a while. At least he is glad that Sam is not mad enough to leave the place.

"I couldn't help but notice, I think you felt more insulted than angry at the comments he made. Why? Is it because he called you a coward?"

Sam gave him a look and Grivon awkwardly smiled.

"I am just curious. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"I was indeed insulted, but not because he called me a coward. Everyone is a coward in one situation or the other. There is not much of an insult there. I was insulted because even if this was indeed a virus which it is not, he associated its creation with me.

I would never create something so pathetic and inefficient. If make a virus, you wouldn't be standing here talking to me.

You would be laying down under a blanket while consuming all kinds of rare herbs just to survive a bit longer while you see the rest of the people under

your clan's rule die one after the other and the kills would be so many that at one point the people who are tasked with clean up would give up.

Even the burning the corpses would turn burdensome."

Sam said everything so casually, but Grivon couldn't help but imagine it in his head and he immediately shivered in fright.

Sam shook his head and said.

"Don't think too much. I am not really fond of biological warfare that much.

As for the killer, you should be really careful.

From the pattern that I see from the kills, I can say that the other party is collecting the information bit by bit. It might be to find someone or even find me, but no matter what his intentions are, it would be hard to keep your secrets."

"Why do you think that?"

"The first subordinate of yours that died, doesn't know much, but I believe he knew about the lowest level blue cloaks doesn't he?"

Grivon thought for a moment and said. "He doesn't know about the Blue Cloaks, but the person who was attacked is related to him and he knew that I am making him do something important."

"That's it. He extracted that soul and got the information he needed, now if this blue cloak was killed and extracted, he would get the memory of the stray dimension and some more of your secrets, the chain will continue until the killer found what he needs to find.

So, if I were you, I wouldn't let your group move out and will stay here. Try to contact the clan and give that information."

Grivon nodded and went back to the residence of the blue cloaks within the stray realm, but when he went there. Half of them are not present and that included the leader.

He gave the information to Sam and went out to look for them.

Sam sighed at this and stopped his research temporarily, if his guess is right, someone might come here and if the other party is really looking for him, then things would be much more complicated.

He decided to make some preparations.

He called for all the subordinates that are under him and passed them a blueprint.

"I need you to make these things, as fast as possible. Make as many as possible as soon as you make it place them around the already existing formation connecting Grivon's estate to the stray realm.

And call for the space elemental users and make them construct a space gate that would connect us and the estate. But this one should be one-sided and shouldn't be anywhere near the first one.

Give the information to the young master Grivon and make sure that he knows every bit of our plan. Tell him to come back as fast as possible or stay back in the clan in the presence of an elder."

They immediately went to work and Sam called out the specter.

"Start using the curses. Use every soul in the reserve, if the person that enters is as powerful as I imagine, then things wouldn't be easy. We need to be careful and even if we waste resources now, it would be better than being completely blindsided.

Make every soul a carrier of the soul-devouring curse."

The specter also immediately went to work.

Sam started working on the formation holds these things together.

By evening, Grivon came back, but only three of the Blue Cloaks are back, two more are gone, when Sam saw them, he looked at Grivon and said.

"It seems like people here forget who is the boss and who is the subordinate. You need to work on your leadership skills. You might be friendly with them, but they don't have the right to act like some spoiled bitches with you. If you have these types of people under you, they would bring the death of you.

If you want to be safe from the current situation, listen to what I have to say. Nobody goes out through the space gate. There shouldn't be any presence. Let me finish the formation and you people have to get ready for any possible situation that might come, so be in your full shape."

With that, Sam went back and Grivon looked at the Blue Cloaks coldly. He couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. He now understood that he has given these guys too much leeway and now they don't even care about the orders he is giving, they dared to walk away without any regard to him. He really needs to teach them a lesson.

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1325: Drunk

Grivon went into his personal room as he downed one glass of wine after another.

He couldn't handle the stress.

It has been four days and the Blue Cloaks that went away didn't return, but the communication he maintained with the clan gave him a clear idea. Some of his subordinates are dead because of the 'virus' and for some reason, they are not really willing to believe that this is not some kind of virus and someone is trying to kill them and it seems like the other party is making sure that it looked like a virus as he killed a few of the subordinates of other people.

On top of that, he managed to find the location of the two other blue cloaks and they are not really hiding. They are in some regular place they used to visit and Grivon immediately understood how spoiled they have become.

They are clearly thinking that he is some kind of soft persimmon they can push around as they like. They just feel so self-important because of all the privileges that Grivon has given them over the years and now they are thinking that they are too great that Grivon had to go and beg them to come back.

But he doesn't care anymore.

He understood that the Blue Cloaks are really crossing the lines too much and they don't see that Grivon is their boss and they need to obey him.

Anyway, the two of them are not the strongest or the weakest, but they have the potential, so Grivon showed some extra attention to them, but now that he came back to his senses he didn't bother to go and inflate their ego anymore.

He couldn't help but feel like he is being crushed by some grindstones.

Just a few days ago, he was on top of the world. He had launched two new business ventures, made a lot of money, and trumped over two of his competitors all the while destroying some of the core organizations of Sivan.

He was supposed to celebrate his triumph, all of his brothers and sisters from the clan are extremely envious of him but now felt lost.

All the reasons for his frustrations are not his enemies, but his subordinates, who he had nurtured and cared for over years.

While he was feeling like shit, Sam finished the preparations that needs to be made in the past four days.



This time, it didn't take that long for him to prepare because the design of the formation itself was just some modification of the formation he used back in the Redmatter planet.

It is extremely easy and he doesn't need too much energy because he could use the space gate formation for his benefit.

After the whole project was completed, Sam relaxed for a while before going back to the research.

On that day, Grivon got the news that one of the blue cloaks staying outside was dead and the remaining party barely managed to escape.

He is currently moving towards the stray realm.

Grivon started drinking more and more as he made his way towards Sam.

Sam was surprised as he looked at Grivon's intoxicated expression, he is completely drunk and it seems like he didn't use the spiritual energy to clear himself of the alcohol.

It looked like he really wanted to get drunk.

Sam chuckled and made him sit down.

"Why are you getting drunk? Are you feeling betrayed because of your subordinates?"

"Why? I don't even have the right to feel down?"

"Of course, you have a right to do a lot of things, but don't you think you have brought this upon yourselves? There is no point in feeling down now."

"Yeah, that's really helping Sam? I never thought you are so good at consoling. I guess you forgot to brag about it while you were bragging about the rest of things."

Sam smiled with an amused expression as he asked.

"What's wrong?"

"What do you mean what's wrong? Your constant bragging is what's wrong. Since the day you came here, you kept on bragging about yourself. You were so arrogant. You kept on saying, 'I can do this 'I can do that I am this good' 'nobody is better than me' What is with that attitude man? Do you really think you are all-powerful, all-knowing God?"

Sam's smile widened as he looked at Grivon who is slumping on the chair and lazily pointed his finger at Sam while questioning.

"So, what if I am bragging? I am backing up my talk right?"

"Of course, you are doing it, the businesses for defense artifacts is booming. Do you know that I saw my sister bash her associate with a vase because they cannot think of a solution? I felt so bad."

"For the associate?"

"No, for the cleaner. The vase broke into very tiny shards, it would take forever to pick them all up."

Sam rolled his eyes and looked at him.

"What do you want Grivon?"

"I don't know what I want. I am supposed to be happy, but why did I become like this? I am happy because of your help, but now I am feeling sad because of you too. It is because of you, that those blue cloaks got jealous.

If you hadn't bragged so much about yourself, I wouldn't have yapped about you in front of them and I wouldn't have made them jealous and I wouldn't have had this plight now. What should I do now? I am about to lose two of my most competent men and I cannot do anything about it."

Sam just smiled as he looked at Grivon.

He liked Grivon a bit, that is why he is constantly giving out advice. There was once a young man he met with the same ambitions as Grivon but he was also a bit too pure for the rotten world. Both of them are a bit too idealistic and they didn't think of the worst of the people when they need to.

If there is any other person in Grivon's place even if it was the brothers and sisters of the clan, they would have simply taken advantage of Sam because of his plight. After all, they don't know Sam's full story, so they wouldn't believe that he would be able to survive the Mari clan and they are bound to demand a lot more from Sam even if they wouldn't get it.

But Grivon asked just for partnership and in a fair way which he shouldn't have done, even after Sam came here, he gave him too much freedom. If it was anyone else, they would have demanded Sam and guilt-tripped him if they have to, to get the required information.

He could have done a lot of things.

But Grivon is just too soft, he gave too much freedom to the people and he was too dependent on them and the main problem here is the Gaja Clan.

After all, Sam gave enough freedom to his researchers and his subordinates, apart from the basic rules on their etiquette, he doesn't have many restrictions on them, but when Sam gives out a word, they would drop everything and work for him. They wouldn't dare to act all spoiled with him.

The cheekiest one of them all, the Saber Monarch doesn't even act like that in front of him and when Sam is around, he even keeps his playboy act in check.

Kiran is too proud, but he acts meek and Sam simply made him a mole in many places completely ignoring his swordsmanship, but he still does it even after some complaining.

It is not just because Sam is their boss, but it is mostly because, Sam is self-made, he managed to bring them to be his employees by himself without any

extra help, but in Grivon's case, the most important resource that helped him get to work for him is his status of the young master of Gaja Clan which he didn't obtain by working for it.

And with his loose strictness, the situation just turned out to be like this.

"What should I do Sam? Tell me, how to resolve this. You are bragging so much from the start, so brag a bit more and slip in some advice in the middle."

Sam just smiled and didn't reply for his drunken yapping.

"I just got the news that one of the two blue cloaks outside is dead and the remaining guy just sent the news confirming that your theory is correct and is escaping towards the stray realm. Tell me what should I do now? Once again, brag away with your advice."

"You don't have to do anything. Just sit back and relax."

"Relax? Why? Why should I relax? Would you relax if you are in my place? I think I should bring out y secret forces. There are some really good guys hidden away from even the blue cloaks, once they are here, I would feel safe."

He almost took out his token in a drunken stupor, but Sam stopped him and said.

"I said you can relax, just relax. We are prepared."

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1326: Old Man

"I said relax, so just relax, we are prepared."

As soon as Sam spoke those words a token that was placed on the table nearby started flashing.

"It seems like our intruder is here."

Sam took out an injector and gave Grivon a shot. He is too muddleheaded to even use his own energy to clean himself properly, so the shot helped him become more clearheaded and both of them started running towards the space gate.

When they reached there, two people are inside the space gate formation with a bunch of stone pillars of different sizes ranging from three feet to ten feet are randomly placed around the formation.

The space gate was locked and the two people cannot come in or go to the other side.

One of them is the petty blue cloak who is injured and bleeding from his mouth. The other guy is an old man with a hunched back. His face is full of wrinkles and he is covered with a full beard.

He looked around as he took a deep breath and patted his own back near the middle of the spine and said in an old grumpy voice.

"I am really getting too old for this. This little brat really made me run all the way here, but finally, I am here."

He then turned to look at Sam who is standing there quietly and said in a loud voice.

"Hello, you must be Sam. Someone placed a good bounty on your head and I would like to take it if you don't mind. Please don't take this the wrong way, I am just an old man looking for a good retirement and the bounty you have on your head will cover it just right."

As he spoke, he raised his hand and Sam activated his energy vision.

He saw very tiny energy vibrations which are completely imperceptible to any normal spiritual senses and that energy is slowly creeping on to Sam.

But he just stayed calm and looked at the way energy waves propagated to understand how the old man managed to kill without leaving a trace.

The rest of the people in the surroundings, didn't do anything as they didn't see what is happening. Even Grivon looked puzzled as the old man stood there and looked like an idiot while he extended his feeble-looking thin hand full of wrinkles.

He looked at Sam who also looked like an idiot as he keenly while moving his head to get a look at the energy waves from different angles.

This made everyone confused, except for the old man who understood what Sam is really focusing on.

He became flustered and split the energy waves into two separate currents and attacked Sam from both sides.

Sam side-stepped and looked at it for two more minutes and finally smiled.

He deactivated the energy vision and looked at the old man. The old man is actually not that powerful, his cultivation is high, but from what Sam could see, he is at the end of his life span and there is no potential left.

He is slowly wearing down with time and his current strength certainly doesn't match his cultivation level.

He crushed the token in his hands and the stone pillars started glowing along with the space gate.

The energy waves started attacking the old man who is inside the formation and he held his head tightly, the blue cloak stuck inside along with him and also started spitting blood immediately.

Sam extended his hand and an energy hand condensed which dragged the blue cloak outside.

The old man wanted to take this chance and escape too, but he was bombarded with more energy waves and before he knew it...

**\*BOOM\* \*BOOM\* \*BOOM\***

Explosions occurred around the formation destroying the space gate and tearing open the spatial fabric. The old man felt the brunt of the spatial currents, but since he is on his last legs, he decided to go all out and used all of his energy to resist one last time.

An energy barrier formed around him as it pushed against the spatial currents and diverted those currents without any problem.

He wanted to wait till the effects of the explosions were mitigated, but before he could be content with that, ghosts started coming out of the stone pillars as they attacked the old man.

The ghosts are all soul-devouring curse carriers which is an extremely powerful and damning curse that puts the soul through awful torture as it consumes the soul bit by bit by chomping on it.

It is just like how some beasts tear through the flesh of their prey, but here around a hundred beasts are after one prey.

The old man was terrified by this, but he was not the only terrified one, Grivon also looked at it in awe and when he looked at how the ghosts moved, he was reminded of the mayhem Sam created back in the red matter.

The old man couldn't hold on for long and after some time he simply gave up, he turned to Sam and said with a smile.

"I am just the beginning, you are going to face a tough two years and that is if you survive for that long."

With that, he collapsed and the ghosts completely devoured his soul.

Sam let the specter out and made the ghosts come back to it. After getting them all together, the specter synthesized through the parts of the soul of the old man to get the memories.

Meanwhile, he looked at Grivon and said.

"I told you, we are prepared. You should just relax a bit. Now get your affairs back in order and meet me tomorrow. Be sober this time, alright. You are not a good company when you are drunk."

With that, he walked back to his residence and waited for the specter to digest the memories.

After a few hours, the specter finally transferred the memories to Sam.

He got quite a bit of valuable information from this. Particularly, the one piece of information regarding the technique the old man used. It is not the old man's skill, rather it is a type of stylistic technique like the void style and ripple style, but a lot less valuable and a lot inefficient.

It is still a good technique and particularly good when it was added to some of the formations that are used for trapping people.

Apart from that, he also got information regarding where the old man came from.

The League of Blood Iron.

He was a bit surprised but soon realized that this league of blood Iron is the League Sivan knew about in his memories.

After connecting all the dots, he managed to summarize the information.

Simply put, Butler Si tried to locate Sam with the help of the Star eye sect and wasn't able to do it because of the resistance lock of Grivon which was placed on the stray realm, so he placed an assignment in the league of blood iron.



This old man is a part of that league.

He arrived in the Gaja clan's territories and started killing and absorbing the soul of the subordinates of the young masters. He got the information of the closer subordinates and after killing them he confirmed whether the said young master came to meet Sam or not.

In that way, they managed to reach until the blue cloaks and now he came after the stray realm.

He died here.

Sam also understood the meaning of the last line the old man said.

The League of Blood Iron is an organization that is independent of the territories and realms, they are actually like a police department that makes sure that the rules were being followed. For example, the rule of higher-level organizations like the Golem sect do not interfere with the affairs of the Puppet organization.

In fact, from what the old man understood, the Golem Sect has faced some serious heat from the league after the puppet organization's matter has blown up.

And this organization also has another rule. The members of the league cannot be part of other organizations, they can be friendly, but they cannot be subordinates, particularly when they are full-fledged members. They cannot be an employee of any normal organizations and they can place assignments in the league.

But when the assignment stays for two years without anyone being able to finish it, the case goes cold and they would scrap it off.

So, if Sam doesn't want to die prematurely, he would have to be careful for the next two years and he would be having an easier time than ever.

Apart from this piece of information, there is one more thing that attracted him and he immediately ran out of his room hurriedly towards the dead body of the old man.

He is still lying in the middle of the formation as the spatial tears are still present. The attendants need to wait for a while to get the body out.

Sam looked at the body of the old man and he condensed the energy arm and maneuvered it around the spatial tears to reach the chest of the old man where a locket is hanging.

The locket looked like a black sapphire and Sam looked at it with bright eyes like a little kid.

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1327: Learning

Sam pulled the crystal from the necklace and examined it carefully. He closed his eyes and let his consciousness penetrate the crystal and he immediately saw the scene inside. A large patch of land, large enough for his vision to not grasp it directly stretched across with a lot of dark elemental energy.

This is a divine dimension fragment.

Sam was delighted by what he saw and he couldn't help but feel the excitement surge through his heart.

"Finally, something good after a long time." He grinned as he looked at the crystal closely.

One of the attendants looked at Sam's expression and his excitement and decided to inform Grivon while Sam went back to his place.

It didn't take long for Grivon to arrive and he asked.

"The attendant is scared as hell when you took a crystal from his body, what did you do?"

Sam is still grinning as he showed the crystal.

"I got a divine dimension fragment from the old man. I was really looking forward to obtaining some of these things for research and finally I have one now. I was a bit too excited."

"Really a divine dimension fragment? Where did this guy come from? It is not easy to obtain one and I don't believe an ordinary hitman would be able to obtain it that easily."

"He is from a place called the league of Blood Iron. I don't have any information from Sivan's memories. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, not really. I never heard of it. I only of the Divine League. Could they both be the same?"

"No, this old man also has memories of the Divine League. It seems like both of these organizations are a bit hostile towards each other and at the same time, some members from both sides have some friendly arrangements.

The league of Blood Iron is some kind of policing organization for clans like yours, but I doubt they will be able to do anything about the expansion you youngsters having."

With that Sam explained the information he got.

"So, do all the members of that place have these divine dimension fragments? If yes, then maybe we could collect some of these things. Since they are coming after us anyway."

"Us? Are you sure you want to get involved in this whole shit storm? This old man is one of the weakest guys and he is only a middle stage Consummate level cultivator of Astral Plane. I told you half expecting you to kick me out of here with all the trouble you might attract. These guys are no joke after all."

"It is indeed something to be afraid of. But I realized that I have a lot to learn from you. You managed to survive so much on your own and I don't believe that I am only capable of building something and destroying it on my own because of my incompetence and ignorance.

I hope I would be able to understand and learn how to lead from you in this process and I want to know how to survive."

"Are you sure? I am not really a good influence. You wouldn't be having a good time with the subordinates in the first few days. They might even hate you."

"It doesn't matter. I would like to learn."

"Then get ready. In the first lesson, go and resolve things with the blue cloaks. Do not coax them or give them benefits, give them ultimatums.

For that, you need someone who has the strength to back it up. You said that you have someone in your secret force not being used currently. Call two of them with enough strength and make sure they listen to you. Please tell me that they are not spoiled like these idiots here.

"No, they are alright. They are given to me by my mother. So they are completely good."

"That is better. After they come here, confront the blue cloaks, force them to understand their situation and the best way to put that into their heads is to make them go through some training.

Make these two people train them for two months. The training should be torturous and these things would help."

With that, Sam took some bracelets and gave them to Grivon.

"Make them wear these things and go through the whole routine again and again. You should be the only one giving commands throughout the routine

and the two secret weapons you call would only be the people that make sure that your commands are executed.

These boys will straighten up and if they don't, you better dispose of them."

"Dispose of?"

"Yes, my best choice would be to kill them, since they know too much about you, but since they helped you so much, it is better to imprison them in a luxurious place for the rest of their lives, so they can die in peace."

"You are way too violent with this, aren't you? Should I really be that cutthroat?"

"I am not being violent, I am being decisive. Do you really think that there is an easy way to be the boss? You are lucky you are running your own organization and are only responsible for your own growth and the people that are just under you.

Do you know what kind of decisions you have to make when you are in charge of the lives of the people that are weak and innocent? You would wish you could commit suicide just because of the hard calls that you need to make occasionally, of course, provided that you have a conscience."

"I thought authority is supposed to be great. Why are so many people trying to fight over it if it is that difficult?"

"Because authority is addictive. The first few years, you would be burdened by responsibility and everything the person does is to think of ways to stand up and be truthful for that responsibility and every decision they make in that time is in good conscience, they make good for the people that are relying on him.

And that brings the person with the reward of the authority and privilege the people provide. This continues and soon the person's authority will think differently since he did everything until they in good conscience and did the

right thing, he would think that everything he is doing is the right thing. No matter how wrong it is and no matter how bad it is, he wouldn't see it. He will become corrupt.

That would be the start of his destruction and sooner or later, he wouldn't be able to survive."

"The power that everyone is fighting for, is so corrupt and rotten?"

"Yes, it is. It is more corrupt than anything you could ever possibly imagine. Anyway, that is too much philosophy for you, the most you have to do is know how to keep your mob in check. That is very simple and you don't have to think too much.

Just don't let the power get to it that is all."

"Okay, what else. What are the plans about the league?"

"We would take that as it comes. First, tie up all the loose ends of the stray realm. Don't keep that space gate formation connecting both ends. We will only use a one-sided space gate from inside to out and then we will use tokens to return to the realm. There would be no other way from outside to inside.

I will also set up a large-scale trap formation around the space gate and we can place one of your strong lackeys there and they would deactivate the trap after confirming the person that came is one of your own.

We also set up a different communication network than before. If someone is struck outside with that, they will send the coordinates and the message to us and we would send someone from inside."

"Just give me the required materials, we will do it."

"We need proper surveillance. Give me all of the candidates you have within the realm where your clan is located. Everyone that wants to track me down, would come there to see the clues left behind by the previous one.

And currently, the old man died right after dealing with some of your subordinates. To tie that loose end, we need to find some of the subordinates of your brothers and sisters and kill them the same way the old man did to make sure we are not suspected."

"I can find a few. I have some really hostile relationships with some of them. But how can we simulate death the same way. I don't think I have anyone skilled enough."

"I have a way. I understand the technique and I think I can create a formation suited for this method of killing."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing much. Let's do this for now. After it was done, I will tell you what should be done for the next two years. I will plan out what to do, after we get whatever we can from the league of blood iron, I will be done with you, you would be able to secure your position in the clan and I would go back to my organization.

We could then finally deal with the Mari Clan."

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

### Chapter 1328: Migron

In the next few days, Grivon did as he was told. He first called his secret subordinates, his mother gave him and since Sam mentioned, he understood the difference between these people and the blue cloaks.

At first, he only thought that these guys are just too uptight and doesn't know how to be more flexible, and are a bad company. But now he understood how different they are.

They always maintained the distance between themselves and Grivon and only followed his orders precisely and offered only when they were asked to or when they believed that they had more merit and Grivon is making a mistake with his orders and that too discreetly.

They didn't cut him in front of strangers and maintained the decorum that they are the subordinates and he is the boss.

This made him see the contrast between them and the Blue Cloaks and he understood how wrong he was.

As friendly as the Boss and the Subordinates are, there should be a clear distinction. The Subordinates should have self-awareness and should maintain their position as subordinates no matter how friendly the Boss is and should only take it as the Boss' generosity.

The Boss also needs to treat the subordinate as the subordinate and should have the self-awareness that as much as he was dependent on the subordinate but the dependence is not something to be taken advantage of.

He called what remained of the Blue Cloaks with one of them injured and another dead and assembled a meeting.

He didn't even let them sit this time. He made them stand across the room while he alone sat. he didn't pour them wine like before, he just drank it himself while he looked at them casually.

One of them even wanted to take the wine after the young master was done pouring into his cup, but the subordinate on the senior subordinate on Grivon's left stopped his hand and looked at him coldly.

"That is young master's wine, not something a subordinate can take it from his hands. Stand back and stay there."



The Blue cloak was stunned, but Grivon just looked at him calmly without any change in his expression.

The Blue cloak stepped back with a frown.

Grivon looked at them and said.

"I have made a mistake by giving you guys too much freedom, from now on, we would be maintaining the clear distinction on who is the boss and who is the subordinate.

For the next two months, you guys will be going through a special training program and the two people that are standing behind me are the two trainers. They will receive orders from me and they will evaluate you. You are going to report to them and only when they declare that you passed, at the end of the two months, will you be able to get out and join the team once again.

Otherwise, you would be going for the training of another two months and even if one of you didn't pass, all of you would have to go back."

"Training? Young Master Grivon, we are the best team you have. What kind of training can we possibly undergo again?"

Grivon raised an eyebrow and looked at him coldly.

The man to his left raised his hand and slapped in the air, the wind pushed the blue cloak to the wall and held him there.

"Did the young master ask you to speak? How dare you interrupt him?"

The rest of the blue cloaks were stunned, but they didn't dare make a move, because the other party has cultivation that is far beyond theirs and they would have their asses handed down if they went against them.

So, they just stayed put, Grivon left behind the bracelets Sam gave him before leaving the room.

He then deactivated the outside space gate that leads to the stray realm. He assigned a specific team to create the tokens that would be used for coming in from outside.

They only have that one job, creating tokens for various ranges.

After that was done, he once again came back to Sam after three days.

In these three days, Sam laid off of his research and busied himself in the specific research so that they could kill the subordinates of other young masters just like how the old man used to do it.

Of course, these kills wouldn't be as covert as the old man did and it is almost impossible to do that, but at least they decided to plan it as openly as possible.

This is actually just a formation plate, but for it to have a proper effect, the other party must be unconscious. With this limited time, this is the best Sam could do.

But to assist with making the target unconscious, he helped the medicine research team to concoct the best anesthesia which would go well with this formation.

Grivon took all of these things and employed some of his close subordinates to carry out the operation. So, for the next week, they killed a bunch of close subordinates of Grivon's peers and some even belonged to the previous generation successor candidates.

After the week, they didn't bother to kill anyone anymore.

Now that this thing was done, Sam gave out the information regarding their next target.

They are going to take a break regarding Sivan's personal forces, because if they keep on targeting them continuously and they left any traces behind,

Sivan would immediately manage to understand that Grivon is the one attacking him, and then Sam's location would be found out.

So, they decided to go after another bunch of organizations that are under the control of other young masters of that clan.

The information indeed came from Sivan's memories but that doesn't mean he is the only source, so even if Sivan is extremely pissed and suspicious, he couldn't do anything about it.

Grivon started planning for that and Sam gave some specific information regarding how to proceed, while he himself busied himself with another thing.

Tightening the communication network of the subordinates with the Gaja Clan's territory.

It is inevitable to have a proper network and surveillance which Grivon clearly doesn't have and for this, Sam went as far as taking out a few inventions of his own surveillance techniques. Of course, he didn't take out the insect puppets and other high-grade inventions, rather he took the basic surveillance system with stationary devices that are disguised into the surroundings.

He gave the blueprints to the other departments within the stray realm and while they manufactured it, he went back to researching the simulator.

While Sam is busy, Grivon started executing the plan according to his instructions. So, the very next day he went to meet another young master who he chose after long deliberation.

This person is someone that Grivon didn't have any particularly good relationship with, because this guy does a lot of underhanded dirty tricks and even leaves the traces that indicate it is him that did it, but there would be no concrete proof and as soon as he pulled a stunt like that, he would go back to hide under his mother's skirt.

Not even his father, his mother who married into the Gaja Clan. Her mother was part of the organization that was on par with the Golem Sect with the leader being a late-stage cultivator of Astral Plane Consummation and she has a tight grasp over it as her brother is the one leading it and essentially she raised her brother.

She could have been the head of that organization, but she gave it up and married into Gaja Clan and within no time her husband who was not particularly bright rose in status with her help. She wrapped him around her finger perfectly and whatever she says goes.

So, after their son was born, he now has a strong organization under him which does his dirty work and he uses them very often. In fact, one of Grivon's businesses was taken over by him, while he was investigating Sam's whereabouts and came searching for him in the Red Matter.

If not for this sudden change of events due to the old man from the Blood Iron, they would have targeted this guy's place next.

But now, they are targeting it in a very different way.

"Long time no see, Grivon. How you are doing? I heard your restaurant chain was in deep losses a few days ago. A chain that spread over three realms, that has to sting a bit, right?"

Grivon just smiled and didn't humor this twisted idiot and changed the topic.

"I have a proposition, Migron."

"A proposition? What kind?"

"A proposition regarding the Mari Clan. I have a tip regarding Mari Clan's secret territories. They are under the control of one of the youngsters of the Mari Clan and they have very high-yielding mines under their control.

I want to cooperate with you in taking over that place. Are you interested?"

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1329: Academy

Migron looked at Grivon with suspicion.

"You have a tip and you are coming to me with that. Come on Grivon, you can do better than that if you really want to trap me."

"Who said, I am trapping you. This is real, whether you believe me or not."

"So, explain. Why did you come to me with such a piece of information? We are not close enough to share such a large credit with each other."

"Because I want to be on the down low for now. I just took over one of the organizations under the Mari Clan and that too one of the organizations under Sivan. There is just too much attention on me. The previous generation successor candidates are currently targeting me. I already picked traces on their movements, so I cannot move a large-scale force by myself and I also don't want to attract any attention."

"So, you want to partner with me?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't be a complete partner. I will give you the information and I would only give out ten percent of the total forces that are needed. I would only take one planet in return for that."

"Only one planet? Grivon, why do you think this deal is too good to be true? You could just wait until this is over and you would be able to take the whole realm for yourself, why are you giving me this? I cannot wrap my head around this."

"I don't care about your suspicions Migron, I have my own troubles, but this thing needs to be done now. If you want the truth, I can give you this. The information I have wouldn't be useful after a certain period of time."

From what I know, the Mari Clan has attracted some new enemy and from the information, I gathered, the enemy is moving solo and is targeting various branches. Currently, he is their biggest headache and this is one of the open areas on which the focus has been reduced because the young master kept this place completely secret from the rest of the clan.

But this is run by some of his main forces, which he needs to move to defend against this mysterious enemy. This would be the perfect time to take that down and I cannot take that down. So, I am giving this to you."

"But you have some people who have a closer relationship with you. You can give this to them, why are you coming to me? We don't have the best of the relationships."

"They don't have the capability to move the forces in such a short time frame. If I have to make a deal with them about this situation, I would have to go to at least three people to gather enough forces to meet the requirements, but you can move them within a day.

And I also want that planet.

I have some plans for the metal mine. I got my hands some blueprints and that metal is a necessity for that."

"What kind of blueprints?"

"That is the information that is completely irrelevant to our cooperation. Now, if you want to make a deal, this is a perfect time.

In normal times, there is no way I would cooperate with you, but this time, we are the perfect match."

"Let me think about it for a while. I will answer you an answer tomorrow."

"Deal."

Grivon then left and started preparing his forces. But as Migron thought, he is not moving some small amount of forces, rather he is moving a large scale force so that they could move from different directions.

He sent messages to the subordinates who are spread across different realms and sent people to them with a bunch of instructions. He recalled some of his mother's secret forces which she gifted to him and gave them these tasks.

When his mother passed these people to him, she gave out some information on their basic profiles, what they are good at, what skills they are most proficient in, what kind of roles they played before, and other information related to that.

He picked a few and assigned them teams along with the missions they have to complete.

That very night while Migron consulted his mother regarding Grivon's plan, Grivon sent hundreds of people to complete various small missions.

The next day, he went to meet Migron once again.

"I will agree to this deal, but you have to share the information regarding the blueprints."

"I am sorry, that is unacceptable."

"Once you start a business with that, I am bound to find out. If it is a good one, I can reduce my percentage share in the current conquest and both of us can gain from it."

"It is not for the business. It is for a construction project. I am solidifying my defenses and this metal can be an addition to a special alloy required for that construction project. I am not entering any other business at the moment and not any business related to that mine."

Migron looked at him deeply for a moment before saying.

"Okay, then. Deal. But my people will lead the complete operation and you guys should only operate on that one planet. As for the rest of the realm, they are only responsible for giving out information."

"I am okay with that. But I have another request."

"What is it?"

"The conquest should be over within the two months. No matter how slow it is, we need to finish it off in two months. The young master wouldn't be able to send forces for a while, at least not his full forces, but the longer we wait, the more problematic our situation would be."

"Don't worry. I am not really looking forward to hogging all the territory. I would destroy most of it and take the only places left with the resources under control.

I have a special team that is good at surveillance and assassinations, once the forces of that Mari Clan member are involved, they would take action and if possible we would assassinate the young master himself, so there wouldn't be much problem for us."

"You can deal with it however you want. My only requirement is regarding the time limit."

"Then you don't have to worry about it. I can handle it."

With that, both of them shook their hands and went on their own ways. They agreed upon the place where the two of their teams will meet and gave out the information regarding the team leaders, now the cooperation is solidified.

After that was done, Grivon kept an eye on the actions of the rest of his subordinates who were sent outside, but he also kept a bit of a high profile as he started the project openly in the clan.



He decided to open an academy with a different curriculum than normal. A curriculum is similar to the one that Sam had back in the desolate.

He proposed this idea with one perk that attracted the attention of all the clan members.

The members who graduate the academy will be recruited by the clan members into various divisions, either into personal forces of the young masters, clan guards, enforcement department, Clan research groups, and so on.

They didn't expect that Grivon would be this generous regarding something like this. They all believed that they would just keep the idea to themselves and open an academy in a lower realm and recruit the candidates directly, but they didn't complain since such an opportunity came knocking on their door.

Grivon went as far as to involve some of the other young masters into the idea and he made them keep the big profile to the point when the idea was made public and known to the lesser members of the clan, no one knew who the idea really came from except for the elders and the young masters themselves.

The elders have no reason to divulge the information and the young masters don't want to divulge the information as they want the credit for themselves. So, the project started.

Migron didn't care about this project at all and he just figured that Grivon is planning something else with others to escape the heat from the previous generation candidates that are targeting him.

He figured it was a great strategy and only cared about the conquest.

But what he doesn't know is that grivon is really happy that Mirgon has felt such way and he is even more glad that other young masters readily took credit for the academy idea, because this is all the part of a big plan.

And this is just the first step.

After he gained enough attention, Grivon once again secretly met with another one of the young masters within the clan.

But this one is not from his generation, rather he is a member of the previous generation and a very likely successor candidate.

He is one of the three biggest prospects and also a perfect cover for what Grivon wants.

## RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1330: Prospect

"Hello, Brother Vydon."

"Hey, Grivon. It is weird for you to contact me. I saw that you are making yourself busy with the academy and stuff. I never knew the youngsters are so eager to take part in the clan growth. It seems like we became old and the younger generation is trying to take our place."

Vydon the prospect, Grivon came to meet said with a smile. Grivon could see the malicious intent past that smile and the hidden meanings of the remarks. He is clearly stating that Grivon is spreading his hands beyond his reach into the successor race.

After all, even Vydon and his peers hadn't settled who the winner is among them, but Grivon is swinging too hard in the past few days.

"Just my share for the growth of the clan, brother Vydon."

"That's good. Please don't hesitate if you ever want my help."

"Actually, I came here precisely for that. I am here to ask you a big favor."

Vydon was surprised as he looked at Grivon's eager face.

Even though they are of different generations because of their ages and births, they are still competitors at the end of the day. He is clearly keeping up appearances while suggesting, he can come for help, but he didn't expect that Grivon is really there for something.

"Brother Vydon, I actually came across a really good opportunity in the past few days and I am sure that it would be a great investment. So, I came here to see if you want to partner up."

With that Grivon took out a large scroll and spread it across the table.

"Gaja Park?" Vydon asked as he looked at the large blueprint.

This is nothing but the blueprint of the Park, Sam made when he was still a candidate for the palace of inheritance back in desolate.

Even though this doesn't seem like of much use for an Astral Plane Consummate cultivator, when considered on a large scale, this is still completely relevant and useful.

Grivon started explaining various things about the park and which part has what function. After seeing the faint interest in Vydon's face, he finally took out a formation disc and placed it in the middle creating a holographic three-dimensional blueprint.

Vydon got immersed in the whole thing.

"Brother Vydon, the academy is just a small fry compared to this. The academy can get us some recruits after a training and lot of investment from our part while they are still in. But it takes a lot of time and the range of the people we could recruit is very small and limited."

"So, how is this park is going to help?"

"First thing is that we are going to construct the Park in every one of our lower realms. Everywhere there is a consistent population of the Mortal Plane cultivators. Do you know how many talents are hidden there?"

We would set up prize money and rewards for all the games we have in the park and we would be able to identify a lot of talents and recruit them.

Do you know how many people we could get like this?"

Vydon looked at the whole thing with bright eyes. But he came back to his senses.

"So, why are you here? You certainly have the capital to do this thing on your own. Don't tell me that you are feeling generous."

"It is not like that Brother Vydon. There is one thing I am pretty sure of myself and that is it is too farfetched for me to be the successor candidate and become the head of the clan.

There is just too much competition and there are just too many obstacles and we have the previous generation, with you guys and I am pretty sure that one who is selected between you guys would have a long reign. The most we could get is the grand elder position which is what I am aiming for.

After I came to the conclusion, I decided it is about time I started working, so I am taking all of my hidden forces and I also figured that I would benefit much if the next in line head is someone that I supported and in turn will support me.

So, here I am."

"So, you are saying that I am the most likely candidate in your opinion."

"No, Brother Vydon. You are the candidate with the most potential growth that I could see and you are the most flexible and adaptive. In the current situation, the brother Mingiv and Sister Giyon are the most likely candidates and you are a close third.

I am sorry for saying this, but the elder backing they have is too much."

Vydon frowned by he didn't refute what Grivon said and just asked.

"Then why are you supporting me? Wouldn't it benefit better if you supported one of those then?"

"As I said, you have the most potential, the other two have their victory guaranteed in a way and they don't need much help from me. Their growth is stagnant along with their positions, you on the other hand are completely different.

You have a lot of room to grow and if I facilitate that growth, then I believe I would benefit much. I want to be the youngest grand elder in the clan's history, after all, you know that the age threshold for being the grand elder is a lot more than the threshold for the clan head."

"That is your ambition?"

"Yes. It might not sound like a lot, but some of the current grand elders have seen the reign of two leaders and they are still there.

And I believe being a grand elder is a better job for me. After all, I am not particularly good at politics and business. What I am good at is fighting in a war and making up strategies for troops, if I become a grand elder I could do all of that and I can leave my legacy in stone for the clan. What do you say? Do you want to team up?"

Vydon stayed silent for a long while. He started deliberating about all the pros and cons of this partnership. He doesn't know whether he could believe Grivon or not. After all, no matter how reasonable it sounded, it is the position of Clan's Head. He couldn't bring himself to believe that someone would completely give it up that easily.

But on the other hand, when he thought of what kind of person Grivon is, he figured his words might be right.

So, he agreed.

"Pleasure to be working with you. Let both of our construction teams work together. How do you want to go about the earnings?"

"You tell me."

"Fifty-fifty is good for me."

"I don't need that, you pay for seventy percent and you can have sixty percent share. After all, this is my blueprint and I had to pay a lot for the research and development of it, so I pay thirty percent and get forty percent share in the profits."

"Sixty-five and thirty-five. Even though you might have paid a lot, it is not going to be a match for the construction costs. We are talking about establishing it in every place under our clan, it will take a lot."

"Okay then, I agree. But you would have to take the lead on the project then. You would have to sit through the meetings and talks with the clan members and other local authorities. I wouldn't want to do that grunt work."

"Are you sure? People might mistake this being my whole idea."

"I don't care, as long as my part of the credit is known to the clan members, I won't bother with what the public sees my contribution as."

They shook their hands and they went on their own ways.

As soon as he left the area, Grivon's smile turned back to scorn as he thought of the slimy greedy smile of Vydor, he went back to the stray realm to meet with Sam.

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do? After all, that is a big money. Even with all the riches and the clan finances, I feel the pinch."

"I know and that is precisely why we need someone like Vydon to take the lion's share of it."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't understand now. Let's wait for all the plans to bear fruit. Now, just send the word to the person I told you about. That guy is the information rodent acting for Sivan and you need to make him hear the news about your partnership with Migron."

The news should be precise and exactly what I told you. Don't change anything and make sure it is convincing. If you don't know how to do that, then come back again."

"Don't worry, now I have some people that could do that. They are really good at this stuff. They seem pretty experienced."

"That's good. Experience is something hard to buy. Make them follow those instructions precisely and let the information spread.. You can also make your hidden troops make all the hidden attacks as we discussed before."