

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1341: Title

As soon as Grivon was done, everyone looked at Migron's parents in shock.

Migron's parents are shocked even more. They even forgot to breathe for a moment. They knew the full story behind it, the person that came to her son is indeed Grivon, but the rest of the story is a bald-faced lie. At least more than half of it, if not the rest of it all is a lie.

But before they could reject it, Grivon continued.

"I am willing to show the reports on my forces' operations in that planet and the report on the whole take over process. The only that I gave is a small tip on the organization regarding its corruption. So, Migron decided that I don't get more than one planet, I didn't want to gain too much attention and also didn't want to start a conflict and since I also have some resources I need from that planet, I took it graciously.

But from what my friend who just left that realm told me, I can tell you that Migron is not exactly holding well there. It seems like the internal corruption of the organization is a plan created by another young master within the Mari Clan and we can say that Migron dived headfirst into an internal conflict of Mari Clan and now the Mari Clan is retaliating.

I don't know what kind of situation Migron is in and what kind of actions he has taken to save himself, but he kept on harassing me to give the name of the friend that gave me this information, but I don't want to give it.

As for why they did it so well, until now. I believe, Migron wants the clan's help but once the clan gets involved, the organization would become the clan's property and doesn't belong to Migron alone, he wouldn't be able to swallow

the profits of the territory on a whole. So, they are hiding this information for profit but still want to reap the benefits of the clan.

I must say there are really bold."

Grivon finished and looked at them with scorn.

Giyon smiled in amusement and said.

"They are bold indeed."

The Elder and his wife froze on the spot. They don't even know how to rebuke the situation But they knew for sure that if they don't rebuke it, things wouldn't end well for them.

Once again taking the advantage of their silence, Grivon turned to clan head and spoke.

"Sir, I don't have any ill will towards Migron, so if he is really in crisis, I wouldn't mind helping him out, but it is not fair for my friend's name to be sold out because of his hotheadedness and I also cannot bring myself to believe them with all the secrets.

So, I would request the clan to investigate the matter on a deeper level before proceeding with the judgment."

Clan's head looked at the elder and his wife calmly.

"Clan head, this is not the case. Grivon is lying. He clearly set our son up."

"Elder, you are not giving me much ground here. Grivon explained everything in such detail and the only comeback you can muster is that he is lying. Do you want me to take your words at face value?

That wouldn't very fair now, would it?

The investigative department will take charge of the matter and if your son is really kidnapped, the clan would spare no effort to save him.

Until then, this issue is adjourned."

"Now that this petty issue is resolved, I would like it if my title is officially sanctioned."

It hasn't been a second before Giyon spoke up as soon as Clan's head finished his words.

The elders looked at her coldly.

"Clan head, it is unprecedented for people to give titles for the financial contributions." One of the elders said calmly."

"So what? This can be the first time. Our clan leader himself was the reason for one such event. He was given a special title, 'The Reaper of the Clan' because he killed the most number of people on a single battlefield protecting the clan.

From then on the title has been established and we are selecting the Reaper of the clan for every generation.

Our Clan leader's father, the previous clan leader also managed to create a new title. 'The Star strategist' because he managed to implement great strategies in the war that saved the clan in many ways.

We select Star Strategist for every generation.

So, I am establishing a new title myself and it would start my generation.

I would like the Clan head to consider this seriously."

"How can you compare the achievements of the clan leader and the previous clan leader with earning some money?"

"Some money? Because of my contribution, the resources for the teaching facilities of the clan disciples and the External members have doubled.

I managed to open up eight new trade routes with the people we have never even talked to before and we have access to new resources that our clan only heard but never saw.

That led to the new reinforcement to the walls of the clan estates across the realms. The new weapons and the armors of the enforcement squad are a direct result of one of the alloys I created and are currently one of the main products of the clan that would be auctioned off every year.

My contributions are no less than the clan leader when he was just a candidate.

The only difference is that he reduced the losses of our clan by killing the enemies in the war and I reduced the losses by making our clan more prepared. In fact, I dare say that my contributions are much more long-term than killing people in the battle."

"Are you saying that your contributions are greater than that of the Clan head? How dare you?" Mingiv yelled out loud as he stood up.

Giyon didn't even blink as she looked at him with a frown.

"So what if I am saying that. I believe that my contributions are greater than the clan head. I am not afraid to say the truth out loud."

"You dare say those things. Giyon, do not forget your place. You are a person of the younger generation. You better show some decorum and respect."

Before the Elders could even react, Mingiv already took the liberty of scolding her. But Giyon didn't even acknowledge him this time and just looked at the Clan head, waiting for his reaction.

"I approve of the title allocation. But we cannot decide it immediately with a possible crisis to one of our members. We will discuss it in the next meeting when the case is resolved.

All the members in the current meeting shall stay within the clan grounds until the case is resolved and that includes you Giyon. Don't go running anywhere.

For now, you all are dismissed."

Slowly one after the other everyone walked out of the room. Migron's parents are the last ones to walk out. Their faces are gloomy and they don't know what to do or say.

Migron's mother is generally intelligent, but she couldn't find a solution at the moment and might as well be dumb as a rock.

As Grivon was thinking of what to do now that he cannot leave the clan grounds, Giyon suddenly came up from behind and twisted his ear.

"Now, now. Someone seemed to have grown up a bit. Good thinking. You almost got caught up in the mess, but you just threw Migron into a deeper one."

"Well, what can I do? That is the only way out. We already knew something like this might happen."

"You knew?"

"Yeah, I was doubtful at the start on why I needed to give such a large share to Migron so I discussed things with Sam. This is to make sure that Migron doesn't throw me off the boat when the time comes.

Even if he says that this is completely my idea and someone connects the dots, I would be the suspect for holding Sam and Sivan's people will come after me, so Sam arranged this. After all, no sane person would think that I gave up such a large portion of territory just because I wanted to frame one of my peers."

"But you did exactly that. Not bad. But I am sure that you didn't know you would need to use that today right?"

"Of course, I didn't know. That came as a surprise. I take credit for that quick thinking and using that groveling video of Migron."

"So, you didn't record it on purpose?"

"No, I just wanted to remember that asshole's face like that. After all, it is indeed hard to get him to that state since his mother cleans up all the mess."

"That is true."

"By the way, I wanted to ask, why do you need the title exactly? You don't want to be the leader of the clan, so why would you need a title?"

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Chapter 1342: Another Deal

"Title has some special privileges and I would like to use them."

"Special privileges? How come I didn't know about these things?"

"You know them, you just don't realize it. If a person has a title, they don't need to participate in every small clan meeting like the one that happened today and can skip them as long as they are not directly involved in the case themselves."

"That is considered a privilege?" Grivon asked in confusion.

"Of course, it is a privilege. You don't understand that now, but since you are reaching certain standards with both power and strength, you would soon learn how annoying the meetings could be as they try to involve you in every little thing that they want to achieve. All this while you were mostly a spectator, but from now on you would be a participant. You will understand soon, there is no point in explaining now."

Grivon shrugged and changed the topic.

"By the way, what do you mean by the message you sent? Do you happen to know who the person that came from the league is?"

"Of course, yes. I know him very well. In fact, I have done some business with him in other realms."

"Can't you give me his identity directly? It would save a lot of trouble."

"There is no fun in that now, is there? Take it as a test from my side. Even though him and I don't have a deeper relationship and the business transactions we had were very straight to the point and superficial, he came to me first to confirm whether I am involved in this or not and only after I rejected my involvement did, he proceed.

If I claimed I was involved, he wouldn't have troubled me. Since he showed me that much courtesy, I cannot get involved in this.

You can deal with him as his own.

But since you are my lovely little brother, I would give you some advice regarding this situation.

This guy is actually very knowledgeable and he knew suspected that Migron is just a pawn after some careful investigation. He understood the behavior and mindset of Migron unlike the others who came before and blindly poked all the holes.

And he really might have threatened Migron's parents regarding the information since we know that Migron would have been already broken and spilled the beans about your plan.

So, if you want to escape Scot free, you better move fast and find him. I am confident that he wouldn't kill Migron, but he might psychologically damage him enough to make his parents hate you for this and they might come at you with full force.

With some many external enemies coming after you one by one, it would be better for you and Sam to not create any new mortal ones within the clan."

She then took out the recording of the meeting and gave it to Grivon.

"Take this back to Sam. He might find some clues. Be careful and if you are really in a desperate situation, come to me and I will solve this, but then our deal will be off regarding Vardar." She finished and waved her hand before leaving.

Grivon's expression became solemn and he made his subordinates contact Sam to make him come to the clan grounds since he cannot move.

This time, Sam came with a bunch of subordinates who are also wearing black cloaks just to make sure that Sam alone wouldn't stand out.

Sam came to the clan grounds and met with Grivon in his residence.

"What happened with the meeting? I have plenty of things to do, so finish it fast."

Grivon didn't say much and showed the recording to him and Sam frowned.

"It seems like they are not lying or they have to be really really good actors."

"Giyon said that they might not be lying at all..."

With that he explained what Giyon said and Sam understood the situation immediately. He felt that as long as the member from the league didn't find them, they didn't have to make the first move, but now the league member is forcing them out like this.

"But I don't understand a few things in this situation. Why did Giyon say that he wouldn't kill Migron? It would be a lot easier to confirm with the soul extraction, right?"

"Of course it is easier, but what about the wrath of the Gaja clan? It wouldn't be easier to endure and I believe there is a reason why league is in secret and not lording over everyone else. They are also a bit vary of large clans and I

don't believe if a person makes such a mistake the league will back him to begin with.

The only reason Gaja clan is not taking extreme measures is because their young master is alive even in the kidnapping. Once the young master is dead, the leverage will be gone and the person who committed the crime will be hunted down."

"Then what about kidnapping me?"

Sam chuckled and said.

"It seems like you are really underestimating your own influence. After the previous incident with Milind, I looked into your parents and you, you don't understand how important you are in the clan and what kind of figures your parents and grandfather are.

The very fact that your grand father is the grand elder makes you untouchable and even the Mari clan wouldn't necessarily kill you if you were presented on a silver platter in normal circumstances much less a lone kidnapper from a hidden league.

I am telling you, you have a lot of learn, you are intelligent enough but for some reason your thought process didn't develop properly. I wonder why."

Grivon looked at Sam with an exhausted expression. This has been a daily occurrence by now. Sam would be making these remarks that would imply him to be a muscle head, air head and dumb brute and Grivon already lost interest in defending himself as he learned how incompetent he is.

"What is the plan?"

"Let the hearing continue. Let your clan investigate a bit and make it hard for Migron's parents. I have an idea and we can use one of our pre made traps to deal with him and see what we could do?"

"Are you sure this trap would work? What if the other party is too strong?"

"How strong can they be? The most they would be is Middle stage to Late stage Consummate cultivators, which is almost impossible. Your two special subordinates are Middle-stage Consummate cultivators, I am confident we can take care of the opponent even if he was a Late-stage cultivator. So, don't unnecessarily worry too much.

Now, I would like to return to the stray realm and continue my research. If you have anything to say contact me. I will come as fast as I can."

With that Sam left and Grivon waited in the clan grounds.

In the next three days, Migron's parents were harassed continuously and the investigation team finally concluded that almost everything Grivon said was true and the remaining parts are impossible to verify.

So, a meeting was held and Migron's parents were held accountable for hiding the information with a deep cut in clan resource allocation and allowances along with a suspension in privileges. The clan didn't ask Grivon to give out the information and decided to help find the investigator.

Giyon was given a title on the same day. The new title was created.

The Fortuner Maker of the Gaja Clan and the selection for the next generations Fortune Makers is also going to be held.

Of course, the next generation is Grivon's generation and his peers are going to compete to gain that title.

Now that, that's over. Migron's parents are feeling a bit lost.

They are angry, but they don't know where to divert that. They only felt that since Grivon's parents aren't nearby and he is relatively simpleminded, they might as well put him in the spot in front of all the clan members and make him give up the information.

As they were feeling extremely helpless and wished that the clan would be able to find their son, Grivon made a visit to their residence.

"What do you want? You pushed our son into this. If something happens to him even if I have to die, I will drag you along with me." Migron's mother yelled on top of her lungs.

But Grivon stayed calm and looked at Migron's father.

"I have a proposition to get your son back. I am sure that clan would still take a few days to get your son back, but if we make this deal now, you might be able to get him much sooner."

"Do you really think that you would be able to convince us to make another deal with you guys? You already pushed us into enough trouble. I don't trust you."

"You can decide after you hear me out."

Grivon unceremoniously took a seat and started explaining his deal.

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Chapter 1343: Trap

After half an hour, Grivon came out of the room with a wide grin on his face and went back to the stray realm excitedly.

A few hours after he left, there was a mysterious incident in one of Grivon's own establishments within the city outside the estate which attracted the attention. Grivon came along there and covered up the whole thing as an incident with the malfunction of a formation.

This made everyone feel convinced that nothing is wrong. Even the clan didn't bother much since Grivon himself claimed there is nothing wrong.

But after the attack happened, Migron's father took out a communication token and talked with someone on the other side.

"We have what you want. We would like to meet you."

"You cannot. Once we meet, things would be completely in your favor. I need a soul contract signed by you that you wouldn't do anything rash when we meet in person.

You understand what I mean right?"

"Yes, I understand."

"The contract will arrive at your home by tonight, you just have to sign it, and then we can meet."

With those words, the other party cut the communication completely.

After that, Migron's father waited patiently and by midnight a scroll appeared on his front porch without anyone noticing.

He doesn't know how that came, but he knew who sent it.

He picked the scroll and started reading through the contents and after making sure that nothing is wrong with it, he immediately signed the contract, before placing it in the same place.

He looked at the spot intently as if to not miss anything, but he doesn't know how it happened, the scroll disappeared from the spot with bare minimum fluctuations, even the formation of the residence couldn't stop it.

The scroll just disappeared like that.

As he waited for further information from the other party, one hour passed.

The communication token received an alert and the other party spoke.

"Come to the Dog mountain by dawn. You will get your son thereafter you give me what I need."

"Alright."

The communication was cut off and Migron took a deep breath. He looked at his wife with a tired smile and reassured her before leaving the clan grounds secretly.

He made his way to the dog mountain carefully making sure that no one is tailing him and waited at the location till dawn.

And at the designated time, a man wearing bright red clothes and a face covered with a black mask arrived and stood in front of Migron.

"I am really sorry, Sir. I didn't wish things would go this way. But I had no choice."

The man spoke in a calm tone.

Migron's father looked at him with hatred but didn't attack. He had to use all of the patience he could muster to control the urge.

"May I get what I asked for please?"

Migron's father took out a token and threw it towards him.

The man carefully examined it as Migron's father explained.

"You must have already heard of the incident in Grivon's establishment in the city. I was the one who caused it. I stole this token from one of his trusted subordinates."

"Where does this lead to?"

"The place where the person who gave the information stays."

"Why didn't you do this earlier? Your son would have been able to avoid the suffering in the past few days."

"It was a last resort. You are an outsider, so you don't really know what kind of consequences I have to suffer for attacking the establishments of one of our own. It is as good as me betraying him."

"Please, the clan members kill each other all the time."

"For professional reasons. To get a leadership position, to win over a business. It was never personal. You just made this person now.

Anyway, I don't have any patience to talk to you. Give me my son and I will be on my way."

The man nodded and waved his hand.

Spatial fluctuations appeared and Migron appeared out of nowhere near his father.

As soon as he appeared, a locket hanging on his neck suddenly burned itself and turned into debris before falling off.

Migron looked ragged and tired. He is weak and exhausted both physically and mentally. He is clearly happy to see his father and immediately hugged him.

A grown was brought to his tears and is extremely fearful of the man in a red cloak.

"Where does this lead me exactly?"

"The man asked Migron's father."

"From what I learned, it is a stray realm where that mysterious informant is currently staying. Grivon went as far as his clan sanctioned stray realm to this guy to keep him safe. I believe he is the one that could give you what you want."

"That would be great. A stray realm is a perfect place for me too."

As he spoke, he immediately activated the token as Migron's father looked at him coldly.

The man just thought that the father was still angry about his son and ignored it, but as soon as he disappeared into the spatial tunnel connecting his spot and the stray realm, he had a bad feeling about that and it was reinforced when he reappeared in a remote corner of stray realm and in the middle of what looked like a giant formation.

BOOM* *BOOM* *BOOM

He immediately wanted to escape the place, but all of a sudden he felt bolts of energy from all around him and he was bombarded with various attacks of fire, earth, and darkness. Before he knew it, he was exhausted and unconscious within the formation with a bunch of ghosts placing random curses on him while he was surrounded by a bunch of earthen walls that appeared out of nowhere and a bunch of translucent hands holding him in place without any chance to move.

Sam and Grivon who are staying at his research station suddenly looked in a specific direction and smiled.

"It seems like it worked."

"Of course, it would. Trust me, the curses that we used are no joke. They are fused with the attacks of Middle stage Consummate cultivators and there are around two dozen of them in one second. That is already unbearable for even a Peak stage Consummate realm cultivator. They wouldn't be able to endure it completely.

So, I believe our opponent wouldn't even be a problem."

With that, both of them used a space gate and went to the location where the trap was set up. There the special guards of Grivon already arrived and they are currently waiting for Sam and Grivon to show up.

Sam walked towards the earthen walls and tapped on one of them.

The wall disappeared into the ground and the man in a red cloak was shown. Of course, none of the red cloak and the black mask were spared. All they have in front of them is a middle-aged man buck naked with a bunch of severe wounds bleeding out and being hung by a bunch of translucent hands that are holding him from falling down.

Sam took out the Injector and gave him a shot.

The Middle-aged man slowly regained consciousness and was shocked.

He immediately tried to escape.

"Don't even bother. You are completely caught. You wouldn't be able to escape even if you double your strength immediately. But I must say your resistance is admirable. I thought you would be dead as a rock after all those attacks."

Sam is currently not wearing his cloak and when he saw his face, the man immediately recognized him. He also understood that his resistance is futile and stopped.

"So, you are the third attempt from the league of blood Iron. How many would there be?"

The man didn't reply, but Sam didn't bother. He just asked another question.

"I have one doubt.

The league's assignment was placed before Migron's situation and even if League knows about me going after Sivan's properties, Migron's situation is unique and few people know that Sivan has his eyes on that property. As for the secret properties, we took over while trapping Migron, only Sivan and Butler Si know them.

So, tell me. How do you know that?"

"You will get your answers after soul extraction. What is the point of asking me now? Just finish me off and be done with it."

"You are right. But it just seemed more fun."

Sam said and gestured for the guards to finish it off. Specter finished the soul extract process and gave Sam memories before going off to digest the soul.

This person is a Middle stage Consummate cultivator of the Astral Plane which is already strong. Luckily Sam has access to Grivon's guards, otherwise, he wouldn't have had any chance to deal with them with his current strength.

After he digested the memories. He immediately got the answers he was looking for.

The answers for the person who gave the league the connection between Migron's situation and the league assignment and he was a bit surprised. Because the person that gave this information is someone Sam doesn't even know.. He has never seen him, never met him and from the looks of it, he doesn't even seem that strong.

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Chapter 1344: Invite

Sam and Grivon are sitting in the small simulation room, he created.

The project is in the final stages, and of course, even though some of the critical functions are not ready, there are some functions that it could provide and one of them is creating holographic projections from Sam's mind.

Sam is currently wearing something that resembled a metallic headband which is glowing and a three-dimensional projection is happening within the room.

This is the incident from the memory of the league member they just killed. The memory is of the informant giving this league member the required information regarding Migron's situation.

But for some reason, the memory is a bit vague. It didn't give specific information on how Sam was directly responsible for Migron's situation and operated through Grivon. But rather the tip is so vague on how Grivon might have the information regarding the new anomaly that appeared and started changing the dynamic among the younger generation of the Gaja Clan.

After all, the whole mess that Sam created by making different people go into different businesses is to precisely divert the attention of Sivan and assume that Sivan is giving the information to the league, they would also be confused by this.

But this guy who attempted to clear this confusion didn't do it completely which made the guy go after Migron, just to be sure.

He learned about Grivon's high status and didn't want to antagonize someone he couldn't afford to offend directly, so he left that to Migron's parents, and just like he predicted, he managed to get a way in, which essentially became a trap.

After the memory was completely played out, Sam then changed the image to the three-dimensional image of the man who gave the information.

"I don't know this guy. I don't think he is of any importance within the city. If he is, I would have known him."

Grivon answered, even before Sam asked him.

"Are you sure? Maybe he is a low-level guard from some of your peers? Vydon might be responsible for this or even other young masters you are partnering with within the academy project."

"There is a possibility, but I am sure that I know the regular guards of theirs too. The only people that I don't have knowledge of but still related to them would be some secret subordinates or some insignificant guards that act as errand boys."

"Maybe, this is an errand or a secret operation," Sam muttered as he looked at the image and paused before continuing.

"But I would lean towards the latter, after all, it is highly unlikely for them to treat this as a simple errand."

"I think so too."

As they discussed, Sam once again played the memory and looked at the insignificant details and suddenly said.

"By any chance do you recognize the bar?"

"Not really."

Sam then changed the image to that of the bar and recorded it into the recording crystal attached to a wall.

"Let your subordinates find out which bar it is. After that, you go to the bartender personally and see if they know our mysterious informant."

"Why? Do you think that he is a regular there?"

"I don't know. My guess is a bit farfetched, but he looked extremely comfortable in that place. This is a long shot. I am just shooting blindly. But even if there is no real connection between them, I think that bar is the only lead we have.

Send his picture to all of your subordinates spread across and that includes the spies. We can only spread our net as wide as we can and hope that we could catch something.

"I will see what we can do."

Grivon left with the image and Sam went back to research.

The next day, Grivon met with Giyon, who surprisingly didn't leave the clan after the title was given to her.

"Why are still staying? I thought you were busy?"

"I am. But I decided I would stay in the realm until you solve your current situation."

"I think it is basically solved. We dealt with that guy with a red cloak and black mask."

Giyon was impressed and said.

"You guys are really good. What did you do?"

"We bombarded him with twenty full-scale Middle stage Consummate attacks of Astral Plane at the same time in pre-made trap."

"That is clever. But twenty attacks? How did you manage to do that?"

"Sam has something for that. So, since it is solved, are you off now?"

"We will see. How did that guy get the information? I asked him, but he didn't say anything and left."

Grivon didn't answer immediately and thought for a moment, before showing the image of the bar.

"Someone tipped him with the info in this bar. That is all we know of. But we don't know the identity of the person that tipped him."

Giyon smiled when she looked at the bar's image.

"I know this bar."

Grivon was surprised and asked eagerly.

"Really? How do you know that? Where is it?"

"I know it because it is my bar. It is in the same realm but on a different planet. The third planet with a lot of metal mines. It is the capital of that planet."

Grivon immediately turned silent and looked at Giyon skeptically.

Giyon understood what he is thinking and said.

"Don't worry. I am not the one who tipped you guys off. If I really wanted to do something, do you really think I would leave such an obvious clue behind? I will inform the bartender and the rest, you can go there and find them yourself."

Grivon nodded, but he is still a bit suspicious.

flick

Giyon flicked his forehead and said.

"I already told you, don't think too much. If I wanted to do something to you, I would have swallowed you whole a long time. I just know way too much about you. Apart from keeping those secret subordinates and hiding the stray realm, you really didn't do much of a good job at hiding your activities.

It is good that you met Sam when you met him. If you didn't meet him, I would have had to take care of you myself and teach you how to do things."

Grivon rubbed his forehead in pain and said.

"Alright, alright. I believe you. But you should understand, why it is hard for me. You are just way too dangerous."

"Yeah, for others. You are my little Grivon after all. It would almost impossible for me to harm you. Anyway, do you want to have dinner tonight?"

"Dinner? Why?"

"Jyon is coming today."

Grivon's eyes brightened a bit.

"Really? Jyon is coming? Was she finally sick of her Maternal Grandfather?"

"It is hard for that. She really enjoys playing the flute after all and Grandpa is the only one who can truly appreciate that music. She might leave after a while."

"Is she not afraid, that she would be left with nothing if she is absent for so long?"

"She is not interested in authority."

"I don't think this is about authority, it is about survival. If she doesn't have a proper footing in the clan, she would be simply used as a pawn in some political marriage. She should at least prepare for it."

"Why do both of us exist if she has to do it herself? We are already neck-deep in this shit, at least let her be free. With her innocent mind, she is not really suited for these things anyway."

Grivon just shrugged.

"I will come."

"Bring Sam too."

Grivon frowned and asked.

"Why?"

"Just for fun. He might become a friend for a lifetime and he would make a great company in dinner."

"I will ask. But I can't promise that he would come. Anyway, I will send my people this afternoon. Send someone from your guard team to the bar. I need to find the information as quickly as possible. I need to weed out this rat

otherwise, things would be troublesome if someone more powerful comes from the league."

"Don't worry. The league of Blood Iron is powerful, but it is not that powerful. Even though there are some troublesome characters that might really cause some trouble even in our clan, they wouldn't interfere just now. They would come at the end of the two-year time span.

As long as you are careful enough, you would be safe."

"Okay. See you tonight."

With that Grivon used his token right there to disappear and go back to the stray realm. He gave the information about the bar to one of his secret subordinates and made them go investigate at the bar.

He then went to Sam.

"You have a dinner invitation."

Sam was confused.

"What dinner?"

"Giyon invited you and me to dinner tonight."

"For what? She wants to make another deal?"

"I think this is more of a friendly dinner. Sister Jyon is returning today, so it was just a friendly dinner and since we are not really friendly with the rest of the cousins, she decided to invite you."

"So, I am a fill-in?"

"I don't know man. She said you would be a good company. I don't know. Just come with me.. Alright."

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Sam sighed and shook his head.

"She just doesn't know, how wrong she is."

He knew better than anyone that he is not a great company. He is brutally blunt and doesn't care much for other people. He might be polite, but it is hard for him to respect someone just from the face value and he doesn't like faking some smiles and making some idiotic small talk.

In fact, he is the worst company one could ask for, particularly when they are having some ulterior motives for the friendship to be forged.

The only place he could be a good company would be with his friends and he is sure that he and Giyon are not really that close.

"Are you sure you want me to be there? I am fine if it is a business deal and I would even be fine if it is just to cook up some plot against someone. But I don't think I am close enough to her to have a friendly dinner."

"I don't really mind. I am just a bit confused. Maybe she is extending an olive branch?"

Sam shrugged and agreed before going back to the research.

By evening, a subordinate returned from the team that went to investigate the bar.

"The bartender recognized the person. But not because he is a regular. It is almost like he was looking for someone in the bar.

The bartender noticed him because he came regularly for a few days and got drunk like a fish. He drank from morning to evening and one day, he met with this guy in a red cloak and a black mask, who is extremely eye-catching in the crowd which made the bartender remember them.

After talking to that guy, he hadn't seen either the guy in the mask or the informant in the bar again.

The team leader started inquiring in the surroundings. Particularly inns and the slums to see if anyone would recognize the guy."

"That is good. You go back and report to me tomorrow. I don't care if you have any results, report me no matter what the progress is."

"Yes Sir."

The subordinate went back.

Soon, it is night. Grivon and Sam went to the dinner.

It was arranged in Giyon's personal estate and the arrangements were done in the garden. The whole mansion is not particularly full. There is not much furniture and apart from the structural integrity, there is nothing special in the way it was constructed.

In fact, this might be the blandest and simple residence in the whole estate among the peers of Giyon.

In the garden, Giyon sat beside another girl whom Sam assumed to be the sister Jyon Grivon mentioned earlier.

She is also as beautiful as Giyon, but a bit different, and from the facial feature and the body, Sam felt that she might have a few different bloodlines and one apparent one is the elven one.

Even though it is not strong enough to make her look like a half-elf, some of the facial features clearly showed it.

She has Silver hair tied into a bun on top just like Giyon and wore emerald-colored long robes. There is one more thing that grabbed Sam's attention and that is the flute she placed on the table.

It is also made of some material that looked like Emerald jade. Just one look and he could see the great craftsmanship behind the instrument.

They took their seats and greeted each other.

"Sam, this is my younger sister, Jyon. She just came back from her Maternal Grand father's place. Jyon, this is Sam." Giyon introduced.

Sam smiled politely and greeted.

"It is nice to meet you."

Jyon looked a bit confused by Sam's presence which clearly indicated that she didn't know about his attendance today and is still perplexed about it, but she still smiled politely and replied.

"Nice to meet you too." She just greeted and shifted her focus to Grivon.

"Grivon, I heard that you grew a pair of wings and started flying. You are doing well for yourself."

Grivon smiled and said.

"I am not doing that bad. I started a couple of new businesses and they are looking promising. And recently I got a new partnership with Migron that had a great yield."

Giyon was confused by this and looked at him in askance.

"It is for solving his kidnapping problem. The deal I made with his father and I get a large portion of his profits in exchange."

Giyon looked impressed and asked.

"How much is a large portion?"

"Fifty Percent."

Giyon was stunned for a moment and looked to Sam as if asking it that was his idea too. But Grivon immediately protested.

"It is completely my idea."

"You really taught Migron quite a lesson. I hope he would be good from now on." Jyon said with a smile and they started making small talk.

Sam was left out completely. Grivon tried to bring him into the conversation, but he was left listening since the girls are leading the conversation and Giyon really didn't involve him as for Jyon, she didn't even want to look at him for some reason.

For some reason, she felt a dangerous vibe from Sam. She couldn't put her finger on it, but she felt that he is really unapproachable. It is almost like the surrounding atmosphere formed an invisible shield around him, making him completely unreachable.

But Sam didn't mind. He just ate the delicacies slowly and savored the wine and now and then, he sneaked a glance at the flute on the table, and in the middle of the conversation, Jyon placed her hand on it while talking to her siblings about her music advancements and Sam sensed something from it.

And he immediately felt a bit gloomy. The other three recognized that immediately. The aura around him completely changed and Giyon finally spoke.

"Sam, you are being awfully silent. I heard that you are a musician too, why don't you talk about it?"

Sam was surprised and spoke.

"I seems like you really dug way deeper into my past than I thought."

Jyon ignored his comment and looked at him curiously.

"What instrument do you play?" This is really the first time she showed interest in him and Sam replied with a wry smile.

"A flute."

Jyon was surprised and touched her flute again.

"Really?"

Sam looked at her flute and said.

"It seems like you do too."

"I am. I really love playing it."

"I play it for more of a hobby. I am not really that good."

Sam said calmly.

"Come on Sam, Don't you think you are being a bit modest."

"I don't think I am, Miss Giyon. Of all my skills, I wouldn't say I am the best at music and since you even know I play, you should know the rest of my skills too. You tell me, do you think I am that great."

"Well, compared to your other skills, you might not be, but that doesn't mean you are bad at this. You are still great."

"If Sister Giyon said so, you must be really good."

Sam shook his head with a smile and continued eating his meal.

"Maybe I would get to listen to your music one day Mr. Sam," Jyon said politely to end the conversation, but Giyon was not really ready to give up.

"Actually, Jyon. Someone you know can vouch for my statement."

Jyon looked at her in confusion.

"Maternal Grand Mother's last disciple. Gaana. You can ask him. Sam and he had a history and it is not something Gaana can forget."

Sam was stunned and looked at Giyon in shock.

"It can't be..." He muttered.

"Yes, it can be. Gaana Merene. Ring any bells, Sam?"

Jyon looked at Sam in shock.

"No way, you are the Sam Gaana told me about?"

Sam looked at both of them and sighed.

He knew that there is no way Giyon would call him for a friendly chat. Gaana Merene is actually the young master of the Merene family Sam fought with and spared.

"No, wait a minute. He has a painting of Sam and him in the battle within his room. You don't look like him at all."

"Well, It is a long story. I am going through a rough time and this face is not exactly mine at the moment." Sam said tiredly.

"No, no. Not the face. The aura. The Sam in that painting looked majestic, free, unrestrained. He looked like he was the all-powerful and all-capable god of the elements. I got a feeling that all the elements are bowing before him.

He has absolute control over everything and anything that stood in front of him.

But now you look constrained and gloomy. I cannot relate to both of those auras at all. Are you really the same Sam?"

"Hahahaha..."

"pfft...hahaha."

Sam couldn't help but laugh out loud and so did Giyon.. Grivon is still trying to make sense of the situation while Jyon is genuinely puzzled about what she said might have been funny at all.

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Chapter 1346: Dinner II

Sam controlled his laughter within a few seconds and said.

"Sorry, Miss Jyon. It is just I couldn't help but laugh out loud at how accurate your description of my current state is.

I don't know how I was described in that painting and from your description, it might have been really that good, that might just be Gaana's perspective of me, but your current description of me is extremely accurate.

You didn't miss a single thing about my mental state in my current situation and I couldn't help but laugh out loud I believe that your Sister feels the same.

Am I right? Miss Giyon."

"Yes, you are right. The deeper I dig into your history the more things I unraveled, the more surprised I became about your current situation. As tragic as it is, I can't deny it is a bit funny."

Jyon is still a bit puzzled.

"Mr. Sam. I don't understand what you are saying? Why do you feel so trapped? I mean, there is no way I could believe that Gaana made a mistake in his representation and there is no way I could believe that a person portrayed in that painting could become the current you. I cannot wrap my head around it."

This time it was Sam's turn to be surprised.

"By any chance, Miss Jyon, did Gaana omit my face from it?"

"Yes, your face was not completely visible."

Sam nodded in understanding and said.

"The situation is that someone from Mari Clan, stole my body and duplicated my soul to swallow all my memories, experiences, ideas, and creations as a whole and I am currently stuck in the body of the person who did it.

I was forced to do this exchange to save the lives of my friends and subordinates and there are many things I left behind without finishing.

The research, my students, the home that I so painstakingly built. The organization expanded over dozens of realms. It is a bit hard to leave as I built everything from scratch.

I was invincible then. I had hundreds of tricks up my sleeve that could save me from many threats. Now, I am just a researcher that was struck in a different body. I lost a lot of weapons from my arsenal and now I have to create a new one even though I believe I wouldn't stay in this body for long.

It is all a bit pathetic."

Jyon was surprised and she once again placed her hand on the flute. She thought for a moment and said.

"Can you play the flute?"

"I don't think it is a good idea at the moment," Sam said as he rejected the idea with a polite smile. He is clearly uncomfortable.

"You have been looking at my flute since the start of the dinner. I thought you are interested in playing."

"No, not at all. I am more interested in craftsmanship and I was a bit nostalgic thinking about my own instrument. The flute I made for myself. If I was with it, it would have also generated a spirit by now. So, I am feeling a bit... what is that feeling... Gloomy?"

"You can make an instrument?"

"As I said, music is really not my great suit, I just play to relieve my boredom and I have many more skills that are better than my music and making things is one of them. You can ask your brother and sister. They can vouch for that.

And Gaana must have also mentioned that I lost in the battle of music and I had to resort to my brute methods to counter him forcefully."

"He did mention that, but not in those exact words. But he also mentioned that you spared his life with respect to his musical prowess. He is really grateful for that. Believe it or not, he actually kind of worships you. He talks to your picture every morning before he practices and thanks to your picture for one more day."

"You spared an enemy's life." Grivon suddenly interrupted with a shocked expression. It seems like his delayed response is due to him trying to even process the possibility of Sam sparing someone's life.

"How do you think I ended up here? It is because I spared an annoying pest's life and he sold me out to Sivan.

Anyway, Miss Jyon. That really surprises me. Gaana being grateful for me is completely beyond my expectations. After all, I am the guy that killed hundreds of his family members. Granted I didn't kill any of them directly, the blood is on my hands.

I don't think thanking me makes much sense."

This time even Jyon was surprised.

"You are the one who killed all of his family members."

"Of course, why do you think we ended up fighting at all? I am not really fond of personal duels just to see who is a better fighter. That only inflates egos of the people."

"Why... why did you kill all of his family?" Jyon asked in a shivering voice. Sam was surprised and Giyon who is sitting beside Jyon placed her hand on hers just to make her calm down.

Sam frowned and was about to say something to stop the conversation, but Giyon gestured him not to and told him to continue.

He was confused, but he still spoke.

"There is a bit of ulterior motive, but the main reason is that one of my subordinates has a deep-seated grudge with their family. She was hunted down quite a lot and when she was finally safe, she met me. I recruited her to do my bidding and in exchange, I helped her enact revenge against her family that was determined to kill her."

Jyon calmed down a lot but didn't say anything anymore.

Grivon who wanted to lighten up the mood spoke.

"Now that does sound like you. Killing a few hundred people for your subordinate. Sparing someone's life doesn't sound like you at all."

Sam just gave him a side-eyed glance and they finished the dinner with Grivon telling his embarrassing childhood stories to lighten the mood and only stopped after Jyon completely left behind that tension.

After they finished dinner, Grivon got some alone time with Jyon as he took her to the side to show her something and Giyon and Sam were the only ones left at the table.

"So, Miss Giyon. Would you like to tell me what exactly your motive is?"

"What motive? This is just a friendly dinner?"

"Really? I don't believe we are friends and I don't believe that we became anymore friendly after tonight's awkward dinner."

"Awkward? I don't feel that way at all. In fact, I was quite comfortable."

"Comfortable, placing me in an awkward position. Please don't beat around the bush and tell what this is about exactly."

"Well, I just wanted to introduce you to Jyon. She was actually curious about you. In fact, the first time I came across you is because of her. She told me about your painting in the hands of her newfound friend and was fascinated by that.

She didn't understand, how someone can be so majestic and arrogant to assume a commanding position over the elemental energies. So, I wanted her to meet you."

"So, you wanted to break her fantasy."

"No, I believe I just made her realize that the fantasy is true. She would understand what kind of person can assume that commanding role."

"Really? What kind of person is that?"

"A person who is strong enough to talk about massacring a clan on a dining table without so much as a change in his expression. Do you think she was afraid of you killing all of them? No, she was afraid of how casual you were about that. She was afraid of how natural you were when telling that.

She was afraid of how unfeeling you are about the lives that you stole."

Sam just shook his head and downed another glass of liquor.

"So, that is the only purpose of all of this?"

"It is."

"I thought you ask me to talk business. But it is just to play some mind game with your sister. I don't really understand the motive behind it and I certainly don't understand what good it would do for your sister to meet me. But I enjoyed the food and wine.

Thank you."

"They were cooked by my personal chef. You can borrow her if you want."

"Please don't make those promises. I am actually known to be a great boss. You must have known. None of my subordinates ever left me once they worked for me.

Anyway, are you in the mood to talk business."

"I am always in the mood to talk business, Sam."

"That is great because now that I know how deep your information network runs, I think you would be a perfect long-term partner.

I have a proposal that would help you develop an organization. It wouldn't give you instant growth from what you have to that of an organization as big as the Gaja Clan.. But it would lay down a solid foundation to achieve that state eventually."

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Chapter 1347: Offer I

"I am listening," Giyon said as she gracefully picked her wine glass.

"It is actually a system I used myself in my own organizations. It has two things one should consider and I don't know if you would agree with my ideas. They are not orthodox and it would take a lot of time and money as an investment."

"I am fifty years older than you Sam. I might have done more unorthodox things than you think."

"I am pretty sure you didn't." Sam said with a chuckle and continued.

"One of the foundational things about my organization is the talent recognition and recruitment. Actually, all the big organization makes some fundamental mistakes. They always try to recruit talented people when their talents are fully shown out. They will wait until their potential is out there for the world to see and sometimes, they even wait until they are completely matured.

The main reason for that is they don't want to waste time and money on someone who might not mature and realize their own potential."

"Well, isn't that correct? The resources could be better used in another place with much better odds."

Sam smiled and replied.

"That is why I told you it is a mistake. Ms. Giyon, you tell me. Would you recruit me under your wing if I couldn't get my body back and permanently stuck in this crippled body?"

"Of course, yes. You are worth more than your body."

"Why is that? After all, I wouldn't be able to work with all the elemental energies I previously used. I wouldn't have the same battle prowess and I definitely wouldn't have the same versatility I had before."

"But you are still smart and your experience is worth more than you think. You are creative and innovative and I don't believe that you feel disadvantaged in this new body. You are just as confident as before."

"That is right and why do you think that is?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you think I have all those qualities you mentioned. The qualities that make me worthwhile."

Giyon doesn't have an answer and didn't know what to say.

"Not many people know of this, but I was trained by someone when I was just a little kid. They wanted me to train as an assassin and wanted to make me as versatile as possible and do you know what they did? They didn't just grind me on killing techniques, they left me free for half of my training. They made me learn everything I wanted to learn, they made me train in everything I

wanted to train, and trust me, I was the best assassin they had ever trained and these are their exact words.

They realized that my core strength is not my physical prowess, rather my learning ability and they let me train in every skill I wanted and they made use of those skills and made me use those skills to better my assassination plans.

Ninety-nine percent of my assassinations were done in such a way that the person who died didn't even know for the last second that they are dying. They never saw me or my approach. They just died without even knowing that they were being killed and I walked away from that like nothing happened."

"What do you mean by this? What are you trying to say?"

"What I am trying to say is, all the organizations are trying to recruit a specific set of talents instead of trying to utilize the talents in the way they want.

You are all trying to recruit the best fighters, best formation masters, best artisans, and such. You are waiting for their skill to bloom and will start fighting over him at a high price. But in search of this, you are missing a lot of valuable people in the process.

The method I am about to tell you would be in conjunction with the academy idea I gave out to Vydon. But that academy idea is a half-baked one. What I am about to tell you is the complete one.

The first step in this plan is to build an orphanage and let every orphan from infants to the age of fifteen join, along with that start another orphanage for the people who just awakened and cultivated until Acolyte or Novice stage.

For the kids in the first orphanage, start teaching the basics."

"What basics?"

"Basics of everything. Basics of elemental energies, spiritual energy, the artisan work, the formations, inscriptions, the basic fundamental laws of

nature. How fire is made? Why Ice is cold? Teach them from the most basic things until they are fifteen and in this time, you give them food that would nurture their body with bare minimum spiritual energy.

The amount that would only benefit them and not destroy them.

After they are awakened, test them for the elemental affinity, the nature of their spiritual cores, the physical body constitutions. Their talents in different things and their interest in different things.

Give them a basic curriculum and then train them in their interests. Try to align their talents with the interests they have.

Instead of trying to grow them into something that is useful to you, let them grow and think of ways to make use of what they are growing into.

The results would be amazing. You would gain the most loyal subordinates you could ever have."

"This is all good in theory, but don't you think this is a bit impractical?"

"Impractical? How do you think I established my organization? Half of my main forces are formed from this method.

The curriculum I designed along with various experts in various fields. You wouldn't believe the type of contributions that they made.

I have people who don't know how to fight at all, the bare minimum they could do is defend themselves, but they can create an architectural building in a day that could defend against the attacks of a cultivator that is at least five times more powerful than them.

I have a person who knows nothing but giving massages, but I wouldn't trade her for a hundred top-notch fighters. Just her presence and her techniques not only made her able to train a hundred more people with a decent skillset, but

she also helped the fighters and other cultivators relax and improve their conditions by a long shot.

Some of her massages can even clear some severe muscular injuries. But if you place her in a battlefield with her peers, she would be dead as a rock in three seconds.

But her presence in the rear end increases the efficiency of battle by fifty percent because of her involvement in the training.

I have healers that couldn't kill a beast for a meal.

I have a painter who uses his fire elemental energy and he could scorch a dozen of his peers within three minutes.

I suggest you take upon this method and you will see some serious improvement in your forces within a few years. I will give you the curriculum I follow in my own organization for this."

"Then what is the second part of this method?"

"Rewarding people.

You should reward these people for every achievement they have."

"That is a common practice, everyone rewards their subordinates for a good job."

"That is not enough. You should make them competitive. Competitive enough to use their skills to the fullest, competitive enough to explore their own talent more and more, but not competitive enough to backstab their friends.

I have a system called the Patent system, that helps with the people on the creation side. They can design anything and they can give the prototype to the experts in the department if the product is as useful as they described and it has practical application, the department will give them a certificate.

A document stating the usefulness of the patent and they would get rewarded with money every time the product they created is used."

"Does that mean, if my subordinate creates a poison and I use it, I would be paying him for that?"

"Yes. Not just that. If you sell that poison to someone else, you would be paying them a share you get. And the share wouldn't be decided by you, it would be discussed between you and them. And the patent system is just one of them.

There are still many things you need to do.

For example, you need to create competitions. After you established the academies, you should create competitions within each academy and then a competition between the academies, regions, and many more.

You should make them compete in difficult things and reward them generously enough for them to push themselves harder.

The mistake many organizations do is paying people high prices while recruiting them. This might ensure their arrival, but this also inflates their egos.

They would feel self-important.

In my method, you pit them against each other.. You will reward them generously but they would know that they need to earn it, they would have to understand that there are a lot of people close on their tail to catch up."

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Chapter 1348: Offer II

"Wait a minute Sam. You are saying your organization this and your organization that. But no matter how far I dug into your past, I couldn't find anything related to your organization. You are giving these statements that it is all that great, but how can I be sure of it?"

Giyon asked solemnly.

Sam chuckled and said.

"Of course, you wouldn't be able to find it. It was way too far away from here that I am sure that even if I took wormholes connecting constantly I will take more than two weeks to go there."

"Two weeks? Are you crazy? You could cross over hundreds of realms in that time."

"Exactly my point. My organization's influence is too far away and it is definitely not among the top-rated powers like yours. Of course, that doesn't mean my organization is actually that weak. It is actually pretty strong."

"Really? Why don't you tell me about it? You might be able to convince me of adapting to your method."

"Actually, if you consider the overall strength, my organization is considered weak compared to the clans here and even some of your subordinate organizations. The strongest subordinate I have when I was thrown into this situation is a Middle stage consummate cultivator of the Astral Plane. He is called Night Ghost.

But I am sure that I have more Astral Plane Initiation cultivators than your clan and Mari Clan combined.

And not all of them are aged with burned-out potential. Most of them are young and have a lot of potentials, all growing at the same time. I have a decent number of Astral plane Pre-transcendent cultivators and a few Astral Plane, Transcendent cultivators.

Of course, I am speaking about the people who are completely loyal to my organization without the use of any force.

I have some other types of subordinates that are considered more like slaves. So, if you count them, then I would be able to compete with Golem Sect, everyone except the top brass with a bunch of Late stage consummate cultivators of Astral Plane.

As for Mortal Plane Cultivators, none of your organizations would be able to compete with me. I am sure that in the next decade, I will completely overtake your organization in terms of Astral Plane Pre-transcendent cultivators, and even the Astral Plane Transcendent cultivators would be the same as your organization if things go well.

In three decades, my organization will overtake the Gaja Clan in terms of forces. Of course, if you count pure influence, I already surpassed you guys, because my organization's influence is definitely in far more realms than the Gaja Clan. I have businesses in a lot of realms and I have a relatively notable intelligence network."

Giyon was surprised and didn't even speak for a second.

"If you are that strong, why are you going around destroying organizations on your own. You could wage a proper war. Why risk so much like this by moving with such a small group."

"My thinking is exactly the opposite. Currently, with my team, I am a much smaller target. The organizations wouldn't see me coming. I just make deals with different people if I want extra manpower.

This is also much more fun."

"Yeah, look where your fun led you to."

Sam didn't have an answer for that. So, Giyon continued.

"Let's assume everything about your organization you just said is completely true, why would you give such a core foundational structure of your

organization to me. I am pretty sure this is more valuable than some of your products.

I don't suppose you are giving me because you are lost in my beauty."

Sam shook his head with a chuckle and said.

"I want you to be the face of mine and Grivon's operations from now on."

"Face of your operations?"

"Yes. I want you to make deals with the rest of the young masters with my previous products. I need them to be the decoys to completely throw Sivan off. But I don't want to do it with Grivon as the mediator."

"And why is that?"

"He is not ready. At first, I thought we could manage, but the way the league is doing things and Grivon's subordinates, I don't think he is ready yet.

In fact, he is not even ready to be a proper successor candidate. I am really surprised that he managed to keep all of his secret businesses together without moles completely infesting them. It would take a lot more time to pull such a large operation with him."

"But if you switch to me, wouldn't Grivon suffer the loss. He would be sidelined."

"That is not going to happen at all. I have a plan for that. I will be making new products for Grivon and he would be focusing on developing his new businesses and taking over the businesses of his peers."

"But you are also selling the new business ideas to the same people you are stealing businesses from. Isn't that a bit contradictory?"

"Of course, yes. But the solution is not that difficult for this problem. All I have to do is divide the businesses of the peers into two. The larger part would be

where Grivons new secret businesses would wreak havoc and this large part would be the places where they originally had secret businesses.

When I offer them my old business ideas, they would only be applicable in the business they are operating on behalf of the clan and while the clan takes most of the profit away from that place, they would have less money, to begin with and in that small portion, you would be taking a piece and giving Grivon a piece."

"So, not only you are using them as decoys to mislead Sivan, you are crippling their financial resources they would be getting from their secret businesses and also reducing their share in their clan-related businesses.

You are giving them big, but what you are taking from them is bigger, but they wouldn't even know that a single person is doing both of these things. In the process, Grivon is the one benefitting from this situation as a whole as his financial resources will keep on increasing.

You are too cruel aren't you?"

"It is a necessary quality for survival."

"The whole idea is great. But I am a bit skeptical about your organizational structure. I couldn't wrap my head around it."

Sam thought for a moment and answered.

"I have an idea. Why don't you round up twenty kids? All below fifteen and a few months for their awakening.

Divide them into two groups. One group would be left alone. They would just proceed with their normal lives. But the second group would be different. I will teach them myself since there are no teachers trained yet.

When they awakened, let's have them battle. See who has better usage of energy in their raw form.

If you are satisfied with the result. We can move along with the exchange."

"I am down for that."

With that, they shook their hands, and Giyon changed the topic.

"Let's talk something else other than business. What do you think of my sister?"

"She is perceptive."

Giyon was dumbfounded for a second and asked.

"Really that is what you noticed from all of that?"

"That is what mattered among all the things I observed. She is unusually perceptive. Maybe it is because of her artistic mindset, she perceives everything in the world like art and she did the same with me.

Just like she could read the art, she could also read my current state."

"That's it? Nothing else mattered?"

"I didn't listen to her play, so that is all for now."

"How does she look?"

"She could be considered good-looking."

"considered? What is wrong with you? Are all your organs working properly?"

Sam looked at her with a frown. Giyon also realized that she babbled a bit too much and said.

"I am sorry. But aren't you the least bit attracted to her?"

"Physically, a bit. But that is just a biological reaction."

"Of course, attraction always starts with the biological reaction. Then why didn't you say that when I asked you about her."

Sam sighed and said.

"What are you driving at Ms. Giyon? Please don't beat around the bush."

"Are you interested in her?"

"A romantic interest?"

"Yes."

"No."

"You just said you are physically attracted to her. Why not?"

"If that is the case, I am physically attracted to you too. Should I pursue a romantic relationship with you too?"

Giyon's face turned red and she immediately became flustered.

Sam chuckled and said.

"If this is your attempt at a blind date, you are not really good at it."

Giyon sighed and said.

"You see, Jyon is a bit too naïve for her own good and she is not interested in increasing her forces and strength.. If she is like that, the clan would force her into a political marriage and all that would await her is endless suffering."

RE-BIRTH OF A GENIUS. CREATOR/DESTROYER

Chapter 1349: Trial

"That still doesn't explain the blind date," Sam said as he took another sip from his wine.

"The thing is, even Grivon knows this and he is completely freaking out on this matter. When I am still present in the clan, I can try my best to stop it from happening. But sooner or later, I would have to move out of the clan.

As I said, I don't want to be another small part of this clan's legacy. But once I am gone, things wouldn't be the same. She would lose her one main support which is me. I wouldn't have much say in the clan's operations once I am out of here.

And that time would still be soon for Grivon to have any real power. The most that could happen is that he would be next in line which is still a lot less compared to the power of the rest of the elders and the clan's head.

Even his parents' support and the grandfather's support are completely useless if the clan really pushes the marriage. After all, the parents mostly deal with external stuff and wouldn't have much say internally. And the grandfather is still only one grand elder. The other four would simply outnumber him.

So, if I have a choice, I would rather send her away with someone powerful, smart, capable and on top of all that, someone she likes. So, I try my best to let her meet some plausible candidates."

"Really? And how many candidates are there?"

"Including you? Only one. None of the other guys didn't really cross my threshold."

"That must be a pretty tough standard. Anyway, I am not really interested in settling down."

As he finished his words, they suddenly heard an extremely melodious tune from far away.

"It seems like they went to the pond. Let's go there."

Giyon said and both of them walked deeper into the estate where they soon reached the pond.

Jyon is sitting on a large rock on the bank of the pond while Grivon is looking at her while sitting on the bank of the pond with his legs in the water.

He is enjoying the music.

Sam looked at Jyon as she played the flute. She had her eyes closed and the water in the pond is reacting to her music. But not too dramatically. A small quantity on the topmost layer of the pond turned into droplets as they danced to her tune gently creating ripples all around.

As they moved upwards, they created a beautiful scene under the moonlight.

Sam was really impressed.

As he listened to the gentle music, he suddenly felt unburdened. He felt like forgetting all the possible troubles that are coming at him from all sides and just wanted to be stuck at that moment forever.

After coming to this life, the best musician Sam had ever met is actually Gaana, the young master of the Merene family. But now he was beaten completely.

Jyon just played for a few minutes and he is sure that she is better than Gaana Merene.

As he was lost in the music.

The spirit of the emerald flute came out and merged with the water droplets.

The water droplets started converging as they formed the silhouette of a beautiful woman who started dancing on the pond.

Sam took a refreshing breath and relaxed for a moment. He couldn't help but feel light.

Giyon looked at Sam and whispered.

"You see, she is great. Why don't you give it a try?"

Sam didn't answer her question and just stood there as he looked at the dance of the spirit on the water. After a few more minutes, Jyon finally stopped playing and looked at both Sam and Giyon in surprise.

But her gaze lingered on Sam more as if she is looking at someone completely different.

Grivon and Giyon were surprised by her looking at Sam weirdly.

Sam ignored her looks and turned Giyon. Thanks for the dinner Miss Giyon. If you don't mind, I would like to take my leave now."

Grivon also stood up and said.

"Yes, Sister Giyon. I would also go. I still didn't find that rat. I still have a lot to do."

Sam turned to Giyon one more time and said.

"Think about my proposal Ms. Giyon. Meanwhile, I will proceed with making more decoys. But I think it would be better for us if we proceed with my new plan. I don't want to put Grivon in the spotlight before he fully matured."

"I will think about it. I will send the ten kids to you tomorrow. You also think about my proposal."

Sam smiled and said.

"That is an impossible scenario. Please don't waste your time thinking about it."

With that Grivon and Sam walked away.

"What proposal are you guys talking about? You are not thinking of ditching me and joining her are you?" He joked.

Sam chuckled and explained the whole plan.

"But wouldn't that put me in too much of a passive and hidden situation? The clan head would need to be more active."

"There would be a lot of time for you to be active. You don't need to worry about it too much. An organization like your clan will care more about results than the image you garner over the years. As long you benefit the clan most, they don't care if you are a genocidal pedophile. They would still make you sit on the chair."

Grivon was dumbfounded for a moment and rebutted.

"That is my clan you are talking about. Can you at least have a better opinion of them? Our clan is not the one that is hunting you down is it? We are much better than Mari Clan."

"Really? Better than Mari Clan? That is not much a high standard. A rapist in the slums is better than the Mari clan when it comes to moral integrity. Come on Grivon, you and I both know what your clan cares about the most. It is benefits and legacy.

You guys are not some bunch of saints trying to make this world a better place."

Grivon didn't have an answer for that.

"Anyway, your sister will send ten kids tomorrow. Arrange their residence within your personal property. Don't bring them into the stray realm. I would be staying with them for a while. You also need to stay with me sometimes, so that you can learn the concept of what I am trying to do."

"You are selling my sister this whole thing. Why don't you do the same to me?"

"It is not the same. Your sister is still establishing a proper organization. She is currently spread all over the place and is trying to gain power and foothold in

different places. But you are different. You would be gaining an organization that already has its foundation laid, it is already a fixed one.

You cannot change it completely, but you need to modify the existing practices with what I am about to teach you."

"Are you that confident that I would become the Clan's head?"

"It is only a matter of time. The one thing you have and the rest of the candidates don't have is self-awareness. You know what you are good at and what you are not good at, you know when to ask for help and when to take responsibility yourself. You are eager to learn and know when to give credit to others.

You are a good leader and have great qualities, but you just don't have any skills on the other side of the coin which you are going to learn from me.

From what I saw until now, the rest of the candidates are extremely in over their heads and they wholeheartedly believe that they deserve the position of clan's head for some reason. On the other hand, you are trying to be the deserving candidate for the position.

You are the better option no matter how I see it. The only opponents you have are the successor candidates from Giyon's generation and I will help you deal with them too.

Anyway, we have a lot to do."

That night, Sam felt at peace. Jyon's music really worked wonders on him. His brain is clear after a long time and new ideas are popping inside his head.

He couldn't wait till he tinkered with the simulator once again and with specter's help, he worked through it the whole night.

He was done with most of the process. The next day, Grivon got the news about the guy that spread their information. He was not from the third planet and they also found out which planet he originally came from.

On the third planet, instead of staying in an inn, he stayed with a friend, and once the guards managed to catch that friend, the rest of the information flowed out.

They went to look for that guy on that planet.

And by afternoon, Giyon sent the kids to Grivon's personal residence within the clan grounds, where Sam went to receive them.. But the person that accompanied the ten kids surprised him.

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Chapter 1350: Teaching

"What are you doing here, Miss Jyon?"

Sam asked as he looked at Jyon who is sitting along with the kids. There are five boys and five girls and she is playing around with them.

Jyon looked at Sam and smiled.

"Mr. Sam, my sister assigned these kids to me. I was going to teach music to them for a few months. But she said that you are going to teach them something for a while."

"I would be teaching something for them for a while. It takes a few months. Tell me where you are staying, I would send the kids over after I am done with their lessons. It would take a lot of time."

"No, it is okay. I will just wait. I already promised them that I would spend some time with them this time. But suddenly your classes came up. So, I would just sit in the classes if you do not mind."

Sam didn't know what to say about that. He knew that this was something Giyon deliberately cooked up and from Jyon's expression, he could see that she is a bit uncomfortable staying with him.

He thought for a moment and asked her with intrigue.

"Are you staying here because you are afraid about what I would teach them?"

Jyon's face was flustered in surprise as she lowered her head. Sam chuckled and continued.

"You can stay if you want. But I assure you, I am not teaching them how to become genocidal maniacs. I am pretty sure the world has enough of them."

With that, both of them walked into a bigger room with the children following them.

That is the training room and it has big enough space for Sam to demonstrate and explain things. He took out some formation plates and recording crystals which he prepared for this class specifically. With the simulator almost there and currently can already project his thoughts outside, he doesn't have to worry too much about the contents of the lessons.

In fact, he can even do three-dimensional modeling in the simulator currently and it helped him prepare for the lessons faster.

After setting everything up, Sam started teaching them the very basics. The basics regarding the materials in the surroundings, how the materials are affected in various conditions. He taught them about the solids liquids and gases, the molecules, and how atoms make up every one of them.

He just drilled them with basics and then related that to the study of spiritual energy and elemental energy about how it is also made up of small energy particles.

He then related the elements and how the elemental energies that are being controlled by the cultivators modify the surrounding objects and environment.

He didn't hold back on the lessons and the projections really helped him as the kid's really liked what they are seeing. But Sam must say that these kids are really sheltered compared to the kids he met back in desolate and other lower realms.

These guys clearly didn't see the cruelty of the world yet and of course, it is because of the average cultivation level here. These kids even if they were left on the road, no one would bother doing much to them. They don't have anything to offer.

If a fifteen-year-old kid is living well in a desolate without anyone helping him or backing him, killing him would bring some profit, but here the average cultivator on the road wouldn't get anything from them and the cultivators of below-average strength wouldn't dare do anything because of the laws.

If these kids were to be left on the streets, the most they would have to worry about is starving to death because of the lack of food, apart from that, they don't have to worry about anything.

They are really more innocent than the kids he was used to.

This also made it easier for him to teach these guys. They are very eager and curious to learn. They don't have this sense of urgency. They know they have all the time in the world and they know they are safe.

It is a bit refreshing to Sam as well, as he taught them carefully.

After he was done with the lesson for that day, he gave them the recording crystals of the lesson and told them to go through it by themselves later.

Jyon who sat through the whole lesson was surprised how well Sam is doing with the kids. He was interactive, he smiled a lot and even took some silly questions from the kids without being annoyed.

She was surprised, to say the least.

Sam looked at the kids and said.

"You would have another lesson tomorrow. Don't forget to study what I taught you today."

"Yes Sir." The kids all answered in Unison and Sam smiled at them.

He walked to Jyon with the same smile and said.

"You can take them back now. Bring them back tomorrow at the same time. In fact, it would be better if you don't come and send them to someone else. It would just be a waste of time."

"No problem, as I said, I promised them to spend some time, so I would come by myself."

Sam just shrugged and walked away, but before he did, he looked at her flute one more time.

For the next week, the kids came on time, and Jyon came along with them. Sam gave them different lessons.

On the seventh day, he taught them about the water element and how versatile it can be. He didn't particularly teach them how to use water elements for attacks, he just showed them what the properties of water are how the water is conjured by the cultivators how it can be manipulated and how easily and accurately it could be manipulated if anyone concentrated on the water molecules as the blocks and constructed the model of everything they want to make.

After he was done, he looked at the kids and asked.

"Think of something you want to manipulate the water into if you are a water elemental user. Try to draw it and show it to me. I will tell you how plausible it is. But remember, the thing you are making the water into should be useful for something. It needs to have practical application."

With that, he took off and started drinking some fruit juice on the side as he looked at the kid's brainstorm.

Jyon who is standing on the side came towards him and asked.

"I am surprised you gave them such an assignment."

"Why? Are you sure that I am going to teach them how to kill in different ways with the water element?"

Jyon was stumped for a moment and didn't know what to answer.

"Don't worry. I know how you feel. It is not new for me." He said to reassure her.

"What is not new for you?"

"People think that I am a cold-blooded killer and doesn't care anything else but killing."

"So, you are used to being misunderstood?"

"I never said they are misunderstanding me. I am a cold-blooded murderer. It is just that there is a bit more to me than being a killer. As you saw, I am a decent teacher."

"Why didn't you teach them the direct applications? I heard that you have quite a few ways to kill."

"Everyone can be a killer Ms. Jyon. If you ask me, apart from the emotional burden on one's mentality, it is the most versatile job as there are many ways to do it. But there are some things that only a few people can become. Like

musicians, painters, sculptors, architects, blacksmiths, healers, and many more.

If I teach them how to kill now, they might never realize what they could have been apart from the killer and I am never one to do that."

"But wouldn't battle insights be more useful for them in the future? After all, this is the world of cultivation. It is survival of the fittest out there, they might benefit from it. They have little backing unlike me to save themselves and explore their talents."

"Of course, I could teach them how to kill, but as I said, it is the most versatile task. You can do anything you want. This task not only helps me understand their talents, it also helps me understand the way they think and we don't know their elemental affinities, so it is no use for them to know how to kill now. They have a lot of time."

"So, you are planning to teach them how to kill?"

"Yes. I am going to teach them how to use every element as flexibly as possible and they can decide on how to use them as they like."

"Where did you learn this way to teaching?"

"My teachers taught me that way. At least some things and after that I started learning that way."

"You are really good at this. Maybe you are just as good at music like my sister said."

"As I said, that is not my best skill."

"How does it fare when it is compared to your teaching?"

"I think I am better with teaching. I mean, I have a lot to teach and many ways to teach as well.. There is only so much I could do in music."

