

The Nameless 2071

Chapter 2071: Suppression

Hours later, Dyon and the three three-facet Overlords of the Mist Clan had entered a deep segment of the dark ocean waters that maybe only a handful of cultivators in all of history had ever stepped foot into.

The water pressure at this level was so fierce that even Dyon didn't dare to take it lightly. If it was just the weight of the water itself, maybe it wouldn't have been a big deal, but the reality was that these black waters of the Ancient Battlefield had the capacity to absorb and store qi, causing their overall weight to skyrocket exponentially.

To make matters worse, the deeper one entered these waters, the denser the qi to water ratio became. The reality was that the domes that protected the Mist Clan's underwater city were constructed to diffuse this pressure. Yet, even in such a state, only three facet Overlords could fly freely.

If one extrapolated this reality to the situation outside their domes... The devastation could be imagined.

Using this as an excuse, Dyon faced the glares of his wives as he shuttled them into his Inner World. This sight caused the three Mist Clan ancestors to narrow their eyes, but they didn't ask much. Everyone had their own secrets.

It took an entire day of trudging through the bottom soil of these harsh waters to finally make it to their destination. Almost depressingly, their goal had only been a kilometer away from the underwater city, something that should have been a blink of an eye with their strength.

On the bright side, due to the outrageous pressure of the oceans, its seafloor was as hard as diamonds. If they had to trudge through mud, who knows how long it would have taken them.

"Here it is..." Ancestor Mist spoke solemnly. Her happy demeanor had completely vanished. These next few months would decide whether her efforts and that of her ancestors bore fruit.

What was odd though was that this stretch of ocean was completely bland. The waters were still, completely devoid of the savage currents Dyon had come to know. There wasn't a single beast in sight... And it almost seemed peaceful.

However, it was exactly this that made Dyon hair stand on end. Looking toward the seemingly unmoving plot of black diamond just a few meters before him, his senses screamed at him. His soul almost inadvertently began to burn once more.

Unlike the fear the three elders expected, though, Dyon sneered.

'It's been a long time since I've felt so threatened... I was beginning to get bored...'

Seeing Dyon overflowing with confidence, Ancestor Mist's expression flickered continuously.

"Why weren't there any youths like this when I was young, maybe then I wouldn't be unmarried and childless even after having a single foot in the grave..."

It sounded especially weird hearing such a young, beautiful woman say such words. However, Ancestor Mist seemed to mean them.

Dyon looked over and laughed. "Well, now you're young. You have plenty of time to find yourself a husband."

Ancestor Mist pouted. "Does that mean you don't want me?"

Elianora and her golden scaled counterpart nearly fainted at the sight of this interaction. This was their esteemed Ancestor. How had she become no different from a little girl?

Dyon smiled at these words. "You may be beautiful, but you're still lacking in comparison to my wives."

Without an ounce of hesitation, Dyon exploded forward, diving toward the seemingly empty space and vanishing.

The three Mist Clan elders fell into silence for a long while, staring toward the blank space with cool expressions.

"Are we really going to allow this, esteemed Ancestor?" The middle-aged man with golden scales beneath his eyes spoke for the first time.

"We don't have much of a choice, Jesper."

"How can that be so? Ancestor already knows that he is not one of us. Isn't trusting him like this as good as ruining trillions of years of planning?"

"You understand nothing." Ancestor Mist said coldly. "Do you think that this trial is a joke? He has the strength of a three facet Overlord even while within the Dao Formation Realm, a feat that should be next to impossible. Yet, his likelihood of success is not even 1%."

"If even he is so likely to fail, what do you think of the fools we've nurtured who didn't even manage to make it here?"

"What?!" Elianora and Jesper were taken aback.

"Why..." Elianora whispered. "... Why would the Heavens place such an impossible trial here...?"

"Look at where this place is? Do you think a normal Invader could make it here?"

"But even so, Ancestor... Even if by some miracle he passes... Why would he help us?"

Ancestor Mist's gaze flashed with a resolute light. "I have my ways."

Silence fell over the ocean floor once more. Elianora and Jesper didn't dare to press onward and ask more questions about their Ancestor's thoughts. They had already pushed her far more than they would

have dared to do so in the past. The outside world saw an amiable old woman, but they knew well how savage this 'old lady' could be.

"Then Ancestor... What is it that makes this trial so difficult to pass...?"

After several moments, Jesper couldn't help but curiously ask. If this trial was really for mortals, what made it so difficult that even someone with the strength of a three facet Overlord couldn't overcome it?

"... There's only one answer..." Ancestor Mist said slowly. "... World Suppression."

Maybe it was ironically the very moment Ancestor Mist said those words that Dyon felt as though a boulder had fallen from the skies to crush him.

The moment he exited that weird, warped space, he felt like he had travelled back in time to the very first moment he entered his constitution world for the first time. The only differences between then and now was that Dyon's weight wasn't currently the problem, and, this time, he managed to stay on his feet.

Still, 'stay on his feet' was kind of a poor qualifier because his knees were bent to nearly 90 degrees and his back was rounded much like Ancestor Mist's had been in her old age.

All Dyon could see were the black tiles etched in ancient silver runes beneath his feet. Well, that was all he could see until he made full use of his vision.

Chapter 2072: Underway

?Though he couldn't see anything to his left, he had a full more than 200-degree field of view with his right. With it, he gained a general understanding of where he was. And it led him to one conclusion: He had neither ever been in a place so ancient, nor so awe inspiring.

The black tiles etched in runes were only a small part of the fifty-meter radius he stood at the center of.

At the edge of this radius, there were four sets of equally spaced golden double doors, each of which were inscribed with what must have been epic battles of the past.

The workmanship made Dyon's heart open up with awe. He had never seen such exquisite craftsmanship outside of the creations of the dwarves. But, this seemed to be even a level above.

Every warrior, beast, and clash chiseled out from these massive golden doors seemed so lifelike. It was almost as though they could leap out from their static impressions and continue their battle in this very room.

Beside each of these four double doors, there was a thick pillar of over three meters in width. A mythical beast Dyon didn't immediately recognize wrapped around them all, leaving the top to be occupied by a menacing set of bestial pupils that seemed to bore into Dyon's soul.

"Another one has come?"

"Why do you say this like it happens every day? It's been thousands of years since the last."

Dyon's brows furrowed. 'Thousands? It's been trillions of years since the last descent of the Ancient Battlefield, how could it be thousands of years since one last appeared to them?'

"Does that matter? Who cares if it's been thousands of years? If they only come here to waste out time, then I'll be annoyed even if there are trillions of years between their appearances."

"He's right. This old ceremony is tiring. That place is no longer as powerful as they were once were. Who are they to treat us like lapdogs they can sell away at their whim?"

"Just look at this. They're even allowing Dao Formation Experts to come now. They can't even raise their own youths, how can they protect us?"

"Don't you hear how foolish you sound? You yourself are only of the Dao Formation Realm."

"If it wasn't the suppression of this world, do you think I'd still be?! If I was born with a golden spoon in my mouth like they were, do you think I'd spend so much time in this realm?!"

"We're far more advanced than they are in every facet, we were only unlucky in being born in a world with such a cultivation cap. Yet, they take advantage of their background to bully us. Let's just kill this one like we did the last. I don't have time for this bullshit."

"Absolute not! You two only got away with that because I wasn't here last time! I will not allow such a thing to happen again!"

"You should have just stayed gone."

"What do you think you get out of killing them, exactly? Do you think this will end well for you? For us? You didn't dare even breathe too hard while he was around!"

The more they spoke, the deeper Dyon's frown began.

In the end, this was fundamentally an Ancient Game. No one would tell him the rules, he had to figure them out for himself.

However, there were already several things he understood before he even stepped into this place.

For one, he already knew that this would be a separate world. This was the point of the question he asked the Mist Ancestor. This was only further confirmed by the fierce suppression he was under. Dyon had long since begun to ignore the suppression of planets, universes, and even quadrants. His Inner World had grown more than powerful enough to do so. But this sudden spike in an eerily familiar, yet far more powerful feeling that he felt now pointed toward a single end.

Secondly, he knew that this was the main crux of this trial. It was taken under world suppression for a purpose... The Heavens meant for it to be this difficult.

What did this mean in the end? If the first phase's main goal with the growth of the Invaders... Then didn't that mean that the Heavens wanted to groom youths capable of battling under world suppression?

If this trial had always been here... Didn't that mean that the Heavens had always been aware of the lingering dangers worlds like the World Tree's possessed...?

Dyon looked toward his wives who were sweating profusely within his inner world. He had learned long ago that no matter where he was, his inner world would take on the characteristics of said plane... This was why Chenglei and the beast babies had cried out in pain when he entered the black cabin's Realm...

Seeing his women like this, Dyon felt his heart ache.

Dyon clenched his fists, a roar escaping his lips as he straightened his body.

The Seal pulsed over his inner world, an illusory white flame coating everything from his hair to his feet.

The three talking voices completely froze.

"Hurry up and get this trial underway."

Dyon stood with his back as straight a javelin, his gaze both figuratively and actively burning.

There wasn't a challenge that existed that left Dyon with a helpless feeling. Still, he wasn't expecting the leap from quadrant suppression to world suppression to be so drastic.

Then again, when he thought about it... It all made sense.

In the past, the strongest quadrant suppression that could exist would be in Star Grade Empires. However, with the severe lack of quadrants left in the Mortal Plane, one might barely be able to form a single Star Grade Empire if all quadrants were conquered at once.

This was the main reason there was such a disparity. Dyon had yet to experience what Star, or more importantly, Peak Star Grade suppression felt like. How could there not be a massive difference?

What was more shocking though were the words of those three men...

Chapter 2073: Come!

?Didn't they say something about not being able to cultivate past the Dao Formation Realm? Why would something like that be? Could it be that this world had some sort of artificial cap?

Dyon's thoughts ran at lightning speed.

'Is it like the mortal plane? It has a cultivation cap as well... The Higher Existence Realm... But, it isn't as though there is a hard cap... If one surpasses it, they move on to the immortal plane. But what would happen if no immortal plane existed?'

The more Dyon thought, the more serious he became. If he was correct, then that meant that this world he was in currently was even lower in level than the mortal plane he was born on. Yet, its suppression was actually so severe?!

What Dyon didn't know was that these small worlds all had this sort of protection. Immortals couldn't enter this place even if they wanted to. Unless... Unless you were an Immortal powerful enough to ignore these rules.

At the very least, the lowest Essence Immortals had no ability to enter this place. Only Immortal Saints might be able to forcefully tear through this world's protection.

The stronger a world, the exponentially stronger a person needed to be to tear through its protections...

Dyon pulled out the Dragon King. Its body was just as beautiful as ever, crackling with blackened flames and etched in the scales of a dragon.

Looking at its broad body, Dyon couldn't help but sigh, remembering another broad sword that had been resting in his inner world for over a century already. That broad sword happened to be Little Rain's chosen vessel. But, for whatever reason, the little guy hadn't woken up ever since he absorbed the newborn flame sprite.

Though it was a bit unconscious, Dyon found that he was leaning more and more toward the sword. He had never felt one weapon was superior to another before, but he somehow instinctually picked out the sword more and more often.

'Why is that...' He wondered silently to himself.

The three voices had stood frozen before Dyon's words. It had already been several seconds since Dyon spoke. But, for whatever reason, they had yet to act.

"Tell me I'm seeing things..."

"..."

"I SAID TELL ME I'M SEEING THINGS!"

The voice that seemed hell bent on killing Dyon was the first one to speak. He sounded like a man who had lost his mind completely, unable to formulate sentences that made sense.

"It can't be..."

"WHO ELSE CAN BURN THEIR SOULS AS THEY PLEASE?!"

"How could you possibly say something like that? There are trillions upon trillions of worlds alone in the cosmos. Only a fool would say something like that with such certainty!"

Dyon's brow furrowed. "Stop wasting my time!"

His voice was so cold that it even shocked himself partially. He had been enraged before, but this seemed different from that. It really seemed as though he was pissed not because of their words, but rather because he truly felt they were unworthy of wasting even a second of his life.

The voice choked on his words. A violent cough soon ensued.

"... He has to die... He must die... No matter what... Release them... Release them now!"

The loud sounds of an ancient gear mechanism sounded as one of the four massive gold double doors began to slowly open.

Clanking armor and footsteps filled the spherical hall.

A singular black armored warrior riding upon a magnificent, armored horse strode into sight from the deep, dark abyss hidden behind the door. It was only then Dyon registered that what he had heard weren't footsteps, but rather the clapping hooves of a steed.

Dyon's frown deepened. He had never seen a beast so powerful that also managed to retain such a small size. Only the celestial babies were capable of freely changing their size as this was an ability of the celestial beast bloodline. But, they did so as a hit to their overall strength in exchange for convenience.

However, this horse radiated celestial realm strength, but was only the size of any other normal horse.

What was more damning was that despite the fact it and its rider were only of the celestial realm, Dyon felt a keen pressure coming from them. This could only mean one thing... This world suppression had actually lowered his strength by more than a full cultivation realm?!

"Ha..." A sigh escaped Dyon's lips. "... Come!"

The words had hardly left Dyon's lips when the horse and its knight charged.

The sight of Dyon being sent flying was a peculiar one, especially to Dyon himself. This wasn't because there was anything odd about the action itself, per se. Rather, the problem was that Dyon couldn't remember the last time he lost a clash against an opponent.

To make matters worse, not only was he sent flying, but a qi even more corrosive than the red qi he found within the wyvern cave invaded his body, killing off his cells one after another. No, it wasn't corrosive... That wasn't an accurate depiction of what was happening. Rather, this qi was sapping the energy of his cells, killing them off by suffocating and starving them.

'This is ridiculous. Even if my cultivation is weakened, I still weigh 99 999 999 999 jin. Since when could a celestial hit with enough force to send this amount of weight flying? Dammit.'

The only saving grace was that Dyon didn't feel that this strike severely injured him. At the very least, he didn't spit up any blood. However, the qi that was invading his body was truly a problem.

Dyon quickly swapped his conventional qi for holy type qi. But he quickly noticed that celestial grade holy type qi was only barely able to slow this black qi down.

Dyon frowned. '[Heal].'

[Heal] was the third blessing Dyon had learned all those years ago. He was exceptionally confident in it.

Yet, even after employing its aid, the black qi only lost out by a small measure.

'What the hell...'

Chapter 2074: Die

?Unfortunately, Dyon didn't get much time to think as the man-steed duo made it to his side in a flash.

The black armored man suddenly took out a balance. It juggled balls of white energy on one side, and balls of black energy on the other.

Instead of brandishing a weapon, it allowed the black scale to hover before him. His palms pressed together in prayer as qi surged all around him.

The qi split into black and white before merging as one into an eerie grey.

'That's the qi that entered my body...'

Dyon attempted to dodge this qi, but it continuously bombarded him from all sides. This space was simply too small. Who decided to hold this trial in a space with a mere 50-meter radius? A hundred meters from end to end? That was a blink of an eye even to a saint!

'Dammit... Black horse... Black armor... that odd scale weapon... four doors filled with etchings of war... Don't tell me I have to battle the four horsemen...'

Dyon had already realized what he was up against. The moment he realized his cells were being 'starved' of energy... He was facing Famine!

'The Apocalypse huh... Don't you think you're a little too on the nose, Heavens?'

Every legend of his mortal world was rooted in truth... Was this the warning the Heavens set aside...? The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse... This was the final message of the Heavens.

Dyon deployed his Immortal Sense in full force. Before, he had been conservative, hiding a bit of his strength. But since he already had no choice but to burn his soul just to be able to stand upright, he obviously didn't have the luxury of doing so.

His steps felt incomparably heavy. He wasn't failing to dodge these orbs of energy because he couldn't perceive their trajectories... It was because he couldn't keep up with their speed.

Three orbs smashed into Dyon's body. This time, no matter how proud he had been of the last time he tanked Famine's precious strike, blood flew from lips.

'This qi... This world is far more advanced in qi than our world is...'

Someone else might have breathed a sigh of relief if they entered a world with such a low cultivation cap. But for Dyon, especially after visiting the nameless underwater city, he felt a keen sense of trepidation.

The adaptation ability of humans was far too potent. If there was a roadblock in one direction, they would evolve in another. The nameless city and Dyon's Mortal Clan were two examples of this already. And it seemed that this world... was a third!

BOOM!

Dyon slammed against one of the room's eight pillars, sliding down it in a sorry state. He didn't even have the mind to notice that the blood that slid down with him was being absorbed by these very pillars.

Dyon tried activating [Titan Emperor's Will], but the world suppression suddenly multiplied several times over before he even finished circulating the technique. His efforts were thanks by yet another mixture of blood and inner organs flying from his lips. But unfortunately, this time, instead of carrying a healthy crimson color, they had dimmed considerably, exuding a decidedly greyer color.

Dyon never thought he'd see the day where he missed the redness of his blood.

'Fantastic.' Dyon thought to himself as he met an orb of grey with his sword, only for another to smash into his side. 'I can't even use [Titan Emperor's Will] without this world registering it as an increase in my cultivation.'

Dyon had been used to skating by on technicalities. Technically, he was a Dao Formation Expert, but he had the strength of an Overlord. In response, this world had forcibly lowered his overall strength to the celestial realm. Before, he had been complaining about Famine moving almost 100 trillion jin of his weight, only to realize his weight wasn't anywhere near that number any longer...

Technically, his soul was in the Immortal Realm. In response, this world forcibly lowered his Immortal Sense back to the Divine Sense Realm...

Technically, [Titan Emperor's Will] wasn't an increase in his cultivation, but this world reacted to him fighting against its suppression by adding more...

"... He could really die... I could really kill him... I can watch his death! I can be the one who kills him!"

The voice became more and more distorted. In the end, his words devolved into a conniving laughter.

The other two voices remained completely silent. Their deranged companion of so many years rarely hit such severe lows. To them, this child couldn't be that man. He was simply a youth who happened to inherit the same abilities. Yet, this alone was enough to set their companion off to this degree.

Dyon slowly rose from the ground. Despite his bloodied appearance, his visage kept an indifferent look even through the curtains of blood that drenched his forehead, cheeks and chin.

"So annoying... What a lunatic."

The voice wasn't coming from Famine. In fact, Dyon had no idea where it was coming from. It just seemed to project from everywhere, but there were no obvious arrays anywhere.

Dyon wasn't one to feel despair, so he didn't have any fierce reactions to what was happening. In fact, he was still inexplicably confident in his victory. He was only calmly analyzing the information he did have.

'This world didn't allow [Titan Emperor's Will], but it did allow the burning of my soul... The pressure didn't increase after I began to burn it, but rather, lessened...

'This qi seems to be perfectly fused with a form of Faith... No, a will...? Maybe something in between...?'

Dyon was slowly coming to understand why this qi was so powerful. In his world, qi started with having many branches, each with their own special uses. However, as time went on, it became streamlined, becoming known as 'conventional qi'.

It seemed that this world went in the complete opposite direction. Instead of fusing their qi as one to create a jack of all trades, they became more and more specialized, eventually creating this higher-level qi that threatened even Dyon despite only being of the Lower Celestial Grade.

When Dyon connected the existence of this horseman to Famine, he suddenly understood something else.

Chapter 2075: Created

?This qi was tied to the 'Faith' of hunger and starvation. This was the best way Dyon could put it. It was as though it had gathered up all negative emotions of famine and concentrated it into the form of this qi!

This was why Dyon felt it felt like a 'will' at the same time!

'Qi like this can be created too...?'

Faith had always been an enigmatic concept... It could decide everything from the strength of a constitution based on the feats of its previous owners, to even the strength of a nation... But what if one tapped into the essence of famine... or the essence of war... of death... of conquest...?

How many people across time had experienced these four things? The pain of famine, the fury of war, the fear of death, the horror of conquest?

Thinking about the countless iterations, the countless thoughts, the countless feelings combined into one... Dyon almost broke out into a cold sweat. If one could tap into such power... Just how strong would they come to be?!

Endless possibilities spun in Dyon's mind, but unfortunately, he couldn't execute any of them... Because he couldn't wrap his head around how this qi worked! The worst part of it all was that his Immortal Sense had been severely downgraded to the very first moment he awakened Divine Sense. He couldn't analyze this qi down to its purest form at all.

"This world suppression pisses me off..." Dyon mumbled under his breath.

As though he didn't notice the charging Famine, he stripped the top of his robes from his body, tearing them apart and letting them fall to the ground.

Because of the odd nature of this famine qi, his clothes were completely unscathed. However, they had become nothing more than a hindrance to him.

His clothes were created to withstand battle between Higher Existences, yet he didn't even have the strength of a powerful celestial right now. Why waste his stamina carrying them around?

In a moment, he had morphed from an Emperor in embroidered robes, to a lax young man wearing a pair of black sweatpants.

He suddenly felt incredibly comfortable, a smile playing his lips as though this was the only state he could relax in. For an instant, he couldn't even bother to care that his skin was visibly greying before his eyes.

"Alright, Famine." Dyon's bare feet stretched across the marbled floors, feeling the ancient runes etched in silver glide along his soles.

His sword was brandished before him, his demeanor incomparably calm and confident. One would think he hadn't spent the last ten minutes being savagely beaten.

In an unknown space, the three voices trembled once more.

"Those weird lower garments... It can't..."

If such a scene was shown to others... The sight of three rulers of a world trembling at the sight of what amounted to a few threads of fabric formed into a comfortable pair of pants... maybe it would be seen as a joke.

Such powerful beings, cowering at the sight of sweatpants. What else could it be if not a joke?

But, for them, it felt as though time had slowed to a crawl. Even the voice constantly calling for Dyon's death truly did not dare to utter a single other word.

Dyon, however, couldn't be bothered to care about their weird actions. His sights were set on cutting Famine down.

Lightning burst from Dyon's body, flooding into his every pore and crevice.

'[Thunder God].'

Dyon flashed forward, weaving through the endless bombardment of grey orbs with nothing but a streak of golden lightning left in his wake.

'[Carnage].'

Ruby red spears etched in ancient runes appeared all around Dyon. The number was so outrageously large that the room was seemingly coated in a blanket of crimson.

Even if they could suppress Dyon's qi, body and soul strength, what they couldn't do was eliminate his reserves. Since they wanted to suppress him, he was drown them out in quantity.

100 spears weren't enough? Have a thousand. A thousand weren't enough? Have a million!

At the same time, Dyon's ability to sustain his weakened wills became near endless. Even though he could only now summon intents, the scale to which he could use them were far beyond the level of a celestial.

In that instant, the 100-meter diameter became filled with nothing but Dyon's attacks. And endless barrage from all sides converging upon Famine with a reckless abandon.

Unfortunately, this seemed to grind the progression of the battle to a halt. A stalemate of oddly epic proportions would have filled the eyes of observers had there been any aside from the obscure three voices.

Dyon pushed [Thunder God] to its max, pumping his body with endless joules of lightning. He wasn't very surprised that it was even more effective at fighting off the famine qi than holy type qi was. After all, the fundamental basis of famine qi was snatching energy. What if Dyon simply produced more energy than it could eat up?

[Thunder God] was one of the legacy techniques left by the Lightning Sparrow within the Lightning Willow Mask and happened to be of the Divine Grade. It was supposed to work to increase fast twitch reflexes and muscles, but who knew Dyon would use it to turn himself into a battery?

'They can't limit my stamina... They can't limit the burning of my soul... And they can't limit the level of technique I can use because my qi will always be enigmatic qi fundamentally. These are my keys to victory.'

Dyon continuously brandished his dragon king sword in an attempt to break past Famine's defenses. However, they seemed completely impenetrable.

Even under the rain of red spears and piercing golden lightning, it silently kept its palms pressed together.

The balance that hovered before it shifted ever so slightly with Dyon's every strike, seemingly capable of perfectly producing the energy needed counter.

Maybe the most frustrating part was that the lightning qi Famine's famine qi ate away floated back into the air, becoming more grey orbs that were used to attack Dyon once more.

To make matters worse, though the famine knight didn't actively attack himself, his horse was a different matter entirely....

Dyon pupils constricted. '... Shit.'

Chapter 2076: Balance

The black horse's nostrils suddenly flared, a neigh that sounded more like a roar aiming toward Dyon.

In an instant, a surging pool of energy swirled at the entrance of its mouth, forming into a massive sphere of famine qi.

It was then Dyon realized that the famine qi wasn't only leaving his body and into the air only to attack him once more, but was actually part of a charging process that would be used as an attack by this damned horse!

Dyon was far too close to dodge. His Divine Sense was far too susceptible to distortions in energy to see through the patterns in qi movement and prevent this from happening. At the same time, his ambitious attempt to cover for lack of quality with quantity had obscured the vision of his Perception. To top it all off, it was his own unbridled use of qi that powered this attack.

One could say he brought this all upon himself.

Dyon barely covered his chest with the broad body of the dragon king just as the beam of grey qi slammed into him.

He felt as though his arms were collapsing even as he flew backward through a rain of his own red spears.

Luckily, he still had the wherewithal to push them out of his way by manipulating his soul qi, but there was nothing he could do about the air that was knocked out of him the moment he slammed into the opposite wall.

Dyon coughed violently, what seemed like liters of blood pooling at his feet.

'I asked for that one...'

Dyon still had the mind to chuckle to himself. It seemed he hadn't fought a real battle in so long that he lost all of his battle sense. What a pitiful sight he was now.

He weakly stood, cracking the stiffness in his neck away.

'That balance is a problem. Isn't famine supposed to appear third? Why do I have to deal with him first...?'

Dyon loosened his shoulders, not even noticing the grin on his own face.

"He's a madman. The same madman." The voice trembled beside itself.

'A balance huh...' Dyon slowly thought to himself. '... There's a fourth thing they can't restrict as well... My constitutions.'

Dyon's pupils flickered between an opaque white and a dazzle silver-blue. With every flicker, he seemed to enter the white state for longer and longer. Eventually, his smile disappeared completely, replaced by an expressionless gaze hidden behind eyes as white as pearls.

A balance appeared to Dyon's back as he charged forth once more.

He never really thought about it before, but what were the purposes of the weapons the four horsemen wielded? Conquest wielded a crown and bow... War wielded a broad sword... Death wielded nothing... While famine wielded a balance...

According to the order of legend, Conquest would appear first, followed by War, then Famine, then, finally, Death.

A crown and a bow... It could represent both authority and distance. Maybe not authority as in a King or Emperor, but maybe so as in autonomy. It came first because it was a choice.

The bow was a sign of distance. How easy it was to make a cruel choice when the problems that would result were so far away, so out of reach. However, the crown was also a reminder of responsibility, or more to the point... accountability.

No matter how far you were from the situation... The ownness was still on you.

Then came the broad sword. It was more forward, more savage. The decision had already been made, there was no taking it back, but now one had to bear the brunt of their decision themselves.

This was the very War the Battle God turned his back on. He chose to run from the responsibility, the accountability his title of War came with, and as such, he died before ever stepping foot into the Dao Realm.

In the end of it all, there was Death. He and his pale horse held nothing. There was no more choice to be made, there were paths back waiting for you, there was simply nothing at all.

An empty hand stretched outward to lead you to death... this was Death.

But what about Famine which appeared in between? He held a balance, sitting upon his black horse silently.

Was this a final call to turn back? Or was it a judgement for the crimes you had already committed? Maybe the reality was that it was both. Maybe at this point, there already was no turning back. That deep feeling of regret toward your own foolishness was only there to taunt you...

As they say... There was no medicine for regret.

So as Dyon's mind cleared and the world became nothing but black and white reflected in his ashen pupils, he wondered... Why had the Heavens chosen to have Famine appear first?

Dyon didn't need to think much more to understand.

Famine didn't appear to ask him to 'turn back', nor did it appear as judgement. It appeared as nothing more than a question.

What was already committed could not be reverted. The conquest had already begun. The war was already being waged. The question was... Was there someone there to bear the responsibility? To take the accountability?

Who would balance the weight of the world? To take on this burden for themselves?!

Famine was a punishment. It was the plight of the people after the crown made its decision and after the broad sword executed it all. Who would take on this punishment? For the sake of common people, the innocent, the unfortunate... Who would take this weight upon their shoulders?

'Take on the burden for the sake of this world? Absolutely not.' Dyon said with a sneer.

Dyon brandished his dragon scaled sword once more. Instead of drawing back [Thunder God] after learning his lesson, he actually did the complete opposite, investing into it even more.

Lightning danced across his body as he attacked the horseman once more. However this time, his vision was completely different.

With every shift of Famine's balance, Dyon read through the actions before they even occurred. Countless calculations flashed in his mind all at once, causing the trajectory of his blade to change every so slightly every split second.

Chapter 2077: Famine

?The shifting of Famine's balance suddenly increased in an attempt to keep up. Eventually, its movements looked no different than trembling.

Dyon's opaque white eyes, his unbridled sneer, his body crackling with lightning... It felt as though the true God of Judgement had descended from the skies, making even Famine feel inferior.

Dyon's sword passed through Famine's defenses, tearing across in steed's foreleg as sending a rain of gray blood onto the floors below.

He brandished his sword once more, sending forward another strike.

His body glided across the marbled floors, using the pouring blood no differently than a surfer would the tides of the ocean.

With another swift motion, he lopped off a hind leg.

The black knight toppled from his pedestal, flipping through the air with his hands still pressed together in prayer.

At that moment, maybe it was nothing more than one's imagination, but it no longer seemed to be as calm. It wanted Dyon to change his answer. Before he died, he wanted to forcibly change Dyon's mind.

His palms, pressed together in prayer, looked no different from a stance of begging and pleading.

Unfortunately, Dyon's lightning coated body only flashed once more. His gaze seemed both vacant and somehow savage all at the same time.

The very same unbridled fury Dyon had felt when he learned of the World Tree's actions bubbled up again. How dare these Heavens that took everything away from him ask for his help?

He didn't know where these thoughts came from, but it was his truth.

His sword swung down, cutting off Famine's arm. His opposite arm reached forward, tearing off his forearm. Finally, his sword pierced his head, exploding into countless pieces of flesh as Dyon roared.

'I'll only bear the load for my loved ones.'

Dyon grabbed the balance out of the air, the white fading from his eyes.

He found the burden of using Eternity's Balance was far more difficult when he forced it to activate rather than when he entered it similar to the way he entered a state of enlightenment.

This, however, could only be expected. After all, he hadn't spent much time comprehending the Concepts that built the foundation of the constitution very much. The only reason he was able to forcefully tap into it now was thanks to [One Above All].

He had an understanding of many more wills than he did in the past, so it logically followed that he had a deeper understanding of the balance of the world.

What he was more keenly aware of, though, was the fusion of his Hell's Right Eye with the Eternity Pupils. They seemed related in some way. Or, rather, maybe they held similar concepts...

Hell's Right Eye... Heaven's Left Eye... There was definitely an emphasis placed on balance if two such opposing concepts were to coexist in a single body.

Dyon's gaze flickered as he stared at the balance. It looked no different from the manifestation of Eternity's Balance that appeared, except instead of being gold... It was entirely black.

Dyon suddenly felt an inexplicable compulsion. Before he could truly think about it, his qi had already moved.

"[Devour]."

The moment the qi began to surge into his body, Dyon clenched his jaw tightly. He felt more uncomfortable than maybe he had in his entire life. He could tell that he hadn't had the impulse to do this due to famine qi, yet it was unquestionable that much of the balance was filled by this famine qi.

That was when Dyon remembered something. This 'famine qi' he kept referring to... On Famine's scale, hadn't it appeared as a white and black qi first...?

Dyon focused on this separation.

Something deep within stirred. It was hard to explain to any great extent, but it was most definitely good. For the first time, he felt his Eternity's Balance Constitution take a step forward. In fact, he vaguely felt that the laws that created it were simply unrefined understandings of Oneness.

'... In the end... Isn't everything an unrefined understanding of Oneness?'

Just as Dyon finished absorbing the last of what was hidden within the balance, causing it to fall to ashes, the sounds of gears turning filled his ears once more.

The doors Famine entered through slammed shut, sending a torrent of air flying through the room that almost sent Dyon flying. The most shocking part was that by the relative size of the doors, it had only been open a small sliver to allow Famine through, yet it actually produced such force in slowly closing... Dyon couldn't imagine just how heavy the doors truly were.

Unfortunately, he didn't have much time to think about it as the gears turned once more. Except this time, a completely different set of doors slowly opened...

Dyon's gaze flashed, suddenly remembering his rage. He had every intention of tearing every and anything that appeared before him apart.

However, when his gaze left the opening doors to look back toward Famine's corpse that should have been right beside him, he was astonished to find that it was completely gone. Not only that, but the grey blood that had just been beneath his feet was here anymore.

Dyon's brows furrowed, his head snapping in a particular direction.

As he expected. It wasn't just Famine's blood and body that disappeared, but his own blood as well.

'Maybe I'm just overthinking it. Who knows, maybe the shitty Heavens is actually a clean freak.'

Even as Dyon was thinking this, the distance sound of hooves sounded as a fiery red horse and its red armored knight appeared.

This time, there was no confusing these sounds for normal footsteps. Dyon could clearly distinguish the metallic horseshoes slamming against the ground, the grating of the plates of armor, the violent braying of the steed...

The temperature skyrocketed. Steam billowed from Dyon's body, its volume only growing as War approached closer and closer.

The red armored knight held a massive broadsword on its shoulder. Its size was abhorrent, stretching over five meters in length. But in comparison, its width was quite narrow, being at only about three quarters of a meter.

At the same time, the blade was incomparably sharp. Dyon could see the sharp cut it placed even in War's own red armor at the very spot he rested it on his shoulder. If it could cut into such pristine armor by simply resting on it... What could it do once it was swung...?

In an unknown space, even with the oppressive entrance of War, the trembling of the voices only became more pronounced.

"... No one... No one has ever passed the first trial... No one has ever faced War... No one... No one..."

A faint sobbing could be heard. The tears of three aged men fell for nothing other than Dyon's existence.

This very play, hadn't the Immortal Plane seen it countless times? He was always placed against impossible to win odds... He always had that indifferent smirk on his face even while facing them... And he never lost...

Time and time again...

This wasn't the first time they had been the victims... But what they feared was that this may very well be their last time...

Dyon looked toward War with a flickering rage in his eye.

"Do you want to ask me for something too? You can die along with Famine."

Chapter 2078: Godammit

Dyon faced War, his black scaled sword lightly dragging against the ground.

Facing this embodiment of blood and death, Dyon couldn't help but remember his War God Martial Intent. Back during his dao tribulation, he had faced the War God Commander trial and the War God Army trial. It was there he grasped another piece of this martial intent...

The War God Avatar Trial gave his Weapon's Master Will. The War God Heart Trial laid the foundation that birthed his current Dao Heart. The War God Army Trial gave him the first piece of the War God Martial Intent, allowing him to fuel his own strength the more enemies he faced at once... The War God Commander Trial gave him the second piece of the War God Martial Intent, allowing him to now not only spread this strength to himself, but the warriors he fought under his command as well...

However, Dyon was very much aware that these four trials were only four of the nine trials the Battle God had to face. From what Dyon knew, the Battle God died during his War God Heart Trial that appeared for his dao tribulation.

Essentially, this meant that there were a minimum of six other trials that had appeared aside from the War God Heart up to as much as eight others... Either way, what was true without a doubt was the fact that Dyon had most definitely not seen them all...

War gave off a feeling eerily similar vibe to what Dyon felt from wielding the War God Martial Intent, albeit just a faint similarity.

'Maybe the Heavens borrowed from this world to create the Ancient Constitutions... If its purpose is always to push toward evolution, and it's clear that though Ancient Constitutions have always failed, they always reappear in the form of lesser constitutions... This hypothesis is plausible.'

Suddenly, the blistering heat skyrocketed. It was only then Dyon realized that the reason was due to War's sudden accelerated charge toward him.

"You'll be much easier to deal with than that Famine guy..." Dyon dodged the massive five meter long sword, his footsteps lightly and deftly flitting around the rounded room. "... Your sword is too long."

The moment the words left Dyon's lips, he had closed the distance.

As expected, the broad sword was simply too long. Attacking Dyon in the short range became nearly impossible.

On a large scale battlefield, this massive weapon as terrible heat would be nothing but an advantage, truly living up to the War moniker. However, how good was War truly in a one on one battle?

Dyon brandished his sword, ready to take War's head. He swung forward fiercely, the veins of his arm bulging outward an entirely fold in size.

However, it was at the moment he felt something eerily wrong.

The sword strike that he had already dodged coming from above... Was now suddenly coming from his right?!

Dyon reacted quickly, circulating his wind will to catch the violently churning current of the swinging sword, just barely somersaulting over War's swing.

'... What the hell?'

Dyon didn't get much time to think. An instant later, nine flaming balls of qi bobbed around War's helm in a perfect semi-circle. One could have taken the time to appreciate the perfect symmetry, if it wasn't for the fact they immediately began to spit out tongues of blistering hot qi in the form arrows.

Dyon dodged backward, separating the two by a large distance as his brows furrowed deeply.

At that moment, his back was suddenly struck, sending him flying toward War's swinging sword.

A singing pain blurred his senses and thoughts. He felt like his entire back had been lit ablaze, burning off several layers of skin and eating into his flesh and bone.

If this was all, maybe it would have been alright. But the reality was that the piercing power was even fiercer.

The only saving grace was that War seemed to have mistimed his swing or maybe he underestimated the weight of Dyon's body. It was easy for Dyon to see that even with the five meter length of this massive broadsword, its edge would descend too quickly to meet his trajectory.

'... Shit.'

Dyon had hardly finished his analysis when something even more ridiculous occurred. The already obscenely long broadsword tripled in size. Even worse, instead of slowing the swinging strike as it should have... The strike accelerated!

Dyon roared as his body controllably soared through the air. Flying in this world seemed completely impossible even with his strength currently being within the celestial realm. In the end, he could only swing his own sword forward, meeting the strike head-on.

One could imagine the result.

Dyon met the downward swinging sword only for his body to be completely crushed beneath its weight. He held his scaled sword to his front, fighting with all the tenacity he had in him even as his bloodied back crashed hard into the marbled floors that were once beneath his feet.

It was impossible to tell what kind of material this trial space was made out of, because despite the shocking boom of the exchange, not even a single crack could be seen.

However, this made the result even worse for Dyon. Without any deformation to disperse the power, Dyon took on 100% of its lethality.

He felt as though every bone in his body suddenly shattered. His head spun, entering a severe concussive state as his brain rattled around.

War's sword edge just barely tapped Dyon's forehead, cutting a bloody line down his handsome face.

'Easier than Famine... huh...?'

Dyon felt like going back in time just to kick his younger by five-

minute self. Who created this perverted trial? The damned Heavens were always screwing him.

'The sudden change in direction of his strike from above to my right... That was Battle Axe True Weapon Will...

'The homing abilities of his red arrows... That was Bow and Arrow True Weapon Will...

'The way his sword suddenly exploded in length... That was Glaive True Weapon Will...

'The way his final strike felt so heavy... That was Halberd True Weapon Will...

'The way it feels as though my body is being boiled from inside out... That's Staff True Weapon Will...

'Goddammit...'

Chapter 2079: Devour

Dyon didn't feel even the smallest bit of satisfaction that his hypothesis had been correct. Not only was War and the Battle God connected, but it truly felt that War was a level higher in skill.

Dyon was certain that War God was far more powerful than War. After all, if Zeus, the Sky God, was anything to go by, War didn't stand a chance against the Battle God. Zeus had been capable of killing three facet Overlords as a celestial... Even Dyon couldn't compare to that.

However, this didn't contradict the fact War was much more skilled. In fact, if it wasn't for the power cap of this World, Dyon was certain that War would be much more powerful than Battle God!

Battle God had to switch weapons to tap into a completely new kind of will, all to tap into these abilities. However, War was capable of using them all freely, interchangeably, and with the same weapon!

Dyon roared as a second resonating strike surged through his body. War's broadsword bore down, its weight constantly increasing even after layered strikes were sent forward in waves.

'The underlying pinning of all of this is the Concept of Momentum. Each and every one of the True Weapon Wills taps into this concept... It's no wonder... What could be more important in War if not momentum?

'Grasping the right timings, pressing your opponent to pressure them, retreating to deflate their advances, war was simply a game of momentum!'

If War didn't comprehend the Concept of Momentum, how could it be possible for his weapon to increase in size and weight while gaining speed at the same time? It was practically turning its nose up at every rule of physics Dyon had ever learned!

'There's another problem. This red qi isn't exactly flames either. It's just like the famine qi from before, it contains the essence of war...

'In that case... scatter.'

Even as the sound of glass shattering resounded through the battle room, a blazing halo of gold appeared atop Dyon's head. In that moment, not only had he shattered his comprehension of his Weapon's Master Will, he also completely crushed his War God Martial Intent as well.

To anyone else, such an act would have been devastating, potentially even leading to the death of the dao heart and ultimately their own death. However, Dyon's Dao Heart, radiating blinding rainbow lights, didn't even waver in the slightest.

A bloody grin appeared on Dyon's face. He looked no different from a madman.

His body was pressed against the ground, the bones in his body were bruised and fractured, even his skull seemed to want to deform against the hard marble floors.

Above him, a red blade sought to take his life, but an inexplicable disdain was etched deep within his gaze.

"Your abilities... I like them. I think I'll take them for myself."

Dyon's pupils became an opaque white once more.

'Everything is connected... In order to grasp momentum, one must understand balance... What advantages do you have, what advantages do your opponents have? What about the vice versa...? Only by understanding these things can you tip this balance in your favor and grasp momentum...

'Oneness reigns above all!'

In that instant, Dyon's comprehension of the Concept of Momentum skyrocketed, because equal to his comprehension of the Concept of Balance in the blink of an eye. This was the true strength of [One Above All]...

War's heavy spear suddenly became incomparably light. The layering strikes of his 'spear' True Weapon Will disappeared with the snap of a finger. Though the length of his weapon remained the same, he no longer had the leverage he needed to apply such a great amount of force.

Dyon's arms pressed forward. His own momentum suddenly became so greatly that War's broadsword was nearly launched to the ceiling.

Dyon's movements were light and quick. One would think he couldn't feel the terrible pain running rampant through his body at all.

War's sword had been parried and was currently too long to make an attack toward Dyon quick enough, but his war qi reacted more than quickly enough, shooting countless arrows from their nine levitating forms.

Unfortunately, though the arrow maintained their homing ability, due to Dyon hijacking the Concept of Momentum, they lost their constant acceleration ability.

"It's a shame." Dyon cut the head off of War's steed before stabbing him directly in the heart. "Had you fought me first, my Concept of Balance wouldn't be refined enough to snatch momentum from you. Blame the Heavens for trying to make that bullshit request of me.

"[Devour]."

Dyon stood with a slight trembling posture, his breathing heavy.

He grit his teeth as the wild war qi tore through his body. If his Titan Diamond Body hadn't had its standard forcibly lowered by this world suppression, it would have been easy for him to withstand this kind of damage. Unfortunately, not only was his body heavily injured, but his current bodily strength was barely at the Bronze Silk Realm anymore.

This was what truly awed him about world suppression...

Normal planet, universe, or quadrant suppression only worked by making it harder for you to use the strength you have. However, world suppression could both cut away at that strength and make it harder to use what you had left at the same time.

This sort of suppression on a complete other level. It was actually able to regress Dyon's constitutions, wills, qi, body and even soul. He had never met such a harsh trial in his life.

This time, Dyon watched as War's corpse disappeared, not that there was much of it left. Dyon hadn't been interested in famine qi, so he only absorbed Famine's balance scale. However, for War, he had devoured not only his corpse, but his horse's as well, not to mention the concepts stored within his sword.

All that was left was the husk of armor the beast-man due had brought with him. Still, the runes of the marbled floor slightly glowed, swallowing what was left until there was nothing.

Chapter 2080: Famine

Slowly, the sound of gears began to ramp up again. Even as the sound of one door slamming shut almost sent Dyon flying once more, the sound of another opening followed suit.

The clapping of horse hooves filled Dyon's ears once more. By now, Dyon was convinced that there had just been something weird about Famine. After thinking a moment, he understood...

Famine's steed's steps had sounded like feet because of its demeanor... It was slow and steadfast, meandering and patient. War's steed had sounded like hooves because of a combination of its heavy armor and sharp horseshoes.

However, the clapping of this horseman wasn't due to either of these reasons. This horse moved as with exaggerated movements, its head was held high while its legs arched elegantly into the skies, stomping down with authority that reverberated through the battleground.

Understanding this, Dyon wasn't surprised to find the appearance of a white horse entering his gaze.

Its appearance was truly beautiful. A gorgeous white, blemishless coat. Golden chainmail falling down its body like sparkling rain. A helm with fierce golden plates that revealed its prideful, disdainful eyes...

One would think that this was a person and not a horse. How could an unintelligent beast have so much personality in its eyes? Dyon had not a single clue.

However, looking at the only person this horse allowed to ride on its back, Dyon seemed to understand this was a like-owner, like-horse kind of situation.

Conquest was adorned in white armor that was patterned with the scales of a dragon. A proud body was strapped across his chest, its heads formed into two roaring celestial lions with ruby embroidered eyes. However, his helm was maybe the most awe inspiring part about him.

The helmet of a warrior had a history of wild, boastful decorations. This much Dyon knew, especially thanks to Clara who seemed to love talking his ear off about history. But even then, Dyon had never seen a helmet formed into the shape of a crown.

Conquest's helm hid his face much like it had for the other horseman, however, in his case, a large, jewel embroidered structure extended from its top, sitting on his head to radiate outward with blinding lights.

Conquest and his steed slowed to stand just three meters from Dyon, looking down on him from above.

Unlike the other horseman, they made no attempt to attack. It was as though they wanted to make certain first that Dyon understood their superiority.

A faint white light emitted from their combined bodies. Or, rather, it started faint, only to grow brighter and brighter with each passing second.

They seemed proud of themselves. Most of their bodies were covered, so Dyon could only see their eyes. But this was enough to display the disdain they held.

"Are you done?"

Dyon's abrupt ask seemed to have startled the horseman duo. Maybe they believed Dyon hadn't been speaking before because he was oppressed by their aura. Unfortunately... This couldn't have been further from the case.

"Fuck off!"

Dyon suddenly roared. The sound of a sovereign shook the very foundations of the rounded battle room.

Conquest and his steed burst into a shower of flesh and blood, their bodies ballooning outward and exploding as though they were grenades.

Dyon was too disdainful to devour anything from them. What could he possibly need to learn about conquest and sovereignty? Their dao heart hadn't even been strong enough to withstand a single shout from him.

Trying to display a dao built on arrogance and majesty before Dyon was no different than asking to die.

Unfortunately, despite the ease of the battle, Dyon felt completely drained from the previous two. He felt as though his body might give out on him at any moment. It was truly something he hadn't felt in a long time.

As Conquest's corpse slowly disappeared, the sound of gears turned.

'Will it be Death this time...?' Dyon leaned on his sword, trying to catch his breath.

However, it was then he realized something was wrong... To now, each of the horsemen had come from a different door, so Dyon had subconsciously turned to the only of the massive golden double doors to not have opened yet.

But... Even though the sound of an opening and shutting door was resounding through his ears once more... The door he was facing wasn't opening...

Feeling a bad premonition coming along, Dyon turned slowly to a door that had already opened before... In fact, it was the very first door that opened when this trial began...

A familiar figure followed by the sound of what seemed like human footsteps appeared...

"..." Dyon stared blankly. "... Famine?"

Not only was it Famine... But it was a Famine that was now a Middle Celestial instead of a lower...Unfortunately, Dyon's own strength hadn't moved forward at all...

'Could it be that this is why Death has appeared this entire time?'

Dyon hadn't actually spared much thought to the voices at all. Their weird mannerisms, words and finally, their odd silence only served to distract him from his initial goals.

Of course, he wouldn't have minded teaching them a lesson if he got the chance and even thought of slipping through the opened doors from time to time to see what was lurking behind, but his better judgement corrected his course away from such an idea.

At least within this space, Dyon was certain that he was within the confines of a trial controlled by the Heavens. However, if he attempted to leave, he couldn't be certain anymore. Until he gained enough strength to battle in this world without worry, it was inadvisable to leave such a good training ground.

If anyone else was witnessing this scene, they would find it truly odd.

On one side, there was a half-dead man leaning heavily on his sword. He had just one eye and there wasn't a single inch of his skin that was covered by blood, a ghastly wound, or sheared open to the point where it could no longer be classified as skin at all.

This half-dead man's breath was so heated that despite the normal temperatures of the battle room, a white fog still left his lips. One could practically imagine the sight of his body boiling from the inside out.

Unfortunately, this scalding breath was only in part due to Dyon's over drafting of his body. The other part of the reason was due to his crude control of war qi.