

## The Nameless 2081

### Chapter 2081: Sorry

On the other side, there was a man riding a mighty war horse with lush black fur and demonic armor that exuded a savage grey qi. By all metrics, he should have been emboldened and confident to cut Dyon down where he stood.

Yet... He was trembling in fear.

Unlike the previous Famine's, he didn't allow his balance scale to hover before him. Instead, he gripped onto it tightly, his eyes practically leaking with tears.

He clearly wanted no part of this battle, but some invisible power was forcing his hand. He had no choice.

"Are you going to attack? Or are you just going to stay there?"

Despite his appearance, Dyon's voice hadn't lost its strength. It might have been a bit hoarse, but the underlying power hadn't faded at all.

"If you really are just going to stand there, do you mind handing over your satiation qi? I'm in quite a sorry state as you can see."

Not wanting to continue watching Famine try his best to respond, Dyon threw out another line.

"D... d-don't kill me."

Hearing this voice, Dyon immediately realized who it was. This was the only voice who had disagreed with the other two who wanted to kill Dyon. It seemed that the other two were like War and Conquest, then. Or, rather, the true War and Conquest and not like those previous iterations that couldn't even speak like Famine was now.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. Well, it seemed like he did, anyway. All anyone else would have seen was the rain of blood down his face curve and flatten.

"Why is it that you fear me so much?"

Famine trembled. "I-I don't dare to say. Definitely don't dare to say."

What a joke. If this version of himself didn't understand, that means that version of himself didn't want him to know yet. In that case, who was he to step in. Wouldn't that be asking to die?

Dyon couldn't be bothered to care about this answer. Or rather, he seemed to not care. It was impossible to tell whether these were his true feelings, or if something else was influencing him to react like this.

"Then just give me your balance scale and leave." Dyon decided to say.

"I... I can't do that either..."

Famine had no idea where Dyon got the strength. But one moment, he was standing more than ten meters away from him. But in the next, he was sitting atop his horse's head, facing him directly.

Famine could only cry as his balance scale was snatched from his hands.

"You... How..." Famine really sounded like he was sobbing. Dyon almost felt bad for him.

Dyon shrugged. "I just happened to realize that void will happens to be universal... [Devour]."

Famine watched as his long-time companion was greedily swallowed by Dyon. The balance scale was basically no different from his flesh and blood. Dyon had no idea when he started, but he soon realized after Famine began to scream in agony.

"Oh..." Dyon stopped for a moment. But the damage was pretty severe, he had already absorbed at least 50% of the white qi within the scale, and his comprehension of the Concept of Balance deepened by several levels.

"... Your weapon refinement is different as well. It's no wonder why I felt your craftsmanship is a level above even the dwarves. It isn't that you're actually more skilled, it's that the techniques you use are a level higher. How magical..."

Dyon remembered that when he saw the golden doors etched in battles of the past, his immediate reaction was that they were far more beautiful than even the weapons forged by the dwarves. It seemed that he wasn't entirely wrong, but he wasn't entirely correct either.

If the dwarves could use this technique... Maybe the greatest treasures to ever grace the cosmos would be created...

"Sorry about that." Dyon patted Famine's shoulder.

What made the technique of this world so amazing was that much like its special qis, their craftsmanship was imbued with a sort of 'faith' as well. Famine qi encompassed the emotional trauma of hunger rather than just simulating hunger. Likewise, these treasures embodied wills of their own as well.

For Famine's balance scale, its core essence was that of apocalypse Famine. This made this weapon incredibly powerful. However, at the same time, the tradeoff was its connection to Famine's life as well.

As a result, when Dyon began to devour the balance scale, Famine felt as though it was he, himself being devoured.

It was no wonder Dyon didn't notice this earlier. The previous iterations of Famine, War and Conquest were basically nothing but cheap imitations and puppets. They didn't speak, nor did they cry out in pain. Only Conquest showed the slightest bit of emotion, and that was contempt. Though that contempt didn't last very long.

Dyon tossed the balance scale back to Famine. Since he had tried to protect Dyon before he felt this 'fear' of him, Dyon didn't feel right killing him just for a bit of power. He was close to perfecting his Eternity's Balance even without it.

"You can go now."

Famine was stunned. "You... You're really letting me go...?"

"Yea." Dyon responded plainly, hopping off of Famine's steed's head. It seemed the poor horse hadn't dared to move either.

"... But..."

Famine was completely stunned. This wasn't a man known for his mercy. What was going on?

Unfortunately, much like others in his position, Famine had too little understanding of Dyon. If no one wronged him first, he had no reason to retaliate.

"... AGGHH!"

Dyon's brow furrowed, his neck snapping back toward Famine. But what he found were the etchings glowing beneath his feet even as Famine was swallowed by the ground below just like those who came before him.

It seemed that even if Dyon let him go, the trial grounds had no intention of doing so.

"... If this was going to happen anyway... I would have just absorbed it all..."

Dyon knew that he was quite a soft-hearted individual. It was very rare for him lash out against those who were undeserving, even when not doing so was a bit detrimental to him. However this had to be the most direct punishment being soft had gotten him.

## Chapter 2082: Just Die

'They're really trying their best to piss me off...' Dyon's gaze sharpened as the moving gears sounded, snapping the large golden door shut for what Dyon felt would truly be the last time...

War's golden doors slowly opened, but the clopping steps were decidedly weaker than they had been in the past. As expected, yet another War slowly walked out. However, just like before, this version was much more human than the previous versions.

The clattering of teeth filled the quiet hall as yet another comical scene unfolded.

Despite absorbing half of Famine's white qi, it wasn't a surprise that Dyon was still in a terrible state. Yet, another of the four horsemen, men that supposedly embodied the apocalypse, was trembling in fear.

Unlike the sympathy Dyon had for Famine, he had next to none for War.

However, it also seemed that War wasn't intent on staying still and doing nothing like Famine. Even as he trembled in fear, it was his nature to battle.

Unfortunately, the special nature of his qi shone through.

What would happen if Dyon tried to activate his wills during a moment of cowardice? Considering all of his wills followed the sovereign path, wouldn't they severely weaken? How could one communicate with sovereignty and take control of it if you were a coward?

By the same token, War feared Dyon greatly. His nature was telling him to battle, but deep within, he knew that this was the last thing he wanted to do.

In the end, War couldn't tap into even 10% of the strength of his qi and wills. Dyon's battle with him was even easier than the last War.

"YOU'LL DIE ALONG WITH ME SOON ENOUGH. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU IN HELL."

Dyon refrained from rolling his eyes. How could he take such threats seriously when they were said through chattering teeth?

"[Devour]."

This time, Dyon didn't hold back.

As he absorbed everything, he finally felt a bottleneck shatter.

From the first moment Dyon stepped into this trial, he hadn't been able to sense qi at all. More precisely, he had sensed famine and war qi, even conquest qi, but he hadn't sensed any atmospheric qi. It was as though this world was blocking him from touching it.

However, at that moment, Dyon realized that it wasn't that this trial wanted to squeeze him dry of his stamina, thus resulting in expunging this battle room of qi entirely. Rather, it was that a wall had been pulled over his senses, blocking it from noticing what was right in front of him!

Not only did this room have qi, but it was just as densely packed as the qi below the Ancient Battlefield waters!

Dyon felt like a blind man that could finally see. However, the most shocking part of this change was that Dyon suddenly felt that world's restrictions loosen on him!

Dyon took a deep breath in, feeling more relaxed than he had in a very long time. He didn't hesitate to use [Devour], greedily sucking up all the qi in his surroundings.

His suppressed cultivation rose quickly. From the lower celestial realm, he entered the middle, then the higher, and finally the peak.

When the surge slowed to a crawl, he had settled in at the lower dao formation realm. Though this was a far cry from his true strength, it was most definitely far better than it had.

The weird thing about this weakening of the suppression was that Dyon's effective strength was still fundamentally the same. Hardly anything had changed.

One had to remember that the reason Dyon could survive to now was because he had been rapidly comprehending war qi while using the white side of famine qi to heal himself. His qi was functionally as powerful as a peak dao expert currently, thanks to him devouring War's true form. So, a rise to the lower dao realm didn't mean much at all. If Dyon tapped back into his enigmatic qi, he would actually become weaker.

However, this wasn't to say that this was meaningless.

Firstly, Dyon no longer had to rely on burning his soul to resist the suppression. It was now just weak enough for him to fight it on his own.

Secondly, because he didn't need to rely on this masochistic technique, he could be more free in using it because he wouldn't have to worry about what would have if his soul stamina suddenly ran out. Even if it did, he would still be able to move now.

'A little too late though.' Dyon thought somewhat bitterly.

With War now dead, and Dyon having comprehended his will and qi, there was only the easiest Conquest fight left. So, any boost in strength he received now didn't mean much to him.

Dyon held onto War's crimson blade. His arm casually swung it as he changed its size and shape at his whim.

He had shattered his Weapon's Master Will for the sake of this ability, yet the truly odd part was that there was no new array that appeared within his Mind's Eye. Dyon didn't know if it was just how this world's system worked, or if he was still lacking. But the important part was that he didn't believe this ability was any weaker than the will he gave up for it. In fact, it was objectively several fold stronger.

'It's no wonder I kept subconsciously gravitating toward the use of just one weapon. No matter how great Weapon's Master Will is, I only have two arms. How could I use 9 weapons at once?

'Plus, the way in which War applied his bow True Weapon Will is far more suited to my liking. If I added the homing and constant acceleration ability to my weapon's arrays, especially [Judgement], their strength would increase to a new level...'

Dyon was satisfied. Whether he got a fancy Dao Array out of it or not didn't really matter to him. With his current strength, he was even more confident than before. There was no need to hold back any longer. Once he returned to the Ancient Battlefield, he would start the war to end it all.

#### Chapter 2083: Nice Things

War's, or rather now Dyon's sword shrunk to his liking. It still kept its broad width, but Dyon shortened it to about a foot and a half. As for its length, Dyon settled for about a meter and a half. It was large for a sword, but perfect in the eyes of Dyon.

'It's lost a bit of its strength since War is now dead. But, it's still as powerful as a Pseudo Treasure of the 33 Heavens.'

Though Dyon knew that weapons of such caliber were actually known as Half Immortal treasures on the Immortal Plane, it was hard to drop what had been a habit in his over century of life.

Without surprise, the creaking of the gears echoed once more as War's doors closed and Conquest slowly opened.

This time, before even exiting, a slew of arrows flew from the door's crack.

Dyon couldn't help but laugh internally.

To now, Conquest hadn't managed to launch even a single attack against him. It seemed that this sentient version of himself knew this and began to use the door to its advantage.



Dyon tapped into Ri's comprehension of void will and dodged to an angle Conquest couldn't aim at through the door's small crack and waited patiently as the white armored knight slowly came into view.

"I –"

"Just die." Dyon cut him off.

As Conquest burst into a shower of blood, Dyon finally relaxed. He hardly noticed, but he had already been in this space for over a year. His heart ached when he thought of how much his wives had suffered. If he had known something like this would happen, he wouldn't have brought them along.

But, remembering their stubborn attitudes, Dyon smiled bitterly. If he had tried to keep them away, would it have worked?

Seeing their perseverance, Dyon's heart couldn't help but bloom with pride. This entire time, not a single one of them had so much as moaned in pain. Having such strong women by his side, how could he not feel content?

'I should give them a treat when we get back... I also haven't seen my little girl in too long...' Dyon sighed. He missed his daughter very much.

'... Hold on...'

Dyon frowned. He had been so lost in thought that he didn't notice that this trial didn't seem to have ended. Shouldn't he be sent back by now?

For the second time in this last year... Dyon suddenly felt a terrible premonition coming on...

The etchings beneath his feet began to glow. As though the grooves were a racing track, the lights sped across, quickly filling the silver lines with a faint crimson color.

The eight pillars began to tremble. As though the last closing of Conquest's golden doors was a sign, the beasts drawn across them began to awaken as though coming to life from a painting.

Dyon slowly turned toward the fourth set of doors... The only ones to not have opened this entire time...

'Why can't I have nice things...' He huffed out a sigh.

An eerie sound filled Dyon's ears.

There was the scrapping of old, ragged clothing against rusted armor. There were the soft steps of worn boots lazily scuffing against the ground. There was light rattling of loosely hanging objects knocking against one another in a dreary, repeated rhythm.

As the figure came into sight, Dyon felt his heart freeze over.

It was a looming, lanky figure standing at two and half meters tall. Its body was draped by a dark grey cloak with numerous holes within it. There even seemed to be a brownish-red substance caked to the bottoms of the figure's frayed cloak edges and soft boots.

Its head was covered by a grey helmet, matching the armor hiding its ragged cloak, only revealing two pale blue flames in place where its eyes should have been.

Dyon believed for a moment that the horse it should have had would not be appearing, but then he saw the black chain the looming figure held.

Rattling along its links were skulls of all shapes and sizes... They came as small as what could only come from a premature birth, to as large as a giant's. Yet, nothing was as gruesome as what was only the other end of the long chain...

The first thing Dyon saw was a hoof. However, it wasn't firmly planted on the ground as it should have been. Instead, it lied weakly on its side being dragged along the etched floors.

Soon, the horse came into full view. Its eyes weakly flickered as it laid on its side. The chain wrapped around its neck, pulling it across the ground as though it was already dead.

However, what was the most ghastly was the long vertical slit along its rounded belly. Inner organs spilled outward, festering with a disgusting blue, yellow and green color that completely overshadowed what should have been its lush grey coat.

The smell made one sick to their stomach. For the first time, Dyon felt lucky that he hadn't eaten in the last year.

Soon, Dyon realized that he had been so distracted by the disgusting scene being dragged along by one of the looming figure's hands, that he completely missed what was held in its other... However, soon Dyon understood the reason why he missed it wasn't only because of his negligence, but also because it seemed to meld into the shadows as though it didn't exist at all...

It had a long pole standing at just over three meter long. To one end of it, there was a curved blade so large that it dwarfed even the horse being dragged behind it.

Dyon had swung his fair share of scythes in his lifetime. But this one... this time... it felt like the first he had ever truly seen.

'... I want it.'

Dyon's gaze didn't have the fear one should have had when facing Death. He only felt that something within him suddenly clicked, something he had been looking for his whole life.

#### Chapter 2084: Nothing More

He realized in that moment that he hadn't been gravitating toward the sword because it was the weapon for him. Rather, that was only his inner self subconsciously telling him that dividing his weapon prowess over so many disciplines was foolish.

The sword was only a gateway... A gateway that opened his heart to the idea of using just a single weapon... A gateway that led to the scythe!

"How good of you, Death... Bringing me exactly what I needed... Come!"

As though provoked, the rattling of shifting bones sounded from beneath Death's helmet. An instant later, a blood curdling scream was projected outward.

Dyon felt as though his brain was being turned to mush. He had heard Jasmine scream before, unleashing her Evil Qi to the utmost... But it paled in comparison to this.

It was as though Death tapped into every tragedy to occur from the dawn of time. All the tears shed for lost parents, children, friends... spouses.

Something deep within Dyon stirred. His gaze reddened, flooding with an uncontrollable stream of tears.

It was an odd sight to behold. Dyon's face had become emotionless, yet his eyes bawled without pause. The torrent had an outpouring fierce enough to wash part of the blood that had caked to his face over months of battle away.

Dyon brandished his crimson blade.

"... Something about you really pisses me off."

Dyon spoke as though he couldn't feel the tears fall from his cheeks.

He didn't truly understand what was happening. However, there were two individuals he could think of that were worthy of his grief.

There was his loving mother. Her gentle smile, her soft touch, her soothing voice.

There was his loving father. His strong back, his determined gaze, his caring hand.

Maybe these were the sorts of deaths you never got over. Dyon only now realized that he hadn't moved on from the deaths of his parents, but had simply learned to live with them.

But now this arrogant Death bastard stood before him, screaming that shrill, bone rattling scream as though intent on reminding him every moment of pain he had experienced in his lifetime.

Even though Dyon body was still in a sorry state, even though half his organs were still no different from pudding and his bones had too many fractures to count, he was filled with a strength ignited by his fury.

He wanted nothing more than to kill Death.

Dyon's figure flashed forward. In his rage, he led with his foot, planting in firmly between Death's flaming pupils.

He felt for a moment as though he had kicked a solid steel wall, but his persistence was so unending that he forcibly broke through before using Death's head as a springboard to flip backward.

He had every intention of following up with his next attack immediately, but the sight his eyes landed on was simply too abnormal.

Death's back had arched backward such that the top of his head practically touched the ground. Yet, his feet were firmly planted, having not moved even an inch backward.

His bones crackled and flexed as he slowly stood upright, his flaming gaze meeting Dyon's own as though noticing him for the first time.

Death's shrill cry sounded again, its back arching backward once more as though its body was a seesaw. But in the next instant, it used its own body like a bow, tightening and releasing it to lash out with its scythe.

Dyon's intent blazed. He could feel that Death's scythe wasn't just a half-immortal weapon. In fact, it wasn't a normal Venerable treasure either. It was actually a half-step from the Empyrean grade!

How such a low-level world produced such a weapon... Dyon had no idea. But all he could focus on was the whipping shadow that careened toward him, intent to take his life.

Dyon reacted quickly. Since his senses were failing to properly track the scythe, he relied entirely on his instinct as his Perception and Divine Sense slowly became one.

With a duck of his head, he slipped beneath whipping shadow. Countless spinning [Carnage] arrays appeared around him, violently tearing through the air in perfect rhythm with Dyon's actions.

However, Dyon could have never expected that instead of pulling his scythe strike back to prepare to attack again, Death simply used the momentum of his missed strike to turn his body into a bow once more, flexing his opposing arm and sending his chain and horse flying toward Dyon!

No matter how much battle experience Dyon had, he had never seen such an obscene and outright bizarre battle style.

Death's half-dead steed took the brunt force of Dyon's flying red spears. Their homing ability interrupted mid flight.

Death continued to walk forward. It was as though Dyon's attack had woken him up from his half-drunk state.

His movements became more exaggerated, his legs kicking up into the air to perform vertical splits with every step.

It would have been a comical sight had it not been for the ridiculous flexible of Death's body. Every time he kicked upward to move forward, his body bent tightly like a bow. Every time his lifted foot hit the ground once more, he would send another attack flying forward.

At first, it was obvious which – the flying chain horse or scythe – was coming. But after a while, it became completely unpredictable with Death somehow switching his weapon as he pleased.

Dyon initially believed that somehow Death had gained Ax True Weapon Will, allowing him to switch which hand his weapon was wielded in. However, after observing the truth, Dyon almost cough up blood in anger. The answer was simply too ridiculous!

Every time Death took a step forward, his back would arch so much that his head would nearly touch the ground. However, at the same time, he stretched his arms backward as well causing them to meet as though he was clapping his hands behind his head. Taking that opportunity, he would swap his chain and scythe as he pleased, making it almost impossible for Dyon to tell which was coming.

The sight was completely comedic, but it only infuriated Dyon further.

#### Chapter 2085: Red

This was Death. This was an entity all feared. A presence that even the most powerful couldn't escape. It had taken his parents from him and who knows how much it would take from him in the future.

Yet, this very Death, the very thing so many put their hearts and souls into defeating... Walked like a fool! He battled like a clown! He screamed like a madman!

Dyon couldn't find anything to laugh about. For every comical action Death took, the fire in his gaze, his limbs... his heart... They grew fiercer.

Dyon's war qi billowed uncontrollably. The air and atmospheric qi around him boiled, giving off a heat far fiercer than even the true War himself.

War's weapon responded in kind. The mysterious qi of this world may have relied on faith comprehended over countless years, but ultimately, its foundation still lied within its host.

War had simply never felt the level of rage Dyon was feeling right now. He hadn't ever reached the point of wanting to destroy everything.

Dyon's crimson sword flashed forward, both of his hands tightening around its hilt as it exploded to over ten meters in size.

Death's steed was sliced in half completely, its rotting flesh flying through the air only to be incinerated by Dyon's raging war qi.

Death quickly reacted, sweeping its scythe upward and screaming outward with its shrill cry once more, a fog of death qi whipping about it.

Sword and scythe met.

Dyon's gaze seemed to want to pierce through Death's flaming pupils and out his skull, his own roar drowning Death's.

The fourth horsemen could no longer remain firmly planted. His lanky body was sent flying, crashing into a bestial pillar only to produce the very first crack this battlefield had seen since its creation.

Dyon saw red. The whole world became tinting in crimson, flickering from shades of deep magenta to almost fluorescent pink.

He didn't have the mind to think about it as he furiously lashed out against Death, but this was the true strength of this world's qi: the ability to feed off emotion.

Whenever Dyon met a challenge he couldn't surmount, he had always used his mind to achieve victory.

Against Loki, he tricked him into grabbing the Dragon King. In his second trial, he relied on King Viserion double crossing the Moon Clan to clinch victory. Within the Golden Flame Mystical World, he used Orcus' weakness to his wife's life flame. Against the Numbered Warriors and Aritzia's plot, he diligently planned each step of the way, ensnaring his enemies into a deeper and deeper trap with every passing moment.

There were countless more examples of Dyon doing exactly this...



However, in his current state, Dyon wasn't doing any of these things. More accurately... He didn't need to.

Dyon savagely assaulted Death, not allowing his back to leave the pillar he landed on. At some point, Dyon even discarded his crimson sword entirely, focusing all of his strength into his fists.

Dyon could feel Death's armor denting against his strikes, but he didn't let up. His gaze became so red that it almost dripped blood of its own.

With a flash of his hand, he grabbed Death's scrawny neck, lifting him into the air and crashing him into the ground below.

He picked him up and threw him to the ceiling, leaping the air as he came down only to kick him across the room to crack yet another pillar.

Under the immense heat, Dyon's skin cracked and blistered, his wounds searing closed from the inside out. However, he was completely unrelenting.

How dare Death make such a joke of itself? Was it trying to look down on his pain? Did the deaths of his loved ones mean nothing to it? Were his parents' heads just another set of skulls on his long chain?

Death's helmet was knocked away, revealing a white skeleton with bobbing blue flames behind its empty sockets. Its jaw rattled as it screamed toward Dyon, trying to take a bite out of his head.

Dyon stuffed his fist into Death's mouth, grabbing his spine and pulling with all his strength.

Death's body was whipped about viciously, slamming against the ground, the walls, the pillars, and even the doors he exited from.

Maybe if Death had concrete thoughts, he would wonder why his death qi wasn't working against Dyon. Didn't his qi work on everyone? He reaped lives as he pleased and no one, not even his own companion steed, could escape it.

However, Death wasn't a being with true sentience. Maybe this was part of the reason Dyon was so enraged. There was no real face to this disaster everyone faced, just looming, flickering balls of blue flame, screaming into the ether and waiting for its next life to reap.

This 'Death' Dyon was facing shouldn't be mistaken. This horseman could only represent the people of this world. This was the same for Famine, War and Conquest, they only embodied the Faiths of this world alone.

However, this clownish, beast-like Death still pushed Dyon over the edge. He couldn't help but think that this was all Death ever was. There was nothing to beat. It wasn't an enemy he could simply find and defeat, it wasn't one he could trick with his mind... There was nothing he could do about it.

With a roar, Dyon sheered Death's arm from its socket, whipping it across his skeleton face and sending him across the room.

His rampaging had shattered Death's bones in many places. Let alone fight back, Death couldn't even continue to scream as it had been doing so.

'This was all death ever was.'

Infuriated, Dyon slapped his palms against Death's skull, shattering it to pieces.

He thought back to many years ago... The words of Researcher Aimoi...

'Isn't it curious? Why do the Heavens place arbitrary caps on life? Why is it that a Ninth Order Celestial and the weakest Celestial will still only live 10 000 years? Shouldn't there be a difference between them?'

If life could be grasped through cultivation... Why were things like this?

## Chapter 2086: Choose Quickly

Dyon's mind landed on an answer that made him want to destroy everything. An answer he had come to for the second time already despite his not knowing...

If the expressed goal of the Heavens was to push for the evolution of the people born under its charge... Wouldn't allowing these people to live forever hinder this goal...? Wouldn't these lab rats it created run harder on their hamster wheels if they knew there was an expiration date attached to their pitiful lives...?

"Dammit!"

Dyon's foot descended upon Death's chest, shattering it completely.

He bent over and ripped Death's scythe from his armor covered hands.

His entire body seemed to have a shadow cast over it, his enraged gaze clouding over as his black flames flickered.

Dyon's body disappeared, reappearing to see three familiar figures with colored scales beneath their eyes.

Seeing their hesitation, Dyon spoke in a deep voice that forced the calm deep underwater currents to surge.

"I'm only giving you one chance. You can either choose to act on your initial plans and die, or you can make the smarter choice.

"Choose quickly. I'm not in a very good mood."

Dyon's presence seemed to have completely changed.

Before, though it was difficult to see through him, Ancestor Mist still felt that she had a grasp on Dyon's bottom line. He didn't seem like a person who would act recklessly, nor did he seem like a dangerous x-factor. It was hard to explain her feelings, but if she were to put them into simple terms, she felt inexplicably... safe around Dyon.

If others heard her thoughts, they'd find it to be laughable. She had just been planning to subdue Dyon and all but imprison him for a lifetime just moments ago. By all rights, this person should have been an enemy to her. How such a situation suddenly birthed such feelings was beyond even her years of experience's capability to explain.

However... The Dyon before her now was like a wild beast.

Setting aside the ghastly wounds that left not a single part of his body untouched, his expressionless, dark gaze sent shivers down her spine. It really seemed that if she took even a single step out of line, he would slaughter her where she stood.

No... Not just her, but everything even remotely connected to her, as though he would uproot her existence from the world and make her suffer a true death.

The Dyon of before still possessed strength she felt she could fight against. But this Dyon... This cold, sinister, emotionless Dyon... It felt as though even if it was the world itself against him, he could shatter it with a single palm strike.

Ancestor Mist involuntarily gulped, her slender neck constricting almost against her will. She should have been able to go almost a lifetime without oxygen to breathe, yet she suddenly felt as though she was being suffocated. The pressure beneath the dark ocean waters suddenly meant nothing in comparison to the Presence of the young man before her.

Her heart constricted when she noticed that Dyon's hand was holding something. What filled her with fear was the fact even having focused on it, she could only barely make out what it was. It wasn't for the fact Dyon's hand was curled into a half closed fist, she wouldn't have seen it at all.

What shook her even more was the fact that there was a deep cut in the ocean floor. Dyon didn't seem to be applying any pressure, yet the black diamond ground beneath their feet was sliced through like butter. It didn't even impede Dyon's ability to slowly walk forward.

Ancestor Mist's trembling grew fiercer. This ocean floor was the product of suppression beyond one's wildest imaginations. Their underwater city had reached the utmost limit of cultivation and science, their only regret was their inability to dig beneath this ocean's floor.

If Ancestor Mist went all out and put everything she had into a single attack, she might be able to dig half a foot downward into it. However, though she couldn't see the weapon's true form, she could faintly tell that its polearm was at least 3 meters long, while the cut it created was at least 2 meters deep...

Yet it was all done casually!

No, this wasn't even the proper way to characterize it. Such words almost implied that Dyon was trying to achieve this result, when the reality was that he was just too lazy to lift the blade any higher!

Elionora and Jesper immediately noticed their Ancestor's odd actions. In fact, considering the way her chest was heaving, she seemed to almost be hyperventilating.

Ancestor Mist completely forgot that she was underwater. Torrent of qi dense liquid jetted into her nose and mouth as she tried to find air to breathe. As one might expect, this only made her situation worse as the drowning feeling increased exponentially.

Her vision blurred as her mind went blank. Her slender fingers trembled, reaching up to her chest as though she was trying to grasp onto her own heart.

"Ancestor? Ancestor!"

Elionora and Jesper panicked.

"Stop! Stop it!" Elionora implored Dyon.

It seemed the two elders were mistaken. They truly believed that Dyon had taken action against Ancestor Mist already. How could they possibly guess that Dyon had yet to move even a single finger.

His words weren't a lie. He wasn't in a good mood. But he was in even less of a mood to battle after doing so endlessly for an entire year.

He wouldn't mind cutting these three down where they stood, but three three-fold Overlord subordinates were more useful to him than three dead three-fold Overlords.

"Please! You said you'd give us a chance!"

Dyon's dull gaze met Elionora's. It became clear very quickly that he simply didn't care about what was happening.

This game of the mortal plane, it seemed ever so small to him all of a sudden. If it wasn't for his responsibilities as an Emperor, he wouldn't have the drive to finish this first phase at all. Playing the games of the Heavens was the last thing he wanted to do right now.

At this moment, even Ancestor Mist couldn't grasp what was happening.

#### Chapter 2087: Alone

She, as maybe the closest person to the fourth facet on this plane... Was having a panic attack? All caused by a boy who simply glared at her?

No... He hadn't glared at her, his gaze had simply met her own... He simply didn't care enough about her existence to do something like glare...

As her vision blurred to near darkness, Ancestor Mist suddenly felt a hard force punch against her chest.

The water she swallowed violently pushed back upward, spewing into her surroundings.

When she came to, she found that Dyon was no longer standing before her. Instead, he had long since walked by her and toward the underwater city.

"Let's go." His voice held a magnetism she couldn't disobey.

...

Dyon sat alone, looking out into blank space. The calm waters of the oil basin-like river moved so slowly that they reflected like the surface of a mirror.

It had been a long time since Dyon felt the pressing need to grow stronger. Though the entity was always lurking in the back of his mind, Dyon somehow didn't feel very worried about it despite his supposed failure in the previous timeline.

If others heard his thoughts, maybe they would laugh. Not worried about facing an Immortal God as a mere Dao Formation Realm expert? How could this be anything other than the world's greatest joke?

However this was the reality of Dyon's feelings. Maybe deep within, he always felt that his true enemy was something far larger, far greater. At the same time, he felt that this enemy didn't even truly exist.

It had no form, no consciousness, no real thoughts of its own... It worked entirely on instinct and arbitrary laws drawn from a place Dyon had no understanding of.

That was the most fear inducing part. No matter how far away it was from him, Dyon still had a vague understanding of what an Immortal God was. He knew how many realms separated it and him. He knew that there wasn't just one Immortal God but several that ruled the Immortal Plane. He had even spoken to this so-called Immortal God on several occasions before.

But what was this enemy that filled him with so much rage? This faceless, cold enemy...?

To reach its level, Dyon needed to surpass everything. If his targets were mere compilations of flesh and blood that suffered the same fate he would under its hands, how could he ever hope to defeat whatever 'it' was?

But how would he do it?

Dyon's scythe lay across his lap as he absentmindedly stroked its body.

Its surface felt smooth with a hint of a biting cold. Even Dyon himself didn't dare to casually touch its blade. It cut even his unsuppressed body life tofu.

Such a weapon appearing on the Immortal Plane would likely cause a bloodbath. As good as the Dragon King was, his blade was only formed by his mortal body before transcending. How could it be as good as an immortal weapon? This didn't even mention the trade offs caused by the fact it could change its form as it pleased.

It wasn't a surprise that the Dragon King himself felt complicated about the shifting dynamic between him and Dyon. He had always been the silent helping hand for so many years already. Though his main body would tear Dyon apart at the first opportunity, there would still be an underlying respect there.

However, now, Dyon clearly didn't need him anymore.

Dyon had never been one to rely on weapons, mostly because of living with his Master's ban for so long. But he felt particularly attached to Death's Scythe.

He had never felt that a particular weapon explosively increased his strength before. Maybe by small increments, but never by a large margin. Of course, the Treasures of the 33 Heavens were the only exception. And now this scythe could be added to that list.

However... Even the Treasures of the 33 Heavens were completely useless in another world. If not for this, Dyon wouldn't have had such a hard time in that world.

Likewise, this Scythe had lost much of its power. Aside from its sharpness, it had lost pretty much all of its abilities...

At that moment, Dyon felt that he and the scythe were of one mind, both wanting to transcend the rules that bound them but being completely unable to do so.... Without even a road to do so...



"... Do you know how the Treasures of the 33 Heavens were created...?" Dyon whispered as though he was speaking to the scythe.

"... They were forged just like every other Peak God Grade treasure. However, they were blessed with a Legendary ability due to the Heavens recognizing them as one of the 11 strongest treasures in their class..."

The scythe vibrated slightly, a ghastly fog emitting from its body.

"... Yea, I agree." Dyon said softly. "You want strength that surpasses that... To reap lives as you please in every world and not just a few... What's the point of having power granted in just a single place...? This shitty world can't even protect itself, yet it wants to grant gifts as though it's being magnanimous."

This time, not only did the scythe react violently, but so did Dyon's right eye. Even The Seal followed suit, sending force waves rocketing throughout Dyon's inner world.

"... A plan, huh... A plan to break away from everything, to rise above all, to exist beyond existence..."

Dyon's rage slowly subsided.

He felt tired of it. Tired of being angry all the time.

It was once again a feeling he had no understanding of. He didn't know where it originated from, or why he was feeling this way. But it was once again his truth.

He didn't want to feel angry anymore, he didn't want to feel sadness or helplessness, he didn't want to feel that he was climbing a mountain without a peak...

"I'll just undo it all."

Within Dyon's Mind's Eye, his Dao Heart shone brightly. No, it was so blinding that it seemed to burn everything around him.

Chapter 2088: Own

"This inner world? It's someone else's path... I'll create my own system of cultivation that lives at heights even the Heavens cannot reach."

Unknowingly, Dyon completely leaped over the Selfless Dao Realm, firmly entering Dao Vanity... A state less than ten individuals of the Immortal Plane had touched...

He had no idea that this 'someone else's' path he just rejected was actually his own.

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Weeks later, Dyon could be seen gliding across green grass, his feet bare as he felt every drop of moisture and soft patch of soil.

His scythe seemed to glide with him, spinning through the air and leaving a tornado of black in its wake.

After shattering his Weapon's Master Array, Dyon almost felt as though his entire understanding of weapons had collapsed. It was a reality that filled him with disgust. If it wasn't for the fact it would cause his strength to drop too much in such a sensitive time, he would have shattered his comprehension of everything.

Only now did he realize just how much he relied on the Heavens. If it was really his own comprehension, then wouldn't it still remain after he shattered an array that should have been a mere representation of his understanding?

... So why did he feel like a child picking up a weapon for the first time?

Within that other world, this feeling hadn't been so prominent. After all, he could still rely on War's comprehension. However, here, War's will was obviously cut off. In fact, since Dyon's world was far stronger than War's world, the barrier was even thicker.

Still, if others knew that Dyon felt like a child, they would feel shocked.

Dyon's scythe wielding had reached an unconscious level in just a few weeks. His movements captured the eye like a swan's dance, it was beautiful in a way that seemed impossible for a scythe.

In the distance, Dyon's wives watched as Dyon's naked torso rippled under his controlled movements. The air slit apart seamlessly, concentric circles of cut blades of grass being left in his wake.

Among them, Luna had actually returned. Actually, she had been back for a long time already. It was just that Dyon had spent a year in his trial, so he missed her return.

"What exactly happened? Why is it that I can't sense Dyon using any wills?" Luna asked.

"He said he shattered his Weapon's Master Will." Ri responded.

"What?!" Luna's eyes widened.

Even if she was technically a mortal, she knew the danger of doing such a thing.

"Reckless, as always." Clara muttered.

"Well, if everything went wrong, it wouldn't be the first time he had shattered his Dao Heart. He's like a cockroach, he'd probably survive again." Ri said between giggles.

To the side, Madeleine and Amphorae played a lovely melody, one on a golden flute and the other on a silver lyre. Their music was no longer strong enough to provide great buffing effects to Dyon, but it was nice to listen to, nonetheless.

"He still seems freer for some reason." Ri continued with a light smile.

As the only true three facet Overlord among them, her sensitivity was much higher. She felt that the shadow over Dyon's heart had receded. He somehow seemed both further away and closer to them.

"But why'd he have to pick the scythe though." Clara's little nose wrinkled. "He was much more handsome with a sword. I would have settled with my second favorite spear as well."

"Are you sure the spear is your second favorite?" Luna's opal pupils blinked innocently, looking toward Clara like a predator stalking prey.

"You stay away from me you carpet muncher."

Ri burst into a fit of laughter. Her bell-like giggles swayed in the winds, riding the falling green leaves with a delicate ring.

"You may be the first tsundere to reserve such an attitude for not only her husband, but one of her husband's wives too." Ri wheezed, grasping her toned tummy.

Clara might have had a witty comeback for that, had it not been for Luna's evil fingers pinching into her soft chest. Her body uncontrollably went soft. She definitely didn't trust her voice in the least at the moment.

"I didn't just marry him, I married you four too."

Luna's roguish declaration reached Dyon's ears, causing him to smile lightly.

His movements became more fluid, a rhythmic dance coursing throughout his body.

He could vaguely feel that the Heavens were opening a new will for him, a scythe will he had never comprehended before. Maybe if he grasped onto it, he would be like Amphorae had been in the past, being blessed by the Heavens for creating a new will.

Maybe it was because the scythe was a rare weapon, or maybe because it was synonymous with death, it had never received its own will. However, this didn't matter to Dyon as he ignored the feeling completely. He didn't want Heavens rewards nor its strength.

For now, he would keep a portion of the strength it granted him, only so that he could continue to protect his family... But somewhere deep within his heart, a passion lit afire. He wanted to break free, to shatter these shackles around his soul, to soar above the Heavens themselves.

Whipped blades surged around Dyon, cutting around and just missing the looming trees around him.

They sliced through the air for hundreds of kilometers before dissipating into nothing, leaving the world completely unblemished.

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"So, how is it?"

Madeleine lightly asked, her fingers still delicately plucking the strings of her lyre. She seemed to effortlessly spin tales of worlds with her layered notes.

Luna stopped fooling around, removing her hands from Clara's chest.

"As we speculated, Nora and Amell haven't entered the Ancient Battlefield despite being of appropriate age to do so. The internal strife of the Sapientia Clan seems to be holding them back.

"The situation is still better than expected, though. Likely because of Aritzia's death, the opposing faction lost an important center of their power."

Chapter 2089: Kilograms

"Was that Aritzia really so important?" Ri's lip curled unwittingly with unhidden disdain. It wasn't very surprising that she had the strongest feelings of disgust toward Aritzia. After all, she was there when Dyon put it all on the line to defeat the Numbered Warriors.

"I feel that it's weird too." Luna said with a frown. "Though she was extremely intelligent, her value would only be of pinnacle importance for an up and coming family. Though an established family would still see her as important, it definitely would be so exaggerated.

"But the Sapientia seemed to treat Aritzia like a goddess, even completely disregarding the fact she was essentially the catalyst that led to the complete collapse of their branch networks in the Tower Quadrants.

"In any other context, a promising youth making such a terrible mistake with such a devastating ending shouldn't still be looked so highly upon. Especially since her strength of cultivation wasn't elite either."

Madeleine's countenance remained calm. She seemed to be thinking of something.

"So Aritzia had a secret, or maybe even a secret backer we don't know about. But why didn't that backer act to protect her? Or at least retaliate in revenge?"

"There are too many unknowns." Luna responded. "The only worthwhile conclusion is that the Sapientia have a plot waiting for the Ancient Battlefield."

Their gazes drifted toward Dyon, but he seemed completely carefree, as though these matters had nothing to do with him.

When one has a goal reaching far beyond even imagination, would they continue to care about trifling enemies? The answer was evidently not.

"Never mind, since he wants to be mysterious let him be mysterious." Clara clicked her tongue. "Let's talk about something more interesting... Like what does the bottleneck to the four facet realm feel like?"

Clara was very much interested in this. It wasn't because she was a cultivation fanatic. In fact, if it was up to her, maybe she wouldn't cultivate at all. Instead, what caught her interest was the fact that the underwater city and his cheek-scaled people had reached both the pinnacle of science in culmination with cultivation, yet they hadn't produced a single four facet Overlord either.

Seeing that there was something science seemed unable to do, her curiosity was piqued. She wanted to know just why this barrier existed.

Ri, who had become a three facet Overlord in body, qi and comprehension was a prime test subject.

After thinking for a bit, Ri suddenly found that it was difficult to put her response into words.

"I'm not sure... It just feels that it's both very close and far at the same time. But, I also get the feeling that if it wasn't for Dyon, this feeling of closeness wouldn't exist at all. I think our best chance at reaching that realm is holding off breaking through in the soul for last..."

Ri's words both opened up a lot of questions, but also shed some important light. To them, it was technically the easiest to break into the soul facet thanks to Dyon. But if they left the easiest for last... Wouldn't that give them the best chance?

"I also feel that Ancestor Mist isn't so powerful because she's gotten very close to the fourth facet. Instead, I believe she's so much more powerful than even I am right now because she's progressed in her three facets... Beyond their lowest levels, I mean.

"It's just like Madeleine. She's only of the two facet Overlord Realm, yet because she's comprehended both Life and Rebirth Laws, she's no weaker than a three facet Overlord.

"So maybe reaching the fourth facet is inherently impossible..."

Dyon continued to swing his scythe, but his movements had slowed to a crawl. He seemed to only shift over a single centimeter a minute, his tanned muscles soaking through with sweat with each passing second.

He had his own thoughts on the matter as well, but they could all be boiled down to a single thought...

If the heavens granted you your power, and the heavens didn't want you to reach the fourth facet...  
Then how could you possibly succeed?

Dyon wasn't absolutely certain that this was the case. But it was food for thought nonetheless.

At the same time, though, he had another thought as well. What if the Heavens swapping your mortal body for an immortal body after transcending wasn't just what it seemed on the surface? What if it was a necessity to circumvent the impossible?

What if the Heavens already provided a solution to this problem? Wasn't it true that Dyon had known long ago that the only way to not lose your mortal body after transcending was to perfect it by use of a constitution? Didn't that mean the key to touching upon perfection, that ever elusive fourth facet, were the very constitutions within his body?

But this answer left Dyon feeling empty.

Weren't Constitutions granted by the Heavens too?

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The current scene was quite heartwarming, albeit bizarre. The sight of a young girl and her father eating together was definitely enough to cause the former feeling. However, the latter was caused by the sheer volume of food.

"What's the score?" Clara asked Saru who sat with a smile on her face.

"Dyon at 131 kilograms of food. Alauna is at 130."

Dyon and Alauna ate furiously side by side. Sometimes, their elbows would collide, causing a booming force that could destroy moons to spread outward.



Seemingly used to such a scene, the women would take turns dispelling the force, leaving the palace dining room surroundings intact. One could imagine the kind of material that forged the table they sat on considering it had managed to survive to now.

The father-daughter duo tore through stacks of meat and gulped down gallons of soup. Those watching on had no idea how they managed to keep their lips and clothes clean.

Suddenly, there was only a single piece of sea food left. It was the massive, shelled body of a Red Mercury King Lobster, a delicacy that cost thousands of dao stones per gram.

Dyon's neck sharply turned toward his daughter, their gazes sending sparks over the air as they dove forward simultaneously.

Chapter 2090: Feel It?

Alauna grabbed the right claw, only for Dyon to grab the left. Their simultaneous pull caused the hard shell to split in half in perfect coordination, leaving glistening, buttery meat behind.

The two all but submarined in, devouring the delicacy before them as though they couldn't feel the surging qi it caused to course through their bodies.

"VICTORY!" Dyon laughed madly, standing on the marbled table with a triumphant grin.

"No way! I definitely won!" Little Alauna's lovely voice was in stark contrast to the piles of food she had just devoured.

Dyon continued to laugh as though he couldn't hear her words, happily belching and patting his stomach.

"You've really outdone yourself this time, Saru." Dyon said with a smile.

"Don't listen to his nonsense, Auntie Saru. Tell me, who won?"

Alauna kicked her father away, sending him flying. She rushed forward, grasping Saru's hands with keen anticipation. However, she was bitterly disappointed when she saw the same face she had already seen thousands of times before.

"Sorry..." Saru said with an appeasing tone.

Dyon flipped through the air, landing on the beautifully tiled palace grounds with his bare feet, his laughter ringing outward.

"What does that make the record? 11 365 to 0?"

Dyon asked as though he didn't know he was exactly right.

"Maybe next time."

"Momma Madeleine, he's purposely bullying me!" Alauna said, completely aggrieved.

Their battles had been 'close' ever since Dyon hit his first 100 wins. She thought she was getting closer, but after some time, she was too smart to realize that Dyon was toying with her. Like a carrot dangling from a stick, he would keep the battle close until the very end, only for him to pull away every time.

It was completely infuriating. Weren't fathers supposed to let their daughters win? What was this nonsense?

Dyon appeared by his daughter's side, rubbing her platinum reddish bronze hair. His expression was usually doting when he met her gaze, but it was anything but after their little competitions. He rubbed it in her face without remorse.

"Maybe one day, young one... Who are we kidding, you'll never beat me."

"You!"

Dyon flashed away, barely dodging his daughter's small but violent fist. His laughter and the booms of Alauna's attacks rang through the palace halls. One would think this was a war scene, but only Dyon's wives and his closest friends knew that this was just another normal day.

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"I'll definitely beat you one day." Alauna said through gritted teeth, breathing hard.

She never understood it. By all rights, her talent should be far beyond her father's. But, she had never beaten him in anything. Even when she was a toddler, Dyon never let her have any advantages.

Over the years, Dyon had slowly helped his daughter build a resilient mind. As such, she slowly felt like she was getting closer and closer to him. But suddenly, today, she felt that that gap between them had widened by a margin she couldn't fathom. It left her with an incomprehensible mix of pride and unwillingness.

"You done chasing already, little girl?"

Dyon appeared with a smiling face, lifting his daughter up and letting her sit on one side of his shoulder.

Alauna was stunned for a moment. Dyon hadn't done this since she was a child, so she was surprised by his sudden action now.

She had been chasing him for a while now, they had even long since left the palace they built on the Ancient Battlefield. Currently, they were at a forest edge by the violent raging waters they had come to know during their stay in this prison.

Alauna couldn't help but smile. No matter how old she got, this was still her father. She didn't mind him treating her like a little girl.

"Dad's going to take you to another world." Dyon said lightly. "Hold on tight."

...

"Do you feel it?"

Alauna's face constricted, her jaw tightening and her brows furrowing.

Dyon had brought her to the trial grounds and allowed her to experience the world suppression on her own. His question was more so his way of expressing worry than anything else. It may have been easy for him to defeat his daughter in meaningless competitions, but he knew first hand how oppressive this world suppression was.

Still, maybe due to being the offspring of a Heaven's Child, Alauna's reaction was as severe as even Dyon's own. Though her cultivation was also suppressed, it was only to the lower Dao Realm while Dyon's had been suppressed all the way to the lower Celestial Realm.

That said, Alauna was a true Supreme while Dyon had yet to breakthrough and become a Higher Existence for fear of being repelled by the Heavens.

"This really is another world?"

"Yes. This place has a hard block on anyone above the Dao Formation Realm. But, I have some minor control over its suppression so it's enough to let you in."

Alauna's brows raised. "Doesn't that mean that a traitor to a world could easily backstab their people?"

Dyon smiled somewhat bitterly. "It seems you understand even without me telling you directly."

"Should... Should we be worried?"

Alauna knew of the kind of enemy her father had to face hidden within the inner shell of Earth. But, she could have never expected that even before stepping forward to defeat The Entity, another challenge would appear.

"With me here, there's never anything to worry about."

Dyon rubbed his daughter's head. In that moment, all the pain and suppression she felt entirely vanished. She felt endlessly comfortable.

"I didn't bring you here so that you could share this burden. It doesn't matter what enemy lies in wait, you can trust me to handle it. I brought you here only to broaden your horizons."

Alauna's eyes uncontrollably watered for a minute, unable to hold back the sweetness in her heart. But in the end, she managed to nod.

"I want to do something unprecedented, but I don't have enough knowledge to do it. This world may be a first step toward that." Dyon said slowly, removing his hand from his daughter's head.