

The Nameless 2101

Chapter 2101: Too Little?

"You tell me. This plan isn't obviously stupid. Using armies to push an enemy to a certain location is foolish if you're the weaker party. If you're weaker, you should be luring, not pushing. Isn't this basic logic?!"

"Mm, mm. Yes. I agree, completely agree." Dyon nodded seriously.

"Tha –"

The Overlord snapped her neck back, a look of horror coating her expression.

Dyon didn't know exactly what race she was, but she was extremely short and had grey skin. The look of her frozen in shock made her look no different from a statue, albeit a miniature one.

"You... How did you get here?!"

The band of Overlords were in shock. There were over two hundred of them here, how had he appeared in their midst without a single sound?

"Isn't this where you wanted me to be? Don't tell me I'm not welcome?"

Dyon sat in the air, his legs crossed and Reaper leaning over his shoulder.

After a moment of silence, a slight laughter came from a certain direction.

"You really are just as arrogant as he said you were."

Dyon didn't bother to look over. It was just another nameless Overlord who would likely die under his blade any moment now. The only reason he hadn't already was because Dyon was waiting for the other foot to drop. Why did they want him to come here?

Dyon had learned this reality long ago... Before absolute power, no amount of schemes mattered.

The Overlord, clearly not used to being overlooked considering his status, was instantly infuriated by Dyon's attitude. But, that didn't mean he was foolish enough to attack.

"Since so many of you Overlords have gathered here, this makes my job easier, no? If I just kill you all, there's no need for the second phase."

Dyon slowly gripped Reaper's polearm, his momentum climbing.

"You..."

The burning gazes of the Overlords seemed to try to imprint themselves upon Dyon's soul.

"It's a shame you all haven't realized yet. There's no difference between you and subordinates in the distance."

Dyon disappeared.

In an instant, he appeared atop the Overlord's head, his scythe swinging downward casually.

It was an incomprehensible scene. The soles of Dyon's feet rested upon the Overlord's head while his scythe's curved blade pierced the latter's chest.

The dense fog spilled both into and out of his body, devouring his very being.

He could only try his best to look up, but Dyon's body weight was too obscene. Under the pressure, his neck snapped, his body crumpling to the ground like cheap tinfoil.

A bloody massacre was unleashed. One facet Overlords fell like blades of grass, two facet Overlords couldn't last a single strike. No amount of treasure or qi or seemingly strength was able to stop Dyon's blade. It reaped one life after another, snatching their souls and corroding their bones. There was no doubt that this was the greatest blade on the mortal plane.

Still, the quiet, ever-looming presence didn't make a move, even after Dyon had slaughtered half of these rarely seen Overlords.

The blood of Overlords splattered.

It was only now that he was so close to so many of them that Dyon understood what being almost immortal truly meant.

In the past, even if he was facing a Higher Existence, having your body dissected was a death sentence. Maybe only Dyon had the alchemy chops necessary to bring someone back from the brink of death in such a state. Either that, or you would have to rely on some obscenely rare treasure like the Life Stone.

However, these Overlords could be mistaken for undead at times. Dyon saw quite a few who still had battle prowess even after being bisected at the waist, even attacking Dyon after the cut was made.

Of course, this didn't faze Dyon much, but it was a thought he buried deep to keep at the back of his mind. He couldn't treat Overlords like mortals. In a sense, they were already half immortal. Their vitality couldn't be compared to everyday cultivators.

Still, the more enemies Dyon cut down, the more he felt that something was wrong.

'What do they get out of sacrificing so many Overlords?'

Dyon's scythe stopped. He looked toward the cowering Overlords with a dull gaze.

"Hm..?"

Dyon's arm swung backward, taking Reaper with it and slicing through what should have been a sneak attack.

The Overlord responsible gagged on his own blood as he tried to breath, his body cut diagonally from his shoulder to hip. He hovered in the air weakly, his gaze burning with ill intent.

"A "deity"?"

Dyon thought for a moment and seemed to remember that it was true that much of the Overlord of the Deity Clan hadn't shown up back when they eradicated them and brought what remained to the mortal plane.

'Huh...?'

Dyon suddenly realized that his diagonal cut hadn't been clean. This reality actually stunned him for a moment. Ever since he got Reaper, he had never failed to completely cut through anything before. Though it was only the thinnest piece of flesh on the deity's opposite hip, something that anyone else would ignore as a fluke, Dyon's own brows furrowed for the first time.

With another flick of his wrist, he finished the diagonal cut, slicing through the rest of the deity's hip. Dyon, however, wasn't in a hurry to make another move.

Had he misjudged as used too little power?

No, that was impossible. The melding of his Presence and Immortal Sense was too potent. There didn't exist a situation on the mortal plane that he couldn't perfectly analyze and react to instantaneously with the perfect amount of force. Though he had only trained with Reaper for a few weeks, and it had only just evolved to a higher grade, this still didn't make much sense to Dyon.

Reaper had upgraded, not downgraded. If that was the case, shouldn't he be accidentally using too much force and not too little?

Dyon swung his scythe once more and suddenly felt that he was making a lot out of nothing. He didn't adjust the force needed at all, yet he sliced through the next Overlord with ease.

Chapter 2102: No Sense

It was likely a freak accident. The Deities were known for modifying their bodies. Maybe Dyon had only made a slight error in judgement.

The massacre continued.

'Since you don't want to appear, I'll just slaughter all of them first.'

To Dyon, two facet Overlords were already not too much trouble before he took the world trial. It may have only taken him some minor effort. However, now, they fell too easily. Unless three facet Overlords began to appear, he really would kill them all.

A cyclops standing at over one hundred meters tall gripped its hands over its massive sledge hammer and swung down toward Dyon. It was the kind of blow that could obliterate a mountain range even within the Ancient Battlefield.

Dyon waved his scythe, beheading another first facet Overlord just as that very massive shadow appeared above his head.

Instead of moving, Dyon reached his hand upward, his qi surging as he activated the abilities of his Silver Mirror Constitution.

His palm struck upward, stopping the sledgehammer in its tracks.

The cyclops was sent flying, leaving Dyon who was only a fraction of its size standing completely unscathed. In fact, even the earth beneath Dyon's feet wasn't so much as scratched.

The tragic screams of the greyish-green skinned cyclops Overlord rang over the battlefield. Its forearms snapped in two, its dark bones piercing out through its steel-like muscle fibers and skin. Maybe he would have screamed for even longer had Dyon not ended his misery with a scythe strike to the neck.

In that moment, Dyon suddenly paused again.

'... My wrist is numb...?'

Dyon was certain that the cyclops Overlord's blow was well within the limits of his body. Though he hadn't become an Overlord in body, that was only by his own standards and not that of others. His bodily strength already didn't lose out to most Overlords of the body facet and only became more devastating now that he fused his blood and qi, not to mention the fact he had already circulated [Titan Emperor's Will].

'Once is a coincidence... Twice is...'

Dyon's gaze narrowed, his head turning to sense several more auras rushing toward him. To now, only two Overlord Clans had been involved. But judging by what his Immortal Sense saw, many more were coming.

Dyon couldn't help but find this tactic odd. Who was treating Overlords like cannon fodder? Did Kaori really have the ability to do so? And also, wouldn't it be normal for his enemies to attack his family as a threat to him? Yet they were actually completely ignoring his wife and daughter and focusing entirely on him.

Dyon didn't believe that these Failed Clans were so chivalrous. Maybe the reason they were entirely focused on him was because they believed that their only hope was to throw everything they had at him. They didn't have the luxury of splitting their forces.

But... Did the Overlord Clans really fear him this much? He hadn't done enough to warrant this kind of reaction. It didn't make sense.

Seeing the approached throngs of Overlords, Dyon was suddenly speechless.

Massive golden three-legged birds, minotaurs hundreds of meters tall breathing fire, snake-haired men and women, phoenixes of red and blue...

Dyon felt as though he was being pranked. At least in the past when he became public enemy number one whether that be in the Epistemic Tower, or in Sprite Alliance, he had actually done something to warrant it.

Now, however, he was at a loss.

On one hand, he found this to be greatly convenient. With all of the Overlords gathering in this way, as long as he killed them all, this would be effectively over.

However, on another hand, this was baffling. He doubted these Overlords even knew his name. Why was he suddenly being targeted by so many of them? Had he underestimated the impact of his actions in the last almost decade?

Dyon thought for a moment.

He and his wives appeared with several aliases, wreaking havoc. However, in order to paint a more realistic picture, most of the personas that Dyon created were far weaker than his true self. So, the 'damage' they caused wouldn't be enough for Overlords to make a move at all.

More importantly, there was simply too much time left in the first phase. Though no one knew exactly how the rules of this Ancient Game worked, even the shortest time frame the first phase had taken place went on for several decades. But, it hadn't even been 7 years yet!

This was all to say that it didn't make sense that these Overlords were so eager to make a move now. The only explanation was that they really were fearful of Dyon's improvement speed. But in order for them to know how fast he could improve, they'd have to speak to someone like Kaori. However, this once more led to the very first problem Dyon faced in this line of thought: what right did Kaori have to speak to entities on such a level?

This was the same reason Dyon hadn't shifted his attention away from Kaori. There were numerous individuals from the mortal plane who had the same knowledge of Dyon's abilities that Kaori had, but how many of them had the actual means to make use of this knowledge?

Would a three facet Overlord listen to the ravings of a Dao Formation little boy or girl? Would even a Higher Existence care to listen? Even worse, even someone of the same cultivation level wouldn't bother to listen because they'd be too busy trying to kill the 'invaders'.

Dyon was certain that most of his fellow invaders only survived so long precisely because he was taking so much attention away from them.

Of course, Dyon wasn't naïve enough to think that they'd be 'grateful' for this. They were likely dreading a future where the Mortal Empire was all there was. However, at the very least, the vast majority of them wouldn't dare to or even have the ability to provoke him.

'It can't be the Sapientia either... right? I sent Little Alauna and Luna off to scout them for years. I've also kept close tabs on the young they sent in...'

Chapter 2103: Time

After a moment, Dyon's confusion dissipated, replaced by a calm aura.

Since he couldn't figure out what was going on, there was only one explanation: whatever was happening was elevated to a level beyond his means.

The truth behind it all... Why these Overlords were intent on attacking him, why he failed to cut through that deity, why it was his wrist was numb... They were currently beyond his understanding.

Others might think they were simply missing something, however Dyon was confident to the point of arrogance in his own intelligence. Whatever was happening had a scope so vast he wasn't yet capable of seeing through it.

However, that didn't dampen his mood. Instead, he grinned, a fierce aura rushing through his veins.

War qi erupted from his body, coating the black fog of Reaper in the slightest red tinge.

A halo appeared above his head, six pairs of black wings unfurling to his back.

"[Titan Emperor's Will... Act Three... Stage Two]."

[Titan Emperor's Will] had three acts, each of which had three stages. The first act's first stage provided a twenty times multiplier to Dyon's body and qi. However, the third act's second stage had an amplification of 2560 times!

Dyon had already been using the third act's first stage. But now that more enemies had come out to play, why not go all out?

His skin glistened like diamond, his pale blue eyes blazing with fighting intent.

Dyon launched himself into battle, countless [Judgement] arrays surging to life around him.

"[Sage's Decree]. [Patience]. [Modesty]. [Brotherhood]."

Illusory golden palms appeared in the skies, each more powerful than the last. Like a god descending, they condescendingly struck outward with forces that created kilometer long trenches in the once blemishless flat fields of the Ancient Battlefield.

Dyon was keenly aware that his battle prowess continued to drop subtly. However, he always reacted by pouring in more strength. Like a madman who could only use brute force, he charged and charged again, his heart lighting up to illuminate the world.

This large, looming hand that seemed intent on stamping out his resolve... Dyon really wanted to see which would happen first.

Would it be he who ran out of strength? Or would the hands of this puppeteer be severed by his blade?

Dyon breathed hard, the butt of his scythe stamped firmly into the ground. He stood tall among what seemed like a mountain of corpses. But, whether this was due to the obscene size of the dead, or the sheer number of them, Dyon couldn't be bothered to decipher.

In the end, his daze was quite dull. He had a few scratches on his body, but nothing as terrible as what he experienced during the world trial. However, the fact he had these minor injuries to begin with was a massive red flag he couldn't ignore.

These Overlords were too weak. What right did they have to harm him?

"You know what's happening, don't you?"

Dyon's words were very obviously targeted toward Little Yang and Yin. The two of them were the only ones around him right now. But, oddly enough, Dyon could only faintly feel his connection to them, as though it was weakening.

However, Dyon's connection with the beast babies and Chenglei hadn't weakened at all.

"It's related to time, isn't it?"

Dyon looked up at the red sun above his head. The grass planes beneath his feet were soaked with the same crimson that painted the skies. It was as though the more he killed, the lower the ceiling above his head became. Eventually, there was no difference between it and the ground beneath his feet at all...

"I was thinking about it all already..." Dyon spoke as though he was speaking to himself. "The Timeless Library ... Jade used it to come back and help set me on a better path... But wasn't the Timeless Library a creation of this world alone?"

"Even worse, the abilities of the Timeless Library aren't that of a treasure, but is rather the handy work of a Heaven's Child... But how could the ability of a Heaven's Child extend beyond this world? They can't even transcend to the Immortal Plane... So how could they so easily manipulate the timeline?"

"Changing the timeline on the scale of one world may be possible, but what if the timelines of several other worlds are contingent on what happens here and vice versa? Is it possible to forcefully bend the timelines of countless other worlds based on this one mortal plane alone?

"Maybe I should have thought of it earlier. But, I actually didn't notice until I realized my connection with the two of you was waning. The fact you two haven't said anything could very well mean you already can't...

"... It isn't a coincidence that I couldn't find that damned library, huh?"

Celestial Hamsters always existed outside of the timeline. It was their partners who acted as anchors that allowed them to freely appear and make a mark on history.

But, what if their anchor was compromised? What then?

After days of battle, it all finally clicked for Dyon. He realized that he had been too correct about the scope of everything. If it hadn't been for his having the twins as his partners, he may have died before he even understood what was happening. If things were really happening as he thought, it was quite the funny joke the past century had been for him.

Dyon took the twins from his shoulder, smiling as he lightly stroked their fur. This rudimentary existence of simply having forms, but no ability to speak or act was the current state of these twins. Other than the fact only Dyon could touch them now, they were no different than a normal pair of hamsters, looking up toward Dyon with sparkling eyes.

Since they had already chosen Dyon as their anchor, there was no undoing it.

Dyon himself was being rejected by this timeline. As such, they themselves didn't have a place here either.

Chapter 2104: Celestial

Time was a complex thing. It wasn't linear as everyone believed. However, what it did have were penultimate nodes in history, checkpoints, if you will, that had to be passed. The details could be scrambled as they pleased, however these keynotes in history must be met without fail.

How could the fall of the mortal plane not be one of these keynotes?

Luna and their daughter had already informed Dyon of their speculations. They believed that whatever it was that sealed Dyon's loss in the previous timeline most definitely occurred during this first phase.

In that case... Didn't that also mean that this first phase was the penultimate moment?

Dyon found it all quite amusing.

Wasn't this exactly what he wanted to avoid the most? Being a puppet, pulled along by the string of some faceless, emotionless being. Maybe the Heavens were also a jumping clown just like Death, but this may very well be a jumping clown that was undefeatable precisely because this clown wasn't the 'Heavens' Dyon knew at all. It was an even higher existence, one that controlled the flow of existence of all worlds.

The reason he was losing his strength was likely because this timeline wanted to 'reset' itself so that it could continue to follow the larger designs it had planned. It treated Dyon's previous efforts like a joke. It watched on as he struggled and smiled down smugly, knowing it could undo everything on a whim.

In the previous timeline, around this time, Dyon was skulking around like a rat in the shadows, too weak to take part in this phase. He could only watch as the armies descended and the landscape of the mortal plane changed as he knew it.

This was exactly what it wanted. It wanted him to go back to the weak little rat.

"You live up to your name, truly." An unfamiliar voice filled Dyon's ears.

He looked up to see two young men, only one of which he knew. The seven swinging black tails to his back were immediately noticed by Dyon.

However, Kaori was immediately disregarded by him entirely. In fact, he wasn't paying attention to the unknown young man either, all he had eyes for was the small beast on his shoulder...

A little hamster with glistening white fur and beady white eyes...

A celestial hamster!

Dyon eyes narrowed slightly.

'I know this person. I've definitely seen him before. Why is it that I can't remember?'

The young man had an extremely normal appearance. Dyon had become so used to seeing handsome and beautiful people at higher cultivation realms that this young man could almost be categorized as ugly by comparison.

However, Dyon was able to keep proper perspective. In his mortal world, this sort of young man was one you could see everyday simply taking a walk on the streets. He was too normal, abnormally so.

This wasn't just a little odd. The deeper one's cultivation, the closer to perfection you would grow and the more beautiful you would become. If one's talent was exceptional, this was even more apparent. It could be said that Dyon's handsome appearance was directly proportional to his talent.

But, this young man didn't seem to conform to any of these truths.

Dyon suddenly felt the Lightning Willow Mask in his inner world stir violently, crackling with agitation before settling down with an enraged thud. It was as though it felt that it too could do nothing.

Realizing something, Dyon's gaze narrowed.

He had thought that this curse had stopped affecting him a long time ago. However, to think it would rear its head like this.

The Heaven Sparrow... It was a beast cursed due to its beauty with speed that existed beyond the realms of reason. It was so fast that even it couldn't slow itself down. As a result, no one could ever observe it...

There was just one of the cursed creatures... The unicorns were another, cursed to be forgotten the moment one took their eyes away from them. It just so happened to be yet another beautiful creature...

But what did any of this have to do with this normal looking young man?

Dyon slowly petted Little Yang and Yin again before gently placing them on his shoulder once more.

The guilt in his heart hadn't subsided. Little Yang and Yin had been by his side for so long and had helped him through so much.

They were key to his battle strength in the Golden Flame Mystical World. They were the reason Clara was able to survive the sudden onslaught of the Sapientia Guilds. They were the reason he survived Chaos Universe and found Amphorae. They were the reason why he could battle Ancestor Giant and Scholar, laying the foundation for what was his Mortal Empire now.

They were always silently by his side. Even when they didn't speak, he felt assured by the slight weight on his shoulders.

But now, thanks to his own failure in a past life, they were suffering.

No matter how you tried to explain it away, that failure was still Dyon. It was a different version of him, but it was still him who failed. He didn't kill the entity, he didn't protect his family, he failed himself and the mortal plane. There was no simple press to undo button he could use, no plan B to fall back upon...

"It seems that one of your subjects is eager to take your place, Little Yang... Little Yin. Big bro will teach it a lesson in your place."

The normal looking young man gazed at Dyon's shoulders. However, it was clear that even though he was looking down from on high, the difference between Little Yang and Yin versus other celestial hamsters was clear. He had no ability to see the twins at all.

"Just as arrogant as always."

"I only call myself arrogant to appease the masses." Dyon said emotionlessly. "The truth is that I am only supremely confident and nothing else. Arrogance would imply that I overestimate myself, when the reality is that you, whoever you are, will only be another steppingstone."

Chapter 2105: Enjoyable

"Ah, you're unaware of who I am yet I've competed with you for so many years already."

It seemed like the young man was lamenting something, but his equally as expressionless gaze gave way to the truth that he truly didn't care whether or not Dyon knew him. He was obviously just as arrogant. To him, Dyon was nothing more than an ant.

It was quite curious of him to have this stance considering the fact his cultivation was only of the Lower Dao Formation Realm. The 3rd Dao Stage, in fact.

"You may not know who I am, but I am well aware of who you are.

"Dyon Sacharro. Born to a family of mortals. Husband of five and father of one.

"Didn't begin cultivating until he was 15 yet didn't enter the Essence Gathering Realm until he was 29.

"Is the successor of the Celestial Deer Sect. The Emperor of the Mortal Empire. And the only one who remains in memory to succeed in building such a large hegemon in a single lifetime.

"However, what many don't know is that this isn't the first time he's done this. It's in fact the second time. For a single man to succeed in such a goal not once but twice, what a grand feat, indeed."

The young man repeated these words without much emotion, though much of these truths shocked Kaori to his core.

"Do you want to know why we had you kill all of these Overlords? It's simple really. The more powerful you are, the more important you are to a timeline. For an anomaly like you, your backlash was coming in due time regardless. You just happened to help us speed it along...

"... Since you've killed the only woman I've ever loved, I'm currently in need of a few sows to rebuild my Clan. With you soon to be out of the picture, I'll soon have several top-quality ones."

"Oh."

Dyon's voice was as steady as the blood-soaked ground beneath his feet.

"I guess killing you will be somewhat enjoyable now."

Dyon gazed toward the young man as though he was looking at an ant. His scythe rested on his hand, his back straight enough to pierce the skies above.

Seeing that Dyon didn't ask any questions, nor lose himself in a fit of rage, Kaori began to feel extremely uncomfortable. He had an itchiness in his heart he was eager to pour out. It was as though he was punching toward nothing but air.

It had been a hundred years... a hundred years since that battle. Dyon was both his nightmare and his obsession. Yet, after tempering himself for so long, the object of his rage hardly spared him a glance.

In fact, he could feel that it wasn't just him who was being ignored. Even though Dyon's gaze was focused on the normal looking young man, it was as though he was looking right through him. It was obvious that Dyon was focused on this young man not because he took him seriously, but only because he was currently the biggest threat. Nothing more, nothing less.

"Are you going to continue to waste my time? Or are you going to bring those thirteen out? No... It should be eleven. No matter what tricks you used, it would be impossible for you to control that Clan."

Dyon's emotionless words caused Kaori's heart to tremble.

It didn't seem that it was necessary for any more to be said. Eleven more figures appeared, each representing the pinnacle strength of the three facet Overlord.

The Ancestors of the Orcs, the Medusa Clan, the Cyclopes, the Torus Clan, the Undead Clan, the Cerebrus Clan, the Insect Royals, the Golden Crow Clan, the Griffons, the Unicorns, and the Phoenixes...

Dyon necked cracked as he slowly rolled it. Even with his aura weakening, even with him being the only one on the ground, he seemed to look down on them all.

Various auras swirled around the battlefield. Any one of them could intimidate an empire, yet it was all for a singular young man.

One could say that Dyon didn't even look all that impressive. Aside from his looks, he wasn't very imposing in other aspects. He dressed casually, without even a shirt for his bare chest. His cultivation wasn't very high, only being at the peak dao realm. And, on top of this, it seemed that he was already at the end of his rope. Was he really already burning his soul?

If he had to go so far for their subordinates, was there really a need for them to go all out like this?

However, as time passed, their expressions grew more serious. The burning of one's soul was supposed to last an incredibly short period of time. Why was it that this youth didn't seem eager to attack them at all? Wasn't he running out of time?

Also, wasn't the intensity of this soul burning too low? And why was it so controlled? After going all out to burn one's soul, it should have been impossible to keep it so restrained. Yet, they couldn't even tell what Dyon's true level of soul strength was.

"Still not attacking?" Dyon tilted his head as though curious. "Ah, are you still waiting for my strength to lower by more? This still isn't enough for you, hm? Well, I don't mind waiting with you."

Dyon's nonchalant attitude filled them with unease.

"We can have a nice back and forth while we wait. What do you guys want to talk about?"

Seeing that no one responded, Dyon continued unperturbed.

"Ah, we can talk about how the mighty Overlord Clans became the dogs of two Dao Formation cultivators? That's a little embarrassing don't you think? What would your daughters and sons think knowing their parents were scuttling rats?"

Rage couldn't possibly encompass what these 11 Overlords were feeling. To reach their cultivation realms, they should have long since gained hearts as calm as a lake. Yet, simple words from Dyon completely infuriated them for some reason.

Chapter 2106: Speak

They didn't realize that they had subconsciously placed Dyon on their level, and in some cases, above them. This was the only way his words could have possibly affected them so easily.

"Let me guess. You feel aggrieved? The fluffy tailed one probably dangled a nice piece of meat in front of you all, so you couldn't resist, hm?"

"Hm, if I were to make a guess, he probably used the Goldeen and Crow Clans, am I right?"

The blazing gold flames of the Golden Crow sent out a raging torrent of heat. Maybe if Dyon's body wasn't so powerful, he really could have burned to ash just from this temper flare.

"Seems I hit the nail on the head. Oh, this is fun, let's keep going."

"He probably brought in a few of them and like a kitten to catnip, your Golden Crow Clan scurried over with your tails between your legs right? You were probably so eager to seek revenge against that pitiful human Clan who betrayed you all. So blinded by your own stupidity, you didn't even realize it was a trap.

"Well, at least you got what you wanted, right? You might be a dog instead of a mighty mythical bird, but I'm sure the Goldeen and Crow Clans are gone now, hm? Maybe that'll help you sleep a bit better at night in your little puppy bed."

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

"Tsk, what a temper. And here I thought dragons had anger management issues..."

Dyon's amused expression turned cold.

"Since you're still too cowardly to take action, I'll help you out."

A palm suddenly shuttled through the void, breaking through space and slamming against Dyon's back. However, the latter didn't move forward even a single inch.

At that moment, even the normal looking young man's expressionless gaze widened with shock.

Dyon's cultivation plummeted. No, it didn't plummet... It was completely severed.

Those in the surroundings were stunned to the point where they no longer had words to speak.

Dyon's qi cultivation was completely gone. It was as though he had never cultivated energy a day in his life, as though he had gone back to the young boy who first set foot into Focus Academy.

Years of cultivation disappeared in a flash. But what was maybe even more shocking was that none of them could understand just what that palm was. Where did it come from? Who executed it?

They were inclined to believe that this was just an act of further suppression by the Heavens unto Dyon. But the timing of Dyon's words and the palm were simply too conspicuous.

"Still not enough for you? Okay."

A crackling array of lightning appeared to Dyon's back. It was absolutely massive, stretching kilometers into the skies and turning the somber world of red into one flooded with bright light.

The imposing might of the lightning dao made the eleven Overlords tremble. Those who broke through with the comprehension facet were simply too rare. Yet, these were still three facet Overlords. Many of them had achieved this breakthrough. But somehow, a mere dao had actually shaken them so much.

This was a difference between depth and breadth of comprehension. This was also the difference between quality of will!

However, Dyon raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

In the next instant, that array shattered into countless reflective pieces.

The Overlords stood frozen in time. They couldn't believe what they were witnessing. Was this the kind of man they could provoke? One who could do such a thing without blinking an eye?

Another array appeared to Dyon's back. This time, it was one of light green, emitting a strong wind qi. The Overlords felt that they were absolute fools. Never did they believe that a wind dao could be so powerful, yet its suffocating presence was only marginally weaker than that of the lightning dao from before.

Yet, it too shattered.

One after another, daos that alone could make the world tremble appeared and broke into tiny shards of space and reality, causing a dimensional storm that made the Ancient Battlefield quake.

Dyon's meaning was clear. His Dao Heart was so far above their own that they couldn't even fathom it...

If the Heavens wanted to abandon him, he would abandon the Heavens first.

The Overlords didn't register however many dozen daos shattered before their eyes. Even as their hearts were aching toward this incomprehensible scene, they had become completely numb. They stopped asking how... how could such weak daos be so powerful... how could a single man comprehend so many of them... how could they fight such a battle?

In the end, the final dao appeared. Just after a mighty comprehension of Death left the world, a blazing array of one half white and the other black appeared. It was absolutely gorgeous, a sight that seemed to embody the absolute beauty of balance and existence.

This was none other than Dyon's fire dao. The faint heat and chaotic energy it exuded was undeniable.

The Overlords almost uncontrollably called out and begged. They couldn't bear to see such a perfect dao vanish from the world. It was a sin of sins.

However, Dyon finger raised once more, with a snap, it completely shattered.

The torrential current of space and time seemed intent on shattering apart their reality. The self-implosion of such a strong dao was undeniably powerful. The limit of the Mortal Plane was the 9th Dao level. Had this not been the relatively sturdier Ancient Battlefield, Dyon's actions would have caused a catastrophe.

But in this place, it struck an unerasable fear in the hearts of those who faced him.

For any normal individual, the destruction of even one dao meant death. Even if it was an intent or will, it would cause irreparable harm. Yet Dyon only stood casually as though nothing had happened. If it wasn't for the small streak of blood falling from the corner of his lip, one would think that he had shattered the daos of someone else entirely.

Chapter 2107: All of It

Dyon's aura was far weaker than it had been just a few moments ago, yet somehow, he felt more dangerous than he had ever been.

For the first time in his life, the normal looking young man felt a pang of inferiority. It was such a novel feeling that he didn't know how to deal with it. He had been hearing about Dyon almost all his life, yet he had never felt any sort of pressure.

To him, every genius was bound to be tread beneath his feet. They were all grand and lofty when they faced a situation they felt they could easily handle. But, when push came to shove, and they realized that their lives were truly on the line, without fail, each and every one of them would fold.

This went for the True Gods of the Epistemic Tower, the legendary Ancient Constitution wielders of old, and he had thought that Dyon would be no different.

What this young man didn't understand was that he wasn't necessarily wrong. Dyon was just like these other geniuses. It was just that... he had never come across a scenario he believed he couldn't conquer.

"I'm weak enough for you all now, right?"

Dyon somehow felt both weaker than he had in a long time and the most powerful.

Fundamental runes of bronze, silver and gold manifested around his body. But this time, they began to grow and multiply. These were no longer just the fundamental runes of the blue sun world, but also the runes of this mortal plane and more importantly... this battlefield!

Dyon slammed his scythe into the ground, sending tidal waves of earth in every direction. His gaze was a blood red. He wanted to destroy everything in sight.

Ancestor Golden Crow's enraged roar shook the battlefield. He wasn't able to hold back any longer.

With a single flap of his massive golden flame coated wings, he charged toward Dyon. However, the result was far beyond what the fear in his heart had tricked him into believing.

As grand as Dyon's display was, he soon found himself flying in the air in the complete opposite direction he had charged in. And, considering he had no qi cultivation, it was definitely not a controlled flight.

The key to Dyon's overwhelming battle prowess had always been the fusion of his qi and vital qi. When his energy and blood became one, it would supply a multiplicative strength to his body, allowing him to battle several realms and stages above his own cultivation level.

However, now, his qi was gone. And, though his body was about as strong as a Supreme's now, a one facet Overlord could defeat a Supreme with the wave of a hand, let alone a three facet Overlord. The difference was so extreme that it was a miracle Dyon hadn't been blasted into a rain of meat paste after a single strike.

What was even more maddening was that Dyon wasn't satisfied.

No, this had nothing to do with his strength. He didn't care that he was being treated like a ragdoll, nor did he care that their initial fear had dissipated into the wind after realizing he could hardly take on a single strike now.

Instead, what was truly shocking about Dyon's current state was the fact he wasn't satisfied with cutting himself off from his qi and wills. He wanted to be rid of everything.

Wasn't this Titan Diamond Body gifted by the Heavens? He didn't want it. His Eternity's Balance constitution? He didn't want it. His Silver Mirror constitution? He didn't want it either.

However, he didn't have the means to rip them from himself. He simply didn't know how to without ending his own life. So for now, he let them be. But the intent remained. There would come a day where he relied on himself and nothing more.

To try and back him into a corner by snatching the things it believed it had gifted him... Dyon had believed his was arrogant, but it seemed that the Heavens were even more so. To look down on him from on high and pass judgement as it pleased. Such a thing really pissed him off.

Dyon roared, meeting the Golden Crow Ancestor's attack with a sudden vigor.

Fundamental runes surged around his body, Reaper expanding several times over in the blink of an eye.

A shrill cry left the golden bird's beak.

Red-gold blood flickering with dancing flames fell from the skies as the bird Ancestor's third leg was cut off.

"Attacking alone?" Dyon sneered. "If you want a chance to live, you'd best attack together. Just one of you is no match for me no matter how weak I am. This land is mine. The sky is mine. Your life is mine.

"If you want to struggle against the will of a God, you think you can do it alone?"

Ancestor Golden Crow was stifled. In fact, in the very next moment, he sent Dyon flying once more, but the words kept reverberating in his mind.

'Dammit, it is you who is struggling against a God! The Heavens will pound you into the ground for your arrogance and I'll be here to witness it all! Die!'

Yet, these words remained in his mind. For some reason or another, he couldn't find the conviction to speak them out loud. He felt a weighing, tearing pain in his chest.

Blood flew from Dyon's lips. It felt as though every bone in his body was broken, and maybe that was the reality.

However, his gaze remained calculative, as though he was seeing through everything.

'Cut it all away. I want nothing to do with it!'

Dyon's fingers stabbed into his own right eye, tearing his eyeball away. A wave of backlash assaulted his body as the meridians were severed completely.

If he had the strength to destroy a Treasure of the 33 Heavens, he would have crushed this eye where it lied in his palm.

'All of it!'

Chapter 2108: Ignorance

?Dyon's arm pierced through his own belly, ripping a golden seal from within him out.

The Overlords trembled. The moment those two treasures lost Dyon's shroud, their true fluctuations shook them to their core.

Heavenly Treasures! The Treasures of the 33 Heavens!

"Get away from me!"

Dyon threw Hell's Right Eye and The Seal. In a blink, they had soared over the horizon, out of sight of their gazes and out of range of their senses.

Greed filled the gazes of the Overlords. Once they got rid of this threat, wouldn't they have a path to the Immortal Realm? If they had such a treasure by their side... Their rise would be guaranteed! Right now, they were nothing but ants to the Immortal Plane. But if they had such backing, it would only be a matter of time before they grasped true strength.

Kaori and the normal young man stood in the air rooted in place.

Looking down at the Dyon who had blood running down his eyes and body, they felt more shaken than they ever had in their entire lifetimes.

To think that he wouldn't even want such weapons purely because they had been blessed by the Heavens. Just a single slight and he wanted nothing to do with it anymore.

Ancestor Golden Crow immediately gave up pursuit of Dyon, chasing after the thrown treasures.

"Didn't I say... To fight together?!"

Dyon's scythe rose into the air, ripping through the skies and the clouds above as swirls of bronze, silver and gold fundamental runes spun around its blade.

"Pay the price for your own ignorance."

His blade descended, beheading a might Golden Crow with one clean stroke.

Dyon's gripped Ancestor Golden Crow's severed head. His fist clenched, sending a tidal wave of force through the dead Overlord's skull and causing a rain of flesh and blood.

Dyon observed the red-gold bead that remained in his hand apathetically. Though he seemed to be holding it casually, it radiated a level of heat that matched the surface of a star. Even with its vital force cut off, it felt an innate desire to burn the world to the ground.

Beast cores. They were a natural phenomenon that mortal beasts didn't have the right to form. In fact, even Ancestor Golden Crow only barely met the requirements to create one. Still, even then, his was only the size of a fingernail.

These were very different from the infernal cores of the Infernal and Embryonic Infernal Beasts. While infernal cores only contained a dense qi, true beast cores contained not only an immortal beast's cultivation, but also their comprehension.

Everything it was that made Ancestor Golden Crow as powerful as he was, was hidden within this very fingernail sized crystal shard.

On the immortal plane, such a beast core was invaluable. The truth was that not every beast could form one. Only those with deep enough bloodline talent or those who had experienced lucky mutations could form one. The number was at only about 10% of beasts.

"Oh...?"

Dyon dropped down heavily from the skies, unable to sustain flight without his qi. Though he was sure he could figure out how to using vital qi as a substitute, he couldn't be bothered. After all, he still had his wings if he was really in need of flight.

"Do all of you have one of these?"

Dyon moved his head toward the five remaining beast Overlords as though they were meat on a platter. Suddenly, greed they had toward the soaring treasures in the distance vanished, replaced with an ingrained fear that penetrated their marrow.

They couldn't understand what they were seeing. Why was Dyon's battle strength fluctuating so wildly? Sometimes he would be as weak as an ant, and at others... He could behead a three facet Overlord with a single strike?!

Dyon's senses turned back toward the small shard in his hand. It was quite beautiful in a morbid kind of way, especially since he could see Ancestor Golden Crow's soul screaming in agony from his vantage point.

"How interesting."

With a thought, Dyon crushed it. Ancestor Golden Crow's last horrified scream filled the air, turning into particle sized red-

gold dust that sparkled between Dyon's fingers.

The white flames around Dyon blazed to life. They jumped from a gentle simmer to a raging typhoon, spiralling around Dyon with an illusory light.

The world around him shook and quaked.

A moment later, wavering runes began to appear within the dust particles. They seemed similar to the ones that perpetually floated around Dyon, except they were far more complex. In fact, there were also many more of them.

The bronze runes that appeared were a deeper bronze. The silver runes that manifested were a brighter silver. The gold runes trembled the space around them were a more lustrous gold.

Dyon had been thinking for a long time already. If he really were to break free from the Heavens entirely, just what would his path be? He had already completely discarded his inner world. And now that he had abandoned his qi, it might completely collapse any time now. However, he wasn't worried. He felt that his own path was far more powerful. It was a path so unprecedented that even if another had thought of it, they would abandon it immediately.

Dyon's master had opened up a whole new world to him by passing on her legacy to him... He realized that he had been too tunnel-visioned in the way he viewed array alchemy. Even after that, Madeleine's words truly woke him up. His lovely wife understood him better than even he understood himself...

Array Alchemy was about snatching heavenly laws as you pleased. This was what reigned supreme at the core of it all. Who said it had to be executed with heavenly herbs? Why couldn't he do it with the flesh and blood of beasts? Why couldn't he use the human body as a cauldron as he did with Ri? Why couldn't he use the beast core in his hands at this very moment...?

'Give them to me. The laws that made you a Golden Crow. The source of your strength, your blood, your flames...'

The runes around Dyon trembled as though fighting against his command.

Chapter 2109: Weak

?The small spark of a golden flame flickered into existence before disappearing. The cycle continued again and again, endlessly. It seemed for a moment that it really might never succeed.

The Overlords didn't understand what was going on, but they could feel the skies screaming. Tribulation clouds swarmed above, sending strikes of lighting downward that bombarded Dyon's body. They seemed greedy to kill him where he stood, burn him completely to ash.

Dyon's empty eye sockets turned up to the skies. Even without pupils, his disdain was clear.

"Fuck off."

It seemed the Heavens had forgotten that they gave this Ancient Battlefield to Dyon to control. To anyone else, everything was far more difficult in this place. However, to Dyon, it was the exact opposite. This battlefield was where he reigned supreme.

Dyon realized the Heavens didn't have full control over his constitution precisely because it wasn't the original Titan Diamond Body to begin with. Dyon's constitution was the fusion of two Titan Diamond Bodies!

The tribulation clouds froze. As though playing a backdrop to the birth of something new, it could only watch as golden flames erupted around Dyon's body, incinerating the corpses and fields of blood for miles.

Dyon indifferently sensed the golden flames around him. Even the corpses of the numerous Overlords around him, corpses that wouldn't have decayed for millions of years if left alone, were incinerated to ash. Yet...

"... What weak flames."

Dyon extinguished the golden flames as though he disdained to use them. Compared to his chaos and purity flames, the proud flames of the Golden Crow were more than just a single level inferior. Ancestor Golden Crow had comprehended his flame to the Law realm, yet it was still weaker than Dyon's Dao flame.

If anyone understood Dyon's thoughts, they'd be astonished. The gap between a Dao and Law was a massive chasm that many didn't cross in their lifetimes.

One shouldn't take the case of Overlords as the example. It should be remembered that to the Immortal Plane, there was no 'Overlord' realm. There were only the half immortal Higher Existences and the true Immortals which began at the Immortal Essence Realm.

On the Immortal Plane, even an expert at the Peak Immortal Essence stage might not necessarily have comprehended a Law. It could be said that the only reason Overlords of the comprehension facet existed on the mortal plane was because those in this prison had nothing else to focus their attention toward. They had no choice but to try and improve in the only paths they had left.

It could be said that the aspirations of these Overlords weren't a fairy tale. If they found a way out of this prison and truly transcended, they would be among the most powerful Immortal Essence Realm experts on the Immortal Plane.

It was just a shame that they made an enemy out of Dyon first.

The fundamental runes dispersed, floating obediently around Dyon. The Overlords felt that Dyon's figure had somehow stretched out of their reach in that moment.

It was a truly odd feeling. He hadn't moved a single inch, yet he was somehow continuously becoming further and further away from them.

The thoughts they had of chasing after the treasures were completely eradicated. If they didn't band together to face this monster now... They somehow felt that even if they had those treasures by their sides... It wouldn't matter.

"Charge together!"

Dyon suddenly vanished from where he was standing, appearing on Ancestor Cyclops' shoulder.

His fist careened through the air, smashing through the Overlord's temple as though wading through butter.

"[Devour]."

The nine remaining Overlords froze.

Ancestor Cyclops' struggling soul appeared in Dyon's palm. His nascent form was a mere baby, a far cry from Dyon's own mature soul. It could actually be considered quite adorable, even with its singular eye. However, Dyon crushed it into motes of light just as unfeelingly. It didn't feel like he was crushing an Overlord at all... But rather than he was swatting an annoying insect out of existence.

"Pay the price for your own ignorance."

Dyon's words reverberated in their minds like an endless echo. It resonated with their souls, causing their hearts to pound uncontrollably.

He had already given them a warning, a benevolent chance that they didn't grasp. They should have taken the chance to attack as one while his strength was still fluctuating... While it had still yet to stabilize.

But instead, they delivered Ancestor Golden Crow to him on a silver platter. The moment they allowed Dyon to find a catalyst to snatch more of this world's fundamental runes, they had already lost.

Dyon didn't even need to verbalize their mistake. His actions were enough for them to know how foolish they had been. He had given them a chance to fight back, yet they had completely squandered it.

What truly shook their hearts to the core was that Dyon's strength had taken two massive dives downward. Once after he killed Ancestor Golden Crow, and another after he slaughtered Ancestor Cyclops, a giant hundreds of times his size.

It was clear that the Heavens were still trying their best to expunge his influence, to squash his existence and pretend as though he didn't exist. But Dyon was improving even faster than the Heavens could suppress him. Such a reality shook the nine Overlords to their core.

The space around Dyon trembled once more as the fundamental runes began to form.

Ancestor Cyclops had comparatively more golden runes than Ancestor Golden Crow had had. Dyon still wasn't entirely sure what this meant quite yet, but he could subconsciously feel that it was more useful to him.

Just when the fundamental runes barely stabilized, Dyon's body explosively increased in size, the fibers of his body becoming like taut metallic filaments. Each muscle fiber was so powerful that every individual line forged of their path could be seen through Dyon's skin.

Dyon shrunk down a moment later, dispelling the runes to add the rotation of them around him.

"Inconvenient."

Chapter 2110: Return

?Dyon dismissed this ability as well. Hadn't he forcefully entered the Bronze Silk Realm precisely because he had no interest in becoming so large? Why then would he accept such a result for the sake of becoming a cyclops? It wasn't like the muscle filaments of the cyclops race could be more powerful than his current diamond silk muscle filaments.

Dyon curiously observed the trembling Overlords. Their legs quaked beneath them so severely that they had seemed to lose the ability to move. What maybe even Dyon hadn't realized was that this wasn't only due to fear, but rather because Dyon's Presence was growing at an exponential rate. And due to the Sovereign Flame... Its strength became the embodiment of each and every one of his actions.

After Dyon absorbed the Pride Clan's pool of blood, there was a sudden change to his Presence, but he had never been able to truly understand what it was. Following that day, he could no longer tell what his Presence's grade was. In addition, it didn't seem limited in the cultivation realms it could affect any longer.

The only faint understanding he had was that his Presence had become a martial intent. But the truth was he still wasn't certain even of what this was. Things like martial intents and concepts were too rarely used on the mortal plane and Dyon had no one but himself to guide him.

Regardless of what the truth was, it was undeniable that his Presence was taking blazing leaps forward in the moment. If before it was entirely reliant on his body, now, it seemed to stretch outward in a perpetual domain that covered everything.

"Still not coming?"

Dyon disappeared, reappearing in the skies above the Ancestor Unicorn. His crushing weight fell on the Overlord's skull even as his scythe swept forward, cleanly cutting its singular horn from its head.

The slaughter was devastating. With every life Dyon took, his strength seemed to surge to a new height. Following in kind, the Heavens suppression of him would multiply several times over, but he would improve once more in the blink of an eye.

Kaori and the normal young man watched as Dyon snatched and disdained the abilities of eleven individuals who could reign over the world.

Dyon's body, coated in flame of white, seemed like a god come down to pass judgement. Every swing of his scythe, every clench of his fist, every flicker of disdain that corrupted his visage, seared into their minds and their hearts as though chiseled in by the Heavens themselves.

The fundamental runes fluttered around Dyon. Their growing number seemed proportional to his every increase in strength. The more there were, the more laws he snatched away. The more laws he snatched away, the more his battle strength relied solely on himself and nothing else.

His battle strength fluctuated as his tug of war with Heavens raged on.

The more power Dyon snatched away, the more he understood what he must do, what his true cultivation path was. The fundamental runes were a nice parlor trick, but it still fundamentally relied on the Heavens.

This system of fundamental runes he was snatching away would always rely on the Heavens. Even if there came a day where he took it all away, it would only make him untouchable in this one world. This was no longer his goal. His aspirations were far beyond this.

He needed to refine his own foundation. He needed to create his own sense of self, his very own body. He would rebuild every cell of his body, refining himself as though he was a pill from the ground up.

His proof of concept already existed – it was his very own wife. Hadn't he used Ri's body as a cauldron? Why not take it one step further and use his own body as a pill?

Maybe the creator of [Inner World: Sanctuary] had a similar path. He likely wanted to create a world within himself, effectively becoming free from the constraints of all others.

However, that was his solution. This solution was Dyon's own, one he would follow to the very end. This was only the beginning!

The battlefield fell silent.

Dyon sat on the Ancestor Orc's forehead, not seemingly registering the foul smell coming from the latter's body.

After spending a few moments lost in thought, he leisurely stood, hopping down from his spot on the orc's corpse.

His casual actions left a crater in the Ancestor Orc's skull, causing an ooze of grey, white and red brain matter to drip out.

"Are you going to continue pretending to be nameless, Emytheus Olympus?"

Emytheus, who had regained his apathetic expression after a while, suddenly froze once more.

"You..."

"Oh? Are you surprised that I've remembered you now? You're quite brazen with it too. I remember than an Olympus Clan appeared during the Federation's first mission. Yet, no one seemed to remember you at all.

"You'd think that with the reappearance of a Clan like the Olympus Clan, it would be world shattering news. The mighty angels who saved us from the hands of the titans making a return. Yet, not a word was said about you."

Dyon shook the blood from his scythe. His strength continued to plummet, and having run out of Overlords to snatch strength from, there was only these two remaining. But it didn't matter, this battle was as good as over.

"I wondered what race could curse an entire species of people. It makes sense that it was you angels. Since you created magic, it isn't a surprise that you would also create its opposite in curses. My little sister Meiying happens to know a thing or two about curses.

"You know, I'm a bit hurt. You said that you knew everything about me, but how could you not know something so simple? Do you think I would be stupid enough to realize the effectiveness of curses and never make contingency plans on them?

"I went so far as to hide my father-in-law's return even from his own daughter purely to keep this a secret, but I had no idea I didn't need to go so far."