

## The Nameless 2111

### Chapter 2111: Bury

?The palm strike that hit Dyon's back before the battle began was precisely from his father-in-law and Ri's own father. Emytheus may have been prepared to make contingency plans against Little Lyla, but what would he do against another True Empath that had been gone for over a hundred years?

Dyon learned of the potency curses could have the moment he forgot about the existence of his unicorn corpse puppet. He went through so many battles where it could have been greatly helpful, yet he completely forgot about it.

It was then he made a few contingency plans. Who better to see through tricks of the mind if not a True Empath? However, that was contingent of the True Empath, him or herself, not being compromised in the first place. This was where his father-in-law who was currently sitting within his crumbling inner world came in.

"You were planning for me... For over a hundred years...?"

"Don't flatter yourself." Dyon yawned, a bit bored. "I just don't like surprises. You can also stop pretending to be backed into a corner, your acting is terrible.

"I've known you were an Olympus for a long time, yet I still destroyed you Clan's last universe spirit. Do you think I fear you... Or your Ancient Constitution?"

Emytheus' wide eyes slowly calmed, growing ever colder with each passing second.

His hand flashed to the side, a bloody blade entering through one side of Kaori's head and exiting out the other. Dyon hardly batted an eye to this sudden change.

"You know I have such a constitution, yet you dare to stand before me?"

"There's nothing I don't dare to do."

Emytheus suddenly began to laugh. His body swirled with 12 different auras, each drastically different from the last.

"These are words you'll soon regret. I didn't become the first of my kind to reach the Dao Formation Realm by fluke. Your only remaining path is death.

"For the sake of Aritzia... I'll bury you."

Dyon slowly brandished his scythe, his gaze incomparably calm.

The Ancient Constitution was a legend that had existed since the dawn of the mortal plane. Dyon wasn't certain of how powerful they were or even of how many there had been since the creation of this world. But, what he was sure of was that not a single one of them had ever successfully cleared the celestial realm to enter the dao realm. Their tribulations were simply too fierce.

Yet, here was Emytheus, his aura bold and imposing as though he was a son of the Heavens.

Dyon knew how powerful Emytheus must be. Even the Sky God Zeus was able to end the reign of the Titans single handedly despite being a mere celestial. How great must the battle prowess provided by an Ancient Constitution be in order to allow a celestial to push what must have been thousands of Supremes to the brink of extinction?

To make matters worse, Dyon had a bad feeling about the 12 auras circulating around Emytheus. It might not have been a coincidence that he was the only one to succeed.

Dyon couldn't help but wonder... Why had he succeeded in this timeline but not the last? Could his weaker self have ever defeated Emytheus? Dyon didn't think so. Dyon was certain that aside from The Entity, Emytheus was the most powerful existence on the mortal plane.

What Dyon didn't know was that it was his fault that Emytheus could stand here today. No matter how great Dyon's planning was, it was impossible for him account for every factor. Ironically, this event was only happening due to a spell of bad luck.

Back when Overlord Ascelyn – Madeleine's mount and Ice Phoenix – was just planning on attacking the dwarves, he received a report about a young man entering the center of the Ancient Battlefield. Back then, he had asked his subordinate to keep tabs on this young man and to inform him if he ever came out.

In the previous timeline, Emytheus, beaten and bloodied after successfully crossing his tribulation, was instantly caught by the Overlord Ice Phoenix where he was likely wrung dry for his secrets. Emytheus spent over a year in a coma after exiting the battlefield, only to be killed when he showed signs of waking up. Reason being... Ascelyn realized that he was too dangerous!

Yet, in this timeline, Dyon had caught the Ice Phoenix for the sake of giving his wife a proper mount. Like this, Emytheus was able to spend a year completely unnoticed in these very plains he faced off against Dyon on now. In fact, not only did he go unnoticed, but he was able to heal himself back to 100% of his strength in the following years.

Just like this, Dyon dropped a rock on his own foot. As for why Emytheus had to enter the center of the Ancient Battlefield, he didn't know. That said...

The reality was that he was excited. His blood boiled and his bones crackled, releasing a tremendous amount of pressure.

This Ancient Constitution, wasn't it the prized child of the Heavens? It was probably the Heavens' greatest regret that not a single Ancient Constitution had survived to this point. Dyon even had a sneaking suspicion that all this fanfare about evolution was actually the Heavens misdirecting them all. The true pinnacle creation of the Heavens were those like Emytheus... Maybe Heaven's Children were only failures that didn't manage to meet the necessary requirements...

Dyon wondered... How would the Heavens feel if he beat its precious child into the ground?

Dyon's scythe slowly dragged along the ground, carving the charred soil beneath his feet with an apathetic expression.

"You say you want revenge for Aritzia? While I can't allow you that, I don't mind sending you to her."

"Haha!" Emytheus laughed. "Even in the face of a true God you speak words as though you can still pass judgement as you please. You have not a single idea the kind of strength you're facing."

## Chapter 2112: The Difference

"This is the difference between you and I. You seem to think it matters the level of strength you have, when in reality, you'll die just the same.

"Don't say I didn't try to help you. Your Aritzia confessed her undying love to me just as she breathed her last breath. If I didn't kill her, wouldn't she come running to my arms instead of yours? At least this way, while you're both in the land of the dead, you're the only choice she has left."

Emytheus' eyes widened with rage, boiling over with a crimson tide.

The earth beneath them sunk. Dyon could feel it. It wasn't just a small section of land that shattered, but rather the whole of the Ancient Battlefield sunk by an entire inch.

Dyon frowned, his grip around his scythe tightening slightly.

"Since you still don't understand, I'll be sure to slowly show you what the true difference between you and I is. Maybe if you were born in another era, this would be your world. But since I am here, it will be mine. I've only let you keep the fame and fortune you have on hold for me.

"Even when I was a celestial, I could have already swept through the mortal plane. There wasn't a single person who was a match for me. The only reason I did not was because my goals and aspirations were much higher. This would not be my limit. Until I successfully crossed the dao realm, none of you were worthy of my attention.

"Today, I will show you... The true strength of I, Emytheus."

Twelve Wings spread from Emytheus' back, but they were absolutely massive. They shone a platinum color, looking like they had been forged of very delicate silver paper as they blanketed the skies of hundreds of miles.

They stood detached from Emytheus' back, their every slight quiver flattening the earth as far as the eye could see.

The skies trembled, the crackling of fierce arcs of lightning coursing through the darkening clouds. They struck downward, fusing with Emytheus' enormous wings.

Emytheus stood at the center of it all, his expression without emotion, his gaze lofty.

He stretched his finger outward, an arc of platinum lightning following his intent to streak toward Dyon.

Dyon quickly dodged to the side, not having the mind to care for the collapsing earth behind him as he shot into the skies, his own 12 golden wings appearing to his back as he met Emytheus' palm with his blackened scythe.

"You dare use my own ancestor's abilities against me?"

"When will you understand that there's little I don't dare to do?"

Dyon unleashed a flurry of maddening strikes. He and Emytheus seemed like two guardian deities battling it out in the skies. With the size of the latter's wings, it was likely that maybe every inhabitant of this prison was aware of this battle. Though they might have not exactly understood just why it was happening, they could all innately feel its importance.

"Ignorance! Your silver mirror constitution..."

One of the 12 swirling auras around Emytheus shone.

Dyon's sudden scythe strikes were reflected and amplified by Emytheus' next palm strike. It felt as though all of his strength had suddenly doubled and come crashing into his chest, intent on turning him into a cloud fog of blood.

"... Is nothing but a cheap imitation of my Ancestor Demeter! This is the true Silver Mirror Constitution. The Goddess of Harvest. Capable of accepting all and giving back more! Your Eternity's Balance Constitution..."

Another aura surged from within Emytheus, pursuing Dyon as the elements seemed to bend and fuse to his will.

Flames surged and blended with water. Earth moved and fused with wind. The skies and the ground became one. Reality became illusory, and dreams became corporeal.

Dyon felt like Emytheus' strike was coming from the bottom, his Immortal Sense latching onto it completely, but a sudden palm strike struck his head from above.

"... Is nothing but a knockoff of my Ancestor Hera! This is the true Eternity's Balance. Birthed from the Goddess of Unions. Capable of balancing all things, to make yin accept yang, to make yang accept yin. A perfect matrimony of the elements, of existence itself!"

In the next instant, a bombardment of cold and heat assaulted Dyon from the right even as something sharp and blunt bombarded him from the left.

Dyon reacted quickly, his scythe spinning in his hands and following the flow of momentum to extend outward hundred of meters, reaching toward Emytheus who stood behind his bold attacks.

Weapon's arrays spun to life around Dyon, curving a path around the building assault of torrential attacks to impact Emytheus directly.

"You still don't understand." Emytheus said with a clear disdain.

His hair became a blazing red, a massive hammer appearing in his hands.

"Your comprehension of War is nothing but a cheap understanding of my Ancestor Ares' abilities. This is the true will of war!"

His hammer swung downward, arcs of lightning and fused flames shattering the black spears of Dyon's [Raze].

Dyon's brow raised. That hammer... It was stronger than even his Reaper. How was that possible? Reaper had become an Empyrean Grade weapon. Even on the Immortal Plane, such a weapon was highly sought after. Maybe only those of the Immortal Law Realm would frequently wield one.

"Were you very proud of your scythe? It's nothing but an inferior weapon from an inferior world. With the legacy of my Ancestor Hephaestus, there is nothing in the world that cannot be forged into a treasure.

"I can turn the soil beneath my feet into the crown jewel of an Empress of Nations. I can forge the feather of a common bird into an arrow that could pierce the sun. I can temper the heavens and the earth themselves, refining them to my liking.

"We are not the same! This is the difference between you and I!"

Emytheus roared into the skies, his 12 auras revolving around him madly as he tapped into one godly ability after the next.

#### Chapter 2113: True Difference

?Weapons appeared in the skies one after another. There were godly spears, sharp swords, jagged tridents. Each was no worse than the Venerable Grade, forcing the space around them to quake and tremble.

The skies shattered as though they were made of glass, trying to reform on themselves only to shatter again. A world of reality and pseudo reality formed, it was the kind that looked like a dream land... the kind of land Emytheus could do with as he pleased.

Dyon could feel his strict control of the Ancient Battlefield slipping away. As it did, the plummeting of his strength accelerated. It seemed the Heavens were intent on suppressing him to the extreme.

This only confirmed Dyon's theory. Why was it that he was being suppressed, but Emytheus who must have died in the previous timeline not experiencing this? If not a case of playing favorites, what exactly was this?

Dyon's grin turned savage.

Indeed, Emytheus lived up to his name as an Ancient Constitution wielder. But, Dyon had still never expected that he would have all 12 abilities of the 12 'Gods' of the Olympus Clan.

Zeus was the Sky God. Emytheus not only seemed to have the ability to control the weather and the air currents, but his wings were simply obscene. Dyon had to fight with all his might just to not get blown away by a single casual flap.

Hera was the Goddess of Union. Emytheus' ability to balance was far beyond Dyon's comprehension, it was to the point where he could bend reality with fiction, making it impossible to tell what was real and what wasn't.

Demeter was the Goddess of Harvest. Never would Dyon have thought that this was related to the Silver Mirror Constitution. He would have been more inclined to believe that it was related to botany, but he should have realized that he wasn't allowed to have nice things when the Heavens were involved.

Hephaestus was the God of the Forge. Dyon didn't dare imagine the kind of level of weapons Emytheus had created. Being assaulted by immortal grade weapons that seemed to manifest from thin air left Dyon feeling incomparably aggrieved.

To make a horrible story worse, when this sky filled of weapons was fused with Ares' abilities, Dyon wanted to complain furiously but simply had no one to complain to.

To make matters worse, this was just the start. There was still Poseidon, Athena, Apollo, Artemis, Aphrodite, Hermes and Hades.



Considering Emytheus' maddening speed, Dyon was certain that this was related to Hermes. His self replenishing and endless supply of qi was most definitely related to Apollo. His ability to curse was either related to Athena or Aphrodite, the latter of which Dyon believed was more likely.

The trouble was that Dyon didn't dare to make too many assumptions about Emytheus' abilities based on the legends he was aware of. He didn't want to get blindsided by something he had never expected simply due to him drawing uninformed conclusions. Who knew how many odd abilities Emytheus had that were like Demeter's silver mirror of Apollo's healing factor?

Dyon most knew Apollo for his relation to the sun. Apollo's connection with healing and archery was comparatively weaker. Yet, it was this healing ability that Emytheus gained.

Dyon had no choice but to be cautious...

Despite Emytheus' abilities, Dyon fought boldly in the skies. He unleashed what he had of his strength without reserve. As endless as Emytheus' strength seemed to be, Dyon matched him step for step, blow for blow.

His soul burned furiously, spiraling an illusory white flame around his body as he went all out.

"[Enlightened Lines of Efficiency]."

Dyon's vacant sockets were replaced with a golden glow turning with clicking gears.

His battle style became more direct and blatant. However, the effect was strong. Every churning muscle within his body seemed to fuse as one, melding with the golden halo above his head to produce a fighting machine.

The seventh degree of freedom of [Soul Aid] evolved under Dyon's use, transcending use for just arrays and becoming one with Dyon's body.

The freer Dyon became from the Heavens, the looser previously impossible to hurdle restrictions became. As the ease increased, so too did Dyon's creativity.

Even facing a God chosen by the Heavens... He felt that he could do anything!

Dyon and Emytheus' battle crossed thousands of miles. Sometimes there was land beneath their feet, and at other times, there were the dark oil waters of the Ancient Battlefield.

Where Dyon went, it seemed as though he wasn't just battling Emytheus alone, but rather the whole world.

In the skies the clouds above would strike him down. On land the earth would shackle his feet, trying to swallow him whole from below. Above the oceans, dragons formed of thick pillars of black water would attack him from all sides as though willing to drown him where he stood in the air.

Dyon soon understood that this wasn't just his own personal bias, but rather, exactly what was happening. He wasn't just fighting Emytheus, he was fighting the Heavens that brought him into existence, the Olympus Clan that built the foundation he stood upon, his own lofty ideals and the mountain he must climb to achieve them...

Dyon dodged another streaking venerable grade spear, knocking against its body as it flew by him to send it into the distance.

He closed in on Emytheus. Maybe if he still had his eyes, they would be blazing with fighting intent. Even as his aura grew weaker, his will grew stronger. His Dao Heart thumped madly, surging with an endless intent.

He would cut this 'Ancient God' down. He didn't care how many abilities Emytheus had, nor how favored he was by the Heavens. The only thing that remained were his thoughts of victory.

Chapter 2114: Creation God

His body grew toward an ever-worsening state while Emytheus seemed to be replenished to his perfect self every passing moment. But Dyon hardly batted an eye.

He knew Emytheus had limits. If he didn't, how would he had died in the previous timeline?

But there would be a difference this time around. He would slaughter Emytheus at his very best. He would topple this God who tried to look down from him on high with nothing but his own strength.

He would show Emytheus the true difference between them!

Dyon's scythe swept forward. Even as his shoulders were torn apart by the weapons flying through the air, he met Emytheus' palm strike head on. Such a small thing could never shake his resolve.

A deep reflective impact surged as Dyon was almost thrown away by Hera's ability. But he had been fighting Emytheus for too long to fall for such a thing again.

His golden wings flapped mightily, sending a torrent of winds forward that supported him. His intent blazed, pushing onward to force Emytheus back.

Dyon's assault was relentless. The moment he gained even the slightest advantage, he pressed forward.

His kick followed the swing of his scythe, a slew of [Judgement] arrays manifesting to his back.

Even though he was well aware that even his strongest [Judgement], [Asura], wasn't able to match up against even a single one of Emytheus' weapons, so what? If one wasn't enough, he would send ten. If ten wasn't enough, he would send a hundred. Dyon didn't believe for a moment that Emytheus had an endless supply of immortal grade weapons.

However, when it came to his soul, the things he could create would keep coming for as long as he continued to manifest them. As long as his will held on, he would be the undeniable victor.

Emytheus met Dyon's kick with a knee of his own, a savage glow lighting his eyes as a streak of lightning following his counter punch.

Dyon's reaction was quick. The butt of his scythe swinging forward to deflect it.

Space shattered and crumbled under their might. Each of them had already surpassed the normal boundaries of the mortal plane, each of them was a God in their own right.

Reality was formed by their wills, the illusory was manifested under their thoughts, even the Heavens could only bear witness to their clash.

Their battle was a sight that captured the hearts of all. Even those observing had a difficult time forming thoughts of their own. Their minds were enraptured by the moment of history before them.

Dyon's strikes, Emytheus' counters, Dyon's arrays, Emytheus' vault of treasures.

They clashed in the skies, golden wings to one side, platinum wings to the other.

"Land of the Undead, heed my call!"

Emytheus' cry shook the earth below. A splintering valley that ran for thousands of miles opened up, running horizontally between Dyon and Emytheus' clashing figures.

Thousands of skeletal hands the size of cities crept upward, grasping the sides of this fissure. They slowly pulled themselves upward, rising from hell's abyss.

Dyon sneered. He flashed backward, allowing Reaper to float before him as he clapped his hands together. The impact of his palms meeting shook the Ancient Battlefield, causing no less of a cataclysm than Emytheus' underworld fissure.

Illusory flames billowed around him, a roar escaping his lips that overshadowed the creaking bones below.

Thousands of blooming flowers appeared in the skies, each as large as a person and overflowing with a bloody aura.

Dyon's clones rushed outward, each of them pressing their hands together and roaring in unison.

"[Sage's Degree]. [First arm: Patience]."

Thousands of golden palms rose into the air, the skies quaking beneath their might.

The rising corpse puppets were struck simultaneously, a singular palm stay behind to keep Emytheus at bay.

"[Second Arm: Modesty]."

Another golden palm appeared to Dyon's opposite side, his fighting intent blooming. The more he fought, the quicker his heart pounded. To go all out, to crush his enemies no matter how high above him they stood. This was what he lived for.

"[Third Arm: Brotherhood]. [Fourth Arm: Calm]. [Fifth Arm: Charisma]. [Sixth Arm: Magnanimity]. [Seventh Arm: Courage]. [Eighth Arm: Justice]. [Nine Arm: Truth]!"

Dyon's palms slapped together once more, nine arms of a prayer buddha stretching out for hundreds of miles to his back. He tapped into the magic of blessings within his golden wings, slowly coming to understand the fundamental runes that powered its holy aura.

"[Change]!"

He tapped into the fifth degree of freedom. To change the fundamental element of one's technique, this was the true power of [Change]. And Dyon chose to empower himself with the strength of blessings, creating a tenth arm that had never existed before.

"[Tenth Arm].... [Cleanse]!"

Ten palms struck outward at once. No, it was more accurate to say that it was tens of thousands.

Each as large as tens of miles across, they blanketed out the skies, shattering the earth below under their pressure before they even landed.

The undead creatures of Emytheus' Hades ability were eradicated one after another even as Emytheus himself was forced back several steps.

Dyon's golden arms grabbed the qi in the skies, taking control of them and bombarding Emytheus from all sides.

His scythe expanded in size, entering the hand of the tenth arm with embodied the first blessing Dyon had ever learned: [Cleanse].

It swept through the skies, clashing with Emytheus' massive platinum wings and forcing him to retreat again and again.

Dyon's attacks grew more furious, more vigorous. His relentless pursuit toward victory caused the skies to boom with endless rains of thunder as though expressing the rage of the Heavens above.

However, Dyon himself only laughed uproariously, his strength blooming to new and greater heights.

"Come! Emytheus! Give me everything you have!"

"..."

Emytheus countered Dyon's undying pursuit again and again. His gaze continuously blazed as though searching for Dyon's limits.

"... Then I'll show you my true strength... That of the Creation God. Emytheus!"

## Chapter 2115: Weakness

Dyon knew well that Emytheus' abilities weren't so simple as copying his ancestors. Or rather, he had been prepared for this to be the case.

Emytheus used these abilities too freely and without reserve. To now, he had already tapped into the strength of all 12 Olympus Clan Gods with the exception of Artemis. And, maybe the only reason he hadn't was very likely because Artemis' abilities were probably related to beast taming.

Creation. It was a concept that ironically introduced Dyon to concepts. His first true interaction with it was within the Golden Flame Mystical World where he found a book of Creation kept by Orcus during the second phase.

Back then, he had given the book to Madeleine since she relied on some abilities of the concept Creation in order to compose the pieces she used in her music. The deeper her comprehension of creation, the better her music would become, and thus the greater her battle prowess would be.

However, this was only the short of it. During his time in the Golden Flame Mystical World, Dyon had also concluded that his flames didn't have many Characteristics, but rather each had only one... That of creation. Knowing this, Dyon had unlocked many abilities of his chaos and purity flames over the years.

So, hearing Emytheus' words, he immediately understood why it was that Emytheus could use the abilities of his Ancestors. It wasn't that he was born with them... But rather that he could manifest them at will. He could create them from thin air.

But this only made Dyon's intent blaze fiercer because he realized that Emytheus had just made a very foolish mistake.

He could have never imagined that his singular cocky line had revealed so much to Dyon. Or maybe, he simply didn't know how deep Dyon's comprehension of Creation already was.

Knowing that Emytheus' true ability, Dyon could also see through his limitations with ease. It was very likely that Emytheus' 12 Ancestor abilities weren't as strong as they were when his Ancestors wielded them. He could also see that Emytheus very obviously needed a reference for his Creations, or else he wouldn't have been limiting himself to his 12 Ancestors all this time either.

Maybe if Emytheus was like Dyon, Dyon wouldn't be sneering at this realization.

For a person like Dyon, it simply didn't matter to him whether his enemy knew his true abilities or not. However, for Emytheus, things were different.

With how arrogant Emytheus had been from the start... Wasn't he trying just a little too hard? If he was so confident in his own strength, why did he go through all the trouble of using Kaori to round up the Overlords? Obviously it was so that Dyon's strength would fall at a faster rate.

The more Dyon impacted this timeline by killing its most powerful experts, the harder the Heavens would fight back against him, and thus the more his strength would plummet.

Did this sound like something an overly confident person would do?

Dyon knew the truth. Since Emytheus knew the truth behind these dual timelines, that mean he knew that he died before reaching his full potential in that timeline.

And this reality... filled him with fear!

This was the difference between Emytheus and Dyon. To Dyon, the matters of the previous timeline had nothing to do with him. He had a one-track mind aimed toward victory. Yet, Emytheus continued to think about a failure he hadn't even personally witnessed.

In Dyon's eyes, no matter how strong Emytheus was... He was weak!

A flash of rage filled Emytheus' heart as though he could feel Dyon's disdain.



Under his anger, the world trembled, the already collapsing skies imploding in on themselves to reveal a sea of black. It was no longer a world of red soil, skies and sun. It had become a land that existed between reality and illusory, a world built by the hands of Emytheus himself.

Dyon's laughter played a backdrop to Emytheus' surging aura. It felt that no matter what Emytheus did, his momentum was being stifled again and again.

Dyon flashed forward, attacking from the front as his clones continued to bombard Emytheus' ever-growing abyss of the dead. However, his gaze turned serious when he realized that Emytheus, who he had thought was before him, was actually to his back.

The cycle seemed to flip and continue. Time inexplicably ran backward at times while strikes Dyon believed were levied to his left went to his right and vice versa.

The world turned upside down and inside out. Like a house of mirrors, Dyon's Immortal Sense bounced and reflected off of surfaces, sending images that were almost impossible to interpret in his mind.

"Why don't you attack personally, Emytheus, the great Olympian?" Dyon's expression remained calm, his calculative mind spinning at ungodly speeds. "Isn't it because you know that this world is meaningless to me? You're nothing but a dog of the Heavens, do you really expect me to believe that you can disregard its rules as you see fit? All you can do is..."

Dyon's muscles tensed, his bare back rippling with strength as he sent a strike backward. The reverberating impact of his scythe meeting Emytheus' palms travelled across worlds.

"... work within the confines of your little hamster wheel."

Dyon had already seen through Emytheus' weakness, wasn't it too foolish for the latter to believe he could trick him in this way?

Dyon realized in these recent months that no matter what kind of strength you gained, as long as it was handed to you by the Heavens, you would forever be in its grasp. The reality was that they were all Heaven's Children, wiggling around in the chains placed around their necks.

Emytheus seemed big and powerful, but he could only play within the confines the Heavens allowed him to. He seemed to be 'bending' reality and creating worlds as he pleased, but the truth was that he was only shifting around puzzle pieces the Heavens themselves had already built.

#### Chapter 2116: More

Dyon's comprehension of the fundamental runes were far deeper than any mortal on this plane, including Emytheus. These slight shifts might confuse someone else... But to try and confuse him? Emytheus was asking for death.

"Is this the strength of the Creation God?!"

Dyon's voice boomed, his disdain for the world shining forth.

His and Emytheus' formed flashed continuously throughout the black, shattered space. Every time they met reverberating booms concentrated in concentric circles would blast outward, dispelling reality all the more.

"Show me more!"

The longer the battle continued, the more fundamental runes Dyon's snatched. Every time Emytheus manipulated a new law of reality, Dyon's Immortal Sense would see through it in an instant, adding it to his own strength in the blink of an eye.

He could still feel the Heavens trying to temper his strength down, but he was improving at an even faster speed. If his power halved every minute, he would improve by more than double. If his power dropped but a third, he would improve by more than three times!

Every one of Emytheus' strikes seemed followed by a torrent of elements. In one moment, a pillar of sharp ice would assault Dyon from one side, in another, a piercing lightning would come from another.

Flashes and booms careened across the air. If either wanted, they could even directly step out from the Ancient Battlefield as they pleased. Its barriers were no longer able to keep them constrained, nor did it seem that the mortal plane itself was worthy of their presence.

Still, every attack Emytheus levied seemed to come with the perfect response from Dyon.

His movements were perfect and free flowing, the elegant arcs of his scythe coming with a trance-like rhythmic ease that followed the beating of one's heart.

Fundamental runes of bronze, silver and gold warped around his body. Sometimes they could fuse and breathe new life where there was nothing there before, and at other times, they would collapse in on themselves, shattering the fabric of reality and the void for a devastating attack.

Dyon met ice with flames and lightning with earth. He met reflective palm strikes with an immovable wall and devastating counters with relentless attacks. His momentum embodied the world and his aura transcended planes.

He stood above it all, facing a God that blotted out the skies with his wings with an arrogant smile that made the latter's heart tremble.

Dyon's fist seemed to vanish, only to appear on Emytheus' cheek. The satisfying feeling of deforming skin and bone reverberated through the black, collapsing space. The concentrated air blasted Emytheus' hair backward, his face seemingly collapsing to one side before quickly reforming under his mighty healing factor.

Dyon followed up quickly, his speed surpassing the bounds of reason as a kick slammed into Emytheus' side, shattering the latter's arm and crumpling his body at an awkward angle.

"Ha!" Dyon's roar expanded out from his chest, his scythe descending from the skies to meet Emytheus' quickly crossing arms.

A crisp slicing sounded, chopping Emytheus' forearms off.

Reaper's blade followed through, cutting into Emytheus' chest and out through his leg.

Emytheus retreated explosively, his chest mending and his arms manifesting new appendages from thin air.

He countered Dyon without missing a beat, his palm striking against the side of Dyon's ribcage and shattering an elbow he used to block the following strike.

Dyon's own body recovered in a flash with a simple [Heal]. However, unlike Emytheus, he didn't retreat at all, his maddened dash forward continuing onward unceasingly.

He wanted that fear in Emytheus' heart to grow fiercer. He wanted this so-called God to know that to him, he would always be nothing but an ant. He was a young man born from two mortal parents, but today he would cut down a God and enrage the Heavens. He wanted the skies above his head to know that they couldn't oppress him as they pleased. They would be above him for only as long as he allowed it. There would come a day where even the Heavens themselves were trampled beneath his feet!

"Ruler of the Skies! Ruler of the Sea! Ruler of the Underworld!" Emytheus' brown eyes flashed so brightly that they became gold. "You truly live up to your name, Dyon Sacharro."

Emytheus didn't know when, but he had long since stopped caring about Aritzia. This was no longer about a woman. This was about his pride, his Dao, his heart. He refused to allow himself to be trampled beneath the feet of another. This victory, it was going to be his, it was destined to be his.

"I command the three layers of the firmament. Obey my Decree – Heavens, Earth and Sea!"

Emytheus' platinum wings stretched outward for hundreds of miles, pulling out on themselves taut. For a moment, they looked no different from 12 blades of judgement with edges sharp enough to sever worlds.

His aura skyrocketed, qi surging toward him from all sides.

Middle Dao Realm. Higher Dao Realm. Peak Dao Realm!

"[Archangel's Descent: True Judgement]."

It was just the first technique Emytheus had used since the start of the battle, yet the result was devastating.

The Creation World Emytheus formed disappeared, revealing the Ancient Battlefield that acted as the backdrop for their battle.

Dyon subconsciously moved to one side, just barely avoiding an apocalyptic blade he could hardly perceive.

And that was when it happened.

The strike descended upon the ground below, burrowing deeply within the Ancient Battlefield's plane and shattering a portion of it as though it was nothing.

The Ancient Battlefield hung in the skies like a pie with a slice taken out of it, Emytheus' singular strike taking out almost a quarter of the expansive Eastern Region to reveal the depths of space that surrounded this plane...

Before Dyon could take in what happened, a second imperceptible strike came.

Dyon's body tensed, his strength blooming to its greatest heights as his scythe swung downward.

He pushed its weight to its maximum potential, increasing the size of its blade to stretch of tens of miles.

The moment their strikes met, Dyon felt Reaper quake, its blade chipping under the strain. If it wasn't for the support of Dyon's strength, Reaper would have been sliced in half completely, unable to hold its true form.

## Chapter 2117: Are You Special?

### 2117 Are You Special?

It was only now Dyon truly understood why Emytheus had all these immortal weapons, yet only used them as auxiliary long ranged attackers. His own bodily strength, especially that of his platinum wings, were far beyond anything Dyon had ever run across. If he hadn't been lucky enough to find Reaper and entered this battle as he usually did with any old weapon, he would have suffered greatly.

Dyon could feel Reaper's agitation and rage. Its pristine body had actually been chipped. It wasn't strong enough. If it were, it wouldn't matter how sharp Emytheus' attacks were.

In that moment, Dyon flew backward, unable to restrain Emytheus' strength any longer.

However, he had done his best and succeeded in stopping the attack from ravaging the Ancient Battlefield any longer.

Dyon could tell that this wasn't Emytheus' intention. He wasn't trying hold Dyon's family hostage by obliterating this prison. Rather, he was simply attacking with all the vigor he had. Whether or not the world crumbled beneath his might was of little consequence to him.

Something within Emytheus had bloomed. A pride that had been tempered down by his fear blossomed forth, filling his heart with an unending desire for victory.

"You look down on my fear... But in my eyes, you are the one who is wrong!"

Emytheus grew stronger. His will, like finely tempered iron, was being forged into steel. Dyon could feel that his Dao Heart was evolving.

"Fear is what gives me strength! I fear losing here. I fear losing my life. I fear not reaching my goals. I feared losing my Aritzia.

"However, facing you, so many of my worst anxieties are bubbling forth. You've already taken the closest thing to family I had. And now, you want to stand before my path to pinnacle, to stifle my life and end it all here.

"... I will not allow you to do so!"

Emytheus' roar dispersed over the Ancient Battlefield. Under his emotions, ocean currents climbed to the skies, mountain ranges collapsed, and valleys splintered, becoming deep chasms without end.

Fear gave him strength. Dyon looked down on him for feeling it? Well, he looked down on Dyon for not understanding how he felt.

He could vaguely feel that Dyon's origins weren't so simple as they seemed. Yet, Dyon sat before him, bloviating about he was battling against a child of the Heavens.

Was he the one blessed by the Heavens? Was he the one destined for victory? Was he so infallible that he stood at the top of the world?

Hypocrite!

This was the singular word Emytheus had to describe Dyon. If he was so blessed, why had he died in his previous life? If he was so destined for victory, why had the love of his life died at this enemy's hands? If he was so infallible, standing at the top of the world, why was it that he hadn't trampled Dyon beneath his feet yet?!

But this man who didn't understand fear dared to look down on him. This man whose origins shook even the Immortal Plane dared to speak of being underestimated, of being disrespected, of being looked down upon.

These thoughts filled Emytheus with such disgust that he wanted nothing more than to cut Dyon down where he stood, to take that arrogant smirk off of his face.

Emytheus' emotions spilled over, his Dao Heart blooming.

"I will wield my fear... And cut you down!"

The sound of a shattering barrier resounded. Emytheus' Dao Heart's state soared, stepping into the Dao Awakening Stage and shooting past to climb into the Dao Liberation Stage.

A controlled flame flickered behind his eyes as he sent forward yet another attack.

Dyon reacted quickly, deflecting attack after attack.

The chips on Reaper's body continued to grow. Dyon's body was crumbling beneath this unbridled strength as he tried to dissipate the reverberating impacts.

Dyon's gaze turned serious. It couldn't continue on like this. Suddenly, Emytheus was improving as well. Though Dyon himself was improving faster, he also had to deal with the Heavens slowing him down purposefully.

In that case... He would go all out.

"Since you like fear so much... I'll give you something more to be afraid of."

Dyon aura surged, a shadowy figure slowly manifesting to his back.

In the blink of an eye, the whole of the Eastern Region collapsed, crumbling to ash beneath its mere presence.

A God standing hundreds of meters tall manifested. It stood arrogantly in the skies, looking down on the world with a carefree expression. Though it was far smaller in size compared to Emytheus' platinum wings, it still seemed to dwarf the world.

"You... You still dared to hold back while fighting me?"



Emytheus' pride filled him with an endless rage. Seeing Dyon bring out such strength, strength that even seemed untouchable by the Heavens, he was absolutely seething. If Dyon brought out this level of strength before he affirmed his own Dao, he would have been crushed.

"Are you something particularly special?" Dyon replied blandly.

Emytheus jaw clenched. It wasn't a petty anger toward Dyon's words, but rather an undying resolve.

Was he something particular special? Did the title as the only Ancient Constitution wielder to reach the Dao Stage mean nothing? Was his strength not worth a second look? Was his resolve not special?

Emytheus began to laugh. He was so enraged that he ultimately became amused.

"You truly have a way of pissing people off."

Emytheus spoke no more words. He had decided. Until he gained this victory, he had no more to say this man.

Dyon's vajra body stood as a copy of him in the skies. Its looming golden wings, its black-gold rings of corporeal images, that sinister singular pupil that hung silently at the very bottom...

A golden crown slowly rotated to the top. The moment it clicked into place, radiating lights shot in every which direction.

In that same moment, 12 swords appeared around Emytheus. Facing outward from his body, they rotated slowly in the air, radiating the same platinum as his wings.

Chapter 2118: Sync

2118 Sync

With a flash, Emytheus' wings disappeared, 12 arcs of silver light curving through the air to combine with these 12 swords.

These 12 swords were the pinnacle creations of his Ancestor Haphaestus. Today, he would use them to kill the greatest enemy he had ever faced.

The swords expanded outward violently, becoming hundreds of meters long in an instant.

"Ha!"

Emytheus roared, his body shooting forward to meet Dyon's as his sword clashed with the vajra body's palms.

It was a clash that seemed to suck all of the sound and air out of the world. However, unlike in previous times, the two didn't destroy the world around them.

Dyon's crown radiated out fiercely, taking control of the world and containing their power. Now Dyon could fight to his heart's content.

As Emytheus' strength increased, so did Dyon's. A battle of improvement shook the skies, each fighting with their prides and lives on the line. As much as Emytheus didn't want to lay down and accept defeat, Dyon's resolve was just as tall.

It was no longer a simple battle of strength. It was one of wills.

Dyon's body glistened with illusory white flames for a moment before being enveloped by a sea of white, black and gold. His chaos flame, his purity flames, his golden arcs of lightning... Each subconsciously fused with his motions, becoming one with his attacks.

Dyon couldn't fully understand this. He had already severed his Daos, yet these three elements seemed more powerful than ever. It was as though his Daos had actually restrained their power, as though they were never meant to be comprehended as Daos to begin with.

Emytheus' blades seemed to be an extension of him. Even though they were clashing with Dyon's vajra body, his own palm strikes were inexplicably sharp. Even while meeting Dyon's Reaper with flesh and bone, the nicks and chips continued.

There were many times where Dyon wanted to switch Reaper out, to protect his partner's body. However, he could feel a fierce unwillingness emitting from Reaper. It wanted to fight, it wanted to fight even if it meant it would become nothing more than a useless scrap of metal after today.

Countless thunderous strikes shook the skies. But it was slowly becoming apparent that Dyon was too much to handle.

The more strength Emytheus brought out, the more Dyon unleashed. As though he was the lead in a long-distance race, Dyon continuously pushed the pace, suppressing Emytheus to the point where he couldn't breathe.

Emytheus couldn't understand it. However, he retaliated with a tenacious grit. Digging deep into reserves he didn't know his body had, he pushed back, the flurry of attacks unleashed by his 12 blades increasing with each passing moment.

'Ancestor Athena's Wisdom...'

Emytheus' gaze glowed, his mind reinforcing itself several times over as his improvement speed quickened all the more.

He saw the world in different shades. Suddenly, the unexplainable became clear and the impossible entered an arm's reach.

His mind flowed freely, all of his worries dissipating as he focused on the battle at hand. He entered a selfless state of selfless states, one Dyon couldn't even have touched before his Dao Heart reached its current unprecedented level.

A tenacious grit empowered him. He wanted to prove Dyon wrong, he wanted look his disdain in the face and sneer back with an undying confidence.

In the past, he looked down on everything and didn't care for fame. Even when Dyon's name shook the mortal planes, he ignored it, believing himself to be superior in every way.

But... On this day, he wanted the mortal plane to know his name. He wanted them to know that it was he, Emytheus Olympus, who struck Dyon Sacharro down. He was the man who toppled this Emperor of the Cosmos, this Immortal of Immortals, this God above the skies.

Dyon's movements synced with his vajra body. An unprecedented power coursing through his veins.

As his vajra body pulled qi, he too subdued this qi. As his vajra body conjured seas of flames and skies of lightning, he too manifested fires and unleashed thunderous streaks of gold.

His fist slammed into Emytheus' chest even as Emytheus' palm struck against his own.

His scythe hooked around Emytheus' head, pulling back viciously as he used the momentum of Emytheus' own palm strike against him.

Emytheus' gaze flashed, the laws of the mortal plane distorting. Suddenly, his neck, which had just been before Dyon's scythe, suddenly appeared behind it, causing Dyon's attempt to miss completely.

Dyon didn't miss a beat, his scythe suddenly vanishing to appear in his still outstretched left hand, cutting off Emytheus' path to retreat.

A surge of aura erupted from Emytheus' body. He circulated the abilities of his Ancestor Demeter, a barrier of thick qi appearing around him that deflected Dyon's sudden strike.

Blood flew from the lips of both young men. They paused for barely a split moment before they charged toward one another once more.

A flurry of exchanges erupted, but the cycle seemed to be endless. Dyon would force Emytheus into a defensive position, only for Emytheus to dig deep into his reserves, wringing his talent dry and pushing himself past his limits.

Both were relentless in their pursuits, but Dyon's soul strength seemed to be endless.

It was unknown when, but Emytheus ceased using his Ancestor Apollo's ability to heal himself fully. As long as he could keep going, it was enough. Whether it was torn muscle or shattered bone, he would only spare the effort to heal them partially as he poured his everything into his combat strength.

It was then it happened. With a sudden clang Reaper's blade was sliced in half.

Though Dyon felt a pain in his heart as he heard Reaper's scream echo through his mind, he could only send his partner into what remained of his inner world, continuing to unleash his attacks in a rain of fists and knees.

Emytheus' gaze brightened. He had known that Dyon's Reaper wouldn't last for much longer. With it gone, a good portion of his fundamental runes had become useless.

Chapter 2119: End

2119 End

Dyon's battle prowess dipped, but his battle intent blazed, nonetheless. In fact, the flames and lightning that coated his body seemed to grow more intense, as though they were resonating with his more primal, vicious approach.

Emytheus' and Dyon's elbows and knees met through the air, the sound of their shattering bones completely overshadowed by the booming cacophonies of their resonating strikes.

Neither flinched for even a moment.

Palm met fist. Leg met elbow. Forehead met forehead.

Emytheus' golden-brown eyes stared toward Dyon's closed eyelids as though to draw a line of fire through his skull.

Their clashing heads rebounded, Dyon's hands reaching out through space to grab Emytheus' neck.

Emytheus clenched a fist, bombarding Dyon's torso with three quick strikes that completely deformed his ribcage.

Dyon's forearm flexed, crushing Emytheus' neck completely.

With a quick retreat, Emytheus bounded through the air, ignoring the flesh ripped from his neck in his hasty escape. His head hung at an awkward angle, but the fire didn't die from his eyes as he snapped it back into place.

But by the time he had, Dyon had already crossed the distance between them. The three concave cavities on his torso painting a ghastly picture.

Dyon could feel something churning within him. Reaper wanted to erupt. His partner was infuriated beyond compare. It wanted to be out there, it wanted to be by his side, taking part in a battle that would be spoken of for several Eras to come.

Emytheus' gaze flickered. He knew that his strikes had shattered Dyon's heart and completely disrupted the flow of Dyon's vital qi, the only qi he could even use currently aside from his soul qi. Yet, Dyon hadn't taken the time to heal himself?

It was too late for countermeasures. Emytheus rolled his shoulder forward to block Dyon's coming strike, his arm nearly flying from its socket under the load. A stomach-churning white mass protruded from where his shoulder once was.

Dyon's pursuit was relentless. A second fist flew forward, forcing Emytheus to roll to his other shoulder forward, only for it pop out through his skin as well.

A roar escaped Emytheus' lips. His blade-like aura manifesting from his leg as he countered.

Dyon flew backward, allowing Emytheus to forcefully flex his arms, snapping them back into place. Not even bothering to heal the torn ligaments completely, he pursued Dyon, slamming him downward with a two-handed hammer fist.

"You will lose!"

Caught up in his own emotions, Emytheus forgot his own oath to not speak another word. He chased after Dyon's rapidly descending figure, making eye contact with the latter's expressionless face. However, it was in that moment that Dyon smiled.

"... Even if the Heavens want me to lose... I won't..."

Dyon's closed eyes suddenly opened, revealing a depth of black. His eyes were still missing, the leaking blood from his sockets alone proved this much. However, a dangerous feeling enveloped Emytheus.

How Dyon's eye sockets remained empty, yet he still seemed capable of 'seeing', Emytheus didn't know. But his instincts hurried him into an explosive retreat.

Just as Emytheus retreated, the place he was standing in suddenly warped, disintegrating into nothing. There was not a single molecule of air left remaining. Just a hole of endless black that seemed to absorb everything.

Within Dyon's inner world, Reaper's crippled form roared with pride, the last of its strength seeping outward to project the very eye it formed during its evolution into the Emyrean Grade.

It seemed that it wasn't only Dyon and Emytheus improving, but even Dyon's own weapon as well. Its grade surged to a new height, entering the Middle Emyrean Grade.

Dyon battled Emytheus into a bloody retreat. Gaining Reaper as his eyes, his Perception suddenly came into play once more, allowing the perfect union of his Immortal Sense and gaze.

In an instant, his battle prowess took a massive leap forward. Emytheus' ability to manipulate the laws of this mortal plane took a dip in their effectiveness. Dyon seemed to see the shifts before they happened, assaulting Emytheus in the very places he chose to dodge to.

Emytheus countered, two of his massive twelve swords descending from their assault of Dyon's vajra body to coat his hands with a murderous silver hue.

His attacks became sharper, tearing Dyon's flesh in two wherever they came into contact.

However, his actions caused the bloody battle between his swords and Dyon's vajra body to instantly become lopsided.

The less energy Dyon's vajra body had to expend on battling itself, the more strength seemed to flow into Dyon. They were as one. Their limbs, their qi, their minds. It was as though two Dyon's were simultaneously battling across the skies.

"This is the end, Emytheus."

Dyon's aura blazed, his empty eyes surging with a fiery qi.

Emytheus dodged to his left, but it wasn't enough. A bloody circular swirl was bitten out of his shoulder and even a part of his chest.

Dyon followed up, pulling his right arm back tightly against his body as his left palm slammed into Emytheus' chest, shattering his ribcage.

"Even if you feel aggrieved, you will still lose today."

Dyon unleashed a flurry of attacks, a bloody rain falling upon Emytheus' body.

Emytheus roared, his blood essence churning. He burnt it all without hesitation, knowing his Ancestor Apollo's heaven defying abilities would repair his foundation perfectly in the end.



His strength surged once more, reaching unprecedented heights. However, Dyon calmly faced it all.

His vajra body fell into perfect synchronized movements with him. Their torsos tensed, their legs cocking back and flashing forward in a vicious whipping motion.

Dyon's strength surged once more. It seemed as though the whole world was bowing to his needs.

When he punched left, the world shifted to the left. When he punched right, the world slid to the right.

Emytheus' already bloody chest caved in from the other side. A violent cough emitted from Emytheus, his aura wavering.

"You seemed to think that I looked down on you for your fear, but you couldn't be more wrong."

Chapter 2120: Sent

Dyon's gaze flashed once more, a bloody swirl of black cutting into Emytheus' frantically dodging figure.

"My wives probably feel fear knowing I'm battling here. My daughter feels fear knowing she might never see her father again. My family, my friends. They feel fear even if I do not."

Dyon knew it well. How could he look down on Emytheus for feeling fear? Wouldn't he then have to look down on his own family and friends as well? Wouldn't he himself feel fear if it was his daughter fighting this battle and not himself? What was worry if not fear...?

Dyon's aura surged, his fist only barely missing Emytheus' head. However, the very same corrosive emptiness that came from his gaze followed up toward his elbow just as it passed by Emytheus' neck, taking a piece out of it.

"Even I have felt fear before. The day I gazed into the black flames that now coat my body, my mind shook and my Dao Heart shattered. I was 'weak' just like you are now. In fact, I was even more cowardly. I chose to try to kill myself while at least you scurried around trying to preserve your life.

"What I look down on you for isn't your fear, but rather the fact you allowed your fear to grip your mind, to affect your heart, to dull your blade.

"My, Dyon Sacharro's blade... Will never be dull again!"

BOOM!

Emytheus crashed heavily into the ground below. Since the start of the battle, this was the first time either one of them had touched the ground. To now, they had been lofty Kings in the sky.

Dyon's aura faltered. The moment he felt victory was in his grasp, a wave of fatigue overwhelmed his body. It wasn't a sudden change, but rather one that he had simply perpetually ignored to now, using his tenacious will to continue onward.

Dyon landed on the ground below, feeling what was left of the Eastern Region beneath his bare feet. Or rather, this was the very edge of the Eastern Region, the very same central planes where it all began.

Emytheus lied weakly just a hundred meters from him, a distance that was the blink of an eye to those at their level.

A sudden laughter came from Emytheus' lips.

"... Maybe you're right. I was too cowardly before, but my Dao Heart is now firm. There's nothing you can say to shake me. My fear will always be my strength from this day forth."

"There won't be another day past this one."

Dyon forcefully gathered qi from the skies using his vajra body, sending a blazing palm forward.

"Unfortunately for you, Dyon Sacharro... My cowardly self will be the reason there is."

Dyon's expression flickered as a section of the tall looming mountain ranges of the core region no one dared step foot into collapsed.

He was inwardly astonished. What did Emytheus' words mean? Why did those mountain ranges collapse? Even more odd, those collapsed mountain ranges were actually rapidly reforming before his eyes?

Dyon suddenly felt a strong suction force on his body. The already strong suppression he had been weathering multiplied several times over. A terrible pain he hadn't felt in a long time assaulted his mind, overshadowing even the battle injuries he sustained.

The last time he felt this pain was.... The Immortal Plane!

In the distance, the figures of several Sapientia came into view, their sorry figures rushing out from the core region and just over the rapidly reforming mountains of black.

"Heed my call, Beasts of Artemis!"

The only of the 12 abilities Emytheus hadn't used suddenly appeared. Numerous mythical beasts long thought extinct appeared, yet Emytheus actually used them as canon fodder to block Dyon's palm strike!

Emytheus' laughter sounded.

"You are oh so intelligent, aren't you? Grand Sir Sacharro? Did you already forget that I purposely lured you here to these central plains before this battle began? Did you never wonder why?"

"Before you go, I don't mind enlightening you. The core region of the Ancient Battlefield isn't such a grand secret, your legacy is just too shallow to know the truth. You take pride in being born of mortal parents, but this will be your downfall.

"I'll give you a hint out of the kindness of my heart since you were also kind enough to inform me of why you disdain me so... The Immortal Plane has an Ancient Battlefield too."

Dyon's heart stopped beating.

All this time, he hadn't used his vajra body for fear of being rejected by the mortal plane. He had only been forced to as a last resort due to Emytheus' power, but he managed to use his Crown to hide his energy fluctuations from the mortal plane.

The mortal plane seemed to allow his strength as long as it came from his own body, but his vajra manifestation was inherently a being of the Immortal Plane!

Suddenly, the barrier between the mortal and immortal had been shattered via means completely unknown to Dyon. In that instant, Dyon no longer only had to hide his strength from the mortal plane, but the Immortal Plane as well. And he... Simply didn't have the strength to do so.

For the first time since the battle started, Dyon's calm expression vanished. He could only complete one action before his body disappeared completely, leaving nothing but a half dead group of Sapientia and a laughing Emytheus.

By the time Dyon's Immortal Sense cleared enough for him to sense his desert-like surroundings, he fell to his knees, his fists pounding into the ground as a furious roar escaped his lips.

He had been sent to the Immortal Plane.

A deep rage bubbled up within Dyon, causing the land around him to quake. But it became very apparent very quickly that as devastating as his strength was on the mortal plane, even with him unleashing uninhibited emotions here, he barely moved the sand around him to create a ten-meter-deep pit.