

Nameless 2277

Chapter 2277 Worthy

For a moment, all those watching completely forgot that Dyon was a mortal. They forgot that he was a youngster who didn't understand how large the world was. They forgot that he was overestimating himself.

At this moment, all they saw were two grandmasters of alchemy, facing off like two kings of a single mountain.

Maybe in that instant, the immortal plane fell into silence. The only thing they could hear were their own heartbeats. It was only after several breaths that the Immortal Gods understood what was happening.

"Silencing the Dao."

Shivers shook their spines. It felt like drops of the coldest liquid in existence had condensed onto their backs. They were countless worlds away, but they all felt as feeble as children now.

Silencing the Dao.

If Vajra Bodies were rare across a generation, Silencing the Dao was rare across even tens of generations.

When Dyon's memories were sealed, he had heard rumors of individuals who managed to transcend from the mortal plane without cultivating even a single day in their lives. Now that he had reawakened his, this was no longer a rumor to him. It was an undeniable fact.

These individuals... masters of literature, art, the spoken word... They were all monsters who reached the pinnacle of their professions.

Though these people were still fragile as when they were mortals, no one dared to underestimate them. While it was true that an Immortal God could kill them with a thought, who dared to do such a thing to these darlings of the Heavens?

As rare as mortals who transcended without cultivating were, cultivators who could enter this state were even rarer. They were individuals who reached the pinnacle. They devoted their lives to a path and were rewarded in kind for their endeavors.

Silencing the Dao. It was the ability to silence the paths of others, to make your own shine so brightly that even the Heavens could only have eyes for you even in the presence of other powerful beings.

Before someone who had touched the Silencing Dao, one would be feeble to the point of being unable to lift a finger. You would become just like a mortal. Your qi would be gone, your comprehension would be gone, everything you had accumulated in your lifetime would be gone.

Your only option would be to bow down.

Could it be that this boy, Dyon Sacharro was one such person? Is that why he was a mortal? Could it be that they had offended such a darling of the Heavens?

If Dyon heard their thoughts, he would be laughing to the point of rupturing his inner organs.

Darling of the Heavens? There was no existence he despised more.

This state of Silencing the Dao wasn't his own... but rather Nazaire's!

Dyon's grin turned savage. He felt an endless pressure steadily increasing on his shoulders.

Nazaire sat across from him expressionlessly, a serene reflection in his eyes.

At this point, others finally began to understand that this suppression wasn't coming from Dyon, but rather Nazaire. If it wasn't for the fact that those watching could hardly even muster the strength to speak, there would have been an uproar surging through the immortal plane.

The two who were maybe the most surprised were Crane and Millman. Suddenly remembering how subservient Nazaire had been to the two of them, they smiled bitterly.

In truth, despite the fact Nazaire still ranked first, they hadn't paid it much mind. This was because in at least the last billion years Nazaire hadn't accepted a single challenge.

As the first place on the God Stele, no one could force him to accept challenges. Of course, this was a bit shameless and would even result in him losing some benefits, but nothing moved him.

After long enough passed, many believed him to be a dull blade. Even the two of them had not a single clue about this sudden change. But now, everything made sense.

For an Immortal God to gain something like Silencing the Dao, only the most extreme measures could be taken. For someone who once stood atop the world to lower his head and become so humble for so long despite the extent of his true abilities... Maybe only something like this could awaken such a legendary ability.

Even if they knew the method, how many Immortal Gods could wholeheartedly do this? And, for all they knew, the fact they were aware that this was a method might be the very reason it didn't work for them at all.

Looking toward Dyon's trembling figure, many who looked down on him couldn't help but feel pity. However, no one stood out to tell him to take it easy on Dyon.

For one, this young man had been so arrogant from the beginning. And, secondly, asking someone who had awakened the Silence Dao to take it 'easy' when practicing their chosen profession would be no different than slapping their face.

When those who could Silence the Dao picked up their pen... their paint brush... began to speak... They wouldn't leave even the dregs of their opponent intact. They would tear them limb from limb, execute the worst kind of decapitation... leave them without the will to ever practice in the field again.

"Good... good..."

Dyon's trembling body didn't stop, but the blaze lit in his eyes only grew more fervent.

"Indeed worthy of being the disciple of I, Dyon Sacharro. But today, I will have to give you another lesson, Little Nazaire. To me, the abilities bestowed by the Heavens aren't worth shit!"

Dyon's aura burst forth like a torrent. His trembling body straightened, his back piercing toward the Heavens.

At that moment, his unique flames finally made their appearance. One dark, a devourer of worlds. The other light, a harbinger of peace.

The heavenly herbs in the sky flew toward Dyon at inconceivable speeds.

Almost simultaneously, the four hands and two men began to move so quickly that it was difficult even for Immortal Gods to register. Neither of them moved an inch from the spot they were sitting upon, yet their arms, hands, and fingers seemed to travel the world.