

Nameless 2266

Chapter 2266 Enraged

In the end, there might not be more than a handful of people per generation with such capabilities. Like this, even if the challenge failed... How many of them really had the right to speak on whether or not Dyon was overestimating himself?

Of course, though, humans were hypocrites. And, this was especially so when they were enraged.

The Venerables and Emphyreans who had been forcibly called down by Dyon's blatant provocation felt stifled and had nowhere to place their rage. Who else would they aim it toward if not Dyon?

This was especially so for the top three of each stele, and for the top three of the Emphyreans... even more so.

Dyon calmly walked out from within the pressure of the God Stele with an almost bored expression on his face. If it wasn't for being able to use this tactic to force Pill Sword Mountain's hands, how could he, who had already reached the pinnacle of the alchemy world, have time to waste on these juniors?

Their anger, to him, was nothing but hot air.

[3. Venerable Doran (3 203 303) – Higher Emphyrean Grade Soul. Record: 0.874. Valiant Record: 0.423]

Venerable Doran was a pale young man that looked as though a single gust of wind could shatter his body. His white robes seemed far too large for him as he stood shakily.

[2. Venerable Ary (1 038 329) – Higher Emphyrean Grade Soul. Record 0.882. Valiant Record: 0.429]

Venerable Ary looked like a little girl of barely 14 years old. She walked around, tightly holding onto a cauldron to her chest. Despite the fact the cauldron was half her height, she seemed to have no intention of letting it go.

[1. Venerable Bart (10 239 038) – Higher Emphyrean Grade Soul. Record 0.885. Valiant Record: 0.432]

Venerable Bart was the eldest amongst them all. He seemed like he had a foot in the grave and just like Doran, might just collapse at any time.

However, no matter how different or eccentric these three Venerables were, at this moment, they all looked toward Dyon with faces searing with rage. It was rare for these three to be on the same page, but when they were, it felt as though the world just might crumble.

The group of enraged Venerables was led by this very group of three. It seemed that their prestige was quite high because no one dared to take a step forward and allowed the three of them to lead off and face Dyon.

Maybe it was due to Dyon's lazy expression, but with each passing moment, their rage seemed to simmer and grow greater. This kind of humiliation was simply too stifling.

How could they not feel resentment? Since Dyon had the ability to ring the God Stele, why did he need to bother with them? They were just small characters in the alchemy world. It wasn't as though they had wronged Dyon in any way.

Of course, like many others, they sneered at the fact he was a mortal. But this was all behind closed doors. They had never even met Dyon in their lifetimes. Could it be that this mortal was petty enough to insult them in this way simply for the small chance that they really had said something he wasn't aware of behind his back?

The simple answer was yes. Dyon really was that petty.

Dyon clapped his hands as though silencing a crowd.

"Alright, since I challenged the Venerable Stele first, I can get you guys out of the way more quickly. There is no need to come up one by one. How many of you are there on that stele... about a thousand right? I'll take you all on at the same time."

As expected, Dyon's words caused another wave of rage.

A normal challenge could be levied in a myriad of ways. It could be a debate where no concoctions were needed at all, a presentation of theories and personal research, it could be a test of flame control or impurity cleansing... The list went on and on.

Ultimately, it would be decided between the two parties.

However, in the case of a Gauntlet, it was completely different. There was only one way to compete, and that was to concoct. And the winner would be decided by who had the higher-level pill. Nothing more, nothing less. This was all there was to it.

If there was any 'choice' at all, it was in whether or not to participate or simply forfeit your right and thus lose your position on the stele.

That was right, it wasn't even possible to choose the pill they would concoct. This choice would be randomly made by the stele for every single match. The fact that Dyon wanted to face them all at the same time meant that he was agreeing, essentially, to concocting a thousand different pills all at once.

Set aside the difficulty of such a matter for a moment... would they even have the soul stamina to concoct a thousand pills in a row?! Let alone all at once?!

However, instead of being enraptured by his pride, Venerable Bart took a step forward, his old eyes brimming with vitality and sharpness.

"I accept. I hope you won't take back your words now that you've said them."

At these words, Dyon only chuckled.

This Bart was most definitely an old, wily fox. For him to be over ten million years old, yet still on the Venerable rankings showed just how thick his skin was.

The Steles didn't have age limitations, but there were unspoken rules. Usually, no one older than five million years old would appear on the Venerable rankings. After all, Ary and Doran were not even half his age.

But it was clear that this old man didn't care for his face. He knew that he wouldn't have much of a chance on the Empyrean rankings, so he weathered the ridicule and remained on the Venerable Stele.

Of course, doing this would still be impossible if he didn't have some powerful backing. If he didn't, the ostracization he would face alone would be enough to cripple his future.