

Nameless 2269

Chapter 2269 Dream

Maybe facing a thousand Venerables at once was still reasonable. At the very least, someone who dared to challenge even the God Stele should be expected to be capable of doing this much. Though it was still incredibly impressive, it wasn't to the point of causing those who would come next to fall into an endless despair. At the very least, the greatest portion of despair was left for those Venerables who just lost and the Empyreans ranked nearer to the bottom of the Empyrean Stele.

However... Facing a thousand Empyreans at once... Only a true Alchemy God would dare to do such a thing, and even then...

One had to understand that unlike the Venerable and Empyrean Steles which were all filled with peak levels of their grades, there simply weren't this many Immortal Gods. The God Stele had all sorts of Immortal Gods from the Lower to the Peak.

This alone should prove how difficult it was to cross the barrier into the Alchemy God Realm, let alone to make it onto the Stele itself.

However, Dyon didn't seem to be joking, nor did he seem to be bluffing.

Once again, his soul strength surged forward like an endless tide.

The Empyrean who spoke instantly paled. Even if he was a fool he would know now that Dyon hadn't been biding his time. In fact, his patience could have been seen as an act of kindness on his part, allowing more time for them to collect themselves and steel their hearts.

But now, he was like an unsheathed sword, a sharp blade blazing with life. He looked toward the silver leaves the Empyreans held in their hands like a ravenous beast, reading for them to burn and display their target for him to devour.

A thousand cauldrons constructed entirely of small golden arrays blossomed forward, spilling over with an endless tide of soul qi.

Dyon grin grew wild.

His thousand cauldrons explosively grew in size. It wasn't long before each one of them was over 20 meters in diameter.

The Emphyreans watching on felt their knees grow weak. They knew that Dyon simply had no need for such large cauldrons. He was taunting them, grinding the sole of his feet into their faces from on high...

Maybe if they hadn't provoked him, everything would still be fine. But now that they had... was there even a need to give them face any longer?

The next events made the Emphyreans feel as though they had suddenly been immersed in a dream.

On the Steles, there were two available rankings. The regular rankings and the valiant rankings.

The regular rankings represented an alchemist's combined rankings against both those on the Stele and those off of the Stele. The Valiant Rankings represented an alchemist's record against the peers they shared the Stele with.

Of course, the umbrella of peers changed depending on where you were ranked. The short of it was that those ranked from 1000 to 101 were separated into groups of 50. Essentially, someone ranked 837th had a Valiant Ranking decided by their matches between those ranked 801st to 850th. Those ranked above 101 would be split into groups of 10.

This Valiant Ranking would follow one throughout their lifetime on the Stele. So, even if you crossed into another group, your record could only continue to be summated and never erased.

As a result of this, in addition to the existence of challenges one could not refuse, one spent a lot of time losing to those near the front of your group until you could finally pull yourself up and finally begin to bully those nearer the bottom of your group to 'fix' your record and move on upward.

Due to this practice, having a Valiant Record of around 40% was already considered outstanding. Only those like the top 3 Venerables Dyon had crushed could have a Valiant Record this good. They were

geniuses among geniuses, or in the case of Bart, they were those who were seasoned and practiced veterans.

This alone should paint the shocking prowess Dyon was displaying.

Everyone could see it. His soul was at the Peak Empyrean Grade. He was just like them.

Even though the top three of the Venerable Stele had Higher Empyrean Grade souls, all of the Empyreans ranked near the top were just a step higher. The distance to crossing into the Immortal God Realm was simply too large.

They felt that with all of them on the same playing field, they should have had a chance. But it was as though he was a cat playing with a field of mouse. His paw hung in the skies over their necks. No matter how hard they ran, their every hundred steps was akin to a single one of his.

"Tsk, what a silly mistake." Dyon's voice rang out. "When you're concocting an Ice Pupil Lens Pill, holding your flames back is the most amateur mistake you could make? Did you really think that just because it's an ice elemental pill that it's scared of flames? Flames is the last thing it would be afraid of.

"And you, a Gravitational Physique Pill's most important part is its core. It must be as dense as a star yet several times smaller. With you rushing the impurity refinement stage like that, how the hell are you going to get the pill down to critical mass?

"My god, another idiot. A Law Strengthening Pill has its essence in its name. It's meant to strengthen the Law. Its first target is the dantian which houses Laws. Its second target is the Heavens which controls Laws. Both require the energy of the pill to be capable of entering an ethereal state wherein it can interact with both. The Illusion Heart Petal is obviously the most important ingredient, why did you spend so much of your mental faculties on the Bursting Qi Spirit soul? Who cares if you can harness its energy if it can't even be applied properly?