

Nameless 2270

Chapter 2270 No Different

"The way you're refining this pill, it'll end up with the necessary energy, but all that energy will be rebounding within the cultivator's body, only a small portion of it will actually make it into the dantian and an even smaller portion will be capable of communicating with the Heavens. Like this, the backlash one experiences will be at least 20% higher than the expected result. Are you trying to kill your customers?"

When Dyon first began to speak, many were hoping that he had been berating himself. After all, his voice suddenly came out of nowhere and he sounded like he was berating himself.

But, who could have possibly expected that he was actually lecturing his competition? The most shocking part was that under his guidance, the Emyreans were actually improving by leaps and bounds. They shamelessly accepted his teachings in the slim hope that he would slip up and allow them to maintain their spot on the rankings.

The whole immortal plane watched on with stunned expressions.

Just... what level of arrogance was this? He was teaching his competitors? And they were actually improving under his tutelage?

However, seeing the smooth motion of materials within Dyon's thousand golden cauldrons, their thoughts could only be stifled.

Once again, tribulations began to converge one after another. This time, their momentum was far stronger than the ones called down for the Venerable Pills. It was as though the Heavens wanted to rend the ground Dyon stood upon to pieces.

But, he stood there with a smile on his face. As though he had the utmost confidence in his pills blocking everything in his path.

He chatted with his wives like these matters had nothing to do with him at all.

Once again, he took less than a fraction of the allotted time to finish. His process seemed as calm as the breeze and as soothing as the scent of a rose.

At this point, even if the cultivation world insisted on continuing to disregard him, they could only be seen as foolish for doing so. In a flash, there was once again, only a single name left on the Stele.

[1. Dyon Sacharro (434) – Peak Emyrean Grade Soul. Record: 1.000. Valiant Record: 1.000]

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The location was no different since Dyon's arrest warrant was released. It looked just as bland, its walls a dull grey and its surroundings completely lacking in any sort of fanfare or decorations.

At this moment, in the very same garden, a familiar chess board could be found. In fact, even the players were the exact same, while the singular spectator... was the very same man who issued Dyon's bounty.

However, at this time, these three men who could be said to be as calm as lakes and as unmoving and mountains each had frowns plastered across their brows.

When the God Stele began to ring, they had been completely awoken from their slumber. Originally, they thought that some old monster wanted to test themselves, so they were a bit apprehensive.

One would think that after finding out it was actually Dyon, they would have sneered and gone back to their normal day to day activities. But, this was actually the exact opposite of what happened. Judging Dyon by his age and the amount of time it had been since he completed his certification exam... they took his actions with the utmost seriousness.

Of course, this isn't the only reason. The true reason was because this Dyon had the backing of Abraxus. Who of them didn't know the kind of monsters that old fogie had taken under his wings?

Set aside the Nameless Immortal God for a moment... His second disciple had strength that filled them with despair.

No one knew his origins. He seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Many assumed that he was a transcendent as all of Abraxus' disciples were, but there was no certainty in these assumptions.

While the Nameless Immortal God filled them with fear... The True Empath Immortal God filled them with dread.

Being around that man was like having all of your secrets laid bare. It didn't matter how powerful you were, it didn't matter what kinds of guards you had, you would be stripped naked and exposed before him.

The version of Dyon with sealed memories believed that his thoughts were hidden from The Entity thanks to The Seal, when the truth was that this was only due to his severely weakened and restrained state. Let alone The Seal powered by the soul of an Immortal, even The Seal powered by a Peak Immortal God existence was useless before him.

And this was only Abraxus' second disciple. There was still his third.

The First White Mother... she might have been in the infancy of her most recent reincarnation, but she was still an untouchable monster. Before the Nameless Immortal God was even a seed in his father's sack, she was rampaging across the Immortal Plane.

Even now, no one knew how Abraxus became her master.

Then, there was now this mysterious Dyon Sacharro who appeared out of nowhere. They wanted to use some underhanded tactics to deal with Dyon in an 'aboveboard' manner. At the very least, before Abraxus publicly acknowledged Dyon, they still had some leeway to play a few tricks.

But... they could have never imagined that Dyon would simply vanish.

They all knew that their Steles might have been accurate when it came to the Venerable and Empyrean Realms. But, when it came to the Immortal God Realms... there were too many who disdained even to appear on the list at all. The Nameless Immortal God and Abraxus were only just two such individuals...

What it meant for someone with Abraxus' backing to challenge them in this way... Even they could only grow serious.

"It seems we have to make a move personally. One of the old men facing the chessboard finally said."

"Indeed." His opponent responded.

If Nazaire could be described as a calm and refined scholar, the two old men were far more eccentric.