

Nameless 2273

Chapter 2273 Not Even

For him to not be involved in a penultimate event of the timeline, it only made sense. Yet, not only did he interfere this time, he directly grinded it to a halt.

Nothing about it made sense... Unless... This was all planned...

Imaigne began to hesitate. Were they playing on the palms of someone's hands? Was that hand Abraxus'? If this was true, could they really afford to continue to sit idly by...?

...

"... It's almost time."

These words didn't come from the elders locked in a fierce debate. In fact, it wasn't even spoken in the Phoenix Hegemon. It was simply impossible to tell who it was who said them.

The words seemed to drift into the ears of everyone on the Immortal Plane, branding their subconscious. Yet, somehow... No one heard the words either. Not even Dyon.

Dyon stood with his hands clasped behind his back. He seemed serious, but the slight curl of his lip gave him away.

Before him, Immortal God Crane, Millman and Nazaire stood him, the auras they exuded drowning even the skies. The only one who seemed unaffected was Dyon himself and his two wives to his back. Even facing the momentum of three Immortal Gods, his light, barely perceptible smile seemed to slice their presences into two halves, forcing them to part like the red sea.

"You three?" Dyon asked lightly. "I would have thought that you would have sent the bottom of the scrap pile at me first."

Arrogant!

Scrap pile? This was the God Stele they were talking about! How dare someone not even of the Immortal God Realm speak such words? Let alone the fact that this person was born a mortal, the lowest dregs of the Immortal Plane.

Nazaire didn't have much of a reaction to Dyon's words. He seemed to be a completely different man than when he last met Dyon. It was as though he was a hidden sword who only revealed all of his sharpness after being polished by a whetstone for the first time for countless years.

Dyon's smile became more obvious when he saw this.

"Oh? You want to reveal your sharpness to me, Little Nazaire?"

Nazaire's pupils constricted into pinholes.

"I do remember a little story of the past. A little boy who swore to be the greatest alchemist in existence. Power didn't mean much to him. Status didn't mean much to him. Treasures didn't mean much to him. Even life didn't mean much to him.

"I find it interesting that such a man would take action against a small mortal like me, hm? Could it be that you've already forsaken such oaths? That's too bad. You were the only one of Pill Stick Pebble that was somewhat less insufferable to look at."

The more Dyon spoke, the colder the atmosphere seemed to grow.

"No, I know what it is. I was just down there." Dyon nudged his head toward the God Stele looming over them despite the height of the heavenly platform they stood on. "I saw a little boy down there with features 60% similar to your own, stuck in an illusion.

BANG!

The sturdy heavenly plates beneath Nazaire's feet shattered. The proudly standing heavenly platform trembled and seemed that it really might fall out of the sky at any time.

Blood flowed from Dyon's seven orifices, yet he stood with his back as straight as a javelin as though nothing in the world could affect him. It was a pride as tall as the Heavens. No, even taller than that.

To him, the blood, the pain, none of it existed.

In fact, all that remained was excitement.

How long had it been since he had such a feeling? That drive to better himself, that limitless will to surpass his limits? Those ants he could once crush with a hand could put such pressure on him now despite this only being a piece of his leaked aura.

He loved it. It was another hill to climb, another mountain to conquer, another dragon to slay.

Dyon yawned.

The scene was quite ridiculous. He was bleeding from his lips, his eyes, his ears, his nose... Yet he was still feigning such nonchalance?

However, what they didn't know was that Dyon was faking it.

The greatest impact of one's aura, especially when released so unconsciously by Nazaire, was on the mind. As for the pain racking his body, Dyon had tempered himself through countless struggles over even more countless trillions of years. What pain had he not experienced? At this level, he hardly felt it.

As for his mind, it was even less affected. This was nothing more than a joke to him.

"I'm not sure why you're venting your rage on me. It isn't as though it was my hand who pushed him to such a state. However, I can save him, quite easily at that."

Nazaire's gaze narrowed.

For a man who had pretended to be subservient to others for so long, there was no need to speak on his mental fortitude. Usually, even if someone mentioned the state of his grandson, he wouldn't be impacted to this extent. However, there was something about this man that made him feel as though he was levels above him. The suffocating feeling made him react differently than he normally would.

There were only a handful who knew the secrets behind his vow... There were even fewer who would dare say that they could save his grandson.

"Not only can I save him, but I can allow him to benefit greatly. You just have to agree to a small thing.

"As you can tell, I'm quite pitiful right now. I only have the soul of a Peak Emphyrean. If I were to battle all of you, I would tire myself to death before I got to you three. So, let's make this a one-on-one battle between the two of us, Little Nazaire. Whether or not I win or lose, I'll help out your little boy."

Nazaire stared daggers toward Dyon, but the latter remained unperturbed, meeting his gaze with a light smile.