

Nameless 2278

Chapter 2278 No One

Nazaire wasn't surprised that Dyon could shrug off his Silence Dao so easily. If he couldn't do this, he wouldn't be a man so feared by all. Feared by all, humbling all.

However, this wasn't the case for others. They hadn't heard Dyon's words about being Nazaire's master due to the Silence Dao. So, how could they not fall from their seats seeing that Dyon seemed to be... fine?

Even those who were watching from across worlds were affected. How could a weak boy sitting right across from the man in question not feel as though his world was collapsing. It didn't make any sense!

But when they saw Dyon's unique flames, they trembled more fiercely. It felt as though there was a memory trying to resurface from their minds, but no matter how hard they tried, it only remained at the tip of their tongues. It was as though no matter how hard they tried, it wouldn't mean anything. As though the Heavens themselves didn't want them to remember.

This sort of phenomenon... It only happened with those cursed beasts like the Unicorn and the Lightning Sparrow... How could it be related to this mortal's flames as well?

These were Immortal Gods. It was impossible for them to not notice that their memories were being tampered with when it was occurring so blatantly. The curses of those creatures weren't infallible. There were many who had come up with certain methods of breaking through them to a certain extent.

However, no matter how hard they tried... they had no ability to recall these flames nor where they had seen them last.

Dyon's flames became as alive as two creatures. Compared to his usage of them when his memories were sealed, it was almost as though he wasn't using the same flames at all. The mastery was so mesmerizing that the surroundings alchemists fell into a trail. Was this his real ability?

The Purity Flames morphed into several delicate creatures. Fluttering butterflies, small sparrows, adorable little bunnies...

The Chaos Flames morphed into ghastly, hellish beasts. Slithering snakes, flaming salamanders, murderous crows...

The beasts frolicked amongst the heavenly herbs, creating a scene that left the alchemists itching. Such a profound technique, what kind of mind could come up with it? Even if they couldn't boast to be capable of using every alchemy technique, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that they had seen them all.

But, not only had they never in their lives seen this technique before... They hadn't even seen a technique that used similar methods!

What kind of concept was this? It was impossible to the point of incredulity.

Techniques were built upon accumulated experience. Accumulated experience could only come from life and the usage of other techniques. As a result, every created technique at least had the shadow of something many people had experienced before, and thus, even if it was different, it would still bear some similarity to others.

Two fist techniques might be different, but they were still built upon the same fundamental laws. No matter what, it would be recognized as a fist technique.

But... if it wasn't for the cauldrons and heavenly herbs... these alchemists doubted that they'd even recognize this as an alchemy technique in any other kind of setting.

What level of ingenuity did it take to create such a technique? Even if it was weak, just the mere fact they had never seen anything like it made it worthy of respect. Whoever created it was a genius amongst geniuses. No, maybe even the title of genius should feel unworthy of them.

However, who would have known that after this first shock, they would be shocked once more.

Nazaire didn't miss even a single step.

Suddenly, his number of arms doubled, then tripled. Soon, he had countless illusory arms extending from his back and into the skies.

At first glance, it didn't seem as novel as Dyon's technique. After all, there were many alchemy techniques which could accomplish everything from giving an alchemist extra fingers even to the point of giving them even extra eyes in some cases.

Something like adding additional appendages wasn't new.

However, what happened next left them all speechless.

The hands came together in pairs, cupping each of the several thousand heavenly herbs like a gentle, caring gardener.

Hymns of a time long past hung in the air, growing in fervor with each passing second.

The music resonated with the Silence Dao, leaving everyone in a state of limbo.

In the beginning, they couldn't hear anything but their own heartbeats. But, in the next moment, it felt as though their hearts were the drums of the song, as though they had suddenly become part of the process of refinement.

Their strengths reached out, melding Nazaire's own efforts.

If before the alchemists were shocked, this time... they directly fell onto their butts, sweat falling from their faces.

No one could believe what kind of duel of alchemy this had become. Maybe in the history of the Immortal Plane, a bout of this level had never occurred. Or, maybe those old monsters who could have a competition of this level would never do so under the eyes of so many people.

While their hearts were all gripped by Nazaire's technique, they had lost all ability to focus on anything else but him. This resulted in them completely missing the profoundness of Dyon's technique. In fact, even now that he had unleashed everything, they were still unaware of whether this technique was powerful or not. All they knew was that they had never seen something on this level before...

Of course, Dyon wasn't of mind to care about such a thing. He didn't care. Victory was the only thing on his mind. Whether or not others knew of how he grasped it, he didn't care. In fact, he didn't care even if they didn't know he had grasped it at all. All that was important to him was that he knew who the true winner was.