

## **Nameless 2279**

### Chapter 2279 Devour

The various creatures formed of Dyon's flames surrounded the heavenly herbs. Ironically, like moths to a flame, they swarmed them, causing fantastic sights no less than that of Nazaire's technique.

This technique was, of course, something the Nameless Immortal God had created. It was perfectly tailored to his two Unique Flames and took full advantage of their Characteristic.

[Frolicking Beasts of Heaven and Earth].

This was what he had named this technique. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that this was the strongest alchemy technique in existence. Or, rather, that was what he had thought before he saw Nazaire's own created technique.

As Dyon's grin widened, he couldn't help but admit that his disciple's technique was no weaker than his own. And, it had requirements no less stringent than his own.

Nazaire's [Hymns of Silence] required one to have comprehended Silencing the Dao. Dyon's [Frolicking Beasts of Heaven and Earth] required one to have both the Purity and Chaos Flame!

In Dyon's first life, he had taken four disciples in secret. He had hoped to fill his heart with those four young men he saw as his own sons. The impact of the loss of his wives was too hard and it was never his intention to continuously replace them with new women... it was just that life always seemed to love playing tricks on him.

Seeing one Little Nazaire blooming in his own path so brightly, he couldn't help but smile.

The sight of a young man looking toward an old man with the gentle expression of an elder could shake anyone to the core. But, this was exactly what was happening now.

That said... as his master, Dyon could tell that the shadow over Nazaire's heart hadn't disappeared. Despite the success he had grasped in his life, it still hadn't been enough. And, it was obvious the

bitterness hadn't disappeared either, or else he would have never made things difficult for him simply because of his affiliation with Abraxus. He should obviously be aware that Abraxus was his grand Master.

Dyon had come here for Little Gold's corpse. By the laws of Pill Sword Mountain, anyone who could complete all three Gauntlets had the right to a precious treasure to three treasures of the Peak God Grade. Of course... Maybe only Dyon would be insane enough to do all three Gauntlets back to back like this. Usually, those who were even crazy enough to attempt it would only do so across millions, even billions of years.

However, to Dyon, though Little Gold was a close friend of his, Nazaire was just as important to him. And, the first step toward helping this disciple of his was crushing him.

Dyon had never been a gentle handed guide. He taught by example, taught with pain, taught with hardship.

At this moment, this disciple of his already believed that he could match his master. Or, maybe he believed that Dyon would have to regain his previous strength first before he would truly have to worry.

But, maybe out of habit, he had brought out his full strength regardless of these thoughts. It was his only chance for payback, the only way to alleviate some of that bitterness in his heart.

It seemed that he would have to teach this disciple of his a good lesson.

"[Devour]."

The flame beasts enveloped the heavenly herbs, ripping them apart as though they were just normal vegetation.

Dyon suddenly stood.

His hair changed, lengthening and becoming a bright silver. His hazel-green eyes bloomed and deepened, looking like the depths of the stars as they reflected like two beautiful opal gems.

He stood a step forward toward Little Chibi, his hair billowing in the air.

At the same time, Nazaire stretched out toward his cauldron as well. Maybe it was only now that the world realized that the true match had yet to begin to this point. Their hearts were leaping out of their throats, but this was only the first time these two touched their alchemy cauldrons!

The pieces of the heavenly platform left beneath Dyon's feet shattered, his aura growing. His imposing presence made others forget the Silencing of the Daos for just a moment...

And then, he struck his cauldron with a palm.

Like the Gongs of Heaven had sounded, ripples stretched across the Immortal Plane.

Compared to the foundational stages of Common to Star, the Immortal Grades of alchemy carried a level of complexity that those of the mortal plane couldn't imagine.

Unique flames. Alchemy techniques. Cauldrons. Hand seals.

Each added a layer of variability that made each and every concoction different from the last even if the same pill was being concocted. For a true alchemist, even the refinement of the simplest pills was a new adventure they had yet to embark upon. This was the truth.

It was safe to say, then, that alchemists of their level were used to seeing the unique, no matter how small and insignificant it might be. However... this was simply too much.

Just touching upon hand seals for a moment, they could be considered one of the most crucial parts of concocting pills.

According to the Ancients, there were two parts of the body most important for interaction with the world: The eyes and the hands.

Compared to the rest of the body, the hands contained the greatest number of meridian pathways per area available. One must remember that the foundation for formation theory are the meridians of the body. Their profundity is the reason such a profession exists at all.

The movement of the hands and the altering of those meridian pathways in space can lead to large changes in the flow of qi. These changes in the flow and nature of qi can have all sorts of novel results during the concoction process.

Every time an alchemist controlled their qi and guided it into their cauldron, the changes in their qi as a result of their hand seals can tweak countless parameters that affect the end product.

So, there should be no problem with what Dyon was doing now right?

Sure, he had slammed his hand into his cauldron, a far cry from Nazaire's gentle and almost petting-like approach.