

Nameless 2280

Chapter 2280 Petty

But, it wasn't like there weren't some other alchemist brutes who didn't do the same thing. In fact, there were some ancient cauldrons that couldn't be used without overwhelming physical prowess even far beyond Dyon's level.

However... This wasn't what Dyon was doing. This wasn't just hand seals...

They could see it with their own eyes. The rhythm of his body... No, the rhythm of every one of the fibers running through him.

With every resonating strike, his cauldron seemed to sing. Every strike came with a different beat of his heart, a different vibration of his skin, a different position of his body.

After being lost in a daze for a long while, the alchemists finally understood. They didn't even have the mind to pay attention to Dyon's weird transformation. Even Nazaire's couldn't completely keep them from paying attention to Dyon any longer.

It felt as though their souls were being tugged in two directions... and the direction toward Dyon wasn't necessarily losing out to Nazaire's Silencing Dao!

"Body seals... He's forming seals with his body... Just... What kind of monster is he..."

Even Gilpin was speechless at this point. He might not be an alchemist himself, but as an Immortal God who had even lived for so long, he knew far more about many things than a normal person could boast. He knew the profundity of what he was witnessing and he found it difficult to slow the beating of his heart.

Dyon's movements were almost like a rhythmic martial dance. Like an ancient master of kung fu before the rising sun of dawn, who stood alone atop a mountain that overlooked the world, executing movements that enraptured the heart.

It wasn't that no one had ever thought that using the body to form seals could greatly increase one's control over the situation within their alchemy cauldron... But... Who could actually do it?

Imagine for a moment that you were an aspiring pilot of a high-tech air ship. To control such a large vehicle, one could imagine how many parameters one had to be familiar with. These controls might be able to tweak anything from the direction of flight, the altitude, and even down to something as specific as the climate control of an individual cabin.

As a rookie? How many things would you control on your own? Maybe you would enter an internship and learn under the tutelage of a veteran. Over the years, you would slowly become an expert yourself. Maybe, with your perseverance, you would soon become one of the greatest pilots in all of existence.

But... Even then, how many of those controls would you maintain personally? Wouldn't you have crewmates? You might even have a new rookie you've taken under your wing to take on responsibilities of their own.

Even if you understood everything about how to fly the airship, how much would you know about its thermal systems? The parameters of its engine room? Even about the maintenance of its mechanics?

And, even after you pawn off these things to subordinates you trust and rely on yourself to fly... wouldn't you have a copilot? And even with your copilot, wouldn't there be times the two of you used autopilot or cruise control once you felt everything was within a decent margin of control?

Now take this analogy and apply it to alchemy.

Seals were the controls of this airship. Hand seals were what one could generally find acceptable to expect of a veteran pilot to be familiar with. The very best could use them to the peak of perfection, allowing their cauldron to handle the rest and thus enter cruise control... And...

Using body seals was akin to controlling everything down even to the dimness of the lights in the most obscure corner of the airship.

Every nerve of Dyon's body was pushed to the absolute limit. Everything from the furrow of his eyebrows to the angle of his toes was precisely controlled as he struck Little Chibi again and again.

He didn't use his hands every time. Sometimes his foot would strike, sometimes his knee, sometimes it would be just a single finger, and the alchemists could even count several times he even used his head.

It was a maddening display that left them feeling numb.

They hardly noticed the beads of sweat rapidly falling from Dyon's body, or the reddening of his body, or even the heaviness of his breath.

To them, all they could sense were his strikes, as though that was all that was important.

In Dyon's many lifetimes, no one had ever pushed him to such an extent in alchemy. He couldn't remember a time he didn't crush his opponent with absolute ease. He was simply too talented in the field, as though it was created just for him.

It was a bit ironic that it was a child he raised with his own hand that would push him to this extent.

Of course, this body was simply too weak. His body wasn't even a single percent of what it once was. His soul was even worse. But he was having the time of his life. It had been too long since he felt such a feeling.

There really was a chance he might lose.

Dyon's fiendish grin grew. "[Devour]."

Dozens of qi cyclones appeared to Dyon's back, madly sucking everything toward him.

At that moment, the beast flames that had swallowed the heavenly herbs finally made their way forward. Diving into Little Chibi one after another.

Little Chibi had been specially reinforced by Dyon's Weapon's Pagoda. Even after entering the immortal realms, it could still produce treasures the equivalent to Dyon's soul strength.

Simply put, he had access to a near infinite supply of Emyrean Grade weapons. Not just Emyrean Grade, but the Peak at that!

When those around watched as numerous flashes of light came from Dyon's vajra body, their numbness almost became a dull pain. Tens... No, hundreds... Thousands? Of Peak Emyrean Grade cauldrons fusing into one like this...