

## The Nameless 2141

### Chapter 2141: Pill Sword

When he saw the hook-nosed woman being carried by two of the five bronzed armored guards, his first instinct was to unleash his rage onto her. It seemed obvious that she was the culprit, especially since he had heard her screech earlier. It was actually because of that screech that he was put in a precarious position to begin with. If it wasn't for that, Dyon's actions wouldn't have so easily influenced him.

However, when his gaze landed on Dyon's amused expression, a baleful aura billowed from his body.

A mortal dared laugh at him?

His peeling and singed skin trembled, revealing tender and bleeding skin beneath. His black face was quickly turning red for a reason other than his emotions. However, Dyon actually spoke before he had a chance to unleash his rage.

"If you'd like someone to blame, you can blame your receptionist."

The young woman gawked. "... N-no Venerable P --."

"I came here to take your certification exam, yet after standing here for so long, she actually ignored me. Don't tell me you're unaware of the consequences for such a thing."

The young receptionist was stunned once again. How could one person be so shameless? He had barely stopped at her desk for more than a second before his palm slammed downward. How was this considered 'standing here for so long'?

But, when she heard the latter half of his words, a deep shudder ran through her frail body. Maybe the most shocking thing was that it ran through Venerable Piers' body as well...

...

Pill Sword Mountain.

It was a Hegemon that stood amongst the topmost Hegemons, ranked at the very highest God tier. It had stood for countless trillions of years, having a history almost as long as the existence of the Immortal Plane itself.

Its name was quite odd at first glance. However, it was written this way on purpose.

The sword was the ancestor of all weapons. It was among the simplest and most difficult to use at the same time. It encompassed the magnitude of nature and the complexity of the Heavens. Even those who chose to use weapons aside from it appreciated its majesty.

A mountain was the embodiment of stability and sturdiness. It was steadfast and longstanding, an existence with a foundation that reached endless depths and a height that pierced through the skies. Some of the oldest structures of the Immortal Plane came in the form of mountains, those ancient existences that had stood since time immemorial.

And yet, simply put, the Pill came first. There was no grandiose explanation aside from this one line.

However, when the receptionist and Venerable Piers heard these words, it wasn't because of the lauded Pill Sword Mountain, a reality that would have baffled those who didn't understand the legends.

Many trillions of years ago, Pill Sword Mountain stood above many. Very few could match its power. However, everyone was aware that the greatest alchemist of their Immortal Plane was not the Head of Pill Sword Mountain, but rather a man no one dared breathe the name of.

Much like other Hegemons and Immortals, Pill Sword Mountain was exceptionally elitist. There was a point in time where mortals were not even allowed to take their certification exams. Even those rare few unlucky enough to be born with mortal bodies, but lucky enough to have innate auras, were instead killed to have their soul talents snatched away.

When that man rose to power, he found out about these things. It may have been shocking to many that it took so long, but he simply hadn't had a mind to focus on anything but his own strength. He never considered joining a Pill Sword Mountain because he relied on no one else but himself and his master to

rise. Plus, it was he who created array alchemy, evolving it from the normal, piddling alchemy that ruled Pill Sword Mountain.

So, when he learned that those birthed with a talent he created were being used and abused by Pill Sword Mountain, how could he not be pissed?

No one dared to touch Pill Sword Mountain. It wasn't just because of their power, but also because of the resources they represented. If one offended them, they could forget about consuming another pill in their lifetimes, if they lived long enough to regret such a thing, that is.

However, this man didn't care. He slaughtered his way into Pill Sword Mountain, single handedly killing every single so-called expert that dared to consume the Innate Aurora of another.

In the end of it all, the only way Pill Sword Mountain managed to appease him was by swearing a Heavenly Oath that promised to treat both immortals and mortals fairly in the certification process. It was an event that shocked the Immortal Plane and one that reverberated even to this very day.

A Heavenly Oath, especially one sworn on the foundational Faith of a Hegemon, is even more binding than a soul contract. Should there come a day where Pill Sword Mountain ever broke this promise, their Hegemon that had stood since the beginning of all would crumble before their eyes.

This was exactly why the receptionist and Venerable Piers both trembled beside themselves. Even though there were rumors that that man had passed, the Heavenly Oath still stood strong. If Pill Sword Mountain found out that they were disobeying these rules...

Their establishment was nameless, simply known as an alchemy guild. They didn't have the right to be bestowed a name as names held power, which would require Pill Sword Mountain to share some of its Faith with them.

In addition, not every alchemy establishment was under the control of Pill Sword Mountain, that man's actions had caused them to greatly weaken, allowing many weaker Hegemons to grow.

However, what stood as fact was that the alchemist ranking system was overseen by Pill Sword Mountain. This was how a pristine standard was held amongst all alchemists. So, even if not all alchemy

Hegemons were bound by the same rule, they had to follow it nonetheless for fear of Pill Sword Mountain's retaliation.

So, when Dyon said these words, everyone in the room felt as though an axe was looming over their heads. It took several moments before Venerable Piers recollected himself.

When he finally settled himself down, he forced down his anger and replaced it with a sneer.

#### Chapter 2142: Dyon Sacharro

He unfortunately had no idea that Dyon wasn't aware of this story at all. His previous threat of consequences was just as a result of his confidence in himself. If they dared to try to reject him, he would go to another nameless alchemy guild and build them up to the point of crushing them. But, it seemed he didn't have to do any of that.

"Are you aware of the penalty for failing the lowest certification exam?"

Dyon, who had a curious expression on seeing their reactions, raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? Penalty? Do enlighten me."

Venerable Piers' sneer deepened, believing himself to have caught Dyon. He believed Dyon had thrown out the idea of a certification exam to save his skin, but that he had no real skill to speak of. It was unfortunate that the very same time Pill Sword Mountain established their rules of equality, they also added a new rule as well...

"The penalty is death. Do follow me."

With a spin of his heel, Venerable Piers turned.

Dyon chuckled. He didn't know the story behind all of this, but he was good at reading people.

Venerable Piers had felt fear toward his words, so there was definitely something forcing his hand to accept his certification exam. In addition, it seemed that he believed the fact Dyon didn't know about the death penalty meant he had used whatever was forcing his hand as a last effort to save his life.

'Interesting, I wonder what the story behind that is....'

Dyon regretted not asking his grand teacher more about the immortal plane. But the reality was that he simply hadn't been very interested in it originally. His focus had been entirely on raising his strength to defeat the entity.

But, it was fine, he would slowly figure these things out for himself.

On the bright side, though the penalty for failure here was death, the trade off was that Dyon didn't have any fees to pay. It was quite convenient.

In reality, for others, it was a terribly nerve-racking experience. Most of the old folk who had set up stalls outside hadn't dared to take this step, which was why they could only stay outside.

The light ringing of a bell suddenly snapped Dyon out of his thoughts. He realized that Venerable Piers had already disappeared and was likely the one who caused this change. What Dyon hadn't expected was for the sound to travel across the city.

"Oh, I guess we should go."

Dyon pulled along Saru and Lilith, ignoring the sneering face of the young receptionist who seemed to think he had paused out of fear.

Despite not following Piers himself, Dyon's gaze easily saw through the network of arrays in the hidden hallway. Finding the most recently used one, he stepped in, disappearing to appear on a rooftop exposed to the sun.

"Such fanfare for a mere Lower Venerable title?" Dyon raised an eyebrow, finding all of this to be too over the top.

The rooftop was actually quite simple. There was just a single platform in the center surrounded by several meditation platforms.

Robed alchemists began to appear one after another on these circling platforms. In the end, 20 of them sat cross-legged, facing Dyon, Saru and Lilith.

However, this wasn't all. This was seemingly a great attraction for those of the city as well.

Flying was impossible both due to city rules and the fact their cultivations were too low. But, there were several projections and some who even boldly hopped onto the tops of buildings after paying certain fees.

'This isn't bad either. It probably would have been a pain in the ass to get anyone to buy pills from a mortal. But with this level of spectacle, things should go my way.'

"What's going on here Piers?"

One of the robed female alchemists furrowed her brows, looking toward Dyon as she spoke.

It was no wonder her expression was weird. Firstly, there were three mortals before her. Secondly, one of them, the man, was dressed as though he didn't have a care in the world. What were those baggy pants and simple shirt? Who dared appear before them like this?

Thirdly, he actually brought two women with him? Her disdain deepened.

Piers was stunned for a moment. He had been waiting on Dyon to follow him, and when he hadn't, he sneered and entered the formation himself hoping to use Dyon's non-

appearance as a reason for failure. Never did he believe that Dyon actually had the ability to follow him, let alone take these two women with him.

"This boy is here to take his certification exam." Piers said after clearing his throat to hide his surprise.

Dyon smirked and didn't say a word.

"I'm aware of what the bell means." The female alchemist's nose twitched as though she couldn't bear a smell. "But since when did we allow... helpers for such an exam. And did you properly explain the penalty of death? I'd rather not waste my --."

"Hey lady." Dyon's gaze set in on the female alchemist, his smirk disappearing and his eyes becoming dull. "Say less words and maybe you'll be able to keep your life."

Calling Saru and Lilith "helpers", how could he not know what she meant? For implying that his women were prostitutes, she was lucky he didn't separate her neck from her body.

A stunned silence overcast the city, leaving only the delicate sounds of a bell to resonate over its streets.

Dyon walked to the platform and sat Saru and Lilith to his sides. He had no intention of leaving them for even the smallest moment. It was for the good of the city that he acted like this too, or else he wouldn't mind razing it to the ground if a single hair on their heads was harmed.

"Can we begin now. I'd rather not waste my time."

The words she had wanted to speak felt like stinging bees to the female alchemist's eardrums. It was only after she fantasized about being the one to take Dyon's life when he failed that she finally calmed herself.

"I, Venerable Taline, swear a Heavenly Oath to judge the certification of this --"

Dyon smirked. "Dyon Sacharro."

The female alchemist and her peers all shuddered at this name. None of them seemed to know why, but it had become an instinctual reaction that none of them even noticed. It was like a veil had covered the entire city, fogging their minds from the truth.

"—Dyon Sacharro fairly and impartially."

"I, Venerable Piers, swear a Heavenly Oath to judge..."

One after another, they spoke those fateful words.

...

Saru and Lilith sat on their knees silently, each one to Dyon's side. But, they seemed to be more serious than even the man who supposedly had his life on the line. Sitting between them, his legs crossed, he stretched his back as though he was already tired of being there.

"The first segment of the certification test tests your foundation. The mortal grades are piddling but are still required for any respectable Venerable."

Dyon was too lazy to respond to Venerable Taline's obvious jab. He only dully met her gaze as though to tell her to get on with it.

Venerable Taline pretended not to care about Dyon's disregard, taking out a few formation plates.

"These formation plates are disseminated from Pill Sword Mountain themselves. Each represents a section of the exam. We are only overseeing these matters, but your pass and fail grades will be decided by them.

"Of course... We're also here to monitor cheating."

With a soft toss, the first formation plate spun through the air toward Dyon. It was at a speed that would startle most Middle Immortal Essence realm experts, let alone a mortal.



Dyon's interest was finally piqued. Obviously, it wasn't toward this petty competition of his courage, but rather because he couldn't see through the formations etched into the plate.

As expected, the formation plate never actually reached him. It stopped in the air as it was meant to, unfurling into what seemed like a miniature night sky.

It was quite beautiful. White motes of light sparkled and spread, thin lines of energy connecting them as they folded out from themselves.

By the time the process finished, Dyon's interest waned. The formation plate itself was at least of the high level Empyrean grade, but the exam it actually held was boring beyond belief. Dyon could have breezed through this exam even before he dedicated 80 years toward rebuilding his array alchemy foundation, let alone now.

Venerable Taline had every intention of explaining to Dyon how he would have to go about doing this exam. After all, she had sworn an oath to be impartial and fair. There was no circumventing this. It was just that she had been waiting for Dyon to ask the question first.

Who knew that Dyon would start without regard for her or the others?

At first, she sneered, thinking that this was the best possible outcome. Not only would she not be blamed, but Dyon would die.

However, such an expression froze much too soon.

What made this exam difficult wasn't just the questions, but the abstract method in which they were presented. After array alchemy was created, formation theory became inextricably linked to alchemy.

Still, regardless, this was an alchemy exam. It didn't touch upon formation theory. It was like a silent resilience Pill Sword Mountain had toward the man who humiliated them all.

That said, Pill Sword Mountain was still aware of how important the combination of these two were. If they completely ignored it like they wanted to, there would come a day where they could no longer stand atop of the alchemy world. As such, they compromised.

The questions were purely related to alchemy, however the exam itself was written with the runes and array nodes of formation theory.

If one didn't understand formation theory, no matter how deep your alchemy knowledge, it was impossible to answer even a single question!

It was the job of their vice deputy, Venerable Taline, to both explain this to the examinee and provide a treasure tool that could be used to manipulate the formation and thus answer the questions.

But who knew that Dyon would not only not be in need of these hints, but he completely disregarded the need for the treasure as well?

He sat silently, nothing but his eyes moving. His irises flickered so quickly that they blurred, almost completely hiding their golden glow. Like this, the Venerables had yet to even notice that Dyon had an innate aurora.

In reality, this wasn't exactly the reason. It was just that the Venerables were so stunned by the quickly moving array nodes and the light pleasing tone it played whenever an answer was answered correctly, that they didn't have time to send a gaze toward Dyon.

Foundation Mortal Theory. Perfect.

Lower Venerable Botany. Perfect.

Lower Venerable Herbology. Perfect.

Lower Venerable Soul Control. Perfect.

Lower Venerable Splicing. Perfect.

Lower Venerable Alchemy Theory. Perfect.

The certification should have taken several days. Each segment was grueling and heart wrenching, so stringent that even those who had studied for tens of millions of years didn't dare to take the exam.

Yet, in just a single hour, a mortal with a lazy gaze blazed through them. The array nodes flew around so wildly that one would think he was answering randomly had it not been for the calming bell that sounded for every correct answer.

Eventually, Dyon's pupils stopped flickering and stilled. He had come to the end. There were no more questions to answer in this Lower Venerable Pill Recognition segment. He could only look up toward the Venerables as though telling them to get on with the next part.

However, they all sat frozen, finding it difficult to speak or even breathe. They simply couldn't wrap their heads around what they had just seen. Had there ever been someone to perfectly complete the theory segment of the certification exam?

"The... the next segment is the practical part of the certification exam. Choose three Lower Venerable Grade pills to concoct. The ingredients and cauldron will be provided to you..."

Chapter 2144: Insult

'That's right, there's still the practical portion. Even if this mortal boy is a genius in theory, mortals who can sustain their soul qi long enough to concoct even one immortal pill are too rare, let alone three of them.'

Venerable Taline had no idea that her thoughts were nearly identical to Venerable Piers. Unfortunately for them, the disappointment would be just as profound.

"You choose." Dyon said with a shrug.

"What?" Not just Venerable Taline, but all of the Venerables were shocked beyond belief.

Which of them hadn't drilled themselves, slaving over the same three pills for countless years? Before they even set foot into their certification exams, they had had this list of three prepared. Yet this mortal boy actually asked them to choose?

What they didn't know was that this would truly be Dyon's first time concocting immortal grade pills, if what he had done for the hook-nosed old lady was ignored, that is. There simply weren't any immortal grade herbs on the mortal plane, so where would he?

He would have used [Simulating the Hands of a Deity], but he had to lay his eyes on the real herb before he could do so. And for obvious reasons, Dyon wouldn't have been able to meet this requirement.

If the Venerables knew this truth, they likely would have laughed uproariously, finally believing that they had cornered him. But they had no ability to read Dyon's mind even if he had gotten rid of The Seal. His soul was too much more powerful than their own.

"I'm only thinking of your establishment. If I named some obscure pill, what are the odds this small place would have all of the ingredients?"

Dyon's sly words lit a flame under the Venerables, but at the same time, they bit their tongues.

Piers had indeed been planning on naming one of the more difficult pills of the Lower Venerable grade, but he just barely hid his blush of embarrassment when he realized they simply didn't have the heavenly herbs needed for it.

Venerable Taline's delicate jaw set, suppressing her rage once more.

"Since you look down on our little establishment, I will name three for you. Heart Cleansing Pill. Qi Coagulation Pill. And the Soul Replenishment Pill."

The Venerables sucked in a cold breath. They were certain their alchemy guild didn't have these things. Taline most definitely took them out of her personal collection. And, when the difficulty of concocting these pills was known, it was obvious why.

Of them, the Qi Coagulation Pill was the easiest, but even it was a tall mountain to climb. The Immortal Essence Gathering pill was the easiest among the Lower Venerable Pills to concoct and was often chosen for this exam. However, the Qi Coagulation Pill was several levels above it despite having similar functions.

The simpler of the two helped gather qi at a faster rate. However, the Qi Coagulation Pill condensed gathered qi, improving its quality. What made this pill so difficult to concoct was the fact it had to be perfectly calibrated to the one consuming it.

If the qi coagulated too much in a weak body, the meridians would split and become crippled. If it was too little in a strong body, you would be left with an unsatisfied customer. After all, it had to be remembered that repeatedly taking the same pill lowered its effect. As a result, an alchemist had to give their clients a satisfactory result.

This wasn't too much of a problem in an exam since Dyon didn't have a 'client'. But, what was difficult was that since Taline was providing the ingredients, she would most definitely provide the modified list of herbs for the high coagulation pills. This version had difficulty comparable to a Middle Venerable Grade pill!

The Heart Cleansing and Soul Replenishment Pills were even worse. The former created a pill that targeted the Dao Heart, increasing comprehension and extending life for some weaker immortals. The latter was essential for alchemists, allowing them to replenish their soul stamina mid-concoction.

The areas of the body they targeted were incredibly sensitive. By extension, their concoction methods were unique and stood apart from their peers. Most Peak Venerable Grade pills weren't as difficult to form!

"Hold on."

Dyon's words caused Taline's sneer to deepen.

"What is it? Don't tell me you've changed your mind? This is a certification exam, not a playground. I've already inputted your choices. Or is it that you believe my small establishment can't take these things out?"

Dyon smiled lightly, shaking his head. "No, I'm sure you can. I can see that you're no longer a virgin, yet your soul isn't bound to anyone, so you aren't married nor do you have a dao companion. A beauty like you could surely... trade for these things."

"What did you just say to me?!"

Taline's aura rampaged, causing the stunned civilian observers to retreat several hundred meters. Unfortunately for her, her reaction caused many to look toward her skeptically.

"I was only speaking the truth, no need to get angry. I only had a simple question. These pills I concoct, can I keep them?"

Taline's chest rose and fell with alluring and violent rolls, her visage a deep shade of red. It seems Dyon had struck a nerve.

Who asked her to try to insult Saru and Lilith before? As if she could afford these ingredients by normal means with her meagre skills.

"... I hope for your sake that you don't fail..."

A bloodthirsty aura wafted from the vice deputy. It was clear to them that this wasn't only a warning to Dyon, but a warning to them as well. If she heard anyone spreading rumors, their death would be imminent.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to undo what Dyon had already done. Absolutely Impossible.

It was a secret that the vice deputy and the guild head had an ambiguous relationship. However, who would peek into such a thing? They all wanted to keep their lives.

## Chapter 2145: Crown

Besides the deputy and the guild head, Taline's standing was the absolute highest. Not only was she a Peak Immortal Essence expert, but she was also of the Higher Venerable Grade, a step away from the peak. She wasn't someone they wanted to cross.

But it seemed that her rise wasn't so... organic.

Dyon smiled. "I'll take that as a yes."

Turning toward the crowd, Dyon's grin widened.

"If you all want to buy pills from the youngest Venerable on the Immortal Plane, be ready to open your wallets!"

Taline's pupils constricted, but she said nothing. As a mortal, he couldn't live for very long... So he very well might be telling the truth. It was just that she couldn't see through him.

With a wave of her hand, Taline threw a plain gray cauldron to Dyon. With another wave, the first set of ingredient appeared before him as well.

First, they were analyzed by the formation plate set for this segment of the exam. After checking that there was nothing untoward happening, the array nodes flashed, signifying the start of the exam.

In the distance, those who had come to spectate felt their blood boiling. On the one hand, a mortal was the last individual they wanted to buy a pill from. But, on the other, even as laymen, they knew well that Dyon performance to now was impressive beyond belief. And that feeling only grew wilder when a golden soul qi suddenly shone forth.

'Innate Aurora!'

The venerables almost fell from their platforms.

For ten minutes, Dyon didn't move. But, his soul qi was so oppressive that no one else dared to either. The only two who seemed to experience any sort of comfort were Saru and Lilith.

In a blaze, Dyon's eyes opened, a goldish red flame appearing to his palms.

'[Fire Calming Breeze].'

Seeing this, Taline and Piers relaxed a little. Everyone knew this technique was one for beginners amongst beginners. In addition, Dyon's pill flame didn't seem very impressive either. Even if he had an innate aurora, as a mortal, how could he afford to practice? This was nothing but a farce.

Unfortunately for them, it had only been ten minutes ago that Dyon started meditating, but he had already concocted the Heart Cleansing Pill countless times over.

Not only had he circulated [Simulating the Hands of a Deity], but he had split his mind thousands of ways, each concocting on their own. Seeing the ingredients before him was all he had needed. With his foundation, for such a low grade pill, why wouldn't it be easy for him?

Dyon was said to have taken 80 years to rebuild his foundation, but what was the effective time? With how many ways he could split his mind, his 80 years was worth more than 80 000 years. In fact, even 80 000 000 wasn't an exaggeration.

The reason Dyon used this weak pill flame wasn't because he was hiding his innate flames, but rather because this pill cauldron was too weak to handle them. This flame... it was enough.

Dyon's overwhelming soul strength lifted the cauldron to hover into the air, his hand seals quickly shifting from one symbol to another as a beautiful red and green aura wrapped around his body.

His hand struck the cauldron, a beautiful ring echoing as he entered a rhythmic tempo.

The Venerables were stunned once more. This wasn't just [Fire Calming Breeze]....



'One with Self...'

Dyon had only just started, but the hope they had in taking his life was already gone. When he passed this exam, he would become a Lower Grade Venerable. With such a status, his life was protected even more so than it was now, especially from other alchemists. The penalty for killing one of their own was staggering. Only an Empyrean could kill a Venerable without consequences...

But Dyon had another layer of protection. If he was truly as young as he said, even a Alchemy God wouldn't dare lightly lay a hand on him. His test results would cause too much of an uproar in Pill Sword Mountain...

The grey cauldron blasted apart, revealing two beautiful pills.

But Dyon acted quickly, coating one in a concealment array. Though he enjoyed being reckless, revealing his Endowment of Multiplicity was just asking for trouble. If news got out, he'd be hunted down by even Immortal Gods to refine pills for them till his arms fell off. If he kept it hidden, though, he could raise his fame and get people to come to him with pill orders. Then he could pocket the extra pill and make a fortune.

The presence of a top-grade pill obviously shook the Venerables to their core. Taline slouched from her meditation platform, a dark expression covering her brows.

Her mood only became worse as Dyon subsequently concocted top-grade Qi Coagulation and Soul Replenishment pills. It seemed effortless to him.

Every time the inferior grade cauldron exploded, Taline and Piers would hope against hope that the pill would be damaged. But every time, their aspirations were dashed. In the end, three gorgeous pills sat on Dyon's palms.

"Hm, we need a symbol. How about... A crown."

Dyon's arrogance shone forth, his soul qi sweeping out like a blade to etch each pill with a vibrant crown that was almost brighter than the pill itself.

"You..."

Taline bit back her words. Etching a crown onto your pills? He was asking for death! If that man found out, he was finished. Pill Sword Mountain didn't take kindly to such slights. After that event all those years ago... they were especially sensitive to protecting their face.

In truth, Dyon actually wanted to use a scythe. But, he felt that associating his pills with death wasn't good for business.

"Now, shall we begin that auction? I'm a busy man!"

Dyon quickly sold his pills for exorbitant prices to merchants who would likely attempt to sell them for more. Like this, he made 300 lower crystals. In this place, that amount was enough to buy a small city!

Chapter 2146: Cute

"That was too dangerous. You shouldn't do things like that anymore."

Saru looked toward Dyon with a slight frown, her demeanor carrying a seriousness to it.

"You mean calling out a Peak Immortal Essence expert for being a whore was dangerous?" Dyon teased, pretending to be shocked by this realization.

"Dyon."

Seeing the petite Saru place her hands on her hips, Dyon couldn't help but think that she looked like a cute little wife.

At the moment, they had taken up a room in the alchemy guild. It was supposed to be a refinery, a place that was essentially custom built to maximize the efficiency and quality of pill concoctions, but it doubled as a personal residence as well.

Though the guild looked quite small from the outside, its interior was oddly large. This wasn't because it had spatial technology built in, but rather because it was simply well designed. On top of the fact there were very few Venerables worthy of having a place here as well.

Spatial technology on the immortal plane was simply too rare. The reason Saru and Lilith had to leave so many of their things behind was because their spatial rings from the mortal plane couldn't survive here. Anything they had within them would be destroyed along with the space within the ring.

Manipulating space on the immortal plane was simply far too difficult. As a result, spatial rings were several levels more rare and expensive here. So, the two women could only take what they could hold in their hands. And, due to the danger of teleporting into Dyon's collapsing inner world, the fewer things they took, the better.

Even now, Saru wore her gloves on her hands and Lilith carried her red-bladed sword on her back.

As for Dyon, he obviously didn't have this problem. Not only did he have his inner world, but he also gained the ability to store treasures within his Mind's Eye. Though, those were only treasures with souls bounded to his own like Little Chibi and Reaper.

Dyon scratched his head awkwardly toward Saru's stern attitude. He almost forgot that she was a princess who had to take on quite a bit of responsibility since the time she was young. Unlike Ri who was forced to leave those responsibilities behind, Saru was forced to take them on as her burden.

"Don't worry so much." Dyon smiled lightly. "I won't do anything too overboard."

"But..." Saru didn't know how to continue.

"Don't you think something fishy is going on here? How could she possibly be a Higher Venerable? They even say that she's close to the Peak Venerable Realm, but that's most definitely nonsense."

Lilith, who was listening over to the side, raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"Think about it this way. Here, there are only three alchemy realms. The Venerable Realm. The Empyrean Realm. The God Realm.

"However, there are five cultivation realms. The Immortal Essence, Immortal Saint, Immortal Celestial, Immortal Law, and Immortal God.

"My comprehension of what realms you have to enter to reach a certain proficiency in alchemy is kind of skewed if I'm honest..."

Lilith and Saru looked at each other and giggled. Those words were an understatement. They believed that Dyon could like gain certification as a Higher Venerable right now if he really wanted. But his soul was still in the mortal realms. As for his senses, it was on a complete other level. There weren't individuals as good as him even in high tier bubble worlds.

But, they understood what he was trying to say now...

"... Still, no matter how skewed it is, I can see how ridiculous it is for her to reach such a level while still being an Immortal Essence Realm expert, especially since she doesn't have an innate aurora. I can see through her soul strength with ease. She's at most better than the average Lower Venerable, close to a Middle Venerable.

"By my estimation, only Immortal Saints should be able to become Higher and Peak Venerables. Only after entering the Immortal Celestial Realm would you have deep enough cultivation to become Empyreans, and likewise, only Immortal Law experts could become Higher and Peak Empyreans, leaving Alchemy Gods as a realm exclusive to Immortal Gods."

"So what do you think is going on?" Saru asked.

"This Venerable Taline character definitely used some underhanded means to gain her standing. I wouldn't be surprised if the only Immortal Saint of this alchemy guild was involved. After all, from the context clues, she seems to be his lover.

"I actually wouldn't have bothered to care much about this, honestly. I plan for us to leave this place once that Dragon King finally gets his life in order and makes it here. However, she decided to piss me off, so she can only blame her bad luck."

"How is it possible for something like that to be falsified, though?" Saru knew how stringent Pill Sword Mountain was, how could this small place manage to dupe them.

"That's the only part worth investigating." Dyon said with a smile. "No matter how great the power, they're not infallible. I may not yet be able to draw or completely understand empyrean grade arrays, but I can already think of several methods to trick their system with a single glance. Even if Taline is a fool, that doesn't mean her backer is. And even if he is, they had millions of years to think about it.

"If Pill Sword Mountain really cared about not being duped, they'd draw god grade arrays for them all, but clearly they don't mind leaving these loopholes behind.

"I haven't even met anyone of this Pill Sword Mountain, but for some reason, I have an instinctive dislike for them... We'll see where this goes."

While Dyon was casually deciding whether or not to make enemies out of one of the most powerful Hegemons on the immortal plane, he likely didn't realize that he had set the plane itself on fire.

## Chapter 2147: Frozen

That morning, Pill Sword Mountain was quiet as usual. It was a place no one dared to make much noise in. Despite it having well mapped silencing arrays unlike the nameless alchemy guild, it was more a matter of culture and propriety instead of necessity.

However, compared to Pill Sword Mountain, its affiliation hub, a place known as the true center of the alchemy world, was abuzz with life.

For lack of a better descriptor, this place could be considered to be a 'classy' bazaar. There were numerous merchants and bargaining was a common occurrence, but everyone was dressed like nobles and the cobbled roads were pure and without a speck of dust. In fact, if one looked closely, it was easy

to see that the roads were paved of an empyrean grade marble more valuable than even many venerable grade treasures.

In such a place, it was rare for an Alchemy God to appear, but it was simultaneously the most likely place for them to appear as well. If one wanted a small chance at getting their hands on a legendary god pill, this was one of the few places on the Immortal Plane that it was possible.

However, for the everyday cultivator of noble birth, this place had a different beauty to it. Getting a God Pill was next to impossible, but this place had all sort of entertainment outside of this. Not only did it have the largest supply of empyrean pills, but it was also the home of the Alchemy Division.

The Alchemy Division was a competition board for alchemists all around. Not only did it hold a record of spars between the greatest alchemists to ever live, but it housed the leader boards held in the highest regard.

Young alchemists came here all of the time not only to hone themselves against worthy opponents and sell their own creations, but to also purchase the recordings of these spars. Or, rather, rent. There was a certain fascination with seeing Alchemy Gods who rarely stepped out into the public concoct pills.

Still, maybe the greatest attraction were those very leader boards. The Venerable Rankings, the Empyrean Rankings, and the God Rankings.

However, there was still one more leader board, a leader board reserved for youths younger than a million years old stepping into their first certification. It weighed not only age, but your score in the written exam and the pills you concocted in your practical exam.

These three facets were taken, weighted based on difficulty and performance, and then ranked amongst all the youths across the Immortal Plane.

And it was due to this very list that an uproar that spread across countless bubble worlds.

"Theo, I heard you entered the top thousand of the Certification Ranking. I guess it should be Venerable Theo now, huh?"

A youth teased a friend of his. But, Venerable Theo didn't look very happy with this result.

Top thousand seemed impressive, but only the top hundred were maintained across generations. Anyone below the top one hundred were purged after a million years of being on the list.

The glory he held now would be purged soon enough, a reality that left him with an uncomfortable feeling in his heart.

In fact, this was how all of the lists worked. Only the top one hundred could 'rest' on their laurels. Everyone else had to prove themselves constantly, lest they lose their prestige.

As a result, there was a massive gap between number 100 on every ranking list and number 101. So, top 1000 might sound impressive considering how many trillions of youths there were on the Immortal Plane, but it wasn't enough for Venerable Theo to feel happy.

Venerable Theo gave his friend a fake smile, looking up toward the towering monuments with a bitter glint hidden in his eyes. He eventually found his name, sitting tidy at 986. It had the faint silver glow names between 101 and 1000 had, but even that didn't fill him with any sort of happiness.

986. Theo Lucine (254 623) – Middle Venerable Nascent Soul. Written Exam: 3671/10 000. Practical Exam: Wind Warping Pill – 82%, high-grade; Qi Coagulation Pill: 84%, high-grade; Soul Tempering Pill: 76%, high-grade.

With results like this, he'd never be poor a day in his life. To have a middle venerable nascent soul at not even 300 000 years old made him one of the foremost talents of the Immortal Plane especially since he was born with a lower venerable nascent soul. But it seemed he was destined to be inferior.

If only he was born with Empyrean Nascent Souls like those scions in the top 100. Why was life so incredibly unfair to him? Why weren't his parents more powerful, allowing him to skip the line and become a great genius revered by all?

It was at that moment that the Certification Ranking glowed, the lines of names beginning to slowly shift. This didn't happen often, but it wasn't exactly rare. So though many looked over in curiosity, it wasn't to the point of losing their minds.

However, after a few moments, everyone was confused. The glowing stopped, but they couldn't seem to find the new name. It was then that their eyes began to slowly travel upward and toward that lauded top 100 spots that hadn't been touched in billions of years...

In that moment, the entire Immortal Plane was lit afire.

3. Dyon Sacharro (286) – 6th Stage Star Grade Soul. Written Exam: 10 000/10 000. Practical Exam: Heart Cleaning Pill – 100%, top-grade; Qi Coagulation Pill: 100%, top-grade; Soul Replenishment Pill: 100%, top-grade.

A stunned silence filled the air.

Venerable Theo stood frozen for a long time, unable to move an inch.

6th Stage Star Grade Soul? He was a mortal?! Only 286 years old?! 100% purity every time without fail?!

Venerable Theo felt that his heart had leapt into his throat. The only reason this performance was ranked third and not first was because number one and two were less than half Dyon's age and concocted pills ranked far higher than this Dyon's in difficulty.

In addition, since they both had been born with Higher Empyrean Nascent Souls, they managed to concoct 4 times refined pills one time each for their best pills, while their weaker pills were at least 2 times refined.

#### Chapter 2148: Frail

What would these people think if they knew the reason Dyon hadn't concocted more complex pills was simply due to the fact the alchemy guild he took his exam in was too poor to bring out the ingredients for anything better? And, the reason he hadn't refined any reinforced pills was because he wanted to get the exam over and done with as soon as possible?

However, despite the fact Dyon ranked third, there were a few things that were undisputable.



In this generation, he ranked number 1. The number 2 and 1 on the list had long since ascended to the Alchemy God Grades and had lived for trillions of years. They were old men with a foot in the grave already.

Secondly, he was the only mortal in the top 1000, let alone top 100 and top 3 even!

His performance was so impressive that it bordered on blinding. The Pill Sword Mountain's bazaar fell into silence for several minutes before exploding.

Several individuals ran every which way, spreading the news like mad men.

It was maybe the first day in history that a mortal had gripped the hearts of the Immortal Plane so thoroughly.

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"Master, master!"

"H-huh..."

A wrinkled old man with vibrant white hair startled awake from his rocking chair. His eyes, almost pressed together by some sort of glue, slowly opened, revealing whitish grey, opaque depths.

The young woman who had called his name had vibrant white hair of her own, but it wasn't due to old age like that of the old man's. Rather, she was so youthful and beautiful that the air seemed to still around her.

Gorgeous brows, elegant curves, delicate hands that gripped her master's own with a soft touch. She was a woman who had gripped the hearts of countless men and even women.

The First White Mother looked much better than she had in the past. Ever since her master called an end to the war, she had slowly regained her health, becoming even more beautiful than she had been in the past. Though, the fact her organs were no longer hanging out from her torso and her arms were now firmly attached most definitely helped with this.

"... What is it Little White..."

Seeing her master like this, the First White Mother felt a pang in her heart.

"He isn't dead, he isn't dead. I don't know how, but he suddenly appeared on the Immortal Plane. His name just appeared third on the Certification Ranking!"

"What?!"

Abraxus abruptly sat up, strength that seemed impossible for his frail body pouring outward in a torrent. The assault of qi was so abrupt that the First White Mother felt her knees tremble, almost falling to the ground.

She could only grit her teeth and withstand it. She was an Immortal God too, yet her master was actually still so much more powerful than she was. It was no wonder he could end a war of immortals with a word.

Abraxus wasn't shocked by Dyon's ranking. He had known that Dyon's alchemy talent was obscene for a long time. In fact, if he was surprised about anything related to that list, it was the fact he wasn't first. He was certain that had Dyon known the list existed, there was no way he would settle for anything other than first.

Unfortunately, the young man knew too little about the Immortal Plane. He had even called himself the youngest Venerable, which was obviously not true both historically and currently. It was just that those of his current bubble world were too close to the fringe of the world to know to correct him.

What Abraxus was shocked about was the fact Dyon had lived.

Much like after Dyon's battle during the world tournament when Zabia almost killed him, Abraxus sensed the epistemic key separate from Dyon. So, he had thought Dyon actually died. Such a thing left him in a depressive state for the last 60 years, he had even been wishing his old body would give out already so he could cross over to the other side.

But, hearing that Dyon was actually here on the Immortal Plane, he was elated beyond belief. He smiled so brightly that the world seemed to smile along with him. He was truly an adorable old man.

"What should we do, master?"

After calming down, Abraxus sat back down, regaining his 'frail' appearance.

"Ah, whatever, let the youths do as they please."

"But he'll become a target now. There is no way they'll allow a mortal to hold such a spotlight."

A baleful aura erupted from Abraxus causing the First White Mother to have no means of breathing. She felt that her life could end at any moment.

"They know not to touch one of my own. As for those weaker stragglers..." The baleful aura dissipated with Abraxus' light smile. "... Dyon can give them a headache on his own."

First White Mother blinked, finally able to breathe. She hadn't seen her master have such confidence in anyone since...

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Skull stood high in the sky on the head of a brown-scaled snake. It was much larger than the ones Dyon had killed, looming even above the city gates by a small margin.

From Dyon's estimates, it was easily about 50 meters long and had a trunk thickness of 5.

Seeing this seen, Dyon's seriousness vanished and became a chuckle.

"What is it?" Lilith asked.

"That little gang is attacking the city."

"A gang? Attacking a city?" Saru blinked in shock.

"I know. I was a bit surprised too. It seems that maybe they weren't too off calling themselves a battalion, not that they're any more worthy of the title now."

"What do we do, then?"

"What do we do?" Dyon grinned. "Absolutely nothing. Let these oh-so elitist immortals handle their problems themselves."

Saru and Lilith looked at each other and giggled. But then they blushed a moment later realizing how scantily clad the other was. They really hadn't grasped how revealing their outfits were till now. But, they found it inappropriate to cover themselves at the same time. Luckily, Dyon pretended like he saw nothing.

#### Chapter 2149: Moronic

"They'll never believe a little mortal like me was the reason their shipment was stolen. Whoever they're searching for doesn't exist while I'm right here. Plus, it's not like they'll ask a little weakling like me to fight, right? And, even if they thought I wasn't weak, I'm an alchemist. Who's ever heard of an alchemist going to the battlefield?"

Seeing that Dyon really planned to push all responsibility away from himself, the two beauties began to feel a bit bad for Zaneta City.

At that moment, a knock came from Dyon's door.

Raising an eyebrow, Dyon snapped his fingers, creating a one-way concealment array that blocked Saru and Lilith from view. This sort of sight was something he'd only allow his own eyes to lay upon. Anyone else could forget it.

Dyon's action, however, made Saru and Lilith blush even more profusely. It seemed that Dyon really had noticed the state of their dress.

"Yes?"

Dyon opened the door, finding Venerable Piers on the other side. The latter peaked in, but finding a screen he couldn't see through, he felt an odd bit of dissatisfaction in his heart.

It was usually an unspoken rule amongst powerful men to allow sneak peeks toward their women in this way. Some would even trade their women freely just to get a taste of something new. Initially, Piers hadn't given Saru and Lilith a single look after sensing they were mortals. But during Dyon's certification, he had finally spared them a glance, only to see that they were beauties beyond his imagining. He never knew mortals could become so beautiful.

Seemingly having found a new sort of a fetish, he went to the slave market, trying to see if he could find any others like the two of them. Yet he had failed... It was a reality that let him realize that it wasn't that he had been wrong about mortal women in the past, but rather that there was something special about Saru and Lilith in particular.

So, when he got the assignment to come and receive Dyon, he had thought he might get a peek to satiate the curiosity in his heart... only for him to be completely stonewalled.

However, in the end, he could only do his best to bury the dissatisfaction in his heart. At the moment, Dyon's standing was even marginally above his own despite being a mortal. With how perfectly he completed his certification, it was only a matter of time before he advanced once more. In fact, he was likely to become one of the few mortals who managed to become immortals on this plane.

Shaking his head, he recollected himself.

"First, congratulations, Venerable Dyon Sacharro. I've brought you your identity badge."

Piers passed over an exquisite box. It was absolutely impossible for a small world like this one to produce something on this level. The box alone was a half-immortal treasure. Inside, Dyon could sense a Venerable grade treasure. It was certain that this was sent by Pill Sword Mountain themselves.

Dyon ignored the obvious intent in Piers' heart. As long as he didn't cross a line, Dyon didn't care if he lusted after Saru and Lilith. But the moment he did, Dyon didn't mind ripping the latter's heart out of his chest.

"Thank you." Dyon accepted the box.

Piers' gaze flashed with a weird light. He remembered nearly fainting with excitement when he got his identity badge. In fact, his badge had taken far longer to get here than Dyon's – years, in fact. As opposed to the few days it took for Dyon. Yet, he still felt ecstatic. This didn't even mention the grade of the treasures.

But Dyon treated it like it was air.

"... The second thing I came for is related to the coming battle."

Dyon smiled a meaningful smile. "It can't be that you want me to fight, right?"

Piers waved his hands. "Of course not. We alchemists have extremely high standing. However, we still need to do our part. We need to support the soldiers by concocting pills.

"We work on a system of 'Concoctor and Runner'. We have a special station on the battlefield we concoct pills from. Once our pills are complete, our assigned 'runners' deliver them to those who need them most.

"All Venerables must participate according to a deal our alchemy guild has with the City Lord."

Dyon's lips pursed slightly. 'What a moronic system.'

This was his first thought. It was just too ridiculous.

'Runners'? So they had people assigned to sprint through the battlefield and deliver pills? Why didn't they prepare a stash of pills for battle purposes?

The only reason Dyon could think of was that they had never expected for Zaneta City to enter a battle. From the very beginning, it was a puppet state anyway.

But, even then, wasn't this a little too irresponsible? Even if Dyon hadn't been aware of how powerful that pirate gang had been, there was no way they hadn't. Shouldn't they be prepared for this possibility?

'... Something else is going on here. There's something diverting their attention from protecting this city the way they should... But what is that...?'

"Alright. I'll be there in a moment."

Dyon closed the door without allowing Piers to respond, looking at the box in his hand.

Opening it, he found that it was a small spatial treasure.

'Oh? How rare.'

Dyon knew how rare spatial treasures were on the Immortal Plane. Yet, Pill Sword Mountain handed one out to all of their Venerables?

No, that shouldn't be it. There's another reason. From Piers' reaction, this reward wasn't normal. That means someone was aware of his performance and it seemed he did pretty good. Not bad.

The box had a space of half a cubic meter. It was very small compared to what Dyon was used to, barely the size of an average box. But, there wasn't much in it to begin with. There was a robe, a badge, and a small golden cauldron that looked like paper weight with the number '3' branded on it.

#### Chapter 2150: Chibi

Dyon was completely confused by the paper weight cauldron. It was exquisitely designed and he faintly felt that it was the most precious thing within the small space. But, it didn't seem to have any functions. It wasn't a real cauldron, nor did it have any abilities. Dyon's first guess was correct, it really was just an over the top paper weight, the kind rich people with too much money bought.

'Three? What's that supposed to mean?'

Dyon took it out and rolled it over in his hand. It was extraordinarily heavy too, even he found it hard to hold it up. If he bashed it over someone's head, it would probably have pretty good results.

If those who knew how valuable this 'paper weight' was knew that Dyon took it for little more than a good brick, they'd probably faint from anger.

In the end, Dyon couldn't figure anything out, so he set it aside, pulling out a beautiful set of white robes.

'How pretentious... I like it.' Dyon grinned.

The robe was woven of delicate silver-white filaments. It had wide sleeves, enough to fit ten arms, and came with a golden belt that actually housed a larger hidden space within it.

After checking, Dyon realized that it wasn't just one hidden space, but ten. Each was extremely small and only had the height, length and width of a slightly larger than average palm. But, they came with pill preservation arrays that were actually quite potent. Dyon could actually see himself using it.

'This robe also seems different from what these Venerables wear... If they had something like this, I don't believe for a moment that they wouldn't wear it at all times.'



By now, if Dyon didn't realize that something was weird, he wouldn't be Dyon. He realized that he must have made a major splash. It seemed the storm he had stirred up could come to collect at any time. He had to stay on his toes.

Finally, there was the badge. It was shaped as a golden branch with a singular golden leaf on it. One leaf represented a Lower Alchemy Venerable, twelve would represent a Peak Alchemy God.

But once again, the branches and leaves he had seen to now were all black, completely unlike his own.

Dyon snapped his fingers and got rid of the concealment array around Saru and Lilith, only to realize they had clothed them. He could only hide the disappointment in his heart.

Suddenly, Dyon grinned. Seeing this smile, the two women could only shake their heads. It seemed just like Madeleine before them, they knew trouble was coming when Dyon smiled like this.

"They sent me all of this stuff, if I didn't show off a little bit, wouldn't I be looking my nose down at their kind intentions?"

Saru and Lilith blushed as Dyon unabashedly stripped in front of them. His body seemed carved of glistening bronze. But this time, it had nothing to do with his constitution and was just his natural skin tone. They had to look away to slow their own heart beats.

But, when they gathered up the courage to look back, they found themselves speechless once more.

It was easy to ignore Dyon's looks when all he wore were sweats. But, when he wore robes like this, he seemed to outshine everything around him.

The gorgeous white robes, the golden belt around his waist, the delicately forged branch attached to his lapel... It was the perfect image of a young demi-god.

"Little Chibi."

An excited chatter suddenly came as a light flew from Dyon's forehead. An adorable bouncing cauldron with a chubby little girl peaking from its lid came out.

"It's about time you let this great Aunty out! I want to have some fun too!" Chibi's adorable voice made the two women smile beside themselves.

As though to play up his arrogant air, Dyon clasped his hands behind his back, a light smile playing his features as he exited his room with Saru and Lilith to either one of his sides.

When he left the range of his silencing array, the sounds of the battle became more than just vibrations. For the noise to travel this far into the heart of the city where the alchemy guild was located, it could only be said that the battle of Immortals was truly on a different scale even if they couldn't fly.

Dyon slowly walked out of the alchemy guild to find the surroundings in a hot mess. The alchemy apprentices who had set up stalls were scrambling, not because they would be concoctors, but because they wanted to be assistants by the side of the Venerables.

The Venerables were stunned by the sight of Dyon. How could they not immediately see the difference between his robes and badge versus their own?

Venerable Taline's gaze flashed with an imperceptible light but she managed to control herself and look away, remembering the words of Venerable Zabel.

Dyon swept a glance around. It seemed that this guild had 20 alchemists including himself and excluding the guild head. There were five with two leaves, and only Taline and another man who must have been the Deputy had three leaves. Though compared to Dyon's golden leaves, theirs were only black. And their robes were grey as opposed to white.

The Deputy, a man by the name of Gunter, observed Dyon with a deep gaze. Much like Zabel, he too hadn't attended the certification, leaving it up to his vice deputy Taline.

Gunter hadn't believed much of what he had heard from the other Venerables until he saw Dyon at this moment. He could tell that Dyon hadn't randomly pulled out these robes, they were most definitely given to him by Pill Sword Mountain. For his accomplishments to be rewarded so greatly...

'That cauldron!' Gunter felt his heartbeat speed up wildly when he saw Little Chibi bobbing above Dyon's shoulder. 'Could that be a gift from Pill Sword Mountain too?! Just how well did he perform?!'

"Alright that's enough, silence!" Gunter turned away from Dyon, trying to control himself.