

Nameless 2263

Chapter 2263 Guantlet

What had happened just now was so inconceivable that many couldn't even react this time.

This place was a bazaar of alchemists, and also had great centers for entertainment and competition. However, it had always been a place of exceptional quiet. Even when conversing amongst themselves, friends and even rivals would either lower their voices should they be okay with others hearing their words, or make use of sound barriers so as not to disturb others.

This was a high-class society of alchemists. Those who could set foot here were already the cream of the cream of the crop. All they cared about aside from their crowd was their elegant demeanor and their face.

When had they ever seen such a scene? A man so brazenly yelling at the top of his lungs, all while standing before the most sacred Steles of their Pill Sword Mountain, at that. It was simply inconceivable.

After recovering from their shock, many wanted to charge forward and string this man up as an example for others, but before they could, the clanging of the golden cauldron caught them completely off guard.

Many strides that had forward momentum came to a screeching halt.

The power that such a cauldron held was undeniable, and there were only four individuals who could have one with a 3 inscribed onto it. One from the certifications exam Stele, one from the Venerable rankings, one from the Empyrean rankings, and the final from the Alchemy God rankings.

The fact the golden cauldron three had appeared here meant that one of those four characters had come. However, whether it was the Venerable Three, Empyrean Three, or Alchemy God Three, titles by which some chose to call them, they were all well known figures across the immortal plane.

If one of them appeared, it wouldn't have been necessary for them to wait for this cauldron to appear before those here realized they were in the presence of a great being. The fact that they hadn't only meant one thing...

This was the mortal who appeared on the certification exam Steele all those years ago.

The bazaar fell into silence once more. No one knew how to react. In truth, their reaction left Dyon feeling a bit bored. He really hadn't expected them all to be such cowards.

He had brought the cauldron out to save him some time so that he could reach his original goal quicker, but who knew that its mere appearance would have them hesitant to this extent?

"I knew I should have just done this from the very beginning." Dyon shook his head, not even bothering with the cauldron on the ground. Let alone cauldron three, even cauldron one was meaningless to him. "I wonder when the last time it was that someone did this... I don't mind teaching a few things to the youth."

Dyon walked to the Venerable Steele.

It stood towering into the skies, carrying the names of men and women whose existences created waves and overturned the skies.

And then... He cocked his fist back and punched it.

A chorus of booms sung as Dyon's fists continually rained down.

To the people, there were two ways to rise up the rankings.

The first was known as the Grand Perfection Trial.

Upon reaching the Peak Venerable skill grade, one could choose between a normal certification and the Grand Perfection Trial. Those who could pass through the Grand Perfection Trial were men and women who had reached what Pill Sword Mountain deemed to be perfection within a grade. There were no pills within this grade they couldn't concoct and their standing, even in comparison to Emphyreans, could be considered a step higher.

Those who completed this trial would immediately find a place on this stone Stele. Though, this place would be at the very bottom, it was still a place nonetheless. It obviously didn't need to be said that not every Venerable would find a place on the rankings, only those with the utmost worth could be named here.

The second method was for those extreme geniuses who didn't need to wait to reach the Peak Venerable grade. These geniuses could directly challenge and schedule a bout with an opponent on the list. Should they win, the loser will slide down a single place and their previous ranking will be taken.

However, what those who Dyon called 'youths' didn't know was that there was a third method of challenge. It hadn't been used in countless years because the method was simply akin to antagonizing the whole of the alchemy world. Even if you managed to succeed, it would come at the cost of enraging your contemporaries.

But, in Dyon's opinion, this was just a case of generations becoming soft as time waned on. If you were unsatisfied with your loss, you should have been better. If you don't want to lose, then work harder. In his mind, things were always as simple as this. But then again, those who saw the world from above didn't have the time to spare thoughts toward the little people.

Dyon's fists continued to rain down on the Stele.

It wasn't long before the dull thuds became sonorous cries that filled the skies. The Stele began to glow white, then gold, then a bloody gold red that shook the skies.

This was the Venerable Gauntlet Challenge. It was a provocation that rang through the immortal plane.

A Venerable Gauntlet Challenge. Just these words alone shook the souls of the souls of the men and women here. It was the most savage of challenges there was.

Of course, this wasn't due to the spilling of blood. This was an establishment of alchemists, after all. What they valued the most was their elegance and their face. Finding alchemists like Dyon who loved blood and war was as difficult as ascending the high heavens.

There was another reason this challenge was seen as savage, and it was the very reason why it would be seen as a provocation to the whole world of alchemy... This Gauntlet might lead to the erasure of every name on the rankings.