

## **Nameless 2264**

### Chapter 2264 Stele

That was right. When someone initialized a Gauntlet, those who didn't appear for the challenge... would be erased, those who lost the challenge... would be erased.

Not only was having one's name erased something that came with a strong sense of humiliation, but it also came with tangible losses as well.

Having a name erased wasn't as simple as falling from the rankings. One would lose their certification from Pill Sword Mountain and be stripped on their current ranking. The only way to regain this standing would be to pass a certification once more.

This may sound simple, but it wasn't. Because, the certification one must pass must be a level higher than the certification you lost. Meaning, if you lost in a Gauntlet as a Peak Venerable, until you became a Lower Empyrean, you would forever be without your status.

Secondly, Pill Sword Mountain allocated many powers and rewards to those who ranked on their Steles. The amount of privileges Dyon had made use of could be considered to be the tip of the iceberg. Whether it was taking control of alchemy guilds or the piles of resources, each was more important than the last.

Due to the nature of the rankings, over 95% of those named were of the peak of their grade. If they failed this Gauntlet and lost to Dyon, it would mean losing all of their privileges.

Of course, for geniuses who could find a place on the Venerable rankings, making it to the Empyrean grade was only a matter of time, it truly wasn't a problem. The true issue was what they would do when they reached the Empyrean Grade.

Making it onto the Empyrean Stele was countless times harder. As a result, it was common practice to remain on the Venerable Stele for as long as possible to accumulate and save up rewards to tide one over until they rose through the Empyrean rankings.

But Dyon was essentially forcing their hand and ruining their futures!

If he chose to challenge the Empyrean Stele in this way, the reaction would be even more hostile.

Whereas Venerable geniuses were practically guaranteed to become Empyreans, no one, not a soul, was guaranteed to become an Alchemy God. Losing their place on the Empyrean Stele would be like cutting off all paths of retreat for them.

But... It felt like Dyon didn't even understand this fact because after the Venerable Stele reached this red gold color, he immediately flickered and appeared before the Empyrean Stele, allowing his fists to rain down like a torrential storm once again.

If his first actions startled the alchemists, his next ones caused them to go into a frenzy. There were even a few who rushed forward to stop him, but they were met by a golden sword and fists with the weight of mountains.

Dyon obviously wasn't so bored that he would come here to play with these children. He needed something from Pill Sword Mountain. Or, more accurately, he needed them to return something of his. Those old farts had gotten quite brazen in his absence. It was time he reminded them whom was beneath whom.

Without even a single pause, the moment the Empyrean Stele rang out with its red gold color, Dyon moved on once more toward the God Stele.

The pressure beneath this Stele was completely unlike the others. Many couldn't even enter a kilometer radius of it without collapsing under its aura and losing their lives.

Dotted all around it, it was even possible to see the seated corpses of geniuses of the past who tried to meditate on its truths, but failed in the end. In order to remind the later generations of the danger such actions would cause, their corpses were left in their seated positions.

With the strength of these geniuses, their bodies didn't decompose at all. It could be said that all those confident enough in themselves to cross the kilometer mark and approach the Stele were all geniuses amongst geniuses. Many of them even looked like they were in a calm meditation or even serenely taking a nap.

Only those on the outside knew that these men and women were all dead, their souls had long since left their bodies, leaving behind nothing but their flesh and worldly possessions.

When the alchemists saw that Dyon still had no intention of stopping, they seethed. But this time, no one dared to come forward at all. Approaching the God Stele? What a joke. They might as well stay here and watch as this mortal died. It wasn't as though they would have to take responsibility for it anyway.

However, they all thought of a scary possibility.

If Dyon really did lay down the God Gauntlet... Just how would those alchemy gods react?

Even if you were kicked from the Venerable Stele, there was still a good chance to make a comeback. If you were kicked from the Empyrean Stele, though aggrieved, there would still be a sliver of a chance.

But... If you were kicked from the Alchemy God Stele... Then you would truly be finished.

Dyon smiled when he made it to the kilometer mark of the God Stele. And, without even a drop of hesitation, crossed the line.

The image of what looked like a young man, wearing plain black pants and an equally plain white shirt could be seen. Those in the surroundings didn't dare to step forward, whether it be because of the blockade Saru and Lilith provided, or the danger that lied ahead, both could be said to be reasons.

However, the pressure they expected Dyon to face seemed to have never come.

His strides were long, a single one helping him to cross ten meters with ease. He didn't seem to be running, and even looked like he was having a leisurely stroll, yet his pace was incomparably fast. It didn't even begin to slow until he was within one hundred meters.

Dyon's footsteps paused. Compared to the dead geniuses he had crossed past, those who had come this close were a sparse few. However, even with this being the case, there were still a handful.

They all held proud expressions on their faces. Though some of the geniuses behind Dyon managed to keep their dignity and serenity in the face of death, many more had twisted expressions of unwillingness, resentment and hatred.