

## **Nameless 2265**

### Chapter 2265 Synergized

That was right, they hated the Stele, resented it for looking down on them. From their vantage point, it was sneering at them from a distance, telling them that they simply weren't worthy of being on their level.

However, the geniuses who crossed the mark Dyon stood at now weren't like this. Many of them were calm, with a single ripple. The few that did hold expressions in death either seemed to be sighing or even had a hint of reverence hidden within their visage.

This was a dividing line of geniuses.

Those who could only resent and hate others for their own failures weren't worthy of travelling so far. And, those who could make it this far were those with firm dao hearts who were accepting of their failures.

In the distance, many who were watching on sighed a breath of relief. The crowd was growing larger and larger. After all, it has been billions of years since the last Gauntlet. How could they miss such a thing? But they had never expected to find the genius who began the gauntlet to have entered such a path of death.

The only ones who seemed emotionless toward this turnout were Saru and Lilith. While others either felt it was a pity a good show ended so quickly and still others were sneering at Dyon for overestimating himself, they were like the steady surface of a lake.

A mere God Stele? Even the Divine Tablet was five parts respectful and another five parts reverent toward their husband, let alone a mere God Stele which couldn't be ranked amongst those 33 treasures.

"Since you all died with smiles on your faces, you do indeed deserve another chance for the courage you've displayed." Dyon said softly.

Maybe the him of the past wouldn't care about such a thing. To him, the only things that mattered were his own goals and those of his family. What did other people have to do with him?

But today... He suddenly felt like doing something on a whim.

Dyon took another step forward.

Others didn't know, but he was well aware that these geniuses weren't dead. Rather, their dao hearts weren't firm enough and they had fallen into an illusion.

The God Stele was the Stele the Venerable, Emphyrean, and Certification Steles were all modeled after. However, those latter three didn't have the power the final did.

The God Stele could be considered Pill Sword Mountain's progenitor's finest achievement. It was a treasure created to aid in enlightenment along the dao of alchemy. The issue, though, was that the method was a bit forced.

It attempted to simulate oneness with the Heavens by forcing one into an illusion. Within that illusion, the mysteries of heaven and earth were very clear. However, due to their clarity, it was difficult to extricate oneself. If you travelled too closely and reached beyond your means, being trapped here forever was practically written in stone.

However, extricating them... Only took a bit of effort on his part.

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, Dyon made it to the base of the God Stele and his fist rocketed forward under the shocked gazes of countless alchemists.

**BANG BANG BANG**

At this point, the Venerables and Emphyreans who got word of their challenge had all rushed over. After all, they had no choice. If they didn't appear, their names would be erased from the Stele. In that case, they'd practically be finished.

They really had no idea who had the gall to do something like this, but before they could even vent their anger, they found Dyon hammering away at the God Stele.

The skies open and split apart, a long slit with the God Stele as its center steadily growing as though a sword as slashed apart the Heavens themselves.

Every punch was like a stomp on the hearts of alchemists across the immortal plane. One after another, slumbering Immortal Gods opened their eyes, flashes that crossed impossible distances blazing within their gazes as they all looked toward one singular direction.

Blood flew from Dyon's fists, a wild, maddening grin smearing his handsome features.

It had been a long time since he felt so alive.

The God Stele erupted into a ray of red gold, dispersing the clouds above and raining down droplets of light below.

The three Steles synergized, singing as though a thirst they had held for eons was finally being quenched.

Dyon sent a glance toward his bleeding fists and shook his head.

Though he had perfected the foundation of his body and was even ready to strengthen it once more by severalfold, it was still too weak. He him in the past would have likely been able to shatter this stele with his fists, how would it even be possible for him to be injured?

However, he didn't have much time to think about such things.

The whole alchemy world was bearing down on this place. Any activities that might have been going on, whether that be personal concoctions, bartering, alchemy spars... They all came to a screeching halt.

No matter who it was, who wouldn't want to see the person who had the audacity to lay down a Gauntlet? And not even just one at that... but three?

One had to know that it was impossible for higher tiered alchemists to challenge lower tiered steles. The trial would lose all meaning if such a thing were possible. This meant that the only person who could challenge all three steles was a person who was, at best, an alchemist of the Venerable Stele.

An alchemist of the Venerable Stele challenging Immortal Gods? Just what kind of backward concept was that?

But the truth of the matter was that even if most had feelings of incredulity and doubt, they still understood that while one could challenge the Venerable or the Empyrean Stele with nothing but overblown pride and a dash of foolishness, even touching the God Stele was impossible for an obscene portion of alchemists. There might only be a few per generation who were capable of such a feat. And, among those that are good, the number who could spare the energy and presence of mind to 'ring' the stele were an even smaller portion of that.