

Nameless 2267

Chapter 2267 Guantlet

It took Dyon no more than a split second to understand these truths and realize that this old man was most definitely hiding a sharp knife within that frail figure of his.

However, what did this have to do with Dyon?

Even though he had burned away almost all of his soul strength and couldn't be considered to have even a percent of a percent of it left, his soul stamina would still put many Lower Immortal Gods to shame.

He could already concoct Empyrean Grade pills with a mortal soul. And now that he had an Empyrean Grade soul... Was there even any suspense to this?

Dyon smirked, looking off into the distance toward seemingly empty space.

"Go on. Allow the Venerable Stele to randomly select your pills." He said without care. "It can't be that you want me to touch it a thousand times for you all, right?"

Without another word, Dyon shot into the air.

In the skies, the three pillars of red-gold were quickly converging, forming a Heavenly platform that stretched for hundreds of kilometers.

He landed with a calm expression on his face, Saru and Lilith following after him without a care.

Dyon smiled lightly when he saw those on this platform. As expected, this was where the real 'big players' were. While the Venerables were still throwing their tantrums on the ground, the Empyreans were already here, building up great momentum.

Their auras were sharpened and sheathed like swords. As though an army facing a common enemy, their gazes were lit with hostility and animosity, yet their expressions were also calm.

It was obvious by this alone just how much more seriously they took this than the Venerables. No matter how unlikely the chance, they wouldn't allow it to air. They would go all out from the very beginning.

Dyon's bare feet glided across the smooth surface. Even facing so many enraged auras, his steps seemed to carry blades of their own, parting the tides of torrential pressure as though he was on a leisurely stroll.

"You all should be careful." Dyon said with a smile. "If you apply too much pressure, those poor Venerables wouldn't be able to perform well. By then, wouldn't you be making things too easy on me?"

Dyon's teasing words caused some of the more fiery Empyreans to have trouble controlling themselves. But, under the command of their top three, the tides of their auras receded. Whether or not Dyon was making fun of them or not, his words weren't wrong.

When they thought about it, it was indeed a joke to try and pressure someone who could make the God Stele ring.

It wasn't long before, with pale faces, the Venerables climbed to the platform. They seemed drained before they even stepped foot on the arena.

However, this couldn't be blamed on them. If this was a heavenly platform formed by solely the ringing of the Venerable Stele, it would still be manageable... But things had long since stopped being so simple.

Venerable Bart coldly stared at Dyon, clutching a bronze leaf paper in his hand.

He held it forward and the bronze paper began to burn.

The sounds of sonorous bells filled the skies. The Gauntlet had begun.

The bronze leaf was an item they all received from the Venerable Stele. When it was sacrificed in this way, not only would the chosen pill become clear, but several sets of ingredients would also manifest as well.

Seeing Venerable Bart take action, the others moved swiftly, raising their own bronze leaves.

The sight of a thousand Venerables taking action all at once was quite awe inspiring. Even though Dyon's actions were sudden, this didn't mean that the rest of the Immortal Plane hadn't already tuned in. A Gauntlet was too rare of an event, and Pill Sword Mountain would most definitely take the opportunity to raise their profile and make some money.

However, what none of the spectators who tuned in could have imagined was that Dyon would actually challenge all of these Venerables at once.

Dyon calmly watched on with hands clasped behind his back. His gaze flickered, quickly taking in and memorizing the names of each of the pills chosen by the Venerable Stele.

At that moment, all names on the Venerable Stele lit up at once and their etchings began to burn away. This not only signified that the Gauntlet had begun, but also a time limit. They would have until the last character of their name burnt away to defeat Dyon. Likewise, Dyon would only have this long to concoct the pills as well.

~Within the Phoenix Hegemon.

At this moment, numerous elders were watching on with furrowed brows. They had just been fielding guests from other prestigious hegemons when this sudden event happened.

Obviously, the Elven Hegemon had spent the last several years trying to rope in other hegemons to their plans.

While there were many who agreed, there were many more who didn't want to take even a step into these murky waters. The Phoenix Hegemon, as a result, had been split into two on this matter.

One faction found the other side to be cowardly, while the other found the former to be blindly arrogant. Reincarnation or not, weaker or not, the Nameless Immortal God was still the Nameless Immortal God.

At that moment, the elder hall of the Phoenix Hegemon had been in a heated debate.

The Supreme Grand Elder Jeanna, of the Fire Phoenix Clan, and the Supreme Grand Elder Imaigne, of the Ice Phoenix Clan, were at a head once again. Both were gorgeous middle-

aged women, and both had been rivals for a lifetime. And, clearly, both refused to come to a compromise on these matters.

Gilpin, of the Elven Hegemon, watched on as these two women clashed with a bitter expression. He felt that this would go on for a long while more, but he hadn't expected for everything to come to a grinding halt with the sudden announcement from Pill Sword Mountain.

Someone had challenged the Gauntlet?