

Nameless 2268

Chapter 2268 Mortal

In truth, they were interested. Even if this was just the Venerable Gauntlet, even some Immortal Gods might take a peek. It was simply too rare of an event, and the implications were even greater than its rarity.

However, due to the nature of the meeting they were currently having, many decided that it was for the best that they simply ignore these matters. Though this was unfortunate, how could these matters compare to the Nameless Immortal God? Their next decision would decide the fate of the whole Immortal Plane.

What these elders could have never expected was that the moment they made this decision, they would receive a second message from Pill Sword Mountain.

A challenge to the Empyrean Stele? What the hell was going on?

At this point, it was difficult for them to set things aside so simply. And, many of them thought of a possibility. Who else could cause a stir on this level if not him?

When they received the subsequent information about the challenge to the God Stele, they dropped everything. Even Jeanne and Imaigne stopped their quarrel. But what they saw next was completely out of their expectations.

A... mortal?

No matter how they racked their brains, it was impossible for them to connect a mortal to that lofty immortal god. Plus, in their minds, if he really transcended from the mortal plane like Gilpin said he did, then he should be an immortal, nothing else made sense.

As a result, their thoughts that this Dyon Sacharro was the Nameless Immortal God were thrown from their minds.

As for recognizing Dyon by his face... Was that even possible? All those here could remember was a devil, those who were old enough to remember what Dyon's face looked like before he sunk into madness were already in their graves.

Those few who managed to survive to this day, like the Elven Ancestor, had long since had such memories blurred from their minds. How else could it be that the name Dyon Sacharro didn't cause waves and topple mountains the moment it appeared once again, and in such high profile manner at that?

Names on the immortal plane held power, let alone another Dyon Sacharro, no one even dared to take the name Sacharro despite the trillions upon trillions of families and clans there were on the immortal plane.

At this point, those in the Elder Hall of the Phoenix Hegemon stopped watching with apprehension, but rather with curiosity buried beneath disdain. A mortal? Challenging those stone steles? Was this a joke?

However, they were still smart individuals nonetheless. They knew that ringing the God Stele was no laughing matter. At the very least, this young man was talented.

But, even they couldn't predict what happened next.

A crushing defeat. A complete and utter demolition.

A single man, concocting a thousand pills at once, crushing a thousand alchemists at once, causing the descent of a thousand tribulations at once.

In the end, only one name remained on the Venerable Stele.

[1. Dyon Sacharro (434) – Peak Emphyrean Grade Soul. Record: 1.000. Valiant Record: 1.000]

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"Your husband's pretty good, right?"

Dyon grinned, flexing his bicep and patting it with a hand. He looked nothing like the alchemist who had just crushed a thousand geniuses.

At this moment, the thousand Venerables who had lost to Dyon sat by their alchemy cauldrons with blank expressions. It seemed they still hadn't registered exactly what happened.

He hadn't even taken out a cauldron. He hadn't even used the provided heavenly herbs. He... hadn't even used 10% of the allocated time.

Many of them hadn't even bothered to finish their concoctions. They slumped down to the ground, hardly even registering the explosion that occurred in many of their cauldrons. How could they not be listless and in a state of disbelief? They had lost so resoundingly that they found it difficult to even raise their heads.

The top three Venerables wore expressions so pale it was hard to imagine that they could bleed even if a blade was scraped across their faces.

Yet, the man who had just crushed them seemed not to care even the smallest bit about this accomplishment. He was grinning and laughing with his wives. He seemed to be bragging, but one could tell that it was all done with a light spirit. He was far too calm to truly be considered happy. This event... was no more than a small pebble on his path.

Maybe the most shocking part was that he didn't even look tired, while those of them who poured their hearts and souls into the pills were practically gasping on the ground with nothing to show for it.

How could the difference really be this large?

"... He entered the Peak Emyrean Grade in less than 200 years from the mortal realms... what kind of talent is this...?"

It was completely unknown who said this first, but it was only now that those in the surroundings paid attention to more than just Dyon's name. When they noticed his age, and compared it to the age he was when taking the certification exam, they felt completely numb.

"Since you're so confident, there's no need to wait, right? Unless you're trying to stall for time?"

The sudden voice cut through the atmosphere that had formerly only had Dyon, Saru and Lilith's laughter. It didn't take a genius to know that the one who had spoken was a person on the Empyrean rankings. And, it was even more obvious that he believed that Dyon's was faking his calm demeanor.

To be fair, he had to think such a thing just for his own sanity, he had to find a way to trick himself into believing that everything would be okay, that he had a chance, that his hard work of several million years wouldn't be falling here and now.

"Oh?" Dyon smiled a cold smile. "It seems some are still overestimating themselves. Alright, you can come together again."

No matter what the man had been thinking prior to this, he felt that the world had come to a grinding halt. Come... together... again?

Was this some sort of joke?