

## **Nameless 2271**

### Chapter 2271 Villain

One had an exceptionally large gut that was completely disproportionate to the rest of his body. To make matters weirder, his movement skill was even more famous than his alchemy skill. As such, he was known as the Crane Immortal God.

His opponent was known as Alchemy God Millman. He was as thin as a branch and the only hair on his body, whether that be his head or otherwise, was a singular coarse, grey mustache. It was so thick that both of its pieces were larger than his nose and they curled upward into swirls as though he was a textbook villain.

As these two old men stood from their seats, an imposing aura leaked from their bodies. It didn't seem that they had done it on purpose, but rather that an energy that had long since been repressed in their bodies was slowly bubbling forth.

Nazaire's respectful appearance also receded. He seemed like a man who simply waited on these two, but this wasn't the truth at all.

His standing was no lesser than these two men. The reason behind his servile actions was simply due to a bet he had lost many years ago. As for the details of that bet and the reason it came to be, maybe only a few people were aware. And, those who were aware of whether or not this bet still had any significance were even fewer.

These three men were the pinnacle experts of Pill Sword Mountain. The top three names on the God Stele... Were also them.

[2. Alchemy God Crane (???) – Peak God Grade Soul. Record: 0.784. Valiant Record: 0.358]

[2. Alchemy God Millman (???) – Peak God Grade Soul. Record 0.782. Valiant Record: 0.359]

[1. Alchemy God Nazaire (???) – Peak God Grade Soul. Record 0.985. Valiant Record: 0.842]

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The Phoenix Hegemon was enveloped by a solemn silence.

On the immortal plane, unlike the mortal, unique flames were needed to succeed along the path of alchemy. For a species specializing in flames like the phoenixes, it wasn't a surprise that quite a number of them were alchemists as well. In fact, many of the geniuses this Dyon Sacharro took down just now were members of their Hegemon.

It was safe to say that even if the Phoenix Clan wasn't considered to be a Clan of Alchemy, they were familiar enough with the profession to be able to see through some things others couldn't with a glance.

The first major point was that Dyon hadn't used his cauldron from start to finish. The second major point was that Dyon hadn't used a unique flame from start to finish. And the third point was that... He didn't even seem to be trying.

"This is... a blatant provocation." Gilpin finally spoke.

"Gilpin, what do you mean by that?"

"... You all may not know, but this boy has a bounty issued on his head.

"You have time to pay attention to the happenings of a little boy?" Imaigne asked with a sneer.

Since they hadn't seen eye to eye, Imaigne obviously had no reason to give Gilpin face. In her view, this elf was here to push her Clan into the burning pits of hell along with him.

Attack the Nameless Immortal God? Did he have a screw loose?

It was fine if he did, but to actually come here to pull them along with him toward seeking death... How could she not be hostile toward him? Now that she saw an opportunity to scrutinize and demean him, why wouldn't she take that chance?

Gilpin's visage darkened.

"The reason I'm aware of this is because it was issued by the void coalition. In addition, there's evidence that the Time and Space Immortal God is behind it. Which means this boy might very well be his fourth disciple. Do you still think this is information not worth knowing now?"

Imaigne didn't respond. At such words, even her eyes had to narrow. She also didn't believe Gilpin would lie about this, it would be too easy to prove him wrong if he did. By that point, even Jeanna who stood on his side would have to think twice about teaming up with this man.

"I'm sure you're all intelligent enough to know what this means.

"A student of his appears and slaps the face of the whole alchemy world just a few years after the existence of the Nameless one was firmly planted into our memories once more? How could it be a coincidence? It's clearly an act of provocation. You're all just going to accept that?"

"Do you take us for three year old children, Gilpin?" Imaigne's frown deepened. "We don't all live to eek out that smallest bit of face like you do. In addition, even if we did, how would this be a reason for us to take action?"

"Everyone knows that Abraxus and his disciples have never been a single unit. They're all madmen who do what they want, when they want. Now you're trying to convince us that this is part of some greater scheme to slap our faces and pave the way from the Nameless one's return. You must think we're stupid."

At this point, many couldn't help but lean toward Imaigne. Even if they understood why Gilpin wanted to eliminate this hidden danger, he shouldn't treat them like fools on the way toward doing so.

In addition, there weren't just a few here who remembered the humiliation Gilpin suffered at the hands of that man. Whenever he spoke of the 'greater good' and pretended as though they were also helping themselves by helping him... it made them feel a bit of disdain in the pits of their hearts.

However, it seemed that Gilpin was prepared for such a response because instead of being enraged, he smiled. No, it could be considered more of a smirk.

His handsome face was marred by his rage, so he looked particularly sinister. It was a sort of darkness one wouldn't expect to find on a high elf.