

Nameless 2274

Chapter 2274 Who?

"... Who are you?"

Dyon's grin turned fiendish, the atmosphere growing denser and heavier all at once.

"You still couldn't tell after I said Pill Stick Pebble?"

The first layer of robes Nazaire wore suddenly shattered, leaving nothing but white linen inner fabrics that looked more like pajamas than what a dignified Immortal God should be wearing.

"I've come for Little Gold's corpse. Now will you continue to stand in my way? Or will you step aside like a good little boy?"

Nazaire's hair tie burst apart, his blackish grey hair waving about wildly in the wind. Even Crane and Millman could only quickly retreat.

His fighting intent soared, the sound of rumbling mountains and unsheathing swords ceaselessly emitting from his seemingly frail body.

Dyon's laughter pierced the skies as the overwhelming pressure made his bones creak and fracture.

A weapon's pagoda slowly manifested into the air, completely dispelling the aura oppressing Dyon. The two clashing presences minced the heavenly platform to pieces. Eventually, there were only two men, one young, one old, who could remain standing.

Dyon's weapons pagoda hung in the air with an undeniable air of majesty. It felt as though an Emperor of an Era had appeared, lording over what remained of the heavenly platform like a god.

"Vajra body?! How is that possible?!"

The entire immortal plane was shaken as though an apocalypse had suddenly descended. They couldn't believe their eyes.

At first, they had believed that Dyon was simply summoning a manifestation. But, the tower was too corporeal. It had substance, weight, presence. It stood in the skies with too much majesty, too much aura, too much prestige.

Even the Phoenix Hegemon had fallen into a deathly silence.

They all knew. They all knew that the vajra body and the dao heart were the two existences in the world of cultivation not directly tied to power. An Immortal God could have a weaker dao heart than an Immortal Celestial. There was nothing in the laws of existence that said this was impossible.

However, at the same time, no one could deny that there was a very clear correlation.

How could one cultivate to the Immortal God Realm without the long lifespan given by a firm dao heart? How could one accumulate the necessary energy? Comprehend the depth of truths? Have the fortitude to enter seclusion for millions of years on end?

A strong dao heart and strong cultivation came hand in hand even if it was only a correlation. However, Dyon's actions completely shattered their understanding. They felt as though the world was spinning.

The only one who didn't seem surprised was Nazaire. If this man couldn't have a vajra body, was anyone qualified to have one? Plus, not to mention a vajra body, he had long since surpassed this. He knew quite well that Dyon didn't just have one vajra body, but could be considered to have seven. Seven!

This weapon's pagoda was just one. And, if its ability was taken into consideration, it could be said that let alone seven, Dyon seemed to have an infinite number of vajra bodies, each more powerful than the last. The fact he only brought out one now could be considered to be handicapping himself.

However, Nazaire's fighting intent still blazed. If one looked on now and saw these two facing off against one another, you would think that they would be about to stake their lives on a battle of ages, not concoct a few pills.

Still, this was exactly how seriously Nazaire took this. To wash himself of the shame of all those years ago... He would win this battle even if it meant sucking his bones dry of all the vitality they had left.

With a flick of his wrist, a golden leaf appeared. No one knew when he had approached the God Stele, but no one seemed to care at this point. They had thought that even if Dyon was a talent, it should be impossible for him to match up against an Immortal God. But the appearance of a vajra body made them feel as though anything in this world had suddenly become possible.

The golden leaf burned brightly, radiating outward with blinding bits of light that shone like stars.

Soon, the chosen pill became known to all.

Yin-Yang Eight Reversals.

The Immortal Plane trembled.

The selections for the Venerable and Empyrean Steles could be considered random. However, the true treasure they were the replicas of – the God Stele – worked differently.

The God Stele was first and foremost a treasure of alchemy. Its primary purpose wasn't rankings, but rather to train. This was the reason the illusion array around it existed to begin with.

When it selected a pill, it didn't just pick one at random, it picked the pill most likely to give the fairest bout and provide the greatest learning experience for both parties.

Logically speaking, due to Dyon's weak cultivation and young age, it should have picked one of the easiest God grade pill formulas. Yet, it actually picked such an enigmatic pill! It was simply inconceivable.

The Yin-Yang Eight Reversals pill was not only a Peak God Grade pill, it was widely considered to be one of the three closest to breaking the shackles of the immortal plane's limits. If there was ever a pill that transcended the Peak God Grade, it would be this one!

In the history of the Immortal Plane, there were only two cases of its successful concoction. In fact, even Pill Sword Mountain likely didn't have all the necessary ingredients to concoct this pill.

How could the God Stele choose this pill as their challenge? Did Pill Sword Mountain cheat? Did the God Stele make a mistake? How was this mortal qualified to concoct this pill?

For the first time, Dyon took out his cauldron.

Little Chibi looked far different than she had in the past. The black body of her cauldron had gained vibrant red hues, slumbering beneath the deep black like a lurking beast.