

Nameless 2275

Chapter 2275 Concoct

However, her appearance caused those watching this scene to be confused. Maybe they had begun to think that Dyon was the arbiter of miracles. He seemed to subvert their expectations at every turn, so they were entirely prepared for him to bring out some mighty ancient cauldron that had passed the hands of several famous masters of the past.

But... Who knew that he would bring out a mere Empyrean Grade treasure...

Was it even possible to concoct a pill of this magnitude in it?

The spectators were left deflated.

An Empyrean Grade treasure was great to many who were watching, but there were also Immortal Gods watching. To them, even Peak Empyrean Grade treasures were just above average items, and even then, it depended on its quality.

Such a treasure wouldn't even be able to withstand the temperatures needed to refine god grade heavenly herbs, let alone withstand the concoction of such a pill.

Little Chibi's spirit form appeared. The cute little spirit seemed intimidated by the aura Nazaire was emitting, but as though embarrassed by her sorry display, she put her chubby little hands on her hips and stuck out her little chest.

"Who are you trying to scare?! This Grand Aunt here will stomp you to death if you keep pissing her off! Hmph Hmph!"

Dyon smiled lightly at Little Chibi's display. Not bad.

Little Chibi had never seen such a display before. Her previous owner was a small little Higher Existence. That might have been something amazing to the previous Dyon without his memories, but to this current him, this was nothing but a small ant.

For her to recover so quickly and even talk back so grandly... she was indeed worthy of being his cauldron. At least, now, he didn't need to turn her into a pile of scrap metal. After all, natural spirit treasures were rare. It could only be said that Orcus was quite lucky. Or, rather, that the countless years he spent in the Golden Flame Mystical World had been worth it.

As expected, many were left speechless by Little Chibi's display, but were even more shocked by her existence.

A natural spirit treasure?

It was impossible to tell how many gazes flashed with greed across the Immortal Plane. Even Immortal Gods were stirred. If this was truly a natural spirit treasure, then maybe it wasn't impossible for it to succeed.

The worth of a cauldron was not only dependent on the materials it was made of, but also the 'seasoning' it had experienced in his lifetime. This seasoning referred to the medicinal herbs it had come into contact with and the pills it had concocted, not to mention the soul qi of its master.

Due to this, alchemists, especially of an exceptionally high level, would never use newly crafted cauldrons unless they were starting another cycle of inheritances for the future generations of their clan. All alchemists of this level used Ancient Cauldrons.

These Ancient Cauldrons passed many hands and were used by many masters, making their seasonings especially ripe and potent. Only these kinds of cauldrons could greatly boost the chances of concocting god grade pills.

There were some alchemy purists who didn't care about such things, but none of these men and women were at the top of the alchemy world. They had all essentially handicapped themselves. So, how could they be?

But... There was one exception... One man who disdained to use the cauldrons of others. The Nameless Immortal God.

Of course, Dyon had grown milder in his old age. Little Chibi could be considered the hard work of Orcus, but he still used her.

If others heard such words, they might very well spew blood in anger. Dyon? Mild?

And, how could the seasoning of a mere Half-Step Transcendent match up to the seasoning of several Alchemy Gods over countless generations? You might as well be using a brand new cauldron. This couldn't even be considered as making a compromise.

Still, when they saw Little Chibi's appearance, their disdain toward Dyon's cauldron dropped by several levels. Even if they didn't think a treasure spirit alone was enough to make up the difference, it was a massive boost nonetheless.

"Phantom pill?" Nazaire's voice rang out.

Dyon smirked. "If Pill Stick Pebble is so poor, why not?"

Nazaire's expression didn't change at all toward Dyon's insulting words. Instead, his own cauldron appeared.

Compared to Dyon's, its presence was several levels higher. Nine snaking golden dragons curled around its body, forming nine total legs.

Despite the fact it was only sitting there, the beating of drums and the continuous roars of the king of beasts rang out, shaking the souls of those watching on.

This was the supreme treasure of Pill Sword Mountain, the Nine Coiling Dragon Cauldron.

It had existed for 127 billion years, passed the hands of ten generations of Sect Masters, and had been baptized by the creation of over 10 000 peak god grade pills, over a million god grade pill tribulations, and the nectar of several billion god grade heavenly herbs.

To say this was the best cauldron in all of existence was still an exaggeration. But, among those that could be readily taken out, it was most definitely among the best.

Countless precious ingredients began to appear one after another. Just a single one of them could cause the downfall of an empire. The wars such materials could cause were endless. Yet, here they were to be the fodder of just a single bout.

At this moment, every Alchemy God not in seclusion had tuned in. Even Abraxus finally turned a curious glance over. To him, the other wins were a foregone conclusion. Only this was worthy to be watched.

The First White Mother nervously clenched her fists to the side. Her heart was beating out of her chest, her skin flushing red. She looked as though she was just moments away from being in a full blow panic attack.

"A phantom pill bout. This makes the difficulty several times harder." She nibbled her red lips.

A phantom pill...