

The Nameless 107

Chapter 107

Dyon clutched his stomach, coughing up blood. He tried to use his Aurora Flame to heal himself again, but it just wasn't working.

'Is this because of that device?... ' Suddenly a thought flashed across Dyon's mind, 'Or is it because of the sage demon essence blood?...'

Dyon had no time to think, he had to immediately get himself out of this situation.

"You?!!"

'I don't have potent enough pills to heal me... and I have to make a contract with this tower so I don't have time to use the pill condensation technique.. FUCK! I can't let this trip only yield a masochistic technique.'

"GET OUT!" Dyon's voice boomed in anger as the world crashed down around them.

Dyon imposed the last bit of soul of the Sage within his body, tossing everyone but himself out of the tower and teleporting to the control room. Getting there, he wiped the last bit of the Sage's will before rushing to the center and sitting cross legged, ignoring the trembling world and the pain.

Dyon grit his teeth, fighting against the pull of the teleport to drop his blood onto the tower's mechanism. He slowly controlled it to the pattern of the array, ensuring that his blood outlined the entire formation.

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Outside the blackhole created by the world opening treasure, the geniuses began being teleported out, causing the elders to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Lehabim! Let your master know how it went, HAHAAH," an elder with fiery red hair let his voice boom.

“Ah—” Lehabim couldn’t find the words to let his master know that he hadn’t even qualified for the final trial. And to even further let him know that someone from their sect he had never seen had while he hadn’t? The shame was too much.

“Hashim? What’s wrong?” A dark skinned elder with long dreads looked at Hashim with a questioning look.

“M-master...”

“Well spit it out! Orbis? Knoton? Any of you! Let us know what happened!”

The geniuses could only bitterly smile, “None of us received the inheritance elders... we have no idea who did, we weren’t allowed to participate in the final trial,” Jessica said bitterly.

The elders froze, before smiling bitterly, “It’s only to be expected. How could you compete with God Clan geniuses,” The elder of the Wind Blade Sect laughed trying to lighten the mood.

The geniuses were too ashamed to let their elders know that Dyon had at least made it to the final trial.

Soon, the God Clan geniuses began coming out, with equally as frustrated faces. Causing the elders great confusion.

An elder from the Kami clan looked towards Chenglei in confusion, “Chenglei? When did you go into the world? What happened?”

This elder knew Chenglei because he was often with Akihiko in the past. But, he had always known him to be a calm and calculating boy, not one to show his emotions on his sleeve like this.

“Esteemed elder Kami, we must kill Dyon!”

The elder’s confusion deepened, “We were going to do this anyway, why are you so adamant now?”

“He... He is the sole possessor of the inheritance!”

The elder’s faces paled. The one they had rejected, the one they thought was the weakest among the geniuses, had won the favor of the legacy world? What kind of sick joke was this?

Elder Kami frowned, “What was the inheritance exactly?”

Chenglei clenched his fists, “There was a divine technique, but, it was erased from our memories when we failed to learn it as quickly as Dyon... And, the tower we took the test in is a supreme level treasure with countless treasures!”

Chenglei had wanted his family to secretly hunt Dyon and steal these for themselves. But, everyone that had reached the final trial with him knew, so it would be impossible to keep it a secret.

“And that’s on top of the essence blood of a body cultivation expert that reached a Transcendent Realm of cultivation!”

The elders trembled as the geniuses clutched their fists in agitation.

Madeleine smiled up in the sky, clenching her tiny fists, ‘I knew you could do it.’

“WHERE IS HE?!” Boomed the elders.

“We... we don’t know,” whispered Chenglei, “He thrust us out of the tower as the world was collapsing.”

Niveus looked down on the angry geniuses with disgust, “I’ve never seen a group of more pathetic individuals. Do you have any idea that Dyon saved all of your lives?!”

The geniuses who hadn’t been in the final trial looked over in confusion.

“Have you ever heard of a legacy world that would be open for days from the outside? Have you ever heard of a legacy world that didn’t give smaller opportunities to the supposed losers of the trial? Experts are incomparably boastful and prideful.

“How could they only allow one person to know the extent of their powers? Especially when they know it would be likely that the genius they chose would hide what they received from the rest of the world in order to maintain a certain level of safety?! You would all have been slaves if Dyon hadn’t defeated the expert!”

The geniuses trembled. They had wanted nothing more than to kill Dyon, but now they knew he was their savior...

“That’s irrelevant!” roared Lehabim, “Our sects invested so much to open the world and now only an outsider benefits?!”

His voice filled with righteous indignation as though he had been wronged to a scolding degree.

A sinister glare flashed by the eyes of the God Clan Geniuses, feeling that their opportunity had truly come.

“SURROUND THE EXIT!” Roared Elof.

Lehabim, Hashim, the God Clan geniuses and the Storm family geniuses immediately surrounded the swirling mass of energy, all wanting Dyon’s treasures for themselves.

Baal licked his lips, “I haven’t had such a handsome man in a long time, my yin is starting to outweigh my yang, maybe I should take a taste.”

The geniuses around him shivered, but said nothing.

Elof had practically forgotten about the possibility of the Storm family being traitors from his family, all he was worried about was Dyon and the inheritance. How could he be worried about a single technique when the creator of the technique left his everything to someone he hated to his very core?

'I'll kill Dyon first, then take care of these traitors.'