

## **The Nameless 108**

### Chapter 108

Oblivious to his thoughts, the Storm family was thinking along the same lines. They had spent so much effort for a single technique, when the whole collection was before them now. Was this not worth the risk? They were already aware that their seniors were nearby, and a war was inevitable. So, why not benefit some more?

They had been waiting for 10 minutes, yet there was no sign of Dyon. They were beginning to worry that he had found another way to escape. Not to mention, they had just found out that none of their geniuses had sniffed the final trial, let alone won the inheritance. And this was on top of the fact that the kid they wanted nothing more than to kill had been the one to succeed.

There was a formation of people around the exit to the world. Since it hadn't closed yet, they were certain that Dyon had, at the very least, not actually escaped.

"Elders, there's no need for any of you to act in this situation... Let the younger generation teach him a lesson," spoke Hashim.

"It's about time that weak bitch caught a loss," sneered Lehabim.

The first brother of the Storm family stood back.

"Are you not going to participate, first brother?" Asked Baal while licking his lips.

First brother said nothing, choosing instead to look into the sky as though he was calculating something.

"Don't bother him Baal, it's below first brother to need to gang up on a single kid," spoke Autumn.

**BANG!**

Dyon fell from the rapidly closing black hole, breathing heavily on his hands and knees.

Madeleine looked down at this scene, her heart trembling, "Master... he's hurt."

The Sapientia clan elder furrowed her brows, but said nothing.

Sitting up, Dyon rested his back against the furthest edge of the yacht, looking at all of his enemies before him.

Blood seeped past his lips as he smiled, "This is quite a welcoming committee you have here for me."

The crowd was astonished.

"He can actually still smile in this situation!"

Caedlum stood in the clouds, watching this scene. Much like Dyon, he had realized the purpose of the demonic qi and decided to learn true demonic will as well. The problem was that his comprehension speed was nowhere near as fast as Dyon's, so, he hadn't succeeded. It was unfortunate, but now all of the demonic qi was gone.

Oliver was frowning, he wanted to help, but this was a level he just wasn't at yet.

The geniuses clenched their fists in anger at Dyon's nonchalant attitude when he was clearly heavily injured.

Chenglei stepped forward, "I don't know how you survived, but you won't be getting out of here alive."

Dyon watched this scene calmly, a funny thought crossing his head when he realized he couldn't find Tammy, "That girl is more interesting than I thought... well, that only helps me"

"One versus 11, huh?..." Dyon slowly stood, a killing intent rolling from him.

He slowly rolled his neck, spitting the blood in his mouth over the yacht railing.

Dyon looked up at the clouds, staring right through them and landing on Madeleine. He smiled a bright smile and winked.

Madeleine trembled, 'He can see me... and even now he's telling me not to worry.'

Madeleine held back her tears, clenching her fists.

'You have to survive.'

...

'There's not enough space here,' thought Dyon watching the snow slowly fall and melt into the ocean.

Dyon stretched his back leisurely before jumping off the side of the yacht and onto the surface of the water.

"Since you all want to fight, let's do it," Dyon cracked his neck, flexing his muscles trying to get used to the changes in his body and strength.

'If I'm on the water, I can use formations to give me a little extra traction. They'll have to use their energy to get a foothold... it'll only be a small advantage, but I need everything I can get.'

He really did need every advantage. He had been trying to heal himself with his Aurora for the better part of the past half hour, but, nothing seemed to work. He pushed it to the last possible second of the legacy world being open, but it was to no avail.

Dyon could only conclude one thing: the less than 1% integrated sage demon essence blood upgraded his body past a quality his aurora could heal. Normally, this would be good news... but, in his injured state? Not so much.

Dyon skipped backwards, jumping ten meters at a time. He kept his calm gaze on the geniuses before he looked up in the sky.

'Seems like everyone's here, might as well give them a good show...'

The rage of the geniuses bellowed. They hated nothing more than Dyon's attitude. As though he really thought he could beat all of them at once.

"I hope you're not naïve enough to expect a fair fight," sneered Elof.

An elder spoke out, "Simply give us everything you've gained from the legacy world, child. You not only don't have the strength to protect it, you don't deserve it."

Dyon raised an eyebrow at the elder before bursting into laughter.

The elder frowned.

"Save your shitty excuses for the bitch that warms your bed. I'm not interested in it. I'm not scared of your geniuses, and I'm not scared of your pathetic excuses for elders. If you want to attack me, you'll find out just how elder Kami lost all his cultivation."

The elders clenched their fists, their faces reddening in anger.

"What is this idiot doing?"

"The elder gave him a chance to survive and he spit in his face?!"

Dyon could only shake his head at the stupidity of the crowd, 'How could they possibly be planning to give me a chance to survive. I need to find a chance to use the tower to escape... but first I need to do something...'

The water rippled as the geniuses jumped off the yacht, circling Dyon.

“The martial world doesn’t have a place for people as arrogant as you. Hand over your treasures and we’ll give you a quick death,” sneered Ace.

Dyon said nothing, calmly pulling the sword from his back and letting it just barely touch the surface of the water.

A calm ripple spread outward.