

The Nameless 109

Chapter 109

Feeling his battle intent, Ipsum, Saeclum and Autumn immediately jumped backwards, opening the distance.

Autumn loosed an arrow towards Dyon while he seemed to be in a daze. It sped forward with incomparable speed, slicing through the air.

A defensive array sparkling with gold and crystals exploded as the arrow disappeared. Dyon slowly raised his leg, his aura bursting forth. His sword vibrated with happiness, feeling his intention to kill.

Tens of magnificent weapon's hell array appeared behind Dyon, spinning furiously and sending out spear after spear.

His foot fell, projecting him towards Elof who was fending off his attacks.

The geniuses were raging, fighting off Dyon's barrage.

The crowd looked shocked, 'He's really fighting them all at once...'

Madeleine's fists began to bleed, but she couldn't seem to unclench them.

Dyon swung down with his sword, shifting his head to avoid a ruby arrow sent by Ipsum. Dyon felt his perception stretching out, feeling everything and seeing everything. His muscles rippled as sharp sword qi surrounded him.

"He's using time will to slow down the projectiles!"

The elders trembled, 'A genius...'

Elof had blocked Dyon's attack with a long spear, roaring into the air as arcs of lightning filled the space around him and causing Dyon to jump back.

This was the moment Ace decided to act, a carbon halberd appeared in his hands, chaos qi wrapping around it viciously as he swung for Dyon.

With a flash, Dyon used his movement technique to appear behind Ace. Hundreds of amplification arrays swirled around his leg as he swung a fierce kick forward.

"AAGGHH," Ace felt his back fracture as he flew towards the lightning current of Elof.

"What a movement technique..."

"I couldn't even see him."

Dyon aimed his weapon's hell formations towards Autumn and Ipsum who were constantly barraging him with arrows as he flashed from point to point on the battlefield.

Dyon grit his teeth, 'How can I keep this up...'

The movement technique was taxing, but Dyon had already used it so often, and he hadn't even exchanged with everyone yet.

As if hearing his thoughts, a war cry sounded from Hashim and Lehabim as they charged. A dark qi surrounded Hashim as a black rod appeared in his hands, swinging with no remorse towards Dyon's head.

Lehabim had coated himself in flames, holding a bright red saber in his hands and slashing down as well.

Baal watched this scene, licking his lips in anticipation as Callidora calmly put her spear together.

“Two with 9 opened meridians, five with 12 opened meridians, and four with 15 open meridians... and we still haven’t beaten a boy with no cultivation.”

Baal took out two short swords that were still rusted with blood, “Seems like a true genius will die today.”

Blade and Dagon stood off to the side, their battle intent roaring as they fended off Dyon’s weapon’s hell attacks.

Dyon roared, his body expanding to 2.5 meters tall as he swung out to block Hashim and Lehabim. His eyes flashed with red and gold as he covered the area above him with 3 defensive formations, each larger than the one before, blocking the rain of arrows.

“What is this...”

“Is that a body cultivation technique?”

“His aura... it’s frightening”

“That’s... 2nd level demonic will.”

Hashim and Lehabim were blasted away as celestial qi swirled around their weapons, dissipating its strength.

Dyon felt the sword in his hands expand to 3 meters long, increasing many times in weight. He held onto it tightly, covering himself with defensive formation after defensive formation, looking towards the geniuses with cold eyes.

“This is all you’ve got? Pathetic...”

Blood seeped out of Dyon’s mouth as he spoke. His internal injuries were still not healed and using the amplification technique while in any state was already taxing enough, let alone one like this.

An arrow pierced through Dyon's formation, deeply cutting into his skin, but Dyon didn't seem to notice.

Turning his demonic eyes towards the Storm family, a devilish grin appeared on his face.

In a flash he disappeared, appearing before Callidora and sending a slash towards her.

Callidora used her spear guard to block, but she was still sent flying, coughing up blood as she skipped across the water.

A sudden sharpness assaulted Dyon's back.

He felt a short sword slide into his shoulders as Baal slowly slid and twisted the blade in, looking into Dyon's eyes with a fierce glare.

"It seems you're angry," smirked Dyon.

Baal said nothing as he pulled the sword out, sending a barrage of attacks toward him.

Dyon's sword play was incomparably sharp and refined, he parried and blocked, stabbed and twisted, but the attention he had to divert to blocking the raging geniuses was too much. Attack after attack bombarded his sphere of defenses as he tried to distract them with his quickly weakening weapon's hell arrays.

As time past in his struggle with Baal, more and more arrow and sword wounds littered his body.

Dyon's chest expanded, his throat nearly tearing apart as he roared into the skies.

His body expanded again, covering himself in black crystal covered scales. A layer of celestial will coated him, blocking most attacks that made it through. The drain on him was immense, but he had something he needed to do.

“What the hell is this guy doing?”

“He’s not even trying to dodge anymore.”

“He doesn’t even have enough stamina to form those weapon’s arrays ...”

Ava stood on the deck of the ship under the cloak of invisibility, tears streaming down her face as she watched Dyon fight. Venus, who was standing by her side, felt a tight grip on her hand, but she didn’t protest.

Madeleine stood up in the sky, bitterly smiling.

“You make it look so easy to do things like this... after today, you probably won’t even give this a second thought...”

“AAAAGGGGGHHHHHH!”

“BROTHER!” Callidora raged, smashing spear after spear into Dyon’s defenses. The lightning pierced through again and again, but the shield always seemed to replenish itself.

“Dyon! You coward! Come out here and fight,” barked Elof. Dyon couldn’t help but chuckle at his hypocrisy.

Autumn and Ipsum were sending arrow after arrow.

“Are you ready yet man-woman!” screamed Ipsum.

This was getting too embarrassing for her to handle. All of them were going all out, but they couldn’t beat a boy with no cultivation, and now, one of them had actually lost an arm.

Dyon grabbed onto Baal's throat, slicing his other arm off, breathing heavily.

Baal sent a lightning infused kick towards Dyon's torso, but his foot snapped into an awkward angle, hitting what seemed like a stone wall.