

The Nameless 110

Chapter 110

A scream that could curdle blood rang through the air.

Dagon and Blade had long since lost their nonchalant attitudes. They bombarded Dyon's sphere of defenses with everything they had, but it seemed like every time they cracked one, another would appear.

Dyon looked up into the sky, trying to take in as much air as he could. His gaze snapped towards the yacht, "AVA! VENUS!"

Baal's cultivation was crippled with a single punch from Dyon before he threw his body towards what seemed like empty space on the boat.

Aurora flames coated Dyon to try and heal his wounds, but they didn't seem to be having much of an effect.

"What is he doing?"

"Who did he just call out to? Senior sister?"

Baal's body landed face first onto the boat. He was in a sorry state. With no arms, he couldn't even push himself up.

Ava trembled looking at the source of her pain in front of her. Tears streamed down her cheeks. Even at that moment, she didn't know what to say.

Dyon only smiled as he watched Ava and Venus send barrage after barrage of attacks towards Baal, venting her frustration completely.

"Now that that's out of the way," said Dyon with a bloody grin, "Who wants to die next?"

“BAAL!”

Callidora burst through Dyon’s shield spearing towards him.

Dyon had no energy left, he only asked the question to look tough. There was no way he could face all of these geniuses right now. Not with his current strength.

Another sharp sting shook Dyon’s nervous system.

Dyon looked down to find a spear in his torso. He had thought his celestial qi and scales would be enough to block it so that he could get a rest, but, it seemed as though he could no longer tap into wills and he had no stamina to sustain tapping into his bloodline.

“Dyon!” Madeleine was being held back by her master, she couldn’t bare to watch anymore. Ava and Venus cried out too, but there was nothing either could do.

Dyon chuckled, “Well... shit.”

The defensive formations around Dyon dissipated as the pain shocked him out of concentration.

Dyon immediately felt arrows flying into his back. A raging torrent of lightning, fire and destruction blasted him hundreds of meters away.

“FATHER! YOU HAVE TO SAVE HIM!” Ava yelled at the top of her lungs, tears streaming down her face.

The elders laughed uproariously, “Did you think that you were a genius? There are no dead geniuses you naïve boy!”

Dyon lay face first in the water. Everyone expected the geniuses to start moving towards him, but their faces paled as they looked at the stamina drained so-called geniuses.

“The geniuses...”

“They’re all too tired...”

“I’ll finish it!” A torrential soul power erupted from Saeclum, immediately charging towards Dyon.

Dyon, who was face first in the ocean, could only enjoy the coolness that was washing over him.

‘Finally, some relaxation.’

He didn’t seem to realize the danger he was in at all. But, very soon, it became obvious why.

A soul attack invaded Dyon’s being, attempting to rip him from the inside out.

Dyon chuckled, immediately activating his devour skill. He had long since noticed that Saeclum was gearing up an attack, and it was for this exact reason he placed concealments on his soul power. If Saeclum had known Dyon’s true soul strength, he would have never tried a soul attack.

At that moment, Saeclum jolted, his body freezing over. An endless flow of blood started to drain from his mouth, his eyes rolling over with a vacancy that made those around him panic.

“Saeclum? SAECLUM!” Ipsum rushed to his side, holding him up as he sunk into the water.

Saeclum smiled bitterly, unable to see Ipsum’s face very clearly any longer.

“He’s... he’s a true genius...” The last thought that passed through Saeclum’s mind was how incomparably monumental Dyon’s soul power was compared to his.

Saeclum’s life force left him completely as he fell into Ipsum’s arms. Ipsum trembled, not knowing what to do with the blood on her hands. She could only stare in shock.

Wasn't this supposed to be easy? Weren't they supposed to stomp on him like they would an ant? Why had the only man she had ever loved died in her arms then?

"I'LL KILL YOU!" Ipsum looked up in rage, screeching in Dyon's direction.

Dyon couldn't be bothered with such a hypocrite, was he supposed to allow himself to be killed? The idiot tried to use a soul attack with soul power only comparable to a high-level formation stage expert while Dyon had a soul comparable to a peak level meridian formation expert.

The comparison was laughable. Dyon was well aware of the fact that soul power usually lagged behind energy cultivation, and with his perception, how could Saeclum hide his soul strength from him?

Dyon slowly got up from the water letting Saeclum's attack fuel him with a last bit of energy, scanning the eyes of everyone.

"I warned you all that I was ready for you to come. No matter how many you may be. No matter where it is you come from. It's funny that you in the crowd are supporting elders you didn't even know sacrificed thousands of your friends and family to open a world they had no idea about.

"It's funny that you place God Clans on a pedestal, when the supposed one in front of you can't even control its own branch clans. It's funny that you call yourselves geniuses when you can't even beat a boy 2 years younger than you with no cultivation.

"I think the funniest thing though is that you actually thought that if you killed me, it would mean Madeleine would give you a chance. It's no wonder you never captured her heart, you simple minded idiots."

Each word Dyon spoke was calm, directed, and pierced to the root of every problem. The Storm family members shivered, the seniors in the sky got restless, and the students in the crowd were pale faced.

"S-sacrificed our fellow students?..."

“THAT CAN’T BE TRUE!”

Dyon didn’t seem to care to explain himself. And he cared not for how this would all end. He had already done what he wanted to do and he planned on escaping with the little power boost Saeclum’s attack had given him.

He wished he could make use of his powerful soul, but it wouldn’t be enough to beat elders even if he could and the time it would take to cast a technique was too much for his level right now. Normal soul attack specialists were long ranged for a reason.

BAND!

The water rose into a high wave, whipping and lashing out in every direction. A towering blonde haired and blue eyed young man appeared before Dyon, exuding a blood thirsty aura.

Dyon smiled, as though expecting this.

“I was wondering when the real genius of the Storm family would show himself. It seems that you have to put your pride aside so that you can seek revenge for your family?”

The first brother of the Storm family remained silent.

Dyon didn’t seem bothered by this. He knew he had no chance to defeat this man, and he also knew that that was especially so in his current condition.

“You could attack, I guess... Or, you could think about why you haven’t seen Tammy since the entrance to the legacy world...”

The Storm family members froze.

“YOU BASTARD, DID YOU KIDNAP TAMMY?!” Screamed Autumn.

Dyon playfully cleaned out his ears.

“You’re too loud and you’re too stupid.

“You want to kill outsiders for leaking your secrets when the person closest to you has already taken what you’re all fighting for? Isn’t it funny that you’re fighting to protect exactly nothing right now? Now, this first brother of yours is probably safe.

“Not only is he an incomparable talent, the choice to move was made by your elders and not him... but, I highly doubt the rest of you will survive. Good luck with that by the way.

“I don’t know why you thought you could kill someone she loved and **** her best friend, and somehow still not gain her wrath. Nice family values you got there.”