

The Nameless 21

Chapter 21

“... Nine... Ten...”

Dyon collapsed from a handstand, his back slamming onto the ground of his room.

His toned torso was drenched all the way through, far more than one would have expected for a mere ten reps. But, Dyon’s father had always said it was never about the number of reps or even the amount of weight you used, but rather how much pressure you could put on your muscles.

A person who knew how to activate the muscle groups they were targeting well and frequently would benefit far more than a person who simply knew how to push a lot of weight.

‘I’m out of practice... I haven’t worked out in too long...’

Dyon had a habit of pushing his body to stay in shape. His father was a military man who raised a son who loved fooling around with computers, so since the old man had lost one battle, he refused to lose the war. From a very young age, the importance of physical activity had been drilled into Dyon’s skull.

But, ever since he came to Focus Academy, he had been doing nothing but studying and reading, not to mention his days were recently filled with nothing but drawing on array plates.

Dyon didn’t know why, but every time he picked up a cultivation technique from Focus Academy, he would feel an innate revulsion. Then, an impulse would grip him. But, rather than this impulse telling him to cultivate, it was telling him to do the exact opposite.

Dyon couldn’t put into words why he felt this way, but one thing he knew was that he trusted himself maybe far more than any person should ever trust in themselves. Since his body told him no, he would listen for no other reason than he was Dyon Sacharro.

‘I should see if I can take another swim in Focus Lake. It’ll be good cardio.’

Dyon's mind flashed back to the first time he had swam through focus lake. That ominous feeling was something he would still sometimes feel.

His gaze drifted to the endless blue that shimmered through the large glass pan windows. Dyon wondered if this feeling was related to the will of Focus Lake. Was it sentient?

Dyon shook his head, realizing he didn't have enough information to finish that line of thought.

'Let's go take a swim, then.'

Though it seemed like Dyon was being proactive, in truth he had no choice. Practically all training facilities were barred from him. His clearance level was too low, apparently.

Not bothering to take a shower since he was only going for another workout, Dyon flipped himself up and opened the door. However, what he hadn't expected to see on the other side was 'little' Ava.

"Big Ava!" Dyon's eyes brightened, his grin widening.

Ava blinked, her brows raising when she heard the familiar voice. But, when she saw Dyon shamelessly walking around sweating with his torso completely exposed, she was at a loss for words.

Did he never wear the official school uniform? What was going on here exactly?

"What are you doing? Don't you know there's an exam going on right now?"

Taking her eyes off of Dyon's toned torso, Ava glared at him as though to take out the frustration of her destruction.

Dyon was surprised by Ava's words. He had no idea such a thing was happening, he hadn't even known that classes had started. As one might expect, no one had informed him about any of this.

However, his surprise only lasted a moment before he grinned again.

“I don’t mind if you look, feel free.”

Ava blushed profusely when she heard this. Didn’t this man know anything about giving a woman some leeway? Did he have to be so blunt?

“Why would I care for superficial muscles? You don’t even have the tenth the strength of a cultivator. You might as well be flower girl.”

Dyon chuckled, not seeming to mind Ava’s words in the slightest.

“As long as you don’t have a big brother to chase me away and your father is busy, won’t I be just fine? It’ll be alright as long as you protect me.”

Dyon wanted to say more, but he felt Ava’s expression change when he mentioned a big brother. Seeing that something was wrong, rather than waiting for a response, Dyon quickly continued talking.

“I have a big mouth, don’t mind me. I still need your help with this examination?”

Dyon smiled innocently, but Ava looked at him a bit stunned. Of all the words she expected to come out of this playboy, these were the very last. Was she really so obvious?

Seeing the almost pleading look in Dyon’s eyes as though he was afraid she would burst into tears at any moment, though, Ava did burst, but instead into a fit of laughter.

It seemed that even this arrogant guy could have such a day.

Dyon couldn’t help but sneak a look at Ava’s bountiful chest pushing up against her tight leather chest band as she laughed.

“Well aren’t you beautiful when you laugh?” Dyon said with a smile.

Ava choked on her laughter and blushed again. But, she immediately snapped back.

“And here I thought you weren’t so bad. You still have that glib tongue.

“The first year exam is meant to happen about a month after the entrance ceremony to test the progress of students after a few weeks of classes. Don’t tell me you haven’t been to a single class? It would be impossible for you to not know otherwise.”

Dyon coughed lightly, scratching the back of his head. “... Classes started?”

Ava felt like fainting. How long did this boy think the grace period was?

It truly wasn’t Dyon’s fault, though. He had been ignored and ostracized. And, as far as he knew, this was how normal schools work.

As a preeminent genius of the mortal world, Dyon had never gone to public or even private school. He had no idea about the normal schedule of a student. As far as he was concerned, self study was the norm. After all, it was what he had done all his life.

“Forget it. You should still have time to make it. If you miss this exam, you’ll be expelled from the school and it’ll all be over.”

Dyon couldn’t help but feel that he was lucky to run into Ava like this. Of course, he had no idea that this was Ava’s duty as a leader of the upper years. Managing such matters allowed her to gain the money Dyon was slaving to earn practically effortlessly.

Just as the pair had set off, though. They just so happened to run into the very man who had been searching for Dyon for weeks.

Darius locked eyes with Dyon, his gaze sharpening.

“Finally found you.”

Dyon tilted his head in confusion. “... You are?”