

## The Nameless 22

### Chapter 22

With how great Dyon's memory was, the idea that he didn't remember Darius' face was ridiculous. But, seeing the look on the latter's face after his words made him almost burst into a fit of laughter, making it quite obvious why he would have chosen such words.

"Darius, what are you doing? Get out of the way."

Darius' rage was piqued when he heard Ava's words. Seeing Dyon strutting around without a shirt, beside the woman he had been chasing for years now, filled him with a sense of intense jealousy he could hardly control.

"Ava, you...!"

Seeing Darius' weird reaction, Ava's finger twitched. Why did he look like a husband who had walked in on his wife cheating? If it wasn't for the fact Darius was Tammy's cousin, both of them being from the Storm family, Ava really might have smacked that look off his face right that moment.

There was absolutely nothing going on between her and Dyon. But, she felt even less of a desire to explain this to a man she also had nothing to do with.

Ava's only purpose was one-fold: To grow strong enough to find out what happened to her brother. Nothing more, nothing less. The men frolicking around her were nothing more than annoying flies.

"I'm currently on duty, Darius." Ava cut him off. "Please get out of the way."

Without a choice, Darius and his lackies could only move to the side. But, even as he watched their back views, his gaze was practically spitting fire.

"Blue. Red."

"Yes boss!"

The two somewhat burly young men who followed Darius responded immediately.

“I’ve waited long enough. I don’t want to see either of you rest until I can teach that brat a lesson. I don’t care if you have to camp out around the first year dorms until you find him!”

“Yes boss!”

The two replied again without the slightest hint of reluctance. One would have thought that they were robots rather than living, breathing humans.

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Ava and Dyon walked into a broad room with a simple stage ahead. The stage had 2 elders on it, standing beside stone contraptions that Dyon assumed tested strength. From what he had learned from Ava on the way here, the examination should be simple. It was just the task of displaying 1000 pounds of strength.

This would normally be far beyond Dyon’s means. After all, he was still a growing boy and had yet to practice any cultivation methods whatsoever. But, he obviously had his own ideas about all of this.

Almost immediately, though, Dyon’s appearance caused a wave of commotion, obviously not because of himself. Though his entrance ceremony had caused a commotion, only the elite of the elite had been there. These normal first years had no idea what happened that day.

Rather, all the commotion was reserved for Ava. It seemed that she was quite famous. Even the first years who had been here for long knew her.

“Who’s the kid walking with senior sister Sicarius?”

“I don’t know, but do they seem close to you?”

“He isn’t even wearing the school uniform, I thought only the school’s geniuses could get away with that? But, I’ve never seen him before.”

“Wait, isn’t that the guy who senior brother Storm has been looking for?”

“Darius Storm? Why is he still alive?”

“I hear he begged for his life, so senior brother storm decided to let him go after teaching him a lesson.”

‘Begged for my life?’ Dyon raised an eyebrow.

Ava looked over at Dyon, about to comfort him. But, when she saw that he had no reaction, a surprised look covered her face.

“How pathetic. Senior sister Sicarius probably feels bad for him.”

“Maybe he just didn’t know how to get here. I hear there’s a kid who hasn’t shown up to any lessons. The General rages about it at the beginning of every class, swearing he’ll teach him a lesson. Maybe that’s him.”

“SILENCE!”

A booming voice filled the auditorium.

Just as Dyon was about to slip into the crowd, the sea of students parted as one of the elders leaped from the stage, landing directly in front of him.

“I’ve never seen you before. You dare to be late. You dare to not wear your school uniform. Let me ask you, do you take me for a joke?”

A sinister glare was in the elder's gaze. The white of his hair emphasized his green eyes. A long beard swung back and forth with his every word. His wrinkles seemed to focus on his forehead.

"Must be from decades of frowning," Muttered Dyon.

Usually, a normal human wouldn't have been able to hear his words. Dyon was quite used to making snarky comments, it might as well have been his way of life. But, he had forgotten that this was basically a world of super humans.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?!"

Ava, who was standing by Dyon had no words.

'Would it kill him to not be himself for just a few seconds?' Ava felt like slapping her own forehead. She had forgotten to inform Dyon about The General.

Dyon looked into The General's eyes calmly. He didn't seem perturbed by 'The General's' aura in the slightest. Compared to his father's aura, it was nothing more than a joke. In fact, this man would probably piss his pants just standing in front of one of his father's subordinates alone if this was all he had.

"Sorry teach, I was actually bedridden for quite a while." Dyon tried to explain the oddity his soul underwent that caused him to sleep for far longer than he thought he had, thus resulting in him missing much of the lessons.

Unfortunately, he didn't seem to notice all the weird looks he was getting. What The General hated the most were excuses. No matter how good your story was or how well your dog chewed your homework, it was best to keep it all to yourself for fear of making everything worse.

Of course, Dyon had no idea about this. The truth of it all was that he had been ostracized by even the teachers, so no one came to inform him of anything. His story about his soul was another good reason, but it was just him giving some face to this 'General'. He had decided to take some of Ava's advice and take a step back for once.

But the result was...

Ava felt like she was aging rapidly. 'This guy...'

The room fell silent after Dyon finished his explanation.

The General was shaking. His face was turning red and his breathing was becoming hurried. It had been a long time since a student dared to enrage him like this.

"Wait, General, please," Ava's voice rung through the room, "There is a precedent for missing class due to injury. I can corroborate his story."

Dyon raised his brows. Seems that Big Ava wasn't so bad after all, lying through her teeth for his sake.

"I DON'T CARE! Missing a month's worth of classes! Addressing your teacher without respect! Being late to an exam! And worst of all, giving me these bullshit excuses! LEAVE! You're expelled!"