

The Nameless 23

Chapter 23

Dyon raised an eyebrow but didn't really feel too much. Quite frankly, he had had enough of this school. If they were just going to treat him like this, why they would even allow him to come to this academy in the first place was beyond him.

Dyon rubbed his forehead, a look of annoyance slowly surfacing on his face. As much as he hated this school, he still needed it. He would never reach any of his goals if he couldn't skip through this trial.

His first mistake was trying to take a step back in the first place. He didn't have the time nor the patience to take things like Ava wanted him to. Trying to take things that way had landed him in this situation to begin with.

So, he would just do things his way. The way he had always done them.

"Are you The General? Or a dancing monkey? How you can call yourself a teacher of anything is beyond me.

"If it wasn't for Libro, I wouldn't even have a school uniform to wear in the first place, let alone knowing anything about this trashy Academy. Clearly, you either know nothing about this, or you don't care. Did you reach out when you learned you had a student from the Mortal World? I heard that you spent a lot of your class time complaining about me, but did you even look for me outside of class? Did you even try? And you call yourself an educator?

"Since you, as a teacher don't care much for your role and speak without checking the facts first, why should I care? Do I really want teachers like you teaching me anything?"

Dyon's voice rung through the room. The elder that remained on the stage raised an eyebrow, looking towards Dyon in interest.

'He has a relationship with Libro? Enough to call him by his first name? He's implying Libro did him a favor...?'

The General was about to burst when the voice of the elder suddenly rung out.

“Don’t listen to the drivel of kids, General. It wouldn’t be a good look for people to find out you killed a student because of a few words. There is indeed a precedent for missing time due to severe injury. Since such a golden student of our school has spoken out for him, it can’t be a lie, right?”

The General slowed his breathing. Maybe he was more receptive to words spoken from those he deemed as his equal. But, none of that meant that he really intended on letting things go like this.

He really had had the intention of kill Dyon where he stood, but the sudden interference of this elder had already cut that path off for him. In that case, there were any myriad of ways he could use to make this little bastard suffer.

“There still must be a punishment. Expelling you makes things too easy. Since you said you don’t need a teacher like me, you must be fairly powerful right?”

The whispers filled the room. “What is the general talking about, that kid clearly has no cultivation. He can’t possibly be strong.”

“Your punishment is quite simple. If you can’t produce 1500lbs of force on the detection stones, don’t think of escaping punishment.”

The General smirked, ‘Let’s see how you get out of this one. I noticed you have no cultivation. But there must be a reason you made it into this school, so since you might have innate physical strength, I bumped it up to 1500lbs. There’s no way an innate physical strength can give that much of a boost. Take this as punishment for disrespecting me.’

Dyon looked over to the General, seemingly understanding what he was thinking. With a light smile he said.

“Oh? That’s it? Sure, why not. But, why not make it more interesting? Why not have a bet?”

“A bet? What could a kid like you have that I could possibly want?”

"I'm sure you'll see soon enough. But, let's just do it with money, how about it? I bet you ten thousand profound stones that I can reach the mark you set."

"Ten thousand!"

"That's not a small number, even for an elder..."

The room rang out with hushed whispers.

Ava felt like fainting, 'This kid is so troublesome. Does he think he can embarrass the General into saying no to the bet as a moral victory before getting kicked out? He clearly doesn't know about the General's gambling addiction...'

The General started, a bit surprised. But, he then smirked, 'You think you can play with me? You're a century too young for that.'

"Sure, ten thousand profound stones. And, since I'm sure you don't have that amount, I'm sure that amount is enough to buy your life. If you lose, you'll be my servant until I get bored of having trash sweep my floors."

The General said this with a smirk, but soon, his smile froze.

Dyon began slowly walking towards the stage. Without looking back, his voice faintly rung through the room.

"Sure, why not."

For the first time, The General felt a bit nervous.

'Maybe he just knows being an elder's servant is a better life than what he was leading before?' The General thought, trying to comfort himself.

Dyon reached the stage and clasped his hands towards the other elder, "Thank you for your help senior. How many attempts do I get?"

The elder smiled. "You have 3 attempts to reach the mark."

'Let's see why Libro is so interested in you...'

The General looked on with a surprisingly serious look on his face. He had a bad feeling about this.

Dyon stood in front of a detection stone and took a deep breath. He pivoted his foot and tightened his core.

"His form is pretty good," muttered The General.

Ava nodded her head in appreciation.

PENG!

Number flew up, hovering above the stone...

"400... 700... 750... 800."

'He can produce 800lbs of force?... I thought he had no cultivation...'

'800?' Even Dyon was surprised.

In truth, Dyon was expecting 3-400 at best. If he focused on his form and got a decent wind up, he believed he could pass 400 with his body alone. If he used his legs instead of his fist, he was confident in touching at least 200 pounds beyond even that. But this... Was unexpected even to him.

'Is this related to my soul? But I didn't read anything about the soul strengthening the body...?'

Dyon was right, partially. A soul needs a proper container.

Dyon knew that he had fallen into a deep sleep, causing him to miscalculate how long he had spent away. But, what he hadn't known was why.

The truth of the matter was that the body was the soul's vessel. Without a strong enough body, housing a powerful soul was a childish dream. It could be said that the reason why Dyon's soul seemingly took a large leap during his sleep was because of two factors: The Martial World's Environment and the excess qi of his soul.

At that moment, something clicked for Dyon. He realized that he would soon have to find a method to strengthen his body, or else he would never be able to see the true potential of his soul. Could it be that Innate Soul was beyond what he thought it was, but his mortal body was holding him back even now?

The General smiled, 'As I thought, he did have innate physical strength. But too bad. It might be enough to pass the regular test, but this bet, though...'

"It's a shame, you have quite a unique body. You'll be a good servant," The General's laughter filled the room.

Ava smiled bitterly, 'he's too reckless. He was too confident.'

Dyon chuckled, "Don't be ridiculous, I have two more tries."