

The Nameless 30

Chapter 30

Dyon walked back toward his dorm. Though his face was still pale and his fingers were still caked by his own blood, he had a bright smile hanging from his lips. Every so often, an image of Madeleine would flash in his mind, making him almost burst into a fit of laughter beside himself.

He had truly never seen a girl so beautiful. If he didn't tease her properly, would he even be Dyon Sacharro?

This kind of woman he most definitely had to make his girlfriend. He didn't care what he had to do, he'd make her his.

'She's probably from the Sapientia family considering her glasses and golden eyes... A bit weird that they all have the same eye color, though.'

Dyon shook his head. There was no way his lovely Madeleine was a product of incestuous practices. How could such a beautiful woman come from such foul nonsense? Dyon chalked it up to a quirk of the Martial World. Who knew, maybe genetics worked differently in this place.

He had heard that these cultivators could even live from hundreds to even thousands of years, who was he to say their genetics didn't work differently? There was still too many things he didn't know about this magical world.

Dyon's steps froze, his eyes squinting.

'What... bad timing...'

Dyon took a deep breath, his back straightening. Before him, the looming figures of Blue and Red stood sneering. In fact, considering their smiles, they had most definitely long since called Darius over.

As though the universe was reading Dyon's mind, it wasn't long before the face of the blond prick made itself known.

Noticing that Dyon wasn't saying anything, Darius' sneer deepened.

"What's wrong? You're looking a little pale? Don't tell me that you're still trying hard to remember me?"

Darius' sarcastic remarks made it obvious that he was still taking Dyon's previous comments a bit too hard. But, while Dyon did look quite pale at the moment, it had nothing to do with Darius.

Well, maybe it had a little bit to do with Darius...

At that moment, Dyon suddenly realized that his soul was completely tapped out. Dyon had experienced it a bit during the Opening Ceremony, but never to this level.

What Dyon didn't know was that the wills he used during the Opening Ceremony were far too weak to put a dent in his soul's stamina. With his soul talent, it hardly made a difference.

But just now, in order to give Madeleine a few hours of peace, he had touched a level of wills that was nearing the very edge of his limits. And the result... well, he thought it was great until just this very moment.

Seemingly sensing a disturbance, a small crowd turned their attention over, only to find a very interesting scene playing out.

Dyon looked around, but it seemed that no one was intent on meeting his gaze. Though he hadn't expected much, he couldn't help but shake his head inwardly.

He had thought that after how many array plates he had sold and how much of a discount he had given his fellow first years, he thought that he might have built at least a small relationship with some of them. But at this moment, none of them even wanted to look at him.

Dyon couldn't help but sigh. Maybe this was his first time seeing the true face of the Martial World. Until now it had at least been covert, but this was so blatant that it was practically smacking his face.

‘There’s no way to run. The ceiling is too low here for me to use the hover board. The worst part is that it doesn’t have much of a charge left.’

Dyon clenched his jaw. He had never thought that he wouldn’t be able to find a power source for his various gadgets after coming to the Martial World. He had already thought of getting around to seeing if he could begin to modify them so that they could run on what the people of this world called ‘qi’ or ‘energy’, but he had spent so much time mastering his Array Alchemy that he had never gotten around to it.

Focusing his mind, Dyon flicked his wrists and quickly selected black gloves and guards that extended to his elbows. ‘This is all I have... I hope it’s enough.’

These guards and gloves were part of his father’s military uniform. After he passed, Dyon always kept them with him, but he had never expected to use them like this.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve.” Blue couldn’t help but say.

Darius and the others were surprised that Dyon actually seemed to be preparing for battle. Something like this was completely outside of their expectations. It was as though they had expected Dyon to just roll over.

“I hope you’re not trying to get into a war of words with me, you can’t possibly expect to win with that ugly face of yours,” Dyon sneered.

Blue’s face distorted and his eyes reddened in anger. Veins pulsed on his forehead as he lunged towards Dyon, the scar running down his face looking particularly alive at the moment.

‘Shit, too fast.’

Dyon’s eyes widened. He only had time to cross his arms before he was blasted into a wall.

Dyon realized at that moment that even his mind was sluggish, something that must have been a product of his tired soul. Blue's movements almost looked like a blur to his eye, he couldn't even react before a fist was already right before him.

BANG!

"Argh," Dyon slumped to the floor coughing up blood.

'Dammit, the bones in my back and arm are fractured. Even through the guard? What kind of power is this?!' Dyon was shocked.

Even though his soul had forced his body to strengthen to act as a better vessel for it, Dyon's standard was still below average amongst first years without his amplification arrays, let alone the fact that Darius, Blue and Red were all upper year students.

Before Dyon could get up, he sensed a looming shadow over him.

"You wanted to make fun of my scar?"

Darius chuckled. "Seems like you've angered Blue. And considering how you insulted him, Red won't let you go either."

Dyon felt a hand wrap around his throat and lift him up.

"I apologize." Dyon said with a bloody smile, doing his best to squeeze out his voice. "I'm sure your mother loves your face—"

BANG!

Dyon felt his skull almost warp as it was slammed into the wall for the second time. The whites of his eyes partially rolled back, his consciousness almost slipping away completely.

Dyon barely cobbled together a loose string of thoughts. The noise was starting to draw in a larger crowd. Unfortunately, much like the first batch, none seemed intent on helping.