

The Nameless 31

Chapter 31

“Seems like the twins are at it again, first years should learn to bow their heads.”

“True, if he did he probably wouldn’t have ended up in such a pathetic state.”

A wave of whispers spread through the accumulating crowd. Dyon could hardly hear them considering the current ringing of his ears. But, had he, he would only be able to sigh.

Maybe this was just a difference in culture between the Mortal World and Martial World. In the Mortal World, those who tried their best and worked hard would always be praised. But in the Martial World, those who tried to do things beyond their means would only be looked down upon and called foolish.

But, maybe this was just the way of reality in general. The only reason the Mortal World could have such a culture was because the powerful built up safe and secure societies that allowed the weak to live peaceful lives. Criminals were punished by the law, women were protected by the government, orphans were taken in by the state...

All of this bred a culture that praised hard work and perseverance.

However, this wasn’t the same in the Martial World at all. This was a place where power ruled and often times the law bent to the whims of whoever had the larger fist...

Everything by absolute sympathy or absolute power...

“Ugh, how depressing,” Dyon said between coughs, “So many pretty ladies are seeing me in such a pathetic state right now. Such a shame... Forget it, as long as my precious Madeleine doesn’t see me like this, I’ll survive...”

Dyon’s sarcastic remarks made Blue want to pop a blood vessel. But, at that moment, Darius stepped forward.

“Let him go, Blue.”

Dyon was dropped, causing him to almost stagger to the ground. His knees barely held himself up, his vision feeling quite blurry. At the moment, he could hardly stand straight. Clearly, he had a concussion, and a pretty bad one at that.

“I could kill you, but that would be too easy,” said Darius with a snicker.

“So how about this. If you strip naked and kowtow to me 10 times I’ll let these matters go. What do you think, pretty simple right?”

Dyon put his hands on his knees, taking shallow breaths. After a moment quiet laughter filled the hallway, coming from his own lips.

“Ow, oo, that hurts. Don’t laugh, don’t laugh, don’t laugh.” Dyon winced.

“It seems like he didn’t hear me Blue, break his left arm.” Darius said indifferently. “That might help him understand his situation a bit better.”

SNAP!

The ugly sound filled the hallway. Dyon grunted and his breathing became even shallower. His breathing came out in shallow wheezes that almost sounded like whistles.

“I’ll give you 3 more seconds, or we’ll snap another limb.”

“You don’t have to be so mad, I can let you in on the joke even though it would ruin it.” Dyon replied.

SNAP!

“Sorry ma – boss, 3 seconds weren’t up yet.”

“Don’t worry, it was well warranted,” Darius walked up to the disheveled Dyon.

At this point, Dyon couldn’t use his arms to support himself anymore. He was leaning his back against the wall, trying to catch his breath. His hair was a bloody mess, his pants and shirt were torn, and his arms hung limply to his side. However, his grin hadn’t left his face.

“I was only laughing... Because a grown man asked a teen like me to strip naked... Don’t you think that’s a bit much? I don’t swing that way, sir—”

Darius sent a kick at his chest, snapping his ribs. Dyon’s words left him so infuriated he forgot to hold back.

Dyon fell to his knees, unconscious.

The crowd gasped, the audible snapping of bones replaying in their ears and bringing goosebumps to their skin. Their limbs trembled as though they were hearing a fork scrap against the bottom of a pot.

“That’s strength at least at the peak of the 3rd layer of the foundation stage.”

“As expected from a top ranked 3rd year.”

“No no no, we can’t end this like this. I can’t let you die so easily, wake up,” Darius picked up Dyon by his hair and slapped him awake.

Dyon’s eyes fluttered, squinting as though he was trying to see the light. When he remembered the situation he was in, a bloody smile spread across his face.

“Five more minutes, beautiful. Can’t you see I was finally getting some rest?”

Blood spilled out of Dyon’s mouth and arms, pooling toward the ground.

“Hm, seems like you’re a bit delirious,” Darius said tilting up Dyon’s head, “What should I do with you?”

“Nah, I just thought you looked particularly womanly. So, I accidentally let it –”

SLAP!

Dyon’s words were stopped by another crisp slap.

“Let’s try this again. Strip naked, and kowtow 10 times.”

“Listen man, I was joking when I said you looked womanly, I already told you, I don’t swing that wa –”

SLAP!

“Alright,” Darius said in a calm voice, “You have one more chance, or I kill you.”

At that moment, Dyon’s eyes widened, gaining a sharp clarity they hadn’t had before. The vicious look alone made Darius feel as though he had been plunged through the gates of hell.

“Didn’t you hear me before?” Dyon said, his voice no longer slurring. “You’re just the slightly prettier monkey of the three of you. Kiss my ass, you overgrown mut.”

Darius’ face darkened.

“He’s crazy...”

“All he had to do was kneel and it would be over.”

Darius' fingers clasped harder around Dyon's hair, staring daggers at him and nearly ripping it from his scalp. But all he found were eyes as calm as Focus Lake looking right back at him.

"You'd better kill me right here and right now." Dyon's eyes darkened and an almost demonic voice continued, "Because if you don't, soon I'll crush you beneath my feet. I'll tear your limbs from your body. I'll torture you until you have no tears left to cry. And once you've been bled dry, I'll feed your corpse to pigs."

Darius had no idea why, but a cold sweat filled his back and his usually calm face furrowed into a frown.

"I'd love to see your heroic rise, truly. But, unfortunately, you die today. Only trash beg for a second chance. In the Martial World, you only get one."

A strange energy filled Darius' right hand as the air around it seemed to be sliced as it passed through it.

"That's a sword type energy!"

"No, that's definitely spear type energy. A sword is more elegant, this is more domineering than that."

"Darius truly is a genius. To reach the peak of the 3rd level at the start of his 3rd year and control spear qi? Wow."

Darius sneered when he heard the words of the crowd. "You can know that you're truly blessed to have died by my hands. Consider this as payment for offending me."

The tips of Darius' fingers pierced into Dyon's chest, slicing through the skin of some of his bone with absolute ease. He looked into Dyon's eyes, wanting to see that final look of despair before he shot through his heart, but all he saw was the same unbreakable will, that same indifference as though it wasn't his own body being pierced through.

Darius will quaked, his spear qi dispersing out of his control. He tried to form it again, but it collapsed even quicker this time, leaving him in a state of partial shock.

In a rage, he formed his hand into a blade and shot forward without qi. He would pierce through by force if he had to. But... At that very moment, a whip snapped through the air, latching onto his wrist.