

The Nameless 32

Chapter 32

Darius felt a whipping pain in his wrist as though he had just been burnt. He couldn't help but wince slightly, his hand hanging frozen in the air.

"I think that's enough Darius. You may be able to get away with killing him but think of all the meetings that'll be necessary. Do you really want to waste hours of time on an ant you killed just to explain yourself?"

Darius looked over to find Ava controlling his arm. "Unfortunately, he hasn't kowtowed to me or even faked a true apology. His fate is sealed," Darius went to move forward but found that he couldn't outdo Ava's strength.

'What is this, she may be ranked at the top of second year, but I'm ranked near the top of the third. Why can she hold me in check?'

"Fine, since you need a woman to protect you, I think that's insulting enough. Blue, Red, Let's go," Darius let go of Dyon after wiping his bloodied hand on the latter's shirt.

Ava frowned as she watched Darius, Red and Blue walk away before stepping toward Dyon.

"You idiot, if you wanted to act cool, you should have found another place to do it," Ava said, not even attempting to go and help Dyon up, "There are things more important than your dignity!"

She didn't know why, but she felt livid at this moment. Why didn't this fool just bow his head? If she hadn't been making her rounds at this moment, wouldn't he be dead right now? Was it worth it? Were all men like this?! Didn't they know there were people who would rather see them alive than dead?!

Ava couldn't even speak any other words. She was so furious that her chest heaved out of her control, her chest flushing red.

Dyon didn't respond to her, struggling to sit up, "Oof, this is hard with 2 broken arms."

Seeing that Dyon was ignoring her, Ava only became more infuriated.

“You... You... You...”

At that moment, Dyon looked up, causing her words to get caught in her throat. She didn’t know what happened, but this Dyon felt completely different from the one she knew. There was no smile in his eyes or teasing in the curl of his lips. He looked like he might kill her where she stood if she spoke a single word more.

Dyon eventually managed to stand, pushing himself up against the wall and rising to his feet.

“Thank you.” He said softly.

Dyon slowly walked to his dorm, seemingly not hearing any of the jeers fluttering toward his ears.

As soon as he made it, the door closed, and he used his forehead to activate the shield, canceling all noise in or out.

“AARRRRRGGGGGHHHH!!” Dyon roared at the top of his lungs. The room vibrated and he felt something pop in his mind. His last thought before he collapsed into his tub, a bloodied mess, was: ‘I’ll make you all pay.’

...

The Martial World was a cruel place. There was no such thing as ifs.

Maybe if Dyon had met Darius on another day, he would have been able to put up a better fight. Maybe if he hadn’t used up all his soul stamina he wouldn’t have lost so miserably. Maybe if he had kept some of his array plaques rather than selling them all, he would have had a chance to find an opportunity to escape.

However, none of these things happened.

In the Martial World, there were no shortage of individuals who had died to unfortunate circumstances, many heroes who had fallen to schemes and many strong that had lost too early.

Dyon could be considered to be amongst the lucky ones for surviving. Or, maybe that was what others might have thought. Only Dyon himself knew what he would have done had Darius hand truly continued piercing forward.

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Darius walked through the hallways of Focus Academy with a gloomy expression. Clearly, he was still pissed about how things had ended.

If only his spear qi hadn't wavered at the last moment like it had before. If that hadn't happened, he would have pierced through Dyon long before Ava could interfere at all. But now, he had to wait for yet another opportunity, how could he not be feeling gloomy?

"That damned whore."

Spear qi, or any weapon qi for that matter, was a tangible manifestation of will that came with the comprehension of said weapon. The fact that Darius' had dispersed like that was for two reasons. Firstly because he had only recently condensed his will into a qi and second because his will had wavered.

This second reason pissed him off more than anything else.

"It won't be long, master." Blue seemed to look around before he said this, addressing Darius as he always did. "You can just deal with her in the central pillar."

Darius sneered. "How poetic, going out the same way her brother did."

"We should throw that commoner bastard in too, master." Red interjected.

He hadn't gotten a chance to vent his rage on Dyon for what he said about their scars. It left him with a belly full of anger he had no way to deal with.

Darius snorted. "Him? With his lack of cultivation? What good would using him bring?"

Though Darius said this, his expression turned extremely cold not long after.

"Even if he would be useless, that doesn't mean that I won't make certain that he suffers a fate worse than death. Who knows, I might let him watch as I knock that woman down a peg."

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*drip...

*drip

Dyon opened his eyes, feeling the dripping cold water slide down his forehead. He stared blankly at the ceiling, remembering the events that put him in such a sorry state. Without getting up, he turned the cold water on, blasting it onto his head as he took deep breaths. His once broken arms seemed to have no effect on him.

After half an hour, he finally stood and threw his clothes away from him. Turning the shower head on, he placed his forearm on the bathroom wall, letting the once dried blood pool at his feet.

He stared at the drain, watching as the water became clearer and clearer.

After another hour, the goosebumps from the freezing water no longer seemed to matter, his breathing had steadied under the torrent of cold.