

## The Nameless 49

### Chapter 49

“Well, you’ve probably figured out that their true family name isn’t Storm, it’s Ragnor. Only the pillar family heads know this. They changed their name to hide from the main branch of their Clan. So, just like the Ragnor family, they undergo much more intense lightning tribulations as their cultivation increases because of their inherent affinity for lightning due to their special bodies.

“As such, only the very top talents of the Ragnor family can reach high levels of cultivation without dying. To circumvent their decline, the Ragnor family warred with the Pakal family for centuries to steal their blood sacrifice technique. It essentially allowed you, with enough preparation, to steal the cultivation of others. Once we find the items we need, we can soar greatly as an academy.”

Dyon’s face contorted in disgust, shivering in the pond as his skin greyed.

“The true patriarch of the Storm family and their true geniuses don’t show up at the academy because they are so far and away from the so-called geniuses we have here that it would cause an uproar. Aside from Tammy who I have suspicions is a true genius of the Storm family, maybe only Madeleine can compete with them... If she wasn’t so sick, that is.

“We have to keep control on this information as much as we can so that the Ragnor family doesn’t track us down. We’ll only truly reveal ourselves once we’ve used the technique adequately to be able to compete for a place at the center of the continent.”

A smile appeared on Daiyu’s face. He had thought of stealing the technique for himself, but Kami very cleverly mentioned the power the Storm family had.

But, this was nowhere near the most fear inducing part about this conspiracy.

The Ragnor family... Was a God Clan of the Martial World! To dare steal something like this from right under their noses... For a mere branch family like the Storms to dare do such a thing... Were they brave or stupid?

Of course, Kami had no idea that Elder Daiyu was so clear on these matters. How could such a small place like theirs be aware of things related to the Ragnor Clan? Or even the Sicarius Clan, for that matter?

But, Kami seemed to think that he was the only one in the know because the main branch of the Kami family was also a God Clan. However, how could he know anything about the true strength the Daiyu Clan was withholding? For that matter, Kami was also severely underestimating the Bai Clan their Daiyu Ancestors had been warring with for so long.

It was safe to say that for such a small school, Focus Academy had too many crouching tigers and slumbering dragons.

But, Elder Daiyu would allow Kami to believe he had the upper hand for now. The only person in this school he truly needed to be careful of was Patia-Neva. Of them all, this mysterious father-daughter pair was the only one he couldn't get a true understanding of.

"So, what's stopping them from getting rid of you after they've become strong enough?"

Elder Daiyu's words seemed to be laced with meaning. Though he seemed to be asking about the Storm family's feelings toward the Kami family, his true meaning was quite clear.

Kami smiled, "The reason is simple. Many of us are connected to larger families who understand the importance of such a technique too. To be able to circumvent lightning tribulations and directly enter the next level of cultivation? Which one of our higher branches wouldn't want that?"

"If the Kami God clan knew about this, they'd go to war too. Same with the Sapientia God Clan. If suddenly one of your branches was wiped out, wouldn't you investigate regardless of how little you cared for them?"

"So, they don't dare to wipe us out. Such a thing would lead to investigation by our Main Clan's which would put the Storm family directly in the line of fire."

Elder Daiyu nodded his head in agreement, this made sense. But, he was also still sneering inwardly.

Of all those participating, wasn't his Daiyu Clan the only one that seemed to not have the backing of a 'Main Clan'. Was this supposed to be a disguised threat?

Still, he maintained his amiable smile.

"Very true. I'm satisfied with this, very much so. This payment is more than enough for what the Daiyu family has done for your sons."

"Welcome to the pillar families."

The two men shook hands.

Dyon was nearly entirely grey at this point. But, his anger was keeping him together.

These so-called Clans really treated lives like weeds. They killed Ava's brother for speaking out. They sacrificed so many students, all for the benefit of their families. They claim the other family leaders don't know, but how couldn't they know? They must be turning a blind eye.

What kind of idiot wouldn't understand what kind of sacrifice was needed for such a powerful technique? The Storm family must be keeping the side effects of this technique under wraps. If the Pakal family truly had access to such a technique, how could any family rival them if there were no draw backs?

Dyon didn't know if he was angrier with their immorality or their stupidity. He had just stepped foot into the Martial World and he already understood this much, but these 'experts' were letting their greed cloud their judgement. Worst of all, the price was innocent human lives.

Who knew what they planned to do once the Central Pilar opened? Was Ava in danger? What about the others?

And Tammy. They mentioned that she was a genius that could rival the hidden geniuses of the Storm family. What was her goal exactly? Wasn't she Ava's best friend?

The door to the library finally sealed. Numerous locks sounded as the meter-thick doors locked everything off.

Dyon jumped out of the pond, immediately circulating his aurora flames to get rid of the death qi around him.

Once he finally opened his eyes, a beeping sound rang from his wrists, causing his expression to change.

‘They’re in my room? DAMMIT. If my connection has been cut off from Madeleine’s flower and I can’t go to my room, she’s really going to think I’m dead.’

Dyon clutched his fists in agitation. These bastards really wouldn’t let go of any opportunity.

‘Two more months.’

Dyon’s expression turned stone cold.

‘Wait for me.’