

Libro looked away from the computer monitor and sighed, “It’s going to be a really long road for him if he insists on continuing.”

“Uncle, why are you so invested? You understand the divide between the Mortal World and Cultivation World better than anyone else. It’s impossible for him to succeed. The fact he could even come here at all is a miracle enough, we can’t possibly expect more.”

If Dyon was there, he would have noted that the one who spoke was Pertinacis. He was currently giving his uncle an odd look. He didn’t understand quite understand why his Uncle was so interested in this Dyon.

Of course, Pertinacis had personally witnessed Dyon’s performance that day. But, after calmly analyzing what happened, he realized that the feat of defeating Mayumi definitely couldn’t be replicated. And, likewise, he also concluded much like Dyon did that the latter couldn’t possibly lug around a piano everywhere, right?

He wasn’t exactly wrong in his assessment, the Mortal World and the Martial World shared the same planet, each on their own half, but they might as well have been from two completely different worlds. If it wasn’t for the fact that the Mortal World didn’t have any cultivation energy, thus making it worthless in their eyes, the mortals would have already been wiped from existence long ago.

Who knew how Dyon even managed to awaken a small ability to cultivate?

“Pertinacis, how long did it take you to master the speed reading technique?”

Rather than answering the question, Libro asked another of his own.

“Um, I haven’t. Why would you ask me that uncle? You know only crystal level family members have mastered the first level of the technique. Clearly, I haven’t even reached that level, let alone mastered it. You should tease someone else if you’re bored.”

Pertinacis had always been like this. He was a very by the books type of person. He didn’t even seem embarrassed as he spoke, just stating the fact casually.

“It took Dyon less than an hour to reach a rudimentary understand of the first level, and that was only because that was the only part of the technique I gave him. If he was in our family, he’d already be crystal level.”

“What?!” Pertinacis looked to his uncle in shock.

Libro seemed to get some satisfaction from watching his stoic nephew finally show a hint of emotion. He didn’t act his age at all.

An unassuming girl at the corner of the monitoring room looked up from her book. She had her brunette hair was up in a bun, her golden eyes were sparkling through her carbon framed glasses. She wore a cheongsam that was a beautiful purple with white lilies. It clung to her thighs closely, outlining her perfect figure. Her lips were full, painted with a bright red that complemented her fair skin.

Her beauty was, without a doubt, beyond words, as if her mere presence placed untold pressure on the world around her to worship in praise. Somehow, though, this beauty seemed to be dulled due to her slightly pale appearance.

The young girl’s gentle voice spoke out. “You gave the technique to him Uncle?”

Hearing such a question, Libro couldn’t help but blush slightly.

“I did. I’m embarrassed to say that the only reason was because he asked for it. I found it quite impressive that someone who had never had contact with the martial world before would be able to assume such a technique existed, so I gave him a chance. Never did I think he’d actually be able to master it in such a short time. His talent is astounding.”

“Father might not be too pleased about that,” The girl in purple replied lightly.
magic

“Haha, I’ve never seen you so worried about a boy, my dear Madeleine.”

Madeleine didn’t seem too embarrassed by what her uncle was saying. She only smiled lightly, her aura like a refreshing dew. Unlike her younger brother, Pertinacis, she had the calm sort of temperament that wasn’t afraid to open itself up to the world.

A soft laughter filled the room. “You’re always so intent on playing match maker, uncle.”

“But, of course, there’s nothing I want to see more than my beautiful nieces with a worthy man.”

“Nieces? Did you have another one,” Madeleine said, laughing again.

Libro looked over mysteriously, “Our little princess Delia, and the little fox Meiying, seem to be interested in him as well.”

Delia, sitting across from Madeleine and next to Meiying looked over. “Don’t joke around like that, uncle Libro. We’re only friends.”

Meiying giggled as she continued fiddling with a strange compass she had in front of her.

Madeleine looked over at them questioningly.

“Don’t look at me like that big sister, how could I be with a man weaker than me? We should stand as equals, at the very least. Running around, chasing

skirts like that without having any power of his own. It's pathetic. Plus, even if he was that strong, I have no interest in that sort of thing," Delia said, rolling her eyes.

Libro clicked his tongue. "I don't know if you're right about that Delia. Chasing skirts is the way of all men, some just have more boldness than others. But, not all men can spend days on end buried in their studies... Especially not with a mortal body."

Delia froze, the whetstone she was using to sharpen her sword radiated a crisp metallic sound.

Libro smiled knowingly, "if he doesn't die first, you may not be stronger than him for too long. You all heard it, he could have taken the slight the Pillar Heads prepared for him with a lowered head and a closed mouth, yet he didn't. Determination is exactly what you need to be strong."

Meiying's eyes sparkled with interest. She knew her friend better than anyone else and was well aware Delia felt somewhat indignant for Dyon as well. But, when it came to the matters of the Martial World, there was also not many people who understood its cruelty more than Delia.

'You're going to need to be honest with yourself, you know you're a softy. You've been trying to be someone you aren't since your mom went missing... it hurts me that all I can do is watch from the side. Maybe running away from new relationships is exactly what you don't need.' Meiying thought to herself.

It was quite baffling. It seemed that the one who looked to be the most childish amongst them was maybe the most mature.

Libro turned to a monitor with a pensive look on his face. All he saw was static. The interference wasn't allowing him to see into the room.

'It seems like his technology is quite interesting. Let's hope he's okay.'

Madeleine curiously observed the few who were the closest to her. Her blood brother, two young girls she saw as her own little sisters, her blood uncle...

Each and every one of them was somehow thinking about a mortal boy who had only just appeared in their lives. Logically, he should have been nothing more than a blip, but he already had such a hold on them.

She couldn't help but to be curious. She wondered if her path would ever cross with this Dyon Sacharro.