

At dawn on the fifth day of his swim, Dyon was greeted with a scene that made him forget the pain in his tired limbs. From about 10 kilometers away, he saw three risings of about 20 meters each, implanted directly into the water. They were covered in tiles of hexagonal stainless-steel that reflected the orange hues of the early morning sun and topped with a combination of small villages and endless lush greenery. But what caught Dyon's attention the most was the Skyscraper that was even further ahead.

It reached a height of at least 2000 meters. Covered by endless glass, it had a dominatingly beautiful sheen to it. But what shocked Dyon was the fact that each of the 3 risings were connected to each other by underwater passageways.

Dyon was stunned, 'Why are there passages underwater?'

He dived down and nearly took a breath. The 3 risings were actually 6. Further beyond the area where Dyon had seen the skyscraper, were 3 more identical risings. The 6 formed a perfect hexagonal pattern around the base of the skyscraper. The reason why they were connected by underwater tunnels was because the risings weren't the end of them. While the tops of the risings had fields, forests, and small villages, they merely topped off impressive underwater structures. The 6 risings were actually miniature versions of the massive 2000-meter skyscraper, just flipped upside-down!

They stretched at least 1000 meters below the surface and were made up entirely of glass with stainless-steel ascents.

'Seems that these 6 sub-skyscrapers are not only connected to each other, but also the skyscraper in the middle of them by these underwater passageways. The ceremony is probably held in the middle.'

Dyon mused about whether you could really call an underwater building a skyscraper as he pushed himself forward.

Knowing he had a few hours left, Dyon decided to swim as fast as he could towards one of the risings that was mostly forest. He shook his head, chuckling to himself; after all, he couldn't very well step into a village with no clothes on, he would have to change first.

'I'll have to scale the 20-meter rising. Considering I could make out the shape of the tiles that made up the rising from this far away, it's safe to say that they're massive. That'll make climbing more difficult.'

Around noon, Dyon sighed. Sometimes, he hated being right. He was just a half meter from the top of the rising he had chosen. Because of the size of the tiles, he had to alternate between a weird spider crawl between the tiles and climbing up the incline of its sides.

Dyon reached up, flexed his back with all his remaining strength, and hoisted himself up. He jumped over the barrier and fell about 3 meters. Luckily, he was prepared for this and ducked off into a roll to ease the impact.

"Finally!" Dyon roared at the top of his burning lungs before dropping his hands to his knees and taking deep breaths. He was about to raise his head when he felt cold metal rest on his shoulder.

"For fuck's sake," Dyon muttered to himself before even looking up.

"Explain or your head flies." The voice sounded so melodic that Dyon almost couldn't take it seriously.

However, Dyon had more thoughts than that running through his head. He had already understood his situation. This girl sounded like she was about his age, yet she had a weapon capable of killing him from the looks of it.

'That probably means she goes to this school.'

Dyon smiled, this would make finding his way much simpler. So, instead of answering he flicked his wrist calling upon a control panel and selected a sleek black bag.

“Well, I could explain, or I could put my clothes on. Which do you prefer?” Dyon said while looking up.

Without hesitation the girl responded, expertly hiding the surprise she held at the device Dyon just used. “I prefer both”.

Dyon was a bit surprised. It didn’t usually take much to fluster teenage girls. He thought it would only be easier if he was naked, but this girl seemed different.

“It’s not within me to disappoint such a pretty lady.” Dyon said while unzipping the bag. He slipped on his boxers and a crisp white shirt. He pulled up light blue jeans and rolled up the hems before slipping on a sky-blue dress shirt that he kept unbuttoned.

While rolling up his sleeves, Dyon finally got a good look at the girl holding a sword to his throat. He slipped on some black flipflops while doing nothing to hide the glint of attraction in his eye. Before, he had called her a pretty lady just to try and fluster her, but now, if he said it again, he’d mean it.

Her skin had a tanned sheen to it that had to be of Hispanic origin. Dyon couldn’t figure out if her eyes were a pale green or a dim hazel and that only served to transfix him even more. Her hair flowed in the wind well past her shoulders with ascents of a golden blond permeating its light brown. Her lips were as full as her facial features.

Everything about her was warm and inviting. Well, except for the killing blade in her hand.

“My guards will be here soon considering how loudly you screamed. So, you have about 10 more seconds to convince me not to kill you.” She spoke in a steady tone as if unbothered by the scene she had just witnessed.

Dyon was about to speak when the wind carried her scent to him. “Kiwi and strawberries. Excellent choice.”

The girl raised her eyebrows, before realizing what he meant. She pressed the side of the sword more firmly into Dyon’s shoulder.

Dyon didn’t seem to notice as he continued. “I doubt you have guards coming honestly. If you do, you should consider firing them.”

The girl sighed. “Maybe so, but that’s not going to stop me from killing you.”

Dyon smiled. This girl really was quite intelligent. Instead of denying it, she played an even stronger card. She already understood that anyone of minimal intelligence would be able to tell that any type of guard should have long been present.

“Since you’ve piqued my interest, I’ll tell you. I’m a student here. In fact, the entrance ceremony should be soon, could I bother you to take me there?”

“What kind of joke is that? Piqued your interest? You’re clearly just trying to use me to get where you need to go. Now answer my questions. Where did you come from? And why did you enter through the fence instead of the normal passageways?”

“I actually arrived by the silver yacht. Well, I arrived by small dingy attached to a silver yacht. Unfortunately, they didn’t accept “Commoner Paper”, and since I didn’t have any energy stones, I couldn’t afford the ride. But, I left them by the gates and decided to swim here instead.”

“Ridiculous, there’s a 300km distance from here to the gates. And these waters aren’t something just anyone can swim through. Especially not for a

first-year student like you. Now I'll ask again, and for the last time, where did you come from? And how did you get in through the fence?"

Dyon, having finally caught his breath, took another deep one before standing to his full height. Ignoring the sword pressed to his shoulder and up against his throat he spoke. "I'm actually quite interested in that, why was the water so heavy? It took me a full 5 days to get here. I'm exhausted".

"You must be tired of living." The girl said with her eyes narrowing.

"Listen. I know it isn't exactly a great vote of confidence for our first meeting to start with you seeing me in all my glory, but tell me the truth," Dyon said leaning in ever so slightly, "Am I adequate?"

The girl rolled her eyes. How shameless was this guy? She had already decided he wasn't a threat despite being a full head shorter, so she retracted her sword and put it into its sheath. She swept her hands over her white training uniform and removed a hairband from her wrist to tie up her hair.

Seeing her actions, Dyon took a bit of time to take in his surroundings. They stood in a rare clearing of land at the edge of a dense forest. The grass seemed to be pressed down and broken, with even some portions being ripped up entirely.

'She must use this area to train. Considering the marks, it's best not to provoke this beauty too much.' Dyon said while smiling to himself.

"I'm Dyon, it's nice to meet you."

"What family do you come from? I assume you're a member of one of the smaller branches since I've never seen you." She decided to ignore his entrance and the fact he said he swam here.

In her mind, if Dyon was telling the truth, it probably had something to do with that weird device on his wrist. In the martial arts world, they had interspatial

products in a myriad of forms, however, they all relied on energy and senses. But when Dyon used his, she felt no fluctuations. In fact, it was just like any other piece of technology.

“Sacharro.”

“Saccharo... I’ve never heard of it.” But then she gasped and looked at Dyon more deeply than she had before.

“Is something wrong?” Dyon said with his usual casual smile.

“So, you’re the commoner they allowed in. My father told me about you.” She said absentmindedly.

Dyon laughed. “Commoner?”

If he was back on the mortal world, who didn’t look up to him in awe? Never in his life had he been called anything remotely close to ‘common’.

The girl said nothing as she continued to look at Dyon.

“May I ask for your name milady? It would be a high honor for a commoner such as myself.”

“Delia. Delia Patia-Neva.”magic