

The Nameless 441

Chapter 441 Dammit

Just moments earlier, Connery Sapientia had sensed Dyon taking away Ri and Madeleine. In fact, because of that moment, he nearly cracked his throne again. Why? Because he was fully convinced at this point that Dyon's array alchemy had far surpassed his. For him to sense Dyon taking away his wives meant only a single thing: that Dyon had wanted him to.

It had only lasted a split moment before Dyon completely disappeared, but that was enough. It wasn't that Dyon wanted to provoke Connery. He only wanted to continue playing their little game. In the back of Connery's mind, although he found the percentage likelihood to be very small, a piece of him still believed that there was a possibility that Dyon could be bluffing. Something was itching at him, telling him that Dyon didn't want their competition as much as he didn't want it. But, he had no proof.

Every move Dyon made was perfect and made sense. No matter how much backing, money, or power Dyon held now, there was no way for him to fight the entire universe on his own. If he continued to push Connery, it might lead to other leaders that hated him taking advantage.

Connery understood that and even knew that the only reason he was holding onto that faint possibility was for his own pride. But, he still couldn't fathom how a mere child could have surpassed him so easily. And now? They had seemingly also lost a first in line genius as well...

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Far from the world tournament, Dyon sat on a large cushioned throne with Madeleine and Ri on either of his thighs. He felt content, holding their waists lightly as they rested their heads on his neck..

They were currently in the Demon Sage's Tower. It was a supreme treasure Dyon hadn't made use of since the day of the legacy world opening. In fact, he still had many trials he hadn't taken either. But, he had been so focused on other things that he never got around to opening higher floors.

That said, the Demon Sage Tower was perfect for travel and when Dyon didn't need to make it go as fast as he had to escape that day, the energy stone usage was minimal.

“Where are we going?” Madeleine asked. She had been content to lean in and enjoy Dyon’s embrace, but they had been flying for almost an hour over the ocean now, so even she was getting curious.

Dyon smiled. “I was wondering how long it would take you two to ask. When I asked if you two wanted to go home, I really meant home.”

“You mean?” Ri looked up.

“Mhm. The human world. That’s the only place I can take you guys out without having to fight my way through an army of horny men. At worst you’ll have to deal with some stares.”

Ri and Madeleine giggled. They were excited to know more about Dyon’s origins. It wasn’t that it was impossible to travel from the human to martial world, it was more so that it was tedious and the humans weren’t as weak as the martial warriors liked to presume.

Prime examples of this were Dyon’s father and the soldier’s armor Dyon had used the arm guards of back at Focus Academy. Then there was Dyon’s shield that was capable of easily blocking Ava’s attack. It was suffice to say that the human world had technology capable of matching up to at least the lower extremities of the martial world. They were mysterious enough the top end experts didn’t bother with them and strong enough that the lower end experts knew not to encroach on their territory.

But, there was another reason martial experts never seemed to bother with the human world. This reason also happened to be why although Dyon’s soul was innately of the Peak Blossom stage, he had been at the lower Foundation stage when he stepped into the martial world: There was a complete lack of cultivation energy. Not a single drop of it existed in the human world. Couple that with the fact that mortals had their body cultivation sealed, and you had to perfectly legitimate reasons for why Dyon had never taken note of his powerful soul.

That said, because of Dyon’s near death experience with Darius Storm, his soul had been forced to grow stronger – ignoring the weakness of his body. Then, because of the 25th White Mother of the Celestial Deer sect, Dyon’s master, he was able to catalyze the awakening of his body cultivation by absorbing essence blood.

“Do we really not need to worry about the Sapientia anymore?” Madeleine asked softly. She was almost scared about the answer. She wasn’t willing to leave Dyon again.

Dyon smiled. "If you said the word, I could destroy the entire Sapientia family network in this universe. You never have to worry about them."

"Pervert. You just want Madeleine to give you her virginity." Ri lightly flicked Dyon's nose before teasingly poking Madeleine's breast.

Madeleine giggled. "You know that twitch his leg does?"

Ri nodded vehemently, "He's like a new born calf when he's cumming. They should have put that up on the monitors instead. Much more embarrassing."

"Hey, hey. When did this become bully me time?"

"Ever since Madeleine and I boast a winning record."

"Ridiculous. I'm undefeated." Dyon's eyes flashed with a sinister light. By the time Madeleine and Ri figured out what was going on, Dyon had clamped down on their hips too tightly for them to escape.

Shining lights of golden flames and crystals filled the throne room as Madeleine and Ri's faces flushed, each burying their face into Dyon's chest while trying to control their breathing.

Dyon grinned triumphantly, slyly lowering his hands to massage their plump asses.

Madeleine was especially sensitive. Her bestial aura wasn't as prominent as Ri's, but it would increase the more she improved her connection with her Faith Seed. That said, that wasn't the reason she was so sensitive.

She hadn't felt Dyon's touch in two years. She had ignored the longing, instead focusing on her campaigns and cultivation. But, that didn't mean it wasn't there. So, it wasn't a surprise to anyone that Madeleine was the first to raise her head and gently kiss Dyon, accepting his tongue's twirl around hers.

But, before they got very far, flashing lights and booming alarms filled their senses.

Dyon pulled away and sighed. "Goddammit..."

Chapter 442 Don't

Dyon stood, gently laying the flustered and still weak legged Ri and Madeleine down where he had sat.

There was a large panned window before them. Or, there would have been had Dyon not lowered the shield.

Hearing the blaring alarms, Dyon had a good idea of what was going on. So, he raised the tower's metal shields to find a very familiar sight.

In the distance, there was the city line of a large and technologically advanced coastline. But, it was still tens of kilometers away. What was more glaringly obvious was the large space-station-like silver construct that hovered over the ocean.

It was made up of tens of spherical hubs connected by long and transparent pathways that extended in each direction as far as the eye could see. Each spherical hub housed hundreds, if not thousands, of patrolling soldiers and also had numerous fighter jets and helicopters on their roofs.

Dyon covered his eyes as he looked out. He had seen this sight before. The last time was when the silver yacht that brought him away from it. The times before was when he had helped in its upgrade.

"Stop all forward progress. State your purpose."

Hearing this voice, Dyon couldn't help but grin. Flashing outside, Dyon stood in the air on his array and looked out before projecting his voice.

"Unc, when'd you become such a cockblock?"

"Dyon?" A soldier standing on the roof of one of the spherical structures asked in confusion. His eyesight obviously wasn't as good as Dyon, being a mortal, so he immediately pulled out a set of binoculars to set

his eyes on Dyon's figure. He almost didn't recognize the mature young man that stood before him, but when he couldn't mistake was that wardrobe. Only Dyon would step out of a glowing tower with a white shirt and sweat pants.

"You snotty nosed kid. If your father were here, you wouldn't dare say those words out loud!" The soldier's voice boomed in laughter.

This soldier was a close friend of Dyon's late father. Dyon called him Unc, short for Uncle, but they weren't actually related.

Dyon laughed. "So what's up? Are you going to let me through?"

"Ah, this. We've got new management. But, you shouldn't have too many hoops to jump through. Go ahead and come onto the station, we can skip the search step for you."

Dyon smiled and nodded, heading back in to get Ri and Madeleine. He knew who this new manager was. It was a running joke really because this manager wasn't new at all. After Dyon's father died, he had become the new highest-ranking member of the military. This meant he had been here for decades and had been managing for seven years already. But, loyalty to General Sacharro wasn't something hard to come by.

Walking back into the throne room, Dyon found Ri and Madeleine tangled around each other. They had seemingly ignored the blaring noises, assuming that Dyon would handle it.

Dyon couldn't help but pause at this seen. He never thought he would be happy to see his woman entangled with someone else, but this was definitely an exception. 'Definitely an exception.'

It was clear that Ri and Madeleine's bestial aura had ... opened them up a bit. Dyon definitely wasn't complaining. They hadn't gone so far as to kiss, though. Or, yet, more accurately. It was almost a shame to break up their cuddle.

Dyon chuckled. "Let's go meet my uncle. Well. He's not really my uncle. But, he is for all intents and purposes."

Ri and Madeleine pouted at first, but also realized that this was an important moment. So, they both went to tidy themselves up before Dyon gave them more modern clothing to wear.

Ri settled for skin tight black leggings and a blue blouse that complemented her long blue-silver hair, while Madeleine wore tight fitting dark jeans a white shirt, and long purple cardigan.

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Moments later, Dyon had shrunk the tower down to once again fit into his spatial ring and had stepped onto the roof of the silver spherical structure to find a tall and stout man with an ugly scar running vertically down his left eye. It was partially covered by an eyepatch, but the scar was too long to cover completely.

He looked quite menacing and held an aura that shocked even Ri and Madeleine despite their years of battle experience. They couldn't help but involuntarily shiver under this man's gaze even though he clearly had no cultivation.

However, that demeanor of his completely shattered when he saw Dyon. In fact, the large man even started tearing up, bringing Dyon into a tight embrace. "You stupid kid. Were you too distracted by women to think of visiting me?"

"Ah, Unc. You're still a big cry baby. This is why dad never promoted you!"

Ri and Madeleine didn't know whether to laugh or cry. This guy was a cry baby? What about the rest of them then?

"Let me introduce you, Unc. This is Ri." Pointed toward the beautiful Elvin girl, before shifting his gaze. "And this is Madeleine. They're my wives."

"Wives?" Unc leaned in and whispered. "As in two? That's allowed? Get me out of here!"

Ri and Madeleine giggled. Unc didn't know that their hearing was too good for his voice to escape them. But, even more than that, they found it funny that his first reaction wasn't that Dyon was too young, but rather that there were two of them.

"Lieutenant General Barbaros." A sharp voice came from an opening stair case. It seemed to come out of the ground but was covered by a trap door that had to be opened with a special access code.

"General. The unidentified vehicle was just Dyon and his wives."

Soon, the head of the general came into view and Madeleine and Ri suddenly understood that Barbaros really was a cry baby. Their General was nothing like him. The aura was so stifling that Ri was reminded of the sentinels that guarded dead kings valley. She remembered how Dyon had to step in front of her at that time and she remembered how strong Dyon's back had been during that whole experience and she suddenly understood something...

It wasn't normal for someone as young as Dyon to be so used to dealing with such pressure. This was a pressure that was meant to be built and forged over years of experience. And yet, between Ri and Madeleine, how often had they seen Dyon ignore such pressure?

During the opening ceremony, Dyon stood unperturbed by 6 elders. During Madeleine's "wedding", he had faced the head elders of the big sects, completely unfazed. When he was forced to run to the Elvin Kingdom, Dyon had maintained his composure even while being chased by experts from God level clans. In the Elvin Kingdom, Dyon stood to even their grand elders and then their ancestors. Then, as if all of this wasn't enough already, Dyon had challenged the head of a God Clan. The head of the guild headquarters. And through all of this? He had never put any of them in his eyes.

Why? That was all anyone who witnessed these things could ask themselves. But, what they never thought was to ask Dyon. Because if they had, he would have given them one very honest answer.

"I don't feel anything from them."

Chapter 443 Elder...

Having made his way up and heard the words of Lieutenant Barbaros, the General made his way to Dyon, standing a mere half meter from him.

In reality, Dyon knew that this contest would be over as soon as he leaked his demonic will. But, he did no such thing. This was a contest between mortals, as such, he was respectful of that.

“Is there a problem General?” Dyon asked with a smile on his face.

“You’re just as disrespectful as ever. Your father taught you better.”

“Hardly. I have nothing but respect for second best. It’s hard to live your life in a shadow.” Dyon’s smile didn’t fluctuate. In fact, if you muted the conversation, you may have very well thought he was complimenting the general.

The truth was that the more time Dyon spent in the martial world, the more odd he found the death of his parents. His father and mother were both completely healthy before their deaths. But, what was even more odd was the note his mother had left him for his sixteenth birthday. Everyone here obviously knew about the martial world considering the testing was public. But, that didn’t explain why Dyon’s mother had been so adamant about him going. Or why she was even more sure that he’d either pass the test, or at least find a way to pass it.

Whenever you wanted to start an investigation, it was best to start with whoever had the most to gain. And, with that in mind, who could have possibly gained more than the person who replaced his father.

In addition to that, Dyon’s mother wasn’t normal either. She may have retired to raise Dyon, but she was still once the head of Logistics&Intelligence and had a lot of influence. If she had been alive, the likelihood of this General, General Mace, being appointed to his position would have been near 0..

“You’ve gotten bolder. Did you think losing your virginity made you a man now?” Unlike many of the martial world’s so-called experts, General Mace didn’t lose his temper at Dyon’s words. If anything, he invited them.

But, he didn’t speak blindly. They did have some intelligence on the martial world. According to what they knew, the academy Dyon went to was among the weakest and Dyon’s talent had been evaluated as normal, even for them. In just two years, it was impossible for Dyon to have become powerful enough to be much of a threat.

Dyon feigned surprise. “General. Inquiring about the sex life of a minor isn’t too good, no? You’re practically a political official. What would the public think? People have been fired for less.”

A faint light flashed in the general’s eyes at Dyon’s words.

“You’re being quite rude to someone that can keep you here for months if need be.”

Dyon smiled, taking a step forward. His nose was a mere inch from the General’s, his eye’s sharpening in response.

“There’s nothing I find funnier than someone who doesn’t know his own limits.”

The surrounding soldiers had no idea what was going on. This front was one that had a lot of turnover. Not many were willing to spend much time here. In fact, the only reason General Mace was here was due to an inspection. This wasn’t a border that required a lot of protecting because of the treaty.

So, when they saw the general they couldn’t even look in the eye being stepped up to by a nineteen-year-old boy, they didn’t know how to feel.

“Oh? But the man who raised you didn’t seem to know his.” General Mace’s words were laced with malice. Even cry baby Barbaros couldn’t help but shake in anger.

“You know, in the martial world those words are enough for me to kill you.” Dyon’s eyes burned with a black flame that caused a serious expression to surface on General Mace’s features. It was the first time he had felt a threatening aura from Dyon.

“Threatening a government official is enough for me to arrest you right now.”

However, before he had even finished his words, Dyon had gone back to face Ri and Madeleine. “Not everyone here is like him. He’s just got a big a mouth. He has an inability to put much to action though. Let’s go.”

Taking their hands, a brilliant array appeared below Dyon's feet as he raised into the air under the astounded gazes of the soldier.

"See you later, Unc!" Dyon waved.

"I don't remember authorizing your entry into our world." General Mace called out.

"Why don't you go talk to the President about that? In fact, why don't you also tell him about how I threatened your life too. I'm sure he'll help you out with your grievances." Dyon laughed, flying away leisurely.

His words had quite an obvious meaning. General Mace's authority enough wasn't enough to hold him here. And General Mace knew that.

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Later that evening, General Mace stood alone in his office. It was a large space in the frontier's main sphere and was filled with large panning windows. However, they were currently shielded by metal blinds.

"Are preparations nearly complete?" A voice Dyon would have recognized came from seemingly everywhere at once. General Mace didn't even bother to look, he knew he wouldn't find the person.

"We've been working steadily toward this goal for hundreds of years. I wouldn't mess up now."

"Do you realize what it is you're doing?"

"These people mean nothing to me."

The voice hummed in acceptance. "It's a shame that the soul kernel has been lost."

“That could not be helped. But, I believe I have a fairly good guess of what happened to it now.”

“You’ve realized the same thing we have, hm?”

“You too have heard of the boy from our world?” General Mace asked questioningly. He was a bit surprised. Dyon’s presence should have been too lowkey for these figures to notice. Could he have miscalculated something?

“We know of him. When the time is right, the soul kernel will be ours too. But, for now. Focus on properly nurturing the energy and body kernels. After all, your people have been practically placed on a sacrificial alter for them. It’s only right that one of their own be the one to hand it off.”

“As long as my life is extended as promised.”

“You’ve already lived hundreds of years past the normal mortal. Are you still not satisfied?”

General Mace’s eyes flashed with something imperceptible. “I should be the one cultivating. But, that isn’t possible. So, I’ll settle for the life associated with it instead.”

The voice paused before disappearing completely. The hobbled figure that projected the voice disappeared over the horizon in an instant with speed only possible by a Celestial expert. Their back was hunched and aged, but their features remained recognizable.

This person was Elder Daiyu.

Chapter 444 The Best

Just like Dyon had expected, the human world was nothing like the martial world. Even with Ri and Madeleine’s beauty being well beyond anything mortals had ever seen, they were at most the subject of passing glances.

He had brought them both to experience human world food and everything had gone smoothly. It seemed that mortals felt less entitled. Or, more accurately, they had better control over how they acted upon their feelings – mostly because strength didn’t dictate as much here as it did there.

Ri and Madeleine couldn't help but look around in awe. Although much of the martial world was also technologically advanced, it was definitely not to this extent. They were mostly fascinated by things like cars and smart phones. It inspired Dyon to revamp his communication device. He felt it was a bit ridiculous that he needed to use dao stones, and yet still have communication limited to just this planet. To Dyon, it must have been because his energy cultivating talent had been non-existent when he first created the device, so he was much too wasteful.

Dao stones contained enigmatic energy, the energy of dao level experts. These were people who could destroy an entire universe should they have incentive to do so. In fact, it was a war between experts of that level that results in Chaos Universe and most likely, by Dyon's estimation, also led to the energy deficiencies of this universe. If energy that potent could only communicate across a single planet, then there had to be a mistake somewhere.

However, Dyon put that to the back of his mind for now. Aside from tonight, he had two more days of peace with Madeleine and Ri before they had to head back to the martial world. So, he planned on using it to the fullest.

Later that night, Dyon brought Ri and Madeleine to a Hilton hotel and reserved the entire top floor suite for the next three days..

Although Ri and Madeleine had no idea, that was something that was meant to be impossible. The idea of showing up to a 5-star hotel and asking for their best room on such short notice was only possible for very few people.

However, it seemed that enough odd occurrences had happened that day for Ri and Madeleine to finally grow curious enough to ask.

"What exactly is that black thing you've been taking out all day?" Ri asked curiously.

"This?" Dyon held up a sleek black credit card. But, it was unlike any other. It was nearly half a centimeter thick and weighed nearly a pound. There wasn't a number code on it, but there was a single silver chip that likely acted as a source of identification. "This is just a payment method we call a credit card. They're usually separated by tiers depending on the credit limit, or money you have access to at any given time."

“So why has everyone been so silent when they see it if it’s so normal?” Madeleine chimed in while looking out the glass window of the elevator they were slowly riding up.

Dyon laughed. “That’s probably because it’s the first time they’ve seen one without a limit.”

“Without a limit? So you’re basically a king here.” Madeleine giggled.

Dyon grinned. He hadn’t told them, but he had been using his array alchemy to stop people from recognizing him the entire day. Although he was two years older now, it was likely that many would still remember his face and he hadn’t wanted that to take over the entire day.

“Come.” Dyon said as the elevator doors opened to their exclusive two floor suite. “Tonight, this king is yours.”

Ri and Madeleine giggled as Dyon swung them into his arms and swooped into the room.

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“Dyon is back?” A middle-aged man with greying hair sat in an office few wouldn’t recognize. He was clearly a busy and quite tired, but this seemed to be the best news he had heard in years.

“If you can believe it Commander in chief, the little rascal came back with two wives. Two!” The robust voice of Lieutenant General Barbaros erupted from the other end of the phone line, clearly having needed someone to vent to.

“Sh sh, not so loud!” The middle-aged man turned a wary gaze over to a nineteen-year-old girl who had been quietly typing away on her phone – an action that had stopped when she heard Dyon’s name. But, when she heard Barbaros’ words, it would have been more accurate to say that she froze.

It was only then that the middle-aged man realized that he had likely made things worse with his words. But, before he could attempt to fix it, a knock came at his door.

“Sorry, Mr. President. I know that this is time you usually reserve to spend with your daughter. But, something important has come up.”

The middle-aged man could only apologetically smile toward his daughter, but she seemed to be showing no other reaction aside from her initial surprise. She wouldn't say it out loud, but as the daughter of the President of the United States, she was very much used to hiding things... Especially when that thing was how she felt.

“It's okay dad, we still have tomorrow. We meet everyday after all.”

Hearing his daughter's words, he couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. She repeated those words to him everyday... He couldn't remember the last time they had ever finished their time together.

“Clara, wait.” He called out just before she stepped out of the oval office.

“Yes?”

“Would you like me to invite Dyon for dinner?”

Clara smiled a smile that almost seemed rehearsed. “You can. But, I don't think I'll be there.”

With that, Clara disappeared, not allowing her father to respond as she walked down the lonely hallways. It wasn't that there weren't people. But, the moving pieces were so numerous and so loud that they were almost too easy to ignore.

Soon, Clara found her way to her room and entered the bathroom silently, standing in front of the mirror.

She stood there for a while, scanning over her long brunette hair and eyes so a pale blue that they were actually grey. She had a fair caramel skin tone that made it obvious she was of mixed race, and she had delicate and soft features that were a striking dichotomy to the cold that permeated her eyes.

After a few moments, Clara took a deep breath before washing her face and toweling off. Then, she did something she rarely did and smiled, thinking of a handsome boy with a personality large enough to make even her stoic father happy to hear his name. It was likely that anyone who would have seen this smile would have been at a loss for words. But, it remained hidden, never to be seen.

"I wish you the best." She whispered before walking out.

Chapter 445 Work

A fair distance away, Dyon stared out of the large suite windows with a pensive look. He wore his sweatpants and had removed his shirt to clean his wound and switch out his bandages. Ri and Madeleine had gone off to bathe together, something he had wanted to join but was kicked out of much to his sadness.

'I owe you. But I can't marry you.'

As conceited as that sounded, Dyon had to be realistic with himself. The fact he even thought he owed Clara in the first place was already conceited of him. He hadn't seen Clara since he was 16, and even before that, he hadn't spoken to her since he was 13. He didn't know what was telling him that she still had or ever had feelings like that for him. It was pure conceit.

But, regardless of whether she had any feelings or not, he would pay her back. He didn't know if it was possible for any mortals other than him to cultivate, but he would at least take Clara out to experience the martial world.

If he brought her to the Epistemic Tower, maybe he could earn some blood essence rewards to help her body cultivate. Then, once her body was strong enough, he could ask his grand teacher to give her a set of meridians too.

Dyon felt like the best way to pay Clara back was by giving her something that was taken away from most humans... Their power. Then, one day, when enough time had passed, if she really was in love with him now, she would happily move on and find someone who treated her better.

Suddenly, Dyon's thoughts were interrupted..

"Look at him. Probably thinking about useless and stupid stuff again." Giggled Ri.

Madeleine nodded in agreement. "That's definitely his 'I'm overthinking simple things' face again."

Dyon turned back, ready to rebuttal, but his words got caught in his throat.

There stood his lovely wives, wrapped in towels so short that he was almost certain that if he turned them around, the soft shape of their asses would poke out ever so slightly.

He took a deep breath, trying to steady his breathing, but nothing seemed to be working. Even the water that faintly dripped from their long hair to their bodies was too much for him to handle.

"I think I made a mistake." Dyon choked out.

Ri and Madeleine smiled, walking each to either of Dyon's sides and trailing their small hands along his growing bulge.

"What mistake is that?" Madeleine giggled lightly.

"I can't handle the both of you..." Despite his words, Dyon's arms had snaked around their waists, grabbing their soft asses as he lifted them each up – one for each arm.

Ri and Madeleine shrieked with delight as they tried their best to keep their towels wrapped around themselves even as Dyon gently laid them on the large super sized bed.

Dyon took his time, leaning over their figures domineeringly as his lips graced each one of theirs.

Ri's smell and taste was the same. It was like stepping in the freshest of spring waters and being graced with the softness of lavender.

Madeleine was like a delicate flower, but she had the plumpness and sweet taste of a peach.

Dyon threw away his pants, almost resentful that they had been there as he slowly turned his gaze from Ri to Madeleine and back again.

Their towels left little to the imagination, but that made them all the more alluring.

Ri's petite but curvy figure was wrapped much more tightly than Madeleine, but because of her position lying on her back and the bend of her knee, Dyon could see the faint sight of one of the most beautiful things the world had to offer.

Madeleine, however, had a figure much too robust for the pitiful towel to handle. Because she had been longing for Dyon's touch, her hands hadn't bothered to keep the towel in place so it had burst apart, revealing a sight Dyon too had longed to see.

Madeleine's figure had truly filled out. Her breasts were more than what Dyon's undoubtedly large hands could handle and her hips flared from her waist so perfectly that Dyon's hands found their way there first.

Flashing golds of Dyon's aurora flame and the crystals of his celestial will came down with an energy he had never pushed it to before.

After awakening his energy cultivation, Dyon had gained the ability to tap into his wills to a new level. And with his saint soul, he obviously had the ability to push his aurora flames to all new heights. But now, Ri and Madeleine were feeling the full brunt of both.

Dyon's hands gently pulled away their towels, revealing two immaculate figures that were reddening and moaning under his touch.

His hands slipped down their curved figures, delicately tracing their inner thighs and ever so lightly outlining their pink folds. Ri's small triangular patch of hair and Madeleine small strip added the perfect accents to their already perfect bodies.

Their hips rocked to Dyon's touch, grinding his fingers further into them as their hands found their way to each other.

“Dyon.” Both of their moans filled room as they convulsed violently. They hadn’t lasted even a minute under Dyon’s touch.

“That was too easy for you two,” Dyon smiled, trailing kisses over their bodies as they shivered. “I’m going to make you work for it next time.”

Dyon pulled Madeleine up from the bed, taking her into his arms and enjoying the two mounds of flesh that pressed against his chest. He had already positioned his cock at Ri’s entrance, pouring his wills into her.

Ri’s entrance grinded along Dyon’s tip, lacing it with her delicate juices as her legs trembled.

Madeleine’s arms wrapped around Dyon’s neck. She had forgotten the last coherent thought she had, but all she knew was that there was nothing better in this world than to be in her husband’s arms.

Dyon slowly pushed forward, relishing in the sound of Ri’s near bestial growl as he penetrated her.

Madeleine’s delicate lips found their way to his, falling into his embrace even more. But, when she felt Dyon’s hands slip into her, she too lost herself as her back arched, biting his lip in retaliation.

Chapter 446 Softly

Dyon stroked slowly, feeling the wet vortex of Ri’s treasured place convulse around him even as his hand delicately explored Madeleine’s.

Ri’s hips seemed to beg Dyon to go faster, to go deeper, but he refused. Every time she pushed forward, he pulled back and every time she pulled back, he pushed forward.

Madeleine was even more frustrated. Dyon’s control over his hands far outdid his cock. The way he slowly circled her clit. The way his fingers curled into her, but never deep enough. The way his kiss was slow and gentle. It kept her longing for more.

Ri and Madeleine moaned in frustration. Every time they nearly climbed over the peak, Dyon would stop. Pulling out of Ri and taking his fingers away from Madeleine.

“Dyon. Please.” Their moans became pleas and their growls became whimpers.

Dyon didn’t seem to hear them, only slowly increasing his pace when Madeleine’s nails began to dig into his back.

“Dyon, I’m cumming.” Madeleine moaned into Dyon’s ear, unable to control the violent shaking of her hips as she grinded into Dyon’s fingers.

Ri couldn’t speak. She had thrust her hips so far forward, unready for Dyon’s increased pace, that she had felt him in a place that was almost too deep. Her orgasm was so violent that she turned over, needing to escape from the pleasure..

Dyon smiled, gently running his hands over Ri’s body as he set Madeleine down gently.

Ri faced Madeleine’s cheek, grasping her hand for a moment they all knew she had anticipated even as the last over her convulsions slowly ended.

Dyon leaned over Madeleine, looking into her deep purple eyes with a smile playing his features. He gently kissed her lips, laying his cock on her toned belly.

Madeleine’s hand found her way to it while her other happily accepted Ri’s.

“Take me.”

Dyon shivered as he felt Madeleine guide him to her entrance.

Seeing Madeleine sure smile, Dyon no longer hesitated as he pushed forward.

Madeleine gasped at the all new sensation. She didn’t feel pain, but there was an endless warm feeling her belly. Dyon’s cock was nothing like his hands. Both felt good, but Madeleine immediately understood why Ri had nearly passed out.

“Dyon... It’s too good...” Madeleine’s moans filled the room as Dyon slowly slid in and out of her, relishing in the sight of her small pink folds being separated by him.

Ri’s free hand glided over Madeleine’s body, lightly tracing her pink and perky nipples before exploring more sensitive areas.

Dyon watched this as he savored the crevices of Madeleine’s walls. Both Ri and Madeleine were tight beyond belief. He could feel their every orgasm with every inch of himself. But still, he held back. He wanted to give Madeleine his everything for her first.

But, Ri and Madeleine almost seemed lost in their own world. Dyon’s hand had found its way to Ri’s delicate folds, causing her breathing to quicken along with Madeleine’s. But, they no longer faced Dyon. In fact, they faced each other.

Madeleine lay on her back, her legs wrapped tightly around Dyon’s waist as her ample breasts bounced with his every movement. Her nose was a mere half inch from Ri’s, their breathing completely in sync. There was only one more push needed, just a single ride to the peak of pleasure.

Dyon’s pace quickened, his hand grinding into Ri even as he slid deeper and deeper into Madeleine. And that was when he felt it. The burning fires of a violet flame and the call of a phoenix.

Madeleine, Ri and Dyon’s souls intertwined as the lips of two otherworldly beauties found their way to each other.

Dyon felt his body cultivation skyrocket. 12%... 15%... 18%... 19%... 19.5%...19.9%.

Energy stones flew from Dyon’s ring, randomly filled the room as he was unwilling to lose the feeling of Madeleine wrapped around him.

Dyon soul broke through an entire layer, shattering to the peak of the lower Saint stage to approach the middle Saint stage.

Dyon's energy cultivation seemed to want to tear through everything in existence, but he held it back – stamping it down even as he watched Ri's tongue slip into Madeleine's mouth.

"You two..." Dyon's voice came out in a low growl as the flames of violet danced in the air.

Ri propped herself up on her knees, sticking her ass toward Dyon as she deepened her kiss with Madeleine.

The sight was too much for Dyon. He lifted Ri up by her waist, causing her to squeal with pleasure as he placed her on top of Madeleine.

Their two sets of folds lay perfectly on top of each other as Dyon did something he was sure only a cultivator could do.

He started slowly, pulling from Madeleine's convulsing folds to enter Ri's before going back. The muffled moans of his wives as their lips locked with each other was all the motivation Dyon needed to quicken his pace.

The soft wetness of their entrances leaked and combined. The raging purple flames flared with Dyon's golden, raising their pleasure by three.

Dyon felt himself nearing his limit.

And then it came.

Dyon entered Madeleine, releasing so strongly that he had to hold onto Ri and Madeleine to stabilize him.

Madeleine's hips convulsed, relishing in the gush that unleashed inside of her as her legs locked around Dyon.

Dyon's arms wrapped around Ri's waist, his hands finding their way to her folds before he circulated a final time, causing her to bite Madeleine's lip as she moaned with pleasure.

That night, Dyon slept with a grin on his face. Madeleine to his right, Ri to his left and each hand rested on a soft mound.

Madeleine and Ri slept soundly too, their heads being rested on Dyon broad chest gave them a sense of security neither felt with it.

"I love you." Dyon said softly. He didn't say these words nearly enough, but he felt the need to now.

The smiles of Ri and Madeleine's faces brightened as they snuggled closer, allowing the soft breathing of sleep to fill the room.

Chapter 447 Maybe

The very next morning, Madeleine's muffled moans filled the hotel room.

Dyon sat up, wrapping her waist with one arm and playing with her plump breasts with the other as she rode him.

"You guys make too much noise," Ri groaned, rolling in her sleep.

Madeleine rested her head of Dyon's shoulders, panting for air as she felt his two strong hands grip her waist tightly, not letting her escape from his plunging rod.

"So deep..." Madeleine shivered, her hips rocking under Dyon's movement. Her back arched, allowing Dyon a view of two perfect mounds covered in glistening sweat.

Madeleine's body twitched under the pleasure, collapsing onto the bed.

"I tap out." She gasped.

Dyon grinned, rolling over to spoon Ri. His hands glided along the curves as his cock pressed flush against her soft ass..

Ri giggled. "You beast."

Slipping one arm under Ri's side to grab her breast and the other under her thigh to lift her leg, Dyon gently grinded his tip against her slit as he trailed kisses along her neck.

Ri moaned as she felt Dyon's girth pierce her, rocking back and forth to follow his motion.

"I'm going to take you two to a cool place today."

"Sh," Ri reached back, sliding her hand along Dyon's cheek, "I," she gasped, "can't focus on your words right now."

Dyon smiled, obliging to Ri's request and focusing on pleasing his wives well.

**

"Do I look like a chauffeur to you kid? I'm the third most powerful military man in this country! What do I look like driving three kids around?!" Lieutenant General Barbaros feigned anger as he drove a large black vehicle down a spacious road.

Ri and Madeleine giggled.

"Would you like some water Uncle Barbaros?" Ri offered, blinking innocently.

"I can massage your shoulders too Uncle, you must have a very stressful job." Madeleine chimed in.

Dyon looked back from the front seat with a thumbs up, causing another fit of giggles to fill the car.

Seeing his Uncle blush let Dyon know he had won this round.

“Look at you, manipulating your beautiful wives like this. If I hear you’ve been a bad husband, don’t blame me for spanking you in place of your father.”

Dyon laughed, “I got it Unc. How’s the G man doing?”

Uncle Barbaros rolled his eyes as he turned the SUV’s wheel, “Only you would call the president G man. Plus, you like avoiding other things too much. Wives or not, there’s someone else you should be asking about too.”

Ri and Madeleine nodded. In fact, when they had kicked Dyon out of from bathing with them, they too talked about this.

Ri hadn’t known how serious it was until she spoke to Eli. But, neither had Madeleine until Ri told her. Dyon seemed to have avoided the topic entirely with the both of them, dismissing Clara as a childhood friend. But, he really did see her like that.

“Look at you three. Already colluding behind my back.” Dyon shook his head, looking out of the windows before he noticed something was wrong. “This isn’t the direction to the white house, you know. How long did you think it would take me to notice?”

“It’s a school day. Kids should be in school so I’m taking you to school. Even you can’t just barge into the White House midday like this.”

Dyon turned his gaze turned toward his uncle with a ‘really’ expression plastered on. “Find me a school that can teach me anything new, and I’ll agree.”

“Ugh, so arrogant. I’ll be taking my lovely nieces to see their other uncle. You’ll be giving a Talk today. Gallagher was supposed to do it, but when he heard you were coming he decided to take some time off.”

“Uncle Barbaros, who is Gallagher? Is he the president you were talking about?” Madeleine asked.

“Yes. He’s the President of the United States of America.” Barbaros said proudly.

“Is he powerful?”

“You could say he’s the leader of the free world. Other countries may disagree, but America likely has the most power. So, as its leader, he’s seen as quite important.”

“Hold on,” Dyon protested, “how did I get stuck with this? I’m supposed to be on vacation too!”

“You’re too young to go on vacation. Go do some work.” Barbaros abruptly stopped the car, clicking the passenger door open for Dyon.

“Wait, but this is.” Dyon looked out to see a large gated University.

“Here’s your ID and the number of the hall you’re supposed to go to. Although I have no doubt everyone knows who you are, it’s best to be safe. OK. Bye!”

Dyon turned a pleading gaze to Ri and Madeleine, but all he found were two bright smiles and a pair of small hands waving him good bye.

Ri and Madeleine then joined hands, fusing their wind will and pushing Dyon out of the car.

“You can go now Uncle!”

Dyon, clearly surprised, stumbled out of the car and could only watch bitterly as the black SUV pulled away.

"I guess I can't give a talk wearing this..." Dyon sighed, looking down at his sweat pants before looking toward the university.

Even at the entrance, there was a large stream of students.

The front lawn was large and filled with a mix of quietly studying students, socializing students, and even a few athletes playing catch. It gave Dyon a nostalgic feeling. He had forewent the normal education route, but he did still have a few degrees. That said, he always wondered how things would be if he hadn't had so much on his mind from such a young age. Maybe he'd be playing catch right now too.

Dyon strolled into the gates sighing. He knew very well why they wanted him to come here but he didn't like it. But, he knew he had to do this eventually. He had just hoped he could have had the social environment of the White House as a helper. But, it's clear he wouldn't get his wish now.

"Well, I never got to go to you." Dyon said quietly. "Maybe it's time I experience Princeton University, hm?"

Chapter 448 Introduce

"Did you hear Clara?" A girl with short bob cut hair slid into a seat by Clara in the medium sized lecture hall. It only held about 100 students at max capacity, but only truly ever housed 50 at a time. "What am I saying, of course you heard, he's your father after all."

"Oh? Is he coming today?" Clara looked out of the window, her grey eyes as cold as usual.

The President doing talks for your university was a big deal. And usually, it was only for the end of year graduation. But, President Gallagher was most known during his tenure as an education reformist. So, he often made monthly appointments with various schools around the country, promoting higher learning, but also, smarter learning. It was because of him that America had begun to rank higher in education in recent years.

"You're too cold," the girl pouted. "Look, Jason is looking over here again. What's not to like!"

Seeing Clara not reacting, she could only give up. Well, that was until she noticed blond hair and blue eyed Jason walking over.

Seeing that, she smoothed her hair but also poked at Clara. But, could only give up seeing that she was still being ignored.

“Clara.” Jason smiled politely, speaking with a clear British accent. “Penelope. It’s nice to see you two looking beautiful, as usual.”.

Penelope smiled while Clara looked up, nodding in acknowledgement.

Jason leaned in and whispered, making sure only the three of them heard. “Penelope. I finally got Clara to agree to go on a date with me.”

He looked excited, like a little boy on Christmas morning. It was also clear that he wasn’t here to brag about it, or else he would have spoken out loud for more than them to hear. That made Penelope nod with approval before she registered what had just been said.

“Wait, what?!”

“Sh, sh, sh.” Jason brought his finger to his lips. “I’m only here so that you can make sure she doesn’t back out.”

Penelope looked over at Clara, but all she found was her friend looking out of the window again. It was clear that Jason wasn’t lying.

“That’s so cute.” Penelope giggled. “Okay. Let me know when it’s happening so I can make sure she’s ready. I won’t let her escape!”

Suddenly, the door of the classroom opened, causing everyone to turn their gaze over. They were supposed to have the president as a lecturer today, but they found it odd that they didn’t see any of the usual press and security detail. Not to mention he was late.

But, when they saw a young man walk in wearing a crisp white t shirt and sweat pants rolled to his calves, many were confused. Well, the men were confused. Many of the women were in a daze. They had simply never seen someone so attractive.

Penelope gripped Clara's forearm, unwilling to take her eyes off of the young man. "You already have Jason, right? You can let me have this one?"

Clara looked up in confusion, but when she saw who it was, she froze.

Jason, who was still facing the two of them, didn't take too kindly to Clara's reaction. She had never seen her emotions shift much from their baseline coldness. Even when she accepted his invite this morning, it had been with the faintest of nods. Jason had to strain and even double check before he confirmed that that was her way of saying yes.

"Wait, isn't that?"

The chatter in the class began to rise as they analyzed who this young man was. The only person who seemed confused was Jason. But, he couldn't be blamed. After all, he had come here for school and was originally from Europe. He wasn't as aware of Dyon's fame as the far West world was.

In addition to this, Dyon's passing to enter the martial world was a country secret. Something even the American students here didn't know. After all, the mortal realm wasn't united. The idea of a citizen of a country becoming a martial expert could drastically tip the balance of power, and as such, results were kept secret.

The only reason Clara knew and understood was not only because she was the president's daughter. That wasn't enough to justify her knowing a military grade secret. The reason was because President Gallagher knew his daughter cared for Dyon and didn't want her to think he just upped and disappeared. So, he broke the rules.

Jason looked around to hear the chatter, but he was confused. He had to admit that this boy was attractive, but this was Princeton. Since when did how you looked dictate anything?

Dyon looked around, quickly scanning over the class. But, before he could finish, he noticed Jason making his way over.

“Hi. Sorry, do you need help getting to the right classroom?” Jason asked with a smile. He didn’t make the assumption that Dyon wasn’t meant to be in Princeton. After all, no matter how lost someone was, they would know what this institution was. But, this was a small class of only about 50 and Jason had never seen him before despite it being near the end of a semester. So, he thought he’d help. Especially since Dyon looked a bit young. ‘He’s likely a first year...’

Dyon smiled politely. “No, I think I’m in the right place. This is where G m – I mean President Gallagher’s lecture was meant to take place, right?”

Hearing his accent, Dyon immediately understood why Jason didn’t recognize him.

“That’s right.” Jason nodded, “Are you a new transfer student?”

“Uh, actually, I’m here to replace President Gallagher as today’s lecturer.”

Hearing Dyon’s words, whispers filled the room. Those words confirmed a lot of their thoughts and excitement began to color their faces. Who here didn’t know of Dyon Sacharro? He was practically a legend!

Jason blinked with surprise. Who here wasn’t a genius among geniuses? This was not only Princeton, but this class had some people who stood out even among that crowd. Clara for example was only nineteen, and yet was in multiple Masters level classes. Jason was a transfer from Cambridge who was completing a dual diploma. And even Penelope, who acted like a typical teenage girl a large portion of the time, was still a biochem savant. But someone their age was going to lecture them?

Jason was fairly mild tempered and didn’t react too harshly to this, but he was still inwardly off put.

“Do you mind if I ask what you will lecture us on?”

Dyon pondered for a bit. “Actually, I hadn’t thought that far. Why don’t you guys decide?”

Jason didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. If he ever got the opportunity to replace the president, how many tireless weeks would he spend preparing? But this guy didn’t even have a lecture idea?

“Ah. First. I should probably introduce myself. I haven’t been in the public eye for a while, but many of you likely know my father, General Sacharro. Obviously, that makes me his son. Dyon Sacharro.”

Jason froze. Whether he knew what Dyon looked like was one thing. But that name... That was a name the entire mortal realm knew.

Chapter 449 Ah...

“Ah, I’m sorry.” Jason scratched the back of his head. He couldn’t believe he had just tried to help such a legend find the right classroom.

“Don’t worry about it.” Dyon smiled. “I appreciate the help.”

Jason awkwardly made his way back to his seat as Dyon turned his back to the classroom. He took a look at the podium but shook his head, instead eyeing a foldable white table. With a single leap, Dyon sat cross legged on it, looking out into the classroom to find gazes filled with fire.

Clara suddenly raised her hand. Penelope looked over in shock. Clara never did anything like this, there had even been times where movie stars and peak level athletes with hundreds of millions of followers visited the white house and she never batted an eye. Why would she be so active with Dyon?

Seeing the hand, Dyon smiled. But, when he noticed who it was, his lip twitched. ‘I guess I didn’t escape that easily...’

“Clara. How are you?”

Penelope gave her friend another weird look. She knew Dyon personally? Enough for him to remember her name? What was going on?.

‘She is the president’s daughter, I guess...’

Clara however, maintained her normal cold gaze. “Since you need a lecture topic, I thought I’d give you one.”

It didn't escape Dyon that Clara had ignored his question. But, he could only chuckle bitterly at that. "What did you have in mind?"

"A topic in philosophy." Clara replied quickly, her emotions never wavering. "How do we know when we know something?"

Dyon's eyes flashed, but he kept his thoughts inside, instead turning his gaze to the rest of the class. "Skepticism. Foundationalism. Infallibilism. Justified True Belief. Internalism. Externalism.

N[0]VEL "The theory of knowledge has touched everything from the philosophy that accepts we know next to nothing to the philosophy of trusting your senses to present things as they are.

"In the end, we ironically know quite little about what it takes to know something. Even the most intuitive philosophies have been falsified. For example, the idea that we have knowledge when something is justified first, then proved true and then finally believed, was widely accepted previously. But, even that has been proved to be on shaky footing."

Clara raised her hand, waiting for Dyon to nod toward her to speak again. "How has JTB been falsified?"

Dyon smiled. "Say you have two people. Person A and Person B. Both are in line for a promotion to a job. Just before the announcement, Person A takes Person B to lunch where Person B sees that Person A leaves the affair with ten cents left in his pocket. Person B then later find out that he's lost the promotion race. So, Person B then asserts that the newly promoted official had ten cents in his pocket just after leaving their lunch.

"However, what Person B then finds out is that he was wrong. The promotion was, in fact, for him. But, when he looks in his pocket, he realizes that he too has ten cents in his pocket.

"Technically he was justified because he saw Person A with ten cents and thought Person A got the promotion. His belief was also true, because even though the promotion wasn't for Person A, the person who did get it also had ten cents in their pocket.

“By this logic. You can see that the JTB was followed perfect, but it’s still not real knowledge. If anything, it was a lucky coincidence.”

The students nodded in acknowledgement. Justified True Belief seemed like a foolproof method. And yet, here was a clear example where it wasn’t the case.

Clara raised her hand again. “Then what about our morals? How do we know they’re right if we can’t even decide on how to tell what is factual and what isn’t?”

“Morals are something that are often dictated by how we’re raised and the society we were brought up in. Everything from our religion to how we consume entertainment is likely decided very early on. It’s only in recent times that morals have begun to be forged by popular opinion and that’s because of the advent of things like social media and technology.”

Clara gave up on raising her hand and simply spoke out directly.

“So. If I went to a completely different world, are you saying its likely my morals would be effected by their culture? Or are you saying that what I’m susceptible to accepting was decided from a very early age?”

“Well. The latter is likely on a gradient. If you were engrained with something from youth, it would likely take you a much longer time to change that portion of you. Maybe you have an example? I’m open to a class discussion.”

“Sure.” Clara’s cold eyes flashed. “Let’s talk about polygamy.”

Dyon’s breath got caught in his throat, causing him to cough violently.

“Sure,” Dyon coughed again, “what about it?”

“I was just curious. If you were raised in a society where monogamy was the norm and you left to a place where polygamy was accepted, how long would it take you to flip? Two years? One year? Less than that?”

The class began to feel some tension in the air. They didn't know what was going on or why their normally cold and quiet class beauty was pressing this discussion so hard, but no one could get a word in. Even Dyon was struggling to, let alone Penelope or the rest.

"Extenuating circumstances?" Dyon wasn't even lecturing anymore. It was almost like he was caught red handed and had to explain himself. The class never thought they'd see this side of their living legend, but here it was in front of them.

"Do tell. I'm also interested in how gender differences might be incorporated here. When it comes to polygamy, how likely is a male to switch his morals versus a female?"

"Uh –" Dyon cleared his throat.

"Also. When said person goes off to a new world with a completely new set of morals, do they forget about their world? How much of their old selves do they erase? Do they forget their past relationships? Do they forget the ties they used to have? Or did they purge all of that before they left so that they could change their moral code as much as they wanted when they left?"

Clara stood, her cold eyes flashing as she placed her laptop into her bag and walked down the lecture hall steps.

"Just thought I'd help with the lecture topic. I'm not feeling well, I hope you'll excuse me."

"Ah –" Dyon's voice seemed caught in his throat as Clara walked out, leaving the light click of the lecture hall door as the only noise in the space.

Chapter 450 New One

Dyon didn't wait, he leapt from the table and flashed toward the door. Jason had wanted to stop him and go first, but Dyon was too fast. By the time Jason got to the door, he surprisingly found Dyon walking back to him as though nothing had happened.

"Did something happen with Clara?" Jason asked worriedly.

“Nothing much, she just went to the bathroom. Since I can’t go in there, I had no choice but to come back. Lecture?” Dyon asked, pointing toward the room.

Hearing that Clara had gone into the bathroom, Jason knew he could only give up too. So, he hung his head, re-entering the classroom. He didn’t know what was wrong or what had happened between Dyon and Clara, but he was determined to find out.

What Jason didn’t know was that he had spoken to and entered into the class with Dyon’s clone. The real Dyon had long since followed Clara to the girl’s bathroom, making use of his concealment array.

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Clara walked at a steady pace into the bathroom, quickly finding a stall and sitting on the toilet’s cap. She didn’t really need to use the bathroom, but at least here, only Penelope could bother her. But, after a couple years of friendship, Penelope knew that Clara mostly just needed time alone for now..

Taking a deep breath, Clara pulled out her laptop. It was quite an old model, but she had never changed it. In fact, despite it being so old, almost ten years in fact, it still ran just as fast as modern models despite having not had its hardware upgraded in that time.

She smiled thinking back to how much of a hassle it had been for the white house to deal with.

Whenever a new family moved into the White House, they normally had to have all of their devices dealt with – meaning special protections had to be put in place. But, the laptop, despite its appearance, was so advanced that even the White House technicians had problems with it. They had pleaded for Clara to switch to another model, but she had refused, insisting on keeping it.

“You sill have that old thing?”

Clara jumped. Startled by the clearly masculine voice before she saw Dyon leaning against the stall door in front of her.

“What are you doing here? This is the girl’s bathroom, what if someone sees you?” Clara’s cold eyes flashed.

“You know, there’s something in the martial world called array alchemy that would suit you very much. It allows me to put up barriers that block out vision and hearing.”

“How does it work?” A curious light sparkled in Clara’s usually cold eyes.

“If you can believe it, it uses the soul to power your ability to draw symbols. Each of these symbols shifts the law around the point you draw it on. So, I can distort reality by making it seem like no one is in this stall at all.”

N[0]VEL “The soul? It exists?” Clara had seemingly forgotten that she wasn’t on the best of terms with Dyon. Her curiosity was piqued.

“I think the only reason we haven’t found scientific evidence of things like the soul and meridians is because they’ve been locked away from us.”

“Locked away...” Clara

“Here.” Dyon lowered his finger to tap on the edge of the laptop screen and a gold light began to flash.

“No wait!”

Dyon froze, tilting his head in confusion.

“Leave it as is. I don’t want to change it.” Then, in a voice Dyon would have definitely never heard had it not been for his cultivation, she continued. “Newer is not always better...”

“This is my fault.” Dyon said, tapping on the cracked bezels of laptop. He remembered back to the day he had dropped Clara’s laptop, trying to show off. He had wanted to prove that he could create a better laptop than any in current existence, but Clara had wrestled with him until they dropped it.

Clara had cried because that was the last gift her mother had ever given her before she died, so it was suffice to say that Dyon felt horrible.

He insisted on fixing it, but Clara had said then that she didn't want him to fix the crack.

"Only the insides." She had said.

"It was a long time ago," Clara whispered, looking down at the dull light of her laptop screen. "Do you think the martial world could do it?..."

"Save your mother, you mean?" Dyon took a deep breath.

"You know why I showed up to that trial, right?" Clara laughed bitterly, "There was such a stigma around going to those trials. People are still saying that only crazy dreamers hope to leave to go to the martial world."

Dyon silently listened. Clara was right. After hundreds to probably even thousands of years of not a single human being chosen, many had given up on even attending. There were of course still a few hundred who insisted on trying every year, but a few hundred in the population of billions was a drop in the bucket.

So, the year Clara had gone, President Gallagher had taken a huge hit on his presidential campaign. The news outlets berated him for instilling improper values in his daughter and that he somehow made her lose faith in their system, so she wanted to run off to a whole new world.

"In a way, the media was right though." Clara continued. "This world is sick and I have lost faith in it... Something like cancer took my mother's life away, and yet we can build buildings that reach kilometers into the sky, and send man to space, and even have little tiny devices that help us talk to people across the world. And yet, what use is any of those things when we can't even live past 80 years old? What use is those things when even with that short amount of time, your life can be taken away even before then? What use is it all?..."

Clara sighed, “so, I showed up. Hoping against hope that maybe, just maybe, I’d be chosen. Then I could go off to a new world and find a way to bring back cures we just don’t have... I’ve worked so hard... Studied so hard to become a doctor... But what use is any of it when I’m just learning the same things the people who couldn’t save my mother knew?...”

Clara’s voice grew more hoarse as she continued, it was clear that her cold demeanor was slowly shattering. She had never said these things aloud... At least not when she was old enough to put real thought into them. When she was young, all she had done was fight and wrestle with Dyon. That was how she vented.

But now? Coldness was her shield.

“You know, I have a meeting with my dad everyday.” Clara looked up at Dyon. “I would call it a father-daughter date, but it really doesn’t feel like a date. And, without fail, it gets cut short everyday... He doesn’t think I know, but I know it’s because he calls for his secretary to come in early.” Clara chuckled bitterly. “I can’t blame him. His daughter is practically a mannequin. Or, at least that’s what I thought until I found out one day that it’s because he can’t fake being healthy for too long.” Clara looked down, gritting her teeth.

“Clara? What do you mean fake being healthy?” Dyon’s brows furrowed, a serious expression flashing.

“My dad has lung cancer. He can’t sit for more than ten minutes without going into a fit of coughs. I wouldn’t have even known had I not forgotten my phone in his office one day... But then I pretended not to know... I pretended not to know Dyon. I wanted to do everything I could to ignore it.” Clara’s shoulders trembled, but her eyes remained cold, her teeth clenching tightly against each other.

“And he won’t go through chemotherapy. I know he won’t. If he does, he wouldn’t be able to finish his term and the country would be in chaos. He’s literally sacrificing himself for this shit world, fighting for the same garbage status quo as everyone else and trying to swim against a tide no one can fight.” Clara looked up, her cold eyes glistening. “So tell me, why shouldn’t I give up on this world and look for a new one?”