

The Nameless 451

Chapter 451 What Do You Say?

"G man has cancer..." Dyon stared blankly at the wall.

Clara shook her head. "Only you would still call my dad that."

"Of course. He insisted I call him that." Dyon smiled lightly.

"You were like 5 and he was doing too much to impress you. Only a little boy that age would think G man was a cool nickname."

"And only a tomboy like you would insist on fighting me for it."

"I had no choice. I was trying to fix your stupid opinions so that you'd be better in the future. Clearly I failed."

"I just replaced the president for a lecture. I'd say my future is doing just fine, no?" Dyon smiled.

Clara's cold eyes snapped up to Dyon. "You're giving my dad a bad reputation you know. He chose you to replace him, but you ran out on your duties."

Dyon smirked. "Actually, I'd say the lecture is going pretty well right now."

Clara's brows furrowed with confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"I can clone myself." Dyon shrugged.

"No way." Clara stood abruptly, poking at Dyon's chest while holding her laptop off to the side.

Dyon chuckled. "This is the real me. I wouldn't send a clone for something so important."

N[0]VEL “Lame.” Clara sat down abruptly. “Clones would be so useful in research...”

“Hey. My pain is their pain, and vice versa. If you start using them to experiment, I’ll feel double the pain.”

“That’s even better.” Clara looked away, typing away on her laptop with speeds that were blinding to even Dyon. “That means less ethical hurdles because they’re technically still you. You trade off pain for the greater good.”

“Clara.”

Looking up, Clara found gentle hazel-green eyes that left her in a trance. “The martial world made you more handsome. I don’t say that as a compliment. Just empirically and objectively speaking. That means there are things over there that improve your body directly.”

“Clara.”

“That also means that I should change the scale for you. Doesn’t make sense to rate you by mortal world standards. That said, you weren’t exactly ugly before. But, how would I know? I saw you once from a distance when we were 16. And before that was we were 10. Thanks for that, by the way. Was really a great time.”

“Clara.”

“What. Can’t you see I’m thinking through something?” Clara’s cold eyes snapped up.

“I don’t want to pretend to be the solution to all of your problems. But, in this instance. I am.”

“Oh? Tell me more Mr. Two-Wives.”

Dyon’s lip twitched. “I have very good.” Dyon coughed. “Explanations for that.”

“Why would you need to explain anything to me? I’m just a childhood friend you haven’t spoken to in almost a decade. My opinion is null and void.”

“Alright. I admit I don’t have the most mature way of handling things a lot of the time.”

“You think? You were my best friend you know. When your father is a politician for life, those aren’t easy to come by. If you hadn’t been doing so many great things for the world, I would have hated you without looking back.”

“So you don’t hate me?” Dyon’s eyes sparkled.

Clara looked up at Dyon. “I don’t hate you. But, I have a strong dislike of you.”

Dyon smiled bitterly. “You’re right to. But, I’m happy you found even better replacements. Jason ran after you and Penelope was struggling with herself when you left. They clearly care for you a lot.”

“Technically I’m not just friends with Jason.” Clara looked down to her laptop, continuing the train of thought Dyon had interrupted. “But yes. Penelope is a good friend.”

Dyon’s lip twitched, his next words being caught in his throat.

“What’s wrong Mr. Two-Wives?” Clara, noticing Dyon hadn’t spoken in a while sent a glance upward.

“Nothing really.” Dyon smiled. “I was just looking forward to taking you with me to the martial world after I cured your father. But, since you have so many ties here, I’ll just cure your father then be on my way.”

When Clara heard Dyon could cure her father, she froze. She knew Dyon wasn’t making her decide between Jason and a healthy father. That would be disgusting and reprehensible regardless of how simple the decision would be. He clearly said that he’d cure her father either way. But, he had said it so nonchalantly... Was it really possible?

Clara scanned Dyon's features before deciding he wasn't lying. But, Clara's emotions never fluctuated too much. Even while she was telling Dyon about her father, she may have trembled, but her eyes still remained cold and calculating. That was just the type of person she was.

"My goal in going to the martial world is to find a cure. If you already have it here, what use is there in me going there? To pioneer to become your third wife? No thank you."

"I wouldn't be taking you to find a cure. I'd be taking you to cultivate." Dyon's smile brightened.

"Now you're lying. That's an impossibility. If just anyone could, more than just you would have passed. How about you go and cure my father now? I'm sure he's excited to see his favorite nephew. Think of it as a favor to him instead of me. I'm sure after calling him uncle for so many years you'd cure him regardless of my presence."

"Of course. I owe G man too much. I would have been able to tell he was sick as soon as I saw him whether he wanted to keep it a secret or not."

"Then there's nothing to discuss."

"Of course there is something to discuss. I owe you too, Clara. And I take that very seriously. But, curing your father isn't payment for what I put you through. If anything, it's a drop in the bucket because it's almost too easy for me to do."

"Easy?" Clara looked up, skeptically.

Dyon nodded, completely serious. "What I want to pay you back for is not having been the best friend I should have been. I shouldn't have messed with you. If you love Jason and don't want to separate from him, I won't make you choose. I can take him with us."

Dyon took a single knee, closing Clara's laptop.

Clara's eyes sparkled as she looked at Dyon with their eyes level. The ice in her eyes thawing.

“What do you say, Clara? Will you let me make it up to you?” Dyon smiled gently, stretching out his hand to wait for a response.

Chapter 452 Maniac

Clara took a moment to look at Dyon’s large hands. But, Dyon didn’t press her. He only left it there, letting her think through what she needed to think through.

The truth was that Clara didn’t really have any feelings for Jason. The only reason why she accepted his invite to a date this morning was because she wanted a distraction. It wasn’t that Clara loved Dyon – her feelings were still ambiguous on the matter. But, what she did know was that Dyon was still a best friend she kept a place in her heart for and maybe, subconsciously, she felt like Jason might be a replacement for that feeling.

That said, Clara had no intention of telling Dyon that. After all, it wasn’t as though she had lied about anything. She just wanted to let Dyon know that not everything was just ready and waiting for when he felt like it was right to come back. Things change and keep moving forward whether he wants them to or not.

At the same time, Clara knew the kind of person Dyon was. He was straight forward to a fault and the fact that he hadn’t called her beautiful at least twice a minute like he had in the past with every breathing member of the opposite sex, meant that he was making a conscious effort to put a barrier on that kind of relationship between the two of them.

On one hand, that made Clara feel a pang of loss. A part of her wanted Dyon to come out domineeringly and demand for her to be his third wife.

But, on the other hand, she appreciated him even more so for not trying something like that. The fact Dyon was willing to bring Jason along and the fact he wasn’t demanding more of her than she was willing to give, meant that Dyon hadn’t chosen his wives on a whim. If he had been frivolously choosing wives, he would have come back here with a different sort of air to him. He wouldn’t have offered to take Jason along because to that version of Dyon, as long as he separated Clara from Jason, she would eventually choose him in the end..

And then there was the polygamy. No matter how Clara thought of it, it just didn’t make her feel comfortable. She had grown up with Western values. How many nights had she spent thinking about

being swept off her feet and spending her life with one man? She wasn't willing to change her mind about that. Not now and definitely not so soon.

N[0]VEL A part of her wanted Dyon to choose her over his wives. Another part of her wanted nothing to do with Dyon. And, yet another part was excited by the prospect of entering the martial world.

If she entered a place of such fantasy and grandeur, wouldn't she be all the closer to those things that she had only seen in her dreams? Maybe instead of a figurative prince charming, she'd find a real one. And, maybe instead of a white horse, he might even ride a dragon instead. What more could she ask for as a woman?

Clara sighed. Taking a deep breath, she pulled out her phone and sent two quick texts. One to Penelope and the other to Jason.

Then, she looked down at Dyon's hand again. "Is this how you got your two wives? Being loving and understanding? You're going to make me puke."

Dyon grinned, "I hope you're not going to try to fight me like the old days. I warn you, my body has gotten much more powerful."

"In this martial world of yours, there's no difference in strength between men and women, right?"

"You could say so. But, whether you can catch up to me is a different matter entirely."

"Don't be so cocky. You only started winning because you got bigger. If you lose that advantage, what would you have left to hold on to?"

"Well, I'm smarter than you. So, there's that."

"Debatable. You got baited into a lecture on polygamy so easily. You were like malleable clay in my hands." Clara's cold eyes slowly brightened, a small smile playing her features. "'Uh- Ah – About that.' You should have seen yourself. I'm sure your legendary status in their eyes came crashing down today."

Dyon cringed. "How about we go save G man..."

"How many victories is that exactly?" Clara playfully counted on her fingers as she slipped her laptop into her bag.

Catching the look of something shiny, Dyon's hand flashed into Clara's bag.

"Hey. Didn't anyone ever teach you to not mess with a lady's bag?"

Dyon waved his hand. "Sure. Sure. The moment you start being a lady is the moment I'll think about that."

Pulling his hand out, a massive grin appeared on Dyon's features.

Seeing what he had pulled out, Clara began shaking her head. "No. Absolutely not. Do you even have a license? I'm not letting you drive me anywhere!"

"The president's daughter drives a corvette? The media and the tax payers would be livid!" Dyon twirled the keys in his hand, holding them out of reach.

Clara rolled her eyes. "I sold a patent on a new cancer drug actually. It's my money."

"Oh?" Dyon smiled. "It seems you've been busy. But you know the media doesn't always do their research right. I think it would be best if I drive, just to be safe."

"You!" Clara crossed her arms, clearly unhappy.

But, all she found was Dyon's grin. Dyon placed his hand on Clara's shoulder, causing her to involuntarily tremble outside of his notice.

"Let's go!"

In what seemed like an instant, they appeared outside.

“What...” Clara shook her head as she looked down at her red corvette. But, when she realized she was on the passenger side, she stomped her feet in agitation. “Dyon!”

The door clicked open, allowing her to see Dyon’s face grinning back. “Come on! Let’s go!”

Clara wanted to protest but a sudden strong wind pulled her in against her will. “Dyon!”

It was too late. The door slammed and Dyon revved the engine, grinning like a maniac.

Chapter 453 Hardened

Dyon carved his way down the street. With his soul level, there was not even the smallest of detail out of his control. But, Clara didn’t know that.

“As soon as we get out of here, I’m gonna kill you!” Clara glared at Dyon, gripping her seat tightly as the car took over and swerved from lane to lane.

Clara didn’t even have the heart to look at the speedometer, but if she had, she would have noticed them nearing 190 miles per hour. More than 300 kilometers per hour!

“What do you mean?” Dyon grinned. “I’m only helping. DC is three hours from Princeton. If we don’t hurry, won’t G man just be suffering for longer?”

“If we die first, why would that matter?!”

The annoying and blaring honks of cars serenaded them as they carved down the highway. It seemed Clara wasn’t the only one mad with Dyon’s driving. But, he was having the time of his life.

Dyon knew fully well he had fought at speeds that far exceeded this speed before, but there was something different about riding in a sport car. A feeling his legs couldn’t give him.

“Let’s go faster!” Dyon grinned under Clara’s shrieking, pushing down on the pedal and shifting to the last gear.

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“You!” Clara’s small fists pounded into Dyon’s chest. “Idiot! If tomorrow morning the news picks up on the fact it was my car driving like that, you’ve put my dad in another media shit storm!”

Dyon chuckled as Clara pounded away. The truth was that he had used array alchemy to change the license plate and stop people from seeing into the windows, but he found this version of Clara much more funny..

Clara and Dyon had already made it into the White House, having been let in through back entrances. So, seeing their normally quiet and cold first daughter show the most amount of emotion they had seen in years brought smiles to the faces of the white house staff.

“Come on. I’d like to introduce you to them.” Dyon smiled.

“Good. I need to make sure they know what they’ve gotten themselves into. Maybe then they can turn back before they make a mistake they regret.” Clara huffed, storming away.

Dyon and Clara soon made their way to President Gallagher’s office and were greeted with sounds of light giggling. But, it was then proceeded by a hoarse cough that was so grating on the ears that Clara froze at the door.

“Uncle!”

Dyon immediately recognized Ri and Madeleine’s voices.

“It’s okay. I’m okay. It’s no big deal.”

“Uncle, you should tell us what’s wrong. I’m sure Dyon has a solution.” Ri said.

“Ah, don’t bother that kid with my problems. He’s too sensitive to things like this.”

Suddenly, Dyon and Clara were snapped out of their eaves dropping because of the growing sound of approaching feet.

Turning his gaze down the hallway, Dyon’s eyes narrowed as he noticed General Mace’s approaching figure. Their eyes locked and Dyon took note of Mace’s smirk.

“Sorry Mace. Don’t have a lot of time for you today.” Dyon abruptly opened the oval office door. It was technically locked, but he forced his way in, lightly pushing Clara in and locking the door behind him.

With a wave of his hand, the area was locked down.

“Dyon?” President Gallagher looked up. But, when he noticed Clara, he immediately tried to hide the blood-stained handkerchief in his hand. “Clara? Shouldn’t you two still be at the school?”

N[0]VEL “You know I could never stay in school for too long, G man.” Dyon grinned. “For the record. You have a few people coming to bother you. General Mace doesn’t look particularly friendly. But, the main issue is that the people around him have something they shouldn’t...”

“What?” Clara looked confused. She had seen many of those people before. But what really had her in a daze were Ri and Madeleine. She had never seen anyone so beautiful...

“Ah yes. This is Ri.” Dyon smiled, taking Ri and Madeleine by the hand and leading them to Clara. “And this is Madeleine.”

“And, of course.” Dyon grinned at Clara. “This is Clara.”

Ri and Madeleine smiled.

Clara had long since lost the sharp coldness in her eyes. Right now, their pale greys looked serious, but didn't have that same distant feeling they had before.

"Forget him." Clara said, pushing Dyon away. "I have secrets."

At first, Ri and Madeleine had been a bit put off by Clara's gaze. But, hearing her words, they couldn't help but laugh as Clara brought them to the couch.

"Goddammit..." Dyon looked at this scene with a bitter sweet feeling.

What they didn't know was that there was a current banging at the door. But, with Dyon's arrays, they were completely isolated from the sound.

President Gallagher, though, was in a trance. He knew fully well that Clara had seen the bloodied handkerchief, but, she didn't say anything...

"Can you two do that concealment array thingy Dyon does? This is top secret information." Clara sent a glance at Dyon.

Ri leaned forward and whispered into Clara's ear. "He can do that?! Isn't that cheating?!" Clara glared at Dyon as though he had done something wrong.

Madeleine giggled. "He's better at array alchemy than most people. So, if he really wants to, he can bypass ours."

Seeing three pairs of beautiful eyes looking at him, Dyon didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Don't think of peeking." Ri gave Dyon an 'I'm watching you' look as her eyes flashed a striking black.

Dyon found this color change interesting. It seemed that Ri's soul color had changed when she fully awakened her faith seed from blue to black with the smallest hints of dark gold... He hadn't been paying enough attention to notice that before.

Clara gave Dyon a victorious glance, extremely pleased that Dyon's wives had so much power over him.

"G man. Do you see how they treat me? Life is so hard." Dyon slumped into chair across from the tired president.

"Listen to yourself. Not even 20 and already complaining about married life."

"I have a lot to complain about when people I see as family try and hide things from me, hm?" Dyon gave him a glance.

"Dyon." President Gallagher sighed. "You're someone who cut off ties to everyone because you thought that would help them move on. You're childish, your decision making is shallow, and worst yet, you don't respect your elders."

Dyon winced. "You don't have to layer it on so thick, I got it, I got it."

"Knowing all that, why would I tell you about my illness? You'd probably do something stupid like dedicating your life to finding a cure like my silly daughter has."

"Speaking of Clara. Will you let me take her to the martial world?"

President Gallagher froze before wiping his lips out of habit to ensure there was no blood.

"You aren't stupid, Dyon. I know you. Which means if you believe in your ability to protect my daughter enough for you to ask, then it's likely you've had success on a level that we're not aware of, hm?" President Gallagher looked toward Dyon, a sudden pressure he hadn't been exuding before filling the room.

Dyon smiled to himself. "You really were made to be president, G man. Your mind still works on a level most can't reach."

“I practically raised you too, Dyon. Your mind should be better and faster than anyone else’s, but you let stupid things weigh it down.”

Dyon nodded. He respected the opinion of this man. He saw President Gallagher as his adoptive uncle and took the words spoken by him as meaningful.

“I also warned you a long time ago to let things associated with General Mace go. There’s a lot of things you don’t know about and probably shouldn’t know about. But, that was my analysis of things when I thought that your progression in the martial world would be minimal. You know how I felt about you going.”

“I know G man. But, you also know I had to go. That said, you can rest assured that I’m probably doing better than you think.”

“I can tell. By any metric, my lovely nieces are much too beautiful, intelligent and kind for you. So, you must have tricked their young hearts with something too flashy for them to ignore.”

“Hey, hey, hey. Don’t make it out to seem like I’m some kind of predator.” Dyon practically pouted.

President Gallagher laughed. “Don’t you think we’ve ignored those fools outside for long enough? What exactly do they have that they shouldn’t?”

Dyon’s expression hardened. “Cultivation.”

Chapter 454 Become?

President Gallagher didn’t seem too surprised by Dyon’s answer. If anything, he seemed that he would have been more surprised had that not been what Dyon said.

“Tell me, G man. What do you know?” Dyon

“I got a report yesterday. There’s been an order for Martial Law.”

Dyon's brow furrowed. This was no normal order. Martial Law was something written into the laws of America. In the case of a national level crisis, military law would rule over the country. It's putting the country under the control of the military. And very conveniently, there's only one man who benefits from that the most: General Mace.

"I know the law, G man. No one but you is able to impose Martial Law. Without your signature, it's impossible."

President Gallagher chuckled bitterly. "Martial Law is only the second part of the plan. The first is my impeachment. The only reason this office isn't flooded with my personnel is because I'm technically supposed to be giving a talk right now."

"Don't worry about that. It's too much to explain, but let's just say I can clone myself. What we need to talk about is this impeachment. What do they have?"

"They've been calling for me to release my medical records to the public."

"So it all comes back to that..."

"Even if by some miracle you really could cure me right now, they would still win."

Dyon nodded. Whether he cured G man now was irrelevant. For one, it wouldn't change his past medical records – records that still have to be released. Secondly, no one would believe that cancer was cured so easily. And, thirdly, if they did their due diligence in proving that Dyon could cure cancer that would be bad for a few reasons: it would reveal a national secret, that being Dyon's role in the martial world; it would lessen public morale, because that would mean that the martial world far exceeds them; and finally, but maybe most importantly, this would all put the country into a fit of chaos.

However, they had given President Gallagher an out. If he co-signed Martial Law under the guise of national unity against the martial world, it would unite the country and he wouldn't be impeached. Although there would be some chaos, it wouldn't be to the extent of all hope lost.

'It can't be a coincidence that this is all happening during the World Tournament...' Dyon thought.

He racked his brain, trying to figure out why. The world tournament was a gathering of all the planets, yes, but only Earth had mortals... So why would they need other planets?

'Unless...' Dyon's mind flashed with an idea.

"I know it won't help the larger situation, but I still want to heal you first." Dyon stood and walked to President Gallagher's side.

"Can you actually?" President Gallagher looked up at Dyon from his seat, a faint light of hope lighting in his eyes.

"Of course." Dyon smiled.

N[0]VEL "Ha! It seems I haven't wasted all those years on you for nothing."

"How ungrateful." Dyon placed his hand on President Gallagher's shoulder. "You may start coughing up a lot of bad stuff soon... But, this is better than me reaching into your chest."

Before he could be confused, President Gallagher suddenly felt a warm and comfortable feeling wash over him. Dyon's aurora and celestial will poured in, gently cleansing Gallagher's healthy cells while slowly cutting away the malignant ones.

Suddenly, a violent fit of coughing hit President Gallagher. Gross chunks of mutilated cells fell from his mouth and into a side garbage can Dyon kicked under him.

A flash of black caught Dyon's attention and Clara ran out to Dyon's side. "Dad? Dad? Are you okay?"

Clara's cold eyes glistened as she watched her father convulse, blood continuously falling from his mouth.

"Don't worry." Dyon said softly. "This is good for him."

Clara was about to protest, but she suddenly felt two soft hands slip into either one of hers. She turned to notice Madeleine and Ri by side, giving her ensuring smiles.

“We can punish him later. But, we should trust him for now.”

Outside of the office, the loud booming noises were becoming louder and louder, but the sound wasn't being projected in.

“What is wrong with you people?” General Mace boomed. “I thought you were cultivators? Why can't you break down a door?”

“This...” An Asian man dressed in black responded. He was an Essence Gathering level expert. He didn't know why the door wouldn't open for him either. And the worst part was that the door wasn't even dented or damaged under his onslaught.

General Mace was furious. He had requested martial experts to help expedite the Martial Law enforcing process so he could strong arm congress into being on his side. But, all of that was useless if he couldn't intimidate President Gallagher into signing as well.

On top of that, even with the media asking him to release medical records, because this had already been done before the inauguration, it would be seen as a political witch hunt to be forced to do so again. President Gallagher had the moral high ground... For now.

Suddenly, the door of the office opened and the group of men found a handsome teenage boy smiling back at them. “You knocked?”

General Mace brushed passed, signaling for his entourage of four to follow him in.

Clara shivered under the pressure General Mace brought with him. She was used to her father's presence, but President Gallagher always turned his off. General Mace didn't seem to have that habit.

The Asian men dressed in black, eyed Madeleine, Ri and Clara, seemingly liking what they saw. Dyon didn't say anything about it for now, but he had already noted them down. Without knowing the full

scope of the situation, he didn't want to overplay his hand. So, he chose to stand protectively in front of the three girls instead.

General Mace's pressure around them immediately dissipated. It was as though Dyon's presence cut through it all.

Clara couldn't help but look at Dyon's broad back. She quickly glanced at Ri and Madeleine, but all she found were calm smiles filled with confidence in the boy who stood in front of them.

'Just what have you become?...'

Chapter 455 About...

General Mace scanned over Dyon. He could care less about Dyon's women. But, what he did care about was wiping that confident and piercing look off of Dyon's face... It reminded him too much of General Sacharro.

"It seems your daughter and nieces are here, President Gallagher. It would be a shame if anything happened to them."

President Gallagher's face had gained color the likes of which he hadn't had in years. Not only had Dyon removed his cancer, he had also flooded his cells with essence energy. President Gallagher felt ten... No, twenty years younger. He couldn't believe it.

"Is there something you need, General Mace?"

"Congress and the House have acknowledged the threat of the martial world. In the past few weeks, the number of unidentified objects and energy flashes in our outer space territory has sky rocketed. It's clear that something on a large scale is happening and the country needs to be put under Martial Law. I don't want to have to use the media to pressure you, as that would cause undo chaos. It would be best if you decided to do this of your own free will." General Mace explained calmly.

Dyon eyes flashed. He was right! 'They really are using the world tournament as an excuse.'

Over the past few weeks, there's of course been an influx of space travel. Why? Because hundreds to even thousands of warriors were making their way to the World Tournament.

Although the technology used was outside the scope of mortal understanding, that didn't mean that their satellites couldn't pick up the oddities..

So, General Mace was making use of this data to fear monger his way through Congress and justify Martial Law!

"Unfortunately, I won't be signing the country away to Martial Law." President Gallagher responded calmly.

N[0]VEL Having expected this answer, General Mace continued unperturbed. "Then, I'm afraid we'll have to seize your medical history as reason to impeach you."

"Oh? And why's that?"

"We have reason to believe that you've been hiding a grave illness from the general population. A sick president is not one fit to lead. There is a reason why things of this nature are vetted before the inauguration. Unfortunately for you, it's likely that you contracted this disease during your tenure. But, it has clearly impacted your mental health and ability to lead. Only a president affected in these ways would refuse Martial Law considering the current situation."

"Nothing of significance has changed on my medical records. There are a few things our government does not do. The first is negotiate with terrorists. And the second, is fold to baseless political witch hunts."

General Mace's lip twitched. He had been drawing this out, hoping to catch President Gallagher in a fit of coughing like his secretary had reported – or, more accurately, had been coaxed into reporting. At least then they'd be able to record and make use of it. But, he seemed... perfectly healthy?

At first, they had wanted to cut directly to the source and find President Gallagher's doctor. But, this aspect had clearly already been handled by the President. General Mace couldn't find whoever he or she was!

“Think about this carefully, President. I’m sure you have things in your life that you care for more than your tenure or your legacy. And considering the situation, it wouldn’t be so hard for me to find them. You have no idea about the powers the back me. You cannot fathom them. I won’t belittle your intelligence by continuing to pretend as though this is for the greater good of the country. But, if you want the greater good for your family, it’s best you fold.”

President Gallagher’s gaze wavered. He couldn’t feel anything different from those warriors, but Dyon had told him they had cultivation. That meant that he was no match right now... And the fact that General Mace had dared to come here likely meant that he either had warriors surpassing mortal technology, or he had already dealt with his security detail.

General Mace’s gaze followed Gallagher’s, landing on the nonchalant Dyon and the three girls behind him.

“G man. What exactly is the law on kicking the ass of a government official?”

“Ah —” President Gallagher was startled by Dyon’s response. This wasn’t a joke. But he also knew that Dyon was smarter than to take it as one too.

The Asian men suddenly started laughing. They had no idea that Dyon had come from the martial world because Dyon’s cultivation was too pure for them to feel. He looked like an ordinary human.

“Little Boy, you don’t even know the world you just stepped into.”

One of the men in black walked up to Dyon, standing a half head taller than him. “You think you can protect these little girls from us? You think you’re a big man? Do you?”

“Stand aside.” General Mace said calmly, stepping to Dyon. “Kick my ass? Do you know what it would take to do something like that?”

Dyon stroked his chin, looking General Mace up and down. “I doubt it would take much, judging. You’re old and your best feature is that foul mouth of yours.”

Dyon suddenly felt a tug on his shirt. Looking back, he found Clara. But her eyes, despite still being cold, held a deep apprehension to Dyon's words. She was trying to tell him to stop provoking the General.

"You should listen to the little girl. It seems the fairer sex is also the smarter one."

"After today, General, I think I'll figure out a few of the things I'd always wanted to know."

General Mace started laughing a deep and resounding laugh. He held his head, seemingly not capable of understanding where Dyon's confidence was coming from.

"You left to the martial world for two years. With your mediocre talent, with that time you probably haven't even stepped past the fourth foundation stage. Even if you had a few more decades you wouldn't be at my level! And considering how weak you are, it's likely your wives are even weaker." General Mace released his cultivation, bearing down on Dyon with a menacing sneer. "Do you understand the difference between us?!"

Ri snickered from behind Dyon, unable to hold her laughter in any longer.

Dyon turned back. "Little feu glace, don't laugh at the man. Can't you see he's very powerful?!"

Madeleine burst into laughter, holding sides. She couldn't believe she had felt so much pressure from this man before. It let her know that there had to be more to cultivation than just accumulated energy. Or else General Mace's presence wouldn't be so powerful.

"9th foundation stage. That's not bad General Mace. Truly." Dyon nodded with approval as the veins in General Mace's forehead seemed to want to pop out.

"Who are you trying to fool!"

General Mace's fist flew forward.

“Dyon!” President Gallagher stood abruptly. But, how could he be fast enough?

Clara gasped in shock, but even standing right behind Dyon, there was little she could do but close her eyes.

But, the massive body she expected to come flying into her never came. In fact, all she felt was a light breeze rustling by her.

General Maze stood in shock looking at his fist being clamped down on.

“I think I’m starting to understand the difference between us.” Dyon nodded, comedically pondering over something.

“AGH!” General Mace fell to his knees, feeling his hand crush under the weight of Dyon’s fingers.

“You!” The Asian warriors rushed forward, but Ri had already flashed to intercept them.

Sword and wind will flew across the room, crashing the warriors to the floor.

Pillars of air pressed into their backs even as sharp illusory blades were held to their throats. No one dared to move.

Dyon turned back to Clara, giving her a wink that caused her to sigh in relief and roll her eyes all at once.

“So... About that signature.”

Chapter 456 Stop Myself

“You... How... Your martial talent should be normal! That’s the only reason we allowed you to go!”

Dyon didn’t seem intent on answering. Instead, he began to draw 5 arrays laced with a dense black.

“What is that?!”

The Asian warriors began to panic. They weren't like General Mace and didn't have the air of an expert. When faced with a situation like this, they could hardly control themselves.

Sending the arrays forward, the five of them convulsed, immediately paling upon contact. Seeing this, Ri released her wills. There was no longer a need for her to keep them in place.

“I think it's time you answer a few questions. You don't need to understand what it is I just did. All you need to know is that if you refuse to answer, or lie, you die.”

Clara watched Dyon's back as he practically sentenced people to death without batting an eye. She didn't know how to feel about it. Was this normal in the martial world?

Dyon had never thought twice about killing those that needed to be killed. But, was the same true of anyone who came to the martial world from the mortal world? Could Clara step into the martial world and immediately kill without blinking an eye? She didn't know.

The truth was that Madeleine had never killed anyone directly either. She usually incapacitated her opponents because she didn't know how it would feel to kill. But, that said, she never bat an eye when Dyon killed. In fact, it was a sigh of relief for her because she felt like he was taking the burden of having to away from her..

So, when Madeleine wrapped her arms around Clara's shoulder and gave her a look. Clara immediately understood what that Madeleine felt exactly like she did.

General Mace struggled to glare at Dyon. But, he said nothing. He knew he had made a mistake. He wanted to contact the Daiyu, but whenever he thought of doing something that Dyon would clearly disapprove of, he felt this searing pain in his temple. It was clear that if he acted out of line, he would die.

“To begin, I'm glad you guys made this so easy on me. If I had to fight you celestial experts, things might have gotten dicey. Luckily, you're idiots who thought you could bully my uncle while I was here.”

General Mace grit his teeth.

“First, tell me what your purpose for instilling Martial Law is.”

Although General Mace tried to fight it, the long he spent not answering, the more the pain increased. Eventually, he couldn't hold on any longer and nearly blurted his answer out.

“Martial Law is nothing other than compensation for my help. By putting the country in a perpetual Martial Law state, I can become the true leader of America.”

“Is that all?”

“Egh —” General Mace struggled. “No. It's also a distraction tactic and a fail safe. The final step of the plan, for reasons I don't know, requires mortal cooperation. If the leader of the free world tells you what to do, people are more likely to listen than not. That minimizes those that fight back.”

“Mortal cooperation to do what?”

General Mace eventually gave up on struggling. He had done all of this for power and to live longer. He loved his life. What was the use in dying here?

“Human world cultivation has been sealed. As you can see, I can only cultivate through the foundational stages. I don't know why, but I assume they want to use the accumulated kernels. Likely to give it to someone.”

“Kernels?”

“Energy kernel. Body kernel. And soul kernel. Although the soul kernel is gone now...”

“And you're saying that the human world cultivation was sealed to build up these kernels to give to someone? Who is it?”

“I don’t know.”

“How long has this been going on?”

“I don’t know.”

“When are they harvesting these kernels? And do they know where the soul kernel went?”

General Mace’s eyes flashed with something imperceptible as he answered. “They want to make use of something called the World Tournament to harvest the kernels. I’m not sure what about this world tournament is important. But, what I do know is that we also used this World Tournament to spread fear for Martial Law.

“As for the soul kernel. They aren’t sure of where it is, no.”

Dyon smiled. “You’re not as clever as you think you are, Mace.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Who do they think is tied to the soul kernel?” Dyon directly responded, cutting to the root of the problem.

General Mace once again began struggling with his answer. But, in the end, he could only bow his head and answer. “You.”

Dyon stood from the couch, smiling. “See? Was that so hard?”

Scanning over the pitiful warriors and General Mace, Dyon devised a plan. “G man.”

“Mm.” President Gallagher responded, snapping himself out of his thoughts.

“I’ll be leaving them here. Go ahead and sign the Martial Law papers. General Mace won’t be able to refuse your orders. So, you’ll still be in charge.”

N[0]VEL President Gallagher nodded in acknowledgement. “And where are you going?”

Dyon grinned. “To win a world tournament. I’ll be taking Tomboy Clara if you don’t mind.”

“Hey. Don’t call me that!”

President Gallagher laughed. “Sure. She’s been locked up doing too much studying recently. Let her experience the martial world.”

Ri giggled, taking Clara’s arm and walking with her toward the door. “Come on, we can talk about how to bully him.”

With a final wave, Madeleine and Dyon followed them out. “See you later G man.”

Before Dyon could catch up to Ri and Clara though, Madeleine pulled him back as the door closed behind them.

Dyon turned to her, a bit confused. “Madeleine?” Stroking her cheek, Dyon smiled, enjoying the soft feel of his wife’s delicate features. “Is something wrong?”

Madeleine sighed, gently gripping Dyon’s wrist. “Why didn’t you ask about it?”

“Ask about what?” Dyon pretended not to understand.

“Don’t be like that. You know what I mean. Why didn’t you ask General Mace about your parents and what really happened to them?” Madeleine’s purple eyes sparkled as she looked into Dyon’s.

A sad expression appeared on Dyon's features as he bent down and planted a kiss on Madeleine's forehead before pulling her into a tight embrace.

He gently held her head to his chest silently for a long while, calming his breathing.

"If I had..." Dyon said softly. "I wouldn't have been able to stop myself from killing him..."

Chapter 457 Idiot

"Really?!" Clara leaned toward Ri, shifting her long blue-silver hair away from her ear. "You really are!" Clara snapped her head back, looking for Dyon. "Dyon! Why didn't you tell me you married an el —"

Clara's words caught in her throat when she saw Dyon hugging Madeleine. She couldn't see his face, not clearly anyway, but she could tell that it was a deep moment between them. At the very least, Dyon wasn't hugging her just for the sake of hugging her. That realization made Clara suddenly think of something else. Maybe Dyon had needed someone like Madeleine to open him up... If there had never been a Madeleine, would Dyon still be burying everything inside like he usually did?

Ri saw Clara's reaction and could only smile, taking her arm and continuing to walk forward with her.

Clara was quiet for a while, unsure of what to talk about while also not being in the mood to. Suddenly, she thought of something she couldn't help but ask. "How does it make you feel when they have moments like that?..."

Ri looked at Clara's side profile, "A small part of me wants it to always be my job to comfort him." Ri said softly.

"Then why do you accept this at all?"

Ri looked away, staring down the barren hallway. "Originally, I didn't think too much of it. When I met Dyon, Madeleine was far away. I was naïve to the concept of jealousy because it wasn't right in front of me."

"Then... What about Madeleine?"

Ri smiled, "Madeleine is the first truly selfless person I've met. I'm not sure if it's because of her bodily constitution, but when she says she only wants the best for Dyon, she means it. She jokingly says that Dyon can only have three more wives after her, but I have little doubt in my heart that if Dyon fell in love with five women right now, she would accept them all."

"But that's not how you feel?" Clara asked questioningly.

N[0]VEL "I would kill him if he did that nonsense!" Ri pouted.

Clara giggled, appreciating Ri's honesty. At the very least this meant Ri and Madeleine didn't feel helpless to the situation. And, for Ri to feel so comfortable in dictating what Dyon could and couldn't do definitely meant that both Ri and Madeleine were equal in Dyon's heart... And he made sure they knew it.

Almost as though to confirm Clara's thoughts, Ri continued. "That said, if it wasn't for the type of person Dyon was, I would never accept this. I'd have been content with giving my virginity to him and then spending the rest of my life alone."

Clara listened quietly to Ri's words. In the Western reaches of the mortal realm, virginities were becoming less and less important to a lot of people. That said, Clara was not one of those. She didn't put importance onto the physical aspects of being a virgin, but she tied a lot of emotions to it – whether they were rational or not.

The fact Ri would have been willing to spend the rest of her life alone, despite the length of time martial artists lived, was a testament to how important she found her virginity to be as well. She hadn't given hers up on a whim. She had done it because she accepted that there was no one better to give it to than Dyon.

"But, I didn't have to leave. Dyon made me feel like my love with him meant something and that that something could be separated from his love of Madeleine and yet remain equal.

"He doesn't talk about it a lot, but he doesn't need to. Because of the connection between the three of us, we're able to meld our souls together. Regardless of how hard Dyon tries, that's the only time we can really see what he's thinking." Ri spoke softly. "Before today, how long has it been since you last spoke to Dyon?" Ri suddenly asked.

“... We were young... So, six or seven years?”

“Normal people forget those they used to know in that length of time. They think about them less. They overwrite the memories they used to have with them – and that’s probably especially true if you were so young at the time... And yet...”

Clara looked to Ri, anticipating her next words.

“Dyon isn’t like that. The guilt he holds over the matter is just as strong as the day you two stopped talking. It hurts him and cuts him up on the inside. But, he continued to hold on to the fact, and still does to now, that he can’t accept you as his third wife.”

Clara froze, looking away from Ri and rapidly blinking her eyes, trying to keep something away.

“Do you know why?” Ri asked. “Do you know why he’d rather cause himself that level of emotional pain instead of taking something he undoubtedly wants?”

Clara wiped her eyes, looking down at her hands in abject shock at the glistening liquid she found.

“It’s because of us.” Ri said softly. “Regardless of what Madeleine and I say, he feels like he owes us more than he can give already, so he refuses to act selfishly. But, at the same time, it’s for you too Clara.”

“Me too?” Clara continued to blink, unwilling to believe that tears were falling from her cold eyes.

“He wants you to find someone better than him. He wants you to live a life where you can have everything that you want. A life where he can watch you from a distance and smile – content with the fact that someone he loves is doing well.”

“Someone better than him?” Clara was caught between a sob and a laugh.

Dyon was flawed. Truly and deeply flawed. He always thought that he knew what was best for people and somehow 'what was best' was always the path that caused him the most pain. He always feels as though the most selfless act was the best act, and for a moment, he was proven right.

The one time that Dyon decided to be selfish. The one time he decided to ignore the ramifications and act as he wanted. He ended up with an emotionally disparaged Ri – even he had no idea how close Ri had been to leaving. So, he said never again. Cutting himself off from his feelings, only willing to cater to Ri and Madeleine now.

But then, he would turn around and save Ava and Venus and Delia. And then he would come back home and show Clara a world she had never seen before – he would cure her father on a whim and fix a national crisis with a wave of his hand.

And to top all of that off, he cared for them so deeply that he was willing to inflict harm unto himself. He was willing to bring Clara's one-day-boyfriend along. He fought 11 geniuses for Ava. He challenged the head of a God Clan for Venus. He provoked a God sect for Delia.

In some cases he loved them like little sisters. But in one case, they were a first crush he hadn't forgotten.

And yet, regardless of how he felt, he wished them all the best... Hoping that they all found someone better than him.

Clara's sobs turned into a fit of giggles. "He's so arrogant so much of the time, then he turns around and has the audacity to believe we'll find someone better."

Ri smiled, laughing along with Clara before they both looked into each other's eyes, nodding.

"He's an idiot." They said simultaneously.

Chapter 458 Had..

Away from Dyon, Madeleine, Clara and Ri, the World Tournament was still raging on. The third day was just beginning with the foundation stage warrior ranking having been finalized just the day before.

In typical fashion, youths of the God Clans completely dominated this ranking. Because they weren't able to participate for a spot in the overall rankings because of their weakness, they held nothing back in competing with each other.

In the end, Tau Aumen's younger brother, Ur Aumen, boasted the number one spot, bringing pride to the Aumen Royal God Clan of Planet Deimos – despite only being ten years old.

Not many were surprised by this though, after all, his elder brother was ranked third on the cumulative rankings. In fact, because Dyon's name had been practically ignored, many began to say that he was actually the second ranked. As such, the Aumen family became a highly respected name, living up to their multi-millennia legacy.

That said, everyone acknowledged that there was no large disparity amongst the top eleven, or true top ten, as they coined it. This was because campaign rankings tended to fluctuate wildly and often relied on luck. Just the campaign before last, Tau Aumen had been first. He only slipped to third this past campaign.

Because fluctuations like this were frequent, tiers were used to separate fighters instead. And the top ten happened to be the highest of tiers.

That said, there were also dark horses who ranked lower that simply didn't have enough years of campaigning to shine through on the cumulative rankings. These were people like Thor and Vidar, as well as Caedlum. Their faith seeds could not be ignored and their control over them only increased with each passing day. Many already accepted that they were likely already comparable to members of the top ten..

Aside from this, there was one pride of Earth that didn't use his age as an excuse. Prince Lionel Belmont was just barely 25 years old, and yet ranked as the undisputed first place on the cumulative rankings. No one knew how he did it, but from his third campaign onwards, he never ranked outside of the top five. People witnessed his feats with their own eyes, as such, they accepted it. Lionel Belmont was simply a genius amongst geniuses.

However, if you asked members of the Ragnor clan, they would point out that Thor and Vidar were only 23 years old. And members of the Pakal clan would be even quicker to note that Caedlum was only 19.

It was suffice to say that the raging crowd had a lot to look forward to. They hadn't forgotten about Dyon's performance, though. They remembered the domineering display they witnessed. The visual of thousands kneeling before one man was almost too impactful. In fact, the remaining 788 candidates had to be chosen by measuring whose knees hit the arena last. Even to right now those candidates weren't up to fighting.

But, some naively argued that Dyon's competition had been too weak. They claimed that any member of the top 30 or even 40 to 50 could have done such a thing. They claimed that they never said Dyon was weak, only that he didn't deserve to be number one. However... Those with any real shred of intelligence knew better. It was safe to say that the only cumulative rankers who weren't afraid to fight Dyon were likely in the top 20. Everyone else though? They shivered at the thought of facing him.

"Congratulations to the ranked members of the foundation stage!" Elder Den's voice boomed across the stadium.

In the revamped demon sage area, Dyon's comrades were living a life of leisure. After Dyon's display, no one dared to bother them in the least. Even the heckling had stopped.

Delia, who had woken up, blushed as Eli's hand brushed up against hers while trying to hand her a plate of food. In typical Eli fashion, he pulled back a bit too quickly, scratching the back of his head awkwardly. But, luckily for him, Delia giggled at his antics, catching the plate before it fell to the ground.

She had woken up just half a day after Dyon, Ri and Madeleine left, and she was the picture of health. In fact, she was more than that now. The glow of her olive skin, the faint shine of blue that flickered in her hazel eyes, and even her long and flowing brunette hair, accented with beautiful golds and browns, brought her image together to one of near perfection. There was no question in anyone's eyes that she had become a beauty rivaling Ri and Madeleine.

Zaltarish, though, did not find this display cute at all. How many long weeks and months had he spent carefully and diligently plating food for Mithrandir? How was he supposed to know that all he had to do was drop it to gain her affection!

'THE WORLD IS SO UNFAIR!' Zaltarish couldn't even find the tears to cry. Arios' pat on his shoulder only made him feel worse.

“It’s okay. All you have to do is rank highly and she’ll acknowledge you.” Arios sad trying to comfort his new found friend.

Zaltarish’s red eyes steeled as he nodded firmly. “Right. I’ll be number one!”

“Eh... Maybe don’t aim so high...” Arios tried to walk back his statement but it was already too late, the fire in Zaltarish’s eyes had been lit.

“Now!” Elder Den’s voice continued. “We’ll move on to the Meridian Formation rankings! I wish you all the best of lu –”

Just as Elder Den was going to finish his sentence, he suddenly felt an outstanding pressure cover the arena.

King Belmont’s eyes snapped up to the skies, a massive grin appearing on his face before he looked toward Big Red.

The pressure mounted as intent level wills clashed and distorted reality. The skies bent and twisted under an odd force until eventually... They tore in half.

The heads of the God level clans all had their eyes trained on that single space. They had no idea who was arrogant enough to interrupt something on the scale of the World Tournament. This was an event that housed all of the strongest experts in the universe, this wasn’t a small get together.

And yet, this person tore apart the skies themselves, ensuring that everyone was aware that they had arrived.

In the Elvin Kingdom’s section, Uncle Acacia stood violently as he was a tall man and a small Japanese woman descend as though they were a God and Goddess amongst mortals. The pressure they placed on the arena didn’t matter even a little bit to him. All he saw were two people he loved dearly.

Uncle Acacia didn’t hesitate, flashing into the skies with speeds as fast as his cultivation would allow.

“Did you have to enter like this Edrym? You’ll make our daughter think lesser of us!”

“This was necessary. They have to know their King is back and he’s not weak.”

No one knew more than him how much his kingdom must have been in turmoil in his absence. So, he used the World Tournament as a stage. He proved that he didn’t care to offend any other God Clan heads. In fact, he didn’t care to offend any Royal God Clan heads. He had the confidence and arrogance of a King, and he was unapologetic about it.

In what seemed like an instant, Uncle Acacia had made his way to the front of the two of them, his heart beating wildly and the excitement on his face palpable.

N[0]VEL The man and woman smiled sincerely seeing him, knowing full well what was about to happen.

Uncle Acacia rushed forward, trying to take them in his arms. But, the man who called himself king flashed away, leisurely walking past.

“Big Brother! Sister in law!” Uncle Acacia fell to his knees, wrapping his arm around the beautiful woman’s waist as they both stood in the skies.

The woman lovingly patted Uncle Acacia’s head like a doting elder sister. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears and her smile bloomed like the delicate petals of a flower. Though she held it back now, it was clear that she was bottling up a whirlwind of emotion.

“You’re too old to still be such a cry baby. Come, come. We’re back.”

The crowd immediately understood what had happened.

King and Queen Acacia had returned.

Chapter 459 Really...?

Uncle Acacia, lifted his sister in law up, letting her small figure sit like a Queen on his shoulder. The smile on his face was bright. So bright in fact that he completely forgot that he had been hiding from someone's view all this time. That said, he was clearly in too happy a state to think about that right now.

"Stop playing around, Jar Jar," Queen Acacia smiled sweetly. "Take me to see my Little Alex."

"Ah... About this." Uncle Acacia started. But, before he could finish, King Belmont and Big Red had made their way out to greet the King and Queen pair.

"It took you long enough." King Belmont smiled. "If I didn't come out personally, the other heads would have a field day with you."

King Acacia's smile faded a bit, his eyes training on Head Sigebryht in the distance. Their clash of wills lasted but a moment, but in the end, it was clear that King Acacia was still superior.

N[0]VEL "My World Tournament isn't a place for you to settle your kingdom's disputes. Come." King Belmont turned, leading them to their sky box before closing them off to the public once again.

"About the kingdom big brother..." Uncle Acacia started, gently putting down Queen Acacia..

"Did something happen?" Edrym's eyes pierced toward his younger brother, questioningly.

Queen Acacia was immediately greeted by Queen Belmont and Mistress Sicarius and had been playing with the little Belmont baby princess, but when she heard her husband ask about kingdom affairs, her head snapped back.

"No. Nothing about the Elvin Kingdom until I see my daughter. Where is she and why didn't you bring her when you came up to us?"

"This..." Uncle Acacia scratched his head awkwardly, his long dark blue hair shifting ever so slightly as he glanced from his brother to his sister in law.

Seeing Ajaar struggling, King Belmont sat on his throne and sighed. "Kids grow up fast."

"What do you mean?" Queen Acacia looked up in confusion. She just wanted to see her daughter, but everyone was being so cryptic.

"I don't know when it happened, but she must have left with her husband." King Belmont said slowly.

Queen Acacia's eyes sparkled. "Husband? My little girl has a husband now?"

Tears threatened to spill out of Kawa's eyes. It wasn't that she was for or against the idea. It was mostly that she as a mother had already missed so much of her daughter's life.

King Acacia's face steeled. "What is that supposed to mean? How could you not monitor the movement of children?"

Edrym didn't entertain for an instant that Ri's husband was a top tier expert. He was already having trouble controlling his temper, he didn't want to make it worse than it already was.

King Belmont shrugged, taking a glance at his sons before looking back. "Let's just say your son in law is quite the genius despite what's being said."

"What's being said?" King Acacia didn't seem to care about this glowing endorsement. Or, more accurately, he didn't let his true feelings on the topic show on the surface. He felt the need to make up for time he lost as a father, and that meant properly vetting his daughter's man.

Seeing that no one else wanted to explain, King Belmont took it upon himself to. After a few minutes, King and Queen Acacia had a solid understanding of the situation.

But, before they could make a decision one way or another, Uncle Acacia, aka Ajaar, also known as Jar Jar, made it a point to explain the happenings of the Elvin Kingdom as well. These were things even King Belmont hadn't known about. But, in that very moment, everyone became aware of Dyon's deeds.

Queen Acacia giggled, content with her new son in law as she played with the adorable baby. "Then let's wait for them to come back then."

"So, what you're tell me is that my son in law is an arrogant playboy who also happens to be a cheater?"

"Well, I don't know whether he's a cheater or not." King Belmont responded. "But, I guess the other two descriptors are true... Considering his second wife is the first in line genius of the Sapientia."

King and Queen Acacia froze. "You mean..."

Big Red nodded, interjecting. "She's their daughter."

"Who the hell is this kid?" King Acacia's cultivation leaked, shaking the skybox violently.

"Oh?" King Belmont smiled. "You're quite close."

"Stop being so overdramatic Edrym. He's no more or less arrogant as you." Queen Acacia reprimanded.

"I never cheated to get to where I am now." King Acacia said defiantly.

"Like I said," King Belmont spoke, "I don't know whether he's a cheater or not."

Suddenly, Lionel spoke. "Father, you're giving him too much leeway. How is it possible for anyone to climb to first on the rankings after a single campaign? If you want to praise his array alchemy, I wouldn't say anything. But, to say that he might deserve his ranking is too much."

King Acacia sighed. "If I didn't have to leave, I would have married her to one of your sons instead. How could I have allowed this? And for him to marry their daughter as well? We've truly failed."

"You're letting your emotions affect your logic." King Belmont warned. "Don't ruin your relationship with daughter after already being away for ten years. If the first thing you do is reprimand her choices,

you risk alienating her forever. And, from what I know about this boy, he'll care little for your threats. In fact, if you provoke him, it's likely that you'll be on the losing end."

At this point, even Queen Acacia was surprised by King Belmont's words. Regardless of how talented this boy was, he was still a child at the end of the day. Why would that ever be something King Belmont had to worry about?

Below their skybox, the next rounds of the World Tournament had begun. The contrast between the cheering crowd and the silent skybox was striking. But, no one understood how to take this conversation forward from here.

Well... That was until the second grand entrance of the day happened just moments later.

A sonic boom sounded above the stadium as a dark Tower appeared. But, that wasn't what caught everyone's attention.

King Acacia's eyes narrowed as the Tower disappeared, revealing a smiling and handsome teenage boy surrounded by three laughing beauties. One with fair caramel skin and grey eyes. Another with striking purple hair and eyes. And the final, one that made even his kingly demeanor shatter.

"Is that really my daughter?..." He said softly.

Chapter 460 Sweet Talker

Queen Acacia stood quickly, almost forgetting that she had been holding a little baby in her arms. "Sorry, sorry small child. Aunty's sorry." She cradled the baby as she slowly handed her off to her mother.

"Hold on Kawa. Jar Jar, go and get them. Tell them to come here." King Acacia spoke.

Kawa however, wasn't listening. She left the skybox with speeds that exceeded Uncle Acacia by hundreds.

In the air, Dyon looked down at the fighting figures in the arena and smiled. It seemed they had made it in time.

“Dyon! Do we have to stand in the air like this?!” Clara clung tightly to Madeleine, unwilling to let go even though they stood on Dyon’s array. She was clearly not used to this.

Dyon was going to respond when he sensed something quickly approaching. Even he didn’t have time to think, he had never felt something so powerful before.

Without asking, Dyon’s figure immediately flashed backwards, grabbing onto the waists of all three girls as a massive sentinel appeared in front of him..

Clara shrieked. The movement was too fast for her to handle and she barely registered that they were falling from the air.

King Acacia’s eyes flashed at this scene. ‘He reacted to Kawa’s speed?... How?...’

King Belmont said nothing, instead sipping his wine with an ‘I told you so’ expression. Even Lionel didn’t know what to think. He couldn’t see Kawa at all, but he knew fully well why Dyon was reacting as he was. It hadn’t even been a split second since Queen Acacia had left the skybox.

Dyon’s eyes were flashing with a dense purple gold as he pushed his aurora to the max. Suddenly, his manifestation bloomed, his humanoid figure tearing its way into existence as his eyes considerably reddened.

Suddenly, he could see. A beautiful Japanese woman was careening toward them with speeds he couldn’t fathom. His sentinel was between them and her, but he wasn’t sure if it was enough.

VEL Dyon pushed the pace of thinking, erupting his soul power to the peak of the middle Saint stage.

Saint energy poured from his pores, reddening his skin under the strain of pushing his soul to this level.

‘Think, think. Is it worth it to pull out the second puppet or not?’

Dyon scanned the woman. But, the first thing he noticed was the surprised on her face when their eyes locked. She clearly hadn't expected for something like that to be possible. The second thing Dyon noticed was the softness in her eyes. And the third thing he noticed was how that softness became longing as her gaze shifted from him to Madeleine and Ri.

'Japanese woman...' Dyon's eyes snapped to the Belmont skybox. He had calculated that that must have been where she came from.

His array alchemy pierced through their sound and visual protection, immediately landing on a tall and dark blue haired Elvin man.

King Acacia's shock only grew. 'How...' Because he had noticed something else... That sentinel... It was too familiar...

Suddenly, Dyon understood. He let out a breath of relief, his tense muscles loosening as he retracted his soul manifestation and his sentinel.

Seeing Dyon stop, the girls tried to catch their breath, looking up at him for an explanation. Everything had happened in less than a split second, but the drastic difference between the action and the stopping jarred them. If it hadn't been for Dyon using array alchemy to protect Clara from the violent changes, it was likely that she would have been injured.

"Dyon? What's wrong." Ri looked up questioningly. The three of them were still being held tightly against Dyon, and maybe if it was anyone else, they would have thought he was being a pervert. But, Ri was his wife after all, even if he was being a perv, she wouldn't mind too much. The problem was that she knew Dyon wouldn't have acted that way for such a petty reason.

"Little feu glace..." Dyon took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. It had been a split second for everyone else. But, in that split second, Dyon had pushed everything he had to limit. "It seems we were too worried about your parents."

"Too worried?" Ri stared into Dyon's eyes confused, until she slowly started understanding what he meant. "You mean?..." Tears glistened in Ri's eyes as she heard a voice behind her.

“Little Alex?” The voice was so sweet that Ri broke down. Her vision was so blurry that even when she turned to face the voice, she could barely see through the onslaught of tears.

Kawa quietly embraced her daughter, both of their petite figures trembling in each other’s arms.

Dyon and Madeleine smiled. Clara was a bit confused at first, but when she pieced what was happening together, she too smiled.

“I’m sorry Little Alex, I’ve been a bad mother.”

Ri shook her head adamantly, trying to speak. But, the words kept getting caught in her throat, unwilling to come out.

Dyon remained silent, letting them have their moment. He didn’t let the crowd impact this moment, having laid a concealment array over them.

“Come, come. Your father is waiting.” Kawa wiped the tears from her eyes as she looked up to Dyon. “You went and got married behind my back, hm little girl?”

Hearing these words, Ri blushed profusely. “Mom, this is Dyon. He’s my husband. This is Madeleine, she’s my close sister and sister wife. This is Clara, she’s Dyon’s childhood friend.”

“So it’s like this?” Kawa smiled at Dyon, placing her small hand on his cheek. “You’re quite handsome, no wonder my daughter fell for you.”

Dyon grinned. “Mother in law, a compliment on my looks from you might be the peak my life ever reaches.”

“Oh, and why’s that?”

“Other than my wives and my mother, you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Kawa was taken aback by the purity in Dyon's eyes. He didn't hesitate and confidence exuded from his every word. There was no way to fake something like this. It was clear that Dyon's arrogance seeped into his very bones.

"Such a sweet talker," Kawa giggled, taking her daughter's hand and floating toward the skybox. "I warn you though, Dyon. My husband might not be so easily convinced."

Kawa looked back to see how Dyon would react, but all she found was a small smile. But, it was clear the fire in his eyes were lit. Kawa could only sigh and let them figure it out amongst themselves.