

magic

Dyon pulled the empty chair between his legs and leaned his chest on the back rest, sitting behind the 2 girls.

“What’s your name?” Dyon asked with a smile, not hiding his roaming gaze.

Meiying shot a glance at her fuming father before smiling mischievously. “Bai Meiying.” She responded in a sweet voice.

“Ah, a beautiful name for a beautiful girl. I believe that means beautiful flower, correct? How fitting.”

Meiying seemed to be surprised that Dyon knew the meaning of her name, but instead of saying anything she raised an eyebrow towards Delia who was pretending to not notice what he was doing.

“You know, you might die.” Delia said.

“Worried? About me? I’m touched.” Dyon said, shifting his attention away from Meiying.

“Who do you think you are?!” Hauk bellowed.

Dyon didn’t even spare Hauk a glance.

“Your card was very useful. Thank you. I gained quite a bit of knowledge.”

Delia nodded in acknowledgement, then chose to close her eyes. ‘This guy really is shameless. He’s going to get himself killed.’

Hauk was about to stand in rage when Mayumi gripped his shoulder. “What’s the use of getting riled up Hauk?” He looked towards Dyon before continuing.

“Our pillar families, by the goodness of our hearts, have decided to grace you

with a seat amongst us chosen. Don't you think disrupting the proceedings like this is disrespectful?"

"Couldn't have said it better myself." Hauk said sitting down and crossing his arms like a petulant child.

"So Meiyong, how long have you and Delia been friends? She's a bit cold and I could use some help." Dyon said while turning his attention back to the beautiful Meiyong.

Meiyong brought her free hand to her lips and giggled. 'This guy sure is interesting. I wonder how long it'll be before dad kills him.'

"It's been so long, yet even I don't know whether she's interested in boys." Meiyong said teasingly.

"No wonder." Dyon said while comically bringing his fist to his palm. "I had begun to wonder whether I wasn't handsome enough."

The pressure in the room was palpable. Meiyong released Delia, hunching over in a laughter. Delia was still pretending to not hear anything, but her face was at least half a shade redder.

'He really said that, and in front of my father too.' Delia thought in a rage. She took a slow breath trying to calm herself and kept her eyes sealed.

Mayumi and Hauk were fuming at having been ignored, Fero had a smile on his face, and Pertinacis was reading words that flew by on the lenses of his glasses.

Dyon finally looked up to the 6 thrones. His eyes glittering when he saw the beautiful dark-skinned family head, something Fero found much less amusing.

Duco chuckled. "This boy seems to have his eyes set quite high."

Kami had long since reopened his eyes, a sinister aura swirling around him. Sapientia, much like his son, had stopped paying attention. However, the

same could not be said of the Patia-Neva, Storm and Bai family heads. The room's guests had begun to struggle to breathe.

Everyone was wondering the same thing. 'Who is this boy, and how has he not long since burst from the pressure?'

Dyon finally spoke. "You four seem like you're about to pop a blood vessel, that can't be good at your age. If things continue like this, we could have a messy situation on our hands. What a scandal it would be: 6 elders kill child! How domineering of you."

Sapientia finally looked up in shock. The eyes of the rest of the family heads widened.

"Who do you –", Bai tried to speak before being cut off.

"Let me stop you right there. That muscle head over there tried to ask the same thing," Dyon said nudging his head towards Hauk, "And clearly I ignored him, so why would you try to ask again?"

The room was astonished. These were grandmasters of the highest level. They hadn't been disrespected in years, and yet this unknown kid had said words they couldn't even imagine thinking.

Meiying finally stopped laughing. Her usual carefree yet domineering demeanor had been blown over into full on shock. But then she started laughing inwardly. 'Teach that old man a lesson before you die, then.'

Dyon stood and began walking towards the steps. Unlike Pertinacis he didn't bow, he instead continued straight up until he was about 5 meters from the thrones.

He clasped his hands behind his back and said. "If you'd like to know who I am... Here, I guess I'm a commoner. But, on the other side of the world, I'm son to Saintess Sacharro and General Sacharro.

“Dyon Sacharro at your service.” He looked over at Duco before smiling.
“Sacharro is actually Latin for sugar.” He said with a wink.

The family heads almost flew out of their thrones. Only Duco and Sapientia looked on in curiosity.

Mayumi had had enough. He stood from his chair and touched his earring. A bow and arrow materialized before he took aim for Dyon.

Just as he was about to loose his shot, Dyon looked back at him. “SIT!”

A wild pressure filled the room, suffocating Mayumi and forcing him to cough up blood.

Kami gripped the rest of his chair in uncontrolled anger. The throne disintegrated, leaving him standing. He was about to make strides towards Dyon, when he was stopped by Patia-Neva. In the end, he could only grit his teeth and rematerialize a throne for him to sit on.

“Wow, this martial world sure is interesting. I can’t believe that worked. A supposed chosen with a weaker soul than a commoner. How fascinating.”

Delia had opened her eyes to see Mayumi keeling over, taking ragged breaths with his bow and arrow long since dropped from his hands.

“Now, honestly speaking, I’m quite unrefined. That was simply a parlor trick. Any of the 6 of you could kill me.” Dyon said looking back at the family heads.