

## The Nameless 28

### Chapter 28

She was too beautiful. The most beautiful woman Dyon had ever seen.

Her hair was done up in an elegant bun, held together by a couple of Chinese style hair pins with elaborate and noble three dimensional designs attached to their ends.

With her hair put up like that, it accentuated her long, slender neck and immaculate posture. Her large eyes were a pretty shade of gold and her face was carved of delicate, perfectly sculpted features that grasped one's heart.

The slope of her nose, the outline of her pink lips, the gentle point of her chin, it was all enticing to an extreme.

Yet, none of this even began to consider her figure. Her purple cheongsam clung to her silhouette, rounding the large peaks of her chest and chasing down the volume of her hips. Even in such a graceful, seated position, she exuded an air of charm that made birds sing.

Seeing Dyon's stunned look, Delia rolled her eyes fiercely.

'If I knew he'd be here too, I would have never asked big sister Madeleine to help me train. Such a pervert.'

Madeleine giggled, not seeming to mind. Her hair bobbed in its bun along with her gentle laughter, her bright golden eyes sparkling beneath her glasses.

Dyon shook his head, recovering from his blank out, "I'm Dyon, it's nice to meet you,"

Dyon stretched out his hand to greet Madeleine.

Madeleine's gentle voice greeted Dyon back. "I'm Madeleine. I've heard of you Dyon, my uncle thinks highly of you."

Madeleine's soft, small hands entered Dyon's and he felt like he was in a trance once again. His heartbeat sped up and his chest slightly reddened, but, this time, he managed to keep a composed smile on his face.

But before he could release Madeleine's hand, he frowned, 'Her hand is colder than it should be.'

Without being able to control himself Dyon blurted out. The concern in his voice was much more than even he thought it would be.

"Are you okay?"

Madeleine started for a second, slowly retracting her hand once Dyon let go. Delia gave Dyon a surprised look.

Dyon scratched his head awkwardly. "I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't have asked that."

Madeleine somewhat bitterly smiled. She lowered her head and spoke so softly that the gentle swaying of the water almost completely drowned her out.

"I've been sick since I was young," But almost as if she had never been sad, she looked up and smiled, "Since even my Sapientia family can't find a solution, it seems as though I'm a bit doomed," She chuckled, "But, with all of this beauty around me, how could I be sad all of the time."

Dyon's heart ached. He had never met this girl before, but her gentle soul touched him. It was something he hadn't felt in a long time.

Dyon sat down on a rock beside Madeleine. "May I see your lyre?"

A small smile appeared on Madeleine's face as she watched Dyon intently.

'Usually people extend apologies, not even understanding that that makes me break apart inside. It seems like he wants to communicate with me through music,' Madeleine covered her red lips with her delicate hands as an enchanting laugh left her, 'I wonder where his understanding of the will of music has reached. Can he rival me?'

Madeleine nodded lightly, passing her lyre over.

Just this scene alone seemed to stun Delia. She knew how much Madeleine treasured that lyre. It was the only piece of her Master she had left before they were forced to separate due to Madeleine's sickness.

Maybe Delia and Madeleine's family were the only ones who knew that Madeleine was never meant to be in a place like this.

Dyon looked up at Madeleine, entranced by her sparkling eyes. 'Such a smile... How nice would it be if it never faded?'

Madeleine's eyes somehow became even gentler as she saw the look Dyon was giving her.

'He isn't trying to impress me, and his eyes aren't clouded by lust. I've never seen such a pure look before.' Madeleine's heart subtly warmed.

Dyon waved his palms and a golden fire appeared in his hands, it blazed, larger and larger, wafting a gentle warmth onto the faces of the 3 who watched him.

'That's...'

'An Innate Aurora and it's so powerful?' Madeleine was shocked.

Although she had seen Dyon's display through a monitor, she hadn't been able to feel its pressure and couldn't make an accurate judgement. Suddenly she looked down at herself, 'Why do I feel so much better... he isn't curing me, but this feels better than any of the medicine and elixirs I've taken... Did he know this would happen?'

The flame in Dyon's hand slowly morphed into a golden lily as he slowly brought it to the string of the lyre.

'What control...' The 3 of them thought simultaneously.

The strings vibrated, radiating out a gentle song, that resonated with Madeleine, bringing more and more color to her face. Her beauty seemed to multiply, almost as if the golden fire was intent on bringing her to the peak of perfection.

Delia looked over and noticed the changes in the girl she had called big sister for as long as she could remember. Tears started streaming down her face.

"You've been suffering for a long time. How could I, Dyon Sacharro, allow such beauty in this world to wither even in the slightest."

He had never played the lyre before, but the piano was only a string instrument with extra steps. With the perfect pitch Dyon had honed over his years of play, he understood the notes that made up this lyre with relative ease. In that case, playing it came down to nothing more than control...

Dyon spoke softly, beads of sweat running down his face. His hands slid across the strings, playing a melody that radiated with heat and passion, warming up Madeleine the more he played.

'First level... Second.... Fourth...'

Dyon's display of music will shot up.

His tune became better and better, his hands becoming more deft and his tune becoming more beautiful. Hot blood rushed through Madeleine's body like an endless stream.