

The Nameless 29

Chapter 29

'Sixth... Eighth... Just how fierce is his understanding of the will of music? Ninth?! He's already at the peak of what a martial artist below the essence gathering stage can understand?'

Madeleine felt like her whole world was being flipped upside down.

If others knew that Dyon had comprehended a Ninth Stage Will, it would be enough to cause an uproar. No, to call it an uproar simply wouldn't do it justice, it would be enough to overturn the whole of Focus Academy.

To put into perspective how ridiculous this was, even Eli and Delia who were standing nearby couldn't comprehend what was happening. This level of Will was so far beyond them that they didn't even realize what was right in front of them!

'I've spent my whole life immersed in music... I even had master to guide me... But I am only at the seventh level... wow,' Madeleine closed her eyes and smiled.

Her bearing didn't seem to carry even a hint of jealousy. As though a gorgeous fairy observing the world from her perch, her demeanor remained heart gripping.

Madeleine's body, which had always been imperceptibly trembling for as long as she could remember, finally soothed to a stop. She took the first deep breath she had in years. The pain she felt slowly subsided and she hardly noticed even as tears began to fall down her cheeks.

Dyon was playing a happy tune, the birds were chirping and the lilies were vibrating in appreciation. The heat emitting from the lyre became gentler and more refined. It filled Madeleine's body, fighting fiercely against the ailments that plagued her.

His delicate control over his Aurora Flame became more and more potent. He didn't know it, but he was already touching realms of flame control most alchemists would never see in their entire lives... all for the sake of a beauty.

'He's getting better as he plays... this must be the affect of an innate aurora... He's already reached the peak of the 9th level of the will of music. The only thing stopping him from evolving it into an intent is his cultivation... wait a minute!'

Madeleine looked over at Dyon and her heart trembled. She didn't know why, but seeing him now made her feel as though a knife was being twisted into her chest.

Dyon clenched his jaw into what he thought looked like a smile, his face devoid of color. His lips were cracked, and his fingers were bleeding from the strain. Every time he plucked, a small bead of crimson would fall from the strings, dribbling down and reflecting beneath the high sun.

Still, his smile had never faded as he watched her.

Madeleine's heart quaked, her gentle exterior collapsing for the first time. She rushed over to Dyon's side and pulled his hands from the lyre.

"You! Are you trying to kill yourself? You have no cultivation, but you were tapping into Wills for so long. Do you know what kind of strain that puts on the body?!"

"Big sister..." Delia looked at her big sister, her eyes widened in shock.

She had never once seen Madeleine lose her gentle smile, let alone berate someone else. She couldn't put into words what she was seeing right now... It was almost like watching your own mother suddenly shift into a completely different person right before your eyes.

Dyon's smile didn't fade. He kept looking at this beauty before him, feeling endlessly satisfied at that moment for reasons even he couldn't put into words.

He gazed into Madeleine's eyes as she was surprisingly close. He stood and lifted up her glasses, wiping her tears away before she could react to what was happening.

Dyon hovered over her, about half a head taller. Feeling his shadow cast over her and smelling a masculine scent she never had before, Madeleine couldn't help but blush, looking down shyly. She had never felt so self-conscious in her life before.

All her life, she had always exuded a gentle sort of confidence. Even when Dyon's jaw practically fell to the floor when he first saw her, she took it in stride. Though his eyes were quite pure, Madeleine had seen that sort of look from many men before. Those that were at least polite about it, like Dyon, still received a slight courtesy from her. She couldn't kill someone just for observing beauty, right?

But right now, it was a completely different sort of feeling.

As though he had gained confidence from being able to help her, all of Dyon's flustered actions vanished. He was once again the same Dyon who dared to flirt with Ava and dared to ask Delia what she thought of his naked body. And this Dyon... he was a man that made Madeleine's heart skip several beats.

"If I couldn't suffer through just a few hours of pain to help a beauty that's been suffering for years, how could I be much of a man?" Dyon asked.

Madeleine trembled, 'It's been hours?...'

Not able to look Dyon in the eyes, she whispered, "Thank you."

"Don't be ridiculous, this is nothing. But, if you really want to thank me how about a date once I find a cure for you?" Dyon said with a grin.

Surprisingly, Madeleine nodded. Even Dyon hadn't thought he'd receive such a response. But, when he did, he burst into a fit of laughter that might have rocked the skies.

Madeleine flushed, she had answered almost subconsciously as though she couldn't possibly say no. Her blush reached down to her neck as she awakened to what she had just done.

'Why do I believe he'll find a cure... more importantly, why did I agree to a date!! I can't let uncle find out, he'll tease me to no end.'

"Pervert," Delia muttered under her breath. But, it seemed decidedly less fierce this time.

This time, Dyon couldn't be bothered to respond. He was too busy laughing.

As for the fact Madeleine's noble family and even her powerful master hadn't been able to find a cure? Dyon didn't care. Even without a date, he would find a cure for this beauty for no other reason than he wanted to. Such a smile couldn't be allowed to fade from this world before revealing all its splendor.

As for why he was so confident he would succeed?

Well, he was Dyon Sacharro. Did he need another reason?