

The Nameless 78

Chapter 78

The geniuses left on the ground gripped their fists. Their fighting spirits had been lit. To be looked down on a boy years younger than them. A boy with no cultivation. A boy who had taken their love right in front of them. The rage in their hearts was palpable.

'He really did survive,' Tammy thought. But suddenly, her head snapped. Her body trembled.

Ava stared at the girl she had once called a friend, her eyes filled with hatred. She knew well that Tammy wasn't strong enough to save her, but to not even try? And to also know exactly what happened to her brother and not tell her? Ava saw nothing but a mortal enemy.

Turning away from Tammy, she focused her will. She wasn't afraid of this so-called Storm family. She had never told Tammy about her origins, but she was clear on the fact that this Focus Academy was just a small stepping stone for her.

If it wasn't for the fact her martial heart was so shaken by her dead brother, it was likely her cultivation would be far ahead of what it was now. In fact, she only began cultivating so early because she wanted power to find out what happened to her brother... effectively destroying her best potential for him. But, she'd focus on this tournament for now.

She'd watch to her heart's content, with no fear in her heart. Not only could they not kill her in the open, she knew her father's temperament well. He was definitely on his way here.

Tammy looked confused. She understood the anger, but, where was this confidence coming from? Did she think she could stand up against the Storm family? But, then Tammy thought something that made her shiver. Did a normal family really raise two geniuses like Arios and Ava?

What if she was confident because she knew her family was strong enough to protect her? If she was comparing her family to a pillar family, then Tammy had nothing to worry about, the true power of the Storm family could destroy Focus Academy a hundred times over.

But... if Ava's family was stronger than that... Strong enough to contend with the true them... That would ruin everything.

Tammy looked at Baal with endless resentment. This was all his fault. Tammy bit her lip, 'I need to change my plan. I can't take this risk.'

Tammy knew that Baal would have no interest in a toy he had already played with, so Ava was safe for now. But, simply not bothering Ava from now on wouldn't fix the situation.

This situation was getting more and more complicated.

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Dyon closed the door to his room, choosing to use a concealment and defensive formation as opposed to his metal disk. He felt safer that way.

Little Black flashed and entered Dyon's storage ring, he didn't like being confined to such a small space.

Madeleine giggled, "Are you going to take that shirt off? It's still wet you know."

"If you wanted me to take off my shirt, you just had to ask."

Madeleine smiled, then reclined in a chair, crossing her legs. The flash of soft skin Dyon caught through the leg slit of the dress made his heart beat quicken.

"Well? Go on. I'd better like what I see, or else I'll have to replace you."

"Oh? So, you like playing games," Dyon smiled and walked to Madeleine.

He took off his shirt, causing Madeleine's beautiful face to slightly redden. Her breathing quickened as Dyon placed his hands on the arm rests of the chair.

“So?” Dyon asked.

Madeleine didn't seem to be listening as her delicate hand touched Dyon's tanned chest.

Dyon leaned forward and lightly kissed her neck, forcing Madeleine to let out a breath.

“Passable,” She said faintly, rubbing her cheek against Dyon's as if to ask for his lips.

Dyon gladly obliged, kissing her fiercely as he felt her hands wrap around his neck.

Dyon found his hands invaded by softness as they trailed their way up Madeleine's dress, stopping on her irresistible hips and playing with the straps of her underwear.

Madeleine's hands grabbed the sides of Dyon's cheeks, unwilling to let his lips go. Her soft moans filled the room.

Although she had been cured, the disposition of her god level body was inclined towards intimate contact. Add to the fact that she had been feeling pent up for weeks, and this release was exactly what she needed.

Dyon slowly pulled away, looking into Madeleine's golden eyes.

Dyon grinned, “I have something I want you to wear.”

Madeleine looked surprised, slightly embarrassed that Dyon's hands were still under the straps of her underwear.

Pulling back, Dyon flicked his wrists and a pair of grey sweatpants and a white T shirt appeared in Dyon's hands.

An incredulous look appeared on Madeleine's face, before she burst into a fit of laughter.

Dyon's smile widened, "Once you try it, I promise you you'll never want to wear anything else."

Madeleine said nothing else as she stood, allowing her dress to fall to the ground under Dyon's disbelieving eyes.

A pair of pure white undergarments appeared before Dyon. It was laced and exquisite, but couldn't compare to the woman wearing it. The delicate curves, the supple skin, the deep ravine of her chest... It was all only made more enticing by the slight blush that covered her.

'Don't get a boner, don't ge – ah fuck it,' Dyon could only bitterly smile.

Madeleine giggled, pushing Dyon onto the bed, "You might as well give me a clean pair of boxers too. It's only right I get the full experience."

Dyon had never felt so happy before. With a beaming smile he pulled out a pair.

Madeleine smirked and turned around, gently falling onto Dyon's lap.

Dyon groaned, 'She knows exactly what she's doing.'

Madeleine slowly raised her hands to her back, unstrapping her bra and letting it fall from her shoulders.

Dyon's breathing was erratic as he pulled her tightly into his chest, almost imperceptibly rubbing his member against her.

"You're so rowdy, how am I supposed to change if you're holding on so tightly," Madeleine said trying to keep her voice from shaking.

But Dyon didn't seem to be listening as his hands found their way to her chest.