

## **The Nameless 79**

### Chapter 79

Dyon felt like he was in heaven.

“Mm,” Madeleine couldn’t help a moan from her lips.

She slowly slid her underwear down, letting Dyon run his hands along her body.

Dyon couldn’t help spinning her around, kissing her firmly.

Madeleine moaned as she felt Dyon’s strong hands grab onto her ass, pulling her into his lap.

Dyon looked up at the heavily breathing Madeleine grinning, “It seems the winter solstice really took a toll on you, hmm?”

Madeleine held onto Dyon’s face, looking down into his eyes with fervent passion.

“Hmph, you’re going to have to marry me before you get to have all of me.”

Dyon smiled bitterly, but then he grinned, thinking of something.

“I wonder what would happen if I used my aurora to increase your sensitivity,” An evil smile appeared on Dyon’s face.

“Wai—!”

Before Madeleine could respond, a delicate flame had appeared in Dyon’s hand, slipping slowly along her leg.

Dyon turned Madeleine around, gently kissing on her neck. A whisper sounded in Madeleine's ear that made her shiver with endless pleasure.

"How about we get rid of all that pent-up frustration?"

Dyon's hands continued gently teasing Madeleine's legs, letting the aurora flame slowly increase her pleasure by manipulating her energy flow.

Madeleine was gasping for breath, digging her nails into Dyon's arm. Just as she thought this couldn't possibly get any more intense, she felt Dyon's hand finally reach her treasured place.

Madeleine gasped, "Dyon..."

Dyon shivered hearing her call, but that just spurred him on.

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Soon, Madeleine was sleeping soundly in Dyon's sweatpants and shirt.

Dyon gently moved her hair from her face, letting her sleep on his bare chest. He soon fell into a relaxed sleep too.

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"Are you certain, Chenglei?" An elder shrouded in darkness spoke with a raspy voice.

"Yes, father. I am certain he said he was a member of the Celestial Deer Sect."

"... Since he's so confident, it is likely that our current clan strength can't deal with the life saving treasures he has..."

“Father, he killed an essence gathering expert like it was nothing. I’m afraid if we want to deal with this situation, we’ll have to awaken the Ancestors from their slumber.”

“Absolutely not. What kind of laughingstock would we be using those experts against a child. However, you are right. His threat cannot be underestimated.

“According to the records, the 25th White Mother was a very prideful person. I am certain that she would rather the whole Sect die out than let someone subpar be the successor. His future will be bright... He must die as soon as possible,” The raspy voice said faintly.

“Should we enlighten the other clans?”

“Impossible. Although we won the war, the toll was heavy. For now, we’ll see if we can handle the situation ourselves. Did you receive a quota to enter the land?”

“Yes, father. I hid myself well. I managed to earn an inconspicuous spot.”

“Good. If I’m not wrong, this opening is special. Those foolish Big Sects don’t even know what they’re getting themselves into. If it wasn’t for the Pakal Clans Blood Sacrifice technique, they could have spent 10,000 years more trying to properly charge their treasure before finally managing to open the world.”

Chenglei’s eyes widened, “Just who made that world?”

“If I’m not wrong, he or she was definitely an existence that surpassed the Dao Formation stage.”

Chenglei drew in a sharp breath.

“In fact, I’m certain that if it wasn’t for the world wanting to be found, those weak sects would have never even come close to it... what I don’t know is why it wanted to be found...”

Chenglei remained silent.

"I'll give you a treasure. When fighting for the inheritance, it will come in handy. But, you must remember that your top priority is to kill this successor.

"Although such an inheritance would speed up our comeback, I believe the opening of a world of this magnitude wouldn't escape the notice of the God Clan younger generation. Although you are talented, you've been stifled by our lack of resources. Until we can fix that, you won't be enough to fight them I'm afraid..."

"I understand father. The Daiyu Clan will rise again."

"Ai. Although you won't be able to gain the main inheritance, there should be plenty of other treasures. Gain what you can while protecting your life. You are our future."

Chenglei nodded heavily, bearing the responsibility on his shoulders.

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The alluring aroma of food slowly woke Madeleine up.

Opening her eyes, she found a banquet laid out on a table that definitely wasn't in the room before.

Madeleine's eyes widened, giving a confused look to Dyon who was looking at her with a gentleness that made her blush.

"It's just the two of us, why'd you bring all this food?"

Dyon was stunned by Madeleine's appearance. Her cascading hair. The way her braless chest bounced through his white T shirt. The adorable look she had wearing sweatpants too many sizes bigger than her. Dyon found himself intoxicated.

"Oh!" Dyon said with a grin, "This feast is actually for me, but you can have some of it if you want."

Madeleine looked at Dyon like he was crazy. But, the look soon disappeared as she watched him eat plate after plate after plate.

"You're a glutton," Madeleine said exasperatedly.

Between bites, Dyon unleashed his devilishly handsome smile.

Soon, Dyon had Madeleine in his arms as he fiddled with a projector system. Madeleine rested her cheek against Dyon's, watching him work.

"What exactly is this for?" she couldn't help asking.

"I'm about to set up some of my favorite movies for us to watch together," Dyon said with a smile.

"Movies?" Madeleine looked confused. She had learned a whole bunch of new things about the human world from Dyon. Sweat pants was one of them, and she had to admit that they were very comfortable.

"Sometimes it surprises me what your martial world does and doesn't have. But, I guess it would be kind of weird if such powerful people wanted to watch people do superhuman things they could already do."

Madeleine gently placed her hands on Dyon's after he released the projection into the air and wrapped his arms around her.

"Movies are just plays on a screen. They tell stories about the most fantastical things. Although they're probably decidedly less fantastical here."

Madeleine watched with curiosity as a list of options appeared.

"Choose whichever one calls out to you the most," said Dyon with a smile.

“Hmm,” Madeleine thought for a moment, “The one with the short man looks odd, let’s watch that one.”

Dyon selected The Lord of the Rings and watched in satisfaction as Madeleine lost herself in its world.