

The Nameless 82

Chapter 82

Madeleine and Dyon sat atop a massive Celestial Deer formation that galloped along the ocean water, leaving behind slight ripples.

“So why do you think I’ve been stuck at the 7th level of musical will?” Madeleine asked curiously.

She had left behind the sweatpants and T shirt much to Dyon’s dismay, instead opting for her usual casual purple qing pao. Her hair was up, wearing the defensive hairpin Dyon had given her, still oblivious to the fact it was a transcendent treasure. She had even forced Dyon to wear his jeans and open blue dress shirt look.

Dyon looked at the girl who sat on his lap holding a lyre with an adorable focused expression on her face, feeling his heart in his throat for what seemed like the millionth time.

“You really are too beautiful,” Dyon muttered.

Madeleine giggle. “Focus, pervert.”

“Right... right. If I’m going to be honest, the fact you’ve even reached that level considering the state your heart has been in over the years, is nothing short of a testament to your unbelievable talent, your sharp ear, and, quite frankly, a miracle.”

Madeleine looked at Dyon’s side profile as he stared out into the ocean.

“The will of music isn’t about just completely understanding the instrument in your hands and playing the right notes. It’s about resonating with the environment you’re playing in. It’s about encroaching on the emotions of the people and things listening to you. And, maybe most important, it’s about having a tranquil heart or an understanding of whatever turmoil that heart is in.

“Without the best understanding of yourself, it’s hard to reach the purest form of the will of music. It’s possible to jump over these hurdles at this stage, and you would definitely reach the peak level of musical will purely off of your talent. But, the barrier to musical intent would be exponentially harder.”

Madeleine nodded, looking down at the lyre in her hands. Closing her eyes, she listened to the gentle taps the Celestial Deer left in the water. She listened to Dyon's gentle heart beat and felt the heat coming from his body.

All of a sudden, she seemed to understand something. Her hair fluttered gently in its bun and her breathing quietened to almost resonate with the world around her.

Dyon looked on at this scene with a smile. He was afraid she wouldn't notice his phrasing, but it seemed like he worried too much. How could a genius like Madeleine not realize that understanding your environment and the "things" listening to you meant that you're not only playing for yourself and the things that live, but, when lilies sway in appreciation and blossoms twirl in the wind, and the air shimmers with life, can they not also listen to you play?

Madeleine's hand raised to her lyre strings. With a wave of his hand, without Madeleine noticing, Dyon removed the concealment formation on the Spiritual lyre.

A beautiful melody began to ring out. The steps of the Celestial Deer began to not only leave ripples, but also a pulsing light with its each step. Dyon felt his understanding of the world increase under Madeleine's efforts.

'This must be why Delia enjoys training with Madeleine so much... To be able to induce the best in others, my Madeleine is truly a pure soul.'

After hours, Madeleine finally stopped playing, beads of sweat falling down her brow. But, despite her fatigue, she had an excited look on her face.

"I did it!" Madeleine kissed Dyon on the cheek, "It's all thanks to you."

She had a smile that outshone the sun that hung high in the sky.

Dyon shook his head, pulling her in close, "The only thing that was stopping you from reaching this step was the pain in your heart and the burdens you carried. With your level of comprehension, how could you not reach this step without me?"

Madeleine smiled, but didn't respond.

Dyon glanced at the lyre, "Look, I think it wants to acknowledge you as its master."

Madeleine was stunned. She was well aware that only master level and above treasures had their own wills and could thus acknowledge masters. Wasn't this lyre just at the peak of practitioner level?

The lyre glowed in Madeleine's hands, vibrating gently.

Madeleine pouted, "You've been tricking me?"

Dyon laughed, "I couldn't be certain that you'd have a way back to the Sapientia main branch, so I wanted to conceal it for a bit until I was strong enough to make sure you wouldn't come to any harm. But, when I came to stop that farce, I noticed a faint killing intent when elder Kami mentioned signing a marriage contract in blood.

"That level of aura couldn't come from a simple old lady, especially to the extent of nearly hiding it from an innate aurora, so, I made some guesses. I'm still surprised that even when I called out to her, I couldn't see through her disguise until she removed it..."

Madeleine nodded.

"You probably didn't notice, but because of your beauty, the hairpin has long since accepted you as its master. And now that you've proven your talent to the lyre, it too has," Dyon said with a gentle smile that hid nothing of the pride he felt in his woman.

Madeleine gently touched the hair pin, "This is a master level treasure too? You treat me well," Madeleine said with a grin.

"Of course, of course. But, how could I only give you a measly master level treasure? These are Spiritual level treasures. Nothing but the best for you, I promise."

Madeleine's eyes widened, but she just shook her head in acceptance, 'He really does nothing by half measures.'

"But, you should conceal them again, Dyon. Even the Sapientia clan only has a few Spiritual treasures. In fact, even when I was a genius to them to be married off at their leisure, I had never seen them. If I suddenly arrive with two, especially with how you revealed that you're the Celestial Deer Sect's successor, you'll definitely be hunted down even more fervently," Madeleine said with a trace of worry.

Dyon sighed, "I'll be a laughing stock for only being able to give my woman a half-step master level treasure, but, I'll listen to you. I'd prefer if you worried less."

Madeleine nodded in satisfaction as Dyon waved his hands, leaning her head to Dyon's neck and looking out to the slowly approaching land.