

QT: AGAINST MY WILL

Chapter 14

Chapter 14: [END] 1.14 – Crimson Academy

+— Author's note —+

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A day after the Masquerade Ball...

A lesson in the classroom for the second year top students was interrupted by the sound of the door opening with an ominous creak. This caught the attention of everyone, save for a disinterested Xavier.

A skinny youth with messy brown hair was carried inside of the classroom on the shoulder of a burly guard.

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Another guard, walking behind the pair, was holding a long chain that was connected to the youth's wrist.

The youth, later identified by everyone as a boy, was dressed in a simple white t-shirt and black pants.

When the mysterious boy lifted his head, the people were shocked to see that his mouth was taped shut, like he was an animal. But, besides his covered mouth, the students (as well as the stunned teacher) were slapped speechless by his sharp green eyes that were set on studying everyone meticulously. Painted beneath his eyes were dark circles, kissing at his skin like a garish piece of decoration.

The guard that held the boy's chain connecting to his wrist, would tie the metal to a wooden post so he would have limited space to move around when put down.

Then, the guard carrying the youth by shoulder, would force the boy on a seat near the door.

The boy tested the desk he sat before with a series of knocks; he didn't pay any attention to the shoulder-guard who untapped his mouth without much care.

"At least give me a phone," said the mysterious boy.

The guards ignored his words. They stood menacingly at the back of the classroom.

'A new student? Who is he? Why is he chained? Is he dangerous?' Was what went through every student's mind.

The teacher, whose glasses shone glaringly when in direct sunlight, would give an awkward smile, "Since you're a new student, why... why don't you introduce yourself to us?"

"Because... why don't you just fuck yourself to death." The boy leaned against the chair leisurely. Uncaring of the blatant disrespect he had displayed, he would keep looking down at his chained wrist with an indifferent expression.

The whole classroom looked at the odd boy in shock. This was a respectable school where everyone had to know etiquette! His actions were unacceptable!

The teacher flared up in so much anger it felt like pure rage was radiating off her. Never had she ever met such a student who was so disrespectful! While the students she taught were obnoxious, they would never go so far as to humiliate her like this!

The woman angrily pointed at the indifferent boy, “You are at school! Where are your manners and your school uniform?!”

Without holding back, she shouted loudly with righteous anger.

The boy tugged at the chain blankly, “In a trash bin...both of them.”

“You!!!” The teacher asked the guards for help.

After the guards made a phone call, they came near the boy.

“What a shitty school. Do they want me to die of boredom?” he glanced up at the teacher in scorn, “You better impress me with your knowledge.”

Then, his mouth was taped.

The boy started to play around with the chain around his wrist. His nonsense actions were starting to irritate the whole class.

Clink

Clank

Clink

Clank

The teacher almost broke the chalk in her hand, the sounds of the chain being messed with was like a fly buzzing around, becoming more annoying and louder. If he was so bored, why couldn't he just take a nap?! Stop bothering everyone already!

Clink

Clank

Clink

Clank

It didn't take long for the boy to end up in the principal room. Not long after, they threw him into the study council, where he had to wait for the council president and vice president to arrive.

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Xavier and Alisa looked at the boy before them with a complicated look.

Alisa was nervous while Xavier was more cold than ever.

Three pairs of eyes looked at each other in silence.

Alisa, after studying his summary, was the first one to break the ice, "My name is Alisa. This is Xavier. You are Ziek Leoners, right?"

Ziek's lips curled up into a cute smile, "Yes, I am. Alisa, you're quite pretty."

Alisa was stunned into silence, she shivered when she realized the whole room turned a few degrees colder.

Xavier looked at Ziek with murderous intent.

Ziek glanced at Xavier, his smile widening, "Don't you agree, Xavier?"

"I don't care about who you are... You better watch your mouth," Xavier threatened.

Ziek raised his hand in defense, "I just praised your girl, chill. Or should I talk about how fuckable she looks?" he asked, naively.

A sharp letter opener was thrown towards Ziek, who, instead of fear, raised his eyebrow in amusement. The knife passed his cheek by a margin, making a big hole behind the wall.

Ziek looked at the guards who didn't have enough time to react, "Such crappy guards."

The guard's face twitched.

“Xavier! What are you doing?” Alisa cried out and came near Ziek with worry, “Are you alright?” She looked for any sign of injury.

Xavier stood up, his gaze never leaving Ziek, “Stay away from him; he’s dangerous.”

Alisa ignored his words, “Aren’t you here to make friends? Why are you like that?”

Finding out there were no injuries, she distanced herself from Ziek.

“Like what?” Ziek smiled at her innocently.

“Like you’re looking for death,” she answered.

“So cute,” Ziek laughed, picking up the knife which was thrown at him a while ago, he looked at Xavier provocatively, “Why would I look for death, if I could kill myself?”

This time, the guards acted very quickly. Not having enough time to immobilize Ziek, they quickly caught the knife that was thrown at Alisa.

Alisa and Xavier looked at Ziek in terror; especially Xavier. His body trembled, never before had he felt so threatened until that moment. Coming near Alisa, he shielded her protectively. He could lose the love of his life in a mere second.

Ziek laughed mockingly at him, “How stupid can you be? When you throw knives at people, at least be prepared. You’ll never know if they’ll throw it back at you.” He stood up while tugging at his chain connected to his guard as if talking to a dog.

The guard’s nerves were about to pop; he forced himself to calm down.

“A meeting between geniuses? Hah,” Ziek sighed and walked out of the council room. But just in that moment, something had to crash into his body.

Falling from the impact, he turned towards his guards with an 'are you serious' look, "Can you be more useless?"

A nerve popped at those guards' forehead.

Glancing up, a cute girl fell atop of him.

Grace hissed in pain, "Bastard, watch where the hell you're standing."

"After a meeting of geniuses, I had the chance to meet an idiot?" Ziek studied her voluptuous body, "Hm...How lucky."

"What did you say?! Do you mean I'm stupid?" Grace glared at him.

Ziek nodded in agreement, "You described yourself...perfectly." Hugging her waist, his hands traced all over her body inappropriately, "At least your body is nice."

Sound of a girl's shriek.

Grace kicked around. "You pervert!!!" she cried out.

"So violent," Ziek blocked her attacks.

Ziek's guards pulled them apart, taking him away in a hurry.

"Grace! There you are!" Mark ran after Grace, "Where are you going?"

"Olivia woke up! I was in a rush to the hospital, but this pervert stopped me," Grace pointed at the empty spot, "He was there just a moment ago!"

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Ziek walked around the school; speaking to those guards with a demanding tone, "My phone." Instead of a phone, they gave him a wireless earphone, "Hey."

"How is it going?? We sent you there to meet people your age. It's a new environment- do you like it?" A man in a white lab coat asked.

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“This is how the government wants to please their lab rat? By going to a shitty school, with shitty teachers and shitty students?” Ziek opened the door for the exit and walked out of the door, “It’s so shitty that I want to blow it up.”

He touched the phone, which he stole from Grace a while ago.

“...” What could the researcher say? This kid was one of the most gifted kids they had. He helped them fight against an enemy attack and not to mention the fact that he helped gather a ton of helpful, confidential information on other countries that they were at arms against.

Ziek Leoners was also the most rebellious kid; they could never force him into anything.

Growing up in a single-parent family with his mother who sold herself for money, Ziek learned one thing: women only existed to be fucked, which was why men existed to fuck them.

While his mother was accompanying a man in the bedroom, Ziek tried to find a way to get out of this hell. Money was his answer. He learned how to use a computer – investing in stocks? Without any capital? Impossible. A revolutionary program? No, he scammed people on the internet.

His skills kept on improving. He used the money he earned for his enjoyment and shared some with his mother. His mother got full advantage of it. Finally, she could stop selling herself; it was only a pity she died from a disease.

They had found him when he was twelve years old.

Ziek used the orphanage principal’s computer to do his usual thievery. And the reason he did it? It was a regular habit of trying out new things. He hardly felt any fear, and was no longer in need of money to survive.

How did he get access to a computer and phones? Ziek Leoners and the principal were in it together. They struck it rich. If the principal's morals weren't that high, they'd have never caught him. Thanks to that, Ziek started to hate adults, especially those with high morals. They were the ones who betrayed him.

"And I'll do just that. One of your missiles will arrive in four hours," Ziek said as if he didn't give a damn about anything but annihilating all the people in the school.

Hearing his words, those two guards went through his body in alarm, finding the phone they called the base, "He stole a phone!"

"!!!!!!!"

The whole military lab went into a frenzy:

"When did he get into contact with electronics?!"

"Quickly evacuate him together with the whole school and city!"

"Whose idea was it to send him outside?!"

This wouldn't do. He was too dangerous to exist.

On Break