

# THE LIFE OF LUST DEMON

Chapter 41: The Cuckold -Hero R-18...Side Story PT-2



Tawny's drive home was filled with conflicting emotions. She stopped for a bite to eat and started trying to make sense of what had happened. In the course of one afternoon, her life had been turned upside down. On one hand, she had agreed to become the property of the person who had been so cruel to her son.

But on the other, part of her felt an excitement at the prospect of being taken by such an imposing figure. She couldn't help but feel conflicted as she drove towards her uncertain future.

When the woman had shaken hands with Samson, she had felt his hand clutch hers in a strong, confident grip. Tawny's body trembled when she remembered the sound of his voice as he whispered his intentions in her ear. "He was going to enjoy her."

Tawny shuddered at the thought. It was strange how his anger turned into lust so quickly, but she was unable to deny the truth of it. She knew that she would be hard pressed to deny the strong, powerful man whatever he had in mind for her.

The sun was dipping on the horizon and streetlights had started to glow around her. Tawny's mind drifted as she wondered what Samson's intentions

would be. Would he demand a quickie? Would he want to do it in public? Her mind raced as she thought about what was in store for her.

Her son was safe, but what else would she have to do to keep him free of harm? She did not want to think about it but her more primal self was sending erotic imagery non-stop since making the agreement with the bully.

She felt her cheeks redden at the thought. She knew at some level that it would be sick to enjoy the attentions of the man that has caused her son no end of anguish, but it was the truth. Her body was reacting to the idea of having sex with such a powerful, imposing man. It was thrilling and erotic, even if it felt wrong.

She could feel the warmth of arousal between her legs. She could feel her excitement growing as she approached her house. She wondered if her son was waiting for her on the front porch, but she figured he was probably in his room. Tawny was just about to pull up into the driveway, but she stopped in her tracks.

She looked up and saw the silhouette of a man in front of the house. Her heart pounded as she realized that the man was Samson. She looked around frantically trying to find an avenue of escape but there was nowhere to go. She knew that she was cornered.

Tawny took a deep breath as she steeled herself to talk to Samson. The gang leader simply waited patiently outside the front door. She did not think she would have to pay on her end of the deal so soon.

"Samson, I ... What are you-?"

"I had to make sure I knew where you live. Are you going to invite me in or are you going to just stand here in front of your house?" Samson asked.

"Oh, yeah, here come in." Tawny said looking up at the mountain of man as she slid meekly past the man brushing against his hard muscles as she did so.

Tawny showed the gang leader her house giving him a tour of her entire house including Daniel's room. When Samson ordered her to follow him to her bedroom, she thought it was for sex. In truth she might have preferred sex than what Samson did do. The gang leader methodically went through all her clothing. He made her get a trash bag and throw away all clothing that had zero sex appeal.

In other words she had to get rid of her most comfortable clothes. All shoes with under 4" heels were tossed drastically reducing her inventory of footwear. Every pair of panty hose was thrown in the trash bag, leaving her with just a handful of stockings. All her plain bras were tossed.

Tawny felt so violated as she was slowly made to only have clothing that was attractive.

A shiver of anticipation passed through Tawny's body as Samson spoke, declaring that he wanted her to feel the eyes of every man undressing her as if they owned her, and for her to understand the full extent of his control. His final demand seemed to hang in the air like an unstoppable force, "I expect you to enthusiastically follow my orders."

Two days later,

For two days Tawny woke up with anxiety of a call that had not come. The only break from this feeling was the news that her son had not been accosted the past two days. He even said that Samson apologized to him for being so mean to him. The gang leader did not mention the arrangement Tawny had with him.

He only mentioned his mother came to visit him and she was willing to help him see the opportunity of helping a gentleman such as himself.

Two days of tense anticipation and hanging dread had passed, with only the reassurance that her son was safe. Then as Tawny was stepping out to her car, a chill ran up her spine when she saw the text message.

It read: "Your house 40 minutes naked and on your knees." The words seemed to reach into her soul, confirming what she already knew; this would be their agreement, and the first step was going to be unbearable. Terror coursed through her veins and lodging itself in her heart.

The instructions were clear - she had forty minutes to make it home, strip and assume the position on her knees. All the apprehension she had experienced over the past two days came crashing down around her in a wave of dread, as she understood the implications of the message; this was the first step in their arrangement. She knew there was no going back now.

Thirty-Five minutes later...

Tawny cursed the heels she was forced to wear, feeling like heavy chains that slowed her every move. She fumbled with her keys before finally unlocking the door and kicking off her heels. As she looked at the clock that counted down her time limit, igniting a wave of anxiety within her, Tawny quickly fought with the fabric of her skirt until it unraveled from around her body.

With only minutes left, she barely had enough time to unclasp her bra and slip out of the thin stockings that were now clawing at her legs. With each piece of clothing that hit the floor, Tawny's heart pounded faster and faster as if in preparation for an impending storm. Just then, Samson opened the door and his imposing figure cast a shadowy silhouette over the room.

Her eyes met his but all words disappeared from her tongue.

"Damn if that is not the sexiest sight." Samson said grinning ear to ear. The man slowly walked right in front of the kneeling mother until his crotch was directly near eye level.

"Now for the next part. Greet me properly bitch." Samson ordered without the slightest hint of foreplay.

Tawny looked up confused on the command from her son's bully, her bully too now, if she thought about it.

"Damn slut I thought you said you were educated. Unzip my pants take my dick out and greet me properly, you dumb slut."

Without a moment's hesitation, Tawny reached up and opened the zipper of the man's pants revealing the bulge inside. Tawny felt her pussy quiver as she reached in to pull the hard swollen member out. She leaned her head back to look up at the man's face and giving him a coy little smirk, "Greet you properly, like this?" she said, as she mocked him.

"Do it bitch or I'll give you something to cry about." Samson said clenching his jaw in anger and impatience.

Tawny felt a twinge of arousal at the blatant threat of violence she was now taking from him. She shook off the strange little feeling and looking up to his eyes simply nodded and opened her mouth before engulfing his cock. She sucked him in until her lips were pressed into his pubic hair and then slid back and let his cock fall back out of her mouth.

She continued the motion, deep then shallow, a few moments into her fellatio she heard the beast moan.

Tawny's body quivered with pleasure as she felt the man move against her soft lips. She could feel the raw power emanating from him and it caused her to increase her pace, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. With a primal

growl, he grabbed a handful of Tawny's honey blonde hair and emptied himself into her mouth; hot, salty, pungent come erupting over her taste buds.

"Swallow it bitch." Samson demanded in between pants of exhaustion. Tawny complied before a small dribble of cum leaked out of the side of her mouth.

"I did not hear a thank you, ungrateful slut." He snarled, delivering a sharp slap to her unsuspecting face. "Thank you," Tawny mumbled fearfully as she bowed her head in submission.

"We will work on your attitude. Now make me a sandwich and bring it up to your bedroom. You have more work to do." Samson commanded as he stripped off his trousers, leaving nothing hidden from Tawny's hungry stare. Her heart raced at the sight of his perfect body and without being told she knew that once again she was going to be used for his own pleasure.

10 minutes later.

Tawny walked up the stairs of her house naked with a plate and beer in a plaid picnic basket. The bully taste was still on the back of her mouth, a reminder of the unbidden snack given to her by son's bully. When she opened the door, she saw Samson standing, waiting for her, in her own bed.

What startled Tawny more was the fact that, while lying there naked on top of the sheets, his cock was rock hard again and pointing straight at her.

Samson's silence hung heavy in the air as he demolished his meal, and when he rose from the table Tawny could feel a heightened sense of anticipation. He strode towards the bathroom with a fierce determination and when he returned she flinched at the sound of his loud snap of the fingers.

His gaze pierced her soul as he pointed towards the bed, a silent yet potent demand for her to get ready for what was to come. Heat flushed over her body as her core ached with desire - but before she could even utter a whimper Samson growled, "Head down ass up!"

Tawny complied blinded as the position made it hard to tell where her soon to be lover was. Then she felt his tip slide up against her pussy lips.

"Oh" Tawny declared startled as she braced herself for what was to come. The hands grabbing her ass was the last herald of her violation. Then she felt his thick cock slide into her causing her to let out a wanton moan.

"Ah yes"

Before she could get settled Samson began to slide in and out of her sex. Tawny felt herself opening up to him to allow the bully easier access. Before long the slapping of flesh echoed throughout the room. Tawny began to moan more loudly, much more loudly.

"Oh fuck!! Yes, more, more, please, more! God Damnit, it's feel good!!" Tawny cried out.

"Shut up you fucking whore, be quiet and take it!" Samson screamed in response.

The man grabbed her hair and he rammed her down hard on his cock, pulling her up he thrust back into her.

"Yes, oh yes, more more more" Tawny pleaded.

Tawny felt herself opening more and more to him. Soon her pussy was dripping and there was a wet squishing sound as he continued to abuse her womanhood. Tawny started to shake as her body was overwhelmed by sensations her pussy was throbbing the orgasm building deep inside her.

"I'm, I'm going to cum" Tawny panted.

"You better fucking cum bitch" Samson said as he grabbed her hips and pistoned into her.

Samson's strong hands gripped Tawny's hips firmly as he slammed himself into her pussy.

Tawny's body convulsed and jerked with each thrust. Samson's hands were firm on her hips and his fingers dug into her flesh as he fucked her with more aggression.

Skin, lips, tongue, hands, nails

Hard slabs of flesh, the cold steel grip of conquest.

"You like that don't you? You little slut!" Samson snarled as he dug his fingers into her soft flesh.

"I'm gonna cum!! I'm gonna cum!! I'm gonna-Ah Ah AhAhAaah!!"

Tawny came first as the man's ejaculate rushed into her pussy. "I'm cumming! I'm Cummin! I'm CUMMI!"

"Shut the fuck up slut!" he snarled as he pulled out of her and slapped her ass with the back of his hand. The sting of the blow was soothed when Tawny felt the man's hand rub the sore red handprint. "You're my little fuck slut now, aren't you?" he said as he leaned over to whisper in her ear. "Mm hmm" Tawny responded as she was assuaged.

"Good now get up and go get me some water, we are not even close to being done. Tawny submissively whined at the prospect of being fucked some more. The "educated woman" struggled on legs that felt like jelly.

The reality of this arrangement was so much more intense than she ever imagined. The bully's domination was so much more harsh and powerful and exciting than she could have fathomed. He claimed her, used, abused, and degraded her, toyed with her mind and body until she came begging for mercy, and he was so powerful that she craved more from him.

She had a feeling she would never get tired of the way his iron will dominated her and how he took what he wanted without apology.

Four Hours Later...



Tawny laid in her bed with her legs spread and a pool of cum in between her legs. The woman had been fucked so thoroughly that she still had not moved even though it had already been twenty minutes since Samson left. The woman had been ordered to hold the pose she currently was in.

The result was the creampie in her pussy and her arms were still above her head and she was still covered with swatches of cum.

Four Hours earlier, the sound of Tawny's screams filled the house as Samson forced his way in. Every inch of her body ached from his brutishness, but still she laid there in her bed afterwards, limbs spread and a pool of cum dripping down her thighs. She had been commanded not to move until it was time for her son's return home from school, and even after twenty minutes she hadn't moved an inch.

When Daniel finally arrived, a wide smile on his face from another day of safety at school, he found his mother stumbling around the bathroom, trying to remove evidence of what had transpired. If only he knew that it was his mother who had sacrificed so much for his safety.

Chapter 42: Snow Qilin....?



Anos grasped the Firestorm Nugget firmly, his eyes locked onto the Flameborn Lion outside. The beast, oblivious to the impending threat, focused solely on killing Anos, its fiery roar echoing through the cave.

Anos waited for the perfect moment to strike, his heart racing with anticipation. He knew that if the Firestorm Nugget didn't explode precisely on the lion's leg and instead bounced back, he would be the one blown to smithereens. The risk was too great, but he had no other choice.

Seizing the opportunity, Anos hurled the Firestorm Nugget with all his might. The small, glowing object soared through the air, homing in on its target.

"Boom!"

A deafening explosion rocked the outside, sending shockwaves that knocked Anos off his feet even from over ten meters away. Stunned, he stumbled backward, his ears ringing from the blast. The ground trembled beneath him as the cave began to collapse.

Anos's luck held, and his position remained relatively safe, with only small stones falling around him. However, the entrances were sealed, trapping him inside. The sound of rubble and dust filled the air, and Anos coughed, covering his mouth.

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"Ding... You have attacked the Flameborn Lion..."

"Ding..."

"Ding... Your realm has increased to 6 stars of the Elemental Foundation Realm."

"Ding... Your realm has increased to 7 stars of the Elemental Foundation Realm."

"Ding..."

"Ding... Your realm has increased to 9 stars of the Elemental Foundation Realm!"

Anos slowly stood up, dusting himself off. The barrage of system prompts left him stunned. He felt an intense energy coursing through his body.

"9 stars of the Elemental Foundation Realm!" Anos was inwardly astonished. The implications were clear: the Flameborn Lion outside had been obliterated.

The Firestorm Nugget's devastating power had not only killed the beast but also propelled Anos's cultivation to unprecedented heights. His spirits soared as he realized the true extent of his growth.

The Firestorm Nugget's devastating power still lingered in his mind. "Isn't it too fierce?" Anos wondered. Initially, the aftermath had left his body screaming in agony.

However, his upgraded realm had brought an unexpected benefit - his physique had strengthened significantly. The lingering pain was now barely noticeable.

Anos's eyes widened in awe. "This is insane!" His body's resilience had increased exponentially, rendering the previous torment almost negligible.

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Anos stood up, his surroundings eerily silent. The collapse had sealed everything in front of him, engulfing the area in an impenetrable veil of dust and debris.

With a deep breath, Anos focused his energy. "Stellar Smash!" he roared, unleashing a full-strength punch that shattered the debris before him. The ground trembled beneath his feet as his fist connected, releasing a burst of elemental force.

"Stellar Smash!" "Stellar Smash!" Anos repeatedly pounded the rubble, each blow fueled by his intensified elemental energy. The air reverberated with the force of his strikes, sending shockwaves through the earth. After twenty thunderous strikes, Anos finally broke through the collapsed area.

As the dust settled, the scene before him left Anos breathless. The pit stretched twenty meters deep, with the lowest point reaching five meters. The sheer scale of the destruction stunned him. Yet, the Flameborn Lion's corpse

was nowhere to be seen – it was as if the beast had been vaporized, erased from existence.

Anos's eyes widened in awe, grasping the true extent of the Firestorm Nugget's destructive power. The Flameborn Lion, once a formidable foe, had been reduced to nothing. The realization sent shivers down his spine, humbling him before his newfound abilities.

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Anos took a deep breath, settling into a meditative pose to assess his current Power.

Name: Anos

Age: 21

Realm: 9-star Elemental Foundation

Level: 19

Experience: 510,017,500

Scumbag Value: 51,800

Attributes:

Strength: 377 (+188)

Constitution: 366 (+182)

Dexterity: 365 (+181)

Spirit: 365 (+181)

Spiritual Energy Value: 1,450 (+720)

Talents:

Timeless Healing Wisdom

Martial Skills:

Mystic Perception

Fivefold Thunderclap

Stellar Smash

Energy Fusion Blast

Phantom Rush

As Anos scrutinized his attributes, he was struck by the sheer magnitude of his growth. His numbers had nearly doubled, a testament to the profound impact of breaking through to the 9-star Elemental Foundation Realm.

"This is the true power of realm advancement," Anos thought, awed. The higher one climbed, the wider the gap between realms grew. The difference between the Qi Awakening Realm and the Elemental Foundation Realm might be merely a dozen points, but the chasm between the Elemental Foundation Realm and the next realm could be 30 to 40 Level – or more.

Anos grasped the implications: each subsequent realm would amplify his abilities exponentially. The prospect sent shivers down his spine, fueling his determination to continue pushing beyond the boundaries of his potential.

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Anos exhaled slowly, his mind reeling from the staggering potential of the Spirit Core Realm. "If I reach that level, all my attributes will surpass 600 points," he thought, awestruck. The sheer scale of the growth stunned him. No wonder the gap between realms seemed insurmountable.

An Spirit Core Realm cultivator would be an unstoppable force, a behemoth on the spiritual landscape. Anos shuddered at the thought, grateful for the scumbag system's timely intervention. "That system saved my life," he breathed, relief washing over him.

Tonight's harvest had exceeded his wildest expectations. The Firestorm Nugget's power and the subsequent realm advancement had catapulted him into uncharted territory. Next on his agenda was acquiring Spiritual Equipment – artifacts attuned to his evolving abilities.

Anos stood up, preparing to leave the ravaged landscape behind. As he gazed out at the massive pit created by the Firestorm Nugget, his eyes landed on something unexpected. The crater's depths seemed to hold a secret.

Curiosity piqued, Anos approached the pit cautiously, his senses on high alert. The air still reverberated with residual energy from the explosion. What could have survived the devastating impact of the Firestorm Nugget? He leaned forward, his heart racing with anticipation.

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As Anos peered into the pit's depths, his eyes locking onto a faint, electric purple glow. The ground seemed to have been blown open, revealing a vacuum below. Something was emitting an intense, pulsating light.

Curiosity drove Anos to investigate further. He hurled a Energy Fusion Blast into the abyss, unleashing a concentrated burst of energy.

"Boom!" The ground shuddered, sending dust swirling upward. When the dust settled, Anos's eyes widened in astonishment.

The bottom of the pit was blown open, revealing an empty cavity. At its center, the purple light pulsed brighter than ever. But this wasn't ordinary light – it was thunder, crackling with electricity.

As Anos stood above, his scalp tingled, his hair standing on end. He sensed the electricity emanating from below, an otherworldly energy that defied explanation. It was a familiar sensation, like static electricity before a storm, but amplified to an unsettling degree.

The hairs on his arms rose, drawn to the energy like iron filings to a magnet. Anos's skin prickled with anticipation, his senses heightened. Half his hair stood upright, responding to the electrifying force.

"Unbelievable!" Anos thought, his eyes fixed on the purple lightning. "A thunder-type spiritual treasure is hidden underground!" Heaven and Earth Spirit Treasures were the stuff of legend, only attainable through sheer luck. Yet, here one was, right before him.

But Anos's excitement was tempered by fear. Even from afar, he could feel the treasure's terrifying power coursing through his veins. The thought of descending into the pit made his heart quail. One misstep, and he'd be annihilated.

Frustration gnawed at him. He'd stumbled upon a priceless treasure, yet dared not claim it. And if he hesitated, others would surely discover it, snatching the prize from his grasp.

Just as Anos's anxiety peaked, a deafening roar shook the air, sending shivers down his spine. The sound was primal, like the thunderous growl of a beast awakening from a deep slumber.

"Impossible!" Anos thought, his mind racing. "Could it be that after provoking the smaller one, the larger one has arrived?" The thought sent a chill down his spine. If so, his fate was sealed.

He located the source of the sound – behind him. Anos's heart skipped a beat as he slowly turned around, his movements stiff with tension. The cave he had just hammered out was now the focal point of his anxiety.

How could a demonic beast appear silently behind him? Anos swallowed hard, his senses on high alert.

As he turned, his expectation of fear gave way to confusion. Before him stood a demonic beast, but it was... tiny. Only 30 centimeters tall, with a snow-white coat and large, lively eyes reminiscent of a human's.

Anos's fear dissipated, replaced by curiosity. The creature's adorable features and energetic demeanor made it hard to take seriously. Its small tail wagged enthusiastically as it tilted its head, scrutinizing Anos with an unmistakable air of curiosity.

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Anos's eyes widened as he beheld the miniature demonic beast. Its features stirred a familiarity, reminiscent of mythical creatures from Earth's legends. Intrigued, he focused his Spiritual Eye to uncover the truth.

[Snow Qilin?]

Realm: ???

Rank: ???

Attributes: ???

Introduction: Matching appearance data suggests this creature may be a Snow Qilin from the Qilin Clan's esteemed bloodline.

Anos's jaw dropped. "Snow... Snow Qilin?" he stammered, incredulous. The implications swirled in his mind. On Horizon Down, as on Earth, qilins symbolized nobility, ranking among the most revered mythological creatures. The Snow Qilin's bloodline was particularly distinguished, renowned for its purity and power.

But could this tiny creature truly be a qilin? Anos's mind reeled. How did it end up so close to human settlements? And why was it so... adorable? Its miniature size and playful demeanor belied the majesty of its heritage.

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Anos's Mystic Perception had locked onto the mysterious creature, and its introduction flashed before him. According to his Mystic Perception's analysis, this database was constructed based on its appearance, indicating a high probability that it was a Qilin - a mythical, benevolent creature revered for its wisdom and power.

However, there was still a lingering uncertainty, leaving room for alternative possibilities.

Anos's intuition, told him that this creature was either a genuine Qilin or something remarkably similar. What solidified his conviction was his Mystic Perception's inability to detect the creature's Power level, a clear indication that its realm surpassed his own by a staggering five ranks or maybe more.

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Anos's eyes widened as the Snow Qilin approached him, its delicate steps eerily silent. The creature's mouth held a mysterious object, its intentions unclear. As it drew near, the Snow Qilin gently lowered its head, carefully placing the object at Anos's feet.

Anos's initial wariness gave way to relief as he sensed no killing intent emanating from the creature. His curiosity piqued, he asked, "Are you offering this to me?" His gaze fell upon the rainbow-colored, scale-like object, its intricate patterns shimmering in the light.

The Snow Qilin's response stunned Anos – a gentle nod, its eyes sparkling with understanding.

"Damn!" Anos cursed inwardly, awestruck by the creature's unsettling presence. "What kind of monster is this?"

The Snow Qilin's adorable appearance belied its formidable strength and intelligence. Its ability to instakill Anos was unmistakable, yet it showed no killing intent – for now. What's more, its intelligence was off the charts, demonstrated by its comprehension of human speech.

"This little guy is already at the pinnacle of demonic beasts!" Anos thought, his mind racing with the implications. "Terrifying! Extremely terrifying!"

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As Anos picked up the rainbow-colored, mysterious scale, its intricate patterns shimmering in the light. His Mystic Perception probed the object, but it yielded only question marks – no attributes, no energy signature, nothing.

However, in the next instant, the rainbow-colored scale suddenly dissolved into a radiant rainbow light. Before Anos could react, the light surged through his fingertips and into his body.

Anos's eyes widened in alarm as he felt the unfamiliar energy coursing through his veins. "What's happening?!" he thought, panic setting in. His mind racing, he struggled to comprehend the scale's mysterious power.

Then Suddenly, A flurry of notifications erupted in Anos's mind:

"Ding! System detection: Host Anos has acquired a special power. [ Scumbag Man System] integration successful!"

"Ding! Power acceptance complete!"

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Metal Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Wood Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Water Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Fire Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Earth Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Darkness Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Spatial Element."

"Ding! Host Anos has obtained Time Element."

Anos's thoughts reeled as the notifications ceased. "What just happened?!"  
He stared blankly, struggling to comprehend the sudden influx of powers.

Have I obtained... all the Elements?! Was this the doing of that mysterious scale?

Anos hastily reviewed his Power Level.

Name: Anos

Age: 21

Realm: Elemental Foundation Realm ( Nine Star )

Level: 19

Talent: Timeless Healing wisdom

Martial Skills:

Mystic Perception

Fivefold Thunderclap

Stellar Smash

Energy Fusion Blast

Phantom Rush

Elements:

Metal

Wood

Water

Fire

Earth

Wind

Lightning

Darkness

Light

Space

Time

(Note: All elements can only be used once. Once enough elemental energy is obtained, it will be activated permanently)

Anos's eyes widened in astonishment. "I really obtained all the elements!"

.....

On the Horizon Down World, martial artists typically possessed a single Element, determining their unique strengths and abilities. The most common Elements were Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth, while Wind, Lightning, Darkness, and Light were rare and highly coveted.

Element rarity served as a benchmark for a martial artist's talent. The scarcer the Element, the more formidable its power. Dual or triple Elements were nearly unheard of, setting their wielders apart as exceptional talents.

However, two Elements stood above the rest: Space and Time. These elusive powers were reserved for the chosen few, with only one in 100 million martial

artists awakening to their potential. Controlling Space and Time demanded immense skill and mental fortitude, making their wielders nearly unbeatable.

Yet, Anos shattered all conventions. He possessed not only Space and Time but all the other Elements as well, defying the fundamental laws of the Horizon Down's martial arts.

However, Anos's newfound powers came with a caveat: he only had one chance to use all the Elements. To unlock permanent access, he needed to acquire the corresponding Elemental Energy. Simple in theory, but daunting in practice.

The mysterious seven-colored scale, gifted by the gentle Snow Qilin before him, held the key to Anos's unprecedented abilities. He was likely the sole martial artist on the Horizon Down World to possess all the Elements. If he could harness them without restriction, Anos would be unstoppable.

"I... I must test this!" Anos's mind reeled, struggling to grasp the reality.  
"Fivefold Thunderclap !"

With a focused cry, Anos condensed potent Lightning Element force within himself. Slapping the ground with his right hand, he unleashed a tempest of purple lightning. The air around him crackled with energy.

Yet, amidst the turmoil, the Snow Qilin remained serene. A faint white glow enveloped its small form, rendering the destructive lightning harmless.

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As the dust settled, Anos surveyed the aftermath, awestruck. His Fivefold Thunderclap , fueled by his 9th Star Elemental Foundation realm cultivation, had created a 20-meter crater. Though shallow, this display of power would prove devastating to anyone in the same realm caught within its range.

"Awesome!" Anos's eyes sparkled. The potent Lightning Element force, combined with the Earth Rank 8-star martial skill, yielded breathtaking destruction.

Eager to repeat the feat, Anos attempted to condense Lightning Element force once more. However, he soon discovered that it was impossible – the Element could only be used once. A hint of disappointment faded as he recalled the system's message: with sufficient attribute energy, the Element could be unlocked permanently.

Anos's determination ignited. He would absorb the necessary energy to wield the Lightning Element at will, solidifying his position as an unbeatable martial artist.

"Wait!" Anos's gaze snapped to the spot where the Firestorm Nugget exploded. Didn't that area hold a rare lightning Element treasure of heaven and earth? Could it be absorbed?

But Anos hesitated, fear holding him back.

That's when his eyes met the Snow Qilin's calm gaze beside him. Its small body radiated an unexpected force. With a gentle tap of its front paw, Anos was launched into the air, soaring into the deep crater crackling with lightning.

"Ahh—"

As he entered, Anos was enveloped by intense lightning energy. The force was agonizing, suspending him mid-air. His cries echoed through the crater, his body trembling under the relentless assault.

Suddenly, the lightning attribute energy began to merge with Anos's body.

"Ding... absorbing Lightning Element force, please wait!" The system's voice echoed in Anos's mind.

Anos's eyes squeezed shut, pain overwhelming his senses. He couldn't bear to open them.

Dense purple lightning poured into his chest, vanishing into his body. The massive Lightning Element force gradually dissipated.

"It hurts—" Anos's thoughts grew hazy, his consciousness slipping.

Am I going to die...?

His skin charred black, clothes reduced to ashes. Only his spiritual force protected him from complete disintegration.

Can't bear it! Can't bear it! His realm was too low; the strain too great. Anos teetered on the brink of explosion, his life hanging by a thread.

Above,

The Snow Qilin approached the edge, its gentle gaze fixed on Anos's charred form. Upon seeing his naked, cracked body, it recoiled in a surprisingly human-like gesture, covering its face with its small paws. After a brief moment, it condensed a radiant white light and descended.

The white light enveloped Anos, restoring his damaged flesh instantaneously. As lightning continued to surge into him, his body remained unscathed, protected by the Snow Qilin's healing energy.

Anos's consciousness wavered, his agony replaced by an unexpected sense of serenity. His mind grew foggy, and he felt himself drifting into unconsciousness.

Just as he succumbed to darkness, the system's voice resonated within his mind:

"Ding... Lightning Element force has been Condensed . Lightning Element is permanently activated."

"Ding... host's physique being tempered by lightning, physical resistance has increased by 30%."

#### Chapter 44: Crying Luna..?



Anos's eyes snapped open, and he found himself lying in the deep pit, the purple thunderbolt vanished. With a sudden jolt, he sprang upright.

"What the—? Where are my clothes?" Anos's gaze fell upon his naked body, his face etched with confusion.

Then, reality struck.

"Wait a minute!" Anos scanned his surroundings, memories flooding back.

"I'm... I'm not dead!"

He tentatively touched his body, marveling at its transformation. "It feels... even harder."

Recalling the system's voice before he fainted, Anos eagerly checked his Elements.

Physique: +50 points!

Thunder Element: Permanently Activated

His eyes widened as he gazed at the Thunder Element's power.

Without hesitation, Anos opened his palm, focusing his energy. The air crackled.

Zi zi zi—



A purple thunderbolt flickered to life in his palm, its power coursing through him.

Elation and exhilaration burst forth in Anos's heart! He had permanently activated the Thunder Element!

"I did it! I really did it!" Anos's voice trembled with joy.

No longer attribute-less, he now possessed all the Elements! The thrill of this reality felt almost surreal.

"Wait, where's the Snow Qilin?" Anos sprang to the top of the pit, scanning the horizon. But the gentle creature was nowhere to be seen.

He called out, hoping the Snow Qilin would respond, but only silence answered.

After then,

Anos sat in stunned contemplation, his mind racing with questions.

"Why did it help me? Why did it bestow such a precious gift upon me? The Thunder Element is far beyond my current strength, yet it aided me in harnessing its power. And those crippling injuries... it healed them in an instant."

Memories of the Snow Qilin's selfless actions flooded Anos's heart, overwhelming him with gratitude.

"Why did it leave without a word? Why did it change my fate so profoundly?"

Anos's determination solidified. "I must find the Snow Qilin. I have to thank it, to repay its kindness. Its appearance has transformed me, elevated me to unprecedented heights."

....

On Earth, legend spoke of qilins as harbingers of good fortune. Seeing one was said to foretell auspicious events. Anos had once dismissed this as mere myth, but now he was a fervent believer.

That majestic Snow Qilin had transformed his destiny.

"Kid, I'll find you! I'll repay your kindness then!" Anos's eyes blazed with determination.

His encounter had shattered preconceived notions. Not all Demonic Beasts were malevolent; some were noble allies to humanity.

...

As Anos pondered, his mind racing with limitless possibilities. With all Elements at his disposal, including the formidable Time and Space Elements, his potential was unprecedented. However, apart from the Thunder Element, the others remained dormant, awaiting activation.

To unlock their permanent use, Anos knew the solution lay in absorbing corresponding Elemental energies. For instance, to wield the Fire Element, he needed to find a heavenly treasure imbued with intense flames and assimilate its energy.

This epiphany ignited a burning determination within Anos. He envisioned a journey fraught with challenges, yet promising exponential growth. With each new Element mastered, his strength would skyrocket.

The ultimate goal beckoned: mastering all Elements, commanding them at will, and attaining true invincibility.

Anos steeled himself for the long and arduous path ahead, knowing that each triumph would bring him closer to unrivaled power.

"I will absorb every Element, harness their might, and become the most formidable warrior this realm has ever known."

Anos realized he faced a dual challenge: elevating his cultivation level and acquiring treasures with potent Elemental energy to absorb.

"As I grow stronger, the risks will diminish," Anos reassured himself. "But for now, I have a more pressing concern."

He glanced down at his charred attire, his face twisting in amusement.

"My clothes are gone. How am I supposed to return?"

Anos chuckled, shaking his head. "Well, I suppose I'll have to find new attire – and quickly."

.....

Anos's feet pounded the ground with incredible force, propelling him forward at breathtaking speed. His cultivation level allowed him to transcend human limitations, unlocking the secrets of the elemental forces.

As he sprinted, the wind whipped through his hair, leaves rustling wildly around him. The world blurred, becoming a green and brown streak. Trees, buildings, and lamp posts transformed into fleeting silhouettes.

Anos's speed approached the threshold of light, his movements almost imperceptible. The air rippled with his passage, creating miniature whirlwinds. His bare feet barely touched the ground, as if he were flying.

Earlier, Anos had realized he was without clothes, his attire having been incinerated by the Thunder Element's energy. Undeterred, he utilized the surrounding foliage to craft a makeshift loincloth, securing large leaves around his waist.

The improvised garment fluttered behind him, a symbol of his resourcefulness. The few witnesses to his passage blinked in awe, unsure if they'd truly seen a human or a blur of energy.

Anos's arrival at his doorstep was almost instantaneous, his stop as abrupt as his start. He stood panting, his chest heaving with exertion, yet a triumphant grin spread across his face.

Then..

Anos pushed open the door, revealing a warm glow from the living room. Soft lamp light danced across Luna's worried face as she sat on the sofa, eyes fixed on the TV.

Her attempts to reach Anos had been futile; his phone, destroyed by the lightning, remained silent. Luna's hands were clenched, her nails digging into her palms.

As Anos entered, Luna sprang up, rushing into his arms. She enveloped him in a tight hug, unaware of his makeshift leaf garment.

"Little Fairy, what happened?" Anos asked, startled by the desperation in Luna's voice.

Luna's tears flowed uncontrollably, her body shaking with sobs. Her usually icy demeanor had melted away, revealing a depth of emotion that touched Anos's heart.

He felt a surge of protectiveness, his resolve strengthening. What reason did he have to not cherish her? She cared for him deeply, her love and concern etched on her face.

Guilt gnawed at him, knowing he had caused her such distress. Anos gently reached out, his hand cradling Luna's slender back.

"Okay, it's okay," he soothed, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'm safe now."

Luna's trembling voice whispered in his ear, "Tell me where you're going next time. Don't leave without letting me know." Her tone echoed the desperation of a helpless child, scared and vulnerable.

Anos's heart swelled with affection. He pulled her closer, holding her securely. "I promise, Luna," Anos whispered, his voice filled with conviction. "From now on, you'll always know where I am."

Luna's sobs gradually subsided, replaced by ragged breathing. Anos continued to hold her, offering comfort.

As they stood there, Anos realized his feelings for Luna went beyond gratitude. He wanted to protect her, to be her rock.

.....

Few minutes later, Luna released Anos, her tear-stained face gazing up at him. Anos gently wiped away her tears, his touch soothing.

"I promise there won't be a next time," he reassured, his smile warm and comforting.

Luna's eyes lingered on his, her brow furrowed with concern. "How did you become like this?" she asked, her voice tinged with worry.

Anos chuckled, his eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, on the way here, I had an unexpected encounter. A few admirers took a liking to me and relieved me of my clothes," he said, his tone lighthearted.

"They stripped me bare, leaving me no choice but to improvise," Anos continued, gesturing to his makeshift leaf garment. "If I hadn't run fast enough, I would have been in trouble. I didn't even dare take my phone. I just fled."

Luna slightly rolled her eyes at Anos. "As long as you're safe and sound, that's all that matters," she implied, choosing not to pry.

"Hurry up and shower. You're covered in dirt," Luna said, her gaze tracing the leafy garment.

"Give me a kiss on the cheek first," Anos teased, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Luna playfully pushed him away. "I'm going to sleep."

After wiping away her tears, Luna retreated to her room.

Anos's smile faltered, replaced by a determined glint in his eye. He clenched his fists, a silent vow forming.

"I'll protect her for the rest of my life," he swore to himself. "No harm will come to her. Ever."

With renewed resolve, Anos headed for the shower, his thoughts consumed by Luna and their unwavering bond.

....

Luna leaned against the door, her body sliding down until she squatted on the floor. Despite Anos's safe return, her fear lingered, refusing to dissipate.

Her cold exterior was a shield, a protective mechanism to deter others from taking advantage of her. But beneath that facade, Luna was fragile, vulnerable.

The thought of losing Anos sent a shiver down her spine. She couldn't bear the possibility of a world without him. The memory of being unable to reach him on the phone still haunted her.

As she reflected, Luna's mind drifted back to her conversation with Teacher Sofia.

....

Luna recalled her first meeting with Sofia, where Sofia revealed her knowledge of Anos's deadly disease.

"Sofia, I've heard you're familiar with Anos's... condition," Luna had said, her voice laced with concern.

Sofia's expression turned somber. "Yes, Luna. Anos's disease is rooted in his emotional turmoil. His heart is locked, suppressing his true power."

Luna's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"Anos's emotions are the key to his healing," Sofia explained. "But his heart is shielded, preventing his body from accessing its full potential."

Luna's determination ignited. "Can you teach me how to reach him?"

Sofia smiled knowingly. "I've been waiting for you, Luna. You have the potential to awaken Anos's heart."

Now, Luna sat in Sofia's living room, ready to learn the art of seduction.

"Sofia, I need your help," Luna pleaded. "Confirm what you told me before. Is Anos's disease truly linked to his emotional state?"

Sofia nodded. "Yes, Luna. His heart is the key. Seduction alone won't cure him, but it's the first step."

Luna's resolve strengthened. "Teach me, Sofia. I'll do whatever it takes to save Anos."

Sofia began instructing Luna in the art of irresistible allure, sharing secrets of:

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Sofia smiled. "First, confidence is key. Own your sensuality and sexuality."

"Show me," Luna requested.

Sofia stood, her movements graceful. "Posture, darling. Shoulders back, hips swayed, and make sure to accentuate that luscious ass."

Luna mimicked Sofia's pose.

"Next, eye contact," Sofia instructed. "Sultry, seductive, and inviting. Make him feel like he's the only one who matters."

Luna practiced the smoldering gaze.

"Now, smile," Sofia said. "A hint of mystery and promise. Make him wonder what you're thinking."

Luna's lips curled into an enigmatic smile.

"Voice, Luna," Sofia continued. "Husky, sensual, and commanding. Tell him what you want, and how you want it."

Luna's voice dropped to a sultry whisper.

Sofia nodded approval. "You're a natural, darling."

Luna's face glowed with excitement.

"Remember, seduction is about subtlety," Sofia emphasized. "Tease him, tantalize him, and make him beg for more."

Luna committed Sofia's words to memory.

As Luna prepared to leave, Sofia handed her a small package.

"What's this?" Luna asked.

"A little something to enhance your allure," Sofia whispered. "Lingerie that will make him lose his mind."

Luna's eyes widened as she unwrapped the elegant, sheer lingerie.

"Thank you, Sofia," Luna said, her heart filled with gratitude.

Sofia smiled knowingly. "You'll make Anos crave you like never before."



[Flash-back end]....

....

Luna's expression turned resolute as she recalled Anos's words. She had misinterpreted his statement, but it only strengthened her determination.

"Sofia was right," Luna thought, her eyes narrowing. "Anos's emotional turmoil is suffocating him. I must help him."

The memory of Sofia's words echoed in her mind: "Anos's disease is linked to his emotional state. Seduction alone won't cure him, but it's the first step."

Luna's jaw clenched. She would stop at nothing to save Anos.

With unwavering resolve, Luna retired to her bed, her mind racing with strategies.

....

Anos's system notification rang, piercing the silence.

"Ding... Made a big sister cry to a very deep extent. Scumbag Value + 500000."

Anos's eyes widened as he stared at the notification. The sheer magnitude of Luna's distress hit him like a ton of bricks. He could almost feel her terror and desperation.

His expression softened, and a pang of guilt struck his chest. He realized that his actions had caused Luna such profound pain. The weight of his mistakes settled heavy on his shoulders.

Without hesitation, Anos made a decision.

"I won't go to school tomorrow," he vowed. "I need to be with Luna, to comfort her and make things right."



Luna woke up at nine o'clock, feeling a pang of guilt for oversleeping. As she stepped out of her room, the enticing aroma of freshly cooked food enveloped her, instantly lifting her mood.

"Ding, ding, ding! I've prepared a nutritious breakfast just for you, my little fairy!" Anos exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with warmth.

Luna's eyes widened in surprise. "You didn't go to school today?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity.

Anos pulled her hand, leading her to the table. "I wanted to make it up to you after last night," he said, his voice filled with affection. "I thought we could spend the day together." The breakfast spread before her was a feast for the senses - fluffy scrambled eggs, crispy bacon, and golden pancakes also soup.

Luna's gaze drifted to the food, her thoughts wandering. When was the last time Anos had cooked breakfast for her? The memory of his culinary skills had faded over time, but today's spread reignited her appreciation.

"What's wrong? Try it," Anos urged, his brow furrowed in concern.

Luna hesitated, her cheeks flushing. "I'll wash up first," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

As Luna walked away, Anos's gaze followed her, his eyes fixed on her swaying hips. He couldn't help but notice the subtle change in her gait, a newfound sensuality that left him breathless.

"Her walk has changed," Anos thought, his mind racing with possibilities. "It's as if she's embracing her femininity, her curves beckoning me to follow."

Anos's eyes lingered on Luna's retreating form, his imagination running wild. He envisioned her hips swaying to a seductive rhythm, her skin glowing with a soft, golden light.

....

Anos rarely cooked for Luna; their roles were reversed. Luna cared for the family, while Anos grew accustomed to being pampered. Before acquiring the Scumbag System, Anos was an ordinary person, unable to cultivate. He struggled with self-doubt and low self-esteem.

Haunted by his powerlessness, Anos contemplated desperate measures. He wondered if transmigrating from Earth to this realm allowed return upon death. Dark thoughts loomed.

But everything changed when Anos realized Luna's kindness. Now, he's determined to make amends and treat her with sincerity.

As Luna approached the table, her smooth, porcelain-like skin glowing in the morning light. Her fitted denim shorts and bright blue crop top accentuated her delicate, snow-white complexion. Her blue hair cascaded down her back, framing her heart-shaped face with vibrant, mysterious hues.

Her refreshed skin radiated a soft, ethereal glow. Her full lips curled into a gentle smile as she took in the spread before her.

The aroma wafting from the dishes was incredible, and she couldn't believe Anos had prepared this feast.

"Hurry up and eat, or it'll get cold," Anos said, sitting beside Luna and picking up his chopsticks. His eyes crinkled at the corners as he smiled.

Luna's eyes widened as she took her first bite. "Anos, this is amazing!" She savored the flavors, her eyes closing in delight.

Anos's gaze drifted to her smooth, silky skin, as white as snow. The bright blue top highlighted her vibrant spirit, contrasting beautifully with her blue locks.

Their gazes met, and for a moment, they just savored the warmth of sharing a meal together.

After...

Luna finished the entire large bowl of food, leaving not a single drop of soup behind. She settled into her chair, radiating satisfaction.

"It's not just the taste," she thought, "but the joy behind it." She felt Anos had transformed, and it filled her with happiness.

"Little Fairy, let's pack up and go out to play today. You don't have to go to the company today. Come to think of it, it seems like we haven't had a good time for three years," Anos said.

In reality, Anos and Luna had known each other for only three years. Anos recalled their occasional strolls, but those were fleeting moments amidst Luna's hectic startup schedule. Despite the chaos, Anos cherished every second with Luna.

Upon hearing Anos's words, Luna's delicate body trembled slightly before she nodded without hesitation. "Okay, I'll go change."

Luna re-emerged wearing a stunning, fitted white halter-neck dress that accentuated her smooth shoulders and slender neck. The dress's flowing silk fabric hugged her curves, showcasing her petite waist and elegant legs. Delicate gold straps wrapped around her ankles, highlighting her dainty feet.

Her blue hair cascaded down her back, framing her heart-shaped face. Her bright blue eyes sparkled like sapphires.

Anos's gaze roamed over Luna's body, his thoughts filled with possessiveness. "Mine," he thought, his heart racing. "She's breathtakingly beautiful."

....

As they strolled through the amusement park, Anos couldn't help but steal glances at Luna. Her smile, her laughter, and her radiant skin captivated him.

At Ocean World, Luna's eyes widened as they watched dolphins play. Anos wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her close. "You're more captivating than the marine life," he whispered.

Luna's cheeks flushed, but she didn't pull away.

As they shared a romantic dinner, Anos's hand brushed against Luna's. Electric sparks ran through him. "I want to hold her hand forever," he thought.

Luna, typically reserved and poised, wore a radiant smile all day. Anos's heart swelled with joy, captivated by her happiness.

....

"Ah... I'm so tired," Luna said, sinking into the plush sofa as they returned home at night and changed their clothes, the soft cushions enveloping her exhausted body.

Her eyes sparkled with contentment, despite the fatigue. Today had been a day of laughter and joy, a rare respite from her hectic life.

Anos settled beside her, his gentle gaze filling the air. "You should rest," he said, concern etched on his face. His fingers brushed against hers, sending shivers down her spine.

"I'll massage your shoulders," Anos offered, his voice low and soothing. Luna's eyes fluttered open, her gaze meeting Anos'. For a moment, they just locked eyes.

"No need," Luna whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Didn't you say your legs were tired when we climbed the stairs?" Anos asked, his brow furrowed with concern. "Come, let me massage them for you."

Luna's cheeks flushed slightly at the offer, but her exhausted body betrayed her hesitation. They lived on the fourth floor, and the stairs had taken their toll.

Luna hesitated briefly before leaning against the sofa, extending her legs to Anos. She rested her cheek on the plush cushion, her face angled away from him, while her back faced Anos.

Anos cradled her legs in his lap, his hands enveloping her slender ankles. He couldn't help but admire Luna's stunning physique. Her face was breathtaking, but her legs were equally captivating. Today, her denim shorts showcased her toned, porcelain-smooth skin.

People often couldn't help but steal glances at Luna, drawn to her effortless elegance and poise. Her beauty, both inner and outer, had always commanded attention, and Anos was no exception.

As Anos' fingers traced gentle patterns on Luna's skin, his thoughts betrayed his noble intentions. He imagined his hands roaming freely over her body, exploring every curve. Her soft skin ignited a burning desire within him.

Anos pictured himself drawing Luna closer, his lips tracing the gentle curve of her neck. He longed to feel her warmth, to taste the sweetness of her lips.

Luna's tranquil expression, her trust in him, only intensified his emotions. Anos struggled to maintain his composure, his heart racing with every touch.

Luna leaned against the sofa, Anos' skilled massage easing her fatigue. Yet, she couldn't shake off her shyness. Childhood memories flooded her mind; they used to be so carefree, but adulthood brought distance.

"How's the pressure?" Anos asked, his fingers kneading her skin.

"Just...right," Luna whispered, her cheeks flushing.

Anos sensed Luna's awkwardness, his heart skipping a beat.

Suddenly, a notification echoed in Anos' mind: "Scumbag Man Value + 20,000."

"Ding...Congratulations, Host, for triggering mission [Savor Luna's Charm].  
Mission Objective: Gently cares Luna's Luscious ass. Mission Punishment:  
Drop 2 stage. Mission Reward: Unknown

Anos's face flushed with embarrassment, his heart racing at the mission's audacity. Despite his secret longing for Luna, confessing his feelings seemed daunting.

"How can I do this?" Anos thought, his mind tangled in hesitation. "We've grown up together, shared countless memories...but this?"

Their non-blood relationship didn't ease his nervousness. In fact, it made his emotions more complex.

Anos's inner turmoil reflected his deep care for Luna. He struggled to reconcile his desire with the risk of potentially altering their relationship.

....

Anos gaze devoured Luna's voluptuous figure, her delicate features illuminated by the fading light. Her raven hair cascaded down her shoulders, framing her heart-shaped face and accentuating her full lips.

As he massaged her legs, his fingers danced across her skin, easing tension from her muscles. Time melted away, and Luna's eyelids grew heavy, her chest rising and falling with gentle breaths. Her thighs slightly parted, inviting Anos' touch.

Anos' thoughts.....

"As I massaged Luna's legs, I couldn't help but notice how relaxed she was. Her soft sighs and gentle murmurs were music to my ears.

My fingers drifted upward, and I hesitated for a moment. Should I?

But the temptation was too great. I gently cupped her buttocks, feeling the soft, rounded flesh beneath my palms.

Luna didn't stir, lost in slumber. I held my breath, my heart racing.

Why did I do that?

I couldn't resist. She's been driving me crazy, always so close yet so far away.

As I lifted her into my arms, Luna's eyes fluttered open. Our gazes met, and for a moment, time froze.

Did she know?

Her cheeks flushed, and she looked away. I smiled, my chest tightening.

Maybe she doesn't hate the idea.

I carried her to her room, my thoughts swirling.

....

Luna drifted off to sleep on the sofa, Anos' skilled fingers massaging her legs. His touch was soothing, easing tension from her muscles.

As she sank deeper into relaxation, Anos' hands drifted upward, his fingers brushing against her buttocks. Luna's subconscious registered the touch, but she was too far gone to react.

When she finally stirred, Luna found herself in Anos' arms, being carried to her room.

"What happened...?" Luna started, her voice barely above a whisper.



Anos smiled, his eyes sparkling. "You fell asleep. I just made sure you were comfortable."

Luna's cheeks flushed, unsure if she should believe him. But the warmth in his eyes made her heart flutter.

As Anos laid her down her room, Luna's thoughts swirled. Had he really touched her buttocks, or was it just a dream?

....

Chapter 46: Daniel's Struggle...



Orchid Flower Academy.....

Today was a relatively calm day at the academy, especially compared to the chaos that had erupted when Anos showcased his astonishing power, leaving many in shock. The hallways buzzed with excitement as students eagerly sought to hone their skills and delve deeper into the mysteries of their powers.

In the Advanced Class, Daniel, a 21-year-old who had achieved Stage 1 Elemental Foundation Realm, navigated the crowded corridors with his eyes cast downward. Fear crept into his thoughts: "What will today bring?"

As Daniel navigated the crowded corridors, his classmates whispered, their gazes lingering on him. Some pitied him, while others mocked him, labeling him the weakest person in the class.

"Look at Daniel, the Elemental Foundation Realm failure," someone sneered.

"He can't even master Stage 1," another classmate snickered.

Daniel's struggles to harness his powers had become a spectacle, a constant reminder of his inadequacy. He felt like a fragile glass vase, vulnerable to shattering under the weight of their ridicule.

His eyes cast downward, Daniel quickened his pace, desperate to escape the cruel whispers. But the words cut deep, echoing in his mind like a haunting melody.

Samson, a towering figure with piercing blue eyes and Chiseled features, sneered at Daniel from across the hallway. His Stage 2 Elemental Foundation Realm pulsed with an aura of superiority, invisible to most, but palpable to Daniel. The intricate silver threads of his aura seemed to dance with an otherworldly energy.

"Hey, weakling," Samson taunted, his voice cutting through the din of the hallway. "Come massage my legs, bitch?" He beckoned Daniel with a condescending gesture, his hand waving lazily in the air.

Daniel's face burned with humiliation, his body trembling from fear. His eyes darted around, searching for an escape or a sympathetic face, but the crowd seemed to enjoy the spectacle. The laughter and snickers echoed through the hallway, a chilling reminder of Daniel's helplessness.

Samson's friends, a clique of well-built students with arrogant smirks, formed a semi-circle around Daniel, trapping him. Their cruel laughter echoed through the hallway, mingling with the scent of freshly polished floors and the faint tang of magical energies.

Daniel's gaze fell to the floor, his eyes fixed on the polished marble tiles. The words "Orchid Flower Academy" were etched into the stone, a constant reminder of his struggles.

The instructor, was nowhere to be seen, leaving Daniel vulnerable to Samson's mercy. The sound of lockers slamming and students chattering filled the air, but Daniel's world had narrowed to the circle of torment.

His heart pounded in his chest, and his palms grew sweaty. Daniel knew confronting Samson would only invite more brutality. He bit back his retort, swallowing the bitter taste of fear.

....

Carla, Daniel's girlfriend, approached him, concern etched on her delicate features. Her long, curly brown hair bounced with each step, and her bright green eyes sparkled with empathy.

"Hey, Daniel, are you okay? You don't have to listen to this," she said softly, placing a gentle hand on his arm.

Daniel's gaze met Carla's, and for a moment, the hallway's chaos faded. Her presence was a refuge, a reminder of happier times.

But Carla's anger simmered just below the surface. She stepped forward, her slender frame squaring off against Samson's imposing bulk.

"I don't think Daniel has to do anything you demand, Samson," Carla said, her voice steady and firm.

Samson sneered, his eyes narrowing. "Oh, look who's defending the weakling. Little Carla thinks she's tough."

Carla stood her ground, despite Samson's intimidating aura. "Leave him alone, Samson. Your bullying won't go unnoticed forever."

The hallway fell silent, students watching the confrontation unfold with bated breath. Daniel's heart swelled with gratitude for Carla's bravery as she stood up to Samson.

But Samson's expression darkened, his piercing blue eyes flashing with anger. He grasped Carla's wrist, twisting it sharply, his grip tightening like a vice.

"Let go!" Carla cried out, her voice echoing through the hallway, her face reddening from pain.

Just as Samson raised his hand to strike, the instructor stormed into the hallway, her heels clicking on the polished floor.

"What's going on here?" the instructor thundered, her voice commanding attention, her eyes scanning the scene before her.

The students scrambled to return to their seats, eager to avoid the instructor's wrath. Lockers creaked shut, and whispers ceased as the classroom fell into an uneasy silence.

"Silence!" the instructor ordered, her gaze sweeping the room, her eyes lingering on Samson's defiant stance. "Take your seats immediately."

The classroom fell silent, the only sound the scraping of chairs and nervous murmurs. Students exchanged anxious glances, sensing the tension.

As Daniel made his way to his seat, Samson's menacing whisper followed him, sending shivers down his spine.

"Bitch, you're dead at lunchtime," Samson hissed, his eyes glinting with malice, his voice barely audible. "Meet me in the martial arts courtyard."

Daniel's heart sank, his mind racing with fear. He glanced at Carla, who offered a reassuring smile, her bright green eyes sparkling with deceit.

Unbeknownst to Daniel, Carla harbored a dark secret. Behind her angelic facade, she was entangled in a twisted game.

Carla was Samson's secret lover and informant, bound to him by a web of manipulation and fear. Their relationship was built on darkness, with Samson brutalizing her daily, his cruel grip tightening around her throat.

Worse still, Carla had been feeding Samson information about Daniel's every move, fueling Samson's aggression. She had been manipulating Daniel's emotions, pretending to be his girlfriend while secretly reporting his weaknesses to Samson.

But that wasn't all - Carla had also been keeping Daniel's mother informed about his brutal beatings at Samson's hands. She would send her cryptic messages, detailing Daniel's injuries and vulnerabilities.

And in a shocking betrayal, Carla had helped Samson lure Daniel's mother into his dark world. Samson's influence had corrupted her, turning her into one of his many conquests.

Daniel's mother, once a pillar of strength, now found herself trapped in Samson's web of exploitation. Carla's machinations had ensured her downfall.

Daniel had no idea that Carla was the architect of his family's destruction. He felt isolated, trapped in a nightmare from which he couldn't awaken.

As Daniel sought comfort in Carla's reassurance, her thoughts swirled with malevolent intent. She was the puppeteer, pulling strings from the shadows, orchestrating Daniel's downfall.

Samson's whispered threat echoed in Daniel's mind: "Bitch, you're dead at lunchtime." Little did Daniel know, Carla was the mastermind behind Samson's sinister plans.

....

The final bell rang, signaling the end of class. Daniel gathered his belongings, his mind still reeling from Samson's threat.

Before he could exit the classroom, a hulking figure emerged from the crowd. Victor, Samson's loyal enforcer, towered over Daniel, his eyes cold and menacing.

"Time's up, Daniel," Victor growled, his deep voice sending shivers down Daniel's spine. "Samson's waiting for you in the martial arts courtyard."

Daniel's heart sank. He knew he couldn't escape the inevitable.

Victor grasped Daniel's arm, his grip like a vice. "Let's go," he sneered, dragging Daniel through the crowded hallway.

Students parted, watching the scene unfold with morbid curiosity. Carla's smile lingered in Daniel's mind, now tainted by her betrayal.

As they approached the martial arts courtyard, the sound of grunting and pounding fists filled the air. Daniel's anxiety spiked.

Victor shoved Daniel into the courtyard, where Samson awaited, his eyes blazing with fury.

"You think you're tough?" Samson sneered, cracking his knuckles. "Let's see how you fare against me."

Daniel stood frozen, his heart racing with fear, as Carla walked into the martial arts courtyard. Her long, Brown hair swayed with each step, and her bright green eyes seemed to gleam in the dim light. He thought she might help him escape Samson's brutality.

But Carla passed by his side without a glance and stood beside Samson, her shoulders brushing against his massive frame.

Samson let out an evil laugh, his deep voice echoing off the courtyard walls. He roughly grabbed Carla's breasts, his fingers digging into her flesh. Carla turned red-faced, emitting a soft moan.

"Why so shocked, bitch?" Samson sneered at Daniel, his lips curling upward. "Little Carla's always been mine, in the first place."

Carla's gaze met Daniel's, her eyes flashing with malevolence. She seemed to relish his suffering, her smile twisting into a cruel grin.

Samson's grip on Carla tightened, his fingers leaving red marks on her skin. "You'll never have her, Daniel. She's mine to command."

Daniel's world crumbled. Betrayal and despair overwhelmed him. His eyes locked onto Carla's, searching for any sign of remorse.

Carla's expression remained cold, her voice dripping with venom. "You were always just a pawn, Daniel. A fragile, insignificant pawn."

Samson's laughter echoed through the courtyard, fueling Daniel's anguish. Carla's venomous words pierced his soul, igniting a firestorm of rage.

Daniel's mind erupted in extreme anger, his vision blurring red. He saw only two targets: Samson and Carla. The duo who had turned his life into hell.

With a feral roar, Daniel charged towards Samson, fueled by adrenaline and fury. His fists clenched, his muscles tensed.

Samson, caught off guard, stumbled backward. Carla's eyes widened in alarm as Daniel's rage-filled face targeted Samson.

"You're dead!" Daniel bellowed, his voice echoing off the courtyard walls.

Samson regained his footing, sneering at Daniel. "You think you can take me down? I'll crush you!"

The two clashed, fists flying. Daniel's anger-fueled strength caught Samson off guard, but Samson's superior power soon took over.

Samson's massive fist connected with Daniel's right hand, shattering bones upon impact. Daniel's cry of pain echoed through the courtyard.

His hand broken and bleeding, Daniel stumbled backward, clutching his shattered wrist. Samson's laughter boomed, mocking Daniel's weakness.

"Pathetic!" Samson sneered. "You think you can take me down? I'm the king!"

Carla watched, her expression a mix of fascination and disgust. Daniel's broken form seemed to satisfy her twisted desires.

Daniel's vision blurred, pain overwhelming him. His broken hand throbbed, each pulse a reminder of his defeat.

As Samson raised his foot to deliver the final blow, Daniel mustered his last shred of strength.

Samson's foot came crashing down, but Daniel rolled away, avoiding the blow. He struggled to stand, his broken hand screaming in agony.

Samson's laughter echoed through the courtyard. "You think you can escape?"

He charged, pinning Daniel to the ground. Blow after blow, Samson's fists pounded Daniel's face, each strike landing with precision.

Daniel's eyes swelled shut, his nose shattered into a pulp, and his lips split into ragged gashes. Blood streamed down his face, pooling on the ground in a sickening crimson lake.

Carla and Victor exchanged worried glances. "If we don't stop Samson, he'll kill Daniel in minutes," Victor whispered, his voice urgent.

But Samson was beyond reason, his rage fueled by Daniel's braveness. He lifted Daniel, slamming him into the courtyard wall with bone-crushing force.

Daniel's body crumpled, his consciousness wavering like a flickering flame. Samson's grip tightened around his throat, choking the life from him.



"You should have stayed out of this," Samson snarled, his hot breath on Daniel's face. "You should have stayed hidden."

Daniel's vision faded to black, his thoughts dissolving into darkness.

Samson's knuckles whitened, his fingers constricting Daniel's airway. Victor seized Samson's arm, trying to pry him loose.

"Samson, stop! You're going to kill him!" Victor shouted.

Carla's expression shifted from excitement to alarm. "Samson, perhaps we've made our point."

Sofia stormed into the martial arts courtyard, her eyes widening in horror.

"What are you guys doing?!" she shouted, her voice echoing off the walls.

Samson's face twisted in a snarl, but he slowly released Daniel's throat.

Daniel's limp body slumped to the ground, his chest heaving in ragged gasps.

Sofia rushed to Daniel's side, kneeling beside him. "Oh my god, Daniel! What have they done to you?"

Carla's eyes flashed with guilt, while Victor looked away, uneasy. Samson's expression darkened, his fists clenched.

"Mind your own business, Teacher Sofia," Samson growled.

Sofia's gaze locked onto Samson, her eyes blazing. "You're going to kill him! How can you be so cruel?"

Daniel's eyelids flickered, and he whispered Sofia's name.

"Ssh, Student, I'm here," Sofia said, cradling his head in her lap. "You're safe now."

Samson took a step forward, but Sofia stood up, her stance firm. "Don't come any closer, Samson. Leave him alone."

Sofia's eyes flashed with authority. "Don't come any closer, Samson. Leave him alone."

Samson sneered, but Sofia's firm stance made him hesitate.

"You think you can protect him?" Samson taunted.

Sofia stepped forward, her movements fluid. With a swift kick, she sent Samson stumbling backward.

"Respect your teacher," Sofia warned.

Carla and Victor exchanged nervous glances. Sofia's skills were legendary.

"Class is waiting," Sofia reminded them, her tone firm. "Leave now."

Samson, Carla, and Victor slunk away, defeated.

Sofia turned to Daniel, gently lifting him into her arms. "Let's get you treated."

In the medical room, Sofia tended to Daniel's wounds with precision.

"What happened?" Daniel asked, wincing.

"You're safe now," Sofia replied. "Samson won't bother you again."

Daniel's eyes locked onto Sofia's. "Thank you... for saving me."

Sofia smiled softly. "You're one of my students, Daniel. I'll always protect you."

As Sofia continued treating Daniel's injuries, he drifted off to sleep, feeling secure under her care.

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Chapter 47: Noah, From Advance Class.....



The next morning, Anos woke up before dawn, feeling a sense of urgency. He quickly made breakfast for his sister, Luna, before heading to the Academy. He had an important question to ask Sofia, and he couldn't afford to waste any time.

Upon arriving at the academy, Anos was met with shocking news. The two Flameborn Lions he had defeated the previous night had become the talk of the town. Rumors spread like wildfire that five advanced class warriors had ventured out to grind but never returned, falling prey to the very same Flameborn Lions.

Anos's eyes widened in disbelief. How could this be? He had single-handedly taken down those lions just hours ago. The academy was now gripped with fear, and no one dared to venture out to grind.

The news had spread mysteriously, and Anos couldn't help but wonder who was behind the rumors.

The Flameborn Lion's appearance outside Flower City, at such a close proximity to the Spirit Core Realm, defied all logic. Typically, such monstrous beasts roamed the farthest reaches of the realm, preying on the unwary. Yet, this one had somehow wandered into the city's outskirts, sending shockwaves through the martial arts community.

Eager to prove their mettle, numerous experts from Flower City had embarked on a perilous hunt for the beast, oblivious to the fact that Anos had already vanquished it.

....

Anos strolled into the Sky Martial Court's Beginner Class 10, the soft glow of luminescent orbs illuminating the room. The air hummed with the gentle buzz of conversation and the sweet scent of incense wafted through the air. Mia

and Sasha sat engrossed in their music, headphones wrapped around their necks like gleaming silver collars.

As Anos approached, their gazes snapped towards him, expressions twisting into disdain.

"Missed you, Sasha," Anos teased, his voice low and playful, "How about a welcome-back kiss?"

Sasha rolled her eyes, dodging his leaning form. "Dream on, Anos."

Mia wrinkled her nose, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Ugh, you're as charming as ever."

Anos shrugged indifferently, his habitual teasing of Mia and Sasha having become second nature. Sometimes, he even craved genuine conversations with them.

Mia and Sasha gazed at Anos, their expressions a mix of puzzlement and amusement. Despite his constant jests, they'd grown accustomed to his presence, treating him like a friend. They were willing to engage in conversations, but only when Anos was serious.

"Why didn't you come to the academy yesterday?" Sasha asked, curiosity sparkling in her eyes. "We'll be heading to the Demonic Beast Domain soon. Aren't you nervous?"

Yesterday, Sofia had queried Sasha about Anos's absence, leaving her equally perplexed. She wondered why Anos hadn't attended classes.

Anos sighed, his expression turning serious. "I went to the Demonic Beast Domain yesterday and got injured."

Mia and Sasha exchanged surprised glances.

"I heard the Flameborn Lion appeared outside," Mia said, her brow furrowed with concern. She turned to Anos. "Did you encounter it too?"

Anos shook his head. "No, it's just a minor scratch. See for yourself."

He extended his right hand, revealing a small, crusted cut.

Sasha raised an eyebrow, her voice tinged with dry amusement. "This is your injury? A Band-Aid would fix it."

Anos chuckled, shaking his head. His eyes crinkled at the corners. "No, you have to make a small cut too."

Mia leaned back in her chair, observing with interest.

Sasha's face flushed. "You're ridiculous!"

The classroom's soft murmur and gentle hum of luminescent orbs enveloped them.

Anos smiled to himself. Mia and Sasha were indeed intriguing company. Their kindness was refreshing.

Just then, the door burst open, disrupting the calm. "Where's Anos? Get out here!" a harsh voice echoed through the room.

Heads turned, including Anos's. A stranger stood at the entrance, scanning the room.

Anos raised an eyebrow, his expression skeptical. "Bro, didn't anyone tell you that you can't just barge into someone else's class?"

The stranger's gaze locked onto Anos. "You're Anos?" he asked, his tone assertive.

Anos nodded curtly.

"Brother Noah from our advanced class wants a word with you," the stranger announced, his eyes glinting with a hint of warning. "If you know what's good for you, come quietly."

Anos cracked his neck and strode forward, his movements eerily calm. Everyone, including Sasha and Mia, expected him to comply with the stranger's summons.

But without warning, Anos unleashed a lightning-fast kick, sending the stranger flying into the corridor wall with a resounding crash. Plaster shattered, and dust swirled, enveloping the area in a cloud of debris. Passersby gasped, shocked by the sudden violence.

As the stranger struggled to regain his footing, Anos stood tall, his chest heaving slightly. "Class 10 is my domain," he declared, his voice icy and commanding. "Advanced class? You think that makes you superior?" His words dripped with disdain.

....

"Damn! Brother Anos is the real deal!" someone exclaimed. "He's got guts, dissing the advanced class like that!"

A nearby student whispered, "But Liam's from the advanced class. Their weakest member could take down our strongest. And Brother Anos just..."

"Let's enjoy the show," another student chimed in, eyes gleaming with excitement. "I wouldn't dare mess with the advanced class."

Liam struggled to his feet, his face twisted in rage. "You're courting death, Anos!" he snarled, his fists clenched.

Anos snapped impatiently, "Leave now, or I'll send you flying!" His voice echoed through the corridor, a stark contrast to Liam's raging aura.

Liam's face twisted in fury. "Fuck you!" he bellowed, charging at Anos with clenched fists. As a Stage-Ten Qi Awakening Realm cultivator, Liam's energy pulsed with formidable power.

But Anos remained unfazed, his expression cold and calculating. A disdainful smile spread across his face, and with a swift, backhanded slap, he sent Liam crashing down the stairs.

The sound of the slap resounded through the air – a crisp, sharp crack that seemed to freeze time. Liam's body spun wildly, his limbs flailing, before slamming into the ground with a resounding thud. The impact sent shockwaves through the floor.

The beginner class stared in stunned silence, their minds reeling. Hitting someone from the intermediate class was one thing, but taking down an advanced class member? Unheard of!

"Fuck! What kind of monster is this?" someone whispered.

Liam's eyes widened in shock, his face pale. He had heard rumors about Anos's prowess, but this was beyond belief. Challenging ten Intermediate class students was impressive, but striking an Advanced class member? Unprecedented.

"Good! Anos, just you wait!" Liam snarled, his face twisted in rage.

He struggled to his feet, dusting himself off with a trembling hand. The humiliation burned within him.

Liam shot Anos a venomous glance before turning to leave, his dignity bruised.

As he disappeared into the crowd, the corridor erupted into hushed whispers.

Anos strolled over to Sasha, a hint of exasperation in his sigh. "It's a curse being handsome, isn't it? Trouble finds me every day."

Sasha's eyebrows arched. "You provoked someone from the Advanced class? Their weakest member is at least a Stage -Ten Qi Awakening Realm

cultivator. Most are Elemental Foundation Realm experts, far surpassing the Intermediate class."

Her voice was laced with concern, her eyes sparkling with worry.

Anos's grin was disarmingly charming. "Sasha, you're worried about me? That's sweet."

Sasha's cheeks flushed as she struggled to comprehend her concern for Anos. His carefree nature and piercing gaze unsettled her.

"Can you be serious for once? If you keep this up, we can't even be friends!" Sasha chided, her voice laced with annoyance.

Anos's nonchalant shrug sparked irritation. "I never planned on being friends with you."

Sasha's eyes widened, her mind racing. What did he mean?

Anos's piercing gaze locked onto hers. "From the start, I wanted you as my partner – in every sense."

Sasha's jaw dropped, her heart skipping a beat. Heat spread through her face, a mix of anger and embarrassment.

"Bastard!" she hissed, teeth clenched.

On the sidelines, Mia watched with wide eyes, no longer invested in defending Sasha. In the past, when Anos pursued Sasha, Mia would intervene, only to find herself teased by Anos as well. Now, she adopted a hands-off approach.

As long as Anos didn't bother her, she was content.

Anos's mischievous grin faded, replaced by genuine curiosity. "But who is this Noah, anyway?" he asked, his voice tinged with interest.

Sasha shook her head subtly, her gaze averted.



Mia's voice cut through the air, her tone laced with disdain and a hint of vulnerability. "I know him – Noah, an Advanced class expert. Rumor has it he's reached the Elemental Foundation Realm, mastering the intricate balance of elements."

Anos's eyes narrowed, intrigue sparking as he leaned in, his voice low and curious. "How do you know him, Mia?"

Mia's expression twisted, her delicate nose wrinkling in distaste. Her eyes flashed with annoyance, and her lips curled into a scornful smile. "He had the audacity to chase me before, relentlessly pursuing me despite my clear disinterest. Ugh, the very thought of him makes my skin crawl."

As she spoke, Mia's hands subtly clenched, her fingernails digging into her palms. The memory of Noah's pursuit evidently still lingered, evoking a mix of disgust and unease.

Anos's gaze lingered on Mia, his expression thoughtful. He sensed the depth of her aversion, and his curiosity grew.

Chapter 48: Reason behind Noah's confront.....?



When Anos heard Mia's words, he raised an eyebrow, his expression a mix of surprise and amusement. "How strange," he said, his voice laced with sarcasm. "You have such a petite frame, and yet you still have people chasing after you? His taste is really questionable."

Mia's face flamed scarlet as she erupted into a frenzy. Her hands clenched, and her eyes blazed with indignation. "Ahhhhhh!!" The outburst echoed through the air, a testament to her pent-up frustration.

Sasha rushed to restrain her, concern etched on her delicate features. "Mia, calm down, please!" She wrapped gentle arms around Mia's trembling shoulders, attempting to soothe her friend's raging emotions.

Sasha couldn't help but notice that Mia's behavior had changed dramatically since meeting Anos. "After knowing Mia for so long, I've seen her playful, mischievous nature, but lately, she's revealed a more volatile side," she thought.

Mia's temper had become notoriously short, and she was prone to outbursts.

Sasha had undergone a similar transformation. Once a poised lady from a wealthy family, she had found herself on the brink of losing control multiple times since meeting Anos. His words, though not intentionally malicious, often cut deep.

It wasn't that Anos deliberately provoked them; his blunt honesty sometimes inflicted unintended harm. The frequency of Mia's outbursts testified to this.

Mia's frustrated cry was muffled by Sasha's soothing embrace. "Hu— —" The sound escaped her lips as she struggled to contain her emotions. As she took deep breaths, her trembling subsided, and her ragged breathing slowed.

"Wuwuwu, Big Sister Sasha, he's too infuriating!" Mia buried her face in Sasha's arms, her voice shaking. Tears of frustration welled up in her eyes, threatening to spill. She rubbed her head against Sasha's shoulder, seeking comfort and solace.

Sasha stroked Mia's hair, offering a calming presence. "Shh, little one, it's okay. I'm here." Her gentle words and soothing touch eased Mia's tension, gradually calming her racing heart.

As Mia's emotions stabilized, Sasha wrapped a reassuring arm around her shoulders. "Let's ignore him, dear. Soon, the advanced class students will

arrive and teach him a lesson." Her gentle tone further soothed Mia's raging emotions.

Mia's eyes still flashed with anger, but Sasha's words tempered her fury. She took a deep breath, her shoulders relaxing.

Meanwhile, Anos lounged in his chair, exuding nonchalance. His entourage catered to his every need, fetching tea and water with obsequious smiles. To them, Anos was an untouchable legend, invincible and unparalleled.

Among his loyal followers, a shared aspiration emerged: mastering Anos's techniques would guarantee an endless stream of admirers and potentially elevate them to his revered status.

...

Mia shot Anos a fierce glare, her eyes blazing with indignation. "Just you wait, the Advanced class will deal with you later! Don't expect us to help you!" Her voice trembled with rage.

Anos shrugged, his expression indifferent, his eyes glinting with amusement. "I don't need your help. Tell me, what can you possibly assist with?" His tone dripped with sarcasm.

Mia's face fell, words failing her. She realized talking to Anos was futile. Frustration and anger wrestled within her.

Sasha intervened, her tone measured and calm. "Anos, consider this: the Advanced class differs significantly from the Intermediate class. Most Advanced martial artists have reached the Elemental Foundation Realm ."

She paused, studying Anos with a serious gaze. "The gap between one star in the Elemental Foundation Realm and ten stars in the Qi Awakening Realm may seem small, but it's a chasm. You may have intimidated the Intermediate class, but provoking the Advanced class is unwise."

Anos's gaze held Sasha's, his smile hinting at mischief. "Are you concerned about me?" The warmth in his voice belied his teasing tone.

Sasha's cheeks flushed as she broke eye contact, her whisper barely audible. "I'm just reminding you as a classmate."

Anos's chuckle sent shivers down Sasha's spine. "Then I accept your concern."

Sasha's face burned hotter. "I said it's not concern."

Anos's smile lingered, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

....

Anos scoffed inwardly at the thought of the Advanced class. Their arrival was no threat to him. Many students tirelessly sought strength, but Anos wouldn't falter. His focus remained on training, knowing demon beasts would soon test his mettle.

With every passing day, the stakes grew higher. Every insight gained boosted his survival odds. Anos's resolve hardened as he departed for training, his determination burning brighter.

As he walked out, Fatty Tom called out, running towards him with a chunk of savory fatty meat. "Brother Anos!"

Anos smiled, intrigued by Tom's infectious enthusiasm. "How's it going? Comfortable in Class Five?" he asked.

Fatty Tom scowled, his rounded face contorting in disgust. "Comfortable? You've got to be kidding! I want to be in your class. Class Ten has Mia and Sasha, the school's two stunning beauties. Class Five?

Ugh, it's full of...nobodies." He shook his head, eyes rolling in exasperation.

Anos patted Fatty Tom's shoulder, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "Take it easy, Tom. What brings you here today?"

Fatty Tom's face split into a mischievous grin. "Brother Anos, you're unstoppable! Teach me your ways!" His voice was laced with admiration.

Anos chuckled, warmth radiating from his expression. "Fear no one, little brother, especially not the Advanced class. You have untapped potential; don't let anyone intimidate you." His words dripped with conviction.

Fatty Tom's eyes sparkled like fireworks, his face aglow. "That's awesome! I can do anything?" The excitement trembling in his voice was contagious.

Anos shook his head, his smile teasing. "Almost, but don't get reckless. You'll get pounded if you're not careful." He patted Fatty Tom's shoulder again, his touch reassuring.

With that, Anos turned to leave, but Fatty Tom's voice halted him.

"... Isn't this a scam?" Fatty Tom wondered, skepticism warring with hope in his voice.

....

As school drew to a close, Anos returned to the classroom to gather his belongings before heading home. However, upon arriving at the door, he was met with an unexpected scene: a group of uninvited guests lingered at the entrance of Class Ten.

The surrounding area was abuzz with students from other classes, eager to witness the impending confrontation. Liam, still bearing the scars of their previous encounter, pointed at Anos with a mixture of malice and trepidation.

"Brother Noah, that's Anos," Liam announced, his voice dripping with venom.

Noah's gaze locked onto Anos, his eyes flashing with disdain. "So, you're the one who dared to take on ten intermediate-class students?" His sneer twisted into a mocking smile.

Anos couldn't help but laugh at the sight of Noah. Lu Yufan's description had been spot on – Noah was remarkably short, standing at about 1.68 meters with shoes, and his features were far from pleasing.

Anos towered over him, his height advantage unmistakable. "Do we know each other?" Anos asked, feigning puzzlement. "I don't recall meeting you before."

Noah's scowl deepened, his eyes flashing with hostility. Anos's amusement grew; this confrontation was going to be entertaining.

Noah sneered, "We haven't met, but my girlfriend has a score to settle with you. She wants me to teach you a lesson!" His voice dripped with malice. "Initially, I intended to warn you, but you dared to beat up my people? You must think you're invincible!"

Anos raised an eyebrow. "Your girlfriend? Who might that be?"

Noah's face twisted with anger. "Emily Roy!"

Anos's eyes widened in surprise, followed by a low chuckle. "Emily Roy, huh? She's quite the catch, isn't she? Two days ago, her boyfriend was Jack. Now, it's you, Noah." He shook his head, amused. "Tsks, she certainly has a taste for variety."

Anos smirked. "So, it's Emily Roy. I remember why she has a grudge against me."

Noah's eyes narrowed. "Why?"

Anos leaned in, a hint of amusement dancing in his voice. "Some time ago, I stumbled upon an illicit foot spa while getting a massage with a friend. I

reported it to the authorities, and they arrested everyone, including Emily Roy."

His expression turned serious. "It was pure coincidence that we attended the same school. Turns out, she was moonlighting. My moral crusade disrupted her side hustle, and now she holds a grudge against me."

Mia, lurking in the shadows near the lockers, stifled a snicker as she eavesdropped on the conversation. "Pfft—" She couldn't contain her amusement at Anos's sharp wit, her eyes sparkling with mirth.

The bystanders, enthralled by the exchange, applauded Anos's verbal takedown. Some whispered impressed comments, while others chuckled at Noah's misfortune. Noah's face turned beet red with humiliation, his eyes flashing with anger.




Anos, still smirking, leaned against the classroom doorframe, his arms crossed. "Looks like Emily Roy's taste in boyfriends hasn't improved," he quipped, further fueling the onlookers' amusement.

....

In the distance, Sofia leaned against a nearby pillar, her arms crossed and an intrigued glint in her eye. A faint smile played on her lips as she observed the scene unfold, seemingly eager to witness Anos stir up more trouble.

Noah's face darkened, his expression twisting in rage. Veins bulged on his forehead, and his fists clenched at his sides. "You're courting death!" he snarled, his voice low and menacing.

Anos chuckled, his eyes glinting with amusement. "You don't believe me? Because of this incident, I was even given a commendation award by the police station." He paused, his smile widening. "Do you want me to show it to you? I'm sure it'll convince you of my heroism."



No one believed Anos's words, but the crowd's attention swiftly shifted to a more tantalizing topic.

"Damn, Noah's girlfriend is Emily!" someone whispered, their voice barely audible over the murmurs. "I know her. Wasn't she dating Jack just two days ago?" The speaker's eyes widened in shock, sparking a chain reaction of gasps and disbelieving glances.

Murmurs spread rapidly, like a wildfire fueled by scandal. "Unbelievable! She's a serial dater!" The crowd's whispers grew louder, their words dripping with disdain.

Another voice chimed in, its tone laced with mockery. "How embarrassing for Noah. His girlfriend's reputation is tarnished, and he's still defending her." The words cut deep, and Noah's face darkened.

Noah's anger surged as he heard the hushed conversations. His right fist crackled with powerful spiritual energy, poised to strike. His eyes blazed with fury, his jaw clenched in restraint.

....

"You want to fight me?" Anos asked, his eyes glinting with amusement as he gazed at Noah with an air of nonchalance.

Noah's expression twisted in contempt. "You're impressive for defeating an Intermediate class student," he sneered, "but I'm an Elemental Foundation Realm expert in the Advanced class. You're no match for me. You can't afford to offend me!"



Anos's lips curled into a smirk, his voice dripping with mockery. "Do you know how many people I've tossed from this very building?" He paused, letting the challenge hang in the air.

Noah's face darkened, his anger boiling over. "I only know that You're next!" he snarled, charging at Anos with a fierce battle cry.

The cramped space seemed to shrink as tension escalated, the air thickening with anticipation. Yet Noah remained confident, his movements fluid and calculated, ready to take down Anos.

Bang! Noah's punch shook the air, sending ripples through the atmosphere, but Anos stood firm, unfazed by the attack. His eyes never left Noah's, his gaze piercing.

With a fluid motion, Anos reached out and enveloped Noah's right fist in his palm. The crowd held its collective breath.

Noah's face reddened, veins bulging from his neck, as he strained against Anos's unyielding grip. Sweat beaded on his forehead, his muscles trembling.

The crowd gasped in shock, their whispers spreading like wildfire. "What's Anos's cultivation base?" someone asked, awe etched on their face.

"He's stronger than Noah!" another exclaimed, eyes wide with wonder.

"Impossible! Anos must be in the Elemental Foundation Realm second stage?!"

Skeptical voices chimed in, "But he's a new student at Sky Martial Court. Why enroll so late if he's already Advanced?" Others recalled, "Rumors say Anos is a weakling. This can't be right!"

Anos's calm demeanor and effortless restraint fueled the crowd's curiosity, his silence speaking volumes about his true strength.

While everyone remained stunned, Noah unleashed his martial technique, unleashing a devastating force that shattered surrounding glass and sent razor-sharp shards flying in all directions.

The sound of shattering glass echoed through the air, followed by an unsettling silence. However, Anos stood firm, absorbing the brunt of Noah's attack without flinching. With effortless strength, he grasped Noah and hurled him down the stairs.

The crowd watched in awe, their faces pale and frightened. Some took a step back, eyes fixed on Anos.

"Next?" Anos asked, his piercing gaze shifting to Liam.

"Do you want to jump or should I throw you down?" Anos's voice dripped with disdain, his tone icy.

Liam swallowed hard, his eyes darting nervously around the crowd. His breath caught in his throat.

"I..." he stammered, before his voice trailed off.

Then, beneath everyone's dumbfounded gazes, Liam turned and leaped down the stairs, his footsteps echoing through the silence.

After, Anos clapped his hands and turned, finding Sofia standing behind him. A charming smile spread across his face. "Hehe, Miss Sofia."

Sofia's eyes narrowed, her mind racing. She had been right about Anos – he wasn't in the Qi Awakening Realm; he was in the Elemental Foundation Realm! No wonder he was so arrogant.

How many stages was he in the Elemental Foundation Realm? Sofia wondered. It shouldn't be too high.

"Pay for the glass repairs," Sofia said calmly, her gaze shifting to the shattered fragments.

Anos's smile faltered, but he quickly regained his composure. "Miss Sofia, please wait a moment," he said.

With a swift, effortless motion, he leaped down from the second floor, his footsteps echoing through the silence.

Noah stormed up the stairs, his face reddening with rage. He hadn't expected Anos to be so formidable, to so casually dish out a beating.

As Noah reached the top, Anos suddenly appeared before him, his eyes glinting with a hint of triumph.

"Give me the money!" Anos demanded, stretching out his hand.

Noah clenched his teeth, his eyes blazing with anger. "What do you mean?" he spat.

"Money for the glass repairs," Anos replied calmly, his voice even.

The crowd watched in stunned silence.

Noah snarled inwardly, his anger boiling over. "Anos, don't push your luck!" he growled.

His voice dripping with malice, Noah repeated, "Anos, don't overstep!"

Anos's calm demeanor was a stark contrast to the fury burning within him.

"You used a martial skill to shatter the glass. Shouldn't you pay for it?" he asked, his voice low and even.

Noah's face contorted in rage, his eyes blazing with anger. "Fuck your mother!" he snarled, spittle flying from his lips.

The air crackled with tension as Noah unleashed his Stage-One Elemental Foundation Realm Stage power. The ground trembled beneath their feet as a blue light burst forth, and a fist imbued with martial skill hurtled toward Anos with a deafening roar.

But Anos moved with lightning speed, his figure blurring as he kicked the ground. The sound of his foot connecting with the earth was like a crack of thunder. Noah's eyes widened in shock as he felt himself flying backward, his body crashing into the surrounding rubble with a bone-jarring crunch.

The onlookers gasped, stunned by Anos's unseen movement. "What realm is Anos in?" someone whispered, awe etched on their faces.

As Noah struggled to rise, Anos strode over, his eyes gleaming with a fierce intensity. He stepped on Noah's face, his foot grinding into the dirt. Anos's smile twisted into a devilish grin, sending shivers down the spines of those watching.

"I'll give you one more chance. Give me the money!" Anos demanded, his voice cold and unforgiving.

"I'll give, I'll give!" Noah stammered, his eyes wide with fear.

This time, Noah was convinced that Anos was holding back. How could someone in the Elemental Foundation Realm be in the Beginner class? It defied logic.

Noah reluctantly pulled out three hundred dollars from his wallet and handed it to Anos, his movements stiff with resentment.

"Three hundred? You think I'm a beggar?" Anos sneered, his eyes flashing with disdain. "A piece of glass is only ten dollars. A dozen pieces at most, a hundred. Plus repair, three hundred isn't enough."

Noah's face twisted in anger, but before he could react, a swift slap from Anos sent his head whipping sideways. The crisp sound of the slap echoed through the air, making everyone's heart tremble.

After then, Anos pointed toward Class 10, his eyes glinting with amusement. "That's our class," he said. "A single piece of glass there costs at least \$200."

And that's Miss Sofia's class - this particular glass is \$300, plus a \$1,000 repair fee."

Noah's face contorted in rage, his cheeks flushing red. He opened his mouth to curse, but a glance at Anos's unwavering expression silenced him. The memory of the stinging slap still lingered, and he didn't dare provoke Anos further.

With a heavy sigh, Noah hesitantly handed over his entire wallet contents to Anos. The sound of cash and cards exchanging hands was the only sound in the tense silence.

Anos accepted the money with a satisfied smile, his eyes sparkling with triumph.

Humiliated and defeated, Noah turned and fled, his footsteps echoing through the corridor. The onlookers watched in silence, sensing the unease between the two.

As Noah disappeared around the corner, he shouted over his shoulder, "Anos, just you wait!" His voice was laced with venomous intent, but Anos merely chuckled.

"I'm shaking with fear," Anos said, his tone dripping with sarcasm. He pocketed the money, his expression radiating confidence.

Anos smirked disdainfully as he climbed the stairs to the second floor, his footsteps echoing through the silent corridor. He pulled out \$300 from a thick stack of bills, the crisp notes rustling as he handed them to Sofia.

"Here's the money for the glass and Repair fee," he said nonchalantly, his voice dripping with confidence.

The onlookers exchanged stunned glances, their whispers buzzing like a swarm of bees. Wasn't Anos being overly brazen?

Sofia's eyes widened in surprise, her pupils sparkling with amusement. A sly smile spread across her face, illuminating her features. "Give me everything," she teased, her voice husky. "You said a Class 10 glass costs \$300."

Anos snorted, his lips curling into a mocking smile. "I also said you like me. Do you believe that?"

Sofia's smile faltered for a moment, her cheeks flushing with a hint of embarrassment. She shook her head, her raven-black hair swaying gently. "No."

Anos shrugged, his broad shoulders rolling with nonchalance. "Then \$300 is all you get. That's my final offer."

The crowd watched in awkward silence, their faces reflecting their discomfort.

Sofia reluctantly accepted the \$300, her slender fingers brushing against Anos's as she took the money. Her eyes flashed with frustration, but a glimmer of admiration lurked beneath. This Anos... He was infuriating, yet intriguing.

As Sofia's gaze met Anos's, her lips curled into a sly smile. This Anos really needed some beating.

...

Anos chuckled mischievously as he approached Sofia, his eyes drawn to her captivating presence. "Hehe, Miss Sofia, I have a question for you," he said, his voice low and husky.

Sofia raised an eyebrow, her expression a blend of intrigue and caution. "Eight thousand," she stated firmly, her voice commanding attention. "That's my price for sharing information."

Anos's eyes sparkled with amusement at the steep price tag. "Okay, I'll owe you," he replied, his tone laced with intrigue and a hint of challenge.

"Let's discuss this in my office," Sofia added, her voice husky and mysterious. She turned and walked away, expecting Anos to follow.

As Sofia led Anos into her office, he was enveloped by her natural scent, a sweet and subtle aroma that drove him wild. The cozy, single-room space exuded elegance, with plush furnishings and soft lighting.

Sofia's natural fragrance was intoxicating, a potent blend of sweetness and sensuality. Its subtle aroma wrapped around Anos, teasing his senses and stirring desire. He inhaled deeply, his pulse quickening.

"Ah, you smell incredible," Anos said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Sofia smiled, knowing the effect her presence had on men. Her natural allure was a potent combination of intelligence, beauty, and sensuality.

Sofia sat comfortably in her office chair, her eyes fixed intently on Anos, who sat across from her. "What did you want to ask?" she inquired gently.

Anos smiled determinedly. "I need a spirit tool, Miss Sofia. Can you help me acquire one?" His eyes shone with anticipation.

Sofia nodded thoughtfully, her expression considerate. "Elemental Foundation Realm requires a suitable tool for cultivation." She paused, studying Anos. "What realm are you currently in?"

Anos replied confidently, "I've just entered Elemental Foundation Realm. I spent two days in the Beast domain and broke through." His chest swelled with pride.

Sofia pondered, her expression skeptical. She tapped her fingers on the armrest, weighing her options. "With your realm, you qualify for the Advanced class. Upon registration, you'll receive a spirit tool."

Anos shook his head resolutely. "I won't leave the Beginner class, Miss Sofia. With you as instructor, I wouldn't miss it for anything." His eyes shone with admiration.

Sofia's lips curled into a captivating smile. "You're that devoted, huh?" she teased, her eyes sparkling with intrigue.

Anos's heart skipped a beat as Sofia's gaze locked onto his. "Meet me at my house tonight," she whispered, her voice husky and inviting. "I have something special for you."

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Chapter 50: Charlotte and Hannah....?



Anos froze, his eyes widening in surprise. "Um, that's...that's not very good, right?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "You haven't even accepted my confession yet. Isn't it a little too soon to go to your house?" His face burned with uncertainty.

Sofia's cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her expression a tangled mix of embarrassment and indignation. "What are you thinking!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with frustration. "I want you to come to my house tonight and help me with something entirely unrelated to romance." She emphasized each word, her hands gesturing emphatically.

Anos's mind raced. "Hey, this isn't my fault," he thought. "The words you used yourself imply a meaning behind what you want." He recalled Sofia's inviting tone earlier and wondered if he had misinterpreted.



Aloud, Anos asked cautiously, "What kind of help?" His voice betrayed his curiosity and lingering doubts.

Sofia rubbed her temples, her eyes weary with frustration. "I have a distant cousin who's been relentlessly pursuing me," she confessed, her voice laced with desperation. "I lied, telling him I have a boyfriend, but he probably doesn't believe me." She sighed, the weight of her concern evident.

Anos raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Cousin? That's complicated," he remarked, his tone tinged with skepticism.

Sofia waved her hand dismissively, a hint of embarrassment flickering across her face. "We're separated by more than three generations, so it's not incestuous," she clarified. "That's actually why he's interested – this type of relationship is considered challenging to resist, a thrilling conquest."

Anos's curiosity piqued, he leaned in, his voice low and teasing. "And what's in it for me if I pretend to be your boyfriend?" His eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Sofia's gaze locked onto his, her tone measured and calculated. "You're lacking spiritual weapons, aren't you?" She paused, her expression thoughtful, considering her next words carefully. "I happen to have a sword at home, one that might interest you. Its grade isn't remarkable, only eight stars of the yellow rank." Her voice trailed off, awaiting his response.

Anos's eyes widened in astonishment, eagerness radiating from his face. "Eight stars of the yellow rank! It's perfect!" He nodded vigorously, profound gratitude etched on his features, his face aglow with unbridled excitement.

An eight-star yellow rank weapon was an extraordinary find, coveted by many. Half of the advanced class didn't possess anything comparable. Its value was staggering - if sold, it would likely command a starting price of a million, a sum that could change one's fate.

Anos couldn't help but ponder Sofia's motives. Her generosity was unparalleled. Was she truly willing to part with such a valuable asset? His thoughts swirled, wondering about her background. She must hail from an influential family, where wealth and power flowed like rivers.

"Alright, then it's settled," Sofia said, her voice measured. "And I need one more favor from you."

Anos raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"I need you to help Daniel, a student from the Advanced Class," Sofia replied.

Anos's curiosity piqued. "Why should I help him, Miss Sofia? And why do you care about this student?" A hint of jealousy crept into his tone.

Sofia pretended not to notice the jealousy, her expression unwavering. "As a teacher, I care about every student. Daniel is particularly vulnerable - weak, timid, and constantly bullied by Samson."

Anos's expression darkened. "What happened?"

"Yesterday, Samson crossed a line," Sofia's voice tightened. "He nearly killed Daniel. That's why I need your help. Protect Daniel, and teach Samson a lesson."

Ding! The system sound signaled a new mission.

\_Help Daniel and his Mother\_

Reward: Unknown

Punishment: Nono

Duration: 1 Month

Anos's brow furrowed in confusion. "Just helping a student, but why add his mother to the mission?" He wondered. He questioned the system, but silence greeted him. The system remained unresponsive, offering no explanation.

Sofia's concerned expression caught his attention, and Anos refocused.

"Miss Sofia, why are you so invested in Daniel's well-being?" Anos asked, curiosity lacing his tone.

Sofia's expression softened. "Daniel reminds me of my younger brother. His struggles, his fears... I see myself in him. And I want to help him find his strength."

Anos's gaze narrowed. "And what about Samson? What's his story?"

Sofia's voice turned cold. "Samson comes from a powerful family. They think they're above the law. But I won't tolerate bullying in my school. That's why I need your help."

Anos nodded. "Consider it done. But I have one condition."

Sofia raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

Anos's eyes locked onto hers. "Tell me more about your family. You're not just any ordinary teacher, are you?"

Sofia's smile faltered for a moment before she regained her composure. "My family is... complicated. Let's just say we have our share of influence."

Anos's eyes sparkled with intrigue. "I see. Well, Miss Sofia, you're full of surprises."

Sofia's laughter echoed through the room. "And you're full of questions, Anos."

Their gazes met, a silent understanding passing between them, sealing their pact.

"Alright, then it's settled," Sofia said, a hint of relief softening her voice. "Come straight home with me after school."

"Alright!" Anos agreed, his enthusiastic response echoing through the room, filling the space with anticipation.

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In the serene back garden of a majestic manor, Charlotte sat poised, surrounded by nature's splendor. Her delicate white lace dress shimmered in the soft sunlight, complementing the lush greenery. With slender fingers, she grasped her brush, bringing her artwork to life.

As she painted, the gentle breeze carried the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers, filling the air. Charlotte's tranquil figure blended harmoniously with the scenery, resembling a breathtaking painting.

She laid down her brush, her gaze drifting to the portrait crafted from memory. Her eyes lingered, nostalgia washing over her expression. A soft sigh escaped her lips, betraying the turmoil beneath her serene surface.

Her snow-white hair, tied with a simple yet elegant hairpin, fluttered in the breeze, framing her ivory white shoulders. The sun's rays danced across her crystal-like face, accentuating her exquisite features and noble charm. Her deep blue eyes, normally icy and intimidating, now shimmered with thoughts and emotions.

Elegant, noble, and cold were synonyms for Charlotte, yet in this moment, vulnerability peeked through her facade. Her gorgeous face, set off by her noble temperament, hinted at a depth beyond her captivating beauty. The usually unflappable Charlotte now seemed lost in thought, her emotions threatening to surface.

As the silence enveloped her, Charlotte's thoughts swirled, revealing a complexity that few had ever witnessed. Her beauty, though captivating, was only a fraction of her enigmatic persona.

The door to the back garden swung open, and a woman clad in black strode in, her presence starkly contrasting the serene atmosphere. A colorful lollipop dangled from her mouth, its sweetness incongruous with her dark attire.

She sauntered over to Charlotte, leaning against a nearby tree with a nonchalant air. "Oh, you're still alive," she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Charlotte didn't flinch, her focus remaining on the portrait before her. Her voice was glacial, devoid of emotion. "What brings you here,?"

The woman in black grasped the lollipop, her enigmatic smile hinting at mischief. "I just came to see if you're dead," she said, her voice low and husky.

As the two women stood together, their contrasting personas created a captivating visual dichotomy. The woman in black rivaled Charlotte's breathtaking beauty, exuding an irresistible allure.

Her stunning face was a masterpiece of allure, each smile and frown weaving a spell that could enthrall any man. Her charm was innate, a natural seductiveness that few could resist. Unbridled and captivating, her presence commanded attention.

Her unkempt dark locks cascaded down her back, dancing in the breeze like wild silk. Her mesmerizing dark purple eyes gleamed with mystery, framed by luscious lashes that curled like mimosa leaves. Thin lips, slightly pursed, hinted at secrets.

Charlotte, an icy white lotus atop an iceberg, seemed almost fragile beside this sultry beauty, who embodied the essence of a thorny rose – captivating, passionate, and alluring.

Within the esteemed walls of Orchid Academy, only one person could rival the captivating duo in beauty and temperament: their enigmatic mentor, Sofia. She embodied the perfect blend of their contrasting qualities.

Sofia's charm was mesmerizing, her seductive allure irresistible. Yet, she could transition seamlessly into elegance, exuding nobility and refinement. Her icy reserve, however, hinted at a deeper complexity. This chameleon-like ability to adapt made her an intriguing figure.

Hannah, known affectionately as the second most beautiful woman of Orchid Flower Academy.

"I'm not dead," Charlotte said, her voice deceptively nonchalant.

Hannah's gaze lingered on the faint scar above Charlotte's brow, her lips curling into a playful smile. "I didn't expect you to narrowly escape death. Was it a Flameborn Lion that nearly claimed your life?"

Charlotte nodded slightly, her expression unreadable. "Yes, a Flameborn Lion of the Spirit Core Realm, Stage-Five and above."

Hannah's curiosity was piqued. "That's peculiar. How did you manage to survive?" She stepped closer, her eyes sparkling with intrigue.

Charlotte remained silent.

Hannah shrugged. "No matter. Focus on your recovery. The Martial Art Assembly is imminent, and I'm eager to best you personally." Her voice dripped with anticipation.

Charlotte's gaze shifted, locking onto Hannah's. "I won't be participating in the Martial Art Assembly this time," she stated, her tone resolute.

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Hannah's lollipop halted mid-air, her smile faltering. She hissed softly before curling her lips into a sly smile. "What? You shun men, decline pleasure, and now reject combat? Then why bother existing?"

Charlotte remained silent, her expression unreadable.

Hannah's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Oh, yes! Anos – that intriguing young man. He pummeled another Advanced class student today." Her voice dripped with amusement.

As Hannah drew closer, her curiosity peaked. "Tell me, Charlotte, what ignites your passion? The gentle strum of the zither? The strategic dance of chess? The elegant brushstrokes of calligraphy? Or perhaps the vibrant colors of painting?"

Hannah's gaze drifted to Charlotte's sketch. A sly smile spread across her face as she picked up the portrait. "Yo, Charlotte, oh Charlotte. Pretending disinterest in men, yet secretly sketching your heartthrob?" She chuckled, eyeing the artwork. "Not bad, though."

Charlotte remained serene, unfazed by Hannah's teasing.

"I nearly died outside this time," Charlotte said, her gaze locked on the sketch.

Hannah's smile faltered, her eyes narrowing. "What happened?"

Charlotte's voice remained calm. "He saved me."

Intrigue sparkled in Hannah's eyes. "And swept you off your feet, I presume? The classic hero-rescues-damsel trope."

Charlotte shook her head, her expression somber. "No, he's dead."

Hannah's smile vanished, replaced by genuine curiosity. Her tone turned serious. "Hmm?"

"A Elemental Foundation Realm Stage-Five being chased by a Flameborn Lion... survival is impossible," Charlotte said, her voice laced with a hint of sorrow. She laughed softly, the sound tinged with self-deprecation. "I killed to advance my cultivation. Why should I participate in the Martial Art Assembly?" Hannah's eyes narrowed, curiosity sparking within them. "Are you certain he's dead?" she pressed.

Charlotte nodded resolutely, her expression unwavering. "Escape was impossible. Yesterday, I returned to the scene. A massive pit marked the direction he fled in, with scorched earth and lightning burns etched into the ground. The battle's aftermath was starkly evident."

Hannah's gaze pierced Charlotte's, seeking answers. "Do you care that deeply?" she asked.

Charlotte's eyelids fluttered closed, memories flooding back. She recalled the desperation that had gripped her, the rescue that had saved her, and the fleeting connection they had shared. Her beautiful eyes reopened slowly.

"You don't understand," Charlotte whispered.

"I don't understand," Hannah echoed, crushing the lollipop in her mouth. Her voice took on a serious tone. "All I know is, if you can't move on, he'll become a haunting presence in your heart. Does he surpass every other man you've ever met in importance?"

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