

THE ONLY FUEL IS USING THE D.

Chapter 4

Lucky 4

People were cheering as excitement was written on their faces. All of them were looking at the pretty woman who was walking in the hallway of the campus. Their eyes stared with awe and admiration. Some of them were jealous but it was relatable. *Jealousy and hatred were always part of stardom.* Still, it was obvious that most of the students idolized her. The gorgeous woman continued her steps as the people dispersed into two and gave her a path to walk on. She was like Moses who cut the sea in half.

She brushed her crimson hair, the hair swayed by her smooth and beautiful hand. Her ruby eyes only looked ahead and didn't care about the attention she got, she was already accustomed to this. Since the time she deciphered her FireBall Term Attribute, many people have always gathered around her.

Her name is Scarlett Robinson, the woman who recently killed a Third Class Aberrant. Her already famous name further spread, and almost all of the people in the country knew her name because of the news yesterday. Even the other academies were envious of their campus because they had a talented woman like her. For Scarlett, her path would always be going to the top. If not, her father would be disappointed with her.

Achievements were the things that she must accumulate to have a high status in the military.

The glimmering eyes were cast on her but she didn't feel anything. Instead, she clicked her tongue in annoyance. Everywhere she goes, she would

always have this kind of stare pointing at her and she was getting tired of this. To escape these toxic gazes, Scarlett walked faster but the people still admired her.

Some tried to talk to her but she gave them a stabbing glare. The guys wanted to know her because they had lustful intentions, especially the strong and talented men. As for the females, they wanted to get friendly with her to ride her famous name. Being a friend of Scarlett means many things.

'Tch, opportunists.'

She hated these types of people, Scarlett saw the obvious reasons in their eyes and she felt disgusted. Her stilettos stepped forward as she didn't care about the incoming people who were trying to greet her.

Scarlett was a third-year student and this would be her last year in high school but she still didn't have any friends. Even her teammates that she spent her time together fighting Aberrant were not her friends, they were just colleagues. The answer was simple, most of the people around her had impure intentions that made her vomit and repulsive. Especially the rich men, they thought they could buy her with money. She stopped playing and getting friendly with them after she realized their true faces.

'I'm a daughter of a General, a Clan Leader, I have a lot of money.'

She rebutted in her mind. Her cold gaze traveled around the group of people. She saw some of her fake friends, they were smiling but she knew how jealous they were. She looked at them for a second before losing her interest, she didn't like the eyes of this certain young master.

In her whole life, she only had one true friend but that man lost his fangs and became a lonely hopeless stupid man.

'Hmmp! Bunch of cowards.'

She stopped staring and decided to advance to her classroom. Practical Term Attribute Theory would be her next subject and the professor told her to do a demonstration on how she used her power. She needed to arrive before the others and prepare.

"Ugh!"

On her way to the classroom, a man lost his balance and dropped down right in front of her. People gasped and some of them laughed as they knew who the man was, his name is Calix Romoel. Calix was on his stomach and he looked like he was prostrating in front of Scarlett. His face had a scratch possibly because of the fall. He looked up and found that Scarlett was looking at him.

She had widened eyes, perhaps she was shocked. Her face blushed a bit as she took a side step and continued walking. She didn't say any word, she didn't even look back, although her ears were a bit red.

Fortunately, no one saw her expression because almost all of the students were laughing at Calix. They were making fun of him, someone even threw an egg without any notice. The egg hit his face and the yolk tainted his shirt. Calix immediately ran away to escape the embarrassment. He took his bag and scampered like a scared rat.

"Hahaha, nice one!"

"Hehe. Do it, do it again."

"Pfft, in the first place where the heck that fresh egg came from?"

"What I waste, I should have recorded it."

They cackled while looking at his figure running away. Calix made another blunder. This series of misfortunes always came at him and made him a pathetic man who didn't have any self-esteem.

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"Okay class, I want you to look closely. Miss Robinson will show you how she will cast her spell."

The professor clapped his hand to get their attention although his gesture was unnecessary. All of the students were looking at Scarlett with awe. They were the same age but the woman could kill a Third Class alone. It was clearly obvious that she was above them. Even though the demonstration still not starting, they clapped their hands with astonishment.

Scarlett's face and her sexy figure alone caught them. Her crimson hair and fiery eyes made them lose their minds. Her unblemished skin shone in greatness. Her image standing in front of them was ingrained in their heads and understood that it would never be erased. For them, Scarlett Robinson was a goddess, a perfect being with no tint of mistake.

Scarlett didn't see the creepy gazes because she was busy assessing the target dummy. She extended her hand, aiming at the target. She regulated her emotions and recalled all of the painful memories that she experienced. The heavy expectations of her family, the fake smiles of her hypocrite friends, and the betrayal she received from her only one trustful buddy. Her eyes gleamed red, the hatred swelled in her chest making her puffing in annoyance.

A massive fireball materialized in front of the students. The temperature increased and they sweat watching on the sideline. They gasped in admiration, the sphere of fire reflected in their eyes.

Scarlett didn't care about any of their amazement, she was angry right now. Extremely mad, her hair elevated as she controlled the massive ball. It further

expanded because of her will. She shot the car-size fireball right towards the dummy.