

Chapter 500 A Harsh Lesson

Frieda wasn't the only one left dumbfounded—every soul in the room stood frozen, too stunned to even flinch. Dylan, with his intimidating presence and no-nonsense scowl, was the kind of guy people instinctively avoided. And yet, Lilah had brought him to his knees like it was nothing. How had she pulled that off?

Elliana, unfazed by the reactions of those around her, glanced down at Dylan—now crumpled on the floor—and curled her lips into a mocking smirk. "Touch Frieda again, and I'll snap one of your fingers clean off. Are we clear?"

Dylan writhed in agony. His mind blank save for the single, desperate thought: how make it stop. "Okay! I get it! Please—just let me go!"

But Elliana didn't release him immediately. Her voice softened, unnervingly calm—like silk wrapping around a blade. "I need to make sure the lesson sticks."

Without warning, she slammed Dylan's wrist onto the desk. In one fluid motion, she reached for a compass from Frieda's pencil case and drove it straight into his palm.

Everything happened in a blink. No one even had time to react.

"Aaaah!" Dylan's howl shattered the air.

Eyes widened in horror as the compass's sharp end had pierced straight through his palm, blood surging out in hot rivulets. Sweat poured down his face as he trembled, gasping.

"Ugh..." The crowd recoiled in unison, stepping back as fear gripped their chests.

They were still mere students—too innocent, too sheltered to comprehend such merciless brutality. Their faces went ghostly pale, frozen in shock. Quiet sobs escaped from a few girls nearby. Trinity's hands clenched into tight fists at her sides, her voice swallowed by the

weight of Lilah's ruthlessness.

Teaching Dylan a harsh lesson was more than punishment—it was a crimson warning branded into the minds of everyone present.

"Think this will stick with you?" Elliana asked with a casual smile, as if commenting on a sunny day.

Dylan twisted in torment, nodding frantically. "Yes! I swear I'll never cross you again. Please, just let me go."

Elliana's eyes sparkled with icy satisfaction. "Your apology seems genuine enough. I'll call it even, for now. But remember this: when you see me again, keep your head down."

A shaky breath escaped Dylan, relief washing over him like a tide.

The onlookers braced, expecting her to finally release him, imagining him rushing to the hospital to have the compass removed. But with the speed of a striking serpent, she yanked the compass free.

"Ah!" Dylan's scream tore through the air as he collapsed, clutching his wounded hand, curling into himself in agony.

"Ugh!" The crowd instinctively recoiled, hearts hammering in stunned horror.

No one had ever pictured Lilah—the seemingly gentle one—as capable of such cold, ruthless efficiency. She had pierced Dylan's palm without hesitation and withdrawn the compass with equal decisiveness. Though the pain was his alone, every soul present flinched as if sharing the wound.

Even Trinity's clique wilted under the weight of fear, their arrogance dissolving. Mindy, the most arrogant among them, turned deathly pale, seized by a sudden, crippling dread.

Just then, the academic advisor arrived, her eyes quickly landing on Dylan writhing on the floor. Concern etched across her face, she asked, "Are you all right?"

Dylan clenched his jaw, not daring to reveal Lilah's doings. Forcing a weak smile, he lied, "I'm fine. Just slipped by accident."

Without waiting for more questions, he hurried back to his seat.

The other students quickly settled down too, carefully avoiding any mention of what had just happened.

After a brief round of introductions, the welcome meeting was dismissed.

Once the advisor left, the students slowly scattered to their own corners of the school.

Elliana paid no mind to Trinity and her clique, instead gathering her things and leaving the classroom alongside Frieda.

Frieda, still visibly shaken but glowing with admiration, turned to Elliana. "Lilah, you were incredible! How did you get such skills?"

Elliana offered a modest smile. "It's nothing special. Just some self-defense tricks I picked up growing up."

Frieda didn't press further. "I'm heading back to the dorm. Are you coming?"

Elliana pulled out her phone and gave Frieda her number. "I commute, so I don't stay in the dorms. You go ahead. If Dylan or anyone else tries to cause trouble, just call me."

They exchanged numbers with a smile. "You really put Dylan in his place. I doubt he'll dare mess with me again. But be careful—Trinity seems to have a serious problem with you."

With a wave, they parted ways. Frieda headed back to her dorm while Elliana made her way to the restroom.

Trinity and her clique were just on their way out when they spotted Elliana entering the restroom.

Narrowing her eyes in bitter resentment, Trinity leaned toward Dylan. "Want revenge?"

Dylan's shoulders slumped. Fear kept him silent, though the hunger for retaliation burned beneath.

Trinity's glare cut deep. "Spineless. With me backing you, what's there to fear?"

Mindy jumped in eagerly, her tone dripping with sycophancy. "Exactly, Dylan. Trinity's got connections. We can easily take down Lilah."

Dylan wavered, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. Finally, he asked hesitantly, "So, what do you have in mind?"



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