

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 111 - A Sincere Confession - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 111 - A Sincere Confession

Chapter 111: Chapter 111 - A Sincere Confession

I quickened my pace, my hips pounding into her as every wet, warm fold of her pussy clenched around my throbbing cock. Delilah let out a long, drawn-out moan, her body tensing as she climaxed, her words breaking into breathless fragments.

"Ahh~ Adam! Just like that... yes!" she cried, her fingers clawing into the pillows.

"How does it feel now, Mom?" I asked, not letting up for a second as I drove into her. "Do you like it?"

Delilah panted, her eyes glistening with a mix of shame and overwhelming pleasure. "I... I feel... incredible... ahh~! No man has ever... ever made me feel like this... only you... Adam... only you!"

I slammed into her harder, the bedframe groaning in protest. "So you like this? You like your own stepson ruining you like this?"

"Yes... yes! I like you! I love the way you're treating your mother!" she screamed, her nails digging into my shoulders, leaving red marks on my skin.

I slowed, pushing deep inside and holding myself there. "And do you regret it now? Regret neglecting me all those years? Regret treating me like trash?"

Tears streamed down her cheeks. "I... I regret it! So much! If only I could turn back time... ahh~! I would have treated you better... I would have served you like this... from the very beginning!"

Her sincere confession sent a fresh surge of blood to my cock, making it throb violently. "I truly love you as you are now, Mom."

Then I thrust into her, hard and deep, wrenching a hysterical scream from her lungs. "I LOVE YOU TOO, ADAM!" she yelled, her body convulsing violently as a second, shattering orgasm ripped through her.

I kept pounding into her, whispering venomous truths in her ear. "You know, Mom? If you had treated me well, if you had cared for me back then... I probably wouldn't have become this. You're the one who made me."

I squeezed her heavy breasts, milking the dripping milk. "But I thank you, Mom. You created the man I am today. And while I can never forget how you treated me, I promise to make good use of you. I'll treat you well as my personal whore."

Delilah cried tears of what seemed like genuine happiness. "I love you, Adam! I've never felt so wanted before... in both my previous marriages... they were just contracts... they never wanted me like this... never made me feel like a real woman..."

Her words, so full of a deep, hidden despair, only fueled my excitement. "So all this time, you just wanted to feel desired?"

"Yes... yes! And only you... ahh~! Only you can give that to me!" she screamed, her pussy growing impossibly wetter and clenching around me.

"Then I'll never stop making you feel like the most precious woman, Mom. I'll use every inch of your body... every hole... for my pleasure. Because that's your true purpose, isn't it?"

"That's right... oh, Adam... that's absolutely right! Use my body... make me your woman!" she cried out, now utterly lost to the despair and the pleasure.

Her submission was like gasoline on the fire of my lust. I slammed into her with everything I had, my cock plunging to the very depths of her womb. The wet, slapping sounds of our union filled the room, underscored by her uncontrollable moans and whimpers.

"I... I'm going to cum, Mom!" I groaned, the peak of my pleasure becoming unbearable.

"Inside, Adam! Please... fill your mommy's womb!" Delilah begged, desperate.

And I did. I released everything I had inside her. My warm seed shot deep into her, triggering violent shudders through her body as an earth-shattering orgasm claimed her. Her pussy clenched tightly around my cock, milking out every last drop.

We stayed locked together for a long moment, our breathing ragged, our bodies slick with sweat and milk. Delilah held me tightly, her blissful face buried in the crook of my neck.

"Thank you... Adam," she whispered, her voice weak. "Thank you... for making me feel... wanted."

I kissed her forehead, still nestled inside her. "I love you, Mom. I'll never stop making you feel wanted. Forever."

I finally pulled my cock from her slick heat, drawing a soft whimper from her. My gaze then fell on Gwenneth, lying motionless beside us. She hadn't stirred since last night,

after I'd forced her to swallow my piss and bathe in it. Was she consciously hiding in unconsciousness, afraid to face reality? Or was her mind truly broken, unable to find its way back?

"Let her be, Darling," Delilah whispered, her hand gently cupping my cheek and turning my face back to hers. "She needs time. Just focus on your mommy."

I smiled. "You're right, Mom. And right now, I want to feel your beautiful, big breasts."

I lay back on the bed, my cock still erect and throbbing against my stomach. Delilah obediently moved over me, her face glowing.

"Let Mommy take care of you now, Darling," she whispered, her voice a seductive promise.

She took her left breast, full and heavy, and carefully sandwiched my cock between the soft, warm valley of her cleavage. I hissed as her smooth skin, still damp with milk, enveloped my shaft. The sensation was... profoundly different from her mouth or her pussy.

A delightful, tingling pleasure spread through my entire body. The soft, firm pressure of her magnificent breasts was perfect. Every sensitive inch of my skin drank in her warmth and gentleness.

Delilah began to move, sliding her breasts up and down the length of my shaft. Her motions were slow, practiced, ensuring every part of me received her attention. I closed my eyes, surrendering to the incredible feeling. Her large breasts completely sheathed my cock in a warm, soft, perfect massage.

"Ahh~ Mom..." I moaned, my hands gripping her hips. "This... this is incredible..."

Delilah smiled faintly, her eyes sparkling as she watched me come undone. "Are you enjoying it, Darling?"

"I... never imagined... pleasure like this," I groaned, my back arching. "I love it, Mom. Your breasts are perfect."

My praise ignited a new fervor in her. She quickened her rhythm, her heavy breasts swaying with an intoxicating motion.

"Look how big and hard you are, Adam," she whispered, her eyes fixed on my cock, trapped and glistening between her breasts. "So perfect for your mommy."

Then, she bent forward, and her red lips found the head of my cock, wet with pre-cum. Her tongue swirled around the tip while her breasts continued their work on the shaft.

Oh, God... it was absolute bliss. This dual sensation—the warm, wet suction of her mouth on the crown, paired with the soft, firm massage of her breasts—was too much to bear. My cock throbbed with a torturous intensity, signaling I was already on the edge.

Delilah let out a muffled groan around my length, then sped up the movements of both her mouth and her breasts. She was an expert, and she was performing flawlessly.

"You're truly a gifted whore, Mom," I praised sincerely, gazing at the face often hailed as one of the most beautiful in the world.

It was completely unbearable.

"I... I'm cumming, Mom!"

A soft groan escaped me as my semen shot out, some filling her mouth, some splattering across her plump breasts. Delilah slowly swallowed what was in her mouth, and her eyes widened in genuine shock.

"It tastes... incredible!" she murmured, looking utterly bewildered. "Why does it taste so good now? It wasn't like this before..."

Immediately, she set about cleaning me with renewed vigor, sucking every last drop from my dick and even licking the spend from her own breasts. Seeing her reaction, I knew it was the effect of my new skill, [Elixir of Bliss].

"You're wondering why the taste changed?" I asked, stroking her cheek. "Maybe it's because I truly love you now, Mom. Or perhaps your womb has perfected its flavor after being filled with my seed so many times."

Delilah blushed at my lewd yet romantic words. Her eyes shone with pure gratitude and satisfaction.

After devouring every drop, Delilah looked at my still-hard cock and went back to using her breasts, this time with a small, petulant whine. "I'm a little jealous... you use Angel's mouth more than mine."

I chuckled. "How can you be jealous of your own daughter?"

"She's your little cocksucker, isn't she?" Delilah pouted, a hint of genuine jealousy in her tone. "Why do you like my little girl's mouth so much?"

I took a deep breath. "Because Angel was the cruelest when it came to humiliating me. Every day, she was the most enthusiastic in calling me trash. So now, it's immensely satisfying to watch her choke on the very cock she always despised."

Hearing my explanation, a new spark of determination lit in Delilah's eyes. She worked her ample bosom over me with even more enthusiasm, almost pushing me to another climax. "Then let Mommy make you forget about her mouth! Feel how my breasts can satisfy you even more!"

The next day, I finally returned to Nine Stars Academy, leaving the den of depravity behind, at least for now.

Chapter 112: Chapter 112 - The Unmaking of a Victim

I stepped into the grounds of Nine Stars Academy with a completely different feeling this time. The fresh morning air carried something else with it, as if whispering that things had changed.

I could still sense the faint memory of countless eyes staring at me. Eyes filled with mockery and disdain. But now, when I lifted my gaze and looked back calmly, all those invisible stares faded without a trace.

I steadied my resolve. In this world, nothing could stop me anymore. I was no longer the weak Adam who could be stepped on by anyone. Now, I was the one in control. And as if acknowledging that resolve, every lingering shadow of those memories finally vanished, leaving me alone in the academy's grand corridor.

When I reached the Headmaster's office, I took a slow breath before knocking. A firm voice from inside told me to enter.

Behind the large desk sat Ophelia Blazinger, the Blazewalker herself.

Her appearance was striking. Her fiery red hair was neatly arranged, falling over her strong, sculpted shoulders. Her red eyes glowed with authority and the weight of experience.

Even at forty-five, she possessed a mature beauty, like aged wine. Her body was still incredibly seductive. Her large breasts strained against the buttons of her black blouse, and her rounded hips pushed against the fabric of her pencil skirt.

I activated [Eye of Desire] on her.

NAME: Ophelia Blazinger

AGE: 51

CLASS: Crimson Phoenix

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 4%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts

FETISH: Sadistic, Masochistic, Pet Play, Humiliation

Her Class differed from her Hunter codename, Blazewalker, though that wasn't surprising. What caught my attention were her fetishes, identical to her daughter Arianna's. The apple really doesn't fall far from the tree. I smiled faintly to myself. How should I conquer her? Should I use [Time Stop] right away? Or [Mind Control]?

Ophelia finally spoke, her voice low and commanding.

"Adam," she said, her eyes sweeping over me from head to toe. "I let things slide even though you skipped the academy for months, only because of my history with your parents. But that ends now."

She stood and walked toward me with steady, confident steps. Each movement carried the presence of a lioness ruling her territory.

"If you want to leave this academy," she said, now standing only a few steps away, "just submit your resignation letter. I'll sign it immediately. But if you choose to stay, you will follow every rule. There will be no more tolerance."

I listened quietly, then asked in a flat tone, "Headmaster, do you know what I've been through in this academy?"

Ophelia gave a small smile. "I know."

Though she had no idea how much I truly suffered.

My expression darkened. "Then why did you do nothing? Why did you let them treat me like that?"

Her face remained still, but her eyes sharpened. "Adam, this academy exists to train the best Hunters in the world. Every student here has one goal, to become great."

She paced the room, her voice turning into something like a lecture.

"Do you know what it means to be a Hunter? You must adapt to any environment. You must work with others and form alliances. You must learn to use everything around you to achieve your goals."

She stopped in front of me again, her gaze direct and unwavering.

"A Hunter's life is dangerous. If you can't even survive in this academy, how do you expect to survive out there? In high-ranked dungeons? In front of monsters that don't show mercy?"

Ophelia leaned closer, her voice whispering clearly in my ear.

"If you want to blame someone, blame your own weakness for failing to protect yourself."

I listened to her long explanation silently. This woman was blunt, honest to the point of cruelty. And that was precisely why I liked her. Her lack of pretense made it easy for me to decide how I would destroy her.

"But since you've awakened," Ophelia continued, narrowing her eyes as if analyzing every little twitch I made, "you now have the ability to defend yourself. So, what Class have you awakened?"

Of course I wouldn't reveal my real Class, Depraved Time Lord. That was my secret. And I wasn't about to expose all my abilities either.

I lied. "Swordman, ma'am."

Ophelia nodded slightly, unsurprised. "That figures, considering you're the son of the Sword Saint. Do you have wind element abilities like your father?"

"No," I replied. "I didn't inherit his element."

A flicker of disappointment showed in Ophelia's eyes, but she quickly hid it. "Alright. I need to test you and examine your body to confirm your Rank. If you're truly awakened, there are many files about you that need to be updated."

She walked closer, and for a moment I thought she was going to begin the examination. But she suddenly stopped in front of me, her eyes dropping to my shoes.

"But before that, how could you forget to tie your shoelaces?"

Reflexively, I glanced down. My shoelaces were tied neatly.

At that exact moment, my instincts screamed. A murderous intent filled the room.

Before I could react, Ophelia threw a punch at my face. Her speed was incredible, almost impossible for normal eyes to follow. The force behind it was lethal; that punch could absolutely kill an ordinary person.

But for me, everything felt different. Thanks to my boosted Agility and Vitality.

My reflexes kicked in, and I moved just in time as her fist grazed the tip of my nose. The wind generated from her punch alone was strong enough to whip my hair back.

My heart pounded.

Ophelia smiled faintly, a satisfied smile that infuriated me. "So you really have awakened. Don't be so tense, this was just a little test—I didn't quite believe your stepmother's words before."

'Bitch,' I cursed inwardly, glaring at her coldly.

"I need more accurate data," she said as she turned and headed for the door. "Follow me."

I trailed behind her through the quiet corridor to a high-tech medical room. In the center stood an advanced diagnostic capsule glowing with blue light.

"Get in," Ophelia ordered.

I stepped inside, and the door closed with a soft hiss. Lasers scanned my body, accompanied by the quiet hum of machinery. It felt like every inch of me was being analyzed. The process only lasted a few minutes before the door opened again.

Ophelia was waiting, a tablet in her hand. Her eyes were fixed on the screen, and I spotted a subtle flash of surprise.

"Your stats indicate that you're an Awakener of Rank A," she said, sounding a little impressed. "That's quite good. Very good, actually."

Her gaze lifted, examining me again with a different expression, as if reassessing the potential she had ignored all this time.

"Even though you awakened late, a Rank A can easily catch up." Ophelia continued, her tone shifting into that of a mentor rather than the ruthless headmaster she had been earlier. "Oh right, you're in class 3, aren't you?"

"You weren't allowed to join the internship program before because you weren't an Awakener. But the internships start next month. You can start looking for a guild and apply. It would be good experience for you."

I nodded, storing the information for later consideration. A guild? Internship? I instantly decided I would apply to Crimson Dawn.

"All right, you can return to your class now," she said. "Your teachers and classmates need to know about your progress."

I turned and left the room. My steps grew heavier as I approached the door of Class 3A, the place filled with nightmares from my past.

Chapter 113: Chapter 113 - Defiling the Ice Queen

I pushed open the door to classroom 3A and stepped into the room full of familiar faces. The atmosphere instantly tightened, every pair of eyes snapping toward me. My own gaze swept across the room, searching for the five most memorable—or more accurately, the most painful—figures from my past.

I found Yukie near the window, her face a mask of characteristic indifference, those pale eyes fixed on the world outside as if nothing within these walls deserved her attention. The sight suddenly brought back the memory fragment from Delilah—the moment I killed my father, and Yukie appeared, her usually cold face streaked with tears as she called him "Father."

A familiar voice shattered my concentration. "Adam! Long time no see. Missed my punches and kicks?"

I turned to see Maximus lunging at me, his leg already swinging in a kick. But this time, everything was different. With my newfound strength and agility, I easily caught his ankle mid-air.

Maximus gasped, eyes wide with disbelief. "What—?"

Before he could finish, I hurled his entire body toward the open window. His large frame shattered the glass as he was thrown from the third floor, followed by a loud crash from below and the stunned silence of our classmates.

Silence.

Every eye was locked on me, expressions ranging from shock to pure terror. A satisfying thrill ran through me at their reaction, but then something shifted.

My blood ran cold. A chilling aura was spreading from one corner of the room. Slowly, I turned toward its source and found Yukie staring directly at me. Her white eyes felt colder than glacial ice, piercing straight through to my soul.

Suddenly, I couldn't breathe. A long-buried fear resurfaced, wrapping around my entire being. Damn it. No. I've changed.

[Time Stop]

The world around me froze. Sound vanished, dust particles hung motionless in the air, and everyone in the room became statues. Only I could move.

In my peripheral vision, a timer appeared [29:59...], counting down my remaining time.

I looked down, taking a deep breath. After a few seconds, I gritted my teeth hard.

"Fuck! Bastard! Pathetic coward!" I cursed myself. "How can I still be afraid of just her eyes?"

I could kill her right now. I could do anything I wanted to her. I could rape her in front of all these frozen spectators. So why was this fear still holding me back?

Rationally, I knew I now had the power to avenge all the torture Yukie had inflicted on me. But years of memories—of being tormented, broken, and humiliated by her—had carved wounds too deep in my soul. The scars weren't so easily healed, even with my completely transformed mindset.

As I fought to calm myself, anger and hatred began to flood my veins. I walked toward Yukie's desk. The girl's appearance remained as ethereally beautiful and untouchable as the last time I'd seen her, her short white hair framing that pale, perfect face.

I stared into her frozen white eyes, then angrily grabbed her neck and lifted her light body. But Yukie's cold expression didn't change—time was still stopped. What infuriated me more was that because I was holding her up, her cold eyes now looked down on me, maintaining that condescending gaze even in stasis.

My emotions churned between rage and fear. My hand tightened around her neck, the urge to kill her overwhelming. But then I changed my mind and slowly lowered her back into the chair.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to think clearly.

"No," I whispered. "I won't let her die that easily. Killing her would be letting her escape suffering."

I studied her frozen features.

"I'll destroy her soul, like I did with Gwenneth. I'll make her suffer, degrade her, turn her into my sex slave. And those eyes—" my gaze fixed on her frozen white eyes, "—I'll make them look at me full of fear and despair, not with this contemptuous stare anymore."

I added silently, "And if I kill her now, this fear will haunt me forever. I must break her slowly while erasing every trace of fear within me."

With that resolution, I grew calmer. I activated [Eye of Desire] on her, observing the information that appeared.

NAME: Yukie Iceblood

AGE: 21

CLASS: Ice Queen

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 5%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Ears

FETISH: Daddy Kink

Nothing had changed since I last checked. Despite my hatred, I couldn't help but feel a grudging respect when I saw her rank. She truly was a genius. Reaching Rank S at such a young age, while the average person in this remedial class was only Rank B. She operated on an entirely different level.

My gaze shifted to Isabel, the black-haired girl sitting beside Yukie, then to Nerissa, the pink-haired girl behind her.

NAME: Isabel Mercedes

AGE: 21

CLASS: Assassin

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 8%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts,

FETISH: Voyeurism

NAME: Nerissa Rishbell

AGE: 21

CLASS: Healer

RANK: B

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 9%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts,

FETISH: Sadistic and Masochistic.

They hadn't changed either. At first, I wondered why these bitches were still virgins—were they really saving their "purity" for marriage? But that actually worked in my favor. They were preserving all their first experiences for me to claim completely.

I checked my remaining time. [27:46...]. Plenty. I turned my attention back to Yukie, her cold, perfect face seeming to challenge me even in stasis. What should I do to her with this remaining time to chip away at this irrational fear?

I approached her desk and casually sat on the edge, right in front of her. From this position, I could see every detail of her face—the flawless pale skin, the plump pink lips, the white eyes staring vacantly ahead.

Slowly, I unbuttoned my pants. Once open, my large, already-hard cock sprang free, hovering just centimeters from Yukie's frozen face.

I touched her smooth cheek. Her skin felt cold, like ice, matching her element. My fingers then traced the perfect line of her pale pink lips.

"Given your personality," I whispered, though I knew she couldn't hear, "I doubt these plump lips have ever tasted a kiss. You seem like the type who's never dated either."

I smiled, my fear beginning to be replaced by a sense of superiority. "So I should thank you for keeping them untouched for my cock all this time."

My hand guided her frozen face forward, pushing slowly until her cold lips brushed against the head of my cock, already glistening with pre-cum. The contact sent a strange sensation through my body—a mix of victory, lust, and the remnants of fear still lurking in my soul's deepest corners.

The fear was still there, I couldn't deny it. But seeing Yukie helpless with time stopped, her ever-mocking lips now touching my genitals, created a strangely pleasurable yet contradictory feeling in my chest.

I began rubbing my dick against her plump lips, savoring the sensation of her cold, smooth skin against the sensitive tip. My movements were slow, almost painterly. From her lips, my cock moved to her pale cheeks, leaving trails of pre-cum on her flawless skin, then returned to her mouth.

The sight was intoxicating. Yukie Iceblood—the academy's young star, the woman I feared and hated most—now completely helpless, her arrogant face being "defiled" by my genitals. Every trace of pre-cum I left was like a stamp of ownership, proof that she was now under my control.

I pressed the tip against her tightly sealed lips, trying to force entry. But her lips remained firmly locked, her teeth blocking any further progress.

"Tsk... no need to be shy," I whispered, continuing to rub my cock against her mouth. "You'll get used to the taste of me soon enough."

As I enjoyed this humiliating spectacle, I considered other options. Should I unfreeze her briefly and take her right here in front of everyone? Imagine Yukie Iceblood, the untouchable ice queen, being raped before her frozen classmates.

Chapter 114: Chapter 114 - A Stamp of Ownership

I stared at Yukie's frozen face, her aloof, icy expression a silent challenge, daring me to do my worst. A volatile mix of desire and hatred boiled inside me, urging me to go further.

I grabbed her jaw, my fingers pressing into her cold cheeks, forcing her mouth open. Her plump lips parted, revealing a line of neat, white teeth.

Then I aimed my cock, already slick with pre-cum, at her open mouth. With a slow, firm push, I inserted the tip, relishing the inner warmth that contrasted with her cold skin.

I pushed deeper, forcing my shaft into the incredible tightness of her throat. It resisted, but I didn't care. With absolute resolve, I shoved forward until my entire length was buried, the head of my cock pressing against the back of her throat.

I held it there for a few seconds, savoring the sensation of her constricting throat around my shaft. One hand stroked her smooth white hair while I taunted her, "It's really warm inside your mouth, Yukie. So different from your cold exterior."

Then, I started moving her head back and forth, fucking her tight mouth. Wet, slurping sounds and the occasional muffled gag filled the silent room.

SCHLURP... SCHLURP... SCHLURP...

Each thrust brought me closer to the edge, a heady cocktail of hatred, lust, and intoxicating vengeance. The woman I hated most in this world, the one who haunted my nightmares, was now having her mouth used while she was utterly helpless.

Soon, I felt the unbearable peak of my pleasure approaching.

"I'm cumming, you bitch!" I groaned.

Spruts of my thick, white semen flooded her throat and mouth, some of it dripping from her slack lips.

I checked the remaining time: [16:02...]. Still plenty left.

My eyes fell to her slender, delicate hands—the same hands that had once tortured me with piercing ice. Now, I would make them serve me.

I took her cold hands and guided them to grip my cock, still wet with my own release. Her fingers were too small to grasp my entire shaft, so I used both her hands, arranging her slender fingers to jerk me off.

I began moving her hands, guiding them up and down my shaft. Yukie's cold, white eyes still stared blankly at my cock being moved by her hands—a sight that was so degrading yet so satisfying.

At first, her hands were cold, but the friction soon generated warmth. The chill from the hands that once tortured me was now giving me pleasure, a strange and intensely arousing contrast.

It wasn't long before I couldn't hold back. With a satisfied groan, I unleashed my second load, this time splattering across her pale, beautiful face. The white fluid streaked her perfection.

I gazed at Yukie's semen-covered face. My fear had diminished significantly. I checked the time again: [02:15...]. The urge to rape her right then was overwhelming, but I restrained myself. Patience would make my ultimate revenge all the more satisfying.

Besides, there were still four of her friends I needed to break first. My gaze shifted to Nerissa, Isabel, Alex, and then to the window where I'd thrown Maximus. I would destroy them one by one, forcing Yukie to watch her friends fall before it was finally her turn.

I tidied myself up but left all my handiwork on Yukie intact—her mouth open with my semen dripping out, her face covered, her hands still positioned as if holding my cock.

I walked back to my original spot before activating [Time Stop], then waited with bated breath. I couldn't wait to see Yukie's expression when time resumed and she realized what had been done to her.

[Time Stop Has Ended]

The world roared back to life after the long silence. Everyone started moving again, whispers filling the air. But I was focused solely on Yukie's reaction.

And she did not disappoint.

Yukie suddenly choked, her white eyes blinking rapidly as she felt the foreign fluid filling her mouth. Disgust flashed across her face, but then something strange happened. Her cheeks flushed, and unconsciously, she swallowed—gulping down all the remaining

semen in her mouth. I saw her throat move, and for a moment, a strange glint shone in her white eyes before turning cold again.

I stifled a laugh. It seemed the [Elixir of Bliss], which made my semen irresistibly pleasurable, had managed to affect even the icy Yukie.

But then her full awareness returned. She realized her hands were held in an odd position in front of her, as if gripping something invisible. They felt warm and carried the same scent as the fluid she had just swallowed.

When she wiped her face, her fingers touched the same sticky substance, and for a moment, a strange urge to lick it clean surfaced. She almost gave in before regaining control.

Some students nearby began staring, noticing the oddity. But with impressive composure, Yukie's expression didn't flicker.

Her hands moved subtly, and instantly, the semen on her face and uniform froze into tiny ice crystals. They gathered on her palm, forming a small, scent-emitting ball of ice.

Her face and uniform were perfectly clean again, as if nothing had happened.

Yukie stared at the ice ball in her hand, her white eyes narrowed. A conflict raged in her mind—a bizarre urge to consume the contents of the ice ball, which she barely suppressed.

'What just happened?' she thought. 'And why do I want to...? No. I'll examine this strange fluid later.'

I felt a flicker of disappointment. Yukie's expression hadn't changed at all—still that cold, unreadable mask. She'd always been like this since childhood, so intimidating that other kids were afraid to approach her.

I wondered if she would connect what happened to me, especially after I'd just displayed my power.

Suddenly, Maximus appeared at the broken window, his body completely unharmed—only his pride was wounded. He looked at me with a mix of fury and shock.

"Bastard... how dare you humiliate me like that!" Maximus fumed, his voice echoing through the now-whispering classroom.

Isabel, sitting next to Yukie, whispered, "What happened? Did Adam just throw Maximus out the window?"

Meanwhile, Nerissa and Alex sat wide-eyed, unable to process the scene.

Maximus leaped through the window. He landed firmly on the classroom floor, his eyes burning with rage.

"You think one lucky move makes you a big shot?" Maximus snarled, charging toward me. This time, he wasn't holding back—his energy aura flared powerfully, showing he was dead serious.

Chapter 115: Chapter 115 - Combat Class

Suddenly, a cold voice sliced through the tension behind me.

"Maximus."

Everyone froze.

I turned and saw Violet Albestorm standing at the classroom doorway—one of the most feared instructors in Nine Stars Academy, known for her ruthless, unforgiving teaching style.

She was famous for a reason. Despite her young age, she had already reached Rank S, and she and her team had once conquered an SS-Rank Dungeon. Her codename back when she was still an active Hunter was Thunderheart.

Her appearance was undeniably seductive. Her long purple hair was tied high, exposing the graceful line of her neck. She wore a tight black combat suit that hugged every curve of her body perfectly. Despite her beautiful face and sharp amethyst eyes, the aura she radiated was so intimidating that the entire classroom fell silent at once.

"Sit down and stop humiliating yourself," Violet ordered, her voice icy.

Maximus immediately shrank, transforming from a roaring lion to an obedient kitten.

"Yes, Instructor Violet," he muttered, scurrying back to his seat with a sour expression.

Violet's gaze then shifted to me, sweeping from the top of my head to the tips of my shoes.

"Adam Socheron," she said flatly. "The Headmaster has informed me of your awakening."

She walked toward the front of the class, each step steady and full of authority.

"For your information," she announced to the class, "Adam has awakened as an Awakener Rank A."

She glanced at me briefly before adding, "Congratulations." There wasn't a trace of praise in her tone.

Her expression hardened.

"But don't think this will earn you special treatment. On the contrary, as the son of the Sword Saint and the Star Witch, I will be even harsher on you. I will not lower the difficulty of my lessons just because you awakened late. If you can't keep up, that's your problem. Fail, and you will repeat the year."

Even though my classmates had witnessed my strength earlier, hearing the official announcement from Violet still left them stunned. Whispered reactions spread through the room, but they immediately died out when Violet swept her sharp gaze across the class.

"Everyone, change into your combat uniforms and gather at the weapon field in fifteen minutes. I will not tolerate lateness," she commanded. "Today, we're doing practical combat training."

As she turned to leave, she threw one last look my way.

"And Adam," she said with a thin smile, "I'm very interested to see how far you've inherited your father's swordsmanship."

Oh, right. Violet Albestorm was the academy's weapon instructor—and one of the greatest swordswomen here. I nodded slightly, already planning how I would display my strength today.

When I arrived at the massive training grounds, I saw all my classmates gathered in their respective combat outfits.

I myself wore a black-gray combat jacket made of elastic tear-resistant fabric, paired with slim-fit tactical pants with hidden pockets. It felt strange, this was the first time I had ever worn the academy's combat uniform, despite being enrolled for years.

My eyes swept across the field filled with advanced training equipment. Every student held one of the academy's provided practice weapons. Some were already warming up, swinging their weapons with practiced movements.

Violet Albestorm stood in the center of the field like a general overseeing her soldiers. She immediately noticed that my hands were empty. Her sharp amethyst eyes narrowed.

"Socheron," she called, her voice cutting through the ambient noise. "Come here."

I approached, my eyes inevitably drawn to the way her tight combat suit traced every tempting curve of her body. The sway of her round hips, the narrow line of her waist, the generous swell of her chest stretching the fabric. For a moment, I imagined what it would feel like to grab that chest in my hands.

"This is your first time joining weapon practice," Violet said, staring directly at me. "You need to choose your weapon. Follow me."

She turned without waiting for a response, walking toward the armory building with confident strides. I followed, still unable to keep my eyes off her figure.

Inside the wide armory room lined with weapon racks, Violet gestured broadly.

"Choose one. Sword, spear, axe, dagger, anything you can wield."

Her eyes watched me carefully. "This will be your primary weapon for training, so choose wisely."

Of course, I chose a sword.

I walked along the racks, letting my fingers brush various blades before selecting a long sword with a straight blade—reminiscent of my father's weapon, though lacking the magical properties.

We returned to the field, and Violet immediately instructed me to fight a training dummy.

Although dummy was generous. It was more like a humanoid robot two meters tall, dual-wielding swords, with adjustable difficulty from Rank E to Rank A.

Its metallic surface gleamed with glowing circuitry, and its red camera-lens eyes seemed to analyze me.

"These dummies are S-Rank artifacts," Violet explained, tapping the robot's shoulder. "They're programmed with hundreds of combat styles. Choose a level matching your ability."

Intrigued, I set it to Rank B.

"Straight to Rank B?" the operator asked, clearly unsure.

"I'm confident," I replied.

With a press of a button, the robot activated with a hum of machinery. Its dual swords swung at me immediately — one slicing horizontally at my waist, the other thrusting vertically toward my chest. All eyes locked onto me, as if waiting for me to fail.

The fight began fiercely. The robot's attacks launched in programmed sequences—the horizontal slash followed by the vertical thrust, then a flurry of chained strikes that nearly cornered me.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Steel clashed endlessly as I retreated, defending while studying its movements. Soon enough, I caught on.

Its motions were predictable, repetitive, lacking improvisation. Within three minutes, I was dodging with ease and even counterattacking.

"Set it to Rank A," I told the operator.

"Rank A? That's for the top students!" he protested.

"Do it," I ordered firmly.

The moment the level increased, the atmosphere shifted. The robot now moved with blinding speed, its swords weaving unpredictable patterns. I was driven back, struggling to keep up. Several times its blades nearly grazed me, drawing gasps from the onlookers.

"He's not going to last!" someone shouted.

But I refused to disgrace the Sword Saint's name.

I focused intensely, tracking every movement.

Slowly I began to read its patterns. Complex, but not impossible. I noticed how it always shifted weight onto its right leg before a spinning strike, and how its lens blinked before switching strategies.

Then I struck.

My horizontal slash was parried perfectly, but that was exactly what I needed—using the momentum, I twisted into a second attack, a sharp thrust that forced the robot back. With a fluid pivot, I unleashed a full-force circular slash.

CLANG! CLANG!

The robot split in half, the upper torso severed from the lower with a metallic screech. The sound of malfunctioning machinery echoed across the field, followed by a chorus of shocked gasps. A few students even clapped, though hesitantly.

But to my surprise, the robot's parts began to fuse back together, a metallic liquid creeping between the separated sections and reconnecting them, as if it had a life of its own.

These things were truly high-rank artifacts. And the academy owned forty-five of them, meaning we essentially had forty-five Rank A Awakeners at our disposal. Though they required massive energy to operate.

Nine Stars Academy truly deserved its reputation.

Almost everyone stared at me in disbelief. They finally realized I was no longer the weak Adam they used to know.

I scanned their faces—except for my five tormentors and Violet, everyone looked at me with fear and unease.

Once, they mocked me openly. No wonder.

They thought I would always be nothing. Trash. But now, they feared I might take revenge for the years they either watched me suffer in silence... or joined in.

Some even avoided eye contact, lowering their heads when my gaze swept over them.

"Warm-up is over!" Violet shouted, her voice booming across the field. "Now we're moving to one-on-one combat. We will be using the round-robin system, everyone will fight everyone."

She continued, "The top rank fights the last rank, then the top rank fights the second-last rank, while the last rank fights the second rank, and so on. Once all pairs are done, we rotate using the same pattern until every person has fought every opponent."

Violet showed the diagram on her tablet.

"Each win gives you points. At the end, we will have accurate rankings."

Since I had just awakened, I was placed at the bottom of the class, ranked 30th. And according to the system, my first match was against Rank 1—Yukie.

When our names were called, the entire field fell silent. Everyone knew our history. Yukie had been the cruelest among my tormentors.

Yukie stepped into the arena with that familiar graceful stride, her pale eyes cold and distant. A knot of fear twisted in my chest, but I forced it down, reminding myself that I was the one in control now.

"You're forbidden from using any skills. Only weapon technique is allowed. The match ends when one of you yields, steps out of the ring, or when I call it.

Violet positioned herself between us, her gaze shifting from one fighter to the other.

"Begin!"

Chapter 116: Chapter 116 - An Unexpected Resistance

There were thirty of us in class. Everyone had already stepped into their designated arenas, yet their attention was clearly focused on one place: Yukie and me. Dozens of eyes dug into us from the edges of the field, as if waiting to see whether I would endure or be crushed instantly.

I wondered just how unlucky I could be. Out of thirty students, how was I paired against her in my very first match? There was no world where I could fight her without relying on my cheat skill or something dirty.

But maybe this was an opportunity. I had to face her properly in a real fight, to break whatever fear of her I still carried. Besides, she was forbidden from using her ice powers in this training.

Yukie's weapon was a sword, a long thin blade almost identical to the one I was holding now. The match had technically begun ever since Violet gave the signal, but Yukie had not moved an inch.

I finally spoke, trying to hide the tension in my voice.

"Are you not going to attack me, Yukie?"

She did not answer immediately. Her eyes swept from my head to my feet, studying every change in me. Then, in the same icy tone she used back when she used to torment me, she said, "Why do you keep appearing in front of me? Why don't you just die and kill yourself somewhere?"

The words hit like a whip across my face.

But this time, I did not lower my head or tremble. Instead, I met her cold stare with fire in my eyes.

"I am not going to die, Yukie. Not before I make you pay for everything. Every insult, every beating, every moment you tortured me."

Her eyebrow lifted slightly, surprised by my defiance. But the expression vanished quickly.

"So you finally have a little courage. Do you think anything has changed just because you awakened?" She stepped closer, her voice lowering into something needle-sharp.

"You are still the same pathetic person. Even now I can see your body trembling just from looking into my eyes. Maybe I need to remind you how to behave."

Her words irritated me, but I forced myself to stay calm. Deep down, I scoffed at her, remembering how that same filthy mouth of hers had just been wrapped around my dick earlier, swallowing my seed.

I took a basic stance, left foot forward, both hands gripping my sword at my side. What surprised me was that Yukie mirrored the exact same stance. She was serious. She was not underestimating me at all, even though she knew I had only just awakened.

That only made this fight harder.

We waited.

Neither of us moved.

Neither of us breathed too loudly.

The air froze between us until Yukie realized that I would not make the first move.

She stepped forward casually, then in an instant delivered a simple diagonal slash from the right.

CLANG.

I blocked it, my body pushed back a little. I countered with a quick horizontal slash, trying to ride the momentum, but Yukie stepped aside effortlessly, dodging as easily as breathing.

We clashed immediately.

KLANG. KLANG. TING.

One step from her forced three steps backward from me. She was pushing me relentlessly, and of course she was. She had always been the strongest in class.

What was unusual was that I was not collapsing instantly.

I moved. I defended. I even slipped in small counterattacks, enough to force her to adjust her rhythm. Our swords collided again and again, throwing sparks into the air.

The others began to notice. Even in the middle of their own fights, they kept glancing our way in disbelief.

"W-what... Adam is holding his own against Yukie?"

"Since when can he use a sword like that?"

"Was he secretly training all this time?"

"..."

They seemed to forget something.

I was the son of the Sword Saint. My father's blood flowed in my veins.

Even so, I was still struggling. Every time our blades met, her strength and technique pushed me further back. She did not hold back at all. If anything, she was becoming even more brutal.

Every strike was meant to crush my resolve, to force me back into the old Adam: weak, silent, obedient.

Her blade swept low. I blocked it. She rotated her wrist, pressed down from above. I blocked again. She slid left with footsteps that barely made a sound and thrust straight at me. I twisted my body to avoid it.

But the wounds began to pile up. Cuts along my arm, a tear on my shoulder, a few shallow stabs that burned and throbbed with pain.

What confused me most was how similar our styles were.

Our footwork matched. Our swings had the same angles. The way we shifted our weight, rotated our hips, raised our elbows—everything was identical. As if we had been trained by the same teacher. Or practiced the same sword style.

The people around us started to notice it too. Whispers spread across the field, and Violet narrowed her eyes at us.

"Their movements are the same," one student muttered.

"But Yukie's are cleaner and more natural," another said.

There was only one problem.

Our style might be the same, but our skill levels were not.

Yukie was far faster than me.

Sharper in her execution.

More efficient in every motion.

Yukie then changed her attack pattern. Instead of constant pressure, she took a step back as if giving me space. I, now accustomed to the previous rhythm, reflexively stepped forward to fill the gap.

But suddenly, she swung her sword downward as if for a vertical strike. I reflexively parried from above... but it was a feint. Mid-swing, her movement changed sharply, twisting as her blade rose again in a narrow, unpredictable arc I hadn't foreseen.

SLASH!

A hot line tore across my face.

I felt blood flow from near my temple, then the world on my right side went completely dark. My consciousness instantly knew: one of my eyes was gone.

"AAAAH!" I cried out, unable to suppress it.

But Yukie did not stop.

As her blade descended, she twisted her hips and brought the attack lower. A flash of metal sliced toward my wrists.

CRACK—SLASH!

Her sword cut clean through both of them. A burning heat shot up my arms, followed by numbness and then an explosion of pain.

Both my hands were severed. My sword dropped to the ground with a dull thud. I fell to my knees, overwhelmed by agony.

"STOP!" Violet shouted, sprinting toward us.

But before she reached us, Yukie was already standing in front of me. Her cold eyes bored into me, waiting for me to return to the weak, submissive Adam she had broken before. Waiting for me to bow my head, beg for mercy, cry in fear.

But no. Not this time.

With strength I did not know I still had, I lifted my head. Blood poured from my injured left eye, but my remaining eye locked onto hers with blazing hatred. My lips curled into a bitter smile as I faced her stare with absolute resolve.

"I am... not... done... with you..." I hissed through clenched teeth.

Yukie froze.

For the first time, her face did not remain expressionless. There was something there. Annoyance? Surprise? Fear?

I did not know and I did not care.

One thing was certain.

I would never be the Adam she destroyed ever again.

Chapter 117: Chapter 117 - A Mocking Glance

"Nerissa! Stop your training for a moment and heal Adam, now!" Violet ordered sharply.

Nerissa halted her practice immediately. Her expression was reluctant and uneasy, but she still rushed toward me. Even though she was a Healer, she was required to participate in combat training so she could protect herself in dangerous situations.

She knelt beside me, her face filled with deep internal conflict. The eyes that usually looked down on me with arrogance now showed confusion and disbelief. "What happened to you, Adam?"

I did not answer. I only stared at her blankly while feeling her healing energy begin its work.

The blood pouring from my wounds stopped instantly, and even more incredible, my severed hands began to regrow. Muscles, tendons, bones, and skin regenerated rapidly within seconds.

Every other injury, including the eye Yukie had blinded, healed completely. It felt like warmth was wrapping around every cell of my body, but my heart stayed frozen cold toward the woman who had always treated me cruelly yet was now forced to heal me.

"That was too much, Yukie," Violet said, scolding her.

But she did not go further. After all, in the Hunter world, injuries during training were normal. As long as no one died, and as long as there were healers or potions to fix severe wounds like mine, everything was still considered acceptable.

Yukie showed no reaction. No regret. Just the same flat expression.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" she said coolly. "You wanted a good show, didn't you? That is why you told me to fight him."

Violet looked at her with an unreadable gaze. Not angry, but not approving either.

Yukie lifted her chin slightly, her eyes sharp like her blade.

"You already know," she continued, "that there is no one in this class who can match me. None of them could even make me sweat. This is not training for me. It is not even a warm-up."

Each word felt like a cold knife.

"Here, the only person who can fight me is you, Instructor Albestorm."

She issued her challenge directly. "So fight me now."

Violet exhaled, her face showing a mix of annoyance and admiration for her student's audacity.

"Yukie, you are a student with absolutely no manners," she said. "Fine. I accept."

She then turned to me. "Adam, do you want to continue your training or would you rather rest?"

"I'll continue," I replied without hesitation.

While Nerissa kept healing me, every eye in the field shifted to the arena where Violet and Yukie were about to fight. Two incredibly skilled and beautiful women were about to clash head-on.

I activated Eye of Desire on Violet.

NAME: Violet Albestorm

AGE: 31

CLASS: Thunder Warrior

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 8%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina and Breast

FETISH: Exhibitionism

She truly was in the same rank as Yukie. But what shocked me even more at first was her fetish. Who would have thought the instructor feared by everyone was an exhibitionist? It made sense, considering how she always wore extremely tight clothing that showed off her figure even while remaining technically modest.

Her weapon for training was an ordinary sword, the same as all of us. Yet in her hands, the simple blade felt like an extension of her body, radiating an aura of authority.

Every student stopped their own sparring. No one wanted to miss a fight between the instructor and the academy's strongest student. The atmosphere changed completely, from chaotic training noise to a tense, breathless silence.

The two women faced each other with sharp eyes. Violet's purple gaze locked with Yukie's cold white one. They took perfect stances. Violet positioned herself aggressively, her right foot forward and her sword raised at shoulder height. Yukie stood with an elegant defensive posture, her blade lifted in front of her face.

Without warning, they both moved.

KLANG!

The first clash of swords echoed across the field, sparks scattering. They immediately fell into a rapid, lethal exchange. Violet unleashed three consecutive strikes, horizontal, diagonal, vertical, and Yukie deflected all of them with efficient, precise movements.

What stunned everyone was that Violet did not hold back even for a second. Her face was serious, her movements calculated. She fully acknowledged Yukie's talent and knew the girl had the power to defeat her.

Their duel looked like a deadly dance. Every step, turn, and swing flowed beautifully yet dangerously. Their speed was so intense that even Rank B Awakeners struggled to follow their movements.

Watching them, something inside me boiled.

When she fought me earlier, Yukie had clearly been holding back. She had been toying with me.

Here, against Violet, she unleashed her real skill. She was faster, stronger, sharper. Her white eyes gleamed with seriousness as she slipped around Violet's strikes and countered with deadly precision.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Their exchange grew fiercer. Yukie spun and forced Violet back several steps. Violet retaliated with a flurry of quick thrusts that nearly grazed Yukie's shoulder, but Yukie twisted away, her blade sweeping low toward Violet's legs.

"Look at that," someone whispered beside me. "Yukie is really on the same level as the instructor."

The arena floor beneath them cracked with each impact. Every step left marks. Every clash sent tremors through the ground. Both of them were fighting at full power.

Nerissa murmured beside me, "With skills like that, why is she even still in the academy? She should have nothing left to learn here."

I had wondered that too. I knew her family situation was complicated, but still, with her ability she should already qualify as an official Hunter.

When I turned my focus back to the arena, the situation had shifted. Yukie had cornered Violet near the edge.

Then, in a moment that stunned everyone, Yukie executed the perfect feint. She swung her sword as if going for a horizontal slash, then suddenly changed direction and launched a low kick that struck Violet in the stomach.

"Ugh."

Violet flew backward, her body lifted off the ground before crashing hard into the concrete wall at the far end of the field. The impact made several students gasp.

But the part that enraged me most came right after.

Still standing in the center with the posture of a victor, Yukie glanced at me. Only for a moment. But I saw it. That glint of mockery in her cold white eyes.

"Bitch," I muttered under my breath. With that expressionless face of hers, she really knew how to get under my skin. And the worst part was how easily she reminded me of the enormous gap between us.

Even awakened, even after impressing the others, I was still nothing more than a child playing with a sword compared to the real Yukie.

But instead of despair, the realization only ignited my determination to grow stronger.

Chapter 118: Chapter 118 - A Frenzy of Fury

Everyone on the field froze in shock at the sight before them. Yukie, still a student, had just defeated an instructor who used to be a renowned Hunter.

Gasps filled the air, followed by whispers of disbelief, and then scattered applause from students who could not hide their awe at the display of overwhelming skill.

Violet pushed herself up immediately, her expression a mix of irritation and respect. She brushed the dust off her uniform and walked toward Yukie, who remained standing calmly in the center of the arena.

"Good," Violet said, her voice firm despite the lingering frustration. "Truly impressive, Yukie. You deserve your title as the academy's top student. Your ability has far surpassed the level of a normal trainee."

The praise did nothing to change Yukie's blank expression. She simply nodded once, then turned around and walked away without a single word.

Violet sighed and faced the still-stunned students. Her beautiful face hardened as she addressed them. "Show is over. Get back to your training and switch partners according to the order. Anyone still standing around in three seconds will have their score reduced."

The threat worked instantly. The students scattered, rushing back to their designated areas even though the shock had not completely faded from their faces. Many of them kept glancing toward Yukie, who had now taken a seat by the sidelines, her presence alone enough to stir both admiration and fear.

Meanwhile, Nerissa had finished healing me. She looked like she wanted to say something, her lips parting slightly, but she closed them again. She only gave me a glare filled with annoyance and questions before walking away.

I rose to my feet and flexed the newly restored fingers of my hand. My body was whole again, but my mind remained clouded with the leftover fury toward Yukie. And that was when something flashed at the edge of my vision.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Class 3A students

OBJECTIVE: Show them your true self.

REWARD: 3000 EXP.

[Accept: y / n]

Show them my true self? What did that even mean? Was I supposed to strip naked in front of everyone?

I returned to the arena where my next opponent was already waiting with an impatient look. Alex Rutherford, rank two of the class, had finished his earlier match quickly.

The black-haired man with an athletic build also wielded a sword, and even from the way he held himself, it was clear that he was skilled.

I activated [Eye of Desire] to check his information.

NAME: Alex Rutherford

AGE: 21

CLASS: Blademaster

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 9%

VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Penis

FETISH: -

I studied Alex closely. I knew exactly what kind of person he was. Out of the five who used to torment me, he was the least cruel.

He was the type who followed the crowd to fit in. He bullied me not out of hatred, but because he wanted to blend in with Yukie's group, the academy's top students. And top students would eventually become top Hunters. He wanted connections, especially with Yukie.

"Finally you showed up," he said irritably. "I got tired of waiting. You took forever."

I only exhaled lightly.

Alex continued, "Why did you even come back to the academy after disappearing? Then you suddenly awaken. What are you planning? Revenge?"

"Yes," I answered without hesitation.

Alex let out a short laugh, mocking. "You think you can? You were just kneeling like a dog in front of Yukie. And you think now—"

I cut him off flatly. "I thought you were quiet. Turns out you're talkative."

Alex's brows twitched.

"You are the one who does not know your place," he hissed. "You awaken and instantly get cocky."

He stopped talking after that. We both took our stances, swords in hand, studying each other. The air tightened.

Without another word, our swords clashed.

CLANG!

The first impact sent a sharp vibration up my arm. Alex immediately launched into offense, swinging a horizontal slash, then a quick thrust aimed at my stomach, followed by a spin that forced me backward. His movements were clean and precise, each attack created to break my guard.

But this time was different. There was no fear clawing at me like when I fought Yukie. The humiliation from earlier, combined with the rage simmering inside me, gave me a sharper clarity.

I tried to read Alex's rhythm, anticipating each strike. I knew I was someone who had only recently started taking swordsmanship seriously, while Alex specialized in it. But I

could see the surprise growing in his eyes. Watching my fight with Yukie was one thing. Feeling my strength firsthand was something else.

Our swords kept clashing.

CLANG! CLANG!

Alex pressed forward without letting up, not giving me a moment to breathe. But I held my ground, meeting every attack with a counter that forced him to stay cautious.

Then I saw it.

I intentionally loosened my guard, just slightly, as if I made a mistake. Alex, used to clean and predictable duels, immediately lunged at the opening. His blade slashed across my chest, deep enough to spill warm blood down my uniform. The pain was sharp, but I embraced it and prepared my strike.

Alex's eyes widened. My reckless move had caught him off guard, and for a fraction of a second, his balance faltered. That was my moment.

I stabbed at his shoulder. He avoided most of it at the last second, but the tip of my sword still pierced into his left shoulder.

"ARRGH!" he yelled. His reflexes were too fast though. His sword knocked mine out of my hand, sending it flying.

It did not matter.

Without a weapon, my body felt lighter. I lunged forward before he could recover, tackling him to the ground. I pinned him down with my weight, then threw my fist into his face.

CRACK!

My first punch broke his nose. The sound of bone snapping rang out, sickening. Alex screamed, tapping the ground as a signal of surrender.

But I was deaf to it.

Years of anger burst open like a dam finally breaking. My second punch struck his cheek. The third shattered his jaw. I heard teeth break, felt his face soften beneath my knuckles. Blood coated my fingers, splattering onto my cheek.

"STOP, ADAM!" Violet shouted from the edge of the arena. "HE ALREADY SURRENDERED!"

I did not hear her.

All I saw was Alex's increasingly ruined face, and all I felt was the satisfaction of watching fear bloom in his eyes, the same fear I had always felt because of them.

With strength equal to a Rank S Awakener, I could have killed him in an instant... but I'd been holding myself back from the beginning.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Punch after punch rained down, no longer precise—just raw, unfiltered rage. Alex had stopped fighting back entirely, his hands trembling as they tried to shield his battered face.

Then suddenly—

A hard kick slammed into my side, throwing me off Alex. I rolled several meters before stopping.

When I rose, Violet stood between us, her face blazing with anger. "I SAID STOP! HE SURRENDERED! DID YOU NOT HEAR ME?"

I ignored her shout and scanned the surroundings. The other students stood frozen, horror painted across their faces. Maximus, Nerissa, and Isabel stared with disbelief.

Then the sharpest gaze in the entire field locked onto me.

Yukie.

She stood at the edge of the arena, her cold white eyes dissecting my every move.

I touched my cheek. A smear of Alex's blood stained my skin.

I looked at the red on my fingers.

And I smiled.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 3000 EXP.]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 53]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

Chapter 119: Chapter 119 - An Ultimatum of Possession

After that fight, Violet, her face still flushed with anger, immediately dragged me to her office. Along the way, I could feel the horrified stares of my classmates as we passed.

Inside Violet's office, she stood behind her desk with her arms locked tightly.

"Adam, what you did in the arena today is completely unacceptable!" her voice echoed through the quiet room. "Attacking an opponent who has already surrendered is a violation of the most basic combat ethics!"

I simply sat in the chair across from her, hands folded on my lap. Deep inside, I didn't care at all about her scolding. Yes, I knew it broke the rules. Yes, I knew it wasn't ethical. But after years of being tortured, humiliated, and treated like garbage by them, seeing the look of horror and fear on their faces today felt... worth it.

No. It wasn't enough.

Violet let out a long sigh, then pulled out a sheet of paper from her desk drawer. "Because of your actions, I'm forced to give you a formal warning letter and deduct fifty training points from you for today."

She looked at me sharply. "This is your warning, Adam. If it happens again, I won't just deduct your points, I'll remove you from my class."

I stood, gave her a brief nod, then turned and left her office without saying a single word.

The moment I stepped out of the administration building, my mind began racing. After what happened, there would definitely be consequences. Yukie and her group would come looking for me.

They would confront me—or more accurately, interrogate me—about the drastic change in my behavior, then torture me like before just to remind me of my place.

But I couldn't let that happen. Seeing Yukie earlier, meeting her cold stare that still sent chills down my spine—if they came for me and started tormenting me again, I wouldn't be able to hold myself back. And if I fought back with my full power now, with [Time Stop] and the rest of my cheat skills...

'I'll destroy them,' my heart whispered coldly. And it wasn't time for that. Not yet. And it wasn't my plan. I wanted them to suffer slowly, the same way they made me suffer.

So I decided not to return to class. Better to avoid them for now rather than be provoked into doing something premature. I still had a grand plan for all of them, and that required time and careful preparation.

The academy corridors stretched like a silent maze after training hours. I walked toward the place I used to hide from them. Ironic—now I wasn't going there to hide, but to keep my anger from exploding again.

When I turned toward the back area of the training building, the smell of cigarette smoke greeted me immediately.

There, sitting lazily on a concrete railing with a casual yet elegant posture, was Arianna.

Her red hair billowed like wild flames brushed by a gentle breeze. Her eyes looked half-bored, half-intimidating. Her uniform hung loosely at the chest area, exposing a line of pale skin that contrasted sharply with her fiery hair. In her left hand, a lit cigarette glowed faintly, the smoke trailing slowly upward.

Around her, five of her subordinates stood like high-end thugs—laughing, teasing, flexing muscles that weren't impressive at all.

I stopped for a moment, and disgust rose in my chest.

Arianna turned—probably hearing my footsteps—and her first reaction almost made me laugh.

Her fiery red eyes widened, then her face turned bright red in an instant. Not just surprised... but startled.

"Adam...?" she whispered softly, almost inaudibly.

Yeah, she clearly had no idea I returned today.

The five men beside her turned too, looking me up and down like I was some defective product. Once they recognized my face, their expressions twisted into disgust and annoyance.

They still remembered the incident in the bathroom not long ago. Though because I used [Time Stop] at the time, they never knew I was the one who beat them unconscious. To them, I was still the weak, disposable outcast who deserved mockery.

"Hey, look who showed up," one of them sneered. "The trash finally had the guts to show his face again."

Another chimed in. "Look at how he's staring at us. He should be crawling when he walks past us."

I ignored their words, giving them only a sideways glance full of contempt. That alone made them even angrier.

"You're getting cocky, huh?" another snapped. "Still remember the lesson we gave you last time?"

One of them, a big guy with bulging muscles, stepped forward, trying to intimidate me. "This time I'll make sure you learn something real—"

He didn't finish his sentence. With a swift motion, I caught his incoming fist, twisted his arm with a simple technique, and threw him into the wall. His body hit it with a loud thud and he collapsed, unmoving.

The other five froze as if their brains stopped working. Arianna also froze, her cigarette almost slipping from her fingers.

The remaining men exchanged looks, clearly unable to comprehend how the academy's most famous loser just dropped their strongest member so easily. Their mocking expressions twisted into confusion.

"That... that had to be a fluke!" one of them tried to reassure himself.

They then charged at me all at once—a big mistake. I moved between them with a speed they never expected. A punch to the solar plexus folded the first one. A side kick toppled the second. An elbow to the jaw knocked out the third. And the last took a fist straight to the nose that sent him sprawling.

In mere seconds, all five were on the ground unconscious.

I briefly activated [Eye of Desire], every one of them was just a Rank C Awakener. No wonder they were so easy to defeat.

The Fire Queen was still frozen in place, her cigarette half-burned, her gaze locked onto me. I now stood directly in front of Arianna, who remained still, her face flushed with embarrassment, anger, and... something else.

I looked into her eyes and spoke calmly, quietly, with complete dominance.

"Pet... you just stood there while your master was attacked by your subordinates?"

The word—pet—hit her like a direct blow to the heart.

Arianna froze.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 20 (+1)]

And in the next second, I saw it clearly on her face: a faint tremor. A deeper blush rising along her cheeks. Her red eyes widening for a moment before narrowing.

As if that word touched something she never realized was there.

Arianna shook her head hard, her face turning even redder.

"Y-You jerk! Don't... don't call me that!" she protested, her voice shaky despite her attempt to sound firm.

I stepped closer, a faint smirk forming on my lips.

"Do you really dislike it?" I teased, my voice low and deliberate. "Back then, in the bathroom, you barked at me so obediently."

Hearing my words, Arianna's face turned even redder. She looked like she wanted to deny it, but the words seemed stuck in her throat.

"I... I didn't—"

I didn't wait for her response. I took another step forward, closing the distance between us to just a few centimeters. I raised my hand and firmly cupped her cheek. Her skin was warm and soft.

"Listen carefully," I said, my voice low, leaving no room for argument, each word heavy with intent. "I don't like my pet wandering around with pathetic men like them."

My eyes flicked briefly toward the unconscious men on the ground, then locked onto Arianna's wide eyes.

"You belong to me."

My fingers trailed down, brushing her chin, her neck, tracing the line of her jaw to her collarbone. My touch was firm, claiming. Arianna gasped, her breath catching, but she didn't pull away.

"Instead of pretending to be the master of trash who can't even defend themselves, wouldn't it be better to be my pet instead?"

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 21 (+1)]

In her red eyes, I could see emotions swirling chaotically.

My hand pressed slightly against her collarbone. "I won't repeat this warning. If I see you with them or with any other man, I'll make sure you remember who owns you in a way you'll never forget."

Chapter 120: Chapter 120 - The Academy Tournament

Arianna froze completely, standing there as if her feet had been nailed to the ground. Her red eyes watched me with a mixture of disbelief and something deeper, something she herself probably could not understand.

Inside her heart there must have been a storm of emotion. She should have been angry, she should have exploded and attacked me with her flames, but strangely she could not move. Her body refused to obey the rage she believed she felt. Instead, an unfamiliar tremor spread from the spot where I touched her and slowly traveled through her entire body.

While watching her remain frozen like a beautiful statue shocked into silence, my thoughts drifted toward a larger plan.

Ophelia Blazinger—Arianna's mother, the Blazewalker, the head of Nine Stars Academy. If I could conquer her, then this entire academy would fall neatly into my grasp. My revenge against everyone who ever humiliated me would become far easier. No one would be able to stand in my way.

But conquering someone like Ophelia would never be simple. She was an SS-rank hunter, one of the strongest of her generation. And from what I had learned from dealing with my stepmother and stepsister, reaching one hundred percent domination was never accomplished merely by humiliating and violating them repeatedly.

There needed to be something more, something that broke them fully. Something that made them surrender completely, accepting their fate as mine without the slightest hint of resistance. Something that severed the last threads of pride and the desire to fight back.

And to achieve that with Ophelia, I needed Arianna.

That thought reminded me of something.

"Arianna," I called out, pulling her out of her chaotic thoughts. "You told me before that you challenged Yukie to a fight, didn't you?"

Arianna flinched, as if waking from a trance. She nodded quietly.

"How did it go?" I asked, though I could already guess the answer.

Arianna lowered her gaze, her hands curling into tight fists at her sides.

She remembered the fight with Yukie vividly. It happened a week ago in the training arena. She could feel how Yukie underestimated her.

Taking advantage of that arrogance, Arianna waited for the perfect moment. When Yukie launched a simple attack with her right hand, Arianna swiftly grabbed her wrist. Flames burst from her palm, burning fiercely and ready to devour Yukie's skin and flesh.

But what happened next left her stunned.

Before the fire could spread, Yukie calmly froze her own arm. An incredibly dense and frigid ice engulfed it, forming a thick protective layer. When flame and ice clashed at that level, the reaction was violent.

CRAAAK.

A sharp cracking sound filled the air, followed by a small explosion. Yukie's ice-covered arm shattered into pieces. Yet what truly shocked Arianna was how Yukie's expression did not change at all. Her face remained emotionless and her pale eyes stayed cold, as if the hand that had just broken apart did not belong to her.

Before Arianna could even process what had happened, Yukie moved. With her remaining hand she grabbed Arianna by the throat and slammed her onto the ground with ease. From that distance, Arianna could clearly see Yukie's eyes. Those pale eyes seemed to contain no trace of humanity, like living shards of ice.

Remembering that moment now made Arianna's body tremble slightly.

"I lost," she said, frustration in her voice, yet tinged with fear. "Yukie... that woman is not human. How could her expression stay exactly the same even when her hand shattered?"

I nodded as I listened. "Then why challenge her? She already reached Rank S. You are still Rank A. You had no chance of beating her."

Arianna exhaled sharply, her fists tightening again.

"I know that," she admitted honestly. "But I challenged her because of the inter-academy Hunter tournament next week. I want to be one of this academy's representatives."

I paused. The inter-academy Hunter tournament next week? I had no idea the event was that close.

If I recalled correctly, the tournament was held every year for third-year students from all Hunter academies around the world. The purpose was to showcase the best talents who would soon graduate and enter the true Hunter world.

Nine Stars Academy had dominated the tournament for years, making it a tradition they were proud of.

The tournament was a massive event eagerly anticipated by everyone, ordinary citizens and Awakeners alike. But what mattered even more than the victory was the attention from countless large and small guilds. They all aimed to recruit the strongest rising talents they saw in the tournament.

For the participants, this was a golden opportunity to make their names known, receive offers from elite guilds, or even get recruited immediately after graduating.

Once the tournament ended, many internship letters usually arrived. The timing was arranged specifically a few weeks before the internship programs started, giving the winners time to choose which guild they wanted to join.

"But that's only for third-year students," I pointed out. "You're still in the second year."

Arianna nodded, but her eyes gleamed. "I asked my mother for permission. She said if I can defeat one of the third-year representatives ranked fifth or above, I can participate."

She took a slow breath.

"I could have chosen someone easier," she said softly. "But..." her eyes shone with fierce ambition, "I was curious. I wanted to fight the strongest student in this academy seriously. When will I ever get the chance to fight Yukie again?"

And Arianna had another reason she did not tell me. Back then she was looking for me because she had a plan: she wanted to subdue me—who she saw as Yukie's dog—and then order me to give Yukie a stomachache poison before the duel. That way, her chances of winning would increase dramatically. But who would have expected things to turn out like this instead.

Meanwhile, my own thoughts began to spin. What if I joined the tournament as well? What if I became one of Nine Stars Academy's representatives? With my current power, I was confident I could become a representative.

Just imagine—me, Adam Socheron, who just weeks ago was being trampled and humiliated, now standing in the tournament arena representing Nine Stars Academy.

I would be fighting, and perhaps even cooperating, with the very people who once tortured me and looked at me with contempt. The irony was absolutely delicious.