

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 181 - Rabid Roosters - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 181 - Rabid Roosters Online - All Page - Novel Bin

Chapter 181: Chapter 181 - Rabid Roosters

The silver-haired girl approached with hesitant steps, as if each one was a major decision.

She stopped about two paces in front of me, her small hands fidgeting with the hem of her lavender uniform skirt. Her face was beautiful with delicate features, porcelain skin contrasting with her silver hair, and large, clear purple eyes. She looked... extremely nervous.

"H-hi," she said, her voice small and melodic. "I'm... I'm Natalie. From Laventia Academy."

I looked at her, waiting. "Yeah? What is it?"

Natalie seemed to get even more nervous. Her cheeks flushed slightly. She bit her lower lip, then took a deep breath, as if steeling herself.

"I... um... actually... I..." she started, then stopped, struggling with her words. "I... I'm a huge fan of your father."

She said it quickly, and then her eyes shone with sudden enthusiasm.

"The Sword Saint! He... he's so cool! And handsome! And... he's the strongest Hunter of all time! I have a whole collection of his memorabilia, posters, even... even the limited edition action figure!" Her words spilled out now, full of bashful passion. "I've read all his biographies, watched every documentary about him... He's my absolute hero!"

Then, suddenly, she realized she'd been rambling. She covered her mouth with her hand, her cheeks now bright red. She looked down, as if embarrassed by her outburst.

An awkward silence followed.

I stared at her, unsure how to react.

"So... what do you want?" I asked again, my tone flat.

Natalie lifted her face, her large purple eyes looking at me with a mix of hope and fear. She seemed conflicted, her lips trembling slightly. I could see her mind racing, debating whether to press on or retreat.

I just stood there, raising one eyebrow, waiting.

Finally, after what felt like a long moment, Natalie let out a shaky breath.

"Y-you..." she began, her voice almost a whisper. "You... look so much like him. Your face... especially your eyes."

She stared intently at my eyes. "So... so I... I was wondering... could we... take a picture together?"

She stammered it out, full of shyness, like a little kid asking their idol for an autograph. Her hands had already retrieved a small phone from her uniform pocket, gripping it tightly.

I couldn't hold back a faint smile.

It was actually kind of funny. After all the drama with Yukie, Maximus, and the squabbling strangers, here was this shy, innocent girl asking for a photo because I looked like my famous father.

But Natalie seemed so sincere, and her request was so simple and harmless.

"Alright," I said finally.

Natalie's face instantly lit up. "R-really? Thank you! Thank you so much!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with joy. With trembling hands, she raised her phone and opened the camera app.

She stepped closer, standing beside me, but still maintaining a polite distance. She lifted the phone, trying to find a good angle, her hands still shaking a little.

"Your expression... don't look too sour, okay," she whispered shyly.

I sighed, then mustered a small smile that was just enough for a photo. Natalie grinned broadly, her eyes sparkling with happiness.

Click.

She checked the photo, and her face beamed. "It's... it's perfect! Thank you! Thanks again!" She nodded repeatedly, as if I'd just given her a treasure.

"Sure," I replied, then turned my face away, done with the interaction.

Natalie seemed to understand, giving another shy nod before turning and scurrying back to her academy group, where several of her friends immediately crowded around her, curious.

Meanwhile, in the center of the arena, all participants from the thirty-six academies had finally gathered. One hundred and eighty students, each with their own strength and determination, stood surrounding the Dungeon Simulator.

The host floated back to the central position, his voice once again booming through the giant speakers.

"Attention, all contestants!" he cried, his eyes glowing with excitement on the big screen. "Before you enter, there are some final rules and explanations you must understand!"

He paused for a moment, making sure all eyes were on him.

"Inside the simulator, you will face monsters of various ranks. From relatively weak Rank C, to extremely dangerous Rank S. Each monster you defeat will earn points for your academy. The values are as follows!"

The giant screen behind him displayed a clear graphic:

RANK C: 1 POINT

RANK B: 5 POINTS

RANK A: 30 POINTS

RANK S: 100 POINTS

A low murmur rippled through the contestants. The value for an S-rank was huge—one hundred times that of a C-rank. But of course, the risk was a hundredfold greater too, maybe more.

"Remember!" the host continued. "The sixteen academy teams with the highest total points after the three-hour match will advance to the next round! Thirty-six enter, only sixteen survive! So, don't just survive—hunt! Show us your best!"

He floated lower, as if sharing a secret piece of advice.

"One important thing: upon entry, the system will randomize each contestant's starting location. You could appear anywhere within this vast simulated environment. However... if you're lucky, you might spawn relatively close to your teammates! Work together! Coordination could be the key to scoring more points and surviving the stronger monsters!"

He glanced at the large clock on the colosseum wall. "The match duration is... THREE HOURS! Three full hours of struggle, strategy, and endurance! The system will continuously update the point rankings on the main screen, so the audience can watch the dynamics of the match in real-time!"

He raised his hand high. "And now... without further delay... ENTER! Step into the Dungeon Simulator, and face your first match!"

The contestants began to move, entering through the nearest doors. Our group—or rather, the five individuals who happened to be from the same academy—also approached one of the doors.

I sighed, then stepped forward.

As my body passed through the energy barrier, the sensation was strange. The sound of the crowd outside was suddenly muffled, replaced by a deep electronic hum.

Inside, the space wasn't what I'd imagined. It wasn't a corridor or a small room. This place was... futuristic. The walls were made of panels emitting a soft blue light, the floor was like dark glass showing streams of energy flowing beneath. The air vibrated with the combined power of magic and technology.

Other contestants around me also looked mesmerized, gazing around in awe.

Then, a neutral, robotic system voice echoed from everywhere.

"Participant identified: Adam Socheron. Academy: Nine Stars. Initializing the simulator environment. Please stand by."

The white light on the walls suddenly changed, growing brighter, more dazzling.

I reflexively closed my eyes. Behind my eyelids, I could feel the light penetrating, as if scanning my entire body.

I felt another strange sensation—like my body was being pulled, stretched, then compressed again in an instant. A high-pitched hum buzzed in my ears. And then...

...it suddenly vanished.

I opened my eyes.

The blinding light was gone. I was no longer in the sterile metal room.

I stood on cracked asphalt, in the middle of a desolate highway. Around me, skyscrapers loomed, but in a pitiful state. Their windows were shattered, walls cracked and partially collapsed. Rusty, abandoned cars littered the road, some overturned,

some burned down to skeletons. The sky above was a dull orange, like a perpetual, trapped dusk.

A wind blew, carrying dust and the smell of rusting metal and something rotten. Grunts and the sound of heavy footsteps echoed from the distance, followed by a howl that put my senses on high alert.

And then, suddenly, in the dull gray sky stretching over the ruined city, a large, clear holographic light appeared. A massive floating display like a digital cloud, visible from anywhere within this simulated environment.

On the left side, a large digital countdown: 02:59:47... 02:59:46... 02:59:45... The three-hour match timer had already started.

Beside it were two lists. The first was the ACADEMY RANKING, showing the names of all thirty-six academies with their points beside them. For now, they were all zero. The second was the TOP 10 CONTESTANTS, also empty for now, waiting to be filled by names that would soon prove themselves.

The display floated high, a constant reminder of the time and the competition unfolding. A giant scoreboard for the slaughter show is about to begin.

My gaze dropped from the sky back to my surroundings. I was at a large intersection. In the distance, about fifty meters from me, I saw two figures—contestants from other academies. One looked like a guy in a black uniform, the other a woman in dark blue.

But we didn't have time to observe each other.

Because from the ruins of an office building across the street came a sound that didn't fit this scene of urban decay at all.

KUUURROOOOARR!!!

The sound was deep, hoarse, and full of ferocity, echoing between the ruined buildings, creating an unpleasant echo.

And then, they emerged.

Five of the creatures leaped out of a shattered second-floor window, landing on the asphalt with a loud THUD that made the ground tremble. They were the size of horses.

Their shapes were like roosters mutated into something horrific. Their feathers were a dull crimson and black, messy and covered in something like slime. Their heads had torn combs and glowing red eyes filled with madness.

But the most terrifying part was their mouths—they didn't have beaks, but vertebrate mouths with rows of sharp piranha-like teeth, dripping thick, blackish saliva. Their claws were long and curved, scratching the asphalt with a grating sound.

I reflexively activated [Eye of Desire], directing my gaze at one of the creatures. Normally, this skill would give me detailed information about a target—its name and rank.

But as I suspected, my skill didn't work. They weren't real living beings, just constructs of data and energy. No desire to read. However, when I focused, I saw that above each monster's head was a small, red holographic label:

[MONSTER - RANK A - RABID ROOSTER]

At least the Dungeon Simulator system told you their rank.

Alright. Five Rank A monsters at once. For most contestants, this would be a nightmare. But for me...

A faint smile touched my lips.

My hand reached to the side, and in the air, particles of dark energy gathered, condensed, forming a familiar hilt. Then the blade appeared—long, slender, slightly curved, with a black metallic sheen that seemed to absorb light. [Mindrender] materialized in my grasp, its perfect weight a comforting presence.

Chapter 182: Chapter 182 - Yukie's Frozen Cataclysm

The five Rabid Roosters seemed to sense my presence, or maybe they just smelled potential prey. Their grotesque heads swiveled towards me, red eyes locking on. Black drool dripped more freely, sizzling faintly as it ate into the asphalt where it landed.

GRRAWWKK!

One of them, the largest, let out a war cry before charging forward. Its muscular legs tore up the asphalt, its speed astounding for its size. Two others fanned out to the sides, trying to flank me. The remaining two stayed back, as if keeping watch.

They had tactics. Even as simulations, they retained the pack-hunting instincts from their original data.

"Good," I whispered. "Let's play."

I didn't wait for them to attack first. I shot forward, meeting the charge of the lead rooster head-on. My speed, enhanced by high Agility stats, made me look like a blur to the normal eye.

The rooster tried to peck—or more accurately, bite—with its tooth-filled maw. I sidestepped at the last moment, letting its gaping jaw snap past my shoulder by mere centimeters. As I spun, [Mindrender] swung.

Swish!

My blade cleaved through its neck cleanly. The monster's head flew into the air before exploding into red and blue data particles that quickly dissipated. Its headless body crumpled, then also began to glow and vanish, leaving only a black stain on the asphalt.

[POINT +30] flashed momentarily in the air before me, then disappeared.

One down. Four to go.

The two roosters flanking from the sides arrived. One tried to rake me with the knife-like claws on its hind leg, the other attempted to bite from the opposite direction.

I jumped back, avoiding the claw swipe that ripped through the air right where my stomach had been. As I landed, I used the momentum for a low sweep of my sword, slicing through the leg of the biting rooster.

The creature collapsed with a shriek, but I didn't give it a chance. Before the other could attack again, I leaped, landing on the fallen rooster's back, and drove [Mindrender] into the back of its skull.

[POINT +30]

Two.

The rooster whose attack I'd just avoided was now frenzied, lashing out with wild bites. I pivoted, parrying a flurry of snapping jaws with my sword. The creature was strong, each bite carrying enough force to crumple steel.

But I was stronger.

With a sudden burst, I thrust my sword forward straight into its open maw. The [Mindrender] blade pierced through the roof of its mouth and out the back of its skull. The monster convulsed violently before exploding into data.

[POINT +30]

Three.

The last two roosters, who had been watching from the rear, now seemed... hesitant. Simulation or not, they appeared to have AI sophisticated enough to recognize a threat. They took a few steps back, emitting low, guttural growls.

But I had no intention of letting them run.

I darted towards them. The first one tried to fly—its tattered wings flapping, lifting it a few meters into the air. But I jumped higher. My sword swung, cutting upward from below, bisecting it mid-air.

[POINT +30]

Four.

The last one, seeing its companions gone, finally lost its simulated courage. It turned and fled, scrambling toward the ruins.

"Not so fast."

I grabbed a chunk of concrete the size of my head from the ground and, with full force, hurled it. The rock shot like a cannonball, striking the fleeing rooster's back with a satisfying crunch. The beast tumbled, and before it could rise, I was already upon it.

One final slash.

[POINT +30]

Five. Done.

In the sky, on the giant scoreboard, something changed. In the TOP 10 CONTESTANTS column, a name appeared at the bottom:

1. ADAM SOCHERON (NINE STARS) - 150 POINTS

And in the academy ranking, Nine Stars Academy jumped from zero straight to first place with 150 points, surpassing other academies that were still at zero or had maybe just scored a few points from Rank C or B monsters.

I glanced around. The two contestants I'd seen in the distance earlier were now staring at me with wide eyes, a mix of awe and fear. They'd probably just taken down one or two Rank B monsters, and then witnessed me wipe out five Rank A's in under a minute.

I lifted [Mindrender], watching the black bloodstain on its blade fade away.

.

.

.

Outside the simulator, within the roaring Aegis Grand Colosseum, all eyes were fixed on the massive screens dividing their focus among the various ongoing battles.

The host, still floating on his hoverboard, was as excited as a kid in a candy store. Cameras and spotlights immediately shifted to one screen showing my brief fight against the five Rabid Roosters.

"LOOK! LOOK, EVERYONE!" he yelled, his voice full of dramatic admiration. "FROM NINE STARS ACADEMY, ADAM SOCHERON! THE SON OF THE LEGEND HIMSELF, THE SWORD SAINT! AND HE DOES NOT DISAPPOINT!"

"Just moments into the simulator, and in less than a minute, he's already accumulated ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POINTS! Five Rank A monsters at once! That's incredible efficiency! Simple yet deadly swordsmanship, astonishing speed, and undeniable power! The fruit truly doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?!"

The camera feed immediately cut to the Guardian Council stands, specifically to Delilah. The Star Witch's normally calm, dignified face now radiated warm, genuine pride. Her lips were curved in a smile, her golden eyes gleaming as she watched her son enter the top ten.

But as expected from a tournament of this caliber, the leaderboard was a fluid game.

"OH! BUT LOOK! THE TOP SPOT HAS ALREADY CHANGED!" the host screamed as the main screen switched.

The screen now displayed Leonhardt Halstrom from Arclight Academy.

The handsome young man was in a simulated forest, surrounded by a pack of Rank A Shadow Wolves. But he didn't look pressured.

With a gleaming longsword in hand, he moved with the grace of a dancer. Every swing of his sword was precise, every step measured. He wasted no energy. In a beautiful, flowing sequence, five Shadow Wolves were sliced apart into dissipating data.

[LEONHARDT HALSTROM - POINTS: 220]

His name instantly shot to the top of the contestant leaderboard, claiming first place.

"LEONHARDT HALSTROM OF ARCLIGHT ACADEMY! ELEGANT, PRECISE, EFFICIENT! LIKE A NOBLEMAN PRACTICING IN HIS GARDEN! THIS IS THE BEAUTY OF ARCLIGHT'S IRON DISCIPLINE!" the host commented.

But that first place didn't last long.

The screen switched again. This time, it showed Seraphina Grimgear of GOTE Academy. The nearly two-meter-tall woman was laughing heartily as she swung a giant war hammer—so massive it seemed impossible for a normal human to lift. She was in a cave, facing a Rank A Stone Lizard the size of a truck.

"SERAPHINA GRIMGEAR! PURE RAW POWER FROM GOTE!" the host cried.

Seraphina didn't dodge. As the Stone Lizard lunged, she stepped forward instead, swinging her hammer in an uppercut from below. The hammer connected with the monster's jaw with a thunderous force, sending it flying into the cave ceiling before it crashed down and exploded into data.

[SERAPHINA GRIMGEAR - POINTS: 205]

"ASTOUNDING POWER! NO WONDER SHE'S CALLED THE LADY TITAN!"

Then, the focus shifted to another screen. Isaac Moonfall of Drakefield Academy. The short guy was nowhere to be seen... until the camera caught something moving at incredible speed among the ruins.

Isaac moved like lightning, almost invisible, leaving only after-images in his wake. He used a pair of short daggers, and every time he paused for a split second, a monster—Rank B or A—would already be falling with vital wounds. He hunted silently, efficiently, and lethally.

[ISAAC MOONFALL - POINTS: 210]

"ISAAC MOONFALL, THE PHANTOM HUNTER! ASTOUNDING SPEED AND ACCURACY! HEIGHT TRULY ISN'T EVERYTHING!"

The screen then split its focus, showing Maximus and Isabel from Nine Stars. Maximus fought with a brutal, offensive style.

He used his fists, pulverizing Rank A monsters with combo punches that made the ground shake. There was an aura of anger in every attack, as if he was venting something.

Isabel, on the other hand, fought with cold grace. With a thin, gleaming rapier in hand, she danced nimbly among attacking Rank B monsters. Every thrust was precise, piercing eyes or gaps in defenses with deadly accuracy. When a monster tried to ambush from range, Isabel didn't even need to move.

As if plucking it from the air, she retrieved a long, sharp-tipped arrow. She fitted the arrow onto the hilt of her rapier, which suddenly transformed into a slender, silver bow. One draw, one release—the arrow shot out at high velocity, piercing the monster's head from a hundred meters away through a gap in the ruins. Before that monster even hit

the ground, Isabel had already grabbed another arrow, firing again with the same deadly accuracy.

They both quickly accumulated points, their names climbing the leaderboard.

But then, something happened that sent a hush over the entire colosseum.

The main screen merged, displaying a single scene.

Yukie Iceblood.

She stood in the center of a vast city plaza. Surrounding her were dozens of monsters—a mix of Rank B, A, and even some clearly Rank S based on their size and the dangerous aura radiating even through the screen. There were Fire Trolls, Earth Dragons, terrifying creatures of various elements and forms.

Yukie simply stood in the middle, her white eyes looking straight ahead, as if the horde of monsters didn't exist.

Then, she raised one hand.

And the world froze.

From her feet, ice spread at an unimaginable speed. In an instant, the entire plaza—easily as large as a football field—was covered by a layer of ice several meters thick, shimmering coldly. The ice wasn't just on the ground. It crept upward, encasing every monster where they stood, freezing them into perfect ice statues.

A low rumble and the sound of cracking ice filled the colosseum speakers.

Then, Yukie clenched her raised fist.

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!

Every single ice statue, along with the monsters trapped inside, fractured, then shattered into millions of tiny, glittering crystals before vanishing.

The point counter on the side of the screen for Yukie went wild.

The numbers skyrocketed—+5, +30, +30, +100, +30, +5...—until finally settling on a total that left everyone gaping.

[YUKIE ICEBLOOD - POINTS: 1120]

She didn't just climb to first place. She soared so far above everyone else that the gap felt like a joke.

The colosseum was silent for a moment, then erupted into the most thunderous cheers and applause of the night. Even the other contestants inside the simulator, through their sky displays, must have felt that shockwave.

The host almost fell off his hoverboard. "INCREDIBLE... ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE! YUKIE ICEBLOOD! THE ICE PRINCESS! DAUGHTER OF THE WINTER KNIGHT! ONE MOVE! JUST ONE MOVE AND DOZENS OF MONSTERS ARE ANNIHILATED! THIS... THIS IS POWER ON ANOTHER LEVEL! A TRUE PRODIGY FROM NINE STARS ACADEMY!"

Quickly, the leaderboards in the simulator sky and on the colosseum screens updated.

TOP ACADEMY:

1. NINE STARS ACADEMY - 1870 Points
2. GOTE ACADEMY - 480 Points
3. ARCLIGHT ACADEMY - 455 Points
4. DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY - 430 Points
5. ECHELON ACADEMY - 380 Points
6. NOVA PRIME ACADEMY - 375 Points
7. ATLAS ACADEMY - 360 Points
8. LOCKFIELD ACADEMY - 340 Points
9. GRAVEWATCH ACADEMY - 320 Points
10. ... and so on.

TOP 10 PARTICIPANTS:

1. YUKIE ICEBLOOD (NINE STARS) - 1120 Points
2. LEONHARDT HALSTROM (ARCLIGHT) - 220 Points
3. MAXIMUS TREYBERN (NINE STARS) - 215 Points
4. ISAAC MOONFALL (DRAKEFIELD) - 210 Points
5. SERAPHINA GRIMGEAR (GOTE) - 205 Points

6. ISABEL MERCEDES (NINE STARS) - 185 Points
7. ADAM SOCHERON (NINE STARS) - 150 Points
8. IVY SILGRACE (ECHELON) - 145 Points
9. SIENNA FROSTELLE (DRAKEFIELD) - 140 Points
10. ATTICUS ASHBORNE (LOCKFIELD) - 135 Points

"SPECTACULAR! ABSOLUTELY SPECTACULAR!" he yelled, his voice nearly cracking. "As many predicted, Nine Stars Academy mercilessly takes over the top of the leaderboard! With four students in the top ten, including Yukie Iceblood who just delivered a display of power beyond reason!"

He spun on his hoverboard, facing the audience stands. "BUT REMEMBER, EVERYONE! This is just the beginning! Only the first few minutes of a three-hour battle! Rankings can change at any moment! Stronger monsters may appear! And let's not forget... contestants can also encounter each other. And when that happens..."

He paused, making the atmosphere ominous.

"...we might witness clashes even more explosive! So stay in your seats, because the show... HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN!"

His cry was followed by a renewed, fervent roar from the excited crowd. The tournament had truly kicked off with a bang, and the stage was dominated—for now at least—by the undeniable giants: Nine Stars Academy and their terrifying Ice Princess.

Chapter 183: Chapter 183 - A Personal Grudge

I had just finished off a pack of ten Rank B Rabid Roosters with [Mindrender], their black blood evaporating from my blade. In the sky, the leaderboard continued to change at a frantic pace. Numbers skyrocketed, names rose and fell. Everyone was truly giving it their all.

And to be fair, the average contestant in this tournament was a Rank B to A Awakener. They were no pushovers. They were the cream of the crop from elite academies. Top students like Leonhardt, Seraphina, Isaac—they were clearly pure Rank A's, with deep mastery of their abilities. They couldn't be underestimated.

And then there was Yukie Iceblood.

Rank S.

That made all the difference. Going from Rank A to S wasn't just moving up a level. It was like leaping from a cliff into the sky. Even Rank S monsters, which should be nightmares for most contestants, were probably like toys to her.

Just look at her score. More than a thousand points. Meanwhile, the second place, Leonhardt, was only at two hundred and twenty. A chasm so deep, so wide, it was as if they were competing in different leagues.

I yawned, sleepy, then decided not to think about it. Focus on what's in front of me.

A loud roar echoed from the direction of this ruined city's center. It was a sound full of authority, different from the usual caws of the rabid roosters. It seemed to be the ruler of this zone. This entire dead city area was clearly dominated by that species of rabid rooster monster.

I darted towards the sound, killing a few Rank A and B Rabid Roosters that happened to be in my way. I ignored other contestants I saw. At one intersection, four contestants in different uniforms—probably from different academies—were seen cooperating against a pack of Rank A roosters.

They protected each other, supported each other. Good tactics. But I didn't have time to join or observe longer.

I kept running, until I finally arrived at a wide square that might have once been a city park. But now, the place was a nest.

In the center of the square stood a monster that made me pause.

A Giant Rabid Rooster.

It was about six meters tall—the size of a two-story house. Its feathers were no longer red and black, but dark purple and iron-gray, with patterns like pulsing, open wounds glowing with an evil red light.

It didn't have two eyes, but four, arranged vertically, all glowing red with slit-like pupils. Its actual mouth—that tooth-filled maw—now had fangs protruding like swords. And from its back grew sharp bone spikes.

Above its head, a blood-red holographic label flashed: [MONSTER - RANK S - GIANT RABID ROOSTER]

And around it, at least sixty more Rank A Rabid Roosters were milling about like guard soldiers.

But what was more disturbing was what I saw next. The Giant Rooster was rumbling lowly, its rear end writhing, and then... it laid an egg.

An egg the size of a tombstone, with a dull red, semi-transparent shell. The egg hatched instantly on the ground. Out came a wet, sticky Rank A Rabid Rooster, which immediately stood up and joined the horde.

So this Rank S monster wasn't just strong. It could also multiply its forces. Intelligent, and with instant reproduction abilities. A dangerous combination.

So, how to attack them all?

If only I had a wide area-of-effect ability like Yukie's ice, or Ophelia's or Arianna's fire. I'm sure I could destroy them all if I had a way to hit them simultaneously.

But I didn't have that.

I peeked from behind the rubble of a collapsed building, observing the surroundings. This area was deserted of other contestants. Most likely, they preferred to avoid a fight that was clearly suicidal.

But I couldn't rule out the possibility that other contestants were hiding like me, waiting for someone to take on the monster and then, at the perfect moment, strike suddenly and steal the points after the battle. That would be very smart, and very annoying.

On top of that, facing that entire horde alone with my current stats... wasn't that simple.

My mind drifted to my utterly useless stat sheet in the middle of a fight.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 60

EXP: 2700/5000

<Strength: 80>

<Agility: 60>

<Vitality: 65>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 100>

Available Stat Points: -

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

[Five-Minute Rewind]

[Dreamweaver]

[Elixir of Bliss]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Aphrodisiac Elixir]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

[The Edge of Bliss]

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

[Ring of Self-Control]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

My Strength, equivalent to Rank S. Agility and Vitality, both equivalent to Rank A+. My pathetic Charisma of 9, forget it. And Libido equivalent to rank SSS, completely useless here.

I felt incredibly stupid then, allocating so many stat points to Libido just for personal pleasure, satisfying my lecherous desires, instead of distributing them to Agility or Vitality which could be very useful in situations like this. But on the other hand... the pleasures I've had, the women I've dominated, that dark satisfaction... I don't entirely regret it.

But that doesn't solve the current problem.

I don't have teammates. Yukie, Maximus, Isabel, Ace—they're somewhere, and even if they were here, we're not a cohesive team. So I'm alone.

In that case, there's no other choice. I have to create a situation advantageous to me. I have to form a team my own way.

I gripped [Mindrender] tightly. Then, from behind the rubble, I measured the distance, regulated my breathing, and with all the strength in my arm, I threw my sword.

[Mindrender] shot out like a fired arrow, slicing through the air with a whistling sound. The target was right in the center of the Giant Rooster's chest, where its heart might be.

THWACK!

My sword sank deep, maybe only a third of the blade, but enough to pierce.

ROOOOOOOOARRRRKKKK!!!!

A deafening roar of anger shook the entire area. The Giant Rooster threw its head back to the sky, all four of its eyes now focused with rage in the general direction the attack came from. Thick black blood flowed from its wound. Though not fatal, it hurt.

And more importantly, it got its attention.

It immediately knew the general direction of my location. Along with its entire horde of over sixty Rank A Roosters, it turned its massive body, and then... charged.

Thirty Rank A monsters plus one wounded, angry Rank S monster, all headed straight for my position.

I didn't wait. I immediately turned and RAN.

My legs pushed off the ground with all their might. I didn't run towards open roads, but along narrow paths between ruins, leaping over debris, crashing through broken windows, into half-collapsed buildings.

Behind me, the thunderous footsteps of sixty monsters and one giant shook the earth. The sound of destroyed rubble, angry screeches, and wild caws filled the air. They pursued me with unstoppable ferocity, demolishing everything in their path.

I ran faster, heart pounding from the adrenaline.

"Run, Adam, run," I whispered to myself as I jumped over a gap in the floor that immediately collapsed under the Giant Rooster's foot behind me.

.
. .
.

In the Audience Stands

The camera spotlight and the host's commentary were still focused on the screen showing Adam Socheron running for his life, chased by the horde of Giant Rabid Roosters. But amidst the sea of noisy spectators, there were two figures who were completely unfocused on the match.

The woman sat relaxed, one leg crossed over the other, revealing her smooth thigh exposed high by her tight black leather shorts. Her skin had a healthy olive tone, contrasting with her long, wild, untamed blonde hair.

She wore a dark red tank top that was extremely tight and provocative—braless, the fabric clinging so much that the shape of her large, voluptuous breasts was clearly visible, even her hardened nipples slightly shadowed beneath the thin material.

Beside her, the man sat stiffly. He was tall and thin, wearing a plain black suit that made him blend into the shadows. His face was sullen, with dark brown eyes that were always alert.

"Miiichaaaaeeell," the woman whined, her voice seductive and full of complaint. "Aren't we going to do anything? I'm so bored lately. Really, bored to death."

Michael didn't turn his head. "We have orders. To observe. That's it."

"But that pervy brat isn't coming anymore!" Yumi sighed dramatically, pushing her chest forward which made her tank top strain even more. "I've been waiting. And Zephyr? He's too busy with his own thing and barely saw me this week. I'm just so... lonely." The last word was said with a fake tremor in her voice.

Michael finally tilted his head, his eyes still fixed on the empty space in front of him. "Calm down. And don't cause trouble."

"Calm? CALM?!" Yumi suddenly sat upright, her pretty face contorted with dramatic irritation. "I am the calmest woman in this world, Michael! Look at me! Sitting here, wearing revealing clothes in the middle of these thousands of boring people, and I am NOT feeling embarrassed or anything! That is the pinnacle of calmness!"

She pointed roughly towards the arena. "Damn it! Why did I get paired with a boring man like you? A tombstone is more interesting than you!"

Now Michael turned, his dark eyes finally looking at her. There was a flash of annoyance in them. "Bitch, I don't want to be your partner either. But orders are orders. The Boss told us to wait. So we wait."

"Wait! Wait! Just wait!" Yumi shrieked, then lowered her voice to a fierce whisper as some nearby spectators glanced over. "Until when? Huh? Don't you read comics or novels, Michael? This is a BIG TOURNAMENT! All the important people are gathered here! The Guardian Council! Academy heads! Gifted students! This is the PERFECT time for villains like us to ATTACK! To announce the horror of the Abyss Syndicate to the world! We could... I don't know... at least plant a bomb under the stage!"

She leaned back, a self-satisfied smile on her face as if she'd just revealed a genius plan.

Michael let out a long sigh, the breath of someone who's endured this kind of nagging too many times.

"The Boss has a bigger plan. And it doesn't involve drawing the attention of the entire Global Hunter Authority with an open attack on a globally broadcast event."

"But—"

"No 'buts'. We observe. We gather data. That's it."

Yumi snorted, then her restless eyes darted around, finally landing on one of the giant screens. There, Adam's face was displayed, fully concentrated as he ran.

"Hmm," Yumi hummed, her red lips curling into a smile that suddenly shifted from boredom to dangerous interest. "But... at least I can have a little fun, right? Look at that." She pointed at the screen. "That handsome steel-gray-haired boy. Adam Socheron. Son of the Star Witch. He's... interesting."

Michael immediately turned, now with a genuinely wary and warning look. "Yumi. Don't."

"What? Why not?" Yumi tilted her head, toying with a strand of her blonde hair. "He's Handsome. And... I have a little grudge against him."

"A grudge? What did he do to you?"

Yumi smiled, but the smile didn't reach her eyes which had suddenly turned cold. "Oh, not much. Just... somehow, a few months ago, he suddenly made me... wear all of that. Inside me. Humiliating me like that. In my whole life, no one has ever dared treat me that way."

Michael saw the strange expression on Yumi's face.

"And it felt," Yumi continued, slowly licking her lips, "so... ah... incredibly good. I've never felt anything like it."

"Yumi, I'm warning you—"

"I know, I know! We might provoke the wrath of the strongest Awakeners, blah blah blah." Yumi waved her hand as if shooing a fly.

"But think, Michael. That boy... is weird. His abilities... unusual. And most importantly... he's a pervert, a huge pervert. I can definitely subdue him, imagine what we could get from him if I succeed."

She stared at the image of Adam on the screen, her tongue slowly, sensually licking her upper lip. Since Adam first walked into her shop, Yumi had known that pervy brat was the child of the Sword Saint and Star Witch.

Michael looked at her with an expression mixed with disgust and concern. He knew just how dangerous and unpredictable Yumi was when she got an idea in her head. And an idea involving the son of a Star Witch... that was a recipe for disaster.

"Don't do something stupid, Yumi," he hissed, his voice heavy. "The Boss won't be happy."

"The Boss doesn't need to know everything," Yumi replied with a sweet, fake smile. "This is just... a small personal matter. I want to see how that boy gets out of the trouble he made for himself."