

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 191 - Humiliation's Seed - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 191 - Humiliation's Seed**

## **Chapter 191: Chapter 191 - Humiliation's Seed**

"OHOHO! WHAT ARE WE WITNESSING NOW?!" The Host shrieked, almost falling off his hoverboard from excessive glee. "NOT JUST INTERNAL STRIFE IN NINE STARS! LOOK AT THE OTHER SCREENS!"

Camera feeds quickly split the four giant screens into a dozen smaller sections, each displaying increasingly heated battle scenes.

"IN THE DARK FOREST SECTOR, ISABEL MERCEDES OF NINE STARS HAS ENCOUNTERED SERAPHINA GRIMGEAR OF GOTE ACADEMY!"

The first screen showed Isabel standing gracefully on a high tree branch, her silver rapier gleaming in the simulator's dim light. Below her, the nearly two-meter-tall Seraphina laughed heartily, twirling her giant war hammer like a toy.

"TWO POWERFUL WOMEN! ONE WITH HIGH AGILITY AND PRECISION, THE OTHER WITH ASTOUNDING PURE STRENGTH! WHO WILL WIN?!"

Inside the Simulator.

Isabel leaped from the branch, her body spinning in the air like a dancer. Her rapier thrust swiftly towards Seraphina. But the giantess just laughed, raising her hammer with one hand.

CLANG!

A hard metallic clash. Isabel was knocked back, landing lightly on the ground. Her hand trembled—Seraphina's strength was truly on another level.

"Whoa! Pretty fast!" Seraphina exclaimed enthusiastically. "But you're lacking in power, graceful lady!"

Isabel pressed her lips together, her face cold. She knew she couldn't face this raw strength head-on. But she had other ways. She immediately retreated swiftly and shouldered her bow.

Back to the Host.

"AND IN THE FACTORY RUINS SECTOR—LEONHARDT HALSTROM OF ARCLIGHT HAS ENCOUNTERED ISAAC MOONFALL OF DRAKEFIELD!"

The second screen showed Leonhardt standing with perfect posture, his longsword held elegantly. Before him, the short Isaac was almost invisible—just a shadow moving rapidly among the debris.

"THE ELEGANT NOBLEMAN VS THE PHANTOM HUNTER! THIS IS A CLASH OF STYLES PERFECTED!"

Inside the Simulator.

Leonhardt wasn't rushing. His sharp blue eyes followed Isaac's every movement, even as the shadow moved with a speed that would dizzy normal eyes.

"You're fast," Leonhardt said, his voice still calm. "But speed without precision is meaningless."

Suddenly, his sword swung towards a pile of pipes beside him. The pipes collapsed, blocking Isaac's movement path for a moment.

It was enough. Leonhardt was already in position, his sword thrusting precisely towards where Isaac would emerge.

Shing!

Isaac managed to dodge, but the tip of the sword still sliced through his sleeve. For the first time, his flat expression changed—slightly startled.

"NOT JUST THAT! LOOK! MORE AND MORE SCREENS ARE SHOWING BATTLES BETWEEN CONTESTANTS!" The Host Goes Wild Again.

It was true. On the other screens, battle after battle was erupting.

Two contestants from smaller academies faced off on a rooftop, firing energy arrows at each other.

A fire elemental specialist fought a water elemental specialist by a simulated lake's edge, creating thick steam mist.

Three contestants from the same academy cooperated to surround a strong contestant from a top academy, trying to take him down with superior numbers.

"THE MONSTERS IN THIS DUNGEON SIMULATOR ARE ACTUALLY LIMITED IN NUMBER!" the Host yelled. "AFTER BEING SLAUGHTERED, THEY DON'T RESPAWN! AND NOW, WITH FEWER AND FEWER MONSTERS REMAINING..."

He paused for dramatic effect.

"...THESE CONTESTANTS ARE FINALLY TURNING ON EACH OTHER! IT'S THE LAW OF NATURE ON THE BATTLEFIELD! WHEN PREY DIMINISHES, THE PREDATORS START PREYING ON EACH OTHER!"

The audience roared. This was what they wanted—not just fights against monsters, but human against human, academy against academy, with all the strategy, betrayal, and coalitions that emerged.

"BUT REMEMBER! ONLY THE SIXTEEN ACADEMIES WITH THE HIGHEST TOTAL POINTS WILL ADVANCE! SO EVERY CONTESTANT ELIMINATED, WHETHER BY MONSTER OR BY ANOTHER CONTESTANT, REDUCES THEIR ACADEMY'S CHANCES!"

On the main screen, scenes continued to switch rapidly. Battles everywhere. Makeshift alliances formed and shattered within minutes. Contestants who had just been cooperating suddenly stabbed each other in the back after the last monster fell.

While chaos erupted everywhere, the battle between Adam and Maximus continued with increasing intensity. Without [Mindrender], Adam now relied entirely on his physical abilities and hand-to-hand combat strategy against Maximus, whose hands and legs were like living iron.

Every punch, every parry, every kick—all of it vibrated the air and cracked the ground beneath their feet. And out there, hundreds of thousands of spectators watched with bated breath.

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My breath was like a steam train, roughly entering and exiting my burning lungs. My legs felt heavy, every retreating step leaving a mark on the cracked asphalt. Maximus kept pushing, giving me no room to breathe.

His attacks were relentless—a right fist to the face that I dodged by tilting my head, a low kick to the knee that I blocked by raising my leg, then a sudden elbow to the ribs that nearly cracked a bone. I retreated again, two steps, three steps. Dust flew with every backward step.

"Heh, where's your arrogance now, Socheron?" Maximus mocked, a wide smile of superiority spreading across his face. His iron-like hands clenched again, ready to strike.

"You thought you could defeat me bare-handed? You overestimate yourself too much!"

I didn't answer. I just kept retreating, regulating my breath, gathering the last remnants of my energy. My body was truly exhausted—more than I'd realized. The fight with the Rabid Rooster horde, the duel with Raven, and now this.

The stamina that had been almost depleted from the start of the tournament due to the 'activities' the previous night with Ophelia and Charlotte was now truly demanding its payment.

"LOOK! ADAM SOCHERON IS ON THE BACKFOOT!" the Host yelled, his voice shrill with excitement. "AFTER BOASTING THAT HE WOULD DEFEAT MAXIMUS BARE-HANDED, HE'S NOW BEING PUSHED BACK! MAXIMUS TREYBERN IS SHOWING WHY HE'S ONE OF NINE STARS' TOP REPRESENTATIVES!"

The camera zoomed in on Adam's sweaty face, his heavy breathing, then to Maximus's face full of triumph.

"IS THIS THE END OF ADAM'S ARROGANCE? WILL HE BE ELIMINATED BY HIS OWN TEAMMATE? THIS WOULD BE A VERY SHAMEFUL LESSON!"

The audience cheered, some supporting Adam, more supporting Maximus. The atmosphere in the colosseum was heating up.

Maximus grew more confident seeing me continually retreat.

"You've always just hidden behind your parents' names!" he taunted, launching another attack—a left fist to the stomach, a right to the chin. "You think being the son of the Sword Saint and Star Witch makes you special? You're just lucky trash!"

I blocked the stomach punch with my forearm—pain shot to the bone. But I didn't react. Just kept retreating, eyes still focused on him.

In my heart, I was counting. He was getting careless. More confident. Closer.

I retreated again until my back almost touched the wall of a collapsed building. Maximus saw this, his eyes shining—he thought I was cornered.

"This is the end, Socheron," he growled, raising his right fist high, ready for the final blow that would send me out of the simulator.

Exactly at that moment, when his attention was fully on his finishing blow, when he was most confident, most careless...

I activated [Mind Control].

Maximus froze.

His fist, already poised to swing, suddenly stopped mid-air. His eyes went blank for a moment, his body rigid. His face, which had been full of triumph, was now blank, like a robot switched off.

It lasted less than a second.

I shot forward—not retreating anymore. I gathered all the remaining energy in my body into my right fist. Knees bent, waist twisted, shoulder swung. The strongest punch I could still muster in this exhausted state.

THWACK!

My fist landed right on Maximus's solar plexus. Not on his chin, not his nose—but the solar plexus, the most vulnerable point in the human body.

His blank eyes suddenly widened, filled with unimaginable pain and shock. His body bent forward, his clenched hand going limp.

But I wasn't finished. As he bent over, I already raised my knee—smashing it into his chin from below.

CRACK!

His head snapped back. He fell to the ground, his back hitting the asphalt hard. Dust flew.

And just before he fully regained awareness from the [Mind Control] effect, I bent down, whispering softly into his still-ringing ear:

"Snap back!"

Maximus jolted. His eyes, which had been empty, were now filled with pure confusion, incomprehension. He looked around—himself lying on the ground, me standing over him, my breath still heavy but now with a thin smile on my face.

"What... what..." he mumbled, his voice hoarse. He tried to get up, but his body was still numb from my strike. "How... I just..."

He didn't understand. Seconds ago, he was at the peak of victory, ready to finish me off. Now he was lying on the ground.

Outside the simulator.

"IMPOSSIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE!" the Host screamed, nearly falling off his hoverboard. "WHAT JUST HAPPENED?! MAXIMUS TREYBERN, WHO HAD THE UPPER HAND,

READY TO FINISH ADAM... BUT SUDDENLY THE SITUATION REVERSED! ADAM SEIZED DELIVERED A DEADLY COUNTERATTACK!"

The camera zoomed in on Maximus's confused face, then to Adam's now slightly smiling face.

The audience roared. Some clapped, some cheered, some just gaped in disbelief at what they had just witnessed.

Maximus finally managed to rise, though his body still swayed. His face, which had been briefly confused, now returned to boiling anger—but behind that anger was something else: fear. Fear of not understanding what had just happened.

"You... you did something..." he hissed, his voice trembling with anger and confusion.

"I just waited for the right moment," I cut him off, preventing his explanation. "And you gave it to me."

It wasn't an answer, but it was enough to make him angrier. With a roar like an animal, Maximus charged again. But this time, his attacks were disordered, not strategic. He attacked with pure emotion, with all his hatred and humiliation.

And that just made him easier to predict.

## **Chapter 192: Chapter 192 - Blank Out Command**

Defeating him with my current abilities is impossible? Wait a minute. Why am I thinking that way? [Mind Control] is my ability. A cheat skill, yes, but it's still my ability. I'm defeating him using what I have. Screw concepts of a pure fight or honor. What matters is winning. And winning while humiliating him—just like the quest asks.

He's still under the effect of my [Mind Control]. So all I need is to issue a command at a critical moment, he'll freeze, and then I can hit him. That's the plan.

But I can't do it carelessly. Right now, I'm being watched by the entire world, plus there are many powerful people observing me. The Guardian Council, academy heads, the tournament's monitoring system, and guild representatives watching.

I don't want my [Mind Control] ability exposed. That's a trump card I must keep for truly dire situations.

So, I need to be more subtle.

I waited. Waited for the precise moment where my movements could mask the mental command.

Maximus pressured me to retreat again, his fist shooting out like a bullet. I saw an opening—the moment his punch missed me, he left his guard open for an instant. At that exact moment, I also prepared a counter-punch. He saw my movement and braced to counter.

Eye contact happened. In the middle of that moment, I issued the silent command: "Blank out."

Maximus's consciousness suddenly short-circuited—just a fraction of a second. At the same time, my right fist was already in motion. Before my punch landed, I sent the follow-up command, "Snap back."

His awareness returned precisely as my fist smashed into his face.

SMACK!

The sound of skin and bone colliding. Maximus was thrown backward, landing in a seated position. He wiped his already-reddened chin, his eyes narrowed in confusion.

"What... just now I..." he mumbled, his voice hoarse.

Maximus rose roughly from the ground, his face flushed with a mixture of blazing anger and confusion gnawing at his logic. Blood flowed from his split lip, but what was more painful was the question spinning in his head: What just happened? Twice in a row he'd been on the verge of victory, and twice his body suddenly seemed to lose control, giving Adam an opening to strike back.

"You sneaky bastard!" he roared, his voice ragged and full of spite. Emotion had completely taken over, drowning out the last remnants of reason. He charged again, but this time with forced caution, as if trying to control the storm of rage in his chest.

I retreated, observing him closely. His left fist swung at my head—I tilted my body, feeling the wind from the blow sweep past my hair. His right kick aimed at my ribs—I jumped to the side, evading with light steps that only fueled his frustration.

"Stop running, coward!" he snapped, his eyes blazing. His anger peaked and he unleashed a rapid combo: right punch, left punch, low kick, then an upward elbow—all aimed at forcing me to defend, to lock down my movement.

I kept retreating, stepping backward on the cracked asphalt until my back almost touched a pile of concrete rubble behind me. That's when he saw his chance. His eyes shone with a flash of victory. He took a step back, braced himself, then summoned all his remaining energy for his finishing move.

He leaped forward, his body shooting through the air like an arrow, his right fist fully concentrated and aimed at my face with destructive intent.

The exact moment he leaped, mid-air, our eyes met. In that split second, amidst the clamor of the fight and the cheers from outside, I sent the silent command:

"Blank out."

Maximus froze.

Only half a second. But in the middle of a leap, that half-second was fatal.

His body, which should have been hurtling forward with full momentum, suddenly lost all coordination, like a puppet whose strings were cut mid-movement. He tumbled forward, out of control.

And I was ready. Before his body hit the ground, I had already sent the release command:

"Snap back."

My right knee shot up, slamming into his stomach exactly as he fell.

Air rushed from his lungs in a rough hiss. He was flung sideways, hitting the ground with a loud, echoing thud.

I gave him no time to recover. I stepped forward, my right leg swinging in a swift side kick that slammed into the side of his head.

Thwack!

His head snapped sideways. He wasn't knocked out, but clearly dazed. His eyes swam, his vision blurred. He sat on the ground, trying to wipe his face with a trembling hand.

"OH! A DEADLY COMBO FROM ADAM SOCHERON!" the Host yelled, his voice once again shrill with sensationalism. "HE DODGES, THEN THE PERFECT COUNTERATTACK! MAXIMUS IS DOWN AGAIN! IS THIS THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME?!"

The camera zoomed in on Maximus's confused, shame-flushed face, then panned to Adam who stood with a calm posture despite his visibly heavy breathing and sweat beading at his temples.

Unfortunately, Maximus had incredible physical endurance. Blood, bruises, and dizziness didn't seem enough to put him down for good. Not to mention his regeneration ability that quickly healed all those injuries.

With a groan of anger, he rose again. Slower this time, his breath coming in ragged gasps, but the fire in his eyes hadn't died. In fact, his shame had turned into fuel for a darker rage.

He didn't speak anymore. He just looked at me with eyes full of hatred, then charged.

I sighed inwardly. Here we go again.

He swung a hook. When his fist was halfway, amidst the swirling dust and our heavy breathing, I commanded: "Blank out."

Maximus stopped. His eyes went empty for an instant.

I punched his stomach.

Thud.

Then I commanded, "Snap back."

Only then did he feel the pain, bending over, and I added an elbow to his back. He fell again.

"AGAIN! MAXIMUS DOWN AGAIN..."

Back. He rose. The blood from his nose was now flowing more freely.

He kicked.

I commanded, "Blank out."

He stopped mid-kick. I kicked his ankle.

Crack!

Then I commanded, "Snap back."

He fell, clutching his possibly sprained ankle.

Back. The next round. And the next.

Every time he rose, his body was more damaged, his movements heavier, despite his regeneration. But every time he fell, his shame deepened, his rage burned brighter yet more powerless.

His eyes, which had always looked at me with superiority and contempt, were now filled with confusion, despair, and—most devastatingly—the acceptance that he was being

defeated. By me. By Adam Socheron, the one he used to beat up in the academy hallways.

On the seventh fall, he rose slowly. His knees trembled, his hands holding his bruised stomach before it regenerated. Blood and sweat soaked his entire face and uniform.

"Why..." he uttered, his voice hoarse with anger. "Why can't I... touch you? WHAT DID YOU DO!?"

I let out a thin sigh, looking at Maximus who was still sitting with a shattered expression.

"Are you stupid?" I said cynically. "It's because I'm stronger than you, Maximus."

That sentence was like the final whip. Maximus looked up, his previously empty eyes suddenly reignited with the last embers of his anger. With a ragged roar, he pushed himself up from the ground and charged—a desperate move without technique, pure emotional drive.

I didn't move to dodge. When he was close enough, my left fist shot out first, landing squarely on his nose. He staggered back, blood splattering from his likely broken nose, though his regeneration would soon fix it.

"How does it feel," I asked, stepping closer, my voice low yet clear, "to be beaten by the weakling you always looked down on?"

Maximus sat back down on the ground, his hand holding his bloody face. He didn't get up immediately. His eyes stared blankly ahead, past me, as if seeing something only he could feel. His hands trembled. Fresh blood dripped from his nose, lips, and torn brow, soaking his already tattered Nine Stars uniform.

"No..." he mumbled, his voice broken, almost like a suppressed sob. The tremor wasn't from anger anymore, but from something much deeper. "This isn't possible... I... I should have... I was always stronger... always..."

In his heart, a more bitter voice echoed, 'I should have won. I always won in physical fights. I should have crushed you, like I always did when you were weak. When I could still beat you up in the academy hallways whenever I wanted.'

I looked at him. Total collapse in his eyes. The arrogance that had been his backbone was crushed. But I also saw something else—in the corner of my vision, a transparent timer blinked with red numbers: [00:08... 00:07...] Time was almost up. My skill would end soon.

I couldn't waste any more time. I had to finish this now.

Maximus, seeing me run towards him, seemed to catch my intent. With the last of his strength, he forced himself up. He leaped, putting his entire body weight behind his clenched right fist.

The moment his body left the ground, our eyes connected for the last time. In the air, amidst the swirling dust and the remnants of our fight, I issued the command.

"Blank out."

Maximus froze. His eyes went completely void. His body, which was sailing through the air, suddenly became rigid, like a statue thrown in mid-air.

And I was already moving. My right leg swung forward with all the remaining strength left in my exhausted body. A straight kick, simple, brutal.

A fraction of a second before my kick landed, I sent the final release:

"Snap back."

His consciousness returned exactly as the sole of my combat boot smashed into his face.

SMACK!

A loud, harsh, satisfying sound.

Maximus's face distorted momentarily under the impact. His eyes widened in shock and immeasurable pain. Blood sprayed from his nose and mouth. His still-airborne body was thrown backward like a ragdoll, flying several meters before crashing into a pile of concrete rubble behind him.

CRASH!

He didn't get up. Didn't move. Just lay still among the debris, one arm hanging limp, his face turned towards the simulator's gray sky with closed eyes.

Then, his body began to glow. A yellow system extraction light enveloped him, faint at first, then growing brighter, signaling his condition had reached critical threshold and the system was ejecting him.

Before he vanished completely, in the last fraction of a second, I saw his swollen lips move, forming a single, soundless word I could easily guess: "How...?"

Then he was gone. Leaving behind only a bloodstain on the rubble and a sudden silence.

Maximus Treybern had been eliminated.

Outside the Dungeon Simulator.

The camera moved slowly, focusing on Adam's face as he now stood alone in the middle of the arena, his shoulders rising and falling with heavy breaths, his face expressionless though his body was clearly on the verge of total exhaustion.

"VICTORYYYYYY! ADAM SOCHERON WINS!" the Host screamed, his voice nearly hoarse. "WITH A MERCILESS FINAL KICK! HE HAS DEFEATED MAXIMUS TREYBERN, HIS OWN TEAMMATE! WHEN WILL WE EVER WITNESS TEAMMATES ATTACKING EACH OTHER LIKE THIS IN A TOURNAMENT?!"

The camera quickly panned to the Nine Stars contestants' stand, specifically to Instructor Violet's face. The woman sat with a stiff, upright back, her hands clenched so tightly in her lap that her knuckles were white. Her face was dark, eyebrows furrowed in near-explosive anger. Her lips were pressed tightly shut, but from the way her jaw worked, it was clear she was biting down hard to contain her fury.

"INSTRUCTOR VIOLET FROM NINE STARS SEEMS... NOT HAPPY," the Host commented in a knowing tone. "AND WHO COULD BLAME HER?"

The camera returned to me, who had finally allowed my body to collapse. I sat on the ground, leaning against the rubble, eyes closed. A pleasant blue transparent notification appeared in the corner of my vision:

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 3000 EXP.]

[Received Item: <Obedience Serum>]

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 61.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

### **Chapter 193: Chapter 193 - Reality's Shift**

The Host let out a dramatic sigh, his hoverboard spinning slowly as he observed the changes on the giant ranking board.

"With the elimination of Maximus Treybern," he said, his voice still carrying the tension from the dramatic fight that had just concluded, "Nine Stars Academy is now down to four representatives inside the simulator. Yukie Iceblood, Isabel Mercedes, Ace Sydrun, and of course... Adam Socheron, who just defeated his own teammate."

The camera focused on the ranking table.

ACADEMY RANKING:

1. NINE STARS ACADEMY - 14,380 Points
2. ARCLIGHT ACADEMY - 5,950 Points
3. DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY - 5,700 Points
4. GOTE ACADEMY - 5,500 Points
5. LOCKFIELD ACADEMY - 4,600 Points
6. ...

"However, it seems this reduction in numbers hasn't dented their ranking at all! Nine Stars remains firmly in first place with a massive points lead, thanks largely to the monster named Yukie Iceblood, who continues to harvest points at a speed that is... frankly inhuman!"

The screen split its focus, showing Yukie in an mountain zone, calmly freezing a group of Rank A monsters into crystalline statues before shattering them with a flick of her finger.

"SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?" the Host asked with renewed vigor, the camera spotlight returning to Adam standing amidst the rubble. "ONE THING IS CLEAR, THIS COMPETITION IS ONLY HEATING UP, AND IT'S FAR FROM OVER!"

The camera then shifted to other screens filled with ongoing battles—Isabel and Seraphina still testing each other, Leonhardt and Isaac moving swiftly through ruins, dozens of other contestants fighting desperately for points before time ran out.

I stood alone in the still-settling dust, the aftermath of the fight with Maximus lingering in every joint. My breath was still a bit ragged, but at least I was still standing. My fingers moved, summoning the system interface visible only to me.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 61

EXP: 700/5200

<Strength: 80>

<Agility: 60>

<Vitality: 65>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 100>

Available Stat Points: 5

#### 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]

[Obedience Serum]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

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I didn't need to think long. I used all five stat points on Vitality immediately.

[Vitality: 65 → 70]

Instantly, it felt like a wave of fresh energy washed through my tired body. Not a lot—it didn't heal wounds or fully restore stamina—but enough to lessen the heaviness in my legs and the ache in my ribs. At least now I could breathe without feeling like my lungs were being crushed.

Then my eyes landed on the new item I'd received: [Obedience Serum]

I focused on it, and a detailed description appeared:

[Obedience Serum

-> A clear serum that can be mixed into food or drink. After consumption, the target will enter a highly receptive trance state for 5 minutes. During this time, the user can issue one very specific verbal command. This command will be implanted deep within the target's subconscious as an instinctual need that must be fulfilled. The target will do anything logically and creatively to fulfill that command while retaining their usual personality and intelligence outside the command's context. The effect is permanent. This serum can only be used up to three times; each dose must be one-third of the total volume.]

My heart beat a little faster.

This... was incredible.

My mind immediately raced to its applications. It was similar to what I'd already been doing with the women around me—with Delilah, Gwen, Angeline, even Ophelia and Charlotte. Lewd suggestions, implanted desires, the dominance I'd built... all of that took time, the right approach, and the right trigger. But this serum? Straight to the point. One command. And it was Permanent.

And I already had a target in mind. Several, actually.

I lifted my gaze to the simulator sky. There, the large scoreboard still showed the countdown: 01:28:15 remaining. Another hour and a half before the tournament's first round ended.

#### TOP 10 CONTESTANTS:

1. YUKIE ICEBLOOD (NINE STARS) - 7,220 Points
2. LEONHARDT HALSTROM (ARCLIGHT) - 4,950 Points
3. ADAM SOCHERON (NINE STARS) - 4,080 Points
4. ISAAC MOONFALL (DRAKEFIELD) - 3,550 Points
5. SERAPHINA GRIMGEAR (GOTE) - 3,400 Points
6. ...

Yukie was still on top by a ridiculous margin—over three thousand points ahead of me. Catching her in the remaining time was impossible, especially in my current condition. Nine Stars Academy itself remained solidly in first place.

I let out a long sigh, real fatigue beginning to creep back in despite my recent stat boost. My body needed real rest, not just a stat bump.

I started walking away from my recent battleground. My feet stepped over shattered concrete and glass, heading towards an area that looked like a suburban housing complex in this ruined city.

I didn't care about the cameras that were surely following me. I was looking for a house that was relatively intact, finally finding one with only half its roof collapsed. I pushed open the sagging wooden door and went inside.

It was dark and dusty inside, but at least there was a worn-out sofa in the living room. It was full of holes and spilling its stuffing, but it was still a sofa.

Without a second thought, I approached it and... lay down.

My body sank into the hardened foam. It wasn't comfortable at all, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that I could lie down. I could close my eyes.

Outside the simulator.

"WHAT... WHAT IS HE DOING?" The Host sounded genuinely baffled. "HE'S... HE'S LYING DOWN? ON A SOFA?"

The camera zoomed in for a close-up of my face as it began to relax, my eyelids drooping.

"IMPOSSIBLE! IN THE MIDDLE OF A CRUCIAL TOURNAMENT LIKE THIS, WITH AN HOUR AND A HALF OF FIGHTING TIME LEFT, HE'S... SLEEPING?!"

The colosseum, which had been roaring, suddenly quieted. Hundreds of thousands of pairs of eyes were fixed on the screen showing Adam Socheron—the victor of the brutal fight against his own teammate—now sprawled on a decrepit sofa in a collapsed house, eyes closed.

Even the Host fell silent for a moment, as if searching for the right words.

"THIS... THIS IS COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED," he finally said, his voice lower than usual. "AFTER ALL THOSE INTENSE BATTLES, AFTER DEFEATING MAXIMUS IN SUCH A BRUTAL MANNER... HE'S NOW JUST... SLEEPING."

The camera remained fixed on me. My breathing began to even out, my chest rising and falling slowly. My previously tense face was now relaxed, almost like a sleeping child.

"HE'S SLEEPING... SOUNDLY?" The Host still couldn't believe it. "IN THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLE SIMULATOR? IN THE MIDDLE OF A TOURNAMENT WATCHED BY THE ENTIRE WORLD?"

But that was exactly what was happening. I didn't care about the cameras. I didn't care about the audience. I didn't care about the tournament. All I felt was a profound exhaustion. Besides, there was no way I could catch up to Yukie's ranking now.

The countdown in the sky kept ticking. Battles on other screens still raged. But on that one small screen, Adam Socheron of Nine Stars Academy was sound asleep on a worn-out sofa, gathering his remaining strength for whatever would come after these three hours ended.

And out there, in a certain house, Sonya Treybern was still staring at the screen with mixed feelings—watching her boyfriend fall asleep after brutally defeating her brother.

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I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep—so deep that the simulator world, the tournament, and everything else faded from my consciousness. A sleep without dreams, without burdens, just the profound exhaustion finally finding its release.

Then, slowly, my awareness returned. But not with a jolt or confusion. It returned with a sensation... of warmth. Wetness. Softness. Absolute bliss.

Something warm and wet was sheathing my shaft, moving up and down with a rhythm that was both skilled and fervent. A deep, strong, sucking motion, as if wanting to drain every last drop from within me. It felt... heavenly.

I wondered in my half-awake state. Wasn't I still in the Dungeon Simulator? On the worn-out sofa in the collapsed house? Who was—?

But the question drowned in the wave of pleasure flooding every nerve. My body moved on its own, hips pushing up slightly, enjoying every stroke of that warm tongue and palate. My hands reached out unconsciously, touching the fine hair spilling over my thighs.

The rhythm quickened. Heavy breathing was audible between the lewd, wet sounds. I felt the pressure building at the base of my stomach. Not long now...

And I exploded. With a ragged groan tearing from my throat, cum surged thickly into that warm mouth. The sensation was so intense my legs trembled, my fingers gripping the hair I'd been touching.

Only after the wave of pleasure began to recede did I open my eyes—still foggy, still filled with the aftermath of ecstasy.

The sight that greeted me left me stunned.

It wasn't the ceiling of a collapsed house in a simulator. Not a worn-out sofa. But an elegant, crystal-chandeliered ceiling. And beneath me...

Delilah Socheron. The Star Witch. My stepmother.

She was kneeling between my legs, her face still pressed against my crotch, her pink tongue cleaning the last remnants of cum still dripping from my softening tip. Her golden eyes looked up, meeting my confused gaze. Her full, sensual lips curved into a smile—a satisfied, lewd, possessive smile.

"Mom..." I mumbled, my voice hoarse.

Delilah finished her work with one last lick that made me shudder, then sat up on the large bed I now realized I was lying on. She wore a sky-blue dress tied loosely, revealing most of her voluptuous chest. Her large breasts were almost completely exposed, their reddish nipples looking hard and inviting.

"Shhh, Darling," she whispered, her voice like a soft chime. Her delicate hand stroked my thigh. "You're finally awake."

I looked around. This wasn't the simulator. This was... a bedroom? A large bed with silk sheets, a spacious room with expensive furnishings, a large window showing a daytime view of Gatehaven city. And most importantly—no signs of battle or a simulator.

"But... the tournament..." I uttered, trying to grasp the situation.

Delilah shook her head, her finger pressing against my lips. Her delicate hand reached for her own dress, hiking it up higher, freeing her full, heavy breasts—the breasts I had enlarged and enhanced myself. She guided her right breast, full and hardened, to my still-damp and sensitive shaft.

"Let Mommy relax you," she hissed, beginning to slide her soft yet firm flesh up and down my length.

The sensation... was incredible. The warmth of soft flesh, the perfect pressure, the movement. "After that hard match earlier. You must be so tired."

She leaned down, placing her lips near my ear, her warm breath caressing my skin. "Don't ask what happened yet. Just enjoy."

And I... surrendered. The questions were still there, but they all drowned in the new wave of pleasure she was providing.

## **Chapter 194: Chapter 194 - Revenge's Next Target**

My half-conscious mind was flooded with extraordinary sensations. My stepmother's plump, heavy breasts rose and fell with an incredible rhythm, enveloping my shaft in warm softness.

Her smooth skin, the warmth of her flesh, the perfect pressure—it all felt heavenly. But my overly large member kept bulging out from the cleft between her breasts, which, though ample, couldn't completely contain it.

Delilah saw this. Without losing rhythm, she lowered her head, and her mouth descended to close over the tip of my protruding shaft.

The warmer, wetter temperature, combined with her expert sucking and tongue play, instantly doubled the pleasure. Her breasts continued to move at the base while her mouth tended to the upper part. That incredible double sensation quickly drove my body to its peak.

"Aaah... Mom..." I groaned, my hands gripping the silk sheets.

Delilah just let out a small, satisfied hum while deepening her suction. Her golden eyes watched me, shining with pride and lust. She knew exactly what she was doing to me, and she loved every second of it.

It didn't take long. The wave came fiercely, unstoppable. I stiffened, my back arched, and I released into her warm mouth once more. Delilah didn't pull away. She stayed there, swallowing eagerly, even licking me clean afterwards with an expression of pleasure as if savoring the sweetest nectar in the world.

"So delicious, sweetheart," she whispered, her voice hoarse, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. Her eyes sparkled with a desire to continue. "Mom wants more. Let me make you feel better—"

I raised a hand, gently holding her shoulder as she was about to bow her head again. "That's enough, Mom."

Delilah's expression dimmed slightly. Her red lips pursed, her gaze a little disappointed, like a child whose toy was taken away. "But... Mom had just started..."

"I need to ask a few things first," I said, my voice firmer now even though my body still felt hot and tense. "What's actually happening? And where am I?"

Delilah took a breath, composing herself. Though disappointed, her obedience to me overrode her own desires. She sat up straighter beside the bed, smoothing her open robe, though making no attempt to cover her exposed, glistening breasts.

"You're in a special room for tournament contestants, sweetheart," she explained, her voice returning to a soft, motherly tone. "The first match is over. All surviving contestants have been extracted from the simulator. There's now a two-hour break before the second match begins. Used for rest and... other entertainment events for the audience."

"So when does the second match start?" I asked, starting to calculate the time.

"In half an hour," she answered, glancing at the elegant wall clock in the room. "So you still have time to rest further. Your body needs recovery."

Half an hour. I let out a sigh.

So I'd been asleep for roughly three hours. But strangely, I didn't remember the transition moment at all. One second I was asleep on the simulator sofa, the next I woke up with my mother servicing my cock.

However, my body itself provided the answer. The exhaustion that had felt like a steel weight was now greatly reduced. My muscles were still sore, but no longer giving out. My breathing was easy, my mind clear.

An Awakener, especially a high-ranking one like me, had a recovery ability far beyond that of an ordinary human. Three hours of sleep, plus... the special care from a devoted mother had been enough to restore me.

Then, remembering something, I asked, "Which academy won the first round?" Even though I could already guess.

Delilah gave a small smile, the proud smile of a mother and a Guardian Council member. "Nine Stars Academy, of course, sweetheart. By a very large margin. Yukie Iceblood alone gathered over eleven thousand points. You were ranked eighth among individual contestants. That's a very good achievement, considering you... fell asleep at the end."

I nodded. Then my gaze fell on the phone placed on the bedside table. I reached for it. The screen lit up, showing several notifications. One was a message from Sonya.

My finger opened the message. It was long, full of emotion:

Sonya: ADAM!!! What did you do to Maximus? I watched everything. You... you destroyed him. Not just defeated him. You crushed his pride in front of everyone. That was cruel. That was unnecessary. He was already beaten, but you kept hitting him, humiliating him. He's my brother, Adam. Whatever happened between you two before... this is too much. I don't know you like this.

I glanced at the message. My thumb moved quickly to reply: "He challenged me first. Also, he started the insults."

I sent it, then put the phone back down. The issue with Sonya and Maximus could be postponed.

Delilah watched from the side, her sharp eyes not missing the change in my expression.

"Who?" she asked.

"Sonya," I answered briefly.

We were silent for a moment. Then Delilah took a breath, as if deciding to address something more serious. "Adam... about Charlotte."

I turned to her. "What about her?"

"She... said something to me before the tournament started," Delilah said. "Tried to convince me to... turn against you. To free myself from your influence, she said. She claimed we all, me, Gwen, Angeline, were just brainwashed sex slaves to you."

I narrowed my eyes. "Oh?"

This was quite interesting.

Delilah nodded, her face showing a hint of annoyance. "She kept insisting, saying what you're doing is wrong, that we should resist. She even... cried and begged."

"And?" I asked, my tone flat.

"And I told her she was wrong," Delilah answered firmly. Her golden eyes shone with unshakable conviction. "That we love you. And that she... she actually wants the same thing, she's just too afraid to admit it."

I was silent for a moment, processing this information. Charlotte. The Sacred Healer. The holy woman I had defiled, turned into my pleasure toy in the car, whom I had brutally raped just last night. And she still dared to try turning Delilah against me? Truly fascinating.

"I sent her away," Delilah continued. "But... she kept talking. About morals. About what's right. And..."

"And?" I prompted.

"And for a moment... I did wonder," she admitted, her voice almost a whisper. "But only for a moment, Sweetheart. After that, I remembered how much you love me. How you make me feel like a complete woman."

I raised her hand, kissing the back of it. "You are a complete woman, Del. The strongest and most beautiful woman."

She blushed, but her serious expression hadn't completely faded. "Charlotte... she's stubborn. It seems she truly believes she's trying to save me."

"Charlotte," I murmured softly. "I think... my punishments for Charlotte so far haven't been severe enough."

Delilah blinked. "What do you mean?"

"She still had the courage to approach you, to try influencing you," I explained, my voice growing colder. "That means her love for me isn't deep enough. Her respect isn't great enough. She still thinks there's hope to resist."

Delilah's hand gripped my arm a little tighter. "What will you do?"

I gave a thin smile. "I'll punish her later, Mom. So severely that she admits she loves it and begs me for more."

Delilah fell silent, but from the way she lowered her head, I knew she agreed. Her obedience to me was already undeniable.

To ease the tension, I reached out and began stroking her smooth, golden hair. My touch was gentle, like petting a child.

Delilah stiffened slightly for a moment—unaccustomed to being treated like this. She was the Star Witch, the world's strongest woman, a respected and feared Guardian Council member.

But then, her body relaxed. She let out a small sigh, leaning her head into my palm, her eyes closing. The expression on her face became... that of a woman longing for simple affection. She liked it. And that made me smile.

Then, something came to my mind. The new item I'd acquired—[Obedience Serum]. And the long-harbored plan for revenge.

"Mom," I said, my voice calm again.

"Hmm?" she opened her eyes, still enjoying my caress.

"Can you introduce me to the women of the Mercedes family?"

Delilah froze instantly. My stroking stopped. She opened her eyes fully, and in those golden orbs, a flash of understanding appeared.

"The Mercedes family?" she repeated.

"Yes," I replied.

Delilah took a deep breath. She looked at me, and this time, her gaze was full of serious questions. "Adam... have you already started wanting your revenge on Isabel? Through her family?"

My next target for revenge after Alex was Isabel Mercedes. That bitch who used to love humiliating me in public, who always looked down on me with eyes full of contempt, who was part of the system that made my early academy life so miserable.

"That's right," I admitted. "I want revenge on her."

Delilah nodded slowly, as if she'd expected it. But she didn't interrupt. She let me explain.

"I want to meet her mother, Amely Mercedes. And also her older sister, Isolde," I continued, looking straight into her golden eyes with a meaningful smile. "They can help me... discipline Isabel. Make her understand her true position—nothing but a little, arrogant bitch. That she's nothing compared to what I can do to her family."

Delilah took a deep breath.

"I understand," she whispered. Then, in a firmer voice, she said, "I'll help you. It's easy enough, I just need to summon them and they'll certainly come to see me immediately."

"Thank you, Mom," I said, and this time the gratitude was genuine. Indeed, she had completely transformed into something... very useful.

But then, Delilah's expression changed. A slight frown appeared on her brow, her lips pursed.

"Adam," she said, her voice suddenly sounding concerned, almost fragile. "Will... will you make all three of them your women too? Like you did with Gwen, Angel... and me?"

### **Chapter 195: Chapter 195 - Distorted Devotion**

"Do you really envy them, Mom?" I asked in return, a slight challenge in my tone.

Delilah answered without a moment's hesitation, her eyes shining with surprising intensity. "Of course I'm jealous! Otherwise, wouldn't that mean I don't truly love you?"

I was slightly taken aback. Her answer was so frank, yet her logic was twisted.

'How far my stepmother of the past is from the woman she is now,' I thought to myself. She used to be the cold, authoritative, nearly untouchable Star Witch. Now? She easily admitted to jealousy, to a deep emotional dependence on me.

'Is this how my stepmother is when she truly falls in love with someone?' I pondered. I had only made her love me and warped her logic, but I hadn't changed her fundamental nature. Yes, I did order her to act like a lewd housewife, but her nature is like that of a teenager...

So this... this was the real Delilah in love? There was a tenderness there. A fragility I'd never seen before I conquered her. And that... stirred something in me.

Say goodbye to the old Delilah Socheron. She was dead. I loved the one I had made her into. Forget pure love.

Without another word, I got up and sat on the edge of the bed. Delilah looked at me, slightly confused. I took her hand, pulled her to her feet, and then hugged her tightly. Her full, warm body fit perfectly against mine. She gasped, stiffened for a moment, then melted, her arms wrapping around my waist.

"Mom," I whispered in her ear, my voice soothing. "Like I always say... you and your daughters are special."

Delilah sighed, her body going completely limp in my embrace.

"Really?" she whispered, her voice small like a child seeking reassurance.

"Really," I affirmed, stroking her back. I could feel a tremor of happiness run through her.

Then, seeing the clock and realizing we still had a little time before the second match, and because she had loyally helped me, I decided to give her a reward.

"We still have time," I said, pulling back just enough to look at her hopeful face. "And as a reward for your loyalty, and because you were so willing to help me... I'll let you ride me, Mom."

Delilah's eyes lit up instantly. Her elegant face transformed into an almost childishly gleeful expression.

"Really? Thank you, darling!"

She immediately took action. Quickly, she climbed onto my lap, straddling my thighs. Her hands reached for her dress, hiking it up high, revealing what lay beneath—lace panties that were utterly soaked, transparent from the pooled moisture.

"See," she whispered, her voice trembling with arousal and a hint of shame. "See how wet Mommy gets just from thinking of you, my love. Just because you allowed me to."

I looked at her. In the dim light of the room, she looked... breathtakingly beautiful. Her full breasts swayed freely, her blonde hair was a mess, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glazed with desire.

"I never lie, Mom," I murmured, my hands reaching for her breasts, massaging them gently. "You grow more beautiful each day. Like a fine wine, aging, becoming more precious."

Delilah flushed an even deeper red, but this time with a satisfied smile.

"You... you always know how to embarrass me," she grumbled, but she pushed her chest closer to my hands.

Then, slowly, she slid from my lap, kneeling between my legs. Her hands touched my hardened length. She gazed at it for a moment with a look of near reverence—as if it were the most precious object in the world—and then, without further ceremony, she rose.

She sank down in one smooth, practiced motion, taking me fully inside, making us both groan. And instantly, Delilah's body convulsed violently. Her eyes rolled back, her mouth fell open, and from between her lovely thighs, a torrent of clear fluid gushed forth, soaking my pants and the sheets beneath us.

"A-Adam...! I... I'm squirting...!" she wailed, her voice breaking from an orgasm that arrived far too quickly.

Her usually elegant, dignified face shattered in an instant—contorted by unrestrained pleasure, eyes brimming with tears, mouth agape, cheeks scarlet. She looked like the most expensive courtesan in the most exclusive brothel, not a member of the Guardian Council.

"Damn, Mom... you're so incredibly beautiful," I murmured, mesmerized by her transformation. My hands found her waist, holding her trembling form.

Delilah, after that first, rapid peak, only managed a weak smile. Then, without needing a command, she began to move.

She rode me with a frantic, desperate madness. Her hips pistoned up and down with a speed that made the large bed creak and protest violently. Every deep thrust, every withdrawal, was accompanied by moans, growls, and screams of my name, with no care left for who might hear.

"Adam! Adam! Darling! Mommy's... Mommy's going to...! Again...!"

Delilah had completely lost control. Her golden hair flew everywhere, her breasts bounced wildly, sweat soaked her pale skin. Her face could no longer be called elegant—it was only the primal beauty of a woman utterly dominated by lust and distorted love.

And I... I just lay back, enjoying this incredible spectacle. My stepmother, one of the world's most powerful women, a Guardian Council member, was destroying herself in her own way.

The bed continued to creak. The clock ticked on. And in this special contestant's room, in between bouts of a world-renowned competition, another, far more private and intense performance was reaching its climax.

Fifteen minutes passed.

The ragged breaths and sounds of colliding bodies were the only symphony in the tightly sealed room. Delilah was on top of me, her movements growing wilder, more desperate, as if chasing something always just out of reach.

Sweat made her pale skin gleam under the low light. Her usually neat blonde hair was damp and clung to her cheeks, neck, and shoulders. Her hands gripped my shoulders, nails digging in, leaving red marks.

"A-Adam... Adam... I... I—"

The doorbell chimed loudly, shattering the near-perfect concentration. A man's voice, professional yet firm, came from behind the door: "Notice to all contestants. The second match of the Inter-Academy Tournament will begin in fifteen minutes. Please assemble in the designated waiting area."

I ignored it. My hands grasped Delilah's rapidly moving hips, pushing her down deeper, harder. She screamed—a mixture of satisfaction and extreme pleasure.

"Don't... don't stop!" Delilah roared, tears streaming from her eyes from the overwhelming sensations. "Darling... please... I want... I want you to fill my womb! Fill Mommy's womb with your seed! Make me pregnant! I want... I want to give you another child!"

Her words were so vulgar, so full of pleading, yet spoken with an intensity that made my whole body shudder. At the peak of this madness, amidst the roars of passion and the creaking bed, she was begging to be impregnated. By her own stepson.

I was swept up in the moment. The most primal instinct spoke. As an unstoppable wave of orgasm hit, I thrust up deep, burying myself to the hilt, and with a ragged, guttural growl, I whispered the command she begged for:

"Then get pregnant...!"

At the same moment, I released a hot, torrential surge deep into her waiting womb. Delilah let out a long, piercing scream, her body arching like a bow, before going completely limp on top of my chest, shaking uncontrollably from a climax even more powerful than before.

But in the midst of that madness, a small, cold corner of my consciousness remained functional. I used the skill [Fertility Control]. The mental command was sent just before the release. As I always did. She wouldn't get pregnant. Not ever. Not now.

"Thank... you, darling..." Delilah whispered, her voice hoarse.

We lay like that, breathing heavily, bodies slick with sweat and other fluids, when the voice from behind the door sounded again, this time louder, slightly worried: "Contestant Adam Socheron? Are you in there? There are Twelve minutes remaining."

I sighed, slowly pushing Delilah's limp body off me. "Mom, we have to stop."

Delilah groaned in protest but slowly sat up, her face still flushed and sweaty. She looked towards the door, and for a split second, the expression of the dignified, cold Star Witch returned to her face—before changing into pure irritation at being disturbed.

"I have to go," I whispered, getting up from the bed and starting to put on the uniform laid out on the chair.

"Good luck in your match, darling," Delilah said softly. And with surprisingly swift, graceful movements, she picked up her discarded dress from the floor and began repairing her appearance. Her skilled fingers smoothed her hair, wiped away smeared makeup, and straightened her wrinkled dress.

Once I was ready, I walked to the door and unlocked it.

The door opened to reveal a young man in tournament staff uniform standing outside with an anxious expression. His eyes immediately darted past my shoulder into the room, locking onto Delilah standing in the middle of it. Her dress was much neater now but still visibly disheveled, her cheeks were still red, and there was a palpable aura around her that clearly indicated she had just finished something very intense.

Delilah turned her head toward the man. Her gaze changed. From the woman who had just been moaning on the bed, she became the Star Witch, Guardian Council member. Her sharp golden eyes stared at the man with an intensity that could freeze ice. The look contained a clear, terrifying message: You dare disturb our time?

The man instantly paled, lowering his head, trying to make himself as small as possible.

"Take me there," I cut in, stepping out and closing the door behind me, cutting off the man's view of Delilah.

In the Nine Stars Academy Contestant Waiting Area.

I arrived exactly ten minutes before the match was due to start. The atmosphere in the Nine Stars waiting area was thick with a different kind of tension. All the remaining representatives were gathered: Yukie, as cold and unperturbed as ever; Isabel, standing slightly apart with a complex expression; Nerissa, who looked anxious; and... Maximus.

Maximus sat on a bench at the far end. All his physical wounds had healed thanks to his regeneration. But what couldn't be healed was his pride.

The moment his eyes caught my presence, the vein at his temple bulged, his jaw locked, and I could almost hear his teeth grinding from several meters away. His gaze was filled with pure hatred, burning shame, and murderous intent.

But before he could do or say anything, Violet Albestorm stepped forward. The purple-haired instructor's face was like a storm about to break. Her sharp eyes swept over me, then Maximus, then back to me.

"You two," her voice was low, dangerous, brimming with restrained fury. "Do you have brains between your ears? Or just rocks?"

She didn't wait for an answer. "Bringing personal issues into the tournament? Fighting your own teammate in front of hundreds of thousands of spectators? In front of the Guardian Council? In front of academy heads from all over the world?"

Each question was like a whip crack. "Nine Stars Academy is the best. Not just because of strength, but because of discipline. Because of teamwork. Because we show the world how a professional Hunter should act."

Her hands clenched into fists. "And you two? You made us a laughingstock. A circus act. Two little kids fighting in the sandbox over a toy. Do you understand how HUMILIATING that was?"

Maximus lowered his head, but I saw the tension in his shoulders. I simply stood there, listening with a flat expression.

Violet took a deep breath, as if trying to calm herself. "Due to your unprofessional actions and the damage to the academy's reputation, I have decided not to include either of you in the next mat—"

Suddenly, another voice cut in. A voice of authority, filled with command.

"Instructor Violet, wait a moment."

Everyone turned. From the entrance to the waiting area, Ophelia Blazinger entered with firm strides.

She was wearing her official academy head robes, red and gold, with the Nine Stars emblem gleaming on her chest. Her red hair was tied back neatly, her face showing a cold, professional expression.

I remembered last night. I remembered how she had whimpered, how she had begged, how she had transformed from the feared academy head into a broken woman beneath me. And from the way she looked at me, she thankfully didn't know that the masseur named Freyden was me.

Ophelia stood amongst us all, her aura of authority filling the room. Her sharp eyes scanned every face. Then, she spoke...