

# The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

## Chapter 196: Chapter 196 - Throne Conquest

Ophelia stood straight, energy radiating from her poised posture. Her sharp, ember-like eyes swept over us one by one, before finally settling on me and Maximus.

"I have watched the recordings of your match," she stated, her voice flat yet heavy with authority. "Both your individual performances, and that... unnecessary internal duel."

I stood calmly, waiting. In my mind, various scenarios played out. If she decided to disqualify me from the second round and beyond, then I might as well forget my plans for a date with Ruth. Well, it wasn't as if I didn't have other ways to ask her out.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Maximus. His face was pale, cold sweat beading at his temples. His fists were clenched tightly at his sides, knuckles white.

No wonder. He wasn't from a wealthy noble family like Isabel and Nerissa, or a heroic lineage like me and Yukie. This tournament was his biggest stepping stone to enter a top guild, secure a sponsor, lift his entire family. If he was expelled now because of his own actions... it would be a disaster.

'What a fool,' I thought coldly. He was the one who challenged me first, and now he's regretting it only when the consequences loom.

"Never let an incident like that happen again," Ophelia said finally, her voice cutting through the silent room.

Maximus instantly looked up. The shattered expression on his face was replaced by a flicker of wild hope. "W-What do you mean, Headmaster? Does... does that mean you're still allowing me to compete?"

Before Ophelia could answer, Violet stepped forward. Her face was flushed with suppressed anger. "Headmaster, with all due respect, this cannot be overlooked! They must be punished! They have disgraced the academy's name in front of—"

"Instructor Violet," Ophelia cut her off. She turned to the purple-haired instructor. "Don't be so rigid. The two of them, despite all the... personal drama, put on quite an interesting show, didn't they?"

Violet fell silent.

"Teammates fighting each other? That's a first for a prestigious tournament like this. It got the crowd roaring, made people talk. And most importantly... they still won."

Violet opened her mouth to protest again, but Ophelia raised her hand. "Of course, this doesn't mean they are free of consequences. Punishment will be administered after the tournament concludes. But for now, our focus is on winning. Nine Stars must remain at the top. Isn't that so?"

Her last words were spoken in a tone that left no room for debate. Violet pressed her lips together. She clearly disagreed. Finally, she nodded. "Very well, Headmaster."

Ophelia nodded, satisfied. "Good. Now, let's return to the stands."

The walk to the edge of the arena was tense and quiet. I walked behind Ophelia, observing closely. Beside her walked Arianna, who had only exchanged a brief nod with her earlier.

We finally arrived at the area specially prepared for academy representatives. Benches upholstered in premium fabric were lined up with the best view of the vast main arena.

The arena itself was in the process of being cleared of various stages and equipment from the earlier intermission events. Crew members in uniform moved swiftly, shifting audio equipment, small stages, and other props through doors beneath the main platform.

I took a seat. The atmosphere in our section still felt stiff. Maximus sat at the far end, as far from me as possible, his gaze empty as he stared at the arena. Isabel sat on the other side. Yukie, as usual, sat calmly, as if the world around her was irrelevant noise. Ace and the others tried to look relaxed, but their eyes kept darting towards me and Maximus, full of anxiety.

Then, that voice, so familiar to everyone in the colosseum, echoed once more.

"WELCOME BACK, HONORABLE AUDIENCE AND VALIANT CONTESTANTS!"

The Host soared in on his hoverboard from a spectacular entrance above the arena, performed a spectacular loop in the air, and landed gracefully in the center of the now-cleaned arena.

"ARE YOU READY? BECAUSE THE AWAITED SECOND MATCH OF THE ACADEMY TOURNAMENT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!"

His voice boomed, brimming with seemingly inexhaustible energy. I observed him. After shouting, commentating, and hosting for hours, his voice was still clear, strong, and full of color. No signs of hoarseness or vocal strain.

'Maybe his Awakener ability was related to sound,' I thought.

"BEFORE WE DELVE INTO THE DETAILS OF THIS THRILLING SECOND MATCH," he yelled, his hoverboard turning slowly so he could face all sides of the stands, "LET US JOIN HANDS, GIVE THANKS, AND PREPARE TO WITNESS THE LATEST CLASH OF BRILLIANCE FROM OUR FINEST YOUNG GENERATION!"

The audience's cheers thundered, filling the colosseum with an almost physical wave of sound. The Host smiled broadly, savoring every second, before finally raising his hand to quiet the tumult.

"THIS SECOND MATCH... WILL HAVE A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORMAT!" The host paused dramatically.

"THE SIXTEEN FINEST ACADEMIES HAVE BEEN SELECTED! HOWEVER, ONLY FOUR WILL CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO THE FINAL ROUND!"

The air in the stands felt denser, heavy with anticipation.

"THIS SECOND MATCH, I CALL... 'THE THRONE CONQUEST!'"

He paused again, letting a wave of awe and curious whispers sweep through the audience.

"UNLIKE THE FIRST MATCH WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE VAST DUNGEON SIMULATOR, THIS MATCH WILL BE HELD RIGHT HERE IN THIS ARENA, BEFORE ALL OF OUR EYES!"

As if to support his words, the sound of massive mechanical rumbling echoed from beneath the arena. Four sections of the floor in each main cardinal direction—north, south, west, east—began to open. From the dark depths, four magnificent structures slowly rose, pushed by powerful hydraulic platforms.

They were four throne-like seats. Chairs made of a material resembling gleaming stone, adorned with intricate carvings that emitted a faint light.

At the top of each chair's backrest, a rotating crown of light hovered, radiating an aura of sovereignty that could be felt even from a distance. Each throne was placed quite far apart, forming a perfect square formation on the vast arena field, creating clear zones that would undoubtedly become fierce battlegrounds.

"THE RULES ARE EXTREMELY SIMPLE!" shouted the Host, his hoverboard floating between the four newly emerged thrones. "EACH ACADEMY MUST SEND ITS FIVE BEST REPRESENTATIVES. THEIR OBJECTIVE? APPROACH ONE OF THESE FOUR THRONES, SIT UPON IT, AND DEFEND IT!"

He spun in midair, one hand pointing toward the contestants and the roaring crowd.

"YOU HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES! ONE OF YOU MUST REMAIN SEATED ON THE THRONE FOR THE ENTIRE DURATION WHILE THE OTHERS FEND OFF ALL ATTACKS! IF YOU SUCCEED, THEN YOUR ACADEMY WILL OFFICIALLY CLAIM THAT THRONE!"

He paused, letting the silence crush the arena.

"...IN OTHER WORDS, OUT OF THE SIXTEEN ACADEMIES COMPETING TODAY, ONLY FOUR WILL ADVANCE TO THE FINAL ROUND!"

A sharp grin spread across his face.

"THE REST... WILL BE ELIMINATED!"

The audience's cheers and shouts shattered the silence.

"NOW!" he continued, his voice leading the atmosphere. "TO THE ACADEMY HEADS AND INSTRUCTORS! PLEASE CHOOSE YOUR FIVE FINEST CHAMPIONS TO DESCEND INTO THE ARENA, AND PREPARE TO... SEIZE THE THRONES!"

In the Nine Stars section, all eyes turned to Violet Albestorm. Her face was cold, full of concentration. Her purple eyes swept over us one by one, analyzing, weighing. Her gaze lingered briefly on Yukie, then Isabel, then Nerissa, then Arianna, then Ace, and the others.

Then, her gaze moved towards me and Maximus. She stared at the two of us a moment longer, and in her look, I could read conflict and calculation. She saw the smoldering hatred still in Maximus's eyes, and my cold demeanor. She remembered the chaos we had created.

Finally, she opened her mouth, her voice firm and without hesitation. "Yukie Iceblood. Isabel Mercedes. Nerissa Rishbel. Arianna Blazinger..." She paused for a moment before saying my name, "And Adam Socheron."

Maximus reacted instantly.

"WHAT?!" he shouted, stepping forward, his face flushed with anger and a sense of injustice. "Why him and not me? And that girl is only a second-year, I—"

"You are weaker than Adam, Max," Violet cut in, her voice sharp as a knife. Her eyes narrowed. "And given that neither of you could heed my warning to keep personal issues out of the tournament, I will not send you both on the same team. I will not let you two cause chaos again."

Maximus fell silent immediately, his mouth open but no words coming out. What Violet said made perfect sense. He and I were two of the strongest. Sending us together was

a time bomb. And between the two of us, I was the one who had proven victorious in a direct fight.

I watched the expression on Maximus's face—boiling anger, deep shame, then a bitter acceptance of the truth in Violet's words. He clenched his fists, then looked towards Arianna, his expression clearly saying 'you're just a second-year who only got in because of your mom,' then glared at me before turning his face away.

A deep, cold satisfaction flowed through me.

The five of us who were chosen descended from the stands towards the arena. Wide steps led us down to the hard surface of the field.

In the arena, the atmosphere had totally changed. Five representatives from each academy—eighty contestants in total—stood scattered about, each group keeping its distance, observing one another with wary, calculating gazes.

I could see Leonhardt from Arclight with his disciplined team, Isaac from Drakefield with his agile group, Seraphina from Gote flanked by tough physical fighters, and many other determined faces.

Suddenly, a low rumbling sound was heard. From the edges of the arena, energy walls about thirty meters high rose from beneath the floor. The walls were pale white, translucent like frosted glass, emitting a stable pulse of protective energy. They encircled the entire arena, forming a giant safety dome that separated the battle area from the spectator stands.

"ATTENTION, ALL CONTESTANTS!" the Host's voice boomed through the speakers, clear even from behind the energy wall. "AS THIS MATCH IS HELD LIVE AND NOT WITHIN A SIMULATOR, ADDITIONAL RULES APPLY! ATTACKS WITH INTENT TO KILL OR INFLICT FATAL INJURY ARE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN! THIS IS A TEST OF SKILL AND STRATEGY, NOT A SLAUGHTER!"

He paused, giving time for his message to sink in. Inside the energy dome, the eighty contestants looked at each other, strategies and tactics already churning in their heads.

"WELL THEN..." the Host's voice grew dramatic, full of anticipation. "IS EVERYONE READY?"

He didn't wait for an answer.

"WITH THAT... I DECLARE... THE SECOND MATCH OF THE ACADEMY TOURNAMENT... BEGINS!"

**Chapter 197: Chapter 197 - Iceblood's Throne**

The match siren faded, replaced by a tense silence. However, what followed wasn't a mad dash towards the thrones or an all-out assault. The eighty contestants, divided into sixteen groups, locked eyes from a distance.

The atmosphere was like two packs of predators sizing each other up before a fight. No one wanted to make the first move, to be the one who exposed a weakness.

Then, from the ranks of an academy positioned closer to the edge, one group stepped forward into the center of the arena. Their uniforms were leaf-green with a creeping vine emblem. Echelon Academy. Their leader, Ivy Silgrace, stepped out ahead. The girl with neatly braided green hair raised her hand, and her clear, determined voice echoed within the dome.

"All of you! Listen to me!" she shouted, her emerald-green eyes sweeping over all the contestants from non-major academies.

"Look at the reality! There are four throne seats here. And who has always dominated? Those four major academies! Nine Stars! Arclight! Drakefield! GOTE! If we fight each other as usual, they'll easily take over while we exhaust ourselves!"

She paused, taking a breath. "We, the smaller academies, must unite! Take them out first! Only after the four major academies fall should we fight amongst ourselves for the thrones! That's the only way we have a chance!"

Her words hung in the air. Then, from another group, Atticus Ashborne from Lockfield Academy—a man with short black hair and sharp gray eyes—raised his fist.

"She's right! This system screws us over if we stay divided! We'll be picked off one by one by those with more resources and power! Let's unite for now!"

Agreements began to rumble from the other smaller academy groups. They looked at each other, and one by one, nods of grim determination appeared. A common enemy had been identified: the elitism of the top four academies.

Meanwhile, from our position, I just observed their blatantly obvious plan with a bored look.

Yukie stood calmly, her expression still flat as a frozen lake. Isabel crossed her arms, a small, sarcastic smile playing on her lips. Nerissa and Arianna looked wary but not panicked.

"Pathetic," Isabel murmured almost inaudibly.

Suddenly, a contestant from another academy roared, pointing towards Seraphina and her Gote Academy team, who stood not far from the center of the gathering.

"ATTACK GOTE FIRST!"

That shout was like pulling the pin on a grenade. With war cries, dozens of contestants from various smaller academies charged simultaneously towards the five GOTE Academy representatives. A wave of bodies, energy, and varied weapons surged towards their position.

"OHOHOHO! IT BEGINS IN AN UNEXPECTED WAY!" yelled the Host, his hoverboard shooting higher for a better view. "THE SMALLER ACADEMIES FORM AN AD-HOC COALITION TO GRIND DOWN THE POWER OF THE BIG FOUR! IT'S A STRATEGY THAT'S... QUITE LOGICAL! BUT WILL THE FOUR MAJOR ACADEMIES ALLOW IT!"

Seraphina Grimgear, the giantess with the war hammer, watched the wave of enemies approach, her expression shifting from wariness to fury.

"HOLD! FORM UP!" she barked at her four teammates. However, five against thirty-plus was an impossible fight, even for a top academy. They were immediately pushed back, forced into a defensive ring around Seraphina. The sounds of impacts, energy explosions, and battle cries instantly filled the arena.

Amidst the chaos, I heard a whisper from behind me. Nerissa, speaking quietly to Isabel. "Looks like they're targeting GOTE first because you beat Seraphina, Isabel."

Isabel glanced back, a slight eyebrow raise.

"Oh?" Isabel said, her sardonic smile widening. "So this is my fault?"

I listened. So that's it, I thought. It made sense.

In the middle of the encirclement, Seraphina, her face now with minor scratches, roared loudly, her voice cutting through the tumult. "LEONHARDT! ISAAC! ARE YOU IDIOTS?! DO YOU SEE THIS?! AFTER US, IT'S YOUR TURN! WE HAVE TO UNITE NOW OR WE'LL BE PICKED OFF ONE BY ONE!"

Leonhardt from Arclight, standing with his team a distance away, glanced briefly at Isaac Moonfall from Drakefield. They had both been thinking the same thing. Without another word, they nodded almost simultaneously.

"Arclight team, advance!" commanded Leonhardt, his sword already drawn.

"Don't let them isolate us. Attack!" ordered Isaac, his body already vanishing into the shadows.

Just like that, ten contestants from the two major academies plunged into the fray, attacking the flanks of the smaller academies' coalition from the rear.

The arena transformed into a chaotic mass battlefield, with three major academies struggling to hold against the wave of attacks from the allied medium-tier academies.

"WOW! A DRAMATIC SHIFT!" the Host cheered. "ARCLIGHT AND DRAKEFIELD RECOGNIZE THE DANGER AND DECIDE TO AID GOTE! CAN THE LARGER COALITION MANAGE TO GRIND DOWN ALL THREE?"

While chaos and fierce battle raged before our eyes, one group remained motionless: us, Nine Stars Academy.

We simply stood in our starting position, observing. I glanced at Yukie. Her expression remained the same: cold, indifferent, as if the massive brawl before her was just a boring TV show. No interest, no urgency. She seemed to be waiting for something more worthy of her attention.

Isabel, Nerissa, and Arianna didn't move either. They seemed to be waiting. In this team formation, though unspoken, Yukie's position as the strongest naturally made her the decision-maker. They were waiting for a cue or a move from her.

In the midst of the battle, Seraphina, who had just fended off three attackers with a swing of her massive hammer, managed to glance our way. "YUKIE! HELP! WE NEED YOU! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!"

Her cry was full of hope and frustration. But Yukie didn't even turn her head. Her gaze was empty, or perhaps focused on something far beyond the commotion. As if Seraphina's voice was just passing wind.

"OHOHO! AND LOOK AT THAT! NINE STARS, THE TOP OF THE RANKINGS, AREN'T MOVING AT ALL!" the Host didn't miss the chance. "ARE THEY TOO ARROGANT? OR DO THEY HAVE ANOTHER STRATEGY? YUKIE ICEBLOOD SEEMS COMPLETELY UNINTERESTED IN THE PLEA FOR HELP!"

Several moments passed in the ongoing turmoil. The tug-of-war between the three defending major academies and the wave of the smaller coalition raged on fiercely, though casualties had begun to fall on the medium-tier side. But our attention was no longer there.

Yukie Iceblood, who had been standing like an ice statue, finally moved. But she didn't move towards the battlefield. Instead, she turned, her steps calm and deliberate as she headed towards one of the four thrones—the one located at the northern end of the arena, closest to where we stood.

She didn't say a word.

Arianna, Nerissa, and Isabel immediately moved to follow her, forming a protective formation around her with wary stances. I, after glancing for a moment at the chaos in the center of the arena, finally also turned and followed behind.

"OH! NINE STARS FINALLY MOVE! BUT NOT TOWARDS THE BATTLE!" shouted the Host, his hoverboard zipping to follow our movement. "THEY MARCH CALMLY TOWARDS THE NORTHERN THRONE! IS THIS WHAT THEY CALL MAJESTY? OR STRATEGIC RUTHLESSNESS? THEY SEEM TO BE SAYING, LET THEM BICKER, WE'LL JUST TAKE WHAT WE WANT!"

Cameras and spotlights immediately shifted, leaving the chaotic battleground to focus on our calmly advancing line. The contrast was stark.

Yukie reached the foot of the northern throne. She wasn't in a hurry. Her pale white eyes looked up at the crown of light rotating above the chair's backrest. Then she reached for it. Without wasting a moment, she placed it on her head, and then casually took her seat upon the throne.

She leaned back, rested an elbow on the arm of the chair, and placed her chin on her clenched fist. Her pose was that of a bored queen watching entertainment presented before her. Her cold, indifferent gaze was fixed on the mass battle in the distance, as if it were a rather uninteresting stage drama.

BIIIIIP!

A loud system sound resonated throughout the arena. Above Yukie's head, right on the ceiling of the energy dome, a giant digital timer appeared in bright blue light:

[00:14:59]

And below that timer, a giant holographic screen displayed a close-up of Yukie Iceblood's cold, perfect face. Every detail—her ice-white eyes, her smooth silver-white hair, her lips pale to the point of being almost colorless—was displayed large for the three hundred thousand spectators in the colosseum and millions more on screens to see.

Roaring cheers and awestruck gasps erupted instantly. A blitz of camera flashes from the arena's edge lit up like lightning in a storm.

Many of them had cut away from the battle footage and were now frantically adjusting lenses, scrambling for the best angle of the 'Ice Queen' who had just taken her throne so casually.

Whispers and shouts could be heard among the photographers and journalists.

"Get that cold expression!"

"Angle from the side, with the battle as the background!"

"This will be the perfect front page!"

The atmosphere shifted. The tournament's focus suddenly split. On one side, a chaotic life-or-death melee. On the other, a girl simply sitting and watching, with a countdown to victory already ticking down.

While Yukie was already hard at work sitting pretty, I, along with Arianna, Nerissa, and Isabel, stood around the throne, on guard. Our task was clear: protect Yukie for the next fifteen minutes. But, seeing the allied academies still busy fighting the other three major academies, and seeing Yukie's absolute calm, boredom began to creep in.

My gaze shifted from Yukie's upright back to Isabel.

I looked at her. Isabel Mercedes. The arrogant princess who used to take such pleasure in mocking me. Who saw me as a stain on the prestigious academy. Now she was standing beside me, as a teammate.

'What should I do to pass these fifteen minutes?' I thought to myself.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Isabel Mercedes

OBJECTIVE: Fuck her in front of all those spectators.

REWARD: 3000 EXP and 1 Random Item.

[Accept: y / n]

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