

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 198 - Exhibition's Allure - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 198 - Exhibition's Allure

Chapter 198: Chapter 198 - Exhibition's Allure

A smirk tugged at my lips as the quest window remained displayed.

'This system really knows what I want,' I thought, a dark sense of satisfaction and anticipation coursing through me. Without a second thought, my mind selected 'y'.

The window vanished, replaced by the feeling of a newly activated mission.

I shifted my gaze from Isabel, looking toward the commotion in the distance. For a moment, I saw several participants—from small coalitions and the three major surviving academies alike—turn their faces toward us. Their eyes fell upon Yukie sitting calmly on the throne, then shifted to us standing guard.

Their expressions were a jumble: awe, fear, envy, and resignation. It was obvious, from our cold demeanor and the distance we kept from each other, they could read that our team lacked true cohesion.

The chill between me and the other four, plus the incident with Maximus, must have been hot gossip. They probably thought we were just a bunch of powerful individuals forced to cooperate, with no real unity.

Yet... not a single one of them showed any intention of attacking our throne.

No forward steps, no challenging stares. They just looked, then turned back to focus on their own battles.

It wasn't surprising.

The power we displayed in the first round was no joke, especially Yukie's. They must have seen the replays of her strength. They knew approaching this throne was tantamount to challenging the monster named Yukie Iceblood.

An unspoken rule had already formed in their minds, Never face Yukie head-on. They seemed to have accepted that the tournament's overall winner was already decided—Nine Stars Academy. Their fights now were merely to decide second, third, and fourth place.

I let out a long sigh, feeling both slightly disappointed and relieved. Looks like we'd win without having to do anything.

My gaze then landed on Arianna Blazinger, her expression tense and slightly annoyed. Her fists were clenched tightly at her sides, her feet shifting restlessly. She was clearly itching to fight, to prove herself before everyone.

Then I looked at Isabel. The haughty princess now stood with even more arrogance; defeating Seraphina seemed to have inflated her ego a bit.

'Four beautiful women... and I'm the only man among them,' I thought, a wildly inappropriate and tempting idea beginning to creep into my mind.

What if... I had an orgy with all of them right here? On this stage? The image was so wild, so forbidden, it made my breath catch for a second. But for now...

Let's start with the haughty one first.

I steadied my breath, focusing inward. Within me, a skill stirred—a power that had become an intimate part of my being.

[Time Stop]

And instantly, the world stopped.

All sound vanished—the shouts of battle, the roar of the crowd, the Host's commentary, even the rustle of the wind. Everything froze in a perfect frame. A speck of dust floating in the air was clearly visible, halted in its place. A burst of energy from a skill in the distance hung frozen like a paused firework. The expression on every face was locked in a perfect living statue.

In the corner of my vision, a pale blue timer appeared, counting down:

[29:59...]

[29:58...]

I only had thirty minutes. Thirty minutes in a still world.

My feet moved, stepping away from my guard position. The sound of my own footsteps was the only thing echoing in the total silence. I walked up to Isabel, stopping right in front of her, now like a breathtakingly beautiful statue.

I observed her, for the first time without needing to hide my judgmental gaze.

She was indeed beautiful. Around a hundred and sixty-five centimeters tall. Her wavy black hair was neatly styled, partly tied up, partly cascading down to her back.

Her face had delicate, porcelain-like features—a straight nose, well-groomed thin eyebrows, high cheekbones. Her eyes, now wide open and empty, were grey, usually sharp with intelligence and arrogance, but now just glassy. Her naturally red lips looked soft and tempting, set in a haughty straight line.

But all that fragile elegance and beauty was tainted. Beneath it all, she was just a damn bitch. I remembered clearly every contemptuous look, every sneer, every time she deliberately humiliated me in front of others, making me the butt of the joke. Her beauty was merely a mask for a rotten heart.

'Alright, Isabel. Let's see what's really behind your mask.'

I activated [Eye of Desire], focusing my gaze on her.

NAME: Isabel Mercedes

AGE: 21

CLASS: Assassin

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 6%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts,

FETISH: Voyeurism

Voyeurism.

Ah, disgust and vengeful satisfaction churned within me. Maybe that was why this bitch loved humiliating me in front of people so much? Because she got off on seeing my shame as she degraded me.

I still remembered everything she did to me, remembered it vividly. Among the five of them, she was the one who made me fearful of other people's gazes.

But ever since I awakened and showed unexpected power, her attitude changed. She became wary, kept her distance, though her condescending stares never fully disappeared.

"Okay then," I said, dark desire and vengeful resolve merging into one.

"Let's begin my payback, Isabel. I'll give you a show... and make you the show."

The timer in the corner of my eye kept ticking: [29:48...].

I had no time to waste. My hand reached for the long black trench coat-style jacket with a high collar that was part of Isabel's Nine Stars combat uniform. The buttons opened easily under my fingers, and I removed it, letting it fall folded onto the cold arena floor.

What remained was a solid black bodysuit made of high-tech elastic material. It clung to her body like a second skin, revealing every curve and contour.

Her frame was very slender, even skinny with a small waist and slightly prominent ribs. But in contrast, her breasts were a moderate size—not too big, not too small—forming two plump, tempting mounds beneath the tight black layer.

My hand moved to her back, finding a hidden zipper. I pulled it down slowly.

ZZzzip.

The sound of the zipper opening was loud in the absolute silence. The bodysuit opened, and I pulled it off her shoulders, down, freeing her upper body.

Her breasts were released, swaying slightly before freezing again. Their shape was truly perfect, round with beautiful curves. Her nipples were a pale pink, small, and already hardened from the arena's cool air, standing out like two jewels atop snowy peaks. I reached out, touching one with my fingertip. Cold and firm.

I didn't stop there. I crouched and pulled the bodysuit further down, past her slim waist, narrow hips, then her slender yet muscular thighs. I removed her combat boots one by one, then pulled the bodysuit completely off her feet. Now, only a black tactical panty covered her most intimate area.

Without hesitation, I grabbed the edges of that panty on both sides of her hips and pulled it down. The elastic material stretched, then came off, freeing everything.

Isabel Mercedes now stood completely naked before me, in the middle of the frozen arena, with only her discarded combat boots and pile of clothes at her feet.

I took a step back, looking at her. Even in this humiliating situation, her body was utterly captivating. Her skin was white and smooth like marble, almost glowing under the arena lights. Her wavy black hair fell, partially covering her shoulders and back.

Her slender waist looked like I could circle it with two hands. Her thighs were slim yet looked strong, betraying the training of an Assassin. And between those thighs...

Her womanhood was neatly kept, with only a light, fine, peach-fuzz-like trail of hair covering her still tightly closed vaginal lips. The lips themselves looked soft and pale pink, almost blending with the surrounding skin. Proof of a virginity still intact.

Beautiful, I thought, immediately followed by a deep wave of disgust.

My gaze shifted from the naked, frozen Isabel to the three other women around the throne.

Yukie, the Ice Queen, with her untouchable cold beauty. Nerissa, the pink-haired beauty with an innocent face. Arianna, the firecracker with undeniable charm. All of them, including Isabel, were exceptionally beautiful women.

'This world is truly unfair,' I muttered inwardly. How could bitches like them be blessed with faces and bodies that could tempt anyone?

Focus back on Isabel. I stepped closer, touching her frozen chin with my fingertip. Her skin was smooth. My index finger then traced her soft, red lips, feeling their plumpness. My other hand couldn't resist reaching for her exposed breast, grasping it, feeling the soft flesh fill my palm.

Then, with full dominance, I bent her flexible body. Her knees buckled, and her body squatted before me in a passive, helpless position. Her head tilted back, her pale, beautiful face now right at the level of my waist.

I unzipped my pants, undid the fastenings, and freed my dick, already fully erect from the sight before me and the imagination of what I was about to do.

My large, thick member emerged, standing proud. I brought it close to Isabel's frozen face.

I didn't force it in immediately. First, I just pressed the hot, throbbing shaft against her cold cheek. Then, slowly, I began to slap her face with my cock.

Plap. Plap. Plap.

The sound of flesh meeting, soft yet firm, echoed in my private silence.

The sensation... was incredible. A feeling of absolute domination. Isabel Mercedes, the haughty princess, the woman who always looked down on me, now had her face being slapped by my cock. Her fragile arrogance, her proud beauty, all reduced to mere target for the most intimate sexual humiliation.

I savored every slap—feeling the softness of her cheek, the warmth beginning to build from the friction, and the dark satisfaction of seeing my most primal body part mark the face that usually spat condescending words.

Meanwhile, inside Isabel's mind, trapped within her frozen body.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

That mental scream filled every corner of her trapped consciousness. Her eyes, wide open and unable to blink, captured a scene that made no sense.

A... dick? A big, veiny, red, throbbing dick was suddenly right in front of her, pressed against her cheek.

'WHAT—WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!' Her mind spun wildly, but her body couldn't move an inch. She could still see her surroundings—Yukie still seated on the throne, Nerissa and Arianna still on guard, the frozen arena.

But everything was still. And this... this... this disgusting thing... was on her face!

A distinct male scent, musky, mixed with a hint of soap, flooded her trapped sense of smell. She felt like vomiting. Disgust. So much disgust. But beneath that disgust, there was a fear far more primal, far deeper.

'Get it off! Get it off my face!'

'ADAM... ADAM SOCHERON! YOU CRAZY BASTARD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT KIND OF SKILL IS THIS?!' She cursed in her heart, every word filled with hatred and panic. 'YOU SMELL DISGUSTING! DOG! MONSTER! GET IT AWAY!'

Then, something worse happened. The owner of the cock moved it, sliding it from her cheek to her open mouth. The hard, hot shaft now pressed against her parted lips.

It felt... unreal. This was a nightmare. It had to be a nightmare.

'DON'T... DON'T PUT IT IN... IN MY MOUTH!' She screamed soundlessly, trying to clamp her lips shut, but her muscles wouldn't obey. She could only feel the pressure of the foreign object on her lips, forcing the gap between them wider.

'I'M NOT... I'M NOT A WHORE! GET IT OUT!' Tears of panic and humiliation began to well in the corners of her unblinking eyes.

And then, her worst fear came true. The cock began to enter. Slowly. The swollen tip parted her lips, then pushed into her oral cavity.

Isabel could feel it. Really feel it. The alien warmth, the texture of smooth, hot skin, the size too big for her mouth. Her trapped tongue tasted the salty, distinctly male flavor. It was suffocating. The shaft filled her mouth, pushing deeper, touching her palate, making her feel like she was choking.

'I CAN'T BREATHE! GET IT OUT! PLEASE! ANYONE! YUKIE! NERISSA!' She screamed in her heart, hoping someone would hear, someone would see. But the world remained still. Tears now streamed freely down her cheeks, which still felt the imprint of that thing's slaps.

'I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU, ADAM SOCHERON! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL—' Her thoughts choked off as the cock moved even deeper, touching her throat.

An intense wave of nausea rocked her, but nothing could come out.

She was trapped, her mouth being raped, in the middle of the arena, in front of all the frozen spectators, unable to do anything but feel every centimeter of humiliation pushing into her.

Chapter 199: Chapter 199 - Public Humiliation Fantasy

I stared into Isabel's eyes, trembling with pure panic. My [Time Stop] skill, which I had now mastered more deeply—I could not only halt time but also choose who remained conscious within the frozen world, and to what extent their bodies could move.

For this Isabel, I allowed only her consciousness to awaken. Her body remained fixed, a helpless statue, but inside, her soul was screaming within its own cage of flesh.

Through her gaze, overflowing with unspoken terror, hatred, and madness, I could only imagine the silent screams filling her head.

My hand then grabbed her black hair, gripping it tightly at the roots. With my other hand, I guided my hard, engorged member towards her open mouth.

"Take this, you arrogant girl," I murmured.

I forced my thick shaft into her mouth with a firm, merciless thrust. Her red lips were forced to stretch unnaturally wide, swallowing a width that seemed almost impossible. I felt the resistance from her jaw and teeth, but I pushed harder, past the point of comfort, deeper inside.

Khk—

A small sound, perhaps my own imagination, but the sensation was real. Her incredibly tight throat clenched tightly around the tip of my cock, as if trying to reject this foreign invasion.

But I didn't stop. My hips drove forward, pushing deeper, deeper still, until finally her upturned nose was buried completely in my pubic hair. The strong musky scent must have overwhelmed her senses, the smell of my masculinity now dominating her entire being.

Oh, the sight.

Isabel Mercedes, her beautiful face flushed and eyes wide with horror, was now choking on my cock, buried deep in her throat. Tears streamed down from the corners of her eyes, soaking her pale cheeks. Her neat hair was a mess from my grasp. She was a picture of exquisite, total ruin.

I let it linger for a few moments. Just standing there, savoring the sensation of her convulsing throat wrapped around my shaft, and even more, savoring the look of devastation on her trapped face. The frozen cameras around us, the thousands of stunned pairs of eyes in the audience, all bore silent witness to this absolute humiliation.

And strangely, even while doing this under the brightest spotlight, before thousands, I felt no shame or disturbance at all. Was I an exhibitionist? Not really. My libido was high, but what I felt now wasn't just physical arousal.

Perhaps it was because of all the humiliation this woman before me had thrown my way in the past. Every sneer, every condescending look, every effort she'd made to make me feel like trash—it was all coming back to her now, tenfold.

And that's what truly excited me: imagining the depth of humiliation, despair, and shattering ruin Isabel must be feeling within her trapped mind.

My hand gripping her hair moved, my fingers gently stroking the black strands, a contrast to the violence I was inflicting on her body. I leaned down slightly, bringing my lips close to her motionless ear.

"You know, Isabel," I whispered, my voice low but clear, meant for her alone. "I've always wondered about that sharp mouth of yours. It turns out... it's quite enjoyable. More suited for a useful function than just hurling insults."

My words were deliberately aimed at piercing her already shattered pride. The mouth that used to spit venom was now completely filled with my manhood.

Then, with deliberate motion, my hand pulled her head back. My wet cock slowly slid out from the depths of her throat, producing a lewd, wet sound. When it was almost fully out, I stopped, observing.

My glistening shaft was coated with a clear layer of her saliva, reflecting the arena lights. It was physical proof of my dominance of her ruin.

Without warning, I thrust my hips forward while simultaneously shoving her head down.

Chlurp!

A wetter, deeper sound as I plunged back into her throat. This time faster, rougher.

And with that rhythm, I began to use her mouth brutally, and with utter contempt. Every thrust in was a statement of power. Every pull back was an exhibition of her weakness. I treated her not as a human, but as an object—a thing to satisfy my vengeful lust.

And it felt incredible. The physical sensation was indeed peak—the warmth, the wetness, the tight pressure of her throat—but that wasn't all. What made it so special was the context.

This was Isabel Mercedes. The untouchable rich girl. The one who once looked at me like dirt on her shoe. Now, the mouth she held so precious was being used as the cheapest of sex toys.

Although I'd done similar things to other women before—to the rebellious Arianna, the innocent Angeline, even the saintly Charlotte—it felt different every time. The physicality might be similar: warmth, wetness, pressure.

But the emotion behind it, the history of hatred and contempt that preceded it, that's what made each experience unique. With Isabel, it felt... profoundly satisfying. Like a sweet poison creeping through my veins.

I grew wilder. My grip on her hair tightened, pulling and pushing her head with a rhythm that grew faster, deeper. The wet, muffled sounds from her forced throat became the filthy background music.

I didn't care about the frozen world outside, didn't care about the time counting down in the corner of my vision. Here, in this world I had stopped, there was only me, Isabel's helpless body, and my vengeance being sated in the most primal way.

Every thrust was for every condescending look.

Every pull was for every sharp word.

Every one of my increasingly heavy gasps was for every time she made me feel worthless.

Inside the cage of her trapped mind and body, Isabel experienced unspeakable ruin.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA—!

The silent scream filled every corner of her consciousness, shattered, formless. It was no longer a word, but a pure wave of panic, humiliation, and unbearable pain. Her mind, usually sharp and calculating, was now like glass shattered by a hammer—fragmented, unable to assemble a single logical thought.

'BASTARD! DOG! MONSTER! YOU SON OF A BITCH!'

Every curse word she'd ever heard, every swear she knew, was hurled within her shattered heart like a desperate mantra. But the words meant nothing. They just bounced inside her skull, powerless to change the horrific reality unfolding.

'MY MOUTH... HE'S USING MY MOUTH LIKE... LIKE A SEX TOY! HE'S USING MY MOUTH!'

That reality hit her over and over, each time Adam's large, rough cock pushed deeper into her throat. The sensation of the foreign object filling, pressing, violating her intimate boundaries.

The constant choking. The musky male scent filling her nose, mingling with the air she could barely draw. And most devastating of all—the shame. A shame so deep, so vast, she felt like she was drowning in it.

'I truly can't bear this. Not once in my life... not even in my worst nightmares... did I ever imagine this would happen to me.'

Her tears flowed freely, hot and bitter, mixing with the saliva she couldn't swallow.

She wanted to move her hands, to claw at Adam's cold face until it was destroyed. To bite, to tear his flesh, to feel his blood fill her mouth in retaliation. To scream, to shriek, to call for others, to beg for help from anyone who could hear.

But she could do nothing.

Helpless. The word echoed in her head. She, Isabel Mercedes, daughter of a prestigious family, star of the Nine Stars Academy, one of the best, always respected—was now completely helpless. Like a doll to be used at will. Like trash.

Meanwhile, outside, I yanked her hair tighter, the rhythm of my hips growing faster, more brutal. I could feel the pressure building at the base of my stomach, heat creeping up my spine.

Almost.

At the peak of this madness, a thought surfaced: To decorate her beautiful, arrogant face with my cum. To smear it, to stain her beauty with proof of her degradation.

But I quickly dismissed it. No. Decorating her face with semen would be more beautiful, more satisfying, once I was truly finished with her. For now, I still had much more I wanted to do to her body.

So, with firm resolve, I drove my hips forward for one last deep thrust, burying myself to the hilt in her throat, and let everything explode.

"Aaah...!"

A groan of relief escaped me. The first spurt was the strongest—hot and thick, immediately flooding her tight passage. I kept pumping, releasing the burden of my hatred and vengeance into her body. So much that her tight throat couldn't contain it all.

The thick white fluid, filled with my vengeful lust, filled her cavity, then began to rise, seeking an exit. And that exit was found through the two small holes of her upturned nose.

The warm, thick semen began to spurt out from both of Isabel's nostrils, streaming down like two small white rivers, past her upper lip, mixing with the saliva and tears already there. A few drops even shot out far enough to land on her cheeks, on her chin.

A sight so filthy, so humiliating, so perfect.

I slowly pulled my cock out, savoring every centimeter as it slipped from the grip of her mouth and throat. My shaft, now coated in a mixture of saliva and a thin layer of my own cum, glistened wetly, still rock hard thanks to my maxed-out libido stat.

Then, my eyes settled on Isabel's face.

The face that was once so beautiful, so graceful, with a fragile beauty that captivated many. Now? Now she looked... a little disgusting, but even more seductive.

Her facial skin was flushed red with shame and oxygen deprivation. Her eyes were red from crying. Her black hair was disheveled, some strands sticking to her wet cheeks.

Her nose and mouth were a disaster—thick white semen oozed from both nostrils, dirtying her entire nose and upper lip area. Her mouth hung slightly open, filled with a

pool of cum, with remnants of the white fluid dripping from the corners onto her chin and neck.

She looked like a victim of something utterly depraved. And indeed, that's exactly what she was.

I bent down, bringing my lips close to her ear. My heavy breath brushed against her skin.

"Very good, Isabel," I whispered, my voice full of false praise that sounded sincere. "You did excellently. Your mouth turns out to be quite talented for this sort of thing. I'm very impressed."

Then, I whispered the final command for this session. "You can move now."

As if a lock was released in her nervous system. Full control over her body returned—and along with it, all the sensations held back by [Time Stop] came flooding into her system all at once.

"GHHHHKK—! UGH—! COFF! COFF COFF!"

Isabel crumpled forward as if slapped, her body shaking. She choked violently, coughing uncontrollably, trying to expel all the foreign fluid from her throat. Her hands flew up to her face in panic, touching the wet, sticky mess on her nose and mouth, and an expression of profound disgust and horror appeared on her face.

"Uwaa... ugh... blaahh—!"

She spat out a gush of white fluid mixed with saliva onto the arena floor, her body shuddering uncontrollably. Her breath came in ragged gasps, a mixture of sobs, coughs, and desperate sighs.

She slumped on the floor, her body hunched, her face almost touching the ground, the remnants of her humiliation still dripping from her face. Her hoarse, broken voice was clear in the silence of the still-frozen world around her.

I stood tall above her, looking down at her ruin with cold eyes, while unconsciously wiping the remaining fluid from my erect shaft. The timer in the corner of my vision kept ticking: [26:48...].

The show wasn't over. In fact, it had only just begun.

Chapter 200: Chapter 200 - Fragile Facade

After several moments of hard sobbing and coughing, Isabel slowly began to regain a sliver of control over her trembling body. Her ragged breaths became slightly more

regular, though still punctuated by hysterical gasps. With hands that still shook, she wiped her face, trying to scrub away the remnants of her humiliation still wet on her skin.

Then, her eyes began to take in her surroundings.

And she froze. This time, not because of skill, but because of a horror far more profound.

Everything was still.

Absolutely still.

In the distance, participants locked in combat were frozen in bizarre mid-fight poses. One was caught mid-leap, sword raised, but not moving an inch. Another was frozen while unleashing a skill, energy radiating out yet suspended like a statue of light. Even specks of dust from the impacts hung suspended in the air, clearly visible, not falling.

She turned her head slowly, as if afraid to disturb this unnatural silence. Her gaze swept the arena—Arianna and Nerissa standing guard, perfectly frozen. Yukie still sitting on her throne, chin resting on her hand, her usually sharp ice-blue eyes now empty and unblinking, staring into a distance where nothing moved at all.

Then, with a heart pounding so hard it felt ready to burst from her chest, Isabel turned to look at the prestigious tribune—the seats of the Guardian Council.

There, the world's most powerful and influential figures sat frozen. Delilah Socheron, Adam's mother, her beautiful face usually full of authority, now looked like a perfect wax statue. The other council members, each with different expressions—some mid-speech, some observing, some clapping—all halted in an instant.

Isabel's eyes flew wide open, her pupils constricting. Her breath hitched.

This... this is impossible.

A skill? But what kind of skill could... stop time?

Stop time for everyone? Even for the Guardian Council?

Her mind spun wildly, unable to find an answer. The horror she had felt now multiplied into an existential terror. This was no longer just extraordinary power. This was something that shouldn't be possible. It violated the laws of nature. It surpassed all understanding.

Slowly, she turned her head back towards Adam, still standing beside her. Adam Socheron. The boy who was once weak, whom she used to look down upon, who was unworthy of being in the same academy as her.

Now, he stood there with a casual posture. His face was expressionless, but his eyes... his eyes emitted something profoundly cold, profoundly dark, profoundly... satisfied. He looked at her like a collector observing a new acquisition.

Isabel shivered. A bone-chilling cold spread from the soles of her feet to the top of her skull. In her chaotic mind, fragments of memory and logic began piecing themselves together into a terrifying picture.

Since the beginning of his awakening...

His stepmother, Delilah Socheron, the Star Witch who was once cold and indifferent to him, suddenly became attentive. And then... Alex.

Alex Rutherford. His horrible death. And just before he died, he apologized, naked, in a deeply humiliating position, surrendered everything, completely debased himself... but Adam killed him anyway. In a manner so cruel, so full of contempt.

That wasn't just a killing. It was a message.

A code for all of them, for everyone who had ever harassed him, humiliated him, treated him like trash: I will never forgive. No matter what you do. No matter how you beg. There will be no forgiveness.

Isabel already knew. She had prepared herself. Maximus was too laid-back, Yukie was indifferent, and Nerissa was just a healer and too weak... Isabel could only rely on herself, so she had braced for Adam's revenge.

But all her preparation... was in vain.

Because she had never anticipated—had never even conceived—that Adam's revenge would take this form.

Not a fierce duel in the arena. Not a covert attack in the night. Not even a swift execution.

But... this.

Violated. Stripped bare. Forced to do the most disgusting, most humiliating, most degrading things to her dignity as a human, as a woman. And done here. In the middle of a prestigious tournament arena. In front of hundreds of thousands of spectators with their eyes fixed on her.

A method so... vulgar.

And the most terrifying thing was the ability Adam used to accomplish all this.

Stopping time.

That was a power that shouldn't exist. A power that transcended ranking, transcended class, transcended all their understanding of Dungeon Awakening.

He... he wasn't just strong. He was something else entirely.

Isabel looked at Adam, and for the first time in her life, she felt a pure, absolute, and hopeless fear. This was no longer about losing a fight, or losing face. This was about being completely in the control of someone who possessed the power to do anything to her, anytime, anywhere, with no one able to prevent it.

.
. .
. . .

Isabel sat slumped on the floor, her body still completely naked and trembling, remnants of semen and tears still damp on her flushed face. Her reddened eyes stared at me, waiting, perhaps expecting my first reaction after the chaos that had just unfolded.

I remained silent, merely observing. What would she do? Attack me with her remaining strength? Hurl insults about how disgusting I was? Or...

"Did you..." her voice came out, hoarse and ragged, almost like a whisper on the wind. She paused for a moment, taking a deep breath as if gathering courage. "Did you do this... to get revenge on me? For everything I... I did to you before?"

I raised an eyebrow. Wasn't that obvious?

Without waiting for my answer, Isabel slowly moved. Her body rose from its sitting position, and then, with a movement that looked incredibly fragile and full of remorse, she knelt before me. Her head bowed low, her now-messy black hair falling to partly cover her face.

"Adam... I... I'm sorry," she uttered, her voice trembling, laden with emotions that sounded utterly sincere. "I'm sorry for everything I ever did to you. For every cutting word, every condescending glance, every time I... I harassed you."

She lifted her face, and I saw fresh tears starting to flow again. "But you have to know... I did it because I had to. All of it was on Yukie's orders. She's that weird, ice-cold girl, I've never once seen her smile. I was afraid of her, she's not normal."

Isabel sank back to sit on the floor, her legs folded, her body hunched as if bearing an immense weight. Her hands wiped her face, not caring that they were still dirty, smearing away tears and snot mixed with semen.

"I know... reasons aren't excuses. I still did it. I still hurt you. And all this time... all this time I've felt so guilty. Every time I saw you walking the halls with your head down, every time I heard people talk about me for defeating you... it felt like my heart was being sliced to pieces."

She drew in shuddering breaths, her voice crumbling further. "I wanted to apologize. For a long time. But I was afraid. Afraid you wouldn't forgive me. Afraid it would make you hate me even more. And look now... my fears were right. You won't forgive me, will you? After everything I've done... after everything you just... did to me..."

Isabel looked at me, her grey eyes brimming with tears and a fragile innocence. Her usually cold, haughty expression now resembled that of a lost little girl—wounded and full of remorse.

"I realize... I don't deserve forgiveness. Not after all that. But..."

She stopped, her hands clenching tightly in her lap. "But it shouldn't have... it shouldn't have come to this. I know I deserve retribution. I deserve punishment. But this... this is the wrong way, Adam. Raping me... shaming me like this in front of everyone... this isn't right."

Her tears flowed freely again. "... I'll confess. I'll accept my punishment. I'll admit all my wrongdoings before the academy board, even before the Guardian Council if I must. I'll accept expulsion from the academy, or even imprisonment. But please... please forgive me. Forgive my foolishness. Forgive my fear. Forgive me for being Yukie's tool to hurt you."

She crawled a little closer, her trembling hands seeming to want to reach for my feet but not daring to. "And I promise... I'll forget everything that happened here. I won't report you. I won't tell anyone about... about this terrifying ability of yours. I'll stay silent. I just want... I just want you to give me a chance to make things right. To prove that I truly am sorry."

Wow, she really was an excellent speaker. I was almost impressed. Any normal man watching would have been moved, perhaps even felt guilty for treating her so cruelly.

I, who had seen it all, merely raised both my eyebrows.

Her acting... was superb. Extraordinary, even. She had transformed herself from a proud, arrogant girl into a fragile, remorseful victim in a matter of minutes.

But I wasn't a normal man. And more importantly, I could read the true vibrations of emotion, even behind the most perfect mask.

A sneer then spread across my lips.

And behind those tears and that flawless expression of regret, inside Isabel's rapidly spinning mind, a cold analysis was taking place. 'I need to get out of this situation first. Time-stop skill... that's beyond expectations. Don't know its limits, don't know how to counter it. And he definitely has other skills he's hiding. Fighting head-on now is suicide.'

Her mind worked quickly, calculating. 'So my strategy is surrender. Pretend to be remorseful. Offer peace. Admit fault. What man can refuse a beautiful woman crying and begging for forgiveness? Then after I'm out of this situation... I'll plan something, and then when the time comes...'

'I will kill him.'

Her plan was clear. But then, as she saw the sneer on my face, the anger she had been suppressing exploded in her heart. 'YOU FUCKING BASTARD! YOU STILL DARE TO SNEER LIKE THAT AFTER TREATING ME LIKE TRASH?!'

The pent-up hatred, the humiliation still burning in every cell of her body, her shredded pride—it all overflowed at once. The logic and neatly laid plans were shattered by a wave of pure rage.

'Forget the plan! Forget the act! I'LL TEAR HIM APART RIGHT NOW!'

And in an instant, her body, which had been kneeling in a fragile pose, changed.

Like lightning, Isabel shot forward. Her movement was so fast it was almost invisible to the normal eye—the speed of a true Rank A Assassin. From her sleeve lying on the floor, a short blade glinted, snatched up by her skilled fingers.

She used the momentum, used the close proximity, used the moment where I might have been lulled into thinking she had surrendered.

Isabel's eyes, which moments ago were full of tears, now blazed with pure hatred. Her red lips formed an angry snarl. The blade was swung with lethal precision, aimed at my neck—an attack clearly meant to kill, violating tournament rules, but she no longer cared.

She wanted only one thing: to kill Adam Socheron.