

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 216: Chapter 216 - The Smell of Butter and Eggs

The next morning, sunlight bled through the gaps in the curtains, painting golden streaks across Zoey's naked body as she slept soundly beside me. Her full chest rose and fell in slow rhythm, lips slightly parted, black hair tangled across the pillow.

I watched her for a moment—this woman who'd screamed and come more times than I could count in every corner of my house last night.

Then my eyes drifted to the digital clock on the nightstand.

08:34.

The tournament finals started at ten.

I rubbed my face, still foggy with the remnants of last night's pleasure, and grabbed my phone from the floor. The screen lit up, and news notifications flooded my lock screen.

Breaking News: Guardian Council Member Black Dragon Found Dead in Central District Park

I sat upright.

My fingers opened the first article. Black Dragon's photo—the man with that hulking frame, wild black hair, eyes like coal that always burned with arrogance—was now plastered above news of his own death. His body had been discovered this morning by park maintenance staff. Head severed from torso. Burn scars on the neck.

"The perpetrator is still under investigation. The Guardian Council suspects involvement by the Abyss Syndicate or other international criminal organizations."

I scrolled down. Comments flooded in at a staggering pace.

"Black Dragon's dead? Who could kill an SS-rank?!"

"The Abyss Syndicate must be behind this. They've threatened Gatehaven for too long."

"I'm scared to leave my house. If even Guardian Council members can be killed..."

"Our lives aren't safe anymore."

"They say the head was severed with perfect precision. One clean cut."

I set the phone on my chest, staring at the ceiling.

Black Dragon was dead.

Someone had executed an SS-rank Guardian Council member and dumped his body in a park like garbage. And the killer was still out there.

My thoughts immediately went to Delilah. My mother had obviously already left—there must be emergency meetings, urgent briefings, some kind of massive investigation. This wasn't an ordinary death. This was a declaration of war against the Council.

I got up, leaving Zoey still deep in sleep.

I walked down the hall, heading for the bathroom.

Then I caught the scent of butter and eggs.

I stopped.

From the end of the hallway came the soft clatter of a pan, the whisper of a low flame, and gentle humming I knew intimately. I followed the sound, down the stairs, through the still-messy living room, and turned toward the kitchen.

And there, standing before a lit stove, was a woman with golden-blond hair falling loose to her shoulders.

Delilah.

She was holding a spatula, flipping eggs with graceful movements. But that wasn't what stopped me cold.

She was wearing only an apron.

The cream-colored lace apron I'd hung up a few weeks ago as a joke. Its neck strap tied neatly, its waistband cinching her slender middle perfectly. But beneath that apron... nothing.

No bra. No panties. Not a single thread.

Her porcelain-white skin showed faintly through the thin fabric. Every movement made the apron sway, casting shadows far more seductive than full nudity. And from behind...

God.

From behind, the apron barely covered anything. Her smooth, sculpted back was completely exposed, framed by that beautiful golden hair. And below, two full, plush,

perfect spheres—her generous ass was almost entirely bare, only a thin strip of fabric tucked between her cheeks, swaying with every motion.

I stood in the kitchen doorway, utterly speechless.

She turned, maybe hearing my footsteps, and smiled. That goddess-like face glowed, her cheeks faintly flushed.

"Good morning, darling," she said softly. "I'm making you breakfast."

I didn't answer. My legs moved on their own, carrying me toward her from behind. Delilah turned back to the pan, unaware that I was already right behind her.

My hands circled her waist.

"Oh!" She tensed slightly, startled. The spatula froze mid-air.

My chest pressed against her warm back. And below, my cock—already hard and thick since waking—pressed directly into the cleft of her full ass, separated only by that thin apron fabric.

"S-Son..." her voice trembled, her face now deeply flushed as she glanced back at me. "It's... it's still morning..."

"Mon," I breathed against her ear, "what's the occasion? You never cook."

She squirmed slightly, trying to focus on the pan that was starting to smoke. "I-I... ah... I wanted you to fight well today. This is the tournament finals, and I didn't want... mmh... you to be hungry..."

"I am hungry," I cut her off. "Just not for food."

"Adam!" she protested half-heartedly, her voice already turning breathy. The spatula clattered to the floor. "I'm... I'm cooking... aaah..."

My hands around her waist began to move. My fingers slipped beneath the apron, gliding slowly over her flat stomach, then...

Stopped at her breasts.

And squeezed.

Those full, heavy breasts filled my grip completely. So soft, so warm, so substantial. I groped them with full ownership, and in response, her instantly stiffening nipples released a spray of warm breast milk that soaked the apron from within.

"Hhh—ah!" Delilah moaned, long and low, her body arching backward, pressing her ass harder against my crotch. "You're... you're making my apron wet..."

"That's the point," I murmured against her long, pale neck. I kissed her, sucking on her fragrant skin. "You wore this on purpose, didn't you? Waiting for me to wake up."

"I-I didn't... I just... ahh... wanted to look pretty..."

"You're always pretty, Mom. But this... this is another level."

My fingers gently twisted both her nipples. Milk continued to flow, soaking the apron, making the lace cling transparently to her swollen breasts.

Delilah had stopped pretending to cook. The stove was off, the eggs in the pan beginning to burn. But she didn't care. Her head hung low, her breaths came short and shallow, and every time I twisted her nipples, she let out a soft moan.

"Mom," I whispered, "you know how obscene this is, right?"

"A-Adam... you... ahh... Mommy was trying to cook..." she protested, but her tone sounded more like a moan than a scolding. Her ass pushed harder against me, pressing my cock more firmly.

"I'm 'cooking' too," I answered mischievously, my fingers still twisting her milk-wet nipples. Another spurt of milk escaped, this time more forcefully, soaking the apron until the thin fabric clung transparently to her chest.

"Hhh— you perverted child..." Delilah hissed, but the corners of her mouth curved upward. Those golden eyes looked at me over her shoulder, filled with distorted love and desire.

I smiled back. "And you, my esteemed stepmother, Guardian Council member, the Star Witch, wear nothing but an apron to cook for your stepson. Who's the pervert here?"

Delilah flushed deeper, but didn't argue. "But... you like it, right?"

"This was one of my dreams," I murmured, bringing my lips close to her ear. "Fucking you while you cook in an apron. I figured it was every young man's fantasy, living with a milf like you."

Delilah's face was now tomato-red, but her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "You... shameless boy..."

"What's the point of shame? The important thing is my dream came true."

Delilah sighed happily, her body leaning further into my chest. Her free hand reached for mine, still on her breasts, pressing it harder.

"Just enjoy it, Son. It's all for you."

I almost continued. Almost pulled off her apron and took her from behind right there. But then I remembered.

"I thought you'd already left," I said, still fondling her breasts. "With the news of Black Dragon's death... aren't you having an emergency meeting?"

Delilah was quiet for a moment. Her earlier quick breaths began to slow. She looked down, then answered in a calmer voice.

"Yes... I've been summoned."

"Then why are you still here?"

She turned, looking at me with gentle eyes. "The meeting's at ten. There's still time."

"For what?"

She smiled coyly. "To make breakfast for my son."

I frowned. "But the eggs are burnt."

We both looked at the pan. The fried eggs there were blackened at the edges, the yolks overcooked and misshapen. Delilah laughed softly, a little embarrassed.

"Oh dear... because of you..."

"So," I interrupted, "Mommy still has about... an hour?"

She looked at me, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "Don't bother me, Adam. I need to clean this—"

"I want to eat you right now."

Delilah froze.

"Isn't that why you dressed like this?" I continued, my voice dropping half an octave. "So I could access you easily? From behind? While you pretended to be busy cooking?"

She didn't answer. But her body trembled. Her already-flushed cheeks burned brighter, all the way to her ears.

"A-Adam..." she breathed, barely audible.

My free hand gripped her waist, pulling her ass tighter against my crotch. My impatient cock ground against the cleft of her ass, searching for entry, searching for the gate.

"Or," I whispered in her ear, "did you wear this because you wanted your stepson to fuck you in the kitchen first thing in the morning?"

"I-I..."

"Answer me, Mom."

She bowed her head deeply. Her voice was barely a sigh.

"Y-yes..."

"What?"

"YES!" She moaned, embarrassed and delighted at once. "Yes, I wore this because I wanted you to... fuck me... in the kitchen... right now..."

I smiled, satisfied. My hand, still groping her breasts, now twisted both nipples at once. Hard.

"AAAAHHH!" Delilah let out a short scream, her body arching. Milk sprayed violently, soaking the apron until the fabric was completely transparent, clinging to her skin.

"You perverted child," she hissed, but her tone was full of pleasure.

With slow, deliberately dramatic movements, Delilah reached for the hem of her apron. She lifted it slightly, then bent forward, spreading her smooth thighs. And there, between her slender white legs, her already-soaked pussy was on full display.

Those pink labia were already swollen, slightly parted, and from within, clear fluid slowly trickled down her inner thigh.

"Go ahead," she whispered, her voice trembling with uncontrollable desire. "Enjoy... your mommy..."

I didn't need to be told twice.

With one pull, I swept her apron aside completely, revealing her beautiful back and that full, plump ass. Then I positioned myself, the tip of my enlarged, throbbing cock pressing against her wet entrance.

"Put it in..." Delilah begged, her voice nearly a whimper. "Hurry... Son..."

I pushed.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH~!"

Her voice echoed through the entire kitchen, probably through the whole house. Her body tensed, then collapsed, her weight supported entirely by the kitchen counter before her. Her full ass rocked backward, welcoming every inch of my cock as it sank into her.

"Yes... yes... full... Mommy's so full..." she moaned, her face lowered, blonde hair spilling across the granite countertop.

I began to move.

Every thrust sent her body lurching forward, her large breasts swinging wildly beneath her now-open apron. Milk continued to stream from her hard nipples, dripping onto the counter, forming small white puddles.

"Mom," I hissed, slapping her left buttock, its pristine white flesh now marked red, "you really can't live without me, can you?"

"I-I CAN'T!" she screamed shamelessly. "MOMMY CAN'T! MOMMY'S LIFE WOULD BE DESTROYED WITHOUT YOUR COCK INSIDE HER! AAH! AAH! AAH!"

I slapped her ass again. The sound reverberated, leaving another red mark on her pale skin.

My free hand reached around to grab both her breasts from behind. I squeezed them brutally, squeezing out her milk until it sprayed everywhere—across the counter, the apron, the kitchen floor.

"Drink my milk~!" she moaned hysterically. "Milk Mommy! Mommy is your cow! MOMMY IS ADAM'S COW!"

We moved faster, more brutal. The kitchen counter shifted a few inches from the impact of our bodies. Cookware rattled. The burnt eggs in the pan had long gone cold.

"I'm about to come," I hissed, breath ragged.

"COME INSIDE MOMMY! MAKE MOMMY PREGNANT AGAIN! I WANTS TO BE PREGNANT FOREVER! I WANTS MY BELLY TO KEEP SWELLING WITH YOUR CHILD!"

I thrust once, with all my strength, as deep as I could go. And inside her already-soaked, pulsing womb, I released my morning load.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH—!"

Delilah's scream stretched long and loud, her body shuddering violently, her pussy clenching tight around my cock—dancing, squeezing, milking every last drop of sperm I released. That warm, white flood filled her womb, some of it spilling over, trickling down her beautiful thighs.

We stayed like that for a moment. Just the sound of heavy breathing.

Delilah collapsed against the kitchen counter, her body limp, drained. Semen still dripped from her gaping entrance, forming a small puddle on the granite floor.

I took a long breath, savoring the last threads of pleasure still firing through my nerves.

"Enough for this morning," I muttered, mostly to myself.

But then Delilah stirred.

Slowly, she turned. Her face was still flushed, her breath still ragged, and those golden eyes of hers were glazed.

"Adam," she called softly.

"Hm?"

She looked down. Her delicate fingers found my hand, curling around it tightly.

"Why... have you never claimed my ass virginity?"

I froze.

She lifted her gaze, meeting mine directly. In her eyes, there was no shame.

"Do you actually... not like me?"

Chapter 217: Chapter 217 - The Gift She Saved

I frowned, still tangled in the aftermath of that explosive release. My breathing was still ragged, and so was Delilah's. But her question hung in the air, strange and unexpected.

"What do you mean, Mom?" I asked, genuinely confused.

Delilah looked down, her fingers still tightly gripping mine. Her voice was small, almost like a shy whisper.

"Last night... I said I'd give you a gift, remember? I didn't get to give it to you because Zoey showed up."

I went silent. The memory surfaced. Last night, right before the doorbell rang and Zoey appeared, Delilah had been about to say something.

"The gift was..." Delilah continued, her voice trembling, "my anal virginity. I want you to take it."

I chuckled, incredulous. "What?"

"Because I can't give you my pussy's virginity," she rushed on, as if afraid that stopping would make her lose her nerve. "That was already given to my husband long ago. But this hole... no one has ever touched it. It's only yours."

I remained silent, processing her words.

Delilah lifted her face, those golden eyes filled with a vulnerability I rarely saw. "I'm jealous, Adam. You took Angeline's anal virginity. You took Gwen's anal virginity. Charlotte's too. Zoey's. Yesterday... Isabel's. But I... your own mother... still haven't."

I was stunned.

This was insane. Truly insane. But this was Delilah speaking. The woman who was once cold as ice, now staring at me with eyes full of longing, admitting she was jealous of her own daughters because I hadn't yet taken her anal virginity.

"Don't you like my asshole?" she whispered, her eyes glistening. "Do you think it's not good enough? Or maybe... you don't like that part of my body?"

Before she could continue her spiral into despair, I pulled her into a tight embrace. My chest pressed against her breasts, still damp with milk and sweat. I could feel her heart racing.

"I love you, Delilah," I murmured against her hair. "I love every inch of your body. And it's precisely because I love you that I've been waiting for the right moment to take your anal virginity."

She looked up, her eyes sparkling. "Really?"

"Really," I said firmly. "This isn't something I could do hastily."

Delilah smiled—such a sincere, happy smile that it made my chest warm. Then her expression shifted to something a little sad.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm so sorry I couldn't give you my real virginity. I want to make up for it... with my ass. By giving you the hole no one has ever touched."

I stroked her golden-blond hair. "That doesn't matter to me, Mom. Truly. Because no matter what... it was from your womb that Angel and Gwen were born. And I've already taken their virginity. That's more than enough."

Delilah's eyes welled up, but this time not from sadness. She smiled, proudly. "I gave birth to them... and you took them. It's like... a circle, isn't it?"

"A perfect circle," I answered, kissing her forehead.

She hugged me tightly. "I'm going to be very busy in the coming days. With Black Dragon's death... there will be meetings, investigations, chaos. I don't know when I'll have free time again."

I understood. The Guardian Council was on full alert.

"So," Delilah continued, pulling back from our embrace and looking at me with eyes sparkling with mischief mixed with determination, "I want to give you this gift now. To you. Right now."

I smiled, the passion that had subsided beginning to reignite. "With pleasure, Mom. But you should know... it's going to hurt a lot."

"I'm prepared," Delilah answered without hesitation. "I've been using an anal plug almost every day since... since we started this. I've been training it. For this moment. For you."

"I imagined you fucking me from behind, your big cock sliding into my ass, and me screaming your name. It's the only way I could orgasm without you."

My heart pounded at the thought—Delilah, the Star Witch, Guardian Council member, the most revered woman in the world—kneeling in her own bathroom, inserting an anal plug every night, alone, just to prepare herself for me.

"You really are..."

"Only for you," she cut me off, smiling sweetly.

She turned, and with graceful movement, climbed onto the cold granite kitchen counter. Her burnt eggs were pushed aside, the pan clattering softly. She lay on her back, then slowly, deliberately, spread her smooth white thighs.

The view from below stole my breath.

Her red, swollen pussy, with my semen still slowly leaking out, created a white pool on the granite. And above it, her tiny, tightly puckered asshole. Unlike other assholes I'd seen, this one looked neat, clean, and... inviting. Evidence of her training, the surrounding skin was slightly more elastic, her sphincter muscles appeared more pliable, ready to receive.

"Take me," Delilah whispered, those golden eyes staring at me intensely. "Take my second virginity, Adam."

I moved closer, my knees touching the edge of the cold granite counter. My hands reached for her slender hips, pulling her to the edge. With my other hand, I positioned my hard, slick cock right at the entrance of her puckered asshole.

"This is going to hurt," I warned again, my voice hoarse. "I can't do it slowly. Slow makes it worse."

"I know," Delilah answered, her breathing shallow. "Just do it. Now. I've waited too long for this."

And in one quick, firm, merciless thrust—

I buried my entire shaft into her asshole.

"HHHHRRRRNNNNGGGGGHHHH—!"

Delilah grimaced fiercely, her beautiful face contorted in overwhelming pain. Her hands gripped the edge of the granite counter until her knuckles turned white. Her body went rigid, her abdominal muscles clenching, and tears began streaming from her eyes from the sheer intensity of the sensation.

But she didn't scream. She held back her cries of pain, replacing them with a long hiss escaping through her tightly clenched teeth.

And it felt... God, it felt for me...

Incredible.

Even a woman of Delilah's caliber, her asshole still felt like the tightest paradise. Her muscles clenched firmly around my shaft, squeezing, embracing this foreign invasion with intense warmth. The smooth, hot walls of her rectum wrapped perfectly around every centimeter of my skin.

I had waited long for this day. Ever since I first conquered Delilah, since I first felt her pussy, I had imagined what it would be like inside this other sacred hole of hers. And now, that fantasy had become reality.

"I'm going to move," I whispered, my voice trembling from the sensation.

"M-move..." Delilah hissed, her eyes still squeezed shut, tears still flowing. "Please... move..."

I began to move. Slowly at first, only short thrusts, acclimating her still-rigid hole to my size. Each thrust made Delilah grimace, but between those winces of pain, small sighs began to emerge—signs that the pain was beginning to blend with something else.

"A-Adam..." she moaned, her eyes starting to open. Tears still wet her cheeks, but those golden eyes now stared at me full of love and desire.

"I love you, Delilah," I murmured, continuing to push gently into her ass.

"I love you too, Adam," she answered, her voice breaking. "I've loved you... ever since the first time... you saw me as a woman..."

We kissed. A tender, deep, passionate kiss. Her soft lips welcomed me, her tongue meeting mine with a gentleness that contrasted with what I was doing below.

The pain on her face slowly began to fade, replaced by emerging pleasure. I quickened my rhythm, my thrusts growing deeper, fuller.

"Oh... yes... it's... starting to feel... good..." Delilah hissed between our kisses. "My asshole... is starting to like it... ah! Right there!"

And her virgin asshole—which had trained for days, which had been prepared with such dedicated devotion—sucked me in greedily. Each withdrawal, each thrust, made the surrounding muscles work, squeezing, massaging my shaft in perfect rhythm.

It didn't take long.

The sensation of Delilah's asshole, combined with overwhelming emotion, with unbroken passionate kisses, with the triumph of finally possessing the last sacred part of her body—it all converged into an unstoppable wave.

"I'm... I'm coming..." I groaned between kisses.

"COME IN MOMMY'S ASSHOLE!" Delilah roared, suddenly losing control. "FILL ME UP! FILL MOMMY! LET YOUR SPERM DRIP FROM MOMMY'S ASS!"

I released a torrent of thick semen into her hot, tight rectum. And simultaneously, Delilah screamed, her body arching, her cunt spraying clear fluid once more—an orgasm triggered solely by anal stimulation.

We went still, breathless. Delilah's body went limp on the granite counter, semen beginning to seep from her now gaping, reddened asshole, mixed with a trace of blood—the mark of the virginity I had just torn.

But Delilah wasn't satisfied.

"Come on... round two," she whispered, her breath still heavy but her eyes already sparkling mischievously again.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "That was your first time."

"I've waited too long for this," she answered firmly. "I won't be satisfied with just one round."

She turned over. Now she lay on her stomach on the granite counter, her plump ass raised high, offering an utterly lewd view, her pussy still leaking my semen from the previous round, and above it, her red, swollen asshole, also beginning to drip thick white fluid.

She looked back over her shoulder, her face twisted between lingering pain and the pleasure she'd already experienced. That expression—that mix of suffering and ecstasy, sacrifice and satisfaction—only fueled my arousal further.

"Come on, darling," she teased, wiggling her ass. "Destroy your mommy's asshole again. Make her addicted to your cock."

I smiled. "If Mom insists..."

Once more, I thrust my still-hard cock into her asshole, now wet and loosened by semen. This time, there was no pain on Delilah's face. What remained was an expression twisted between pure pleasure and sweet agony. Her eyes were half-lidded, her mouth wide open in a long moan, and from her wet lips, obscene words continued to flow.

"Ah... yes... deeper... deeper still... destroy Mommy's ass... make it yours... hhhaaaahhh...!"

I pounded into her hard, mercilessly. Each thrust sent her body jerking forward, her large breasts swinging wildly beneath her. The kitchen counter creaked again, cookware rattling.

"I'm never letting go of this ass," I hissed, my voice hoarse. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life inside your ass."

"YES! PROMISE! YOU HAVE TO PROMISE!" Delilah screamed hysterically. "MOMMY'S ASS IS ONLY FOR YOU! FOREVER! MOMMY PROMISES SHE'LL NEVER GIVE IT TO ANYONE ELSE! ONLY YOU! FOREVER YOU!"

We moved in an increasingly faster, more brutal rhythm. Our bodies were slick with sweat, mixed with the semen spilling from her ass, mixed with the squirt continuously gushing from her cunt. The once-clean, tidy kitchen was now a mess from our activities.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! AAHHHH!" Delilah screamed, unrestrained. "MY SON'S COCK... IN MOMMY'S ASS... AAHHH! THIS IS INSANE! THIS IS TOO GOOD!"

I felt the second wave approaching. And the third. And the fourth.

Each time I peaked, Delilah screamed and squirted. Each time she orgasmed, her asshole clenched tightly around my cock, forcing me to keep giving her more.

I lost track of time. Maybe ten minutes, maybe twenty. All I remembered was the unending rhythm, Delilah's increasingly hoarse moans, and wave after wave of pleasure flooding us both.

Unnoticed, the wall clock in the kitchen showed 10:15.

The final round of the tournament had started fifteen minutes ago. But in the Socheron household kitchen, the Star Witch and her stepson were still busy with their own, far more important ritual.

"A-Adam... the time... the tournament..." Delilah tried to remind me between moans.

"Fuck the tournament," I growled, slamming into her ass harder.

"Yes... fuck it... ah! Yes! DESTROY MOMMY!"

I kept pumping. Semen spilled out again, and again, and again. Delilah's ass was now stuffed full, unable to contain any more. The thick white fluid streamed down her thighs, dripping onto the kitchen counter, then the floor.

And her pussy was equally full. My semen from this morning had mixed with her own fluids, creating a large pool on the granite.

After the fifth round, or maybe the sixth, we finally stopped.

Delilah collapsed onto the kitchen counter, her body limp and powerless. Her breath came in ragged gasps, and each exhale pushed more of my leftover semen from her asshole, which could no longer close tightly.

Slowly, she raised her trembling hand. Her delicate index finger touched her own asshole, then she wiped away a little of my semen that was still flowing out.

She brought her finger to her mouth. She licked it, with such a deep expression of happiness.

"Thank you, Adam. For loving me this much."

Chapter 218: Chapter 218 - Two Left in the Circle

The Guardian Council chamber was magnificent, cold, and steeped in history. Walls of black marble rose high, adorned with silver etchings depicting epic battles against legendary monsters. The vaulted ceiling soared three stories high, with stained glass windows casting kaleidoscopic light into the silent room.

At the center, nine high-backed ebony chairs with burgundy velvet upholstery formed an imperfect circle. Each chair bore a unique crest representing its owner—a silver arrow for the Saint Archer, a golden-leaved tree for Eldertree, a radiant heart for the Sacred Healer, and so on.

But today, only seven chairs were occupied. Two stood empty.

One vacancy—the chair bearing the black dragon crest that Black Dragon had occupied for two decades. Its owner now lay dead, beheaded by one of his own.

One seat left empty forever, belonging to the former member who had turned his back on them.

And the seven figures seated in those chairs represented the absolute peak of the world's Hunter hierarchy. The finest Awakeners humanity had to offer. Each possessed power enough to level an entire city single-handedly.

The Saint Archer—Zephyr, white cloth veiling his face—sat with his back ramrod straight.

Beside him, Eldertree, an old man with a white beard that sprawled like tangled roots, leaned back with his eyes shut as though sleeping, though everyone knew he never missed a single word.

The Sacred Healer—Charlotte Haverty, usually so composed—fidgeted today, her gaze repeatedly drifting to the empty chair once occupied by Black Dragon.

The Demon Slayer, a middle-aged man with burn scars covering half his face, kept his hand perpetually near his sword even during meetings.

The Beast Master, a petite woman with twin grey braids who looked like anyone's ordinary grandmother but could command thousands of minsters simultaneously.

The Blood Valkyrie, a woman with chestnut-blonde hair woven into a neat braid, her sharp green eyes now narrowing as she checked her watch.

And one empty chair, the one they were waiting for.

The chamber door opened.

All eyes turned toward the sound of heavy hinges groaning softly. Delilah Socheron stepped inside, and for a moment, the cold room seemed to warm slightly at her presence. Her golden-blonde hair was impeccably arranged as always, her elegant white gown shimmering faintly, her face calm and graceful as a goddess descending from a painting.

The Blood Valkyrie narrowed her eyes, then snorted. "You're late, Star," she said, her voice sharp and impatient. "This is an emergency session concerning Black Dragon's murder. His body is still warm, and you... are twenty-five minutes late. What could possibly be important enough to neglect Council business?"

Delilah showed no offense. She walked calmly toward her seat—the only chair bearing a crest of a falling golden star. Her movements were graceful, though she sat with a certain carefulness.

"I had matters to attend to with my son," Delilah replied flatly, without a trace of apology in her tone.

"With your stepson?" Valkyrie's brow furrowed. "Adam? What matter could be more important than this?"

Delilah met her gaze with those calm golden eyes. "Family matters, Val. Something you might not understand, given how busy you are hunting monsters that you've forgotten to find yourself a partner."

The Demon Slayer chuckled softly. The Beast Master offered a faint smile. Even Eldertree cracked one eye open, fixing his gaze on the Blood Valkyrie, whose face had flushed crimson.

"Enough," Zephyr cut in, his voice calm as it sliced through the tension. "We're not here to discuss each other's personal affairs. Begin the session."

Valkyrie snorted again but offered no further protest.

And so the Guardian Council's meeting regarding Black Dragon's death commenced.

Thirty minutes later.

The once-tense chamber had grown more animated—the Demon Slayer and Valkyrie were locked in debate over investigative procedures, the Beast Master calmly proposed conspiracy theories involving international criminal syndicates, while Eldertree and the Sacred Healer remained largely silent.

Delilah merely listened, offering occasional brief opinions, but her thoughts... her thoughts remained half-trapped in her kitchen at home.

The meeting eventually adjourned. Each member was assigned different investigative leads. They began filing out one by one, the heavy door opening and closing, leaving the chamber increasingly empty.

Until only two remained.

"Star," Zephyr's voice broke the silence. He stood near the massive window overlooking the city, his back straight, yet something in his posture had shifted. "There's something I need to tell you."

Delilah, who had been straightening her robe, paused. She regarded Zephyr carefully. "What do you need to tell me?"

Zephyr didn't answer immediately. He walked toward the door the Blood Valkyrie had just exited through, and with a soft motion, it sealed shut with a gentle click. A magical sound rippled outward, ensuring no one could overhear their conversation.

Delilah frowned but remained silent.

Zephyr turned. For a moment, he simply stood there, his tall, mysterious figure illuminated beneath the stained glass windows. Then he spoke. "We've known each other a long time, Star. Of all the Guardian Council members, you're the one I trust most."

Delilah offered no response, though one eyebrow lifted slightly.

"I need to ask for your help," Zephyr continued.

"What kind of help?" Delilah's voice was wary.

Zephyr drew a slow breath. Then, in that same calm voice, he confessed.

"I'm the one who killed Black Dragon."

The air in the chamber shifted instantly. Delilah froze, her golden eyes widening, her hand pausing mid-motion against her robe.

Outside that silent, secret-laden Guardian Council chamber, the world continued turning. The Aegis Grand Colosseum still thundered with spectators' cheers, though the atmosphere had grown slightly more somber following the morning's announcement of Black Dragon's death.

I sat on Nine Stars' bench with a flat expression while Instructor Violet stood before me, her face flushed crimson.

"LATE?!" she hissed, fighting to keep her volume in check while clearly furious. "The final round has been running for thirty minutes, Adam! THIRTY MINUTES! And you're only showing up now?!"

I shrugged. "Family matters."

"Family matters?" Violet looked ready to explode. "Your family is Nine Stars Academy right now! And you—" She cut herself off, drawing a long breath, visibly attempting to compose herself.

"Never mind. Sit down and wait your turn. Don't think you'll be deployed immediately after yesterday's disgraceful behavior."

I didn't argue. I nodded and took the seat she indicated. Beside me, Isabel immediately shifted away the moment I sat down. Her face was pale, and she refused to look at me at all. On my other side, Maximus sat at the bench's edge with a sour expression, clearly still nursing a grudge.

I ignored them all and focused my attention on the arena.

And in the Guardian Council's private viewing section—yesterday crowded with imposing figures—only empty chairs remained. Eight luxurious seats bearing each member's name, and at one of them...

The chair Black Dragon had occupied yesterday now held a simple white wreath. At its center, a small plaque engraved with a name: BLACK DRAGON. With respect, we remember.

The death of a Guardian Council member was clearly no small matter. Of course they were all occupied with investigations and other far more important affairs than watching children fight in an arena. I'd missed the moment of silence held in his memory as well—and honestly, I couldn't have cared less.

My gaze shifted to the massive scoreboard hovering above the arena.

FINAL ROUND: DUEL OF HONOR

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 5 WINS – 3 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 3 WINS – 5 LOSSES

This final round format had been tradition since the tournament's inception decades ago. The two teams that survived the first and second rounds would face off in a series of one-on-one duels that determined everything. Each team fielded their ten best fighters, taking turns in rotation.

No point systems. No complex score calculations. Only pure victory or defeat. A fighter who defeated their opponent could choose to remain in the arena and face the next challenger, or temporarily withdraw to be replaced by a teammate.

And every loss was final—no second chances, no rematches. Once a fighter lost, they were out of the tournament entirely.

The battle continued like that, round after round, until every member of one team was completely eliminated. The team with fighters still standing in the arena at the end would be crowned champion.

Simple enough.

Three of Nine Stars' first fighters—Drake, Ace, and Mason—had already fallen. Violet seemed to have deliberately sent out the weakest ones first, I figured.

Probably so they'd at least get a chance to compete. If Violet had deployed Yukie right away, the rest of us nine might never have fought at all.

Currently, a fierce battle raged in the arena. A silver-haired woman with ice-blue eyes was dominating the fight for Drakefield. Talia Lebrance. Her name flashed on the side display, accompanied by a brief note about her frost blade specialization that had already earned her four consecutive victories.

Her opponent was Kelvin Velnort from Nine Stars—one of the few male students at our academy, specializing in daggers and speed. But from the moment the match began, it was clear he was outmatched.

Talia moved with lethal grace. Each sword stroke left crystalline ice trails in the air, and every time Kelvin tried to close the distance, thin ice walls materialized in his path. Kelvin ran, leaped, tried everything to break through that frozen defense. But Talia was always one step ahead.

And sure enough. In one fluid moment, Talia deflected Kelvin's dagger strike with the flat of her blade, then in the same motion, swept his legs out from under him. Kelvin lost balance. His dagger flew from his grip, spinning through the air before striking the floor with a sharp clatter.

Talia didn't waste the opportunity. Her sword swung horizontal, and the freezing tip grazed Kelvin's arm—not deep, but enough to make blood freeze at the wound's surface.

Kelvin winced, clutching his injured arm. He tried to rise, but Talia had already aimed her blade's point directly at his throat.

"You've lost," Talia said, her voice as cold as the ice she commanded.

A siren announced the match's end. The Host at his dedicated podium immediately roared with enthusiasm:

"KELVIN VELNORT OF NINE STARS ACADEMY HAS BEEN DEFEATED! A BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR TALIA LEBRANCE OF DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY! HER SWORD TECHNIQUE IS SO PRECISE, SO DEVASTATING! THIS MARKS THE FOURTH TIME DRAKEFIELD HAS BROUGHT DOWN A NINE STARS REPRESENTATIVE! EXTRAORDINARY!"

The colosseum erupted in cheers for Drakefield. Across the arena, the Drakefield team roared in celebration while Talia smiled in satisfaction, pressing her sword flat against her chest in a respectful salute before returning to her ranks.

Violet, seated before us, showed no disappointment whatsoever.

She turned to face us. Her sharp gaze swept across our line, then stopped on one figure.

"Arianna," she called.

Arianna Blazinger, who had been sitting with tense, impatient posture, immediately straightened her back. Her face lit up, eyes sparkling.

"Finally," she breathed, rising from her seat with energetic motion. "I thought I'd just be sitting and standing through this entire tournament. So boring."

She stretched her arms overhead, joints cracking softly. A wide smile graced her pretty face—confident, even slightly arrogant. But after two full rounds on the bench without a single fight, who could blame her?

"ATTENTION! NINE STARS ACADEMY IS DEPLOYING A NEW FIGHTER!" the Host shouted. "ARIANNA BLAZINGER! DAUGHTER OF NINE STARS ACADEMY

HEADMASTER OPHELIA BLAZINGER—ALSO A FORMER GUARDIAN COUNCIL MEMBER! THIS WILL BE INTERESTING!"

The spectators' cheering jumped several octaves. The Blazinger name still carried enormous weight, even after Ophelia's resignation.

Arianna stepped into the arena gracefully, her fiery red hair billowing in the wind. She took her position, hands on her hips, awaiting her opponent.

On the Drakefield bench, a brief discussion was visible. Talia had just fought, though not exhaustively, but they seemed to have decided against taking risks.

The small figure in dark robes rose. Isaac Moonfall.

The Host immediately seized the moment.

"OH! DRAKEFIELD IS WITHDRAWING TALIA LEBRANCE AND DEPLOYING... ISAAC MOONFALL! DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY'S TOP STUDENT! THIS IS THE CLASH EVERYONE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR! ARIANNA BLAZINGER, THE HEADMASTER'S DAUGHTER, VERSUS ISAAC MOONFALL, THE DEATHLY SHADOW OF DRAKEFIELD!"

In the arena, Isaac Moonfall had already taken his stance. His small, slender frame seemed no match for Arianna's taller, athletic build. But the aura he projected was different—calm, lethal, like a serpent poised to strike.

Arianna smiled broadly. "Finally, a worthy opponent."

Isaac said nothing. He simply waited, his hands concealed beneath his robe.

The referee raised his hand.

"THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

And like lightning, Isaac vanished.

Chapter 219: Chapter 219 - Shadow Versus Flame

The starting siren hadn't even fully faded when Isaac Moonfall moved so fast the average eye couldn't track him.

Arianna didn't panic. Her crimson eyes swept rapidly, scanning every corner, every shadow, every footfall on the arena floor. Her ears caught the sound of her own breath, her heartbeat, and beneath it, the faintest whisper.

Left rear.

She spun, arm raised to block, but Isaac had already materialized. His small frame shot out from the darkness beneath the stands, twin black daggers striking like serpent fangs.

In an instant, Arianna's entire body exploded.

BOOM.

Arianna's entire body erupted in a blaze of reddish-gold fire. The heat was so intense that the marble tiles around her cracked instantly, shockwaves rippling outward in a three-meter radius. Isaac, whose daggers had been half an inch from Arianna's back, was forced to leap backward.

"OH! ARIANNA BLAZINGER HAS UNLEASHED HER FIRE POWER! THIS IS SOMETHING ONLY THE LEGENDARY BLAZEWALKER COULD ONCE DO! TRULY LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER!" the Announcer shrieked, his voice pitched with enthusiasm. "THE ARENA'S TEMPERATURE HAS RISEN SEVERAL DEGREES IN SECONDS! EXTRAORDINARY!"

In the arena, Arianna was already airborne. Her feet didn't touch the ground—her entire body was suspended by small jets of flame from her soles and back, hovering about a meter above the smoldering floor. Her red hair whipped like a burning banner, her now-orange glowing eyes fixed sharply on Isaac.

"You think you can run from me?" Her voice resonated, deeper than before. "Wherever you run, the fire will find you."

Isaac didn't answer. He ran.

Arianna raised one hand. A fireball the size of a human head formed in her palm, then shot forward like cannon fire.

EXPLOSION!

Isaac dodged left, rolling, then immediately sprinted again. Second and third fireballs followed, slamming into the floor behind him, leaving small craters with smoldering edges.

Spectators on the west side screamed as marble shrapnel flew toward them, but transparent magical barriers instantly materialized along the arena's perimeter, containing all debris.

Isaac ran in unpredictable zigzags. Occasionally he'd pause briefly, hurling his daggers at Arianna to break her concentration. Arianna deflected them with instant flame shields, or simply turned her head and watched the daggers melt mid-air before reaching her face.

But every failed fireball, every avoided strike, left its mark on the arena. The once-pristine white marble floor was now pockmarked with scorched craters, spreading cracks, piles of debris. Thick smoke began billowing from at least ten different points.

And Isaac began moving within that smoke.

Arianna stopped throwing. Her body still hovered, her eyes sweeping the arena warily. Isaac shifted positions rapidly—once east, the next second west, his movements leaving blurred trails difficult to track. The smoke aided him, creating concealment around every maneuver.

"Where is he?!"

"I can't see him—he's too fast!"

"BEHIND THE SMOKE!"

Arianna turned left. Behind a thick curtain of smoke, she could faintly make out the silhouette of a small body streaking through. Without a second thought, Arianna raised both hands.

"Burn."

A massive fireball—three times larger than before—formed above her head. The air around it vibrated, and several front-row spectators instinctively began backing away.

"D-Does she intend to blow up the entire arena?!" The Announcer nearly lost his voice. "A HIGH-INTENSITY FIREBALL! ARIANNA BLAZINGER MEANS BUSINESS!"

Arianna launched it.

The fireball streaked forward like a small meteor, slamming directly into the area where the silhouette had been spotted.

BOOOOOOM!

The explosion was so violent the spectator stands shook. Shockwaves of heat spread in every direction, drawing screams from women in the audience who covered their faces. Floor fragments flew everywhere, black smoke billowed skyward.

Arianna smiled in satisfaction.

That smile froze.

The exploded silhouette left no blood. No body. Nothing but scorched stone and marble fragments.

"That was... just smoke?!" she thought.

From Arianna's right, a dagger shot out from behind a pile of rubble.

CLANG!

Arianna deflected it with a flame shield. The dagger rebounded, spinning through the air. And before it could hit the ground—

Another figure emerged from the opposite direction.

Arianna started.

"Two?!"

She shot upward immediately, putting distance between herself and both threats. But the figures didn't pursue. They simply stood there, silent, waiting.

Arianna ground her teeth. Her breathing was growing slightly labored. She'd been too eager. Too quick to unleash techniques that drained her stamina. Now smoke was everywhere, and she couldn't distinguish the real Isaac from the decoys.

Calm down, she told herself. Control yourself. You're here to prove yourself in front of your mother.

She closed her eyes. Just for a moment.

Then she descended.

Her feet touched the scorched, cracked ground. The flames covering her body dimmed—no longer explosive, but still smoldering across her skin like slow-flowing lava. She lowered her center of gravity, both hands open.

She released a circular flame burst.

A thin wave of fire spread horizontally from her body, like a ring of light expanding in all directions. Wherever the ring touched smoke, the smoke vaporized.

The arena slowly cleared.

But Isaac was still nowhere to be seen.

Arianna turned slowly, her eyes scanning every inch of the arena. Massive debris from her explosion. Deep fissures in the floor. Shadows cast by patches of still-burning flames in several corners.

Empty.

Where was he—

BAM.

From behind the largest slab of floor, directly behind her, Isaac Moonfall shot out. He'd been hiding there the entire time, flattened against the debris, holding his breath, waiting for Arianna's focus to waver.

Arianna managed to turn, her hand rising—

But Isaac was faster.

His left dagger slashed horizontally, opening a long gash across Arianna's back, from her right shoulder blade to her left hip. Fresh crimson blood sprayed, soaking her battle dress.

Arianna screamed in fury.

EXPLOSION.

Isaac had retreated, but not fast enough. A devastating wave of fire erupted from Arianna's body, melting the hem of Isaac's robe and singeing part of his hair. Isaac was forced to leap backward, both daggers crossed before his chest as an emergency shield.

"Arianna Blazinger is wounded! ISAAC HAS ACTUALLY MANAGED TO INFLICT A SERIOUS INJURY, BUT SHE SHOWS NO SIGN OF SURRENDER! HER WRATH BURNS FIERCER THAN EVER!"

Arianna stood tall, though blood still flowed down her back. Her face was pale, but her eyes blazed. In her right hand, fire stretched and condensed—forming a blade bright orange, nearly white at its edges. In her left hand, fire spread and thickened—forming a round shield with a spinning surface.

She no longer flew.

She ran.

Flame sword met Isaac's daggers. Sparks flew. Isaac retreated one step, then two. His small frame couldn't match the force of Arianna's rage-driven charge. Every slash forced Isaac to parry with both daggers simultaneously, and each parry left his arms feeling scorched.

"YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT ME?!" Arianna pressed forward, her flame sword locked against Isaac's daggers. "I AM ARIANNA BLAZINGER! I WILL NOT LOSE TO A MERE SHADOW LIKE YOU!"

Isaac didn't answer. He just held his ground, retreating steadily, searching for an opening.

But Arianna gave him none.

Her sword swung from above, from the side, thrust from below—every motion precise, every strike lethal. Her flame shield didn't just defend—it attacked; whenever Isaac tried to close from her left, the shield spat embers into his face.

"ISAAC MOONFALL IS BEING OVERWHELMED! ARIANNA BLAZINGER IS RAMPAGING WITH A PERFECT SWORD-AND-SHIELD COMBINATION! IS THIS THE END OF DRAKEFIELD'S SHADOW FIGHTER?!"

On the Drakefield bench, several students had risen, their faces tense—though a few appeared oddly relaxed, as if confident in their representative's victory. On the Nine Stars bench, Violet sat with arms folded, her expression unreadable.

Isaac managed to create distance—only two meters, but enough to catch his breath. His robe was torn in several places, his face smeared with soot, his hands trembling slightly from the heat radiating from Arianna's sword.

He looked at Arianna, then toward the stands.

Toward the Nine Stars bench.

Toward Yukie, seated calmly in the front row.

"Honestly," he murmured, barely audible over the roar of flames, "I was saving this for Yukie."

Arianna frowned. "What?"

Isaac didn't answer. He leaped backward, attempting to create distance.

But Arianna gave him no chance.

She lunged, her flame sword ready to strike—

And Isaac Moonfall split himself.

One body became two, two became three. Three identical figures with the same posture, the same daggers, the same aura—standing on three sides of Arianna,

surrounding her in a perfect triangle. Not one appeared to be a decoy. All three were real.

Arianna froze. Her eyes darted from one Isaac to the next, searching for the original.

There was none.

And all three attacked simultaneously.

Arianna detonated her flames again, the largest explosion she'd unleashed yet. A wave of heat radiated in every direction, melting the floor around her, making the air vibrate.

Two Isaacs—from left and right—did not retreat.

They charged directly into the fire.

Their daggers slashed Arianna's shoulder, tore through her left arm, gouged her right flank. Blood sprayed, mingling with sparks. Arianna screamed, but her flames couldn't stop them—because they weren't decoys, not illusions. They were Isaac, as real as the original Isaac.

But they weren't immortal either.

Within two seconds of that fiery onslaught, both Isaac bodies were scorched and crumbling, dissolving into scattered ash. Arianna dropped to one knee, gasping, blood streaming from three fresh wounds.

Before her, the remaining Isaac stood.

His face was pale, his breathing ragged. The self-division technique had clearly drained enormous energy. But his eyes remained sharp, and his dagger was now aimed at Arianna.

Arianna tried to rise. Her flame sword still burned, though dimmer. Her shield had collapsed entirely, only residual sparks clinging to her left arm.

Isaac gave her no time.

He kicked.

His sole struck Arianna's chest directly at the sternum. Arianna fell onto her back, her flame sword extinguished, and before she could move, Isaac was atop her.

Cold steel pressed against her throat.

The Colosseum fell silent.

Isaac's breath was heavy and uneven. So was Arianna's. Both were drenched in blood, sweat, and soot. Isaac's face showed no victory—only restrained relief. Arianna's face...

Arianna stared at the Colosseum's stained glass ceiling, colorful light streaming onto her pale features.

"I won," Isaac rasped.

Arianna didn't answer. Her jaw tightened. Her teeth ground together. At her temples, muscles bulged.

Slowly, she turned her face away.

Toward the stands.

Toward the seat that was now empty, because her mother no longer sat there. Ophelia Blazinger now sat in the ordinary rows, among former members and retired Hunters. No robe, no special seat. Just a middle-aged woman, watching her daughter with an expressionless face.

Arianna's fist clenched. Her nails dug into her own palm.

"V-VICTORY GOES TO ISAAC MOONFALL OF DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY!" the Announcer finally declared, his voice trembling. "ARIANNA BLAZINGER OF NINE STARS ACADEMY HAS BEEN DEFEATED! TRULY AN EXTRAORDINARY BATTLE!"

Cheers for Drakefield echoed through the arena, though not as thunderous as before. Many spectators remained silent, processing what they'd just witnessed—the tension had been so thick—before finally erupting.

It was the most epic fight so far.

Isaac withdrew his dagger and stood. He offered Arianna his hand.

Arianna didn't take it.

She rose on her own, though her body swayed. Without looking at Isaac, without looking at anyone, she walked away from the arena. Blood still dripped from the wound on her back, leaving a crimson trail across the scorched marble floor.

Medical staff immediately approached Arianna and escorted her for treatment.

On the Nine Stars bench, Violet stood. Her gaze fixed on the bench, on the brown-haired figure sitting at the row's end.

"Maximus," she called.

Maximus Treybern shot to his feet. A wide smile instantly spread across his face. This was the opportunity he'd been waiting for—a chance to prove himself after yesterday's humiliating defeat.

"Ready, Instructor," he said, his voice brimming with confidence.

Violet gave a curt nod. "Your turn."

Maximus strode toward the arena with palpable enthusiasm, muscles tensed, fists clenched. He couldn't wait to show that his loss to Adam had been a fluke. That he was still, and would always be, stronger.

Meanwhile, on the bench, I yawned widely.

Boring.