

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 78: Chapter 78 - The Origin of Hatred

The scene before me shifted.

I watched the man change in ways I could barely comprehend.

He no longer brought other women home, yet his coldness toward Delilah only grew sharper, even after Gwenneth and Angeline were born. They lived like two strangers under the same roof, avoiding each other's eyes while still performing their duties as husband and wife.

Then he began associating with strange people—figures in black robes, their eyes empty, their smiles never reaching their faces. The house grew suffocating, filled with whispered chants and the sharp, choking scent of incense.

And then, the final scene arrived.

I saw Delilah standing in the center of the living room, her body shielding her two daughters. Little Gwenneth, pale with fear, clung tightly to the faint silhouette of baby Angeline in her arms.

They were surrounded by Delilah's husband and a circle of hooded followers whose eyes gleamed with manic devotion.

"Listen to me, Delilah!" her husband shouted.

"This isn't for me! It's for everyone's sake! The world has become hell—monsters everywhere, people dying every day! The gods demand sacrifice! With their blood... the pure blood of our children... the gods will protect us! They will raise me as their Apostle, and I'll gain the power to save everyone!"

Delilah, who had always been obedient and cold, felt something ignite inside her. For the first time, her eyes blazed with defiance. Her hands tightened around Gwenneth's small shoulders.

"Don't you dare touch my children," she said, her voice trembling with years of suppressed fury.

"Fool! This is their destiny! A great honor for our family!" he roared, and his followers began to advance, their hands reaching like claws.

That was when something inside Delilah snapped. Golden light erupted around her, her blonde hair whipping wildly as if caught in a violent storm. The power she had been suppressing all these years burst free—from an Awakener Rank B, she shot straight to Rank S. An explosion of energy shattered the window and threw the hooded men several steps back.

"Don't touch my children!" she screamed, and what followed was a massacre.

Delilah moved like a lethal whirlwind. Every sweep of her radiant spears was a killing stroke. Bodies flew, bones shattered, and blood painted the floor.

At last, she stood face-to-face with her husband. The man, realizing his ritual had failed, tried to fight back. But Delilah was too fast, too powerful. With a single strike of her energy-laden spear, she cleaved his torso in half.

His blood and entrails spilled across the floor in a grotesque pool. Far behind her, little Gwenneth watched everything with wide, traumatized eyes.

But the chaos didn't stop there. Blood, flesh, and bone from every corpse in the room began to twitch, crawl, and merge. They formed a monstrous figure—an abomination made from torn human parts, with too many eyes and mouths gaping across its surface. A low rumble vibrated through the air.

"You have passed the trial, Delilah," the creature murmured, its voice like a thousand whispers.

"You have sacrificed your humanity—slain your own husband, slaughtered your kin without hesitation. Abandon your frail humanity. Accept my power, and walk a new path."

As the monster extended its blood-soaked hand toward the stunned Delilah, a blade suddenly swept through the air and severed its arm in a clean, effortless strike.

Slash.

A man with stone-gray hair and piercing eyes stood there, his sword still humming. I recognized him instantly—Freyden Socheron, my father, the Sword Saint in his youth.

The monster shrieked before exploding into a puddle of shapeless blood that evaporated into nothing.

Delilah, breathless and shaking, looked at Freyden with tears in her eyes as she held her daughters close.

"Were you just watching this whole time?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Why didn't you help sooner?"

Freyden calmly examined his blade before sliding it back into its sheath. He looked at her with a faint smile.

"I don't like meddling in other people's family affairs," he said in a quiet but firm tone. "And it seems you didn't need my help at all."

The scene faded, leaving me with a deeper understanding of my stepmother.

Seeing my father in Delilah's memories felt like a knife twisting in my gut, dragging up the dark recollection I had buried for years: the night I killed him. His warm blood on my feet, his eyes still open...

The question I had kept locked away finally boiled over. 'Why, Father? Why did you force me to do it? What was the reason? Did Delilah know the truth behind it?'

That question always froze on the tip of my tongue every time I tried to ask my stepmother. But here, inside her dreamscape, I knew I could finally dive deeper and drag the answers out from the depths of her memory.

As if the dream itself responded to the intensity of my thoughts, the scene shifted again.

I saw my father, Freyden—usually calm and relaxed—now looking tired and slightly frantic. He hurried down a corridor toward Delilah's room. When the door opened, Delilah appeared in her nightgown, her face puzzled.

"Freyden? What—"

"There's no time, Delilah," he cut her off, his voice low and tense. "It has to be tonight."

Delilah ushered him inside and closed the door. "Calm down, Freyden. Tell me."

Freyden took a deep breath, trying to steady himself, but his eyes still held deep anxiety. "I'm going to do it tonight. Please... take care of my son."

Delilah froze for a moment, studying him with a sharp gaze. "Is there truly no other way?"

"None," Freyden replied bitterly. "I... have no chance. I inherited it too late. But Adam... my son... her son, he's different." His voice suddenly burned with fierce conviction. "He can reach what I never could. He has a high chance—no, he is destined to climb to the highest throne!"

Watching from within the dream, I tried to decipher every word.

When he said "her son," was he referring to my birth mother? I had no memories of the woman who gave me life. Father had always said she died during childbirth.

Freyden continued, "My blessing... it may have delayed his awakening. But once it triggers, he'll surpass everyone with ease. So train him. Give him the best Hunter training even before he awakens. When the time comes... he must be ready."

I watched with a cold expression.

Delilah observed Freyden closely, her face tight with heavy thoughts. Freyden gave her one last meaningful look, then turned to leave.

"Goodbye, Delilah."

She reached out, as if to stop him, but her hand froze midway, powerless to do anything but watch his back fade down the hallway.

The scene shifted again. This time, Delilah paced nervously in her room. Doubt gnawed at her until she finally moved toward a certain room in the house. I followed her, dread coiling in my chest.

She opened the door.

And there it was, the sight that had haunted me all my life.

A dim training room. In the center lay the corpse of Freyden, my father, a gaping wound carved into his chest. Beside him stood a small child holding a blood-soaked sword.

That child... was me.

"Adam—" Delilah whispered, her voice breaking.

But the boy—my younger self—stood frozen, his empty eyes fixed on the lifeless body before him.

Suddenly, from the shadows, a little girl with silver-white hair emerged. Yukie Iceblood. She looked sleepy, as though she had just woken up. But the moment her eyes fell on the scene inside, all traces of drowsiness vanished.

"This early... why are you—" Delilah began.

But before she could finish, Yukie's cold, emotionless expression shattered. She choked out a sob, then screamed, her voice tearing through the night.

"AAAAAH!!! FATHER!!!"

Her tears froze into tiny shards of ice as they fell. She sprinted forward, screaming, murderous intent pouring off her small frame like a blizzard.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

But before she could reach me, Delilah swiftly shut the door, blocking her path. Yukie thrashed in her arms, sobbing hysterically as she kept calling out, "Father! Father!"

Her small hand, reaching desperately toward me, was coated in frost that turned Delilah's skin pale and numb where it touched.

I watched the scene with a tangled mix of emotions. A faint, bitter smile curved at the corner of my lips.

"Father?" I murmured, my voice dripping with irony and resentment.

Everything was starting to make sense.