

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 79 - Close Your Eyes - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 79 - Close Your Eyes

Chapter 79: Chapter 79 - Close Your Eyes

"Father?"

I muttered it again, softer this time, yet filled with a sharp curiosity that pricked at my mind. Why did Yukie call my father that? She was obviously the daughter of the Winter Knight. They looked almost identical, like two peas in a pod, and the ice element running through both of them practically screamed blood relation.

But the tone of her scream...

Fine, I thought coldly. I'll figure out the truth later. Everything will come to light when the time comes, when I take my revenge on her.

My thoughts drifted back to the past, trying to claw at the blurry memories of that night. The night when I... did it. Did I see Yukie?

I forced my memory, digging through corners I had thrown away or let gather dust. There was only a faint impression, a high-pitched scream from far away that might have been my imagination, or maybe not. Back then, my mind had been too full and chaotic to care about anything else.

It was true that my father once brought Yukie to stay briefly at our house. But after that incident, she disappeared from my life. Our next meeting only happened when we entered the Nine Stars Academy, where she had already become that cold figure who never hesitated to torment me.

Thinking about all of this pushed me into a memory I had locked tightly for years. A flashback that began to take shape again with painful clarity.

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That night was cold and quiet. I woke from my sleep when I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder. As my eyes opened, I saw my father, Freyden, standing beside my bed.

He had just returned after disappearing for almost a week, and his face, usually calm and in control, looked strange. There was a sort of urgency in him, a hidden panic barely masked by his smile.

"Dad... your face looks weird," I said, my voice still raspy with sleep. It was the first thing that came out.

Freyden looked startled, then his thin smile widened, softening some of the tension on his face. His hand stroked my hair gently.

"Adam, I just got home. I have a surprise for you."

The moment he said surprise, my sleepiness vanished, replaced by childish excitement. "A surprise? What is it, Dad?"

"Quiet now," he whispered, placing a finger on his lips. "Come with me."

He held my small hand and guided me through the silent corridor of our house. We stopped in front of his training room, a simple room that always smelled of iron and wood.

When we stepped inside, under the dim light, Freyden turned to face me. In his hands lay his sword, an SSS Rank legendary blade, a weapon I had always admired and longed to have.

"This is for you, son," he said, his voice trembling with an emotion he rarely showed.

My eyes widened in disbelief. "Really? This sword?"

He nodded. His smile was gentle, but his eyes still held something else, something dark and hurried. "But there is a condition. I want to see your best sword technique. Close your eyes and perform every movement I have taught you. Feel the flow of your energy. Do not look."

With my heart pounding between excitement and confusion, I closed my eyes. The sword felt heavy and alive in my grip. I started to move, following every step, turn, and strike he had taught me.

From the side, I heard his voice praising and correcting me. "Good, son... keep your stance... concentrate..."

After more than ten minutes, my breathing grew ragged and sweat covered my body.

"Can I open my eyes now?" I asked.

"Open them."

When I did, I saw him smiling proudly, though there was a glimmer of tears in the corner of his eyes that he quickly wiped away. "You are incredible, Adam. Truly gifted. This sword is now yours."

My joy surged. I hugged the sword tightly.

"But there is one last thing," Freyden said, his voice suddenly very serious. "Close your eyes again. Perform one final strike, the strongest and the best you can do. Do it for me."

Without thinking, blinded by trust and excitement, I closed my eyes again. I gathered all my remaining strength, imagining the strongest enemy before me, and with a small shout, I swung the sword with everything I had.

Sschhkk.

There was a strange sensation. It wasn't the sound of cutting wood or air. It was something... wet. Soft. A muffled groan.

I opened my eyes, my heart pounding wildly.

In front of me, my father lay on the floor. The legendary sword he had just handed to me had sliced through his chest with horrifying ease. Blood streamed from the wound, pooling rapidly on the dark wooden floor. His eyes stared at me, not angry, not in pain, but filled with a sorrow too heavy to bear. His lips trembled, trying to form words.

"Sor... ry... Adam..." he whispered, barely audible, before his breath faded and his eyes went still forever.

I stood there frozen, my hand still gripping the blood-soaked hilt of the sword that had killed my own father. The world around me stopped, leaving only the spreading pool of blood, the metallic stench filling the air, and a hollow emptiness deeper than any abyss.

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Now, with Delilah's memories giving me a new perspective, everything felt different.

It wasn't just a tragic accident. It might have been a ritual. A planned sacrifice. The "blessing" he mentioned, the one that constantly delayed my awakening... Was all of this, including his death by my hand, part of that cursed blessing?

The hatred I had carried for years began to mix with a strange curiosity. What exactly had he passed down to me? And what throne was he trying to reach that required him to sacrifice everything, even his own life? Was it connected to the System I possess?

I pushed myself harder, searching through every corner of Delilah's memories, hoping to find clues about my father's plans, the cursed inheritance, and the truth behind everything.

But all I found were walls. My father had never told Delilah the details. He took all of the answers to his grave, leaving me stranded in a sea of riddles. But one thing was clear: his inheritance required me to kill him in order to obtain it.

Even so, my search wasn't entirely useless. In the depths of her memories, I found something else, something that cut into my frozen heart like a blade.

The scene appeared vividly. Charlotte, her close friend, looked troubled as she opened her mouth. "Delilah, about Adam—"

"Enough, Charlotte." Delilah's voice cut through, sharp and cold, before a single word about my condition could be spoken. She didn't even turn her head. "For now, I don't want to hear anything about that boy."

"..."

It happened early during my time at the Academy. So she had already chosen to close her eyes and ears long before. She actively refused to know, burying any awareness of my existence.

Then another memory surfaced, more recent. Delilah stood by a window, a phone pressed to her ear. Her expression was irritated as she spoke with Olivia Blazinger, the head of Nine Stars Academy.

"Del, we need to talk seriously about Adam," Olivia said, her voice heavy with suppressed frustration. "He hasn't shown up at the academy for months. Not just a day or two. This is worrying. His attendance record is completely empty."

Delilah remained silent on the other end.

Olivia continued, her tone softening as if to persuade her. "I know your relationship with him is... complicated. But from my perspective, maybe this is what's best. Instead of forcing him to stay enrolled and piling up bad records, maybe we should just terminate it. Let him find his own path outside. That might be what he needs."

That was when Delilah cut in.

"No, Olivia."

She paused for a moment, making sure her words were clear.

"He must remain enrolled in the Academy. That is final."

"Del, listen—"

"Liv, listen to me." This time Delilah's voice was gentler, yet still firm. "He has to stay enrolled. I... I promise I will convince him to return. Just give me time."

So this was it. On one hand, she pretended I didn't exist, letting me sink. On the other hand, she kept me trapped in the same cage, maybe to fulfill some hidden will from my father that she never told me about. A hypocrisy that made my stomach churn.

At first, I didn't notice it, but after hours of digging through memories, exhaustion began clawing at my mind.

Every memory I sifted through, every bitter truth I uncovered, felt like it was draining my strength. My once sharp thoughts became blurry, like fog creeping into my consciousness. The dream world around me began to shake, losing its shape. The boundary between myself and Delilah's memories started to dissolve.

But I didn't stop. I pushed myself deeper. The deeper I went, the darker everything became. Voices turned into echoes. Images melted into shapeless colors.

The sensation of my own body began to fade. I felt a vortex of darkness pulling at the remnants of my awareness. And finally, with no strength left to resist, my mind slipped away.

I sank, disappearing into the darkness that waited inside my stepmother's subconscious.