

I Am The One - Chapter 1 - Betrayal by M. K. Diana

"Slow down, my love! I can't keep up with you moving so fast!"

A girl's melodious voice sounded as Henry opened the door to his apartment.

Thunk!

In an instant, his body tensed and his heart raced wildly.

"Isn't that Darcie's voice?"

Darcie Baker was the first girl Henry had met since moving to Waterside City six years ago.

Since their first meeting, she had been exceptionally kind to Henry, even offering to let him stay in the same apartment.

They started dating two years later. But to this day, on their fourth anniversary, Henry had never laid a hand on Darcie, let alone kissed her.

Aside from dining out and going to the movies, the furthest they had gone was holding hands.

After graduating from college two years ago, Darcie had become a bank teller. Meanwhile, Henry, who had studied Ancient Culture at the University of Waterside, had completed his bachelor's and doctoral degrees in just five years.

He has been teaching at the same campus since a year ago.

"Oh, darling, you're so naughty!"

The voice snapped Henry out of his shock. He ran to Darcie's room.

"Darcie!"

That was the only word that came out of Henry's mouth as he saw Darcie and an unknown man lying on the bed without a single piece of clothing on.

Their bodies were drenched in sweat and they were engaged in an intimate act.

Seeing what was happening in front of his eyes, Henry's body felt as if it had been struck by lightning. Even though it was a hot afternoon, it couldn't compete with the burning pain in Henry's chest.

"Henry... you're back?"

Darcie looked at Henry while trying to contain the pleasure she was getting from the man on top of her who showed no signs of slowing down. She didn't seem inclined to stop what the man was doing to her.

"What... what are you doing? Didn't you promise me?"

Henry's body shook. He was angry and disappointed, but he didn't know what to do.

"What do you mean? Promised to be faithful to an impotent man like you? You dream too much!"

The man on top of Darcie sneered at Henry.

"Zachary, be quiet! What are you talking about? Henry is not like that! He's a real dignified man!"

Although it sounded like she was defending Henry, Darcie's face contorted as if she was caught in Zachary's game.

"Darling, look, even when your boyfriend sees you being pleased by someone else, he does nothing! I suspect he's not only impotent, he has no manly qualities at all!"

Zachary taunted Henry as he continued his actions on Darcie without restraint.

"You!"

Henry's blood was boiling. As a professor, he was usually expected to act rationally and wisely in every situation. But this time, witnessing his girlfriend's betrayal in front of him had exhausted his patience.

"You scoundrel! Get away from my girlfriend!"

Henry approached Zachary and tried to pull him away from Darcie. Unfortunately, his efforts were futile. Despite Henry's strong tug, Zachary's athletic, six-foot frame didn't budge an inch.

"Darcie, look! Is this what you call a real man? He can't even move me a little!"

Zachary taunted Henry as he continued to pound Darcie. For some reason, it felt even more pleasurable to do it in front of her boyfriend.

"You!"

Henry lost control. After his attempts to stop Zachary had failed, he clenched his fist and swung it as hard as he could at the back of Zachary's head.

Punch!

Henry felt pain in his fingers, but he was sure that his punch would have a similar effect on the scoundrel.

"Is that all the strength you have? Scratching with my hand hurts more than that!"

Zachary snorted and grinned at Henry.

After a quick glance at Darcie, who looked exhausted from the recent 'exercise', he lifted his body.

"Darling, you said this fool was a real man! I'm going to show you how wrong you've been all along!"

Zachary reached out to grab Henry's collar. Besides being athletic, he was also a martial artist. His hand speed was extraordinary.

Zachary threw Henry out of the room.

Thud!

Henry's body crashed into a table in the living room before he could react. Before he could regain his composure, Zachary quickly grabbed his neck again, lifted him up, and threw him.

Zachary treated Henry like disposable trash.

After doing this a few times, Henry's body was in tatters. Although no blood was flowing from his body, he felt excruciating pain in several parts of his body.

"Damn it!"

Henry could only curse in silence as he realized he couldn't move his body. Several of his limbs were broken.

"You worthless trash! You're not worthy to be with Darcie! Let me tell you, what I'm doing here is just the beginning!"

Zachary walked over to Henry's body on the floor and lifted him up with one hand.

"I usually train with a professional trainer. Let me show you the results of my training!"

With a mischievous grin on his face, he threw a punch with his other hand right into Henry's stomach.

Punch!

To pursue his career as a teacher, Henry had been so focused on his studies that he hadn't had time to train his body, even with light physical exercises like boxing.

It was no wonder that Zachary's punch not only broke Henry's body, but also made him vomit.

Splurt!

A putrid, brownish liquid mixed with red slime poured out of his mouth. Some of it even splattered on Zachary's face and body.

"You scoundrel! How dare you defile my face; you deserve to die!"

Zachary threw Henry's body to the ground and punched him mercilessly in the face.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Though one of his blows appeared to have caused serious damage to Henry's face, Zachary continued to rain down blows.

After a few moments, Henry's face became a horrifying sight.

In addition to his crooked nose and wounds in nearly every corner of his face, a putrid, reddish fluid covered his features.

Zachary stood up and placed his foot on Henry's head.

"You wretch! Just so you know, there's nothing I want that I can't get! But rest assured, after I've had my fun with your girlfriend, maybe I'll give her back to you one day!"

Hahaha.

After spitting in Henry's direction, Zachary left the scene and headed for Darcie's room to continue his debauchery.

In a corner of the apartment, moments after Henry lost consciousness, his blood dripped onto an ancient tablet he had obtained two years ago during his doctoral research excavation.

