

Chapter 489-490: Blizzard Group

Asahi got admission for himself, Saeko, Shiori, Saya, Rini, and Shizuka. Even though it was the middle of the semester, they accepted his request. It just took a brainwashing spell on the dean to get the job done.

He wanted to get a professor seat for Nao but only used his spell to set up an interview for Nao. She would be happier if she got the job through own improvements.

He walked out of the university and stretched his arms under the radiant sun. He spent hours checking out the environment of the university, making sure the place was the best for his women. Talking about women, it was the first time he went almost a day without physical interactions with one. He was facing withdrawal symptoms of no sex.

'I'll buy a house and call Yuriko at night.'

The fallen angel moved about busily since her racial transformation, motivated to master her fallen angel powers with Grayfia. The maid had become engrossed in learning the spells of her recently summoned Diva, Vepar.

(We still have time before night. What are we doing now?)

'You already know my answer, sweetheart. It's time to meet that chick.'

Meanwhile in the business district of City-Z.

A young woman walked out of a building, followed by men in black suits. A form-fitting dress wrapped her curvy figure and a long white fur coat hung around her shoulders.

Dark green was her color of choice.



The crowd stopped in her presence; men blushed, girls looked in awe. Her cold expression inspired a sense of intimidation.

“It’s the Blizzard of Hell!” a young girl yelled in excitement. “She looks cool!”

“Her syndicate consists of B-Class heroes! That guy with goatee is Eyelashes, Rank 2 B-Class. That giant man is Mountain Ape, Rank 3 B-Class.”

Fubuki kept striding forward, unfazed and cold. “Eyelashes, who is the new B-Class hero we have to visit?”

Eyelashes became straight when called out by his boss. “Miss Blizzard, it's Iron Tank Man.”

“We'll decide his fate after a meal.”

She headed for the car her group rented earlier. Fubuki could only sigh at the state of their economy. Her group took on easy tasks and bounties from the Hero Association to retain their ranks. The picky lifestyle led them to earn less money which translated to less funding for the group.

Eyelashes pulled the car's rear door for Fubuki.

Fubuki took a step inside the car and paused. “Eyelashes, take on some bounties. We'll aim to buy a car for the Blizzard Group.”

Eyelashes didn't respond. He was busy looking up. The crowd also gaped at something in the sky. Fubuki curiously craned her neck and the sight gave her chills. A figure with a giant pair of fiery wings hovered over them. She couldn't even catch a glimpse of *its* face from her place. It was just that high up in the sky.

“Monster?”

“Fubuki-sama, it's coming down!”

Fubuki crossed her arms over her chest and smiled. “Boys, take formation. We got free scores falling to our laps.”

The figure landed before them gracefully and cleared their doubts in an instant. It was no monster but an attractive man. The blazing wings disappeared in his back.

“There you are.”

Fubuki felt tingles under his beaming gaze. Men had stopped picking on her after she became known as the Blizzard of Hell. Or rather after she started the Blizzard Group and surrounded herself by strong subordinates. The presence of Rank 2 and 3 of B-Class stopped every man from approaching her with wild intentions.

But the man before was different. From the moment he descended, his attention was solely on her. An unparalleled confidence oozed from his entire being as if the existence of her subordinates meant nothing to him.

“Who are you?”

Asahi chuckled at Fubuki’s wariness. Anyone would be suspicious in her position. “Fubuki, why don’t we sit down and talk somewhere?”

His entry gathered quite the crowd around. Talking here seemed meaningless. And talking was the first step to take control of her and the Blizzard Group. She will be the first recruit in Astraea’s organization in this world.

It’d be fun to watch her slowly grow up to rival the power of his sister Tatsumaki.

Fubuki showed hesitation. The man before her could be a hero of mysterious origin, a monster with a special ability, or a machine disguised to look like a man. She couldn’t trust him.

“Give us your background and explain your purpose. Are you a hero?”

“Not yet. I’ll be one soon. As for my purpose.” Asahi walked up to Fubuki and she had to look up to maintain eye contact. “It’s simple. I want to *own* your little Blizzard group.”

Fubuki slightly tilted her head and revealed a cold smile. “You’re an ambitious one. What makes you think you can own the Blizzard Group, the strongest faction in the Hero Association?”

“Why don’t we have a fight to decide that?” Asahi asked with a gentle smile. “The strong oppresses the weak—this is the motto of the Blizzard Group. Surely, you wouldn’t mind if someone strong does the same to you.”

She invited the newbies who entered the B-Class. When refused, she crushed them. Her nickname Newbie Crusher terrified the C-Ranks and B-Ranks alike.

Eyelashes, the ordinary looking man with a goatee, glared at Asahi. “You little shit is looking down on us. Mountain Ape!”

Fubuki raised her right hand to stop her reckless subordinates and dropped her fur coat. “Let me deal with him, boys.”

A blue glowing aura generated around her the moment she used her esper powers. Her dark green hair gently drifted up. Debris, cans, cigarettes, and bottles—every kind of trash rose in a defiance of natural laws.

She kicked the wind into a tornado around her. Darkness shrouded the area as if a storm was coming. The crowd scurried away from her until they felt secured, even her subordinates stepped a couple of meters.

The Blizzard of Hell was a destructive one among the heroes.

Fubuki stirred a cyclone around her hands. It looked as if she wielded storms. “You still have the chance to apologize, young man.”

Asahi shook his head. “Your telekinesis isn’t at the level of your sister.”

Fubuki hovered with her telekinesis, eyes white like a demon. “You are gonna regret mocking me.”

Asahi knew he hit the spot. Underneath all her facade, she harbored a deep inferiority complex. She lived in the shadow of Tatsumaki’s overwhelming power. He was an expert in helping women with this mentality.

Fubuki pulled back her hands, whipping strong gales behind her. And with a thrust of her hands, she unleashed hell. A tempest charged at Asahi and surrounded him.

“Hell Storm!”

Her strongest technique which trapped her foes inside a strong cyclone and the stones in the cycle ripped one’s flesh and cracked bones.

Bzzz. His phone buzzed in his pocket. “Wait.” He erected a barrier around himself and answered the call. “Yo, Asahi speaking.”

“It’s me, Sekingar.”

“The guy with one eye?”

A moment of silence followed the question.

“It must be enough,” Fubuki muttered and stopped the cyclone. “Let’s see your fate.”

As the dust settled, she saw a glimmering green barrier protecting the man who was supposed to die. He endured her Hell Storm without so much as a scratch, rather, he answered his call as if her attack was nothing.

She was shaken.

Sekingar continued, “We have arranged a test for you. You’ll be directly placed into the S-Class if you pass our test.”

“Oh, you don’t sound optimistic.”

“Amai Mask will be the final judge. All I can say is good luck on the test.”

“Amai Mask? The gatekeeper of S-Class?”

Of course Asahi remembered the monster in hero disguise, Amai Mask. The idol maintained the first rank of the A-Class to stop anyone from reaching the S-Class.

“Yes,” Sekingar said. “I’ll text you the address.”

Asahi hung up the call and smiled. “The test won’t be so dull, after all.”

Fubuki heard the content and widened her eyes. “Amai Mask? You’re talking to Amai Mask?”

Asahi made his wind barrier disappear. “Nope. It was Sekingar.”

Fubuki might have heard the name but didn’t bother committing it to her memory. “You are a formidable one to survive my Hell Storm.”

Asahi chuckled. “That barely tickled. I told you already. Your telekinesis isn’t sharp enough to cut through me.”

Fubuki gritted her teeth. “Shut up!”

She bent her upper body and touched the road. Her psychic energy passed underground. Two massive slabs split from the earth and tried to squash Asahi. He crushed the chunky stones with his own telekinesis.

Fubuki immediately pulled the pieces of stones and hurled them at him. The stones rained on him like a hail of bullets. They carried more destructive power than ordinary bullets.

Yet they stopped before making contact with him. His lips curled in a smile full of arrogance. “Is this enough to own the Blizzard Group, Fubuki?”

Fubuki finally realized who she was dealing with. “You’re an esper...”

He was an esper strong enough to hold her attacks without a bead of sweat. An esper with overwhelming power. A man whose existence reminded her of her monstrous sister.

“Maybe,” Asahi vaguely answered. “The point is you can’t beat me.”

“I’ll never yield!” Fubuki clenched her fists and commanded a greater storm. The pressure of her psychic power made her nose bleed. “Hell Storm.”

Fubuki closed the distance with a quick dash and pulled out a box cutter from her pocket. As Asahi emerged from the cyclone, she growled and slashed his face. She was in a frenzied state where he was her greatest enemy. The man who threatened her power and position.

“Die!”

Asahi grabbed her hand and threw a backhand slap at her face. The slap snapped her rage in half.

“Geez, women can be so stupid. Listen, Fubuki. I am not asking you to work for free.” Asahi yanked her hand and she crashed into his chest. “I’ll make you an S-Class hero. You’ll rival the power of Tatsumaki, your older sister.”

The temptations of a devil snaked its way into her heart.

“Boss!”

“Bastard, don’t touch Fubuki-sama.”

Mountain Ape and Eyelashes rushed at Asahi to protect Fubuki, only to crash into an invisible wall.

They could only watch with a helpless expression as Fubuki remained motionless, losing her mind to the devil’s whispers.