

# The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

## Chapter 220: Chapter 220 - Stalling for Time

Meanwhile, on the other side of the arena, Isaac Moonfall walked away from the battlefield with slightly unsteady steps.

Two of his teammates immediately approached, offering shoulders for support, but Isaac declined with a shake of his head. He walked alone to the Drakefield bench, sat down, and immediately leaned his head back against the seat with his eyes closed.

The self-division technique had completely drained his energy reserves.

In the arena, Drakefield's next fighter was already standing ready. A young man taller than average, with messy short brown hair and a long silver-tipped spear now held upright at his side. Evan Feldane. His name flashed on the side display.

The Announcer, who also served as referee, immediately made the call.

"ISAAC MOONFALL HAS DECIDED TO REST—A PERFECTLY REASONABLE DECISION AFTER SUCH AN EXHAUSTING BATTLE!" the Announcer declared.

He turned toward Maximus, who was already standing in the center of the arena with empty hands, chest puffed out, a confident smile plastered across his face.

"IN HIS PLACE, DRAKEFIELD FIELDS EVAN FELDANE! A SPEAR SPECIALIST NO LESS DEADLY! AND HIS OPPONENT... MAXIMUS TREYBERN OF NINE STARS! THE UNARMED COMBATANT WHO DEMONSTRATED EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL STRENGTH IN THE PREVIOUS ROUNDS!"

The spectators' cheers were moderately enthusiastic. Maximus's name was certainly well-known, but yesterday's loss had clearly tarnished his reputation.

The massive scoreboard above the arena flickered, updating the statistics.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 5 WINS – 5 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 5 WINS – 5 LOSSES

"LOOK AT THAT! THE SCORE IS NOW PERFECTLY TIED!" the Announcer shouted. "DRAKEFIELD HAS MANAGED TO CLOSE THE GAP WITH TWO CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES! NOW THE QUESTION IS: WILL THEY SUCCEED IN PULLING AHEAD OF NINE STARS, OR WILL NINE STARS STRIKE BACK AND REGAIN THE LEAD? THIS FIGHT WILL DECIDE!"

Maximus cracked his neck left and right until it popped. His fists clenched and unclenched several times, feeling the energy flow through his muscles. Across from him, Evan stood with spear ready, his expression focused but unafraid.

The referee raised his hand high.

"THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

Not even a single second had passed.

Maximus had already launched forward.

His initial speed was incredible—his feet slammed hard against the floor, leaving small cracks at his point of departure. His massive body shot forward like a cannonball straight at Evan.

Evan managed to raise his spear for a thrust.

But Maximus gave him no time.

**BOOM!**

The first strike hit the spear's shaft, sending Evan stumbling back three steps with his hands trembling from the impact. Before he could catch his breath, the second strike came—a knife-hand strike hitting the spear's tip, forcing it aside. The third strike, a low kick to the front leg.

Evan nearly fell. He forced himself to leap backward, creating distance.

**"MAXIMUS TREYBERN LAUNCHES A BRUTAL ONSLAUGHT RIGHT FROM THE START! RELENTLESS ATTACKS, GIVING EVAN NO CHANCE TO BREATHE! THIS IS AN EXTREMELY AGGRESSIVE FIGHTING STYLE—HE'S DETERMINED TO REDEEM HIMSELF AFTER YESTERDAY!"**

Evan tried to thrust from a safe distance. His spear moved in rapid patterns—thrust to the stomach, thrust to the chest, slash at the neck. But Maximus just

smiled. He deflected the spear tip with his forearms, and the sound of impact wasn't flesh meeting metal, but metal against metal.

Maximus's hands were as hard as stone.

Evan retreated again. And again. And again.

Every time he tried to thrust, Maximus batted it away effortlessly. Every time he tried to create distance, Maximus was already in front of him again. His long spear, which should have given him range advantage, felt like a dry branch in the face of a storm.

On the Drakefield bench, several students were growing restless. Isaac opened one eye, glanced at the fight briefly, then closed it again.

In the arena, Maximus finally caught the spear shaft.

His iron grip clamped down tight, and before Evan could release it, Maximus yanked him closer. His other arm wrapped around Evan's waist, lifted him, and with one twisting motion—

**SMASH!**

Evan slammed into the floor. His body rolled twice, dust flying. His spear slipped from his grasp, skittering away.

Maximus didn't pursue. He stood his ground, grinning widely, waiting.

"Get up," he said, his voice carrying clearly throughout the arena. "Don't die yet. I'm not satisfied."

Evan rose painfully. Blood trickled from his mouth, his elbows scraped raw. But he still ran—not toward Maximus, but toward his spear lying several meters away.

He grabbed it just in time.

Maximus was already behind him.

BOOM!

A spinning kick slammed into Evan's side, sending him sprawling and nearly dropping the spear again. But this time Evan held on. He rolled, rose, and immediately settled into a defensive stance.

Maximus attacked again.

Punches. Kicks. Knees. Elbows. All directed at Evan without pause, like a merciless storm. Evan deflected with his spear shaft, blocked with his arms, dodged with minimal shifts. But every block left his arms numb. Every dodge cost him balance.

And Maximus... Maximus was smiling.

"I know," he said between attacks, his voice low enough for only Evan to hear. "You're stalling. Told to wear me down, right?"

Evan's eyes widened.

His plan was exposed.

Maximus laughed. "Dream on. I could fight all day without getting tired. How long can you last?"

Evan didn't answer. He just kept defending.

And the fight continued.

One minute. Two minutes. Three minutes.

Evan kept moving, kept dodging, kept blocking. Sweat streamed down his face, his breath came in gasps, but his eyes stayed focused. Every time Maximus tried to lock him down, somehow Evan slipped free. Every time a punch nearly connected with his face, he tilted his head or shifted an inch to the side.

But his body's limits were becoming visible.

His arms, blocking Maximus's strikes, were badly bruised. His left leg had developed a slight limp from a kick he couldn't fully avoid. At the corner of his mouth, fresh blood flowed from split lips.

Maximus, on the other hand, was still grinning broadly. His breathing was slightly heavier than at the start, but nothing significant. He was like a lion toying with wounded prey.

"MAXIMUS IS DOMINATING THIS FIGHT! EVAN IS HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE, BUT IT'S CLEAR HE'S OUTMATCHED! HOW MUCH LONGER CAN HE LAST?! OR CAN HE SOMEHOW TURN THE TIDE?!"

I shifted my gaze from the arena and began observing my surroundings.

The designated area for finalist academy participants was quite spacious. Could probably hold twenty people comfortably, but now only held five. After fight after fight that drained energy, five Nine Stars representatives were already in the medical ward—Drake, Ace, Mason, Kelvin, Arianna. Only the five of us remained seated here.

In the front row, Instructor Violet sat with her back straight, her eyes fixed on the arena even though the fight was essentially decided. To her right, Yukie sat calmly, expressionless, hands folded in her lap. Both were like statues—silent, focused, undisturbed by the surrounding commotion.

I sat several rows behind them. Far enough not to be noticed, close enough to observe.

And in the very back row, in a somewhat hidden corner, Nerissa and Isabel sat close together.

Nerissa with her distinctive pink hair was busy with something on her phone—maybe reading or recording fight data. Isabel beside her sat rigidly, both hands in her lap, her eyes staring blankly toward the arena even though her mind was clearly elsewhere.

I stood up.

My footsteps weren't particularly loud, but I wasn't trying to hide either. A few steps, a right turn, and I was standing beside their seats.

Isabel turned. The moment her eyes caught my face, her entire body tensed. Her eyes widened. Her hands in her lap clenched immediately, knuckles whitening.

Nerissa also turned. Her expression was different—wary, suspicious, eyebrows slightly lowered.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, her voice curt.

I didn't answer. I just sat in the empty seat directly beside Isabel.

Isabel instantly froze. Her shoulders rose, her breath caught. I could feel her body trembling faintly from just inches away.

Nerissa narrowed her eyes. "Adam, we don't want to be disturbed. Go away."

I ignored her.

My hand dropped to the side, into the gap between seats, toward something soft concealed by fabric.

Isabel gasped. Only slightly—almost inaudible—but I felt it. Her tense body shuddered violently for a moment, then went rigid again.

I squeezed her ass. My fingers gripped the soft flesh through her uniform, feeling her body's warmth, feeling how hard she was trying not to react.

I leaned in, bringing my lips close to her ear. Close enough that my breath touched her earlobe, which flushed instantly.

"How's your ass doing?" I whispered, my voice nearly lost in the crowd noise. "Is it better now? Or still sore?"

Isabel didn't answer. Her throat moved as she swallowed.

"You need to train it often," I continued, my fingers still squeezing gently. "From now on, I'll be using it frequently. So it needs to be ready at all times."

Isabel shivered. I could see the tiny hairs on the nape of her neck standing up one by one. She remained still, remained rigid, but I felt a strange little tremor in the ass I was groping.

[Lustful Touch] activated.

Small waves of pleasure radiated from my point of contact, traveling through nerve pathways, creeping slowly toward the more sensitive area between her thighs. Isabel gasped again—this time harder. Her trapped breath escaped in a short exhalation, almost like a strangled moan.

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 17 (+2)]

Her face flushed instantly.

"Adam."

Nerissa's voice broke my concentration. The pink-haired girl stared at me with sharp eyes, narrowed suspiciously.

"Why are you approaching us? What business do you have?"

I turned to her, my right hand still busy beneath Isabel's uniform, Isabel now completely frozen.

"I just wanted to say hi," I replied flatly. "What's wrong with greeting friends?"

Nerissa snorted. "If all you wanted was to say hi, fine. Done. Now leave. Don't come near us."

Her voice was curt, unfriendly, full of rejection. But while she spoke, my fingers kept squeezing Isabel's ass—gently, consistently, forcing its owner to struggle to maintain her expression.

I smiled faintly. "Aren't you being too harsh with me, Nerissa? We're friends, aren't we?"

Nerissa frowned.

"Besides," I continued, "how's your experiment going?"

Nerissa's expression shifted. A little wary, a little uneasy. "That's... none of your business."

She turned toward Isabel, and her eyebrows immediately rose.

"Why is your face red?" she asked. "And why are you so quiet? Are you okay?"

Isabel snapped out of her daze.

"I-I'm fine," she answered quickly, her voice slightly unsteady. "It's just... hot. It's hot in here."

Nerissa squinted. "Hot?"

Isabel didn't answer. She just looked down, trying to regulate her increasingly irregular breathing.

I smiled. Then turned to Nerissa with an ambiguous expression.

"By the way, Nerissa..."

Nerissa regarded me warily.

"Did you end up spreading that video of me?"

Nerissa froze.

"Didn't you say a few weeks ago that you were going to use it to threaten me?" I continued, my voice still flat—not quite a threat, but not an ordinary question either. "What happened? Changed your mind?"

Nerissa's face changed. Red, then pale, then red again. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out. Her fingers gripping her phone tensed.

She couldn't answer.

Of course she couldn't. The video she meant was my recording with Arianna in the bathroom—a scene that, if leaked, would infuriate Arianna, and Nerissa knew exactly what incurring the wrath of Ophelia Blazinger's daughter meant.

Nerissa remained completely silent.

But Isabel wasn't silent.

"Video?" Isabel turned toward Nerissa, confusion in her eyes beginning to shift to suspicion. "Threats? Nerissa, what does he mean? What video do you have? Why would you threaten Adam?"

Nerissa flinched. "I-It's not— I mean—"

"You have a video of him?" Isabel pressed, her voice rising. "What video? You were going to threaten him with it? Since when? Why don't I know about this?"

Nerissa was flustered. Her eyes darted from Isabel to me, then back to Isabel. Her mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. Her fingers squeezed her phone tightly, as if the device could save her from this situation.

"I... it's... you don't need to know, Isabel," she finally said, her voice awkward. "This is between me and Adam."

"But—"

"Enough." Nerissa cut her off, her tone forceful despite her obvious panic. "Don't interfere in my business."

Isabel froze. Her eyes still stared at Nerissa with a hurt and confused expression. But she didn't argue further. She just looked down, biting her lower lip.

I smiled inwardly.

My right hand was still on Isabel's ass, still squeezing gently, sending small waves of pleasure that forced its owner to struggle desperately to maintain composure. On her flushed face, in her increasingly heavy breathing, in the subtle trembling of her body—everything told the story of the internal battle she was fighting.

On the outside, she had to appear normal. On the inside, her body was beginning to react in ways she couldn't control.