

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 226: Chapter 226 - Deeper Training

My hand continued stroking her red hair. My fingers combed through strand after strand, then moved to the black dog ears on her head. I played with the tips of those ears, squeezing them gently.

Arianna responded with a small bark. "Arf... arf..."

Her tongue lolled out again, licking the air in front of her. Her crimson eyes were half-lidded, basking in the caresses I was giving her.

"How's the reward?" I asked, my voice soft but loaded with meaning. "Are you enjoying it?"

Arianna barked again, and that's when, for the first time, she truly tasted the semen still lingering in her mouth.

Her half-closed eyes flew wide open.

The taste... was different. Not just salty or bitter like she'd imagined. There was a faint sweetness beneath it, a warm sensation spreading across her tongue, and strangest of all—after swallowing, her body felt like it was coursing with tiny electric currents. Pleasure radiated from her throat through her entire body, making her nipples harden further and her pussy throb more intensely.

She swallowed again. And again. Consuming every last drop left in her mouth, licking her own lips to make sure nothing was wasted.

Had it always tasted this good? Or was it because she'd become more sensitive? She didn't know. What she did know was that she wanted more.

I smiled seeing her expression shift from shame to... hunger.

"I see you like it," I teased, my hand still stroking her hair. "Too bad my cock isn't satisfied yet."

Arianna stared at my still-erect cock, still rigid, still ready to be used again. Her eyes glinted—a mix of fear and excitement.

Without being asked, she turned around.

Her beautiful back arched, her hands still supporting her on the floor, but now in a different position. Her round, pale ass lifted high, facing directly toward me. Her sopping wet pussy was on full display—her glossy red labia glistening with fluid, slightly parted, as if inviting me in.

She looked back over her shoulder, gazing at me from behind. Her face was still flushed, but there was a defiant smile on her lips.

"Come on, loser," she said, her voice husky but her tone challenging. "I'll let you use my pussy. But don't take too long, I'm bored."

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 82%.]

I smiled. What a bitch, still daring to play games even while kneeling naked with dog ears on her head.

I approached, standing directly behind her raised ass. One hand grabbed her buttock, squeezing that soft white flesh. Then a hard slap landed.

SMACK!

The sound of the slap echoed in the room. Arianna's pale ass immediately reddened, leaving a handprint on her skin.

"Aaah!" she moaned, a mix of pain and pleasure.

"Aren't you supposed to call me 'master'?" I said, my voice low. "Naughty dog. And here I just praised you."

Arianna looked back, her eyes defiant even through her tears. "No."

SMACK!

The second slap on the same cheek. The red mark spread wider.

"Aaaah! You—"

"Call me master," I interrupted.

"No!"

SMACK!

"Aah! Bastard—"

"Master."

"I won't!"

SMACK!

"Aaaah! Aaah!"

"No—"

SMACK!

"AAAH!"

SMACK!

SMACK!

Each slap made Arianna moan louder. Her pale ass was now red on both sides, my handprints clearly visible. But with every slap, I saw little notifications appear.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 94 (+1)]

She wasn't in pain. She was enjoying it.

"I know," I said between slaps, "you're a masochist, aren't you? The more I spank you, the wetter your pussy gets."

"I-I'm not—Aaah!" she protested weakly.

SMACK!

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 95 (+1)]

SMACK!

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 96 (+1)]

"Don't lie," I taunted. "Your body speaks louder than your mouth."

SMACK!

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 97 (+1)]

SMACK!

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 98 (+1)]

Her ass was truly red now. Dark red, like it was burning. Layers of my slaps marked it. But Arianna didn't protest. She just moaned, wiggling her ass slightly, as if asking for more.

SMACK!

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 99 (+1)]

I stopped.

The tenth slap was the last. I withdrew my hand, admiring her reddened ass with satisfaction. Arianna panted before me, her body trembling, her pussy producing so much fluid it dripped to the floor, forming a small puddle.

She waited.

Waited for the next slap.

But none came.

Arianna looked back, her face flushed crimson, her eyes wet, her expression confused and frustrated.

"Why... why did you stop?" she asked, her voice trembling. "I... I was almost..."

"Almost what?" I asked, feigning ignorance.

She bit her lip. "I was almost..."

"Ohhh," I smiled. "So you want to climax?"

She nodded slightly, ashamed.

"But you won't call me master."

She was silent.

"I'll make you an offer," I said. "Call me master, and I'll give you what you want."

Arianna stared at me. The final battle in her eyes. Pride versus pleasure. Dignity versus desire.

"I..." her voice was hoarse. "I..."

"Come on," I coaxed, my voice gentle. "Just one word. After that, you can climax."

She bit her lip harder. Then, in a barely audible voice—

"Master."

My smile widened. "Good dog."

I didn't wait any longer. My hips thrust forward, and my large cock plunged straight into her soaking wet pussy.

"AAAAAAH!"

Arianna screamed. A scream of unbearable pleasure. The moment my cock entered, filling her tight, warm cavity, her body convulsed violently. Her pussy clenched incredibly tight, gripping my shaft as if never wanting to let go.

And from within, a burst of warm fluid sprayed out like a fountain. Clear liquid gushed from her pussy, soaking my cock, soaking her thighs, soaking the floor beneath her.

She was squirting.

"AAAAH! AAH! AAH!" she cried, her body shuddering violently. "I'M—I'M—AAAAH!"

The gush continued for several seconds, forming a large puddle on the floor. Arianna collapsed limply, her hands barely able to support her body anymore. She gasped for breath, her eyes glazed, her mouth hanging open.

[You have successfully made Arianna climax.]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 46.]

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 85%.]

I didn't move. My cock was still inside her pussy, now wetter than ever. I savored the sensation of her final clenches before they eventually relaxed.

After she calmed down slightly, I began withdrawing my cock—slowly, leaving a sensation of friction that made her whimper softly.

"I-I..." she whispered, her voice hoarse. "I can't believe... I actually..."

"Pissed on your master," I interrupted, my voice mocking. "Bad dog."

Arianna looked at me with an expression mixing shame and satisfaction. "That... that wasn't piss..."

"What's it called?"

"Squirt..." she whispered shyly.

"Hehe... Whatever it is," I said, "you made a mess of the floor. So messy."

She could only fall silent, her face flushed crimson.

But I wasn't done praising her. My hand stroked her reddened ass, feeling the warmth of her still-tingling skin. "But your pussy is incredible, my dog."

Arianna shuddered at the praise.

"And your body," I continued, my eyes tracing her beautiful back, her disheveled red hair, the dog ears on her head, "is so beautiful. Just like your mother's."

At the words 'your mother,' Arianna's body tensed.

"By the way," I said casually, as if discussing the weather, "your mother is beautiful too. Maybe more beautiful than you. More mature, more experienced. I wonder, if she wore dog ears and this collar, what would she look like?"

Arianna turned quickly, her eyes widening in horror.

"W-What?!"

"I'm just thinking," I said, still casual. "Maybe I could make your mother my dog too. Just like you."

"NO!"

Arianna screamed, her voice full of panic. She tried to turn around, despite her weak body, her crimson eyes staring at me intensely.

"Don't hurt my mother!" her voice trembled. "Anything! Do anything to me! But don't— don't touch my mother! Please!"

Tears began pooling in her eyes again. Not tears of pleasure this time, but tears of pure fear.

"I'm begging you, Adam," she whispered. "I'll do whatever you want. I'll be a good dog. I won't disobey anymore. I'll call you master. Anything. Just don't touch my mother."

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 87%.]

I looked at her. The fear in her eyes was so real. For the first time, the arrogant Arianna Blazinger was truly showing her weakness.

I smiled. "Then be a good dog."

Arianna nodded quickly. "I will! I promise!"

"Good." I pulled her chain, making her come closer. "Now, your master wants to take a walk. Accompany me."

She nodded again, still on all fours.

I started walking. Slowly, leisurely, circling the room. And behind me, Arianna crawled, led by the chain I held.

"Come on, dog," I said, my voice cheerful. "Let's walk."

Arianna crawled behind me, her smooth knees creeping across the marble floor. Occasionally she had to pass through her own puddles, making her skin wet and slippery.

We circled the room. Past the large mirror, where she could see her own reflection—naked, covered in semen and her own fluids, with dog ears on her head and a collar around her neck, crawling like an animal.

She turned her face away, ashamed to see herself.

"Don't be shy," I said without looking back. "Look at yourself. You're beautiful."

She looked at her reflection again. This time longer. And somehow, my words made her a little braver.

We passed the long bench. Past the towel rack. Past the toilet door she'd originally intended to enter.

"Stop," I said.

Arianna stopped crawling. I turned to face her. My cock was still erect, waiting.

"Now," I said, "I'm going to ride you while we walk."

Her eyes widened. "W-What?"

I didn't explain. I just approached, stood behind her, and thrust my cock into her still-wet pussy.

"AAAAH!"

Arianna screamed again. But this time I didn't stay still. I began moving—back and forth, in and out, fucking her at a moderate pace.

And while fucking her, I started walking.

"Come on," I said, pulling her chain. "Walk."

Arianna crawled forward, even though each step was jolted by the thrusts of my hips from behind. Her position was strange—crawling while I rode her from behind, each forward step accompanied by one thrust inside.

"Aaaah... aaaah... aaaah..." her moans followed the rhythm.

We walked around the room. From the mirror to the long bench. From the long bench to the corner. From the corner to the toilet door. Circling like someone taking their dog for a walk.

Each step made her plump ass jiggle. Each thrust made her tight pussy suck me in deeper. Arianna's vaginal walls kept squeezing my shaft, as if not wanting to let go.

"Your pussy is incredible," I groaned behind her. "It won't let me go."

"Hyaaah... hyaaah... aaaah..." Arianna couldn't answer. Her mouth could only release moans.

We kept walking. One lap. Two laps. Three laps. The wet squelching sounds from her continuously pounded pussy filled the room. The sounds of both our moans. The sounds of her palms and knees crawling on the floor.

"Aaaah! Aaah! I—I want more!" she screamed mid-walk.

"Want what?"

"I want to climax again! I want—Aaah!"

"You just climaxed," I said, still fucking her. "So greedy, dog."

But I sped up my movements. My thrusts grew harder, deeper. Each thrust made her ass shake violently, making wet slapping sounds echo.

"Aaaah! AAH! AAH!"

"Make your dog sounds!" I commanded.

"ARF! ARF! AAH! ARF!"

She barked with each thrust, a mix of moans and embarrassing barks. But she did it. She obeyed.

I felt the sensation peaking again. My cock throbbed, ready to release its second load.

"I'm about to come again," I groaned. "Where do you want it?"

"I-inside!" she screamed in panic. "Not outside! Inside! I want to feel it again!"

Greedy bitch.

I came again. The second burst of semen filled her womb, warm, copious, flooding her. Arianna screamed, her body convulsing violently, and for the second time—

A burst of warm fluid sprayed from her pussy, mixing with my semen that had just entered.

She was squirting again.

"AAAAAAH!"

[You have successfully made Arianna climax.]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 42.]

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 89%.]

We both panted heavily. I was still inside her, feeling the last twitches of her pussy. Arianna lay limp on the floor, her hands no longer strong enough to support her, her cheek pressed against the cold marble.

But she was smiling. A satisfied smile she couldn't hide.

I withdrew slowly. My semen flowed out of her pussy, mixing with her own fluids, soaking her thighs and the floor beneath.

"So messy," I said, but my tone was satisfied.

Arianna just moaned softly, with no energy to respond.

I sat on the long bench, catching my breath. Arianna still lay on the floor, her body covered in sweat, semen, and her own fluids. Her dog ears were tilted, her collar still around her neck.

"Come here," I called.

She crawled closer, despite her shaky body. I stroked her hair, praising her.

"Good dog."

She purred softly, enjoying my caress.

We were silent for a while, savoring the stillness after the storm. But that silence didn't last long.

Beyond the room's door, faintly, a shadow stood.

Nerissa.

She had followed from afar. Seen Adam enter the women's locker room. And now, from behind the door, she could hear strange sounds. Moans. Barking. Wet noises that needed no explanation.

Her face flushed. Her hands clenched.

"That crazy bastard," she whispered.

Chapter 227: Chapter 227 - Yellow Stream

The remnants of pleasure still tingled through my body as I sat on the long bench, drawing a deep breath. Arianna lay sprawled on the floor, her body glistening with sweat and fluids, but her crimson eyes stared up at me with something difficult to describe.

Then her gaze dropped to my cock.

Still erect. Still hard. Still ready to be used again.

Without being asked, without being commanded, Arianna crawled closer. Her limp body moved slowly, her knees bruised by the marble floor, but nothing stopped her. She stopped between my legs, her face directly before my cock—still slick with our combined fluids.

And she licked it.

Her pink tongue traced slowly from base to tip, cleaning the remnants of our mixed juices. Her eyes looked up at me from below, seeking approval.

I stroked her hair. "Good dog."

The praise made her shiver with pleasure. She kept licking, her tongue moving more confidently now, lapping at my shaft, cleaning my head, her tongue tip probing the small slit at the end.

But her mouth wasn't big enough. Even just trying to take the head, her jaw ached. She attempted to fit the whole head in, but only half would go.

Arianna grunted in frustration. Then her hands moved.

Both her smooth palms wrapped around my shaft, her fingers encircling me. One hand gripped the shaft, the other held my heavy balls, stroking them gently.

Meanwhile, her mouth focused on the head.

Her tongue circled the crown, her lips nursed the tip, her eyes kept staring up at me with complete devotion. Her hands moved up and down my shaft, creating a different sensation from pussy or mouth—but still pleasurable.

"Ah... clever dog," I moaned softly.

I reached for her massive breasts. Both my hands cupped those mounds of white flesh, squeezing, playing with them. Her pink nipples had already hardened, and every time my fingers touched them, Arianna moaned around my cock head.

"Aaaah... mmmpphh..." her muffled moans escaped.

My hands kept squeezing her breasts, sometimes twisting her nipples, sometimes pinching them gently. Arianna responded with faster hand movements, her tongue growing more aggressive.

My cock head began throbbing again. The sensation at the base of my shaft was building to a peak.

"I'm going to cum," I moaned, as a warning.

Arianna didn't retreat. Instead, she quickened her hand strokes, her mouth sucked my head harder, her eyes stared up at me with eager anticipation.

"Aaaah... AAAAAH!"

I came. The third burst of cum filled her mouth, shooting straight down her throat. Arianna swallowed it all greedily, her tongue still licking my head between spurts, making sure nothing went to waste.

When I finished, she pulled away with a wet prach sound, sticking out her tongue to show no cum remained there. She'd swallowed it all.

I gasped for breath, stroking her hair gently. "You learn fast."

Arianna smiled—a satisfied smile she couldn't hide. Her red eyes gleamed, her face wet with saliva and a little cum that had dripped before she could swallow.

But my cock still hadn't softened.

I reached for her ass—still red from my earlier slaps. I squeezed hard, making her moan.

"You dared to tease me like that," I said, my voice low. "You think everything's over?"

Arianna looked at me, a little scared but also excited. "I-I just..."

"You want another round?"

She bit her lip. Then nodded slightly.

I smiled. "Naughty dog."

I stood, pulling her leash. Arianna returned to all fours, her ass raised high. I stood behind her, my fully erect cock pressing against her ass crack.

"Let's go for another walk," I said, and thrust in.

"AAAAH!"

Arianna screamed as my cock immediately filled her still-wet pussy. No time needed—her pussy welcomed me eagerly, her walls gripping tight instantly.

I began moving. Steady thrusts in and out, while pulling her leash to guide direction.

"Walk," I commanded.

Arianna crawled forward, her body jolting with every thrust from behind. This time I guided her toward the small door in the corner—the toilet door.

"Let's go in," I said, kicking the door open.

The toilet was small, barely enough for one person. A white sit-down toilet in the corner, a small sink beside it, and a mirror above the sink. The floor was marble, like the main room.

Arianna crawled in, and I followed from behind, still riding her. In this cramped space, our movements were more limited—but that didn't matter.

I pulled her up.

"Stand up," I said.

Arianna rose with difficulty, her body still shaking from my nonstop thrusts. Once she was standing, I lifted one leg and propped it on the sink edge.

Her position was strange now. Standing on one leg, the other raised, her body only supported by her hands gripping the sink for balance. And from behind, I could thrust even deeper.

"Aaaaah! AAH! AAH!" her moans filled the small room.

This position let me go deeper. Every thrust made my head hit her cervix, even pushing slightly inside. On Arianna's flat stomach, sometimes a faint bulge appeared when I thrust fully.

"Y-you're going too deep!" she cried, a mix of pain and pleasure. "AAAaaah! It feels... it feels insane!"

"It is insane," I moaned behind her. "You like it, don't you?"

"I-I do! I love it! AAH! AAH! KEEP FUCKING ME!"

I fucked her harder. Every thrust made her body tremble, made her huge breasts sway wildly before the mirror. She could see her own reflection—her flushed face, her wet eyes, her gaping mouth, and behind her, me riding her like an animal.

"Crazy bitch!" she cursed between moans. "You pervert! Insane! Sex maniac!"

"Ha! Still able to curse?"

"Aaaah! Y-You're—Aaaah!—A madman—Aaaah!—A complete madman!"

"But you like it, right?"

"I-I do! I LOVE IT! Aaah! I LOVE BEING YOUR CRAZY BITCH!"

I laughed. "So all this time you've just been pretending to be angry?"

"NO—Aaaah!—I hate—Aaaah!—I hate you—Aaaah!—But—Aaaah!—But this is too—Aaaah!"

I laughed. "You just said you love it."

"I-I don't love it! I love it! But this—this is too—AAAH! DEEP! TOO DEEP!"

I didn't care. I kept thrusting, faster, harder. The sound of my body slapping against her red ass filled the small room, mixing with Arianna's increasingly uncontrollable moans.

"FUCK! DAMN! SHIT! AAH! AAH! YOU—YOU MONSTER! YOU PERVERTED FREAK! INSANE! AAH! AAH! KEEP FUCKING! KEEP FUCKING!"

"I love your dirty mouth," I moaned. "Keep cursing. It makes your pussy tighter."

"ASS—asshole! I—I hate—AAH!—I hate—I hate—AAH!—I hate this!"

"But your pussy says otherwise."

"I KNOW! AAH! I KNOW! DON'T REMIND ME! AAH!"

I laughed. "Stupid girl."

"I'M NOT STUPID! I—AAH!—I'M OPHELIA'S—AAH!—OPHELIA'S DAUGHTER—"

"Ophelia Blazinger's daughter, now my whore," I cut in.

Hearing that, Arianna moaned loudly. Not in protest—but in pleasure. My words only made her wetter, tighter.

"YES! YES! I—I'M YOUR WHORE! AAH! YOUR F—FUCKING WHORE—AAH! KEEP GOING! DON'T STOP!"

I didn't stop. I kept thrusting, more brutal, deeper. Every thrust made the bulge in her stomach more visible. Every withdrawal made her whimper with loss.

"I'm going to cum again!" I shouted.

"INSIDE! CUM INSIDE! FILL MY WOMB! AAH! FILL ME UP!"

I pushed as deep as possible, until my head was fully inside her cervix, and there I came. The fourth burst filled her womb directly, warm, thick, flooding. Arianna screamed, her body convulsing violently, and for the third time—

Her fluid sprayed heavily, mixing with my cum, soaking her thighs, soaking the toilet floor.

She was squirting again.

[You have successfully made Arianna climax.]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 38.]

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 92%.]

We both gasped for breath in that small room. Arianna slumped against the sink, her hands barely supporting her. I was still inside her, feeling the last spasms of her pussy.

Slowly, I pulled out. My cum flowed from her red pussy, soaking her thighs, dripping to the floor.

Arianna staggered, nearly falling. I caught her, helping her sit on the toilet lid.

She sat there, naked, drenched in sweat and fluids, with dog ears tilted on her head and a collar around her neck. Her face was red, her eyes wet, her breath ragged.

But her eyes... her eyes gleamed with a strange happiness.

"You... you monster..." she whispered, but her tone wasn't angry.

I smiled. "You asked for it."

She snorted but didn't argue.

Then suddenly, her expression changed. From pleasure-flushed to... something else.

"I-I..." she squirmed restlessly. "I need to pee."

I raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Seriously!" she squeezed her thighs together. "I really need to pee! I've been holding it, but now it's—it's about to burst!"

"Go ahead then," I said casually.

"R-right here?!"

"Yes, in the toilet. That's what it's for, isn't it?"

Arianna looked at the toilet beneath her, then at me. "Y-you want to watch?"

"Of course."

"NO!" she protested, her voice panicking. "That's embarrassing! I don't want you watching me pee!"

I just smiled. "You just crawled naked in front of me, licked my feet, barked like a dog, and let me fuck you in front of a mirror. But peeing is what's embarrassing?"

Arianna froze.

"Go on," I said, tugging her leash. "Pee like a dog. I want to watch."

"I... I can't with you watching..."

"You can," I coaxed, my voice soft. "I'm your master. I have the right to watch everything you do. Including this."

She bit her lip. Her lower abdomen felt like it would explode. She really couldn't hold it much longer.

"B-but..."

"Pee," I said firmly. "Or I'll make you hold it until tomorrow."

"I'LL PEE!" she shouted in panic.

I smiled satisfied. "Good. Go ahead."

Arianna rose from the toilet trembling. But instead of sitting, she...

Crouched.

Yes, she crouched on the toilet floor, on all fours. One leg lifted slightly, like a dog peeing.

Her face was crimson, her eyes glistening with shame. But she did it.

"Like..." her voice trembled. "Like this?"

I nodded, my eyes fixed on her. "Yes. Now pee."

"I-I... I can't with you watching..."

"You can," I said again. "I'm your master. I believe you can."

That praise somehow struck her heart. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and...

A rushing sound filled the room.

Clear yellow urine sprayed from between her thighs, soaking the marble floor, flowing toward the drain in the corner. The sound was loud in the silent room, unmistakable.

But beneath that shame, there was an undeniable expression of relief—a long-held need finally released. Her tongue even stuck out slightly, unconsciously, like a dog enjoying something.

She didn't know why. Maybe from habit. Maybe because in her dreams, she often did this. But her tongue hung out, exactly like a dog peeing, with an expression of shame, relief, and strangely—satisfaction.

I watched her intently.

The sight was utterly ridiculous. Arianna Blazinger, daughter of Ophelia Blazinger, one of Nine Stars' strongest students, now crouched on a toilet floor with dog ears on her head, a collar around her neck, tongue hanging out, peeing like a female dog.

My cock immediately throbbed.

Arianna saw that through her shame. Her eyes widened.

"W-what?! Now?!"

I approached, standing right before her. My large cock was directly in front of her face.

"Your mouth," I said.

"I-I'm peeing!"

"Keep going," I said. "Pee while you suck."

"THAT'S INSANE! HOW CAN I—"

I pushed my cock into her mouth.

"MMMPPPHHH!"

Arianna choked, but the sound of her peeing didn't stop. She kept urinating, while her mouth was full of me. Her eyes widened in panic, her hands reached up to grip my thighs, but she could do nothing.

I began moving. Slowly, enjoying the sensation of her warm mouth at the same time she peed on the floor.

"Aaah... nice," I moaned.

Arianna could only groan muffled. Tears began flowing again—but amid the shame and panic, her recently emptied pussy was getting wet again.

She was truly insane now.

The sound of her peeing finally stopped. A large puddle had formed on the floor, slowly flowing to the drain. But her mouth was still busy.

I kept pumping, faster. Arianna accepted it obediently, her tongue licking my shaft, her hands stroking my balls.

"Peeing... while sucking... you insane whore," I moaned. "You're amazing, dog."

Hearing that praise, her wet eyes gleamed.

"I'm going to cum again," I said. "Where do you want it?"

She couldn't answer, but her eyes said in my mouth.

I pushed deeper, down her throat, and—

"AAAAH!"

I came. The fifth burst filled her mouth, shooting straight down her throat. Arianna swallowed it all greedily, her tongue still licking my shaft, making sure nothing remained.

When I finished, I pulled out. Arianna coughed a little, but immediately stuck out her tongue to show she'd swallowed everything.

Her face was now truly ecstatic. A mix of shame, satisfaction, and a strange happiness she couldn't explain.

She'd just peed like a dog while sucking her master's cock, and she felt... happy.

I stroked her hair. "Good dog."

She purred, pressing her head into my palm.

"You're truly a good dog," I whispered again.

And outside the door, Nerissa, who had heard everything from the beginning, retreated slowly. Her face was flushed, her heart pounded wildly, and between her thighs, something warm was getting wet.

She couldn't explain her feelings. Disgust? Shame?

She ran from that corridor, not daring to think further.

[Your Dominance over Arianna increases to 95%.]

Chapter 228: Chapter 228 - Yukie's Lie

As soon as I returned to the stands and settled into my usual seat, Instructor Violet turned toward me with a sharp gaze.

"Where have you been?" she asked, her voice flat but clearly carrying a note of disapproval. "You were gone a long time."

I shrugged casually. "Constipated."

Violet narrowed her eyes, clearly not believing me. But before she could argue further, she continued, "Did you see Arianna? She hasn't come back either."

"No," I answered innocently. "I didn't see her at all."

Violet exhaled in frustration.

"You're late. After Isabel's loss, Yukie stepped up."

Her gaze shifted to the arena, and I turned to look as well.

There, Yukie Iceblood stood calmly in the center of the arena. Her white hair gently swayed in the wind, her face expressionless as usual. Before her, Isaac Moonfall stood in a ready stance, both daggers gripped tightly, his body slightly crouched. But from his posture, it was clear he was uncomfortable.

The massive scoreboard overhead displayed:

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 9 WINS – 7 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 9 LOSSES

Drakefield's remaining representative was Isaac alone. One-on-one with Yukie.

The decider.

I sat back in my seat, leaning against the chair, ready to enjoy the show.

The moment I sat down, Nerissa—seated a few places away—immediately averted her gaze. Her face flushed, her hands nervously twisting the edge of her uniform.

I smiled faintly, then stood and walked closer. I sat down right beside her.

Nerissa instantly tensed. "Don't sit here. Go away."

"I just want to watch the match," I replied casually. "What's wrong with sitting here?"

"Go away, Adam!" she hissed, louder this time. "I don't want to sit anywhere near a cra—" She stopped herself, biting her tongue.

I put on a hurt expression. "Why are you so mean to me? We're friends, aren't we?"

Nerissa turned away, not answering.

I leaned slightly closer, bringing my lips near her ear. My voice was barely a whisper, just loud enough for the two of us. "Did you see it just now?"

Nerissa froze.

Her already flushed face turned beet red. From her neck up to her cheeks, to her forehead, even to her earlobes. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out. Her hands trembled in her lap.

"You—" she whispered, her voice breaking. "You know?"

I chuckled softly. "Did you record it this time? To threaten me again?"

Nerissa stared at me with a mixed expression—anger, fear, shame. For a moment, she looked like she wanted to argue. But finally, in a trembling voice, she said, "You're... you're insane!"

She rose from her seat roughly and walked quickly to the front row. She sat down right beside Instructor Violet, as if seeking protection.

I shook my head, smiling to myself.

In the arena, the fight reached its peak.

Isaac moved. His small body darted back and forth with speed that made it difficult for ordinary eyes to follow. Left, right, forward, back—like a shadow that never stayed still.

Yukie didn't move.

She just stood there, hands at her sides, face expressionless. Her pale blue eyes followed Isaac's movements calmly, as if she were watching a dance performance.

Isaac attempted a thrust from the side. Yukie shifted her feet a few inches—no more—and the dagger missed. Isaac tried again from behind. Yukie turned, her fingers brushing Isaac's arm, and a thin layer of ice instantly formed there.

Isaac retreated quickly, shaking his arm to break the ice.

"ISAAC MOONFALL KEEPS TRYING TO PENETRATE YUKIE'S DEFENSES, BUT EVERY ATTACK FAILS! YUKIE ICEBLOOD IS SO CALM, SO PERFECT! THIS IS TOP-TIER COMBAT!"

Isaac ground his teeth. He knew he couldn't win through conventional means. Not against a monster like Yukie.

He took a deep breath.

Then his body split.

One, two, three, four, five—five identical figures materialized around Yukie, surrounding her from all sides. Each with the same posture, the same daggers, the same aura. Not one appeared to be a decoy.

Isaac poured all his remaining energy into one final attack.

All five figures struck simultaneously. From the front, from behind, from left and right, and one from above—leaping high, stabbing downward with his full body weight.

Yukie raised her hand.

And the world froze.

Not the entire world, of course—just the arena.

The five Isaac figures froze in place, right as their daggers were about to touch Yukie's body. The expressions on their faces were locked in place by thin ice that began enveloping their entire forms.

One second. Two seconds. Three seconds.

Crack.

The five ice statues shattered into pieces, leaving only one figure collapsed on the floor. The real Isaac, his body trembling violently, his breath coming in gasps, and over his entire form, a thin layer of ice beginning to form.

He had lost.

The Colosseum fell silent.

Then, like a breaking wave, cheers exploded. Three hundred thousand spectators rose to their feet, shouting, chanting Yukie Iceblood's name. This was no longer a fight, it was an execution. A declaration that on this stage, there was only one queen.

"YUKIE ICEBLOOD! YUKIE ICEBLOOD! YUKIE ICEBLOOD!"

The Host shouted in a voice nearly breaking, "INCREDIBLE! INCREDIBLE! YUKIE ICEBLOOD HAS FROZEN THE ENTIRE ARENA AND DEFEATED ISAAC MOONFALL IN THE MOST SPECTACULAR FASHION! THIS IS POWER THAT NO ONE CAN MATCH!"

The scoreboard changed.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 10 WINS – 7 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 10 LOSSES

"WITH THIS, DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY HAS EXHAUSTED ALL THEIR FIGHTERS! NINE STARS ACADEMY OFFICIALLY ADVANCES TO THE FINAL ROUND AND WILL COMPETE FOR FIRST AND SECOND PLACE!"

Yukie stood in the center of the destroyed arena, surrounded by ice fragments and Isaac's helpless body. Her face remained the same—cold, expressionless, emotionless. As if she'd just finished a stroll through a park, not crushed Drakefield's best fighter.

She turned and walked away from the arena. No celebration, no waving to the crowd. Just calm steps toward the Nine Stars bench.

I smiled faintly. She really was a monster.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the arena, the match between Arclight and GOTE was still ongoing. The side display showed their scores:

ARCLIGHT ACADEMY: 8 WINS – 7 LOSSES

GOTE ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 8 LOSSES

Their fight wasn't as interesting as ours. GOTE relied on brutal physical strength, while Arclight was more strategic and measured. From what I could see, Arclight would win—they still had Leonhardt on the bench, while GOTE had exhausted their main fighters.

I exhaled, preparing to wait.

A few minutes later, Arianna appeared.

She walked with unsteady steps, her body still visibly trembling, her face flushed. Her hair was disheveled, and there were marks on her neck that couldn't be explained as battle wounds. When her eyes caught sight of me, she stuck out her tongue briefly—quickly, just for me to see—then immediately looked away.

I smiled with satisfaction. I think I'd successfully tamed her.

In the other arena, a siren sounded. The fight was over.

ARCLIGHT ACADEMY: 10 WINS – 7 LOSSES

GOTE ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 10 LOSSES

The Host immediately declared in a thunderous voice, "ARCLIGHT ACADEMY HAS WON THEIR MATCH! WITH THIS, THEY WILL FACE NINE STARS ACADEMY IN THE FINAL ROUND, WHICH WILL COMMENCE... IN ONE HOUR!"

The spectators' cheers once again filled the Colosseum.

"DURING THAT TIME, THERE WILL BE SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCES FROM VARIOUS ART GROUPS FROM ACROSS GATEHAVEN CITY! DON'T GO ANYWHERE, BECAUSE THE FINAL MATCH OF THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY TOURNAMENT WILL BEGIN SHORTLY!"

One hour.

I closed my eyes, relaxing in my seat.

About ten minutes before the final match was set to begin, the Nine Stars stands began to fill again. Drake, Ace, Mason, Kelvin, Arianna, Maximus, Isabel—they'd all returned, their wounds healed by the medical team. But exhaustion was still clearly visible on their faces. Especially Maximus, whose expression remained grim after his humiliating defeat by Isaac.

Violet sat in the front row, her eyes sweeping over each of us one by one. Beside her, Yukie sat calmly as usual. Nerissa was on Violet's other side, deliberately distancing herself from me. Isabel sat at the far end of the row, as far from my position as possible.

I sat in the middle row, relaxed, waiting.

In the arena, final preparations were underway. The destroyed floor was being repaired with magic, debris cleared away, arena boundaries renewed. Spectators were returning to their seats after the hour-long performances.

The Host appeared in the center of the arena on his hoverboard, spinning dramatically, then shouting with full enthusiasm.

"DISTINGUISHED ATTENDEES! THE MOMENT WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR HAS FINALLY ARRIVED! THE FINAL ROUND OF THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY TOURNAMENT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! ON ONE SIDE, WE HAVE ARCLIGHT ACADEMY—A DISCIPLINED, MEASURED TEAM THAT NEVER GIVES UP! ON THE

OTHER SIDE, NINE STARS ACADEMY—A DOMINANT, UNSTOPPABLE TEAM THAT BOASTS A MONSTER NAMED YUKIE ICEBLOOD! WHO WILL TAKE HOME THE TROPHY THIS YEAR?!"

The spectators' cheers peaked.

"AND NOW, WE WILL BEGIN BY CALLING THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVE FROM EACH ACADEMY! FROM ARCLIGHT ACADEMY..."

He paused, building tension.

"...ROWAN STEELHEIR!"

A young man with short brown hair, upright posture, and two swords at his waist stepped into the arena. His face was serious, his eyes sharp. From the cheers that greeted him, he was clearly no ordinary fighter.

"ROWAN STEELHEIR, DUAL SWORD SPECIALIST, S-RANK, AND THE SECOND STRONGEST FIGHTER AT ARCLIGHT ACADEMY! SENT OUT IN THE VERY FIRST ROUND—THIS SIGNALS THAT ARCLIGHT MEANS BUSINESS!"

The Host turned toward the Nine Stars stands. "AND NOW, FROM NINE STARS ACADEMY... WHO WILL BE THEIR OPPONENT?!"

Violet looked at each of us one by one.

Her gaze stopped on me.

I was fairly confident she'd choose me. The opponent was Arclight's number two, and I was still fresh, having not fought at all. The others—Yukie, Maximus, Arianna, Isabel—had all fought, and even though their wounds were healed, exhaustion still lingered.

But Violet didn't point at me immediately. Her gaze shifted to Yukie.

"Yukie," she called. "Do you want to fight first?"

I raised an eyebrow.

Yukie slowly turned toward Violet. Her face was flat, expressionless. "I'm still a little tired."

Huh? Everyone was surprised.

Tired?

I stared at her. She'd fought just an hour ago, and that fight had lasted no more than three minutes. She'd only unleashed one major attack at the end, and even that didn't seem draining at all. Her face was pale, but that's how her face always looked, and her breathing was normal—no signs of fatigue whatsoever.

But she said she was tired.

I looked at her, trying to read something in that ice-mask face. Nothing. Empty. As if she were discussing the weather, not telling such an obvious lie.

What was she planning? I wondered.

Violet also seemed surprised by the blatant falsehood, but she didn't challenge it. She just nodded, then her gaze shifted—this time truly to me.

"Adam."

I looked at her.

"You're our first representative."

I smiled faintly. "Of course, Instructor."

I stood, straightened my uniform, and stepped toward the arena. Behind me, I could feel gazes from all directions.

In the arena, Rowan Steelheir was already waiting. His two swords were drawn, glinting under the lights. His eyes regarded me warily.

The Host shouted with enthusiasm, "ADAM SOCHERON FROM NINE STARS ACADEMY! SON OF THE STAR WITCH, WHO HAS ALSO DRAWN ATTENTION WITH HIS UNEXPECTED POWER! ROWAN STEELHEIR VS ADAM SOCHERON—WHO WILL CLAIM THE FIRST POINT FOR THEIR ACADEMY?!"

The spectators' cheers flooded the arena.

I stopped at my position, looking at Rowan from across the arena. He stood in a perfect stance, his two swords ready in both offensive and defensive positions simultaneously.

"Adam Socheron," he said, his voice deep and serious. "Don't think you'll win easily."

I smiled. "We'll see."

The referee raised his hand.

"THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

Chapter 229: Chapter 229 - Flying Swords

I walked toward the arena with casual steps. Across from me, Rowan Steelheir already stood with his two swords—one long, one short—drawn in both hands. His stance was perfect, his eyes focused, no hesitation visible.

The match began, yet neither of us moved.

I just stood there, the black saber [Mindrender] loosely gripped in my right hand. I studied him, recalling glimpses of his fight against GOTE Academy an hour ago. Though I'd only watched a few minutes, I'd seen enough to understand his style.

He was troublesome. His swords could fly and move independently, controlled remotely. Combined with his ability to fight directly with two blades, he had multiple ways to attack.

'I need to finish this quickly,' I thought. 'Before he gets a chance to show all his tricks.'

So I activated [Eye of Desire] on him.

NAME: Rowen Steelheir

AGE: 24

CLASS: Dual Swordsman

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 6%

VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Penis

FETISH: -

Two minutes passed in tense silence. The audience grew restless. The Host commented with curiosity in his voice, "BOTH FIGHTERS ARE STASSESSING EACH OTHER! NEITHER DARES TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP! THIS IS A TENSE STANDOFF!"

I decided to attack first.

I stepped forward, the black saber swinging in a simple horizontal slash. Rowan met it with his long sword in his right hand, while the short sword in his left was poised to thrust from below.

CLANG!

Our blades met. Tiny sparks flew.

"THE FIGHT HAS BEGUN! ADAM ATTACKS FIRST, BUT ROWAN DEFENDS PERFECTLY!"

Rowan countered. His long sword pressed forward, forcing me back a step. His short sword thrust quickly toward my stomach—I barely dodged by twisting my body. Before I could regain the initiative, he attacked again.

His dual-sword combination was extraordinary. The long sword for powerful slashes, the short sword for rapid thrusts and unpredictable short cuts. He moved like water, flowing from one attack to the next without pause.

I defended, parried, dodged. [Mindrender] moved quickly in my hand, but two against one was clearly troublesome.

"Is that all you can do?" he taunted between attacks.

I didn't answer, keeping my focus on his blade movements.

Suddenly, the short sword in his left hand released.

But it didn't fall.

The sword hovered in the air, spun, then shot toward me from the side. I parried it with [Mindrender], but at the same moment, Rowan advanced with his long sword.

CLANG!

The flying sword bounced back, but immediately spun and attacked again.

I retreated quickly, but too slowly. Rowan's long sword grazed my shoulder, drawing blood—fortunately shallow, just a thin cut.

"ADAM IS WOUNDED! ROWAN HAS UNLEASHED HIS TRADEMARK ABILITY—FLYING SWORDS THAT MOVE AT HIS COMMAND! THIS IS A VERY RARE POWER! HOW WILL ADAM DEAL WITH IT?"

I gritted my teeth. That flying sword kept attacking from all directions—sometimes from the right, sometimes the left, sometimes from above. Meanwhile, Rowan himself advanced with his long sword, pressing from the front.

Two against one. But this time, those two opponents moved independently with unpredictable patterns.

I parried an attack from behind, spun, deflected Rowan's slash, then parried another attack from the side. My body moved as fast as possible, but this pressure...

"You're quite skilled," Rowan said, his eyes studying me with curiosity. "For someone newly awakened, your swordsmanship is beyond expectations."

I didn't answer. Too busy defending.

"It seems the Sword Saint's blood truly runs in your veins," he continued, his tone casual as if we were having an ordinary conversation despite his constant attacks. "What a pity."

'What a pity?' I retreated, trying to create distance. But the flying sword pursued, forcing me to keep defending. Rowan threw his long sword.

It shot forward like an arrow, joining the short sword already in flight. Now two swords attacked me from two different directions, while Rowan himself—he ran to the side, trying to surround me.

I parried the long sword, spun, and parried the short sword. But the long sword had already spun around and attacked again from behind.

SLASH.

My waist was hit. Another wound. Blood seeped into my uniform.

I retreated further, breathing slightly heavier. Those two swords kept pursuing like tireless ghosts.

"Damn it."

I had no skill suitable for this situation. My power so far had been more about physical ability and cheat skills that were too OP and valuable to waste on him. I had no special ability to handle two flying swords controlled remotely.

The Host kept commenting.

"ADAM SOCHERON IS BEING PUSHED BACK! HE'S TRYING TO HOLD ON, BUT ROWAN STEELHEIR IS TOO STRONG! THESE TWO FLYING SWORDS SEEM UNSTOPPABLE!"

From the stands, I could feel their gazes.

Arianna and Isabel...

"Why is he being pushed like that?" Arianna whispered, barely audible. "When he has that ability that..."

She didn't finish. But Isabel, sitting nearby, turned with a confused expression.

"Is he pretending?" Isabel whispered back.

I wasn't pretending, of course. But I also hadn't used my full power. Too early for that.

Rowan had retrieved his swords, both now back in his hands. He ran forward, his foot kicking.

The kick was fast. I raised my left arm to block, but the force was strong. I stumbled back several steps, and at that moment, both his swords released again, flying, attacking from two sides.

I parried one, spun, parried the other. But Rowan had already appeared before me, retrieving his long sword, and slashing.

CLANG!

[Mindrender] blocked the slash. But the short sword behind me was already poised to thrust.

I twisted my body, kicked, forcing Rowan back. The short sword missed, only grazing my waist again.

Rowan stepped back, but didn't create too much distance. He held both swords—one in his hand, another hovering beside him—and looked at me with a faint smile.

"You're talented," he said. "Truly. For someone awakened just a few months ago, your swordsmanship is top-tier. I have to acknowledge that."

I stayed silent, catching my breath.

"But you can't win," he continued. "I've been training since awakening five years ago. Every day. Every night. These swords have become part of my body, more than my

own hands." He raised his long sword, showing its gleaming blade. "Our starting points are different. And starting points determine everything."

I looked at him.

He was right, at least by ordinary standards. I'd only awakened a few months ago, while he'd trained for five years. Technically, he was far above me.

But I wasn't ordinary.

Rowan attacked again. Long sword in his hand, short sword flying from the side. The same combination, but this time faster, more precise.

I retreated, parried, and dodged.

The short sword attacked from the right—I parried. The long sword slashed from the front—I dodged by tilting my head. The short sword spun and attacked from the left—I parried again.

But Rowan had already retrieved his short sword. Now with both swords in his hands, he advanced with a deadly combination.

Slash, thrust, slash, thrust.

Long and short swords moved alternately, like an orchestra of death.

I kept defending. [Mindrender] moved quickly, but my arms were growing heavy. The wounds on my shoulder and waist slightly disrupted my balance.

Rowan saw my weakness. His long sword slashed low, trying to wound my leg. I leaped, and while in the air—

His short sword shot forward.

I parried it with difficulty, but my position wasn't ideal. Rowan was already waiting below, his long sword raised, ready to slash as I landed.

He smiled. "I'm honored. The Sword Saint's son will be defeated by me."

I landed. His long sword descended.

But I didn't parry with [Mindrender].

My left hand—empty hand—reached to the side. Reached for something hovering in the air.

The short sword I'd just parried.

My fingers gripped its hilt. Stopped it mid-air. Then, in the same motion, I slashed.

SHLICK!

The short sword gouged Rowan's chest before his long sword could reach me.

Blood sprayed. Rowan staggered back, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"How...?"

"You talk too much," I said.

Rowan still staggered, his hand clutching his bleeding chest. The wound was deep enough, but not fatal. He could still fight.

But his eyes showed something else. Confusion. Disbelief. Painful curiosity.

He looked at the sword in my hand, then at his other sword still hovering in the air, then back to the sword in my hand.

"THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THAT SWORD CAN ONLY BE CONTROLLED BY ME! I HAVE THE BOND WITH IT!"

The Host shouted in an almost hysterical voice. "WHAT JUST HAPPENED?! ADAM SOCHERON HAS MANAGED TO SEIZE CONTROL OF ROWAN'S SWORD! THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! HOW CAN HE DO THAT?!"

In his mind, Rowan was thinking fast, trying to find an explanation. His sword bond was a special ability—only he could control it. No one else could. It had been tested countless times.

But before him, Adam stood with his sword in hand.

What kind of power is this? he thought in horror. Does he... does he possess pure physical strength that's incredibly powerful?

I looked at him with a faint smile. "Your swordsmanship is excellent, Rowan. Truly. I acknowledge that."

I stepped forward, the sword in my hand ready. "But I'm stronger. And faster. I was just playing along earlier."

Rowan tried to retreat, tried to call his other sword. But I'd already moved.

[Time Stop] might not be usable. But my physical strength was more than enough.

I moved quickly from where I stood.

Rowan only saw a black flash, then my fist slammed into his stomach. He doubled over, air forced from his lungs. Before he could react, my knee smashed into his chin.

He flew back, crashing hard onto the floor. His swords scattered around him, no longer under control.

The Colosseum fell silent.

Rowan tried to rise, but his body wouldn't obey. He collapsed again, lying on his back, staring at the stained glass ceiling with vacant eyes.

I stood beside him, looking down, [Mindrender] in one hand, his other sword in my left.

The referee ran to the center of the arena, checked Rowan's condition, then raised his hand.

"ROWAN STEELHEIR CANNOT CONTINUE THE MATCH! VICTORY GOES TO ADAM SOCHERON OF NINE STARS ACADEMY!"

The scoreboard changed.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 1 WIN – 0 LOSSES

ARCLIGHT ACADEMY: 0 WINS – 1 LOSS

"FIRST POINT GOES TO NINE STARS ACADEMY! ADAM SOCHERON DELIVERS A PERFECT OPENING! THIS IS A MAJOR UPSET!"

The medical team immediately rushed into the arena, evacuating Rowan who still lay limp. They carried him out on a stretcher, and as he passed by me, Rowan stared at me.

Then I stood in the center of the arena, looking toward the Arclight bench.

I didn't walk out. Showed no signs of retreating.

The Host immediately caught my intent. "OH! ADAM SOCHERON IS STAYING IN THE ARENA! HE'S NOT STANDING DOWN! HE WANTS TO KEEP FIGHTING! THIS IS AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO ARCLIGHT ACADEMY!"

On the Arclight bench, Leonhardt sat with a serious expression. His sharp blue eyes stared straight at me. Around him, the Arclight team members began whispering, planning their next move.

I smiled faintly.

Come on, send whoever you want. I'll take them all on myself.

Chapter 230: Chapter 230 - Solo Domination

I stood in the center of the arena, my breathing still normal, my body fresh. Unlike last night, where I'd nearly passed out from exhaustion after an intense fight, this time I was in peak condition. Plenty of rest, plus [Vitality] which I'd raised to 70, had me ready for anything.

On the Arclight bench, a brief discussion was visible. Leonhardt Halstrom sat with a serious expression, his arms folded across his chest. Around him, team members exchanged glances, then one large figure stood.

The man was around 190 centimeters tall, with broad shoulders and a posture like a walking wall. In his right hand, a long gleaming sword. On his left, a large shield bearing Arclight's emblem. He walked to the arena with heavy steps, each footfall making the floor tremble slightly.

The Host immediately shouted, "FROM ARCLIGHT ACADEMY, THEIR SECOND REPRESENTATIVE IS... AIDEN HALEWICK! A PALADIN WITH SHIELD AND SWORD, A-RANK! HE WILL FACE ADAM SOCHERON, THE MONSTER FROM NINE STARS!"

I studied him carefully. Large body, muscles clearly trained for power rather than speed. His shield looked solid, probably capable of blocking physical attacks well.

In my mind, [Eye of Desire] activated.

NAME: Aiden Halewick

AGE: 24

CLASS: Paladin

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 5%

WEAK POINTS: Penis

FETISH: -

A-Rank. Same as Rowan. I glanced at the Arclight section—eight representatives sat there. Five of them were A-Rank, including Leonhardt. The other three were B-Rank.

They're serious, I thought. Sending a heavy paladin first to drain my stamina.

Unfortunately, they miscalculated.

The referee raised his hand. "THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

I didn't attack immediately. I walked slowly toward Aiden, my steps casual, almost like I was strolling through a park.

Aiden narrowed his eyes, wary. He also walked forward, but slower, more cautiously. His shield was raised, protecting most of his body. His sword was ready at his side.

"ADAM SOCHERON IS CASUALLY WALKING TOWARD AIDEN! WHAT'S GOING THROUGH HIS MIND?!"

When we were about three meters apart, I moved.

[Mindrender] swung quickly from the side, a simple horizontal slash targeting the side of his body not protected by the shield.

Aiden reacted fast. His shield spun, deflecting my attack with a loud BAM. At the same moment, his sword thrust toward my stomach.

I stepped back, dodging the thrust. But Aiden didn't stop. He charged forward, his shield pushed ahead trying to pressure me, corner me against the arena boundary.

I retreated again. And again. And again.

"AIDEN HALEWICK IS DOMINATING WITH HIS SHIELD! HE'S FORCING ADAM TO RETREAT! WILL ADAM BE CORNERED?!"

But really, I was just testing his speed.

And the result... he was slow. Much slower than Rowan.

After a few steps back, I stopped. My left foot planted firmly on the floor, my body slightly lowered. When Aiden pushed his shield forward again, I didn't retreat.

I punched the shield.

BAM!

The impact echoed loudly. Aiden was shocked, his hand holding the shield was knocked aside, his fingers trembling violently. He stumbled back two steps, his eyes wide.

"WHAT?!" the Host shouted. "ADAM PUNCHED AIDEN'S SHIELD AND MANAGED TO KNOCK HIM BACK! WHAT KIND OF STRENGTH IS THAT?!"

I didn't give him time. I lunged forward, [Mindrender] in one hand, my other fist clenched.

Aiden panicked. He raised his shield again, trying to block.

BAM!

The second punch struck the same shield. This time, it flew from his grasp, tumbling several meters before clattering to the floor.

The Colosseum fell silent for a moment.

Everyone was in disbelief. An A-Rank Paladin, with his solid shield, was disarmed in just two punches.

Aiden stood frozen, staring blankly at his empty hand. He still held his sword, but without his shield, he was just an ordinary fighter.

I didn't give him time to recover from the shock.

The third punch shot forward, hitting his stomach with full force.

WHAM!

Aiden's body lifted off the floor, flew several meters, then crashed and rolled like a rag doll. He stopped near the arena boundary, unmoving, unconscious.

Silence.

Then, like a breaking wave, cheers exploded.

"IMPOSSIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE! AIDEN HALEWICK, AN A-RANK PALADIN, DEFEATED IN JUST THREE PUNCHES! THREE PUNCHES! ADAM SOCHERON DIDN'T EVEN USE HIS SWORD—HE ONLY USED HIS FISTS!"

The Host had nearly lost his voice. "WHAT KIND OF POWER IS THIS?! THIS IS INSANE! ABSOLUTELY INSANE!"

I stood in the center of the arena, looking at my own hand. [Strength: 80] was truly extraordinary—nearly equivalent to an SS-Rank Awakener. No wonder Aiden, who relied only on ordinary physical strength, couldn't match me.

The reason I'd struggled slightly against Rowan was that his speed nearly matched mine, plus his swordsmanship was exceptional. But Aiden? He was too slow. Power without speed just makes you an easy target.

The medical team ran into the arena, evacuating the still-unconscious Aiden. On the Arclight bench, the representatives' expressions began to shift. From confident to wary, from wary to anxious.

The scoreboard changed.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 2 WINS – 0 LOSSES

ARCLIGHT ACADEMY: 0 WINS – 2 LOSSES

"ADAM SOCHERON HAS SECURED TWO CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES! HE'S STILL STANDING IN THE ARENA, WAITING FOR HIS NEXT OPPONENT! WILL ARCLIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP HIM?!"

I stood with my hands on my hips, waiting. On the Arclight bench, the discussion lasted longer this time. They'd finally realized that sending slow fighters was a fatal mistake.

Their third representative finally stood.

A woman. She wore tight black clothing that accentuated her slim but athletic figure. In her right hand, a short gleaming dagger. In her left hand, a long rapier with an ornate hilt. Her black hair was tied in a high ponytail, her dark blue eyes watching me warily.

She walked to the arena with light steps, almost silently. Like a cat.

The Host declared, "ARCLIGHT'S THIRD REPRESENTATIVE IS... MIRA SHADOWLYN! A DUAL-WEAPON SPECIALIST—DAGGER AND RAPIER—WITH AN ASSASSIN TYPE! A-RANK! SHE WILL FACE ADAM SOCHERON!"

I studied her. From her posture and movement, she was clearly a speed type. Possibly as fast as Rowan, or even faster. Arclight had finally learned from their mistakes—they sent a fighter who could match my speed.

Mira stopped at her position, rapier and dagger ready. Her eyes never left [Mindrender] in my hand.

The referee raised his hand. "THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

Neither of us moved.

We watched each other, measured each other, looked for openings. Mira was slightly crouched, her weight on the balls of her feet, ready to spring at any moment.

I decided to test her.

I stepped forward, [Mindrender] swinging in a horizontal slash.

Mira dodged nimbly, her body twisted to the side, her rapier immediately thrusting toward my ribs. I spun, avoiding the thrust, and at the same moment her dagger was already slashing from the other side.

Tch, fast too.

I stepped back, avoiding both attacks. But Mira showed no mercy—she immediately pursued, a combination of rapier thrusts and dagger slashes launched at high speed.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

I parried with [Mindrender], retreating slowly, studying her pattern. She was fast, very fast. Possibly as fast as Rowan, and in terms of agility, she was slightly superior.

"THE FIGHT BEGINS WITH HIGH INTENSITY! MIRA SHADOWLYN IS ATTACKING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED! ADAM SOCHERON IS FORCED TO DEFEND!"

Mira kept pressing. Her rapier thrust from various angles, while her dagger was always ready to strike at unexpected moments. She moved like a dancer—beautiful, but deadly.

But I was beginning to read her movements.

Every fighter has a pattern, and after a few minutes of fighting, I started seeing it. She tended to attack with her rapier first, then use her dagger to cover gaps after the initial strike. An effective pattern, but predictable.

When she attacked again—rapier thrust to the chest, followed by dagger slash to the neck—I was ready.

I didn't retreat. I stepped forward, moving inside her range.

Mira was surprised. Her rapier missed because I was too close, and her dagger only grazed my shoulder. But at the same moment, [Mindrender] swung.

SWISH!

My sword slashed her arm—not deep, but enough to make her lose her grip. The dagger flew from her hand, clattering to the floor.

Mira retreated quickly, clutching her wounded arm. Her eyes were still sharp, but now there was a hint of panic there.

I didn't give her time. I advanced, [Mindrender] pressing mercilessly.

She defended with just her rapier, but without her dagger, her defense was unbalanced. Every slash, every thrust, narrowed her space further.

"ADAM HAS DISARMED MIRA OF HER DAGGER! NOW SHE'S FIGHTING WITH ONLY HER RAPIER! THIS IS A MAJOR ADVANTAGE!"

Mira retreated to the arena boundary. Behind her, only the barrier fence and spectator stands. No more room to retreat.

She gritted her teeth. "No... I won't lose!"

She lunged desperately, her rapier thrusting in a final attack.

I deflected it easily. [Mindrender] spun, locking her rapier, and in the same motion, my fist slammed into her stomach.

WHAM!

Mira staggered, her rapier dropping. She fell to her knees, gasping for breath, clutching her stomach.

I stood before her, [Mindrender] drawn, its tip pointed directly at her face.

"You've lost," I said.

Mira looked at me. In her eyes, there was a mixture of defeat, admiration, and clear frustration. She nodded slowly.

The referee raised his hand. "MIRA SHADOWLYN CANNOT CONTINUE THE MATCH! VICTORY GOES TO ADAM SOCHERON!"

Cheers erupted again. This was my third consecutive victory.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 3 WINS – 0 LOSSES

ARCLIGHT ACADEMY: 0 WINS – 3 LOSSES

"ADAM SOCHERON HAS SECURED THREE VICTORIES! THREE! HE'S STILL STANDING IN THE ARENA, SHOWING NO SIGNS OF FATIGUE! THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY!"

I caught my breath, feeling a slight fatigue beginning to creep in. Three consecutive fights, though not too heavy, still drained stamina. But I could still continue.

On the Arclight bench, the atmosphere was growing grim. Several representatives looked down, not daring to face the arena. Others whispered with anxious expressions.

Leonhardt still sat with a serious face, but his previously folded arms now rested on his knees, slightly clenched.

Their fourth representative stood.

Another woman. Long wavy brown hair, a light green mage's robe, and in her hand, a staff with a large crystal at its tip. She walked to the arena with graceful steps, but her eyes were wary.

The Host declared, "ARCLIGHT'S FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE IS... CASSANDRA MORWELL! A WIND MAGE, SPECIALIST IN WIND ELEMENTS, A-RANK! SHE WILL TRY TO STOP ADAM SOCHERON'S MOMENTUM!"

I studied her. A wind mage. That meant long-range attacks, possibly troublesome.

Cassandra stopped at her position, her staff raised. Around her, wind began to swirl slowly, making her hair and robe flutter.

The referee raised his hand. "THE MATCH... BEGINS!"

Cassandra didn't wait. The moment "begin" was uttered, she swung her staff.

SWISH!

A wind blade shot toward me—fast, sharp, like an invisible knife. I dodged by rolling to the side, feeling the gust pass by me.

But that was just the beginning.

Cassandra swung her staff again and again. Consecutive wind blades shot forward, forcing me to keep moving, dodging, running. Every time I tried to approach, she unleashed more attacks.

"THIS WIND MAGE IS EXTREMELY TROUBLESOME! ADAM IS FORCED TO DEFEND FROM A DISTANCE! HOW WILL HE PENETRATE CASSANDRA'S DEFENSES?!"

I ran sideways, trying to approach from a blind spot. But Cassandra was always ready—the wind around her acted like radar, telling her my every movement.

This was troublesome.