

[Adam POV]

The moment Brain picked me out of the slaves to be his protegee, things changed but for the worst. He was more sadistic, and cruel than any other cultist in the Tower.

He enjoyed teaching me through pain, even though most of the time I wasn't learning a thing.

The only improvement in my life was that I had better food. If only because it served to keep me healthy enough to take on his sadistic behavior, I honestly could understand better why the members of Oration Six had turned out the way they had.

Nevertheless, I would not let this sick bastard corrupt me. Fuck everything, and fuck him in particular.

"You still haven't developed your magic," Brain clicked his tongue. "Normally by now, your magic would've come to try and defend you. Perhaps it is that you enjoy the pain?" He smiled a twisted deranged smile.

I didn't respond, bleeding on the ground from his... training.

"Don't fret though. I will unlock that power of yours, it's just a matter of time," Brain declared.

I glared at him.

"Such anger, such hate. Tsk, Tsk." He clicked his tongue, "You should be grateful I even bothered to teach you at all, you could be down there, working like the rest of the slaves, dying like the rest of them."

I said nothing.

He smirked. "Well, at the very least you have learned to control your tongue. Good boy."

I shivered in anger and disgust at his words. I was going to destroy him, this monster didn't deserve to breathe. Even if it killed me, I was going to kill him.

"Now, let's start from the top shall we?" Brain smiled, walking towards me, his hands glowing. "Defend yourself, or suffer."

I glared at him, "As you wish."

He chuckled, clapping his hands. "Good. Now do try your best, make it interesting."

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For the next hours, I continued to suffer at the hands of Brain, feeling nothing but pain, endless pain. Every now and then though, I would find myself at peace, feeling nothing, as I

heard a whisper in the back of my head, but that never lasted long.

Nevertheless, I was grateful for that second of reprieve I was given, even though it was a short moment, and fleeting relief, I was grateful for it, it helped me keep my sanity.

"We've been at this for seven hours, and you still haven't lost consciousness," Brain whistled. "You might have problems unlocking your magic, but your physical endurance is nothing to laugh at. Every day, from morning to dark, for the last three months, and you still haven't shown even a bit of fear, only anger."

I glared at him, spitting blood on the ground.

"Good, keep that hate. It makes wizards stronger," Brain grinned at me, as his hands glowed charging for another attack. "Perhaps my mistake so far has been being lenient with you. I will test that theory out, so you better find a way to block this, if you want to live."

I could tell even though I couldn't feel his magic, that the attack he was charging now was many times stronger than anything he had thrown at me. My body could feel it, like a cold shiver running down my spine.

"Die," Brain laughed, before launching his attack towards me.

However, before the attack even reached me, something happened, something snapped inside of me. Like a sleeping volcano that was ready to destroy everything, there was a sudden eruption of magic power, engulfing me, and shaking the tower of heaven before blasting Brain's attack away, and before I knew it, I was standing, holding a simple katana in my hands.

Brain grinned, pulling back his hands, the lights on them fading. "You have finally awakened your magic, my young apprentice; exciting."

As the eruption died down, I glared at him, before looking in confusion at the weapon in my hands.

"Most peculiar, I didn't expect you to have this type of magic." Brain started laughing, delighted. "Sword magic, common, but on the right hands powerful."

Sword magic?

No, this... this felt different, I wasn't even sure how Sword Magic felt, but... this, this wasn't it.

"Now the real training can start," Brain said, a sinister smile on his face. "But before that, let's have your wounds treated. Now that you're actually worth keeping alive, I need you in top condition before we resume our little game."

I glared at him, before nodding.

"I will send the medics to treat your wounds, once that's done. Come back here to continue," Brain said, before dismissing me and walking away into a different area in the tower.

Once he had left, I sat on the ground, my wounds bleeding into the dirt, as I looked at the Katana in my hands. It felt odd. I had no idea how to describe it, but it... felt like it wasn't what it looked to be, it also felt mine, on a fundamental level.

I sighed. This couldn't have been easier, could it?

I guess it doesn't matter, this is a step in the right direction. Besides, now I have something to cut Brain's head off.

At this, I could feel a small nudge of approval coming from my blade.

Huh?

A living weapon perhaps? That would be cool.

Once again, I felt another tug of approval coming from the blade. I was either going insane from the constant torture, or I was getting somewhere with this.

"So, should I name you something?" I asked my blade, tilting my head. "Excalibur perhaps?"

For some bizarre reason, I could almost feel the katana deadpan at me.

"Fine," I grumbled. "Everyone's a critic."

I suppose the name doesn't matter now. Besides, who knows, maybe in time the sword will actually communicate with me, and pick his own name, or help me pick it.

Fingers crossed.

"Lord Brain sent to heal your injuries," I heard someone say, and soon after that, a dozen or so medics entered the training/torture ground.

"Do it quickly, he sounded rather impatient," I spat, letting the medics do their job while keeping my head cool to avoid trying to cut their heads off. It was testing, not gonna lie.

I had to fight with all my strength that little voice inside my head, telling me to kill them all.

I wasn't ready to take them on, I was still weak, but one day that would change.