

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 1 - Time Stop - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 1 - Time Stop

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 - Time Stop

My fist slammed against the wall again and again, hard, right above the photo of a woman with white hair and a stare as cold as ice. The skin on my knuckles split, blood seeping out and smearing the picture. It felt like punishing myself, but it didn't bring any relief.

I stopped, breath ragged. My heartbeat echoed in my head. Slowly I pulled my hand back and stared at the blood dripping from my knuckles. Damn it.

I tried to calm myself, then walked toward the mirror standing in the corner of the room. My reflection stared back at me with a mocking expression.

"Adam Socheron, you pathetic loser," I muttered at the reflection. My voice sounded foreign, like someone else disgusted with my existence. "How long are you going to keep this up? To hell with your fear. To hell with you. Why can't you, just once, act like the MCs in those manhwas you read? Even when they start weak, they fight back. Not you. You're nothing but a pitiful coward."

I let out a breath, not one of relief but the kind that belongs to someone too tired even to sigh.

Honestly, I didn't look that bad. If strangers saw me, they might even say I was handsome. My grey stone hair was a mess, nearly brushing my shoulders. My skin was pale. My eyes? Violet. Unique, people said. My jawline was decent, but my face was always buried under a gloomy expression, so it was wasted.

My body was the same—not bad, not great either. Lean but not scrawny. I stood at a hundred and eighty centimeters. At the moment, I was wearing a plain black T-shirt and dark navy chinos.

Suddenly my stomach growled loud enough to make me wince. I glanced at the clock—four in the afternoon. Damn. I really hadn't eaten since morning.

After roasting myself enough, I finally worked up the courage to leave my room. The atmosphere shifted the second I stepped outside; the house felt foreign, making me want to crawl back into my messy, familiar den.

But hunger was stronger than discomfort.

I just hoped those cursed women had left something behind for me to eat.

For once, the universe wasn't completely cruel. I found a loaf of bread in the kitchen cabinet. I opened it and counted fast. Five slices left. Not bad. Then I spotted a jar of chocolate spread. Not bad at all. Without thinking twice, I grabbed both like a petty thief desperate to escape before getting caught.

The house was quiet, and I was grateful. I didn't want to meet anyone. But when I reached the living room and started up the stairs, my body froze. I felt another presence.

I turned.

A woman stood not far away, staring straight at me with golden eyes that pinned me like nails through my soul.

Angeline Socheron. My stepsister.

She had dark purple-dyed hair, long enough to reach her waist. Her face was petite and sweet, too sweet for the angry expression now plastered on it. Her nose was small, her lips thin, but that gaze? It was sharp, hard, and it made my breath catch in my throat.

Gulp.

I swallowed instinctively, like a thief caught in the act.

She was still wearing her academy uniform. A plain white blouse with a neat red ribbon tied at her throat. A navy blazer with little crests, a knee-length skirt, black stockings that made her legs look long. Her bag was still strapped to her back. She had just gotten home.

Angeline was obviously angry. The way her jaw tightened and her eyes blazed told me her day had gone straight to hell. Whatever the reason, it wasn't my problem. All I wanted was to get back upstairs with bread and chocolate in hand, then hide behind my door until the world forgot I existed.

Unfortunately, that simple plan crumbled as soon as I took a step.

Before I could even set foot on the stairs, Angeline moved. My body was slammed onto the floor, the bread and spread flying, scattering everywhere. The sound of the impact echoed, and a sharp pain shot through my back, making me gasp for air.

In an instant, she was on top of me. Her breathing was rough, her purple hair falling over her shoulders, her dark eyes staring down at me with disgust as if I were an insect. From my pinned position, I could even catch a glimpse of the plain white panties hidden beneath her skirt.

I quickly looked up, refusing to let my eyes get trapped there. But what I found was worse: Angeline's cold stare, full of loathing, piercing straight into my chest.

Fuck. Today was officially a major bust.

My body shuddered. I knew that look. The look of a predator before it tears its prey apart. Every time she looked at me like that, I knew the outcome: my body would be bruised and battered.

Funny, isn't it? Pathetic, too. I'm a guy who's much bigger and taller than her, while she's just a skinny stepsister, her height only reaching my neck. But I'm still terrified.

Why? Simple: she is not an ordinary person.

In this world some people are called Hunter and Awakener. They are not just fighters. They are humans upgraded beyond reason.

Awakeners are people who were "awakened" by something unknown. Once awakened, they connect to a System, a strange mechanism that gives them stats and skills like a game.

They matter because Dungeons appear all over the world, random openings that house monsters that do not belong in human lands. If a dungeon is not cleared in time, its monsters spill out and wreck the area.

Hunters go into dungeons, slaughter the monsters, and close the gap. Sounds heroic, maybe. But Hunters are terrifying. A single S-class Hunter can wield destructive power like a small nuclear device. One could wipe a city off the map on a whim.

That brat astride me? She's one of them. Angeline Socheron. An Awakener, a student at Nine Stars Academy, the best Hunter school built by nine of the world's strongest Hunters.

I used to be a student there too. Or technically I still am, if you count someone who hasn't shown up in three months. I haven't been expelled, but I also haven't been in class.

I'm just an ordinary person who failed to become an Awakener.

There's a chasm separating ordinary people from Awakeners. Therefore, someone like me could never defeat this bitch.

"Ughh—" My breath hitched as she suddenly raised her foot. The black stocking encased her slender calf, and then her heel slammed mercilessly into my face.

I winced hard. The warm scent from her foot clung to my nose. A mix of skin, sweat, and something else hard to describe other than... damn. The pain spread, but it mingled strangely with another, unbidden urge rising within me.

Fuck! I'm so screwed.

With her black-stockinged heel still pressed against my cheek, Angeline started applying more pressure. My face was forced sideways, my right cheek crushed by the relentless pressure of her foot.

"You useless piece of trash!" she snapped, her voice hissing with venom. "All you can do is lock yourself in your room like a rat! Do you think I'm not ashamed to have family like you? You're just a parasite, only bringing shame to this family name!"

"Stop it," I mumbled softly, my voice hoarse and strained.

But she just lifted her foot momentarily, only to slam it back down onto my cheekbone with a force that made my head rattle. "You coward! A parasite who only knows how to spend Mother's money! Look at yourself! You even have to steal a loaf of bread like a starving dog!"

"Stop," I mumbled again, my hands starting to rise to protect my face.

"It's been three months since you set foot in the academy! Everyone knows you're garbage who failed to Awaken! They laugh at you, and they laugh at me for having to share a roof with trash like you!" Her heel came down again, faster, harder. Each impact was a staccato of humiliation, cutting deep.

"Stop..." I hissed, now sounding like a desperate prayer. My hands covered my face, but the impacts from her foot still broke through the gaps between my fingers.

Then she says something that breaks the last thread inside me. "Trash like you should just die. Your life is worthless. If you live, you'll only be a burden to others. Your dead father would be so disappointed to have a pathetic son like you!"

Something inside me snaps.

"STOP, I SAID STOP, YOU BITCH!"

My shout shatters the quiet living room. It is no longer the muttered voice of a coward. It is the roar of someone who has been stomped into silence. Without realizing it my hands have closed around her slender ankle with an unexpected grip, strength I did not know I had.

Everything stops.

Angeline freezes above me. Her anger and disgust are locked on her face like a mask. Dust that was floating in the air hangs, motionless. The noise from outside the window vanishes. The world seems to pause.

And before my eyes, a transparent window appeared, with cold, mechanical, glowing text.

[System Awakening Detected...]

[Host's Rage and Desire for Retribution have reached the threshold.]

[Unique Ability Unlocked: <Time Stop>.]

[Vengeance System Initializing...]

[Primary Directive: Punish the one who has caused you humiliation and pain.]

[Target Designated: Angeline Socheron.]

[The World is Frozen. Only You, the Judge and Executioner, can move.]

[Punish Her!]

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 - Vengeance System

"Punish her."

My muttered words broke the sudden silence in the living room. The glowing writings slowly faded from my view, leaving white shadows on my retina. I still sat weakly, stunned.

The world had truly stopped.

My eyes finally dared to examine Angeline in more detail as she remained perfectly frozen above me. Her expression of anger and disgust was fixed like a perfect mask. Her usually flowing purple hair was now suspended motionless in the air. My hand still firmly gripped her slender ankle, but strangely her skin felt warm as usual.

Is this real?

I tried to seek confirmation. A bit confused, I looked for a wall clock or something that could move to ensure this was real. But there was nothing around me except for the figure of the woman.

I held my breath, trying to feel something that could prove this was not a hallucination. But all I got was total silence, and the throbbing pain in my cheek and back from the kicks and slams.

"Did I just... awaken?" I whispered to myself, a bit hoarse. "This isn't a dream, is it?"

The hunger gnawing at my stomach and the pain in my face were too real to deny. A strange feeling, a mix of euphoria and fear, spread in my chest. "So, I really have been awakened. And I have gained the ability to... stop time."

As that reality finally sank in, my heart raced, almost wanting to leap out of my chest. A thin, cynical, and slightly disbelieving smile appeared at the corner of my swollen mouth. Slowly, I raised my free hand and waved it in front of Angeline's face. No reaction. No blinking.

"Hey," I said, my voice still trembling. "Bitch! Listen to me now!"

But the woman remained a beautiful and annoying statue. Seeing her absolute helplessness made my smile widen, this time more confidently. She, who had always been so powerful, was now trapped in frozen time.

However, that euphoria was soon replaced by confusion. "Punish her," the System had said. But how? What kind of punishment was fitting for her?

As if responding to my confusion, a soft ping sounded in my head, and at that moment, a glowing transparent window appeared right in the middle of my view. The writings were neater, more detailed than before.

{[Vengeance System]}

Choose Punishment Mode:

1. [Path of Brutal Retribution]

- Physical & Mental Punishment to the maximum pain threshold.

- Increase fear, shatter the soul, leave deep trauma.

- Path Nature: Pure Destruction.

2. [Path of Degrading Ecstasy]

- Physical & Mental Punishment that manipulates pleasure and shame.

- Destroy self-esteem through forced pleasure, corrupt the soul with sweet humiliation.
- Path Nature: Corruption and Humiliation.

Warning: This choice will determine the direction of the System's development and your future abilities. Please decide wisely.

I read the text repeatedly, my eyes wide. My heart raced like never before. Both choices were extreme, both terrifying. The Path of Brutal Retribution sounded like a direct and cruel revenge. But... the Path of Degrading Ecstasy? "Destroying self-esteem through forced pleasure"? That sentence echoed in my mind.

My thoughts began to process those choices, various wild and dark scenarios started to emerge in my head.

As a man who had read various genres of novels, I could immediately imagine the abilities I would gain from both options. And along with that, the cold, expressionless beautiful face of Yukie Iceblood appeared in my mind.

I could imagine Yukie's face almost going insane from pain and fear. Her unwavering eyes would be filled with tears, begging for mercy while bowing to me, the "trash" she had always despised. That image felt sweet, very satisfying to the revenge I had harbored for so long. That would happen if I chose the first option.

But if I chose the second option. I could imagine Yukie's face contorted in pleasure as I pulled her beautiful white hair while pounding her pussy and anus hard. Her cold voice turning into moans would surely sound very melodious. Thinking of that scenario made my pulse race and my body excited.

This was a difficult decision.

Should I be a vengeful man walking the righteous and elegant path?

Or a vengeful man walking the crooked and corrupt path?

After thinking for thirty-four seconds, I finally made a decision. I should have taken the first option, but as a true man of culture, I would of course take the second option because it seemed the most satisfying.

As that dark intention crystallized in my mind, even before my hand touched the transparent screen, the system seemed to have read my thoughts.

Bling!

A soft electronic sound effect rang out, and the text on the second option, [Path of Degrading Ecstasy], suddenly shone brighter, while the first option faded.

[Path Selected: Degrading Ecstasy]

[Analyzing Target's condition...]

[Adjusting to Host's deepest desires...]

[Allocating Supporting Skills...]

Then, a strange sensation flowed in my eyes, feeling cold and slightly painful for a fraction of a second.

[New Skill Acquired: Eye of Desire

-> Allows you to visually see a Target's sexual information, arousal level, and erogenous zones.]

Unbeknownst to me, my view of the frozen Angeline changed. Now, I could see several areas of her body enveloped in a faint pink aura, with varying intensities. Some points shone brighter than others. This... was very detailed.

Before I could process this new ability, a new, much more urgent notification appeared, accompanied by a large countdown timer in the corner of my view.

First Quest Generated: The First Humiliation

Objective: Make Angeline Socheron reach climax before the effect of <Time Stop> ends.

Time Limit: 04:59... 04:58...

Reward: A new Skill

Failure: If you fail this first quest, it means you are truly a pathetic loser. Therefore, the system will be erased and all the abilities you have gained will be lost.

"Is this system mocking me?" I murmured as I read the screen's description. "So I absolutely cannot fail."

Five minutes.

I looked at Angeline's face, still frozen in an expression of anger and humiliation. Five minutes was enough to bring an elite academy Hunter to their lowest point.

Without a second thought, I used the Eye of Desire skill and was instantly stunned by the information displayed on the screen before me.

NAME: Angeline Socheron

AGE: 20

CLASS: Paladin

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 15%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Tongue, Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Sadistic and Masochistic

"Alright, bitch," I whispered, my voice suddenly deeper, filled with a dark new confidence. "Let's start your lesson."

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 - Punish Her

I pushed Angeline's leg off my face. Her black-stockinged foot lifted, forcing her knee up in a high, bent position. Strangely, her body didn't wobble or fall. It remained perfectly frozen in that pose, like a doll arranged just so.

My movement had inadvertently shifted the hem of her skirt, offering a clearer view of her flawless, smooth thighs and the plain white fabric covering her crotch.

Gulp.

I swallowed unconsciously. The sight was forbidden, which only made my blood simmer. I knew I was about to ruin her. I wondered what awaited me behind that thin, plain white cloth. It felt like unwrapping a priceless—or perhaps cursed—gift.

My impatience grew.

"If I let go of her ankle, will she fall?" I wondered inwardly. Slowly, I released my grip on her slender ankle. Sure enough, her leg remained suspended in the air, locked in that embarrassing, raised pose. Its position didn't change an inch.

"Hmm..."

My curiosity about the physics of this frozen world bubbled over. What would happen if I placed something in mid-air and let go? I glanced at a slice of bread that had fallen nearby. I picked it up and carefully released it into the empty air.

Incredible.

The bread hung motionless, not falling at all. It was like being inside a photograph, a painting, where gravity no longer applied.

"Damn," I muttered in awe. "This is so cool."

But my amazement was short-lived. Remembering my primary mission, my eyes reflexively darted to the timer displayed in the corner of my vision.

[04:26...]

Shit! The numbers kept counting even in this place where time itself had stopped. How ironic.

I quickly got up from the floor, standing tall in front of Angeline, who was still frozen in her helpless pose. I was now slightly taller than her. Her petite face, usually filled with contempt, was locked in powerless anger. Her piercing golden eyes were empty, unblinking.

Using the Eye of Desire, I saw faint pink auras beginning to glow on certain parts of her body: her mouth, the peaks of her small breasts, and especially around the exposed area of her thighs behind that white fabric.

The targets were clear. Time for execution.

"Time for your practical lesson, stepsister," I whispered, my voice low with desire.

My hand grew bold, touching her lips which looked soft and moist even in this frozen state. I traced them gently, feeling a softness I never expected from this girl.

Slowly, I pried her mouth open and forced two fingers inside. Warm. I moved my fingers around, touching her still tongue and feeling her warm saliva.

Bling!

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 16(+1)]

I was startled. So she got turned on just from this?

"You little slut," I muttered, disbelieving.

Maybe if her arousal reached one hundred, she'd climax. The System didn't tell me, but somehow I felt sure it was right. Without wasting time, I continued playing with her tongue and mouth.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 17(+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 18(+1)]

This thrilling sensation—violating the mouth of the girl who had just treated me like trash—made my blood boil with chaotic emotions. The memory of her insults fueled my irritation. I pulled her tongue out of her mouth until it hung unnaturally. My own fingers were wet with her spit. I studied her face: the gaze in her eyes was still scornful, but her cheeks were now flushed, and with her tongue hanging out, her expression looked utterly bizarre and... sexy.

My chinos suddenly felt tight.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 21(+3)]

Without further ado, my hands moved quickly. I unbuttoned her dark blue blazer and tossed it aside. I loosened her red ribbon, then undid the buttons of her white blouse one by one. I worked hastily but with determination.

When I pulled her blouse open, a plain white A-cup bra was revealed. Simple, unbefitting of the "slutty talent" I was just discovering.

"You don't even know you're a natural-born slut, do you?" I whispered. "I guess you need a trigger."

I pushed her bra down firmly. Her adorable small breasts were exposed. Her pink nipples were already hard and prominent. I continued, pulling down her plain white panties. With one leg raised and bent, her panties only went down to her thighs, hanging there awkwardly.

I took a step back, looking at her from head to toe. It was a mesmerizing sight: her face still held an expression of disgust and reluctance, but her cheeks were burning red, and her tongue hung out provocatively.

Her neck was smooth, her shoulder blades beautifully defined, her small breasts fully exposed, her stomach flat, her waist slender—while the blouse and blazer still hanging from her arms looked like broken wings, adding a dramatic touch to the scene.

Then, my eyes went lower, staring at her most intimate area. Her pencil skirt was pushed aside, the panties hanging on her thigh revealed a glimpse of soft, golden-blonde pubic hair between her legs. Behind it, I could see her slightly parted, reddish labia, with her clitoris already visibly swollen. A vulgar sight, yet so tempting it stole my breath.

"Fuck!" I felt my cock stiffen and throb painfully within my pants.

[03:21...]

Shit! Only a little over three minutes left? Was it enough?

If only I had more time, I wouldn't rush and would enjoy this view a little longer.

Without wasting another second, I crouched down near her. My hand, still trembling but now more from anticipation than fear, reached for her thigh covered in black stockings. Her skin felt soft and warm even through the thin fabric.

Lust and curiosity overpowered everything. I couldn't resist bending down and licking the flawless inside of her thigh once. It tasted slightly salty-sweet, like sweat mixed with the scent of her expensive soap. Strangely, it was a pleasant taste.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 25(+1)]

The notification appeared in the corner of my vision. Under the gaze of my Eye of Desire, the pink aura around her crotch seemed to flicker a little brighter.

Feeling more confident, I began to stroke her neat, soft pubic hair. My touch was light, more like a teasing tickle. And sure enough, I started to see a glistening, clear fluid beginning to seep from the slit of her vaginal lips.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 26(+1)]

Seeing her body's quick reaction, a wild impulse took over. Without any more ceremony, I inserted one finger—my index finger—straight into her pussy.

The inside was incredibly tight, warm, and moist. I could feel the delicate flesh inside gripping my finger tightly, pulsating softly with every movement I made within the increasing wetness.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 30(+3)]

"So you like this, Angel?" I spoke to her as if she could hear me. My voice was hoarse, filled with an intoxicating sense of victory.

Her tightness amazed me.

Are all virgins like this? I even began to doubt if my own member would fit inside this narrow nest later. But a burning determination ignited within me. No matter what, I would stretch this hole and make it completely mine.

What surprised me was that even though this was my first time doing something this vulgar, I didn't feel awkward at all. It was as if some primal instinct was guiding every movement of my finger. Was this the influence of the system, or was it these vengeful emotions possessing me like a man possessed?

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 31(+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal...]

The notifications kept popping up, like a satisfying progress report. Even though time was stopped, this girl's body could still react physiologically. Her pussy juice flowed more freely, soaking my fingers as I actively stirred her tight passage, paving the way for something bigger later.

The walls of her vagina pulsed faster and stronger. I grew rougher, moving my finger deeper and in circles, while the base of my thumb occasionally played with and pinched her already swollen, reddened clitoris.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 40 (+1)]

As my eyes scanned her entire body, I noticed Angeline's skin had developed an even red flush. From her neck down to her rising and falling chest, everything was tinted red. But I stayed focused. Five minutes wasn't long. I couldn't keep playing around with just one finger. I needed to ramp up the intensity, and fast.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 - First Kiss

[02:16...]

My heart was pounding wildly. Time was running out, and Angeline's arousal was still stuck at forty. Shit! I panicked internally. I pulled my finger out of her wet slit, and right then, another notification popped up.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 42(+2)]

I had to hurry and make her climax.

I stood up and brought my face close to her mesmerizing one. I couldn't help but admire her face. If only she hadn't dyed her hair purple and kept its original golden blonde, she'd look so much prettier—well, that's just my opinion. I muttered, "How can a bitch like you have a face as pure as an angel's?"

Soon, I closed the distance between our lips. I pressed my own lips against her still-protruding tongue before finally sealing the kiss, pressing my lips to her soft, warm ones.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 43(+1)]

It started as a gentle kiss. I played with the tip of her motionless tongue with mine. This was my first kiss, and for a moment, a strange desire to savor this moment surfaced.

But lust and the memory of the quest quickly took over. My tongue pushed deeper, forcing its way into her warm mouth. My hand grabbed the nape of her neck, holding her immobile head in place. The scent of her perfume mixed with the slightly sweet taste of her saliva ran over me; it was a mix of domination and forbidden pleasure.

So this is what kissing feels like? It's... intoxicating.

My tongue explored every corner of her mouth, dancing with her passive tongue. I could feel heat burning throughout my body, and Angeline's skin grew even redder. The notifications kept popping up, like silent confirmations that her body was responding to this violation.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 49(+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual...]

But I knew kissing alone wouldn't be enough to make her come. My free hand crept up to her small breasts. I felt their perfectly round shape, their softness in my palm. My thumb smoothly circled her tightened area before finally pinching and twisting her erect nipple.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 55(+1)]

This sensation was utterly captivating. It was my first time touching a woman's breast, and I was enthralled. Their softness made me want to keep pinching and squeezing. Maybe it was just my imagination, but in the total silence, I could almost hear her frantic heartbeat, along with my own racing one.

The notifications appeared more frequently now, urging me to be bolder.

My hand, which had been holding the back of her neck, now wandered—down her smooth neck, past her slender waist, and landed on her sensual hips. When I gave a light pinch, another notification immediately appeared.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 57(+1)]

Without hesitation, I moved my hand to her firm buttocks. I squeezed her tight ass. My blood rushed faster!

"Damn beautiful bitch!" I cursed between increasingly deep and wild kisses.

An irresistible impulse came. Bracing slightly, the hand that was squeezing her ass lifted a little then—smack!—slapped it quite hard. The sound of the slap was sharp and echoed in the dead silent room.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 61(+3)]

"You get more turned on just from being slapped?" I hissed, not forgetting to keep twisting her defiant nipple. "Turns out you're a bitch who likes pain, huh?"

The palm that had just spanked her ass now moved to sneak between her thighs, rubbing her drenched pussy lips.

"Absolutely flooded, Angel. Can't wait for me to fill you up?"

I kept talking, even though I knew she couldn't hear me. I slid my middle finger inside, feeling her warm, moist passage welcome it tightly. The finger slid in easier than before. Without waiting, I inserted my ring finger, then I started moving both fingers inside her.

Notifications kept coming.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 63(+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 64(+1)]

[...]

I lost myself in the pleasure of dominating her body. My mouth covered hers wildly. My left hand kneaded her soft breasts and twisted her nipples mercilessly. Meanwhile, my

right hand relentlessly worked her pussy, my thumb equally busy teasing her swollen clitoris. The wet, squelching sounds from between her thighs were like a deafening, obscene melody.

I felt hard to stop.

Even though time was frozen, Angeline's body began to show reactions. I felt a slight tremor in her breath, which had been a faint exhale, now becoming chaotic.

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

Her vaginal walls suddenly tightened, gripping my fingers powerfully. An instinct whispered to me that she was almost there.

I intensified my efforts. My tongue went wild in her mouth, while my thumb and forefinger simultaneously pinched her nipple and clitoris. Instantly, I felt a powerful clenching from within, followed by a gush of warm fluid soaking my entire fingers.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 27]

Angeline had just reached her peak.

I released her mouth and pulled my fingers out. Her slit was still pulsating, as if reluctant to let me go.

My heart was pounding. My gaze dropped to my own crotch, where my hardened desire was clearly tenting my pants. Then, the corner of my eye caught the nearly depleted time.

[00:16...]

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I hadn't even had time to pleasure myself, and time was almost up. Damn it! I'm going crazy.

But I quickly realized there would surely be other chances. Right now, what I had to do was clean up this mess. I gritted my teeth and started hastily fixing Angeline's clothes.

I pulled up her white panties to cover the area I had just messed with. The fabric was instantly dampened by her own fluids. Seeing that, the desire behind my pants throbbed uncontrollably again.

I lowered her legs from their indecent position, then put her bra back on. Her erect nipples rubbing against the bra fabric unsettled me. Steeling myself, I buttoned her blouse and straightened her ribbon. My eyes occasionally darted to the timer.

[00:06...]

Quick!

I had to be faster.

Suddenly, fear gripped me again, along with questions. What would happen after time stopped? Would she be aware of everything I had done to her? She was so angry earlier she seemed like she wanted to kill me. After this ends, will she just beat me up again? Or worse, if she finds out what I did, she might actually kill me.

After fastening one last button on her blazer, I wanted to retreat and run away, but suddenly, my time ran out.

[Time Stop Has Ended]

And just like that, time resumed as normal. The bread I had left hovering in the air suddenly fell, but I didn't pay attention to it because my focus was on my stepsister.

Angeline suddenly jolted and unconsciously let out an extremely lewd moan. Her body trembled and went limp. Her legs could no longer support her weight, and she collapsed weakly. Her breath became ragged, her eyes grew teary, and she stared at me in confusion as I stood rigidly before her.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 - A Depraved Awakening

Angeline jolted awake to the realization that a shameless, lewd sound had just escaped her own lips. Reflexively, her hands flew to cover her mouth, her eyes wide with disbelief. What just happened?

This... made no sense.

One second ago, she was enthusiastically grinding her pathetic older brother under her heel. The next, her entire body felt strange. Her mouth felt oddly acidic, her chest tight with a heat of unknown origin, and most alarmingly—an unwelcome dampness was seeping between her thighs. Her underwear felt wet.

Angeline stared at me, who was still frozen standing before her. Her gaze, once full of hatred, was now mixed with confusion and suspicion directed squarely at me.

"What... what did you just do to me?!" she hissed, her voice hoarse, still weighed down by the strange sensations in her body.

Still half-nervous, I awkwardly replied, "What do you mean? Are you asking why you suddenly moaned like that? How should I know! Did you just get turned on from stomping on me?!"

Shit! I immediately realized I'd said the wrong thing. It seemed I was still carried away by the dominance I'd wielded during the time stop. Meanwhile, Angeline's initially confused face darkened, flooded with explosive anger and shame.

"You—!"

She wanted to curse, but her eyes inadvertently fell to my crotch, where a distinct 'bulge' was clearly visible through my blue chinos. Her flushed cheeks burned even brighter. The shame and fury triggered action.

She sprang up with a swift movement, too fast for me to react. But my primal male instincts worked faster than my thoughts. Both my hands shot up, forming a shield in front of my most valuable assets.

Bam!

The kick came. The leg still clad in the black stocking struck with full force, right against my defending hands. A kick from an Awakener was no joke. Even though I blocked it, the impact sent my body flying backward, slamming roughly against the wall before I landed pathetically on the floor.

"You disgusting animal! How dare you... get such thoughts looking at your sister!" she scolded, her voice trembling with disgust and something else.

My hands throbbed with pain. But what was more torturous was the pressure that reached my tense cock behind that defense. It hurt like hell. It felt like being torn, but thankfully, it wasn't crushed.

When I opened my eyes, Angeline was gone. Only the sound of hurried footsteps going up the stairs to her room on the second floor remained. I let out a sigh of relief, still wincing from the pain in my groin.

"That little... bitch... how dare she," I muttered, staring at the ceiling, my breath still ragged. "Someday... I'll make you... worship my cock..."

At least I was still alive. And my dick was okay, though it hurt terribly. But most importantly, I had Awakened and gained an incredibly powerful ability. With this power, I could definitely get my revenge on all of them.

Meanwhile, behind the closed door, Angeline slid slowly to the floor. Her back pressed against the wooden door, her legs splayed weakly on the floor. Her breath was still ragged, her chest rising and falling irregularly, and her body was burning hot.

"What... really happened just now?" she murmured to herself, her voice hoarse with confusion.

The events in the living room replayed in her head—the lewd moan that accidentally escaped her lips, the strange sensation that made her whole body weak. With still-trembling hands, she pulled up her skirt. Her eyes widened as she saw her white panties, soaked through with her own juices.

"Damn it!" she hissed, pressing her head against the door. "Have I gone crazy?"

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I was still lying on the floor, gently stroking my cock through the fabric of my strained pants, still deprived of release. Heat still raged through my body, mixed with the residual pain from the bitch's kick and pressure.

Suddenly, a notification I'd been waiting for finally appeared before eyes.

[First Quest: Initial Vengeance has been completed!]

[Rewards received...]

My heart pounded.

[New Skill Acquired: <Lustful Touch>]

A faint smile finally curved on my lips. It felt like a fresh breeze in a barren desert. Lustful Touch. Just from the name, the skill sounded quite... interesting. And this was just the beginning, as another notification appeared before me.

[You can now open your Status Interface]

[Think the command 'Status' to access your Status Interface.]

Curious, I tried to focus my mind.

Status.

Instantly, a holographic panel unfolded before me. The text was bright gold, neatly structured like character stats in an RPG but in a lewd version. Seeing it made my heart beat fast.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 1

EXP: 0/50

<Strength: 4>

<Agility: 5>

<Vitality: 3>

<Charisma: 2>

<Libido: 5>

Available Stat Points: 5

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

"Depraved Time Lord..." I snorted softly.

Curiosity made me focus on my physical stats and the skills I possessed. When I directed my thoughts to the skills, the panel immediately displayed the details.

[Time Stop

-> Allows the user to stop the flow of time in their surroundings for 5 minutes. While time is stopped, only the user can move and interact with the environment. This skill requires a 1-hour cooldown after use before it can be used again.]

My eyes widened. "Five minutes? That's... decent." Actually, it was insane. With that much time, I could do a lot of things, especially in a fight. Enough time to escape, steal, even kill if necessary. The most broken cheat. But the cooldown was one hour. Still, it was an incredibly powerful skill.

"Though it's such a short time if I want to have fun."

I was still incredibly frustrated that I hadn't gotten to fully savor my stepsister earlier.

[Eye of Desire

-> Allows the user to see sexual information of a target, including arousal level, interests, and the most sensitive erogenous zones.]

[Lustful Touch

-> Through physical touch, the user can stir surges of lust within the target and increase their physical sensitivity. The effects are cumulative, where repeated touches will progressively intensify the sensations felt by the target.]

I couldn't help but smirk.

I paused for a moment, staring at the panel with a mix of disbelief and awe. With a skill like that... I could imagine so many dark scenarios in my mind. And just as I started to feel a little excited... another notification popped up, brutally shattering the pleasant atmosphere.

[DING!]

[Daily Quest Unlocked!]

[DAILY QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Train your pathetic body by completing the following 4 exercises in one day:

Push Ups: 50 reps

Sit Ups: 50 reps

Squats: 50 reps

Running: 5 km

DEADLINE: 00:00

REWARD: 50 EXP

FAILURE: The System and all acquired abilities will be permanently lost.

NOTE: This quest automatically refreshes daily at 00:00.

I froze. The smile that had just begun to form instantly cracked.

"...You've got to be fucking kidding me."