

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 101 - Feeding the Hatred - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 101 - Feeding the Hatred

Chapter 101: Chapter 101 - Feeding the Hatred

I pulled my hard cock from Delilah's spent body, watching our mixed fluids trickle down her thighs. Casually, I picked up the plate holding the collected mixture of my cum and Delilah's juices and handed it to Angeline.

"Angel, be a dear and gather the rest of my seed from your mother," I ordered, patting the sweet girl's head.

Angeline's expression instantly soured. Her big eyes welled up, her lips forming an adorably pouty frown.

"But... Brother... I... I wanted to swallow it..." she whined in a small voice, her gaze locked on the white drops slowly trailing from her mother's well-used pussy onto her inner thigh.

I chuckled at her protest and stroked her sweat-dampened blonde hair. "Later, Angel. I promise you'll get your own serving later. For now, just collect it on this plate."

Angeline gave a slow, sulky nod. Her small hands immediately got to work, her slender fingers parting her mother's gaped labia.

Carefully, she scooped inside her mother's sperm-filled passage, gathering every last drop of the thick fluid onto the plate. Each touch of her fingers made Delilah whimper weakly, her body trembling from the extreme sensitivity after multiple, relentless orgasms.

"Ahh~ Angel... go easy..." Delilah moaned, though she made no move to stop her youngest daughter.

I moved closer, kneeling before Delilah's face and Angeline's exposed pussy. From this angle, I had a perfect view of Angeline's tiny fingers working inside her mother's cunt, scooping out the thick white fluid before dripping it onto the plate.

Then, I turned and approached Gwenneth, who was still bound and gagged. The vibrator in her pussy was still humming, keeping her body in a constant state of trembling, unfinished torment.

I picked up the remote and played with the controls, occasionally cranking the intensity until she let out muffled screams, then lowering it just enough for her to manage weak, desperate moans.

BRRRZZZZZZ!

Her eyes—oh, her beautiful eyes were full of torturous conflict. Smoldering resentment and hatred warred with impossible-to-resist waves of raw lust. There was a plea in her gaze, but also the lingering embers of a fury and determination not yet fully extinguished. Even after being broken down this far, a spark of defiance remained. And that only made her more enticing to me.

I unlocked the ball gag from her mouth. The moment she was free, Gwenneth drew a sharp breath, and her demeanor suddenly shifted to one of shocking submission.

"Adam... please... I'm begging you..." her voice was hoarse and utterly desperate, a world away from her former arrogant tone. "I'm... I'm sorry! I'm sorry for everything! For every insult, every hit, every bit of torture! I'll get on my knees! I'll lick your boots! Just... please touch me! Take this choker off! I can't take it anymore!"

She sounded utterly convincing. Her golden eyes glistened with tears, her lips trembled. Seeing my once-sadistic, arrogant step-sister reduced to begging like this gave me immense satisfaction. But I knew her game—the moment I freed her, she'd likely attack me with whatever strength she had left.

"I'm touched, Gwen, really," I said flatly. "But unfortunately, I won't be touching you. At least, not until I'm sure you're completely broken. For now, you'll just watch. Watch how your mother and sister have become my happy little whores."

"No! Adam, wait! I—"

But before she could continue, I swiftly shoved the ball gag back into her mouth, locking her protests away. Profound despair flashed in her eyes before she finally hung her head, accepting her defeat.

I turned back to see Delilah still moaning weakly from Angeline's ministrations. I grabbed her chin, pulling her face up from between Angeline's thighs, lifting her face wet with tears and her daughter's juices.

"Mom," I whispered before kissing her deeply.

Delilah kissed me back with fervent passion, her soft tongue dancing with mine. When we broke apart, she was panting. "Adam... I love you..."

"I'm going to use Angel now," I told her as we caught our breath.

Delilah nodded, a lewd smile on her lips. "Go ahead. She's yours too."

I shifted my position, aiming the wet tip of my cock at Angeline's waiting pussy beneath her mother's body. Before pushing in, I warned Angeline, who was still focused on her task: "Hold that plate steady, don't spill a drop."

Then, with a slow, deliberate push, I slid my cock into her sopping wet cunt.

"Ah~! Brother!" she cried out in delight, the hand holding the plate trembling but managing to keep it steady.

I thrust deep inside her, all the way to her incredibly tight womb. It was amazing—no matter how many times I stretched them out with my massive cock, the bodies of Awakeners like Angeline and Delilah always snapped back to their original state, as if they were made to be enjoyed like this.

"Your pussy is so tight, Angel," I praised her as I started moving. "Incredible."

"Ahh~! Thank you, Brother!" she moaned happily, her face flushing.

Delilah, still positioned above her, leaned in and kissed me again. Her hands groped her own large, firm breasts, playing with her hardened nipples.

"My breasts are still perky, right, Adam?" she teased.

I nodded, taking one of Delilah's breasts into my mouth. I sucked on her hard nipple, biting it gently, making her scream with pleasure. My tongue played over her wide areola, savoring the texture and taste of her smooth skin.

"Yes... perfect..." I mumbled between sucks.

We continued fucking in this complicated yet intimate position—me pounding into Angeline from above, while Delilah was sandwiched between us, kissing me and playing with her own tits.

Angeline came over and over, her body shuddering and letting out long, drawn-out moans each time.

When I felt my own climax building, I sped up my thrusts, losing all control.

"I'm coming, Angel!" I roared, before unleashing a massive load deep into her warm womb.

Angeline screamed as she climaxed with me, her body convulsing before she finally passed out, utterly unable to handle the intensity of the relentless orgasms. The plate in her hand nearly slipped.

I pulled my still-hard cock from her pulsating pussy, watching the white fluid start to flow out again. Carefully, I took the plate from her limp hand and gave it to Delilah.

"Mom, please gather mine and Angel's fluids," I ordered.

Delilah nodded obediently and immediately took over the task. Her hands began scooping inside the pussy of her unconscious youngest daughter, collecting the mixture of my sperm and Angeline's juices onto the plate.

I didn't waste any time and immediately took her from behind again, enjoying how her exhausted body still responded to every one of my thrusts.

The three of us continued our frenzied lovemaking—I alternated between using Delilah and Angeline until finally the plate was full of our thick, mixed fluids.

Angeline was completely unconscious from too many orgasms, while Delilah could only lie sprawled on the bed, utterly exhausted and gasping for air. My own body felt tired, but my maxed-out Libido stat kept me from feeling truly satisfied.

Finally, I took the full plate of thick, white fluid and walked over to Gwenneth. She looked almost insane—her eyes were glazed over, her skin was pale, and her body kept trembling from the vibrator and the frustration of never finding release.

I removed the ball gag from her mouth. This time, she didn't immediately protest. She just stared at me with hollow eyes, before finally gathering the last dregs of her strength to spit at me.

"You... sick bastard...!" she rasped, her voice full of disgust. "I'd rather die than drink that... that filthy liquid!"

I smiled. "We'll see about that."

I activated my [Mind Control] skill on her. Her eyes suddenly glazed over, and her tense body abruptly went slack. I picked up a spoon from the bedside and scooped up some of the fluid from the plate.

"Open your mouth, Gwen," I commanded softly.

Obediently, Gwenneth opened her mouth—though resistance flickered in her eyes. I fed her the spoonful of our mixed fluids.

"Let it sit on your tongue," I whispered. "Savor the aroma before you swallow."

Gwenneth looked like she wanted to vomit, but her controlled body was forced to obey my command. She moved the fluid around in her mouth, her face contorted in disgust, before finally forcing herself to swallow with great difficulty.

I continued feeding her patiently and attentively, like a lover caring for his partner. Each spoonful was placed gently into her mouth, ensuring none was spilled. Gwenneth could only submit, tears streaming down her face as her body was forced to swallow the very thing she found most repulsive.

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 89%.]

By the time the plate was finally empty, her stomach looked slightly distended. She looked completely shattered—her pride, her resistance, everything. I felt profoundly satisfied seeing this strong woman finally brought so low.

A heavy drowsiness began to overwhelm me; it had been a tiring day, especially after just clearing a Dungeon.

"Mom," I called out weakly. "Clean yourselves up and take care of Angel. I'm tired and need to sleep."

Though she looked utterly drained, Delilah nodded obediently and began to move.

I then blindfolded Gwenneth, plunging her world into darkness. As I was about to fall into a deep sleep beside her, a final, groggy thought surfaced: I had forgotten to turn off the vibrator inside her. But I was far too tired to care. Let her suffer through the night.

A satisfied smile touched my lips as I drifted off, lulled to sleep by the faint, relentless tremors that continued to wrack Gwenneth's body.

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 90%.]

Chapter 102: Chapter 102 - Milky Climax

I emptied myself deep into Delilah's womb, feeling her body shudder with one final, violent climax before she went limp against the mattress, her breaths ragged and spent. A deep fatigue tugged at me, but my maximum libido kept my desire from ever truly fading.

My attention drifted to Gwenneth, still bound in her intricate, humiliating shibari. The vibrator wedged inside her continued its relentless hum, and the choker around her neck—[The Edge of Bliss]—held her perpetually on the precipice, denying her any relief. Her face was a perfect canvas of suffering, desperate lust, and profound despair. A beautiful sight.

"Mom," I called, my voice raspy. Delilah's eyes fluttered open, her face glistening with a mixture of sweat and tears. "Collect our juices. And feed your naughty daughter."

With obedience, Delilah crawled to the plate already smeared with our mixed essences. Her weak hands parted her labia, her fingers dipping inside to gather the warm pool of my seed, mingled with her own arousal.

Plate now full, she shuffled toward her eldest.

Gwenneth shook her head, eyes wide with horror, but her bonds held her fast. Delilah gently removed the ball gag.

The plea that erupted was raw and desperate. "Adam! Please! I'm begging you! I'm... I'm sorry! For everything! The insults, the hits, making you lick my boots! I'll kneel! I'll suck your cock! Anything! Just... please, touch me! Take this choker off! I can't—I'm going insane!"

She sounded utterly broken. Sincere tears tracked through the grime on her face, her body trembling with a need so profound it was a physical ache. But I activated [Eye of Desire]. My Dominance over her still read 97%.

My control was immense, but 97% wasn't 100%. That stubborn 3% of resistance still festered within her. She was playing a part, hoping a feigned surrender would grant her an opening for revenge or escape.

I let out a disappointed sigh. "Nice words, Gwen."

I stepped closer, my gaze locking with her golden, tear-filled eyes. "You think you can fool me? That after all this, I'd believe you so easily?"

"No! I'm serious, I—"

"Enough." My voice was ice. I activated [Mind Control] on her. Her eyes instantly glazed over, the fight draining from her body, leaving only vacant obedience.

"Mom," I commanded Delilah without looking away from Gwenneth's blank stare. "Continue. Feed her."

Delilah nodded, scooping a spoonful of the thick fluid. She began to feed her now-pliant daughter. Gwenneth swallowed with a grimace, a war visible in her eyes—the magic's forced submission battling her innate disgust and hatred.

"Gwen, sweetheart... drink this, listen to your mother," she said, spoon-feeding a compliant yet tearful Gwenneth. "Adam... our Master... he knows what's best for us. We have sinned against him, and this is how we atone."

As I watched this depraved scene, my mind wandered. Angeline wasn't here. She was at the Academy.

I could force her to drop out, of course. Chain her to this house as my personal, 24/7 plaything. But that felt... small. I didn't want stagnant sex dolls. I wanted my women to grow, to become powerful, to be useful.

A grander vision began to crystallize: a guild. A guild forged from the powerful women I had conquered, with me as its absolute heart and master.

Delilah, the Star Witch, was already wholly mine. Gwenneth, the proud Knight of Light, would soon join her mother in total submission. And Angeline, my sweet, talented stepsister—I would mold her into a legendary Hunter.

They would be the foundation of my harem and my strength. They would plunder dungeons, amass wealth and power, all while knowing their true purpose was in my bed, serving my every desire. They would become extraordinary, and they would belong to me.

My fantasy was interrupted as Delilah finished, the plate now empty. Gwenneth's stomach was slightly distended, her gaze hollow. Once the ball gag was securely back in place, I remembered a long-held curiosity.

I walked to the desk and picked up a small bottle containing a clear, cerulean liquid—a special potion from Yumi, designed to induce lactation, even in women who had never borne children.

"Mom," I said, drawing her attention. "Drink this."

She took the bottle obediently, eyeing its contents with suspicion. "What is this, Adam?"

"A supplement," I answered smoothly. "To make you healthier... and more useful to me."

Hesitation flickered across her face, but her programming of obedience won. She downed the liquid in one gulp. For a moment, nothing happened. She stood there, confused.

Then, the change began.

"Ah...?" A weak moan escaped her lips as her hands flew to her ample breasts. "A-Adam... what's... what's happening?"

She rubbed them, her confusion mounting. Before my eyes, her already generous breasts began to swell. They grew fuller, heavier, their smooth skin stretching taut. They surpassed their previous voluptuousness, becoming truly massive and irresistible.

"No... this isn't right..." she whispered, her voice trembling. She looked at me, her eyes wide with fear and confusion. "Adam, they're so hot... so full... What did you give me?"

I approached, a satisfied smile curling my lips. The sight alone made my cock twitch back to life. I hadn't expected the potion to have such an extraordinary side effect.

"Relax, Mom. It's a special potion. Look," I said, gesturing to her burgeoning chest.

"They're more beautiful than ever. Incredible."

Delilah looked down, her eyes widening. Her breasts had swelled, ripe and heavy. Her nipples were darker, larger. A tentative touch made her gasp from the sensitivity.

"But... this isn't normal..." she whimpered, her voice small. "They feel so heavy... and there's this... pressure inside..."

"Don't be afraid," I cooed, stroking her back. "This is all for me, isn't it? You want to be useful? To be the perfect mother and whore?"

She gave a weak nod, tears welling. "Yes... but..."

"Trust me," I said, holding her gaze. "Your breasts are perfect now. They were made for my pleasure. I want to drink from you, Mom. I want you to nurse me like your own son."

My words brought a wave of shame, but beneath it, a spark of excitement flickered. Her total obedience craved my approval; my praise was her sustenance.

"You... you're right, Adam," she whispered, her hands beginning to caress her new weight with a dawning acceptance. "This... is for you. Everything is for you."

"Squeeze them for me," I ordered, my voice thick with lust. "Let's see if they're ready."

Trembling, Delilah cupped her left breast and squeezed. At first, nothing. But when she gently twisted the nipple, a single, pearly drop of thick fluid beaded at the tip.

She gasped. "This is..."

"Your milk," I murmured in triumph. "Now you're truly my mother."

I couldn't wait any longer. I guided her down to the mattress beside her bound daughter and laid my head in her lap, my mouth open and eager.

"Feed me, Mom."

Blushing furiously but moving with unwavering obedience, Delilah guided her enlarged, tender nipple to my lips. As I closed my mouth over her areola, she let out a sharp, breathy moan. I began to suck.

At first, just warmth and salt. Then, as her hand massaged the underside of her breast, a warm, sweet liquid flowed into my mouth.

Her milk. It tasted... divine. Richer than any milk, with a soft sweetness and a warm, energizing undercurrent. I suckled greedily, swallowing every drop.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 78 (+1)]

[...]

"Ahh~ Adam..." Delilah cried out, her head falling back. The sensation of nursing was intensely erotic for her. Her free hand kneaded her other breast, sending streams of milk cascading over her stomach and my chest.

The sight was too much. I grabbed my cock and in one smooth motion, plunged back into her soaked pussy. Delilah screamed, her back arching off the bed.

I began to thrust, establishing a rhythm, my mouth never leaving her breast. It was heaven—the tight, wet heat of her cunt milking my cock, while my mouth was filled with her sweet, nourishing milk.

She writhed and whimpered beneath me, her hands working her breasts, spraying milk across my body. The room filled with a symphony of our joining: ragged pants, wanton moans, and the wet, slapping rhythm of our flesh. Beside us, Gwenneth could only watch, her eyes a maelstrom of horror and... a flicker of hidden, shameful desire.

I drove into Delilah faster, my climax coiling tight as I suckled harder. The sensation was overwhelming.

"I'm... I'm coming, Mom!" I grunted, erupting inside her for what felt like the hundredth time that day.

At the same moment, I gave her nipple a final, gentle bite, swallowing the last of the delicious milk. Delilah screamed through her own climax, her body convulsing, a spray of milk from her right breast painting my chin and neck.

I collapsed beside her, spent. Delilah lay gasping, her massive, milk-laden breasts rising and falling with each labored breath. I looked at her with deep satisfaction.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 1000 EXP.]

[Received Item: <The Fleshcraver's Loop>]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 48]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 49]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

A slow, victorious smile spread across my face. It was then that Delilah's phone buzzed on the nightstand. I glanced at the screen.

Charlotte.

Chapter 103: Chapter 103 - A Strange Voice

I slumped onto the bed, my body utterly spent. Delilah's phone buzzed incessantly on the nightstand, Charlotte's name flashing across the screen. A lewd idea sparked in my mind.

"Get that, Mom," I ordered, my voice hoarse. "And bring it here."

Delilah nodded. Her new, enlarged breasts swaying as she panted and moved. She crawled to retrieve her phone, then returned to my side.

I laid my head back on the soft pillow of her lap, my face level with her plump, glistening breasts, still shiny and marked from my mouth.

"Answer it," I whispered, locking eyes with her golden ones. "But first..." My hand found my hard, throbbing cock, stroking it slowly. "Grab this. And don't stop jerking me off."

A faint blush colored her cheeks, but her delicate hand wrapped around my shaft without hesitation, her slender fingers beginning a well-practiced, steady rhythm.

"And, Mom," I continued, my gaze fixed on her tempting left breast. "Lower it. I want to taste your milk again."

She leaned down, bringing her heavy left breast close to my face. I opened my mouth and latched onto her swollen nipple. It felt warm and soft. I began to suckle, savoring the flow of sweet milk filling my mouth.

"Okay, now answer it," I commanded, my voice muffled against her skin. "Put it on speaker. And don't you dare let her suspect a thing."

Delilah took a sharp, composing breath before accepting the call.

"Hello, Charlotte?" Her voice was a little rough, but under control.

"Del! Finally! I've been trying to reach you." Charlotte's voice was bright and energetic. "How are you? After that battle the other day, are you okay?"

I sucked harder, making Delilah gasp. Her hand on my cock stuttered before resuming.

"I-I'm... I'm fine," she answered, struggling to suppress a moan. "Just... needed some time to recover."

"And your leave? Are you enjoying it?"

Delilah's eyes fluttered down to me, contentedly nursing at her breast. "I-I... am. I'm... enjoying it very much." This time, a weak moan escaped as I gently bit her nipple.

"Your voice sounds strange, Del. You sound odd," Charlotte said, concern creeping into her tone.

"I-It's nothing," Delilah replied, straining to soften her voice. "Just... a little tired."

Charlotte was silent for a moment. "I notice your voice is softer. More... feminine. Is it because you finally have time to relax?"

"Maybe... yes," Delilah nodded, a useless gesture over the phone. "I feel more... me."

"That's good!" Charlotte chimed cheerfully. "Oh, by the way, have you... have you been able to get closer to your children? You've always been so busy with work. Gwen and Angel must be thrilled to finally have their mother home."

I smiled against her breast and squeezed the other, coaxing a trickle of milk that ran down my neck.

"Yes..." Delilah's voice trembled as her hand sped up. "We've... we've gotten very close. It's all... because of Adam."

"Adam?" Charlotte repeated, shock evident. "You mean... Adam? The one who used to..."

"Yes, Adam," Delilah confirmed, her breath hitching. "He... he's the one who brought us together. Made us... a real family."

She let out a long moan as I sucked strongly, trying to pass it off as a happy sigh.

"He's changed everything, Charlotte," Delilah continued, her voice a strange mix of satisfaction and despair. "He's shown us... the meaning of family... of... true love."

A long silence stretched from Charlotte's end. I could picture her confused, worried face.

"Del... I... I don't know what to say," Charlotte finally said, her voice cautious. "I'm happy to hear that good news, but... this is so sudden. You used to hate him so much, you wouldn't even hear his name mentioned. What... what happened?"

I whispered against Delilah's skin, "Tell her I've changed."

"He... has changed, Charlotte," Delilah parroted. "He's not the boy he used to be. He's become more caring. He... takes care of all of us."

Charlotte's voice still held doubt. "If... if you say so, Del. I trust your judgment. I'm... I'm happy for you. Truly."

As they talked, I lost myself in the pleasure. My face was buried in her soft, heavy breasts, her sweet milk overflowing. I suckled greedily while my hand kneaded her other breast, making the milk flow freely. All the while, Delilah's perfect hands never stopped working my cock—the right pressure, the varied speed, the occasional twist that made me bite my lip.

"Ahh...!" Delilah couldn't suppress a short cry as I bit her nipple a little harder.

"Del? Are you okay?" Charlotte's worry was now palpable.

"Yes... perfectly fine," Delilah said, fighting to steady her voice. "Just a bit sleepy."

I smirked and tightened my suction, my eyes challenging her. She averted her gaze, cheeks flushing.

"O-oh, alright," Charlotte said, skepticism lingering. "Del, I'm sorry to bother you, but... could you possibly return early? There's a backlog, and a new monster horde on the eastern border. I need your strength."

I shook my head, my gaze fixed on Delilah. I wasn't done with her yet.

"Actually... I suggested your leave, but this is an emergency..." Charlotte pleaded.

"Charlotte," Delilah said, trying for normalcy. "I... I need to talk to Adam about this."

"Adam?!" The bewilderment was back.

I hissed my displeasure. She had slipped up; Charlotte was definitely suspicious now. Or maybe she had been suspicious from the start because of Delilah's strange answer. I squeezed her breast hard, making her yelp.

"Just say you need time," I whispered. "Tell her you want to be with your family."

"What I mean," Delilah said quickly, "is that I... we all... just want more time together. My leave isn't over. I still want to... strengthen our bond."

Charlotte let out a long sigh. "Alright, Del. I won't force you. But please, don't disappear for so long, okay? My workload has doubled."

"I... I promise I'll... contact you later," Delilah panted, her breath growing ragged. "Right now... I have to go."

"Okay, Del. Take care. Give my love to Gwen and Angel."

"I... will. Goodbye."

The moment the call disconnected, she slumped with a sigh of relief.

"Good Mom," I praised, my mouth still attached. "You did well."

But I was at my limit. The heat gathered at the base of my spine, ready to erupt. Delilah sensed it, her ingrained slave instinct taking over. She sped up, stroking with renewed vigor.

"I'm... almost there!" I groaned.

She said nothing, her eyes fixed on my pulsating cock, diligently working me toward my peak.

And finally, with a long groan from me and one last strong suck on her nipple, I climaxed.

"Fuck!"

Thick, white semen shot out, splattering across her hand and stomach, adding to the mess. She kept stroking, milking the last drops, then obediently brought her soiled hand to her mouth and began to clean it with her tongue, eyes closed.

I watched, satisfied. My mother, the mighty Star Witch, obediently drinking my seed. A scene from my darkest fantasies, now made real.

"You truly are the perfect slut of a mother," I murmured. "The very best."

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Charlotte put her phone down, a knot of unease tightening in her stomach. The conversation played back in her mind—the breathy voice, the stifled moans, the forced, unnatural speech. And Adam. Delilah would never, ever speak of Adam that way. Not after everything.

"Something is wrong," she muttered, pushing back from her desk to pace the length of her office. The change was too drastic, too sudden.

She stopped, her decision made. She would pay Delilah a visit. She had to see for herself what was really going on.

Chapter 104: Chapter 104 - The Choke of Ecstasy

That afternoon, Angeline hurried home from the Academy, her steps quick and her heart aflutter. A persistent blush warmed her cheeks as she replayed her stepbrother Adam's promise from that morning—a special gift awaited her today. Her schoolbag, felt weightless in her grip, her mind too occupied with fantasies of what Adam might have for her.

Her life had transformed over the past few weeks. Her family was finally, truly close, especially with her mother, Delilah, who had once been a distant figure. Now, they often gathered in Adam's room. Though her mother sometimes seemed to be in pain, Adam always reassured her it was for their own good, a necessary step to strengthen their family bond.

She paused at the front door, taking a steadying breath before pushing it open. Immediately, noisy sounds from the second floor captured her attention—long, drawn-out moans, the rhythmic sound of bodies colliding, and familiar, breathless pants.

Her eyes lit up with anticipation. Without a second thought, she rushed up the stairs and toward Adam's room. When she opened the door, an intense scene unfolded before her.

Adam moved behind their mother with an air of absolute control. But what captivated Angeline was his hand, tightly clenched around Delilah's throat. Her mother's face was flushed a deep red, her usually authoritative golden eyes rolled back, tongue lolling out. Yet, bizarrely, a twisted smile of pure satisfaction was etched on her lips.

"Ah... st-op... it... ah... hurts... gkghh... " Delilah's muffled pleas were a tangled mix of pleasure and choked pain.

A flicker of discomfort tightened in Angeline's chest at the sight, but it was swiftly drowned by a powerful, familiar wave of desire. A sudden warmth bloomed between her legs, dampening her tight black stockings. Unconsciously, her hand drifted down to rub her thigh through her short skirt.

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From morning until now, I had been relentlessly fucking Delilah. But, as expected of one of the world's most powerful women, she hadn't broken. Her stamina was remarkable, and her pussy remained impossibly tight and responsive, as if every thrust was the first. The quality of an SSS-Rank Awakener was truly extraordinary.

When I tightened my grip on her neck, restricting her air, her inner walls only clamped down harder on my cock, milking me with a desperate hunger. I drove into her mercilessly, making her plump buttocks jiggle and her abnormally huge breasts sway with each impact.

"You... Mom... you fucking slut..." I growled between ragged breaths.

With every deep thrust that buried me in her womb, breast milk sprayed from her swollen udders, splattering across Gwenneth, who remained bound and helpless before us. The white liquid dripped down her face and body, another layer of humiliation in her pathetic state.

Delilah, deprived of air, wore a contorted expression—eyes bulging and unfocused, tongue protruding. The sounds escaping her lips were incoherent, a symphony of pleased groans and desperate gasps.

The room was thick with the sharp, musky scent of our sex—a potent cocktail of semen, breast milk, vaginal fluids, and sweat. It was the aroma of power, of absolute ownership.

Just as I felt my climax building, the door swung open. There stood Angeline, her Academy uniform still impeccably neat: a plain white blouse with a red ribbon tie, a dark blue blazer, a knee-length skirt, and those black stockings. Her eyes were wide, but I watched with satisfaction as surprise was rapidly eclipsed by raw desire.

"Angel... perfect timing," I groaned, pistoning my hips faster. "Watch... watch how I reward our mother!"

I squeezed Delilah's neck harder, burying my cock to the hilt in her womb. Her body seized, trembling violently in a powerful climax, her eyes flying wide with dilated pupils. I could feel her pussy convulsing around me with incredible force, trying to wring out every last drop.

"I'm cumming, Mom!!!" I roared, unleashing a torrent deep into her already flooded womb.

At the same instant, I released my chokehold. Delilah coughed violently, gulping in air before collapsing limply onto the bed, an expression of utter satiation on her face.

I pulled my still-hard cock from her unconscious form, watching my seed gush from her red, swollen entrance. Then, my gaze shifted to Angeline, still frozen in the doorway, her cheeks flushed.

"Angel," I called, my voice hoarse. "Did you do what I told you?"

She nodded shyly, her eyes gleaming. With deliberate slowness, she lifted her school skirt, revealing her wet, open pussy. A pink dildo was clearly still embedded within, humming softly.

Then she turned, bent over, and pulled down her panties to present her plump buttocks. There, nestled between them, was a cute bunny-tailed anal plug—a stark, lewd contrast to the innocence of her uniform.

"Good girl," I praised, my cock twitching eagerly at the sight. "Now come here. It's time for your gift."

Angeline approached with seductive steps, her gaze locked on my cock, still glistening with a mixture of my cum and her mother's fluids. I could almost see the saliva gathering in her pretty mouth.

"Brother... what's my gift?" she asked, her voice trembling with anticipation.

"The gift?" I repeated, stepping closer to stroke her heated cheek. "I'm going to take your anal virginity, Angel."

Her eyes widened, her aroused body tensing momentarily. "A-Anal? But, Brother... that's—"

"Trust me," I whispered, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Just like when I took your virginity, the pain is fleeting. After that... you'll crave it."

I squeezed her soft buttocks, my thumb pressing gently against the plug still blocking her tight hole. "You've been wearing this all day at the academy. You must be curious what the real thing feels like."

"O-okay, Brother. I trust you."

Though hesitant, she finally gave a slow nod. I knew this little girl liked the idea—through my [Eye of Desire], I could see her hidden masochistic fetish. Pain would only stoke her arousal.

As her hands moved to take off her entire uniform, I stopped her. "Wait."

"Brother?" she asked, confused.

My eyes scanned her body, still clad in the neat, cute uniform of Nine Stars Academy. The contrast with the depraved act I was about to perform was incredibly tempting.

But I had another purpose—I wanted this to be a lesson for Gwenneth and Delilah. I wanted them to witness, in clear detail, how their precious daughter and sister was being defiled.

"Just take off your skirt and panties. Keep the rest of your uniform on."

A spark of understanding lit Angeline's face as she obediently removed her school skirt and damp panties. Now, she stood in her blazer, blouse, tie, and stockings—her lower half completely exposed, revealing her glistening pussy and the bunny-tailed plug.

My gaze then fell upon Delilah, who was still lying limp. I activated [Eye of Desire], and her status materialized before me:

=====

{SEX SLAVE}

=====

NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 100%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 47%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Breast, Vagina

FETISH: Stepcest

A satisfied smile touched my lips. Whether it was her new status as a full sex slave or the result of my constant, targeted stimulation, her resistance had crumbled. The

previously empty slots for Weak Points and Fetish were now filled—proof that I could shape her will through repetition and mental breaking.

It did make me curious, though. Why hadn't she developed a masochism fetish after all my rough treatment? Perhaps it required more time, or maybe that particular inclination simply wasn't in her nature. Something to ponder later.

"Wake up, Mom," I said, patting her cheek.

Delilah's eyes fluttered open, her gaze initially vacant before focusing on me. "Adam...?"

"I want you to watch. See how I treat your sweet little angel," I commanded.

She groaned weakly, pushing herself up with effort, her massive breasts swaying with the movement. When her eyes landed on Angeline, a flicker of surprise crossed her face.

"Mom...?" Angeline murmured, disbelief coloring her tone. "Your breasts... they weren't like that this morning..."

She was right. Delilah's breasts were now monstrously larger and fuller, her nipples and areolas enlarged and swollen from the lactation potion. Angeline stared with a mixture of wonder, horror, and a flicker of unmistakable envy.

"Mom... your breasts..." Angeline whispered in awe. "They've become... so huge. Am I... am I really your daughter? I'll never have breasts like that..."

Delilah looked away, embarrassed, but before she could form a reply, Angeline turned her teary eyes to me.

"Brother... is that why?" her voice quivered. "Is that why you didn't want me to take off my uniform? Because... because my breasts are small and you're not interested in them?"

Her question caught me off guard.

Chapter 105: Chapter 105 - The Breaking of an Angel

Her question caught me off guard. It seemed this little girl was insecure about her body. But the truth was, I found her petite frame incredibly arousing—especially now, with her school skirt gone, leaving only the white blouse.

"Silly girl," I whispered, pulling her close. "A body like yours is exactly what drives me wild. You're so sweet." My hand cupped her small breast through the thin fabric. "See? A perfect handful."

Angeline sighed, arching into my touch, but a flicker of doubt remained in her eyes. "Really, Brother? But... Mom..."

"Don't compare yourself to your mother," I interrupted. "You're both beautiful in different ways. She has her full, milky breasts, and you have this adorable, petite body in your uniform." My hand slid down to squeeze her plump bottom.

A blush spread across her cheeks, but a satisfied smile finally touched her lips. Her hesitation melted away, replaced by the certainty that she was truly desired.

"Now," I murmured. "Get ready for your reward."

Angeline nodded slowly, then moved onto the bed on all fours. Her bottom was raised, the rabbit-tail anal plug still nestled snugly between her cheeks.

The sight was intoxicating: a young girl in a neatly buttoned school blouse on top, completely naked and exposed from the waist down. My cock throbbed in anticipation.

I ran a hand over her smooth buttocks, feeling the tension in her muscles. Then, I called for Delilah.

"Mom, sit in front of Angel. Hold her and keep her calm."

Delilah crawled closer, her heavy, milk-laden breasts swaying with the movement. She cradled her youngest daughter's face against her ample bosom, her gentle hands stroking Angeline's blonde hair.

"Shhh, sweetie... Mom's here with you..." she whispered.

"Get ready, sweetheart," I said, my hand finding the base of the anal plug.

Angeline bit her trembling lip and nodded. "I'm ready, Brother."

I pulled. Pop! A soft, wet sound was followed by Angeline's long, shuddering moan. Her small rear entrance twitched, gaping slightly from being stretched all day, yet it still looked impossibly tight.

"Delilah, Gwen, watch closely," I ordered, picking up the lube. "You're about to see something special."

I poured a generous amount onto my hand, slicking my huge, aching cock, and then applied more directly to Angeline's wet, twitching hole. Looking at that tiny opening, I knew this would be painful for her. And that was precisely the point.

My index finger circled her clenched anus. "Relax, Angel. Take a deep breath for me..."

She inhaled, but her body stayed rigid. My finger began to press inward, slowly breaching the tight ring of muscle.

She gasped, her whole body stiffening as my finger slipped inside. "A-aah... I-It hurts, Brother..."

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetie," Delilah cooed, pressing her daughter's face deeper into her chest. "Mom's here... Just breathe..."

My finger slid in to the hilt, met with incredible warmth and a suffocating tightness. I massaged her internally, trying to coax her muscles to relax. After a moment, I felt a slight give.

"Good girl," I murmured, adding a second finger.

This time, her moan carried a hint of pleasure.

When I decided she was ready enough, I guided the lubricated tip of my cock to her incredibly tight entrance. The sheer size difference was almost daunting, but my lust overpowered any hesitation.

"Here we go, Angel. Breathe in... and out..."

She obeyed, and as she exhaled, I pushed the tip in.

"AAAAAAAKKKHHH!!! NO!!! IT HURTS!!! BROTHER, IT HURTS SO MUCH!!!" Her scream was piercing. Her hands flew to her mother's arms, gripping with white-knuckled force.

I stopped, only about a third of the way in. But the sensation was overwhelming. Her tightness was a painful, exquisite vise around the head of my cock.

"Sob... sob... please... please stop..." she sobbed, tears streaming down her face. "... I can't..."

"It's okay, sweetie, it's okay," Delilah whispered, stroking her hair, her own eyes glistening. "Just bear with it, the pain will fade."

But I had no intention of stopping. With grim determination, I pushed deeper, forcing my way through the impossible tightness.

"AAAAAAAKKKHHH!!! MOM!!! HELP!!! IT HURTS SO MUCH!!!" Angeline screamed hysterically, her body shaking violently on the verge of collapse. Her hands clawed at her mother's skin.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Gwenneth watching, her face pale, muffled groans escaping her ball gag. Yet her pussy was dripping, soaking the ropes that bound her.

I kept pushing, slow and relentless. Every inch was a battle against an almost inhuman tightness. It was excruciating for her, and that only fed my arousal.

"PLEASE... BROTHER... I... I REALLY... CAN'T..." she cried in utter despair.

But I was in too deep. With one final, brutal thrust, I buried my entire length inside her rectum.

"AAAAAAAKKKKKKHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Her final scream was heart-wrenching; she was completely broken. Her body went limp, capable only of weak, shuddering sobs. I remained still for a moment, savoring the incredible sensation of her impossibly tight ass. It was so much tighter than her pussy—every tiny movement felt like she was milking me with brutal force.

I leaned down and kissed her sweaty shoulder. "It's over, Angel. The worst part is done."

A moment later, Angeline looked back over her shoulder, her face wet with tears. "Sob... Brother... that... was torture... you tore me apart..."

"Should I pull out?" I asked, feigning concern.

She shook her head slowly. "Don't... don't pull out... I... I want to feel all of it..."

I smiled, pleased. "My brave little slut."

I paused, captivated by the sight: Angeline's plump, petite bottom, and my large, hard cock buried completely within her. Her red, swollen anal hole was stretched taut around my shaft, the skin pulled to an almost impossible degree.

"Fuck... so fucking tight..." I muttered, feeling every pulse in my constrained cock.

Slowly, I began to move, pulling back slightly before pushing back in. But the tightness was so extreme that even this small motion made Angeline cry out.

"AAAHHH! DON'T! IT HURTS!" she screamed, her tears soaking Delilah's breasts.

Delilah watched with a horrified, guilty expression, but as I expected, her eyes began to change. Lust was slowly overpowering her pity.

I could see her gaze locked on my cock moving in and out of her daughter's ass, her lips parting slightly, her hands unconsciously kneading her own breasts.

The incredible tightness brought me to the edge quickly. Within minutes, I felt the heat coiling at the base of my spine.

"I'm... almost...!" I grunted, speeding up my thrusts.

With a few final, brutal drives, I released deep into her narrow rectum. My hot cum flooded her insides, wrenching another scream from her—a long sound mixed with pain and shock.

I pulled out my throbbing cock, leaving her anal hole gaping, red, and dripping with a mixture of lube and my seed. Angeline lay collapsed, sobbing weakly.

But my cursed, insatiable libido refused to let my cock soften; it remained erect and pulsing.

After a moment's rest, admiring Angeline's bruised buttocks, I decided to go again. This time, more cruelly.

"Get ready for round two, Sis," I whispered, guiding the still-wet tip of my cock back to her wounded entrance.

"N-No, Big Bro... I can't..." she whimpered in fear.

I ignored her. With one brutal shove, I thrust back into her sensitive, torn ass.

"AAAAAKKKHHH!!! MOM!!! HELP!!!" she screamed, her body arching in agony.

I held her hips tightly and began to pound into her with a rough, irregular rhythm. Each hard thrust slammed her forward, her face mashing into her mother's breasts. The sound of our skin smacking together filled the room, punctuated by Angeline's cries.

"Bastard... you... sadist..." she cursed between sobs.

But then, something shifted. Amidst her groans of pain, another tone emerged—a hint of masked pleasure.

"Aaah... ah... that... it hurts..." she mumbled incoherently.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 74 (+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 75 (+1)]

[...]

Those notifications had been popping up nonstop since I entered her ass, but I paid them no mind.

I smiled. I knew what was happening. "How long are you going to keep pretending, Angel? You like it, don't you? You like this pain."

Her body betrayed her. Her hips began to push back, meeting my every thrust. Her moans of agony transformed into stifled whimpers of pleasure.

"W-Weird... this... hurts... aaah... but..." she murmured, her voice taking on a new tremor.

"How does it feel, Angel?" I teased, quickening my pace. "Tell me."

"Hot... and... strange..." she moaned. Her hands, which had been clutching the sheets, now reached back to grab my buttocks. "D-Don't stop..."

"You want it slower? Or harder?" I taunted, driving into her faster.

She was silent for a moment, before finally admitting in a voice barely above a whisper. "Harder... please..."

"WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" I barked, slapping her ass.

"HARDER! PLEASE... BIG BRO... WRECK MY ASS! TEAR MY ASS APART HARDER! PUNISH ME!" she suddenly screamed, her voice hoarse and raw with lust.

Now it was my turn to be shocked. Her transformation was drastic and instantaneous. The girl in pain was gone, replaced by a hungry, lust-driven slut.

"YES~! YES~! JUST LIKE THAT! IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO MUCH! AAHH~! BROTHER! YOUR COCK... IS RUINING ME... BUT... IT FEELS SO GOOD! HARDER! DESTROY ME!" she moaned.

Delilah and Gwenneth watched in stunned silence. Angeline's expression was completely transformed—her sweet face now twisted in deviant pleasure, her eyes tear-filled but blazing with madness, her lips parted to release a stream of increasingly vulgar moans.

"YES! RIGHT THERE! AAAAAHHH!!!" she screamed as I hit her sensitive spot. "MY ASS... IS BEING RUINED... IT FEELS SO GOOD!"

Her transformation excited me beyond measure. I grabbed her arms, pulling them back so her body arched, allowing me to penetrate even deeper.

"It hurts so much, brother! I... I don't know... what's happening... but... please don't stop!" Angeline cried out, her head thrown back. "My pussy... My pussy is dripping so much... AAHH~! It hurts but... I want more! HARDER! PLEASE~!"

Chapter 106: Chapter 106 - A Brutal Granting

I answered her plea with pure brutality. Each thrust of my hips was raw and powerful, slamming into her sore buttocks with a force that jarred her small frame. The sharp sound of skin striking skin filled the room, punctuated by Angeline's increasingly unrestrained screams—a blend of agony and ecstasy.

"Yes! Yes! Just like that! It hurts! It hurts so much!" she shrieked, her fingers clawing at the sheets. "Tear me apart! Destroy my ass, Brother!"

"You little slut!" I snarled, delivering a sharp smack to her already crimson cheek. "You were born for this, weren't you? To be punished and taken by your own brother!"

"Yes! I'm a slut! Brother's little slut!" she screamed, her tear-filled eyes meeting mine with a look of helpless surrender. "I deserve to be taught a lesson! I deserve to be treated like this!"

I could feel every inch of her tight rectum clenching around my hard cock, the sensation was incredible. That narrow channel gripped my shaft with an almost unbearable strength, every fold and involuntary contraction of her muscles a futile resistance that quickly surrendered to pleasure.

"You living onahole!" I growled, quickening my pace. "Your ass is even tighter than your mother's cunt! You really were made for this!"

"AAAHHH~! That's right! My ass was made for you! To be ruined by Brother's big cock!" she moaned, her body starting to tremble uncontrollably. "... I'm almost... I'm going to cum again!"

I didn't give her a chance to prepare. With a few final, deep, and brutal thrusts, I felt her body suddenly stiffen before convulsing violently. A long, piercing shriek tore from her throat as she climaxed for the second time, driven over the edge by anal stimulation alone.

But I was far from satisfied. My cock was still hard and throbbing, my lust nowhere near sated. In one rough motion, I stood up, still buried inside her. My hands gripped her slender hips and lifted her effortlessly—my high Strength stat made her feel as light as a doll.

"B-Brother? What are you—"

"Quiet!" I snapped, cutting her off. I now stood behind her, her body suspended in the air, supported only by my cock buried deep in her ass and my grip on her hips.

Delilah, watching from the front, gasped, her eyes wide as she saw her daughter being manhandled like a toy. But just as I expected, the horror on her face slowly morphed—lust was beginning to overpower her pity.

"Listen carefully, you little slut," I hissed into Angeline's ear, beginning to bounce her suspended body on my cock. "You think you can give me orders? Tell me to go harder? I'm the one who decides here!"

"AAHHH! Sorry! Sorry, Brother!" she screamed, her hands flailing, searching for purchase and finding none. "Please... this... it's too deep!"

I let out a harsh laugh. "Too deep? You were the one who begged for it harder! Now face the consequences!"

I pumped her body up and down my shaft, this position allowing me a depth I'd never felt before. Every thrust felt like it reached her very core. Her moans and gasps grew louder, a symphony of pain and rapture.

"How dare you give me orders! Here, I'm in charge!" I growled, speeding up my movements. Her body, hanging in the air, had truly become nothing more than a living onahole.

"I know! I know! I'm just Brother's onahole! My ass is only for Brother to use!" she cried, tears streaming down her face. "But please... I can't take anymore... it's too painful..."

"Painful?" I mocked, continuing to pound her mercilessly. "You said you liked it! Have you changed your mind?"

"No! I still like it! But... AAHHH... it's... too much!" she screamed, her body going completely limp.

I didn't care. The pent-up lust and anger from years of repression were now overflowing. Still impaling her on my cock, I began walking toward the bound Gwenneth.

"Look, Gwen!" I yelled, never ceasing the brutal rhythm against Angeline's ass. "Look at your sweet little sister! She's enjoying every second of this!"

Gwenneth watched with eyes full of a mad, inevitable lust. Her pussy was so wet I wondered if she had stopped dripping since the night before.

"You think I'd forget what you did to me?" I shouted, my voice thick with rage. "Years of humiliation! Years of being treated like trash! Now it's my turn! I'm going to punish all of you! One by one!"

"I... I understand... Brother..." Angeline moaned, her hands now scrambling to grip Gwenneth's shoulders for support. "Punish me... punish all of us... we deserve this..."

"Tell your sister what you're feeling!" I commanded, pounding into her even harder. "Tell her how good it feels to be punished by your stepbrother!"

Angeline sobbed, but obeyed. "B-Big Sis Gwen... this... this hurts... aaahhh... but... but I love it... his cock... is ruining me... destroying me... but... aaahhh... I can't stop... I want more..."

Gwenneth let out a strained grunt.

Delilah, watching from the bed, could no longer contain herself. One hand rubbed her clit furiously while the fingers of her other hand plunged into her own asshole—mimicking the violation of her daughter.

"Harder! Please, Brother! Punish me harder!" Angeline suddenly screamed, finding a new surge of energy. "I want Sis Gwen to see how I'm being destroyed!"

Her plea drove me even further. I wanted to give Gwenneth a real show. In one rough movement, I laid Angeline down on the bed directly in front of her bound sister. I lifted one of her legs high, putting on full display how my large, veiny dick plunged relentlessly into her small, reddened asshole.

"Watch closely, Gwen!" I snarled, establishing a new, harder, deeper rhythm. "Watch how my cock ruins your sister! See how much she loves it!"

The sight was both depraved and incredibly arousing. Angeline's small, red asshole, swollen and stretched, gaped around my shaft. With every thrust, the surrounding skin stretched taut, turning white, before flushing red again as I pulled almost all the way out.

"AAAAHHHH!!! YES!!! LIKE THAT!!! DESTROY ME!!!" Angeline screamed, her hands gripping her own raised ankle. Her eyes locked directly with Gwenneth's, daring her sister to deny the pleasure she was feeling.

I held back nothing. All the anger and hatred I'd stored for years, I channeled through every thrust into her ass. My rhythm became wild and uncontrolled, each drive full of destructive power.

"I hate you! I hate this family!" I spat, my voice hoarse. "But you... you'll be the outlet for my lust! You, your mother, your sister! All of you will become my sex slaves!"

"Yes! Make me your sex slave! Make all of us your sex slaves!" Angeline shrieked, her body beginning to shudder violently. "I... I'm going to... I'm going to cum again... together with you, Brother..."

I felt the heat coiling at the base of my spine. "Alright... together then... you little slut!"

With a few final, deepest thrusts, I released everything I had into her rectum for the second time. My hot seed flooded her narrow passage, wringing a long, guttural scream from her—a sound of pure, total satisfaction.

At the same time, her body stiffened and then convulsed uncontrollably. This climax was the strongest yet; her body shook violently, her eyes rolled back, and a final, choked moan escaped her lips before she finally went limp, unconscious.

I remained buried inside her for a few moments more, savoring the final pulses of my cock and the aftershocks wracking her body. Then, slowly, I pulled out.

The result was almost unbelievable.

Angeline's previously tight asshole was now a gaping, red, and swollen ruin. The puffy lips of her anus were parted, dripping a mixture of lube, a trickle of blood, and my thick, white cum. The hole remained wide open, twitching sporadically, as if unable to close after the brutal stretching it had endured.

But I knew, as a high-level Awakener, her body would recover quickly. By tomorrow, her asshole would be tight again, though it would never be quite the same.

I looked down at my handiwork with deep satisfaction. Angeline lay unconscious, a twisted expression of fulfillment on her sweet face. Delilah was still frantically pleasuring herself, her eyes glued to her daughter's ruined behind.

My gaze then fell on Gwenneth, whose face was now a mask of utter madness. I knew it was time to deliver the final blow.

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 99%.]

Chapter 107: Chapter 107 - The Final Humiliation

I closed the distance to where Gwenneth was bound. The eyes that once blazed with pride and strength now held only madness and despair. I pulled the ball gag from her mouth, and a hoarse, desperate sob broke free.

"Kill me... Adam, please... just end it..." she wept, tears carving paths through the grime on her pale face. "I can't take any more... I'll do anything... rape me, use me, but after... please, end this."

A smirk touched my lips. This was her last stand—a plea for death was the final refuge of her defiance. But my [Eye of Desire] still showed my Domination at 99%. One stubborn percent of her will remained.

"Kill you?" I mocked, my voice dripping with false sympathy. "Oh, Gwen... you think it would be that easy?"

My hand shot out, roughly gripping her chin and forcing her to meet my gaze. "You're so very wrong."

In one fluid motion, I thrust my hard, throbbing length into her open mouth. She gasped, eyes flying wide as I filled her, the head of my cock hitting the back of her throat.

"Ggk... hkk..." The sound of her gagging was a sweet symphony.

"Remember what I told you, Gwen?" I hissed, setting a slow, deliberate rhythm with my hips. "Every woman who ever looked down on me ends up with my dick in her mouth."

She tried to shake her head, but my grip in her hair tightened, holding her perfectly in place. I could feel the helpless flutter of her tongue beneath me, the convulsive tightening of her throat as it tried to reject my intrusion.

"Go on," I taunted, driving deeper and making her choke. "Insult me. Call me trash! A loser! Tell me how disgusting I am!"

But all that escaped her lips were strangled gags and weak, pathetic moans. Her eyes pleaded, yet within their depths, I could still see the embers of the hatred I knew so well.

I picked up the pace, fucking her mouth with a brutal, punishing rhythm. Each thrust made her choke and sputter. I watched her closely, ready to unleash [Mind Control] if she dared to bite, but it was unnecessary—she was already too broken to muster a fight.

"You think I'd grant you the release of death, Gwen?" I groaned between thrusts. "No. I'm going to keep you alive. For the rest of your life, you'll be my personal cumbucket. My spunk deposit."

My orgasm built, surprising in its intensity so soon after the last. This time, it was less a flood and more a few potent spurts that filled her throat. She choked violently, struggling to swallow the bitter offering.

But I was still hard. Unnaturally so. And then, a different, more primal urge surged through me.

A profoundly wicked idea took root.

While still buried deep in her tight throat, I let go. A hot stream of urine joined the mix. At first, Gwenneth didn't understand—just a new, warm liquid overwhelming her senses. But as the distinct, acrid taste and smell registered, her eyes snapped wide in pure, unadulterated horror.

She tried to wrench her head away, to resist, but my hold was unyielding. I kept pissing, ensuring every drop was either forced down her throat or spilled from the corners of her stretched lips.

"Drink, you whore!" I snarled, flooding her with my release. "You're my personal toilet now! My piss pot!"

Her reaction was more than I could have hoped for.

Her body convulsed violently, her eyes bulging as if they would burst from their sockets. I saw it then—the exact moment the last thread of her resistance snapped. The hatred that had defined her vanished, erased and replaced by a bottomless, all-consuming terror.

She was broken. Completely.

To seal her ruin, I released [The Edge of Bliss] from her neck. The effect was instantaneous.

Gwenneth's body arched off the bed, a long, rasping groan tearing from her throat, still filled with my urine. The climax she'd been denied exploded through her with cataclysmic force—stronger than anything I had ever witnessed. Her vagina clenched like a vise around the embedded vibrator. Her fluids gushed out, soaking the shibari ropes, followed by an uncontrolled torrent of her own urine as her body surrendered completely.

"Look at you!" I jeered, pulling my wet cock from her ruined mouth. "You came from swallowing my piss! You pathetic, filthy slut!"

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal reaches 100%]

[You have successfully made Gwenneth Climax]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 72%]

[Domination over Gwenneth increases to 100%]

[You Have Successfully Dominated Gwenneth and caused her mind to break]

[Gwenneth is now your obedient sex slave who lives to serve your dick]

Finally, my cruelest stepsister, the woman who had once tortured me without mercy, was now utterly shattered. Her once-fiery eyes radiated only primal fear as they looked at me, before her exhausted body finally succumbed to unconsciousness.

Nearby, Delilah was still frantically pleasuring herself, her gaze locked on her eldest daughter's destruction. Her face was a mask of conflict—a mother's instinctual horror warring with the twisted arousal of a fully subjugated slave.

'He... he's just disciplining Gwen,' Delilah thought, moaning as her fingers plunged deeper. 'We all deserve this punishment... for what we did to him... this is our atonement... yes... Adam only wants to make her obedient... like me... like Angel... we must all be obedient... it's what's best for the family...'

As her own climax ripped through her, a series of delightful notifications bloomed in my vision.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 5000 EXP.]

[Received New Skill: <Elixir of Bliss>]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 50]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 51]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 52]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

A wave of profound satisfaction washed over me. My gaze swept over the scene—Angeline lying limp with her bruised bottom, Delilah shuddering in post-orgasmic aftershocks, and Gwenneth unconscious in a pool of mixed fluids, the stench of urine thick in the air. A spike of disgust, sharp and clear, cut through my triumph. Even for me, this level of filth was a step too far.

I moved to Gwenneth and began working on the intricate shibari knots. One by one, I loosened the black ropes that had carved angry red lines into her smooth skin. After the last binding fell away, I retrieved the still-buzzing vibrator from her pussy. She moaned weakly, her body twitching. But it was the removal of the giant anal plug that truly woke her.

"AAAAHHH!!!" she screamed, her eyes flying open in a shock of pure agony.

As consciousness returned, her gaze locked onto mine. What I saw there was no longer hatred, but pure, undiluted terror. She scrambled with immense difficulty, her trembling body weak, and then she clung to my legs like a drowning woman.

"Adam... my brother... I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" she bawled, pressing her face, still wet with tears and my urine, against my skin. "I'll do anything! Please, fuck me! Use my body however you want! But... but please... don't... don't piss in my mouth again... I beg you..."

Her sobs wracked her entire frame. The sight filled me with immense satisfaction. The arrogant woman who had once trampled me was now a terrified child at my feet.

I bent down and stroked her matted golden hair.

"You should have been like this from the beginning, Gwen. Obedient, and knowing your place."

She nodded frantically, her eyes pools of desperate hope and fear. "Yes! I understand now! I... I deserve to be your whore! But please... not your toilet... never again..."

"Of course not," I said, my voice deceptively soft. "So long as you remain obedient."

I had no real intention of repeating the act—it was a step too far even for my tastes. But the threat was a necessary leash to ensure her absolute fear.

I stood and turned to the stunned Delilah. "Mom. Clean up this mess. Take Angeline to the bathroom and wash her."

Delilah immediately stopped, nodded with practiced obedience, and rose from the bed. "Yes, Adam. Right away."

My attention returned to Gwenneth. "You too. Shower. Wash the filth from your body. I want you clean and fragrant when I wreck your ass later."

Gwenneth nodded quickly, her eyes still wide with fear. "Yes, Adam."

She tried to stand, but her legs buckled. Delilah moved to support her, holding her broken daughter upright. The sight was deeply ironic—mother and daughter, both my slaves, helping each other in their shared ruin.

As they shuffled towards the bathroom, I watched them, basking in the feeling of absolute victory. The Socheron family—Delilah the Star Witch, Gwenneth the Knight of Light, and Angeline the Paladin—were now wholly mine. Their bodies, their minds, their very souls, belonged to me.

I walked to the window, gazing at the city stretching out beyond it. This world was vast, and I had the power to conquer it. But for now, my masterpiece was this family, brought to its knees.

'I wonder what kind of revenge would suit those five bastards?' I mused, dark thoughts swirling. 'And I should prepare, in case Charlotte shows up out of worry. I'm truly curious what face she'll make when she sees this new Socheron family.'

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[The first arc ends.]

Chapter 108: Chapter 108 - The Colossal White Tower

In his office, Zephyr stood rigidly behind his desk, its surface buried in documents. A white cloth obscured his eyes, but the direction of his gaze and the intensity of his aura left no doubt—he was scrutinizing the woman before him, dissecting her every move.

The mysterious woman, in contrast, stood completely at ease, one hip cocked as if this were a lounge and she was waiting for a drink. A cynical smile played on her lips, as if she were enjoying his suspicion.

Zephyr broke the silence, his voice cold. "I want to know one thing. How—no, from whom did you obtain that Ticket?"

"It was given to me by someone," the woman replied airily.

"Who?" Zephyr pressed.

She pretended to think. "Hm... that's a secret."

Zephyr tapped the desk once, a sharp sound in the quiet room. His voice remained cold but carried a clear threat. "That Ticket is only given to Hunters with extraordinary achievements. Given how suspicious you are... if you refuse to cooperate, I will detain you for a more forceful interrogation."

The woman rolled her eyes. "Goodness, you really are rigid. I come here with good intentions, and you treat me like a criminal."

"You look like one," Zephyr retorted flatly.

"Eh, that's true," she conceded with a shrug. "But still. A little courtesy wouldn't kill you."

Zephyr leaned forward slightly. "You said you came with good intentions. Explain."

"Good intentions like... offering my cooperation. I have a... how should I put it... complicated relationship with the Abyss Syndicate."

Zephyr immediately understood. "You want to betray them."

"Please," she said, patting her chest dramatically. "That word sounds so harsh. I prefer to call it... moral flexibility."

"You already betrayed us," Zephyr countered. "And now you're betraying them. You're a double agent."

She held up two fingers. "I prefer the term multi-purpose."

Zephyr did not look amused. "And why should I cooperate with trash that can't even maintain its own loyalty?"

The woman let out an annoyed sigh. "Because I know you're not that stupid, Saint Archer. I can provide you with a wealth of valuable information about the Abyss Syndicate."

Zephyr remained silent.

The woman continued, her voice dropping to a lower, more sly tone. "Besides... as you already suspect, there's no way I could have gotten that Time Tower Ticket without help from someone very, very important."

Zephyr was quiet, but the atmosphere in the room grew colder.

"Back to the original question. From whom did you get it?"

She gave a lopsided smile. "I thought we were past that part."

"We are not." Zephyr's tone sharpened. "If you harmed its original owner, if you forced them or killed them for it... this conversation is over. Right now."

This time, the woman dropped the playful act. Her cynical smile remained, but it was thinner, more strained. "I got it from the Light Knight. Yes, the Light Knight. She gave it to me."

Zephyr frowned behind his blindfold. "Why would she give it to you?"

"Because I asked very persuasively... Fine," she finally admitted. "I stole it, okay? Are you satisfied now?"

Zephyr didn't move, but the pressure from his aura felt like a storm on the verge of eruption.

The woman straightened up, her cynical smile firmly back in place. "So, Saint Archer, do we have a deal? I become your double agent, feed you information from the Abyss Syndicate, and in return, you grant me access to the Tower of Time. After all... you are the Keeper of the Time Tower Key. Without you, no one gets in."

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Since my own room was still a disaster zone after a day of debauchery, I decided to stay in Gwenneth's room for the night. It wasn't heavily decorated—just a comfortable king-size bed, a minimalist wardrobe, and a neat dressing table.

On the spacious mattress, I sat propped against the headboard, gazing at the three naked women sleeping soundly around me.

Delilah was to my left, her mature body still exuding an aura of grace even in helpless exhaustion. Gwenneth was on my right, her usually arrogant face softened in sleep. Meanwhile, Angeline, the youngest, was hugging a pillow tightly in a childlike pose.

"I never once imagined, even in my wildest dreams, that I'd be able to do all this to them," I murmured softly. Even in my most depraved fantasies, back when I was the weak, humiliated boy, I never dreamed fate would turn so dramatically.

Those who were once so high and out of reach were now completely in my grasp.

My gaze fell to my dick, still erect and throbbing, demanding more even though my body was utterly spent. I genuinely wanted to wake them up and fuck them again, but while my libido was limitless, my physical vitality was not. Remembering I'd spent the entire day relentlessly fucking all three of them, an overwhelming fatigue and drowsiness finally took hold.

I opened my System Interface.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 52

EXP: 30/2500

<Strength: 75>

<Agility: 40>

<Vitality: 30>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 100>

Available Stat Points: 25

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

[Five-Minute Rewind]

[Dreamweaver]

[Elixir of Bliss]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Hymen Pill]

[Aphrodisiac Elixir x2]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

[The Edge of Bliss]

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

Twenty-five stat points awaited allocation. I considered it seriously—while Charisma wasn't a high priority, should I just max out Strength? Or perhaps Agility for movement speed, or Vitality for stamina.

I finally decided.

[Agility: 40 → 45]

[Vitality: 30 → 50]

Instantly, the fatigue that had nearly crippled me moments ago was halved. My body felt lighter, fresher, though a heavy drowsiness still weighed on my eyelids.

Now, it was time to check the new skills and items.

[Elixir of Bliss]

-> The user's semen transforms into an absolute elixir of pleasure. Its taste is utterly intoxicating, directly triggering intense euphoria in any woman who consumes it. The effect heals wounds and creates a profound dependency, making her constantly crave being 'given a drink' again.]

"Heh, a skill that suits me perfectly," I muttered. I could make them addicted to my cum while simultaneously healing their wounds—though I wondered how effective it would be.

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

-> A ring forged from a siren's spine, it pulses slowly with a faint rhythm. When activated, anyone within a five-meter radius is overwhelmed by primal desire, often losing all logic and morality in their urge to satisfy their cravings for the wearer.]

A quite intriguing item, though I doubted I'd use it often. Maybe only in specific situations.

My gaze shifted to the clock on Gwenneth's wall. The hands showed eight in the evening. I was waiting for Charlotte's arrival—after that suspicious phone call earlier,

she was bound to come check on Delilah. As a close friend and frequent visitor, her concern was natural.

If she came, I was ready to take her on the spot. But time passed, and by midnight, Charlotte still hadn't shown up. It seemed she really was as busy as she'd claimed.

My drowsiness finally became unbearable. Before surrendering to sleep, I activated [Dreamweaver] and dove into Delilah's dreams. There was still much information I needed to extract from her memories.

In her dream, I found an interesting memory fragment—Delilah, standing with my father and seven of his companions before a colossal white tower that pierced the sky. From their conversation, their ambition to conquer that tower was clear.

Chapter 109: Chapter 109 - A Gathering of Legends

I delved deeper into Delilah's dream, immersing myself in a vivid memory fragment of that historic meeting. The nine of them stood before a magnificent white tower, so immense it pierced the clouds, its peak lost to sight. Its ancient structure radiated a powerful, mysterious aura.

I recognized them all. There was my father, Freyden, his posture upright and his eyes filled with a determination I would never see again. Beside him was a younger Delilah, breathtakingly graceful, a stark contrast to the broken, submissive woman I had molded.

Charlotte Haverty stood among them. Her appearance had hardly changed from the present day. She still carried bright, lively eyes and a warm, energetic smile. Her chestnut-blond hair fluttered in the wind.

The one who made my skin prickle was the Winter Knight. He was tall, with snow-white hair and colorless eyes. His presence alone radiated a cold that seeped through the memory as if it could freeze the air. I immediately knew that this was Yukie's father.

Blazewalker, Ophelia Blazinger, stood not far from him. The head of Nine Stars Academy was mesmerizing. She resembled Arianna but carried a deeper maturity and a commanding aura. Her fire-red hair looked like moving flames.

Eldertree was beside her. He looked exactly the same as the present version of him. A wiry old man with a thick beard, messy brown hair, and tired amusement in his eyes.

Sky Ranger, a black-haired man whose long coat and ever-present rifle were as much a part of him as his sharp, vigilant gaze. According to reports, he later died in an SS-Rank dungeon, but here he was, alive and fierce.

Then there were the last two. Mysterious, elegant, impossible to overlook.

Twin sisters dressed in gothic black. Their long, straight black hair framed pale faces that looked almost ethereal. They were tall, graceful and hauntingly beautiful. They were Abyss Dancer and Hell Spectre.

In the present, Abyss Dancer had betrayed the Hunter Global Authority and created the Abyss Syndicate. Her twin, Hell Spectre, was long dead. Rumors surrounded her death, none of them clear or confirmed. Perhaps that tragedy had triggered Abyss Dancer's betrayal. Everything about it reeked of conspiracy.

I attempted to activate my [Eye of Desire] on them. It failed, as expected. These were memories, not physical bodies. Still, from their voices and presence, it was clear that they were all SS-rank during this time.

"Our family has guarded this Tower for generations," Freyden said with a steady voice. "But none of us have ever reached the summit. No one knows what lies at the top. With all of us gathered here, the strongest hunters of this era, I believe we can finally conquer it."

Hearing my father's words, my thoughts drifted to my own Class, Depraved Time Lord, and the [Key of the Tower of Space] I had obtained. Was the tower in this dream connected to the one mentioned by the key? Was my father's legacy intertwined with the power I now wielded?

The nine heroes stepped forward, passing through the tower's great gate. As it closed behind them, the scenery shifted violently.

They now stood on a vast, barren plain. The sky above was cracked like shattered glass, a dim light filtering through the fissures. Silent lightning struck in the distance, illuminating a bleak landscape of strange rock formations and dead vegetation.

"Although the Tower looks infinite from the outside," Freyden said while scanning the area, "it actually contains only six floors. Each floor is its own world with its own trials."

My breath caught when I saw the giant creature in the distance. Even observing from a memory, its presence overwhelmed me.

It towered all the way to the clouds. Its massive humanoid body was wrapped with thousands of moving arms that writhed like living serpents. Its head was not a head at all. It was a giant blooming petal. At the center, a pale yellow eye gazed blankly at the fractured sky.

Every step shook the ground and sent tremors through the earth.

"My God..." Charlotte whispered, her eyes wide. "What... what is that?"

I stared, feeling a profound insignificance; that creature's rank had to be above SSS.

But before they could process the giant's presence, a more immediate threat emerged.

From behind rock formations and from within the earth itself, strange creatures crawled out. Some were scorpion-like, their tails ending in mouths full of teeth. Others were multi-eyed spiders with sharp, pointed legs. Some had human-like bodies with distorted heads and limbs that twisted in unnatural ways. They all radiated a palpable aura of darkness and greed.

"Oh, right, I forgot to mention this," Freyden said calmly. "Time flows differently here. One year outside is ten days in this Tower."

Ophelia whipped her head toward him. "You forgot to say something that important before we came in?"

Sky Ranger raised his rifle. "Guys, we're surrounded."

There was no more time for questions.

"Prepare yourselves!" Freyden shouted.

His sword was drawn. With a single, seemingly effortless slash, the air itself seemed to part. Dozens of creatures before him were cleanly severed without his blade even touching them—as if space itself had cut them down.

Above, Delilah raised her hands. The air vibrated as hundreds of spears of pure light materialized above her head. With an elegant gesture, they shot forward like divine rain, each spear striking the heart of an approaching creature with unerring accuracy.

Beside her, Sky Ranger had set up a gigantic machine gun—a weapon impossibly large for one man to carry. The roar of its gunfire thundered, each bullet finding its mark and tearing apart the stony-fleshed abominations.

"Eldertree, block the left flank!" Freyden commanded.

The old man slammed his hands onto the barren ground. Instantly, massive roots erupted, weaving into a living wall that trapped and crushed dozens of creatures.

Ophelia Blazinger leaped forward, her hands open. Fire erupted not as a simple spray, but as an expanding river of lava, instantly incinerating hundreds of creatures. The stench of burnt flesh filled the air.

The Winter Knight was a man of few words. He simply stomped his foot, and a wave of ice spread from him, freezing everything in a large radius. The trapped creatures then shattered into countless pieces.

But the ones who captivated me most were the Gothic twins.

The Abyss Dancer vanished into the shadows, only to reappear amidst a horde of creatures. She danced—a literal, deadly ballet with two black daggers. Every spin and leap was elegant and fatal, her blades leaving a trail of dismembered corpses.

And Hell Spectre... I couldn't see her at all. But in areas untouched by the others, creatures suddenly collapsed en masse, as if their souls had been ripped out by an invisible hand.

"There are too many of them!" Charlotte yelled, raising her hands. A golden light emanated from her, healing minor wounds and restoring the stamina of those beginning to tire.

Freyden looked toward the horizon, where the colossal creature began moving toward them, its thousands of snake-like arms stretching in their direction. The threat was still distant, but already palpable.

"We have to retreat! Eldertree, make us a path!"

The old man nodded, clenching his fists. A ten-meter tall wooden Golem erupted from the earth, its hands made of crushing roots. It began clearing a path, smashing through obstacles while the others formed a defensive formation behind it.

But as they retreated, a new threat poured from the fissures in the ground—thousands of human-sized insects with shiny carapaces and razor-sharp pincers. They flooded the area in a chitinous wave, threatening to overwhelm the group.

"Ophelia!"

Blazewalker didn't need to be told twice. She leaped forward, arms wide. An ocean of fire erupted, incinerating thousands of insects in a single, devastating blast. The Sword Saint supported her by creating a whirlwind that amplified the flames, while Sky Ranger and Delilah cleared the stragglers that escaped the inferno.

I began to feel my mind tiring from witnessing this epic battle. It was clear this fight was protracted, spanning what felt like days or even months within the distorted time flow. I couldn't watch every detail. I accelerated the memory, skipping over hours of relentless combat.

What I needed to know was—how did they pass this first floor? What was the trial, truly? Did they have to defeat that terrifying giant, or was there another, hidden goal?

Chapter 110: Chapter 110 - Inside the Beast

I forced my exhausted mind to focus, steering the perspective within Delilah's dream toward the crucial moment. The scene shifted rapidly, and I was immediately met with a sight beyond imagination.

They were inside the giant creature's body.

Pulsating walls of flesh surrounded them, threaded with veins as thick as ancient trees that glowed with a sickly green light. The air was heavy, warm, and humid, reeking of rotting meat and hot metal. The ground beneath their feet was a springy mass of muscle tissue, shifting and undulating as if it were still alive.

"Run! Don't stop!" Freyden yelled, leading the charge.

But their path was treacherous. From the fleshy walls, pale, sticky hands began to emerge, stretching out like roots searching for prey, grasping and clutching to block their way.

"Fucking piece of shit!" Ophelia shrieked, unleashing a burst of flame that incinerated the grasping hands into ash.

The Winter Knight was a man of few words. Wherever the hands reached for him, ice instantly crystallized around them, shattering them to pieces.

I watched Delilah weave an energy shield around the group while Sky Ranger provided covering fire, picking off hands that dropped from the fleshy ceiling. Charlotte tended to their mounting wounds, and Eldertree summoned bridges of roots to carry them over treacherous terrain.

The Abyss Dancer moved like a phantom between the limbs, shadows writhing from her body to slice through the hands before they could touch her. As for Hell Spectre, she was truly ghostlike; the hands passed straight through her form as if she were mere mist.

After a grueling struggle, they finally burst into a vast chamber pulsing with raw energy. At its center stood a colossal crystal, six meters tall and shaped like a human heart, throbbing with a deep, bloody light. It was connected to thousands of glowing energy vessels that branched out in all directions, forming a colossal nervous system.

"This is the core!" Freyden shouted. "Attack it now!"

They didn't hesitate.

Freyden raised his sword, energy coalescing at its tip before he unleashed a devastating slash.

Simultaneously, Delilah conjured a spinning star of pure energy above her head. From it, countless lances of light shot forth, piercing the crystal from every angle.

The Winter Knight raised his hands, and the air around the core flash-froze, encasing it in a shell of cracking ice. Ophelia followed with a torrent of fire that scorched its surface, creating a violent contrast of extremes.

Yet the crystal held strong. Under the onslaught, it cracked but refused to shatter.

"Cover me!" Hell Spectre's voice echoed from the shadows. "I can destroy it from the inside!"

Freyden gave a sharp nod, and the other hunters redoubled their assault, drawing the crystal's attention. Hell Spectre vanished. Moments later, the cracks in the crystal began to glow with an eerie purple light from within.

"Now! All together!" Freyden commanded.

In that instant, the remaining eight—Freyden, Delilah, the Winter Knight, Ophelia, Sky Ranger, Charlotte, Eldertree, and the Abyss Dancer—unleashed their ultimate attacks as one. A blade of pure energy, a falling star, absolute zero, hellfire, searing bullets, holy light, crushing roots, and lethal shadows all converged on the core.

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

A cataclysmic explosion rocked the chamber. The crystal shattered, releasing a shockwave that hurled them all backward. The world around them trembled and began to collapse.

The first floor was complete.

The scene changed. They now stood on a small island adrift in an endless ocean. A single giant tree with golden leaves towered at its center, and beneath its boughs, hundreds of graves with simple wooden markers stood in neat, sorrowful rows.

"Half a year... just for the first floor," Eldertree murmured, his voice heavy with exhaustion.

My own mind was fraying at the edges. I accelerated the memory, catching only fragments of their harrowing journey.

I saw them on a plain haunted by hundreds of transparent, wandering spirits. Their task was to guide these lost souls through a gate of light—a mentally and emotionally draining ordeal.

Then, a bizarre city trapped in a repeating time loop. They were forced to relive the same events, solving intricate puzzles to break the cycle. I watched them fail, reset, and try again in an endless, frustrating loop.

The most intriguing was the final floor. They were split into two groups—one trapped in the past, the other in the future. They had to cooperate across time, solving interconnected puzzles where actions in the past altered the future, and clues from the future guided the past.

I saw Freyden and Delilah, with the future group, communicating with the Winter Knight and Hell Spectre in the past through ancient devices.

By the time they reached the summit, only five remained: the Sword Saint, Star Witch, Winter Knight, Abyss Dancer, and Hell Spectre. And they had all ascended to Rank SSS—the pinnacle of human power.

The others, severely injured, had lost consciousness on the lower floors. They survived only because the five carried them down.

But the tower's peak was... underwhelming. A simple circular platform with a spiral staircase leading to a solitary door beyond the clouds. A plain wooden door sealed with an ancient lock.

"Only the keyholder can open this," Freyden whispered, drawing a silver key from his pocket—a key hauntingly similar to the [Key of the Tower of Space] I possessed.

Since this was Delilah's memory, I could only watch in frustration as Freyden began his solitary climb up the spiral staircase. Delilah and the others could only watch, a mix of anxiety and curiosity on their faces, completely unaware of what lay beyond.

The frustration was maddening. After all that struggle and sacrifice, I was denied the final revelation! My mind, pushed beyond its limit, throbbed in protest, demanding rest.

I wrenched myself from Delilah's memory, a deep sense of incompleteness gnawing at me. My mind ached, but one truth was clear: the secrets of the Tower of Time and my father's legacy were inextricably linked to me. I would uncover the truth, one day. But for now, I needed to rest.

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I awoke still buried deep inside Delilah's warm, clinging pussy, my throbbing cock seemingly unwilling to part from its wet embrace.

My face was nestled between her large, voluptuous breasts, my lips gently suckling her swollen left nipple. Her sweet breast milk flowed slowly, filling my mouth with

unparalleled pleasure. My other hand incessantly kneaded her heavy right breast, squeezing out fresh milk that trickled down, slicking the skin of her stomach.

Suddenly, a phone ringtone shattered the silence. Delilah stirred weakly, fumbling for her phone on the bedside table without disturbing my position on top of her.

"H-Hello?" Her voice was hoarse.

"Del," the Headmistress's voice came through clearly on speaker. "I want to talk about your stepson. He's only attended for three days since we last spoke. I can't keep making exceptions."

Hearing that, I just smirked wickedly. My cock pulsed reflexively inside her, making Delilah gasp softly.

"A-Adam..." she moaned weakly, trying to suppress the sensations spreading through her.

"Are you okay, Del? You sound strange," Ophelia asked, her tone now laced with suspicion.

I brought my lips close to Delilah's ear, whispering softly, "Tell her I'll return to the academy."

"He... he will return to the academy, Ophelia," Delilah managed, her breath beginning to quicken. Her hand fisted in the sheets, trying to hold back the rising tide of pleasure.

"You've said that before. I need a guarantee, Del. This is a serious violation of academy regulations."

I thought for a moment. I figured it was time to show them a little of my power. I whispered again, "Tell her I've Awakened."

Hearing my words, a flicker of clarity shone in Delilah's eyes before she spoke.

"Ophelia... Adam... he has Awakened." She tried to sound normal, but her pussy was growing wetter with every subtle movement I made. "He's an Awakener now."

A pause on the other end. Then Ophelia's voice returned, more serious. "An Awakener? Del, are you sure? This isn't something to joke about."

I couldn't hold back any longer. Slowly, I began to move my hips, pushing my cock in and out of her. Delilah bit her lip hard, stifling a moan.

"Yes... I'm sure," she answered, her voice trembling. "He... ah... he showed me his ability."

"Del, you really sound strange. Are you sure you're okay?" Ophelia pressed, her worry evident.

Delilah's inner walls tightened further, as if trying to hold me still, which only fueled my excitement. I quickened my pace, each thrust making her body shudder.

"N-No... I... I'm fine," she lied, her hand gripping my arm tightly. "Just... a little under the weather."

"Alright, if that's true, then it's remarkable. I always suspected the Sword Saint's son couldn't be ordinary," Ophelia conceded, though she still sounded doubtful. "Then please ensure he attends tomorrow, or he will be expelled. This is the final warning, Del. And tell him to see me. I want to test him personally."

"O-Okay," Delilah groaned, before quickly ending the call.

The moment the phone was down, her composure shattered. "Adam... you naughty boy... you... ahh~!"

I let out a short, dark laugh, no longer restraining myself. I slammed her body down, my cock plunging deep into her womb. "Hear that, Mom? She wants to test my abilities personally. Well then, I mustn't disappoint your good friend. You're going to help me practice."

Delilah could only moan in response, her body surrendering completely to the pleasure I wielded. Her hands moved to her own breasts, squeezing out streams of milk that drenched both our faces and bodies.