

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge**

## **#Chapter 11 - My Stepmother - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 11 - My Stepmother**

### **Chapter 11: Chapter 11 - My Stepmother**

I left Sonya still asleep, after scribbling a quick note so she wouldn't forget me. The cool night air greeted me outside, washing over my face, still warm from the memories of just moments before.

An unstoppable smile spread across my lips—this bubbling happiness was so intense I nearly broke into a silly dance right there in the street. But I kept that foolish dance contained to my thoughts. I didn't want the people around me to think I was a weirdo.

I stopped for a moment, looking up. Was the night sky always this beautiful? The sky was clear, dotted with beautiful stars.

By the time I got home, my body felt weary but my spirit was light. All I could think about was the warm water that would wash away the remnants of the night and the bed that was waiting for me. I opened the door slowly, taking a few steps inside.

Suddenly...

A figure emerged from the corner of the living room.

My chest tightened.

It was... the last person I expected to see right now.

My stepmother. Delilah Socheron.

Damn it, why did I have to run into her now?

My eyes scanned over her immediately.

Who could think straight when a woman like her was wandering around the house? Damn. Her hair... That golden blonde cascade fell all the way down to her enticing bottom. Every time she turned, the strands swept across her body, and I imagined how it would feel to have them wrapped around my hand.

Her liquid gold eyes could make me hard with a single glance. And right now... right now she was only wearing a thin white t-shirt.

Her black bra... It was completely visible through the flimsy fabric. The perfect, round, and full shape of her breasts strained against the shirt. Was she wearing nothing underneath? I imagined their weight, and my hands reflexively clenched. They were huge. There was no way one of my hands could cover one.

My gaze traveled down, following her perfect hourglass figure, and stopped at the red hotpants that were practically painted onto her body. Her butt... The shapely curve of it, blending into her full, pale thighs, was a sight that instantly made my blood boil.

I could feel my pants growing tighter. No, you can't react like this right now. But my body wasn't listening. My chest was tight, my breath grew rapid, and the pulse in my groin throbbed uncontrollably, hard and embarrassing. It felt like all the blood in my body was rushing to a single point.

Just by standing there, she had paralyzed me. This is wrong. This is so wrong. But, damn it... I wanted her.

I reflexively used my Eyes of Desire skill on her.

---

NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 1%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

---

I wasn't too surprised by the information displayed. It was public knowledge that my stepmother was one of the world's most powerful Hunters. Her epithet, "Star Witch,"

came from her unique Class. Her reputation for combat prowess and her fame as one of the world's most beautiful women were widespread.

What truly stunned me was the absence of any sexual Weak Points in her status. Of all the women I'd ever appraised, she was the only one without one. Sure, Fetish could sometimes be empty, but Weak Points...? This clearly showed she was mentally far more resilient than the average woman. It confirmed my suspicion: she wasn't a woman who could be easily conquered, especially considering her incredible power level.

I imagined if I were brave enough to stop time and try something... the moment time resumed, she would kill me on the spot. Damn it, I should shelve that idea for now. Survival is more important.

Delilah approached me, her face cold. "Where have you been? Why are you coming home so late?"

"I... I was working out," I stammered, avoiding her gaze.

"Working out?" She smirked faintly but then fell silent for a moment. Her sharp eyes scanned me from head to toe, as if scrutinizing every detail of my still-sweaty body. I could see a flicker of surprise on her face—she seemed to realize I was telling the truth. But it wasn't enough.

"So one workout session erases all your past behavior?" her voice began to rise. "Three months. Three months you've shut yourself in, refusing to go to the academy. Do you think this is a joke? Today the academy head called me again!"

I tried to defend myself. "I know I was wrong. But today was different, I was trying—"

"Trying?" she cut in sharply. "I've heard that word from you too many times. Every time you promise to change, and the next day you're back in your room, wasting every opportunity given to you!"

She took a deep breath, her face starting to flush. "I'm tired. I've been too patient watching you become a useless burden, and now... enough! Get out of this house. Now." She snapped mercilessly. Her hand grabbed my collar and shoved me towards the door.

"But I—"

"No," she said, cutting me off again. Her voice was calm, but it was all the more terrifying. "Enough. Get out."

"Please, don't! I promise, I'll go to the academy tomorrow! I swear!" I yelled as she easily dragged me along.

She didn't waver in the slightest. Her resolve to throw me out was firm.

Damn it, I cursed inwardly. Even if I could survive outside using Time Stop, I didn't want to live like a homeless person.

As we reached the doorway, just before she could throw me out, instinct took over. "Lustful Touch!" I touched her arm, forcing my will upon her to make her stop.

The effect was instant. Her body froze, jolting from the strange sensation flooding through her. But it only lasted a moment. Her golden eyes blazed with a deeper fury. Her other hand moved swiftly, seizing my wrist with a bone-crushing grip.

Crack!

A sharp, piercing pain made me scream. The bones in my wrist shattered under her grasp.

"What did you just do?!" she growled, her low voice full of threat.

All I could do was sob, eyes watering from the excruciating pain. Damn, it hurts so much... You wicked bitch...

Seeing me crumpled on the floor, pale-faced and trembling, Delilah finally took a deep breath. Her expression softened slightly, though it remained hard.

"Fine," she hissed finally. "You can stay. But on one condition: you must enter the academy tomorrow. No more excuses. Promise?"

I nodded weakly in obedience, unable to utter a single word.

.

.

.

I sat on the sofa, accompanied by Charlotte Haverty—my stepmother's best friend who often stayed over at our house. A renowned Healer, her charm lay not only in her mesmerizing natural beauty but also in her innocent and sincere nature.

"Oh, your wrist... This must hurt terribly, doesn't it? Sorry, Delilah sometimes can't control her strength when she's angry," she whispered in a soft voice, her delicate hands carefully touching my swollen, bruised wrist. Her touch was incredibly gentle, as if handling the most fragile object in the world. Her skin felt cool and soft, a stark contrast to the throbbing heat in my injury.

"Don't worry, dear, this won't take long," she comforted me, closing her eyes.

From her palms, a golden-green light emanated, warm and soothing. I could feel the crushed muscle and bone tissues mending themselves, knitting back together perfectly. Within seconds, the pain vanished without a trace. Even the bruises disappeared.

"How is it now? Feeling better?" she asked kindly.

"Yeah... much better. Thank you, Charlotte," I said, my voice still slightly shaky. I flexed my hand, still in disbelief at the instant healing.

She gave a small smile, but it soon faded. "About Delilah..." Charlotte began, choosing her words carefully. "She... she is stubborn and her methods are terribly wrong, but please don't hold a grudge. Deep down, she's actually very worried about you. I've known her for a long time, and I know it pains her to see you waste your future like this. Her threat to throw you out... that was just her frustration boiling over because she's at her wit's end."

I just nodded slowly, as if accepting her advice. But inside, a burning resolve was crystallizing. She thinks she can treat me like this? Just you wait, my dear stepmother. One day, I'll pay you back for all of this.

With the pain in my wrist gone, I could finally properly take in Charlotte, who was still sitting in front of me with a concerned look.

She had warm, calming honey-brown eyes, shaded by long, curved eyelashes. Her long brown hair was neatly braided, falling over her slender shoulders. She had an oval face with a graceful nose and natural thin lips, giving her an innocent, gentle look, like a porcelain doll. But despite her angelically pure face, who would have guessed her body held such alluring charm?

The tight pink tank top clinging to her frame seemed almost incapable of containing her incredibly voluptuous breasts. Their perfect, round, and full shape was clearly outlined beneath the thin fabric, their enticing silhouette a tempting sight. I imagined how soft they must feel, and what it would be like to have those luscious fruits squeezed between my hands.

The surprises didn't stop there. As she turned to pick something up, I saw her denim shorts were barely able to contain her round and full buttocks. Her shapely rear formed a perfect curve, contrasting with her slim waist. Her innocent and somewhat naive movements only accentuated the natural, enticing sway of her hips.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself. But for some reason, my instincts couldn't be fooled. I immediately activated my Eyes of Desire skill, and instantly my vision was bombarded with information that left me utterly stunned.

---

NAME: Charlotte Haverty

AGE: 43

CLASS: Sacred Healer

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 26%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Armpits, Neck, Anus.

FETISH: Masochism, Submission, Rape, Bondage.

---

My breath caught in my throat. The data displayed before me was in such stark contrast to the pure, saintly impression the woman in front of me gave. The high percentage of sexual arousal, the detailed list of weak points, and the dark fetishes listed... All of it created an intoxicating contradiction that threw my mind into chaos.

She smiled at me, completely unaware of the storm of information that had just completely altered my perception of her.

## **Chapter 12: Chapter 12 - Hunter Quest**

The next morning, Sonya woke up with a throbbing head. She let out a soft groan, trying to clear the fog clouding her mind. As her eyes focused, she realized there was a blanket draped over her. Then, like a crashing wave, the memories of last night assaulted her.

A handsome stranger. His warm body. The rough touch of his hands that had somehow ignited an unexpected fire within her. The dirty words that had spilled from her own lips—words she never imagined herself saying.

"My god, Sonya, you've truly lost it," she whispered to herself, her face burning with a fierce blush. Her body grew hot as she recalled every embarrassing detail. She shook her head vigorously, trying to convince herself. 'It was the alcohol. And the recent

breakup. Yeah, that's it. If I were in my right mind, there's no way I'd have acted like such a... slut.'

She threw off the blanket covering her naked body. Her gaze dropped to her pelvis, and her memory served up a crystal-clear image of that moment—when he, whether on purpose or not, had finished inside her in those final seconds.

"That utter bastard!" she cursed in frustration. "Ugh, I need to get checked by a doctor."

She could still feel a lingering moisture between her thighs. But strangely, upon closer inspection, the area felt completely clean. A question flickered in her mind: Did he... clean me up?

Sonya let out a long sigh. The phantom warmth of that man still seemed to cling to her skin. As she turned her head, her eyes caught a folded piece of paper on the pillow next to hers. With mixed feelings, she opened it.

###

To my first woman,

Don't think of last night as just a one-night stand. I thoroughly enjoyed every second, and I think you did too.

Here's my number: +6\*\*\*\*\*. Call me if you miss me and want a next round. I'll try to come if I'm free.

Don't you dare think this is over, Sonya. I know about you—where you live, what your family's like. So, from now on, keep an eye on your bedroom window. Who knows, I might just be slipping into your room while you're asleep.

###

Sonya's hands trembled. Her blood boiled, yet a strange mix of fear and anticipation slithered down her spine. Her throat felt dry.

"That damn, horny psycho," she cursed under her breath. She clutched her still-pounding head. "Fuck! It seems I just slept with a strong, creepy, and perverted psycho."

.

.

.

I put on the academy uniform I hadn't touched in ages—a white shirt, red tie, blue blazer, and black pants. After promising Delilah I'd return to the academy, I at least had to pretend to comply. As a final layer, I threw on a hoodie and slung the strangely unfamiliar backpack over my shoulder.

Arriving in the dining room, I found the house silent. Only a short note from Delilah remained, informing me that she and Charlotte had left for a work-related matter for a few days. A brief sense of relief washed over me. At least, for a little while, I was free from her watchful eyes.

But one thing still bound me: Angeline. If my stepsister saw me out of uniform and reported it to her mother, the consequences would be far worse. So, even with false intentions, I decided to leave the house.

However, my feet refused to carry me towards the academy gates. The thought of their faces, the indifferent stares that saw me as nothing more than a toy, and the whispered taunts about my months-long absence made me change my mind.

Damn it! I'm not ready. I'm not ready to face them. Just thinking about meeting them again sent me into a panic.

Instead of heading to the academy, I diverted my path to a secluded park. There, I completed my Daily Quest. With my increased Strength and Vitality points, challenges that once felt difficult were now easily overcome.

[Daily Quest Completed]

[You have received a reward of 50 EXP]

Sitting on a park bench, I took a deep breath, enjoying the cool morning air before pulling up my status screen.

---

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS:Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL:9

EXP:60/150

<Strength: 7>

<Agility:5>



<Vitality:10>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:5>

Available Stat Points: 35

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

---

I contemplated how to distribute my 35 Stat Points. Charisma was definitely not a priority, it was the only stat useless to me. My main focus was revenge through pleasure, so increasing Libido was a must.

But my mind drifted back to my experience with Sonya last night. I had only managed to finish twice before being completely spent. How pathetic, I thought. How could I conquer many women if my stamina and drive were so limited?

Finally, I decided to allocate the points as follows:

[Strength: 7 → 12]

[Agility: 5 → 15]

[Vitality: 10 → 15]

[Libido: 5 → 20]

The moment I confirmed the decision, I instantly felt the change within my body. A surge of new energy coursed through me, and a stronger, more primal desire began to stir.

A smile of satisfaction started to form on my lips, but suddenly the system screen reappeared with a new notification:

[Daily Quest has been upgraded to match user's progress]

---

[DAILY QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

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

Push Ups: 100 reps

Sit Ups: 100 reps

Squats: 100 reps

Running: 10 km

DEADLINE: 00:00

REWARD: 100 EXP

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

NOTE: As you have already completed today's quest, this new one will commence tomorrow at 00:00.

---

I let out a sigh. Even though the training quota for my daily quest had doubled, I actually felt pleased. The reward had doubled too, it was worth the extra effort.

After making sure no one was around, I took the Faceless Mask from my inventory. As I put it on, my body instantly transformed. My ash-gray hair shortened and turned black, my purple eyes shifted into a blazing red, my skin darkened, and my face became more defined with a sharp gaze. My previously slender frame was now filled with well-defined muscle. I had become Alex Rutherford, one of the most popular students at the academy, and also the person I despised the most.

"Incredible," I murmured. It felt even more amazing when I heard my new voice—Alex's distinct tone, exactly as I remembered it. I tried speaking again, and the mask perfectly mimicked his vocal inflections.

Curious, I tried changing into another face—an ordinary man I had seen on the street some time ago. Black curly hair, a round face with a sharp nose, and a slightly slouched posture. When I said, "Hello, how are you?", the voice that came out was my original one. I tried speaking again, and the result was the same.

After a few more attempts, I concluded: The Faceless Mask operates based on my visual and auditory memory. The stronger and more detailed my memory of a person, the more perfect the transformation, both physically and vocally.

I got up and left the park, walking without a clear destination. Along the way, my attention was caught by a crowd and several police officers securing an area.

In the distance, I saw a Dungeon Gate. It was a perfect circle, dark brown in color, with a diameter of about three to four meters. Based on books I'd read, these characteristics indicated it was a Rank D Dungeon Gate—the lowest rank, just above Rank E which was usually handled by beginner Hunters.

I observed it from behind the caution tape, curious. Suddenly, without warning, a system notification popped up right before my eyes.

[Hunter Quest Generated]

---

[HUNTER QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Enter the Rank D Dungeon Gate and destroy its core.

TIME LIMIT: 1 hour

REWARD: 1000 EXP, 1 New Skill, 1 Random Item

FAILURE:

All stats will be reduced by 50% if you refuse or fail to complete the quest.

[Accept: y / n]

---

## **Chapter 13: Chapter 13 - A Gambit of Deception**

[HUNTER QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Enter the Rank D Dungeon Gate and destroy its core.

TIME LIMIT: 1 hour

REWARD: 1000 EXP, 1 New Skill, 1 Random Item

FAILURE:

All stats will be reduced by 50% if you refuse or fail to complete the quest.

[Accept: y / n]

---

Fucking system! Are you actually trying to get me killed?! The silent curse felt like it tore through my heart. My eyes were glued to the two equally terrifying options on the screen.

Refuse? Impossible. Losing half my stats meant returning to being that weakling. Every hard-earned improvement I'd made would vanish just like that. But accept? That was practically suicide.

The rewards were tempting, of course. A huge amount of EXP, a new skill, a random item—everything I needed to get strong and exact my revenge. But how? The gate was heavily guarded, and a team of Hunters had clearly already gone in first.

Should I use Time Stop? Too risky. My time was limited, and that skill was my only real trump card. Wasting it just to get inside? Not to mention the monsters waiting within.

I took a deep breath, my hands clenching into fists. My current status was still equivalent to a Rank E Awakener—the lowest tier. How could I possibly face Rank D monsters, let alone the Dungeon Boss which was likely Rank C? Sure, I could defeat them using Time Stop, but its duration was severely limited. I couldn't rely solely on that skill.

My chest tightened thinking about all the potential disasters. But the penalty for refusal was too severe to ignore.

No. The truth was, I never had a choice to begin with.

Finally, I accepted the quest. The system screen vanished instantly, and I immediately started formulating a plan. I turned to a man in a tie standing nearby, who looked like a coordination officer.

"Excuse me," I said, trying to sound calm.

"Has a hunter team already entered this dungeon? How long ago?"

The man glanced at me before answering, "Yes, the Hammer Maiden team from the Crimson Dawn Guild is assigned. They went in about ten minutes ago."

Ten minutes? I thought. That's not too long. At best, they're probably still in the mid-section.

"How many are in their team?" I asked again, trying to gather as much intel as possible.

"Five people. Standard for a Rank D," he replied curtly before turning his attention back to his tablet.

I nodded, gave a quick thanks, and hurried away from the scene. My eyes scanned the area, looking for a sufficiently hidden spot to transform. I finally found a narrow alley between two dilapidated old buildings, far enough from the crowd but still within sight of the dungeon gate.

Making sure no one was watching, I pulled the Faceless Mask from my inventory. My fingers trembled slightly as I opened my phone and searched for information on the Crimson Dawn Guild. From what I recalled, they weren't a major guild—just a mid-tier one operating on the city's fringes.

"Hammer Maiden..." I murmured, pulling up a picture of a tall, sturdy woman with long, unruly blue hair. Her face was cold and authoritative, with a gaze as sharp as an eagle's. In the photo, she wore tattered jeans and a black leather jacket, with a giant hammer almost larger than herself slung across her back. According to the data, she was the guild's vice-leader.

I then scrolled to a picture of the guild leader—Iron Knight. The man had messy black hair, olive skin, and an upright posture though not overly muscular. His brown eyes looked somewhat melancholic yet piercing.

'This is it,' I thought. If I disguise myself as the guild leader, no one should dare to stop me from entering.

I put on the Faceless Mask, concentrating hard on the man's face. A strange sensation spread through my body—bones seemed to shift, muscles tensed, and my skin turned olive. When I opened my eyes, the transformation was complete. Luckily, our heights weren't too different, so my academy uniform still fit reasonably well, though it felt a bit tight in some areas.

I quickly removed the blue Nine Stars academy blazer and all its associated insignia. I was left with just a plain white shirt and the black pants. I then retrieved two daggers

from my bag. Since I had originally decided to go to the academy, I had brought them with me.

After checking that the weapons were in good condition, I secured them to my belt and hid my backpack behind a trash can in a corner of the alley.

In my new appearance as Iron Knight, I walked confidently towards the dungeon gate, trying to mimic the decisive stride and arrogant demeanor I'd often seen in senior hunters.

I stepped confidently past the police barrier line. Immediately, an officer in uniform approached, raising a hand to stop me.

"Sorry, Sir. This area is restricted to licensed hunters only," he said politely. "May I see your identification?"

I sighed, trying to emulate the annoyed attitude of a guild leader. "I'm Iron Knight, leader of the Crimson Dawn Guild. My team went in ahead of me."

The officer's expression immediately shifted to one of respect. "Oh, apologies, Mr. Iron Knight. Then... what is your purpose for entering now?"

"I need to check on something inside. Is there a problem?" I said, slightly raising my tone, trying to pressure him.

The officer looked nervous. "That's not what I meant, Sir. It's just... verification procedure. Could I see your guild card or hunter ID?"

"I don't have it on me," I answered tersely. My heart was pounding, but I suppressed it and continued pressing him. "Besides, are you doubting me?" I crossed my arms, trying to look irritated.

The young officer panicked. "No, Sir! It's just standard procedure—"

His older colleague quickly approached, pulling his arm. "Forgive him, Mr. Iron Knight. He's still new," he said, giving a slight salute. "Please proceed, Sir. The Hammer Maiden team has been inside for about twenty minutes now."

I gave a brief nod, trying to mask my profound relief. Without another word, I turned and strode towards the dungeon gate. Its magical energy prickled against my skin as I approached, like static electricity making the hair on my arms stand up. With one last breath, I stepped into the swirling energy mist, leaving the outside world and all my doubts behind.

The moment I passed through the dark brown gate, my head spun slightly, as if I'd been spun around too fast. But the sensation quickly faded, replaced by a damp chill and the

pungent smell of wet earth. I now found myself inside a vast cave, with a ceiling covered in sharp stalactites dripping water periodically.

Plink... Plink...

The sound of the droplets echoed in the silence, creating a tense rhythm.

Faint, dim light came from bluish-green crystals embedded in the cave walls, casting strange, seemingly living and moving shadows. I took a deep breath, catching the thick scent of blood in the air. I tightened my grip on the two daggers in my hands, ready for any threat that might emerge.

Along the path, I found numerous goblin corpses scattered about. Small goblins with wrinkled green skin, larger hobgoblins, even a few goblin warriors with simple armor—all dead in gruesome conditions. Their bodies were utterly crushed, as if smashed by a heavy object with tremendous force.

'Must be the work of Hammermaiden and her big hammer,' I thought, carefully stepping over the corpse of a goblin warrior whose head was shattered like a fallen watermelon.

Suddenly, from the depths of the cave, came the sound of heavy footsteps and a pained groan. I quickly ducked behind a large rock, peering through a narrow gap. A large hobgoblin, taller than an average man, was staggering closer. Its body was covered in wounds—blood poured from its shoulder down to its leg, one arm was severed, and its left eye was covered in blood. Its breath came in ragged gasps, but the long claws on its remaining hand still looked deadly.

My heart raced. Should I finish off this wretched creature, or let it go? But if it screams and alerts its pack... I tightened my grip on my dagger, preparing to face it.

## **Chapter 14: Chapter 14 - Hammer Maiden**

I suddenly realized—the skills I possessed were utterly useless in a real fight. Eyes of Desire, Lustful Touch, Fertility Control... they were all designed to manipulate women, not for surviving in a dungeon. True, they were my own choices, and I didn't regret them, but in a situation like this, I felt incredibly vulnerable.

The hobgoblin kept moving frantically, as if fleeing from something terrifying. It seemed to be running away from Hammermaiden's group. Carefully, I circled around, keeping my position hidden behind large rock formations.

'I have to kill it,' I resolved. If I couldn't even defeat a monster this badly injured, how could I possibly exact revenge on those who were far stronger?

I stalked the hobgoblin with cautious steps, trying to walk without making a sound. My own heartbeat thundered in my ears. Once I was directly behind it, I raised my dagger high, ready to plunge it into its neck.

But suddenly... it turned around!

Its red eyes, once full of fear, now stared at me wildly. Without a second thought, it lunged at me with its sharp claws.

"Damn it!" I cursed, leaping sideways. Its claws narrowly missed my face. I countered, stabbing wildly towards its neck. Luckily, my dagger found its mark. Blood gushed out.

But the hobgoblin wasn't done. With its last ounce of strength, it threw a punch that sent me staggering back. Fortunately, its severe wounds made the blow less lethal. I fell onto the muddy ground but got up immediately.

It roared in agony while I relentlessly kept stabbing. We grappled on the ground, rolling in the mud and blood. The metallic stench of its blood mixed with the pungent smell of wet earth filled my nostrils. Finally, after several deep stabs, its body went still.

A blue screen appeared in my vision:

[Successfully killed Hobgoblin]

[Received 15 EXP]

I was stunned. All this time I thought EXP could only be gained from completing quests. It turned out killing monsters also gave EXP! This was a crucial discovery—it meant I could level up faster if I hunted monsters diligently.

I stared at the hobgoblin corpse beneath me. This was my first time killing a monster, and even though it was messy, a flicker of pride stirred in my chest. But looking at my own condition—my entire body covered in mud and blood—I cursed inwardly. Just one monster and I was already in this miserable state. If I went out now and someone saw me like this, I'd definitely be suspected. I could even be reported to the authorities.

I pressed deeper into the dungeon, navigating the increasingly dark and damp cave tunnels. More and more goblin corpses littered the path—some cleanly severed, others crushed as if by an explosion. The atmosphere in the dungeon grew increasingly grim.

Along the way, I had encountered five small goblins. I killed them one by one by ambushing them from behind, using the element of surprise. This time, however, I deliberately tried facing one goblin head-on.



The fight was harder than I expected. I managed to kill it, but not without consequence. A gash on my chest reminded me that even lowly monsters like this couldn't be underestimated.

'Damn monster,' I thought.

'Those sons of bitches could probably kill a monster like this easily. But me...'

A blue notification appeared in my vision:

[Successfully killed Goblin]

[Received 10 EXP]

I stared at the small goblin's corpse for a moment, then continued my journey more cautiously. Blood still dripped from my wound, reminding me just how weak I still was—and how much I had to learn.

I quickened my pace, my heart growing anxious. I'd been inside the dungeon for twenty minutes but still saw no signs of other humans. A nagging question haunted me: what exactly did the quest "destroy the dungeon core" mean? Did I have to kill the dungeon boss with my own hands? Or was it enough to just be inside when someone else did it?

According to the books I'd read, to permanently close a dungeon gate, its boss must be defeated. I couldn't take the risk—if the answer was the former, and I let Hammermaiden kill the boss, my stats could be halved. My chest tightened at the thought of the consequences.

"No," I resolved inwardly, "I must reach the boss chamber before they kill it!"

Fifteen minutes passed, and I finally found them—the five members of Hammer Maiden, just as the officer had said. Holding my breath, I watched Hammer Maiden fight from behind a large rock. The scene unfolding before me was like a mesmerizing martial arts performance.

Hammer Maiden stood firm in the center of a vast cavern, both hands gripping the handle of a hammer that started out the size of a regular sledgehammer. Suddenly, her blue eyes flashed, and the hammer began to glow with a silvery light. In seconds, the weapon expanded into a two-meter-long giant, its massive head the size of a tombstone.

A Goblin Knight charged at her, its armor clanking. With an agility astounding for someone wielding such a heavy weapon, Hammermaiden leaped into the air, her body spinning like a top. She swung the giant hammer with devastating force, slamming it down onto the Goblin Knight from above.

KRAA-SMASH!

A thunderous roar filled the cave. The Goblin Knight was instantly pulverized, its armor shattered into pieces like a crushed soda can. Blood and flesh splattered across the cave floor.

Without pause, a group of small goblins swarmed her from all directions. Hammer Maiden showed no panic. With perfect balance, she pivoted, the giant hammer whirling around her like a propeller. Each swing struck three or four goblins at once, hurling their bodies against the cave walls with lethal force.

What amazed me was that despite wielding a heavy weapon, her movements were so graceful and measured. Every swing of the hammer was precise, every step evaded attacks with perfect precision. Her blue hair fluttered in this dance of death, yet not a single strand seemed tangled or stained.

Meanwhile, her four teammates seemed like mere accessories beside her.

In less than a minute, over twenty goblins lay lifeless around her. Hammer Maiden stood tall amidst the carnage, her breath not even labored. With a smooth motion, she dusted off her shoulder, and the giant hammer shrank back to its original size.

I couldn't help myself. With my heart pounding, I used Eye of Desire on her, wanting to uncover the secrets behind this formidable woman. Immediately, the status window visible only to me unfolded.

---

NAME: Ruth Anvilhart

AGE: 27

CLASS: Hammer Maiden

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 7%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Masochistic, Cosplay, Humiliation.

---

So, Ruth Anvilhart. That was her real name. Of course, after officially becoming Hunters, they usually use codenames like "Hammer Maiden" for their public identity. But what made my eyes widen was her Rank—S! According to all public information, she was only Rank A. Was she hiding her true power?

I nearly choked reading the part about her fetishes. Masochistic? Cosplay? Humiliation? My mind reeled between awe and disbelief. You really can't judge a book by its cover... Who would have thought that behind such a cool and powerful figure lay hidden desires like these?

An involuntary smile spread across my lips. This information... was very valuable. I couldn't help but be reminded of my stepmother's friend, Charlotte Haverty.

They continued their journey, and with extreme caution, I followed from behind, maintaining a safe distance while using every rock formation and bend in the cave as hiding spots.

Several times they encountered more groups of goblins, and each time, Hammer Maiden and her team demonstrated impressive efficiency and power.

Finally, they arrived before a massive, wide-open cave entrance, made of natural stone covered in chaotic carvings. From beyond the doorway, an incredibly powerful aura of energy radiated.

Burning with curiosity, I peeked into the boss chamber. And what I saw next made my eyes widen in disbelief.

## **Chapter 15: Chapter 15 - The Dungeon Boss**

In the center of the vast, imposing chamber stood the Goblin King—a terrifying creature vastly different from common goblins. It stood three meters tall, its knotted muscles hard as stone. Its dark green skin was covered in battle scars, and in its massive hands, it clutched a giant club of wood and iron that looked immensely heavy. Its eyes glowed like red embers, and bloody drool dripped from its mouth full of sharp teeth. It wore simple armor of leather and metal, and on its head sat a crown made from the bones of conquered creatures.

Even from a distance, the Goblin King's aura of violence and savagery was overwhelming, seeming to fill the entire room with a sense of danger. Every step it took made the cave floor tremble. This wasn't just a big goblin—it was a muscular killing machine ready to crush anyone daring enough to challenge it.

And apparently, the Goblin King wasn't their only problem. About fifty goblins of various types filled the chamber. There were brawny Hobgoblins with spiked clubs, Goblin Archers already taking aim from atop rocks, Goblins with Swords and wooden shields, even a Goblin Shaman preparing a spell with its bone staff.

I cursed inwardly, 'This damn, insane quest! Are you telling me to handle this alone?!' But the System remained silent.

From my hiding spot behind a stalagmite, I watched Hammer Maiden calmly step into the center of the arena, followed by her four members who immediately formed up. A male Vanguard with a large shield and sword moved to the front. Behind them, a female Archer with a longbow was already taking aim, while a male Fire Mage began heating his hands with fireballs. A female Healer stood in the safest position, hands already glowing, ready to heal.

Instantly, chaos erupted.

Hundreds of goblins surged forward like a wave. But Hammer Maiden only gave a faint smile.

"I'll handle the big one. You guys take the small fry," she said in a calm voice before shooting forward like lightning.

With an explosive surge of energy, her hammer expanded to the size of a car, lightning crackling across both the weapon and her body. The Goblin King roared, swinging its giant club.

KRAA-SMASH!

The collision of the two weapons created a shockwave that made the entire cave rumble.

Hammer Maiden was thrown back, but landed gracefully like a cat, while the Goblin King was forced to one knee. Her expression remained flat, as if this life-or-death struggle was just a warm-up.

While the fierce duel between Hammer Maiden and the Goblin King threatened to shatter the cave ceiling with every clash, the other four members of Hammermaiden's team faced the sea of goblins with near-perfect coordination.

The Vanguard, a man in plate armor with a large shield and longsword, stood firm as a rock against the storm. Every swing of his sword cleared ten goblins at once, while his massive shield effortlessly blocked a rain of arrows and spears.

"Come on, you green filth!" he yelled, taunting the entire goblin horde.

Behind him, the Archer with her longbow was a merciless precision master. Every draw of her bowstring released seven arrows at once, each one targeting a distant Goblin Archer or piercing the eye of an approaching Hobgoblin. A Goblin Shaman preparing a spell suddenly collapsed with three arrows in its chest.

The Fire Mage next to the Archer was equally terrifying. His hands danced, hurling fireballs that jumped from one goblin to the next like a living plague.

"Dance of the Flaming Serpent!" he cried, and a small fire dragon weaved through the ranks, incinerating dozens of goblins in a single pass. For some reason he had to call out his skill name so ridiculously; it seemed the mage had quite a high opinion of himself.

Finally, the Healer wasn't just healing, but also providing offensive support. Her glittering staff occasionally released holy rays that ignited Goblin Shamans attempting to cast curses. Whenever the Vanguard was pressed, she deftly attacked with light-based skills, giving her teammate a chance to recover.

They moved like a single organism with four different functions, a symphony of planned chaos. It was clear they were a team that had fought together often. The seemingly endless wave of goblins slowly began to thin under their coordinated assault.

I watched all this with my mouth agape. This was my first time seeing how real Hunters operated. I used Eye of Desire on the Goblin King again.

---

NAME: Bragokke

RACE: Goblin

CLASS: Raja Goblin

RANK: B

---

As expected, the information was limited. This skill was indeed more effective on humans, especially for reading sexual weaknesses and hidden fetishes. But its Rank B alone made things clear—this was no minor opponent.

What made me suspicious was that Hammer Maiden, who clearly possessed higher power, seemed to be holding back. She wasn't trying to end the fight quickly; instead, she occasionally glanced at her four comrades who were still busy cleaning up the remaining goblins. It seemed she was intentionally holding back, perhaps as part of their training.

My curiosity was piqued. I turned my Eye of Desire to the four team members, starting with the Vanguard.

---

NAME: James Raffles

AGE: 35

CLASS: Vanguard

RANK: D

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 5%

VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Penis

FETISH: Netorare

---

"What the hell...?" I could barely believe what was displayed on the transparent screen before me. Netorare? This rugged, reliable-looking man actually harbored such an... unexpected fetish.

From his stern face and protective demeanor, who would have guessed that behind it lay such an... abnormal hidden desire. I sighed, trying to erase the unwanted imagery from my head.

I quickly dismissed the information and scanned the other three members. It turned out they were all Hunter Rank C—a suitable level for dealing with goblin hordes, but clearly not enough to fight the Goblin King alone.

Now I understood. Hammer Maiden, with her power far surpassing theirs, was intentionally holding back, giving them time to clear the smaller forces. She was watching over and training them.

My attention returned to Hammer Maiden. Her previously flat expression had shifted to one of slight boredom, as if this epic battle was merely a warm-up for her. As the last goblin fell to her teammates, she let out a long sigh.

And then, everything changed.

The Goblin King roared, swinging its giant club with its remaining strength. But this time, Hammer Maiden didn't dodge. Instead, she shot forward, her car-sized hammer swung with terrifying speed.

KRAA-SMASH!

The giant club shattered into pieces, followed by the Goblin King's right hand being severed and flung far away. Blood gushed out, but before the green giant could even scream in pain, Hammer Maiden was already swinging again. The Goblin King's left arm was crushed by the hammer, leaving its large body staggering helplessly.

I had to act now!

[Time Stop]

Instantly, the world froze. Sound vanished and all movement ceased. Hammer Maiden suspended mid-air, the Goblin King's face contorted in pain, even the swirling smoke and dust—everything was still in a single frame of time. Only I could still move.

I had to be quick.