

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 121 - The Lie of Forgiveness - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 121 - The Lie of Forgiveness**

## **Chapter 121: Chapter 121 - The Lie of Forgiveness**

Alex slowly opened his eyes. The world around him was blurry at first, then gradually sharpened into the white ceiling of the academy's medical ward.

To his surprise, there was no pain left. Only a faint dizziness when he first woke up, and even that faded quickly. He raised his hand and touched his own face. Smooth skin. No bruises. No swelling. His body had been completely restored thanks to the academy's high-tier healing facilities.

But what could not be healed was the humiliation burning in his chest.

"That... trash," he muttered under his breath, voice trembling with boiling hatred.

Isabel, who had been sitting in a chair beside his bed, immediately turned toward him.

"Alex! You are awake. How do you feel?" Her beautiful face, once filled with worry, softened with relief.

"I am fine," Alex replied, sitting up straight. His movement was smooth, painless. Physically, he was perfectly restored. But inside, the wound was still fresh and bleeding.

His mind flashed back to the fight earlier, to how Adam had deliberately let himself get injured, lowering his guard just to create an opening for a counterattack. A suicidal tactic, the kind of trick used by someone who did not care whether he lived or died.

And the worst part: Alex fell for it. He fell for it and lost. Lost to the loser of the academy, the boy everyone had trampled on for years.

"Where is Yukie?" he asked suddenly, eyes scanning the room. "Did she... come to see me?"

Isabel clenched her jaw, though her expression remained controlled.

"No," she answered, sounding irritated. "She did not come at all."

Alex exhaled slowly. The disappointment on his healed face was impossible to miss. Isabel studied him for a moment before speaking.

"Why are you looking for Yukie?"

"I want to discuss Adam," Alex replied quietly. "About how he suddenly changed so drastically. And how we should... discipline him again."

In truth, Alex had never cared about Adam personally. Yes, he mocked him, stepped on him, and took part in the bullying. But it had never been out of personal hatred. He only did it because everyone else did, especially Yukie.

To Alex, Adam had always been background noise, trash that happened to exist around them. What he really wanted was Yukie's attention. The cold girl with white hair and emotionless eyes was obsessed with tormenting Adam, and Alex believed that by joining in, he could get closer to her.

Besides her chilling beauty and talent, Yukie was the daughter of the Winter Knight, an SSS-Rank Hunter. Being close to her meant opening the door to the upper circles of Hunter society. And if he could win her heart...

But now everything was different.

Adam, the boy who had always been beneath their feet, dared to fight back. Dared to hit back. And then dared to beat him senseless in front of everyone.

Alex's pride as the second ranked student in their year had been publicly crushed.

Even worse, it happened in front of Yukie.

This was no longer about following others. This had become deeply personal.

Alex reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone, and dialed a number he had memorized.

The call connected. Alex spoke with quiet, icy anger.

"I need help. There is someone in this academy who needs to be handled."

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News of my awakening must have already spread throughout the academy within hours. A loser, a failure, the trash of society they liked to call me, suddenly awakened as a Rank A. And not only awakened, but also defeated Alex Rutherford, the second-ranked student of the third year, in a brutal fight.

The scandal must have hit the academy like a bomb.

I would not be surprised if outside media were already picking up the story. After all, my late father was the legendary Sword Saint, and my stepmother was the Star Witch, one of the few SSS-rank Hunters in the world. The story of their "failure" of a son suddenly awakening after years of ridicule was more than enough to draw attention.

As I walked through the academy's grand corridors, I could feel dozens of eyes following me. But this time, those stares were different. No longer filled with mockery or contempt.

Now they watched with fear. Unease. Curiosity.

Faces that once laughed at me now looked pale. They avoided eye contact. Their whispers trembled.

And their whispers were no longer about how pathetic I was—they were about what I had done to Alex, about my fight with Yukie, about this sudden and drastic change in me.

Turning into a quieter corridor, I was suddenly surrounded. About ten students—some I recognized, some I didn't—stood around me with uneasy expressions.

I stopped and looked at each of them calmly. I recognized many of their faces. These were the same people who once delighted in my misery, piling on insults or standing aside and watching as others tormented me.

Just as I wondered what they intended to do, one of them, a female student with brown hair, stepped forward with trembling hands.

"A-Adam," she whispered. "We... we want to apologize."

I raised an eyebrow, surprised.

A male student beside her, one who used to insult me every time I fell, quickly added, "Yes. We are sorry. For... everything. For every insult, every time we mocked you."

Then the others followed, one by one like falling dominoes.

"I am sorry I never helped you," another girl whispered, voice small. "I was scared. We all were. If I defended you, they would target me next."

I looked at them with a cold, unreadable expression.

Inside, I understood their real reason. It was not guilt. It was fear. They were afraid I would avenge myself. Afraid after seeing what I did to Alex.

They had been brave only when they believed I would never amount to anything. Now that I had awakened and proved my strength, their fear turned toward me.

A bitter irony.

Why did the academy treat me like trash to begin with, when I was the son of the most powerful Hunters alive? In the beginning, no one dared to touch me.

Everyone respected—or more accurately, feared—my stepmother, Delilah.

But everything changed when Yukie entered the academy. That white-haired girl started tormenting me almost daily, and nothing happened to her. My stepmother didn't react. The academy didn't intervene.

They all saw that even after I was beaten half to death, Yukie faced zero consequences.

Then Maximus joined in. A poor orphan with only an older sister. He entered the academy through sheer talent and hard work. When people saw that he could torment me without consequences, they realized the harsh truth: my family didn't care. My stepmother wouldn't protect me.

That was when everything changed.

Now, seeing them tremble in front of me, with apologies dripping in fear and desperation, disgust curled in my chest. But I kept my face neutral.

"I forgive you," I said at last.

A lie.

I would never forgive them. Not until the day I died.

Their faces lit up immediately.

"Thank you, Adam!"

"We really are sorry!"

"We promise we will never do it again!"

"..."

I nodded once and walked past them, not bothering to look back.

Inside, my hatred remained untouched. But for now, it was better to let them believe I had accepted their apology.

As I walked alone, my thoughts returned to Alex and Yukie. They were probably already planning something. Alex with his wounded pride. Yukie with her cold curiosity.

But something else mattered more right now.

I slipped my hand into my pocket, pulled out my phone, and scrolled through the contacts until I found the name I wanted.

Ruth Anvilhart.

I pressed the call button without hesitation.

The phone rang several times before someone picked up. A familiar woman's voice came through the line.

## **Chapter 122: Chapter 122 - Caught in the Act**

Sonya Treybern was drowning in sensation in the solitude of her room. Her body lay sprawled across satin sheets already damp with sweat and her own slickness. Her fingers worked a buzzing pink vibrator, pressing it firmly against her swollen, oversensitive clit.

"Ahh~" she moaned, her hips lifting to grind her pussy harder against the vibrating toy.

Ever since that first encounter with the mysterious man, Sonya felt fundamentally changed. A strange, hollow emptiness had taken root inside her, an insatiable craving that haunted her day and night.

No matter how many times she tried to satisfy herself—with her fingers, the vibrator, even larger toys—nothing could fill that void. It felt like an addiction, and the only possible cure was that man's touch once more.

For days, her dreams had grown more intense. Nearly every night, she woke up slick with sweat, her pussy throbbing, haunted by vague yet visceral memories: rough hands gripping her hips, a low voice whispering filth in her ear, the sensation of a huge cock wrecking her womb. The dreams were so vivid their phantom echoes lingered on her skin long after she awoke.

"Bastard... you damn bastard..." she cursed between moans, though it sounded more like a prayer. Her hand pressed the vibrator deeper, making her arch off the bed. "I hate you... ahh~ but I want... I need it again..."

Her pussy was absolutely soaked, releasing a musky-scented juice that drenched the sheets beneath her. She didn't stop. The vibrator inside her hummed at its highest setting while her fingers worked her sensitive clit, pressing and rubbing in a practiced rhythm that made her whole body shudder.

Her free hand crept under the thin t-shirt she wore, grasping one of her ample breasts. She pinched and twisted her nipple, the sharp mix of pain and pleasure drawing a whimper from her lips.

Her eyes were squeezed shut. In her mind, she heard that man's rough voice—low and authoritative, whispering obscenities into her ear. She imagined those rough hands squeezing her breasts, that thick, hot cock pressing into her desperate pussy, brutally claiming her until she screamed.

"Aaah! Yes! Just like that!" she mumbled feverishly, her fingers moving faster.

The vibrator inside her seemed to buzz more intensely, as if feeding off her fantasy. Her pussy pulsed, clenching tightly around the toy. Her juices flowed freely, dripping onto the sheets beneath her.

She imagined him on top of her, his weight pinning her down, that huge cock plunging deep into her womb. She pictured herself being forced to accept a devastating pleasure, utterly helpless against a desire greater than herself.

"I'm coming!" she cried out, her body bowing taut, legs stiffening, toes curling. A powerful orgasm crashed through her, making her pussy clench wildly around the vibrator as a gush of fluid soaked her thighs and the bed beneath her.

She collapsed, limp and breathless, her body gleaming with sweat. Tear-filled eyes stared blankly at the ceiling as she tried to recover from the climax.

But then, movement caught her attention. Slowly, she turned her head toward her bedroom window, the one she always kept locked.

It was open.

And seated casually on the windowsill was a man. A man with a lewd smile, his eyes raking over Sonya's naked form from head to toe.

"Quite a show," said the man, in a low voice that immediately made Sonya's pussy throb anew. "But I think you still need some help reaching a real climax."

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Sonya nearly jumped out of her skin at my sudden appearance on her windowsill. Instinctively, she snatched the blanket to cover her naked body.

"You... you...!" she stammered, her face flushed with a potent mix of embarrassment, anger, and a flicker of excitement she couldn't suppress.

I chuckled softly, my voice low and teasing. "You're quite... impressive."

Sonya only grew more flustered, her knuckles white where she gripped the blanket.

"H-how did you... get in here?" she managed, voice trembling. "How do you know where I live?"

I shrugged casually. "Let's just say I'm your stalker."

The words sent a shiver through her, but strangely, a wave of heat followed close behind. I took a step forward, but she threw out a hand.

"Stop! D-Don't come any closer!" she ordered, though her voice lacked any real conviction.

"Why?" I asked, continuing my advance, each step measured and confident. "I have to say, I'm disappointed. After our special night, you never contacted me at all, even though I gave you my number."

I now stood at the edge of her bed, looking down at her huddled form.

"If you had called, you could have had the real thing." My gaze flicked to the abandoned pink vibrator beside her. "Not just these toys."

Sonya bit her lip. The truth was, she had almost dialed that number countless times. Her finger had hovered over the call button more than once, but shame and confusion always overruled the burning need in her body.

"Get out!" she said, injecting more force into her voice. "Or I'll report you."

I didn't move. "Go ahead. Report me."

"My brother is a top rank student at Nine Stars Academy! A Rank A Awakener!" she hissed, voice rising.

"He's downstairs right now. If you don't leave, I'll scream and he'll come running!"

Her threat didn't faze me. I reached out and gently took her shoulder, locking eyes with her. Sonya froze, her heart hammering against her ribs. Up close, my piercing purple eyes seemed to see straight into her soul. She bit her lip again, hard.

"Then scream. Call him. If you want him to see his beautiful older sister, fresh from pleasuring herself, with the man who watched her and climbed into her room."

Sonya fell silent, her throat dying in her throat.

"Sonya," I whispered, my voice intimate. "What we had didn't end that night."

"Yes, it did!" she retorted, but it sounded feeble. "That was just... a mistake. A one-night stand."

"A one-night stand?" I shook my head, a faint, knowing smile on my lips. "No, Sonya. I don't do one-night stands. Not with you. You're the woman who took my virginity."

Her eyes flew wide open. "What? That's impossible."

She stared at me, searching for deceit.

"I'm not lying," I said, holding her gaze intently. "You were my first. That makes you special to me."

Sonya was silent, processing this. Then, in a small voice, she asked, "So... what do you want from me, then?"

"I want a relationship with you," I stated plainly, without a hint of hesitation.

"A relationship?" Sonya frowned, suspicion narrowing her eyes. "Why? What's your reason?" She studied my face. "Are you... in love with me?"

"Yes," I answered simply. "I fell in love with you that first time."

Sonya choked, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson. My answer was so blunt, so shameless, so... crude. Yet, inexplicably, it only stoked the heat within her. She'd heard pretty words about "love at first sight" from ex-boyfriends before, but falling in love with the first time? That was new. And for some reason, those words made her pussy grow even more damp.

Suddenly, a voice from the hallway sliced through the tension between us.

"Sonya? I've been calling you. Are you in there?"

Sonya jolted, her eyes widening in panic. I recognized that voice immediately—it was Maximus.

The doorknob began to turn. "Sonya? I'm coming in, okay?"

"D-Don't!" Sonya yelled, her voice pitched too high. "I... I'm changing! I just got out of the shower!"

But it was too late. The knob turned fully, and her bedroom door swung open.

## Chapter 123: Chapter 123 - A Siskon's Weakness

Before the door could fully open, I moved swiftly, slipping out the window. But not before leaning close to Sonya's ear to whisper, "Call me."

The bedroom door swung open to reveal Maximus, his expression one of mild suspicion. Sonya hurriedly shoved the pink vibrator under her pillow, trying to steady her ragged breathing.

"Sonya, why did it take so long to answer?" Maximus asked, his eyes sweeping the room. He immediately caught a whiff of something—a strange scent... His gaze then landed on a damp spot visible on the bedsheet beneath the comforter.

Sonya, still sitting on the bed with the blanket wrapped tightly around her, was flushed bright red.

"I... I just finished showering," she answered, her voice trembling slightly.

Maximus narrowed his eyes. His knowledge about such things might be limited, but as a grown man, he could guess what his sister had just been doing. His mind immediately conjured an image of his sister pleasuring herself on this very bed, and uncontrollably, his dick throbbed and hardened. He felt both embarrassed and aroused by the thought.

Seeing the strange expression on her brother's face, Sonya instantly flared up.

"GET OUT!" she snapped, her voice much firmer now. "I told you I just finished showering and was getting dressed!"

Maximus flinched and hastily retreated from the room.

"Sorry! I... I just wanted to invite you to dinner," he said, sounding somewhat flustered before closing the door.

Meanwhile, outside, I was consumed by a torturous heat spreading through my entire body. The lust I'd held back since seeing Sonya masturbate now exploded into an unbearable desire. My cock was already hard and throbbing, demanding release.

I desperately wanted to jump back inside, fuck Sonya, do it roughly and fast, and maybe even let Maximus watch us. I was curious what kind of expression that man would show seeing his own sister being raped by a loser like me.

But I had to restrain myself. I had to be patient. My relationship with Sonya needed to be built slowly, especially considering Maximus's fetish, which [Eye of Desire] had revealed to me.

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NAME: Maximus Treybern

AGE:21

CLASS:Fighter

RANK:A

DOMINANCE:1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL:9%

VIRGINITY:Yes

WEAK POINTS:Penis

FETISH:Sadistic and Siskon

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A siskon obsessed with his own sister. That was a card I could play beautifully to break him. But for now, I had to deal with my own burning need.

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I opened the door to my room with a weary motion, after a day full of tension and turbulent emotions at the academy. But all that fatigue seemed to evaporate the moment my eyes caught the scene laid out inside.

Gwenneth was completely naked, kneeling in the middle of the room's carpet in a deliberately arranged posture. Around her slender neck hung a black leather dog collar with a silver plaque engraved "GWEN", connected to a long leash lying on the floor, waiting to be held.

Her golden hair cascaded messily over her shoulders, and her golden eyes—once filled with pride and arrogance—now looked at me with a mix of deep fear and... something else. Something that made her cheeks flush and her breath catch slightly.

The moment her golden eyes met mine, the expression on her usually haughty and pride-filled face transformed into a complex mixture of fear, deep shame, and an arousal she couldn't hide. Her cheeks were flushed, and her tense body seemed to be waiting for a command.

Then, Gwenneth turned her back to me. She crawled on the floor, her round, plump butt lifted high, revealing every mesmerizing detail of her body. Her trembling hand reached back, spreading the lips of her already glistening, wet vagina, exposing the throbbing pink hole waiting for me.

"Welcome... welcome home, Master," she uttered in a hoarse voice, full of profound shame yet also undeniable obedience. "Your pet... has prepared herself for you. Has cleaned herself, has... has prepared this hole for your use."

She took a deep breath, her shoulders rising and falling nervously. "Your pet begs... begs you to use this body however you please. This pet... is no longer worthy of being treated as a human. This pet only deserves to be... to be your hole."

Every word from her mouth was like music to my ears. Delilah had truly done an exceptional job. The woman who was once so arrogant, who humiliated and tortured me, was now crawling before me like a pet dog awaiting its master.

"Good," I murmured, quickly undoing my pants. "Excellent, Gwen. It seems Mom has taught you well."

As my pants opened, my stiff, hard cock sprang free, nodding with clear intent. Gwenneth swallowed, her eyes widening at its size.

I walked closer, and from behind her, I could clearly see how ready she truly was. Her pink vaginal lips were spread wide, glistening with her own abundant wetness. It looked like she'd been playing with herself before my arrival, preparing this hole to be fucked immediately.

"What a diligent pet," I praised, grabbing her hips.

I then pressed the tip of my cock against her wet vaginal opening. Gwenneth let out a long sigh, a mix of pain and relief as I began to push. And thanks to her thorough preparation, my large cock slid in easily, plunging straight into her deep womb.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 81 (+1)]

"See," I taunted as I started to move, each thrust slapping against her plump buttocks with a satisfying wet sound. "You're already so wet. Your juices are lubricating my cock perfectly."

I moved roughly, riding her like a horse, her large buttocks colliding with my thighs with every deep plunge. Her ample breasts swung wildly to the rhythm of my movements, forming mesmerizing waves. I was thoroughly enjoying her warm, tight vagina—every fold gripped my cock perfectly, as if unwilling to let it go.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Gwenneth let out broken moans, her hands now clutching the carpet tightly. "M-Master... your pet... your pet is going to..."

She couldn't finish her sentence as her first orgasm washed over her. Her body shook violently, her vagina clenching tightly around my cock, squeezing it powerfully.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 83 (+2)]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 85 (+2)]

I ignored the continuously appearing notifications, my focus entirely on the incredible sensation. Then, my hand grabbed the leash attached to the collar around her neck. With a firm tug, I pulled it, making Gwenneth choke momentarily.

"AAAKH!" she groaned, her pussy tightening even more, gripping my cock tightly.

Her large breasts swayed wildly with increasingly uncontrolled movements as I kept pounding into her. There was no gentleness, no pity, only raw strength and absolute domination.

"How does it feel, pet?" I asked roughly, continuing to ram my cock into her womb.

"M-Master... please... be gentler..." she whimpered, yet her body pushed back, seeking more.

"Gentler?" I chuckled, speeding up my pace. "You've already come twice since I entered, and you ask for gentler? You slut. You love this, don't you? Love being treated like this?"

"No... please... be gentle..."

I kept hammering into her, treating her body like a perfect sex toy. The leash around her neck controlled the position of her head, my hand squeezed her buttocks, red from slaps I hadn't even realized I'd delivered earlier, and my cock relentlessly assaulted her womb.

As I felt my peak approaching, I pulled my cock out completely, making Gwenneth moan at the loss, then with one final thrust, I plunged back in deep and released everything I had into her womb.

"AAAAHHHH, MASTER!!!" Gwenneth screamed, her body shaking violently as my warm seed filled her.

I remained buried inside for a few moments, enjoying the sensation of her pulsating vagina milking the last drops from me. Only then did I pull out, watching my thick white fluid begin to drip from her still-gaping hole.

I patted her butt. "Good pet. You're learning fast."

Gwenneth could only nod weakly.

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While I was still basking in the aftermath with Gwenneth, the world outside moved on. Charlotte Haverty had arrived at the front door of the house.

Delilah, still wearing a simple apron over a modest yet figure-flattering house dress, opened the door with a smile.

"Charlotte! I'm so glad you're here!" she greeted, hugging her old friend tightly.

But to Charlotte, who had known Delilah for decades, there was something different in that hug and in Delilah's entire demeanor.

## **Chapter 124: Chapter 124 - Sit on My Face**

I still hadn't known that Charlotte had come to visit our house. I walked towards the bed while pulling on the leash connected to the collar around Gwenneth's neck, forcing her to crawl after me like an obedient pet dog.

Once at the bed, I lay down on my back, exhausted.

"Service me," I ordered curtly.

Gwenneth nodded, then stood up. But what she did next surprised me—instead of going down on me like I expected, she lifted her foot and was about to step on my cock!

"HEY! What do you think you're doing?!" I barked.

Gwenneth froze, her face showing confusion. "This... this is how I used to service my boyfriends before. They liked being treated like this."

Hearing that, I remembered the information from [Eye of Desire]—Gwenneth did indeed have Sadistic and Dominance fetishes. She was accustomed to being in the controlling position, even in sexual relationships.

"Never do that again," I growled. "Now, ride me. But the right way."

Gwenneth nodded, but there was a small flicker of disappointment in her eyes. She sat atop me, positioning her wet pussy over my still-hard cock, courtesy of my cursed libido. The moment she started moving, rocking up and down at a rhythm she controlled herself, I could see the change in her.

Her expression transformed. Her golden eyes gleamed with a different light—not fear or submission, but a kind of... happiness? Satisfaction? She clearly enjoyed this position more, where she was in control, where she determined the pace and depth.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 78 (+3)]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 78 (+3)]

[...]

The notification appeared, and I noted it. Her sexual arousal increased faster when she was on top compared to when I controlled her roughly. Interesting. But I was too tired to punish her for it now. Let her enjoy this illusion of control for a while.

It was then that the bedroom door opened, and Angeline appeared. My little sister was wearing a cute white one-piece dress, her blonde hair neatly braided. But her expression changed the moment she saw the scene before her—Gwenneth riding me vigorously.

Angeline watched with a jealous stare, then crossed her arms over her chest.

"Brother, Charlotte is here for a visit," she said, though her eyes never left the scene in front of us.

Hearing that news, my spirits instantly lifted. Charlotte Haverty was here? The Sacred Healer? This was an opportunity I couldn't miss.

Unlike Gwenneth, whom I ordered to call me "Master" and treated as my pet, I had different rules for Angeline. I instructed her to keep treating me like her older brother, while I ordered Delilah to treat me like her lover. Those differing dynamics were actually more appealing to me.

"Before we go down," I said to Angeline, "Angel, come here. Sit on my face."

Angeline's face flushed immediately.

"Brother... you're so perverted!" she protested, but her feet were already moving closer. She lifted her white dress, and as I suspected, she wasn't wearing any underwear.

"You're not wearing panties again?" I asked in a teasing tone.

Angeline blushed, averting her eyes. "Brother... you always say it's easier if I don't wear any... s-so I..."

"So you're ready for me anytime?" I finished, making her blush even deeper.

She didn't answer, only nodded shyly as she approached. With careful movements, she lowered herself onto my face, positioning her glistening wet pussy right over my mouth. The sweet, musky scent immediately filled my senses.

I got to work immediately. My tongue slipped between her slick vaginal lips, exploring every fold. Her thin, well-groomed pubic hair didn't get in the way; it even added to the sensation. I sucked on her swollen clit, making her moan longingly as her hands stroked my hair.

"Ssss... Brother... slowly..." she moaned, her body beginning to sway to the rhythm of my tongue.

Meanwhile, atop me, Gwenneth grew more enthusiastic riding my cock. Her eyes were glued to the sight of her little sister sitting on my face, and from her increasingly loud moans, I knew she was genuinely aroused by this scene. It seemed her sadistic and dominance fetishes weren't limited to just being on top—she also enjoyed seeing a man treated as a sexual object.

I continued licking Angeline, my tongue now slipping inside her pussy, exploring every corner. Her sweet juices filled my mouth, and I swallowed them eagerly. Fortunately, I always made her clean herself after I fucked her, so there were no traces of my cum left.

I didn't have any weird taste for sucking my own cum.

Her tight, warm pussy felt perfect on my tongue. Every time I licked a certain spot, her body trembled, and her moans grew louder. Her hands now gripped the pillow, trying to hold back the increasingly unbearable pleasure.

On top of me, Gwenneth climaxed again, her pussy clenching tightly around my cock while her body shook. But she didn't stop—in fact, she sped up her movements, as if wanting to reach another orgasm.

After successfully dominating these three beautiful women into being my sex slaves, I had been carefully observing the subtle changes they were undergoing. The changes didn't instantly turn them into mindless sluts who got instantly horny just from seeing me. They still retained the core of their respective personalities, the principles that had shaped them all along.

The clearest example was Angeline. When I ordered her to help me rape Gwenneth a few days ago, she initially refused—though with obvious hesitation. But when I twisted

the logic and declared that all of this was "for the good of the family," so we could be "closer as siblings," she complied.

My manipulative words succeeded in making her participate, but I could see how her mind was slowly becoming distorted. The twisted logic was making her a little foolish, and if continued, it could change her into a lust-driven slut who only obeyed me without any personality of her own.

I didn't want that. I enjoyed their original traits—Gwenneth's arrogance, Delilah's motherliness, Angeline's innocence. I didn't want all that to disappear.

So I decided not to twist their logic too often. Let them remain themselves, just with the added element of absolute obedience to me.

Later, when I got tired of punishing Gwenneth, I might even restore her dominant nature as an older sister—of course, while still making her remember who her true master was.

These thoughts crossed my mind as I reached my climax, releasing one final spurt into Gwenneth's womb. She screamed hysterically, her body convulsing heavily in what was probably her sixth or seventh orgasm of the night. Angeline, still sitting on my face, also reached her peak, her sweet juices flooding my mouth, which I swallowed with satisfaction.

Afterward, we cleaned ourselves up. Gwenneth walked to the bathroom to wash up, while a shy Angeline pulled down her dress and helped wipe my face with a soft towel.

"Brother," Angeline whispered while cleaning the corner of my mouth, "Charlotte has been waiting downstairs for a while. Mom must be having a hard time entertaining her."

I nodded, then stood up. My body was still exhausted, but my mind was excited thinking about my stepmother's close friend.

"Go down first. Tell her I'll be right down."

Angeline nodded, then walked out of the room with light steps—still in her slightly wrinkled white dress and no panties underneath. I smiled watching her leave, then turned to Gwenneth, who had just come out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her.

"You too," I ordered. "Wear something decent. Don't let Charlotte suspect anything."

Gwenneth nodded, her golden eyes still glassy from the multiple orgasms. "Yes, Master."

"When you're around others, call me by my name and act as you normally would," I instructed her.

I quickly changed clothes myself—a simple white t-shirt and neat black pants. In the mirror, I checked my appearance. My face, once always gloomy and fearful, now looked confident, even a little cruel. My eyes, which used to always look down, now shone with unshakable conviction.

As I walked down the stairs, I could hear the sound of conversation from the living room. Delilah's graceful voice and Charlotte's gentle one.

## **Chapter 125: Chapter 125 - A Master at the Table**

Delilah stepped back, making room for Charlotte to enter. Her movements were as elegant as ever, but there was a slight stiffness in her stride that didn't escape Charlotte's notice.

"Come in, Charlie. You're right on time," Delilah said calmly, as usual.

Charlotte stepped into the house she had visited so often in the past. The moment her foot crossed the threshold, a strange sensation prickled through her body—a sudden chill that made the hairs on her neck stand up.

Her instincts whispered that something was off here. But she dismissed it, blaming the feeling on her own excessive worry for her friend.

They walked down the hallway, and upon entering the dining room, Charlotte was surprised to see the large dining table laden with various dishes—from steak with a special sauce, pasta with tantalizing aromas of herbs, fresh salad, to desserts that looked delicious. The mouthwatering scent of food filled the room.

"Del, what is all this?" Charlotte asked, her eyes wide. "Are you throwing a party?"

Delilah smiled, her hands meticulously rearranging a napkin.

"It's for our family dinner," she replied. "I want us all to be closer. That was your suggestion back then, remember?"

Charlotte recalled their conversation a few weeks ago, before Delilah took her leave. She had suggested that Delilah spend more time with her family.

Delilah continued, "That planned dinner was canceled because Gwen had urgent business. And... you were right. We rarely eat together. I'm almost always away, and Gwen gets so immersed in her guild affairs and only just returned a few days ago."

She paused for a moment, taking a breath. "And Adam... Adam has just awakened, so he often gets exhausted and sleeps very soundly, especially after training sessions with us. So this is the first real chance we've had for a family dinner."

Charlotte then sat in the chair Delilah indicated, her eyes still fixed on her old friend with an analytical gaze.

"You... help him train?" she asked, her voice full of astonishment.

Charlotte knew perfectly well how much Delilah hated Adam—the memories of how Delilah ignored her stepson, allowed him to be tormented, perhaps even passively participated in his torture through her silence, were still fresh.

Delilah nodded. "Since Adam awakened, many things have changed. We often train together now—me, Angel, and Gwen join in too. That's what's brought us closer now."

"It was awkward at first, but... Adam has truly changed. He's not like he was before. He's more... mature," she added.

The explanation sounded logical on the surface. But Charlotte felt something was wrong. Delilah, the woman who was once so cold, who didn't care at all about what happened to Adam, had suddenly become a doting mother? It didn't make sense.

"Del," Charlotte said softly, her hand reaching for Delilah's. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine, Charlotte. Better than ever, in fact." She walked to the kitchen, fetching a teapot. "Would you like some tea? I just made chamomile. Good for calming the nerves. You must be tired from handling all that work while I was on leave."

"Thank you," Charlotte replied, her eyes still not leaving Delilah's movements. "It's just... I've been so worried about you. On the phone yesterday, your voice sounded strange."

"Ah, that," Delilah gave a small smile. "I wasn't feeling well then. But I'm much better now."

They continued their conversation, with Charlotte trying to probe deeper while Delilah skillfully steered the talk to safer topics—about work, the guild, the latest news in the Hunter world.

Angeline came down and joined them at the table. They talked, but for some reason, the longer Charlotte stayed in that house, the stronger her sense of unease grew.

And when the sudden sound of footsteps descending the stairs was heard, Charlotte turned toward the source. Emerging from the doorway was Adam—his face, which used to be perpetually gloomy and sullen, now radiated confidence.

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The moment I descended the stairs and walked toward the dining room, the sight that greeted me was unexpectedly warm. Delilah, Angeline, and Charlotte sat around the dining table, which was full of delicious food.

This dinner was Delilah's idea—a celebration of our family "growing closer" and of me as their "master," as well as a replacement for the dinner that was canceled before.

As soon as I stepped into the room, Delilah and Angeline smiled at me. Delilah's smile was soft and composed, while Angeline's was bright and innocent, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Charlotte smiled too, though her gaze narrowed slightly, studying every one of my movements with practiced sharpness.

"Adam, you really look different now," Charlotte greeted warmly. "Is it because you awakened? Congratulations, by the way."

Her smile didn't fade, but her eyes remained keen. "And it seems that change brought all of you closer together."

I smiled, taking the seat to Delilah's right. "Thank you. I'm still new to being an Awakener, nothing impressive yet. I've got a lot to learn."

I turned to Delilah, offering a grateful smile. "Luckily, Mom and my sisters are patient enough to teach me. They're... very diligent when it comes to training."

Delilah and Angeline flinched slightly hearing the words "teach" and "diligent" from my mouth, their cheeks flushing briefly before they composed themselves. Delilah then said, "We're just doing what we should, Adam. As a family."

"I'm glad to hear that," Charlotte said, her eyes still shifting between my face and Delilah's. "Delilah used to... have a hard time accepting your presence. It seems your awakening has truly changed everything."

"Mom's cooking today is incredible," I praised, inhaling the aroma of the food. "Truly worthy of a celebration."

My hand naturally reached for Delilah's hand on the table, my fingers intertwining with hers. Delilah was slightly startled, but quickly returned the grasp. From the corner of my eye, I saw Charlotte noticing this small gesture.

Charlotte, who had been closely observing our interactions, finally spoke again. "Adam, Del said you all train together often now. That's a good change. What Class did you awaken?"

"Swordsman, Auntie," I answered while taking some salad. "Like my father."

Charlotte nodded, but her expression showed she was still processing this information. "And you've been tested by Ophelia?"

"Yes. Rank A."

"Rank A?" Charlotte was impressed. "That's very good for someone who just awakened. Sword Saint would be proud."

The conversation continued with lighter topics—about the academy, the upcoming tournament, the latest news in the Hunter world. I skillfully answered Charlotte's every question, painting a picture of a harmonious, supportive family.

Then, another set of footsteps was heard descending the stairs. Gwenneth appeared in the dining room doorway, wearing a simple yet elegant house dress. Her blonde hair was neatly braided, and her usually haughty face now looked... softer.

"Sorry I'm late," she said in a quiet voice.

"It's alright, Dear," Delilah greeted warmly. "Have a seat. We just started."

Gwenneth sat beside me, and for a moment, my eyes met hers. There was a flash of fear and obedience behind her gaze before she looked down, picking up her plate.

Now we were complete—Delilah at the head of the table, Angeline to her right, me to her left, Gwenneth next to me, and Charlotte across from us. A perfect family dinner table.

We began to eat, and conversation flowed warmly and familiarly. But behind this harmonious family charade, my libido raged. Seeing these four beautiful women sitting around the table made my cock throb with unbearable desire.

Lewd images flashed through my mind: bending Charlotte over this very dining table, tearing her dress, and fucking her in front of everyone. Or perhaps forcing Delilah to kneel under the table and suck my cock while we continued pretending to have a normal family dinner. Or commanding Gwenneth to unbutton her blouse and expose herself to Charlotte while explaining it was part of our family training.

But I quickly banished those thoughts.

No, my mind whispered. Let's just enjoy this warm, familial dinner peacefully. Don't taint it with lust. There would be time for more... intense games later.

"Adam, you've gone quiet," Charlotte's voice broke through my reverie. "Is something on your mind?"

I smiled, raising my wine glass. "Just thinking about how lucky I am, Aunt Charlotte. To have a family that now truly accepts me."

## **Chapter 126: Chapter 126 - Preparing the Main Course**

The conversation flowed warmly until every dish on the table was finished. The drowsiness and fatigue I'd been holding back finally took over, making my eyelids feel heavy. I excused myself to head upstairs and rest for a bit before the night's true main course.

Not long after, Gwenneth and Angeline also followed me upstairs.

In the now-cleared dining room, only Delilah and Charlotte remained, sitting across from each other. The atmosphere became more intimate and personal.

Delilah stood up, her simple dress swaying softly with her movements. "I'm going to fetch some liquor. Wait a moment."

Charlotte nodded, her eyes following every move of her best friend. She had been observing carefully all along. Many things were off: Delilah had changed. Not just become softer, but she and her daughters had become incredibly... kind to Adam.

Charlotte knew perfectly well how much they all used to hate Adam. She'd even heard Gwenneth and Angeline insulting Adam with vile words right in front of her.

But what troubled Charlotte most was Delilah's physical change. Her breasts, which were always large, had now become unnaturally huge, straining the fabric of her dress to the point of vulgarity. It was the first thing Charlotte noticed when they hugged earlier.

"Have a drink, Charlie," Delilah invited, pouring wine into a crystal glass. "You need this after a long day."

As high-ranking Hunters, ordinary alcohol couldn't get them drunk. But Charlotte knew this was wine made from rare dungeon fruits, with effects that could bypass the super-metabolism of high-level hunters.

"Don't refuse," Delilah urged, her voice suddenly more insistent. "You need to relax. I can see how tired you are. The work at the HGA must be draining you lately. Let this ease your tension."

Charlotte finally accepted the glass.

They began to drink, and the conversation continued. This time, the topic was more serious.

"We found something interesting in the south," Charlotte said after a few sips of the wine. It was indeed special—warm, rich, and immediately made her body feel lighter.

"A strange floating structure. Similar to... the Tower of Time."

Delilah, who was raising her glass, suddenly froze. Her golden eyes narrowed slightly. "The Tower of Time? Are you sure?"

Charlotte nodded, now more relaxed as the wine's effects started to work. "The shape is different, but our investigation shows it has a similar strange structure. We only discovered it three days ago. We're still investigating, but many monsters have gathered around it. We plan to form a special team to examine it more closely."

The conversation continued about dungeons, monsters, guilds, and their work. But the more Charlotte drank, the more relaxed she became.

And finally, the question she'd been holding back all night, wanting to maintain her image as the Sacred Healer and a proper lady, slipped out with naive honesty.

"Del," Charlotte said suddenly, her eyes fixed on Delilah's breasts, which were practically bursting through her dress. "Your breasts... they're huge. They weren't this big before."

Delilah flinched, then quickly smiled. "I don't know either. Maybe... hormonal changes?"

But Charlotte was now too relaxed to accept a vague answer like that.

"Are you pregnant again? Why did they suddenly get so big?" she asked innocently, like a curious child.

Delilah laughed nervously. "No, impossible."

Charlotte shook her head, then with innocent bluntness, she suddenly blurted out, "I wonder what it's like to date someone?"

She then giggled softly, clearly feeling the effects of the drink.

She looked down slightly, her fingers playing with the rim of her glass. "Seriously, Del. I... I've never dated. I'm always busy with work, to the point I sometimes forget... I'm also a woman who wants to be loved."

Delilah fell silent, looking at her more softly.

Charlotte let out a short sigh, then gave a bitter smile. "Sometimes I wonder, what does it feel like to be loved by a man? Not just admired or seen as competent... but truly loved. Being hugged when I'm tired. Holding hands for no reason."

She chuckled softly, but the laugh sounded fragile. "It's funny, right? My age, and I don't even know what it's like to have a boyfriend. I've rarely even had a crush on someone, Del. It's like... a part of me got left behind."

The drink seemed to have truly taken hold, making her more honest than usual. If she wanted, she could easily sober up given her Class and abilities, but she was genuinely exhausted and wanted to relax.

When Charlotte stood up, her body swayed as if the floor was slowly spinning. Delilah quickly held her arm. "Hey, you should just stay the night. Like old times."

Charlotte nodded weakly. "Alright. Thank you, Del."

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I woke up to the sensation of a climax sweeping through my entire body. A groan escaped my own lips as I peaked. My eyes opened slowly, and my still-blurry vision first caught sight of Gwenneth and Angeline sleeping soundly on either side of me, completely naked and hugging me tightly.

The sight of their beautiful, peaceful sleeping faces made my heart flutter. But a warm, wet sensation below drew my attention. I tilted my head slightly, and the scene presented made my dick throb.

Delilah was kneeling by the bedside, her mouth still encircling my dick, her tongue expertly cleaning every last drop of semen. Her golden eyes sparkled when she saw me wake up, as if proud of her work.

I glanced at the wall clock. The hands showed three in the morning. So I'd slept about four hours, enough to recover some energy after the long day.

"Don't tell me you've been feasting on my dick for hours?" I asked hoarsely.

Delilah nodded shyly, my cock still buried in her mouth. After making sure no semen remained, she slowly pulled her head back and freed my erect shaft.

"That was a long time, Mom," I teased, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Is my cum that delicious?"

Delilah smiled coyly, her lips still glistening with saliva and traces of my semen. "More delicious than the food I cooked tonight, Honey."

I raised an eyebrow. "Seriously? Better than the steak with your special sauce?"

She nodded firmly, her eyes sparkling with a sudden idea. "I have an idea... what if next time I mix your cum into the cooking? It would definitely taste even better."

I chuckled, not expecting my once-so-elegant stepmother to have such a twisted idea.

"You naughty mother," I teased, pulling her to sit on my lap. "But that's a good idea. I'll provide it straight to their plates as a special seasoning later."

Delilah hugged me, resting her head on my shoulder. "They'll love it."

Then my thoughts turned to our guest. "What about Charlotte? Did you manage to get her to stay?"

Delilah nodded. "I succeeded in getting her drunk with the special wine. She's fast asleep in the guest room now."

"Good," I praised, patting her butt. "You did well, Mom."

But Delilah looked a bit hesitant. "Adam... what are you going to do to her? To Charlotte?"

I looked directly at her. "I'm going to sleep with her. Turn her into my sex slave too."

Delilah's expression became complex. There was a flicker of disturbance—Charlotte was her closest friend for decades—but at the same time, a strange excitement lit up in her eyes.

"Charlotte... she's truly a lonely woman, Son. Tonight she told me she's never dated. Has never even felt loved by a man."

Her hand reached for my face, stroking my cheek gently. "She said... a part of her was left behind. As a woman, I understand how she feels."

I listened carefully while my hand stroked Delilah's back. "So you think she needs this?"

Delilah nodded, but her eyes showed deep conflict. "I... I don't know. She's my friend. But on the other..." She paused, searching for words. "She's so lonely. And you... you could give her what she needs. Even if the way is... unconventional."

It seemed the effect of constantly twisting her logic had made Delilah like this.

"Then," I said, kissing her forehead, "I guess I should fulfill your friend's wish, Mom. I'll give her a loving experience she'll never forget."

Delilah hugged me tightly, her face buried in my shoulder. "Promise me... you'll be gentle with her. At least at first."

"I promise, Mom," I whispered, though in my heart I knew that promise would be broken the moment Charlotte was fully under my control.

Together, my stepmother and I rose from the bed, our naked bodies moving with purpose toward the guest room. There, Charlotte Haverty, Rank SS Sacred Healer, one of the most influential women in the world, lay fast asleep, unaware that her dream of being loved was about to come true in a way she could never have imagined.

### **Chapter 127: Chapter 127 - Dark Fantasies of a Saint**

I approached the bed in the guest room. There, Charlotte Haverty lay unconscious, completely relaxed and defenseless. The combined effects of the special wine and deep exhaustion had plunged her into a profound sleep.

The sight before me was so... innocent, yet undeniably enticing. Her normally well-kept brown hair fanned out across the pillow, her face with its soft features and the ever-present maternal aura looked completely free of worry. She was like a wholesome mommy, utterly vulnerable, without a shred of guard up.

She seemed to have gotten hot in her sleep. The plain white tank top she wore clung tightly to her skin, perfectly wrapping around her large, full breasts. The thin fabric even accentuated the shadow of her hardened nipples. Her tidy pants and jacket had been removed and lay on the floor.

For her lower half, she only wore simple, nearly see-through white panties. The fabric hugged the curves of her plump buttocks, leaving little to the imagination.

Lust immediately ignited within me.

My eyes gleamed as my [Eye of Desire] ability activated.

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NAME: Charlotte Haverty

AGE:43

CLASS:Sacred Healer

RANK:SS

DOMINANCE:1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL:21%

VAGINA VIRGINITY:Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY:Yes

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

FETISH:Masochism, Submission, Rape, Bondage.

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A wide smile spread across my lips. A Rank SS Sacred Healer? A virgin at 43? Extraordinary. But what was even more interesting were her fetishes. This holy woman with her wholesome mommy face harbored the darkest fantasies of being subdued and violated. Her sleeping body secretly yearned to be bound and defiled.

"A closeted pervert," I murmured softly.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Charlotte Haverty

OBJECTIVE: Rape her and make her your sex slave!

REWARD: 5000 EXP.

[Accept: y / n]

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A crooked smile appeared on my lips and I accepted it.

I moved closer, sitting on the edge of the bed. My fingers touched her smooth cheek, then played with her soft lips. But Charlotte remained fast asleep, her breathing steady. I then secured a black blindfold over her eyes—so she wouldn't see who was about to rape her.

Then I gestured to Delilah, who stood in the doorway with a conflicted expression. "Mom, come here and help me tie her up."

Delilah nodded, her face slightly pale but her eyes shining with dark excitement. I summoned the [Dragonroot Rope] and handed it to her.

With a skill she seemed to have learned quickly, Delilah began binding her own best friend. The [Dragonroot Rope] moved like a serpent, coiling tightly around Charlotte's wrists before pulling both hands behind her back. Charlotte let out a soft moan in her sleep, her body shifting slightly.

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal increased to 22 (+1)]

'Total pervert,' I thought, seeing the notification. Her body was already aroused just from being tied up.

The rope then coiled around Charlotte's chest, forming an intricate and aesthetic shibari pattern, squeezing and lifting her breasts so they were displayed more prominently.

The rope pattern continued to her waist, then downwards. Charlotte's legs were bent at the knees and pulled upwards, spread open, exposing her most private area. The rope finally bound her ankles, pulling them even higher until her position was completely open and helpless. Her white panties were the only thin barrier left.

I watched carefully, ready to use [Mind Control] if she suddenly woke up. But Charlotte only furrowed her brow more deeply, her lips trembling as she let out a small whimper. Her breathing became slightly quicker, but she remained asleep. The exhaustion and special alcohol had truly washed her away.

Once the binding was complete, the sight was utterly arousing. Charlotte lay on her back, her mature, sexy body displayed in beautiful yet degrading shibari bondage. Her white tank top still covered the top half, but that white panties now seemed like an insult to her purity.

I looked at Delilah. "Watch closely, Mom. See how I will give your dear friend what she has always secretly desired."

"And in the meantime, entertain yourself." I handed her a large dildo.

Delilah took the dildo, her hand trembling between guilt and arousal. She stepped back a few paces, her eyes not leaving us.

Now, my attention was fully on Charlotte. My hands reached for the bottom of her tank top. I then pulled the fabric down, revealing what was hidden.

Her large, voluptuous breasts spilled free, swaying gently before settling. They were perfect. White, firm, with wide pink areolas and nipples already hardened, perhaps from the cool air or from unsaintly dreams.

I couldn't resist grabbing them. Their texture was supple yet soft, fitting perfectly in my grasp. I pinched and twisted her nipples with my fingers, and once again she moaned, her hips giving a small twitch.

Her moans were like music.

I leaned down, my face drawing closer to her innocent, blindfolded one. I could smell the wine and her faint perfume. Then, I stole her first kiss.

My lips covered her soft ones. At first just a touch, then I parted her mouth, my tongue slipping inside. It was a deep, intense, claiming kiss.

My other hand was still pinching and playing with her breast. Charlotte began to respond even in her unconsciousness. Her lips moved to kiss me back, her lazy tongue tangling with mine. Her moans were trapped within our kiss.

After being satisfied with stealing her first kiss, I descended. My mouth left wet trails down her neck, then to her chest. I sucked on her hard nipple, working it with my tongue and teeth. She writhed, the ropes tightening.

My journey continued downward. Past her flat stomach, until I finally arrived at the last bastion of her purity.

That white panty now seemed like an unworthy barrier. I grabbed its edge and slowly pulled it down, revealing what no man had ever touched.

Her pussy was tightly closed, plump, reddish labia lips concealing everything within. Her neatly kept pubic hair was dark brown, not too thick, just a perfect frame. I used both my thumbs to slowly part those folds, opening her up.

The sight inside stole my breath. A virgin vagina. Pink, moist, and utterly pure. Her small opening looked incredibly tight, and from within, a slight glisten of moisture had already appeared.

I brought my face closer. First, I inhaled her scent. It was clean, slightly sweet like honey with the unique musk of a woman. No unpleasant odor, just the natural freshness of a Rank SS Sacred Healer's body. The scent made my cock throb painfully hard.

Then, unable to restrain myself any longer, I kissed it. My lips pressed against the soft lips of her pussy. I kissed her, then my tongue darted out, tracing a vertical line from bottom to top, stopping at her hidden clitoris.

"Mmmph... hnn..."

Charlotte's moan this time was longer, more pitched. Her hips pushed up slightly, unconsciously seeking more contact.

I continued to treat her with my tongue, exploring every fold, feeling her natural moisture beginning to increase.

I finally stopped, lifting my head. My mouth and chin were wet with her juices. I stared at her blindfolded face, her cheeks now flushed. Her breathing was no longer steady, her chest rising and falling quickly, making her bound breasts sway temptingly.

Sitting between her wide-open thighs, I looked at my cock, already erect and throbbing, ready to commit the final violation.

I glanced at her, curious.

Would she wake up... the moment I tore away the virginity she had guarded for 43 years?

She'd definitely wake. But her hidden fetish... might just welcome it.

I guided myself to her entrance, slick and impossibly tight, and pushed forward. No more waiting.

### **Chapter 128: Chapter 128 - Going Mad in the Cycle**

'Alright then,' I decide, and push forward without restraint. In one hard, final thrust, I tear through the sacred maidenhood the Sacred Healer had guarded for forty-three years.

"NGHAAAAA—!!!"

Her choked scream exploded in the room, hoarse and full of agony.

It felt... incredible. So incredibly tight. I could feel that thin membrane tear beneath my pressure, giving way to my much larger cock, then the walls of her virgin pussy clamped around me in desperation, as if trying to expel this uninvited invader.

But I kept pushing, driving deeper, piercing every untouched fold, until the base of my shaft pressed against her now-gaping lips. Her deep womb shuddered, receiving the impact of my cockhead. Charlotte's entire body arched like a bow, the ropes creaking under the tension.

She was fully awake now.

Her gaze, obscured by the black blindfold, darted wildly, trying to comprehend this impossible reality. Her body trembled violently, a mix of shock, piercing pain, and total confusion. She struggled, but the [Dragonroot Rope] only tightened its grip, rendering her helpless.

She could feel it—a rod of hot, large, alien iron had forced its way inside her, tearing, stretching, filling every dark corner she never imagined could be entered.

"AAA— Who— Who is it?! Stop! This is— AHH!" Her voice broke, hoarse from sleep and screaming. "Get it out! IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO MUCH—!"

Seeing her conscious, I instead smiled in the darkness she couldn't see. I didn't answer. Instead, I started to move.

Slowly. I pulled my hips almost all the way out, savoring the sensation of her flesh trying to grip and hold my departure. Then, I pushed back in. Deep. Slow.

"Don't... don't move..." she whimpered, tears starting to flow from beneath her blindfold. "It hurts... please... stop..."

But I didn't care. I maintained the rhythm, each thrust hammering against the entrance of her womb.

Plap... plap...

The wet sounds of our union began to fill the room, accompanied by her incessant moans.

"I'LL KILL YOU! I'M A RANK SS SACRED HEALER! GET OUT OF ME, YOU BAST— AAHHNN!!" The threat transformed into a long scream as I suddenly sped up the tempo, pounding her womb more roughly.

While continuing to pound into her, my hand grabbed her sweat-dampened tank top. With one rough pull, the fabric tore open from neck to stomach, fully revealing her rope-bound breasts swaying wildly with my thrusts. My hand seized one, squeezing it hard, my fingers digging into the soft flesh and twisting her stiff nipple.

"AH! DON'T— THAT—!" she protested, but her body reacted differently.

It felt strange for Charlotte. At first... it was just torturous pain, tearing, and violation. But then, from the depths of that pain, something else emerged. A strange tingling that began to spread from her invaded pussy, rising to her stomach, crawling up her spine.

Every time that large cock rubbed against her inner walls, the friction began to spark small fires. The pain started to blend with a new sensation... a sensation that was foreign, shameful, and made her disgusted with herself.

"You bastard... you fucking bastard..." she cursed between sobs, but her voice had lost its strength.

But her body lied. Her pussy, initially in pain, flooded with fluid. The sounds of our coupling became wetter, louder. The moisture lubricated my movements, making each thrust deeper, easier, and more... stinging.

"No... I can't..." she whispered with ragged breath as she felt the first wave seize her. Her stomach twitched, her bound legs trembled uncontrollably. "I... I'm not... AAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Her first orgasm exploded violently, sweeping away all protests and threats. Her cunt pulsed wildly around my cock, squeezing it in a panicked rhythm.

Charlotte was choked by a sensation she completely didn't understand. She cried harder, ashamed, confused, and swept away.

I didn't stop. Instead, I used the contractions of her body to move faster. My thrusts were now brutal, merciless. Each push was a claim, an insult, a fulfillment of her revealed hidden fetish.

"Please... enough... I... I already... AHH! AHH! AGAIN?!" The second wave came faster, stronger. She screamed, her head slamming into the pillow. She couldn't believe it. She was being raped, tied up, and hurt... but her body was responding with repeated peaks of pleasure.

Inside her heart, total chaos. What... what is this? Why... my body...? This is wrong! This is disgusting! But... it feels... Her mind spun between crushing guilt and uncontrollable physical pleasure. Her tears flowed freely, soaking her blindfold. She tried pleading again, her voice now faint and desperate.

"Please... stop... take anything... but stop this... I... I can't take it..."

I remained silent. My body language was the only answer. One of my hands grabbed her neck, not to choke, but to feel the rapid pulse of her artery. My other fingers slipped into her armpits, a sensitive area recorded as a weak point, and rubbed them. Charlotte screamed again, her body arching, a third orgasm seized her, shorter but still intense.

[Sexual Arousal] notifications kept appearing in my vision, the numbers skyrocketing wildly. But I ignored them. All my focus was on the woman beneath me. On her mature body now completely mine. On every groan, every sob, every wild pulse from the virgin cunt I had turned into a dump for my lust.

I pushed her to the edge of the bed, lifted her hips, and changed the angle of my attack. Every inch, every curve of her body I explored with deliberate roughness.

I was the storm, and she was the tied-up ship that could do nothing but accept each wave that crashed over her, while impossibly finding pleasure amidst that destruction.

"Please... stop... I beg you..." Charlotte whimpered. But moans of pleasure she couldn't suppress escaped between her sobs. This was her virginity—a treasure she had guarded for forty-three years, something that should have been given with love and reverence. Not like this.

And in the corner of the room, Delilah watched it all with heavy breaths and hands that never stopped moving a dildo between her own thighs, transfixed by the betrayal and corruption she witnessed happening to her best friend.

"My virginity... this... it wasn't supposed to be like this," she uttered, her voice broken.

The gentle, loving fantasies from the romance novels of her dreams collided with brutal reality. There was no tenderness, no affection. Only raw conquest. And inside her, something far more fragile than that thin hymen was also shattered.

Charlotte felt it clearly—that final, deep thrust, then the warm gush flooding her womb, still throbbing violently. My fluid filled every corner, overflowing from our wet junction. Her breath hitched.

"No... no... get it out..." she whispered hoarsely, tears still flowing.

I remained utterly silent. My only answer was a final jerk of my hips, ensuring not a single drop was wasted inside her. Then I stayed buried within, enjoying the sensation of her cunt convulsing, milking the last of my seed.

"No... not inside... please," she whimpered, trying to squirm. But the [Dragonroot Rope] only creaked, tightening the intricate shibari bindings, reminding her of her humiliating, helpless position. Her bound and lifted breasts were crushed by her own body weight, adding to the feeling of constriction and humiliation.

"I... I could get pregnant..."

Her desperate plea was like the wind to my ears. The cursed Libido gnawing at me from within knew no words like "enough" or "mercy."

I pulled my hard cock out of her overfilled pussy. Our mixed fluids gushed out, soaking the crease of her buttocks and the sheets beneath her. Charlotte gasped in a mix of relief and pain, thinking it was over.

She was wrong.

My hands easily flipped her weak, bound body. She shrieked in surprise as her face met the pillow. Her position was now even more humiliating—knees still bent and raised, her buttocks, reddened from unintentional slaps earlier, displayed high and open.

"No... not from here... not again..." her voice was muffled by the pillow, full of dreadful foreboding.

I ripped the remaining tatters of her white panties. The sound of tearing fabric made her tremble. Then, with one hand pressing on her back to keep her low, I guided my wet, glistening cock to a different target. Not her already full and sore pussy, but the tight hole between her buttocks—a hole completely untouched.

"NO! NOT THERE!" she screamed, genuine panic seizing her. She struggled desperately, but the bindings on her ankles and wrists made her like a pinned butterfly. "That's dirty! That's— AAAAAARRRGHHH!!!"

Her scream pierced the air as my index finger, lubricated by the abundant mixed fluids from her pussy, thrust into her tight anus. A different pain, more piercing and humiliating, shot through her. She bit the pillow, her body rigid.

"Bastard... monster..." she cursed in a raspy voice.

I didn't stop. I moved that finger, stretching, preparing the way. It felt incredibly narrow, even tighter than her virgin pussy earlier. The sight—my finger going in and out of her reddened ass—made my lust explode again.

Then, I replaced it with the tip of my cock. The pressure there was far greater, more blunt.

"Please... don't put it in... I beg you..." she whimpered, but it was too late.

With a painful push, I buried myself in the tightness of her anus. A small tear occurred. Charlotte screamed, her bound arms behind her trying to pull away uselessly. She pissed herself in terror and loss of control, warm urine soaking her thighs and the sheets.

Fuck, so tight! Though not as tight as Angeline's ass.

I started to move. The first movement felt like banging against an iron door. But with each thrust, the path opened a little. The sounds were wet and depraved.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Each time my hips slammed into her plump buttocks, the loud sound echoed in the room. The white skin of her ass reddened from the impact. I couldn't help myself—my free hand spanked that ass, leaving clear red marks.

SMACK!

"AAH!"

PLAP! PLAP!

SMACK!

"NNGGH—IT HURTS!"

Every spank was a new ignition point. Strangely, her cries of pain began to change in tone. From pure screams, they blended into long moans. Her body, which initially resisted, began to waver. Each slam into her tight asshole, each spank on her buttocks, triggered strange electric currents that crept through her entire body.

"Ah... ah... no... I'm coming again..." she groaned, her voice full of disbelief and deep shame. Her cunt and asshole being attacked simultaneously made the sensation unbearable. Another orgasm seized her, more torturous because it came from pain and humiliation. Her fluids from the front sprayed, soaking her own thighs.

She felt herself going mad. Raped, humiliated, hurt, but her body was responding with repeated peaks of pleasure. Her mind fogged, filled only by the cycle: pain, shame, wave of pleasure, confusion, pain again. Morals, self-respect, the title of Sacred Healer—all dissolved in this storm of physical sensations.

And me? I was just as insane.

This Libido was like a raging fire, only temporarily quenched by satisfaction, then immediately flaring up bigger. I looked at her—the mighty Rank SS woman, tied up, crying, her ass red from my spanking, her asshole stretched by my cock—and I only wanted more.

I had no intention of stopping. I would keep riding her, switching holes, humiliating her, forcing her to feel pleasure again and again, until the eyes hidden behind that blindfold lost their light, until her voice became only a hoarse gasp, until her bound body could no longer bear the strain and finally passed out.

This was just the beginning for Charlotte.

## **Chapter 129: Chapter 129 - An Accusation That Can't Be Spoken**

Charlotte didn't know how long she'd been unconscious. When her awareness returned, the first thing she felt was a sharp, throbbing pain in two intimate parts of her body—her pussy and anus felt scorched, sore, and intensely sensitive.

She sat up in bed with great effort. Her eyes immediately looked down, inspecting the painful areas. Her pussy and asshole looked red, swollen, and still bore traces of thick, dried white fluid around them. On her buttocks, the red marks from slaps were still clearly visible.

Her body instantly flushed as the memories of last night—or more accurately, the early hours of this morning—flooded her mind.

The images were vivid: herself bound, face down, in a humiliating position. The sound of harsh impacts, the feeling of a large rod forcing its way into both her holes, the piercing pain as her virginity was stolen, and then the deeper shame when her body responded with consecutive orgasms.

"Oh god... no..." she whispered, her hands covering her face.

Tears began to flow. She wasn't just crying over her virginity being taken in such a brutal way, but over a more bitter reality: she had enjoyed it. Amidst all the pain and humiliation, her body had responded with wild, uncontrollable pleasure.

She looked around the room. The window was wide open, as if her attacker had left through it. The bed was a mess with the traces of a struggle—or more accurately, a rape. Pieces of her torn tank top and underwear were scattered on the floor. On her wrists and ankles, she could still feel the marks of the bindings, though the ropes themselves were gone.

As she sobbed, a soft golden light emanated from Charlotte's body. Her healing ability as a Sacred Healer worked automatically, mending every wound, erasing every ache.

But she could feel it clearly—her pussy and asshole would never be virgin again. Healing could repair damaged tissue, but it couldn't restore a torn hymen or return physical conditions to their pre-violation state.

"Who... who would dare..." she murmured in a hoarse voice.

Her mind worked quickly. One name surfaced: Adam. He was the only man in this house. But it seemed absurd. Adam, Delilah's stepson, who used to be weak and couldn't even meet people's eyes? Could it really be him?

But the facts were undeniable: there was only one man in this house. And his sudden transformation—from a loser to a Rank A Awakener—made that possibility no longer impossible.

It was complicated. Adam was the child of her best friend. If he really did it, how could she tell Delilah? How could she face the child of someone she considered a sister?

For now, she decided she would talk to Adam first. She needed confirmation.

As she prepared to clean herself, her eyes fell on the remnants of semen in her pussy. She would take a sample for testing. If it were indeed Adam's, then she would have undeniable proof.

However, as her finger touched her pussy to collect the sample, something unexpected happened.

"Ahh..." a weak moan escaped her lips unconsciously.

Her finger, which was only meant to collect a sample, began unconsciously rubbing her swollen vaginal lips. A strange sensation spread from there—a pain mixed with pleasure, reminding her of the sensations from the night before.

"Damn..." she cursed herself, but her hand didn't stop.

She closed her eyes, trying to resist, but her body's memory was too strong. Every touch to that sensitive area awakened memories she was supposed to despise. Her body reacted, her pussy began to secrete fluid again, and without realizing it, her finger started to go deeper.

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Charlotte emerged from the room with her heart pounding wildly. The sound of light chatter and the aroma of fried eggs and coffee filled the hallway. When she reached the threshold of the dining room, her chest felt gripped by ice.

The scene before her looked so... normal.

Delilah sat at the head of the table, wearing a simple robe, her hair tied loosely. She was feeding Adam a bite of omelet, with an unmistakably warm smile.

"Here, Adam, dear. You need to eat a lot if you want to get strong," she said in a gently teasing tone.

Gwenneth sat across from him. She rested her chin on her hand, her eyes glancing at a tablet beside her plate, occasionally chewing toast indifferently.

And Adam.

Adam sat relaxed beside Delilah. He accepted the food from his stepmother happily, and when his eyes glanced toward the door, meeting Charlotte's stunned gaze, a faint smile crossed his lips before disappearing.

"Charlie!" Delilah greeted her as soon as she saw her. "You slept so soundly. Come, join us for lunch."

Charlotte stood frozen in place. Her mind was racing. They didn't know. They truly didn't know. Or were they just incredibly good at pretending? She observed every expression, every gesture. Delilah looked as graceful as ever. Gwenneth seemed normal, even a little bored. And Adam...

"Good afternoon, Auntie," Adam greeted, his voice flat and polite. "Please join us."

That smile earlier. It was just a glimpse, but for Charlotte, who was on high alert, she couldn't ignore it. But when she looked deeper, searching for darkness in Adam's eyes, all she saw was the impression of a slightly shy and polite young man. Doubt began to creep in. Was it possible... it wasn't him? Could it have been someone else?

"Charlotte? Why do you look so pale? Still hungover?" asked Delilah, her face starting to show genuine concern.

"I... I'm fine," Charlotte mumbled, her voice hoarse. She forced her feet to step forward; her chair creaked as she sat in the provided seat, directly across from Adam.

"You must be hungry," Gwenneth chimed in. "Eat before it gets cold."

Charlotte nodded stiffly, her hands gripping her own lap tightly under the table. Her mind was in turmoil. She had to ask. Right now.

"Adam," she said suddenly, her voice cutting through the light chatter about the weather. All eyes turned to her. "There's... something important I need to talk to you about. Alone."

The atmosphere at the table changed instantly. Delilah stopped scooping, her eyebrows raised in question. "What is it, Charlie? Why alone? What's the matter? Just talk about it here."

Adam leaned back in his chair, wiping his mouth with a napkin. His expression was innocent, full of confusion. "Yes, Auntie. About what? Is something wrong? You look very tense."

His innocent act was almost perfect. It almost made Charlotte believe she was the one mistaken, the one hallucinating.

"It's not... not something that can be discussed in public," Charlotte stammered, her teeth gritting unconsciously. She felt pressure at her temples.

"But this isn't a public place, Charlie," Delilah replied softly, yet her tone carried a hint of insistence. "This is our home. You're part of the family. Whatever it is, we can discuss it together."

Adam nodded, his eyes still fixed on Charlotte with the gaze of a good man that infuriated her even more. "Did you have a nightmare? Or did something suspicious happen last night? The guest room can get stuffy if the window is closed."

"It's not... not that," Charlotte hissed, panic beginning to spread. "I just need... confirmation about something. From you."

"Confirmation of what?" Adam asked directly, his attitude seemingly open to dialogue. "Please, ask now."

Now all eyes—Delilah's full of questions, Gwenneth's now curious as well, and Adam's innocent ones—were fixed on her. The pressure was immense. She couldn't say it. Not here. Not without concrete proof. Her words would sound like crazy accusations against her best friend's child.

"I...", Charlotte took a deep breath. "I need to go to the bathroom first. My head is spinning."

She stood up so quickly.

"Excuse me."

Without waiting for a response, she turned and almost ran out of the dining room, leaving the three family members momentarily silent before Delilah let out a worried sigh.

### **Chapter 130: Chapter 130 - The Next Family Lesson**

I chuckled softly, watching Charlotte's tense back as she hastily retreated from the dining room.

"It seems Charlotte still hasn't fully recovered from last night," I remarked, turning my gaze to Delilah. "I think she needs more nutritious food to regain her strength."

Delilah nodded, her face showing genuine concern—or at least, a version of concern distorted by my influence. "Yes, sweetheart. I'll make something special for her."

As she said this, her soft hand slipped beneath the table. Without hesitation, she unbuttoned my pants. Her warm hand immediately found and grasped my shaft, which had been hard and tense for a while now.

She began rubbing it with attentive strokes, her palm moving against the sensitive skin, her thumb swiping over the head of my cock, already slick with pre-cum. I let out a soft sigh, enjoying this discreet service while Gwenneth across from me pretended to read her tablet, though her ears were slightly red.

Closing my eyes for a moment, my thoughts drifted to Alex. That bastard. After the humiliation I served him in class yesterday, he wouldn't stay quiet. But did he really think his family's second-tier guild could stand against me? Hah, what a fool.

"Mom," I whispered, my hand stroking Delilah's hair. "Please prepare something for me. I need your help with something regarding Alex Rutherford."

Delilah looked at me, her golden eyes gleaming with obedience. "Anything you need, Adam."

I whispered my plan into her ear. Meanwhile, under the table, her hand never stopped working, making my shaft throb with anticipation.

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A moment later, Charlotte returned. She seemed slightly calmer, but her eyes remained wary. She sat back down across from me, avoiding direct eye contact.

"How are you feeling now, Charlie?" Delilah asked gently, placing a steaming bowl of soup in front of Charlotte.

"Better," Charlotte answered shortly, her eyes examining the bowl briefly before locking onto me. "You forget, Del? I'm the world's best Healer. Physical health is my expertise."

However, the moment her spoon scooped up the soup and entered her mouth, her expression completely changed. Her eyes widened in shock.

"Del... this is... incredibly delicious!" she praised, genuinely astonished. "What is this? The flavor is so rich, so... unique. I've never tasted anything like it."

Delilah smiled sweetly. "I'm glad you like it. I used a special secret spice."

Charlotte seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. She ate the soup eagerly and with gusto, as if momentarily forgetting all her unease. I watched her with a faint smile, savoring each ravenous mouthful she swallowed. When she finished, she licked her lips.

"Truly remarkable, Del. What secret spice is that?"

Delilah glanced at me briefly. I gave a slight nod, the smile on my lips widening.

"It's... Adam's semen," Delilah answered matter-of-factly, as if discussing salt or pepper.

Charlotte froze. Her face went blank, as if her brain was trying to process the words she'd just heard but failed completely.

"S-Sorry, Del? I thought I misheard. You said... what?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

"Adam's semen," Delilah repeated in the same flat, innocent tone. "I mixed it into your soup. So you could get the best nutrition, straight from the source."

Instantly, Charlotte's face turned pale, then flushed crimson. Her brown eyes widened in horror and disbelief. Her gaze darted toward me, then back to Delilah, then to the empty bowl in front of her.

"No— That's impossible! You—You're joking!" she yelled, her body starting to shake. She stood up roughly, her chair toppling backwards with a loud clatter.

Before she could flee, Gwenneth, who had moved silently behind her, stepped forward quickly. Her strong hands seized Charlotte's arms from behind, locking them in an unbreakable grip. Charlotte screamed, trying to break free, but her physical strength as a Healer was no match for a Rank S Knight like Gwenneth.

"GWENNETH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! LET ME GO! DEL! DELILAH, STOP THIS!" she screamed, real panic setting in.

Delilah merely stood there, watching her with an expression mixing pity and a strange excitement. "Didn't you say last night you were curious about being loved by a man, Charlie? You wanted to experience a real connection. So... as your good friend, I thought I'd help you. With Adam."

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH ALL OF YOU?! DEL, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU! WITH ALL OF YOU!" Charlotte shrieked, tears beginning to spill from her eyes. Her stomach churned, but for some reason, the nausea mixed with a strange, spreading warmth.

Delilah shook her head slowly. "Nothing's wrong, Charlie. What's happening is... Adam has united us. He's taught us to be a real family. A very, very close family."

Charlotte looked at me, her eyes filled with hatred and fear. "What have you done to them?! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME LAST NIGHT?!"

I stood up slowly, walking toward her. "I just wanted a caring family, Charlotte. A family that's very close to me. And now, I want you to be part of that family too."

"You might resist at first, Charlie," Delilah chimed in with a melodious voice. "We did too. But later... you'll definitely enjoy it. And you'll be happy, like us."

"YOU'RE ALL INSANE!" Charlotte yelled in despair.

I raised a hand, signaling Delilah. "Mom, please clear the table."

As Delilah obediently began clearing the table, I approached Charlotte, who was still restrained by Gwenneth. I reached out, stroking her tear-stained cheek. She screamed in fear, trying to turn her face away.

"HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?! TO ME AND YOUR OWN FAMILY?!" she cried, her breath ragged.

"You're beautiful, Charlotte," I answered simply, my fingers moving down to her neck. "And you're lonely. I don't hate you. Even when you ignored me before while they tormented me... we had no connection. But now, I want us to have a connection. A very, very close one."

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

[Your Dominance over Charlotte Increases to 6%.]

Huh, you easy slut!

The table was now empty and clean. "Pets, Mom. Please help Aunt onto the table."

They obeyed immediately. Using their strength, the struggling Charlotte was lifted and laid flat on her back on the cold, wooden dining table surface. Gwenneth held down her shoulders and neck firmly, while Delilah forced Charlotte's legs apart, spreading them wide and holding her by the ankles.

"NO! DON'T! PLEASE!" Charlotte screamed, but no one was listening.

I undid my pants and pulled them down, freeing my monster, which was already erect and glistening with pre-cum. Seeing it, Charlotte gulped hard. Her eyes bulged—was this the same shape and size that had destroyed her last night? Desire and fear warred within her.

"You see?" I taunted, stepping closer. "He can't wait to meet you again either."

Charlotte tried to struggle, using all her limited physical strength, but it was futile. Even in her panic, she couldn't deny the humiliating truth: her body was heating up. Moisture was beginning to seep through, making her thin pants damp in the crotch area.

I easily ripped her pants open. Beneath them, as I suspected, she wore nothing. Only neatly groomed pubic hair and her pussy lips, already shining with wetness.

"Wow, no panties? And so wet already," I mocked, my index finger swiping through her damp slit, collecting her fluid. "You really are a natural-born whore, aren't you?"

"THAT'S BECAUSE YOU RIPPED THEM LAST NIGHT!" she yelled in shame, her cheeks burning red.

I didn't answer. My hands tore open her shirt, buttons flying. Her large, plump, white breasts were immediately exposed. Her pink nipples were already taut and erect, betraying her fear.

"DEL! GWEN! SNAP OUT OF IT! THIS ISN'T YOU! PLEASE!" Charlotte pleaded with the two women she once knew.

But they only stared at her with heated, eager expressions, holding her body down firmly.

Charlotte was utterly confused. Amidst all this horror and betrayal, a part of her was genuinely aroused. She was being humiliated, held down by her best friend and her daughter, about to be raped again by the man who took her virginity. And she... was anticipating it. Her pussy was throbbing, craving that violation.

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

[Your Dominance over Charlotte Increases to 11%.]

I stepped between her spread legs, the hot tip of my cock pressing against her slick, wet pussy lips. "Ready for our next family lesson, Charlotte?"