

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 131 - The Main Course on the Table - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 131 - The Main Course on the Table**

## **Chapter 131: Chapter 131 - The Main Course on the Table**

"No... no... stop..." Charlotte shook her head, her body arching away even as her legs remained splayed wide. Her breath came in short gasps, her heart pounding so loud she could hear it in her ears. Her pussy, in the midst of all that verbal refusal, pulsed with shameful enthusiasm, leaking warm fluid that slicked the tip of my cock.

I didn't give her more time. With one brutal thrust of my hips, I drove the entire hard, thick length of my shaft into her moistening cunt, plunging deep until the tip slammed against the mouth of her womb.

"NGHAAAA—!!!"

Her scream was choked in her throat, turning into a raspy cry full of agonizing fullness and yet... relief. Her chest heaved, every muscle in her abdomen tensed. She felt it clearly—every ridge, every vein, every inch of that dick stretching her passage, still sensitive and swollen from last night. It felt as if I was trying to split her in two.

'This is it... from last night...', she thought in bitter confusion. It was truly him.

I sighed in satisfaction, savoring the incredible warmth and tightness she still possessed.

"Damn, you're still so tight, you slut. Even after I used you so many times last night." My jeer was mixed with praise, making her blush even deeper.

Charlotte felt herself utterly filled, fulfilled in the wrong way, yet it made her head spin. The sensation was a perfect mix of pain from the stretching and pleasure from the precise stimulation of her secret spots. Thanks to her hidden fetish for masochism, and the subtle effect of my [Lustful Touch] skill stimulating her pleasure nerves, her resistance melted rapidly.

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal increased to 39 (+5)]

[Your Dominance over Charlotte Increases to 16%.]

I ignored the notifications, my focus entirely on the beautiful milf sprawled helplessly across this dining table, the perfect main course.

"Pull out... please... it's too... big..." she whimpered, her voice breaking.

"Like this?" I teased. I pulled my hips back almost completely, making her gasp with a mix of loss.

"Or like this?" And I slammed back in with full force, deeper than before.

"AAAAHHH!!!" Charlotte screamed, her arms, held by Gwenneth, straining uselessly toward me. I had already begun to move.

Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap!

A fast, hard, merciless rhythm soon echoed through the dining room. Each thrust was a brutal claim on her womb. My hips slapped against her soft thighs with a constant wet sound. Charlotte thrashed. Her head rolled from side to side on the table, her brown hair a mess, tears streaming from the corners of her tightly shut eyes.

"Delilah! Gwen! Please! Let me go! Stop him!" she screamed at the two women she once knew.

Delilah, holding her legs, just shook her head with a heated, slightly pitying expression. "Be honest with yourself, Charlie. Just let go. Just feel it. It's much easier."

The words felt like a stab. Charlotte felt torn apart. On one side, horror and betrayal. On the other hand, a tidal wave of pleasure was becoming increasingly unstoppable, flooding every corner of her mind.

"Stop... please... let go..." was all she could say, over and over, like a mantra losing its power.

I smiled, invigorated. Let's see how long you can keep up this pretense.

Delilah looked at me, her golden eyes gleaming with desire and... jealousy.

"I'm jealous, Adam," she whispered, biting her lip.

"Then come closer, Mom," I ordered. Delilah obeyed instantly, bringing her face near. One hand still held Charlotte's ankle, while the other reached for my face. We kissed passionately, her skilled tongue slipping into my mouth while my hips never stopped pounding into her best friend's body.

After kissing for a while, I broke contact. "I'm thirsty, Mom."

Delilah understood immediately. With a quick motion, she tore away the remainder of her open housecoat, freeing her enormous, plump, white breasts. Her light brown

nipples were already stiff. She squeezed them herself with both hands, directing a nipple toward my mouth.

"Ah~ Drink, Sweetie. Mommy's milk is just for you."

I immediately accepted, sucking eagerly on her left nipple. It tasted sweet and warm. Delilah let out a long moan, "Ahh... Adam... suck harder... Mom will give you more..."

Her hands squeezed her own breasts roughly, pushing out her milk more freely.

I switched to her right nipple, sucking greedily while keeping my eyes locked on Charlotte's stunned face. Drops of white milk spilled from the corner of my mouth, running down my chin. My hips didn't stop moving, fucking Charlotte with a steady rhythm, while my hand grabbed and held her delicate ankle firmly.

Gwenneth, watching from behind Charlotte, remained silent, but from her narrowed eyes and bitten lip, I knew she was jealous. She hid it, but the lust was clear.

Meanwhile, for Charlotte, this scene was beyond her comprehension. She had never, not even in her wildest fantasies, imagined Delilah Socheron—The Star Witch, that elegant, cold, powerful woman—ending up as a lewd mother willingly breastfeeding her stepson while holding down her own best friend to be raped.

It was a depraved, twisted, sanity-shattering sight. But strangely, the walls of her cunt pulsed harder, her fluids flowed more freely. She felt excited, aroused by her friend's utterly unexpected dark side.

Charlotte no longer recognized herself. She had climaxed twice already, brought there by her best friend's own stepson. Everything about the situation was wrong, all her morals were shattered, but she was drowning in it.

"So, Charlotte?" I asked suddenly, releasing Delilah's wet nipple. "Are you enjoying this? How does it feel to be raped by your best friend's son right in front of her?"

Inside Charlotte's heart, a voice screamed wildly: "YES! KEEP GOING! RAPE ME! RAPE ME HARDER! DON'T STOP!"

But what came out of her mouth was only: "Please... stop... I beg you... stop this..."

Delilah chuckled, mocking her. "Look at your own face, Charlie. Look in a mirror. Your face is ruined. That's the face of a slut who's thoroughly enjoying it."

I kept raping her, changing positions, from the dining table to the floor, to the sofa, and against the wall.

Time passed until midnight.

In the final position, I bent her over on the living room floor, pinning both her wrists with one hand on her back, and fucked her from behind with all my strength.

Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap!

Her reddened, spanked ass collided with my thighs.

"Stop... please... let go..." she still whimpered the same words, while her body pushed back to meet every slam.

My cum from the previous round dripped heavily from her overfilled pussy, wetting her thighs. With every thrust into her tight ass, I stabbed so deep she screamed every time.

Finally, I reached my last climax. With a long groan, I buried myself as deep as possible in her hot anus and released my final torrent, filling her bowels with warm fluid. Then, with a throwing motion, I dropped her limp body to the floor.

A cascade of notifications popped up in the corner of my vision:

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal reaches 100%]

[You have successfully made Charlotte Climax]

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 64%]

[Domination over Charlotte increases to 100%]

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

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

On the floor, Charlotte's body lay limp, semen dripping from both her used holes. Her eyes were empty, but her lips still moved, muttering the same mantra: "Stop... please stop raping me..."

Her face, once graceful and wise, was now ruined into the wild, vacant face of a whore, yet traces of pleasure still lingered there. I looked at her with satisfaction.

'What a rape-loving slut,' I thought with smugness. If she admitted she enjoyed it and liked it, then it wouldn't be rape. So she wanted to deny it so that, to her, I would keep raping her.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 5000 EXP.]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 54]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 55]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

I felt a deep satisfaction seeing this Rank SS milf completely broken. Then, my thoughts drifted. Tomorrow, my true revenge against those five—Yukie, Maximus, Isabel, Alex, and Nerissa—would begin. And it would start with Alex Rutherford. A cold smile spread across my lips.

Get ready, you bastard.

### **Chapter 132: Chapter 132 - The Price of Insolence**

Black Sun was a Prime Guild—Rank II—one of the oldest in Gatehaven. Their long history was filled with records of victories in S-Rank Dungeon Raids, and their reputation was usually enough to make other guilds keep their distance.

However, today, inside the main meeting hall of their own guild building, that respect was completely absent.

At the head of the long table sat a woman with soft golden hair that fell like strands of light. Her golden eyes reflected a cold gleam, and every time her gaze shifted, the ten people before her tensed as if the very air in the room was thinning. The aura she emitted seemed to make the floorboards groan softly.

She was Delilah, the Star Witch.

Orville Rutherford—a middle-aged man with black hair beginning to gray at the temples—stood at the very front. Partly because of his status as Master of the Black Sun Guild, and partly because Delilah had earlier ordered everyone else to step back from him.

Orville's face was strained, sweat streamed from his temples, and he couldn't even keep his voice steady.

"I-I will do everything... everything as you command, Lady Star Witch," he stammered. "And Alex... my son, I will make sure he apologizes sincerely to your son. He will receive appropriate punishment for his insolence."

Delilah leaned back in her chair. Her movement seemed relaxed, but it only thickened the tension in the room.

"Make sure you do," she said slowly, yet every word felt like a threatening incantation rumbling in the depths of the heart. "Because if not... I will destroy your guild down to its very roots."

No one dared to breathe too loudly. The ticking of the wall clock echoed, far louder than usual. Some of Black Sun's executives bowed their heads even lower, as if hoping their own shadows could hide their existence.

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After the impromptu meeting with the guild leaders about the mysterious structure discovered in the south, I was now in Ruth's car heading towards the Hunter Trade District. My goal: to buy something to suppress this raging libido.

Throughout the ride, my mind was filled with internal conflict. I'd been trying to hold back, but the temptation was so strong and distracting. How could I think clearly when my body was constantly screaming with lust? Especially right now, with Ruth sitting next to me driving with intense focus.

She wore a simple black hoodie and tight jeans that perfectly outlined her curves. Her casual yet elegant look made her strikingly beautiful. Her dark blue hair, usually tied loosely, was now partly undone, adding to the mysterious air that always surrounded her.

She wasn't beautiful in a sweet way like Angeline, or sensual like Delilah. Her beauty was sharp. Like a freshly honed sword—shining, dangerous, and lethal.

And down below, between my thighs, my cock throbbed viciously, hard to the point of pain beneath the fabric of my pants. This cursed arousal burned through every corner of my mind.

My gaze wouldn't leave her upright profile, then drifted down to her slender neck, then to the hands gripping the steering wheel. I imagined parking this car somewhere secluded. I imagined hitting the button to lower her seat, pushing her slim body back, ripping those tight jeans, and...

'Damn it,' I cursed inwardly, trying to turn my face toward the window. But the glass reflection just showed an image of the two of us, which didn't help at all.

I could do it, of course. With [Time Stop] and my cheat skills, I could have her whenever I wanted. But for some reason, with this woman, I didn't want it to end with her just becoming a sex slave like the others.

Why was it different with her? With Gwenneth, with Delilah, even with Charlotte—there was no hesitation. I wanted them. I took them. I dominated them. But Ruth... something was different.

Maybe because she was exactly the kind of woman I liked most. And, above all, she was stunning—beautiful in a cool, confident way—and she had never looked down on me or treated me poorly.

This strange feeling... was this... respect? Or perhaps a different kind of attraction? Not just wanting to sleep with her, but wanting to conquer her in a different way. I didn't want her to just be an obedient slave. I wanted... her to stay Ruth.

Those thoughts spun wildly, growing hotter from the pressure in my groin.

"Adam," Ruth's voice cut through my reverie. She glanced over briefly, her sharp eyes scanning my face. "You okay? Your face has been flushed for a while."

"Ah, yeah. I'm fine," I answered quickly, trying to hide my restlessness. "Just... a bit hot in the car."

Ruth raised an eyebrow, clearly not buying it, but she didn't press further.

Instead, I changed the subject.

"By the way, what about the progress on your investigation into the person who killed your father? Any developments?"

Ruth looked at me through the rearview mirror, her expression turning more serious. "Why the sudden interest? Do you feel like you're being followed or have met anyone suspicious?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head. "Just curious. So far, while I've been acting as the Iron Knight, everything's gone smoothly. No strange people have approached me or anything. So I was wondering... did you already catch the killer and deal with them quietly?"

Ruth let out a small, scoffing laugh.

"If only it were that easy." She paused for a moment, then continued, "But it is strange. The killer hasn't reappeared even though they've seen the Iron Knight is still alive. Why do you think that is?"

I took a breath, trying to concentrate even though blood was still rushing powerfully to my lower body. "Maybe... because they know."

"Know what?"

"That the real Iron Knight is already dead," I replied, looking straight into her eyes. "They're the one who killed him. So when a new Iron Knight appears, they don't care. Because they know it's just a replacement. A puppet. No point hunting it down again."

Ruth was silent for a very long time. Only the sound of the engine and the song from the radio filled the cabin. Then, very slowly, the corners of her thin lips turned up, forming a small smile that held no warmth at all.

"That... makes sense," she murmured softly.

### **Chapter 133: Chapter 133 - Control and Consequence**

Finally, after exploring a few shops in the Hunter Trade District, I found what I was looking for.

[Ring of Self-Control

->A bronze ring made from sacred metal. This ring only affects the wearer. When worn, the wearer's arousal and 'horniness' are immediately suppressed, helping them stay focused and think logically in any situation.]

Exactly what I needed. Without hesitation, I bought it and slipped it onto the middle finger of my right hand.

The effect was instantaneous.

It was like a wave of calm washing over my entire body. Muscles that had been tense from unbearable desire began to relax. My mind, which had been constantly filled with lewd images, suddenly became clear and peaceful. I took a deep breath, feeling an almost overwhelming relief.

'When was the last time I felt like this?' I thought, closing my eyes for a moment. This feeling... It's almost like the first time I poured all my emotions out on Delilah.

Now, with a clearer mind, I unconsciously began to analyze my situation. Why was I having such a hard time controlling my libido? Was it because it was the only stat maxed out, while my other stats like Vitality were still far behind?

That was just my theory, but I believed it was correct. And if that assumption were true, then my libido would become more manageable once my other physical stats reached a balanced level.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 55

EXP: 10/2800

<Strength: 75>

<Agility: 45>

<Vitality: 50>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 100>

Available Stat Points: 10

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

[Five-Minute Rewind]

[Dreamweaver]

[Elixir of Bliss]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Hymen Pill]

[Aphrodisiac Elixir x2]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

[The Edge of Bliss]

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

[Ring of Self-Control]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

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I still had 10 stat points available. Considering I needed balance, I decided to allocate them to Agility and Vitality.

[Agility: 45 → 50]

[Vitality:50 → 55]

As soon as the stats were distributed, I felt a subtle change. My body felt lighter, more responsive. And the combination of the self-control ring and this boost to my physical stats made me feel more... in control.

I looked out the car window, watching the city lights begin to twinkle.

"All done?" asked Ruth, her eyes still on the road.

"All done," I replied with a nod. "Thanks for taking me here."

Ruth just gave a brief nod, but I caught a hint of a smile at the corner of her mouth. The journey home began, and for the first time in a long while, I could sit in a car without constantly imagining lewd things about the woman beside me.

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One Day Earlier

Alex had just returned home from the academy. His body had fully recovered, but his spirit was still wounded from his humiliating defeat at the hands of Adam. He hoped to retreat to his room and piece together the tattered remains of his pride.

But the moment his foot touched the marble floor of the Rutherford family's luxurious foyer, a pale-faced servant quickly approached.

"Young Master, Lord Orville requests your presence in his study. Immediately."

The servant's tone was enough to tell Alex that something terrible awaited. With heavy steps, he made his way to his father's study—a room usually filled with the scent of mahogany and an air of elegance, but that night it felt like an interrogation chamber.

Orville Rutherford sat behind his massive desk, but his posture was unlike his usual self. His back was rigidly straight, his fists were clenched on the desk, and his eyes—which normally radiated wisdom and calm—now blazed with almost uncontrollable rage.

"Close the door," Orville commanded in a low, trembling voice.

Alex obediently closed the door, and before he could even ask what was wrong, his father exploded.

"HOW DARE YOU!" Orville roared, suddenly standing up, his chair toppling backwards with a loud crash. "HOW DARE YOU UPSET EVERYTHING I'VE BUILT ALL THESE YEARS!"

Alex stumbled back, shocked. He had never seen his father like this.

"What... what's wrong, Father?"

"WHAT'S WRONG?!" Orville slammed the desk with a force that sent pens and papers flying. "THE STAR WITCH CAME TO OUR GUILD! MET WITH ALL THE SENIORS! AND THREATENED TO DESTROY BLACK SUN, EVERYTHING WE'VE BUILT OVER THREE GENERATIONS, ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPID ANTICS!"

Each word struck like lightning. Alex felt his blood run cold. "The... Star Witch? She came?"

"YES! AND SHE DIDN'T COME WITH A SMILE!" Orville paced back and forth with rough strides. "Do you think this is a game, Alex? Do you think harassing the Star Witch's child is a joke? DELILAH SOCCHERON IS A RANK SSS HUNTER! THE STRONGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD RIGHT NOW! SHE COULD CRUSH US ON A WHIM!"

He stopped right in front of Alex, his face flushed crimson. "And you... YOU DARED TO ATTACK HER SON? HUMILIATE HIM IN FRONT OF EVERYONE? DO YOU WANT OUR FAMILY ERADICATED? DO YOU WANT ME, YOUR MOTHER, YOUR BROTHER, EVERYONE WHO WORKS IN OUR GUILD TO DIE BECAUSE OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS?!"

Alex trembled, unable to speak. He had never imagined the consequences would be this severe.

"Starting tomorrow," Orville continued, now in a lower but more terrifying voice, "you will go to the academy and apologize to Adam Socheron, in front of everyone. You will kneel if necessary. You will do whatever he asks until he is satisfied and forgives you."

"But Father—"

"NO BUTS!" Orville bellowed. "And if you refuse, or if Adam doesn't forgive you..." He leaned his face closer to Alex's, his eyes radiating pure menace. "I will strike your name from the family register. You will no longer be the heir to Black Sun. You won't even be acknowledged as a Rutherford. Do you understand?"

Alex choked back a sob, tears welling in his eyes.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND?" Orville hissed again, louder.

"Yes... Yes, Father. I understand," Alex answered in a voice barely above a whisper.

"GET OUT OF HERE! AND DON'T LET ME HEAR OF ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM YOU!"

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Alex's legs felt as heavy as lead as he walked toward the gates of Nine Stars Academy this morning. The crisp morning air did nothing to ease the anxiety gnawing at his chest. Every step felt like dragging an invisible weight.

His mind returned to the terrifying night before, when his father, Orville Rutherford, had transformed into an almost unrecognizable monster of rage.

Alex gripped his phone so hard his knuckles turned white. His mind raced, trying to comprehend how the situation had changed so drastically. For years, he and his friends had freely harassed Adam without any consequences whatsoever. Then suddenly, everything changed.

The first reason he'd dared to harass Adam was because of Yukie—that white-haired girl who had first tormented him so cruelly. And Yukie was fine. No consequences, no punishment. That made sense to Alex; Yukie's father was the Winter Knight, a Rank SSS Hunter, so it was natural that Delilah wouldn't bother with him over her pathetic stepson.

Then Maximus joined in. That orphan from a poor family harassed Adam brutally, and again, nothing happened. Maximus had no powerful background, no influential family, but he remained perfectly safe.

So why the sudden change now? Why did Delilah suddenly care? Alex shook his head, searching for an answer. Maybe it was because Adam had awakened, maybe he was now considered to have value, so his stepmother started protecting him.

Frustrated, Alex opened his friend group chat. His fingers typed quickly:

Alex: Hey. Did anyone get a visit from the Star Witch? About Adam.

It didn't take long to get an answer.

Maximus: ?? No. Why? What's up?

Isabel: Me neither. Why do you ask? Did you?

Nerissa: No.

Alex felt his blood boil. Was it really just him? Was he the only one who had received a threat? That meant he would be the only one apologizing in front of everyone later, while the others—Maximus, Isabel, Nerissa, and especially Yukie—would stand there, bearing witness to his utter humiliation.

The thought turned his stomach. What would everyone think? Those who had once respected him as the class's second rank would now see him on his knees, apologizing to the very loser they had all looked down on.

But the most devastating image was that of Yukie. Her gaze—the gaze of the girl he had idolized, whom he had tried so hard to impress—would be fixed on him at his most pathetic.

"No," Alex muttered to himself. "I can't do this."

But the choice wasn't his to make.

'Damn it. Why couldn't that bastard just have died or stayed a loser forever?' he cursed inwardly, even as a traitorous sliver of logic whispered that the fault was his own.

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As soon as I arrived at the front gate of Nine Stars Academy, my eyes were immediately drawn to the figure standing stiffly there—Alex Rutherford. His tense posture and the way his gaze kept sweeping the area made it obvious he was waiting for someone.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Alex Rutherford

OBJECTIVE: Destroy him in front of a large crowd.

REWARD: 5000 EXP.

[Accept: y / n]

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### **Chapter 134: Chapter 134 - A Public Execution of Pride**

'This quest really knows exactly what I'm planning to do to him,' I thought.

And as soon as his eyes met mine, pure hatred flickered there before he quickly forced it behind a neutral expression. Then, he approached.

"Adam," he said. "I need to talk to you. Alone."

I nodded slowly, already guessing what kind of drama was coming.

"Alright. Then follow me."

Alex's expression tightened at my response, but there was nothing he could do.

We walked down the academy's main corridor in an awkward silence. Students passing by gave us curious looks. It was a bizarre sight to see Alex walking behind Adam Socheron like some lackey. Alex lowered his head, probably hoping no one would recognize him.

I led him to the back area of the training building, a quiet spot usually only used for dumping broken equipment or by students who wanted to avoid crowds. When we arrived, the only things there were a soft breeze and silence.

I leaned against the cold stone wall, folding my arms. Waiting.

Alex stood in front of me, his face shifting between anger, fear, and deep reluctance. A few seconds passed in a tension so thick it was almost audible. Then, he extended his hand.

"For what?" I asked, deliberately making him explain.

He swallowed hard, his jaw tightening. "... apologize. For everything I've done to you."

I didn't take his hand. I simply brushed it aside lightly, belittling him.

"Apologize?" I asked, my tone flat. "I don't see even a hint of sincerity on your face, Alex. This feels like... coercion."

At that moment, Alex's mask cracked. His expression darkened, his eyes narrowing with pure resentment. In his heart, he was cursing me endlessly. 'Of course this is forced, you bastard! If not for my father and the Star Witch's threat, I'd rather die than apologize to trash like you!'

I gave him a thin, cold smile. "You think I don't know you were forced to apologize like this because your family was threatened by my mother?"

I stepped a little closer, taking advantage of the fear radiating from his body. "But what can you do, Alex? What can you do except obey? I could call my mother right now, and your family's guild would be ruined before lunchtime."

The threat landed perfectly. Alex's face suddenly went pale, as if all the blood had been drained from him.

[Your Dominance over Alex Increases to 3%.]

What?

I frowned at the unexpected notification. Using [Eye of Desire], I had seen a Dominance stat there. So I could dominate men as well, but if it reached 100%... would that turn them into my sex slaves?

The very thought made my skin crawl and my stomach churn. I'd kill him on the spot if he showed any inclination like that. I had absolutely no intention of dominating him that way.

For now, let's just ignore notifications like that.

He swallowed again, along with whatever scraps of pride he still had left. His body bowed slightly, an unnatural posture filled with shame.

"I... truly apologize, Adam. Really. Please... forgive me."

I simply stared at him, and that alone made him even more uncomfortable.

Seeing my lack of response, Alex grew more desperate.

"I... I wasn't even the one who bullied you the most!" he blurted out, his voice rising without him realizing it. "I just... went along with it! Everyone did it! The worst one was Yukie! And the most frequent one was Maximus! I... I only did it occasionally!"

He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. "I promise, from today on, I'll never do it again. I won't go near you, I won't bother you. Please... forgive me."

I watched him for a moment. Then, coldly, I said, "You're right. Out of the five of you, you were the one who bullied me the least. Just a follower. That's why my revenge on you will be the lightest."

A flicker of hope appeared in Alex's eyes but died immediately when I continued.

"But light doesn't mean nonexistent. The only thing I want from you is an apology. A sincere one, not... whatever this is."

Alex looked confused.

"You're going to apologize to me. In front of everyone. In the main courtyard," I said slowly, making sure each word stuck in his mind.

"You'll spread the word. You'll gather the students, especially Yukie, Maximus, and the others. They have to be there and watch. You have the ability to do that, don't you?"

Alex went deathly pale. "I—In front of everyone?!"

"Yes. In front of everyone. You all bullied and humiliated me in front of people, so it only makes sense that you apologize in front of people too, right? That would prove you're truly sincere."

"You have half an hour. If the time comes and I don't see you on the field with enough people, or if your apology isn't convincing enough..." I paused, letting the threat hang. "...then I'll call my mother, and we both know what happens next."

Alex froze, his body trembling. In his wide eyes, I could read the violent clash inside him: burning shame, fear of destruction, and above all—rage at being forced by someone he had always considered a loser.

But as I expected, fear won. With the expression of a man being marched to his execution, Alex nodded slowly, barely visible.

I turned away, leaving him alone in that quiet place.

The show was about to begin.

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Half an hour later, fifteen minutes before all classes began, the vast training field of Nine Stars Academy was packed with curious students. Whispers echoed in the air like a rustling wind...

"Is it true? Alex Rutherford's gonna apologize to Socheron?"

"I heard Isabel's friend was rushing around spreading the word."

"No way... after that humiliating defeat, now he's apologizing?"

"Let's go watch..."

I stood in the center of the field, surrounded by a sea of curious faces. From the corner of my eye, I saw Yukie and her group standing at the edge of the field—Maximus wearing a mocking smile, Isabel and Nerissa looking conflicted, and Yukie herself watching with a cold, unreadable gaze.

Alex finally appeared, his face as pale as a walking corpse. He walked toward the center with heavy steps. Once he stood before me, he let out a long breath.

"Adam," he said hoarsely, forcing the words out. "I... I came here to admit my wrongdoing. For all the... bullying, insults, and harassment I did to you all this time."

He paused, swallowed hard. The crowd was completely silent, transfixed.

"I... sincerely apologize. Truly. And I promise... I'll never do it again. I won't go near you, I won't bother you. Please... accept my apology."

Inside, Alex was screaming: 'This is the end of everything. My reputation. My status. All gone. Look at them... staring at me like trash. And Yukie... look at her. That look of contempt. I'll never lift my head again in this academy.'

The atmosphere shifted immediately. The whispers turned into a storm of disbelief.

Alex's expression grew worse as he saw his friends' reactions. Yukie—the girl he'd always admired—was now looking at him with eyes colder than ice. Maximus, who used to train with him, now wore an openly disgusted expression. Isabel and Nerissa just scoffed, shaking their heads mockingly.

Even I was a bit surprised. I thought he'd try something sneaky—gather people under a false excuse, then suddenly ambush me or force me to accept his apology under pressure. But no. He actually did it. Yeah, I guess he's smart enough to realize how powerless he is right now.

But I wasn't satisfied yet.

"After everything you did," I said loudly enough for everyone to hear, "an apology alone isn't enough, is it?"

Alex panicked instantly. His eyes widened. "H—Haven't you humiliated me enough? And I already apologized sincerely!"

"Are you really sincere?" I asked, staring straight at him.

"That's enough!" Alex snapped, his emotions finally exploding. His fists clenched. "I did everything you told me to do! I stood here, in front of everyone who knows me, humiliating myself for you! What else do you want?!"

Inside, his anger raged: 'Damn you, Adam! If you didn't always look like a weak, pathetic loser, none of this would've happened. This is your fault! Why am I the one paying for it?!

I snorted. "See? You're not sorry at all."

Alex glared warily at me, filled with hatred. "What... what do you want now?"

"Kneel," I ordered, simple and clear.

Alex's breath hitched. The crowd's murmurs grew louder.

"You... you're not serious," he whispered, voice trembling.

"I'm very serious. Kneel. In front of everyone. And repeat your apology."

For a few seconds, Alex looked like he might rebel. The muscles in his arms tightened, his teeth grinding. But then his eyes met mine, and maybe he saw the absolute firmness there. He glanced at the crowd, at Yukie's cold, merciless gaze, and whatever resistance he had crumbled.

Slowly, Alex Rutherford—guild master's son, popular student—fell to his knees on the cold grass.

"I'm sorry," he said again.

But I still wasn't done.

"I'm not satisfied," I murmured softly.

Alex raised his head, eyes full of fear and confusion. "Wh—What else?"

I smiled, a thin, warmthless smile. "You're not sorry at all, are you? If your apology just now was truly sincere... if you really don't want your father's guild destroyed... then going a little further shouldn't be a problem, should it?"

Alex swallowed hard.

"Strip."

All color drained from Alex's face. "W—What?!"

"Strip in front of everyone here," I said clearly, without hesitation. "And apologize once more. Then, I might consider forgiving you."

The field fell silent for a moment, then exploded into a storm of shocked chaos.

### **Chapter 135: Chapter 135 - The End of the Public Spectacle**

"Strip?!"

The word burst out of Alex's mouth not as a question but as a raw eruption of fury, humiliation, and frustration that had finally hit its breaking point. Everything that had been crushing him since last night—his father's threat, the shame, Yukie's contemptuous stare—ignited into a blaze of blind rage.

"ADAM SOCHE—!"

He never got the chance to finish shouting my name. His body surged upward from his kneeling position, fist clenched, ready to smash my face in.

But I had already anticipated it. I had seen the storm gathering in his eyes from the start.

So before his momentum could build, before he could even stand, my leg shot out and struck his flushed, rage-twisted face.

Thud!

The crack of his nose cartilage echoed sharply across the silent grounds. My kick landed perfectly.

Alex was thrown backward as if hit by a sledgehammer. His body sailed through the air, crashed onto the ground, rolled several times, and finally came to a stop. His face was a

wreck. Blood streamed from his very obviously broken nose. His eyes were shut, and he no longer moved.

The crowd that had been noisy moments ago fell dead silent, followed by gasps and whispers laced with horror. Their looks toward Alex shifted from disdain to something closer to pity—or rather, a squeamish disgust at how far he had fallen.

But the calm did not last long.

"Unbelievable."

The voice came from within the crowd. Maximus stepped forward, pushing aside the people in front of him. His face twisted in deep disgust—at Alex, but also at what he saw as undeserved arrogance.

He did not attack me immediately. He stopped a few steps ahead, his sharp eyes sweeping over me from head to toe with a look of disdain, as if he were staring at filth that had somehow crawled up to a higher seat.

"Look at that," Maximus said, his voice low and cutting.

He tilted his chin toward Alex's unconscious body. "I can't believe I was friends with a loser like that. Hah. Even a dog backed into a corner knows how to keep its dignity. But him? He chose to become a cute little puppet dancing for you."

Then he turned his cold gaze on me. "Don't get ahead of yourself, Adam. You wake up from your long slumber as a nobody and suddenly act tough? Don't think everyone here is scared of your mother's shadow."

He took a step closer.

"Look around you. They didn't gather here to watch you show off. They came to see a clown like Alex. But now..." Maximus gave a mocking grin, sharp and challenging.

"Looks like they get to see who you really are."

I stood still, staring back with a deliberately blank expression, meant only to bait him. Inside, I was laughing. Ah, Maximus. You and your twisted fixation on your sister—your turn will come soon enough.

That alone was enough to shatter what little patience Maximus had.

"All right, you piece of trash," he growled.

His body lunged forward with surprising speed for someone his size, energy focused in his right fist.

But someone else moved faster.

A flash of white streaked past, faster than most people could track. A sudden chill swept across the field, sharp enough to sink into bone. Ice formed around my feet, gripping my shoes and ankles in an instant.

Damn it, Yukie.

I tried to twist away, but the ice was too fast. Before I could break free, the blow had already arrived. A fist aimed straight at my sternum.

Crack!

I crossed my arms to block it. The impact felt like being hit by a train. The force shattered the ice around my legs and hurled me backward with brutal strength.

I flew through the air, crashing into several students standing too close before landing hard on the ground. Pain shot through my arms and back. If this had been the old me, that punch would have shattered bones and knocked me unconscious.

"People like you," the voice rang out, colder than any ice she could conjure.

Yukie stood where I had been moments before, one hand still raised, thin fingers trailing pale mist. Her face, flawless like carved frost, held no expression. But deep within her white eyes, disgust simmered.

"Trash like you should stay where you belong. Standing in front of me and acting bold... it irritates me beyond words."

I pushed myself up slowly, every muscle screaming. I looked at her. Hatred—raw, boiling, buried for years—surged through me.

And in her eyes, I saw the same reflection. She didn't hate me because of what I did to Alex. She hated me for existing. For breathing. For daring to stand up in front of her.

The students around me scattered in panic. No one wanted to be caught in Yukie Iceblood's wrath.

I turned and bolted into the crowd. I knew full well I didn't yet have the strength to defeat Yukie without using my cheat skill, and I had no intention of revealing it in public.

And of course, I had already predicted this would happen. Provoking Alex, crushing him, would definitely draw attention—especially Yukie's. I had prepared an escape route for exactly this scenario.

I pushed through the panicked crowd, hearing quick footsteps and the biting cold trailing behind me.

"Don't you dare run!" Yukie shouted.

That was when I summoned it.

[Faceless Mask]

The blank mask appeared in my hand, cold and weightless. In an instant, I pressed it to my face. I looked at a panicked male student beside me, and with a single intention, my face shifted—becoming identical to his.

Yukie leapt above the crowd, landing lightly a few meters away. Her sharp eyes scanned the area. She passed right over me—a random, frightened student lost among the others.

"Where did he go?!" she snapped, her irritation more obvious.

She glanced around, then sped off in another direction, leaving the area with a face colder than before.

I, wearing another boy's face, drew a slow breath behind the mask. Quietly, I slipped away from the center of the chaos, blending into the tide of students trying to leave.

But in my chest, my hatred for Yukie burned hotter than ever. Later, I promised myself as pain throbbed through my arms. Your time will come.

From her office overlooking the field, Ophelia had been watching the entire spectacle. She smiled faintly, then spoke to someone standing behind her.

"Call Adam to see me. I have something to discuss with him."

### **Chapter 136: Chapter 136 - A Virginity Restored to Be Stolen**

The chill of the air-conditioned corridor outside the administrative offices couldn't soothe the lingering irritation in my chest after my encounter with Yukie. I knocked on the mahogany door marked 'Headmistress.'

"Come in."

I pushed the door open and saw her.

Ophelia was as captivating as ever. Her long red hair was tied up high, leaving a few strands to frame her sharp, flawless face. As usual, her presence immediately filled the room.

The uniform, which was supposed to be formal, seemed almost designed to torment any man's gaze. The grey and navy fabric hugged her figure perfectly, curving around every contour that should have been concealed, from her slender waist to her ample breasts, which seemed to dare the buttons holding her blouse together.

"You called for me, Headmistress?" I asked.

Ophelia lifted her eyes from the documents on her desk. Those deep, sharp crimson eyes looked at me coldly. "Sit, Socheron."

I sat in the chair opposite her.

She put down her pen, then leaned back in her leather chair, her hands clasped on the desk. "Care to explain?"

"Explain what?"

"Don't play dumb," she said, her voice flat but laced with a subtle threat. "Two days. You haven't shown up at all after my stern warning. Do you take my words lightly? Or perhaps you think that because your mother is the Star Witch, you can walk all over the rules of this academy?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but she cut me off.

"Frankly," she continued, interrupting, "I don't particularly care if you attend classes or sleep all day at home. Even your homeroom teacher has given up. But what I care about is perception."

She leaned forward slightly, and I could see more clearly the shadow in the neckline of her tight blouse.

"The perception of the other students. The perception of their parents. The perception of our donors and the Hunter Council. They all questioned my decision to place you in Class A when you weren't awakened, and now they're questioning why I'm coddling someone who skips classes so freely. That damages the academy's reputation, Socheron. And the academy's reputation is my responsibility."

I leaned back in my chair, trying to appear relaxed despite the tension in the air. "Starting today, I won't be absent anymore."

Ophelia let out a small snort, a sardonic smile gracing her red lips.

"Your words are so trustworthy," she mocked in a flat tone. "How many times have you uttered the same promise?"

I just gave a thin smile, not arguing. She was right.

"Therefore," Ophelia continued, her eyes glinting with a plan clearly meant to make me uncomfortable, "I have a solution to change that perception. I am entering you as one of Nine Stars Academy's representatives for the Gatehaven Inter-Academy Tournament next week."

I furrowed my brow. "Wouldn't that just make me even more hated? Make me the target of every student who feels more deserving? I'm still the lowest-ranked in Class A, you know."

"You awakened directly as Rank A. Only a handful of students in this academy achieve that. It proves your talent, regardless of your... pitiful academic record."

She paused for a moment. "And from the recording of your fight with Rutherford a while ago, I know with your abilities, you are quite qualified to be an academy representative."

I looked at her more deeply. "Headmistress, you... are really enjoying this, aren't you?"

Ophelia didn't deny it. The smile on her lips widened slightly, confirming my suspicion.

As I gazed at the beautiful and dangerous woman before me, my mind raced. How to conquer her? Would simply fucking her brutally as I did with Charlotte be enough? Probably not. Charlotte had hidden thirsts, a sexual naivety that could be exploited. Ophelia was different. Plus, conquering her in the usual way would be boring.

But I had to break her. This bitch of a Headmistress was the key.

'This damn academy,' I muttered inwardly, old hatred churning. Everyone in it, everyone who laughed at me, ignored me, or just stood by watching my suffering... I'll destroy them all. But first, I'm going to make this Headmistress mine.

"Alright," I said slowly, as if accepting her decision. But silently, I was focusing my mind, directing my will toward her. Time to play with her.

[Mind Control].

Instantly, the light in Ophelia's bright, intelligent crimson eyes changed. The spark of cleverness and mischief faded, replaced by a flat, eerie emptiness. The lively expression on her face became blank, like a mask had been stripped away.

I took a deep breath. Good. I guess it's time I use that.

[Hymen Pill].

I looked at the pill for a moment.

[Hymen Pill]

->A single-use pill that can restore a woman's hymen to a virgin state. Its side effects are permanent and drastic: after her hymen is torn again, her vagina will permanently stretch to accommodate the penis that tore it. This makes her unable to accept any other penis without pain and discomfort. Furthermore, she will develop an exclusive sexual dependency on that specific penis, experiencing intense and frequent orgasms only from its penetration, plunging her into a constant cycle of need and satisfaction.]

After I decided to use the [Slave's Collar] on Delilah, I had prepared this item as a substitute for Yukie or Ophelia. Yukie is my final target; revenge on her can be savored slowly. But Ophelia... she is the key to controlling this entire academy.

"Open your mouth," I commanded, my voice flat.

Like a puppet on strings, Ophelia opened her mouth. Her lips, usually so expressive, were now parted wide. I placed the pill on her pink tongue, then gently closed her mouth. I watched her throat move as she swallowed.

I waited, observing her closely. Externally, there was no change. But I knew, within her sexy and powerful body, a drastic biochemical transformation was occurring. Her uterine walls and pussy pulsed subtly, long-lost cells regenerating rapidly, reforming an intact, tight hymen, restoring a virginal tightness that should only exist in memory.

After a moment, I was sure the process was complete. "Stand up. Climb onto your desk."

She obeyed with a grace that persisted even in her controlled state. She sat on the edge of the large mahogany desk, its surface cool against the back of her thighs beneath her skirt.

"Lower your skirt and your panties. Then, spread your legs for me."

Ophelia's slender hands moved to her waist. A small click of a fastener, then the zipper was lowered. The tight grey pencil skirt slid down over her hips, pooling on the desk. Then, her fingers touched the waistband of her black lace panties. She pulled them down, slowly, freeing what was hidden beneath.

And the sight... was primitively beautiful and enticing.

Between those pale thighs lay a truly mesmerizing sanctuary. Her pubic hair was thick, a fiery red like the crown of her head, wild and untrimmed, adding to a feral, powerful impression.

From behind that tangle of fiery hair, her labia, a pale pink, were visible, sealed tight like an unopened flower bud. The shape was perfect, symmetrical, with a delicate slit in the center that seemed to call for opening. The surrounding skin was smooth and flawless,

showing care even though her hair was left natural. A faint, feminine scent, her natural musk, began to fill the air between us.

I stepped forward, standing between her spread legs. My index finger casually reached out, first touching the thick red hair, feeling its softness and abundance.

Then, my fingertip slid lower, touching the tightly closed outer lips of her pussy. The skin felt warm and velvety. As I touched, the muscles in her thighs twitched ever so faintly.

She didn't react outwardly, but the system notification told me otherwise.

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 5 (+1)]

I gave a slight smile. Her body could still respond, even if her mind was empty.

Did it really work?

To be sure, I activated [Eye of Desire].

---

NAME: Ophelia Blazinger

AGE: 51

CLASS: Crimson Phoenix

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 5%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Sadistic, Masochistic, Pet Play, Humiliation.

---

Her status had changed. She was a virgin again, technically. But a virgin with a time bomb inside her.

While my middle finger continued to gently stroke her hidden clitoris, I leaned in, inhaling her scent more deeply. That clean, mature scent made my cock throb in my pants, though the [Ring of Self-Control] dampened most of the urge.

"You have a husband at home, don't you?" I asked, my voice low and full of suppressed desire.

Ophelia answered. "Yes."

"A woman like you, with a body like this..." My hand roamed over the curve of her slender waist, then rose to caress the side of her breast swelling beneath her blouse. "...must keep your husband excited every day. He probably never misses a night of fucking you, right? Even though you're not young anymore, but look at this..."

My finger returned to the cleft of her cunt, applying light pressure. "Still like a girl's. Does your husband realize how lucky he is? But after today, your husband will never be able to satisfy you again."

### **Chapter 137: Chapter 137 - A Lesson in Sacred Spaces**

Ophelia's empty eyes stared at me.

"No," she answered, her voice flat and devoid of inflection. "Nine years. We haven't had sex in nine years."

I paused for a moment, my stroking finger stilling.

And a quest appeared.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Ophelia Blazinger

OBJECTIVE: Take her from her husband and make her your pet.

REWARD: 5000 EXP and 1 Random Item.

[Accept: y / n]

---

Like mother, like daughter.

"I see," I murmured, my low voice echoing in the silent room. "Then your husband is a very, very foolish man."

I leaned in closer, my warm breath brushing the sensitive skin at the juncture of her thighs. "But don't worry. From now on, you have me. I'll give you what you've been longing for these past nine years... and more."

My middle finger, wet with her own slickness, moved again—more purposeful, more insistent. I was no longer touching her gently.

I pressed, rubbing the tip of my finger along the length of that tight, sealed slit, massaging circles over the small, swelling nub of her clit. I felt her warm, soft folds, pushing deeper with my fingertip against the barrier of her renewed maidenhead.

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 12 (+2)]

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 14 (+2)]

System notifications popped up in the corner of my vision, but I ignored them. My focus was on the changes in her body. The smooth, white skin of her inner thighs began to flush with a soft rosy hue. Her previously even breathing began to change, her chest rising and falling a little faster beneath her shirt. Her feminine scent grew sharper, sweeter, more intoxicating, filling the space between us.

"Get down," I commanded, my voice husky with burgeoning desire. "Then, service my cock with your mouth."

Like a puppet, Ophelia slid down from the edge of the desk. Her slender, spread legs planted on the carpet. Without further command, her graceful hands reached for my waist. Her warm fingers found my pants button, unfastened it. The zipper was lowered.

As my pants and boxers dropped, my cock—already hard and throbbing—sprang free, bobbing with a menacing size that couldn't be hidden.

PLAP!

My hot, hard length slapped against Ophelia's smooth cheek with a satisfying sound. Her eyes blinked, but her expression remained blank. I felt a wave of heat spread through my own groin. I'd been holding back long enough.

I let out a sigh, taking in the sight. Ophelia Blazinger's face, usually a mask of authority and cynical intelligence, was now adorned by my large shaft. Her smooth cheek was reddened where it had been struck. Her empty eyes stared straight ahead, reflecting the shadow of my hardening cock.

I needed this. The thought flashed, wild. I quickly slipped the Ring of Self-Control off my finger.

The effect was immediate, like a tsunami.

The heat I'd been suppressing exploded from my crotch, spreading through my entire body in powerful pulses. My heart pounded, blood rushed to all parts of my body, especially to the center that was already swollen. Rational, controlled lust vanished, replaced by a primitive, urgent, absolute drive to feel warmth and fullness.

"Do it," I growled, my hand grabbing her high-tied red hair. "Lick it. Suck it."

Ophelia nodded slowly, obediently. Her mouth, which usually issued commands or sharp retorts, now opened. Her pink tongue emerged, stiffly and hesitantly stretching out. The tip of her tongue touched the head of my cock, slick with pre-cum.

The sensation of warm, wetness sent an electric jolt down my spine.

"Ahh... yes..." I hissed.

She began to lick it, from base to tip, then swirling around the sensitive head. Her movements were clumsy, unskilled, like someone doing this for the first time—or at least, very rarely. A woman of Ophelia's type, with her arrogance and power, would she ever kneel and suck someone's filthy rod? My lust-addled mind concluded.

But it was precisely that lack of skill, combined with her extraordinary status, that made everything ten times more arousing. There was something deeply satisfying in seeing this formidable Headmistress, a Rank SS woman, struggling to service my cock.

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 26 (+7)]

I couldn't take it anymore. My thin patience was spent. My hand tightened in her hair.

"Enough," I growled, then thrust my hips forward while simultaneously pulling her head closer.

My large, thick cock slid into her small mouth. She choked, a muffled escaping her throat. Her empty eyes widened, her body's natural reflex fighting, but her controlled mind kept her still.

I didn't stop. I kept pushing, feeding more of myself in, tracing her tongue, pressing against the roof of her mouth, then deeper into her throat. It felt incredible. The warmth, the wetness, and the pressure of her throat muscles trying to swallow the foreign object enveloped my shaft perfectly.

"Look at this, Headmistress," I growled, thrusting and pulling in a rough rhythm. "Look at how you swallow every inch of the cock that's going to ruin you."

From the corner of my eye, I could see the clear bulge in her slender neck every time I pushed to the hilt. The shape of my penis was clearly outlined beneath the white skin of her throat. She couldn't breathe, tears beginning to well in the corners of her empty eyes from the choking reflex.

But I didn't care. My rhythm grew faster, deeper. My hand held her head firmly, ensuring no room for escape.

"Ughk! Gluk! Hrk!" Choked gagging and retching sounds forced their way from her throat.

And strangely, even in this controlled and clearly tortured state, Ophelia's body responded in its own way.

Fluid dripped steadily from her tightly closed vagina, soaking her inner thighs and dripping onto the carpet beneath her. Her scent grew stronger, more tempting. Her own body betrayed the truth denied by her arrogance.

"Swallow."

I pulled out of her mouth. Ophelia coughed lightly, saliva dripping from the corner of her reddened mouth. But she immediately opened her mouth again, stuck out her tongue, waiting. I rubbed the wet tip of my cock against her tongue, then gripped the base tightly.

"Hmm...!" I groaned, and a hot spurt of cum shot out, spraying onto her tongue, against the roof of her mouth, filling her oral cavity. She didn't move, waiting until I was finished, then obediently swallowed it all, her sore throat working. A few drops spilled from her lips.

As my breathing began to calm, I looked at her. Her face was still blank, but her cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen and glistening, her eyes watery. This throat-fucking had left clear marks.

"Good. Back on the table," I ordered, my voice still heavy. "Spread your legs. Show me your virgin pussy before I ruin it."

Ophelia stood up shakily, her legs trembling. She turned, then climbed back onto the desk. She sat on its edge, then shamelessly spread her long legs wide apart.

And there, between the fiery red bush, her pink, wet vagina was open for me. Her swollen, slick lips parted slightly, revealing the narrow slit still tightly sealed by her renewed maidenhead. A drop of clear fluid hung at the entrance, waiting.

My cock, having just released part of its load in her mouth, was still hard and throbbing, filled with an even greater desire.

"I'm going to teach your proud head a new lesson, Headmistress," I growled, my voice hoarse and brimming with unrestrained intensity. I stepped forward, standing between her spread thighs. The heat of her body was palpable even before I touched her.

I grabbed the base of my hard cock with one hand, aiming its swollen tip at the waiting, narrow slit. With my other hand, I pressed against her inner thigh, pushing it open wider. Her smooth, warm skin felt hot under my palm.

The tip of my cock met her wet entrance, and a wave of warmth and pleasure rushed through me at the contact. She let out a low moan, a soulless sound escaping her swollen lips.

"Watch," I whispered, pressing forward slowly. "Watch as the student you once ignored... takes your renewed virginity right here, in the most sacred part of you."

### **Chapter 138: Chapter 138 - The Crumbling of a Blank Expression**

I pushed forward with steady pressure.

At first, there was resistance. The tight, long-untouched muscles of her intimacy tensed, repelling the invasion. But beneath that, I could feel it—the thin, elastic membrane of her restored purity. Her virgin pussy fought the penetration, a final defense.

It was a futile fight. Her own copious wetness provided the perfect lubricant. The swollen, glistening tip of my cock, already slick with her saliva, began to part her folds.

"Fuck," I growled between heavy breaths. "So tight... just like a true virgin."

I kept pushing, claiming every centimeter. I felt it all—the warm, soft folds that had never been stretched, the elastic walls clinging desperately to every inch of my invading shaft, the suffocating heat. It was different from Charlotte or Angeline. Different from anyone.

"Hold on, Headmistress," I whispered, my hands gripping her slender hips to pull her closer. "Feel this. Feel how I'm ruining you... for the second time in your life."

Slowly, I pressed on.

There was a faint, tearing snap at the tip of my dick, followed by the sudden give as a deeper, warmer space opened to me.

The final resistance vanished.

"Ughnn—!"

Ophelia jerked. A small convulsion wracked her body, a sharp gasp tearing from her lips. Her vacant eyes blinked rapidly.

A fresh trickle of bright red blood, mingling with her clear arousal, began to drip from where we were joined. It trailed down, staining the smooth white skin of her inner thighs and the polished mahogany of the desk. Her entire form trembled faintly—a pure, physiological response to the violation.

I paused, letting my shaft sink fully to the hilt, and drank in the scene.

Ophelia sat on her own work desk, skirt hiked up and legs spread wide, impaled by her most problematic student. The empty mask of her expression began to fracture around the edges of her eyes, as if a creature was screaming inside a glass box, unable to get out.

"Excellent," I murmured, stroking her flushed cheek with my thumb. "See, Headmistress? You're a virgin girl again. And I'm the one who took it."

Then, something remarkable began.

The walls of her pussy, initially tight and fiercely gripping, began to pulse. A wild, rhythmic clenching, as if the smooth muscles deep within her had awakened with a mind of their own.

They squeezed and released, a perverse exploration, mapping every curve, every vein, every dimension of the cock that now filled her completely.

I could feel the warm, inner flesh shifting and adjusting. It reshaped itself, molding around my shaft, creating a perfect, custom grip.

It was... incredible. As if her newly entered core was being assembled specifically for me. Even motionless, I was being massaged by living flesh that craved my exact shape.

The heat was perfect. The pressure was perfect. A constant, electric tingle spread from the tip of my cock throughout my entire body, a promise of limitless pleasure.

On Ophelia's face, the blankness imposed by [Mind Control] slowly crumbled. Her brows furrowed in pain and a deep, biological confusion. Her body was reacting to the transformation.

Short, wordless pants escaped her lips. Her eyes, though still glazed, blinked faster, as if even her controlled mind was bewildered by the new signals screaming from her uterus and pussy—organs undergoing a permanent, brutal alteration.

Her pussy was being reformatted. For me. For my cock alone.

The pleasure was almost unbearable. This custom-tailored embrace, combined with the sight of this powerful woman utterly helpless, made my cock throb violently, threatening a swift end. But I held back.

"Ahh... God," I snarled, fighting the urge to erupt. It was too good. "Look at this... your body... your perfect, whorish pussy... it's mine now."

I leaned down, my lips brushing her reddened ear.

"Listen carefully, Ophelia," I whispered, my voice hoarse with victory. "This is home now. For me. Your foolish husband will never find his way in again. Every time he tries, all you'll feel is pain... and emptiness."

I pulled my hips back slowly, savoring the blissful friction of every perfect fold sliding along my shaft.

"But when I enter..." I drove back in, deep and hard. "You'll feel this. The warmth. The fullness. The pleasure only I can give you. Your body is now cursed to crave me."

I forcibly tilted her chin up, forcing her vacant eyes toward mine.

"Headmistress," I commanded, my breath hot in her ear. "Wake up. Just for a moment. You'll forget this later, but for now... call me Master!"

The empty expression on Ophelia's face twisted, a war of identities raging beneath the surface. Then, the command took hold.

"AAAHHH!!" The scream ripped from her throat. Her eyes flew wide, flooded with a moment of terrifying, lucid awareness.

"Adam?? MASTER?! YOU—! AH! IT HURTS! WHAT ARE YOU—?!" she shrieked, her voice a tremor of rage, fear, and searing pain. "WHY—?!"

Her conscious mind was drowning in bewilderment. The tearing sensation, the brutal fullness, it all felt so...

"Uuuhnnnn... aah... aahh... it's strange... so hot... it's moving..." She felt her own flesh shifting, changing, adjusting around the intruding shaft. The sensation was horrifying, as if her very insides were alive and reshaping themselves to serve the man violating her.

"I... I want... more... please... move..."

It was the permission I'd been waiting for.

"Like that, my whore," I growled, and I surrendered to the rhythm.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

My pace was fast, deep, and brutal from the first thrust. No more pretense of gentleness. I hammered into her with full force, my hips slamming against the base of her spread thighs with loud, wet impacts.

Every stroke was perfection. The custom-made grip clenched, massaged, and sucked at my shaft with each withdrawal, as if begging me not to leave.

Ophelia screamed. But the sound had changed. The undertone of coercive magic remained, but beneath it surged a tsunami of genuine, wild pleasure.

"AAAAH! YES! LIKE THAT! HARDER!" she screamed, her previously limp hands now clawing at my arms, nails breaking the skin. Her head was thrown back, her slender neck corded and throbbing. "MASTER! MASTER'S COCK... IS PERFECT! MY PUSSY... IT WAS MADE FOR THIS!"

She wasn't wrong. Every thrust didn't just sate my lust—it felt like fulfilling a primal purpose for her newly configured body. Her reformed cunt was a magnet, relentlessly pulling me back in.

I leaned over her, driving even deeper. "Cum for me, whore! Cum on your student's cock!"

"I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMMMING—!!!"

Her body arched like a drawn bow, every muscle seizing. Her perfect pussy convulsed around me in wild, milking spasms, squeezing with impossible force, as if trying to drain my soul and seed directly from my balls. Her release, already copious, gushed out in a hot flood, soaking my thighs and the desk beneath her.

[You have successfully made Ophelia climax.]

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 66.]

### **Chapter 139: Chapter 139 - Silence After the Boom**

Ophelia had truly become a monster of lust beneath me. Her body was now merely a vessel for forced, recreated, and wild pleasure. Each of my thrusts was more than just ordinary penetration—her pussy, transformed and cursed by the Hymen Pill, responded like a perfectly played instrument.

Every time I pushed in, the warm, flexible walls of her pussy adjusted, gripping, then massaging my shaft from base to tip as I pulled out.

The inner folds shifted, pressing against the sensitive spots on my cock with precision. It felt as if her cunt had an intelligence of its own—an intelligence wholly devoted to providing maximum pleasure to my dick.

I felt the head of my cock rubbing against her deep G-spot, and every touch triggered subtle convulsions throughout her body, which in turn made her grip even tighter and more exquisite.

"Ahh... damn, this is too good," I growled between heavy breaths. I forced myself to pull out, feeling her sticky, sucking pussy desperately clinging, as if refusing to let go.

Ophelia groaned at the loss. "Ugh—! Don't!"

"I'm not finished with you," I said, my voice hoarse. "On your knees before me. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, you whore!"

Like an obedient dog, she moved from the table, then knelt before me. Her hands braced against the desk, her back arched, and she tilted her head back, her red mouth wide open, her pink tongue sticking out, waiting. Saliva and traces of my earlier cum still lingered at the corners of her lips. Her eyes, still under the lingering influence of Mind Control, looked up at me with a terrifying, blind devotion.

I stepped forward, grabbing her already messy red hair. With a rough motion, I guided her head towards my crotch.

"This is for you, whore. Swallow it all."

I thrust my still erect, throbbing cock directly into her open mouth, past her tongue, sliding ruthlessly down her throat.

GLAK! GLAK! GLAK!

I fucked her throat roughly and fast, giving her no time to breathe. My hand gripped her hair tightly, setting the rhythm.

I could see the distinct bulge of my cock moving in her slender neck. She choked, tears streaming, but she didn't fight. Her body just rocked with each thrust.

"Now!" I groaned, reaching my climax.

My hot semen shot directly into her deep throat. I remained buried there, feeling the spasms in her throat as she was forced to swallow spurt after spurt. I emptied everything, ensuring not a single drop was wasted.

After the last shot, I let my shaft stay buried in her mouth for a few moments, savoring the final sensation of this domination.

'Here it is,' I thought with profound satisfaction. My plan is to make her mouth addicted to the taste of my cum, and her pussy to the size and shape of my cock.

But she will forget all of this. She will wake with a strangely pleasurable taste in her mouth and a burning heat between her legs, without knowing the cause.

Let her thirsty body scream without knowing what it craves. Her hot pussy and mouth will surely ache, needing something her husband, or anyone else, cannot provide. Only I can, but she doesn't know that. So, what will she do? I smiled cynically, thinking of her coming suffering.

I slowly pulled out. My cock left her mouth with a wet 'plop'. Ophelia sat back on her heels, gasping for breath, cum and drool dripping from the corners of her swollen lips.

I glanced at the system notification. Remaining [Mind Control] time: [03:47...].

"Quickly," I ordered, my voice already calm again even though my body was still full of unsated energy. "Clean yourself up. Fix your clothes. Wipe this desk. You're a mess."

I gave her the [Ring of Self-Control].

"Put this on, now."

She put it on, and slowly, the wild light of lust in her eyes faded. She stood up, wiping the desk with tissues, cleaning the fluids and blood stains left behind. She cleaned her pussy, then put her panties and skirt back on, straightened her blouse, and tied back her partially loose hair.

Within minutes, she looked like the perfect Headmistress again, except for her flushed cheeks and slightly swollen lips. But even that faded quickly, thanks to the Elixir of Bliss.

Meanwhile, my little brother down below was far from satisfied. Still erect, throbbing, and hungry. But I had to be patient. For a more satisfying result later, when a fully conscious Ophelia would come to me herself, begging without knowing why. Plus, at home, I had three women who would gladly be used to satisfy this remaining need.

After everything was tidy, I took the ring back from her finger. I returned to sit in the chair opposite her, arranging myself to look relaxed.

"Sit. In your chair. Forget everything!"

She obediently sat in her headmistress's chair, her posture straight as before.

The [Mind Control] time expired.

Ophelia blinked. The vacant expression on her face melted, replaced by returning awareness. Her deep red eyes blinked several times. Her hand moved to touch her forehead briefly.

"What... something feels strange," she thought.

Her mouth felt... odd. Pleasant. There was a lingering, strange, enjoyable taste on her tongue. And between her thighs... it felt warm. A vague, strange sensation, like she'd lost something or just experienced something intense, but her memory was blank. Thanks to the [Elixir of Bliss] healing physical wounds quickly, there was no clear pain, just a sensation of heat and... a strange emptiness.

She shook her head, as if to dispel the feeling, then looked at me. Her expression returned to its cold, arrogant state, though confusion still lurked beneath.

"If there's nothing else, Headmistress, I'll take my leave," I said, standing.

Ophelia glanced at me, then nodded. "Very well. Don't forget about the tournament next week. Prepare yourself."

"I will," I replied, turning away.

She nodded, but her eyes weren't fully focused on me. One of her hands unconsciously moved to the base of her neck, lightly stroking it. Her tongue licked her still slightly swollen lower lip, and for a split second, there was a flash of confusion in her eyes. It felt strange... good.

As I turned and walked towards the door, I could feel her gaze on my back. I imagined what was happening in her head. Would she connect what just happened to her with me? I could only guess.

As my hand touched the doorknob, I heard a soft sigh from her, followed by the sound of her chair shifting. Perhaps she was trying to rub her hot, needy pussy beneath her skirt.

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That afternoon, the sky above Gatehaven's business district turned blue with a copper tint as dusk approached. Yet the beauty of the sunset faded instantly with the appearance of a figure far more captivating and far more lethal.

High above the city, a woman hovered in the air. Delilah, the Star Witch. Her golden hair was swept by fierce high-altitude winds, forming a living aurora that shimmered behind her. She wore a simple long dress that only further emphasized the perfection of her figure. Her deep golden eyes radiated a cold light as they fixed on a modern office building standing directly before her.

She raised one hand with graceful composure, as if offering something to the heavens. Above the target building's rooftop, the air began to tremble and glow. Golden light, identical to the hue of her eyes, gathered from countless luminous particles, condensing into a colossal silhouette.

Within seconds, an enormous spear of light took form. Its length reached nearly a third of the building's height, slowly rotating above the rooftop while radiating pure energy that made the fine hairs on anyone's arms stand on end.

Below, chaos erupted. People poured out of the building like panicked ants, screams and cries tearing through the air. All eyes were drawn upward in horror as they stared at the looming threat poised to erase their workplace from existence.

When certainty finally settled in her gaze, when no human life remained inside, she lowered her raised hand with a simple motion, like severing an invisible thread.

The massive spear of light stopped spinning. For a brief moment, it seemed to hang in midair, defying gravity itself.

Then it fell, streaking downward like a meteor. The spear's tip struck the rooftop with a sound closer to shattering glass than crushing concrete.

BOOOOOM!

The spear pierced through floor after floor without resistance. Windows across the building exploded outward, raining deadly shards of crystal. Steel structures groaned and twisted. Concrete disintegrated into dust and rubble.

The once-majestic building collapsed inward, consumed by blazing destruction from within, annihilated from rooftop to foundation by a single strike.

Before the debris could spread, Delilah raised her hand once more. A yellowish dome of light emerged, enveloping the collapsing structure entirely. From the outside, all that could be seen was the shadow of the massive building folding in on itself, with dust and rubble trapped safely within the protective barrier.

As the dust within the dome slowly settled, leaving nothing but a mountain of ruins behind, Delilah casually clenched her right hand. The colossal spear of light still embedded in the wreckage flared once, then dissolved into scattered particles of light. The protective dome shrank away and vanished, leaving only silence in its wake.

## Chapter 140: Chapter 140 - The Ice Crystal Secret

Inside Class A's classroom, Yukie sat at her desk near the window. The afternoon sunlight streamed in, causing her silvery white hair to shimmer like snow touched by light. Resting on her open left palm was a small ice crystal, no larger than a pea, glistening faintly.

The crystal contained semen.

Yes, semen.

Yukie had been surprised when she discovered that fact.

It was the result of her own examination. The strange liquid that had suddenly splashed across her face a few days ago, at the exact moment Adam entered the classroom and was announced as awakened.

Even so, there was not the slightest hint of disgust on her cold, flawless face. Her pale white eyes regarded the crystal with nothing more than boredom.

In fact, there was a faint impulse stirring within her, a primitive urge to put the crystal into her mouth, to feel the ice melt and the liquid inside spread across her tongue. She dismissed that impulse effortlessly.

It had been a long time since she had truly felt anything. When her flesh was torn, when her bones were broken, when people looked at her with fear or sickening admiration, it all felt flat and meaningless.

There was only one thing capable of cracking the ice in her chest and stirring something strange and unsettling within her.

Adam Socheron.

Seeing fear in Adam's eyes. Hearing his pained groans. Even witnessing the sparks of hatred and defiance that had recently begun to appear there. Those moments alone gave her sensation, gave her purpose. That was why she never grew tired of tormenting him.

Her thoughts returned to the semen frozen within the ice crystal. It had appeared almost simultaneously with Adam. Was there a connection? Was the mysterious person who had violated her Adam himself?

But how? Teleporting his semen? Impossible. There had been no energy collision, no disturbance. The liquid had seemed to already be there on her face, only for her to suddenly become aware of it.

As if time itself had stopped, someone had moved within it, done that, and then time resumed. Or perhaps it was an overwhelmingly powerful form of mass hypnosis that affected the entire class, including herself, preventing anyone from realizing the incident until afterward.

She frowned slightly. The first possibility sounded absurd.

Then came the next question. Was this Adam's doing?

If it was, it would explain many things, including his sudden awakening.

But that was where the logic broke down. If Adam possessed such power, why had he not used it for revenge right away? Why fight her on the field and allow his arm to be severed? Why go through the trouble of using his mother and starting his revenge with Alex?

And then there was another troubling question. Why did Delilah Socheron suddenly care? That woman had always been indifferent to her stepson.

Yukie closed her hand, sealing the ice crystal and the semen within her palm. The cold seeped into her skin, yet she felt nothing.

The questions spun endlessly without answers.

To know for certain whether the semen belonged to Adam, she would need to obtain one of his hairs or something similar for a DNA test.

'Everything will be answered once I manage to take him with me,' she thought.

Her pale white eyes turned toward the window, gazing out at the empty training field.

She would capture him, then slowly peel away every layer of defense, every lie and every secret, until nothing remained. Until she uncovered the truth about that fluid, about his power, and about what had truly happened behind all the changes surrounding him.

But there was one small problem.

He had vanished.

Since Alex's humiliating incident on the field that morning, Adam had not been seen. He did not appear in any classes. He was not in the cafeteria. Not in the training area. It was as if he had been swallowed by the earth.

Annoyed, Yukie waited for the class to end, intending to search for him herself afterward.

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Alex rubbed his throbbing head, his mind a mess. He had failed. Completely. Adam had not even accepted his humiliating apology. Worse still, he had been beaten and knocked unconscious in front of everyone.

His life was already ruined. And if his father found out that the apology had been rejected, Alex shuddered as he recalled the threat. His father had been serious. Dead serious. That night, Alex had seen pure fear in Orville's eyes, a kind of fear he had never witnessed before.

"Why me?" Alex muttered as he ran a hand through his already messy hair, sitting in the back seat of the car driven by his family chauffeur.

"I was just going along with it. Everyone else is fine." He groaned in frustration, then silently cursed Adam with everything he had.

'Bastard. Trash. This is all your fault.'

The car finally stopped in front of the Rutherford family's grand estate. Alex stepped out, his legs feeling like lead. He entered the house, and the moment the front door locked behind him with a final click, he felt an unnatural chill.

Heavy, rapid footsteps echoed from the main corridor.

Alex froze and slowly turned around.

Orville Rutherford stood there. The face before him was no longer the cold, dignified father he knew, but a mask of pure rage, nearly unrecognizable. Veins bulged along his temples and neck, his eyes red and burning.

Before Alex could speak or even draw a breath, his father lunged forward with shocking speed for a man of his age. Powerful hands clamped around Alex's neck, crushing his throat, lifting him off the floor as if he were nothing more than a rag doll.

"Gkkhh!" Alex struggled, his legs kicking helplessly in the air. The grip was like iron, cutting off air and blood alike. His vision began to blur.

"YOU USELESS BRAT!" Orville roared, his voice shaking the vast lobby with unrestrained fury. "WHAT MORE TROUBLE HAVE YOU CAUSED THIS TIME? DAMN IT! THE STAR WITCH CAME THIS AFTERNOON AND DESTROYED OUR GUILD

HEADQUARTERS TO THE GROUND. EVERYTHING WE BUILT, OUR HISTORY, EVERYTHING!"

Even as he hovered on the edge of unconsciousness, Alex was stunned. Destroyed? The guild building...

"I TOLD YOU TO APOLOGIZE! TO DO WHATEVER HE WANTED!" Orville shook his choking son violently. "BUT YOU? YOU ATTACKED HIM INSTEAD? DO YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME?"

Through his darkening vision, Alex saw others rushing in. His mother, the elegant woman who usually defended him, stood pale and rigid behind a marble pillar, one hand covering her mouth. His two younger brothers, who once looked at him with admiration, stared in terror. None of them moved to intervene.

"F-father... it's not..." Alex forced the words out through his crushed throat, tears streaming down his face. "He... he told me to... nak—"

"I DON'T CARE!" Orville shouted, cutting him off. His grip tightened further, making Alex choke and cough, his eyes feeling as though they would burst. "I SAID ANYTHING! AS LONG AS HE FORGIVES YOU! BUT YOU? YOU THINK YOUR PRIDE IS WORTH MORE THAN THIS FAMILY'S LIVES?"

Orville's rage twisted into something darker, something far more dangerous. His voice dropped to a low whisper, heavy with lethal intent.

"He said this was a warning. If he does not see you apologizing properly tomorrow, he will destroy us. All of us." He leaned in close, until Alex could see the madness and fear intertwined in his father's eyes. "So I am giving you a choice. Tomorrow, you will do whatever Adam Socheron wants. Or..."

He paused, then continued with a hissing whisper.

"I will kill you myself. I will cut off your head and offer it to the Star Witch as proof of our apology. Choose."

The threat was so real, so horrifying, that Alex's survival instinct froze. He glanced desperately at his mother, searching for help, mercy, anything. She only turned her face away, her shoulders trembling with silent sobs. His brothers did the same.

His family had abandoned him.

Orville tightened his grip once more. Alex's world began to fade. He felt the end approaching.

"It might be easier to just kill you," Orville growled with disgust.

Suddenly, humiliating warmth spread through Alex's groin, flowing down his pant legs and dripping onto the polished marble floor. Alex had wet himself. The terror of death crushed everything else. Pride, shame, dignity, all shattered into pure panic. With the last of his strength, Alex nodded wildly, again and again.

Seeing that, Orville finally released him.

Alex crashed onto the floor, now slick with his own urine. He coughed violently, each breath slicing through his lungs like knives. His sobs broke free, uncontrollable, a mixture of pain, humiliation, and absolute terror.

His body trembled violently as he lay in the puddle beneath him, while the towering shadow of his father loomed overhead, eyes filled with hatred and disappointment.

"I... I'll apologize," he sobbed, his voice hoarse and choked with tears, his body shaking uncontrollably in his own mess. "Anything... anything at all... whatever he wants, I'll do it. I promise..."

Orville looked down at him with utter disgust and despair, then turned away.

"Clean yourself up. And tomorrow, you will do whatever he asks. Whatever. Or you know the consequences."

He left Alex behind, still sobbing and shaking on the floor, surrounded by a family that stood silently, watching his complete collapse.