

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 141 - The Lightest Punishment - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 141 - The Lightest Punishment

Chapter 141: Chapter 141 - The Lightest Punishment

The atmosphere in the living room felt warm and heavy with lust. Delilah lay half naked on the sofa, her white dress slipping off one shoulder and revealing her full breasts and hardened nipples.

I knelt in front of her, licking and sucking one nipple with relish while my hand squeezed the other breast. Her soft, skilled fingers stroked the hard bulge beneath my pants, making my cock throb with desire.

"Ahh... Adam, darling... slowly..." Delilah moaned hoarsely, her fingers pressing harder.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Ding dong.

We paused and looked at each other. Delilah looked mildly annoyed, though her cheeks were flushed with arousal. With her dress open and her breath unsteady, she looked ripe and intoxicating.

"I'll get it," I said reluctantly as I stood up. With quick movements, I pulled up my slightly lowered pants and fastened them, stifling a small groan as my rigid cock was suddenly confined again.

Delilah nodded and quickly pulled her dress back into place, fixing her appearance as best she could.

I walked to the door, my face still faintly red and my breathing a little heavy. When I opened it, I was met with a pitiful sight.

Alex Rutherford stood there. But this was not the arrogant Alex I knew. His face was deathly pale, his eyes swollen and red, his hair disheveled. His clothes were wrinkled, as if he had not slept all night. An aura of despair clung to him so thick it was almost tangible.

The moment he saw me, his empty eyes filled with tears. Without hesitation, without caring who might be watching, he dropped to his knees right in front of my door. His forehead pressed against the floor.

"Adam... Adam, please," his voice trembled, thick with suppressed sobs. "I... I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry. For everything I've done. I'm a bastard. I admit it, it's all my fault. I joined in torturing you, I humiliated you... it's all my fault. I'm trash. I... I beg you, forgive me."

His crying broke free, uncontrollable sobs pouring from his shaking body. He was completely broken. There was no pride or arrogance left, only pure fear and desperation.

I stood over him, looking down. A cold, mocking smile filled with satisfaction crept onto my lips. Of course. I was the one who ordered Delilah to destroy the Black Sun headquarters and send a direct threat to Orville.

The result was exactly what I expected, though it was still a little surprising to see Alex this terrified. It seemed his father had truly threatened to kill him.

"Please..." Alex crawled forward slightly, his hand almost touching my shoe but not daring to make contact. "I'll do anything. Anything you want. I'll... I'll strip naked right here if you want. I'll lick your shoes. Just... just please forgive me."

I let out a soft laugh, more like a hiss, filled with disgust and superiority. That laugh made Alex freeze, his face growing even paler.

"When you joined Yukie, Maximus, and the others in tormenting me," I said slowly, my voice flat, "did it ever cross your arrogant mind that one day you would end up like this? Kneeling in front of my house, begging like a beaten dog?"

Alex went silent for a moment, then nodded weakly as tears dripped onto the floor. "I... I was wrong. I deserve this."

"Oh, don't misunderstand," I continued, my tone suddenly sharpening. "You must be wondering why I'm only taking revenge on you. Why not the others?"

Alex lifted his head slightly, his eyes filled with questions and a small, naive spark of hope.

I stepped forward. With a swift and merciless motion, I planted my foot on his head and forced it down, slamming his forehead against the concrete floor with a dull thud.

"Ghk!"

"Don't feel special," I hissed, pressing my foot down harder. "I plan to take revenge on all of you. You, Maximus, Yukie, Isabel, Nerissa, every student who watched and laughed, even the instructors at that damn academy who pretended not to see. All of them."

Alex choked. Through my foot, I could feel his body trembling violently. In his mind, disbelief churned. The Adam he knew, the one who could only curl up and stutter while they abused him, was gone. In his place stood someone speaking with hatred and a plan for vast revenge.

"So... please..." he sobbed again, his voice barely audible. "What do I have to do? For you to stop... for your stepmother to stop threatening my family?"

I lifted my foot from his head.

"Tomorrow," I said clearly. "At the academy. In front of everyone who ever saw you torment me. You will apologize to me. And you will do it naked."

Alex winced, his face twisting with deep shame and horror. "N-naked? I-in front of everyone?"

"Yes," I replied shortly. "If you do it sincerely, if you truly lower yourself to the very bottom, then I will forgive you. And the threat against your father will end. I already told you, among all of them, your punishment is the lightest."

Alex stared at me for a long moment, his face torn between unbearable humiliation and fear for his family's destruction, as well as the threat of death. Finally, with a defeated groan, he nodded. "Alright... I... I'll do it."

He struggled to his feet, his body still trembling, then turned and walked away with unsteady steps.

I closed the door, and only then did the laughter I had been holding back burst out. A cold, satisfied, triumphant laugh. It felt incredible. I could hardly wait for tomorrow.

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The next day, the corridor near Class A was packed with curious students. Whispers spread like wildfire. I stood in the middle of the corridor that had been deliberately cleared.

Then he arrived.

Alex Rutherford walked forward with dragging steps. His face was pale as a corpse, his eyes empty and red. He did not look at anyone. Right in front of me, in the center of the crowd watching with held breath, he stopped.

His trembling hands began to unbutton his uniform.

Chapter 142: Chapter 142 - Corridor of Shame

Alex stopped. His trembling hand still clutched the last button of his uniform, as if it were the final barrier between him and total ruin. His red, glassy eyes looked at me, searching for a sliver of certainty in the hell he was about to enter.

"After this... after all of this... you'll forgive me, right?" His voice was hoarse, almost drowned out by the whispers beginning to echo around us.

"Of course," I replied flatly.

"Promise," Alex hissed. He needed a guarantee hanging in the air, something he could cling to so this unimaginable shame would not be meaningless.

I almost laughed. Seeing him, the former golden boy, now begging for a promise like a terrified child, was deeply satisfying.

"Yes. I promise I'll forgive you."

That assurance was like pressing a switch inside him. Alex took a deep, shaking breath, then lowered his hand back to the button. His stiff fingers wrestled with the fabric, undoing one button after another in rigid motions. The faint creak of cloth and the sound of his own breathing were the only noises left in the suddenly silent corridor.

When his blazer opened, revealing the white shirt beneath, the whispers began again. When he took the blazer off and tossed it to the floor, a few small laughs followed. When he started unbuttoning his shirt, unseen hands lifted their phones. Camera lights flicked on, lenses aimed straight at him.

Alex froze. His wild eyes darted toward the source of the light, toward several students openly holding up their phones, their faces twisted with a sadistic delight.

"HEY! DON'T... DON'T RECORD THIS, YOU BASTARDS!" Alex suddenly screamed, his voice shrill with panic. He cursed, his face burning red with profound humiliation. "STOP IT! DO YOU ALL WANT TO DIE?!"

I stepped closer.

"Let them," I said, loud enough for Alex to hear.

"Or did you forget? You recorded me too. You laughed while you tortured me. You shared it. This is just fair payback."

My words hit him like a slap. Alex's face crumpled, and in his eyes I could see flashes of memory, those humiliating videos from the past now turning back to haunt him.

With a muffled groan, Alex turned his face away, trying to ignore the line of phones and staring eyes. He took off his shirt, then his shoes and socks, until only his underwear remained.

Alex bit his lip until it bled. Tears streamed freely. With movements growing ever stiffer, he removed the rest of his uniform, then undid his belt and lowered his trousers. Now all that remained was a pair of white underwear clinging to his shivering body.

He looked at me one last time. His gaze begged for mercy, for an end. I only shook my head slowly.

"Not yet," I said. "I said naked. Everything."

Alex clenched his teeth. The grinding sound was clear in the sudden silence. In his eyes, I saw bitter understanding. The point of no return had been crossed. After this, he would no longer be Alex Rutherford. He would become a joke, a mockery remembered throughout the academy.

With one final motion, he pulled his underwear down.

A collective gasp filled the corridor, a mix of shock, disgust, and disbelief. Camera lights flashed even more now. Alex stood completely naked in the middle of the crowd, his athletic body now exposed, vulnerable and trembling, his hands desperately trying to cover himself as the cold and shame made everything shrink.

From the corner of my eye, I saw them arrive. Yukie Iceblood and her group stopped at the far end of the corridor. Yukie herself showed no expression, but her sharp eyes swept over the scene coldly. Beside her, Maximus, Nerissa, and Isabel could not hide their disgust and contempt.

"Hey, Rutherford!" Maximus shouted loudly, cutting through the tense silence. "I knew you were a coward, but not this pathetic. Stripping naked and crying in front of trash like Socheron? What a mama's boy. Where are those muscles you always show off? Gone soft already?"

The mockery twisted like a knife in Alex's wound. His already pale face flushed deep red with helpless shame and anger. His fists clenched, but he knew he could do nothing.

"Come on, Alex!" Maximus continued, growing more excited by his suffering. "Since you're already naked, why don't you lie flat and kiss his shoes? Make it look sincere. You said you were sorry, right?"

Rough laughter echoed from those siding with Maximus. Alex lowered his head, his shoulders shaking. The tears he had been holding back finally burst, streaming down his cheeks. He knew it. At this point, there was no going back. His reputation was completely destroyed.

Suddenly, Alex dropped to his knees, then bent forward until his forehead touched the cold floor in front of me, a perfect prostration. His naked body looked utterly surrendered.

"I... I'm sorry, Adam!" he cried, his voice hoarse and breaking with sobs. "For everything. For every insult, every punch, every mockery. I'm a bastard. I'm trash. I deserve this. Please... please forgive me!"

All eyes turned to me.

The corridor was silent, filled only by Alex's miserable sobbing.

I looked around, at faces full of anticipation, fear, or even joy at witnessing another's suffering. My gaze finally returned to the trembling body prostrated before me.

"Alright, Alex," I said calmly. "I forgive you."

A loud sigh of relief escaped Alex's mouth. His body slackened slightly.

"But," I continued in the same flat tone, "that's after I beat you."

"Huh...?!" Alex lifted his head, his tear-filled eyes wide with disbelief.

It was too late. My first kick was already swinging down, slamming hard into his ribs.

THUD!

"Gah!" Alex was flung to the side, clutching his stomach.

I did not stop. I stepped closer and stomped on the arm he raised to protect his face. Alex cried out.

"For every kick you gave!" I snarled, kicking him again, this time in the thigh.

BANG!

"For every slap!"

THUD!

A kick to his back.

"For every insult you screamed!" I bent down and punched him in the face.

SMACK!

His nose, which had already been broken yesterday, started bleeding again.

Alex could only curl up, whimpering, not fighting back at all. He had given up. His naked body was now covered in bruises and scrapes, smeared with blood from his nose and split lip.

After beating and stomping on him for a while, I saw that he was barely moving. With one final hard kick, I sent his body rolling across the corridor floor straight toward Yukie and her group.

Alex stopped rolling and lay there naked and battered at Yukie's feet. He looked at her shoes, then slowly raised his gaze to meet her cold, emotionless stare. A shame deeper than physical pain washed over him, and he turned his face away, crying silently.

I stood up straight and adjusted my uniform slightly. Then I lifted my head and looked directly at Yukie. My purple eyes met her pale, icy ones. A thin smile, full of challenge and simmering hatred, spread across my lips.

The message was clear and undeniable: You're next.

Then, without looking again at the helpless Alex on the floor or the crowd frozen by the brutality they had witnessed, I turned around and walked away. My steps were steady, leaving behind the total destruction of a human being in that corridor.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 5000 EXP.]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 56]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

I chuckled inwardly.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[...]

Chapter 143: Chapter 143 - A Lake of Red

"Just kneeling there is already annoying. Even his breathing pisses me off," Alex hissed, his voice loud enough for everyone to hear while his eyes stayed locked on me.

I could not bring myself to look at them directly. From where I was, all I could see was a row of legs. Yukie stood there in her polished high heels, looking down at me with an icy gaze. Beside her, Maximus wore a crooked smirk, Isabel looked amused by the spectacle, and Nerissa observed with a sadistic glint in her eye.

Alex stepped closer, his slow pace deliberate as he stopped right in front of me. His voice echoed in my already burning ears.

"You know, Adam," he went on, then crouched down until his face was level with mine. His breath clouded faintly in the air. "Maybe the problem is not what you did. Maybe the problem is simply... your existence. You breathe the same air as us. And that alone... contaminates the atmosphere."

He stood up again and glanced at Yukie, as if seeking approval. She did not react, but her indifference was the loudest consent he could have received.

"So how about we fix that problem?" Alex suggested casually.

My heart pounded hard against my ribs. "W-What... what do you want me to—"

"Lick," he cut me off. The word was sharp and merciless. "Lick our shoes. One by one. Apologize for being born, for still being alive and daring to breathe this air. Maybe then we can tolerate your existence a little longer."

The order hung heavily in the suffocating air. Nausea churned in my throat. My eyes, almost against my will, traced the line of shoes in front of me.

"Do it!" Alex barked, pointing at the floor.

I crawled forward, my stomach twisting painfully. Slowly, I bent down, bringing my face close to the tip of Yukie's leather heel. From the corner of my eye, I could see the hem of her neat black skirt.

Tears finally spilled, dripping onto the marble floor before my tongue even touched her shoe. A sense of filth, deep and all consuming, flooded every part of me.

"Good dog," Alex muttered behind me, his voice satisfied.

I crawled sideways, humiliation burning into every inch of my skin. As I neared Maximus's large, heavy boots, Isabel suddenly sneered.

"Ew, don't come near me," she said in a shrill voice, hiding a small laugh behind her slender hand. "You're obviously just looking for an excuse to peek. You disgusting pervert."

She crossed her arms, her pretty face twisting in disgust. "Exactly. Shameless. That's obviously what he's thinking."

Nerissa snorted coldly. "Don't involve me. I don't want my shoes touched by something that filthy."

I kept my head down. There was no defense left in my mind. No dignity worth trying to protect.

Alex scoffed, taking in their reactions like applause.

"See?" he said, as if proving a point. "Even when you try to humble yourself, you're still disgusting."

He stepped forward again and placed his expensive white sneakers right in front of my nose. "Forget them. Focus. Lick mine. And this time, say your apology."

I stared at the shoes. Every stain, every crease in the white fabric seemed arranged just to humiliate me. In a hoarse whisper, I said, "I-I'm sorry... please forgive me... for... existing."

"Hah," he mocked flatly. "What a pathetic sight."

The kick came without warning, from the side, slamming into my temple.

The world spun and went dark in an instant. My cheek smashed against the cold floor, sharp pain competing with the burning pulse inside my skull. Through the deafening ringing in my ears, I faintly heard Alex's voice.

"Idiot."

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Every time that memory surfaces, I feel like tearing my own skull apart, smashing my head against a wall again and again, just to erase it. To wash away the humiliation that still feels wet on my tongue and hot against my cheek.

But I cannot.

All I can do is something worse.

So, to calm myself, I look ahead.

On the floor of the Rutherford family's luxurious living room lie four bodies, scattered and lifeless.

Their necks have been cleanly severed, the heads lying not far from their bodies, frozen in expressions of shock. Orville with his last look of disbelief. The mother with her mouth still open, a scream trapped forever inside. Alex's two younger brothers, still far too young to understand why they had to die. The expensive carpet has become a thick red lake, soaking up every last trace of life.

The sight, brutal in its chaos, gives me a strange sense of peace.

Then, the front door creaks open.

Alex steps inside, his face still pale and drained from the day that destroyed him at the academy.

His eyes jump from one point to another, trying to process what he is seeing. Blood. So much blood. Headless bodies. And then... the heads. Faces he has known his entire life.

"No..." he whispers, more breath than sound. "No... no... NO!"

His legs give out. He collapses onto the marble floor at the doorway, not far from his father's severed head. His body trembles violently, as if seized by convulsions. His hands reach out into the air, wanting to touch but too afraid. His mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water, trying to form words, questions, screams, but no sound comes out.

"Ekh..." Alex chokes, unable to comprehend what lies before him.

Why?

The question is written clearly in every ragged breath, in his wide eyes filled with horror.

'I did everything. I knelt. I stripped. I was beaten. Why?'

Standing in the center of the room, surrounded by my work, I finally speak, cutting through the unspoken question.

"Idiot," I say.

Alex turns toward me, his eyes flooded with tears and a growing madness. He sees me standing among his family's corpses, my shoes stained red, and a reality more horrifying than any nightmare finally sinks in.

I begin to walk. My steps are slow, splashing against the wet floor. I step over his headless mother's body, approaching Alex as he sits frozen in shock.

"Y-You..." he finally manages to speak, his voice hoarse and raw. "You... lied... you said... you would forgive me..."

I stop right in front of him, looking down as if at an insect.

"I lied," I confirm simply. "I will never forgive you. Not today. Not tomorrow. Even when you are dead and reduced to bones, my hatred for you will still live on."

"RAAGHHH!"

A howl of pure despair and unbearable pain bursts from Alex's throat. He tries to crawl forward to attack me, but his body is too weak.

I give him no chance. My foot, driven with strength equal to an S Rank, slams into his chest with force capable of crushing steel.

THUD!

The sound of ribs snapping is like dry wood breaking. Alex is thrown backward, his body smashing into the wall beside the door with such force that it cracks. He falls and sprawls on the floor, his mouth hanging open as he tries to breathe, only hissing sounds and bubbling blood escaping.

I step closer, unhurried. I crush his outstretched arm beneath my foot, the right one that used to point at me and slap me around.

CRACK!

"AAAAAGH!" His scream tears through the silence of the death soaked house.

"Where is your pride now, Alex?" I ask, shifting my foot to his left arm. "When you ordered me to lick your shoes? When you laughed at my tears?"

CRACK!

Another scream, higher and more desperate. His left arm bends at an unnatural angle.

I move to his legs. I lift my foot and bring it down onto his right shin.

CRUNCH!

"STOP! PLEASE! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY AGAIN! I'LL DO ANYTHING!" he screams, his voice dissolving into a mix of sobs, shrieks, and blind panic.

"Too late," I reply, moving my foot to his left shin. "Your apologies are worthless. They always were."

CRUNCH!

Now Alex lies on the floor, surrounded by his family's corpses, both arms and both legs broken. He can no longer crawl. All he can do is cry and writhe in unimaginable pain.

And then, amid the pain and horror, his body responds in the most primitive way. His pants grow wet, the sharp stench of urine mixing with the smell of blood in the air.

I look down at him, at his soaked clothes, his ruined body, the tears and snot covering his face.

"Pathetic," I murmur. "Truly pathetic."

That word seems to snap the last thread of his sanity. Alex's pain filled eyes suddenly blaze with the purest, wildest hatred, like a cornered beast.

"YOU... YOU MONSTER!" he roars, his voice hoarse and cracking. "YOU DEVIL! YOU BASTARD! I CURSE YOU! I CURSE YOUR LIFE, ADAM SOCHERON! YOUR WHORE OF A MOTHER WILL DIE IN THE MOST HUMILIATING WAY! AND YOU... YOU WILL DIE AND SUFFER IN HELL FOR ETERNITY! YOU—"

"Pfft..."

I can barely hold back my laughter.

"Do you realize how ridiculous you sound just now?" I ask.

Alex falls silent at my mockery.

The same foot that shattered his bones rises, then crashes down, aimed straight at his hatred filled face.

BRUK!

The kick lands squarely on his mouth. The sound of teeth shattering and a jaw cracking is clear. His curse turns into gurgling blood and incoherent whimpers. His lips split, several front teeth breaking loose and scattering across the floor.

Now he is quiet, only weak groans and sobs escaping him as blood pours from his ruined mouth.

I bend down and grab his hair, yanking his head up and forcing him to meet my cold gaze.

"Don't be so pathetic, Alex," I whisper. "I... am not done yet."

Chapter 144: Chapter 144 - Madness in Empty Eyes

I yanked Alex's tangled hair, dragging his writhing, pain-groaning form into the spacious living room. The door closed with a final click, trapping all the terror inside.

In the center of the opulent living room, filled with antique furniture and an air of elegance, now lay seven motionless men.

They were the servants, security guards, and drivers who worked in this mansion. Before Alex returned, I had already swiftly incapacitated them, ensuring no one would interrupt my vengeance.

I threw Alex's broken body into the middle of them like trash. Alex let out a hard gasp as his wounded form hit the floor.

He tried to move, to twitch a limb, but every effort ended only in a deeper groan of pain. His bent arm and misshapen legs could only twitch helplessly.

"Aah... damn it..." he sobbed, tears flowing continuously. His swollen eyes stared at me, full of fear and unanswered questions. "What... what are you going to do, Adam? What more do you want from me? I've already... everything is already...!"

He saw his family's corpses in the next room, then looked at the unconscious people around him, and couldn't comprehend what worse thing could possibly happen.

I didn't answer immediately, only took out [The Fleshcraver's Loop] from my inventory.

The ring felt cold and alive in my palm. I observed it for a moment, rereading its description in my mind.

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

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

I had only used it once before in a dungeon, on a stone-bodied monster. The result was absolute madness and a blind rampage directed at me. But on humans? This would be the first trial.

"An experiment," I finally answered Alex, my voice flat.

"An experiment...?" Alex repeated, the fear in his eyes reaching a new level, darker than the mere fear of death. He didn't understand, but the word itself was terrifying enough.

I ignored his whimpers. Quickly, I walked along the line of unconscious men. To each one, I delivered a hard, echoing slap across the cheek or chin. One by one, they jerked awake, groaning, clutching their sore faces while their expressions remained confused and afraid.

Slap! Slap! Slap...!

They looked at me, then at Alex, bruised and formless in their midst. Confusion and fear were plain in their eyes.

When they were all conscious, I walked over to Alex. I grabbed his broken hand and forcibly slipped The Fleshcraver's Loop onto one of his fingers. The ring fit perfectly, and its strange pulsing immediately felt stronger.

"What... what is this?" Alex whispered, panicked, feeling the foreign object throbbing like a parasite on his finger. "Take it off! TAKE IT OFF!"

I only smirked cruelly. The moment the ring was on, I immediately felt its effect like a thick fog creeping into my mind, pushing wild, primitive images.

But I was prepared. With quick steps, I retreated, stepping outside the five-meter radius indicated by the item's description.

I stopped, right at the edge of its influence, and watched.

The effect was almost instant.

The men who had just regained consciousness, who initially only seemed confused and afraid, simultaneously changed their expressions.

Their eyes, fixed on Alex, suddenly lost logical focus, replaced by a dark, ravenous primal light. Their breathing grew heavy, like animals scenting prey. Their gazes locked onto a single point: Alex, lying helpless with the pulsating ring on his finger.

"Sir Alex?" one of them mumbled, but his voice sounded hoarse and strange.

"Hey! You! Snap out of it!" Alex screamed, his voice trembling with escalating pain and panic.

"It's me, Alex! Help me! Stop him!" He jerked his head in my direction.

But no one looked at me. All eyes, all attention, were fixated on him. A young, burly security guard moved first. He said nothing. Just knelt beside Alex, then without warning, opened his mouth and... bit down.

"AAAKH! DAMN IT! GET OFF!" Alex shrieked as the man's teeth tore into the skin of his already broken arm, ripping the flesh. Fresh blood spurted.

Alex's pain and screams seemed to be the signal for the others. One by one, they crawled closer. A chef, a gardener, and the other servants. They no longer saw Alex as their young master. They saw... something to be consumed. They were like zombies. There was a wild lust in their eyes, a lust that overrode all morality and social bonds.

"Stop! I order you to stop!" Alex screamed through tears as his other hand was bitten by the elderly driver. "Bastards! Animals! GET AWAY FROM ME!"

But his cries merely became the background music to the savage scene. They bit, clawed, and tore at Alex's already tattered clothes. His skin was ripped, his flesh torn. The elegant living room transformed into a horrifying arena of cannibalism. The smell of fresh blood, raw meat, and the sweat of fear filled the air.

Alex screamed, howled, tried to struggle but his body could no longer do anything. His tears mixed with blood and snot. He called their names, cursed them, begged them.

Then, amidst the unbearable pain, his wild, tear-filled eyes found me. I stood at a safe distance, watching calmly.

"A-Adam... please..." his voice broke, full of absolute despair. He was no longer angry, no longer cursing. Only pleading. "Please stop... them... I beg you... I'll do anything... please..."

I watched him for a moment, head slightly tilted, as if considering.

"Hmm, maybe I went a bit overboard," I said in a tone almost like someone deep in thought.

Alex's face, already bruised and blood-smeared, suddenly shone briefly with a naive, pitiful hope. "Yes... yes! You did! Please stop it! I beg you!"

He kept pleading, while around him, the people who once worked for his family continued to chew on his flesh as if at a feast.

"This is getting too messy," I murmured to myself.

I opened my inventory again. This time, [Aphrodisiac Elixir] appeared, a small bottle filled with a pink liquid. I twisted the cap open. I still had eleven uses left, and this felt like the perfect moment for a... follow-up experiment.

I stepped closer, suppressing the strange, instinctive urge rising inside me. Roughly, I grabbed the hair of one man who was busily tearing at the flesh of Alex's thigh. He lifted his blood-smeared face, eyes empty and feral.

Without giving him a chance to react, I poured the elixir into his open mouth. He choked, swallowed on reflex, then turned back to Alex with the same vacant stare, as if nothing had happened at all.

But I knew better.

The effect only needed a few seconds.

I moved quickly.

One by one, I poured the elixir into the mouths of the other six men, lost in their cannibalistic feast. They only grunted, swallowed, then refocused on Alex, who was half-unconscious from blood loss and pain.

After that task was done, I hastily retreated again, jumping back beyond the five-meter boundary. That distance immediately cleared my mind of the strange fog.

"A... Adam...?" he whispered, as if asking if this was mercy.

I didn't answer.

The dark effect of the ring faded from my mind, replaced by curiosity. What would happen? The [Aphrodisiac Elixir] was designed to induce extremely high sexual arousal, overpowering all inhibitions. Combined with [The Fleshcraver's Loop] which had already stripped them of logic and morality...

A cruel smile spread across my lips. This would be interesting.

Chapter 145: Chapter 145 - The Deepest Pit

Alex felt the pressure of biting and clawing stop for a moment. He sobbed in relief, his breath ragged, his swollen eyes watching as the men backed away slightly, seemingly confused. A small flicker of relief might have sparked in his heart, thinking the torture was over.

But it was only a pause before a more terrifying storm.

I watched closely. The change wasn't overly dramatic, but it was clear.

The men stopped gnawing on Alex's flesh. Instead, their bodies began to grow restless. Their breathing, which had been heavy with the urge to consume, now shifted to a different kind of panting. Their faces began to flush from a sudden internal heat.

They tore at their own clothes. Within seconds, the seven men stood naked around Alex, their bodies smeared with blood and sweat.

Alex looked around with an expression slowly filling with a new horror—a horror even deeper than the fear of being eaten alive.

A premonition whispered of something far, far worse. His blood and tear-filled eyes shifted to me, and there he saw not mercy, but the cold expression of a spectator waiting for the show to begin.

My gaze shattered him completely. He realized the hell he was experiencing hadn't yet reached its deepest pit.

Then, Alex saw it. Among the naked, standing bodies, their "weapons" were raised, tense and hard, pointing at him like compass needles drawn to the pole of his suffering.

"A-Adam... don't..." he whispered, his voice hoarse and hollow.

But it was too late. They needed no orders. A completely new instinct, triggered by the deadly mix of elixir and ring, had taken over.

One of them stepped closer. His rough, calloused hands grabbed Alex's half-naked hips, easily flipping his broken body over. Alex screamed, more from terrible anticipation than physical pain alone.

Then, with a brutal thrust and without any preparation, the gardener drove into Alex from behind.

"NGHAAAAAAAAAKKKHHHHHHH—!!!"

Alex screamed louder than ever. A mixture of immense physical pain, unimaginable violation, and absolute mental destruction. His voice broke, sounding more like the death groan of an animal.

That was just the beginning. The others, seeing that first act as a green light, swarmed in. Rough hands grabbed other parts of Alex's body, forcing him open, entering.

The grand living room echoed with the sounds of brutal bodies, groans of agony, and wordless grunts from the men who had lost their minds. They didn't speak, only snorted, growled, like mating animals.

I watched for a few long seconds. At first, there was satisfaction in seeing Alex's suffering reach a new level.

But then, another feeling crept in.

Disgust. A deep, sudden disgust. The sight of seven men crawling like insects over the shattered body, satisfying their most basic urges in a scene of barbaric gang rape... it was too much. Even for me.

"Damn it," I cursed silently. "My pure eyes have been defiled by something this vile."

I turned my face away, staring toward the window.

Yet Alex's unending screams, the ragged breathing of the men, and the sick, wet sounds still forced their way into my ears.

At the edge of my vision, just as I was about to leave, I saw Alex. His head was twisted to the side, his eyes nearly hollow as they stared at me. In that gaze, there was no hope left, not even raw fear. Only madness remained. A madness born from suffering that had gone far beyond what a human mind could endure.

That was enough. My stomach truly churned now.

I turned and walked out of the living room, leaving the space and all its terror and filth behind. I slammed the door shut, trying to block out the sounds, and moved down the dark corridor of the mansion, struggling to erase the images I had just witnessed from my mind.

I needed fresh air.

I needed to cleanse my eyes of that stain.

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More than three hours had passed. I estimated the effects of the intense but temporary [Aphrodisiac Elixir] should have worn off by now. With a mix of morbid curiosity and lingering disgust, I made my way back to the Rutherford mansion's living room.

The first thing to hit me was the smell—a horrific stench of blood, sweat, semen, and human waste. I held my breath for a moment as my eyes adjusted to the revolting scene.

Six of the seven men lay unconscious on the floor, their naked bodies in a pitiful state. The seventh was still moving faintly. His body rose and fell over Alex's motionless form, performing a few final, weak thrusts before he too finally collapsed to the side, falling still.

Then, there was Alex.

He was alive. His breaths were short and shallow, but they were there.

What surprised me was that he was still conscious. His eyes were open, staring at the ceiling. But there was nothing in them. No terror, no tears, no despair. Only total emptiness. A void more frightening than any hysterical sobbing.

His battered body, covered in bite marks, bruises, and unmentionable fluids, lay limp. It was no wonder he was still conscious; the perpetrators were mostly ordinary men, and even the Rank C security guard had finally exhausted himself to the point of passing out.

As my footsteps echoed, Alex's vacant eyes shifted ever so slowly, searching for the source of the sound.

Once they landed on me, something akin to an emotion flashed through them—pure, instinctual fear. His ruined body twitched, trying to crawl backward, but all he could manage was a feeble squirm in the puddle of his own filth.

"Ghh... d-d... don't..." A hoarse rasp escaped his swollen, toothless mouth, trying to form the word 'don't,' but failing utterly. He sounded like a mortally wounded animal. His mind had been shattered to pieces, wiped clean by unimaginable trauma.

I stepped closer, my face contorted in disgust at the sight. The foul odor grew sharper. Alex squirmed again, letting out a muffled groan of fear.

I reached for his hand, which still wore [The Fleshcraver's Loop]. The ring felt warm and pulsed faintly. I pulled it off his finger. He flinched slightly. I stored the ring back in my inventory, making it vanish from sight.

I looked at Alex one last time. A thin, cold, deeply satisfied smile finally touched my lips.

There was nothing left to say. Nothing more to do here.

I turned and left him amidst the ruins of his former life. Before exiting the silent, tomb-like house, I equipped the [Faceless Mask] and with a thought, shifted my face to that of an ordinary, nondescript deliveryman.

Outside, the fresh night air greeted me. I took a deep breath, cleansing my lungs of the stench of death and violence.

The night sky stretched wide above, dotted with cold, indifferent stars that twinkled over the horrific drama that had just unfolded below.

And then, something inside me broke loose.

Laughter.

First a huff, then a giggle, finally erupting into long, loud, uncontrollable laughter. I laughed like a madman, standing in the middle of the quiet road before the mansion that housed a hell.

"Ha... hahahahaha! AHAHAHAHAHA!"

Every laugh was a release. The memories of Alex ordering me to lick his shoes, kicking my head, laughing as I curled up in pain—they were all paid in full. Repaid with a ruin far deeper, far more total, than he could have ever imagined.

As the laughter subsided, leaving behind an incredible sense of relief and slight exhaustion through my entire body, I drew one last long breath.

'I need to refresh myself,' I thought, gazing at the stars.

That disgusting scene in the house needed to be scrubbed from my mind. I needed something... pleasant. Something to restore balance, and remind me of the other pleasures this world had to offer.

Chapter 146: Chapter 146 - A Pout and a Run

"Adam, honey, you're ba—"

Delilah, standing in the hallway in a simple lavender house dress, didn't get to finish her sentence. I strode quickly and immediately swept her into a tight embrace.

I buried my face right into her ample, full breasts, feeling their softness and warmth even through the thin fabric of her dress. Her sweet, fragrant scent instantly flooded my senses. My hands weren't idle; they immediately grabbed her round, firm buttocks, kneading them with fervent passion through the smooth dress.

"Mmh—!" Delilah gasped, her body arching back slightly from the force of my somewhat rough hug. A small moan, full of surprise and something else, escaped her lips. Her flawless cheeks flushed crimson instantly.

"A-Adam... you're so naughty..."

Her voice was husky, teasing.

Her hands, which had been raised in shock, now came down. One wrapped around my back, while the other boldly slipped between us and pressed directly against the hard bulge straining behind my pants. Her fingers stroked the shaft of my dick, which reacted by hardening even more.

"You're really impatient, aren't you?" she whispered in my ear, her breath warm. "You still smell of blood and sweat, haven't even showered, and you're already like this..."

I lifted my head a little, still nestled against her chest, gazing at her flushed face and her sparkling golden eyes.

"Mom," I murmured, my voice ragged with desire. "How can any woman be as tempting and sexy as you? I truly can't believe there were two foolish men in your life who neglected you all this time. Were they blind?"

Delilah smiled, a smile that was slightly shy yet full of satisfaction. It made her look younger and more enchanting. "Sweetheart, I'm so happy that you want me this much."

"Surely many praised your beauty. Your face is often on the cover of 'Most Beautiful Hunters' magazine every year," I continued, one hand still squeezing her butt, the other rising to stroke her soft blonde hair.

She shook her head gently, her eyes gleaming. Her fingers on my crotch pressed deeper, making me hiss. "Beauty and fame like that... I never really cared about it. I prefer attention from someone who truly... values me."

Then, she brought her lips close to my ear again, her voice dropping lower, more seductive. "So... do you want to have dinner first, Son? Or..." she paused briefly, "...have me first?"

That temptation was like throwing gasoline on the fire inside me. My desire surged.

"Mom, since when did you become such an expert at teasing like this?" I asked, kissing her slender neck, savoring her fragrant skin.

Delilah sighed, her body swaying slightly in rhythm with the movements of my hand on her rear.

"Ever since I became... yours," she answered simply, yet meaningfully.

I pulled her closer and pressed my lips against her red ones.

The kiss was deep, full of hunger, and mutual claiming. My hands roamed over her dress, feeling every perfect curve of her body. She kissed me back passionately, her tongue tangling with mine.

But after a moment that felt far too short, I pulled away, albeit reluctantly. My breath was ragged. Delilah looked at me with glassy, questioning eyes.

I smiled, trying to calm the raging lust.

"I think... we'd better have dinner together first. I'm hungry too. And..." I slowly released her, though her hand was still reluctant to let go of my crotch, "...I brought gifts for you all."

Delilah looked slightly disappointed, but her smile soon returned. "Gifts? For me and the girls?"

"For all of you," I answered, finally releasing my embrace completely. "But... maybe after dinner, we could... continue our earlier conversation?"

Delilah's golden eyes gleamed again. She nodded slowly, then licked her lips in a very deliberate motion. "Of course, Sweetheart. I'll... prepare a special dessert."

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Dinner proceeded in a... unique atmosphere. Mom's cooking was incredible, but my focus was divided.

I sat at the table with Gwenneth to my left. She ate very slowly and was clearly trying not to look at me. But under the table, it was a different story.

Her delicate hand carefully stroked the shaft of my cock, which had been erect since earlier. Her movements went up and down, sometimes pausing at the tip to swirl her thumb over the head, now glistening with pre-ejaculate. Her touch was exquisite; as if she knew every centimeter of that shaft.

Across the table, Delilah and Angeline were making light conversation. But their attention was clearly divided as well.

"Brother," Angeline suddenly spoke up, cutting off the talk about the weather. Her eyes, the same color as her mother's, sparkled with enthusiasm. "Everyone in my class is talking about you, you know. You're the hot topic."

She smiled a little proudly, as if it were her own achievement.

"Oh really? What about?" I asked casually while taking a bite of meat, while under the table, Gwenneth's grip tightened.

"Well, about you awakening as a Rank A Awakener, of course! And..." she lowered her voice a bit, though it was still clear, "...about how you humiliated Alex Rutherford and the others. They said you finally got your revenge."

I swallowed my food.

'Little brat,' I thought to myself, a familiar annoyance rising. 'Weren't you the one who most often looked down on and mocked me in this house? You were the most vocal calling me trash and a loser. Did you forget?'

But I simply nodded, keeping my expression neutral. "I see."

Even though we attended the same academy, Angeline and I rarely ever ran into each other since our classroom buildings were separated. I was a third-year, while she was only a first-year.

"They totally deserved it!" Angeline exclaimed, her cheeks flushing slightly with emotion. "How dare they look down on me—I mean, look down on my brother!"

Delilah, who had been quietly observing, finally spoke. Her voice was gentle as ever.

"Adam, honey, do you want more? Your plate is almost empty." Her gaze dropped to my plate, then rose to my face with a look full of concern.

I shook my head. "I'm full, Mom. Thank you."

But Delilah gave a small smile, a somewhat mysterious one.

"In that case, Mom isn't full yet." She said as she stood from her chair. "Mom is still lacking... something."

"Mom?" Angeline looked at her mother, confused.

Delilah didn't answer. Gracefully, she walked around the table and sat in the empty chair to my right. As soon as she sat down, her hand immediately went under the table. But not to my cock—she reached further back, and her skillful fingers began to gently stroke and massage my scrotum.

The sensation was immediately different, deeper, more thorough. Meanwhile, Gwenneth on the left, sensing her mother's presence, became even more eager. The speed and pressure of her hand increased, as if wanting to show who was better.

"Ah—" I almost moaned but managed to hold it back.

Gwenneth, who was usually arrogant and mocking, was now completely silent. I glanced at her. "You're quiet, Gwen? Don't you have anything to say?"

Gwenneth froze, her hand stopping for a moment.

"I...I..." She fumbled for words, fear and confusion warring in her eyes.

Delilah, while continuing her expert massage, saved her—or perhaps redirected the topic. "By the way, Gwen, how's the investigation into the missing Time Ticket from your guild? Any leads?"

Gwenneth sighed in relief, her hand moving again, this time slower. "No, Mom. No leads at all. It's as if it just vanished."

Angeline, seeing her mother and sister "conspiring" under the table and feeling left out, grew restless. Her cheeks grew redder.

"Mom! Sis! You two—!" she protested, but couldn't finish her sentence. She stood up, then, with a quick and shameless movement, slipped under the table.

We all fell silent for a moment. Then, I felt her presence between my legs. She looked up, her big, bright eyes gazing at me full of hope and pleading.

I chuckled, holding back both ticklishness and mounting desire.

"Back to your seat, Angel. Your mouth is still dirty from eating. I don't like that."

Angeline's expression immediately fell. She pouted, clearly very disappointed. "But—"

"But," I cut in, "as a substitute... you can use your feet."

Angeline's face lit up again, though a slight pout remained. She crawled back to her seat. Then she lifted both her long, slender legs, stretching them out under the table. Her feet were bare—it seemed she had purposely not worn socks since earlier. Those feet were white, smooth, with neat toes.

I grabbed her cold ankles. Her skin was smooth as silk. I directed her small soles towards my crotch.

"Mom, Gwen," I ordered briefly.

They understood immediately. Gwenneth withdrew her hand, and Delilah stopped her massage. Together, they then held Angeline's feet, positioning the cold, soft soles directly onto my throbbing shaft.

Ah... The sensation was truly something else.

Cold, smooth, but with just the right pressure from the arches of her feet. They began moving Angeline's feet up and down, rubbing them along the length of my shaft.

Angeline, across the table, had a face flushed crimson, biting her lip to hold back what seemed to be a ticklish sensation; her feet occasionally twitched.

The combination of Delilah and Gwenneth's skilled maneuvering of the feet and the unique sensation of Angeline's skin was too much. My desire peaked. My shaft twitched wildly, and I knew I couldn't hold back any longer.

"I'm gonna come..." I groaned.

Delilah, with incredible reflexes, immediately grabbed a small empty bowl containing some leftover gravy. With a swift motion, she placed it right beneath the tip of my cock.

No time to think anymore. The pent-up heat erupted. Thick white jets spurted out vigorously, quickly filling the small bowl.

I let out a long sigh, my body going slightly limp, while three pairs of eyes at the table were fixed on the spectacle.

After the final twitch, I took a deep breath. In my heart, I could only curse: Fuck, that was so good...

Angeline stared at the bowl filled with my semen, then looked at her mother.

Before she could say anything, Delilah spoke in a soft yet firm voice, while still holding her youngest daughter's foot.

"You've gotten your share directly quite often, sweetie," Delilah said to Angeline, her eyes gleaming. "Let Mom enjoy the results this time."

Angeline looked at her mother with disbelief, then her pout returned.

"Mom, you're greedy! I hate you!" she snapped. Then, she pulled her foot back, stood up, and ran out of the dining room, leaving the three of us behind.

The atmosphere at the dining table suddenly turned quiet. Gwenneth was still frozen, unsure what to do. Delilah just smiled faintly, then carefully lifted the bowl containing my semen as if it were liquid gold.

I sat there, digesting the scene that had just unfolded.

'Was she sulking?' I thought. It felt... kind of funny and endearing.

Chapter 147: Chapter 147 - Family Service

The silence in the dining room didn't last long. Just a few minutes after Angeline fled, the sound of quick, light footsteps approached once more.

Angeline reappeared in the doorway, her face still slightly flushed, but her eyes shone with new determination.

"Brother, I brushed my teeth," she declared clearly, shattering the quiet. "And I gargled too. See? All clean. No food left."

Before anyone could comment, she opened her mouth wide, displaying her clean white teeth and pink tongue.

Her expression was so innocent and serious, it left me, Delilah, and Gwenneth stunned. Gwenneth even paused her caress for a moment. There was something so guileless, direct, and yet incredibly lewd about this action.

A small smile touched my lips. I gave a approving nod.

Angeline's expression instantly brightened. Without wasting a second, she slid back under the table and emerged between my thighs, right in front of my cock. My shaft stood stiff, as if greeting her.

"Do you like my dick that much, Angel?" I asked, my tone teasing as my hand stroked her soft golden hair.

Angeline looked up, her face flushed again, but this time she didn't look down. She took a deep breath, as if gathering courage, then in a loud, slightly trembling but resolute voice, she said, "Yes! I... I really do! I admit it! I'm your cocksucker! That's... that's my job!"

The words seemed to explode from her mouth, and after saying them, she looked both relieved and incredibly embarrassed.

Without waiting for my response—or perhaps because she was too ashamed—she immediately bowed her head and opened her small mouth. The tip of my cock was instantly enveloped within it.

"Damn..." I hissed to myself. The sight was both sexy and adorable. Her serious face, her golden eyes gazing up at me with such misplaced dedication, and the way her small mouth eagerly tried to lick and suck.

Even though she often gives me blowjobs, my size is still too much for her petite throat. Angeline tried valiantly, pushing her head deeper, but she could only take about two-thirds of my length.

For the rest, she cleverly used her small hands to stroke and massage the unreachable base, while her tongue busily worked around the head.

"Good girl... Angel... you're amazing..." I praised, my hand pressing gently on her head to help her keep the rhythm.

Delilah, watching from the side, drew a sharp breath. "Oh my, Mommy is truly jealous watching this," she whispered, her voice husky with desire.

I tore my attention from Angeline's mouth for a moment to look at my stepmother.

"Don't be jealous, Mom," I said with a smile, my eyes dropping to her chest, still covered by fabric. "You have your own special qualities no one else has. Your breasts... they are a gift from heaven. I've always wanted to suckle from you."

Delilah understood. Her cheeks flushed, but a small smile appeared. She reached for the straps of her dress on her shoulders and pulled them down. The fabric slipped, revealing flawless pale skin, and finally... her massive, voluptuous breasts sprang free. They swayed gently before settling, full and heavy, with pink nipples already stiff and hardened in invitation.

She pushed them toward my face.

"Drink, Darling," she whispered, her eyes gleaming. "Drink Mommy's milk so you can grow even stronger."

I didn't wait for a second invitation. Both my hands immediately grabbed and squeezed her impossibly large breasts, filling my palms.

The feeling was incredible—soft, firm, and utterly arousing. I brought my face close and took both nipples into my mouth at once, sucking greedily.

"Ahh~ Adam!" Delilah let out a long moan, her body arching. Her slender hands helped, squeezing and massaging her own breasts, pushing her areolae to release more milk. "Suck harder... drink more... for you... all for you..."

My excitement grew. The taste of her sweet, warm milk flooded my mouth, satisfying a different kind of thirst. While my tongue played with her nipples, I watched Delilah's upturned face, her eyes closed in pleasure, her lips parted as short gasps escaped.

From the corner of my eye, I caught another sight: Gwenneth. She sat rigidly beside me, her hand had stopped moving. Her face was pale, her eyes wide as she watched the scene between her mother, her step-sister, and me.

Even though her body had become an obedient sex slave and her mind was under my control, her basic logic and deepest morals hadn't been completely twisted.

Witnessing this scene—mother and daughter serving me in such an intimate and 'wrong' way—still stirred disgust and horror within her. But she could do nothing. She didn't dare. And I intentionally left it that way. Watching her internal struggle, her fear and forced compliance, was its own kind of spice.

Actually, it would be very easy to twist her logic. The method is simple: inject distorted truths, convince her with reasoning that sounds plausible in this already chaotic world. Just as I had done with Angeline and Delilah.

But for Gwenneth... I'm leaving it for now. The taste of her suppressed guilt and revulsion is delicious.

"I'm going to cum, Angel," I groaned, giving her warning.

Angeline under the table only moaned in response, her mouth still full.

With a long groan muffled by Delilah's breast in my mouth, I reached my climax. My hot semen erupted in strong spurts, filling Angeline's mouth as she eagerly swallowed it, her hands still massaging the base of my cock.

Simultaneously, perhaps from the stimulation of my sucking and her own arousal, Delilah's milk spurted more freely into my mouth.

Two different flavors—my fresh cum in my stepsister's mouth and the sweetness of my stepmother's breast milk in my own—merged in my perception of pleasure. I swallowed everything ravenously.

"AHH~ Adam!" Delilah moaned long, her body shaking intensely.

Angeline finally pulled back, coughing lightly while licking her lips, which still had traces of white. Her eyes shone, satisfied.

I pulled away from Delilah's breast, breathing heavily. The world seemed to spin for a moment from the intensity of the dual pleasure. Truly... an exceptional family.

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In my room, dim lighting cast dancing shadows on the walls. For a moment, my mind completely forgot the existence of the decoration in the center of the room.

Charlotte Haverty, Delilah's close friend, hung in the air like a living statue presented for me.

Black shibari ropes intricately bound her naked body in a complex pattern, cinching her large breasts into shape, pulling her wrists and ankles behind her in a pose that completely opened up and displayed every curve.

Her position was vulgarly explicit, as if her body were a frame ready for my use at any time, with both her pussy and asshole wide open and easily accessible. In both holes, small black vibrators hummed with a constant low vibration, causing Charlotte's body to twitch uncontrollably from time to time.

Her mouth was stuffed with a red ball gag, allowing only muffled snorts and groans to escape. Her eyes were covered by a black blindfold, severing her connection to the outside world.

She was entirely at my mercy, able only to feel—the shame, the helplessness, and strangely, the waves of arousal forced upon her by the vibrators and her own hidden fetishes.

Her body, once graceful and dignified as an SS-rank Sacred Healer, now hung in the middle of the room in a deeply humiliating state.

I had been ignoring the notifications stacking up in the corner of my vision. The rising sexual arousal of all of them—Delilah, Gwenneth, Angeline, even the helpless Charlotte—kept popping up like monotonous weather reports. I chose to focus on other things.

Now, the three women who still had freedom of movement stood lined up before me. Delilah with her soft, graceful smile. Her golden eyes only occasionally glanced toward Charlotte's hanging body, as if it were an ordinary painting.

Angeline with a pouting expression but eyes full of anticipation, and Gwenneth... Gwenneth stood the stiffest. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her gaze struggled hard not to look directly at Charlotte, but failed. She was clearly disturbed.

"I have a gift for you all," I said, breaking the silence filled only by the vibrators' hum.

Their expressions changed. Delilah looked curious, Angeline immediately forgot her pout, and Gwenneth... shifted her gaze from Charlotte to me with a wary look.

I walked to the corner of the room, picking up the bag I had brought home and casually tossed there earlier. I reached inside and pulled out...

Chapter 148: Chapter 148 - Cow, Bunny, and Pig

I took out three packages from my bag.

The first, for Delilah, was a decidedly adult and provocative cow costume.

It was essentially a web of thin black leather straps, forming an abstract pattern of spots against her fair skin. At crucial areas, small panels of sheer black lace were attached—so flimsy and sparse they posed almost no barrier to the eye.

The accessories included an anal plug with a dangling, fluffy white cow tail, a set of black-and-white cow ears for her head, and a small silver bell fastened to a leather collar.

"For my graceful mommy," I said, handing her the package. "Whose udders are always full and ready to be milked."

Delilah accepted it with slightly trembling hands. Her cheeks flushed crimson, but a small, confused, and... embarrassed smile remained on her lips. Her fingers brushed the smooth silk of the package before tracing the fuzzy tail.

"Adam... this is... so... indecent," she whispered, but her tone held no refusal. There was a tremble in her fingertips, and her usually calm eyes now shimmered with a deep, flustered intensity.

"But you'll wear it, won't you?" I teased.

Delilah only gave a slow nod.

The second, for Angeline, was a bunny costume. It was made of sheer black lace, practically useless as covering. It resembled a jumpsuit left open at the chest and crotch, held together by small, easily untied ribbons.

There was a pair of long, floppy black bunny ears, fluffy white wrist cuffs that looked like bunny paws, and a small, white pompom tail plug for her rear. Also included was a leather collar with the name "Angel" engraved on a silver plate.

"For my sweet and slightly whiny little sister," I said, offering her the package. "But also the one most diligent at chewing carrots."

Angeline snatched it immediately, her face beet red.

"You jerk! You pervert! What is this?!" she protested.

Upon seeing the nearly non-existent black lace, her eyes widened.

"This isn't clothing!" she cried, her face flushing deeper. "This... this is just a net! I can see everything through it!"

"That's the point, Angel," I replied with a smile.

She snorted loudly, glaring at me reproachfully, but once again, her hands didn't let go of the mesh fabric. She grabbed the bunny ears, her pout deepening.

Finally, for Gwenneth, was the pig costume.

It was a pale pink, made from an extremely fine, silky fabric that clung like a second skin to every curve. The cut was simple yet daring: a sleeveless bodysuit open from the chest down to the navel, barely covered by two tiny, leaf-shaped micro lace panels, and a cheeky thong that offered minimal coverage at the back.

The accessories included a pink snout-shaped nose cover, a pair of small pig ears, and a curly pigtail plug.

There was also a thick leather collar with the word "PIG" in bold capital letters.

"And for you, Gwen," I said, tossing the package to her. She caught it by reflex.

"Initially, I wanted to get you a cat costume. But upon further thought..." I let my gaze sweep over her body disdainfully. "You're not cute enough to be a cat. A pig suits you better."

Gwenneth's typically haughty face immediately changed color. From pale to furious red, then back to pale from profound shame and humiliation. She bit her lip until it nearly bled, her eyes blazing. Her hands clenched the package tightly, as if wanting to crush it.

"You... you bastard..." she hissed, but her voice was weak, devoid of conviction.

"Great comment," I replied coldly. "Now, put it on. Right now. While you change, I'll wait for the surprise."

I turned around, giving them a false sense of privacy.

Behind me, I could hear the rustle of fabric, soft gasps, and perhaps whispers between Delilah and Angeline. No sound came from Gwenneth.

Several minutes passed, feeling like an hour in my anticipation. My cock was already hard and throbbing behind my pants.

"W-we're ready, Dear," Delilah's slightly trembling voice finally sounded.

I turned around slowly.

And my blood truly began to race.

My first gaze fell directly on Delilah.

The network of thin black leather straps entwined her body. Each strap was placed strategically, perfectly framing her sensual curves without the slightest attempt to hide them. The panels of sheer black lace attached to her most private areas only drew the eye, as the sparse, thin fabric offered merely an illusion of cover, inviting the imagination to see what lay hidden behind its delicate web.

Her plump breasts were lifted and shaped perfectly by the encircling straps, making them appear full and defiant. Below, a similar design only emphasized the slenderness of her waist and the soft curve of her hips.

The short, thick, fluffy white cow tail stuck out proudly from the base of her spine, swaying gently with every breath she took. The bell at her neck gave a faint tinkle with each movement. The cow ears on her head wobbled.

She stood slightly hunched, as if trying to cover herself, but it only made her curves more pronounced. Her cheeks were red, her eyes downcast, but there was a flash of something else—perhaps arousal, perhaps satisfaction at being the center of attention—beneath her modesty.

"How... do I look?" she asked, her voice small and husky.

"Mom..." I whispered, breathless with awe and desire.

"You're... incredible. So sexy. I can't wait to milk your full udders and fuck you until you moo like a proper heifer." My praise was vulgar and direct, making her cheeks burn even brighter.

Then my eyes shifted to Angeline.

The black lace truly was like an illusion. Almost nothing was covered. Her small, youthful breasts were clearly visible through the lace weave, her hardened nipples forming dark patterns. The crotch area was just as exposed.

The long, black bunny ears hung down beside her head, and the fluffy cuffs on her wrists made her look like a living toy. The white pompom tail on her rear wiggled ticklishly as she shifted her feet. She folded her arms over her chest, trying to cover something, but it was futile. Her face was tomato-red.

"Brother... you jerk! Look what you made me wear!" she scolded, but her voice sounded more like a flustered whine.

"You're adorable, Angel," I teased, approaching and stroking one of her bunny ears. "The outfit... is perfect for you. You look like a pet bunny ready to be devoured."

She snorted, turning her face away, but didn't pull back from my touch.

And finally, Gwenneth.

The pale pink silk clung like a second skin, wrapping every curve of her body with unforgiving transparency. The two micro lace panels on her chest were incapable of covering anything, merely framing her hardened nipples which formed distinct peaks

behind the fabric. The cheeky thong bared her full rear, and from there, the curly pigtail protruded shamelessly.

The thick leather collar with the word "PIG" choked her neck. The snout-shaped nose cover turned every breath she took into a stifled snort.

She stood rigidly, her body trembling. Her breath came in ragged pants through the snout, producing unpleasant snuffling sounds.

I approached her, walking slowly in a circle around her.

"See?" I said, my voice thick with satisfaction. "It suits you perfectly, Gwen. Pink is a pig's favorite color, isn't it? And this nose piece... it really makes you look like a haughty sow."

Gwenneth let out a muffled growl, her mouth forced open by the gag.

"This... makes it hard to breathe," she complained, her nose completely covered.

"Hard to breathe?" I asked, feigning concern. Then I smiled. "Pigs can breathe through their mouths too. And look at you—your mouth's already open. So use it. Or..." I shrugged lightly. "Stop breathing altogether. I don't care."

I looked at the three of them standing lined up before me. The sight was so perfect, so satisfying to my lust for control, that my cock felt like it was about to burst.

Delilah stepped forward. Her movement made her bell tinkle and her tail sway.

"Adam, Dear... what would you like to do next? We've... dressed as you ordered."

Her words made Angeline snort and Gwenneth clench her fists even tighter.

I gazed at the three of them—the graceful yet lewd cow mother, the cute and bratty bunny sister, and the haughty but humiliated pig sister. Combined with Charlotte, helplessly suspended in the center of the room like the focal point of all this chaos.

"What do I want to do?" I murmured, squeezing my hard shaft through my pants. "I think... we can start with reintroductions. Call me Master. Delilah, you can reintroduce yourself to me... with a cute cow sound."

Chapter 149: Chapter 149 - Carrot Juice

"But before we begin," I cut through the tension, my gaze landing on Charlotte, still dangling unconscious in the middle of the room.

I walked over to her and yanked off her blindfold. Charlotte blinked, her eyes slowly adjusting to the dim light. Confusion was plain on her face, still beautiful despite her fatigue.

Then her gaze traveled... catching Delilah in her cow outfit of nothing but straps and sheer lace, with drooping ears and a tail. Then Angeline in her useless black lace, with bunny ears and a tail pom-pom. Finally, Gwenneth is in naked pink silk with a pig's tail and a snout on her face.

Her eyes widened in utter disbelief. Her brain was clearly struggling to process, rejecting the reality before her. She opened her mouth to scream—a scream of shock, perhaps horror—but all that came out was a muffled sound, her mouth still sealed by the ball gag.

"Mmpphh!"

"Shhh, easy now, Auntie," I whispered, stroking her cheek before my hand descended and delivered a sharp, hard smack to her plump rear.

Smack!

Charlotte moaned, though it sounded more like a pleased sigh than a protest.

"Alright," I said, turning to my three pet girls. "Let's begin. Delilah, show your good friend who you are now."

Delilah, her cheeks still flushed, stepped forward. She took a deep breath, making her exposed breasts sway and the bell around her neck gave a soft chime. Her voice came out, slightly trembling but clear, laced with deep embarrassment yet undeniable submission.

"I-I'm... I am Master Adam's cow," she said, bowing her head so the cow ears on her head drooped. "I... am ready to be milked whenever Master wishes."

Charlotte stared, her eyes locked on Delilah. Her expression was a mix of shock, dread, and... disbelief. Disbelief that the elegant, dignified woman she knew as the Star Witch could debase herself so completely.

As Delilah finished, I was already moving. I removed the still-buzzing vibrator from Charlotte's soaked entrance, then swiftly freed my own length. My hard cock, gleaming with pre-cum, stood erect and imposing. I moved behind Charlotte, grabbing her hips. She felt my presence, her body swaying with anticipation, her breath growing heavy behind the gag.

"Your turn, Angel," I commanded, positioning the tip of my cock at her spread, glistening wet lips.

Angeline, her face burning scarlet and eyes watery with shame, took a small step forward. She tried in vain to cover her chest with her hands.

"I... I am Master's bunny... Master's pet bunny," she said, her voice small and trembling. "I... I love Master's big, delicious carrot... I'm always hungry for it."

She looked like she wanted to disappear after saying that, immediately covering her face with her hands, her bunny ears drooping pathetically.

Charlotte, feeling the tip of my cock pressing against her entrance, drew a sharp breath.

Now only Gwenneth remained. She stood rigid, her breathing through the snout making her sound like a genuinely distressed pig.

I stared at her, my gaze cold and full of warning. She saw my hatred and likely remembered everything I'd done to her, all my threats.

Fear overcame pride. With a muffled voice boiling with humiliation, she finally spoke through the snout.

"I... I am a pig. Master's slutty pig. I... only deserve to be used... and humiliated as much as he wants."

The words were like poison from her own mouth. She trembled violently.

I was satisfied. Still positioned behind Charlotte, I leaned in and whispered into her sensitive ear. "Hear that, Auntie? See what they've become? Beautiful, powerful, arrogant women... now my animal pets. Do you want to join them?"

Charlotte turned her head, her tear-filled eyes meeting mine. From behind the gag, she let out a furious, garbled stream, cursing me with unintelligible words.

"Mmmph! Ggrrkkh mmpphh!"

"Tsk, sorry, Auntie. I don't speak gibberish," I teased, as my index finger delved into her incredibly wet opening. I gathered her ample juices and slicked them over my large shaft as lubricant. "But your body understands, doesn't it?"

"Ahh..." Charlotte moaned as my fingers brushed her sensitive spot.

Without further ceremony, I thrust forward.

My large, hard cock drove in with one powerful push, parting every fold, plunging straight to the deepest reaches of her warm womb.

"MMMPPPHHHGGGG!!!!"

Charlotte's muffled scream exploded in the room. Her body arched, trying to withstand the sudden, deep, and full invasion. Her long-unused vagina was incredibly tight, clenching around my cock as if unwilling to let go.

I paused for a moment, savoring the warmth and tightness. Then, I barked at my three pets. "Don't just stand there! Get yourselves wet! Play with yourselves until you're soaking and ready for me to use later! Remember, you're a cow, a bunny, and a pig now! Act like it!"

They looked momentarily confused, but my command was clear. Delilah, with shy embarrassment, began caressing her own breasts, massaging her hardened nipples. Her other hand slid down between her thighs, her fingers starting to rub the area barely covered by thin lace.

Angeline, still crimson, awkwardly imitated, trying to play with her own nipples through the lace. Gwenneth, with an empty expression, just stood there, but between her thighs, the pink silk was clearly damp, forming a dark patch.

As they tried, I began to move.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Each hard thrust impacted Charlotte's plump buttocks, resonating with the wet sounds from her tight vagina. I took her roughly, without tenderness, pure strength, and domination. My hands occasionally gripped her hips, occasionally smacked her now-reddening rear.

"Aah! Mmph! Mmm!" Charlotte screamed and groaned behind the gag, her body trembling violently. Orgasm found her quickly, once, twice, her vagina convulsing wildly, squeezing my cock.

But I didn't stop. I kept pounding, enjoying every reaction, while occasionally glancing at my three pets who were now getting lost in their own play. Delilah was already on her knees, her fingers moving in and out of herself, her soft moans like a cow's lowing.

Angeline rubbed her hand over her clit, her face contorted between shame and pleasure. Gwenneth finally gave in, roughly squeezing her own breasts, her head bowed in deep humiliation.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 70 (+1)]

[You have successfully made Charlotte climax.]

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 46.]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 53 (+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 76 (+1)]

The notifications kept appearing, but I ignored them.

After perhaps half an hour or more, I felt my peak approaching. My thrusts became faster, deeper.

"Take it, you bitch!" I growled, and with one final, deep push, I buried my cock as far as it would go into Charlotte's womb and released a hot torrent.

A gush of semen flooded her deep cavity, so hot it made Charlotte scream again, her body shuddering violently in what must have been her fifth or sixth orgasm. My release was so copious it overflowed from her filled passage, dripping steadily down her thighs and onto the floor below.

As soon as I finished, I pulled out my still-hard cock. Charlotte, exhausted and spent, went limp, hanging in the middle of the room. Her eyes closed; she had passed out.

And at that moment, Angeline, like a starving rabbit, immediately hopped closer, her eyes fixed on the semen still dripping from Charlotte's vagina. She drew near, mouth open, wanting to lick or catch it.

"HEY!" I snapped, making her jump back in fright. I looked at her with a playful but firm expression. "Naughty bunny! Who said you could take the carrot juice that I've given to someone else? That's rude, Angel. I don't like my pets taking what isn't theirs."

Angeline froze, her face utterly crestfallen. Deep guilt was etched on her still-red face. She looked like a child caught stealing candy. Her hands wrung the useless hem of her lace dress.

"Ma... Master, forgive me," she whispered, her voice small and full of remorse. "I... I just... really missed the taste of Master's carrot. I'm so hungry... and wanted to eat it again." Her words were innocent, like a child pleading, but the context made them deeply lewd.

'Where's the shy girl from before?' I wondered inwardly, seeing Angeline's act.

I gave a fake sigh, then smiled. I walked over to her and patted her head, stroking her bunny ears. "Because you were honest and apologized... I'll give you a reward."

Her eyes shone with hope.

I pointed to my cock, still wet with Charlotte's semen and other fluids, and now beginning to harden again from the sight before me. "My carrot is ready again. You may have it now."

Joy exploded on Angeline's face. With pure, enthusiastic eagerness—like a rabbit finally getting its dream carrot—she immediately closed the distance and without hesitation, her small mouth engulfed my cock down to the base.

"Slurp... slurp... gulp..."

The sound of her enthusiastic sucking immediately filled the room. Her hands held my thighs tightly, her eyes closed in deep concentration of pleasure.

But suddenly, another voice of protest sounded.

"Mooo! Not fair!"

Delilah, the cow, stepped forward with obvious jealousy. The bell around her neck jangled. "Master! I... I also want to be milked! I'm Master's cow! My udders are full and need Master's attention too! Don't just give it all to that bunny!"

I chuckled at their competition.

Chapter 150: Chapter 150 - Tears of Joy

Their little spat was absolutely adorable. I spread my arms wide, and my clever cow immediately understood the cue. She leaped into my embrace, holding me tightly.

The perfect, soft pressure of her ample breasts against my chest and the feel of her silky-smooth skin only stoked my arousal. I hugged her back just as fiercely, savoring the warmth of her body. Below, my bunny, encouraged by her mother joining in, worked on my shaft with renewed enthusiasm, sucking with gusto.

"Moo... That's not fair, Master!" Delilah whined, her voice trembling like a spoiled child's. She shifted her body, letting her generous breasts rub against my chest.

"I want Master's juice too! I'm Master's cow, my milk is full! I'm jealous! Master is playing favorites!"

Hearing her mother complain like that, Angeline below actually lifted her gaze. Even with her mouth full, the corners of her downturned eyes and her scrunched-up cheeks formed what looked like a smug smile. As if saying, 'This carrot is mine! All mine!'

I couldn't help but laugh at this little drama.

"Who said I was playing favorites, Mom?" I asked, stroking her soft blonde hair.

"Then why does Master always let that bunny eat your... 'carrot'? Almost every day!" Delilah protested, her jealous pout utterly genuine.

I pulled her closer, bringing my lips to her sensitive ear. My warm breath made her shiver. I whispered, "I do that... because I love you so very much, Delilah."

She gasped, her body tensing for a moment in my arms.

"I love you so much that I always want to see your face, kiss you, hold you, feel your warmth," I continued, my whisper for her alone.

Delilah looked up, her golden eyes wide with shock. The blush on her cheeks, once from jealousy, now bloomed from an entirely different emotion. A shimmer of tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, but they were tears of joy. A small, trembling smile touched her lips.

"Adam... Darling..." she whispered, her voice hoarse. "You... you really mean it...?"

"I'm serious," I said, holding her gaze. "Sometimes I even get a little annoyed. It seems like you like my dick more than you like me."

"Of course not!" she protested, her voice pitching higher, full of conviction. Her hands flew to my face, forcing me to look into her now thoroughly damp eyes. "I love you, Adam. What you just said... that's the most beautiful thing I've ever heard. You have no idea how much that means to me."

Her tears finally spilled over, but she was smiling. She was deeply moved, and clearly, falling for me even harder.

We looked at each other, and without another word, our lips met. This kiss was deep, tender, full of emotion—a stark contrast to our usual lust-fueled ones. Our tongues moved softly, savoring a tenderness and affection we rarely showed. My hand stroked her tear-streaked cheek, while hers held the back of my neck tightly.

While we were lost in that heartfelt kiss above, my bunny below went wild. Her sucking grew more intense, faster, and more enthusiastic. She could clearly feel the vibrations from above, and it only fueled her fervor.

I could feel my own climax rushing forward, a combination of Delilah's tender kiss and Angeline's expert blowjob.

And... Angeline, that lewd little bunny, had apparently climaxed several times already just from giving head! Her body quivered, and I could feel her jaw clenching and her tongue trembling around me.

Then, with a groan muffled against Delilah's lips, I reached my peak. A powerful surge of cum filled Angeline's mouth. The little bunny shuddered violently, her eyes squeezed shut as she came again—her own juices soaking the black lace between her thighs.

But she didn't stop. With undefeatable zeal, she eagerly swallowed every last drop, and her agile tongue meticulously cleaned every remnant from my still-throbbing shaft, as if preparing for the next round.

I took a deep breath, still dazed by the intensity. Then, I broke the kiss with Delilah, whose face was also flushed and breath ragged.

"You jealous little cow," I teased, giving her exposed bottom a light slap. "How can you be jealous of your own daughter? Who's the master here? I think I need to re-educate you. Turn you into a properly obedient cow."

As I spoke those words, I activated [Lustful Touch]. My hand, already groping her voluptuous breast, suddenly radiated a different energy. It wasn't just a physical touch anymore, but something that pierced straight to her core of pleasure.

"Ahh—!" Delilah jolted, her eyes flying open. An expression of pure, unadulterated bliss flooded her features. "Master... your touch... it's different...!"

"You like it?" I asked, kneading and massaging her breasts more aggressively. I focused on her areola and her nipple, already hard as a pebble. I squeezed, twisted gently but firmly, and soon, thick droplets of white milk began to bead from her nipple, dampening my hand and her thin dress.

"Yes! Yes! Keep squeezing, Master!" Delilah moaned, throwing her head back. "It's... it's so good! Your touch is so much... better! It's different when I touch myself! I... I was made for this! For my breasts to be milked by you!"

She was completely lost in absolute pleasure. I was going crazy myself, watching this elegant woman transform into a pleading, milk-craving cow.

Meanwhile, forgotten in the corner of the room, someone was watching. My pig—Gwenneth—could only stand there, watching with a gaze growing more envious by the second.

Her hands never stopped kneading her own breasts and rubbing between her thoroughly soaked thighs, until her pink silk underwear became transparent and clung to her skin.

She wanted it. She wanted it so badly. She wanted that big cock inside her pussy, which now felt itchy and tingling, to tear through whatever tightness remained, to satisfy the hunger gnawing at her.

Slowly, she began to approach. Her hope was small: maybe Master would notice her. Maybe she would be allowed to join.

After spending a good while squeezing and milking Delilah until she was nearly delirious with pleasure, I finally decided to give her a proper reward.

"As proof that I truly do love you, Del," I said, my voice husky. "I'm going to eat you out."

We changed positions. I lay back on my large bed. Delilah positioned herself above me, spreading her legs wide, presenting her glistening, wet pussy. I placed my face right between her open thighs.

Meanwhile, lying on her back beneath me was Angeline. She immediately took her position, and without being asked, her thirsty mouth descended on my hard cock, sucking with the enthusiasm of a starved rabbit.

I gazed at Delilah's pussy. It was beautiful, neat, with well-kept, sparse hair, now thoroughly slick with her own juices and perhaps a little milk that had trickled down.

I didn't wait. I pushed two fingers straight into that warm, moist channel, feeling every fold clench around them, searching for her G-spot.

Delilah let out a long moan, her hands gripping her cow-ear headband. "Oh, Master... yes... right there..."

Then, I used my tongue. I licked from bottom to top, circling her swollen clit, then delved into her entrance, exploring deeply. I sucked, licked, and thrust with my tongue, making her writhe above my face.

"You like that...?" I managed between licks, my voice muffled by her body.

"I... I love it..." she moaned, her body beginning to tremble. "Only you... you're the only one who's ever treated my pussy like this... with so much... attention and... ahh!"

As I sucked and licked Delilah's pussy, my hips began to move, thrusting roughly into Angeline's waiting mouth below. Each push drove my cock deeper into her throat, and she accepted it gladly, even pushing her head down further, wanting to take it all.

The room was filled with Delilah's moans, the wet sounds of Angeline's efforts, and the slick noises from both activities.

But then, from the side, another voice joined in.

"Master..."

Gwenneth. The pig. She couldn't take it anymore. She stood beside the bed, her body trembling, her hands roughly kneading her own breasts, her eyes fixed on me, filled with a desperate longing. The "PIG" collar around her neck seemed to constrict.

"Touch me... put it in... my pussy is so tingly... I can't stand it anymore... I need Master's cock inside me... please..." she whimpered, her voice slightly muffled by her snout but dripping with desperation and urgent need.