

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 151 - A Masterpiece of Depravity - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 151 - A Masterpiece of Depravity**

## **Chapter 151: Chapter 151 - A Masterpiece of Depravity**

I lifted my face from the damp whirlpool of my cow's pussy, but my fingers, buried deep inside her, kept moving, massaging and stimulating her sensitive spot. Her spit and her juices coated my chin and cheeks. I glanced toward Gwenneth—my whining pig.

All the while, my hips continued to move wildly, thrusting my big cock deep into Angeline's throat beneath me. Each thrust stretched her throat, and she could only take it with teary eyes, looking like she was choking yet not daring to pull away.

"Gwen," I said, my voice hoarse yet dripping with mockery. "Doesn't this situation feel strange to you? I'm fingering your mom's pussy... I'm fucking your little sister's mouth until she chokes... and you, the eldest, are whining to join in. Where is the old you, Gwen? The arrogant, haughty one who looked down on everything?"

Gwenneth froze. Her wild eyes darted from her mother's pleased face, to her sister's body pinned beneath me, then to my cock sliding in and out of Angeline's mouth.

She knew. She knew this was all wrong. Twisted. Disgusting. It crossed every moral line imaginable. The last shred of rationality in her head screamed that this was the utter ruin of every value she'd ever held.

But... her body. Her burning body, honed and reshaped by my touch, by desperation, by fear, and by a perverse pleasure she never imagined could exist.

Her pussy felt like it was on fire, tingling with a painful emptiness. Her breasts were heavy and sensitive. Every hair on her body seemed to beg to be touched, dominated, owned. The pleasure she'd known under my control... it was real. More real than pride, stronger than logic.

Tears welled in her eyes, a mix of shame, devastation, and insatiable physical need. Her lips trembled, and a subdued, utterly defeated voice escaped.

"Ri... right now..." she let out a choked sob, then closed her eyes, as if accepting her lowest fate. "Right now... I'm just... your pig, Master."

A bitter, trembling, utterly humiliated smile stretched across her beautiful face beneath that pig-snout nose.

Seeing that total fall, immense satisfaction flooded me.

"Correct!" I cried out, my voice full of triumph. "A good answer, pet. A very good one!"

Then, a mischievous idea popped into my head. "Well then, Piggy... put on a good show for me. Do... a twerk. Or whatever slutty dance you can manage. Get me more excited while I fuck this cow and this bunny."

I thrust deeper into Angeline's mouth to emphasize my point.

"Maybe once I'm satisfied... I'll touch you too."

Gwenneth looked confused. "Tw... twerking? I... I don't know how, Master."

"Stupid pig!" I barked, but my tone was more teasing. "Twerking is shaking your ass! Jiggle your butt back and forth, make it wobble and quiver! Show me that pig ass is worthy of being humiliated and used!"

The clear, if crude, instructions seemed to get through. Gwenneth, her face still flushed with shame, slowly began to move.

She turned her body, presenting her plump, firm rear, tightly wrapped in the pink silk that was now completely transparent from wetness. The ridiculously minimal cheeky panties covered almost nothing, only serving to emphasize the cleft of her ass.

She started to sway her hips. At first it was stiff, awkward, full of embarrassment. But then, perhaps remembering my words, or perhaps her own body beginning to surrender to the rhythm, her movements changed.

She began to shake her ass wildly. Her hips swung side to side, then rolled in circles, making her round cheeks jiggle and wobble in a profoundly vulgar and enticing way. The soaked pink silk clung tightly, highlighting every muscle twitch, every ripple of flesh.

She bent over slightly, placing her hands on her knees, then shook her ass harder toward me. The cleft of her ass opened and closed with the motion, offering glimpses of her pink anus and her soaked pussy behind the thin fabric. She even started letting out soft moans, muffled sounds escaping her lips in time with her shakes.

It was disgusting. It was humiliating. But also... incredibly, undeniably sexy. Watching the woman who was once so proud and haughty debase herself into a sexual clown, shaking her ass like a cheap whore just for a scrap of my attention...

"Yes! Just like that, Piggy! Keep going!" I groaned, watching the vulgar display.

It aroused me even more. My hips moved faster, rougher, in Angeline's mouth. The sound of Angeline's choked gags, combined with Delilah's moans and Gwenneth's heavy, lustful breathing, created a perfect lewd symphony.

I was so focused I didn't notice the Angeline beneath me had stopped responding a while ago. When I finally pulled my cock from her mouth with a wet pop, I saw her pale face, her eyes shut, drool and my cum dripping from the corner of her slack mouth. She had fainted, likely from a combination of oxygen deprivation and overwhelming pleasure.

"Tch, such a weak bunny," I grumbled, patting her cheek, but she didn't stir.

I turned to Delilah, whose face was still flush with the blissful, sated expression of someone who'd just climaxed hard from my fingers.

"What do you think, Mom?" I asked, my index finger still buried inside her, moving gently. "About the... Pig's performance?"

Delilah shifted her gaze from my face to her eldest daughter, who was still shaking her ass with abandon.

Her expression was complex—there was pity, perhaps a mother's shame, but also... acceptance. She sighed.

"She... looks very sexy, Master. And... very vulgar." She paused, then her voice softened. "But... have mercy on her, Master. She's... fallen far enough."

I laughed. "Mercy? Oh, mom, you're too kind."

But then I looked at Gwenneth, still diligently shaking her ass. "But... you're right about one thing. She's doing well."

I pulled my fingers from her pussy, then stood on the bed. My cock stood rigid and throbbing, slick with Angeline's saliva.

"Piggy! Stop!"

Gwenneth immediately froze, her body still quivering from momentum. She looked at me, breathing heavily, her eyes full of hope and fear.

"I'll give you a reward," I said. "For your good show."

Real, wild joy shone in Gwenneth's eyes. "Really, Master? Thank you! Thank you!"

"But first," I continued, "Mom... turn around. On all fours. Now."

Delilah, though slightly confused, obeyed. With a grace that persisted despite her nudity and the uncomfortable cow costume, she turned and got on her hands and knees, her plump rear raised high. Her fluffy white cow tail dangled teasingly between her buttocks.

"And you, Piggy," I ordered Gwenneth. "Climb on. Get on the Cow's back."

Gwenneth gasped. "W-What? But—"

"Get on!" I snapped.

She obeyed. Moving awkwardly, she crawled onto the bed and mounted her mother's kneeling back. Her position was now like she was riding Delilah. Her wet pink silk clung to her mother's skin, which was only covered by leather straps. The sight was... profoundly bizarre, deeply taboo, yet intensely erotic.

But something was still missing.

I looked at my little bunny, still coughing and confused on the bed as she regained consciousness. I grabbed her, lifted her light body, and placed her on Gwenneth's back.

Now, there was a stack: Delilah on the bottom on all fours, Gwenneth crawling on top of her, and Angeline lying on her back atop Gwenneth.

"M-master?" Angeline asked, her voice hoarse, her eyes watery and confused.

I took a step back, taking in the sight.

Three golden-haired women, stacked in a pose so humiliating and lewd. Delilah with her elegant body wrapped in straps and lace, her generous rear offered up. Above her, Gwen in transparent pink silk, trembling, the pig snout on her nose. And on top, Angeline in her nearly useless black lace, her bunny ears drooping, her body limp but conscious.

Their beautiful golden blonde hair created a stunning gradient under the bedroom light. Their vulgar animal costumes became the perfect accessories for this obscene family revelry.

All three of their pussies were wet and open, ready. Their asses, with their different tails, swayed faintly in anticipation.

This... this was a masterpiece. A sight so beautiful in its depravity, so perfect in its chaos. I felt my cock throb harder, ready to wreck this stack of beautiful pets one by one.

"Beautiful..." I murmured, almost like a prayer. "You're... perfect."

I stepped closer to the pile of my pets.

**Chapter 152: Chapter 152 - Collector's Satisfaction**

I stood before the pile of three women who were my pets, gazing at every curve of their bodies offered up so meaningfully.

My hand descended, starting from the top. I stroked Angeline's small yet firm buttocks, her skin smooth as velvet beneath the useless black lace. Then, my fingers moved down to Gwenneth's larger, plumper, and utterly tantalizing rear, which quivered as she lay atop her mother. Finally, I reached Delilah's—the biggest, most perfectly rounded, with a fluffy white cow tail peeking from between her tempting cleavage.

"So," I said, my voice low and husky, "Which of you wants my big carrot first?"

Chaos erupted immediately.

"Me! Me, Master. I'm the bunny, Master! The carrot is for the bunny!" Angeline shrieked from the top position, her face flushed but her eyes sparkling with fervor.

"Hold on, you greedy rabbit!" protested Delilah, her voice husky yet commanding. "Mommy is Master's cow. And cows love carrots too! In fact, cows need carrots for energy to produce plenty of milk for Master! That carrot should be me!"

"Stupid cow!" Angeline snapped. "You're old! Master's carrot is for a young, cute bunny like me!"

Gwenneth, squished in the middle, chimed in with a muffled, panicked voice. "But... but Master promised me a reward! You promised! I danced...!"

The three of them kept arguing, interrupting each other, almost like children fighting over a toy. Delilah's bell jingled, Angeline's rabbit ears twitched, and Gwenneth's snorts through her snout grew louder.

I could only laugh watching them. It was funny. Adorable. And utterly, utterly lewd.

"Enough!" I finally declared, my voice firm yet amused. They instantly fell silent, looking at me with hope.

"Alright, alright. I'll give my reward to... the Pig first."

Gwenneth immediately let out a muffled squeal of delight. "Thank you, Master!"

"That's not fair, Moo! I've waited longer! My udders are full and my pussy is hungry! Give it to me first, Master!" Delilah protested.

"Big broooother!" Angeline whined.

"Patience, all of you," I whispered, approaching their pile. "You will all get your turn. But let my Piggy enjoy herself first."

Since Gwenneth was in the middle, her pussy was at the perfect height. I grabbed her hips, shifting her damp, cheeky pink panties aside. Her already soaking wet, pink vaginal lips were spread wide, like a flower waiting to be pollinated.

Without further ado, I aimed the gleaming, hard tip of my cock at her waiting entrance. With one powerful thrust of my hips, I drove inside.

"AAAAH!!" Gwenneth's scream erupted, a mix of sharp pain from the sudden penetration and pure pleasure that instantly flooded her body. Her incredibly tight pussy clenched around my cock like a wet glove. The warmth and tightness were extraordinary.

I began to move, thrusting in and pulling out with a steady rhythm. Each push made their entire pile sway. Delilah underneath groaned from the pressure above, while Angeline on top clung tightly to Gwenneth's back to keep from falling.

"Ahh... Master... inside... so big..." Gwenneth moaned, her head bowed, her breath heavy through her snout. She was utterly lost in the sensation.

But Delilah and Angeline, who could only watch and feel the shaking, began protesting again.

"Master... me too... please..." Delilah whimpered, rubbing her plump buttocks towards me.

"Brother... not fair... I want to feel it too..." Angeline sobbed, her eyes glistening.

I snorted.

"Fine, fine. Stop whining." While my hips continued to pound Gwenneth's pussy, my free hand reached down. I slipped all five fingers directly into Delilah's open pussy below.

Delilah jolted, her body arching. "AH! Ma-Master! Too... many fingers...!"

"You said you wanted it, didn't you?" I teased, squeezing and moving all five fingers inside her warm passage. It felt full and deep, perhaps a little painful, but the expression on Delilah's face was pure pleasure.

They were all high-level Awakeners, their bodies resilient. Minor injuries like this would heal quickly, especially after they ingested my sperm with its healing properties.

While my right hand was busy with Delilah, I leaned forward. My mouth found Angeline's open pussy above. I immediately licked her, my tongue slipping between her small, wet vaginal lips.

"Kyaa! Master! Aah!" Angeline shrieked, her body trembling. She felt my warm, rough tongue sweep over her sensitive clitoris.

So, here was the position: My hips moved, fucking Gwenneth. My right hand was busy with five fingers deep in Delilah's pussy. My mouth was occupied licking and sucking Angeline's pussy. And all this while the three of them were piled up, forming an obscene, unsteady tower of sex.

I kept licking my little bunny's pussy, while my left hand still worked inside Delilah, and my hips continued pounding Gwen vigorously. I set a rhythm for all three, creating a symphony of increasingly chaotic moans and cries.

After licking Angeline for a while, I felt she was on the verge of orgasm. But that wasn't enough. I pulled my tongue back and spanked her plump buttocks hard.

Smack!

"Ah!" she cried out, startled. But the expression on her face shifted from surprise to... pleasure. She liked it.

I refocused on Gwen. My thrusts became faster, deeper. I could feel the peak approaching, for both me and her.

"Now, Piggy!" I groaned. "Receive your reward!"

I buried my cock as deep as possible into her womb and released a hot, torrential surge of cum.

"Aaaahhhhh!!!!" Gwen screamed, her body shaking violently in an intense orgasm. Her pussy and womb convulsed wildly, milking every drop of my seed.

"Thank you... Master's gift..." she uttered, her voice full of satisfaction and surrender.

I pulled my still-hard cock from her now-full, dripping pussy. Then, I turned to Delilah.

My cow looked at me with tear-filled eyes, full of hope and... obvious jealousy.

"Mom," I said in a teasing tone. "You really want it, huh?"

She nodded rapidly, tears falling. "Please, Master... I want it... I want it so much..."

"Very well. For you, Cow."

I pulled my five fingers from Delilah's pussy with a wet plop, then swiftly changed position. I got off Gwenneth and knelt until my cock was aligned with Delilah's pussy.

Her already wet and slightly gaping entrance from my fingers looked utterly tempting. I grabbed her hips, and with one thrust, I penetrated her from behind.

"MOOOAAHHH~!!!" Delilah's moan was louder than usual, brimming with relief and overflowing pleasure. Her mature, somewhat looser yet still wonderfully warm and moist pussy welcomed my cock perfectly, every fold gripping in a different way.

And yes... despite having given birth to two children, her tightness was still incredible. Perhaps due to her Awakener strength, or perhaps her body was just that perfect.

"So tight, Mom," I praised as I began to move. "Like a virgin."

"Ahh... Master... don't say such things..." she moaned bashfully, though pleased.

She then began squeezing her own large breasts. Under my stimulation and her own touch, her nipples hardened and... thick, white droplets of milk began to flow, wetting her hands and dripping onto the bed.

"Ahh... Master... my milk... it's coming out..." she moaned, her voice like a cow being milked.

The bell around her neck jingled in rhythm with my thrusts. The cow tail on her rear swayed wildly. Above her, the pig and the rabbit could only hold on as they were shaken.

I didn't forget the others.

While fucking Delilah, my hand reached for Gwen and played with her pussy, filled with my cum. My fingers entered, stirring the mix of her fluids and my sperm, making her moan anew. On the other side, I brought my face back to Angeline and resumed licking her clitoris, making the little bunny scream again.

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Meanwhile, in the center of the room, a pair of eyes had been open for a long time, watching everything.

Charlotte.

She had been conscious for a while, perhaps since Adam started playing with the three of them. She was bound and suspended in the middle of the room, naked, helpless, forced to watch.

And what she saw... defied all reason.

This was depravity beyond any boundary. A mother and her two daughters, all beautiful and powerful, dressed in vulgar animal costumes, piled up and being fucked by one man—their own stepson and stepbrother. They fought for his attention, argued like children wanting to be spoiled, accepted all rough and humiliating treatment with joy.

Especially Delilah. Her best friend. The Star Witch. The woman who was once cold, graceful, dignified, respected and feared by the entire world. Now? She was a lewd cow happily being milked and fucked by her own stepson, squeezing her own milk while moaning like an animal.

It was so... twisted. So unnatural. It should be disgusting. It should make her nauseous.

But...

Charlotte looked at their expressions. All four of them—Adam, Delilah, Gwenneth, Angeline. Amidst all the chaos and depravity, their faces bore something she couldn't deny: happiness.

It was the happiest family expression Charlotte had ever seen. Pure happiness, unburdened, unmasked. They were genuinely enjoying every second, lost in shared pleasure and possession.

And Adam... he looked at them with a gaze of satisfaction and possessiveness.

How could someone be this depraved? Charlotte thought, her mind struggling to comprehend. This is insane. This is sick. This...

But her own body rebelled against her moral judgment. Her pussy and damp rear from the earlier abuse began to feel hot again. A tingling sensation spread, an agonizing emptiness, and a maddening desire to be knocked down again, torn apart, destroyed by the same huge cock currently busy satisfying three other women.

The thought nearly drove her mad.

She wanted to make that same lewd, happy expression she saw on Delilah's face. She wanted to be ravaged until she lost her sanity, until she too could smile happily while accepting all manner of degradation.

Charlotte stared at Adam, who was currently engrossed with his family of pets, completely ignoring her. Frustration, jealousy, and burning need churned within her.

She waited. Patiently, with shameful hope, she waited for her turn to be destroyed again by that depraved man.

## Chapter 153: Chapter 153 - Addictive Pain

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 92 (+3)]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 76 (+2)]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 95 (+2)]

[...]

Those notifications kept blinking at the edge of my vision, a digital soundtrack to the chaos I was creating. With a guttural groan, I emptied myself into Delilah's waiting depths. A thick, hot flood filled every crevice, overflowing and streaming down her thighs onto the sheets below.

"MOOOOOOOOOAAH!!" Delilah's cry shattered the air, her body convulsing in what must have been her umpteenth climax of the night. She finally went limp, collapsing face-first into the mattress, her elegant frame trembling weakly. Her fluffy white cow tail hung limp.

Yet, despite that, both my cow and my pig still had a feverish glint in their eyes. The stamina of high-level Awakeners was truly something else.

"Master..." Gwenneth whimpered from atop her mother's back, her voice pleading. "Me too... I want more..."

Delilah, though exhausted, gave a slow nod. "Mommy... can also take more, Master..."

Hearing this, Angeline snorted in annoyance.

"Mom! Sis! Enough! My turn! I've been the most patient! It's my turn now! Right, Master?" She turned to me with eyes sparkling with desperate hope.

I laughed, pulling my throbbing cock from Delilah's soaked passage.

"Since you've been so patient, my little Bunny," I said, my voice hoarse, "I'll give you special treatment."

Angeline's face immediately lit up.

"What kind of treatment, Master?" she asked, full of anticipation.

I smiled, a smile that made her squirm. "I'm going to fuck your ass. Hard."

Angeline's expression shifted. Her already flushed cheeks burned even brighter. Her eyes widened, a mix of shock, fear, and... unmistakable, wild excitement. "M-My... my butt? But... Master's cock is so big... it'll tear me apart..."

"But you'd like that, wouldn't you?" I teased, stroking her cheek.

Her little heart was pounding, and from her face, I knew she was caught between terror and sheer arousal.

I stood up on the bed. I grabbed Angeline's light frame and positioned her until her plump, pert little rear was perfectly aligned with my massive erection. I pulled out her rabbit tail anal plug, making her sigh with loss. Her small, pink pucker looked utterly fragile compared to my thick, glistening shaft, slick with various fluids.

"Get ready, little Bunny," I warned.

She nodded, bit her lip, and squeezed her eyes shut.

I didn't use much lube—just the remnants of Delilah's juices and my own seed coating my length. I aimed the broad head of my cock at her tiny entrance and pressed against it.

Then, with one powerful thrust of my hips, I speared inside.

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!"

Angeline's scream exploded, a sound of searing pain and feral delight. Her tiny, tight hole tore open to accept my invasion. The sensation was extreme—unbelievably tight, scorching hot, utterly constricting.

Even though I'd taken her here before, the tightness of her ass was always extraordinary. The sight was obscene: my thick, substantial length buried in a small hole that should never have accommodated it.

Around the base of my cock, the pale flesh of her buttocks stretched taut, forming a perfect, pale ring encircling my shaft. The cleft of her ass was grotesquely distorted, warped by the presence of a foreign object far larger than anything nature intended.

And it drove me even wilder.

I began to move, pulling out and thrusting back in. Each motion stretched and strained the flesh of her rear. And look at her expression: her sweet, cute face was now contorted in a mix of pain and pleasure so extreme that tears streamed down her cheeks, yet a mad smile stretched across her bitten lips.

"Ahh... Master... harder... ruin my ass... destroy your bunny..." she moaned between sobs, her hands gripping the sheets with white-knuckled force.

I obliged. My thrusts became harder, more brutal. The wet slap of her ass against my thighs echoed, mixed with the slick, filthy sounds of her stretched hole.

Delilah and Gwenneth, watching from below, looked both fearful and disbelieving. Their faces reflected genuine concern as mother and elder sister. But to see this usually sweet, slightly whiny girl reveling in such treatment... it shocked them, even though they'd witnessed it before.

"Angel..." Delilah whispered, her voice full of horrified concern.

But Angeline didn't hear. She was lost in her own world.

Meanwhile, in the center of the room, Charlotte hung suspended. The sight made her own pussy throb wildly. Her juices dripped freely, forming a small puddle on the floor beneath her. She wanted to be treated like that too. She wanted to be torn apart, humiliated, made to scream until she lost her mind.

I spanked Angeline's reddened ass.

SMACK!

SMACK!

"You masochistic little bunny! You filthy rabbit! You need to be punished for being this depraved!" I scolded, never breaking my rhythm. "With such an innocent face and such a cute body! Even your mother and sister aren't as lewd as you!"

Angeline couldn't answer. She just let out a long, shuddering moan, her body convulsing violently as she reached another climax from the sodomy and degradation alone.

Finally, I reached my peak. With a deep groan, I buried myself as deep as possible into her hot, tight channel and unleashed a torrent of seed, flooding her rectum until it was full.

"NNNNGGGHHHHAAAA—!!!" Angeline shrieked, her body thrashing in a climax that was both agonizing and blissful.

She collapsed limply onto Gwenneth, breathing ragged, but her face was etched with profound satisfaction. My cum filled her, some of it overflowing from the edges of her small, stretched hole, creating a disgustingly lewd picture.

I slowly pulled my cock from her now-loose, reddened entrance, watching my thick seed drip from the swollen rim. A sight both repulsive and beautiful.

Then, my gaze fell on Charlotte. I realized she'd been watching for a long time. Her eyes were wide, filled with tears, desperate need, and captivated horror. Her nectar still fell in drops, wetting the floor.

"All three of you," I commanded the pile of women on the bed. "Crawl over to Charlotte and line up."

They obeyed, though with difficulty. Delilah and Gwenneth, who still had some strength left, crawled off the bed. Gwenneth helped carry the half-conscious Angeline. They crawled across the floor, three naked women in tattered animal costumes, their bodies covered in my seed, bruises, and their own fluids. They lined up in front of the suspended Charlotte: Delilah on the left, Gwenneth in the middle, the barely-conscious Angeline on the right.

I walked up to Charlotte, stopping right in front of her. "So, Auntie Charlotte... what do you think of this sight? Of my depraved little family?"

"Mmmph! Ggrrhh mmmphh!" Charlotte tried to speak, but the ball gag in her mouth produced only panicked, muffled sounds. Her eyes darted, from me, to the three women at my feet, and back to me.

I ignored her for a moment. I walked back, stopping right behind their line. My eyes fixed on Gwenneth's plump ass, still untouched by anal abuse.

"And for you, Piggy," I said, my voice cold. "I'm taking your anal virginity."

Gwenneth immediately stiffened. Her body trembled. "N-No... Master... please... not there... I'm scared... it'll hurt so much..."

"Are you disobeying me?" I snapped, my voice cutting. "You think you get a choice?"

She fell silent, terrified.

"Comfort her," I ordered Delilah and Angeline.

Delilah, in a voice still hoarse but gentle, spoke. "Be calm, Gwen... Darling... it... will hurt. But later... it will feel good. Trust Mommy."

Angeline, still half out of it but with eyes gleaming with the afterglow of her painful pleasure, added in a raspy voice. "Yeah, Sis... it feels... amazing. It hurts like hell... but the pleasure... it's addictive. I want Master to do it to me again."

Angeline's words only made Gwenneth more tense. But she had no choice.

I tugged down her pink cheeky underwear, already soaked. With a firm motion, I pulled the plastic pig tail plug from her rear, making her hiss in pain. Her pink, pulsating entrance was exposed, waiting.

I spat on the tip of my cock and smeared it with the remnants of my seed and Angeline's juices as minimal lubrication. Then, I placed the broad head right against her tight ring.

"I'll warn you, Pig," I whispered. "This will hurt. Scream all you want. But don't you dare pull away."

With that, I pushed.

Slowly, but relentlessly, the tip of my cock began to invade the tight ring of muscle.

Gwenneth screamed—a scream of pure pain and horror.

"AAAAIIIIIIHHHHH!!!! PLEASE! MASTER! IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO MUCH!"

But I kept pushing. Her muscles fought, but finally yielded. Gwenneth screamed even louder, her body shaking with violent tremors.

I pushed deeper, forcing my sizable length to tear through the resisting ring of muscle of her backside. A soft, rending sound was followed by Gwenneth's escalating scream, filling the room.

Charlotte, from her position in front, watched it all with wide eyes. Her breath came in ragged gasps behind the gag, her body writhing, the need within her reaching a fever pitch.

She was watching the proud pig get broken.

### **Chapter 154: Chapter 154 - Relentless Or\*y**

I pushed deeper, forcing my sizable length to tear through the resisting ring of muscle of her backside. A soft, rending sound was followed by Gwenneth's escalating scream, filling the room.

It was incredibly tight—so tight it was almost painful for me. It was no less intense than my little rabbit's. And that only made it more pleasurable.

I kept pushing until the base of my shaft met the swell of her buttocks, buried fully inside her now-stuffed hole. My cockhead pressed against the deepest end of her rectum, and she shrieked, eyes wide, her once perpetually sneering mouth agape in pure, paralyzing agony.

I held still for a moment, savoring the overwhelming sensation of her backside clenching and gripping every inch of me. It was incredible—hot, tight, and full of the shocked resistance of her muscles. And above all, there was a deep, sadistic satisfaction in watching Gwenneth's face.

Her lips, which had always mocked me, now trembled. Tears overflowed from her beautiful eyes, streaming down her flushed cheeks. Her hands clawed at the sheets, knuckles white.

This woman had once been so arrogant, so haughty, never hesitating to slap me for daring to look at her too long, or for daring to share the same hallway and invade her personal space.

Seeing that proud bitch cry like a frightened child from the pain I was inflicting... it gave me indescribable satisfaction.

"It hurts... it hurts so much... Master... please... stop..." she whimpered, her voice broken and full of suffering. "You're too rough... too rough... I can't... please pull it out..."

My Cow and my Bunny beside her watched Gwen's suffering with mixed expressions.

Delilah gently stroked her eldest daughter's hair, her voice hoarse but soothing. "Shhh... Easy, dear... take a deep breath. Mommy knows it hurts... But you must endure. You're Master's good pet, aren't you? A good pet obeys whatever her Master asks."

Angeline, on the other hand, her face still wet with tears and my sperm, managed a weak smile. "Y-yes, Sis... try... try to relax your muscles. Fighting it only makes it worse. I did the same. But believe me, later... later it feels good. It's strange... but addictive."

Their caring words, which so completely supported this torture, sounded bizarre and perverse in the midst of it all. But it didn't last long.

I moved my free left hand. Swiftly, my fingers slipped between Delilah's thighs and plunged directly into her wide-open sex. My stepmother gasped, then let out a long moan. "Ahh! Master... so sudden..."

At the same time, my right hand reached for Angeline and two fingers immediately slid into her tight little pussy. "Kyaa! Master!" the little rabbit cried.

Now, I had my cock buried in Gwenneth's bleeding rear, my left fingers buried in Delilah's cunt, and my right fingers playing with Angeline's clit and entrance. The three of them moaned in chaotic harmony.

While continuing to play with the two women beside her, I glared intensely at Gwenneth's weeping face.

"Look at you, Piggy," I taunted, my voice dripping with scorn. "You used to be so arrogant, so confident. You thought the world revolved around your pathetic self. Now? You're just your Master's crying pig, getting your asshole pierced. You should be thanking me. I'm taking the virginity of your dirty, worthless backside."

Gwenneth, through her sobs, drew a ragged breath.

"I... I thank you... Master... thank you... for taking... my dirty backside's virginity..." my Pig uttered, her voice almost inaudible.

"A good pet accepts everything her Master gives, be it affection, food, or... punishment," I continued, emphasizing the word 'punishment'. "Do you understand, Pig?"

She nodded, her tears continuing to fall. "I-I understand, Master..."

"Good."

Then, I began to move.

The first motion inside her tight hole made her scream in pain again. "AAAAH! NO! IT HURTS! MASTER, PLEASE—!"

I didn't care. I pulled my cock almost all the way out, then slammed it back in hard.

Squelch! That wet, disgusting sound echoed. Gwenneth howled, her body shaking violently.

Delilah and Angeline beside her were jostled by my movements, but the pleasure from my fingers inside them kept them moaning, though worry flickered in their eyes.

I kept moving, each thrust a torture for Gwenneth's body, unaccustomed to anal penetration, let alone of my size. The rhythm was brutal and merciless.

"You arrogant pig!" I snarled, slamming into her reddening cheeks.

SMACK!

"Where's your pride now?! Where's that condescending look?! When you kicked me out of the living room just because my smell offended your noble nose?!"

SMACK!

"When you laughed seeing me trip on the stairs and called me a 'useless loser'?!"

SMACK!

"When you arrogantly said I wasn't worthy of the Socheron name, that I was just trash living off you?!"

Each thrust was accompanied by questions and insults that cut deeper than the physical pain. Gwenneth could only cry and apologize, her voice shattered and desperate.

"Sorry! Please forgive me! Stop! I beg you, Master! I'm scum! I'm trash! I'm a pig! P- Please... be gentler... stop... I can't take it..."

"Stop?" I let out a cold laugh, not slowing my rhythm in the slightest. "You think you have the right to ask me to stop? You're just a pig. A pig has no rights. A pig just has to accept whatever her Master gives her, until her Master is satisfied!"

I plunged deeper, harder. The pain in Gwenneth's rear reached its peak, but beneath the searing agony, something else slowly began to creep in. Maybe because her mind was starting to surrender, associating this pain with obedience and acceptance of her fate. Her moans, once pure agony, began to change, taking on another note—a moan that sounded almost... pleasurable.

Her nose was covered by the pig's snout, forcing her to breathe through her mouth. She opened it wide like an animal, panting for air. Drool dripped, her tongue lolling out.

I felt my climax approaching. My thrusts grew faster, more uncontrolled. Under my fingers, Delilah and Angeline were also on the brink.

"AAAAH, MASTER! I'M CUMMING!" Delilah screamed, her body shaking violently, her cunt clenching tightly around my fingers.

"Hnngg! M-Me too! Kyaaa!" Angeline shrieked, following her mother.

And at nearly the same moment, I drove my cock as deep as it would go into Gwenneth's bowels and unleashed a torrent of hot cum, filling her rectum to overflowing.

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!" Gwenneth screeched, her body convulsing violently, experiencing her first forced anal orgasm—likely more painful than pleasurable, yet still stripping her of all control.

I pulled my spent cock from her now-loose, reddened, and cum-dripping rear. She collapsed to the floor, powerless, left only with weak sobs.

My gaze turned to Charlotte, who had been watching all this with ragged breath, her body writhing wildly in her bonds. The fluids from her pussy and ass had formed a sizable puddle on the floor.

"So, Aunt Charlotte," I said, my voice hoarse yet clear. "You've seen how I treat my pets. Now... do you want the same?"

Charlotte stared at me. In her eyes was a mad conflict—horror, disgust, fear... but also a burning thirst, a need that almost overwhelmed everything else. Slowly, with hesitant yet clear movement, she nodded.

I smiled. I walked over and simply released the rope suspending her, letting her fall limply to the floor. I didn't remove the ball gag or her wrist ties. Let her remain helpless.

"Then," I whispered, looking at the four women now all lying on the floor of my room, "let's continue this party."

That night dissolved into a relentless orgy. I took all four of them in turn, sometimes two at once. I used every hole they had. The room was filled with the smells of sex, sweat, semen, and various other bodily fluids. Moans, screams, cries, and the sounds of colliding bodies became the constant soundtrack.

If it weren't for the [Fertility Control] skill, they would all have gotten pregnant.

Angeline, my sweet Bunny, was the first to pass out. Her body was exhausted after brutal sodomy and multiple forced orgasms. She lay in a corner, breathing shallowly, her body still twitching occasionally.

Next was my arrogant Pig, Gwenneth. After losing her anal virginity and experiencing extreme physical and mental torture, she finally couldn't take any more. Her consciousness slipped away, her voluptuous body lying limp beside her sister, still dripping my seed from various openings.

But I wasn't finished yet. Delilah, my Cow, and Charlotte, my slave, still held on. They were the highest-level Awakeners, with incredible stamina and endurance.

I took them in every corner of the room, in every position imaginable. As dawn began to break, illuminating the wrecked room heavy with the smell of sex and bodies, I still hadn't stopped. I pressed Charlotte against the wall, taking her from behind brutally, while Delilah knelt before me, her mouth working tirelessly on my indefatigable cock.

And in the midst of it all, a beautiful notification appeared in my field of view.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 10,000 EXP.]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 57]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 58]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 59]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

I smiled amidst my thrusts into Charlotte.

It seemed Alex was dead.

### **Chapter 155: Chapter 155 - Morning Headlines**

It was a quest that appeared right after I kicked Alex's naked face in the classroom hallway, after humiliating him and walking away. The system notification suddenly floated before my eyes.

---

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Alex Rutherford

OBJECTIVE: Bring Alex Rutherford to absolute despair. Drive him to end his own life.

REWARD: 10,000 EXP.

[Accept: y / n]

---

As I read it, my heart was instantly filled with a dark satisfaction.

Perfect. That was exactly what I wanted to do to him.

I wanted him to lose everything—his dignity, his reputation, his family, and finally, his hope. I wanted him to see the hell I created for him and decide the only way out was to cut the thread of life itself.

Knowing the quest existed, that the system acknowledged my intent, felt like a blessing for my cruel plan.

And now, the notification was a sweet confirmation. Alex Rutherford had finally taken the easiest way out for himself.

A deep weariness filled every fiber of my muscles, but I was satisfied. Truly satisfied.

Nothing is more crushing for a bastard like him than ending his own life after losing everything. That's why my revenge on him was the lightest. I let him die. As for the other four—Yukie, Maximus, Isabel, Nerissa—they shouldn't expect such comfort. I'll make sure they live long enough to regret every breath they took near me.

These thoughts floated in my mind but were soon drowned by a powerful wave of physical sensation.

On top of my lying body, Delilah was crawling. Her enormous, plump breasts hung right above my face. I grabbed them; I couldn't help but marvel at their size, my hands barely able to contain them. I squeezed and kneaded them roughly, like milking an actual cow. Her smooth, warm skin felt incredible in my grasp.

"Ahh... M-Master... be gentle..." Delilah moaned. From her already swollen, dark red nipples, thick white milk began to drip.

I didn't hesitate. I lifted my head and immediately took one into my mouth, sucking on her nipple. Warm, sweet milk gushed down my throat. It felt amazing, restoring my energy, but there was so much of it that I choked.

"H-hhk!" I pulled my head back, coughing lightly, while milk from her leaking nipple sprayed onto my chin and neck. "Damn it... too much, Cow."

"S-sorry, Master..." Delilah murmured, her face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and pleasure. Her elegant demeanor was completely gone, replaced by the expression of a slut drowning in ecstasy. She squeezed her other breast, directing the milk straight into my mouth. "But... it feels good, right? Mommy's milk... can restore your energy..."

Meanwhile, down below, Charlotte was wildly mounting my cock. She was facing away from me, and to keep her balance amidst the frantic rocking of her body, her wrists—still bound—reached back to grab and clutch Delilah's plump, swaying buttocks right behind her as an anchor.

Every time she raised and lowered herself, she pulled on Delilah's ass, creating a chain of interconnected movement between our three bodies.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Adam! Adam!" Charlotte cried out, each thrust making her body shudder. She wasn't wearing the ball gag anymore, and her usually soft, mature voice was now broken by lust.

Delilah above me, moaning from having her breasts milked and staggering from having her ass pulled by Charlotte, created a perfect symphony of chaos.

All of this... was driving me insane. The exhaustion, the satisfaction of revenge, the incredible physical pleasure, and absolute dominance over these beautiful women all swirled into one.

I let myself sink into that vortex until finally, total darkness and exhaustion overwhelmed me.

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The next day, the headline on every TV channel was about the "Horrific Rutherford Family Massacre."

"...a deadly tragedy at the Rutherford family home. All family members, including the Black Sun Guild Master, Orville Rutherford, were found dead under horrific circumstances. Surprisingly, initial investigations suggest the perpetrators were the household servants and security staff themselves..."

I grinned, sipping the juice Delilah had made.

'Of course,' I thought with a smile. I had used the [Faceless Mask] almost the entire time. To all cameras and eyewitnesses, what they saw was the faces of servants slaughtering and violating each other.

"... However, many speculate that this tragedy is connected to the incident a few days ago, where the world's current strongest Hunter, the Star Witch, destroyed the Black Sun headquarters. Is this an act of revenge? We have contacted the Hunter Association for confirmation..."

At that moment, from her study, I heard Delilah speaking on the phone. Her voice was elegant, calm, and authoritative—a world away from the whining slut from last night.

"...Archer, I've already explained. My actions against Black Sun were merely a warning, as a mother whose child was harassed. That matter is closed. I have no further business with that family, let alone would I commit... a mass murder like that. It's utterly vile."

She paused to listen for a moment, then continued, "I understand your concern. But please, don't associate my name with such a criminal tragedy."

The call ended. A moment later, Delilah emerged from the study. She had showered and was neatly dressed in a simple yet elegant house dress, her hair tied up neatly.

She sat on the sofa next to me, sinking into the cushions with grace. But I knew, beneath it all, was the body that had crawled and moaned like a whore last night, her nipples still slightly sore from being sucked and squeezed all night.

She sat on the sofa next to me, her body touching my arm.

"Are you satisfied, Darling?" she asked softly. "Are you content? How do you feel now that you've... succeeded in your revenge?"

I looked at her. Her golden eyes held genuine tenderness and also... desire. I wrapped my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close, embracing her possessively. My hand stroked her fine, blonde hair. Her body was incredibly soft and warm, a delight to touch.

"Satisfied?" I murmured, kissing her forehead. "Not yet. Far from it, Mom. This is just the beginning. Alex was merely the first. The easiest one. There are many more names on my list."

Delilah looked up, her eyes meeting mine. "There are others? At the academy?"

I nodded slowly. "Many, Mom. Everyone who ever laughed, mocked, or even just stood by while I was tormented. They will all face the consequences. But especially... those four."

Delilah was silent for a moment, perhaps processing that information. Then, she asked gently, "Is there... anything Mom can help with again? Like with Alex?"

My smile widened. My stepmother had truly changed completely. From the cold woman who hated me, she had become my most loyal ally and tool for revenge—and a lewd one at that.

"I deeply appreciate your offer, Mom," I said, my fingers beginning to trail from her hair down her slender neck to her exposed shoulder. "But for them... I want to take it slow. Savor every second of their downfall."

My hand crept lower, brushing the top of her breast beneath the fabric. "And... for now, there is one thing you can definitely help me with."

Delilah could already guess. Her cheeks flushed, but a small, seductive smile appeared on her lips. "What is it, Darling?"

I brought my lips close to her ear. "You can help me... with this incredible body of yours. Right now."

"Bua~" Delilah hissed, pushing my shoulder weakly, but her eyes sparkled. "You pervert. You just woke up, and your mind is already there again?"

"It's because you're too tempting," I countered, my hand already kneading her breast through the fabric. "You're the one who makes me like this. Every time I see you, I just want to strip you naked and take you right then and there."

"Adam!" she protested, but it was a weak protest. Her body was already arching into my touch. "You... your words are getting more and more shameless. You weren't like this before."

"Because I was afraid before," I whispered, now kissing her neck. "Now I'm not afraid anymore. Now I want to possess everything I desire. And you, Mom... are what I desire the most."

"So... I'm just one of the things you want?" she teased, but her tone showed she was enjoying the attention.

"I want many things, Mom," I admitted, my hands starting to undo the buttons of her dress. "But you... you're special."

Her dress opened, revealing her plump white skin and the large breasts I knew so intimately. "And for that, you will always receive special treatment from me."

We flirted, exchanged lewd banter, in the quiet morning atmosphere of the living room. But suddenly, my phone lying on the table vibrated. I glanced at it. On the screen was a name that made my smile grow even wider.

My girlfriend Sonya.

## **Chapter 156: Chapter 156 - Evening Chill in the Park**

The evening air in the city park began to bite with a damp chill. I sat on a wooden bench, scuffing my shoe against the gravel path. To fend off the boredom and mild irritation of waiting, I opened the System Interface visible only to me.

---

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 59

EXP: 120/3900

<Strength: 75>

<Agility: 50>

<Vitality: 55>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 100>

Available Stat Points: 20

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]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

[The Edge of Bliss]

[The Fleshcraver's Loop]

[Ring of Self-Control]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

---

Twenty unspent stat points. Not bad. I considered quickly. Libido was already maxed out and fairly controlled by the ring. Charisma... that wasn't important. What I needed was physical prowess, so I decided to distribute them evenly.

[Strength: 75 → 80]

[Agility:50 → 60]

[Vitality:55 → 60]

As soon as the points were locked in, the change was immediate. The muscles in my arms and thighs felt denser, as if their fibers had tightened. My breathing felt lighter and deeper, like my lung capacity had increased.

Good.

I closed my interface and looked up. The sky in the west had shifted from burnt orange to a dark violet, swallowing the last remnants of sunlight. But Sonya was still nowhere to be seen.

I pulled my phone from my jacket pocket. The screen lit up, showing the time: 7:27 PM. She was almost a full hour late. There was an unread chat notification from her. I tapped it.

Sonya: Adam, I'm so, so sorry! One of my patients had a major relapse, it was a complete mess. I'm helping to manage it. Might be another 30 minutes late. Please wait!

Sonya: Heading out now! 15 minutes max!

I sighed. Sonya worked as a nurse at a specialized psychiatric hospital for Hunters—part of the large Hunter Global Association foundation. Her clients were people with extraordinary powers and profound trauma. I could imagine the chaos.

Then there was another message. From Arianna. I opened it.

Arianna: Did you see the news this morning? About the Rutherford family. That... does it have something to do with you?

I replied with an ambiguous answer.

Me: It's as the media reported.

Arianna: Which version? The one saying the Star Witch threatened them? Or the one saying they were killed by their own maid?

Me: What do you think?

There was a pause of a few seconds.

Arianna: Was it you?

My lips curved.

Me: Who knows.

Arianna: You're the worst.

The conversation ended there. I turned off the screen and put the phone away, trying to be patient. Five minutes crawled by. I watched a pair of pigeons still scavenging for scraps on the sidewalk and an old man walking his dog home.

Then, finally, she appeared.

From the far end of the path illuminated by park lights, her figure hurried forward. Her steps were rushed, her work bag swinging from her shoulder. As she drew closer under the yellow lamp light, I could see her clearly. And I had to admit, my heart beat a little faster.

She'd clearly just come from work, but she looked far from messy.

Those dark blue high-waisted jeans hugged her curves perfectly, accentuating her slender waist and enticing hip line. Her top was a white silk blouse tucked in, layered with a cream-colored tweed jacket that looked warm.

Her brown hair was slightly wind-tousled, a few strands clinging to her flushed cheeks. Her clear blue eyes immediately scanned the area and found me, and when our gazes met, a shy, relieved smile spread across her face.

In comparison, my attire was utterly ordinary: plain black jeans, a simple black short-sleeved t-shirt, and a black leather bomber jacket. But as people often commented, my naturally gray stone hair and sharp amethyst eyes were enough to draw attention.

"Adam! Oh my god, sorry! I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed as soon as she reached me, "I'm the one who asked to meet, and I end up ridiculously late. You must have been waiting here forever. Thank you so much for still waiting."

"Have a seat first," I said, seeing her slightly out of breath. I patted the bench beside me. "Take a deep breath. You look like you just ran a marathon."

She nodded quickly and sat down. The distance between us was now just a few centimeters. I could clearly smell her scent: a light, sweet floral perfume mixed with the faint hospital smell of disinfectant and clean linen clinging to her clothes.

"Yeah, I had to jog a bit from the taxi," she said, taking a deep breath. "It was genuinely chaotic today. The patient I mentioned in chat, his name is Pablo."

She started telling the story. I listened, while in my head, my thoughts drifted to the strange dynamic between us.

This was our third meeting since I'd jumped through her bedroom window. After I'd appeared in her dreams nearly every night, manipulating her desires, Sonya had finally given in and called to meet. Her goal was clearly to release the unbearable tension. But she'd also stated her boundaries.

She said she didn't want to jump straight into a serious relationship before genuinely getting to know me as a person outside the bedroom. So, we were in this weird phase: incredibly strong physical attraction, peppered with attempts to get to know each other. An honest approach, when you thought about it.

"So this Pablo," Sonya continued, her face turning serious, "he's a former Hunter. His symptoms are very complex: panic attacks, anger outbursts, delusions. Sometimes he attacks people because he thinks they're his past tormentors."

"His tormentors?" I asked, curious. The patient situation she described this time had a certain similarity to my own, and I couldn't help but be intrigued. .

Sonya did occasionally share stories from her work.

"Yeah," Sonya sighed, her eyes looking into the distance, filled with a social worker's empathy. "He grew up in an orphanage. But... that orphanage turned out to be hell. They performed inhumane experiments on the children there. Pablo was one of the victims. He was tortured from a very young age."

"But he was eventually rescued by an HGA extraction team," Sonya continued, fiddling with the edge of her jacket. "And after that... his life had only one purpose... revenge. He tracked down everyone involved with that orphanage, and..."

She paused for a moment, swallowing hard, "...he killed them. All of them."

I nodded slowly.

"But the strange thing," Sonya looked at me now, her eyes showing genuine confusion, "after it was all over, after he got his revenge... his trauma didn't go away. It actually... got worse."

I frowned, genuinely curious now. "Got worse? How?"

Sonya shrugged, her expression one of helplessness. "I don't really understand it either. Maybe... because after his revenge, his life became empty? No purpose left? Or maybe... revenge was just a temporary fix, it didn't heal the pain, just covered the hole for a while? That's just my guess, I'm just a regular nurse."

She was quiet for a moment, then suddenly seemed to realize her story might be too heavy.

"Oh, but don't worry! I'm fine. Pablo is powerful, he's an Awakener Rank S, so it was a real mess earlier, but it's pretty routine for us. Something like this happens almost every day at my workplace. Just today... it was a bit more intense."

A Rank S, now a wreck in a psychiatric hospital, unable to escape his past even after exacting revenge.

My thoughts raced. Pablo's story was like a dark, cracked mirror, reflecting a distorted shadow of my own path. Was this what awaited me at the end of my road? Total ruin despite having taken revenge?

But for now, there was something more important right in front of me.

"The important thing is you're okay," I said, and this time my voice sounded more sincere than I'd intended.

Then, with a small smile, I steered the conversation elsewhere. "So, after a day like that... are you hungry? Or..."

I leaned in slightly, my voice dropping to a lower, more suggestive tone, "...is there something more urgent than hunger that needs to be released?"

And instantly, Sonya shot me a sharp, wide-eyed look, her cheeks flushing a deeper crimson.

## **Chapter 157: Chapter 157 - Older Sister's Concern**

Sonya grabbed my face with her hands, giving my cheeks a little pinch and shake. "Can you not just jump straight to that? Is your brain filled with nothing but sex?!" Her voice was half-whisper, half-exasperation, but her eyes held a glint of amusement.

I let her manhandle my face, simply nodding.

In my heart, I answered honestly: Yes, that's right. In my head, aside from the simmering plans for revenge, that's pretty much it. Sex and dominance, it's the only thing keeping me sane.

Then, in a flat but deliberately provocative tone, I said, "Repeat that sentence later when you're moaning my name."

Sonya's face flushed crimson from her ears down to her neck.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed, shaking my head more vigorously. "How... how can you say something so vulgar so confidently to a woman's face?"

'Maybe because that's how we communicate at home,' I thought, but of course didn't say it out loud. Delilah, Angeline, even Gwenneth... lewd words and immediate action were our daily language now.

Sonya kept shaking my face, as if trying to rattle the naughty words right out of my skull. "If you keep talking like this, no woman will ever want to get close to you, you know! They'll think you're a creep, or worse, that you only want one thing!"

Then, abruptly, she released her grip. Her expression grew more serious. "Dating isn't just about sex, Adam. If you only want to be with me just for that purpose... we should end this. Right now. And don't come looking for me again. Okay?"

I nodded, this time with a more neutral expression. For now, I'd just go along with it.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down, clearly ruffled by my earlier words.

Seeing her start to settle, I changed the subject. "Why don't you just quit that job of yours?"

Sonya looked at me, slightly confused. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you're a regular person. Not an Awakener. But you work in a place filled with powerful people with unstable minds. You've been lucky so far. But what if one day, someone really loses control? Why do you stay in a job that's clearly so dangerous?" I asked, trying to sound like someone who cared—and part of me genuinely wondered.

Sonya narrowed her eyes. "Are you trying to jinx me or something?"

"I'm just asking," I replied quickly, raising my hands slightly. "Didn't mean it like that."

Sonya studied me for a moment, then suddenly offered a thin, somewhat bitter smile. "I get what you mean. And... thanks for worrying."

She then explained, her voice calmer. "Well... my main reason is simple, the pay there is huge. Matches the risk. If I left, I'm not sure I could find another job with a comparable salary. You know how hard it is to find decent work these days."

I nodded, understanding her reasoning—though I saw things differently.

"But your brother is graduating soon. He's one of the top students. A major guild will definitely recruit him. He already has sponsors. You could live comfortably without having to work somewhere so dangerous."

After our first meeting—after I'd visited her room—Sonya had clearly looked into who I was. That wasn't difficult. As a newly Awakened, I'd made a bit of minor news.

When she learned that I was actually Maximus's classmate, she was stunned and immediately flooded me with questions about her brother.

Apparently, Sonya had no idea that Maximus had been involved in bullying me. That bastard had done a good job playing the role of the perfect younger brother in front of her. She also admitted that Maximus rarely spoke about his life at the academy.

So, I told her what I knew about Maximus at the academy, of course omitting the parts where he tortured me. Because of that, in Sonya's eyes, I'm just her brother's perverted classmate. We eventually agreed to keep our relationship a secret, an idea she had suggested herself.

Back to the conversation, Sonya answered me gently, yet with quiet resolve.

"I don't want to be a burden to my brother."

"But he only managed to get where he is now because you worked day and night to pay for his schooling and training at good facilities," I argued.

Sonya gave a small smile. "That was my responsibility. And as his older sister, my pride would be hurt if I started depending on him. And... I don't want to live off anyone's pity. Even if it's family."

I snorted. "So your brother is allowed to rely on you, but you're not allowed to rely on him. Is that it?"

Sonya nodded, her thin smile still in place.

"Yeah. Pretty cool, right?!" she said, trying to inject some humor.

I, intending to please her—and genuinely feeling she had an admirable side—nodded.

"Yeah. You're very cool."

Sonya's smile widened, making her pretty face shine. But then, she continued in a more reflective tone. "But actually... maybe I also like my job. Taking care of people who are... crazy. Otherwise, I wouldn't want to get close to a crazy, perverted bastard like you."

She squinted her eyes, teasing.

Hearing that, I laughed. A laugh that came out honestly.

Sonya smiled too, then said, "You're not denying it? So you're self-aware that you're a crazy, perverted bastard?"

I nodded, still smiling. "I am the world's most insane, perverted bastard."

This time, Sonya let out a small laugh, her voice like a light bell in the quiet of the park.

After our laughter subsided, a comfortable silence fell between us. But only for a moment. Sonya's expression suddenly shifted, becoming somber.

"About Pablo earlier... it made me sad, and reminded me of my own past," she said softly. "I've told you before, right? Maximus and I are from an orphanage too, after our parents died in a Dungeon Break. But... thankfully, our orphanage wasn't like Pablo's."

I just stayed quiet, listening.

Sonya quickly caught her own sudden somber mood and tried to shift it. She changed her expression, then asked, in a tone like she was just making casual conversation, "You're really not close with my brother, are you? In class?"

I lied smoothly. "Even though we're in the same class, we hardly ever talk."

Sonya sighed, but it wasn't a sigh of disappointment. More like relief.

"Oh, I see. It's just... my brother... he does get along with his friends, right? At the academy?" she asked, a hint of worry in her voice.

"Why do you ask?" I countered.

"He... he has issues with kids from elite families," Sonya explained. "He hates them. A few times he's entered competitions or vied for scholarships, and in his view, the kids from big families always win, even when he's more deserving."

## **Chapter 158: Chapter 158 - Enjoying the Normalcy**

"You can relax. He's surrounded by good friends in his class," I replied in a reassuring tone. It was a lie, of course. Maximus was surrounded by bastards like himself. But Sonya didn't need to know that right now.

Sonya let out a breath, her expression brightening a little. "If that's the case, I can feel a bit more at ease. Thank you."

A comfortable silence fell between us again. The night breeze blew gently. In the midst of that quiet, a question that had been lurking in my mind, triggered by Pablo's story earlier, finally surfaced.

"What do you think," I began slowly, "should a man like Pablo have done? So he wouldn't have ended up like that. Was his revenge... wrong?"

Sonya turned to look at me, her blue eyes serious under the park lights. She was quiet for a moment, thoughtful.

"I... don't know," she finally answered honestly. "I've never been in his position. I haven't felt the torture he endured daily. So I can't just casually say he was wrong."

She looked down at her own hands, folded in her lap. "And... the people he killed were evil, right? They tortured children. Maybe... if I were him, I'd have done the same thing. But..."

She shrugged, "but look at the result. He's still shattered. So, I don't know. Maybe revenge isn't the answer. Or maybe there's no answer that can truly heal a wound that deep."

Her words made me think. But then, for some reason, there was a strange urge to open up a little. Maybe because of the mood, or because of Sonya's sincere expression.

"You know," I said, my voice lower than usual, "I often have nightmares. The same one, over and over. Sometimes different ones, just as bad. And even though now... I have the power to destroy the source of those nightmares, the dreams still come. They still haunt me. It makes me sick of myself. Like... I can't escape, even after getting revenge."

Sonya looked at me with a changed gaze—from a casual conversation partner to something deeper, more attentive. She saw my serious expression and perhaps read something in my eyes.

"So... what do you do?" she asked gently, without judgment.

"I can only keep facing them," I answered.

Sonya smiled, a soft, understanding smile.

"Then don't hate yourself, Adam," she said. "You're doing the right thing. Things like that... they take time. The process is slow. But you're trying to face it. That alone makes you pretty great."

For a moment, my eyes widened and gleamed upon hearing her words. Great? Me? The man who just tortured and destroyed a family, who is planning the ruin of more people? But her tone was sincere. She doesn't know what I've actually done.

Inwardly, I thought, 'If only you knew the way I face those nightmares.'

Yet, strangely, even though I knew the praise was based on ignorance, it still felt... warm. Receiving genuine acknowledgment, even if misplaced, from a woman who is actually the sister of one of my targets of hatred, gave me a strange, small sense of strength. The irony wasn't lost on me.

My thoughts drifted to my revenge plan against Maximus. Initially, the idea of raping Sonya in front of him felt satisfying. But now... it felt boring. Commonplace. And, I had to admit, there was a strange fondness. Destroying a woman who was beautiful, strong, and had a good side like Sonya... felt like ruining a beautiful painting just to hurt the gallery owner. It seemed a bit of a waste.

I should destroy Sonya in a much subtler way, while delivering a hard blow to Maximus.

Sonya, noticing me lost in thought, suddenly moved. She stood up and her warm hand grabbed mine. She pulled me up from the bench.

"Sitting too long, it's cold," she said with a light smile on her lips. "I've rested enough, and my stomach is seriously growling. Come on, let's get dinner. And, as an apology for making you wait so long..."

She winked, "...my treat."

I finally stood up, slightly pulled along by her enthusiastic tug.

"You know," I said, matching her pace, "when I first saw you, I thought you were a shy, closed-off girl."

Sonya looked back at me while still holding my hand, her smile widening.

"Oh, really? So what kind of girl do you think I am now?"

"A girl brave enough... to be with me," I answered.

She laughed lightly, her voice like the tinkling of ice in a glass.

"Me too. When I first saw you fighting that thug, and when you appeared at my window like a perverted ghost, I thought you were a terrifying and very experienced sexual predator. But who would have thought..."

She leaned her face closer, whispering in a teasing tone, "Turns out you're quite awkward and clueless about women and dating."

Inwardly, I thought, 'The part about being an experienced sexual predator is correct.'

But I just shrugged.

"I told you, you're the first."

Sonya nodded, her expression suddenly serious, but her eyes still twinkling.

"Right. In that case, as the first, I feel I have a moral responsibility."

She paused, then flashed a wide, mischievous smile. "So, this kind-hearted big sister is going to teach you a lot of things, Adam. Be prepared."

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Just like my two previous dates with her, I let Sonya take the lead, occasionally suggesting places. Because in this realm of normal dating, I was completely blind. I didn't know which restaurants were suitable, which movies were good, or what activities normal couples did.

And strangely, I was enjoying it.

Not in the burning, passionate sense like when I was with Delilah or destroying Alex. This was different. It was like... breathing fresh air after being confined in a stuffy room for so long. There was a simplicity, a peacefulness, and even a refreshing bit of foolishness to it.

As I walked beside her, listening to her chatter about restaurant menus, or watching her eyes light up in front of the cinema screen, I felt something rare: a normal human interaction not based on fear, hatred, or sexual obsession.

And with my powers, the fact that I could have any woman I wanted by force made this experience of gaining Sonya's attention in this way feel... weird.

We went to a small, cozy family restaurant. Sonya's pick.

"This place is good and the portions are huge," she whispered.

She confidently ordered for both of us—steak with mashed potatoes and salad for me, seafood pasta for herself. We ate while chatting lightly about her work, or about the academy.

After dinner, we headed to the movies. Sonya picked the film again. "This is an older movie, but it's really good. You definitely haven't seen it," she said, pulling me into the ticket line.

It was a survival film about a young man stranded in the vast ocean with a wild beast, with just a small lifeboat, facing storms and starvation.

I sat in the dark seat, occasionally stealing glances at Sonya, who watched the film intently. For me, the film was... engaging enough to follow. Not boring.

After the movie, we moved to a quiet bar with dim lighting and soft jazz music. Sonya ordered a fruit cocktail, I ordered whiskey. Sitting across from each other, she then looked at me, her eyes full of questions.

"So, what did you think of the movie earlier?" she asked, taking a sip of her drink.

"I thought it was a pretty good film," I answered, honest but simple.

Sonya narrowed her eyes. "Pretty good? What part was good?"

"The story. Easy to follow. And... not boring," I said, trying to remember what else I could comment on.

Sonya gave a small snort, but her smile remained. "Wow, a very... generic and boring answer, Adam Socheron."

Yeah, I thought. I'm really not a film buff. My capacity to judge films was limited to: whether it kept me awake and entertained. A very basic criterion. But I didn't tell her that. Instead, I turned the question back.

"What about you? Why do you think it's good? You seemed to really like it."

Sonya's expression instantly came alive. Her eyes sparkled like a child asked about their favorite toy.

"Okay, listen up," she said, leaning forward. "First, from the technical side, the cinematography was amazing. How they captured the vastness of the ocean to make it feel both lonely and terrifying, yet also beautiful. The use of the color palette, deep blues, grays, dark greens, the director really succeeded in building an atmosphere of isolation and despair."

I nodded, though I only understood about half of it. But the way she explained it was interesting.

"Then..." Sonya went on at length about the film, discussing the actors' performances, the pacing, and more.

I listened, somewhat captivated. But not by the film analysis—most of which went over my head—but by her passion. By the way she spoke, her shining eyes, and how she connected things I thought were ordinary into something meaningful. I don't get how she got to discussing God and faith from a film about a guy almost eaten by a shark, but... listening to her is interesting.

Meanwhile, far from the warm atmosphere of the bar...

Maximus Treybern stared at his phone anxiously. The clock showed 11:47 PM, and Sonya wasn't home yet. He'd tried calling three times, but no answer. His text messages also went unread.

"What's going on, Sis?" he muttered. The worry of a loving, caring younger brother gnawed at him.

Then, his sharp eyes gleamed. He opened his phone, accessing a specific application not visible on the main screen—a tracking app.

This app was linked to Sonya's phone—without her consent, of course. A few months earlier, when she wasn't paying attention, Maximus had secretly installed the tracking software on his sister's device. He told himself it was for her safety, just in case anything happened.

He had also installed software to read her chats, but it seemed that had been discovered and removed.

He opened the app. A digital map appeared on the screen, and on it, a blinking red dot showed Sonya's location. The dot wasn't moving, located somewhere in the city center. Maximus zoomed in on the map, trying to read the name of the place.

And then he immediately rushed to head there.

## **Chapter 159: Chapter 159 - The Uphill Walk**

Leaving the bar, our heads a little light from the alcohol and conversation, Sonya held my hand.

"I have an idea," she said, her eyes shining under the streetlights. "Before we head to the motel, let's go to Skyview Overlook. The view of Gatehaven from up there is breathtaking at night like this."

"I think it's better if we go to the motel now and have sex," I replied, glancing at the time nearing midnight. "You're tired, and you have work tomorrow."

"Ah, you pervert! Don't be like that!" she protested, swinging our joined hands. "I treated you to dinner, a movie, drinks. Now it's your turn to indulge my wish. Come on, just for a bit! It won't take long!"

I sighed. "The place is far. And uphill."

"That's the point! A little walk uphill is refreshing!" she insisted, and her slightly pouting expression with cheeks flushed from alcohol made it hard to refuse.

I finally nodded, resigned. Alright, one more for you.

We started walking towards the hills on the city's edge, where Skyview Overlook was located. The path there was a winding, uphill trail, only sporadically lit by streetlamps.

As we began our climb, I immediately felt the benefit of my stat increase. My breathing stayed even, my legs felt light, and the incline felt like a regular walk.

But not for Sonya. After a few minutes of climbing, her breath was already coming in gasps.

"Hey... wait... up," she hissed from behind. I stopped and looked back. She was standing a few steps behind, hands on her hips, face red and sweaty. As I looked at her, she glared.

"You... you're so inconsiderate! Walking so fast, not even waiting!"

I grinned. "Who insisted on coming up here again?"

"I did, but you're the guy! You should... be more considerate!" she argued, still panting. "If you know the girl can't keep up, then... take it slow! Or... offer some help!"

"Remind me, who was it that kept saying 'I'm strong, okay' and 'don't pity me' earlier?" I teased, enjoying her tipsy petulance.

Sonya huffed, but couldn't argue because she had indeed said those things earlier. She just looked at me with a half-angry, half-exhausted expression. But then...

"I can't go on," she said suddenly, her voice turning into a child-like whine. "Carry me."

I stared at her. "What?"

"Carry. Me. To the top," she said slowly, as if speaking to someone slow to understand. "My legs hurt."

I shook my head, but a smile touched my lips. "Now I know why your ex-boyfriend left you. Because you're very childish and demanding."

Sonya just gave a wide, beautiful smile, as if that were a compliment.

"Maybe! But that's my problem. Now, carry me. Or I'll sit right here and cry."

I looked at her for a few moments. Then, in a quick motion before she could react, I bent down and abruptly lifted her up in a princess carry, one arm under her knees, the other supporting her back.

"Whoa—! HEY!" Sonya yelped in surprise, her hands reflexively grabbing my shoulders. Her already red face turned beet red. "I meant a piggyback! Not like this! Put me down!"

"But this is more comfortable, right?" I teased, starting to walk uphill again. "You can see the view, and I can see your embarrassed face."

"Jerk! Put me down!" she protested, hitting my shoulder with her small, ineffective fists. But slowly, her resistance weakened.

Maybe because her legs were genuinely tired, or because this position was actually quite comfortable. Finally, with a groan of resignation, she buried her face into my shoulder, hiding from my gaze—and from anyone who might pass by.

"I hate you," she mumbled, her voice muffled by my jacket.

I smiled, a smile that came unbidden, and kept walking. I looked down at Gatehaven spread out below us like a tapestry of shimmering jewels. Streetlights, building lights, the slow-moving lights of cars—it all created a living painting against the darkness.

"Sonya?" I called softly.

No answer.

I looked down. In my arms, Sonya had fallen asleep. Her usually expressive face looked peaceful and weary. Her long eyelashes were visible in the moonlight, her cheeks still slightly flushed, her lips parted just a little. She looked so... innocent.

I sighed, half-annoyed, half-fond.

'Typical woman,' I thought. She was the one who dragged me up here, demanded to be carried, and then fell asleep. We hadn't even had sex yet, which was the whole reason for meeting. But seeing her this tired, the urge subsided.

Should I wake her up?

I suppose not.

At home, there are three trained onaholes, always ready to serve me anytime. Delilah, Angeline, Gwenneth. They would do anything I asked, obediently and with full passion. But for Sonya, since she's an ordinary person, I shouldn't push her body too far or she'd break.

I stood at the summit, looking over the city with Sonya fast asleep in my arms. I planned to take her back to her home. But suddenly, before I could turn around, a cluster of quick, heavy footsteps approached from behind, followed by a shout that shattered the night's silence.

"ADAM! YOU SON OF A BITCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY SISTER?!"

The voice pierced my ears. I knew exactly who it was. Maximus.

Quickly and silently, I summoned the [Faceless Mask] directly onto my face. My face felt a momentary shift, transforming into that of an ordinary-looking stranger.

This wasn't the right time to reveal that I was dating his sister.

Just as the transformation finished, a rough grab pulled at my shoulder from behind. I turned slowly.

There stood Maximus Treybern, his face a mask of wild anger and panicked worry. His brown hair was disheveled, his sharp eyes wide, his body in a fighting stance, his Rank A- Awakener energy pulsing uncontrollably.

But the moment he saw my face—or rather, the face of the stranger I wore—his expression shifted to one of confusion mixed with bewilderment. He had clearly expected to see Adam Socheron.

Yeah, I thought coldly. Surprised?

But I showed no recognition. I looked at him with a confused and slightly annoyed expression, like a stranger being harassed.

"Who are you?" I asked, my voice also altered to be deeper and rougher than my own. "What's your problem?"

Maximus looked even more confused, but his anger didn't abate.

"I'm the one who should be asking who you are!" he snarled, his finger pointing at Sonya, still asleep in my arms. "Why are you carrying my sister? What did you do to her?!"

I pretended to think for a moment, then my eyes moved to Maximus's face as if matching a memory.

"Your sister?" Then, as if remembering, I nodded. "Ah, right. Sonya showed me your photo."

"Well then, nice to meet you, I'm her boyfriend," I said, now in a friendlier tone.

Maximus froze.

"What?" his voice sounded disbelieving.

I raised an eyebrow.

"No way," Maximus denied, his voice rising again. "You bastard. You must've... You must've kidnapped my sister somehow! My sister never comes home this late without telling me. Hand her over now, or—!"

I cut him off, annoyed.

"Or what? You want to get rough? Your sister said you were a polite and understanding kid. Turns out you're just a little brat who throws tantrums and makes wild accusations."

That sentence was like pouring oil on a fire. His eyes blazed with pure hatred—hatred for the stranger holding his sister, claiming to be her boyfriend, and now challenging him. His latent sison nature, combined with the possessive rage that had been simmering since he tracked Sonya here, exploded.

"You... HOW DARE YOU...!" he roared, and the energy around him detonated.

## **Chapter 160: Chapter 160 - Protective Hold**

Standing still, unmoving, I continued to hold the sleeping Sonya. Inwardly, I wondered: Would he really attack? While his sister is still in my arms?

Maximus, fists clenched, his wild eyes shifted from my face to Sonya's, sleeping peacefully in the crook of my arm. He saw how she slept soundly, even snuggling slightly into my chest, not looking at all like someone kidnapped or in danger.

Slowly, his heavy breathing began to subside. The feral anger receded, replaced by an internal struggle clearly visible on his face.

He let out a long sigh, his shoulders slumped, and the energy around him faded.

"I... I'm sorry," he finally said, his voice still tense but much more controlled. His eyes no longer held pure hatred, but were still full of suspicion.

"I panicked. I... I worry about my sister a lot. She rarely stays out this late without a word. I thought something had happened," he explained, looking at Sonya again, and there was genuine tenderness in his gaze.

I was a little disappointed he didn't end up attacking. I was ready to give him a little lesson.

"That doesn't give you the right to make wild accusations and nearly attack someone," I said in an annoyed tone, maintaining the character of the irritated stranger.

Maximus nodded, though his jaw was still tight. "I know. Sorry. But now, please hand over my sister. I'll take her home."

I thought for a moment. Keeping Sonya would raise further suspicion and trigger a confrontation I didn't want yet. With some reluctance—because holding her was actually quite comfortable—I gave a slow nod.

"Alright. But be careful, she's fast asleep."

I stepped closer and carefully transferred Sonya's limp form into Maximus's arms. He took her adeptly, one arm supporting her back, the other under her knees, exactly as I had done.

The moment Sonya fully passed from my embrace to his, a subtle change occurred in the air.

Once he was holding his sister, it was as if a switch flipped inside Maximus. The apologetic, genuinely worried expression vanished. What remained was a cold stare, full of hatred and threat, now directed entirely at me.

And before I could say anything, with a quick, sly motion, he launched a low, hard side kick aimed at my leg!

'I knew this wouldn't end so peacefully,' I thought calmly.

I didn't move away. Instead, with a much faster reaction, I slightly lifted my foot and stepped down, precisely trapping and pinning the toe of Maximus's boot mid-kick before it could gain momentum.

Tap!

Maximus was shocked, his eyes wide. He tried to pull his leg back, but I held it firmly for a split second before releasing it. He staggered back slightly but quickly stabilized himself, not wanting to drop Sonya.

"What are you doing?!" I now asked with genuine anger in my tone, though inwardly I was cold. "You just apologized, and then you try to kick me?!"

Maximus fully withdrew his foot, his face flushed with embarrassment, rage, and surprise. He looked at me with a gaze that now held a reevaluation.

"You're lucky," he hissed, his voice low and venomous, "that I'm carrying my sister. I don't want to disturb her sleep."

He took a step closer and glared at me with eyes radiating pure menace. "Listen carefully, whoever you are. Break up with my sister. Right now. Delete her number, block her, and never go near her again."

I stood tall, challenging his gaze. "Or what?"

"Or," Maximus continued, each word enunciated clearly and with murderous intent, "I will find you. I will destroy you. And I will make sure no one ever finds your body. My sister is too good for a bastard like you. She deserves better. And I'll make sure she gets it, with or without your consent."

'Where did he get the conclusion I'm a bastard from our first meeting,' I thought, amused.

He stared at me for a few more seconds, as if ensuring his threat was absorbed, then turned without another word. With determined steps, he started walking back down the path, leaving me alone at the summit of Skyview Overlook.

I stood there, watching his back slowly disappear into the darkness. The night wind blew, carrying the sound of his fading footsteps. Then, slowly, a smile appeared on my lips. A cold, anticipatory smile.

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As the Headmistress of Nine Stars Academy, Ophelia was accustomed to being the last one to leave the grand building. However, for the past few days, a strange urge had been growing within her—a desire to go home earlier. A vague restlessness pulled her from her office before the sky turned completely dark.

That evening, as usual, she chose to walk home. Her house wasn't far, and as a high-ranking Awakener, safety wasn't an issue. Besides, walking gave her time to think and enjoy the city without rushing.

On the way, at a fairly busy street corner, she saw a group of teenage boys gathered around a lamp post. They were snickering, pointing, and occasionally whistling.

Ophelia, who usually ignored such things, only glanced briefly. It seemed they were making fun of a poster pasted on the post.

She kept walking, but a few meters later, on a shop wall, the same poster was displayed again. This time, without the crowd, her eyes accidentally caught the words on it. And she stopped.

The poster depicted the silhouette of a woman arching in ecstasy, drawn in a simple but highly suggestive line art style. Above it, written in bold, enticing font:

"FEELING WEARY, LADY?"

"BODY ACHING? MIND EXHAUSTED? STRESS PILING UP?"

"SPECIAL THERAPY FOR YOU."

"We offer deep tissue massage and stress relief therapy that will relax your body COMPLETELY and calm your mind DOWN TO THE ROOT."

"Guaranteed SATISFACTION and ADDICTION. Contact: xxx-xxx-xxx (For adult women only)."

The phrases seemed ordinary on the surface, but there was a very clear double meaning. Words like "deep," "completely," "down to the root," "satisfaction," and "addiction" seemed deliberately chosen to evoke another interpretation.

Ophelia read it once, twice. And unconsciously, between her thighs, in the crease of her groin hidden by her business skirt, a warm, disturbing tingling sensation arose.

'This poster... it wasn't here before,' she thought, trying to divert her attention. The person who made this must be a sick, perverted individual.

She shook her head, trying to shake off the discomfort, and quickly continued her walk home.