

# The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

## Chapter 16: Chapter 16 - Caught Red-Handed

[04:59...]

The numbers in the corner of my vision were decreasing rapidly. I didn't have a single millisecond to waste. Stumbling hurriedly, I dashed towards the Goblin King, frozen in a kneeling position. His broad, muscular chest was right before my eyes, suspended in stillness.

I gripped my daggers so tightly my knuckles turned white. I have to make this work! I thought, swinging my right dagger towards the king's abdomen.

Thunk!

His flesh was incredibly tough, like stabbing thick rubber. My first strike barely left a mark. Panic rising, I stabbed repeatedly at the same spot until finally his skin tore and thick, dark blood began to flow. But this wasn't enough—a monster of the Goblin King's caliber wouldn't die from a stomach wound. If he was still alive when time resumed and Hammer Maiden finished him off, all my effort would be for nothing.

His neck! I needed to target his neck and behead him, but his neck was too high and I lacked the strength to sever it. So the more efficient target was...

His heart... I had to go for his heart!

I moved my dagger upwards, searching for a gap between his sturdy ribs. My peripheral vision showed the dwindling time: [03:45...]

Crack! This time, there was a different sensation—my dagger had successfully penetrated his chest cavity. Fresh blood spurted out, drenching my face, hands, and uniform. I kept slashing and stabbing relentlessly, tearing through muscle and internal organs until I finally felt something pulsing weakly at the tip of my blade.

This is it!

Without a second thought, I hammered and shattered that black heart over and over. Blood flooded my hands, but I didn't care. I had to make sure this monster was truly dead.

[02:48...]

Certain the Goblin King was no longer breathing, I let out a sigh of relief. There was still enough time left to escape. I caught a glimpse of Hammer Maiden, still frozen with a relaxed expression, her hammer raised mid-air. I had to go—now!

I turned and ran as fast as I could, navigating the dark cave tunnels. My feet nearly slipped in puddles of blood and mud. Finally, I found a narrow crevice behind a large rock formation. I hid my body there just as the countdown reached zero.

[Time Stop Has Ended]

The world returned to normal. For a moment, the cave remained silent, save for the sound of dripping water. But not long after...

[Successfully killed Goblin King]

[Received 50 EXP]

Yes! I clenched my fist, suppressing a surge of elation. I did it! I actually killed a Rank C monster! Even if I had to use my cheat skill, who cares? The important thing was I passed this quest.

However, the surprises weren't over. Another notification appeared:

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 10]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[Time Stop skill has been upgraded]

I grinned like an idiot. But suddenly—

BRROOOM!

The cave shook violently. Large rocks fell from the ceiling, thick dust filled the air making it hard to breathe. The cave walls cracked with terrifying sounds, and the tunnels began collapsing one by one. This dungeon was truly about to collapse!

But I didn't panic. From my old academy lessons, I knew that every dungeon had a core connected to its boss. Once the dungeon boss was defeated, the entire dimensional structure of the dungeon would collapse, and everyone inside would be ejected randomly within a radius of about a hundred meters from the entrance. Usually, Hunters would rush out through the main gate before this ejection effect occurred, to avoid landing in an undesirable location.

However, I chose to stay inside. Exiting through the main gate meant running into Hammermaiden's team, which would inevitably lead to difficult questions. It was better to risk being thrown to a random location.

I waited calmly, hiding behind a large rock as the entire dungeon shook increasingly harder. Cracks of light began appearing in the air, a sign the dungeon's dimension was collapsing. About eight minutes later, the ground beneath my feet suddenly vanished, and I fell into emptiness.

The feeling of freefall was terrifying. My head spun, and my whole body felt like it was being churned. When the space around me finally stabilized, I landed hard in a narrow alley. Unable to hold back, I ran to a corner and vomited near a trash can. Apparently, being ejected from a dungeon was far more unpleasant than I had imagined.

Suddenly, a gentle hand patted my back. "What's wrong? Are you okay?" asked a concerned female voice.

With my vision still blurry, I shook my head. "No... I'm not okay..."

Then I froze. I didn't recognize that voice at all. Slowly, I turned my head, and for a split second my heart stopped—standing beside me was Ruth Anvilhart, the Hammer Maiden herself, with a face full of interest.

Shit! Of all the possible places, why did I have to be ejected near her?!

A series of notifications instantly appeared before my eyes, but I couldn't find any joy in them.

[Hunter Quest Successfully Completed]

[You Have Received a reward of 1000 EXP]

[Received Item: <Slave's Collar>]

[Received New Skill: <Mind Control>]

Just from the names, it was clear these were items and skills for pleasure again. Would I never get a cool combat skill?! Other notifications then flooded my vision.

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 11]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 12]

[...]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 14]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

This level jump that should have been incredibly satisfying now felt hollow. My mind raced. Standing before me was a hunter whose prey I had just stolen, while I was still dizzy from being forcibly ejected from the dungeon and covered in the dried blood of the Goblin King.

I observed Hammer Maiden up close; from this distance, I could finally see how beautiful her face was. She had shiny dark blue hair falling wildly, partly covering her cheeks, making her sharp gaze even more captivating. Her facial features were delicate, with a small chin and thin red lips that seemed like they had just uttered a sarcastic remark.

Her body was clearly not that of a fragile girl. Her curves were voluptuous and full, tightly wrapped in a black leather jacket that outlined a dangerous silhouette. Her slender waist flared into solid hips, accentuated by the tight jeans she wore. Every detail of her body screamed both strength and sensuality, a deadly blend of beauty and threat.

I am truly screwed! Of all the possible places, why did I get ejected right near Hammer Maiden? Did she intentionally wait to be forcibly expelled from the dungeon like I did? With my Time Stop skill on cooldown, escaping from her was impossible.

Ruth looked at me with a piercing gaze, a sarcastic smile spreading across her lips. "Well, look at this... What's with your disheveled appearance, Guild Master?" she said in a mocking tone. "Shouldn't a guild leader maintain his composure?"

My mind spun rapidly. I was still using Iron Knight's form! In the deepest voice I could remember from video recordings, I answered: "There was an emergency incident. A Rank B dungeon appeared suddenly nearby. I had to handle it personally."

Ruth was about to ask another question, but I quickly cut her off: "And you? Shouldn't you be handling a Rank D dungeon in this area?"

She narrowed her eyes, her gaze growing even sharper. "Exactly. I just 'finished it', " she said with a strange emphasis.

"But there's something very disturbing..." Her voice was low, full of suspicion. "That Goblin King died in a horrific state right before my eyes. Just seconds before, he was still rampaging. His heart was shattered to pieces, as if stabbed repeatedly."

She paused for a moment, her eyes fixed on me. "You wouldn't happen to know anything about this, would you, Guild Master?"

My heart hammered against my ribs, but I tried to stay calm. "How could a dungeon boss die suddenly like that? There must be a logical explanation. Was there anything else unusual around you?"

Ruth shook her head slowly, her gaze still locked on me. "Nothing. That's what makes me curious. Everything was normal, or perhaps... someone used a special skill that couldn't be detected by ordinary senses?"

She knew something. Or at least suspected something. I needed to change the subject quickly or find a way out of this situation before her questions became too dangerous.

### **Chapter 17: Chapter 17 - My Other Stepsister**

"That is... very strange," I replied, struggling to keep my voice flat and relaxed. "But what really piques my curiosity is the timing. How is it that you ended up right next to me, the moment I was thrown out of the dungeon?"

Ruth didn't even blink. "A ridiculous coincidence, isn't it?" she said, her words dripping with sarcasm. Her tone was even, but her eyes were like daggers. "After that bizarre incident, I decided to wait until the dungeon's dimension completely collapsed, while also investigating what truly happened. And who do you think I found, Guild Master?"

She paused, her gaze intensifying, as if it could pierce right through my thoughts.

"But, Guild Master... shouldn't you be in the next city, attending the inter-guild meeting?"

A cold sweat instantly drenched my back. I took a deep breath, trying to project an aura of authority I didn't feel.

"An urgent matter forced me to return early," I answered, hoping it sounded convincing enough.

Ruth didn't respond immediately. She just kept staring, her sharp eyes scanning every inch of my face, analyzing every micro-expression I might let slip. I couldn't read anything behind that chilling gaze.

This conversation was getting too dangerous. I had to end it. Now.

"In that case, I must take my leave. Many matters await," I said curtly, pretending to turn away.

"I should also return to deliver my report," Ruth chimed in, her tone suddenly cheerful, yet palpably false. "See you later, Guild Master!"

I responded with a brief nod before quickly walking away. After a few steps, I glanced back out of the corner of my eye. Ruth had turned the corner at the end of the street and vanished from sight.

It felt as if a heavy iron weight had been lifted from my chest, and I finally let out the long-awaited sigh of relief. Moving hurriedly, I tore off my dirty shirt, which still carried the metallic stench of blood, and tossed it into a dark sewer drain. Underneath, I was left with a plain white t-shirt, also stained.

I couldn't afford to draw anyone's attention.

Without wasting a second, I touched the Faceless Mask still adhered to my face. Instantly, a familiar tingling sensation spread. My lanky frame shrunk, my muscles relaxed, and my once-tanned skin turned pale. The shape of my eyes shifted, my hair shortened and turned jet black. In an instant, I had transformed into some random young man I'd seen on the street earlier.

I didn't want people seeing me in a suspicious state.

Unbeknownst to me, however, a pair of eyes from a rooftop had been watching me the entire time. And now, that figure began to move, stepping calmly yet purposefully, following me from a distance.

Walking swiftly but trying not to look rushed, I finally returned to the alley where I'd previously transformed into the Iron Knight. I retrieved my backpack, hidden behind a garbage bin before I'd entered the dungeon.

I hurried home. Even though I'd discarded the blood-soaked shirt, the smell of iron and death still clung to me. Dried, blackened blood spatter remained on my arms and face, attracting unwanted attention.

The suspicious stares from people I passed felt like needles prickling my skin. A few even stopped in their tracks; I saw them pulling out their phones—whether to call the police or just to record—making my heart race. I kept my head down, quickened my pace, and turned onto quieter alternate routes, avoiding the busy main streets.

As my house came into view, a sense of relief began to creep in. But I couldn't go inside like this. I slipped into a narrow, dark passage between two buildings, making sure no one was around. Holding my breath, I pressed on my face. The Faceless Mask responded, melting away from my skin like invisible wax.

Instantly, my pale skin grew even paler. My eyes returned to their characteristic light purple hue, my hair whitened like stone ash. I was back to being myself—weak and insignificant.

I opened my front door and closed it behind me. Only then, for the first time since that terrifying encounter with the Hammer Maiden, did I finally release a deep, unrestrained sigh of true relief. It felt like all the weight on my shoulders had crumbled away.

I made it.

I survived.

After a hot shower that washed away the grime, blood, sweat, and the lingering horrific memories of the dungeon, I finally let my exhausted body collapse onto the bed. The old mattress creaked in protest. My room was a mess as usual—clothes strewn about, piles of books and comics, unwashed dirty dishes—but in this chaos, I felt safe. This was my real world.

Behind my eyelids, shadows of the dungeon events replayed like a film on loop. The moment I killed my first monster, the sensation of my dagger piercing the tough hide of the Goblin King, the warm spray of black blood, and my unexpected meeting with Ruth.

I still couldn't believe I'd escaped the Hammer Maiden's clutches like that. It was too easy, too smooth, and things that are too smooth often hide danger beneath.

But for now, I forced that anxiety aside. There was something more urgent, something that filled me with intense excitement. With a mental command, a translucent blue screen materialized before my eyes.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 14

EXP: 10/240

<Strength: 12>

<Agility: 15>

<Vitality: 15>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:20>

Available Stat Points: 25

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Slave's Collar]

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"Four levels at once, and twenty-five stat points," I whispered to myself, a warm feeling of satisfaction spreading through my chest.

My mind immediately buzzed with strategic considerations. Where to allocate these precious points? Charisma was immediately ruled out. I needed a stronger, faster, more resilient body. Strength, Agility, and Vitality were the holy trinity that would keep me alive.

But there was one other stat calling to me. Libido. For my own pleasures, of course, I should boost that too.

"Alright," I murmured, my resolve firming. "Let's use them all."

With my will, the numbers on the screen began to change on their own.

[Strength: 12 → 17]

[Agility: 15 → 20]

[Vitality: 15 → 20]

### [Libido: 20 → 30]

As the last point was allocated, a wave of energy immediately washed over me. My muscles felt denser and fuller, my breath came deeper, and all my senses felt sharper. But the most noticeable change was a rush of heat coursing through my veins, a tantalizing, almost intoxicating sensation.

I looked back at the status screen. My main focus now, however, was on the real prize—the new skills and items. I remembered that the Time Stop skill had been upgraded earlier. Curious, I focused my attention on its icon, and a detailed description unfolded.

### [Time Stop

-> Allows the user to halt the flow of time in their vicinity for 10 minutes. During the stopped time, only the user can move and interact with the environment. This skill requires a 1-hour cooldown after use before it can be activated again.]

"Holy crap," I muttered in awe. Previously, it was only five minutes. Now, the duration had doubled! This was a significant upgrade. My heart pounded with anticipation.

Thrilled, I turned my attention to the new skill, whose name alone had piqued my curiosity.

### [Mind Control

-> Allows the user to take complete control of a single target's mind and body for 10 minutes. The target will blindly obey the user's commands, as if the user's will were their own. You can choose whether the target remains conscious during control. This skill requires a six-hour cooldown after use before it can be activated again.]

"This skill is sick..." My breath catching. This skill far exceeded my expectations. Visions of various "fun scenarios" I could enact with this skill flooded my mind.

Just as I was about to inspect the <Slave's Collar> item, which sounded... intriguing, suddenly—

Knock! Knock! Knock!

A loud, impatient knocking echoed through my wooden bedroom door. A painfully familiar female voice, one that never failed to make my blood boil with frustration, rang out sharply. "Adam! You insect! Did you eat all the food?!"

Gwenneth.

I flinched, my body tensing instantly. Before I could even form a response, my unlocked door was shoved open roughly.

And there, standing with her usual arrogant posture, was my other stepsister, Gwenneth Socheron. Her pretty face was twisted into its characteristic sneer as she looked down at me with utter contempt.

But before a single word could leave her mouth, or I could unleash my own anger, a deep crimson notification window suddenly popped up, obstructing my view.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Gwenneth Socheron

OBJECTIVE: Make her climax 5 times while she is fully conscious.

REWARD: 1500 EXP

NOTE: Use of skills [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] is forbidden. Violation will result in quest failure.

[Accept: y / n]

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## Chapter 18: Chapter 18 - A Dangerous Offer

My heart hammered in my chest as I stood before her. Gwenneth Socheron. My most annoying stepsister. In this large, luxurious house, I lived with only three women: my charming yet cold stepmother, my younger stepsister Angeline who treated me like garbage, and her—Gwenneth—the older stepsister who constantly tormented and ordered me around like her slave.

She had been gone for a week on a dungeon mission, and her sudden return felt like a slap in the face. Of the three of them, she was the main reason I hated living here.

Right now, she stood before me with her usual arrogant posture, her mouth running, complaining and insulting me. But her words went in one ear and out the other. My entire attention was locked on the deep red window floating between us, displaying a quest so personal and cutting.

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## [REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Gwenneth Socheron

OBJECTIVE: Make her climax 5 times while she is fully conscious.

REWARD: 1500 EXP

NOTE: Use of skills [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] is forbidden. Violation will result in quest failure.

[Accept: y / n]

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Damn it! I screamed internally. This System is utterly shameless! Is this some kind of joke?

My mind was instantly flooded with doubt and fear. How could I possibly do that without [Time Stop] or [Mind Control]? Plus, she had to climax five times? Hell! How am I supposed to pull that off? Gwenneth is a registered Hunter. Her strength could easily crush me. If I so much as touched her with ill intent, she'd probably break my arm on the spot, or worse, kill me instantly!

But... 1500 EXP. That was a massive amount of EXP, enough to skyrocket my level. And beneath the fear, a small whisper from my class, Depraved Time Lord, saw this as a challenge and... an opportunity. Plus, there were no penalties or time limits mentioned.

Gwenneth, noticing my blank stare and that I wasn't listening to her rant, flushed with anger.

"You useless trash! Are you even listening to me?!" she snapped, her voice rising with fury. Without any warning, her hand swung fast, aiming to slap me.

"Wait!" I croaked, reflexively raising both arms to protect my face in a pathetic gesture. My whole body trembled—not faked, but a genuine instinctual reaction forged by years of terror.

"W-Wasn't there delivery? You can just order through an app..." I tried to persuade her, my voice shaking.

Seeing such a clear, fearful reaction from me, Gwenneth instead smiled with satisfaction. A sneer that made me nauseous. She lowered her hand, seemingly amused enough by the pitiful fear I displayed.

"Too slow," she said with a condescending tone, "And I'm craving instant noodles right now. This instant, go to the convenience store!"

My chest felt tight. I barely had any spare change. "But... the money?" I weakly squeaked out, almost a whisper.

Her eyes narrowed, emitting a familiar threat. "What did you just say?"

"Okay! Okay! I'll buy it!" I quickly replied, taking a step back to put distance between us before her rage fully erupted. I bowed my head and hurried down the hallway, leaving her standing in front of my room with a victorious smile.

As I walked down the stairs, my heart seethed. That damn bitch. But, beneath the anger, a plan began to form. Getting money with the skills I had should be easy enough.

After successfully "persuading" a passerby to willingly "donate" his wallet via Mind Control, getting cash felt as easy as plucking a leaf. I bought several packs of the instant noodles Gwenneth wanted and some snacks for myself at the nearby convenience store, then walked home with a plastic bag swinging in my hand.

The breeze on the cool afternoon touched my skin, but it couldn't cool the burning heat in my chest. My mind drifted back to the humiliating scene earlier: how I'd raised my arms to protect my face, my trembling body, my voice choked with fear. I have the power to stop time and control people's minds, yet I still acted like a scared little kid in front of her?

I gritted my teeth, despising my own cowardice. It felt like two different people lived in one body: one was the "Depraved Time Lord" who could freeze time and control minds, while the other was the old "Adam Socheron," trapped in a victim's mindset for years. Shedding my old self wasn't as easy as allocating stat points in a Status window. It wasn't as simple as the novels or comics I read.

I have to change this, I resolved inwardly. Slowly but surely. I need to get rid of this pathetic nature.

My thoughts then shifted to the impossible Quest: making Gwenneth climax five times without Time Stop or Mind Control. I'd accepted it on impulse, but now, in the cold light of reality, I was utterly baffled. How? She'd tear me apart if I tried to touch her without permission. Was there another way...?

As I pondered solutions, my mind wandered to the oddities of Time Stop. After using it a few times, I'd started noticing illogical details. In theory, if time truly stopped, all biological processes—including breathing and blood circulation—should freeze too.

But they didn't.

The people I touched during the frozen time... they seemed to be "reactivated" by force. They started breathing, their bodies felt warm, and I could even feel their heartbeats—even though their minds and consciousness remained static, like dolls. Meanwhile, others I didn't touch remained perfectly frozen, like statues.

It was so strange. As if the skill didn't truly stop time for the entire universe, but created a sort of bubble where I had control over what was "alive" and what was "frozen."

Unfortunately, there was no manual or mentor to explain this phenomenon. But, on the other hand, it worked to my advantage. Imagine if it didn't—if everything I touched remained cold and stiff as stone... that would severely diminish, even eliminate, all the pleasure I could reap during that halted time.

I arrived in front of the house and took a deep breath. The real battle was inside.

Reaching Gwenneth's room, I handed over the plastic bag containing the instant noodles she wanted. She took it dismissively, her eyes implying impatience.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up and cook it for me!" she ordered, rubbing her sore shoulder with an annoyed expression.

I swallowed, feeling my throat go dry. This was it. I had to be brave.

"Um... are you... are you not sore from your work?" I asked, my voice sounding hesitant.

Gwenneth frowned, her gaze full of suspicion. "What do you mean?"

"If... if you are sore," I continued quickly, trying to sound non-threatening,

"How about I give you a massage? I'm pretty good at it. Back at the academy... I was often ordered to do it."

My explanation sounded pathetic, deliberately playing into the image of a bullied victim that was well-known in this family. It was the only way I could think of to touch her without getting punched immediately. And I had to do it now, before she ate and her mood worsened.

Realizing how unnatural and suspicious my offer sounded, I hastily added, "In exchange... please don't bother me for the rest of the day."

Gwenneth studied me with a sharp, probing stare. Her body was indeed very sore, and she had planned to go to a spa later anyway. Her thin lips curved into a sneer.

"You think I don't know your dirty intentions, you pathetic virgin!" she snapped, making me almost jump. "You just want to touch and peek at my body, don't you? Do you have a death wish?!"

My heart sank. Failure. This stupid plan was indeed too forced. "S-Sorry! I'll go cook this noodles right now," I mumbled in a panic, turning and hurrying to leave the room.

"Stop!"

Her firm voice froze my steps at the doorway. Slowly, I turned back.

Gwenneth was still sitting on her bed, her gaze now more like she was taunting a new toy.

"Who said you could leave?" she said in a low tone.

"You were the one who offered to massage me. So, massage me." She crossed her legs, her gaze sharp as a blade. "But remember, one strange move... just one... and I'll make tonight your last memory."

### **Chapter 19: Chapter 19 - The Massage**

Hearing Gwenneth agree made my heart immediately start pounding. A mix of fear, nervousness, and a wild anticipation coursed through my veins.

Truthfully, there was a much easier and risk-free way to complete this quest: using the [Slave's Collar] I had obtained.

[Slave's Collar]

-> A collar that, when placed on someone, transforms them into an unconditionally obedient slave. The user cannot be harmed by this slave, and all commands given must be obeyed, even if they go against the slave's will. The collar cannot be removed by any means, even by the user themselves]

The description was clear—anyone who wore it would become an unconditionally obedient slave, incapable of harming me, and forced to follow every command, no matter how shameful or degrading. It was a guarantee of absolute victory.

But... I didn't want to use it on her. Not now. The item felt like a trump card, and something inside me said to save it for a more... strategic target. Gwenneth, with all her arrogance and power, I would defeat with my own methods.

After getting her permission, I finally took a moment to observe Gwenneth more carefully. Unlike my little stepsister, Angeline, who was petite and doll-like, Gwenneth was the perfect incarnation of my alluring stepmother.

Her long, wavy golden hair cascaded down to her slender waist, reflecting the room's light gracefully. Her beautiful, sharp face with its straight nose and thin, sensual lips was currently adorned with a challenging expression.

She was wearing a short-sleeved white crop top that boldly showcased her full, firm chest and her flat stomach with a shapely navel. Below, tight black leggings hugged her long legs snugly, mercilessly accentuating her sexy waistline, her curvaceous hips, and her perfectly rounded buttocks.

As she turned to lie face down on the bed, my gaze reflexively dropped to the enticing shape of her buttocks, pressed against the leggings. Lust and curiosity took hold of me. Without a second thought, I whispered inwardly, "[Eye of Desire]."

Instantly, my vision changed. A faint, warm pink aura seemed to emanate from Gwenneth's body, as if marking erotic zones on certain parts.

Simultaneously, I called up the information about this woman.

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NAME: Gwenneth Socheron

AGE: 24

CLASS: Light Knight

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 19%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Sadistic and Dominance

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I had suspected as much. The information just confirmed what I'd always felt. An S-Rank Light Knight with a fetish for dominance and sadism. No wonder she enjoyed every second of demeaning me so much.

Gwenneth suddenly turned her head, her sharp eyes catching me spacing out.

"Why are you just standing there like an idiot? Hurry up and do it!" she snapped coldly. As if remembering something, with a quick, dismissive motion, she grabbed the hem of her crop top and pulled it off, tossing it aside. Now only a red bra remained, restraining her ample chest, and her flat stomach was fully exposed.

"I don't have all day."

I nodded, my tongue feeling stiff. "O-Okay."

With heavy steps, I approached the bed. The faint scent of her expensive perfume mixed with post-mission sweat filled my senses. She had lain down in a prone position, her head turned to one side. Her smooth, beautifully shaped back stretched out before me, the red bra straps creating a tempting contrast.

The lower part of her body, tightly wrapped in black leggings, looked even more enticing up close. Her large chest was pressed against the mattress, forming a silhouette that sent my imagination running wild.

I could feel my pants tightening, a shameful yet thrilling bodily reaction to such a sexy and simultaneously dangerous sight.

Now, the real challenge began.

When I said I was decent at massaging because I was often ordered to, it wasn't a complete lie. Those bitter academy experiences had at least given me basic knowledge of muscles and pressure points.

I started with her shoulders, the area clearly bothering her. Her skin was smooth and warm under my sweaty palms, but I restrained myself immediately from the temptation to caress it. This had to look professional, at least on the surface.

Placing both hands on her firm shoulders, I used my thumbs to press deeply into a hard muscle knot. As I circled and pressed the spot, I secretly activated [Lustful Touch].

Instantly, Gwenneth's previously relaxed body stiffened momentarily, followed by a soft gasp escaping her closed lips.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 20 (+1)]

'It works!' my inner voice exclaimed joyfully. A faint smile spread within my heart. 'This method really works'

Gwenneth suddenly turned her head, her sharp eyes narrowing as she stared at me suspiciously. "Is something wrong?" I asked, trying to sound innocent.

She looked at me for a moment, as if trying to read the intent behind my face. My touch had indeed given her an unexpected, strange sensation—a warm, tingling feeling that instantly spread throughout her body, but... it didn't feel bad. In fact, it was kinda pleasant.

"No," she said finally, her voice sounding slightly huskier than before.

"Continue." She laid her head back down, closing her eyes, but this time there was a different tension in her shoulders, as if her body was awaiting my next touch.

My heart pounding, my hands went back to work. This time, my palms traced the area along her spine, moving down from her shoulders to her upper back with firm but not painful pressure.

I kept [Lustful Touch] active, like a continuous low current. Soon, notifications started popping up alongside changes in her body. Her initially regular breathing began to change, becoming deeper and heavier. Occasionally, soft moans escaped her throat, seemingly beyond her control.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 21 (+1)]

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

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth increases to 2%.]

[...]

My hands continued their journey, now reaching her mid-back. With the aid of [Eye of Desire], my vision picked up faint, softly pulsing pink points along her spine and paravertebral muscles.

These points weren't as bright or intense as the areas on her chest or between her thighs, but they were there. I focused my massage on those points, using my fingertips to apply deep, circular pressure, while [Lustful Touch] transformed that physical pressure into rippling waves of pleasure.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 52 (+1)]

I even started to hear her muttering softly, fragmented curses, as if cursing the pleasure from my massage.

I continued downwards, now reaching her lower back. My hands worked on the hardened muscles above her hips, using my palms to rub and my thumbs to press tense points.

The temptation to squeeze her round buttocks, just centimeters from my fingers, was almost unbearable, but survival instinct overrode lust. I knew one wrong touch there would end everything with a punch. Instead, I moved my hands back up towards her shoulders, repeating the cycle.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 65 (+1)]

[...]

I repeated the pattern, moving up and down her back. Her breath now sounded ragged. And then, as I pressed a specific point along her spine, her body shuddered violently, followed by a long moan she could no longer hold back.

[You have successfully made Gwenneth climax.]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 48.]

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth increases to 5%.]

Success! It took about twenty minutes, but one climax was achieved. Just four more to go.

Just as I was about to continue, Gwenneth suddenly ordered, "Step back." Her voice was hoarse.

I was puzzled, but complied. I took a step back, watching her. She rolled onto her back, and her gaze froze me solid. It was no longer a sneer or a look of disgust and raw lust, like a predator seeing its prey. My blood ran cold, my pants felt even tighter.

Is... is she going to...? My mind immediately jumped to various forbidden scenarios. Was she going to pounce and unzip my pants? Damn, I've read and watched too much porn stuff. But I couldn't suppress the wild anticipation bubbling in my chest.

"Is... something wrong?" I asked, my voice trembling between fear and hope.

All I heard in response was a low, dangerous grumble, "You little bastard..."

And before I could react, she moved like lightning. A hard fist slammed into my chest, throwing me to the floor. A sharp pain spread, followed by a darkness that swallowed me so quickly, taking all my stupid fantasies with it.

Looking down at her stepbrother lying unconscious on the floor, Gwen stared at his limp body, then her gaze fell upon the bulge in his crotch. With a sinister smile, she placed the sole of her foot on top of it and began to press down slowly.

"What a disgusting little brother," she muttered mockingly, feeling the shape beneath her foot.

### **Chapter 20: Chapter 20 - A Sadistic And Dominance Woman**

Looking down at her stepbrother lying unconscious on the floor, Gwenneth stared at his limp body, then her gaze fell upon the bulge in his crotch. With a sinister smile, she placed the sole of her foot on top of it and began to press down slowly.

"What a disgusting little brother," she hissed contemptuously, feeling the hard shape beginning to stiffen beneath her bare foot. She ground her heel, moving it in a painful, twisting motion.

The sensation of Adam's massage was still etched into the muscles of her back, leaving her relaxed and yet... itchy. A deep, shameful itch. Her body was in turmoil, her blood humming hot. Earlier, she had even come—experienced a humiliating orgasm just from a massage!

How could Gwen Socheron, the Knight of Light, be brought so low? Her mind blamed Adam. That damned brat must have done something. But Adam was just a weak, worthless male. It was impossible for him to have a skill or ability to make her feel like this. Yet, the memory of the satisfaction she'd just felt made her womb throb with hunger. She needed release. Now.

With the tip of her toe, she teased the tense area of Adam's groin. Through the fabric of his pants, she could feel how large and hard her stepbrother's dick was.

Of course this trash had an erection. All men would eventually bow before her, and this just proved how pathetic they were. Gwenneth swallowed, a filthy thought sneaking into her mind: an image of herself riding this helpless body, feeling him from the inside. This was wrong, so wrong. It was like... rape. But that dirty thought only made hot fluid gush more freely between her thighs, soaking her underwear.

"Pathetic!" she snapped, her voice hoarse with lust. "Even unconscious your cock is this hard! Do you really get some sick pleasure from being trampled by my foot?" Gwen increased the pressure, grinding harder and more cruelly. A ragged groan escaped unconscious Adam's throat, and the sound was like music to Gwen's ears. Her smile widened, satisfied.

She pulled her foot away. "You should feel honored, trash. You're worthy of my touch."

This wasn't the first time she'd done something like this, especially to her ex-boyfriends. But doing this to her own stepbrother, who was a virgin, who was so weak and completely under her control, sparked a new, wild, and exciting sensation. A fire she'd never felt before.

The lust was unbearable. With quick movements, she unhooked her red bra. Her plump breasts spilled free, the reddish areolas and hardened nipples looking tempting, as if begging for touch. It was a shame this trash couldn't enjoy the view.

She then gracefully peeled off her black leggings, revealing her long, smooth legs and full thighs. Next, she pushed down her red panties, removing them until her intimate area was fully exposed to the cool air. Her neatly trimmed pubic hair and her glistening, wet, reddish lips were laid bare.

Gwenneth ran two fingers over her wettest part, gathering her own fluids. She brought the wet fingers close to Adam's pale face.

"Look!" she hissed roughly, full of anger and unrestrained passion. "You trash! Look what you've done to me! You've made it this wet. You don't deserve this, but I will take your virginity."

Gwenneth quickly undid the button of Adam's pants. Driven by wild curiosity and lust, her fingers fumbled hurriedly. As his pants and underwear were pulled down, Adam's penis, which she had only felt through fabric until now, was finally displayed clearly before her.

Instantly, her breath caught.

"By the..." she muttered inwardly. Her eyes widened, staring in disbelief at the rigid object rising between her stepbrother's thighs. This wasn't just big. This was... a monster. The largest penis she had ever seen in her life, far bigger than anyone else's. Its erect, veiny shape seemed to contain a threatening, primitive power, making her heart race with a mix of awe, fear, and burning desire.

She swallowed hard, her throat dry. With slightly trembling fingertips, she finally touched it. The skin was smooth but incredibly hot, like forged iron. Clear pre-cum already moistened the tip, making it slick. Gwenneth gripped it, trying to measure. Her hand could barely wrap around it fully. It had to be about seven and a half inches long.

A sneer returned to her lips, masking her fear.

"No wonder you're such a pathetic waste," she hissed contemptuously, her hand beginning to stroke it with a demeaning motion. "Given a cock this big, all your brains must have drained down here, huh, you idiot? Look, just a little touch from my foot and you're already leaking, you fucking pervert."

She released her grip with a disgusted motion, but her lust had reached its boiling point. Without further thought, Gwenneth spat directly onto the tip of Adam's cock, her saliva landing on the existing pre-cum. With her hand, she rubbed it roughly, coating the entire hard, hot shaft with a mixture of spit and their fluids, making it gleam.

She couldn't wait any longer.

With a step full of dominance, she straddled Adam's helpless body and crouched over his hips. Her position was right above the towering cock. Her lust-filled eyes stared at Adam's pale face.

"Listen carefully, trash," she said, her voice hoarse and arrogant. "You should consider this the highest honor. Today, I will take your miserable virginity. You are not worthy, but I am the one in power here."

After uttering those words, her wet hand gripped Adam's penis again. With one hand she guided it, while the other spread her own drenched labia. She lowered her body slowly, directing the enlarged tip towards her entrance.

As the large, hot head of his dick began to enter her, a long hiss escaped her lips.

"Fuck... damn it..!" she cursed through a moan. "Goddammit... how is it this big...?!"

She pushed her body down deeper, with great effort. It felt like being impaled by a hot pillar forcing its way to split her open. She could feel every fold of her vaginal walls stretching, adjusting to the sudden, massive invasion. A mix of pain and pleasure she had never felt before flooded her senses. With a grunt of lust and a final push, she drove her hips down completely, until the base of Adam's dick pressed tightly against her.

"Haaah... Nnngh...!"

Her body trembled violently. Her vagina felt incredibly full, stuffed to the brim, a sensation that made her feel both fulfilled and dominated simultaneously. She threw her head back, eyes closed, savoring the feeling of being completely filled for a few moments before words of mockery emerged again.

"Look... look at this...!" she panted, breathless. "You... you bastard... your big cock... has finally... found its proper home...! You're just... a fucking tool... to satisfy... your big sister...! Haaah... it feels... you were made just for me...!"

After a few minutes of adjusting to the deep, overwhelming penetration, the feeling of fullness gradually transformed into an unbearable, itching sensation in every corner of her womb. The burning lust overcame all discomfort.

"Hah... so your disgusting body is finally useful for something," Gwenneth hissed hoarsely, staring down at Adam's pale, helpless face.

With both hands pressing firmly on her stepbrother's chest, she began to move her hips. Her first movements were slow and deliberate, feeling every inch of Adam's large cock rubbing against her sensitive vaginal walls.

"Nnngh... you fucking damn cock... how does it feel this good...?" she moaned between ragged breaths. Yet, the expression on her face wasn't one of pure satisfaction, but of anger and contempt.

Her movements became faster and rougher. Each time she rose, almost his entire length would slip out, only the tip remaining inside. And each time she slammed back down, the wet, loud, squelching sound of flesh colliding echoed lewdly in the quiet room.

"Look at you!" she snarled, continuing to ride him viciously. "You're nothing but a walking masturbation machine! No brains, no self-respect, just a big cock to serve your big sister! What do you think you are, huh?! Just trash that I'm putting to use right now!"

One of her hands left Adam's chest and groped her own breast, which was shaking violently from the impact. She pinched and twisted her already hard nipple roughly, mixing pain with pleasure.

"Moan! Moan louder for me, you dog!" she screamed when she heard another ragged groan escape unconscious Adam's throat, triggered by the intense stimulation. The sound was like fuel for her lust. She swiveled her hips in a circular motion, grinding down on him cruelly, ensuring every centimeter of him was stimulated.

"You love this, don't you?! You perverted brother! You must have dreamed of this, huh?! Being raped by your own stepsister until your already stupid brain turns to mush!"

Sweat drenched Gwenneth's body, soaking her back and the valley between her breasts. Her breath came in ragged gasps, but her movements didn't slow in the slightest. Instead, they grew more frantic, more desperate, as if she was trying to destroy something inside herself—or inside Adam—with this violence.

She leaned forward, bringing her mouth close to Adam's helpless ear, and hissed with a fusion of lust and hatred.

"This... this is all your fault...! Making me into such a slut...! But remember this well, trash... this isn't for you... you're just flesh and bone for me to discard after I'm satisfied... I... I'm the one in control here...! I... I'M JUST GOING TO...!"

Her body tensed rigidly, the tremors of a powerful orgasm beginning to crawl from the tips of her toes, locking every muscle and her mind. Her movements became chaotic, wild, and entirely led by the instinct to reach the peak.

"NGHHHAAAA—!"

A raw scream exploded from her throat, a sound no longer graceful or powerful, but a purely animalistic cry of physical satisfaction. Her hips went wild, pressing and grinding with an irregular rhythm, chasing the sensations arcing through every nerve.

Her vision blurred, focused only on the blurry image of Adam's pale face. In this moment of total loss of control, hatred, anger and pleasure fused into one. Her womb convulsed wildly, clenching and releasing around emptiness, as if forcing her satisfaction onto the unconscious body beneath her. Hot fluids gushed out, soaking Adam's cold skin and the floor beneath them.

Gwen's entire body shook uncontrollably, as if electrified. She bit her own lip until it bled in a final attempt to hold back the sound and the feeling of herself shattering into pieces. Both her hands clawed at Adam's shoulders, her nails digging in, leaving red marks on his skin.

Her climax felt like a torturous and satisfying eternity. A tidal wave that drowned all reason, leaving only raw, devastating physical sensation. She felt herself falling, falling from the shell of her knightly persona, and in that fall, there was a shameful, disgusting freedom.

Finally, with panting breath and a limp body, her full weight collapsed onto Adam. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, sweat coating her flushed skin. The incredible physical satisfaction was soon replaced by a piercing emptiness and a cold awareness.

She opened her eyes, staring at her stepbrother's still lifeless face. The marks from her nails, her fluids still wet on him, her naked body on top of his—she felt it still wasn't enough.