

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 161 - Psychic Rejection - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 161 - Psychic Rejection

Chapter 161: Chapter 161 - Psychic Rejection

Upon arriving, her husband, Frank, was waiting at the door. The man in his early sixties, with neatly combed silver hair and a gentle face, gave her a warm smile.

Although just a Rank C Awakener who now mostly took care of the house and garden, Frank had always been a calm harbor for Ophelia after her stressful days.

"You're home early today, dear," Frank greeted, opening the door wide. "I've prepared your favorite chamomile tea."

Ophelia returned his smile, though somewhat stiffly.

"Thank you, Frank." She entered, put down her work bag, and gave her husband a brief hug.

Frank returned it tightly, and as always, there was a warmth and stability in his embrace that Ophelia was grateful for.

But today, that warmth wasn't enough. The tingling sensation from earlier hadn't gone away. In fact, the more she tried to ignore it, the more it felt like an itch that needed scratching.

"Are you hungry, I can cook you something now," Frank said, leading her to the dining room. "Did something happen at the academy? You look... tense."

"Mmm, the usual," Ophelia answered briefly, sitting down. But her eyes watched Frank—his posture slightly stooped with age, the careful way he poured the tea. An irrational urge stirred within her. After years of living more like affectionate roommates, why did she feel so... thirsty today?

They ate with light conversation. But Ophelia's mind drifted. After dinner, while Frank was washing dishes, Ophelia approached him from behind. Her arms circled his slim waist.

"Frank," she whispered in his ear, her voice huskier than usual.

Frank was startled but smiled. "What is it, dear?"

"Take me to the bedroom," Ophelia said, and the commanding tone in her voice made Frank pause for a moment.

But he complied.

In the bedroom, the light was still dim. Ophelia, with an uncharacteristically aggressive movement, pushed Frank to sit on the edge of the bed. Then, without much ado, she leaned down and kissed him—a deep kiss, full of tongue and hunger.

Frank, surprised, was stiff at first but then responded gently.

"O-Ophelia? You... are you okay?" he asked when they parted for breath.

"More than okay," Ophelia murmured, her hands already unbuttoning Frank's shirt. "I want you. Now."

Frank let his wife undress him, his face red with a mix of embarrassment and confusion. They hadn't been intimate for years. Their passion had long cooled into quiet warmth. But seeing his usually very controlled wife act like this...

Ophelia pulled Frank's pants down. And there, Frank's half-erect, modestly sized dick was exposed. It twitched weakly in the cool air of the room.

Frank blushed deeply, profound shame surfacing. "Sorry, dear, I... might need some time—"

"Quiet," Ophelia cut him off, her voice firm but not harsh. Her hand reached down and began stroking, massaging, stimulating him with hurried movements. After a while, with effort, Frank's cock finally stood erect.

Ophelia stood up, quickly removing her skirt and panties. She then guided Frank to lie back and straddled his lap, guiding his cock toward her already wet entrance.

As the warm tip touched her sensitive lips, something stopped.

Ophelia froze. A sharp discomfort pierced her. It wasn't physical pain, but a deep psychic rejection. As if her body was saying: This is not what I want. This is not enough.

She lifted herself off again, pulling away. Frank, confused and losing his erection, looked at her with a hurt expression.

"Ophelia? What's wrong?"

Ophelia stood by the bedside, her fists clenched. A burning frustration took hold of her. She looked at Frank's cock, which was shrinking and going limp again, and a profound sense of disappointment flooded her.

Why? she thought wildly. Why do I feel like this?

"Sorry, Frank," she finally said, her voice tense. "I... I'm just very stressed today."

Frank, though hurt, immediately sat up and pulled the blanket to cover himself.

"Stressed? What happened? Talk to me." His tone was full of sincere concern, as always.

Ophelia looked at her kind-hearted husband, and a sudden guilt pressed on her chest.

"No... nothing specific. Just... work pressure. Fatigue." It was a lie, and they both knew it.

Frank nodded slowly, then reached for her hand. "Then you should rest. I'm here for you, always."

Those words should have been comforting. But for Ophelia, they were like pouring gasoline on the fire of her frustration. His unconditional kindness only irritated her more. But she forced a thin smile.

"Thank you, Frank. You're too good."

That night, as Frank slept soundly beside her with steady breaths, Ophelia lay awake. The restlessness in her body still simmered. Quietly, she slipped out of bed and went to her wardrobe. Behind a pile of underwear, a small wooden box was hidden.

She opened it. Inside lay a large, jet-black dildo made of premium silicone, with impressive length and girth, and a ridged tip for G-spot stimulation. This toy had been her secret for years, ever since she realized Frank couldn't satisfy her physically.

She took it and returned to bed. With her husband sleeping unknowingly beside her, she spread her legs and guided the cold tip of the dildo to her entrance, which was once again wet from her own fantasies.

But once again, as the tip was about to enter, the same discomfort arose. Even stronger. As if there was a mental barrier preventing her from pleasure, even from a toy.

She pushed a little, trying to force it, but what surfaced was disgust and reluctance. Frustration peaked. She threw the dildo to the floor with a rough motion, then buried her face in a pillow.

'What is wrong with me?' she thought, almost crying from confusion and unfulfilled desire.

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The air inside this B-Rank dungeon was thick, reeking of ozone and burnt lightning. Bizarre, grayish-black trees towered overhead, but the sky above wasn't sky—only cracked darkness emitting a dim, purple glow.

My breathing was heavy, and the saber in my right hand, [Mindrender], was smeared with the thick black blood of monsters. Three large figures with glowing yellow eyes were approaching with menacing, stealthy movements: Thunder Wolves, steel-gray furred wolves with forked horns on their foreheads crackling with blue electricity.

They emitted low growls that vibrated in my bones. I took a step back, then turned and ran. Tree trunks flashed past me.

I could hear the heavy thud of their paws behind me, getting closer.

Then, the air around me vibrated. I glanced back—all three horns were glowing brightly, gathering energy.

Damn it.

I leapt sideways, diving behind a large tree trunk just as three bolts of bright blue lightning shot from their maws, merging into a single devastating beam of energy.

BOOM!

Chapter 162: Chapter 162 - Level 60 Notification

The tree I'd used for cover exploded into flaming splinters. The shockwave hurled me forward. I landed roughly, tumbled, but immediately got back up.

Blood flowed from a wound on my shoulder, but my rage was greater than the pain. One of the wolves, the lead one, was already leaping at me, its maw gaping to reveal sword-like teeth crackling with electricity.

"Bastard!" I cursed.

Instead of dodging, I charged. My legs pushed off, my Agility stat of 60 making my movement almost a blur. I slid under its snapping jaws, Mindrender spinning in my hand, and with a hateful upward sweep, I severed its neck.

Slash!

The wolf's head flew, its eyes still glowing before they faded. Its massive body collapsed.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

The remaining two were undeterred. If anything, their packmate's blood drove them into a frenzy. Their bodies were suddenly wreathed in pulsing, blue electric webs.

BZZZT!

With drastically increased speed, they shot forward like two lightning-guided projectiles.

I snarled. They were Rank B monsters, something I should be able to handle easily. But I'd already killed dozens since entering this dungeon hours ago. My stamina and concentration were at their limit. My muscles burned, my breath felt scorching.

The first wolf attacked from the left, its lightning-glazed claws swiping. I parried with Mindrender.

CLANG!

The clash of metal and electric energy stung my hand. The second wolf came from the right, going straight for a bite. I twisted my body, narrowly avoiding it, but its electrified teeth tore through my jacket and left a burn on my ribs.

"Grr... AH!" I reversed my sword, thrusting toward the right wolf's eye. But it was too fast, pulling its head back. A claw came from behind. I fell sideways, dodging again. It was an exhausting dance of death.

I needed to end this. When the right wolf leapt for another attack, I didn't dodge. I took it. Its electrified claw slammed into my already injured shoulder.

'Ugh!'

The stunning pain made my vision swim. But it gave me an opening. With my free left hand, I grabbed the horn on its forehead. Electricity coursed up my arm, but I ignored it. Then, with all the force of my strength, I twisted its head.

KRAK! The sound of a breaking neck. Its body convulsed, then went limp.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

The last one, seeing its two companions dead, howled in fury. It backed up a few steps, its horn glowing the brightest, gathering its remaining energy for a final attack.

I stood swaying, Mindrender still clenched. As that final lightning blast shot forth, I had no energy for an elegant dodge. I just brought my sword forward, planted it in the ground, and let myself be pushed back by its force.

The lightning struck Mindrender. The sword channeled some of the energy, but the rest still hit me. The world turned white, and my body was thrown again. But as I landed, the wolf was also exhausted, breathing heavily. This was my chance.

I approached. It tried to swipe, but its movements were slow. I raised Mindrender, and with one final, heavy motion, beheaded it.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

And instantly, another notification appeared.

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 60]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[Skill Time Stop has been upgraded]

'Oh, good,' I thought.

I slumped to the damp ground, gasping for breath. 5 Stat Points. Without a second thought, I dumped them all into Vitality.

[Vitality: 60 → 65]

A wave of fresh strength flowed through me, mending a bit of the exhaustion. I felt better, though still utterly drained. I opened my System Interface.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS:Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL:60

EXP:0/5000

<Strength: 80>

<Agility:60>

<Vitality:65>

<Charisma:9>

<Libido:100>

Available Stat Points: -

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

[Five-Minute Rewind]

[Dreamweaver]

[Elixir of Bliss]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[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]

[Recovery Potion×3]

[Healing Potion×3]

Then, curious about the skill upgrade, I opened the info for [Time Stop].

[Time Stop

->Allows the user to stop the flow of time in the surrounding area for 30 minutes. During the stopped time, only the user can move freely and interact with the environment. The user can also select specific individuals to remain mobile and aware within the stopped time. This skill requires a 3-hour cooldown after use before it can be activated again. Now, you may also cancel it at any time, though of course the skill cannot be used again immediately due to the cooldown.]

Huh. Somewhat disappointing. I thought the duration would increase or there'd be a new feature. Turns out I can just cancel it early. Well, I should still be grateful.

I took out two potion bottles from my inventory: a [Recovery Potion] and a [Stamina Potion] I'd bought with Ruth's help. By the way, mana-containing items can go into my system.

I downed both. A cold liquid flowed down my throat, and my fatigue and wounds gradually healed—though only partially. I'd been in here for almost half a day. People were right, dungeon hunting was better in a team. Sometime, to level up more easily, I should bring Delilah.

'Having sex inside a dungeon sounds interesting too,' I thought wickedly.

But my rest didn't last long. New growls sounded. Five, six... more Thunder Wolves emerged from behind the trees, surrounding me. Their eyes were full of hunger.

I checked my quest. How many more did I need to kill?

[WEEKLY QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Kill 4 Rank B or higher monsters.

TIME LIMIT: 7 Days

REWARD: 1000 EXP

FAILURE: The System and all acquired abilities will be permanently lost.

Just four more.

'Enough,' I thought. 'That's enough training for today.'

The five wolves got ready. Their horns began to glow, gathering lightning. I gave a thin smile and activated my cheat skill.

[Time Stop].

Everything stopped. The sound of the wind, the growls, the crackling electricity—all fell silent. The world became a three-dimensional photograph. Only I could move.

I stood up, lifting Mindrender. With leisurely steps, I walked up to the first wolf, frozen in a mid-roar pose. My sword swept out, beheading it without resistance.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

Second, third, fourth. Each swing was a perfect execution. No effort. Just me and my helpless prey.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 50 EXP]

And as the fourth one fell...

[Weekly Quest Completed]

[You have received 1000 EXP]

But I didn't stop. I kept slaughtering. The fifth wolf, the sixth... they were like lifeless dolls. Suddenly, another notification appeared.

[Weekly Quest has been updated to match user progress]