

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 163 - Ruth's Challenge - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 163 - Ruth's Challenge

Chapter 163: Chapter 163 - Ruth's Challenge

What?

My eyes locked onto the new notification that had appeared in the system interface.

[WEEKLY QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Kill 50 Rank A or higher monsters.

TIME LIMIT: 14 Days

REWARD: 3000 EXP

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

'Damn it. Just a few weeks ago this quest only asked me to kill Rank C monsters. Then it went up to Rank B. Now it jumps straight to Rank A? Is this a joke?' I cursed inwardly.

But thinking about it, it was... fair. In the few weeks since my awakening, my level had risen too drastically due to dungeon access and... my revenge quests. The system was undoubtedly adjusting the difficulty to match my growth rate.

The problem was: access quotas for Rank A dungeons. Crimson Dawn was only a Rank IV Guild. They only had permits to handle dungeons up to Rank B. Rank A dungeons were the territory of major guilds like Black Sun, or other prime guilds.

This was a serious issue. Would I have to start infiltrating and sneaking into dungeons owned by other guilds? With my current abilities, though annoying, it would be fairly easy to do. And... I had two weeks. There was still a chance to plan something.

Lost in thought, I kept moving. Time was still stopped. I ignored the remaining Thunder Wolves frozen around me and shot straight towards the core of this dungeon.

Although the environment was like a dense forest, its structure was linear. From the entrance gate, it was a straight path forward. And finally, I arrived at the boss room.

The chamber was vast, shaped like a natural amphitheater under the same cracked sky. And in the center, lying calmly, was a Thunder Wolf three times larger than the others. Its fur wasn't gray, but a shimmering steel-blue, with larger, more complex horns that glowed with a steady electrical energy even in stopped time. The aura it emitted was... far more terrifying.

I activated [Eye of Desire].

NAME: Reyday

RACE: Thunder Wolf

CLASS: King of Thunder Wolf

RANK: A

The King of Thunder Wolves. Rank A. But with time frozen, even a king was just a statue.

With [Mindrender] still in hand, I approached. I raised the dark sword, then with one clean slash utilizing all my strength, I severed the giant's neck. No resistance. Just the sound of parting flesh, then its massive body slowly began to collapse—but still in a 'paused' state.

[Successfully killed Thunder Wolf]

[Received 500 EXP]

Good. Decent EXP.

Several hours later, my body still felt tired despite the potions, I stood in Ruth's office. The room was always tidy, minimalist, and smelled of strong coffee. I handed over the report for clearing the B-rank dungeon.

Ruth, as usual, sat behind her desk wearing a simple blue t-shirt layered beneath a black leather jacket and cargo pants. Her dark, long hair fell loosely around her shoulders, slightly untamed. She looked over my report with a flat, unreadable expression.

Then, suddenly, a question that had been simmering since the last quest came out of my mouth.

"Ruth, does Crimson Dawn never get quotas to handle Rank A dungeons?"

Ruth looked at me, her dark blue eyes narrowing slightly.

"You know our guild is only Rank 4," she answered, her voice flat. "Our permit only goes up to Rank B dungeons. For A and above, that's the territory of major guilds with high resources and Hunter Ranks. Why do you ask? Don't tell me... Rank B dungeons have lost their flavor for you already?"

I nodded, honest.

Physically, stat-wise, I was now roughly equivalent to an Awakener Rank S. But still, solo clearing a B-rank dungeon like that was a heavy challenge, not something to be done casually.

Ruth snorted, and for the first time, a small, almost complimentary but cynical smile touched her lips. "Incredible. Just weeks from struggling with Rank C monsters, now you can solo clear a B-rank dungeon. That's an... unnatural rate of growth. How are you doing it? Do you have a secret?"

It seemed Ruth was genuinely curious, her eyes looking at me flatly, but she was definitely thinking of ways to keep me tied to her.

But I answered, "As you know, I'm very talented."

Ruth didn't push further.

Then I spoke. "Are you applying for the guild to rank up? If you show that you alone are a Rank S Hunter, approval would be quick."

Ruth shook her head, her eyes returning to her computer screen. "Unfortunately, I'm not ready to reveal my true rank. And about the rank-up application... it's already in. But guild evaluations are only held next month. Even then, promotion isn't guaranteed. We need a consistent track record, tangible contributions, and... well, guild politics. It's not that easy, Adam."

'So to complete the quest for 50 Rank A monsters in two weeks, the only way is to infiltrate other guilds' dungeons,' I thought.

My mind spun, then suddenly landed on the woman in front of me. Ruth—her sharply beautiful face in its own way, her cold but never condescending attitude. There was something mysterious about her, and it somehow made her more captivating.

After several 'dates' with Sonya, I felt a little more... accustomed to normal human interactions that didn't immediately end in bed or violence. So I gathered the courage to ask her out.

"Ruth," I said suddenly. "Do you have any free time this week?"

Ruth stopped typing. She raised her head, looking at me with a confused and curious expression.

"What for?"

"I just... wanted to invite you to dinner. Or for coffee. Normal activities like that," I answered, trying to sound casual, though it was clearly an invitation.

Ruth looked at me longer. Then, a clearer smile appeared on her lips.

"How unusual. Don't tell me... you're asking me out on a date?" Her words were direct, hitting the mark without any preamble.

Seeing she caught my meaning immediately, I decided not to beat around the bush. "Yes."

Ruth leaned back in her chair, folding her hands on the desk.

"So, you like me? Why? What do you like about me?" Her question was direct, blunt, so very Ruth.

I answered with equal bluntness, courage coming from somewhere. "Because you're beautiful. And your personality is interesting too."

Ruth fell silent. Her eyes widened slightly, as if surprised by the honesty and simplicity of my answer. Her cheeks flushed a little.

"My personality is interesting?" she repeated, as if hearing a strange joke. "You... are very straightforward. But if you knew my real personality... you might run away screaming."

She then fell silent. I raised an eyebrow, wanting to ask what she meant by 'real personality,' but she continued.

"No," she said, her tone flat. "I don't have time this week. As you can see, I'm busy. And... I don't usually make time for things like dates."

That answer, though I'd half-expected it, still made my chest feel tight. A strange, small sense of disappointment crept in. I hadn't gotten my hopes up, but being flatly rejected like that... still didn't feel good.

But before the atmosphere could get awkward, Ruth suddenly added.

"But... if you win and become the brightest star in the inter-academy tournament next week, and you choose Crimson Dawn as your internship guild..." she paused for a moment, her eyes sparkling with a challenge, "...maybe, I could make time the week after."

I looked at her. "Aren't you just shamelessly using me?"

Ruth smiled broadly now, a smile full of pride and a little mischief. "I have high standards for guys I'm willing to have dinner with, Adam. Show me first that you're worth it. Win that tournament, bring reputation to this guild, then we'll go on a date. How about that?"

I sighed, but a small smile appeared on my lips. "I guess I'll have to work hard then."

Ruth nodded. But suddenly, her eyes lit up as if remembering something. "Ah, right. I almost forgot."

She opened a document on her computer. "Two weeks from now, exactly one week after the inter-academy tournament ends, the Official Hunter Examination will be held in Gatehaven. And they've already sent the invitation for you."

Chapter 164: Chapter 164 - Unspoken Duel in the Dead of Night

The day before the tournament, I was summoned by our combat class instructor, Violet Albestorm.

Now, I stood in the middle of the Elite Training Arena on the academy building's top floor, alongside nine other students.

I glanced around. It wasn't hard to recognize the familiar faces.

Yukie stood near the window, her pale white eyes sweeping the room coldly, pausing briefly on my face. Maximus stood some distance away, his mind seemingly adrift somewhere far—probably memories of the encounter at Skyview Overlook with the stranger carrying his sister.

Isabel and Nerissa looked as confident and arrogant as ever. Arianna was also here, her eyes occasionally meeting mine with meaningful looks.

Then there were four other students I didn't know as well. From the name tags on their uniforms, I read the names: Drake, a large man with a fierce gaze; Ace, who looked intelligent and agile; Kelvin, with a calm demeanor and watchful eyes; and Mason, with an enthusiastic expression.

Standing before us all was Violet Albestorm. The instructor with long purple hair who always wore tight-fitting combat attire that never failed to highlight her curves that practically begged for attention. Today she wore a dark purple training suit, her hair tied up high, and her sharp eyes swept over us one by one.

"Alright," her voice, deep and authoritative, echoed in the quiet room. "You are all the ten chosen representatives of Nine Stars Academy for the Gatehaven Inter-Academy Tournament, which begins tomorrow. You were selected based on your grades, combat records, and... the exceptional potential seen by the headmaster and the instructors."

She walked slowly along our line, as if weighing each person. "Today is our last day to align our strategies, hone coordination, and ensure no weaknesses are left behind. Tomorrow, you will no longer fight as individuals, but as the face and pride of this academy."

She paused, then shifted her gaze towards Arianna. "And due to the circumstances... involving Alex Rutherford, his position on the team needs to be replaced. Arianna will be taking over that slot. May she provide the contribution needed."

When Alex's name was mentioned, almost all heads turned towards me. Their gazes were full of unspoken questions and deep suspicion, including that of the hot instructor herself.

I just raised an eyebrow, meeting all those stares with a flat expression.

Yeah, let them wonder.

Violet quickly redirected attention. Her voice grew louder, filled with her characteristic pride. "Since this Academy's founding, we have not always stood at the top—we have never, not once, fallen from the first position as champions. That is no coincidence. It is the fruit of the best training system, the best instructors, and the best students like you."

Some students, especially Maximus and the other guys, couldn't hide their confident smiles. But Violet promptly curbed that.

"BUT!" she barked suddenly, startling a few. "That is no reason to underestimate your opponents! Never think that the other academies are nothing compared to us! That is a petty and stupid mindset that can bring you and this academy's good name to its grave, especially in real combat where lives are at stake!"

She stared at us sharply.

"Arclight Academy is famous for its iron discipline and perfect team tactics. GOTE Academy produces elemental specialists and unpredictable strategies. Drakefield Academy, whose students are often considered crude, actually possess exceptional

survival skills and physical endurance in the field. They can all bring surprises. And you must be ready!"

Despite the warning, there was an unmistakable glint of confidence in Violet's eyes. She clearly believed in our capabilities.

"So, today, we will train. We will simulate the most likely scenarios you will face, work in the team formations I will set, identify and patch every weakness, until there are no gaps for the enemy to exploit tomorrow."

And we trained until midnight.

During the practice, I deliberately held back from being too conspicuous, though not entirely, but two people seemed to have caught on.

Yukie and Violet, although their expressions didn't change, they knew my strength and speed had increased drastically since the time I humiliated Alex.

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When I finally stepped out of the academy building, the biting chill of the night air immediately greeted me. The sky was a deep, star-dusted black, a cold crescent moon hanging overhead.

I pulled my jacket tighter, intending to head straight home—to the house where Delilah, Angel, and Gwen would be waiting for me with their special welcome.

But then, a presence made me freeze.

I turned slowly.

There, standing under the pale moonlight, was Yukie. She just stood there, in her still-neat training uniform, her white hair messy over her cheeks, and her white eyes that seemed to emit their own cold light in the darkness. She looked like an elegant, yet terrifying spirit.

"Adam," she called.

I didn't answer. My body automatically went on alert, though I appeared relaxed.

She said nothing more. Just looked at me, then her gaze dropped to the ground.

Kreek... Kreek...

A thin layer of blue-white crystal crept from her shoes, slithering across the concrete, branching out like ravenous frost-moss. Its speed was astonishing; within seconds it had covered the ground several meters towards me, splitting the moonlight into cold, glittering fragments.

Curiosity and a spark of challenge surged through me. The last time I fought this bitch, I lost embarrassingly, but what about now?

Without a word, [Mindrender] materialized in my hand. Its familiar weight, the cool touch of the metal, gave a strange comfort.

Seeing my saber appear, the expressionless white eyes of Yukie narrowed.

Then she gave no warning.

From the thin ice flowing on the ground, a large chunk of sharp, jagged ice suddenly formed and shot straight towards me. The reflexes from my high Agility stat kicked in instantly. I leapt sideways, my body becoming a blur in the darkness.

But I wasn't given time to breathe. The moment my foot touched the ground, a biting cold sensation crawled up. The ice had spread silently, surrounding my landing area.

My foot was trapped, shackled by a ring of crystal gripping tight like a frozen corpse's hand. The cold stabbed to the bone, trying to paralyze.

"Damn it," I seethed inwardly. I exerted strength in my leg, and with a hard jerk that cracked the concrete around me, I freed myself before the ice could take deeper root.

Shards of ice scattered.

However, Yukie already controlled the rhythm of this fight.

Every time I moved, every step I planned, sharp ice fragments always appeared first. I kept moving, dodging, leaping, like a rat in a maze where the walls kept changing.

She wasn't rushed. Like a cat playing with a mouse before the kill, Yukie just stood in her spot, one hand slightly raised. Her expression remained flat, but there was a heightened intensity in those white eyes.

Then, she clenched that raised fist.

A low rumbling sound echoed. All around me, within a five-meter radius, massive walls of ice erupted from the earth. They grew rapidly, towering high to block my view of the

sky, forming a perfect, transparent hexagonal prison. The walls shimmered beautifully in the moonlight, reflecting my stunned image in many facets.

And the prison began to contract, closing in swiftly.

Chapter 165: Chapter 165 - Through the Curtain of Crystals

The ice walls closed in at a terrifying speed, my space to maneuver shrinking to just a few meters. Through the transparent ice, I could see Yukie's silhouette standing calmly. Perhaps in her mind, this was already over.

But she was wrong.

The moment the wall before me was almost touching the tip of my nose, I channeled all the strength in this body. The stats usually spent on debauchery were now concentrated fully in one fist.

I punched.

BRAAAKKK!

It sounded like shattering giant glass.

The half-meter-thick ice wall exploded into flying, sharp fragments. I shot through the curtain of broken ice, Mindrender already swinging.

Yukie didn't look surprised at all. Her white eyes remained as cold as ice. She raised a hand, trying to create an emergency ice shield between us, but it was too late.

My sword slashed. But what was severed wasn't flesh. Her body shattered into pieces, scattering into fine, powdery ice crystals in the air.

My surroundings were suddenly filled with thick ice fog, limiting my vision to just a few centimeters. Then, from beside me, a cold aura that pierced to the bone appeared.

I turned with a reflex, raising Mindrender just in time to deflect a long ice sword aimed to split my body from the shoulder.

CLANG!

The clash of metal and dense ice echoed. Yukie emerged from the fog, her flat expression now changed—there was a deeper, more dangerous focus.

The sword fight began.

She attacked first, a quick, precise straight thrust for the heart. I parried it aside, then immediately countered with a horizontal slash to her waist. Yukie stepped back gracefully, her ice sword spinning to deflect my strike before launching a series of short, snake-like thrusts.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The rapid clanging of impacts shattered the night's silence. I was forced to retreat, parrying each genuine thrust. She was more skilled, her movements economical and lethal. But I had greater strength than her now.

Seeing an opening, I swung Mindrender with full force from above. She didn't parry directly—she sidestepped, letting my sword plunge into the ground and crack the concrete, then her ice sword swept towards my neck. I ducked quickly, feeling the cold air from her blade pass over the top of my head.

Rising from the crouch, I immediately launched a counterattack. Diagonal swings, horizontal cuts, sudden thrusts—I attacked without pattern, relying on speed and strength to disrupt her rhythm. Yukie seemed slightly overwhelmed, parrying deftly but beginning to be pushed back.

Almost. Almost got her. As her sword was deflecting a slash towards her leg, I saw an opening in her chest defense. I changed direction, Mindrender sweeping upwards for an under-the-ribs slash.

But she was too fast. Instead of parrying, she spun a full 360 degrees, making my slash miss—and using that spin's momentum, her ice sword swung in a scything motion towards my head.

I was forced to duck again, feeling the tip of her ice sword graze my jacket shoulder, tearing it with a cold rip.

We backed away from each other briefly, our breaths both creating mist in the frozen air. She was still expressionless, but I could see that her breathing was slightly faster. Mine too.

Then she attacked again. More aggressively this time. Her ice sword spun, forming complex patterns, creating illusions of sword shadows. I focused on the core, parrying every real thrust attempting to pierce me.

The fight became a swift duel—advance, retreat, attack, defend. Each sword clash sent vibrations up my arm. My hand began to feel cold and stiff from the freezing aura emanating from her sword and body.

Suddenly, the fog around us thickened until I could barely see my own hand. And in that moment, a sudden, paralyzing cold seized me.

It was as if my own blood had frozen. My muscles locked, my joints seized. I couldn't move, frozen in a half-crouched position, Mindrender still gripped but unable to be swung. The ice seemed to have seeped into my very pores, embracing me from the inside, then instantly crystallizing and locking my body.

Damn it, I cursed inwardly.

If only I had proper combat skills. Not just skills for screwing. But complaining won't solve anything.

Yukie stepped out of the fog, standing before me, frozen. Her eyes stared at me coldly.

"Why have you been acting differently lately? Is it because you just awakened?" she asked, her voice flat but loaded with meaning. "What happened to Alex... that was you, wasn't it?"

I stayed silent. Could only stare at her with my eyes. My mind raced. Should I use [Mind Control] now? Or [Time Stop]? Capture her, take her home, lock her up like Charlotte. Begin the long-awaited revenge.

But before I could decide, Yukie spoke again.

"Not going to talk?" she said. "I suppose you need a reminder of your place."

She raised her hand—that small, delicate, pale hand of hers. From her fingertips, ice crept forward like a beautiful, deadly transparent glove. She pointed that ice-encased hand toward my face.

And instantly, a memory so cold it was painful surfaced in my mind. The memory of her using that very hand to frost-skin me. The pain had been excruciating. And everyone had just watched me suffer.

I trembled from the cold, but also from that haunting memory. This body, locked in ice, seemed to drag me back to that weakest moment.

Yukie saw my trembling, and for the first time, something resembling emotion entered her voice. A kind of cold satisfaction.

"See?" she whispered. "Did you think you had changed? Even after awakening, you're still that pathetic Adam. Nothing's changed."

Those words. That insult. Combined with her still-raised hand, threatening to touch my face like before—that was the final spark.

My rage exploded. A hatred deeper and hotter than any fear boiled in my chest, driving out all the chill of the memory. I gritted my teeth so hard my jaw creaked.

And with a blazing inner scream, I forced this body to move.

CRACK!

The sound of ice cracking from inside my own body, followed by the ice on my skin. The layer of ice binding me fractured, then shattered into pieces. Yukie's eyes trembled slightly.

And before she could react first and freeze me again, I was already moving.

I charged, releasing all speed restrictions. The world around me slowed. I swung Mindrender with all the strength and hatred I had accumulated.

She tried to dodge, but she was too slow.

Swish.

My sword swept through.

I landed behind her, turning. Yukie went still, then slowly looked down. In front of her curvy body, a thin red line began to appear on her training uniform, right across her abdomen.

"I... underestimated you," she uttered coldly.

Then blood began to seep out, soaking her academy uniform a darker shade.

She turned to face me, her face still maintaining its cold expression. But when her white eyes met mine, something happened.

Her icy composure suddenly shattered. A flash of wild emotion—shock, recognition, anger—crossed her face. My face, or my eyes, or perhaps my expression, seemed to remind her of something.

"You..." she murmured, her voice trembling.

Then, without warning, ice exploded from her body.

BOOOOM!

A giant explosion of ice, with her at its epicenter. Spiky pillars of ice, large as trees, grew wildly in all directions, shattering concrete, splitting the ground, tearing through the air with a terrifying roar.

I leapt backward as fast as I could, but it was too late. A long ice spike slashed across my raised arm, protecting my face. The heat of pain was instantly followed by a cold that froze the wound. Blood flowed, freezing almost instantly at the edges of the cut.

I kept retreating, getting away from the explosion zone that was still spewing sharp ice fragments. My mind raced. What just happened? She seemed to have lost control. It looked like an effect after Mindrender successfully slashed her. I hadn't expected the effect to be this fast.

One thing was clear: Yukie was angry now. Very angry. And she was no longer playing around.

The road in front of the academy building transformed into a battlefield in seconds. The ground was cracked and covered in ice, benches destroyed, street lamps shattered. The sounds of explosions and cracking ice tore through the silence of the night.

I glanced at my wounded arm. The cut was deep, blood still oozing even though it was partially frozen.

'Fuck,' I thought. I'll have to call Charlotte to treat this when I get home.

But I didn't have time to dwell on it longer. From within the swirling vortex of ice and lingering mist, massive ice chunks formed into six huge, tentacle-like arms. Each was as thick as a tree trunk, their ends sharpened like spears. They moved swiftly, stabbing towards me from various angles.

"Crap!" I growled.

Aside from [Time Stop] and [Mind Control], I truly had no reliable direct combat skills. [Lustful Touch] or [Eye of Desire] were obviously useless in a fight like this. Should I use [Time Stop] now?

Chapter 166: Chapter 166 - Shameful Heat

Just as I was deciding to activate it, an angry shout split the air.

"YUKIE! STOP!"

The woman's voice was loud, full of authority, and boiling with anger. Before her words even finished, a torrent of orange-red fire shot down from the dark night sky like a furious phoenix.

This fire was no joke—its heat was palpable even from several meters away. All six of the giant ice arms were instantly hit by the stream, melting immediately into boiling water that evaporated with a loud hiss.

Sssss—!

Hot steam filled the area, mixing with the remaining ice fog, creating a thick white cloud that obscured vision.

I wiped my eyes, trying to see. From within the steam cloud, a silhouette descended gracefully, still surrounded by a slow-burning aura of fire.

Ophelia.

She landed amidst the wreckage, right in front of Yukie, who was still standing amongst the rubble of her own ice. The fire around Ophelia was so intense that the remaining ice around her instantly melted into puddles. Even the ice still clinging to the ground evaporated, turning the area around them into an overheated sauna.

I moved closer slowly, still cautious.

Ophelia didn't speak at first. Her fire-wrapped hand shot out with unavoidable speed, grabbing Yukie by the neck. She squeezed with a firm, threatening grip. Yukie didn't resist, didn't move. She allowed herself to be lifted slightly, her feet barely touching the ground.

"Are you aware of what you just did?" Ophelia's voice was low, but each word was like a hot ember. "You nearly destroyed part of this academy. On the night before the tournament. I thought you had a cool head, but look at this chaos you've created?"

I observed Yukie's face. Her eyes, which had moments ago trembled with wild emotion, were now back to being like chunks of ice—cold, flat, unreadable. Her expression was the same, empty. As if her explosive rage earlier had been a hallucination.

Ophelia saw that change in Yukie's eyes. She sighed, then released her chokehold, lowering Yukie back to the ground.

Yukie stood straight, only slightly adjusting the collar of her uniform, which was damp from melted ice.

Ophelia then turned her head, her fiery eyes now fixed on me. "And you, Adam. Is there an explanation for all this?"

Her voice was tense. I could see the anger on her face, but there was something else too—fatigue, maybe frustration. Ophelia did look a bit... unkempt lately. Her hair was somewhat messy, and there were faint dark circles under her eyes. She usually appeared perfectly put together.

And I knew exactly the reason.

Before I could open my mouth, Yukie spoke first in her characteristic flat tone.

"I apologize, Headmistress," she said, giving a slight bow. "I challenged Adam to a duel. I wanted to test his abilities myself before the tournament. But..." she paused briefly, "I lost control. Got too carried away. I apologize again and regret causing this disturbance."

'A pretty convenient excuse,' I thought cynically.

"She attacked me out of nowhere as I was about to go home," I cut in, my voice hard.

Yukie didn't deny it, nor did she agree. She stood there with her cold expression, as if what I'd said was meaningless.

Ophelia looked between us. Under normal circumstances, she'd probably find this fascinating—the academy's two top students, the genius from childhood and the newly-awakened underdog who was once the bullied loser, fighting in secret. A drama she might have observed with great interest.

But right now, her body wasn't in good shape. Because lately her body always felt hot, she'd been leaving work early, which meant work piled up, hence why she was still here and hadn't gone home yet this late at night. And on top of that...

'Tomorrow I have to meet many people,' she thought to herself. 'So much work to finish. But how can I focus... how can I work if...'

She stopped, taking a deep breath to cool down literally.

"We will discuss this matter tomorrow in my office," Ophelia finally said. "For now, both of you, go home. Rest. Tomorrow is an important day for this academy. Do not cause any more trouble."

She didn't wait for an answer.

After one last warning glance, Ophelia's body was enveloped in fire again and she shot into the air, leaving a trail of orange light in the night sky before disappearing towards her office tower.

'I must find a solution,' Ophelia thought as she flew away. 'Whatever it takes. I can't go on like this.'

I watched her leave, then looked at Yukie once more. That bitch stared back at me, standing amidst the wreckage, part of which had already turned into puddles and steam.

Without another word, I turned and walked away. My steps carried me from the heavily damaged battlefield.

Meanwhile, behind me, Yukie remained standing still. Her white eyes slowly swept the surrounding area. Then, her pale hand rose.

From amongst the melting ice rubble, a chunk of ice that somehow hadn't been fully melted by Ophelia's fire moved slowly, floating towards her. On the surface of that ice chunk was a speck of frozen blood—dark red against the pale blue background of ice.

Yukie gazed at the blood. Her delicate finger touched the ice surface right where the blood had frozen. Under her touch, the bloody ice changed shape—melting and refreezing rapidly, forming a small crystal sphere within which my frozen blood droplet was trapped.

She rolled the blood-filled ice sphere in her palm, her expression still unreadable.

I walked along the quiet streets, my wounded arm still throbbing. As soon as I got home, I sent a message to Charlotte from my phone.

Just one short sentence: "Come to my house. Now."

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In her neatly organized office at the Hunter Association, Charlotte was finishing up a routine report. The atmosphere was calm, filled only with the sound of keyboard typing and the AC. Her blonde hair was tied up neatly, reading glasses perched on her straight nose, framing a face that was usually so professional and authoritative.

Bzzzt.

A vibration from her phone on the desk. Her eyes were still on the computer screen as her right hand reflexively reached for the phone. Her finger opened the notification.

And the world stopped.

On her phone screen, that contact name glowed with two words that made her heart instantly race: Master Adam.

The message was brief. An order that left no room for negotiation. But it wasn't the words that made Charlotte's body react as if electrocuted.

Master Adam.

Those two words alone were enough.

A sudden, shameful wave of heat swept through her entire body. From the base of her thighs, a damp warmth began to seep, making the fabric of her tight underwear feel moist within seconds. Her full breasts beneath her blazer and tight blouse felt taut, her nipples hardening and pressing against the fabric, clearly visible if anyone looked closely.

"Y-You bastard..." she whispered to herself, her voice hoarse. Her hand trembled while holding the phone.

That was the contact name forced upon her by her best friend's stepson after that... unforgettable night.

After he took everything—her vaginal virginity, mouth, even her anal—brutally and without mercy. After fucking her into helplessness, alongside her own stepmother and stepsister, in a wild sex orgy that still made her shiver with a mix of shame every time she remembered.

Adam had let her go home the next day. But not without conditions. That depraved man threatened that if Charlotte did anything, if she tried to resist or report, all the recordings and evidence of what happened—of her moaning wildly, begging for more, becoming a slave to lust—would be leaked to the whole world. Her career, her reputation, everything would be destroyed.

So the plan was this: Charlotte needed to play nice. Accept Adam's treatment, fulfill all his perverted and depraved requests, while secretly looking for a loophole. She had to snap Delilah and her daughters out of that madman's grasp. Find a way to fight back without endangering herself.

That was her plan.

But her body, and the darkest, most unwanted corner of her heart... didn't care about that plan.

As she thought about the treatment she would receive from Adam, a shiver that wasn't from fear ran down her spine.

Her mind drifted back to that night—to the weight of Adam's body pinning her down, to the pain mixed with pleasure as he plunged into her to the hilt, to the dirty words whispered in her ear while his rough hands groped and pinched.

Charlotte's lips suddenly felt dry. Her tongue unconsciously licked her lower lip. Between her thighs, beneath her tight business skirt, the dampness grew.

She quickly crossed her legs, trying to suppress the embarrassing sensation. But that movement just made her already sensitive clitoris rub against the fabric, sending a small jolt of pleasure that nearly made her moan.

"Damn... this wretched body..." she hissed to herself, her face flushing.

She hated her body's reaction. Hated how quickly and easily she was triggered by just a name and a simple command. This was shameful conditioning, a reprogramming done by that bastard man through a mix of pain, coercion, and... pleasure she couldn't deny.

She wasn't a woman this lewd.

Her body being like this must be because of that man.

She stood up, somewhat unsteady. Her legs trembled slightly. Moving quickly, she organized the documents on her desk and shut down the computer. Her hands still trembled as she picked up her work bag.

She had to prepare to become a slut.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Ophelia stopped in front of the indecent poster she had seen a few days ago advertising massage services, then opened her phone and typed the number on the poster.

Chapter 167: Chapter 167 - Driving with a Ck Inside**

I had just arrived in front of the house, still holding my wounded arm which continued to seep blood despite partially freezing.

The night air bit into the wound, making it sting even more. As I was about to open the door, the phone in my pants pocket vibrated with a hard, persistent buzz.

Bzzzt.

I pulled it out with my bloody hand.

Unknown number.

I answered, holding it to my ear without speaking first.

"H-Hello?" A voice came through, soft, hesitant, like someone struggling against their own shame. "Is this... the massage service listed on the poster? The one that... specializes in stress relief and... muscle tension?"

Even though the voice was small, muffled, and full of doubt—I recognized it instantly.

Ophelia.

The voice of the academy headmistress, usually so confident, authoritative, even arrogant, now sounded like a shy teenager asking about something taboo.

Hearing her voice, my mind immediately raced to the plan I'd laid out a week ago.

After I gave her the pill to restore her virginity only to take it again—after I implanted a modification in her body, turning her pussy into one that could only be satisfied by me, by my cock—I knew she would seek me out, or more accurately, seek out my cock. But I didn't want to approach her directly; that would be boring.

So I came up with the idea of becoming her masseur. But then I had to figure out how to approach her. I could only think of two ways.

First, using Arianna.

I could leverage their mother-daughter relationship, making Arianna recommend me to her stressed mother.

Or second, distributing flyers.

Over the past few days, I'd distributed small posters around the academy area and places Ophelia frequented.

The idea was simple: let Ophelia's own lust-driven body force her to seek a solution. Let her sexual frustration, her unmet physical needs since her pussy only responded to me, drive her to take a risk. I hoped that, in her desperation, she would call.

But the consequence was that for a week, that number became a prime target for prank calls. Men laughing, dirty jokes, people who clearly just saw the poster and wanted to mess around. It was annoying. I even briefly considered removing the posters.

But finally, the patience paid off.

On the other end of the line, Ophelia sounded increasingly anxious from my prolonged silence. "H-Hello? Is anyone there?"

I immediately pulled the [Faceless Mask] from my system inventory. I put it on, with the mental command to only change my voice. I felt the change in my throat; my voice became deeper, rougher, nothing like Adam's.

"Yes, that's right," I finally answered in my new, heavier voice. "I'm the one offering specialized massage services. Deep tissue and stress relief for adult women. How can I help you?"

"Deep tissue... and stress relief," Ophelia repeated, as if trying to convince herself. "H-how does it work? Where are you located?"

"Everything can be arranged," I answered while looking down the street. "I can come to you, or you can come to my place. Privacy guaranteed. No one will know."

A pause on the other end. I could hear her slightly heavy breathing.

"How much... does it cost?"

"Depends on the package and duration. We can discuss details when we meet." I purposely made her curious. "Rest assured, satisfaction guaranteed. I specialize in handling... tension that's difficult to release."

I put emphasis on that last line. I could imagine her face, definitely blushing on the other end.

"O-okay," she finally answered, her voice small. "But I... I'd be more comfortable in a neutral place. A hotel. I know a hotel in the central district, the Grand Aurora Hotel. I can book a suite."

"That's fine," I replied. "What room number?"

"I... I'll book a suite on the 12th floor. Room 1207. I'll be there in an hour. Is that okay?"

"Alright. I'll head there."

"Okay," she said, then hung up quickly, as if afraid her hesitation would return.

My plan was proceeding smoothly. Just as I finished, car headlights approached from down the street. A familiar luxury car stopped in front of me. The door opened, and Charlotte stepped out.

She was still in her work attire—a gray blazer, a tight pencil skirt, high heels. Her blonde hair was still neatly tied up, but I could see her eyes immediately searching for and finding me. The moment our gazes met, her body stiffened slightly, then she walked over with steps that tried to be confident but failed.

"Adam," she whispered when she was close enough.

I looked her over from head to toe, then my eyes stopped between her thighs, covered by the tight skirt. I knew exactly what was happening beneath that fabric.

"You're on time," I said with a sinister smile. "The wound on my arm needs treatment."

Charlotte immediately moved closer, her eyes full of concern for the wound on my arm. Her delicate yet firm hands touched my torn skin.

As her fingers touched the wound, a faint golden light emanated from her fingertips. I felt a cool, warm sensation, as if muscle and skin tissue were being gently rewoven.

Within seconds, my wound was completely healed without leaving a single scar.

My free right hand immediately moved, gripping her plump buttocks through the tight pencil skirt fabric. Their perfect, round, firm, and enticing shape filled my grasp completely.

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal increased to 69 (+1)]

What a slut.

"The size of your ass always drives me crazy," I said while squeezing, making Charlotte let out a small moan.

She flushed from her ears down to her neck, nodding, not knowing how else to respond.

I glanced at the house—towards the main bedroom window on the second floor. There, three women were likely waiting: Delilah, Angeline, and Gwen. They'd probably already bathed, maybe were already dressed in their special outfits, waiting for my return to continue the nightly family care. But tonight, something was more important.

"You're going to drive me somewhere," I ordered, releasing my grip on her ass, though my fingers gave it a hard smack before letting go completely. "Grand Aurora Hotel, suite 1207. Now."

Charlotte nodded again, turning and walking with determined steps towards the driver's side, though I knew behind that determination was a trembling she tried to hide. I got into the car from the passenger side, sitting on the luxurious black leather seat.

Before Charlotte started the engine, a depraved idea I'd never tried crossed my mind.

I've never had sex in a car.

I opened my pants button, pulled down the zipper, then lowered my pants and boxers together down to my thighs. My cock, already heavily erect from seeing her ass, was now free, quickly hardening fully and standing upright, pointing upwards with a reddened tip already glistening from pre-cum.

Charlotte, who had just inserted the key, turned and immediately gasped. Her eyes widened, her cheeks flushed crimson. Her hands reflexively covered her face, but her fingers were spread, and through the gaps I could see her dark eyes, full of panic but also... full of interest.

"A-Adam, you... why are you taking off your pants? What do you want to do?" she stammered.

"You know exactly what I want, Charlotte," I answered calmly, my right hand stroking the hard shaft of my cock.

"I want to feel your slutty pussy while we drive."

"I-In the car? While driving? That's insane! It's not safe—" she protested, but her voice was weak.

I gave a sinister smile.

"Have you forgotten your position, Charlotte? You're my slave. You have no right to refuse anything I ask." I paused, enjoying the mixed expression on her face—shame, anger, fear, and something dark she herself didn't want to acknowledge.

"Tonight, you're going to drive this car while sitting on my lap, with my cock buried deep inside your pussy."

Charlotte bit her lip, her eyes glistening. She knew her protests wouldn't be heard. But I could see the conflict in her eyes—the part of her that was educated and professional rebelled, while another part... another part that had been contaminated by the pleasure I introduced to her, churned with embarrassing anticipation.

"Come on," I urged, my voice louder. "Take off your skirt. Now."

With trembling hands, Charlotte unbuckled her seatbelt, then her hands fumbled to the side, searching for her skirt's zipper. The sound of the zipper opening was loud in the car's silence. She lifted her hips slightly, pulling the tight pencil skirt down to her thighs, then removed it completely.

Now, only an elegant black lace panty covered her lower body—and in the middle, a dark, wet stain had already soaked through the thin fabric.

"The panties too," I ordered.

Charlotte sighed, then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down. As the panties came off, the distinctive, intoxicating musk of a woman immediately filled the car cabin—the scent of a pussy already wet, ready, and waiting. Her neatly trimmed blonde pubic hair was visible, and between her swollen labia, I could see a glistening wetness reflecting the streetlights.

"Good," I murmured. "Now, you're going to sit on my lap in the driver's seat. Come on, let's switch places."

I got out briefly, and obediently Charlotte moved to the passenger seat. I then sat in the driver's seat, adjusting for comfort. My cock was still erect, pointing upwards like a challenging pole.

"Get on," I commanded shortly.

Charlotte glanced outside the car for a moment before closing the door, the night air touching her exposed skin. Her eyes darted around, afraid of being seen, but the street was quiet. With a heavy breath, she bent over and carefully lowered herself onto my lap.

First to make contact were her smooth thighs. Then, as she slowly lowered herself, I felt the hard tip of my cock touch her wet folds. She gasped, her body trembling.

"Slowly," I whispered in her ear, my hands holding her slender waist. "Feel every inch going in."

Charlotte nodded, biting her lip again. She began lowering herself, and the tip of my cock started to enter, parting her wet labia. The sensation of heat, moisture, and tightness enveloped my shaft. I let out a soft moan. Her pussy was indeed incredible—still tight like a virgin's.

"Ah... nnggh..."

She continued lowering herself, inch by inch of my cock being swallowed by her deep pussy. Charlotte's expression changed—from tense to a mixture of pain and pleasure. Her eyes closed, her lips parted, and a small groan escaped her throat as finally the base of my cock pressed against her skin, signaling I was fully inside.

"Ah... A-Adam... it's... so deep..." she whispered, her voice hoarse.

I felt the deep recesses of her womb touching the tip of my cock. Her pussy pulsed around my shaft, as if trying to adjust to a size too large for it.

"How does it feel?" I asked while my hands crept up under her blazer, found her blouse, and began undoing the buttons one by one.

"You... you're the most perverted... most depraved man in the world..." she answered, but her voice was weak, and when she turned her head to look back at me, her eyes were teary from the shameful pleasure.

I smiled, having now successfully opened her blouse and bra. Her plump, white breasts sprang free, her hard, pink nipples tempting before my eyes. My hands immediately grabbed them, pinching her sensitive nipples.

"Start the car, Charlotte," I ordered while pressing her clitoris with my thumb through her pubic hair.

"And remember, I'll control the rhythm. You just need to drive. I promise I won't move too actively... at least not until we're on a quieter road."

Charlotte nodded, a tear finally rolling down. But her trembling hand turned the key in the ignition, and the engine started with a soft hum. Her hands gripped the steering wheel, her feet searching for the pedals.

With ragged breaths, she shifted into first gear, and slowly released the clutch while pressing the gas.

The car began to move forward slowly.

And inside the car, with my cock buried deep inside her wet pussy, with her breasts that I squeezed and her nipples that I pinched, Charlotte began driving through the night streets—with every jolt of the car, every turn, every time her foot pressed the brake or gas, my cock rubbed deeper inside her, making her constantly moan and groan while trying to keep the car on the road.

I just sat behind her, enjoying every vibration, every contraction of her vaginal muscles, while occasionally whispering dirty words in her ear about how slutty she was, how wet she was, and how she was actually enjoying every second of this humiliation.

Chapter 168: Chapter 168 - A Healer's Secret Ride

Charlotte drove with her eyes fixed on the road ahead, but her cheeks grew increasingly flushed. I could feel the muscles of her pussy gripping my shaft tightly each time the car went over a small bump or took a turn. Her breathing became irregular.

We were cruising down a quiet night road. Streetlights periodically illuminated the car's interior, revealing Charlotte's tense profile, her bitten lip, and how her hands gripped the steering wheel tightly.

I stayed still, as promised. But it was the movement of her body from driving—that was what made everything even hotter. Every acceleration pushed her slightly upward, then gravity pulled her back down, creating a slow but inevitable friction.

"Ah... hnn..." she unintentionally hissed as the car hit a slightly rough patch of road.

I smiled, kissing her neck from behind. "Looks like you're enjoying this, Auntie."

"N-no," she answered, but her voice was weak.

The feeling was truly incredible, I couldn't lie. Hot, wet, tight. Especially since, perhaps due to the tension and fear of being caught, Charlotte's pussy was squeezing even tighter, as if trying to crush my cock. The sensation almost made me lose control.

Honestly, sitting still like this while my cock was buried deep inside her pulsating pussy was quite torturous—torturous in the most pleasurable sense, making me want to move wildly right away.

I could feel my shaft throbbing on its own inside her, as if asking for permission to start the party.

"J-Just... stop yours from throbbing like that..." Charlotte protested weakly, her voice breathy. "It's... distracting..."

"Your fault for not driving smoothly," I retorted, my now-blazer-free hand roughly groping her left breast, my thumb rubbing her nipple, hard as a little stone. "If you were stable, it wouldn't feel like this."

"A-ah...!" Charlotte gasped, her body shuddering. The car swerved a little, almost hitting the curb before she quickly corrected the steering.

"Shh! Adam, don't... I can't concentrate... we could crash..."

"Keep going," I whispered while my mouth licked her smooth back, feeling a thin layer of sweat beginning to form. The scent of her perfume mixed with the aroma of sex starting to fill the cabin. "You're a grown woman, you can multitask."

I leaned closer, my lips almost touching her reddened ear. "You know, I can feel just how wet you are. Your juices are flowing freely, soaking the base of my cock and even my pants. And I haven't moved at all. You really are a perverted woman hiding behind that Sacred Healer cloak."

Charlotte shook her head, trying to protest, but her voice was cut off by a moan as the car went around a corner. "N-No... I'm not... hnn..."

The temptation to move was becoming unbearable. My little brother downstairs felt tortured—imprisoned in that incredible warmth but not allowed to dance. Every breath Charlotte took, every shudder of her body, every time her pussy contracted from the tension, it was all a sweet torture pushing me to the edge.

Honestly, even if we got into a car accident, we wouldn't be hurt at all. Charlotte and I were high-level Awakeners—she was a Sacred Healer, and I... with my physical stats, a regular car crash wouldn't even leave a bruise.

But Charlotte clearly wasn't thinking about that. For a woman as educated and image-conscious as her, her greatest fear wasn't physical injury, but being seen.

When a red light finally appeared ahead, the car stopped. Charlotte took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, her hands still gripping the wheel tightly.

And that was the moment I'd been waiting for.

Unable to hold back any longer, I pushed her body forward with all my strength.

"Huh—?!" Charlotte gasped, her face nearly hitting the windshield. Her hands reflexively braced against the dashboard.

And without mercy, I started moving.

No longer passive. No longer just sitting still.

I pulled her hips back, then slammed my cock back in deep, thrusting all the way to the depths of her womb.

"NGH—!!" Charlotte choked, a harsh gasp escaping her lips.

I could see in the windshield's reflection that her beautiful face was contorted with a mix of shock, shame, and pleasure.

I didn't care anymore where we were. Didn't care about red lights or green. Didn't care if anyone saw. I thrust again, and again, setting a rough rhythm that made the whole car rock.

"St-Stop, Adam... there are people... someone might see..." she protested weakly, but her body arched, her butt pushing back to meet every thrust.

"Let them look," I growled, slapping her plump ass.

Slap! The sound was loud inside the car.

"Let everyone know that this pure Sacred Healer is actually a slut who loves getting fucked in a car."

"Ah! Don't... don't say things like that..." but her moans grew louder.

Her eyes glanced outside, at the quiet but not entirely empty road. Her fear was real—if someone saw, if someone recognized her, her career, her reputation, everything would be destroyed.

But her body said otherwise. Every deep thrust that hit her womb made her wetter. The wet, squelching sound of her juices mixed with my pre-cum was audible each time I pulled my cock almost all the way out before plunging back in deep.

Plap! Plap! Plap

The sound of skin meeting skin kept rhythm with our ragged breathing. The car rocked harder now. The leather seats creaked under the strain.

I groped her breasts from behind, pinching her now extremely sensitive nipples. Charlotte let out a small scream, then her hand flew to cover her own mouth, trying to muffle the sound.

"Don't hold it in," I whispered in her ear. "Let out those slutty sounds of yours. Let the world know how good it feels to be fucked by your best friend's stepson."

"You... you monster..." but another moan escaped as I accurately hit her G-spot.

I gave a cruel smile. I pulled my cock almost completely out, leaving just the tip still caught at the wet lips of her pussy.

Charlotte shook her head, her breathing ragged. "D-Don't... don't take it out..."

"Oh? So you want more?" I teased.

She didn't answer, but her butt pushed back, trying to swallow my cock again.

That was answer enough.

With one hard thrust, I plunged back into her fully. But this time I didn't immediately move. I stayed still inside her, feeling her pussy twitching wildly like a racing heart.

Then, slowly, I started moving again. But this time with variation—sometimes deep and hard, sometimes short and fast, sometimes circling inside her.

Charlotte could no longer protest. Her hands, which had been bracing against the dashboard, were now gripping my hips tightly, pulling me deeper. Her face in the windshield reflection was streaked with tears, but her lips were parted, her tongue slightly out—an expression utterly unbecoming of a woman known as the pure Sacred Healer.

"Look at yourself in the glass," I whispered while continuing to pound her. "See what a slut you are. A holy woman? What holy woman has the face of a starving whore?"

"Ah... ah... A-Adam... I... I'm going to..." her words were broken.

I knew she was about to come. Her pussy grew tighter, the contractions stronger and more rhythmic.

"Don't come yet," I ordered. "You wait for my command."

Charlotte shook her head, tears flowing more freely. "C-Can't... too... too good..."

"Hold it," I snapped, slapping her ass again. "Or tomorrow all our recordings get leaked."

The threat worked. She clenched her jaw, trying to hold back the orgasm already at the gates.

But I was almost there too. My stomach was beginning to tremble, a hot sensation gathering at the base of my cock.

I sped up the rhythm, pounding her mercilessly. The squelching sounds grew louder. The car rocked so violently the dashboard lights flickered.

"Now..." I snarled. "Let it all out, you slut!"

That was the permission Charlotte had been waiting for.

She screamed—a long, choked, release-filled scream. Her body convulsed, her pussy squeezing my cock with a force that was almost painful. Her hot juices gushed out, soaking the leather seat beneath us.

And that triggered me.

I thrust deep one final time and released everything I had into her womb. Hot, copious, pulsing.

We were still for a moment, only our ragged breaths filling the cabin. I was still buried deep inside her, feeling the last pulses of my orgasm mixing with the continuing contractions of her pussy.

Then I pulled out.

A wet sound as my cock exited her pussy, now full of our combined fluids. Thick, cloudy-white liquid immediately flowed out, dripping onto the already-damp seat.

But even after filling her womb with cum, I was far from satisfied. A fire still burned inside me.

Charlotte looked spent, her face still pressed against the windshield, breathing heavily. But when I started moving again, pushing my cock back into her cunt...

"A-Again?!" her voice was hoarse.

I didn't answer. Just thrust again.

This incredible woman—with her angelic, innocent face and devilishly tempting body—broke her again and again in that car seat. Every scream, every sob, every pleased moan that escaped from lips that usually only spoke words of healing, was music to my ears.

Chapter 169: Chapter 169 - Sacred Whore

The light had been green for a while, but our car remained motionless, rocking with a very distinct rhythm.

Fortunately, the streets were quiet tonight—only the occasional passing car, and they all seemed too busy with their own affairs to pay attention to the luxury sedan with slightly fogged-up windows. Or maybe they were just pretending not to see.

"Charlotte," I grumbled, my hands gripping her sweat-dampened hips. "Come on, move. Don't make me do all the work."

Charlotte nodded, her face still bowed, breathing heavily. Trembling, she began to move her hips—rising slowly until only the tip of my cock remained inside, then sinking back down heavily, swallowing my entire length once more.

'Ah... damn it... this... this feels too good... This... is too much...' she thought, squeezing her eyes shut tightly, trying to fight the reality that her body was responding so wildly to this violation.

Up. Down. Up. Down.

Each movement produced a shameful, wet sound from her pussy, already soaked with our combined fluids. Each time she sank down, her deep-seated cervix slapped against the tip of my cock, sending electric shocks throughout her body.

"Look how eager you are, your hips are swaying wildly like a whore in a brothel," I taunted, my hands kneading her breasts, pinching her swollen, sensitive nipples.

"N-No...!" Charlotte denied in broken gasps, her breathing growing heavier as her movements sped up. "This... this is because you're forcing me... you're the one making me... making me like this..."

"Liar," I teased, slapping her ass hard.

SMACK!

"You're enjoying this. Look how wet you are—your juices are flowing freely, soaking my thighs. Your pussy is gripping my cock like it doesn't want to let go. That's the sign of a starving woman."

"I... I don't... nng...!" Her protest was cut off by a gasp as I suddenly thrust upward, meeting her downward motion. Her body shuddered, her eyes widening momentarily.

I let out a short, cruel laugh.

"Your voice too, Charlotte. Listen to how loud you're moaning. Who knows if someone outside can hear? Maybe they'd recognize the famous Sacred Healer screaming in pleasure from being impaled on a cock."

"Don't...!" Charlotte's face paled momentarily, then flushed red with shame. Her eyes darted to the window, paranoid. But her hands gripping my shoulders only pulled me closer, her hips not stopping their motion.

"You say no, but your body says yes," I whispered, licking her ear, feeling the tremors racking her body. "Your face in the windshield—look at it yourself. That's the face of a woman drunk on sex. The face of a high-class whore who just received her best customer."

Charlotte turned her face away, trying not to see her own reflection in the glass. But I forced her by pulling her hair, turning her head back forward.

"Look!" I barked.

And she looked.

In the slightly blurred but still clear windshield, her own face was reflected—her usually neat brown hair now disheveled, strands stuck to her damp cheeks.

Her usually clear, authoritative brown eyes were now glazed, pupils dilated, filled with confusion and pleasure. Her thin, elegant lips were parted, heavy breaths fogging the glass.

And most shameful of all—the expression on that face was one of utter impurity, the expression of a woman submerged in the most primal lust.

That was when Charlotte became aware of her own sounds—long moans, short groans, uncontrolled pants—all escaping her own mouth uncontrollably.

"No...!" she suddenly cried out, and both her hands flew to cover her mouth, trying to stifle the embarrassing sounds. "I... I'm not like that... that's not me...!"

But her body kept moving. Her hips curved beautifully each time she rose, then fell back with weight, swallowing my cock to the hilt. Her pulsating cunt, still recovering from multiple orgasms, felt even hotter and tighter.

"Take your hands away," I ordered, pulling her hair harder, tilting her head back until her face pointed at the car ceiling. "Let the world hear your lewd voice."

Charlotte shook her head, tears streaming from the corners of her eyes. But her hands slowly fell, resting on her own chest. And once her hands were free, moans and groans immediately erupted again, louder than before.

"Ah! A-Adam... too... too deep...!"

"Don't stop!" I growled, starting to move as well, matching her rhythm. Now we moved together—she sank, I rose, colliding in the middle with full force. The sound of skin slapping skin grew louder.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The car seat creaked in protest. The car rocked even more violently, as if it might tip over.

I pulled Charlotte's hair hard, forcing her to look back at me over her shoulder. Her innocent, almost angelic face was now completely transformed—tears, snot, drool all mixed together. Her lips trembled, but from that gap came short gasps each time I pounded against her cervix.

"You... you're going to... destroy me..." she whispered, her voice hoarse.

"Already have," I answered coldly. "And you love it."

With a hard pull on her hair and a frantic thrust, Charlotte's body convulsed again. Her eyes rolled back, her mouth opened wide but no sound came out—as if choked by overwhelming pleasure.

[You have successfully made Charlotte climax.]

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

But it wasn't over. While her fourth orgasm still shook her body, I kept moving, kept hammering into her now hypersensitive pussy.

Charlotte screamed—a long, broken scream full of release and despair. Her body went limp, but I, still holding her waist tightly, kept moving her, forcing her to keep riding me.

[Charlotte's Sexual Arousal increased to 47 (+1)]

Notifications like that had been popping up for a while now.

"Stop... please... I can't take anymore..." she pleaded, her voice almost inaudible.

"Liar," I scoffed, chasing my own climax that was already at the edge. "Look, your pussy is still gripping tight. Your juices are still flowing. You still want more."

"No...!"

"Be honest, Aunt Charlotte. Tell me you like this. That you enjoy being fucked like an animal in a car by your best friend's stepson."

Charlotte shook her head hard, her tears flowing more freely. But her face—oh, that innocent face—was now truly like the face of a sex-addicted whore. Red cheeks, dazed eyes, swollen lips, a shattered yet satisfied expression.

And her hips... even though she said she couldn't take it, her hips still curved beautifully with each movement, still seeking deeper contact, still pushing her ass back to accommodate every inch of my cock.

I was close again too. My stomach trembled, heat gathering at the base. But I held back, wanting to hear her confession first.

"Say it," I urged, slowing my movements to frustrate her. "Say you like being fucked like a bitch."

Charlotte bit her lip, conflict clear in her eyes. The part of her that was educated, professional, the Sacred Healer, screamed in refusal. But another part... the part already corrupted by the pleasure I'd introduced, already addicted to my touch, my size, my rough treatment of her...

"I... I..." she whispered, her voice almost gone.

"WHAT?" I barked.

"I... I hate you... so much!" it finally burst out, like a dam breaking, but she still denied it to the very end. "I hate being fucked by you! I-I'm not a whore! You damn sick bastard! I don't like your big cock! I don't like you treating me like this! Happy now?! You're the worst?"

And with that admission, she seemed to release all her defenses. Her hips moved wildly, uncontrollably. Her moans came out without shame. That innocent face of hers was now completely transformed—an expression of profound, pure, unmasked orgasm.

"You're such a terrible liar!" I said, seeing Charlotte's state. I thrust in as deep as I could and released everything I had into her already-full womb. Hot, copious, filling every corner.

We went still, only heavy panting filling the cabin. Charlotte went completely limp, her body leaning forward, her face pressed against the windshield again. I was still buried deep inside her, feeling the last of each pulse.

Then slowly, I pulled out. A mix of semen and her vaginal fluids gushed out, dripping onto the already thoroughly soaked and messy seat.

Charlotte didn't move. Only her heavy breathing indicated she was still alive.

The light turned red again. Our car stopped right at the intersection, while from the left side, another car with its window down pulled up beside us.

I glanced at that car—the driver was a middle-aged man, looking tired, his eyes empty as he stared at the road. Behind him, maybe his wife or a friend, but clearly, the driver's window was wide open.

A new, depraved idea just occurred to me.

I unbuckled my seatbelt with an audible click in the silence of the cabin.

"Huh?" she turned, her eyes glazed and confused. "What—"

Before she could finish, I shoved her body roughly. Charlotte tumbled into the passenger seat, her limp body falling sideways. But that wasn't enough.

I grabbed her waist, flipped her body over so she was now on all fours—hands on the passenger seat back, her plump, still-wet ass raised high, facing me.

"W-What are you doing?!" Charlotte tried to look back, her voice panicked. Her eyes glanced out the window, and instantly her face paled. "There's... there's someone in the car next to us! Adam, don't—"

Chapter 170: Chapter 170 - Public Display

But I didn't listen. One of my hands held her waist, while the other guided my rock-hard cock towards its new target: her asshole twitching as if it longed for it. The hole looked tight, pink, and was still slick from the fluids dripping down from her pussy. When the tip of my cock touched it, Charlotte gasped.

"N-No! Not there! Don't—"

"Why not?" I teased, rubbing the head of my cock against her sensitive anal ring.

"Your big, plump ass has always been tempting, Auntie. This asshole must be missing my cock. I want to feel it again."

Charlotte shook her head hard, her hands trying to reach back to stop me. "Don't, Adam—it's embarrassing! There are people—ah!"

Her protest was cut off by a groan as I firmly pushed the tip of my cock into her tight asshole.

The immediate sensation was different from her pussy—tighter, more constricting, a burning heat of another kind. Charlotte's asshole was no longer virgin, but it was still incredibly tight.

She let out a long moan, the sound caught in her throat. Her body arched, her ass pushing back as if trying to escape the sudden invasion. But that movement only drove my cock deeper inside.

"Nnngh... it hurts... too big..." she whimpered, tears flowing again.

"But you like it," I whispered back, beginning to move slowly, pulling out and pushing in, stretching her asshole to accommodate my shaft.

This situation—with the car next to us having its window down, with Charlotte on all fours, her ass high in the air, and my cock buried deep in her ass—drove my arousal even higher. I could feel Charlotte was also flushed hot, her body trembling not just from pain but from the stimulation and the peak of her shame.

But she still tried to protest. "P-Please... stop... someone might see..."

"Let them look," I replied, quickening my pace.

Plap! Plap!

The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed inside the car again, this time deeper, heavier.

I kept enjoying the sensation of this woman, praised by the whole world as the most saintly scientist, now offering her big, soft ass. My cock slammed into her deep insides, each thrust rocking Charlotte's body and causing the car to sway gently.

Charlotte felt she was going insane. On one hand, the shame and fear of possibly being seen. On the other, the undeniable pleasure of this deep, rough anal penetration. Especially in this position, on all fours with her ass raised high—she felt like a female animal being mounted.

My hands crawled up from her waist, tracing her sweaty back, up to her shoulders, and finally to her face. I grabbed her chin, forcing her head to turn towards the passenger side window—the window facing directly into the car beside us.

"Look," I whispered in her ear while continuing to pound her ass. "Look at the man in that car. See how he might be watching our car rocking."

Charlotte shook her head, her eyes squeezed shut. "No... don't... I don't want to see..."

"Open your eyes!" I barked, slapping her ass.

SMACK!

"And open your mouth wide. Let him see your face as you orgasm."

"No way—!" But her protest was cut off as I thrust in especially deep, hitting a spot that made her eyes bulge.

I used my fingers to pry open her tightly clamped mouth. I gripped her lower and upper jaw, forcing her mouth open wide. Now, from a certain angle, the man in the other car might see the silhouette of a woman with her mouth wide open behind our car's tinted film.

Charlotte groaned, tears streaming down. She felt brutally humiliated—fucked in the ass in a car, forced to open her mouth like a cheap whore, all while a stranger might be watching.

Our car rocked more vigorously from my increasingly wild movements. The rocking was noticeable from the outside—the seats vibrating, the windows trembling faintly.

And indeed, from the corner of my eye, I saw the man in the other car turn. His eyes fixed on our vehicle, his eyebrows raised in question. He must have heard something—the muffled moans, the sound of skin slapping, or maybe he was just curious about the car rocking oddly at a red light.

Charlotte, her face almost pressed against the glass, saw the man's gaze. Their eyes met—or at least, Charlotte felt they did. In her shame-filled, paranoid mind, it was as if the man could see right into the car, see her being impaled from behind like an animal.

The shame was immense, crushing. Charlotte wanted to disappear, wanted the earth to open up and swallow her. She cursed everything—cursed her best friend's stepson who was now raping her, cursed herself for being as eager as a whore, cursed her body for responding wildly even in this humiliating state.

She kept staring at the man, trying to read his expression.

Did he know? Could he recognize who the slut in this car was? But the car's window tint was dark enough—from outside, only vague silhouettes were visible. Sound? Maybe her barely-suppressed moans were faintly audible.

But that uncertainty was even more torturous. Her mind conjured the worst scenarios: the man recognized her, tomorrow photos or videos would spread, her career destroyed, her reputation ruined, everyone would know the Sacred Healer Charlotte was actually a slut who loved getting fucked in a car.

Meanwhile, I kept humiliating her.

"Look, he's still watching. He's probably imagining how slutty the woman in this car is. A woman getting her asshole speared by a big cock while moaning like a bitch in heat."

"Ah... stop it... don't talk like that..." Charlotte gasped, but her voice was weak. Her asshole clenched tightly around my shaft, as if trying to resist the humiliation by enjoying it deeper.

"You like it, don't you?" I teased, speeding up my tempo. "You like being humiliated. You like being seen as a whore. A holy woman like you needs this—needs to be reminded that beneath the Sacred Healer's robe, you're just a cock-hungry slut."

Every degrading word was like a whip, making Charlotte more aroused and more broken. She felt torn apart—one part screaming in refusal, shame, and anger. The other part... the dark part she didn't want to acknowledge... churned with shameful pleasure.

Her asshole grew wetter—a mix of her body's natural lubricant and the residual fluids from her pussy. The wet sounds of my cock sliding in and out grew louder. The car rocked with an undeniable rhythm.

The man in the other car was still staring. Now his expression was clearer—he wasn't just curious anymore. A faint smile played on his lips. He knew what was happening. He might not know who was in the car, but he knew people were having sex in the car next to him.

And that was enough to make Charlotte feel utterly destroyed.

She closed her eyes, unable to bear looking any longer. But I forced them open again.

"No! Let me be! I don't want to!" she sobbed.

"You do," I whispered, thrusting harder. "You're a shameless woman, Charlotte. You can handle this. Look, he's still watching. He's enjoying the free show. Open your eyes and tell him how much you love getting your ass fucked in front of him."

"No, please..."

Charlotte felt another orgasm approaching—one born not just from physical stimulation, but from the mix of shame, fear, and undeniable pleasure. Her body trembled, her asshole gripping my shaft tightly as if trying to crush it.

"I'm... I'm going to..." she whispered, her voice hoarse.

"Don't you dare," I ordered. "Hold it. Wait until the light turns green."

But Charlotte's body was on the brink of control. The contractions in her asshole grew stronger, her breathing erratic. She bit her lip until it bled, trying to hold back the unbearable explosion.

The light was still red.

Time stretched on agonizingly long.

The man in the other car was now clearly smiling. He even raised an eyebrow, as if in encouragement. Charlotte wanted to die.

Finally, the light turned green.

The car beside us started moving slowly. But before it drove away completely, the man waved—a small, meaningful wave.

And that was the final blow.

Charlotte could hold back no longer. Her body convulsed, her asshole squeezing my cock with incredible force. She screamed—a long scream of release and despair. Her fluids gushed out, soaking the seat again.

I also released, flooding her asshole with a hot, torrential stream of cum.

We were silent, only heavy breathing. The car began moving again. Charlotte drove with a body still trembling, while my cock remained buried in her ass, now filled with cum.

Charlotte cried. She saw her own reflection in the windshield. And behind her, my form still pressed against her, my cock still inside her ass.

She felt truly destroyed. Nothing remained of the Sacred Healer she once was. All that was left was a sex-addicted slut who could even orgasm from being humiliated in front of a stranger.

And the most painful part—amidst all that ruin, there was a part of her that was... satisfied.

"Get up," I commanded. "We still have to get to the hotel."

She slowly rose, picking up her skirt and panties from where they lay, putting them back on even though her body was still wet and a mess.

She sat in the driver's seat again, started the engine. Her hands were still trembling.

And we drove on, heading towards the Grand Aurora Hotel, with the car seat wet and the pungent smell of sex filling the air.