

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 171 - Just a Normal Massage - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 171 - Just a Normal Massage

Chapter 171: Chapter 171 - Just a Normal Massage

The door to the luxurious hotel room was shut tight, muffling the sounds of the outside world. Ophelia sat on the edge of the large bed, her fingers intertwined tightly. The clock on the wall told her she still had nearly half an hour before the masseur arrived.

Truthfully, she could have asked for a sooner time. But she needed this time. Time to think—or more accurately, to wage war with herself.

'This is insane,' her rational mind whispered. What you're doing is tantamount to betraying your family. Betraying your husband. Betraying Arianna, your own daughter. You are Headmistress Ophelia, the Blazewalker, a respected SS-Rank Hunter. Not... not some slut seeking illicit services in the dead of night.

Her mind drifted to her husband's face, the good man who had stood by her for years, who always supported her even when her career took priority.

Then to Arianna, her beautiful, confident daughter, who looked up to her with respect. What if they found out? What if this shameful secret came to light? Her reputation would shatter into pieces. Their trust in her would vanish.

She had called her husband earlier, with forced firmness in her voice, saying there was an emergency meeting and she'd be staying at a hotel near the academy. He had believed her, as always. That only made the guilt stab deeper.

'Just cancel,' her conscience urged. Pick up the phone, say your plans changed. Forget that ridiculous poster. You're strong. You can handle... this problem yourself.

But the moment she thought of canceling, a sharp, distracting heat crept up from her crotch, spreading through her thighs. A strange itch, a profound emptiness deep in her womb, made her body shudder. For the past week, this feeling had only grown worse. It was as if something was missing, something her body desperately needed, but she didn't know what.

'It's just a regular massage,' she whispered to herself, trying to convince herself. 'I just need to relax. Stress from the tournament, work, everything. I'm overthinking. It's just a massage.'

But she knew that was a lie. What kind of regular massage offered "special services for mature women" with an ambiguously designed poster and a phone number that clearly invited salacious interpretation? What kind of regular masseur would come to a hotel in the middle of the night, accepting only female clients?

She had even bought a ski mask at a sporting goods store that afternoon, planning to hide her identity. But as she looked at the black mask in her hand, a profound sense of ridiculousness washed over her. She would look like a criminal, or a crazy person. What was the point of hiding her face if her very demeanor was suspicious?

In the end, she tossed the ski mask into her bag.

'It's just a regular massage,' she repeated, the mantra growing weaker. Though deep down, she knew this wasn't a regular massage. And what was more terrifying, she didn't want it to be a regular massage.

A knock at the door made her heart stop for a moment.

Three knocks.

Ophelia jumped from the bed, her hands cold and sweaty. Her breath hitched. This was it.

"Y-yes?" she called out, her voice raspy.

"Massage service," a man's voice came from behind the door, deep and heavy, exactly as it had sounded on the phone.

Ophelia took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing heart. She walked to the door and opened it.

And there, standing before her, was a man who made her gasp slightly.

He wasn't the old or shady-looking man she had imagined. This man was probably in his early thirties, with an athletic build clearly visible even through a simple long-sleeved shirt and black pants.

His shoulders were broad, his posture upright. His skin was a healthy tan, as if he spent a lot of time in the sun. The most striking thing was his face—sharp, with a strong jaw and a straight nose. His eyes were dark brown, narrowed with an observant, appraising gaze. His black hair was neatly trimmed, not a strand out of place. He was handsome, in a masculine, no-nonsense way.

But what made Ophelia feel both relieved and more ashamed was his expression.

The man raised an eyebrow slightly, his eyes sweeping over her body quickly, and focused on... the mask on her face.

Yes, Ophelia had ended up wearing the mask after all.

A simple black face mask covering half her face, from her forehead down to her nose, leaving only her wide, red eyes and her nervously bitten lips visible. She felt ridiculous, like a villain in a cheap movie, but it was for the sake of her dignity.

She couldn't let anyone know that Ophelia Blazinger, the SS-Rank Hunter, the feared Headmistress of Nine Stars Academy, was the woman calling a shady masseur to a hotel in the middle of the night. If this man knew her identity, if he intentionally or unintentionally spread this secret... it would be the end of everything.

"Everyone has their own tastes, I suppose," the man said suddenly, his voice flat, but with a hint of amusement in it. "Though my clients don't usually... prepare as if they're about to rob a bank."

Ophelia flushed behind her mask. Her shame peaked.

"I... I just want privacy," she replied, her voice trying for firmness but failing.

The man nodded, as if accepting that explanation. "May I come in? Or shall we converse at the door?"

"Ah, sorry. Come in."

The man stepped inside, carrying a small black bag. He closed the door himself, locking it with a firm click. The sound made Ophelia flinch slightly.

He placed his bag on the small table near the bed, then turned to her. "So, how should I address you? A pseudonym is fine."

"Fiona," Ophelia answered quickly, the first name that popped into her head.

"Ms. Fiona. Good. I'm Freyden." He nodded, then his eyes swept over Ophelia's still-rigid frame. "You seem very tense. Hard day at work?"

Freyden.

The name echoed in her mind for a moment.

"Y-yes. A lot of pressure." Ophelia swallowed. "Sorry for calling you so late."

"It's fine. I do cater to these hours." Freyden gave a small smile, and it made his sharp face look a bit warmer.

Ophelia felt his words were loaded with meaning. She tried not to think about it.

Her mind drifted instead to a more embarrassing direction. Would he really just give her a massage? Or... would he have sex with her? The question was disturbing, making the heat between her thighs grow more intense.

She could even feel the dampness beginning to seep through, moistening her panties. But she couldn't possibly ask something so shameful. 'Sorry, does your service include sex?' No. Impossible.

"So..." Freyden broke the silence.

"Are you ready? Usually, I ask clients to get undressed and lie face down on the bed. I'll use a special oil to warm up the muscles."

Ophelia nodded, but her body didn't move. A final thought crossed her mind, the last vestige of self-preservation instinct. She turned, trying to use the remnants of her authority even while wearing a silly mask in a hotel room with a strange man.

"Listen," she said, her voice louder, trying to sound authoritative. "I called you for a massage. Only a massage. If you try anything else—anything at all—you will regret it. I'm... I'm not a woman you can mess with."

Freyden just looked at her, his expression unchanged. "I understand, Ms. Fiona. This is business, not personal. I'm a professional. If you feel uncomfortable at any time, say the word, and I will stop."

His calm, professional answer only confused Ophelia more. Maybe she had misjudged him. Maybe this really was just a regular massage service that happened to be... ambiguously marketed.

But then why was her body reacting like this?

"Alright," she finally sighed. "I'll get ready. Please... turn around."

Freyden nodded, then turned to face the window, giving her privacy.

Ophelia began to undress. Blazer off, then shirt. Bra off. As she removed her skirt and panties, her eyes glanced at her underwear. A dark, obvious stain was visible on the black lace. Her cheeks burned. She quickly grabbed tissues from the bedside table, wiping her intimate area hastily, trying to erase the embarrassing evidence, then hid the damp panties under her pile of clothes.

Now she was completely naked. The cool, air-conditioned air touched her skin.

She glanced at Freyden's still-turned back, then quickly lay face down on the soft mattress. She closed her eyes, trying to calm her racing heart. Her large, heavy breasts spilled to the sides, her red nipples hardened from a mix of shame, cold, and arousal.

"I'm... ready," she said, her voice small.

She heard Freyden's footsteps approach. Then, the sound of a bottle opening, and a warm, herbal aroma filled the air. A soothing scent, but it only made her body more alert and... even hotter.

Freyden looked down at the naked body before him. His eyes, hidden from his client's view, narrowed with a mix of disdain and cold triumph. Inside, a voice of contempt echoed.

'Hah, what a hypocritical bitch,' he thought, scoffing inwardly. 'Just a regular massage, you said. If you really just wanted a massage, why not use a towel or keep your underwear on? You slut. It's obvious you just want to get laid.'

Chapter 172: Chapter 172 - Torture in Professionalism

Ophelia lay on her back, her entire body tense as a board.

Then, she felt it.

A warm, large, strong palm pressed against her back. Warm oil was poured directly onto her skin, making her flinch slightly. But the touch wasn't rough. Instead, that palm began to move with firm pressure, spreading the oil from her tense neck, down along her spine, to her plump buttocks.

"Breathe deeply, Ms. Fiona," Freyden's voice sounded calm above her. "Your muscles are like stone."

Ophelia tried to take a breath, but it was difficult. Because this man's touch—though through a seemingly ordinary massage—sent strange waves of sensation through her entire body.

Each of his pressures seemed to press not just on muscles, but on hidden points of pleasure in her body. When his thumb pressed the hollow at the base of her neck, a jolt of heat shot straight to the base of her thighs. When his palm rubbed her tense shoulders, the warmth traveled to her already hardened nipples, making them even more sensitive.

She tried to hold back any sound, but when Freyden started massaging the area just above her buttocks, a small groan finally escaped her lips.

"Ughn..."

The sound embarrassed her. But she couldn't control it. Her body felt like it was burning from within. Her already wet pussy throbbed even more, as if responding to every touch from this stranger.

If she thought clearly, Freyden's massage technique seemed ordinary—consistent pressure, regular movements. But somehow, in this man's hands, an ordinary touch felt like magic. As if every touch was directed to arouse her, not to relax her muscles.

"Please... try to relax, ma'am," Freyden said again, his voice flat. "It's hard to massage if you keep tensing up like this."

"I-I'm trying," Ophelia whispered, her face buried in the pillow. But it was futile. The harder she tried to relax, the more her body reacted. Cold sweat dampened her skin, a mix of anxiety and shameful arousal. Her pussy grew wetter, and she was afraid Freyden would smell her scent or—worse—see the dampness.

"Take a deep breath. Hold it. Then exhale slowly," Freyden's instruction sounded professional, but there was something in his tone... something that seemed to mock her distress.

Ophelia tried. She took a deep breath, held it, then exhaled slowly. But on the third exhale, something happened.

Freyden began massaging her buttocks.

His large, oiled palm kneaded her left cheek with enough pressure to relax the muscle, yet gentle enough to feel like a sensual caress. Ophelia bit the pillow, holding back a groan that nearly burst out. Her butt had always been a sensitive spot, and this man's touch seemed to know that.

Then, something worse happened.

As Freyden shifted to massage the back of her thighs, his hand—whether intentionally or not—brushed against her inner thigh. The touch was brief, but enough to make Ophelia's whole body shudder.

And as he drew his hand back, his fingers swept too close... far too close to the cleft of her buttocks, almost grazing the lips of her wet vagina.

Ophelia held her breath. Her body arched uncontrollably. She bit her own lip so hard she tasted blood. But it wasn't enough. The sensation radiating from that almost-touched spot was so powerful, so tantalizing, so...

Suddenly, without warning, her body exploded.

A wave of unexpected, shameful orgasm swept through her. Her pussy throbbed wildly, releasing fluid that soaked the mattress between her thighs. Her body arched, her legs stiffened, and a choked, long moan finally escaped her mouth.

"Ah—! Ahhh—!!"

She couldn't stop it. The orgasm came out of nowhere, just from a near-miss touch, from a massage that should have been ordinary. A few seconds later, she lay limp, panting, her body sweaty, and burning shame enveloped her.

Freyden stopped massaging. The room fell silent, filled only with Ophelia's heavy breathing.

"It seems you were very... tense," Freyden finally said, his voice flat but with a faint, sardonic note. "Usually my clients don't... reach climax just from a back massage."

Ophelia flushed crimson to her ears. She wanted to die. She had just orgasmed in front of a stranger, from a massage. And the most humiliating part—this was the first orgasm she'd managed to achieve in days.

All week, she had tried by herself, with her hands, with toys, but had never managed to reach satisfaction. Her body seemed to reject all normal stimulation. But this man's touch... for some reason, it worked.

She heard Freyden pour more oil, then his hands returned to her back, resuming the massage as if nothing had happened. But for Ophelia, everything had changed.

The relief from the orgasm lasted only a moment. Then, something deeper, darker, hungrier, stirred within her. An unmet physical need. That orgasm had been like scratching the surface—it released a little tension, but it only awakened a larger monster of lust inside her.

Her pussy still throbbed, but now with a painful emptiness. As if there was a hollow space inside her that needed to be filled. As if there was a specific shape, a specific size, that needed to satisfy it.

Ophelia lay there, her body growing hotter, her mind more chaotic. Every touch from Freyden now felt like torture. She wanted him to stop massaging and do something else. She wanted those hands not on her back, but between her thighs or on her breasts. She wanted his body to pin her down, enter her, fill that tormenting void.

Why isn't he doing anything? she thought with growing frustration. He must know I'm wet. He must smell it. Why isn't he breaking the rules? Why isn't he fucking me right now?

She almost regretted her earlier threat.

If only she had kept quiet, maybe this man would have taken the initiative. But now, because of her own words, he was being professional.

The massage continued. Freyden was now working on her legs, and when his fingers touched her calf, near her thigh, Ophelia almost whimpered again. She couldn't bear it. This was torture.

Finally, after an intense internal battle, the words burst from her mouth, choked by an unstoppable need.

"Do you..." her voice was hoarse, almost inaudible. "Do you... also service... the front area?"

She buried her flushed face in the pillow after saying it, unable to bear seeing Freyden's reaction. Her words were phrased as innocuously as possible, but their meaning was clear—she was offering herself to be touched there, to be satisfied further.

A pause. Then, Freyden's voice came, teasing.

"The front area, Ms. Fiona? You mean... the stomach? Or perhaps... lower?"

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I looked down at this arrogant Headmistress with cold, cynical eyes. Behind the mask and the altered face of [Faceless Mask], my expression was completely hidden. I, now appearing as Freyden, savored the satisfaction of witnessing her helplessness.

Before coming here to meet Ophelia, my plan had been simple: get in, undress her, then plunge my cock straight into the pussy that was undoubtedly wet and waiting for me.

After all, that was clearly the only reason she had called—her body, locked only for my dick, was thrashing in need of the penetration only I could provide.

But on the way here, with Charlotte driving while sitting on my lap with my cock buried deep inside her, I changed my mind.

Fucking her right away would be too easy. I wanted to see her suffer longer. I wanted to see her, usually so powerful and haughty, reduced to whimpering from unmet sexual need.

So, instead of going straight to the hotel, I had Charlotte drive me to a 24-hour pharmacy that was still open.

There, we bought expensive, fragrant massage oil. I also had her stop at a clothing store to buy a simple black shirt and pants—something that made me look 'professional'.

I had even briefly considered bringing Charlotte into the hotel, having her hide in the bathroom or closet, and recording everything.

The image was tempting—having a recording of the most respected Headmistress lying helpless, moaning like a whore. But when I looked at Charlotte in the driver's seat—her face tired, eyes dazed, body still trembling from the abuse I'd just subjected her to, her mind undoubtedly foggy—I dismissed the idea.

She was exhausted. Besides, she still had to work at the Hunter Association tomorrow and manage the inter-academy tournament. Let her go home and rest. I still had plenty of time for other recording games later.

So, I released Charlotte with orders to go home and rest, then entered the hotel alone, with a fake identity and a new plan.

And now, here I stood, seeing the results.

Ophelia, the mighty Blazewalker, lay face-down on the hotel bed, trembling from the shameful orgasm she'd just experienced—just from a back massage. Her lust, which I had locked and reprogrammed, had truly exploded from mere ordinary touch.

"Do you... also service... the front area?"

When that veiled question finally slipped from her lips, a wide, cold smile stretched behind the mask of Freyden.

"The front area, Ms. Fiona? You mean... the stomach? Or perhaps... lower?"

I deliberately made her squirm. Made her have to say it clearly.

"U-umm... I mean... all areas," Ophelia answered, her voice barely audible, her face still buried in the pillow. "Y-you decide. The important thing is... all muscles get to relax."

"I understand, ma'am," I replied, my voice flat. "In that case, turn over. Lie on your back."

I watched her body move.

Slowly, with movements full of shame and anticipation, she turned over. Her eyes remained tightly shut, as if she didn't dare look at me. But she couldn't hide what was happening to her body.

And the sight... was magnificent.

Chapter 173: Chapter 173 - The Magnificent, Vulnerable Sight

Before me lay Ophelia Blazinger, completely naked. A body not as tight or as young as her daughter Arianna's, but all the more captivating for the maturity and experience it radiated.

A woman who seemed at the peak of her adult beauty, though technically she was fifty-one years old—yet there wasn't a single significant wrinkle or sign of aging. Her SS-Rank power clearly kept her physique in prime condition.

Her breasts were large and full, perfectly shaped, spilling to the sides with an elegant weight. Her nipples were a dark red, hardened and standing erect, as if awaiting touch. Her stomach was flat, with a dramatic waistline curving into her wide hips.

And between her pale, smooth thighs lay a wild, thick forest of fiery red pubic hair, burning like a flame. Through that dense thicket, I could catch a glimpse of her glistening pink labia, slightly parted as if taking a breath.

She was offering herself. Completely. Unconditionally. And she had no idea the man standing before her was her own student, the one she'd always looked down upon.

When would I ever get another chance like this? To bring this arrogant headmistress to her knees without her even knowing, to make her whimper like a cheap whore, all while I remained a stranger?

Ophelia squeezed her eyes shut tighter, biting her lip. I could read her thoughts: she was hoping—even craving—for me to just attack her. To jump on her, rip away the last shreds of her dignity, and satisfy the wild need clearly burning inside her.

But I wouldn't give it to her. Not yet.

I took the bottle of oil again, pouring some into my palm. I rubbed my hands together to warm it, then placed my oily palms on her stomach.

She gasped sharply, her body arching slightly. But I began to massage with consistent pressure, circular motions focused on her abdominal muscles. I deliberately avoided her sensitive areas, concentrating only on the job I was supposedly there to do.

I could feel the frustration radiating from her body. Her stomach muscles tensed with disappointment. She wanted my hands lower. She wanted to be touched there. But I continued calmly, as if oblivious to her desires.

"Please... relax, Ms. Fiona," I said in a flat, professional tone. "You're still too tense."

Ophelia sighed, a sound full of disappointment and desperation. Her hands clenched at her sides. I could almost hear her mind screaming: 'Touch me! Touch my pussy! Don't just massage my stomach!'

But I kept going. I moved to her chest. My oily palms came to rest on the sides of her large breasts, then began kneading in motions that were supposedly to loosen pectoral muscles. But my touch on her full, sensitive breasts was clearly more than just therapeutic massage.

I squeezed them gently but firmly, feeling their softness and weight fill my hands. My fingers found her hardened nipples, and deliberately, I began to knead and roll the sensitive tips.

"Ah—!" Ophelia gasped, her hands grabbing the sheets and clutching them tight. "T-that's... a bit..."

"Does it hurt?" I asked, pretending not to understand.

"N-no... not hurt... just... sensitive..."

"I understand. But this area often holds a lot of tension. It needs to be released."

And with that excuse, I continued toying with her nipples. I pinched them, pulled on them, rolled them between my thumb and forefinger. Each touch made her body shudder, and her gasps grew more uncontrolled.

She tried to hold back her moans, but it was useless. Choked little sounds kept escaping her lips every time I gave her nipples extra attention.

Then, finally, I moved down to the area she'd been waiting for.

My oily palms slid lower, tracing the line of her hips, and finally... came to rest on her inner thighs.

Ophelia immediately drew in a sharp breath, her body tensing like a bow. Her eyes flew open, looking at me with a mixture of hope, fear, and unbearable need.

I didn't touch her pussy directly. I only massaged her inner thighs, with slow, deep strokes, each time coming close but never actually touching her wet, exposed lips.

"Please..." she finally whispered, her voice breaking with need. "Please... touch... there."

"Where, Ms. Fiona?" I asked, pretending not to understand while my thumb was just a centimeter from her clit.

"Here..." she raised a trembling hand, pointing to her own crotch. "So tense... please..."

"I understand."

And finally, I touched her.

My palm covered her entire pubic area. I felt her thick, damp red hair, the heat radiating from her pussy, and the wild pulsing coming from within.

I began massaging with circular motions. My middle finger deliberately slipped between her slick labia, finding her small, hard clit.

"AHHH—!!!"

Ophelia screamed. Her body arched off the bed, her hands gripping my arm tightly. Her eyes were wide with shock and explosive pleasure.

I didn't stop. I kept massaging, kept rubbing, kept stimulating the most sensitive spot. My other hand roughly kneaded her breast, pinching her nipple.

I treated her not with gentleness, but with the roughness she needed—roughness that matched the sadomasochistic fetish displayed in my [Eye of Desire] status. Combined with my [Lustful Touch] skill, which had been active this whole time, it drove her arousal even higher.

"Yes! Yes! Don't stop! Don't you dare!" she cried out, no longer caring about dignity or volume. She just wanted to come. She needed it.

And I gave it to her.

I sped up my movements, pressed harder, and within seconds, she peaked again. Her body shuddered violently, her pussy clenching wildly under my hand, and a clear fluid gushed out—a squirting orgasm that soaked the sheets beneath her.

"AH-AH-AHHH—!!! FREYDEN—!!!"

She screamed my name—my fake name—like a prayer or a curse.

But I didn't stop. As the tremors of her orgasm began to subside, I immediately resumed stimulation. I rubbed her sensitive, post-orgasm clit, pushed two fingers into her hot, wet pussy, thrusting in and out rapidly.

"Wait—! That's too—! Ah~! I just—!" she protested, but her voice was weak, and her body was already responding again. "Ah! Ah! No—!"

She reached a second orgasm in less than two minutes. This one was stronger, longer. But I was still not satisfied.

I looked at her, this arrogant headmistress, lying helpless, her body sweaty and trembling, her face hidden behind the ridiculous mask now streaked with tears and saliva.

And this was only the beginning for her.

What would her expression be, I wonder, when she learns all of this was done by the student she's always ignored, looked down upon, even allowed to be bullied? I'm intensely curious.

But for now, let her suffer in ignorance. Slowly, when the time is right, when she's completely dependent, when she can no longer live without my dick, then I will reveal my identity.

And at that moment, her ruin will be complete.

"Based on the massage earlier, especially around the breast and... lower regions," I said, maintaining the image of a professional masseur even though my hand was still wet with her fluids, "it seems you are indeed experiencing very severe tension and frustration lately, Ms. Fiona. It appears you haven't had adequate release for a long time."

Ophelia stared at me, or rather in the direction of my voice as her eyes were still teary. Behind the mask, her jaw was tight, her teeth clenched.

'Why isn't he doing it? Why isn't he taking off his pants and just ruining me?' her mind screamed.

Her physical need seemed to have reached its peak, but I was deliberately withholding.

"If you feel it's enough and you're satisfied," I continued, wiping my hands with a small towel, "I'll pack up my things and accept payment. The standard service, one hour, comes to a total of—"

"Not yet," Ophelia cut in suddenly, her voice hoarse but firm. Her trembling hand shot out, grabbing my wrist with a strong grip. "I... I'm not satisfied."

I stopped pretending to pack up. "I can provide an extended massage, perhaps focusing on the legs and arms—"

"Not a massage!" she cried out, then caught herself, taking a deep breath. Her voice dropped to a need-filled whisper. "You know what I mean. Don't... don't pretend."

Inside her, a fierce battle raged. The man before her—for some reason—was the only source that could satisfy the terrible hunger in her body.

For the past week, nothing else had worked. Not her husband, not her own hand, not any toy. But this stranger's touch, just with a simple massage, had already made her explode twice. Imagine if he actually... put something in.

She had already acted pathetically. Already begged. Already licked the last remnants of her own dignity by asking to be touched there. But that feeling, that burning need, was stronger than anything.

And for a moment, she forgot everything—the betrayal of her husband, the risk to her reputation, the fact that she was Ophelia the Blazewalker. Her dying body, which felt like it would shatter if not satisfied immediately, took over.

She took a deep breath, and as she exhaled, her arrogant demeanor returned, though this time wielded for a deeply shameful purpose.

"What is your rate for... complete service?" she asked, her voice regaining some authority, though the context made it absurd. "I'll pay double your massage rate."

I looked at her, then shook my head slightly, pretending to hesitate. "I'm sorry, Ms. Fiona. I only offer therapeutic massage services. 'Complete service' as you mean... that's outside my professional scope."

Ophelia snorted, her red eyes flashing with a mix of disappointment and anger. "Don't be a hypocrite. We both know why I called that number on the indecent poster. Why would you come to a hotel at midnight? You know exactly what I want. And you... you clearly know how to please a woman."

She paused for a moment, then she grabbed her bag from the floor, pulled out a luxurious leather wallet, and took out a black credit card.

"Triple. Three times your massage rate. Now, please... don't waste any more of my time."

I stood still for a few seconds, as if seriously considering. Then, I sighed, as if giving in.

"Very well," I said slowly. "Since you are a client in... dire need, and since you are willing to pay handsomely, I will make an exception. I have one special, very rare massage technique, usually reserved only for special clients. This technique involves... the use of my special therapeutic tool."

"Special therapeutic tool?" Ophelia frowned, but her eyes were already shining with hope.

"Yes," I replied as my hands began to undo my pants buckle. "A tool designed to deliver deep pressure and the most fundamental release of tension. I call it... Deep Tissue Penetration Therapy."

As I said that, I pulled down my zipper, then slid my pants and boxers down together.

And my fully erect cock—thick, long, veiny, with a reddened tip already glistening with pre-cum—was presented before her.

Ophelia's breath hitched.

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

It was... big. Very big. Clearly over eight inches long, thick, with prominent veins running along the shaft. Compared to her husband's average cock, it was like comparing a soldier's sword to a war god's blade.

Instinctively, her pussy clenched, producing more wetness. But on the other hand, a flicker of common sense made her think it was impossible. Impossible that she could take it.

I stepped closer, letting my erect cock hover right before her masked face. Its scent—a mix of masculinity, a hint of musk, and the smell of pre-cum—filled the air between us.

"The first technique is oral and throat massage," I said, my voice flat like an instructor's. "This will help relax the muscles of your jaw and throat, while also providing initial hormonal stimulation to prepare your body for the core therapy."

'Damn, how can I say things like that with a straight face? I guess I really do have a talent for this lewd stuff.'

Ophelia fell silent.

She stared at the large cock now only a few centimeters from her nose and mouth. The smell... strangely, wasn't disgusting. It was alluring. Arousing. But...

'How dare he,' she thought, anger beginning to boil.

'How dare this lowly man point his genitals at my face. I am Ophelia the Blazewalker. One of the world's strongest Hunters. I have never even used my mouth to service my husband's cock. It's beneath my dignity.'

A deep sense of humiliation began to take hold. She was no streetwalker. She was a woman of high standing. And this man, this sleazy masseur who didn't even know who she truly was, dared to offer—no, command—her to perform such a lowly act.

The fire of anger began to blaze in her chest, momentarily driving away some of the sexual need. Heat energy, the fire power that was her signature, began to gather at her fingertips. She could burn this man to ashes in an instant. She could destroy him for daring to insult her like this.

"You... Who do you think you are, daring to offer... such shameless service to me?"

Chapter 174: Chapter 174 - Degradation Named Therapy

I did not retreat. Instead, casually, I pushed my hips slightly forward. My cockhead, wet with precum, touched the black fabric of the mask covering her cheek, leaving a shiny, wet smear.

That touch was like throwing gasoline on the fire of Ophelia's anger. A searing sense of humiliation exploded. She was Ophelia Blazewalker! How dare this lowly man—

But beneath the anger, an undeniable physical reaction occurred. The warm, wet sensation of the cock tip pressed against her skin—even through fabric—sent a jolt straight to her core. The strong, musky, unmistakably masculine scent filled her nostrils, and for some reason... it was alluring.

Her tongue moved inside her mouth of its own accord. The tip licked her suddenly dry lips. A primitive, almost instinctual urge told her to taste it, to feel it.

Ophelia fought back. She turned her head to the side, away from the touch. But her eyes were drawn to the large, erect dick before her. Clear precum leaked from the small slit at the tip, forming a dangling bead, as if waiting for someone to lick it.

"I won't—" her words choked off.

But her body moved against her own will.

Her head tilted back up. Her red lips parted slightly. And her pink tongue, without conscious command, extended, hovering near that bead of precum.

Just one lick, something inside her whispered. Just to know the taste.

The wet tip of her tongue touched the droplet.

And the world exploded.

An unexpected taste—salty, slightly bitter, but with a complexity that was strangely... good—spread across her tongue. Not just good. But fulfilling. As if her tongue, her mouth, had been missing a certain flavor, and this taste filled that void.

A taste she vaguely remembered from a week ago, from the hazy memory that had woken her in a cold sweat with a soaked pussy.

Without another thought, like a parched person finding an oasis, Ophelia moved her head closer, and this time she licked the entire head of my cock. Her agile tongue circled the crown, collecting every drop of precum, swallowing it greedily.

"Ah..." she hissed to herself, a sound full of surrender and need.

She forgot the humiliation. Forgot the anger. Forgot who she was. All that remained was the taste on her tongue, sparking a wild need throughout her body. Her pussy throbbed, sending panicked signals that this wasn't enough, she needed more.

She opened her mouth wider and greedily took the tip of my cock inside.

I just stood still, observing with cold, triumphant eyes. The arrogant headmistress, the feared SS-Rank woman, was now on her knees before me, her elegant mouth devouring my cock like a whore's. And I didn't even have to ask. She did it herself, guided by the lust I had locked in and controlled.

"Ah... Freyden... i-it tastes..." she mumbled between sucks, her voice muffled by the cock in her mouth.

"Sshh," I whispered, my left hand coming down to touch her messy red hair. "Excellent, Ms. Fiona. The oral and throat massage technique has begun. Now, try to relax your jaw muscles. Let me set the pace."

I held her head and began to move my hips. Slowly at first, pushing my cock deeper into her warm, wet mouth. Ophelia groaned, but didn't resist.

I smiled. Then, with a firmer motion, I pushed deeper—past her tongue, into her throat.

Gulp!

Ophelia gagged. Her eyes widened behind the mask, tears welling up. She tried to pull her head back, but my hand in her hair held her in place. On her slender neck, a clear bulge moved—the shape of my cock inside her throat.

"Relax, Ms. Fiona," I said in an instructional, flat tone, contrasting with the violence of the act. "This is part of the therapy. Deep Throat Therapy is designed to stretch tense throat muscles and provide vagus nerve stimulation to calm your nervous system. Try to feel the sensation. Let it happen."

She snorted, but her body began to soften. Tears streamed down her hidden cheeks, but she stopped resisting. Instead, she began to try to swallow, moving her throat muscles around my shaft, creating an incredible sucking sensation.

Damn, this feels too good, I thought, holding back a moan. Her tight, warm throat, combined with the tears and the clear aura of degradation radiating from her... it was far more satisfying than I had imagined.

I began to move with a steady rhythm. In and out. Each time I pushed in deep, her body shuddered. Each time I pulled out, she gasped for breath, saliva and mucus dripping from the corners of her swollen lips.

Ophelia, on her part, was in a fog of pain, oxygen deprivation, and shameful pleasure.

Her rational mind screamed, 'This is insane! You're insane, Ophelia! He's choking you with his cock! He's treating you like a cheap whore! Stop!'

But her body, her wildly throbbing pussy, said otherwise. The pain in her jaw, the choking sensation, the feeling of being degraded and used... it all flared like fire in her nervous system, burning away every principle she'd ever held. And strangely, that fire felt... good. So good.

She had never felt anything like this. Her husband, the kind man who always treated her with respect and gentleness, would never dare do this. Would never force himself on her, humiliate her, or make her cry like this. And as she realized that, a dark acceptance crept into her heart.

Maybe... maybe this was what she needed. Not gentleness. Not respect. But this. Violence. Humiliation. Being used.

As that thought crossed her mind, her pussy gushed another stream of fluid, soaking the mattress beneath her. She came again, just from this rough oral sex.

I felt her throat convulse around my shaft as she climaxed. It brought me closer to my own edge.

"I'm going to give you my nutritious semen," I said, my voice growing husky. "It contains stress-relieving hormones and natural endorphins. Prepare yourself to swallow, Ms. Fiona."

Ophelia could only give a weak nod, her eyes closed, surrendering to whatever I would give her.

I sped up my movements, thrusting deep a few final times, then—with a low groan—I reached my peak.

My hot semen shot directly into her deep throat. I could feel her shock, her body stiffening, then the greedy swallows as she was forced to gulp down spurt after spurt.

After the last one was spent, I let my cock remain buried in her mouth for a few moments, savoring the final sensation of this mastery.

Then I slowly pulled out. With a wet plop, my cock left her mouth. Ophelia gasped for air, semen and drool dripping from the corners of her swollen, red lips.

She collapsed there for a moment, looking shattered and confused. Then, slowly, she raised her hand and touched her lips, feeling the remnants of my semen there. Her tongue darted out, licking her wet finger, as if unwilling to waste a single drop.

"How was that first session, Ms. Fiona?" I asked, my voice calm and professional once more, as if we had just finished a regular shoulder massage and not a brutal throat violation. "Did you feel a release of tension in your jaw and throat area?"

Ophelia stared at me. Behind the mask, her red eyes looked empty, then slowly filled with burning anger again. Anger at herself, at me, at this shameful situation.

"You... you dare..." her voice was hoarse, full of hatred. "You dare treat me like... like a whore! Forced me to swallow... your filthy fluid!"

I shrugged, unfazed. "You requested the full service, Ma'am. And you were the one who enthusiastically accepted the nutritious semen earlier. Look at you, you're still licking up the leftovers."

Ophelia flushed crimson. Her hand, which had been licking her finger, stopped abruptly, then she hid it behind her back, ashamed.

"This... this is different," she argued, but her voice was weak.

"It's no different," I replied, my voice softer now, almost understanding. "Here, it's just you and me. No one knows. No one will judge. You can be whoever you want to be. The woman who's been trapped by titles, by reputation, by expectations... she can be free here, for a moment."

I crouched down so my eyes were level with her teary ones behind the mask.

"Be honest with yourself, Fiona. Or whatever your real name is. Did you feel humiliated just now?"

She nodded, almost imperceptibly.

"Did you enjoy it?"

She was silent. Her breathing grew heavier.

"No need to answer with words," I whispered. "Your body already answered for you. You came, didn't you? Just from that rough oral."

Tears began to fall again behind the mask.

"There's nothing wrong with that," I continued, my voice like that of a savior. "Some people need... special treatment. Need to be released from the burden of themselves. And it doesn't make you less worthy. On the contrary. Accepting your own dark side will make you feel better."

She was a strong woman. SS-Rank. The best Academy Headmistress in the world. But beneath all that, there was a dark side she had buried—a fetish for being shamed, humiliated, used. A fetish she could never acknowledge, even to herself.

And now, a stranger, in an anonymous hotel room, not only saw it but was fulfilling that need.

"So," I said, standing up again. "Would you like to continue the therapy session? The next session will be more... intense. It will involve deep penetration to release tension in the pelvic and uterine area."

Ophelia looked at me for a long time. The internal war in her eyes was clear. Pride versus need. Principle versus lust.

Finally, in a small voice filled with total surrender, she said, "Do it. Do whatever you want. I... I will accept all your treatments."

A wide grin stretched across my face behind Freyden's mask. I grabbed her head, stroking it like a pet.

"Good. Very good, Fiona."

That touch made her body tremble again. Her cheeks flushed, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she let out a soft sigh, like a purring cat. She had fallen. And she didn't even know the one who made her fall was one of her own students.

Chapter 175: Chapter 175 - A Safe Space for Shame

"Next," I said, uttering the lewd nonsense with a flat face. "We'll focus on the chest area. Massage here is crucial for improving circulation and relieving accumulated tension."

Without giving her time to question or protest, I moved. My body rose over hers. I didn't go straight for her pussy. Instead, I knelt astride her, my thighs bracketing her hips, and leaned forward.

My cock, wet and glistening with her saliva, I lowered. I nestled it between her full, warm breasts—soft, pliant, yet firm. The sensation of her warm skin immediately enveloping my shaft made me let out a soft groan.

"We will massage your breasts this way," I whispered, my voice hoarse with pleasure. My large hands grasped both of her breasts from the sides, holding them, squeezing gently while pushing them together tighter, trapping my cock more firmly in the deep valley of her chest.

Then, I began to move. My hips thrust back and forth slowly, sliding my hard cock between the soft mounds of her breasts. My movements weren't rushed, but deep and measured. With each forward thrust, the reddened tip of my cock emerged above her cleavage, as if saying hello, before I pulled back, buried again in her warmth.

"Feel the heat and texture, Ms. Fiona," I whispered. "This skin-to-skin contact stimulates the release of bonding hormones. Let yourself feel it."

Ophelia could only moan, her eyes closed, surrendering to the strange, shameful but incredibly pleasurable sensation. Her breasts, which had always been symbols of her womanhood and strength, were now being used as tools for carnal pleasure—and for some reason, that made her even hotter.

"Ah... Freyden... that's... strange..." she mumbled, but her arms rose, her hands helping to press her breasts tighter around my shaft, increasing the friction and sensation.

"Good, very good," I praised, the rhythm of my hips quickening. The pre-cum steadily leaking from the tip of my cock now moistened the skin of her chest and her nipples, making the glide smoother, more tantalizing. "You are a very quick learner."

Every thrust, every slide, sent vibrations straight to her core. Her already-drenched pussy throbbed wildly, releasing more fluid that soaked the sheets further. Her brain could no longer think. There was only sensation: heat, pressure, the feeling of being used, and undeniable pleasure.

"How does it feel, Ms. Fiona?" I asked, my breathing heavy. "Do you feel a release in the chest area? A smoother flow of energy?"

"Yes... yes... oh god... it feels... strange but... good..." she answered in broken gasps. "My breasts... feel... full... hot..."

"That's a good sign. It means the blocked energy is being released."

I continued, mixing the movements of my hips with the massage of my hands. I pinched her nipples harder, tugged on them, rolled them between my thumb and forefinger. Each rough touch there made her body shudder, and her moans grew more uncontrolled.

Then, without me realizing it, she climaxed again. Her body arched off the bed, her breasts tightened around my cock, and a long, ragged groan escaped her open mouth. Her pussy clenched wildly, releasing another gush of fluid that soaked the sheets.

But I didn't stop. I kept massaging, kept sliding my cock between her breasts. The orgasm seemed to have only opened the floodgates for something deeper.

"Wait... I just... came..." she protested weakly.

"Sometimes, the body needs several waves of release to truly cleanse itself," I answered calmly, still moving. "This was just the first wave. Prepare for the second."

And indeed, a few seconds later, her body shuddered again. This time it was stronger. She cried out, her hands gripping the sheets tightly, her legs kicking uncontrollably. She was experiencing multiple orgasms, just from breast stimulation and tittfucking.

And as she peaked, feeling the wild contractions in her empty vagina, I too reached my limit.

I pulled my cock out from between her breasts, and as the reddened, throbbing tip faced her masked face, a jet of thick, white cum shot out.

Splat! Splat! Splat!

Three powerful spurts landed directly on the black mask covering her face. One right on the forehead, one on the right cheek, and the last hit her open mouth, some going in, some dripping onto her chin.

Ophelia gasped. Her body, still trembling from the afterglow, went rigid. Her eyes widened behind the mask now stained white. She hadn't expected this. Hadn't expected me to... finish on her face.

"Sorry, Ms. Fiona," I said, feigning regret while grabbing a towel. "A reflex. Let me clean you up."

But before I touched her with the towel, my gaze fixed on her mask, now soiled with my seed. A sudden, overwhelming curiosity seized me. All this time, I'd only heard her moans, seen her incredible body, but I'd never seen her actual face in moments like this.

I wanted to see her expression. Wanted to see if her usually authoritative red eyes were now teary, her cheeks flushed with shame and arousal, her lips swollen from sucking and now smeared with my cum.

"Wait," I said, my hand pausing in mid-air. "I'm so curious. The sound of your moans... they're so beautiful. Deep, husky, full of hidden passion. I can't imagine what the face that makes such sounds looks like."

My hand moved to the ties of the mask behind her head.

Ophelia reacted instantly. Her hand grabbed my wrist with surprising strength, her eyes visible through the mask's holes wide with panic.

"No! Don't remove my mask!"

"Why?" I asked, pretending not to understand. "Here, we are anonymous. I am Freyden, you are Fiona. What difference does it make if your face is seen? Unless... are you someone well-known? Someone who... shouldn't be seen in a place like this?"

"That's none of your business!" she snapped, but her voice trembled. "Respect my privacy! I'm paying you for a service, not to... to see my face!"

"But, Ms. Fiona," I whispered, my voice low and seductive, while my fingers gently worked the knot loose behind her head. "Our intimacy has already gone far beyond a simple transaction. You've swallowed my cum. You've let yourself climax repeatedly in front of me. You even allowed me to use your breasts like that. Is seeing your face really the most shameful part of all this?"

Ophelia fell silent. Her argument crumbled. She had already done things far more shameful, far more degrading. But there was something about revealing her face—her true identity—that felt like the final line that must not be crossed.

Yet, before she could protest further, the knot came undone.

I slowly pulled the black mask away from her face.

And there, it was revealed.

The face of Ophelia Blazinger, unmasked.

Her red hair, usually tied up neatly, was now disheveled, damp with sweat and clinging to her temples and high forehead. The porcelain-smooth skin of her face was flushed a deep crimson from her forehead down to her neck, covered in red blotches from arousal, shame, and perhaps lack of oxygen during the rough oral sex earlier.

Her deep crimson eyes—usually sharp and authoritative—were now puffy, glistening with unshed tears still pooled in their corners. Her full, red lips were swollen, clearly bearing the marks of biting and pressure, with remnants of my cum still clinging to the corner of her mouth and dripping onto her sharp chin.

She was beautiful. Stunningly beautiful. Not the youthful beauty of her daughter, Arianna, but a mature beauty full of character, strength, and a vulnerability now laid bare. Her expression was a mixture of smoldering anger and profound shame.

For a few seconds, she just stared at me, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Then, as I expected, the anger exploded.

"YOU BASTARD! HOW DARE YOU!!" she screamed, her voice cracking with emotion. Her free hand swung, trying to slap my face, but I easily caught her wrist with one hand.

"You damn dog! Who do you think you are?! You're just a sleazy masseur! You have no right—!"

"Calm down, Ms. Ophelia," I said softly, while my other hand rose and gently touched her disheveled red hair, stroking it like one would soothe a frightened kitten.

That touch stopped her mid-outburst. She stared at me, confused.

"I... know who you are now," I whispered, my voice filled with gentle recognition. "Ophelia Blazinger. The Blazewalker. Headmistress of Nine Stars Academy. One of the world's strongest Hunters."

Each title I uttered made her body grow more rigid, her eyes fill with more horror.

"But here," I continued, my fingers still gently stroking her hair, "you are no one. Not the headmistress. Not an SS-Rank. Just a woman. A woman who is tired. A woman who, like any other woman, has needs, desires, and a dark side she cannot show the world."

Ophelia stared at me, her eyes crinkling in deep conflict. On one hand, she knew this was wrong. She knew she should be furious, should destroy this man, should run away. But on the other hand... my words struck right at the core of her deepest weariness.

"You feel strange, don't you?" I asked, my voice like that of a kind therapist. "Humiliated, degraded, treated like an object... but at the same time, touched gently like this. As if two opposing sides."

Ophelia nodded. Her emotions were too chaotic. Her rationality and common sense had long drowned in lust, leaving only a shred of pride, and even that was now being shattered.

"That's because you, like all humans, are a complex being," I continued, my words flowing smoothly, full of subtle suggestion and manipulation. "You've been strong for so long, Ophelia. Carrying the burden of the academy, your reputation, the hopes of so many people. You could never show weakness. Never show fatigue. Every day, you had to be the mighty Blazewalker, the strict headmistress."

I crouched down so my eyes were level with her teary ones. "But behind all that, you are just a woman. A woman who is tired. A woman frustrated because she can never take off that mask."

Every word I spoke seemed to pierce right to the heart of her deepest exhaustion. She had carried that burden for decades. And never, never had anyone seen her like this.

"You don't have to be strong all the time, Ophelia," I whispered, my voice like a mantra. "Here, with me, you can let it all go. You can be 'Fiona'. You can be the woman who just wants to be satisfied, used, even humiliated—because that's the only way for you to feel truly free from the burden of being 'Ophelia Blazinger'."

My hand moved from her hair, down to her tense shoulders, and began massaging them with a deep, soothing pressure. "No one will know. This is our secret. A safe space where you can be anything you want."

I watched her eyes. The anger in them had subsided, replaced by surrender. She must have yearned for this. Yearned for someone to see her weariness. Yearned for permission to be weak.

"I... am so tired, Freyden," she finally whispered, her voice broken and small like a child's.

"I know," I replied, stroking her cheek again. "And here, you don't have to be strong. You can cry. You can beg. You can... be a girl who needs to be taken care of."

She nodded, lowering her head. A small sob escaped her trembling lips.

"And for the next therapy session," I said, while my hand moved down from her face, tracing her body, and finally coming to rest between her open thighs. My fingers gently touched the lips of her still-wet, throbbing pussy.

"We will focus on the pelvic and uterine area. Releasing tension here is the most important, as this is where all of a woman's emotional stress tends to accumulate."

My touch made her gasp sharply. Her body arched, pushing her pussy closer to my fingers.

"Feel the touch, Fiona," I whispered, my middle finger beginning to circle her small, hard clit with a slow, rotating motion. "Let yourself feel it. Don't fight it. This is for your own good."

"Ah... Freyden..." she hissed, her eyes closing again, but this time with an expression of total surrender. "That's... good..."

"Good," I praised, while sliding one finger inside her warm, tight vagina. "Very good. You are a very responsive woman. Very... sensitive."

I continued to massage and stimulate her, all the while whispering manipulative words that made her sink deeper into the role of Fiona, the weak woman who needed to be cared for, far removed from the strong, impenetrable Ophelia Blazinger.

"Alright," I said suddenly. "The main session. The most important one. Deep penetration to release the final tension in the uterus and pelvis. This will be... intense. But I promise, after this, you'll feel like a new woman."

I moved between her open legs. From this position, I could clearly see her pussy, already drenched, swollen, and pulsating. Her thick, red pubic hair was wet with her own fluids and perhaps a little cum that had dripped down.

I bent forward, my index finger touching the outer lips of her pink pussy. The touch made her body arch and she groaned.

"See," I whispered, "your body is ready. It yearns for perfect union."

With a slow movement, I lowered my body onto hers. My weight pressed down on her, and she sighed. My hand reached for my cock, guiding it to the wet entrance of her pussy.

"Get ready, Fiona," I whispered in her ear. "The main therapy begins now."

Chapter 176: Chapter 176 - Filling the Gnawing Emptiness

From my perspective, a stream of pale blue notifications had been blinking at the edge of my vision for a while.

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 84 (+1)]

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 85 (+1)]

[Ophelia's Sexual Arousal increased to 86 (+1)]

It was rising rapidly. But I noticed, there were no notifications for a 'Domination Level'. Usually, when I manipulated someone with my real identity, a progress bar would show up indicating how deeply I was dominating them.

But for Ophelia, nothing.

Maybe it was because I was using the fake identity 'Freyden' with the [Faceless Mask]. In her eyes, I was a stranger, a sleazy masseur. She didn't know I was Adam, her

student. So the system wasn't recognizing this as direct domination because the target didn't recognize the user.

I set that thought aside for now. My focus was on this 'therapy' session for the Headmistress. And clearly, she was already extremely impatient.

I was still teasing. The tip of my cock, slick with her own juices, just brushed against the pink, swollen lips of her pussy. Each time it grazed her sensitive clit or slipped between her slick labia, Ophelia's body trembled and her moans grew more uncontrolled.

"Please... Freyden... I can't take it anymore..." she whined, her voice hoarse and full of need. Her hands grabbed my buttocks, trying to push me down, trying to force penetration. But I easily held my weight back, continuing to tease her.

"Be patient, Ms. Fiona. Thorough preparation yields the best results," I replied in an instructional, flat tone, a stark contrast to the roughness of my actions.

"It is ready! I am so ready! My puss... pussy is wet, it's open, it's waiting for you! Please... put it in... put it in now!" she cried out, frustration and need bringing her to the verge of tears.

I smiled behind the mask. That's when I decided.

"Alright. If you are truly ready."

And before she could finish her sentence, before she could take another breath, I thrust.

One hard, full-powered lunge from my hips, using all my weight and strength.

Squelch!

A wet, honest, and vulgar sound echoed in the silent room.

My large, thick cock entered perfectly, sweeping aside all resistance, parting her tight, warm, and slick passage, and plunging deep—so deep—until the tip slammed hard against her cervix.

"AAAAAHHHHHH—!!!!"

Ophelia's cry was no longer a moan or a groan. It was a pure, wild scream that shattered the silence, filled with shock, momentary pain, and explosive pleasure all at once.

Her body arched like a bow, her eyes flew wide open, immediately flooding with tears. Her mouth hung open, but no more sound came out—only broken, gasping breaths.

She seemed to lose consciousness for a moment, thrown into an ocean of sensation too intense for her brain to process.

Her pussy reacted wildly. The muscles deep inside her clenched tightly around my now fully embedded cock. They pulsed wildly, like a second heart beating frantically, welcoming my presence with hysterical fervor.

I stayed still for a moment, letting her body adapt, while I myself savored this incredible sensation.

Damn. It feels... perfect.

Her pussy felt different. Very different. Warm, of course. Tight, incredibly tight. But there was something else. A mystical fit. As if every curve and contour of her pussy was specifically designed to perfectly sheath every inch of my dick. Its deep curve perfectly followed the shape of my shaft. The pressure at certain points felt like a massage targeted specifically for the most sensitive nerves in my cock.

Of all the pussies I'd ever tried, none were like this.

The effect of the [Hymen Pill] was truly beyond expectation. It didn't just restore her hymen; it was as if it had rearranged her entire vaginal canal into a perfect sheath custom-made for the size and shape of my cock. This wasn't just sex. This felt like a union.

I smirked, then patted Ophelia's flushed, tear-streaked cheek.

"Fiona. Fiona, come back to me. We're still in a therapy session. You need to stay conscious to feel the release of the energy."

Ophelia slowly opened her eyes. Her gaze was empty at first, fogged by overwhelming pleasure. Then, gradually, awareness returned. And with it came the second wave of sensation.

She felt it. Full. So full. The large cock filled every nook and cranny inside her, pressing against the walls of her womb, filling the space that had felt so hollow. That feeling of being filled wasn't just physical. It was psychological. As if the emptiness that had been gnawing at her all week—the hollowness, the unbearable need—was finally satisfied.

"Ah... ah... Freyden... this... this..." she mumbled, tears streaming down her face. "It feels... perfect."

She couldn't explain more than that. Her intelligent, trained brain couldn't find words to describe this satisfaction that was so fundamental and primitive. This wasn't just ordinary sexual pleasure. It was like her body's most basic need was finally met after a long period of starvation.

Her pussy pulsed again, sending waves of pleasure that made her body tremble. She found herself pushing her hips up, wanting to feel it deeper, wanting the cock to move inside her. She was addicted. In one thrust, her pussy had become hooked. She felt she could no longer live without the sensation of this big dick filling her, satisfying her deepest hunger.

I felt the subtle push from her hips. I smiled.

"Good. Now, we will proceed."

And I began to move.

I drew my hips back slowly, almost pulling completely out until only the head of my cock remained caught at her slick, wet entrance. Then, with the same firm, deep motion as before, I pushed back in.

"NNNGGGHHH—!!!"

Ophelia screamed again, but this time her cry was full of painful satisfaction. Her hands gripped my shoulders, her nails digging into my skin through my shirt. Her legs wrapped around my waist, locking my body in place.

I kept moving. Not fast, but deep. Each thrust was a claim, a declaration of ownership over the deepest part of her body. Each withdrawal was a sweet torment that made her pussy contract, begging to be filled again.

While my cock worked her pussy from the inside, my hands weren't idle. My large hands grabbed her full breasts, squeezing them roughly, pinching her hard nipples. That rough touch contrasted with my soft, instructional words, creating a dissonance that drove her further out of her mind.

"Ah! Ah! Freyden! There! Press harder! Again!" she yelled, no longer ashamed. Her body's needs overrode everything. "My pussy... my pussy is so good... it feels... like... like I'm going crazy... Oh God... This... this is what I've been waiting for. This is what my body needed."

Her disjointed words only spurred me on more. I quickened the rhythm. Thrust, pull. Thrust, pull. The wet sound of our bodies slapping together, her moans, my occasional sharp orders for her to breathe, created a perfect, lewd symphony.

Her body kept reaching orgasm. One after another. Sometimes small, sometimes huge. But clearly, she was experiencing multiple, consecutive orgasms, something she'd probably never experienced before.

I could feel the heat building in my groin. My own orgasm was approaching. But I wanted her to come first.

I changed the angle of my thrusts, making sure the head of my cock rubbed against her G-spot with every stroke. I also pressed my pubic bone against her clit when I drove in deep.

"I'M... I'M COMING—!!!" Ophelia suddenly screamed, her body shaking wildly as if electrocuted.

Her pussy gripped my cock with an almost painful strength, pulsing wildly, pumping out fluids that soaked the mattress beneath us. Her face contorted in ecstasy, tears and saliva flowing freely. She orgasmed with more power than ever before.

And as her pussy was still convulsing, sucking, and milking my shaft, I reached my own peak.

I thrust in deep one final time, burying my cock fully into her womb, and released.

A hot jet of cum shot directly into her uterus. I could feel each spurt, how my thick fluid filled the space I had opened.

"AAAHHH... FILLED... I'M BEING FILLED..." Ophelia whimpered, her body still trembling, feeling the hot gush inside her. Her expression changed to one of almost stupid satisfaction, a wide, happy smile incongruous with her tears.

I stayed inside her for a few moments more, savoring the final sensation of this conquest, while my seed pooled within her womb.

Then, I pulled out. With a wet plop, my hard, cum-dripping cock slipped out of her pussy.

The Headmistress lay limp, her breathing ragged. Her red eyes stared at the ceiling, empty. Clear and white fluids seeped out of her gaping pussy, dripping onto the bed.

She didn't move for a long while. And then, slowly, her trembling hand reached between her legs, touching the wetness there. She brought her slick finger to her mouth, and with closed eyes, she licked it—first carefully, then ravenously.

"It tastes... so good," she whispered again, like a mantra. "I... don't want this to end."

I stood by the bed, looking down at her. My plan was proceeding perfectly.

Chapter 177: Chapter 177 - Heaven in Hell

I sat on the edge of the bed, looking at her body still trembling in the aftermath of her release. My hand gently stroked her disheveled red hair, brushing it from her tear-and-cum-stained face.

"How do you feel, Ms. Fiona?" I asked, my voice returning to a flat, professional tone, a stark contrast to the roughness moments before. "Do you feel a release of tension? Any change in your bodily sensations? Did my therapy help you?"

Ophelia opened her eyes with difficulty, her gaze still foggy. Her swollen lips moved, producing choked words.

"Very... very helpful," she answered, her voice hoarse and broken. "I... can't think. My head is empty. But my body... feels light. Like years of burden have been lifted."

She paused, then her eyes met mine. A smoldering desire still burned within them.

"But... it's not enough," she whispered, ashamed but honest. "I feel... there's still tension not released. In... in my womb. It still feels hollow. As if it needs... longer therapy."

'Wow, what a total slut,' I thought inwardly with a thin smile. This SS-Rank woman, this respected headmistress, was truly beyond help.

"The standard therapy session is usually just one round for basic release," I said, feigning hesitation while starting to wipe my still-wet cock with a towel. "But sometimes, for chronic tension cases like yours, follow-up sessions are necessary."

Ophelia reacted immediately. Her limp hand grabbed my arm.

"Do it. Do the follow-up session. I'll pay... whatever you ask. Double? Triple? Name your price." She sounded desperate. The need in her body was stronger than any remaining logic or dignity.

I sighed, as if considering. Of course, I had no intention of leaving. I just wanted her to beg, to ask for more, to debase herself further by paying for this violation.

"Alright," I finally nodded.

"Since you are a very cooperative and needy client, I will provide an intensive therapy package. Three follow-up sessions. But remember, this will be more... physically demanding."

"I don't care! Just do it!" she hissed, her eyes shining with wild hope.

I smiled. "As you command."

I stood up, then with a firm movement, I grabbed her slender ankles. Ophelia's flexible legs folded easily as I pushed them up, towards her own face, until they were behind her head.

"This position will focus the pressure precisely on the uterine and pelvic area," I uttered, spouting lewd nonsense in a serious tone. "It allows for deeper penetration and more targeted stimulation."

From this position, the view was utterly vulgar. Her red, swollen, leaking pussy was spread wide and throbbing right before me. Her tight pink asshole was clearly visible below it. Both holes of the proud headmistress were now completely open, on display, waiting to be used.

Ophelia herself looked immensely ashamed. Her beautiful face was now hidden between her own thighs, but I could see her ears flushing red. Yet, she didn't resist. She just bit her lip, waiting.

"Please... Freyden..." she whispered, her voice muffled by her own position. "Put it in again... I can't stand it... it feels so hollow..."

"Well then."

I knelt between her wide-open legs, aiming my cock at her wet pussy. With one smooth thrust this time, I entered her again.

"Ahhh~! YES! THAT'S IT!" she moaned long and full of satisfaction.

From this position, the penetration was even deeper. I could feel the tip pressing against her cervix more firmly. And I began to move.

From this angle, every thrust made her plump buttocks lift and fall, creating an extremely lewd sight.

I held her hips, digging my fingers into her smooth skin, and began to pound her with a fast, hard rhythm.

Every thrust shook her body, her large breasts swaying wildly, and her beautiful face, visible between her own thighs, was contorted in an uncontrolled ahegao expression—mouth wide open, eyes glassy, tongue lolling, drool dripping. She had completely lost control of her own face.

"Ah! Ah! Freyden! Harder! Shatter my womb! Fill it completely!" she screamed, her words becoming increasingly vulgar and nonsensical. She no longer cared.

I sped up, thrusting with full force, enjoying every moan, every roar of satisfaction escaping her mouth. A few minutes later, I felt another wave of orgasm building.

I pulled my cock out just as I reached the peak, and a second hot spray of cum landed on her flat stomach and full chest. Ophelia herself climaxed again, her body shaking violently, fluid from her pussy gushing out, soaking the sheets and my stomach.

But I didn't give her time to rest.

Before her breathing evened out, I had sat cross-legged in the middle of the bed. Then I pulled her limp body, seating her in my lap facing me. My still-hard cock slid easily back into her pussy as she lowered herself.

"Wuahh...!" she gasped, her hands immediately grabbing my shoulders for balance.

"Now, Ms. Fiona," I whispered in her ear, while my hands grabbed her buttocks and began to guide her movement. "This is active therapy. You will control the rhythm. Listen to your body. What does it want? Roughness? Gentleness? Depth? Speed? Don't hold back. Release everything. Sounds, words, tears, anything. Here, no one will judge."

My words were the permission she'd been waiting for.

Ophelia began to move. Hesitant at first, slowly rising and falling on my deeply embedded cock. But the longer it went, the wilder she became. She started moving her hips with passion, rising and falling with increasing speed, sometimes rotating, sometimes grinding her body to feel every angle of my cock inside her.

"Ah...! I... I feel like... like a whore!" she cried out between moans, but her voice was full of joy. "But... it feels... so freeing! I don't need to think!"

"Yes, that's it," I hissed, my hand caressing her sweaty back. "Release everything. Ophelia Blazinger is not here. Only Fiona. Fiona who is thirsty and needs to be satisfied."

"Fiona... yes, I'm Fiona..." she mumbled as if possessed, while her body moved even more savagely. Her face was filled with an almost childlike expression of happiness. She moaned freely, loud sounds she no longer held back, a mix of satisfaction and madness.

"Aah... ah... this... feels so good..." she moaned, her hands clutching my shoulders, her face pressed against my neck. "I... feel like... like I'm flying..."

I moved in sync with her, thrusting upwards each time she came down, creating deeper friction. The sound of our skin slapping, the wet sounds from her pussy, her moans, and our heavy breathing merged into a wild, lewd symphony.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Like that! Keep going, Freyden! Don't stop! Don't you dare stop!" she screamed, now with no shame at all.

But with my extraordinary stamina and libido, I could play like this all night. My cock never softened, always ready, always wanting more. And her perfect pussy always

returned to its ideal shape, gripping my shaft tightly each time, as if never tiring or becoming loose.

We kept fucking.

I changed positions, each time choosing a more humiliating and degrading pose than the last.

I flipped her over, placed her in doggy style, and took her from behind while pulling her red hair to control the rhythm.

I had her lie on the edge of the bed, her legs on my shoulders, and rained down deep thrusts that made her scream praises to God and my name.

I even lifted her up, pinned her against the wall, and fucked her while standing, her body held aloft only by my cock buried inside her and my hands supporting her buttocks.

Each new humiliating position, each humiliating variation, was a new discovery for Ophelia. The woman she once would have been furious, but now she accepted them willingly, even eagerly.

She had never experienced sex like this—brutal, merciless, tireless, yet filled with perfect sensations that satisfied every dark need of her body.

"I... I never... imagined I could feel... this..." she whispered as I fucked her from behind, my hands squeezing her breasts from the front. "It feels... like heaven..."

"You deserve it, Fiona," I whispered back, still thrusting. "You've worked too hard. Held back for too long. Now, release everything."

She nodded, crying again, but this time with tears of happiness. She felt understood. Felt. And satisfied in the most primal, fundamental way.

She truly felt she was in heaven. A heaven full of shame, humiliation, and undeniable pleasure. In her muddled head, a terrifying thought emerged: After feeling this, how can I return to a normal life? How can I ever be satisfied with my husband again? How can I live without this big cock satisfying me every night?

That thought made her even wilder, even more demanding, even more surrendered.

At one point, I carried her—her tall, voluptuous body felt quite heavy, but my strength easily held her. In an embrace, my cock was still buried deep inside her. I began to walk slowly while still thrusting into her, each of my steps a push that made her whimper.

"Ah... Freyden... we're... walking..." she mumbled, confused but too pleased to protest.

I carried her around the room—from the bed to the carpeted floor, from the sofa to the small table, to the window overlooking the still-dark city of Gatehaven, even to the large mirror on the wall where she could see her ruined face and used body. In every spot, I kept moving my hips, fucking her while standing.

Ophelia could only cling to me tightly, hanging onto me, surrendering everything. She felt like a doll, but a very satisfied doll.

Hours passed. The sky outside the window was still dark, but dawn was perhaps approaching. Ophelia was exhausted, her body wet with sweat, her own juices, and my cum. But her pussy still throbbed, still wanted more. And my cock was still hard, still thirsty.

Finally, after maybe several hours, I carried her back to the bed. I pushed her onto her back, then with a quick movement, I began to pound her for the last time that night. The final thrusts, the fastest, the hardest.

"I'M... I'M COMING—!!!" Ophelia screamed.

I pulled my cock out right at the peak of her climax, and with a loud groan, I released what felt like the umpteenth spray of cum all over her body.

Hot semen landed on her face, her neck, her full breasts, her stomach. Ophelia just lay there, her body trembling with the aftershocks of orgasm, her breath ragged, her eyes blankly staring at the ceiling.

Then, slowly, her eyes closed. Her tense body finally went completely limp. She passed out. Or fell asleep. Or both.

I stood by the bed, looking at my handiwork. Ophelia Blazinger, Headmistress of Nine Stars Academy, one of the world's most powerful women, now lay helpless after sex. Her body was now covered in marks from my grip, bites, and most prominently—cum. Lots of cum. On her face, in her hair, on her chest, her stomach, even dripping down between her thighs.

She looked thoroughly used. And most importantly, she looked satisfied. Even unconscious, a small smile played on her red lips.

I took a towel, quickly cleaned myself. Then I looked at her one more time, an irrepressible smile of victory stretching across my face.

"Sex therapy complete, Ms. Fiona," I whispered to her unconscious form. "I hope you feel better."

I put on my clothes, picked up my small bag, and without a backward glance, I left the hotel room. Outside, the sky was still dark, but dawn probably wasn't far off.

'Damn, I'm exhausted. And I still have to participate in that ridiculous tournament and be the best so I can get a date with Ruth.'

Chapter 178: Chapter 178 - Cold Support

In a designated room within the tournament arena complex, Isabel stood with her back straight and fists clenched at her sides. Before her stood two familiar women whose expressions made her sick to her stomach.

The first was a woman in her fifties, elegant, with a strong air of authority. Her long, wavy black hair cascaded like a waterfall over her slender shoulders.

Her face was sharp and beautiful, with the same dark brown eyes as Isabel, only more experienced and colder. Her body was impeccably maintained, with voluptuous curves even her tight navy blue business suit struggled to hide. She was like an older, more mature version of Isabel—Amely Mercedes, her mother.

Beside her stood another, younger woman, perhaps in her early thirties. Her wavy black hair was cut at shoulder-length, appearing wilder and freer. Her face... was almost identical to Isabel's, except for slightly narrower eyes and a taller stature, and of course, the hair. Isabel had inherited their father's straight hair; this girl had their mother's waves. Isolde Mercedes, her older sister.

Isabel felt every muscle in her body tense. This meeting was the last thing she wanted before the match. But as usual, they had come—to "offer support."

The atmosphere in the room instantly turned colder.

Amely wasted no time. She stepped closer, her sharp eyes locking directly onto Isabel's.

"Do not disappoint us in this tournament, Isabel," she said, her voice flat yet laden with pressure. No greeting, no asking how she was. Straight to the point.

Isabel bowed her head slightly, avoiding the direct gaze. "I won't, Mom."

"You must," Amely continued, her tone growing more forceful. "This time, you must truly make us proud. Look at yourself. Fourth rank. Below Yukie, below Alex, and even below that street mutt Maximus."

Isabel bit her lip deeply.

"Look at your sister," Amely went on, her hand gesturing toward Isolde, who stood with a smug smile in the corner. "Isolde, when she was a student at this academy, she was always ranked first. Never dropped. No one could ever rival her. She was the family's pride."

Isolde crossed her arms, her smile widening. Her eyes stared at Isabel with a look that said, "Listen well, sis."

"And the inter-academy tournament?" Amely didn't stop. Her voice was now full of proud nostalgia for Isolde and deep disappointment for Isabel. "Isolde didn't just lead her team to victory. She was the star. In every match, all eyes were on her. Her strategy, her power, her leadership... she made the Mercedes name shine brightly. People still never stop praising your sister in front of me."

She paused for a moment, taking a breath that sounded like an exasperated sigh. Her sharp eyes narrowed, looking Isabel up and down as if inspecting a defective product.

"Can't you be even a little bit like her?" Amely asked, her voice rising with unconcealed disappointment. "You have all the same advantages. The best education, private training, the same genes. But look! Isolde has ambition. She has fire! She fought for the top spot and claimed it. You? You're content being number four, hiding in others' shadows. Why can't you be more like your sister, Isabel? Why must you always be the paler version of her?"

Every word was like a knife twisting in Isabel's heart. She felt heat in her cheeks, a mixture of shame, anger, and helplessness.

Inside, a voice of protest screamed: It's because of Yukie! That monster! She's not a normal human! Isolde wouldn't be able to compete with her either if she were in my position now!

But she didn't dare say it. Not in front of her mother, who only saw results, not the process.

"I... I understand, Mom," Isabel finally spoke, her voice nearly trembling but she managed to hold it back. She lifted her head, trying to meet the gaze.

"I will do my best. I will make the family proud."

"Not will do your best," Amely cut in firmly. "You must do it. Understand that."

She looked at Isabel for another moment, as if ensuring her message was received, then gave a brief nod. "We will be watching. Please give us a good show."

Without another word, Amely turned and walked away. Isolde, before following their mother, stepped closer to Isabel. She leaned in slightly, whispering in a voice only her sister could hear.

"Don't embarrass us, sis," she whispered, her smile full of painful superiority.

Then she turned and followed their mother with confident strides.

Isabel stood alone in the waiting room that suddenly felt vast and empty. Her fists were clenched at her sides, her nails digging into her palms. Her breath came in short gasps, her chest tight with pent-up rage and deep humiliation.

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In the locker room, I stood before a full-length mirror, yawning so widely my eyes watered. Last night's chaotic sleep, dealing with Ophelia and Charlotte, still felt in my bones. But at least in this half-awake state, I could see my appearance was decent enough.

In the mirror, my tall figure was clearly reflected. My ash-gray hair was messy, some strands sticking to my forehead. I was wearing the representative uniform of Nine Stars Academy.

The long black combat jacket, ending at my waist, fitted snugly on my frame, emphasizing my broad shoulders and slim torso. The high collar was simple, giving a sharp impression.

Underneath, a tight-fitting, solid black bodysuit perfectly hugged every muscle, almost like a second skin. Straight tactical pants and modern lightweight combat boots completed the look, giving me a battle-ready yet streamlined appearance.

Subtle silver accents on the shoulders and upper back gleamed faintly under the lights, while a small emblem of nine arranged star-points was pinned over my left chest, right above the heart. Not a bad look.

Suddenly, another reflection appeared in the mirror behind me.

Maximus Treybern.

He stepped closer, and in the mirror's reflection, I saw his hand about to land on my shoulder. But before his touch could connect, my hand moved quickly, roughly swatting his arm away.

Maximus stopped, his face slightly creased with annoyance. But he quickly hid it.

"Adam," he said, his voice flat but with an undercurrent of irritation. "We're on the same team today. Wouldn't it be better if we put our personal issues aside? For the academy's victory?"

I turned around, now facing him directly. A thin, cynical smile touched my lips.

"Screw you."

Maximus let out a short, mirthless chuckle that sounded both annoyed and amused.

"Still that arrogant, huh? Fine."

He stepped a little closer, his voice dropping to a whisper only the two of us could hear. "You heard about Alex?"

I remained silent, just staring.

"He and his family were slaughtered. Killed by their own servants. And you know the most shameful part?" Maximus continued, his eyes never leaving my face, searching for a reaction. He leaned in slightly, whispering.

"Before he died, Alex was raped. By several men. Can you imagine how humiliating that way to die must have been?"

Maximus chuckled again, this time with a tremor of disgust and... something else, maybe a kind of dark satisfaction in his voice.

Inside, I thought: Would you still be laughing if that was going to happen to you?

"I'm so curious," Maximus went on, still with that thin smile, "what his final expression looked like when he was being humiliated like that."

I smiled inwardly. His expression was very satisfying. And I always pictured it in my mind.

Suddenly, Maximus leaned in even closer, his voice becoming a whisper amidst the locker room's bustle.

"But I have a hunch," he hissed, "that the one behind it all... was your mother." His eyes narrowed. "You must have whined to your mom, asked her to get revenge for you. I understand people like you all too well. Always using your parents to solve your problems. Can't handle things yourself."

He paused for a moment, then asked in a challenging tone, "So? What are you going to do to me?"

I whispered back, my voice just as cold. "You'll just have to wait and see."

Maximus pulled back a little, his smile growing wider, more arrogant. "I should be the one saying that."

Hearing that, I seriously questioned his intelligence. Was he stupid? Or brave? Perhaps both. How could he, after learning what happened to Alex—which he himself suspected was Delilah's doing—still be this arrogant? Still dare to challenge me directly? Did he have a plan? Or was he just that overconfident?

One thing was certain: Maximus wouldn't stay quiet. He was definitely planning something. And yeah... I couldn't wait to see what he'd try with that tiny brain of his. Slowly, I would crush him. And it would start with what he was most proud of.

As if reading my thoughts, Maximus suddenly extended his hand, a fake, friendly smile plastered on his face. "Let's cooperate well for this tournament, Adam. For the academy."

I saw the cunning glint in his eyes, ready to crush the bones in my hand to teach me a lesson and simultaneously show who was stronger.

I extended my hand. The moment our hands met, Maximus immediately exerted his strength. The muscles in his forearm tightened, his grip like iron clamping down. He must have been hoping to hear a crack or at least see a pained expression on my face.

But the opposite happened.

The confident expression on Maximus's face shifted to surprise, then disbelief, and finally... He felt my hand, which should have been crushed, not yielding at all. Instead, I began to exert my own strength.

I squeezed.

Crack.

The sound of small bones in his hand cracking was clear between us. Maximus choked, his eyes bulging. His face paled. His knees trembled, and he was forced to buckle, struggling to hold back a groan of pain threatening to escape his lips. Cold sweat immediately beaded on his temples.

He stared at me, and for the first time, there was something else in his gaze—shock and panic.

Chapter 179: Chapter 179 - Hunter Masquerade

The air in the locker room instantly grew thick, as if charged with static electricity ready to explode. The four other students—Drake, Ace, Kelvin, and Mason—who had been pretending to be busy with their preparations, now froze in place. They stared in our direction, their eyes darting back and forth between me standing calmly and Maximus, still on one knee cradling his twisted hand.

No one dared to move. No one dared to speak. Least of all, to intervene. They were like spectators trapped in a lion's den, watching two apex predators of the academy's food chain.

A low growl rumbled from Maximus's throat, like a wounded animal.

"You bastard...!" he snarled softly.

Then, something happened. The aura around him shifted, becoming denser, more dangerous. His power surged several-fold, his Awakener Rank A energy now erupting wildly. The air in the room felt heavier.

Before I could react further, he moved. He lunged, shoving me with incredible force. I was thrown backward, slamming into the locker room wall with a loud, echoing crash. But thanks to my high Vitality and reflexes, I landed on both feet, crouching on the floor, with no significant injury other than being slightly dazed.

As I looked up, something even stranger happened. Maximus's right hand—the hand whose bones I had just crushed—was changing.

From within his uniform glove came the sound of bones shifting, crackling. His fingers, which had been bent and swollen, moved on their own, returning to their original shape. Within seconds, the hand looked completely normal again, as if nothing had ever happened. He opened and closed his fist, testing it, then stared at me with eyes now filled with cold rage and... newfound confidence.

Yeah. A regeneration skill. One of his cards.

We stared at each other. The air between us seemed to vibrate. Drake, Ace, and the others unconsciously took a few steps back, giving us space. A serious fight could break out at any moment.

But right at the peak of that tension, the locker room door swung open with a creak.

"Time to head out, kids! The arena awaits!" Instructor Violet's loud voice echoed in.

She stopped at the threshold, her purple eyes immediately sweeping the room. She saw my position still crouched near the wall, Maximus standing with a threatening aura, and the four other students with pale faces. In an instant, she read the situation.

Her enthusiastic expression faded slightly, replaced by a sharper, more serious glint in her eyes.

"Seems there's been... quite an intense warm-up here," she said, her voice low. She stepped inside, her sexy, muscular form filling the space between me and Maximus.

"But save it for later. The tournament is about to start. All your energy, all your anger, all your desire to destroy each other—save it for the opponents out there."

She looked at each of us in turn, her gaze like a knife. "You two sort out your issues after the tournament is over. Out there, you are one team. The face of Nine Stars Academy. Understood?"

Maximus took a deep breath, and the dangerous aura around him slowly subsided, though his eyes still blazed. I stood up slowly, straightening my slightly rumpled uniform.

Violet nodded, satisfied that at least there wouldn't be immediate bloodshed. "Good. Now, out. And show everyone why we are the best."

She turned and led the way out. We followed, one by one, leaving the locker room still thick with residual tension.

The battle was postponed, but it was far from over.

The corridor we walked through felt long and winding, its plain concrete walls leading directly to the heart of the commotion. The distant sound of the crowd grew steadily louder, shifting from a far-off rumble to a roaring echo. I walked among the nine other representatives, our steps synchronized, led by Instructor Violet marching firmly ahead.

From the corner of my eye, I caught a subtle movement. Yukie, walking a few steps ahead of me, glanced briefly in my direction. Her pale white eyes met mine for just a fraction of a second before she looked away again, as if I were no more than a shadow on the wall.

The corridor finally opened up, and we arrived at the edge of the field.

And the sight... was breathtaking.

I immediately looked around, absorbing everything.

We were inside the Aegis Grand Colosseum—an architectural monster located in the heart of the city, adjacent to the Hunter Association's magnificent office tower. Its scale was truly unimaginable; the vast, central green synthetic turf field was surrounded by high defensive walls, and beyond them, towering spectator stands rose towards the sky.

The seats were full. Completely full. A sea of humanity, a riot of colors from various clothes and uniforms, filled every available bench.

The Colosseum was said to hold three hundred thousand souls, and today, it was at capacity. Their voices were an unceasing wave—a low roar of conversation, enthusiastic shouts, applause—creating a constant rumble in the air.

This wasn't an ordinary crowd. As I knew, tickets for this event were exorbitantly expensive—only established hunters, guild officials, wealthy nobles, or prominent families could afford them.

They weren't just spectators; they were observers, talent scouts, future investors. Ordinary people could only watch from screens at home. Here, in this sea, were the people who held the reins of power.

And the Colosseum itself... was magnificent. In the center of the field, a spectacular dance performance was underway. Dozens of dancers in holographic light costumes moved in sync, creating intricate, glowing patterns in the air, accompanied by epic music booming through the massive sound system. Spotlights roamed, sweeping over the crowd and the stage, adding to the spectacle.

My eyes immediately searched for someone. And I found her easily, due to her most privileged seating—in the main stand, right at the front, level with the field.

Delilah Socheron. My stepmother. The Star Witch.

She sat with the seven other members of the Guardian Council, in the most honored seats. She looked extraordinary.

Her blonde hair, usually splayed across the bed, was now styled in a high updo with small, glittering jewels. She wore an elegant, sky-blue full-length gown, yet its fitted cut revealed her voluptuous, alluring curves. Her gaze was calm, graceful, full of authority. The Goddess worshiped by everyone.

Who would have thought that the woman now being gazed upon with admiration and reverence by hundreds of thousands of pairs of eyes was my personal milking cow, whom I plundered and milked without mercy every day, who moaned and begged for more beneath me?

As I looked at her, she seemed to sense it. Her golden eyes turned, finding my direction among the line of students. And she smiled. A small, warm smile, full of a mother's pride. But I knew the other meaning behind it. Her cheeks flushed slightly, and I could imagine what she was thinking. I returned her smile with a thin smile of my own, and that made her blush deeper, her eyes sparkling before she gracefully turned her face away.

Then, my gaze shifted to the woman on her left. Charlotte Haverty. The Sacred Healer. Her innocent, friendly face, the aura of purity radiating from her, made her look like an angel descended to earth. She was revered and adored for her kindness and healing power.

No one knew that just hours ago, this holy woman was naked on my lap in a car, riding my cock while driving with wild moans, with semen dripping between her thighs. And

came multiple times while being watched by a stranger through the window, with the same red, humiliated face she wore now.

Charlotte caught my gaze. Her face immediately flushed crimson from her neck to her ears. She quickly looked away, pretending to be deeply engrossed in the performance. So sweet.

We were then guided to sit in the area specially reserved for Nine Stars Academy representatives. The provided chairs were comfortable, with a direct view of the field. I sat down, leaned back, and watched as the performance reached its climax.

About twenty minutes later, the performance ended with a thunderous roar of applause. The spotlights then focused on a single point in the center of the arena.

Descending from above on a glowing circular hoverboard was an announcer. He was a middle-aged man with neatly styled silver hair, wearing an elaborate silver formal suit. His figure was projected large on the four giant screens hanging at each corner of the arena.

"Good morning, Gatehaven!" he shouted, his deep, charismatic voice loud and clear through the incredible sound system, filling every corner of the giant colosseum.

"And welcome to the most prestigious, most anticipated event that brings together the brightest stars of our next generation of Hunters! The Annual Inter-Academy Tournament!" A wave of applause and cheers erupted.

He hovered lower, turning slowly, sweeping his gaze across the entire audience. "Look! Look at the blazing spirit in your eyes! Look at the hopes resting on the shoulders of the talented youths about to compete in this arena today!"

He raised his hand towards the main stand. "Especially, allow us to offer our highest respect to the protectors of our city, the pillars of humanity's strength! The esteemed Guardian Council! Thank you for your presence and support!"

The cheers peaked, especially as the camera focused on Delilah and the other smiling council members.

"Every year," he continued, his voice growing more reflective, "we gather here not just for a show. Not just for entertainment. We gather to witness the future! On the sands of this arena, amidst the clash of power and strategy, we see the potential heroes who will stand at the frontlines, protecting us from the threats beyond the Gates, from the lurking darkness! They are our greatest investment, our greatest hope!"

He paused for a moment, letting his words resonate.

"And today, we will once again see which academy has nurtured those finest seeds to perfection! Will the mighty defending champion, Nine Stars Academy, with its tradition of excellence and its extraordinary students, retain its throne for yet another year?"

Cheers from the Nine Stars supporters rumbled through the stands.

"Or..." he continued, with a challenging tone, "will we see a surprise from other equally formidable academies? Arclight Academy, with its iron discipline and impenetrable group tactics? Guardian of The Earth Academy—or GOTE—with its elemental specialists capable of transforming the battlefield in an instant? Or perhaps... Drakefield Academy, with its tough students relying on exceptional physical strength and endurance, or maybe from other Academies we never expected, ready to shatter all predictions?"

He hovered even higher, his hoverboard spinning rapidly.

"There's only one way to find out! And so, without further ado..."

The lights throughout the colosseum dimmed, leaving only a bright spotlight on the center of the arena and the announcer's face on the giant screens.

"The first match is..."

Chapter 180: Chapter 180 - Dungeon Simulator

The host hovered low, his eyes gleaming at the massive screen. "The first match is a BATTLE ROYALE AGAINST MONSTERS!"

The stadium erupted in cheers.

"Each academy will send its top five representatives. They will enter the arena, and... randomly, each will be sent to a different simulation zone within the same overall area!" he shouted.

As he spoke, the center of the field began to shift. With a mechanical rumble that vibrated through the air, a massive structure rose from beneath the ground.

It was a cylindrical tower, built from gleaming metal and dark glass. It was incredibly tall, almost reaching the domed ceiling of the colosseum. Dozens of doors were arranged neatly around its circumference.

"Behold, the DUNGEON SIMULATOR!" the host's voice boomed. "The latest masterpiece from the Hunter Association's R&D division!"

He floated closer to one of the doors, giving it a pat.

"Don't be fooled by its size! While compact on the outside, the spatial expansion tech inside can create an environment as vast as a real dungeon! And there..." he paused for dramatic effect, "...the contestants will face monsters generated from the core data of real ones! They average B to A rank. But in some zones... they might even encounter S-ranks!"

A collective gasp swept through the thousands of spectators. A low roar of awe, anxiety, and speculation filled the arena. Among the student ranks, expressions shifted. Some eyes sparkled with competitive fire, while other faces paled.

The host seemed to read their minds.

"I know what you're thinking!" he proclaimed. "But let me be clear, the monsters in this simulator are NOT that different from the real thing! They have attack patterns, survival instincts, and strength replicated from original data! So if the contestants let their guard down..." his voice turned stern, "...they CAN get hurt. Seriously hurt."

He paused, letting his warning sink in. The atmosphere grew even more tense.

I listened carefully.

"BUT!" he continued, his tone optimistic again. "Don't worry! A state-of-the-art safety system will continuously monitor each contestant's vital signs. The moment their life is detected to be in critical danger—they will be instantly extracted from the simulator! Fatal injuries can be avoided. But the pain, the pressure, and the experience of fighting for your life... that will feel utterly real!"

He spun on his hoverboard, sweeping his gaze across the student stands.

"So! From the 36 elite academies qualified to compete this year, choose your five best representatives! Enter the arena, and face this first trial!"

Indeed, only the top 36 academies could participate. The selection was strict, based on graduates' field achievements, judged by the quality and quantity of Hunters they produced. Nine Stars was always number one.

On our side, Instructor Violet didn't hesitate.

"Yukie. Maximus. Isabel. Ace. Adam."

She called our names in a clear order, her voice firm and without a shred of doubt.

"You five. Step forward."

Her choice was obvious. She wasn't playing it safe or testing the waters. She was sending in our strongest right away, to make a statement to the other academies.

We glanced at each other briefly. Yukie with her usual flat expression, Maximus with smoldering anger still in his eyes but now more focused, Isabel looking tense but trying to appear confident, Ace giving a quick nod, and me just sighing.

I glanced at Arianna; the woman seemed a bit annoyed at not being included in the first match. I'd never seen her or Ace fight, so I didn't know who was stronger.

Arianna chose to stay silent and didn't seem to want to talk to me. If I weren't so tired and sleepy, I'd probably be teasing her right now.

We descended from the bench area, walking down the steps onto the sandy arena floor. Spotlights followed our every move, and the audience's cheers peaked, especially when they recognized Yukie.

As we approached the giant Dungeon Simulator, groups of students from other academies were also converging from other doors around the arena. Five members each. They came with varied expressions—some brimming with confidence, others nervous, some whispering last-minute strategies.

They all gathered around the base of the simulator tower, forming small clusters that kept their distance, observing each other with unspoken wariness and challenge.

The air around the simulator felt different. Cold, and humming with a low-frequency energy that vibrated to the bone—the sound of the massive underground machinery powering the entire system. Up close, the simulator doors looked solid and imposing, with heavy metal frames and dark glass panels that resembled windows into darkness.

I let out another wide yawn, the sleepiness and fatigue I'd been holding back since last night hitting me again. I scanned the other groups around us. They looked cohesive. Students from the same academy stood close, whispering, chuckling, or offering reassuring pats on the back. They seemed like a united front, trusting each other.

Meanwhile, our group... the atmosphere was awful. We stood like statues who didn't know each other. Yukie was by herself, a bit apart from us all, like a solitary ice island. Maximus stood with his back slightly turned, still preoccupied with his anger. Isabel looked restless, her eyes darting towards where her mother was probably watching from the stands. Only Ace seemed to be trying to break the ice. He moved closer to Isabel, saying something in a low voice. Isabel just gave a short nod, not really responding.

We were like five strangers who just happened to be standing in the same spot. No coordination, no last-minute strategy, no team spirit. Just a collection of strong individuals forced to work together.

Suddenly, my attention was drawn to a group approaching us—or more precisely, approaching Yukie.

The first was a group in bright ash-white uniforms, with simple silver geometric symbols on their chests and arms—Arclight Academy.

They looked disciplined, neat, with perfect posture. Leading them was an extremely handsome young man. About 180 cm tall, with perfectly parted straight black hair, a face like it was chiseled from stone, and sharp blue eyes. He walked with confidence that didn't come off as arrogant.

From another side came a group in dark olive green uniforms, with accents like fractured stone on their collars and belts. Their chest emblem was a simple circle with a crack pattern—GOTE Academy. The most striking was a very tall woman, nearly two meters, with short, messy blonde hair. She walked with long, energetic strides, a wide grin on her face.

And the third, a group in charcoal-black uniforms, adorned only with a single vertical dark red stripe on the chest and a small dragon silhouette emblem—Drakefield Academy. From them emerged a young man with a contrasting build: short, maybe only 160 cm, with messy dark blue hair and alert, glowing red eyes.

The handsome guy from Arclight reached Yukie first, extending his hand with an almost aristocratic politeness.

"It's truly an honor to meet you, Miss Yukie," he said, his voice smooth and practiced. "This is our first meeting, isn't it? Allow me to introduce myself. I am Leonhardt Halstrom. I am the top representative of Arclight Academy this year."

He stood there confidently, as if certain his hand would be taken.

Yukie didn't even fully turn her head. Only her eyes moved, giving a brief glance at the offered hand, then to Leonhardt's face.

"Go away," she stated, her voice flat and cold like unmeltable snow. "Leave me alone."

Leonhardt froze. The confident smile on his face cracked, then slowly faded. He blinked several times, as if not believing what he just heard. His hand remained outstretched in the air, now looking foolish and pathetic. It seemed, in his life full of praise and attention, this was the first time a woman had rejected him—and so bluntly at that.

The tall woman from GOTE Academy couldn't hold back a laugh.

"Wow wow, rejected outright!" she exclaimed in a loud, spirited voice. "I told you, Leon, your stiff, robotic way of talking would bore any woman!"

Leonhardt turned his face away, his expression worsening. He finally lowered his hand stiffly, and I could see his knuckles turning white from clenching.

The tall woman then turned to Yukie, her eyes sparkling with great curiosity. "I've heard so much about you, Ice Princess! They say your cold demeanor rivals the legendary Winter Knight, your father! That's so cool!"

She stepped closer, extending her hand. "I'm Seraphina Grimgear! From GOTE! Let's shake!"

This time, Yukie turned her head a bit more, her white eyes regarding Seraphina with the same flat expression.

"Go away," she said again, in the exact same tone. "Leave me alone."

But unlike Leonhardt who was crushed, Seraphina just burst out laughing. Her voice was loud and echoed, drawing attention from nearby groups.

"Aw, come on, don't be like that!" Seraphina protested, her hand still outstretched, undeterred. "It's just a handshake! What's so hard about lifting your hand and... here!"

She even wiggled her hand, as if inviting an imaginary handshake.

She kept rambling, "I'm so curious about your ice powers! They say you can turn an entire field to ice in seconds? That's amazing! At GOTE we have ice specialists too, but I don't think any are on your level—"

"Don't force it. You're clearly bothering her."

The voice came suddenly, flat, and from a much... lower height. Seraphina was startled, jumping a little, then looked to the side.

The short guy from Drakefield Academy stood there, hands in pockets, his face emotionless. He seemed to have appeared without a sound.

"Whoa! Don't just pop up like that!" Seraphina grumbled, patting her chest. "You scared me! Eh, who are you?"

The short guy raised an eyebrow. "You're the one being noisy and bothering others, and you're saying I'm startling?"

"Well, yeah! You just started talking behind me!" Seraphina retorted, then her eyes swept over his body from head to toe. "And... wow. You're... really short, huh."

The short guy's expression changed instantly. From flat to stormy. His glowing red eyes narrowed.

"Don't call me that, giantess," he hissed, his voice low but full of threat.

"Giantess?!" Seraphina looked offended, then smirked. "What's my fault? You are short. Look, even Yukie is taller than you!" She pointed at Yukie, who still stood impassively.

The short guy—now clearly annoyed—took a deep breath. "Seraphina, was it? Your name earlier?"

"Yep! Seraphina Grimgear! Why?"

"Isaac Moonfall. From Drakefield." Isaac glared at her sharply. "Remember that name well. In the simulator, or in any match, I will crush you."

Seraphina tilted her head, her smile widening.

"Oh really? What can a shorty like you do?" She even patted her own thigh to emphasize their height difference.

"Dammit," Isaac grumbled, his fists already clenched. "Height isn't everything."

"But it's clearly important for not being called 'short!'"

"And brain size is clearly more important than body size, and you're clearly lacking there!"

"Ooh, you're a sharp talker! But still, you're short!"

Their ridiculous argument continued, while Leonhardt still stood there pale and wounded, and Yukie...

Yukie finally let out an audible sigh, the first somewhat emotional sound from her since this began.

"If you want to fight," she said, her voice still flat but with a faint hint of annoyance, "go somewhere else. Leave me alone."

But neither Seraphina nor Isaac moved. They were still locked in a competitive stare-down, as if forgetting their surroundings.

And Yukie, though bothered, also seemed too lazy to move her feet.

I shook my head slowly, deciding not to get involved in that teenage drama. But as I was about to look away, something else caught my attention.

A pretty girl was walking towards me.

She was from an academy group whose uniform I didn't quite recognize—lavender with silver vine patterns. Her long silver hair was half-tied, and her eyes were a soft purple.

