

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge**

## **#Chapter 201 - Audience's Expansion - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 201 - Audience's Expansion**

### **Chapter 201: Chapter 201 - Audience's Expansion**

"Stop!" I hissed, and the world obeyed.

Isabel, who had just regained the ability to move, froze once more. The dagger halted abruptly, mere centimeters from my throat, its vibration palpable in the air.

'Good thing my reaction was quick enough,' I thought coldly.

I hadn't been careless, actually. I had intentionally given her the chance to move, to see what she would do. And she didn't disappoint.

I slowly stepped back, moving out of the frozen dagger's range, then walked a circle around her frozen form. I stopped in front of her, gazing at her face, still locked in an expression of hatred and murderous resolve.

"Didn't you just say you felt guilty and apologize to me?" I asked, my voice flat yet dripping with mockery in the arena's absolute silence. "And that you would forget all this? So why did you suddenly attack me, Isabel?"

Of course, she couldn't answer. Her body was still locked. But her eyes, oh, her eyes told a story. And I could imagine what was swirling in her head.

Inside Isabel's trapped mind, a storm of rage was raging.

'I wasn't fast enough! Just a little more! You damn bastard!' she cursed inwardly. 'Me? Feel guilty? Apologize? As if! I've never felt an ounce of guilt towards you, trash! And I will never forget any of this until I die! I'll kill you! I'll slice you to pieces!'

I shook my head, as if hearing her thoughts.

"You hypocritical bitch," I uttered with utter contempt.

Isabel, in her mind, was startled. The hatred in my voice... it was real and intense enough to jolt her.

I continued speaking, this time in a calmer tone but laced with a clear threat. "You still don't seem to understand, do you, Isabel? Exactly what I can do to you."

I moved closer, my face now just inches from her frozen one.

"I could rape you right here. Right now. In front of all these people. And no one would save you. No one would move. No one would even blink."

I whispered, my words like cold daggers. "They would all just sit and watch. Or rather, they wouldn't even know what happened. Because to them, time isn't moving. It's just you and me here, in this world I've stopped."

Then, with a mental command, I allowed her to move again.

Isabel jolted, her rigid body suddenly regaining control. She immediately scrambled back several steps, her hands reflexively covering her still-exposed womanhood while her wild eyes swept the surroundings.

And the fear that had been momentarily obscured by anger and humiliation now hit her with full force. This was real. Completely real. Adam could stop time. He could do anything. And nothing could stop him.

Isabel's face paled, her breath becoming short and ragged. Her eyes as she looked at me were now filled with genuine terror.

Seeing her reaction, I decided to give a small demonstration. I walked over to Arianna Blazinger. I stood beside her, then casually took her clenched right hand.

Her hand was warm and stiff. I pried it open, then guided her helpless hand to grip my hard, slick length. I let her slender, trained fingers touch the skin of my penis, then made her grasp it loosely.

"See, Isabel," I said, watching her. "I can do whatever I want. With whomever I want."

I released Arianna's hand, and it returned to its original position. "And no one can stop me. Not Yukie. Not the Academy Head. Not even the Guardian Council over there."

I walked back toward Isabel. "If I wanted, I could kill everyone here. One by one. And they wouldn't even know what happened."

Isabel sank to the floor, her legs folding beneath her, her body trembling. All her plans, all her strategies, all her acting—everything crumbled before this horrifying reality. She had no power. She had no protection. She was trapped here with a monster who possessed the power to violate the laws of nature itself.

Then, with a last-ditch survival instinct, she reverted to her initial plan. She bowed her head again, her voice trembling. "A-Adam... I... I'm truly sorry. I... I wasn't thinking clearly just now. I was angry. I was insulted. But... you're right. I deserve this. I—"

"Stop spouting that nonsense," I cut her off.

Isabel fell silent instantly.

"You do realize, no matter what you do, I will never forgive any of you," I stated, my words falling like hammer blows. "I will definitely take revenge on all of you. Do you think with an ability like this, I haven't taken revenge on you earlier for a reason?"

I paced back and forth in front of her, like a judge pronouncing a sentence. "Because I was waiting for the right moment. And I want to make sure you all suffer immensely, one by one."

I stopped, looking directly at her. "The first was Alex. And now... it's you, Isabel."

Isabel looked up, tears of true fear now flowing. "P-please... don't..."

"Don't what?" I asked sardonically. "You think your pleading will change anything?"

She looked like she wanted to flee, her eyes darting toward the distant arena exit. But she knew it was useless. If I could stop time, I could stop her anytime, anywhere.

I stepped closer, standing right before her as she sat on the floor. "And I will take you right in front of all these people."

Instantly, that fear transformed back into rebellion. Isabel's eyes blazed.

"Don't come near me, you monster!" she roared, her voice cracking with a mix of terror and hatred. "Disgusting animal! Perverted bastard! Crazy coward! You're only brave when your time is stopped! You're nothing but worthless trash!"

I just listened, my expression unchanged. When she finished, I reached out to touch her shoulder.

She immediately slapped my hand away roughly. "Don't touch me! Bastard!"

I withdrew my hand, then spoke with a calm that contrasted sharply with her fury. "Alright. I'll give you a choice."

Isabel watched me warily.

"You only have two options now," I said, my voice clear and firm. "Do you want us to do this willingly... or by force?"

Isabel looked up, her red, blazing eyes emitting pure hatred. "Screw your choice, you disgusting coward! I'd rather die than choose anything from you!"

I nodded slowly, as if considering her words. "Is that so? Well then, let me clarify my threat."

I stepped closer, my voice low but full of terrible promise. "If you choose 'willingly,' meaning you let me take you without resistance, then once this is over, I won't do anything further to you. You can leave, and we're done for today."

Isabel snorted, disbelieving.

"But," I continued, my tone growing darker, "if you choose 'by force'... then I will do more than just take you."

I pointed around the frozen arena. "I will strip you completely naked. Then, when I return time to normal, your naked body will be on full display before everyone here. Three hundred thousand pairs of eyes will see you. The cameras will record every inch of your skin. And it will be broadcast to the entire world. Everyone, including your family and friends, will see Isabel Mercedes stark naked in the tournament arena."

I paused, letting the image sink in. "You'll become incredibly famous, Isabel. But not for your strength or achievements. For being the naked woman publicly humiliated."

Isabel froze. Her formerly furious face slowly paled, replaced by deepening horror. Her eyes widened, imagining that scenario. Herself, naked, in the middle of the arena, with everyone staring. Camera flashes. Jeers. Lustful gazes. Unbearable shame.

Unconsciously, her hands covering her womanhood tightened. Cold sweat began beading on her temples, her back. Her breath grew short, ragged.

'That... that would be a nightmare,' she thought, the voice in her head trembling. Better to die than let that happen. Better than...

"I... I..." she uttered, her voice hoarse.

"So?" I asked, my voice flat again. "Which will you choose?"

Isabel bit her lip until it bled. Tears of fear and despair welled in her eyes. She looked around—the frozen world, the prison of time she couldn't fight. She saw herself with no choice.

Finally, in a voice barely audible, she whispered, "Willingly... I choose willingly."

But in her heart, another voice whispered with utter hatred: 'All I need to do now is get out of this situation. Endure. Survive. Once I'm out of here, once time is normal again, I'll find a way. I will kill you. Slowly. In the most painful way possible.'

I smiled, aware of her inner conflict. "Oh, excellent choice. Good thing you're not a decent girl who'd rather die than be taken by a coward like me."

Isabel groaned, suppressing her rage. But she remained silent.

"And since my time is limited, I suppose we should get straight to the main course," I thought to myself, glancing at the timer in my field of view that had dropped to [22:15...].

I looked directly at her. "Lie down. Spread your legs. And show me your pussy."

Hearing such a vulgar and humiliating command, Isabel's face flushed crimson. A deep wave of shame slammed into her.

"I... I can't," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I can't do something so shameful."

She crawled closer to me instead of lying down. Her trembling hands reached for the hem of my pants. "Adam, please... don't do that. I'm still a virgin. I... I wanted to save it for someone I truly love later. Please..."

Hearing her confession, I almost burst out laughing. But I held it back, only a sinister smile appearing.

"Isn't that even better?" I said, my voice dripping with dark sarcasm. "As part of your sincere apology to me, you can give me that virginity. The perfect gift to atone for all your insults."

Isabel was stunned, then her panic escalated. "No! Please, don't! I... I'll do anything, just not that! I'll please you with my hands! Or my mouth again! I promise I'll do it well! But don't take my virginity!"

She was truly begging now, tears streaming down, her expression full of desperation. Her hands tried to grab mine, but I pulled away.

I looked at her, then let out a long sigh, as if tired of this drama. "Didn't you just say you'd do it willingly? Now you're bargaining?"

"I... I'm not ready! I'm scared!" she sobbed, her voice completely shattered.

"That's enough." I shook my head. With a mental command, I made her body immobile again—but this time, I left her mouth and facial expressions free. She could speak, but her body was stiff as a statue.

"Ah!" she cried out as her body suddenly locked up again. She tried to move her hands, her legs, but couldn't. Only her eyes darted wildly, full of terror.

I pushed her slowly onto the cold arena floor. Her naked body lay helpless. Then, with firm hands, I grabbed both her ankles and spread her legs open, forcing her into a shameful, vulnerable pose.

"No! Don't! Adam, please!" she screamed, her voice nearly a shriek.

"Let me tell you something, Isabel," I said as I crouched between her spread legs. "The first time does hurt. But after that... you'll be begging me for more."

"NO! I WILL NEVER—"

She choked on her words as I activated [Lustful Touch]. My hand, now infused with the skill's energy, touched her most intimate area.

My warm index finger touched the closed lips of her virgin vagina, then with a gentle circular motion, began to caress her small, hidden clitoris.

"Ah—!" Isabel let out a muffled, shocked sound. Her stiff body shuddered instantly. "Oh no... what... what is this?"

She could feel it. A strange, warm sensation, like low-voltage electricity spreading from my touch. Not pain. Even... even somewhat...

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 9 (+2)]

The first notification appeared in my field of view.

"Stop... stop that..." Isabel protested, her breath starting to grow slightly heavy.

I didn't stop. My middle finger now joined, stroking more deeply, gently parting the folds of skin, finding sensitive spots she might not even know she had. [Lustful Touch] was working perfectly—increasing sensitivity, turning ordinary touch into waves of unbearable pleasure.

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 12 (+3)]

[Your Dominance over Isabel Increases to 4%.]

She moaned again, this time longer, deeper. "Aaah... this... no... don't..."

But her body rebelled against her will. Between the thighs I had spread, I could clearly see the physical changes. The lips of her vagina, initially dry and tightly closed, were beginning to swell slightly, redden, and grow slick with natural moisture starting to seep out. An honest wetness, contradicting her words.

"You really are a slut, getting wet in a place like this," I whispered, my voice teasing.

She turned her face away, ashamed, but her increasingly heavy breathing and the small whimpers escaping her lips betrayed her.

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 14 (+2)]

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 16 (+2)]

[Your Dominance over Isabel Increases to 5%.]

[...]

This humiliation—being violated by my touch, made to enjoy something she hated, manipulated until her body betrayed her will—seemed to trigger a significant increase in Dominance. Her sense of powerlessness deepened.

I enjoyed every complex change on her face: burning shame, fear, hatred, but also confusion from the foreign sensations now swelling inside her.

But then, another idea occurred to me. Doing this alone was enjoyable... but why not add more woman?

## **Chapter 202: Chapter 202 - Isabel's Realization**

I drew my wet fingers from between her thighs, raising them before her face. At my fingertips, the clear, undeniable fluid glistened in the arena's light. Isabel stared at it with an expression mixed with deep shame, disgust, and fear.

"Looks like your body is very enthusiastic, Isabel," I said, my voice dripping with mockery. "And we've only just begun. Is this your exhibitionist fetish talking? Do you enjoy being humiliated in public?"

"N-No! That's... that's not me!" she protested, her voice hoarse. "It's your skill! You did something to me!"

I shook my head, then with my other hand, I guided my still-hard, throbbing cock towards the same area. I didn't enter her. I just teased the swollen tip along the length of her already-slick labia.

The sensation of my hot, hard flesh touching her sensitive skin made Isabel shiver. "Ah! Don't... don't touch there with... with that!"

She swallowed hard, her eyes wide as she stared at my cock moving between her thighs. Inside, her panic reached a fever pitch.

No... no... is my virginity going to be taken like this? Here? In this filthy arena? In front of everyone? By... by this bastard?

Her mind raced frantically, filled with denial. I won't accept this! How could I possibly give something so precious to him? To a loser, scum, monster! And in a place like this!

Her heart pounded like a war drum in her chest, each beat full of terror. But beneath that fear, a strange sensation kept spreading from the point of contact. Every rub of my cock against her folds sent tiny electric shocks through her body—a mix of revulsion and something else, something that made her stomach muscles twitch and her breath grow heavier.

"Please, Adam," she sobbed, tears streaming down her face again. This time they weren't tears of anger, but of pure despair. "Don't take my virginity. Please. Anything but that. I... I'll do whatever you want. But not that. I'm begging you."

Seeing her like this only stoked my desire further. There was something profoundly satisfying about reducing someone normally so haughty to a pleading child.

As she kept begging, I kept teasing. The tip of my cock slid upward, found her swollen clit, and began rubbing it with rough pressure.

"Ah! Nngh!" Isabel moaned, her rigid body shuddering violently. The expression on her face grew even more complex—shame at making such a sound, confusion because the sensation felt... good, and fear as she began losing control over her own body's reactions.

"Please... stop..." she whispered, but her voice was weak.

"You said you'd do anything, right?" I asked, not stopping the motion.

"Yes! Yes, anything! But don't take my virginity!"

I paused for a moment, as if thinking. My cock still rested against her sensitive clit, making her tremble with every tiny movement.

"Alright," I finally said, in a tone that suggested I was making a great sacrifice. "I won't take your pussy's virginity."

Isabel let out an audible sigh of relief, her body softening slightly even as it remained tense. "Th-Thank you... thank you..."

"But," I continued, my voice suddenly darker, "you said you'd do anything, didn't you?"

Isabel froze again, wary. "Yes... yes, I promise."

I bent down, bringing my lips close to her ear. "Then... I'll take your anal virginity instead."

The expression on Isabel's face changed instantly. The relief was replaced by pure horror. Her eyes went wide, her pupils constricting to pinpoints. Her face turned corpse-pale.

"No," she whispered, her voice barely audible. Then, louder, "NO! No, don't! Please, Adam, don't do that! That's... that's worse! It'll hurt more! I beg you!"

She was fully panicking now. Her crying became hysterical. "Anything! I'll do anything! But not there! It's dirty! It's disgusting! I won't be able to stand it!"

But in my mind, my plan was already set. I had considered taking her virginity—both vaginal and anal. But upon further thought, doing it here, in this arena, with everyone frozen... felt like a bit of a waste.

Taking Isabel Mercedes's virginity should be a more... special moment, I thought. Something that would truly break her. Not just physically, but mentally, socially. Before the people she respected most—or feared most.

So, for now, anal would suffice. It would be the beginning. A deep humiliation, but not the last.

"Your pleas fall on deaf ears, Isabel," I said coldly, watching the horror on her face.

"NO! I DON'T CONSENT! I WON'T—"

But I was already moving. With strong hands, I pushed her legs higher, lifting her hips and buttocks off the floor. Her position was now utterly shameful—hips raised, buttocks exposed, with her tight, pale pink anus fully on display.

Then, I used her own, still-stiffened hands. I guided her helpless arms to grip her own ankles, locking her in that position. Now, she was forced to maintain this humiliating pose with her own hands—as if she wanted it.

The sight... was scorching. Isabel Mercedes, with her slender frame and pale skin, lay naked with her butt in the air, her virgin anus spread wide open for me. Her disheveled black hair partially covered her face, which was shrouded in horror and tears. Her own hands held her feet, forcing herself to stay in such a degrading position.

I spat on my hand, then smeared the saliva onto my hardened cock. Next, with the same finger, I coated her tight anus with my spit as well, preparing it—though this meager preparation wouldn't help much for a first time.

"Please... don't... I'm scared..." Isabel whispered, her voice breaking, as she felt my touch there.

"Get ready, Isabel," I whispered back, positioning the tip of my cock against the small, tightly closed entrance. "This will be a lesson you'll never forget."

Isabel kept whimpering, her voice hoarse from crying. "No... please, don't... Adam, don't do this... I'm sorry! I'm truly sorry! Whatever you want, I promise I'll do it! But not this!"

Her panic peaked as she felt the hot, hard tip of my cock begin to press against the very small, very tight doorway. She could feel the sheer mismatch in size—her small, virgin anus against my large, thick cock.

"NO! I CAN'T! IT'S TOO BIG! I'LL TEAR!" she screamed, hysterical, her tears flooding her already-damp face.

Suddenly, a movement caught both our attention.

From the Guardian Council's viewing platform above, a figure moved. Slowly, gracefully, like a flower blooming in a frozen garden.

Isabel, still in her shameful position with her rear raised, looked towards it. Her heart pounded wildly, a mix of hope and terror. Has time... resumed? she thought in panic. But no, looking around—Yukie, Nerissa, Arianna, all the participants, all the spectators—were still perfectly frozen. Only that one figure moved.

And as that figure descended from the platform with light steps, floating down to the arena unimpeded, Isabel recognized her. Shimmering golden-blond hair, an elegant dress flowing despite the lack of wind, a beautiful face with sharp golden eyes—Delilah Socheron. The Star Witch. Adam's mother.

Isabel felt a ray of hope. Delilah! She's a member of the Guardian Council! A respectable, graceful woman, admired by all! Surely she won't let an atrocity like this happen, even if the perpetrator is her own stepson! She must stop him!

"Lady Star Witch! Please! Help me!" Isabel cried out, her voice full of desperate hope. "Save me! Your stepson, he's insane! He's going to rape me! He stopped time and did horrible things to me! Please!"

Delilah landed softly on the arena floor, several meters from us. Her golden eyes moved from the naked, disgracefully positioned Isabel, to me, then back to Isabel. Her expression was calm, cold, as usual.

Isabel stared at her with burning hope. She'll be angry. She'll punish Adam. I'll be saved.

But then, Delilah opened her mouth. Her voice was soft, motherly, yet what she said was...

"Adam, darling," she said, as if calling me for dinner. "Mom suddenly became aware, saw time had stopped, and knew it must be your doing. So... what do you need from me?"

Isabel froze. Her soaring hope came crashing down, shattered into pieces like glass thrown to the floor. Her eyes widened in disbelief. What... what did she just say?

Adam's mother... was offering help? Not to stop him, but to... assist him?

"That's impossible..." Isabel whispered, her voice barely audible.

I smiled at Delilah. "Mom, can you record a video of this? I need insurance to make sure Isabel doesn't report anything afterward."

Hearing that, the last of Isabel's hope vanished. She felt as if she were drowning in the darkest ocean of despair. There was no way out. Even a Guardian Council member was on Adam's side.

Delilah nodded, as if my request were the most natural thing in the world.

"Of course, darling." She took out her phone and began aiming it at us.

The screen lit up, and a small light next to the camera blinked red, indicating recording had started.

While I had the power to make people conscious and objects functional within the [Time Stop] world, oddly, I couldn't take photos or videos.

Perhaps because photos and videos require a consistent flow of time to record, and in a stopped world, there is no such flow. So, Delilah's video would actually be useless—just empty footage. But Isabel didn't know that. To her, this was tangible proof that would ruin her if leaked.

"No... don't record... please..." Isabel whimpered weakly.

I refocused on her. "Now, let's clear the way for me."

Using the fluid from her pussy—which pooled at her labia—I smeared it onto her dry, tight anus. Isabel groaned, feeling disgusted and humiliated by my action.

Then, with my well-lubricated index finger, I began pressing into her anus. Slowly, with steady pressure.

"Ah! It hurts! Don't!" Isabel screamed, her rigid body trying to resist, but unable to move. She felt the foreign finger violate her most intimate boundary, entering a space that should never have been breached.

I didn't stop. My index finger slid in completely, feeling the warmth and tightness of the muscles inside. Then I began to move, slowly, stretching, preparing the path for something much larger.

"Please... stop..." she sobbed, but I ignored her.

When I felt it was enough, I added my middle finger. Two fingers were now inside her butt, stretching the small opening.

Isabel screamed in pain, her tears flowing harder. "DELILAH! YOU'RE A GUARDIAN COUNCIL MEMBER! HOW CAN YOU LET THIS HAPPEN? I BEG YOU, HELP ME!"

Delilah, still calmly recording, answered coldly, "I already know everything you and your kind have done to Adam. And I think... you deserve this."

Her words were the final blow. Isabel fell silent, her eyes empty. She was utterly without hope. Everything she believed in—authority, justice, protection from the powerful—had crumbled.

She felt my fingers withdraw from her ass, leaving behind a hollow, open sensation. Then, what she felt next was something far larger, far hotter.

The tip of my cock, lubricated with her own fluids and my spit, now pressed once more against her anus.

Isabel held her breath, her fear reaching its peak. "No... no... no..."

"Calm down, Isabel," I whispered, using [Lustful Touch] again, this time focusing it on her anal area. I wanted her to feel a confusing mix of pain and pleasure—punishment and enjoyment woven together.

She felt it. The pain from the pressure of my large cock was still there, but alongside it came a strange, tingling, warm sensation spreading from a point that should only bring agony. Her body reacted with contradiction—the muscles of her buttocks clenched in fear and pain, but at the same time, new wetness flowed from her cunt.

But I didn't have time to linger.

The timer in my peripheral vision had dropped to [23:42...]. I had to finish this.

So, with firm resolve, I began to push.

The swollen head of my cock started entering the small opening, stretching it further than Isabel had ever experienced. The skin around her anus stretched, turning pale from the pressure.

Isabel screamed—a pure scream of agony that shattered the silence of the frozen arena. "AAAAAH! IT HURTS! STOP! PLEASE, STOP!"

But I didn't stop. I kept pushing, slowly but surely, conquering every centimeter of resistance from her tight muscles. It felt incredible—hot, tight, and full of a sense of absolute domination.

The sight was utterly provocative: Isabel Mercedes, the haughty girl, lying with her butt raised high, her pretty face contorted in pain and tears, as my large cock slowly disappeared into her narrow ass. Her black hair was a mess on the floor, her slender body shuddered violently, and her own hands still gripped her ankles, forcing herself to remain in this humiliating pose.

"Delilah! Please! Do something!" Isabel screamed once more, hoping for a miracle.

But all she got was the clicking sound from Delilah's phone as it kept recording, and the woman's cold gaze that showed not a shred of mercy.

I pushed deeper, and for the first time, the head of my cock fully entered her ass. Isabel let out a long groan, her body shuddering violently as she endured the immense pain.

"Good... very good," I murmured, savoring every sensation. "Your ass is so tight, Isabel. As expected from an anal virgin."

### **Chapter 203: Chapter 203 - Unforgiving Invasion**

My hands gripped Isabel's slender thighs tightly, my fingers digging into her soft yet muscular flesh. With a strong grip, I pulled her body towards me while thrusting my hips forward, forcing my cock deeper into her tight, resisting anus.

"NNNGHH! NO—!" Isabel's scream was cut off by a sharp, stabbing pain as I breached her tight sphincter muscle. She could feel every centimeter of my rough skin scraping against her virgin inner walls, tearing, stretching, violating.

"Stop! Please! Take it out!" her cries became desperate shrieks, her voice hoarse and full of suffering. "You're going to destroy my ass! I can't take it!"

Each of her screams only stoked the flames of sadism inside me. My dark, vengeful spirit roared, savoring every pained moan that escaped her lips.

'This is what I wanted,' whispered a voice in my heart. 'Not just sex. Not ordinary pleasure. I want to see you suffer. I want to hear your sobs, your screams, your pleas.'

"Isn't this what you wanted, Isabel?" I hissed, my voice ragged from my growing heavy breaths. "You who always enjoyed seeing others suffer? Who relished your

condescending looks? Now feel what it's like to be the one looked down upon. To be the one in pain."

My hips kept pushing forward, mercilessly. I could feel the tight muscles of her ass continuously trying to reject me, trying to expel my cock, but I was too strong. Her narrow, virgin anus was forced open, adjusting to a size far larger than it was ever designed for.

"Stop! Please, stop! Pull it out! You're going to split my asshole open!" she wailed, her voice hoarse and panicked. "It's too big! I can't! I'll tear!"

Isabel felt every centimeter of the invasion with painful clarity. Her head throbbed from crying and the pain, but amidst it all, a realization dawned: This was retribution. This was punishment for every wrong she had ever done to Adam. And she could do nothing but accept it.

With one final, dominating thrust, I buried all nine inches of my cock fully inside her ass. I felt the base of my shaft press tightly against her now hot and sweat-dampened buttocks.

"AAAAAAH! IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO MUCH!" Isabel's scream shattered the silence, her voice filled with pure agony. Her still-rigid body shook violently, as if electrocuted. Her tears flowed freely, flooding her already sweat-soaked face.

"MONSTER... YOU FUCKING MONSTER... BASTARD..."

She cursed me, but her words were broken by repeated groans of pain.

"It hurts... it hurts so much... please... take it out... I'm begging you..."

Seeing her in this state—her pretty face contorted in pain, her slender body convulsing, her beautiful eyes filled with tears and despair—something stirred inside me.

But it wasn't pity. Nor was it regret. It was pleasure. A deep, dark, satisfying pleasure.

My cock throbbed powerfully inside her hot, tight ass, responding to the sight and sensation before me. Every throb made Isabel wince, drawing small, pained gasps from her.

"Ah... nnggh... stop... moving..." she begged, but her body was beginning to show contradictory reactions.

Even though pain still dominated, the [Lustful Touch] I kept active in that area began to show its effects. A strange, warm tingling sensation started to mix with the pain. The muscles of her buttocks, which had been clenched tight from pain and fear, began to soften and adapt slightly.

Isabel felt this contradiction and panicked even more. Why... why is there another sensation besides pain? Why is warmth spreading? Why is her body starting to react in such a disgusting way?

She looked around, searching for help, but all she saw were two things: me above her, with a cold, satisfied expression, and Delilah Socheron standing a few meters away, phone in hand, recording every second of her humiliation without a trace of emotion on her beautiful face.

Despair flooded Isabel like a tidal wave. She was trapped. Tortured. Raped. And even her one hope for intervention from authority was actually the perpetrator's ally. She was utterly alone. No one would save her.

Meanwhile, I began to move.

Slowly, I pulled my hips back, feeling my cock—lubricated by a mix of her bodily fluids and my spit—slide against the tight inner walls of her ass.

Isabel felt a sharper, stabbing sensation as I slowly withdrew my cock. A burning, raw feeling seemed to follow every centimeter I pulled back. "Ouch... i-it hurts..." she hissed, her voice almost inaudible, broken by sobs.

"Adam... Adam, I'm sorry!" she suddenly cried out, her voice full of genuine panic. "I'm truly sorry for everything I've done! I know my words mean nothing now, but I swear, I'll change! I'll become a better person! So please... no more. Don't destroy my ass any further. I'm begging you!"

Her tears streamed down, her expression truly earnest this time. No longer an act or a tactic. This was the pure desperation of someone experiencing physical pain and mental devastation simultaneously.

But me? Fuck, I didn't care. In fact, her genuine pleas only ignited the flame of my sadism brighter. There was something profoundly satisfying about seeing someone usually so arrogant whimper like a child, begging for mercy, hoping her tears could move my heart.

My heart? Haha. A heart is for those who possess mercy. And for someone like Isabel Mercedes? There is none.

So, instead of stopping, I began moving again. Slowly at first—a deep thrust in, followed by a slow pull out. Every movement made Isabel wince, gasp softly, and let out pained groans.

"Don't... not again..." she begged between ragged breaths. "I don't want to feel this anymore... please... forgive me..."

Her hands, still forced to grip her own ankles in this position, trembled violently. Her body was slick with cold sweat, mixed with the tears that kept flooding her face.

The only thing she could do now was beg. Plead for mercy. Apologize over and over. Hoping futilely that her streaming tears, her shattered voice, her total surrender could stir something within me, make me forgive her and stop this torture.

But her pleas were nothing more than passing wind to me.

I increased my speed. My thrusts became faster, more brutal. My large, hard cock now assailed her still-tight asshole with an increasingly merciless rhythm.

"Ah! Ah! AAH! IT HURTS! STOP! PLEEEASE!" Isabel's screams grew louder, more panicked. The pain she had initially just endured now exploded with each of my rough thrusts. She felt as if her ass would truly tear apart, be destroyed, be shredded by the cruelty of my assault.

Her pleas began to weaken, not because she gave up, but because her breath was being used up to withstand the pain. Her voice became hoarse, broken, reduced to short gasps and groans between her unceasing tears.

"Please... don't... I... can't..." she whispered, almost inaudible, her glazed eyes looking at me with a blank, suffering stare.

The sight would have been cruel to any other observer. A pretty girl, naked, in a deeply shameful and vulnerable position, being brutally anally raped by a man who showed not a shred of pity. The expression of pain and despair on her face would haunt anyone who witnessed it.

Unfortunately, the only other person witnessing this scene was not someone with normal empathy.

Delilah Socheron, the Star Witch, Guardian Council member, my stepmother, still stood there with her phone recording continuously. But something had changed.

The cold, graceful expression on her face was slowly melting. Her cheeks began to flush. Her breathing, initially calm, now became slightly heavier. Her golden eyes no longer just observed with objective detachment—now there was a fire in them. A fire of lust.

While still holding the phone with one hand, ensuring the camera remained focused on my huge cock brutally entering and exiting Isabel's ass, her other hand began to move.

She slipped that hand under her elegant dress. The dress rode up slightly, revealing a glimpse of her smooth, white thigh. Her hand disappeared beneath the fabric, and from

the movement of her arm and her shoulders beginning to sway gently, it was clear what she was doing.

She was pleasuring herself.

Delilah watched with intense focus as my cock continued to ravage Isabel. Every brutal thrust, every pained groan from Isabel, every drop of sweat running down my body—she observed it all with eyes growing ever brighter.

Her red lips parted slightly, and a soft sigh escaped.

"Ah... Adam... darling..." she whispered almost inaudibly, her voice husky with arousal.

She was aroused. Aroused by the sight of her stepson brutally raping a girl. Aroused by the absolute power I displayed. Aroused by Isabel's total destruction.

Her hand under her dress moved faster. Her shoulders trembled. The expression on her usually dignified face had transformed into that of a woman consumed by wild lust.

She didn't even try to hide it. As if, in this stopped world, in the presence of her stepson and his rape victim, there was nothing to conceal.

There was only power, lust, and dark satisfaction.

Isabel, amidst her ocean of pain and humiliation, briefly caught the change in Delilah. Seeing the woman who should have been her savior instead masturbating while watching her rape. It was the final blow to what remained of her self-respect.

She closed her eyes and surrendered. No hope. No savior. Only pain, humiliation, and the terrible reality that even the most respected people were monsters just like her assailant.

## **Chapter 204: Chapter 204 - Mercedes' Broken Pride**

The world had transformed into a strange painting, where only a few elements moved: me, thrusting wildly atop Isabel; Delilah, swaying gently with her hands tucked in her dress; and Isabel herself, adrift between agony and ruin.

And I... I savored every second of it.

Isabel's newly deflowered rear was a masterpiece of pain and conquest.

The sensation was incredible—hot, like a tight glove of flesh gripping my cock firmly from base to tip. Each time I drew my hips back, her still-spasming sphincter muscles tried to hold on, tried to prevent my cock from leaving, like a heavy, warm velvet curtain.

Then, as I pushed forward again, they resisted, tightened, offering equally strong resistance before finally yielding and letting me plunge back in deep.

I didn't care about the hundreds of thousands of frozen eyes surrounding us, the statue-like cameras, the halted world. In fact, it might have been because they were there—my frozen, unblinking witnesses, eternal and silent—that made it even more satisfying.

I was indeed insane. Insane with revenge. Insane with power. And my madness found its perfect outlet within Isabel's trapped body.

"Please... stop... I'm sorry... I'm truly sorry," Isabel kept whimpering, her voice now a broken, hoarse whisper. Her tears no longer flowed freely, just leaving damp trails on her pale cheeks and swollen, red eyes.

Seeing her like that—the once-so-haughty girl now lying helpless, begging for mercy with the last of her strength—only stoked the flames of my vengeful lust.

I smiled, a smile devoid of joy, filled only with dark satisfaction. While my hips continued their brutal, rhythmic thrusts, my left hand snaked forward between our bodies, finding another virgin territory—her pussy and clit.

My fingers found her already swollen, sensitive clitoris. I began to stroke it, with skilled circular motions, while my thumb rubbed her labia.

"Ah—!" Isabel gasped, her body shuddering violently. Her expression shifted—from pure suffering to deep confusion. "Nngh... no... don't touch... there..."

But my [Lustful Touch] worked perfectly. My touch there wasn't just physical. It was magic that transformed pain nerves into conductors of pleasure, that scrambled the signals in her brain, that forced her body to respond in ways she hated.

I felt the change in her body. The muscles of her ass, initially clenched tight from pain and fear, began to soften slightly, to adapt. Even now, as I pushed in, there was a bit more give, a bit more wetness.

Fuck, it felt so good.

On one hand, there was the physical sensation of my cock buried deep in her tight, hot ass—every scrape of skin, every throb of blood vessels, every touch of her smooth yet muscular inner walls. It was a rough, primal sensation, full of power and conquest.

On the other hand, there was the sensation from my fingers playing on her sensitive area—a touch that was softer, more skilled, more cunning. That touch sent waves of pleasure that contradicted the pain she felt from her ass, creating an inner conflict within her body that aroused me even more.

And above it all, there was the psychological sensation—the satisfaction of seeing Isabel Mercedes, the girl who always looked down on me, now lying beneath me, her body penetrated in two places at once, her face full of tears and suffering, her mouth uttering apologies I would never accept. It was the sweetest nectar of revenge, the most intoxicating poison.

I leaned down, bringing my lips close to her ear, damp with sweat and tears. "Do you see yourself, Isabel? How eager you are. Your tight ass clenching my cock as if it doesn't want to let go. Your clit hard as a little pebble under my fingers. You're enjoying this, aren't you? Getting fucked in the ass in front of everyone? Your filthy exhibitionist fetish finally satisfied?"

"No... I'm not..." Isabel denied. Her own body betrayed her. When I deliberately rubbed her clit harder, she couldn't suppress a small moan that escaped. "Ah! ...I hate this... I hate this feeling..."

I let out a short, cold laugh. "How does it feel? Getting fucked in the ass by the loser you've always looked down on? The one you deemed unworthy of being in the same academy? The one you made a laughingstock in front of everyone?"

Isabel didn't answer. She just closed her eyes, trying to sever the connection with reality. But her body still responded. Her breath grew heavier. Small gasps escaped between her sobs.

Between her thighs, which I had forced wide open, I could clearly see how her pussy was now thoroughly soaked, glistening, and her lips swollen with forcibly conditioned desire.

At one point, the expression on Isabel's face began to change. The pain was still there, but now something else was mixed in. Her furrowed brow was no longer just from suffering. Her bitten lips weren't just to hold back sobs.

She was beginning to feel pleasure. Small, faint, shrouded by pain and humiliation, but it was there. And as she realized it, and as she saw the cruelty on my face—the satisfied smile, the cold eyes looking at her like an object—she stopped begging.

She stopped speaking altogether.

She just let her body be rocked by my movements, trying to suppress every sound that might escape, every gasp, every moan. But it was impossible. Her body had been conditioned by [Lustful Touch]. Every touch of mine, whether on her ass or her clit, was a direct command to her nervous system to respond with pleasure.

"Bitch," I hissed, while increasing my pace. My thrusts became faster, deeper, harder. "Remember when you took a photo of me naked in the bathroom? And spread it all over the academy? You laughed seeing me humiliated?"

Isabel opened her eyes, looking at me. In those grey eyes, I saw a flash of memory—yes, she remembered. And behind the pain and confusion, there was a glimmer of what seemed like genuine regret this time.

"I... I'm sorry for that," she whispered, her voice utterly shattered.

"Too late!" I growled, and with a sudden surge of anger, I thrust in especially hard, making her scream in pain. "Now you're the one naked! You're the one humiliated! And this is just the beginning!"

I poured all my emotions into her—the hatred pent up for years, the deep shame, the anger over every insult, every condescending glance, every sharp word. I poured it all into every thrust of my hips, every grip of my hand on her thigh, every touch on her clitoris.

And it felt... incredibly relieving. Like a cork finally released from a high-pressure bottle. Like poison finally expelled from the body. With every thrust, part of that burden left. With every moan from Isabel, part of that old wound was covered.

I could feel the pressure building at the base of my stomach, the heat creeping up my spine. Orgasm was approaching—an explosion that would mark my victory over her.

"Ah... I'm almost..." I murmured, my breath growing ragged.

Isabel, feeling the change in the rhythm and intensity of my movements, opened her eyes. She knew what was about to happen.

"No... don't... not inside..." she whispered, her voice now filled with a different kind of fear.

But I ignored her. My mind was made up.

I thrust in to the hilt, feeling the base of my thighs press tightly against her now hot and sweat-and-fluid-slicked ass. Then, with a hoarse groan torn from my own throat, I let everything go.

The first spurt was the strongest—hot, thick, full of the hatred and vengeance gathered over years. I pumped it deep into her ass, feeling how my hot fluid flooded that narrow space.

I kept pumping, a second, third, fourth spurt—so much, until I could feel how her tight ass slowly filled, expanded, accommodating the weight of my hatred.

Isabel screamed—a mix of pain, disgust, and something else as she felt that hot flood fill the deepest part of her. "NO! GET IT OUT! IT'S DIRTY! DISGUSTING!"

But I wasn't finished. Even after my violent orgasm, my cock remained hard thanks to my maxed-out libido stat. And I still had time—the timer in my peripheral vision still showed [18:22...].

So, instead of pulling out, I kept moving. I started thrusting again, slower this time, savoring the new sensation—my warm, thick semen now served as additional lube, making the friction inside her ass slicker, smoother.

"Ah... ah... stop..." Isabel moaned, but this time her voice was different. There was exhaustion there, a surrender. She was too tired to fight, too broken to beg. She could only lie there, feeling my still-hard cock moving inside her ass, now full of my fluid.

I looked at her face. Her expression was empty. The eyes that once held arrogance and sharp intelligence were now vacant, like broken windows. She stared at the frozen ceiling of the arena, but wasn't really seeing anything.

She was broken. And it was the most beautiful sight.

I kept thrusting, savoring every sensation, savoring every second of my victory over her. Isabel just lay there, occasionally letting out a small sigh or moan when I pushed too deep, but otherwise, she was silent.

In the distance, Delilah still stood with her phone, but now her hand was no longer moving beneath her dress. She just watched with shining eyes, her breath still slightly heavy, her face still flushed. But now there was something else in her expression—admiration. Admiration for her stepson who could do something like this.

I took a deep breath, savoring this moment. Isabel Mercedes had been defeated. And this was only the beginning.

## **Chapter 205: Chapter 205 - Conscious Prisoner**

I took a deep breath, feeling every lingering tremor of pleasure echoing through my body after that intense orgasm. My cock was still hard inside Isabel's tight, filled ass, but my mind was already plotting the next move.

My gaze flickered briefly toward Arianna, still frozen in a guarded stance a few meters away.

Normally, in my [Time Stop], everyone is completely frozen—both body and consciousness. But this time, for Arianna, I made an exception. I kept her consciousness active, let her eyes see, her ears hear, her mind think. Her body remained unmovable, but inside, her soul was awake.

And what did she witness?

She saw everything. From the moment I stripped Isabel, used her mouth, to finally fucking her ass brutally. She saw the look of suffering on Isabel's face, her streaming tears, her broken pleas. She saw Delilah Socheron appear and instead help by recording it all. She saw my absolute authority, the impossible power to stop time.

Arianna, trapped within her own mind, was plunged into deep confusion. Why... why can I see this? Why am I aware? The world is frozen... but I can see everything...

At first she was shocked, disbelieving what she was seeing. Adam Socheron, the guy she'd just hours ago warned to pretend not to know, was now ruthlessly fucking Isabel in the middle of a frozen arena.

But then, something strange began to happen. As she watched the scene—Adam's large cock plunging in and out of Isabel's ass, the pained moans, the gaze of domination—she felt something in her own frozen body.

Wetness. Heat. Between her thighs, still covered by her combat uniform, something was growing damp.

No... it can't be... Arianna thought in a panic. I'm... I'm getting aroused? Watching this? Watching a rape?

But she couldn't deny the sensation. Every time Adam thrust into Isabel's ass, every time Isabel groaned, every time she saw how full the cock was inside that tight hole—her heart beat faster, her breath felt heavier in her mind, and the dampness between her thighs intensified.

It must feel incredibly good... she thought inadvertently, then immediately rejected the thought violently. No! Arianna, you're insane! How can you think that? This is a crime!

But her frozen body wasn't listening to logic. Her arousal, long suppressed and hidden beneath her cold demeanor, was rising with shocking force. She imagined what it would feel like if she were there. If that large cock were splitting her pussy open, thrusting deep inside, making her unable to think of anything but the sensation filling her body.

But... a small voice protested in her heart, how can I think like this about a crazy, perverted, sick man who's fucking a classmate in front of an arena like this?

She felt disgusted with herself. But at the same time, she couldn't curb her curiosity, her desire to know, and—most shamefully—her desire to feel it herself.

And then, she remembered their interaction a few hours ago. When she coldly told Adam to pretend they didn't know each other, to keep his distance. When she arrogantly decided she wanted nothing to do with someone like him.

Now, seeing the absolute power Adam possessed, seeing how easily he conquered Isabel—who was also fairly respected—Arianna began to regret it. If only I hadn't acted like that... if only I'd been nicer to him... maybe... maybe I could also...

But she quickly brushed the thought aside. No. She didn't want to become like Isabel—degraded, destroyed. Yet in the darkest corner of her heart, a part was curious: What would it feel like to be conquered like that? She remembered being ordered to bark earlier, and she grew even wetter.

Meanwhile, I glanced at Arianna. A small smile touched my lips. I knew she was watching. I intentionally left her consciousness active for a reason—I wanted her to see. To know what I could do.

After this tournament was over, I already intended to 'tame' Arianna Blazinger. She was a fascinating woman. And seeing her reaction now, my plan might be easier than I'd anticipated.

But for now, my focus was still on Isabel.

I pulled my cock out of her now-wet and slightly gaping ass with a lewd, wet sound. Isabel groaned weakly, feeling empty and sore.

Then, with a rough motion, I flipped her body over. Now she was on her stomach, her tear-and-sweat-drenched face pressed against the frozen arena floor. I lifted her light frame, sitting her on my lap with her ass still pressed against my hard cock.

With one hand, I gripped her slender waist, holding her in place. With the other, I wrapped my hand around her neck for control, for domination. My fingers circled her slim throat, squeezing just enough to make her choke, but not enough to fully cut off her breath.

"Ah... what... what are you doing?" Isabel asked, her voice hoarse and exhausted.

I didn't answer immediately. Instead, I started walking. My steps were firm, carrying Isabel's body draped over my lap. My cock was still buried deep in her ass, and each step caused it to shift inside her, making Isabel wince and gasp.

"Ow... stop... moving..." she protested weakly.

But I kept walking. Heading towards one clear destination: the northern throne. Where Yukie Iceblood sat calmly, still in the same pose—chin resting on her hand, her empty ice-blue eyes gazing into the frozen distance.

Isabel, seeing where we were headed, began to panic again. "No... don't go there... not in front of Yukie..."

"Why not?" I asked cynically, still walking. "I want to show her your pretty face. I want her to see how you're being fucked in the ass, right in front of her."

"Don't... please..." Isabel begged, but with each of my steps, each shift of my hips that made my cock rub inside her ass, her pleas were interrupted by small moans. "Ah... nnggh... stop..."

I arrived in front of the throne, directly before Yukie. I stopped, still holding Isabel on my lap, my cock buried deep in her ass. Her position now: Isabel sat on my lap, facing Yukie on the throne. Her ass was flush against the base of my hips, with my cock inside her. My hand was still around her neck from behind, holding her in place.

Isabel could now see Yukie's face up close. That cold, perfect face, like an ice sculpture. Those pale, white eyes were empty, staring right at her, but not truly seeing. Yet to Isabel, that gaze felt judgmental, shaming.

Overwhelming shame crashed over her. Being fucked in the ass in front of everyone by a loser she'd always looked down on was devastating enough. But being fucked right in front of Yukie—one of the few people she actually respected, or more accurately, feared, at the academy—was a new level of degradation.

This is a nightmare, Isabel thought despairingly. The worst nightmare I could never have imagined. And it's real.

She felt Adam's large, hard cock still buried deep in her ass, reminding her of the inescapable reality. And with this time-stopping ability, Adam was nearly invincible. Just as he'd said—he could freely take revenge on anyone he wanted, and no one could stop him.

Once this is over, Isabel thought with deep despair, I have to leave. Get as far away as possible. Leave Nine Stars Academy. So my fate won't be like Alex's.

But then, she remembered her family. The prestigious Mercedes family, who had invested so much in her. Her mother and older sister who expected her to succeed. If she ran away... what would happen to them? Would Adam take revenge on them too?

A sigh of despair escaped her lips. She was trapped. Couldn't fight. Couldn't run. Couldn't call for help. She was completely trapped.

Meanwhile, I started moving again. My hips rocked, pushing my cock in and out of her tight ass, right in front of the frozen Yukie.

"Ah... ah... don't... here..." Isabel moaned, utterly mortified.

She tried to lower her head, but my grip on her neck kept her facing forward, forcing her to look at Yukie, and letting Yukie look at her.

I leaned close to Isabel's ear. "Look, Isabel. Look closely. Yukie is watching you. She sees how you've become just a sex doll getting fucked in the ass. She sees your tears. She sees your ruin."

Isabel groaned. Tears streamed down her already-damp cheeks. She was completely broken.

My hand around her neck moved, my fingers sliding up to touch her wet cheek. I stroked her cheek with my thumb, wiping away a tear, then smearing it across her lips.

"You even cry beautifully, Isabel," I whispered, my voice full of mockery. "It suits a pretty face like yours."

Then, in a louder voice, enough for her and perhaps Arianna still watching from a distance to hear, I said:

"How does it feel? Being fucked in the ass in front of someone you've always considered above you? In front of Yukie Iceblood, the untouchable genius? Is your exhibitionist fetish satisfied now? Or do you want more spectators?"

Isabel just trembled, unable to answer. The shame and humiliation had surpassed what she could handle.

I kept fucking her, enjoying every reaction, enjoying the sight of Yukie's frozen face right before us, and the knowledge that Arianna was watching from behind.

The timer in my peripheral vision was still running: [14:15...].