

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 206: Chapter 206 - Mirror of Destruction

I pulled my cock out of Isabel's gaping asshole. A wet, filthy sound followed the withdrawal of my shaft from her reddened, swollen anus. Isabel groaned weakly, her body limp and exhausted, all resistance gone.

I didn't give her time to rest. With strong hands, I grabbed her slender waist and pushed her into a doggy-style position—forced to her hands and knees, her butt still raised high, now facing directly towards Yukie's throne.

Isabel whimpered in pain as her tired joints were forced into the new position. But she had no strength left to fight. Her trembling hands were forced to grip the throne's armrests for support.

And here, the humiliation reached a new level.

Isabel's face was now mere centimeters from Yukie's frozen one. So close she could see every perfect detail of Yukie's porcelain skin, her long white eyelashes, and those vacant pale white eyes. She could see the reflection of her own ruined, tear-streaked face in Yukie's glass-like eyes.

It was a mirror of her own destruction.

Isabel stared, transfixed, hypnotized by that reflection of her ruin. She saw her own disheveled, sweat-damp black hair, red and swollen eyes, flushed cheeks covered in tear tracks, swollen lips, and behind her own reflection, the shadow of me standing behind her, ready to continue the torment.

The sight was devastating. She, Isabel Mercedes, noble daughter, academy star, now posed like a dog before Yukie Iceblood—the woman she'd always considered her rival, the standard she had to chase, a symbol of untouchable perfection. And now, she was in her most debased state, while Yukie remained perfect, untouched, even while frozen.

As for me, I stood behind her, viewing the scene with deep satisfaction.

From my position, I had a clear view of Isabel's slim, muscular back, the beautiful curve of her waist, and her round, plump buttocks—still open, red, swollen, with her anus now fluttering and slightly gaping, pulsing like a small mouth that had lost its virginity.

Thick semen I'd just released was still oozing out from there, dripping slowly down her pale inner thighs, forming a filthy white trail on her smooth skin.

It was an incredibly enticing sight. Her still-red, open anus seemed to be calling out, inviting my hard cock to enter again, to fill that emptiness once more.

And I didn't refuse the invitation.

With one hand, I held her slender waist firmly in place. With the other, I guided my cock—still wet with a mix of semen, her fluids, and spit—towards her open anus.

"Ah! Wait—!" Isabel gasped in shock, but it was too late.

I pushed in, not slowly this time, but with one strong thrust that buried me deep inside her in one go.

"AAAAH!" Isabel's scream shattered the silence, full of sudden agony. Her body arched, but her hands and knees remained planted on the floor and chair, unable to fall because of my iron grip.

She felt it again—the fullness, the stretching, the violation. But this time, it was different. She was already open. Already accustomed—at least, a little. The pain was still there, but not as piercing as the first time. And with [Lustful Touch] still active, there was another sensation mixed in, confusing her and breaking her down further.

I pushed deeper, deeper still, until I felt the base of my thighs press tightly against her plump buttocks. I was now fully sheathed inside her, and I could feel every centimeter of her warm, tight inner walls gripping my cock snugly.

"Fuck, this is... incredible," I murmured, almost in disbelief.

Isabel's ass was truly exceptional. Tight, yet elastic enough. Hot, like a perfect flesh glove. And this doggy position allowed me to go deeper than before.

I began to move. Slowly at first, pulling almost all the way out, then thrusting back in with force. Each thrust jolted Isabel's body forward, pushing her face closer to Yukie's. Each time, she nearly crashed her nose into Yukie's statue-like icy face.

"Ah... ah... too deep..." Isabel moaned between heavy breaths. Her voice no longer held resistance, only exhaustion and a kind of bitter acceptance. "Adam... slower... it's... it's too big..."

But I didn't listen. Instead, the hand on her waist moved up, grabbing her disheveled black hair. I gripped a fistful of hair at the nape of her neck and pulled it back, forcing her neck to arch and her face to tilt upward, away from Yukie, now staring at the frozen arena ceiling.

"Aaah!" Isabel protested, but I ignored her.

With her hair still in my tight grasp, I began moving faster. My hips pistoned back and forth with an increasing rhythm, creating loud, rhythmic slapping sounds each time the base of my thighs smacked against her plump buttocks.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The sound echoed in the arena's absolute silence, becoming the only music in this stopped world.

Along with it was the wet sound of my cock sliding within her ass, now slick with natural lubricant—a mix of semen, mucus, and perhaps a little blood.

Isabel couldn't hold back her sounds. Each slap against her butt, each deep thrust into her rear, forced moans from her. "Ah! Ah! Aaah! Adam! Too... too rough!"

"Rough?" I asked cynically, not slowing down. My free hand rose high, then came down hard, smacking her left plump buttock.

SMACK!

The loud slap echoed. The pale skin of her buttock immediately reddened, leaving a clear handprint.

"Ah!" Isabel yelped in pain, her body trembling.

"You deserve this, you arrogant girl!" I snarled, then smacked her right buttock.

SMACK!

"Ahh!"

"How do you feel now?" I taunted, continuing to fuck her brutally. "Still think you're above me? Still think I'm not worthy?"

"I... I didn't—" Isabel tried to speak, but was cut off by a moan as I thrust particularly deep. "Ah! Nngh!"

"Remember everything you did to me? All the insults? All those condescending looks?" I asked, my voice full of pent-up hatred. Each word was punctuated with another slap to her ass or a deeper thrust. "Did you think I'd forget? Did you think because I stayed quiet, I accepted it?"

"I... I'm sorry... I'm truly sorry..." Isabel whimpered, but this time without strength. She just repeated the words like a mantra, hoping it would end her suffering.

But it wouldn't. Not until I was satisfied.

I kept fucking her, and I noticed the changes in her body. Even as she still complained, even with pain on her face, her body was beginning to respond differently.

The muscles of her ass, which were initially tight with pain, began to relax, even starting to move slightly in rhythm with my thrusts. Her breathing, which was initially ragged from crying, became heavier, deeper, more... aroused.

And then, I felt it. Between her spread thighs, her still-virgin pussy was now utterly soaked. Clear fluid flowed freely, drenching her inner thighs, even dripping onto the arena floor beneath her. She was genuinely aroused.

Then, suddenly, Isabel's body shuddered violently. Her neck arched back from the pull on her hair, her mouth fell open, and a long, drawn-out moan—filled with something that was no longer pure pain—burst from her throat.

"Aaaaaaaah! ADAM! I—I—I!"

Along with that moan, a gush of clear fluid sprayed from her soaked pussy, splashing onto the arena floor, wetting the area beneath her. Her body shook uncontrollably, the muscles of her ass clenching around my cock in powerful spasms, and for a moment, she completely lost control.

She had a squirting orgasm. In the middle of brutal anal.

In my peripheral vision, a notification appeared:

[You have successfully made Isabel climax.]

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

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

I paused for a moment, looking down at the scene with mocking eyes. Isabel, having just experienced a powerful orgasm, now hung limply from my grip on her hair, breathing heavily, her body still trembling with aftershocks. Clear fluid still dripped from her pussy. Her ass still gripped my hard cock tightly.

"You filthy slut," I murmured, my voice full of contempt. "You can even orgasm from this? From getting fucked in the ass? How dirty you are, Isabel."

Isabel couldn't answer. She just made a weak sound, a mix of shame, exhaustion, and confusion. She herself didn't understand why her body reacted that way. Why, in the midst of all the pain and humiliation, she could feel pleasure. Why she could orgasm.

I let go of her hair, and her limp body immediately collapsed to the floor, her butt still raised because my cock was still buried inside her. She lay on the floor, her face pressed against the cold stone, her body still trembling.

But I wasn't finished. I was still hard. And I was still full of hatred.

Still buried inside her, I looked at Yukie before us. The woman still sat calmly, the same pose, the same expression. Cold. Untouched. Like an iceberg indifferent to any storm raging around it.

Seeing that absolute calm, my hatred for her burned brighter. I truly wanted to break her right now. Wanted to see that cold expression shatter. Wanted to hear her normally serene voice become moans and sobs. Wanted to see her beg for mercy like Isabel.

But no. I restrained myself. Yukie deserved something more special. More planned. Not just a brutal rape in an arena like this. For her, I wanted something... crueler.

So, for now, I would vent all my hatred for her onto Isabel. I would use Isabel's body as a substitute for Yukie in my mind.

"You damn ice bitch," I growled, starting to move again inside Isabel's ass. This time rougher, full of more anger.

Each word was accompanied by a hard thrust. Isabel, still weak from her orgasm, whimpered in pain. "Adam... slower..."

"But you know what, Isabel?" I continued, ignoring her plea. "She might be cold on the outside. But I bet she's just as dirty inside as the rest of you. Just as much of a slut. Just as deserving of being fucked and humiliated like this."

I bent down, bringing my lips close to Isabel's ear. "You know, I used to think you and Alex were a perfect match. Two arrogant people propping each other up. But then Alex died. And you? You didn't even mourn him, did you?"

Isabel lifted her face from the floor, trying to protest. "I... I had nothing with Alex! I was only interested because he was ranked second in the academy! That's all! No feelings!"

I chuckled, my voice dripping with mockery. "Evil woman. Even though you once seemed smitten with him, the moment I humiliated him, you suddenly distanced yourself. He died a horrific death, and you didn't even care. How do you think he'd feel seeing you now?"

"I—! Ahnn~" Isabel tried to argue but couldn't.

"Ah, whatever," I cut her off, uninterested in her defense. "What matters is that you're here now. And you're going to feel all my hatred—for Alex, for you, for Yukie, for everyone who ever looked down on me."

I began moving again, at full speed and power. My hips moved back and forth with an almost wild rhythm, creating a continuous sound of slapping and Isabel's moans—now no longer coherent, just broken sounds, gasps, groans, and occasional sobs.

"Ah! Ah! Aaah! Adam... I can't... too fast... too deep..."

I poured everything into her. All the hatred bottled up for years. All the shame. All the anger. All the desire for revenge.

And in my mind, I imagined it was Yukie. That this tight ass I was pounding was Yukie's ass. That the moans coming from Isabel's mouth were Yukie's moans. That the tears flowing were Yukie's tears.

It made it even better. More satisfying.

Chapter 207: Chapter 207 - Ice Queen's Helplessness

I pounded Isabel's asshole with an uncontrolled rhythm. My hips pistoned back and forth wildly, creating a loud, rhythmic slapping sound each time my thighs slammed against her buttocks. The wet, squelching noise from my cock sliding in and out of her ass, now slick with our combined fluids, grew filthier, louder.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Schlorp! Schlorp!

Isabel, now limp and exhausted, could only take it. Her body jolted and shook with each brutal thrust.

Her head hung low, sweat-drenched black hair obscuring her face, which was pressed against the floor. Only faint moans and gasps escaped her open mouth, signs she was still conscious, still feeling every sensation.

"Ah... ah... aah... Adam... I can't... I'm going to faint..." she whispered, her voice hoarse and nearly drowned out by my own grunts and the sound of our bodies colliding.

But I didn't care. I was close. The pressure building at the base of my stomach had peaked. Heat crept up my spine, signaling the impending eruption.

I hilted myself, feeling my pelvis press flush against her plump, hot ass. Then, with a ragged groan tearing from my throat, I released my second load deep inside her bowels.

"Take this!" I roared, pumping my seed into her body.

This burst wasn't as powerful as the first, but it was still substantial. I could feel her already-full ass stretch further, expanding. My hot cum flooded every crevice, filled every fold, pressing against her sensitive inner walls.

Isabel screamed again—a mix of pain, disgust, and something else as she felt the second hot surge fill the deepest part of her. "No! Again?! My ass... my ass is completely full now!"

I pulled my cock out of her ass, which was now utterly wet, gaping, and pulsating. A disgustingly wet sound accompanied my withdrawal.

And with it, a stream of my thick, white semen began to flow out from her open anus, dripping heavily onto the arena floor, forming a small, vile puddle beneath her body.

Isabel, still in a doggy position, looked back between her legs and saw the sight. Her ass... was completely filled. And now its contents were leaking out, staining the arena floor, proof of her deepest humiliation.

"You filthy whore," I muttered, viewing the scene with satisfaction. "Your ass is now a dumpster for my cum."

Isabel didn't answer. She only let out a weak whimper before her limp body finally collapsed fully to the floor, lying next to the puddle of her own defilement. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her body trembled slightly, her empty eyes staring at the frozen arena ceiling.

I surveyed my handiwork on her. Her pretty face was ruined, eyes red and swollen, lips puffy, hair a mess. Her asshole was open, red, swollen, with semen still dripping out.

Then I checked the timer in my peripheral vision: [04:22...]

My time was almost up. Less than five minutes left.

I took a deep breath, then spoke to the still-prostrate Isabel. "Listen, Isabel. I'm going to restart time very soon. Now, get dressed. Return to your original position. And forget everything that happened here—at least, for now."

Hearing that, Isabel felt a sliver of relief. Finally... this is ending. She slowly pushed herself up, her body aching everywhere, especially her ass which felt like it had been split in two. She sat up, then unconsciously her hand reached back, touching her now-stretched, still-throbbing hole, feeling the warm fullness inside.

She felt it—the distinct difference. Her anus was no longer the same. No longer tight and virgin. Now it was open, loose, sensitive. And inside, something foreign, warm, and thick. Adam's sperm.

She intended to expel it. Her fingers neared the opening, trying to push out the burden filling her rectum.

"Don't," my voice cut sharply through her intent. "Keep it inside your ass. As a reminder."

Isabel jolted, then a profound shame washed over her again. She had to walk, had to fight, with Adam's semen still inside her ass? That... was too humiliating. But she had no choice.

She nodded weakly, then tried to stand. Her legs shook, and as she attempted to take a step, a sharp pain from her rear made her stagger.

"Ow..." she groaned, her hands reflexively grabbing her buttocks.

"Hurry," I hissed, merciless.

Isabel complied, though with stumbling steps, her face contorted in pain and shame. She approached the pile of her clothes on the floor. First, she picked up her black tactical panties. As she pulled them on, she felt it immediately—the elastic material pressed against her sore ass, and she could feel how the panties instantly grew damp from the semen still seeping from her hole.

But she kept going. Her black bodysuit, trench coat, combat boots. Every movement was painful, every touch on her body reminded her of what had just happened. As she buttoned her coat, her hands trembled so violently she could barely manage it.

Meanwhile, I had already turned away from Isabel. I walked towards the northern throne, where Yukie still sat peacefully. I stood before her, gazing at her cold, perfect, beautiful face.

"Watch me, Isabel," I said, without looking back.

Isabel turned. What she saw made her jaw drop in disbelief.

I stepped up onto the throne seat, planting my foot on the armrest, so I stood above the chair, right in front of the seated Yukie. Then my hand grabbed Yukie's frozen chin, prying open her usually tight-lipped mouth.

Yukie's mouth opened, revealing neat white teeth and a still, pink tongue.

Then, without hesitation, I aimed my still-hard, wet cock—still slick with a mix of semen, Isabel's fluids, and spit—towards Yukie's open mouth.

I pushed in. The large head of my cock parted her thin lips, then entered her oral cavity. Her smooth, motionless tongue touched my shaft, providing a different sensation—softer, cooler, compared to Isabel's hot throat.

I began to move. My hips thrust back and forth, using Yukie's mouth as I had used Isabel earlier. But this time, the goal was different. I didn't want to fuck her mouth—not yet. I just wanted to clean my cock of Isabel's remnants. And Yukie's mouth, with its clear, cool saliva, was the perfect cleansing tool.

Isabel, witnessing the scene, was stunned. Her eyes widened in disbelief. Even though she knew of Adam's time-stopping power, even though she had experienced his brutality firsthand, seeing Yukie Iceblood—the woman she considered the strongest, the untouchable, the fearsome—in such a helpless state, her mouth used as a cock-cleaning tool by Adam... it was still shocking.

Yukie, the extraordinary and terrifying, was now just like a doll. And Adam, the once-weak loser, now casually treated the academy's strongest woman as a toy.

I kept moving, enjoying the sensation of Yukie's smooth tongue touching every part of my shaft. Combined with her beautiful face—flawless features, porcelain-pale skin, empty pale white eyes—it was immensely satisfying. Even frozen, even as just a cleaning tool, Yukie radiated an aura of beauty and perfection that aroused me further.

As I continued, I glanced slightly towards Isabel.

"How does it feel to see this, Isabel?" I asked, my voice full of mockery. "Does it make you feel less ashamed? Seeing that even Yukie is powerless before me?"

Isabel didn't answer. She just hurried to finish putting on her uniform, trying to divert her attention from the sight so humiliating for Yukie—and indirectly for herself, because she knew she was the reason the cock was dirty enough to need cleaning.

I pulled my cock out of Yukie's mouth once the traces of my cum and Isabel's fluids were washed clean by her clear saliva. As my cock withdrew, a thin strand of spit stretched between its tip and Yukie's lips, glistening under the arena lights.

I used a finger to break the strand, then carefully closed Yukie's mouth again, adjusting her head back to its original position as if nothing had happened.

Then, my gaze shifted to Delilah, who had been standing several meters away all this time, still holding her phone which was no longer recording. Her golden eyes watched me, full of anticipation and... longing.

"Mom," I called.

She approached immediately, her steps graceful despite a hint of eagerness. "Yes, darling?"

"Since you've been obedient and helped record earlier, I'll give you a reward," I said, stroking my still-hard cock.

Delilah understood instantly. Her eyes sparkled, a happy smile spreading across her red lips. "Thank you, darling!"

She knelt before me without hesitation. Her delicate hands grasped my shaft, then her full, sensual lips parted wide, and she eagerly took my cock into her mouth with near-fervor.

She tried to take it all, even though it was too big for her mouth. She forced herself, her cheeks bulging, her eyes watering from gagging, but she didn't stop. She kept sucking, her skilled tongue playing around my shaft, her hands fondling my balls, massaging with just the right pressure.

I watched her, my own stepmother, one of the world's strongest women, a Guardian Council member, now kneeling before me in the middle of the frozen arena, her mouth stuffed with my cock, her face transformed into the expression of a whore enjoying her work. And she looked utterly happy.

"Aah... Delilah... you really are the best," I murmured, stroking her smooth blonde hair.

Isabel, who had just finished putting on her full uniform, gaped again at the scene. Delilah Socheron... The Star Witch... SSS-Rank Awakener... The world's strongest Hunter... and even a woman like that ended up as... as such a shameless slut? Kneeling, sucking her own stepson's cock with such enthusiasm?

Isabel shuddered. If the Star Witch could become like that before Adam, what about her? What would happen to her later?

The fear that had slightly subsided now returned in full force. She had no hope. No one would save her. Even the strongest had fallen.

I checked the timer in my peripheral vision: [01:15...]

Just over a minute left. And Delilah, though skilled, was still struggling to take my full length. She had reached her limit.

"That's enough, Mom," I said softly. "I'll help you."

My hand grabbed Delilah's head, gripping her fine blonde hair. Then, with controlled strength, I began to move her head up and down, fucking her mouth with a fast, deep rhythm.

"Gghhkk! Mmph! Mmm!" Gagging and muffled moans escaped Delilah, but the expression on her face wasn't suffering. It was ecstasy.

Her golden eyes were shut, her cheeks flushed, tears of pleasure streamed from the corners of her eyes. She was enjoying this—being face-fucked by her own stepson, treated roughly, used as an object for his pleasure.

The wet, sloppy sounds of my cock filling her mouth were loud and filthy. Each time my pelvis slapped against her delicate chin, she let out a stifled groan.

"I'm almost there, Mom," I groaned, feeling the pressure build again.

Then, with one final deep thrust, I stiffened, my back arched, and I released my third load—this time into Delilah's mouth.

"AAAAH! HERE'S YOUR REWARD!"

The surge was torrential, filling her already-packed mouth. Delilah shuddered violently, her eyes rolling back, but she didn't pull away. She stayed there, swallowing, swallowing, swallowing, until nothing was left.

When it was over, she slowly pulled back, my cock slipping from her mouth with a wet pop. She sat on the floor, breathing heavily, face flushed, lips swollen and glistening wet with a mix of saliva and semen. But she was smiling. A satisfied, happy smile, like a child who had just received the best gift.

"Thank you, darling," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "Mommy enjoyed that very much."

"Return to your place, Mom," I said, helping her up. "And act normal as you were before."

Delilah nodded, then with slightly unsteady yet still graceful steps, she walked back to her original position in the VIP stand. She sat down, smoothed her dress, and her face, which had been full of lust moments ago, now returned to the cold, dignified expression of the Star Witch. As if nothing had happened.

I myself walked back to my original position beside Yukie. I straightened my uniform, making sure nothing looked out of place.

Then, I turned to Isabel, who still stood in her spot, face pale, body trembling slightly.

"Remember my threat, Isabel. Don't you dare try to run. Or you know what will happen."

Hearing that threat, Isabel fell silent, only giving a slow nod. She didn't have the courage to argue.

The timer in my peripheral vision: [00:03... 00:02... 00:01...]

And then:

[Time Stop Has Ended]

Chapter 208: Chapter 208 - Pocket Companion's Locket

The first sound to break the silence was the announcer's voice, still booming as if there had been no pause at all. "—AND NINE STARS RETAINS THE NORTHERN THRONE! THEIR TIME IS UP IN ELEVEN MINUTES BEFORE THEY WIN!"

Then, the noise of distant battles abruptly sprang back to life—the clang of weapons, shouts, explosions of energy. Everything was moving again, as if time had never stopped.

The spectators in the stands cheered once more. Cameras panned, recording. The world resumed its motion.

But amidst it all, a few things were different.

Isabel Mercedes stood in her position, face pale, body trembling slightly. She felt the differences in her body. The lingering sharp pain in her rear, the wet sensation in her underwear, and the feeling of devastation in her heart. But she tried to hide it, tried to appear normal.

Arianna Blazinger, who had witnessed everything with her consciousness intact, could now move again. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. Her cheeks were flushed, and she could feel a mortifying dampness between her thighs. But she forced herself to focus, to act as if nothing had happened.

Delilah Socheron sat in the VIP stand with her usual cold expression, but upon closer inspection, there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and her lips still looked a bit swollen.

And I, Adam Socheron, stood calmly in my place, as if nothing had transpired. But inside, a profound sense of satisfaction swelled.

As the world resumed its noisy course, one figure quietly sensed something strange.

Yukie Iceblood, still sitting calmly upon the Northern throne, suddenly felt an unfamiliar sensation in her mouth. Her tongue, which usually only tasted the cold air or occasionally the tea she drank, now tasted something... different. A salty taste, and... it was familiar.

She subtly moved her tongue inside her closed mouth, exploring every crevice. The taste lingered, faint yet distinct. It clung to the roof of her mouth, her gums, even her front teeth.

What taste is this?

Her normally focused and analytical mind immediately went to work. This taste... I've tasted it before. But when?

Then, unconsciously, her pale eyes shifted towards Isabel, who stood not far away. Isabel, who had suddenly sat down on the floor, her face flushed deep red, her hands clutching her stomach tightly. Her expression was a jumble—obvious pain, deep shame, and something else... something more...

To an ordinary observer, it might look like Isabel was just tired from standing too long—which was impossible for an Awakener of her caliber—or bored from waiting. But Yukie was no ordinary person. She was an exceptional observer.

Then, back to the taste in her mouth. She swallowed a little saliva, and the taste became clearer.

And suddenly, she knew. She knew exactly what taste it was.

The certainty came without a doubt. But how? Time was frozen...

Yukie's cold eyes narrowed, almost imperceptibly. She glanced sidelong at Adam Socheron, who stood beside her with his usual flat expression. But there was something at the corner of Adam's lips—a very slight curve, almost invisible, like a suppressed smile of satisfaction.

Then Yukie looked again, this time observing her surroundings more carefully. Her sharp gaze swept over the arena floor around the throne.

There. In front of the throne, not far from where Isabel had been standing, were traces of fluid. Several thick, white stains were already soaking into the stone floor. And near the foot of the throne, a small puddle, also milky white, with a thick consistency.

That fluid...

Yukie looked at Adam once more, this time a fraction longer. Adam only glanced back briefly. He stood there as if nothing had happened.

Despite realizing all this, Yukie's facial expression didn't change in the slightest. Her face remained as cold as ice, as indifferent as ever. But inside her analytical and frigid mind, a plan had already begun to form.

Meanwhile, I myself glanced at Yukie out of the corner of my eye, unaware of what was currently in her thoughts. From the beginning until now, Yukie had always been someone whose thoughts were incredibly hard to guess.

And just then, in my peripheral vision, a pleasant blue notification popped up.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed]

[You have received 3000 EXP.]

[Received Item: <The Pocket Companion's Locket>]

A small part of me was happy to see it, while also a bit disappointed that I didn't level up immediately as usual. 3000 EXP was a fairly large reward, but considering my progression, I guessed leveling up would become increasingly difficult for me. That was to be expected.

Meanwhile, just from its name alone, the new item seemed interesting. I immediately called up my system interface mentally and focused on the new item.

[The Pocket Companion's Locket

-> A necklace with a pendant shaped like a small capsule. When activated by pressing a hidden button on its side, the capsule opens and draws in light, capturing and storing one chosen person into a stasis space within. Within this space, time for the person is completely halted. They require no food, air, or anything else, and exist in a state of peaceful, dreamless sleep.]

Reading that description, a satisfied smile finally spread across my lips. This... was incredible.

My mind immediately began racing, thinking of all the possibilities. I could kidnap anyone I wanted, store them inside this pendant, and carry them anywhere without hassle. They wouldn't age, wouldn't get hungry, wouldn't rebel. Just peaceful sleep, waiting for me to use them whenever I wanted.

I immediately summoned the item, and instantly felt a coolness against the skin of my neck. A simple necklace with a small silver-colored capsule pendant now hung on my chest, hidden beneath my combat uniform. No one would suspect a thing.

And while I was preoccupied with my new discovery, time continued to pass. Those fifteen minutes finally ran out.

Not a single academy dared approach our Northern throne. Even the commotion in the center of the arena between the three major academies and the smaller coalition began

to subside—they too seemed to realize that approaching us was suicide. They were more focused on defeating each other to claim the remaining three thrones.

Once time was up, the crown of light held by Yukie suddenly shone brightly. The beam shot upwards, and from the ceiling of the arena, a spotlight of brilliant white light descended, dramatically illuminating Yukie and her throne.

"AND THAT'S IT! TIME'S UP!" the Announcer yelled, his voice echoing throughout the colosseum. "ACADEMY NINE STARS HAS OFFICIALLY OCCUPIED THE NORTHERN THRONE AND ADVANCES TO THE FINALS!"

The spectators' cheers roared, though they sounded... somewhat flat. Not very enthusiastic.

"TRULY... A BORING VICTORY!" the Announcer continued, as if reading the crowd's mood. "BUT WHAT ELSE CAN WE EXPECT WITH THE PRESENCE OF A MONSTER NAMED YUKIE ICEBLOOD ON THEIR TEAM? THIS WAS A PREDICTABLE OUTCOME FROM THE START!"

In her heart, Isabel, still sitting pale-faced on the floor, muttered to herself, 'There's a far more terrifying monster here than Yukie.'

The other three thrones were still being fiercely contested. Arclight, Drakefield, and GOTE Academy seemed to have succeeded in defeating half of the smaller academies, but now they looked utterly exhausted. The battle still raged on.

But that was no longer our concern. Me, Yukie, Isabel, Nerissa, and Arianna—the five of us were done. We began walking out of the arena, leaving the Northern throne which slowly descended back beneath the floor, disappearing from view.

We walked through the exit tunnel, leaving the arena's commotion behind. The atmosphere among us was tense and silent. Isabel walked with a slightly faltering step, but tried to hide it. Arianna looked somewhat confused, as if trying to remember something. Nerissa was quiet. Yukie, as usual, indifferent.

Once we arrived at Nine Stars' designated viewing area, the Announcer announced over the speakers that the tournament's final round would be held tomorrow. So for today, all participants who had finished their matches could rest and were free to do as they pleased.

"We're finished here," Instructor Violet said, her face still somewhat sour despite our effortless victory. "You may return to your dorms, watch the matches if you wish, or rest in the facilities provided. Tomorrow morning we regroup for the final round briefing."

She didn't force us to watch and analyze our potential opponents for tomorrow. It was clear she had great confidence in our abilities—or more precisely, in Yukie's ability—because after all, the match tomorrow in the final round would be...

I nodded, then without another word, I turned and left. There was nothing to discuss with them. I had more interesting things to do.

I walked through the majestic halls of the Aegis Grand Colosseum, my steps relaxed. My mind was still occupied with my new item—The Pocket Companion's Locket.

Who would be my first companion? Delilah? If I brought her along, hunting monsters in dungeons to level up would become trivial. Or Charlotte? She could heal my wounds and even poisons, she could also provide buffs to increase my strength. Or perhaps, someone else.

Then, as I turned into a somewhat deserted corridor, suddenly—

Someone ambushed me from the side.

A strong, swift hand grabbed my arm, roughly pulling me into a small alcove in the corridor wall hidden by decorative drapes. I stumbled but quickly regained my balance.

And when I saw who had ambushed me, my eyes widened.

Chapter 209: Chapter 209 - Unexpected Assailant

A slender, strong hand grasped my arm, roughly pulling me off the main corridor path. I was dragged into a hidden alcove behind thick, dark crimson velvet curtains hanging on the wall. Before I could scream or resist, my body was flung into a small, dark space.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I recognized her instantly.

It was Yumi.

Her healthy olive skin seemed to glow with its own light in the shadowy room, a stark contrast to her long, wild, golden-fire hair.

Her clothing... could barely be called clothing. A tight, provocatively low-cut dark red tank top—with no bra—clung to her body, revealing every curve and contour. The thin fabric wrapped perfectly around her large, voluptuous breasts, even to the point where the shadow of her hardened nipples formed clear peaks against the material.

Her tight black leather shorts were more like excessively short underwear, hugging her enticing hips and buttocks.

This woman... I thought I'd never see her again after that embarrassing incident on her shop counter. I'd left her in a state where I'd... attached all those sex toys to her. And now she was here, at the Aegis Grand Colosseum, ambushing me.

My instincts screamed to push her away, to run. But before my hands could move, Yumi stepped closer. Her hand grabbed the back of my neck, pulling my face towards hers, and her sensual mouth captured mine in a wild kiss.

"Mmff—!"

I was stunned. But my shock lasted only a fraction of a second. Because as soon as her skilled tongue slipped inside, as soon as its sweet, berry-like taste flooded my senses, my body reacted in a way I couldn't control.

Heat.

A strange, powerful wave of heat surged from the point where our tongues met, spreading throughout my body. My head spun slightly, and most alarmingly, blood rushed violently to my groin. My cock, already aroused by the sight of Isabel and Delilah earlier, reacted intensely, hardening to full mast in an instant, throbbing for attention.

And I, for some reason, kissed her back. Wilder. Deeper.

My hands, which had wanted to push her away, now grabbed her slender waist, pulling her hot, wildflower-scented body closer. My tongue battled hers, chasing, swallowing.

Yumi let out a small moan into my mouth, as if satisfied with my reaction. Then, still kissing me fiercely, her hand groped to the side, finding a door handle in the alcove wall I hadn't noticed.

She opened it with one skilled hand, and before I could process what was happening, we stepped into a larger room, still locked in our wild kiss.

The room turned out to be some kind of storage space for equipment or a staff break room. It was a bit cramped, filled with racks of fabrics and gear, but there was a small cot in the corner—likely an emergency bed. Yumi pushed me until I fell back onto it.

Thump!

My back hit the soft mattress. Yumi immediately stepped in, closed the door behind her, and locked it with a firm click. Then she turned, looking at me with an intensely burning gaze. Her usually friendly, sparkling grey eyes were now full of wild desire, darkness, and... something else. Something that made my bad feeling even worse.

She had planned this. From the start.

And I realized how bad my situation was. My body still felt incredibly hot, my mind was foggy, and my erection was so hard it was almost painful. This wasn't normal. Yumi must have done something to me—whether it was a drug, or perhaps her succubus skills.

I had to escape. Now. But the problem was, my go-to skill for situations like this—[Mind Control]—was still on cooldown after I used it on Maximus about four hours ago. So was [Time Stop], which I'd just used.

Damn it.

Should I use [Five-Minute Rewind]? That skill could rewind time by five minutes, giving me a chance to avoid this ambush.

But that was my final trump card—a skill that could save my life if something truly life-threatening happened. Using it just to avoid unwanted sex? That was a waste. Especially when my two overpowered skills were unavailable.

I took a deep breath. Alright. Then my only choice was to satisfy her for now, try to endure, and look for a chance to escape afterward.

Yumi, seeing me silent, finally spoke. Her voice was still flirtatious, but there was a tremor of darkness in it. "Why so quiet, handsome? Don't you have anything to say? Shouldn't you apologize and take responsibility after molesting me like that?"

I frowned, trying to think clearly despite the growing heat in my body. "I don't understand what you mean, Miss."

Yumi giggled, her voice like a pleasant but deceitful bell. "Don't pretend to forget me, handsome. You're so wicked. I've remembered you and dreamed of you every single night."

"So what are you going to do?" I asked, trying to sound calm.

"A wicked man needs to be punished, of course," she replied, her lips curling into a tempting smile. "You know that, right?"

Then she let out a long sigh, as if releasing a heavy burden. "I've been restraining myself for days... and now I can't hold back anymore."

Her hands then grabbed the edge of her red tank top. In one pull, the fabric came off, flying to the floor. Her large, voluptuous, and perfect breasts were freed, swaying freely. Her nipples were a dark brown, large, and fully hardened, jutting out proudly.

Not stopping there, her fingers undid the button of her leather shorts, pulling them down along with the almost-invisible black lace panties. And she stood completely naked before me.

Her form... was incredible.

Her healthy olive skin glowed, every curve of her body as if carved by a god. Her waist was slim, her stomach flat with slight muscle definition, her hips flared perfectly, and between her slender yet muscular thighs, her womanhood was covered by neatly trimmed blonde hair, forming an elegant line. Her labia looked full and already glistening with moisture under the room's light.

But what was more alarming was my own body's reaction. Seeing her like that, my brain felt even hotter, foggier. I felt slightly dizzy, and the urge to leap at her, to tear into her, was almost unbearable.

This was clearly not normal. This whore must have put something on me—either on her lips, or perhaps through skin contact when she touched me.

I tried to control myself, taking a deep breath. But that breath only carried her scent, which aroused me even more.

So, I let out my true, dark, and contemptuous nature.

"You slut," I said, my voice rougher than I intended. "It's completely obvious you want to sleep with me. Are you so desperate you have to do all this?"

Yumi, instead of being offended, laughed gleefully. Her eyes sparkled. "Yes, you're right! I am truly desperate now. Especially after that day. And now you look even more tempting than the last time we met."

"In that case," I said, rising from the cot, trying to take a more dominant position even though my body felt strange, "you should beg and ask properly. Then I'd fuck you, slut. But instead you cause a scene like this."

"OH!" Yumi gave a small clap, as if highly entertained. "You're really rude, handsome. Of all the men I've slept with, you're the most obscene and shameless."

"Then," I said, trying to take control, "get on your knees and beg me to fuck you."

Hearing that, instead of obeying, Yumi grew even more excited. She giggled again, her voice now truly lewd. "So rude. I like that. Unfortunately..."

She stepped closer, her eyes narrowing with terrifying intensity. "...right now, I'm the one taking over. Because I want to punish you. I can't hold back any longer!"

Before I could react, her hand grabbed my neck with enough force to make me stagger. With a strength shocking for her size, she pushed me back onto the cot.

Bang!

This time I fell harder. And before I could get up, she was already on top of me, her naked body pinning me down. One hand was still on my neck—not choking my airway, but applying enough pressure to remind me who was in control—while her other hand skillfully unzipped my pants.

"Damn it," I growled internally. My body felt increasingly weak. Not physically weak, but the will to fight was fading, replaced by a desire to... surrender? To let her do anything?

My pants opened, and my large, throbbing cock sprang out, erect and angry, like a wild beast unleashed.

Yumi, seeing it, swallowed hard. Her grey eyes widened, filled with admiration and wild lust.

"You have a truly feral beast down there," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "I really didn't make a mistake."

"Slut," I hissed, trying to sound threatening even as my voice began losing its edge. "Get off me!"

"Okay, if that's what you want," Yumi answered, but the smile on her lips grew wider. "You don't seem to like being submissive. Alright... I'll teach you to enjoy it."

And without further foreplay, without any preparation, she positioned herself. Her free hand reached between her own thighs, her fingers parting her already-glistening, slick labia.

"Do you know," she whispered, her voice now utterly filled with unbridled desire, "how much I've waited for this day? My pussy is absolutely ravenous now."

Then, she lowered herself.

"Ah—!"

A loud groan escaped my mouth, shocked by the sensation that was so... perfect.

She impaled herself on me in one downward motion, swallowing my large cock completely until my base met her plump buttocks. And the feeling... damn it. Incredible. Smooth, hot, wet, and incredibly, incredibly tight. But not a painful tightness—a tightness that felt perfectly hugged by living, pulsing flesh.

The sensation was so intense that my already-foggy mind went almost blank. Hard to think. Hard to reason. There was only the physical sensation flooding every nerve.

And Yumi... Yumi reacted even more extremely.

"AAAAAHHHHH—!"

She let out a long scream, her body arching like a bow, her eyes rolling back. From between her adorable thighs, a gush of clear fluid sprayed out profusely, soaking my stomach and the sheets beneath us.

Her body trembled violently, her breath came in gasps, and her face transformed into an expression of inhuman ecstasy. She came instantly, from the first penetration alone.

[You have successfully made Yumi climax.]

[Yumi's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 84.]

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

Those notifications appeared in my peripheral vision, but I barely noticed them.

Yumi, after that wild first peak, went slightly limp. But her now-teary eyes were still full of an even wilder desire. Her lips formed a crazy smile.

"This... this is better than I ever imagined," she hissed, her voice hoarse and full of awe. "This is the best cock I've ever felt."

Then, with a voice filled with insane determination, she declared: "Screw all that. I'm going to make you my living dildo."

And she began to move.

Meanwhile, unaware of what was happening inside, Zephyr waited outside and was about to open the door.

Chapter 210: Chapter 210 - Storage Room's Secret

Yumi began to move up and down, her plump hips swaying in a wild rhythm. I could feel every centimeter of friction inside her—the smooth, soft, and incredibly tight walls of her pussy. But it was a different kind of tightness. It was as if every fold, every contour of her flesh was specifically designed to perfectly cradle and stimulate every inch of my cock.

The sensation pulled my consciousness into a vortex of pure pleasure. It felt like sinking into a churning, hot ocean where each wave brought a new peak higher than the last.

This... was almost the same as what I'd felt with Ophelia—that deep, all-consuming intimacy. Only this time, there was an added feeling: the feeling of being swept away. As if I was losing control of the situation and of myself.

And I really, really didn't like that feeling.

Even though it felt amazing—damn it, it felt incredible—the rational part of my brain screamed that this was wrong. That I had to fight back. Trying to rise up, I lifted my hips slightly, attempting to flip our positions, to take back control.

But Yumi immediately sensed my resistance. Her hand shot out, grabbing my wrist and pinning it to the bed with surprising strength. She leaned forward, her flushed, sweaty face just inches from mine.

"Trying to run away, handsome?" she hissed, her breath hot and smelling of berries against my skin. Between her words, she let out a small gasp from the sensation of deep penetration. "Don't you dare think of it."

She moved her hips again, this time with a grinding motion that made me groan uncontrollably.

"No man can last once he's felt me. Not a single one. Especially not a pervert like you, with an explosive libido... you were bound to fall into my hands."

A long moan escaped her lips as she rose up again, then slammed back down hard. "Oh, god... your cock... is absolutely amazing. Ah...!"

I cursed internally, trying to gather my strength. But my body resisted—every muscle felt pliant, every signal from my brain to fight was drowned out by the relentless waves of pleasure flooding my nervous system.

Yumi sighed and cried out freely, uncaring of who might hear from outside the room. "So good... such a perfect cock inside me... Ah! Yes! Right there! Exactly there!"

She rode me with mounting frenzy. Her large, plump buttocks trembled with every bounce against my thighs, creating an intensely sensual sight.

Her unbelievably large, heavy breasts swung wildly to the same rhythm, like two bouncy orbs cursing her body with an almost inhuman beauty.

Yumi, astride me with a half-lidded gaze, parted lips, her long blonde hair a disheveled mess sticking to her sweaty skin—she truly looked like a beautiful, deadly sex demon straight from hell.

The expression of ecstasy on her face was so pure, so intense, that even in my threatened state, I couldn't help but admire her primal beauty.

And she had already climaxed several times—each time her body arched, each time a fresh gush of fluid from her pussy soaked more of my skin. But every time she finished, she didn't slow down. She only grew wilder, went deeper, moved faster.

"Feels... really, really good... for both of us, right?" she whispered between gasps, as if reading my mind. But the smile on her lips was still full of control, with the knowledge that she still held the reins.

But that had to change.

Even though my body still felt weak and my mind was foggy, I still had my skills. And [Lustful Touch] didn't require grand movements—just intent.

As she moved down again, sheathing herself fully on my shaft, I activated the skill. Concentrated warm energy gathered at the tip of my cock, then erupted inside the already hypersensitive walls of her pussy.

Yumi froze on top of me, her eyes flying wide open, her mouth forming a perfect 'O'. Then, her body convulsed violently.

"AAaaaAAAAAHHHHHHH—!!!!!"

Her scream shattered the room, long, broken, uncontrollable. From between her thighs, the clear fluid wasn't just flowing now, but gushing forth like a fountain, soaking my entire stomach and the bed. Her body arched like an overstrung bow, every muscle taut before finally going completely limp.

She collapsed forward, her chest and face pressing against mine, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her body still trembling with powerful aftershocks.

Feeling Yumi limp and helpless on top of me, my nearly-drowned dominant instinct surged back instantly. Now it was my turn.

My hands grabbed her plump buttocks, my fingers digging tightly into the supple flesh. And with full strength, I began to move.

Yumi was no longer in control of the rhythm—I was.

My hips thrust upwards forcefully, driving my shaft deeper into her pulsating pussy. Then I pulled her down while gripping her ass, creating deep, powerful friction.

"Ah—!" Yumi gasped in surprise, but her moan instantly transformed into a long sigh of pleasure. "Yes... like that... fuck me...!"

I didn't need to be told twice. The rhythm of my hips grew faster, more brutal. Every upward thrust was a statement of power, every downward pull a claim of ownership. The old bed beneath us creaked loudly, protesting the violence it was receiving.

"Aaah... Adam... feels so good...!"

Yumi cried out, her hands gripping my shoulders with nails that bit in. Her face, pressed against my chest, now tilted up, her grey eyes glossy with tears of pleasure, her lips parted wide releasing uncontrollable groans and sighs.

"Ahh~ ahn~ Your cock... damn it... too good...!"

I didn't answer. My focus was entirely on the sensation and reclaiming control. I pounded into her from below with full force, bottoming out each time, making her body bounce slightly atop me.

"Oh, god... oh, god...!" Yumi kept repeating, like a broken prayer. "Ahh... right there... don't stop...!"

The expression on her face was a picture of pure ecstasy. Her cheeks were flushed crimson, sweat glistened on her olive skin, and her blonde hair was a tangled, sticky mess. Her eyes sometimes squeezed shut when the sensation grew too strong, sometimes flew open wide, pupils dilated, looking at me with a wild gaze as lustful as my own.

And I looked directly into those eyes. In the depths of their grey, I saw a reflection of myself—my tense face, grinning widely, eyes dark with lust and the determination to dominate. It only made me more brutal.

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Once the second match ended with a glorious victory for Nine Stars Academy—or more accurately, a passive victory where they simply sat and watched while others fought—Zephyr sensed a shift in the web of awareness he had cast over the entire colosseum.

Yumi, whose energy signature was so distinct, was moving.

She rose from her spectator seat in the general area. She walked away from the arena, leaving the crowds behind, heading towards the quieter backstage area of the colosseum complex.

Zephyr sat upright in his special chair among the Guardian Council, his cloth-shrouded face still turned towards the arena where other academies still fought for the three remaining thrones. But his attention, his expansive awareness, followed Yumi's every step.

'Should I go see her?' he wondered.

Honestly... he missed her terribly. The feeling rose suddenly but powerfully, like a dammed-up undercurrent finally released.

Ever since their first meeting in the city park, Yumi had left a deep impression on his mind—something rare for a man like Zephyr who had seen so much, experienced so much, and who considered romantic entanglements an unnecessary distraction.

But Yumi was different.

His memory drifted to their first encounter. A sunny day in Gatehaven's city park. Zephyr was sitting on a bench, enjoying a rare moment of peace amidst his duties as a Guardian Council member and... his other, more personal agenda.

Then a woman approached—long blonde hair, sharp yet sparkling grey eyes, a figure that was captivating even in simple clothes. She sat on the bench beside him without asking, and began to speak.

"Lovely weather today, isn't it?" she said, her voice like a soft yet confident bell.

Zephyr showed no reaction. His abilities as a Seer did not immediately reveal much about this woman. It was only after witnessing her attack him in the future that he understood—her energy aura was immensely strong. She was an S-Rank Awakener, a level typically seen only among top-tier Guild Masters or the heads of elite academies. But his subsequent investigations...

She wasn't listed in the Hunter's Guild Association database. There was no record of a female S-Rank Awakener matching her description. It was odd, but not impossible. The world was vast. Many cities and regions weren't fully integrated or documented by the HGA authority. An S-Rank Awakener choosing to live off the grid? That was plausible.

Or... there was a darker possibility. Perhaps she was from the Abyss Syndicate, or some other underground criminal organization. That would explain why she approached him with such confidence—perhaps she knew who Zephyr truly was, as he was, after all, quite famous.

After that meeting, Zephyr intended to investigate her in his spare time and befriend her. He began asking her out. Every time they met, Yumi would greet him first with the same smile, chatting with him about trivial things—the weather, food, books.

And what disturbed Zephyr the most was his own body's reaction. When he was with her, he felt something he hadn't in a long time. His heart beat faster. His hands, usually cool and steady, grew slightly clammy. Even his mind, normally clear and focused, became a little clouded.

He thought he was no longer interested in women or romantic relationships of that sort. His life was filled with immense responsibility, conspiracies, and plans requiring absolute focus. But Yumi... Yumi made him doubt all that.

And now, amidst the bustle of a tournament that was really a front for his grand plan, Yumi was here.

And she might leave again. If not now, when else would he have the chance?

No, Zephyr thought, his decision firm. I must see her.

Zephyr then stood from his seat. The other Council members, including Delilah Socheron who looked particularly radiant, glanced at him with mild curiosity.

"Some business, Archer?" one asked.

"Just some air," Zephyr replied curtly, his voice calm and emotionless. "I'll return shortly."

His silent steps carried him out of the VIP booth, down a special staircase, and into the labyrinth of backstage corridors. He didn't need to ask for directions—Yumi's life energy was like a bright beacon in his expansive awareness. He followed it easily.

The corridors behind the main stage were quiet, a stark contrast to the crowds in the arena stands. Only the occasional crew or staff member hurried past. Zephyr moved like a shadow, attracting no attention.

Finally, he arrived at a darker, more remote corridor. At its end was a solid-looking metal door—likely a storage room for equipment. And behind that door... were two life energies.

One was Yumi's, her signature energy, powerful, and now... pulsing with a strange intensity, like rapidly rising and falling waves.

And the other... Zephyr recognized it. Adam Socheron. Delilah's stepson, the Nine Stars representative who had caught his attention from the start due to his sudden awakening. Plus, Adam was his teacher's son, so he had been observing him more closely.

But now... Adam was here. With Yumi. Inside a locked room.

What were they doing in there? And what was their relationship?

Zephyr stood before the door, his cloth-shrouded face directed at the sturdy metal. His gloved black hand rose, almost touching the handle, but stopped.

'The two of them... why?' he thought, as curiosity and something else began to stir in his chest. Yumi had never mentioned knowing Adam. But then again, she never mentioned much about herself.

He wanted to know. Wanted to open that door, see what was happening, make sure.

But he stopped himself. That would be terribly rude. He decided to wait instead.

Zephyr took a few steps back, leaning against the cold wall opposite the door. His position was hidden in shadow, but his awareness remained fixed on the two life forces behind the metal door.

They seemed to be very close together in that room, and that made Zephyr deeply uncomfortable.

'I'll give it ten minutes,' he thought, even though in his heart, that felt like an eternity. :If after ten minutes Yumi doesn't come out... then I will open this door, by whatever means necessary.'