

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 21 - Mind Control - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 21 - Mind Control

Chapter 21: Chapter 21 - Mind Control

Consciousness returned to me, assaulted by a strange sensation. My whole body felt weak, but an intoxicating wave coursed through my nerves, especially in my groin, which felt warm and sensitive.

Through my half-open eyelids and still-blurry vision, as if looking through a veil of water, I saw a silhouette. A woman with long golden hair, a beautiful, naked body glistening with sweat, was moving on top of me with a rough, powerful rhythm. Her breathless pants and moans mixed with words of contempt aimed at me. "You... useless... trash..."

I tried to open my eyes wider, wanting to see more clearly, to confirm this wasn't an illusion. But instantly, a strong grip choked my neck, cutting off my air and my vision. "Don't... you dare open your eyes, you bastard," the voice hissed in my ear, full of threat.

Darkness swallowed me for the second time.

When I finally opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the living room sofa. My body ached and my head was still dizzy. I sat up, rubbing my tired face. My memory immediately flashed to the moments before I passed out. Right. That bitch knocked me out. But... what happened after that? The flashes of a naked body moving over me and the choking felt so real, yet impossible.

It can't be, I denied internally. It must have just been a dream conjured by my frustrated mind and spiking libido. But why did this strange feeling, these remnants of pleasure, still cling to my body?

I let out a long sigh. It was obvious. After hitting me, Gwenneth must have just dragged and dumped me on this living room sofa, too disgusted to take me to my own room.

Failure.

My thoughts immediately went to the Quest. My attempt only managed to make her climax once before everything ended with a punch. I opened my Status Interface with a sour feeling, just to confirm my failure.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 19

EXP:5/350

<Strength: 17>

<Agility:20>

<Vitality:20>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:30>

Available Stat Points: 25

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Slave's Collar]

What?

I blinked, not believing it. Wasn't my level 14 the last time I checked, and all my Stat Points were used up? Now, my level had jumped to 19, and there were 25 Stat Points waiting.

What really happened? Did... did I somehow complete the quest? But that's impossible! I only made her climax once. Or... did I misread the requirement? Did it only need one time? No. I remembered clearly: five times.

The vague memory of me being unconscious and Gwenneth riding me came back to haunt me. Was it real? Did she... continue it herself while I was out? The thought was both shocking and... arousing. But I was too confused and tired to think about it now.

I rubbed my face and decided to shelve it for the moment.

I walked to my room, hoping not to run into Gwenneth, Angeline, or my Step-Mother Delilah. Fortunately, the hallway was quiet. Upon reaching my room, I immediately collapsed onto the bed. It was already seven in the evening. My mind was racing.

I summoned the [Slave's Collar]. A black leather choker with a faintly pulsing red heart pendant appeared in my hand. It felt cold and full of promise. Who should I use it on? Three names immediately came to mind:

First was Delilah, my Step-Mother. From the beginning, I'd had so many dark fantasies about her. That cold, powerful woman was both an object of desire and hatred for me. But she was too strong, both physically and mentally. One wrong move and she wouldn't hesitate to kill me.

I still remembered my breaking my arm when I used Lustful Touch on her.

Second was the Academy Headmistress. If I could make her my slave, all the academy's resources would be open to me. I could also use her to get revenge in the most perfect ways on everyone who ever looked down on me in the past.

Then, Yukie Iceblood. Just her name made my blood boil. She was the woman I hated most in this world, the person I most wanted to torture and humiliate until she begged for mercy.

This was a difficult choice. Each offered different kinds of satisfaction. But the best choice was probably the Academy Headmistress, that fifty-year-old woman who was still very beautiful.

As I was lost in this dilemma, another notification appeared. The [Mind Control] cooldown had ended. Seeing it, a crooked smile formed on my lips.

My mind was filled with various scenarios I wanted to try with my new skill, [Mind Control]. Even though I'd tested it on a passerby earlier for money, my curiosity wasn't satisfied. I needed to understand its limits.

[Mind Control]

-> Allows the user to take complete control of a single target's mind and body for 10 minutes. The target will blindly obey the user's commands, as if the user's will were their own. You can choose whether the target remains conscious during control. This skill requires a six-hour cooldown after use before it can be activated again.]

The official description was still too ambiguous and left many questions. For example, if I chose to let the victim remain conscious during control, and then, just before the skill's duration ended, I commanded them to forget everything that happened—would their memory truly be erased after the effect wore off? Or, even more interestingly, what if I gave a long-term command? Like ordering someone to perform a specific routine every day—for instance, if I commanded Angeline to kiss me every morning before leaving for the academy—would she keep doing it even after the Mind Control influence ended?

I had to know.

And who was a better test subject for this than my own little stepsister?

I stopped in front of Angeline's door, just a few steps from my own room. According to her habits, around this time she should be home and in her room, unless she had other business or was out playing.

I knocked softly on her door.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

"Who?" her voice came from behind the door, soft like a melody.

I deliberately didn't answer, then knocked once more, a little louder.

"Adam, if you're messing around, I don't want to be bothered, okay!" this time her voice sounded annoyed. I heard footsteps approaching, then the door opened.

And in that moment, without giving her a chance to react, I instantly activated the [Mind Control] skill on her.

Instantly, Angeline's body stiffened. The annoyed expression on her face melted away, replaced by a blank, flat stare. She now stood like a puppet awaiting commands, completely under my control.

Seeing Angeline frozen perfectly in place, her beautiful eyes that usually shone now empty and emotionless, a wave of euphoria surged in my chest. It worked. It really worked.

I pushed her door open wide. The fragrant, tidy room, just like its owner, lay before me. I stepped inside, my footsteps muffled by the soft carpet, then closed the door again with a faint click.

Now, it was just me and my perfect angel in this room.

I only had ten minutes. Not a single second could be wasted.

I approached her, my voice a soft whisper yet filled with the authority granted by this skill, "Since our time is limited, my angelic slave..."

My breath hitched slightly, the drive from my Libido flaring up.

"Now, open my pants..." I stared into her empty eyes, ensuring the command sank in. "...and suck my cock."

The command was spoken. Now, I would witness firsthand how far obedience could be enforced by this Mind Control skill.

Chapter 22: Chapter 22 - Training the Angel

After my command, I walked closer to the edge of her bed. Angeline followed me obediently, her steps mechanical like a doll's, without a single expression on her angelic face. I looked at her for a moment. She wore a short-sleeved, bone-white pajama set with small black ribbon patterns that made her look even more innocent and sweet.

Just as I had commanded, Angeline immediately squatted down without hesitation once she stood before me. Her small hands pulled down my zipper and then my pants, followed by my underwear.

Once freed, my already tense and hard dick sprang out, and because of her position directly in front of my face, the tip accidentally slapped against her smooth cheek. Yet, Angeline's face remained flat, showing no reaction of embarrassment, surprise, or any emotion whatsoever.

'A bit of a shame,' I thought. I grew curious about what expression she would make if she were conscious—would she blush crimson with shame, or would her eyes well up with tears from the humiliation?

Ever since the plan to use Mind Control on her popped into my head, I hadn't been able to stop being aroused. Who wouldn't? Considering this girl had always been so annoying to me, it only made her more tempting. And now, I had absolute power over her.

I then sat on the edge of the bed. My hand stroked her smooth purple hair as I said in a low voice, "Starting today, you will be my angel... my personal cocksucker!"

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 21(+1)]

Oh, even under Mind Control, her arousal could still rise. But despite her innocent appearance, she truly was something else. What kind of woman gets turned on just from being told something like that? Still, I brushed the thought aside. All that mattered now was my own satisfaction.

As if understanding the command, Angeline immediately opened her mouth wide. With a slow, measured movement, she began to take my penis into her mouth. I hissed as I felt the sensitive head of my cock touch her warm, soft tongue. But as she tried to take me deeper, I felt the sharp scrape of her teeth.

"Be careful," I growled, gripping her hair gently. "Don't let your teeth scratch me."

Complying with my order, Angeline immediately adjusted. Her mouth opened wider, and she continued more carefully, ensuring her soft lips and tongue became the barrier between her teeth and my sensitive skin.

Oh, fucking hell gods...

The sensation inside her mouth was incredible. The warmth, the wetness, and the soft yet deliberate movement of her tongue sent waves of pleasure throughout my body, making me sigh softly. The temptation to just grab her head and thrust deep into her throat was almost unbearable, but I held back.

I wanted to savor every second.

Seeing her struggle to accommodate my length and girth, my lust took over.

"Fuck! Take it all!" I commanded, my voice slightly breathless. "All the way down your throat!"

Without protest, Angeline pushed her head forward. My eyes widened as I watched my long, thick shaft disappear completely into her small mouth, until the base was pressed against her lips and my pubic hair touched her small nose.

An utterly unforgettable sight—her beautiful, innocent face buried in my crotch, her cheeks hollowed from sucking. I felt the contraction of her throat muscles as she tried to swallow, a sensation that almost made me explode right then.

I took a deep breath, then in a hoarse, lust-filled voice, I gave the next command, "Good... Now, move your mouth. Suck and lick it properly."

Obediently, under the complete control of my mind, Angeline began to move, stiffly and unskillfully. The up-and-down motion of her petite mouth was awkward, exactly like an inexperienced girl forced to perform an act beyond her consciousness. But it was precisely that innocence that aroused me even more.

"Damn it! Fuck! Angel," I moaned, my hands gripping her soft hair, "I'm gonna train you to be an amazing cocksucker!"

The hot, wet, soft sensation of her oral cavity was truly unbearable. Her naive tongue moved aimlessly, sweeping over every inch of my hard shaft. Each time I pushed her head deeper, her tight throat constricted, trying to swallow the foreign object forcing its way down.

Sounds of my heavy breathing and her slight gags escaped her mouth, mixed with the wet slurping sounds of saliva starting to overflow. The clear drool dripped messily, wetting her chin and neck, eventually forming a small puddle on the floor.

I was on the edge. It felt impossible to hold back any longer.

"I... I can't hold it anymore!" I snarled, both hands now gripping her head tightly.

With a lustful thrust, I started to brutally fuck her mouth. The rhythm started slow, then became faster and uncontrolled. Each time I thrust my hips forward, my long, thick shaft plunged deep into her throat.

Angeline's breath hitched every time the tip of my dick touched her gag reflex. The sound of her choked, staggered breathing, combined with the wet 'slap' noise of her mouth being forced to accommodate my member, filled the room. My tightened balls swung and slapped hard against her reddened chin and cheeks.

"Ah... shit! Here it comes...!" I cried out, feeling the base of my thighs begin to pulse uncontrollably. "Take this, you damn angel!"

With one last deep, brutal thrust, I reached my peak. The first spurt of semen flooded her throat. Angeline jerked violently, her body stiffening. Her eyes widened, filled with tears that streamed down due to choking and the overly intense sensation. The internal pressure was so strong that some of my thick white fluid forced its way out through both her nostrils, forming streams of dirty white mucus on her beautiful face.

I pushed her face away, and the remaining cum that hadn't been swallowed yet spurted out from between her swollen lips, adding to the mess on her face and the floor. I was slightly surprised by the volume of my fluid, which was much more than usual—was this an effect of increasing my libido stat?

"You damn slut," I ordered, still panting. "Open your mouth. Wide."

Obediently, Angeline opened her mouth. The sight before me was utterly lewd. Her pink oral cavity was still full of my white semen, her tongue submerged in it. The sight was so sexy it made my half-limp cock throb and harden again.

"Now, swallow. All of it. Even the drips, lick them up and swallow," I gave the next command.

Without hesitation, Angeline closed her mouth and swallowed. Then, she stuck her tongue out, licking the residual cum from her lips and hands, even bending over to lick the puddle of semen that had fallen on the floor. She did it thoroughly, without emotion.

And then, without being told, she suddenly moved closer again and began licking my shaft, which was still wet with our mixed fluids. Her warm, soft tongue cleaned every last drop, the sensation making me shiver.

"Good," I murmured, stroking her head which was bent between my thighs. "You're truly talented at being a cocksucker."

Once I felt clean, Angeline pulled her face back and stood up straight right in front of me, her gaze empty and her body poised, waiting for commands. I glanced at my penis, which was already standing erect again, then my gaze fell on the timer in the corner of my vision: [02.56...]

I let out a deep sigh. The urge to take her virginity right then and there was so intense. But I held back. Taking her cherry while she was unconscious like this felt... bland. I wanted it... when she was fully conscious, when she could witness every emotion—shock, fear, or maybe acceptance—in her clear eyes. I already had the perfect scenario for that.

Still breathing heavily, I pulled up and put on my pants. A sense of satisfaction and power flooded through me.

"Angeline, listen," I said, testing a new command. "From this moment on, you are my slave. Even after the effects of my Mind Control wear off, you will remain my slave, understand?"

"Yes, Master," she replied in a flat, soulless voice.

A faint smile touched my lips. It worked. "So, starting tomorrow, before you leave for the academy, you have to kiss me. Every morning. Oh, and you must never yell at me again!"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Now, let's return to our positions before I mind-controlled you."

I walked backwards out of her room, followed by Angeline, whose body moved stiffly like a puppet on strings. I stopped in front of her still half-open door, while Angeline now stood right in front of me, her gaze empty and her body poised, waiting for commands.

I checked the timer in the corner of my vision: [01:46...]. Still enough time for the next experiment. My mind raced. According to the skill description, I could choose whether the target remained conscious during control.

I took a deep breath, then commanded, "Become conscious!"

Instantly, like a switch flipped, the blank expression on Angeline's face vanished, replaced by a furrowed brow and eyes blazing with anger.

"Adam! What the hell are you doing? Do you want me to hit you again for disturbing me?!" she snapped, her usually angelic voice now filled with irritation, exactly like her usual attitude towards me.

A faint smile spread across my lips. Amazing. Even though my Mind Control was still active, she was fully aware of her situation and showing her true personality. But, to what extent could this consciousness resist my commands?

"Heh," I muttered, then in a firm voice I said, "Be silent. Don't move and don't speak until I tell you to!"

The effect was immediate. Angeline, of course, still looked furious—her eyes wide, her breath rapid, her cheeks flushed. However, her body didn't move at all.

Her mouth, which had opened to yell at me again, seemed locked shut. She couldn't utter a single word. Under normal circumstances, if I dared to talk to her like that, a slap or a kick would have already landed on my body. Now, she could only stand still, with confusion and panic beginning to overshadow her anger. She clearly didn't understand why her body wouldn't obey her own will.

Seeing the confusion in her eyes, satisfaction swelled in my chest. This power... was truly intoxicating.

As the timer showed [00:03...], I hurriedly gave the final command. "Forget everything I said, but obey all my commands while you were unconscious just now!"

[00:00...]

The timer disappeared. Mind Control had ended.

I watched Angeline warily,

waiting for her reaction. Did my final command work? Or would she remember everything and her rage would explode?

Chapter 23: Chapter 23 - Yukie Iceblood

"Adam! You trash! What the hell is wrong with you?! Do you want me to hit you again for bothering me?!"

Angeline's shrill shout shattered the silence of the hallway. Her pretty face was flushed with a mix of anger and confusion. I observed her carefully, like a scientist watching his experiment.

Suddenly, Angeline's expression shifted slightly. Her tongue inadvertently licked her wet lips, and her eyes blinked rapidly.

"My mouth feels weird," she mumbled to herself, her angry expression slightly masked by bewilderment.

"Salty... and a strange, slightly sweet taste." She also felt a dull ache in her throat, her jaw, and her tongue, as if the muscles had been working hard non-stop.

But the most disturbing sensation was a sudden heat spreading from within her body, gathering in her crotch until it felt damp and uncomfortable. Her cheeks, already red with anger, now burned even hotter with unbearable embarrassment.

"N-Next time, don't bother me this late at night again, or... or I'll beat you up like last time!" she threatened, but her voice sounded shaky and unconvincing.

Before I could even respond, with a quick movement filled with shame and frustration, she pushed me aside slightly and slammed her bedroom door shut with a loud BANG!

I stood still for a moment in front of the closed door, hearing the lock turn from the inside. My mind immediately went to work analyzing her reaction.

First, her reaction after the Mind Control wore off clearly showed she had forgotten my words, just as I'd commanded. If she remembered and "don't move," plus the fact that she'd obeyed, her anger when the control ended would have been far more explosive, followed by punches or kicks aimed at me.

Second, and this was interesting, the specific command I'd given while she was unconscious—not to yell at me after Mind Control ended—had not held. She'd yelled at me the moment the effect vanished.

Was it because I specifically told her to forget all my commands? If she forgot them, of course she wouldn't obey them. But even when I made her conscious, before I told her to forget my words, she had also yelled at me immediately.

Hmm... So, perhaps commands meant to have a lasting effect beyond the skill's duration are impossible? This part still requires further testing.

Overall, however, I was extremely satisfied. This skill was incredibly powerful. In just 10 minutes, there were no limits to what I could command. The time was short, but it was enough for many things.

Feeling pleased, I turned and walked away from her door.

Meanwhile, behind the locked door, Angeline listened to the sound of Adam's footsteps slowly fading away. She pressed her ear to the door, making sure he was gone. Once sure, she grumbled, "Damn bastard... asshole..."

With an agitated motion, her hand went to her crotch, which still felt hot and damp. An strange, irresistible urge made her fingers, without a second thought, slip into her panties and slide two fingers into her already wet pussy.

"Ah...! Fuck, why am I so horny...?" she groaned, both surprised and ashamed of her own body. Her breath came in gasps.

With a suppressed groan, Angeline began moving her fingers quickly and rhythmically, trying to quell the fiery heat raging in her body, all while cursing Adam's name in her mind.

A shadow—a man with brownish-blond hair almost as tall as me—moved too fast for me to avoid. A powerful, hard punch slammed into my chest with immense force.

"Hngh—!"

My body was thrown backward, hitting the classroom wall with a deafening thud. Sharp pain spread from my chest, followed by a warm, metallic taste in my throat. I vomited blood onto the floor, gasping and wheezing as I tried to find oxygen that seemed to have vanished. Every breath was torture; a few of my ribs were definitely broken.

As my vision swam, a pretty, pink-haired girl approached. She knelt beside me, her face showing a fake expression full of concern. Her soft hands held my blood-stained one.

"Oh, you must be in so much pain," she whispered, her voice like a gentle bell. "Don't worry, I'll help you."

But my eyes, filled with panic and pain, caught it—a faint, cold, mocking smile that flickered across her lips. Then, a warm, almost painfully bright golden light climbed from her hands, enveloping my body.

It felt like being dipped into a spring of life; the broken bones shifted and snapped back into place with faint cracking sounds, the metallic taste in my mouth disappeared, and my breathing eased. I lay gasping on the floor, my body whole again but my soul still trembling.

However, before I could even get up or even think, the blond-haired man was standing over me again. With a swift, contemptuous movement, he swung his foot. The hard tip of his shoe connected squarely with my mouth.

Crack!

Unspeakable pain! My teeth shattered, the taste of metal flooded my tongue. My head snapped back again, hitting the wall. Stars spun in my vision, and this time, the enticing darkness came quickly, promising an escape from this hell. Please... just let me... pass out...

But the pink-haired girl was an executioner too kind to allow it. Once more, her manipulative golden light touched me, washing away the pain, forcing me back into brutal reality. New teeth grew with a disgusting, tickling sensation, and my shattered skull knitted itself back together.

"Pathetic," she taunted, her sweet voice now sounding like poison. "Just imagine if there wasn't a great healer like me here. You'd be dead like a dog by now."

The attacker, snorted in annoyance. He lifted his foot and wiped the tip of his now blood-stained boot on my clothes. "Worthless trash. You dirtied my new shoes."

From the shadows behind the man, a black-haired guy with a relaxed posture leaned against the wall.

"Aren't you getting bored with this game, Max?" he said, his voice flat.

Maximus sneered, his eyes not leaving my trembling form on the floor. "Bored? Never. As a good classmate, I must always be enthusiastic about teaching our friend here to know his place."

The black-haired man just chuckled softly, his voice resonating with a terrible note of agreement.

Then, my attention was drawn to a darker corner of the room. A woman sat on a table, her slender legs dangling casually. Her hair was short and messy, snow-white, covering part of her forehead and one of her eyes. The one visible eye, milky white without a pupil, seemed to stare vacantly in my direction, yet I could feel its weight piercing my soul. She didn't need to say a word to declare who held the power here.

"I'm so bored," the white-haired woman said suddenly, her voice flat, cold, and seemingly coming from a void.

Another woman with straight black hair standing beside her, like a faithful attendant, nodded slowly. "I feel the same."

My heart seemed to stop beating. In that single glance, my most primal instinct screamed in recognition of who she was. A curse froze in my heart, filled with a deep, profound fear.

Yukie Iceblood.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24 - A Petty Revenge

I woke up suddenly, gasping for air, my body drenched in cold sweat. The darkness of the room felt suffocating, haunted by the shadows of the past that had invaded my dreams again. Ever since my stepmother forced me back to that academy, every night had become a recurring torture.

Truthfully, ever since I Awakened and gained this System, the desire for revenge had burned like a fire in my heart. I'd imagined a thousand ways to use [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] to humiliate them, to make them beg at my feet.

But every morning, as dawn broke and the time to leave approached, or when the academy gates came into view in the distance, all my courage evaporated. My legs would turn to lead, my heart would pound, and I'd inevitably turn around.

It turns out, having the power to kill them easily doesn't automatically erase years of deeply rooted trauma.

Huh... How pathetic I am.

Luckily, my stepmother hasn't returned since that incident. If she knew I hadn't gone back to the academy, I'd be thrown out of this house for sure.

I looked at the clock glowing faintly in the dark. 4:00 AM. Going back to sleep was impossible. I got out of bed, my legs feeling weak, and opened the bedroom window. The cold morning air swept across my face; I hoped it could calm my troubled mind.

But what I felt instead was a sudden, painful wave of disgust—not aimed at them, but at myself. At the fear that refused to leave. At the helplessness that kept me shackled.

"AAAAARRRGGGHHHH!"

Before I knew it, a hoarse scream erupted from my throat. Like a madman, I spun around and slammed my fists into the bedroom wall.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The cold face of Yukie Ice Blood became the target of my rage. Every punch was a release of frustration, every roared curse a whip against my own cowardice. The skin on my knuckles tore, blood began to stain the white wall, and sharp pain shot through my nerves. But that physical pain was nothing compared to the mental torture of still feeling afraid.

Suddenly, my door was pounded on violently.

"ADAM! YOU CRAZY DOG! WHAT TIME DO YOU THINK IT IS?!" Angeline shrieked from behind the door, her voice piercing the morning quiet like a siren. "I WAS JUST SLEEPING SOUNDLY, YOU WRETCHED TRASH! IF YOU WANT TO GO CRAZY, GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE! DON'T WAKE OTHER PEOPLE UP, YOU DICKHEAD!"

I stopped instantly, my heart pounding and breath catching. My eyes were fixed on the wall I had just assaulted. Small cracks spread from the points of impact, stained with blood. My strength... before, my punches could never have done this.

"ADAM! I SAID OPEN THIS DOOR, YOU BASTARD!" Angeline yelled again, her voice escalating.

With unsteady steps, I walked to the door. When I opened it, I was met with Angeline's face, flushed red with anger, her eyes spitting fire.

"You disrespectful piece of shit! Take a look at yourself, trash! Disturbing people's rest—!"

Her fist was already flying towards my face before she could finish her sentence. Her movement was fast, fueled by pure rage.

But for me, the world suddenly went still.

[Time Stop].

Everything froze. Angeline's fist hung in the air, just centimeters from my nose. The explosive anger on her face was preserved on her pretty features like a perfect statue.

I took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. A thin, mocking smile finally spread across my lips. I gazed at her frozen face.

"You came at just the right time," I whispered to the living statue, my voice filled with dark satisfaction. "I'm feeling very, very stressed."

I took another deep breath. But inside me, a turmoil of deep rage, frustration, and something darker—a boiling desire—was churning uncontrollably. It felt like all the emotions I'd bottled up were about to explode through my pores.

Instantly, a transparent blue panel appeared before my eyes, blocking my view of Angeline.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Angeline Socheron

OBJECTIVE: Subdue her!

REWARD: 1000 EXP and 1 Random Item.

[Accept: y / n]

Without a second thought, I selected 'y'.

This System really seemed to be able to read my mind.

I lifted Angeline's rigid body easily. She felt light, a helpless doll in the eternity of time I had created.

I tossed her onto my messy bed, her body bouncing softly before settling into stillness again. In a few steps, I closed and locked the bedroom door. The world was now sealed off. Just me, her, and all the bitter vengeance I was about to unleash.

I stood by the bed, looking down at her pristine, off-white silk pajamas. With a rough movement, I tore them open and threw the garments to the floor. In an instant, her completely naked body was laid bare before me.

Her angelically beautiful face still displayed its frozen, angry expression. But beneath it was a truly mesmerizing body. Her breasts were on the smaller side, but perfectly round with pert, pink nipples standing defiantly.

Her waist was slim, her stomach flat, and her hips curved into a sexy silhouette. Between her slender thighs lay a neatly trimmed slender patch of pubic hair, hiding her 'center of pleasure'. Long, beautiful legs completed the picture.

My body reacted immediately. Heat spread, and my cock hardened, straining against my tight pants. Blind desire replaced logic. I activated two skills simultaneously: [Eye of Desire] and [Lustful Touch].

My vision changed. Now I could see an aura of energy all over Angeline's body, points of light pulsing. A information panel appeared next to her head.

NAME: Angeline Socheron

AGE: 20

CLASS: Paladin

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 27%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Tongue, Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Sadistic and Masochistic

My smile widened. You bitch, I thought. A sexual arousal of 27%? In the middle of her furious outburst? Or could it be... she was actually waiting for a moment like this?

Moving quickly, I undid my pants and took them off along with my underwear. My cock, already erect and demanding freedom, sprang out. I glanced at the timer in the corner of my vision.

[09:34...]

I still had plenty of time. I stared at Angeline's naked body, thinking about where to start. The urge to just thrust in and wreck her pussy was strong, but I held back. This had to be slow.

I let out a breath. A strange thought crossed my mind. If only I could reverse time, then I could freely take her virginity multiple times...

But my class, Depraved Time Lord, had so far only given me [Time Stop] related to time. Most of the other skills were just for pleasure. Would I ever get the ability to truly travel through time? I shook my head, dismissing the thought. Now wasn't the time. My frustration was at its peak, and this was the outlet.

I changed Angeline's position, dragging her until her head hung over the edge of the bed, right in front of my crotch. From my angle, it was as if I was standing over her head.

With both hands, I pried open her tightly shut mouth. I slipped my fingers inside, feeling the warmth and moisture. I stretched her jaw, forcing the opening wider, pushing in further, and stretching her throat muscles. Then, with a lustful gaze, I aimed the tip of my penis at her gaping lips.

Slowly, but surely, I pushed my shaft into her mouth. It felt... incredible. Warm, wet, and incredibly tight. I pushed deeper, ignoring normal limits, until my entire length was buried deep in her throat. An impossibly deep throat, unachievable under normal circumstances.

"Ugh..." I groaned softly, pleasure spreading through me like electricity. "You bitch..."

My hands held the sides of her head, locking it in place. Then, I started to move. My hips thrust back and forth, fucking her passive mouth. At first, it was slow, savoring every centimeter of friction inside her warmth. But then, the anger and frustration took over. My movements became fast, brutal, and violent.

"You damn bitch!" I taunted, thrusting hard, making her frozen, open eyes seem to vibrate. "Acting all tough earlier, huh? Yelling, trying to hit me?! Look at you now! Your loud mouth is nothing but a hole for my dick now!"

My balls slapped repeatedly against her nose and eyes with loud, smacking sounds that echoed in the silent room. Saliva began to pool in the corners of her stretched mouth, dripping slowly down her cheeks. The sound of my heavy panting and the wet noise of my cock plunging into her throat were the only sounds in this vacuum.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 90 (+1)]

[...]

The notification appeared, but I ignored it. I was too engrossed in my petty revenge. I kept thrusting, getting more and more intense, until suddenly...

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

Angeline's frozen body suddenly experienced a mild convulsion. I could feel contractions in her throat, gripping my penis tightly, even with time stopped.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 31]

But I didn't stop. Her orgasm only spurred my desire further.

"You hidden slut," I snarled, still moving. "You climax just from being fucked in the mouth? You really were born to be trampled on!"

After a few more moments of satisfying my lust in her mouth, I pulled my still-hard cock from her throat with a wet "plop" sound, only to immediately thrust it back deep into her esophagus.

I bent over and pulled her legs up until they were folded, exposing the entire area between her thighs. From up close, I examined her virgin pussy and her very tight, firmly closed anal opening.

With my finger, I stroked her labia, already wet with her own fluids—proof of her earlier orgasm. Then, with the same wet finger, I traced it to her tiny anal opening. I pressed slowly, forcing my thumb into the tight hole.

"I'm really curious what expression you'll make later, you bitch," I whispered while twisting my finger inside, trying to widen the narrow gap.

At the same time, my mind wandered. I wasn't sure my large cock could fit in there. Maybe I should buy an anal plug and other sex toys to train her first.

With that thought, I pushed my index finger in after my thumb, forcibly stretching her asshole. Once again, Angeline's body reacted with convulsions and contractions.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

And by God, even though time was still stopped, I could feel her body tense up incredibly. The pussy I had just been staring at suddenly clenched and released more fluid, while the throat gripping my cock tightened as if trying to milk it. The intense stimulation finally pushed me over the edge.

"You damn... whore!" I groaned out as an overwhelming wave of pleasure crashed through every nerve in my body. I reached my climax, spewing all my pent-up contents and rage deep into Angeline's warm, welcoming throat.

Chapter 25: Chapter 25 - The Real Revenge

After the wave of intense pleasure subsided, I let my still-hard cock remain buried in the warmth and tightness of Angeline's throat for a moment. The sensation was piercingly intoxicating.

Meanwhile, my mouth continued to wildly lick and suck at her wet slit, while my fingers explored and stretched her tight backdoor. Three fingers were already inside; I figured that was her limit for today.

Suddenly, the body beneath me shuddered violently. I felt wild contractions from the vagina I was tasting, followed by a long tremor that ran through Angeline's entire body. She had reached her peak again.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 34]

I welcomed her orgasm by sucking deeper on the fluids flooding from within her. The taste was salty and sharp—a flavor that shouldn't be pleasant, but in this state, it felt like intoxicating honey. I swallowed it greedily, savoring every drop.

As the lust began to recede, my gaze fell on the numbers steadily counting down in the corner of my eye: [02:38...]. Huh, time was almost up.

Reluctantly, I got up. My dick slowly slid out of Angeline's wide-open mouth, leaving a trail of white semen coating her tongue and throat. The sight was incredibly sexy. Only now did I understand the appeal of marking one's partner with their own fluids.

Wanting to make it more permanent, I grabbed a marker from the desk. Meticulously, I wrote lewd words and obscene drawings on her groin and her small chest, which was still rising and falling slowly. A reminder of what had just happened to her.

Satisfied with my work, I picked up my phone. As I suspected, even though it turned on, the camera function and almost all other apps remained useless. This frozen world had its own rules.

I took a few steps back from the bed, gazing at Angeline's motionless form, frozen in a deeply shameful state. I waited.

[00.00]

And the moment the countdown hit zero, the world seemed to take a long breath before starting to beat again. In my heart, a resolve hardened: The real revenge had just begun.

Angeline awoke with a violent shudder. Her chest rose and fell irregularly as she tried to sit up, before choking on the thick fluid filling her mouth and throat. A strong, wracking cough shook her, her fists clenching the sheets while her vision swam.

"Bleh... Aah... Hah... Wha... what is this?" she rasped, her tongue registering the unfamiliar, nauseating taste. Her body felt feverish, her brain like cotton, unable to piece together any memory of how she ended up in my bed in this state.

Then her eyes found me. Standing upright at the foot of the bed, pantsless, my still-powerful and wet cock standing arrogantly before her.

"YOU—!" she shrieked, her voice nearly cracking. "Y-You shameless animal! You bastard! What did you do to me?!"

Suddenly, awareness swept over her own body. Naked. And there, below her flat navel, were words and obscene drawings in black marker: "my fallen angel", "sperm storage", with an arrow pointing directly to her most intimate part.

Her face burned crimson, from her cheeks to her ears. Blood rushed, a crushing shame coursing through her like an electric shock. With trembling movements, she tried to cover her small breasts with her hands, while her legs clamped tightly together.

"Wh-what did you do to me?! You... You raped me? You're sick! You devil! Cover yourself up, you pervert!" she stammered, her eyes avoiding my calm gaze but unable to fully escape the sight of my still-erect penis. Her wild, innocent reaction only made me smile.

How adorable.

Seeing me just stand there and smile, her anger exploded. Shame turned to violence. With a furious cry, she lunged at me from the bed, her fist clenched, ready to smash into my face.

But before her touch could land, I calmly activated my [Mind Control] skill and said, "Be still. Don't move."

Like magic, her body stiffened instantly. Her feet planted on the floor, her arm suspended in mid-air, her eyes wide with disbelief. She tried to struggle, to scream, but no sound came out, no muscle would obey her. Only short, hissed breaths escaped her nose.

Her skin broke out in goosebumps. Fear and confusion flooded her eyes, which were beginning to well up.

I stepped closer, my fingers casually pinching one of her erect nipples.

"Just had multiple orgasms, and you're already daring to fight back?" I taunted slowly, twisting her reddened nipple. "Your body is more honest than you are, Angel."

Angeline could only bite her lip hard. Tears finally fell, but her body remained motionless.

My hand then traveled down, gently stroking her wet pussy. She shuddered violently. In the corner of my eye, a notification appeared:

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 35 (+1)].

[Domination over Angeline increased to 2%]

I raised my hand, now wet with her own fluids, holding it right in front of her wide, staring eyes.

"See? How wet you are. Even in a situation like this, you can get aroused?" I mocked again, my voice low and full of contempt. "You little slut? Is your hole already missing me?"

Angeline squeezed her eyes shut, unable to look directly at the proof of her body's pleasure. A profound shame made her wish she could disappear. But her forcibly controlled body gave her no choice. She had to stand there, naked, humiliated, and realize she could do nothing against me.

I let out a slow breath, savoring the fear radiating from her tear-filled eyes.

"Alright," I said, "You may speak now, but keep your voice low."

The moment my command was lifted, a weak, desperate moan escaped Angeline's lips, followed by stammered words. "Y-You... you're insane! I'm your sister! How could you... how could you do this to me?" Her voice was hoarse, filled with pain and betrayal.

I leaned close to her red ear, my warm breath washing over her sensitive skin.

"Precisely because of that," I whispered hoarsely and seductively, "It only makes me more excited."

Simultaneously with those words, I thrust my middle finger, still slick with her fluids, deep inside her wet slit without warning.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 37 (+2)]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 3%]

"Ah—!!" A short, high, unbidden gasp jumped from Angeline's mouth. Her rigid body trembled violently, fighting against the [Mind Control] command to arch her back.

"Your moan are so cute," I praised in a low voice, slowly rotating my finger inside her. "Your body is far more honest than your lying mouth."

"You... you're sick!" she cried, her voice trembling between anger and deep-seated fear.

Hearing that, I let out a hoarse chuckle.

"Sick?" I repeated, while quickly pinching her small, sensitive clit between my index finger and thumb.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 38 (+1)]

"Hyah—!!" Angeline jolted violently, a long, deep moan forced from her throat. Her eyes widened, unbelieving of the electrifying sensation sweeping through her body once more.

"I am sick," I said, my voice suddenly turning cold and sharp as a blade. "After EVERYTHING you all did to me! How could I possibly be okay?!" I hissed the words right into her face, each syllable laden with years of pent-up bitterness.

With a rough motion, I pulled my finger out of her warmth. Then, with an unyielding, challenging gaze, I stuck out my tongue and licked clean every drop of her fluid still clinging to my finger.

Angeline shivered at the sight. Tears streamed down her cheeks. The defiance in her eyes slowly died, replaced by agonizing despair. She realized her anger and contempt were useless here.

Gritting her teeth, she had to pretend to apologize to get out of this situation, even though she didn't want to.

"L-Look..." she sobbed, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Brother! I know I was wrong! I... We treated you badly! We ignored you, we insulted you, we treated you like trash! It was our fault! My fault! I admit it! But please... stop this! I'm your sister! Even if just by law! Please... don't do this anymore!"

Her crying intensified, her still-locked body shaking violently. "I promise! I promise I'll change! I'll treat you well! I'll make Mother treat you well too! Just... whatever you want! Just... don't... don't do this... don't treat me like this." She sobbed brokenly, her voice full of desperation.

The sight of a beautiful, naked girl crying and begging with all her soul would melt any man's heart. But my heart had frozen to stone. Seeing her cry only fueled my excitement further.

"It's too late for regrets," I stated flatly, my voice like cracking ice.

Then, I took a step back. Calmly, I took my phone from my pocket. The screen lit up, and this time, the camera function opened smoothly. I raised it, aiming the lens directly at Angeline, still frozen in place—naked, body covered in lewd writings, face wet with tears, eyes full of devastation.

Click!

The sound of the camera shutter echoed in the silent room, forever preserving this shameful, humiliating moment.