

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 211 - Zephyr Interruption - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 211 - Zephyr Interruption

Chapter 211: Chapter 211 - Zephyr Interruption

An overwhelming wave of heat surged from the base of my spine, washing over every nerve like a tsunami of pleasure. The muscles in my stomach and thighs locked tight, my fingers digging into Yumi's buttocks with a grip that turned her skin red.

"Fuck, I'm coming!" I groaned, the sound tearing from my throat as a raw, guttural snarl.

"Inside! Pour it all into my womb, Adam!" Yumi screamed shrilly, her body arching again, her face tilted back with a perfect ahegao expression—eyes rolled white, tongue lolling out, drool trailing from the corner of her swollen lips.

"Get me pregnant! Fill me to the brim!"

A hot, torrential gush of semen flooded her passage, and with it, Yumi's body convulsed violently once more. A squirt more powerful than any before shot from between her thighs, soaking the mattress and my legs that still pinned her down. The sound of splashing fluids mixed with our mutual groans.

"Ahhh... God... it's so... full..." she panted, her body going completely limp on top of mine. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glassy, but a satisfied, lewd smile graced her lips. "Your cum... it's so warm and thick... I can feel it filling my womb... you'll have to take responsibility if I really get pregnant, you know..."

Her words sparked something inside me—anger mixed with rekindled lust. My breath was still ragged, my body flooded with the adrenaline and testosterone from the orgasm that had just passed. With a rough motion, I shoved her limp body off, flipping her over onto the mattress already soaked with our various fluids.

Yumi offered no resistance at all. She only let out a small moan as she was manhandled, like a compliant ragdoll. I crouched behind her, staring at her plump buttocks, still gleaming with a mix of sweat, squirt, and my own cum which was beginning to seep from her widely spread pussy.

One of my hands pressed her back down, while the other reached from behind to grab her neck, forcing her face deep into the damp pillow.

"Mmmpff!" her muffled cry escaped.

And strangely, the moment I took complete, physical, and rough control, I felt my strength returning. The fog in my mind began to clear, that sensation of weakness and being swept away slowly fading. As if this physical domination was the antidote to the influence she'd exerted over me.

Yumi moaned again, longer and more lustful this time. Under my pressure, she obediently spread her thighs wider, presenting an utterly obscene sight: her red, swollen pussy, still gaping open, oozing thick white streams of my cum that dripped slowly onto her groin and the sheets. And above it, her tempting buttocks, her puckered and still-tight anus, clenching and unclenching with her ragged breaths.

She even lifted her ass a little higher, offering herself, while turning her head as much as she could with her face partly buried. Her glassy gray eyes looked at me with a mix of submission and challenge.

"So you're fighting back now, huh?" she whispered, her voice hoarse from held breath and earlier screaming, yet still holding a teasing note that made my blood boil. "Which hole do you want to use now? My pussy, still full of your cum... or my asshole, just for you?"

Her words were like gasoline poured on the fire of my rage and lust. My hand on her neck squeezed tighter, just enough to remind her who was in charge now.

"I'm taking your ass. I'm going to make it completely mine." I growled, my voice rough.

"Ah! Yes! A great choice!" Yumi howled, her face sinking back into the pillow, but her voice still clear. "My ass is still so tight for you... fill it again... stuff it again...!"

With a hard thrust, I breached the tight ring of muscle. Yumi let out a long scream, her body tensing completely, her hands gripping the sheets tightly. It felt utterly different from her pussy. And I started moving wildly almost immediately after I was fully sheathed, giving her no time to adjust.

"AAAHH! FUCK! YES! JUST LIKE THAT!" Yumi screamed again, her face muffled once more, but her voice audible. "I love it! Rougher! Show me who's really the boss, Adam! Wreck this slut's ass!"

The room was filled again with the symphony of our eroticism—my heavy grunts, Yumi's incessant moans and screams, the rhythmic slap of skin on skin, and the constant wet sounds from our union at her rear. This time, I was fully in control. My rhythm was brutal, every thrust full of force, every pull almost completely out before slamming back in deep.

And I was determined to punish her. For all her games, for all the helplessness she'd forced on me earlier. My free hand left her neck and began spanking her reddened ass.

SMACK!

The hard slap left a clear handprint on her olive skin.

"AH! YES! SPANK ME AGAIN!" Yumi screamed in response to each blow, her body actually pushing her ass closer, more accepting. "This slut's ass deserves to be punished! It made you angry, right? So punish it harder!"

"You're a slut who deserves punishment," I growled, my voice hoarse. The next spank came harder, making her whole body shake. "Ambushing me, doing something to my body, trying to control me."

"But you liked it, didn't you?" she shot back, turning her head again with a sly smile and teary eyes. "You got hard again just remembering it. Your cock in my ass is getting bigger, I can feel it!"

She was right. The memories, combined with her current submission, were only arousing me more.

"Shut up!" I spanked her again.

"Won't! I want to hear your voice, Adam! Call me a slut again! Say I'm your ass-whore!" she shouted, her voice full of lust and challenge.

"You're a slut!" I growled, plunging deeper.

"Louder! Say I'm a whore!"

"Ass-whore!"

"YES! LIKE THAT! I'M YOUR ASS-WHORE! NOW FILL THIS WHORE'S ASS WITH YOUR CUM!" she screamed, her body starting to tremble again, signaling an approaching orgasm.

"You dare to order me!" I snapped.

SMACK!

A hard slap landed on her already-reddened left butt cheek, leaving a clear handprint.

"Ah! Yes! Spank me again! I deserve punishment!" Yumi screamed, pushing her ass higher still.

SMACK! SMACK!

Two more slaps, now on her right cheek.

"I'm a slut! I'm a whore! I deserve this! Keep spanking this slut's ass!" she said, her words growing more shameless.

"I'm a cock-thirsty slut! My ass is only for rough cocks like yours!" she continued, her body rocking with the rhythm of my thrusts. "Fill it again! Stuff this slut's ass full of your hot cum again!"

"You think your slutty body can control me?" I growled, slamming in deeper.

"No! Never!" Yumi answered, her voice breaking with pleasure. "I know you're stronger! I just... ah!... want to feel your strength! Want to be wrecked by a man like you!"

Every filthy word from her mouth only made me rougher. I spanked her ass again, this time with an open palm that made an even louder sound.

SPANK!

"AAAAHHH! LIKE THAT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE BEING TREATED LIKE A WHORE BY YOU!"

She had truly lost all shame. She was enjoying every humiliation, every act of violence, every spank. And strangely, it only aroused me further. The contrast between her beautiful face and the dirty words and desire for degradation coming from her mouth... it was intoxicating.

"You really are a whore," I hissed, continuing to pound her ass. "A whore who only deserves to be fucked rough."

"Yes! That's right! I'm your whore! My ass belongs to you! Wreck it! Make this whore's ass completely yours!"

I felt a second wave approaching. My thrusts grew faster, more uncontrolled. "You want my cum? In your ass?"

"YES! MARK ME! MAKE THIS ASS YOURS FOREVER!"

It was an invitation I couldn't refuse. I unleashed a second torrent into her hot, tight rectum. Yumi screamed incoherently, her body tensing then shuddering violently, squirting again even though my cock wasn't touching her clit at all—an orgasm purely from anal stimulation and psychological domination.

But I didn't stop. Even as I was still releasing, my hips kept moving, churning my cum inside her with increasingly rough motions. Yumi gasped, then screamed again, this time more from shock and overwhelming pleasure.

"AHHH~! YOU'RE INSANE! YOU'RE STILL MOVING WHILE CUMMING?!" she yelled, but her tone was full of admiration and a matching madness.

I pulled my hard cock from her thoroughly ruined ass, white fluid dripping out. Then, roughly, I flipped her over once more so she was on her back.

My hands grabbed both her ankles, lifting her legs and butt until they almost formed a ninety-degree angle, shamelessly displaying both of her gaping, cum-filled holes.

"What—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she asked, her face crimson, but her eyes shining wildly.

"This is for you," I growled, and without further ceremony, I plunged my cock back into her pussy, still flooded with cum from the first round. The sensation was wet, messy, and utterly depraved. I could feel my own warm fluid mixing with hers, creating an embarrassingly wet, splashing sound.

"OH GOD! YOU'RE A COMPLETE ANIMAL!" Yumi roared, her hands grabbing my arms, her nails scratching. "THIS IS SO FILTHY! I LOVE IT!"

I pounded into her brutally, the bed frame squeaking in desperate protest. In my head, primal instinct took over. I was almost losing control of myself, drowning in the pleasure of dominating a body so submissive and lewd.

But in a remaining corner of my awareness, an idea surfaced. My new item—[The Pocket Companion's Locket]. I could capture her now, store her away, make her my personal sex slave always available whenever I wanted.

She was perfect for it—a shameless slut with seemingly endless stamina and lust. I could train her, shape her to my will. And she would never sleep with another man again, only me.

But... but the sensation of fucking her right now was too good. It felt too pleasurable to stop. The violence, her submission, her moans, her dirty words—it was all like the strongest narcotic. I wanted more. I wanted to wreck her for even longer.

So I dismissed the idea for now. I would enjoy this first. And if she was still standing after this, then I would consider keeping her.

Several minutes passed—or maybe longer, I lost track of time. We switched positions, from rough missionary, to a doggy style that almost made her head hit the wall, to a sitting position where she rode me while clutching me tightly, whispering filthy things in my ear.

"Ahhn~ Adam, are you really going to make me your slave?" she whispered between wild kisses on my neck. "I want that. Go ahead. Lock me in your room, use me whenever you want. I'll live only for your cock."

"You do deserve that," I growled back, biting her shoulder until she screamed in pain mixed with pleasure.

But before I could decide, before I even reached for the locket around my neck to activate it—

BAM!

A loud sound shattered my concentration.

The room's metal door burst open with a thunderous crash, tearing free from its hinges, one of them clattering to the floor.

Bright light from the hallway flooded in, illuminating our disheveled, obscene scene. I froze, my cock still buried deep inside her, Yumi's body twisted beneath me in a compromising position. Yumi herself groaned in protest at the blinding light, but she also froze.

And in the doorway, stood a tall figure in a black robe with a face wrapped in white cloth.

Saint Archer.

My face probably flushed, or maybe not—I was too stunned to feel anything but shock. But clearly, from behind that white cloth, I could feel a scorching gaze, piercing straight through to my soul.

The world seemed to stop for a moment.

Then, in a voice utterly flat and icy cold, Zephyr spoke.

"Adam Socheron. Release her. Now."

Chapter 212: Chapter 212 - Disappointment

The creak of the opening door echoed in the narrow room, leaving behind a tense, oppressive silence. The air seemed to freeze, cut only by the sound of our still-heavy breathing.

Reflected in my wide-open eyes was the silhouette of a tall figure in the doorway—an elegant black robe, white cloth covering his face, and an undeniable aura of authority. Zephyr. The Saint Archer. Leader of the Guardian Council.

I froze. My wild, lust-fogged thoughts were now forced to work at full speed.

'This situation... it's like Yumi and I got caught cheating by her boyfriend,' I thought, glancing at Yumi beneath me.

The lewd, wild, and thrilling expression that had adorned her face was now completely gone. Her face, still flushed with desire, turned pale. Her grey eyes, which had been glazed with pleasure, were now wide with shock and anxiety. A deep anxiety, different from ordinary shame.

And only now did I realize it. Throughout our entire act, no matter how hard I dominated, no matter how roughly I treated her, not a single system notification had appeared.

Normally, if I successfully dominated or sexually controlled someone, a notification would pop up. But with Yumi? Nothing. As if, behind all her surrender and screams, she was the one who actually remained in control.

She used something to make me lose control of my own mind, to make me focus only on pleasure and anger, preventing me from thinking clearly about anything other than fucking her.

And with Zephyr's appearance, that influence was cut. This slut stopped her ability, whether intentionally or not, but the moment he appeared, my mind instantly cleared.

So, why was Zephyr here? What was his connection to Yumi? From the cold stare I could feel from behind that cloth, and from Yumi's reaction, they clearly weren't just acquaintances. This was more personal.

The three of us remained frozen in an awkward, motionless pose. I was still pinning Yumi down, we were both naked, and Zephyr stood in the doorway like a judge contemplating a death sentence.

A quick plan flashed through my head. [Five-Minute Rewind]. I could rewind time, go back five minutes to when I was still fucking Yumi from behind. Then, before Zephyr appeared, I could activate [The Pocket Companion's Locket] and hide her. Problem solved. This situation wouldn't happen.

But would that still go unnoticed? According to information I got from Delilah, Zephyr has eyes that can see a person's life energy, so he would have known from the start there were two people in this room.

And before I could decide, Zephyr suddenly let out a long sigh. But it wasn't a sigh of anger, it was... a sigh of disappointment.

Then, without another word, without waiting for any explanation or reaction from us, he turned. His black robe swirled, and with steps that were calm yet burdened, he walked away. Leaving the broken door wide open, and the two of us in our shameful state.

Seeing Zephyr leave, Yumi immediately reacted. She pushed me off her body.

"You damn—!" I grunted, tumbling sideways.

She didn't care. With panicked movements, she grabbed her clothes scattered on the floor. She snatched up the red tank top, grabbed the leather shorts, and immediately put them on. The process was messy; the tight fabric was difficult to pull on over her skin still damp with sweat and our fluids. But in a matter of seconds, she was almost done.

She didn't even glance at me once. The expression on her face, which had been shattered by anxiety, was now filled with pure panic. Before I could say anything, she had already bolted out of the room, leaving me alone on the messy, smelly bed.

"Zephyr! Zephyr, wait!"

Her desperate, screaming cry echoed from the hallway, growing fainter.

I sat on the bed, my body still hot, the unfulfilled arousal still pulsing painfully. But all of that was drowned out by curiosity.

It seems I don't need to use [Five-Minute Rewind]. The dramatic farewell scene between them looks far more interesting to observe... from a distance. Quickly, I put on my pants and tidied myself up haphazardly, then stepped out of the room, peering down the hallway where the two figures had vanished.

New questions arose. What was Yumi's relationship with Zephyr? Why did Zephyr seem so... disappointed? Why was Yumi in such a panic? Were they lovers or something?

That was very surprising, considering the Saint Archer's reputation.

Meanwhile, in the quiet hallway...

Yumi managed to catch up with Zephyr, who was walking with long, unhurried strides.

"Zephyr! Stop! Please, listen to my explanation!" Yumi yelled, her voice hoarse and urgent.

The tall man stopped. Slowly, he turned. His face, covered by the white cloth, was pointed at Yumi, giving her the impression he was 'staring' directly into her soul.

"No explanation is necessary, Yumi," Zephyr's voice came out, flat but containing a thin layer of ice. "Our relationship is over."

Yumi gasped as if slapped. "O-Over? You don't understand! I... I was forced! You saw for yourself, didn't you? He was on top of me, he—!"

"Don't lie," Zephyr cut her off, his voice still calm but cutting like a knife. "I know your strength. You thought you could deceive me. If you truly didn't want it, if you were truly forced, the Star Witch's son wouldn't have been able to touch you like that. You have more than enough power to incapacitate him, or even escape before he could undo his pants."

Yumi opened her mouth, but no words came out. Her spontaneous lie was easily destroyed by Zephyr's cold logic. And Yumi was also shocked; so the man knew she wasn't an ordinary woman. But for her right now, that wasn't important.

"I don't want to hear your excuses anymore," Zephyr continued, and for the first time, there was a slight tremor of emotion in his voice—a note of pain. He turned again, about to leave.

Seeing the man's back turned to her again, a frantic panic seized Yumi. This wasn't just about losing a man she'd been seducing; it was a strange feeling she didn't understand. Then the frustration she'd been suppressing, the confusion, and other emotions she'd tried to hold back suddenly overflowed.

"Aren't you curious?" Yumi shouted, her voice louder than she'd planned. "Why did I do that? Why won't you even ask for my reasons? Why did you just decide like that?"

Zephyr stopped again. Only for a moment. Then he continued walking.

Yumi felt slapped again. And in that panic, without control, the words spilled out.

"It's because I was frustrated!" she roared, her voice breaking with a mix of anger and hurt. "A chaste man like you never wanted to do it with me! No matter how often I teased you, no matter how lewdly I approached you, you always refused! You always kept your distance! You're pathetic!"

Once those words were thrown out, the world seemed to fall silent. Yumi herself gasped, her eyes wide. Her dirty hands quickly covered her mouth, as if wanting to take back every word she'd just uttered.

'Stupid! So stupid! Why did I say that?' she cursed inwardly. 'This will only make everything worse!'

Zephyr stood frozen for a moment. Then, very slowly, he glanced back over his shoulder. The white cloth over his face remained unmoved, but Yumi could feel a different gaze now. Not angry, but... a profound sadness.

"Yes," Zephyr said, his voice soft yet piercing. "I am a traditional man, Yumi. Even old-fashioned, perhaps. But the reason I held back wasn't because I didn't want you, Yumi. I am human. I have desires."

He paused for a moment, as if choosing his words carefully. "But I also saw you as someone valuable, even though I cannot see, heh. To me, intimacy like that is something sacred, something worthy of being shared within a holy bond and clear commitment. I wanted to protect you, to respect you, in that way. But it seems you don't think the same."

His words were simple, sincere, and full of deep meaning. But to Yumi, in her heightened emotional state, they sounded like a joke. In her mind, she wanted to mock him. Traditional? Saving yourself for marriage? In a world like this? At our age?

But those words stuck in her throat. Because behind the desire to mock, there was something else—something deeper, warmer, that made her chest feel tight.

Zephyr didn't wait for her response. After saying that, he turned again, and this time, he truly left. His steps remained calm, steady, disappearing into the dark end of the hallway.

Yumi stood there, alone, in the quiet hallway lit only by dim lamps.

Tears finally flowed freely down her cheeks, but she didn't wipe them or even seem to notice. She just stared in the direction Zephyr had vanished. And in her shattered heart, a question arose: When was the last time a man was truly sincere with me?

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Due to the wild session with Yumi a few hours ago, my body still felt like a fire that hadn't been extinguished. The arousal triggered by that slut still smoldered in every vein, making my cock stay hard and throb with a tantalizing discomfort.

So, once I got home, without much preamble, I immediately went looking for an outlet.

And I found them in the living room: Angeline, my sweet step-sister, her school uniform still neat but her hair already disheveled. And Gwenneth, my cold, arrogant older step-sister, now sitting tensely on the sofa with flushed cheeks.

They both looked like rabbits trapped before a wolf.

No words were needed. I was burning up.

Angeline was first. With quick steps, I approached her, grabbed her fine blonde hair, and pushed her down to her knees on the carpet. Her pink lips parted in surprise, and I immediately took advantage.

"Brother, wait—mmph!"

Her protest was cut off as my large, hot cock thrust straight into her mouth. I had no time for foreplay or games. I needed release, and now. My hands gripped her hair, pushing her head back and forth in a rough rhythm, using her mouth as an sex toy.

Angeline coughed, tears streaming, but her body didn't resist. She was too well-trained, too obedient. She just swallowed, trying to adjust to the rhythm, though my size clearly made her choke.

It didn't take long for me to reach my first peak. With a hoarse groan, I released my first burst deep into her throat. She coughed again but tried to swallow it all.

But I wasn't done. There was still too much pent-up pressure. I pulled my still-hard cock from her mouth, then with a rough movement, flipped her body over into a crawling position. I hitched up her short school skirt, pulled aside her white panties.

"B-Brother, be gentle—aaah!"

Her scream broke as I immediately penetrated her vagina from behind without preparation. Her natural wetness—a result of my skill's influence and my long-term training—made penetration easier, but still tight. I pounded her with a brutal rhythm, each thrust full of force, making her small body lurch forward.

"Ah! Ah! Adam! Too—too rough! So good~" she cried, her hands clutching the carpet.

But I didn't care. My lust needed an outlet, needed violence. My hand grabbed her hair again, pulling her head back while I continued slamming into her from behind. This position let me penetrate deeper, and I took full advantage.

A few minutes later, with a long groan, I released again, this time into her young womb. Angeline screamed, her body tensed, then went completely limp on the carpet, passing out with a foolishly happy expression on her face, wet with tears and saliva.

But I was still not satisfied.

My eyes shifted to Gwenneth, who sat on the sofa, her face pale, her eyes wide as she stared at her unconscious sister with three holes—mouth, vagina, and asshole—still oozing my thick, white cum.

"Gwen," I said, my voice raspy.

She shook her head, shrinking back against the sofa. "No... Adam, please... I—"

"Come here."

She didn't move. So I moved. In two steps, I was in front of her. My hand grabbed the collar of her white blouse, tearing it open. Her plump breasts—larger than Angeline's—freed themselves, her pink nipples already hardened from fear or perhaps something else.

I pushed her back down onto the sofa, then with rough movements, I opened her elegant work skirt, tore her expensive panties. I spread her slender, well-trained legs, and without further ado, I penetrated her.

"AAAAH—!" Gwenneth screamed, her hands clutching my arms, her nails digging into my skin. "It hurts! Adam, be gent—!"

But I couldn't be gentle. I pounded her with the same brutal rhythm as I had with Angeline. The difference was, with Gwenneth, there was an added satisfaction—seeing this arrogant woman, who once looked at me like trash, now panting beneath me, her usually cold face flushed with a mix of pain, shame, and... a pleasure she tried to hide.

"You like this, don't you?" I snarled, slamming deeper. "You like being fucked by the step-brother you used to scorn."

"Ah~ No—ah!—I don't—!"

"Liar," I cut her off, my hand slapping her white thigh. "See how wet you are. Your body is more honest than your mouth, Gwen."

She turned her face away, ashamed, but her increasingly heavy moans betrayed her. I quickened the pace, pushing her faster towards the peak. My hand grabbed her plump breasts, squeezing them roughly, twisting her nipples until she screamed.

Hours passed. And suddenly, the living room door opened.

Delilah Socheron stood on the threshold, wearing an elegant sky-blue office dress that was still neat. Her golden eyes swept the room—Angeline, naked and unconscious on the carpet with three holes still dripping my cum; Gwenneth, being brutally fucked by me on the sofa; and me still moving roughly atop her eldest daughter.

For a moment, Delilah just stood still. Then, the expression on her face changed. Not anger. Not disgust. But a mixture of jealousy, excitement, and arousal.

Her usually graceful and dignified face flushed. Her full lips parted slightly, and I could see her pink tongue unconsciously licking her lower lip. Her hand holding her office bag moved, placing it slowly on the floor.

Her eyes met mine, and in that golden gaze was a clear message: I want to join.

But she restrained herself. She just stood there, watching, while her hands began to roam her own body with subtle movements—over her plump breasts beneath the dress, then down to her hips.

Me, seeing her reaction, just smirked wickedly. Then, with a final thrust, I hardened inside Gwenneth.

"Aaah...!" I groaned, releasing what felt like the umpteenth burst of the day into the womb of her eldest daughter.

Gwenneth screamed, her body arched, then went completely limp, passing out beneath me with an expression of ecstasy frozen on her face.

I pulled out, my hard, throbbing cock exiting her now gaping, cum-dripping vagina. I stood up, facing Delilah who still stood by the door.

She immediately stepped in, closing the door behind her. Then, with a swaying, seductive walk that made every curve of her body sway temptingly, she approached me.

"Adam..." she whispered, her voice trembling with unrestrained lust. Her hands reached for my face, stroking my cheek gently. "I missed you."

I returned her embrace, pulling her body close to mine. My hot cock, still wet with her daughters' fluids, pressed against her stomach, dampening the blue dress and making it translucent.

"Is your work done?" I asked, my voice still hoarse.

Delilah nodded, her eyes not leaving my still-erect cock between us. "Yes. So much. And Charlotte... she couldn't come. Sudden work at the guild, she said. A pity, I wanted to see you punish her tonight."

"But," Delilah continued, "as a substitute, Mommy has a special gift for you."

Chapter 213: Chapter 213 - Traitor's Execution

That night, atop the glass tower in Gatehaven's central district, the air was thick with tension. The city lights below glittered like scattered jewels, but inside the hundred-square-meter room with its floor-to-ceiling glass walls, the only illumination was the pure white light radiating from the sword in Zephyr's hand.

The sword wasn't made of metal, but of solidified light, pulsing with a divine energy that made the surrounding air vibrate. Its tip rested calmly, yet lethally, right beside the neck of the man kneeling before him.

That man, Darian—better known as the Black Dragon, an SS-ranked member of the Guardian Council—was a wreck. His usually imposing, rock-muscled body was broken.

His right arm was severed at the elbow, the bloody stump still gushing, forming a crimson pool on the white marble floor. His rugged face, full of battle scars, was twisted in pain, but his coal-black eyes still glimmered with the last remnants of arrogance and hatred.

His black hair was disheveled, some strands plastered to his sweaty, blood-streaked forehead. His breathing was labored, each inhale a ragged hiss that cut through the room's silence.

"How... did you know?" Darian hissed, his voice raw with pain and exhaustion. Blood dripped from the corner of his cracked lips. "Was it... that woman who told you?"

He lifted his head, his eyes squinting as he tried to read the expression behind the white cloth covering Zephyr's face. "I suspected as much... that bitch was bound to cause trouble."

Zephyr remained silent, but his light-blade moved a fraction, coming a hair's breadth closer to the sweaty skin of Darian's neck. His voice, flat yet deadly cold, broke the quiet.

"Darian. Which woman are you talking about?"

Darian flinched, then tilted his head back further, his bushy brows furrowing in confusion. "What? The bitch who's been hanging around you, of course."

As the words left his mouth, something within Zephyr shuddered. Yumi. But not just Yumi. There was another woman who had also been approaching him lately, the one who had actually been the one to inform him of this betrayal. A betrayal perpetrated by his friend, now kneeling before him.

"Speak!" Zephyr's voice suddenly hardened, shattering the silence. His lightblade vibrated, making the air hiss. "Who do you mean?!"

Darian, hearing the repeated question, let out a low chuckle, a cynical laugh escaping him even as his face still twisted in pain. His laughter was hoarse. "You don't know? So... it wasn't from her that you learned of my betrayal."

The conclusion hung in the air. Zephyr was silent. But his silence spoke louder than words.

Darian chuckled again, longer and more bitter this time.

"Have you gone stupid, Zephyr?" he jeered, fresh blood spilling from his mouth as he laughed. "Don't tell me you've fallen for a bitch like that? Hehehe... It's true, then. Love can make a man foolish. Who would have thought... even you, cold as ice all this time... are like that."

The words hit him. Zephyr, who had just experienced betrayal by Yumi, the woman who had made his heart race for the first time in ages, now felt betrayed by her all over again.

The hand holding the light-blade trembled slightly. But only for a moment.

"If not her," Darian hissed, his eyes now filled with an almost childish curiosity amid the certainty of his death, "then who told you?"

Zephyr took a deep breath. "The other traitor."

No further explanation was given. And with that, Zephyr moved his hand. The light-blade cut through the air with a soft hiss, like a hot knife through butter.

Darian's head separated from his body. The last expression on his face was a combination of shock, acceptance, and perhaps... a tinge of disappointment that he hadn't gotten more answers.

His massive body slumped forward, collapsing into his own pool of blood with a heavy, echoing thud in the silent room.

Zephyr stood tall, his light-blade slowly fading, dissolving back into him. His now-empty hand reached for Darian's disheveled black hair, lifting the severed head. Blood still dripped from the severed neck, falling onto the marble floor with a steady tip-tap.

Using his other hand, Zephyr dragged Darian's lifeless body. His steps were firm as he headed toward the massive glass wall overlooking the city of Gatehaven below.

He stopped right in front of the glass, looking out. The city was still alive at night—car lights moved like glowing ants, skyscrapers emitted light from their windows, neon signs blinked.

Life went on as usual. The people down there had no idea that in one of their tallest buildings, a Guardian Council member had just been executed by one of his own.

Zephyr raised Darian's head, aligning it with his own line of sight, as if wanting the head to see the same view.

"May you make good bait."

And in his heart, the flames of hatred began to burn.

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Meanwhile, I, eagerly awaiting tonight's gift from Delilah, was completely unaware that the next day would bring a cataclysmic battle threatening chaos and destruction upon Gatehaven. My mind was still filled with the warmth of Angeline and Gwenneth, and was now utterly captivated by the woman before me.

I watched Delilah standing gracefully a few steps away. She wore a luxurious cream-colored long coat that hugged every enticing curve of her body. The smooth fabric fell perfectly, concealing yet hinting at what lay beneath.

Delilah slowly took a step back with a seductive smile. Her golden eyes sparkled with promise and passion. Her delicate hands reached for the ends of the coat, undoing button after button with a slow, deliberate motion designed to torment me with anticipation.

"This is your surprise, Darling," she whispered, her voice like a melodious bell.

And as the coat fell completely open, slipping from her shoulders and pooling on the floor with a soft whisper, I was truly mesmerized.

My god, my mother had the face of a Goddess—perfect, delicate features, porcelain skin that seemed to glow, soul-drowning golden eyes, golden-blond hair like a halo. But her body... her body belonged to the most tempting Devil.

She wore only a set of black lace lingerie that covered almost nothing. The lace bra was so small that her massive breasts—which I had enlarged myself—swelled out sensually, threatening to burst free from the thin black fabric holding them. Her deep pink, swollen nipples were clearly visible through the lace, standing hard and erect, as if begging to be touched, sucked, twisted.

Her black lace G-string was more of a thread than underwear. Just a tiny strip of fabric nestled between her already-spread labia.

And there, on full display, was a medium-sized, pale pink vibrator humming with a random pattern, tucked right against her swollen clit. From my angle, I could see the moisture already seeping out, dampening the vibrator and the surrounding lace.

Sexy black stockings with a seductive back seam hugged her slender yet shapely thighs, ending high on her upper thighs, connected by garters to the lace garter belt at her waist.

The sight made my blood boil instantly. My cock reacted immediately, harder and angrier, throbbing with a need that was almost painful.

She smiled widely, proud of the effect she was having. Her hands roamed over her own body—touching her voluptuous breasts, then down to her flat stomach, and finally to the vibrator humming between her thighs. Her index finger pressed the vibrator deeper, drawing a small moan from her.

"Mom..." I murmured, my voice hoarse. "You really are... a Goddess from hell."

Delilah was delighted by my reaction. Her cheeks flushed.

"I stopped by a lingerie shop on my way home from work," she said, her voice slightly breathy from the vibrations between her thighs. "I thought... after all your hard work, and how proud you made me today, you deserved something special. Something straight from your mommy."

"I... don't know what to say," I uttered, stepping closer, my eyes still sweeping over her intoxicating appearance. "You... you're so beautiful, Mom. Incredible. This... this is beyond expectations."

Delilah giggled, the vibration making her breasts sway temptingly.

"Only for you, Adam. Only for my good boy." Her slender hand reached for mine, guiding it to her narrow waist. Her skin felt feverishly hot.

"You always know how to make me feel greater, Mom," I said, my fingers beginning to explore the curves of her body, feeling every detail of the lace and the hot skin beneath it.

"Ah, that's because you are great," she hissed as my fingers brushed the side of her breast. "And your mother knows how to keep her hero's spirits burning high. Do you like your gift?"

"Li-like?" I shook my head, pulling her close until her body pressed against mine. The vibrator between her thighs hummed against my leg. "This isn't just 'like,' Delilah. You know exactly what I want before I even know it myself. A smart woman and a wicked one."

She sighed, bringing her lips close to my ear. "Wicked only for you, Son. Always. Now... want a closer look?"

I led her toward the large sofa. Gently, I sat her on its edge. I knelt between her open legs, pushing aside the now fully open coat. The view from up close was even more mesmerizing. The scent of her expensive perfume mixed with her unique feminine aroma and a faint scent of silicone from the vibrator.

My hands reached for her tantalizing breasts. I squeezed them, feeling their softness and weight in my palms.

Without further preamble, I bent down and immediately took her left, plump breast into my mouth. Her hard nipple slipped right in.

"Ahh~! Adam... yes! Yes, darling... suck Mommy... taste Mommy's milk... Suck harder!" Delilah moaned, her hands immediately clutching my head, pushing my face deeper into her chest.

I sucked ravenously, like a starving infant. It tasted sweet, warm, and satisfying. My other hand kneaded her other breast, massaging it in a circular motion, stimulating more milk flow. A few drops of thick white milk began to drip from the nipple I wasn't sucking, staining her pale chest.

I switched to the other breast, giving it equal attention.

"Yes~ like that~ my milk... Mommy... is your dairy cow... use me..."

Delilah writhed on the sofa, her body arching, pushing her chest deeper into my mouth. Her sighs and moans grew more intense, accompanied by the constant buzz of the vibrator.

"Ah... Adam, Son... Mommy... Mommy is already... aaah!" She grabbed my shoulders, gripping tightly. "The gift... the gift is something else ahh~"

"Oh, really?" I mumbled between sucks, before pulling back to look at her face, now flushed with desire. "What is it?"

Delilah smiled, her eyes gleaming. "Yes, darling. The gift is—"

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang loudly, cutting her off.

We both froze. Delilah frowned, annoyed. "Who could be coming at this hour?"

Chapter 214: Chapter 214 - Two Mothers' Meeting

I stood up slightly annoyed at being interrupted at such an inopportune moment, but when I opened the door, my irritation quickly faded, replaced by satisfaction and anticipation.

Standing at the door was a woman with skin as white and smooth as porcelain, which contrasted with her large, honey-brown eyes—deep and shining like warm liquid gold. Her naturally long, curly eyelashes fluttered with a hint of anxiety. Her shoulder-length black hair was slightly disheveled, a few strands sticking to her slender, smooth cheeks, adding to her fragile, slightly rushed appearance.

She was dressed simply but neatly: a form-fitting cream-colored turtleneck sweater that showed off her proportional figure with its well-developed breasts—not as large as Delilah’s, but plenty plump and tempting.

A dark blue denim jacket left open covered part of the sweater, and tight black jeans hugged her hips and equally well-rounded bottom snugly. She looked like an ordinary housewife trying not to draw attention, but her natural beauty was hard to hide.

Those large brown eyes looked at me with a mix of shyness and anticipation, her naturally pink lips lightly biting down.

I immediately activated [Eye of Desire], and a transparent window instantly appeared above her body.

=====

{SEX SLAVE}

=====

NAME: Zoey Scotty

AGE: 31

CLASS: Deadeye Sniper

RANK: B

DOMINANCE: 100%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 4%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts

FETISH: -

Right. 100% Dominance. I had managed to completely dominate this single mother rather easily a few weeks ago.

"Adam," Zoey spoke, her voice soft yet somewhat tense. "You... called me. What is it?"

I smiled lewdly, not the least bit embarrassed. "What else, Zoey? You must have guessed. If not to fuck you, why else would I call a beautiful woman like you to my house this late at night?"

Zoey nodded, her cheeks flushing a deeper red. This was the first time I'd called her to my place—I usually visited her at her small apartment. And she was clearly a bit anxious. Her eyes glanced around, taking in that this was a luxurious house in an elite district, the Socheron family home. The famous Star Witch's residence.

"I... I'm a little nervous," she whispered, her voice almost inaudible. "This is... Delilah Socheron's house, right? Is your mother home right now?"

"That's right," I answered, opening the door wider. "Come in. Don't just stand outside."

Zoey hesitated for a moment, but finally stepped inside, her eyes still wary, taking in every detail of the seemingly simple interior.

I led her to the main living room, and the moment we entered, her reaction was immediate.

Zoey froze, her honey-brown eyes widening, her mouth slightly agape. She was looking at a scene completely beyond her expectations.

On the large sofa, Angeline and Gwenneth lay half-naked, their bodies covered in the remnants of my cum. Their positions were disheveled, with Angeline on her back and Gwenneth on her stomach, both showing clear signs of having been used.

And next to them, Delilah Socheron sat with a clearly annoyed expression, still wearing only the set of black lace lingerie that barely covered anything, with the pink vibrator still buzzing between her thighs. Her massive breasts were almost completely exposed, her nipples still hard and glistening with my saliva.

Zoey was speechless. She just stood there, her face pale, then flushed, then pale again. Her eyes moved from Angeline and Gwenneth, to Delilah, then to me, then back to Delilah.

Her expression was as entertaining as I'd hoped. I had never told her about my relationship with my family. So this was the first time she was seeing my true relationship with them—a relationship that was completely twisted, warped, and violated every social norm she knew.

I smiled, enjoying her shock and confusion. "Zoey, let me introduce you."

I pointed at Delilah. "Mom, this is Zoey Scotty. My sex slave. She's a single mother like you, also with one child. I called her here tonight."

Then I turned to Zoey, who was still frozen. "And Zoey, this is my mother, Delilah Socheron. She's the Star Witch. You must know of her."

Zoey could only nod stiffly, her eyes still disbelieving. "I'm... pleased to meet you, Lady Socheron."

Delilah, though still annoyed at the interruption, finally offered a small smile—a smile full of ownership and a hint of superiority. "Pleased to meet you too, Zoey. So you're also one of Adam's... women?"

"Yes," Zoey answered, her voice still tense. "I've... been with Adam for a few weeks."

An awkward silence hung in the air. Two single mothers—one the most respected member of the Guardian Council, the other an ordinary freelance sniper—stood looking at each other, both sex slaves to the same man.

I decided to break the tension in the most direct way. "Alright, you two can get acquainted and chat later. For now..." I walked over to Delilah on the sofa, "...let's have some fun. I can't wait to fuck you mothers."

Delilah immediately brightened, her annoyance seeming to fade a little. Zoey still looked hesitant.

I pushed Delilah to lie back on the sofa, between the still-unconscious Angeline and Gwenneth. I unzipped my pants, pulled out my still-hard cock, and without further ceremony, I pulled out her vibrator and thrust myself into her already-soaked pussy.

"Ahhh~! Adam! Yes! Deeper, son! Fill me up!" Delilah immediately moaned loudly, her hands grabbing my shoulders, pulling me closer. "Fill your mother! Pound my womb! Make me go crazy again!"

Zoey, standing beside the sofa, was startled. She hadn't expected to hear an elegant, dignified woman like Delilah Socheron uttering such shameless moans and dirty talk. Her brown eyes widened, but within them, there was a flash of arousal.

"Zoey," I called out while continuing to pound Delilah from above, "climb up here. I want a taste of your pussy too."

Zoey nodded, her face flushing. She took off her denim jacket, then her turtleneck sweater and jeans, until she was only in a simple white bra and panties. Her body was indeed proportional—a slender waist, plump breasts, a round bottom. She crawled onto the sofa, positioning herself in a doggy style position right above Delilah's body, so her plump ass was right in front of my face.

I lifted Zoey's buttocks with both hands, placing my face right between her spread thighs. The distinct scent of her womanhood—clean, slightly tangy, incredibly enticing—immediately filled my senses. And without waiting any longer, I extended my tongue.

"Ah!" Zoey gasped, her body trembling. "Adam... that..."

I didn't answer. My focus was entirely on her pussy. My tongue explored every fold, every corner, finding her already slightly swollen clit. I licked it long and deep, swallowing every drop of her juices that began to flow.

"Mmmh... ah... Adam..." Zoey began to moan, her voice more timid than Delilah's, but just as pleased. Her body began to sway to the rhythm of my tongue. "That's... good... yes..."

Meanwhile, I kept hammering into Delilah with an increasingly fast rhythm. Every thrust made her body bounce on the sofa, her large breasts swaying wildly. And every time I pushed in deep, she would scream and utter more uncontrollably filthy words.

"Yes! Harder! Destroy your mother! Make me your whore!" Delilah cried out, her hands now grabbing her own breasts, squeezing and pulling on her hard nipples.

Zoey, who was enjoying my licking, couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight of Delilah's incredibly large breasts. Between her own moans, she asked, "How... how do you have breasts that big?"

Delilah, her face twisted in pleasure as my cock hit her deepest reaches, answered in a breathless voice, "My breasts... ah!... were enlarged by Adam... yes! right there!... He made them grow like this... and made me able to lactate again... oh god!"

"Really~? Anh~ " Zoey asked again, now her own tongue hanging out from the pleasure of my licking. "And... your milk... comes out easily?"

"Yes... ah! Adam always sucks them... keeps them producing... oh, son! I'm going to... I'm going to cum!"

I felt her pussy begin to pulse tightly. But before she could reach her peak, I pulled my tongue from Zoey and lifted my head.

"Zoey," I commanded, my voice hoarse, "suck my mom's breasts. Now."

Zoey nodded, her eyes shining with a mix of obedience and arousal. She crawled down from her doggy style position, then leaned down, approaching Delilah's plump left breast. She opened her mouth, and with a ravenous movement—perhaps inspired by their earlier dirty talk—she immediately latched onto Delilah's nipple.

"AAAAHHHH~!" Delilah screamed long and loud, her body arching. "Yes! Suck! Suck my milk! Drink my milk, you little slut!"

Zoey didn't need to be told twice. She sucked enthusiastically, her hand kneading the other breast, massaging it to make the milk flow easier. I could see her throat working as she swallowed, and a few drops of white milk spilled from the corner of her mouth, dripping onto Delilah's chest.

"Good girl, Zoey," I praised, while continuing to pound Delilah brutally. "Because you're sucking her breasts, her pussy is getting even tighter. Keep doing it."

Zoey moaned in agreement, her mouth not leaving Delilah's nipple. The wet, sucking sounds blended with Delilah's moans and the sound of our skin slapping together, creating a perfect symphony of erotica.

Delilah was now completely losing control. "Yes! Yes! Suck my milk! And you, son, pound me harder! I'm... I'm going to... AAAAHHHHHHH!"

Her body shuddered violently, her pussy clenching tightly around my cock, and from between her thighs, a stream of clear fluid gushed out. She reached a hard orgasm, and simultaneously, Zoey also let out a long moan, her body trembling—perhaps she had climaxed just from sucking on breasts and hearing the lewd moans around her.

I smiled, savoring every second. Two mothers, both single mothers, both my sex slaves, interacting in the most lewd and forbidden way.

Chapter 215: Chapter 215 - Traces in Every Room

I felt my cock throb, that familiar pulse signaling I was right at the edge. My pace into Delilah's already-soaked, sensitive womb quickened, grew more brutal. Each thrust snapped her head back against the sofa cushions, her moans dissolving into short, sharp screams cut off by every impact.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Baby~! Mommy's~! Mommy's womb~! AAAAH!"

Meanwhile, my free hand found Zoey's pussy, still slick from my tongue. I shoved three fingers inside without warning, plunging deep into her spasming cunt. I pumped them fast, my palm slapping against her clit with every thrust.

The wet sounds were obscene—like thick dough being beaten—mixing with Zoey's choked moans of pleasure. Her head jerked up from Delilah's breast, mouth stretched wide, tongue lolling out in a silent scream. Those honey-brown eyes rolled back until only white showed.

"I'm—I'm gonna come!" Zoey cried, her body beginning to shudder violently.

"Come, then," I commanded, speeding up my fingers.

And then it happened, a torrent of clear fluid gushed from between her thighs. Her love juice sprayed across my face, hitting my chin, my nose, even the corner of my eye. Warm. Musky.

At that exact moment, the explosion ripped through the base of my cock. I thrust one final time, as deep as I could go, burying myself completely until my balls pressed against her vulva. And deep inside Delilah's still-pulsing womb, I unleashed my seed.

"A-Adam~! Mommy~! Impregnate Me! Don't pull out! IMPREGNATE ME NOW!" Delilah screamed, her nails digging into my hips with what little strength remained, forcing me to stay buried as thick, hot cum continued to surge out of me.

I felt every spasm of her dancing womb, like a greedy mouth sucking at my tip, trying to pull out every last drop of life I had to give.

"Aaaaahhh... yes... so full... Mommy's so full..." she whispered weakly, her body finally collapsing completely into the sofa.

I paused for a moment, breathing hard and ragged. Zoey, who'd just sprayed my face, crumpled beside the sofa, her body curled up, thighs still trembling, her red, soaked cunt pulsing open—still leaking residual love juice onto the carpet.

Delilah lay limp between the still-unconscious Angeline and Gwenneth. Cum was already starting to seep out of her slightly gaping cunt, trailing down her beautiful thighs.

But I wasn't finished.

I stood up, surveying the two women sprawled in beautiful ruin before me. The night was still young. And I wasn't satisfied yet.

"Mom," I called out, my voice still hoarse.

Delilah, still sprawled weakly on the sofa, immediately opened her eyes.

"Yes, darling?" Her voice was faint but expectant.

"Change positions. Get down and show me an obedient doggy stance."

A wide smile spread across her flushed face. With an energy that seemed impossible for a woman who'd just orgasmed twice, Delilah immediately rose. She slid off the sofa. Her flawless knees sank into the carpet. Her hands braced themselves, then she arched her back into a perfect curve, thrusting her ass high into the air.

And that ass.

God.

Delilah Socheron's ass—the Star Witch, the Guardian Council's SSS-rank terror, the woman feared and respected worldwide—now presented itself high before me. Round. Plump. Flawless. Porcelain-white skin, and at its center, her still-red, wet cunt gaped slightly, leaking a slow trickle of white, mingled with her own juices. Above it, her tiny, still-tight asshole.

She even wiggled it—swaying left and right in a deliberately provocative motion.

"Like this, baby?" she asked, her voice coy.

"God, Mom," I muttered, "your ass is absolutely incredible."

"Hehehe... Come here, baby," she whispered, glancing back at me with a gaze full of lust. "Mommy is ready for you to fuck her again."

I didn't answer with words. I turned to Zoey, still half-conscious on the floor.

"Zoey. Sit on Delilah's back. Facing me."

Zoey nodded weakly, but she obeyed. Her still-limp body crawled up, then carefully settled her plump ass onto Delilah's broad, smooth back. Positioned atop my mother's body, face toward me, thighs spread—her still-dripping pussy on full display before me.

Two mothers. Two full asses. One stacked atop the other.

This sight was too obscene for words.

"Zoey," I said, "your turn. And you too, Mom."

I offered no further explanation. My hand went straight for Delilah's raised ass. My index and ring fingers plunged into both her holes at once—one sinking into her soaked pussy, the other forcing its way into her asshole, still untouched by my invasion.

"AAAAHHH! BABY~! TH—THERE~!" Delilah screamed, her body shuddering violently. Her tight asshole gripped my finger in panic, resisting yet somehow pulling me deeper.

"Enjoy this, Mom!" I said, and she fell silent, only muffled moans escaping her bitten lips.

While my fingers pistoned into both my stepmother's holes at a manic pace, my other hand pulled Zoey's hips toward me. And without warning, I thrust my already-hard cock—still slick with Delilah's cum and juice—straight into Zoey's pussy.

"AAAAAAH~!" Zoey screamed, her body arching backward. Her free arm immediately wrapped tightly around my neck, her nails raking down my back. "SO, SO DEEP...!"

I fucked her properly, forcing her to lean back against me while she remained seated on Delilah's back. Her plump ass pressed against my mother's spine, and every thrust I made into Zoey's pussy shifted her body, grinding her sweat-slicked skin against Delilah's back.

"This... this is insane..." Zoey whispered in my ear, her voice trembling with an overwhelming mix of shame and pleasure. "The three of us... here... in your mother's house..."

"This is your house now too," I whispered back, thrusting deeper into her pussy. "And you and my mother are my sex slaves. Nothing strange about that."

Zoey moaned, but she didn't argue.

Meanwhile, my fingers never stopped. I fucked Delilah's pussy and asshole wildly—sometimes together, sometimes alternating. The wet sounds from both her holes mingled with her choked moans, her face pressed into the carpet.

"EHH! EEHH! AAHHH! MOMMY—MOMMY—AAAAAH!" Delilah screamed, her voice already hoarse. Cum and juice streamed down her thighs, soaking the carpet beneath her.

Two mothers. Two single mothers. Two of them stacked in the most degrading position on my carpet.

And me between them, my cock in one mother, my fingers in the other mother's two holes.

This sight was too obscene.

And it felt... so incredibly good.

Maybe it was the tension, maybe it was her first time having sex in front of someone of Delilah's caliber, or maybe it was this humiliating position—but Zoey's pussy felt tighter than I remembered. Every vaginal wall gripped my cock snugly, like a soaked silk glove.

"A-Adam... I... I can't last long... this is too..." Zoey whispered, her face already deeply flushed, her breath coming in short gasps.

I didn't let her finish. I kissed her wildly. My tongue plunged into her mouth, wrestling with her shy one. I tasted the remnants of her vaginal juice still on my lips, sharing it with her, mixed with the flavor of Delilah's milk she'd been sucking earlier.

"Mmh... mmph...!" Zoey moaned into the kiss.

With that kiss, with her tight embrace, with the tremors of her body against mine, I felt my second peak of the night approaching.

"Zoey," I murmured between kisses, "take it all."

"Yes~! Yes, I—I want it—!"

I thrust one final time, as deep as I could go. And inside her still-tight cunt, I released my second load. Hot. Copious. Unstoppable.

Zoey screamed long into the kiss, her body tensing then collapsing, her pussy spasming around my cock, squeezing out every last drop I had to give.

And beneath her, Delilah peaked again from just my fingers pistoning into both her holes.

"A-A-ADAMMMMM—!"

Her body convulsed violently, then collapsed completely onto the carpet. Zoey, still on top, tumbled sideways, my cock slipping from her pussy with a wet clipp, followed by a stream of thick white beginning to seep from her gaping, reddened cunt.

I sank down onto the carpet, savoring the residual pleasure still coursing through my nerves.

We didn't stop there.

I carried Zoey to the dining table. Laid her on her back across that cool surface, spread her thighs wide. Then Delilah knelt beneath the table, licking my balls clean with her long tongue while I entered Zoey, gripping her perfectly curved waist.

Then on the marble stairs leading to the second floor.

Zoey sat on the third step, thighs open. I stood before her, thrusting into her pussy from the front. Delilah pressed her hot body against my back, licking my neck while my free hand groped her massive, still-leaking breasts.

Then against the hallway wall on the second floor.

Zoey slammed her body against the wall, standing doggy-style, her plump ass presented for me to take from behind. Delilah beside her, one of her legs lifted, that smooth thigh spread wide—and I alternated between them like a tireless sex machine.

Then in the bathroom.

Under the warm spray of water, their bodies glistened, wet and sleek. I sat Zoey on the marble vanity, spread her thighs, and sucked her already-swollen clit until she screamed and squirted again.

Delilah knelt on the wet tile floor, enthusiastically sucking my cock, her golden eyes gazing up at me, her tight throat gripping my tip.

We moved through the house, leaving traces of our fluids in every room.

Then...

"Ah... ah... I can't anymore..." Zoey sighed at one point, her body completely limp.

"A little more," I coaxed, still moving inside her.

"Come on, Zoey," Delilah encouraged, though she herself was visibly exhausted. "For our child. For Adam."

And Zoey, whether it was the phrase our child or something else, suddenly found new energy. She responded more fiercely, more wildly, as if trying to prove something.

Finally, after hours, exhaustion began to claim us.

I'd just finished another round—who knew which number—inside Delilah. The three of us lay sprawled on the living room floor, our bodies slick with sweat and other fluids. Angeline and Gwenneth were still passed out on the sofa, undisturbed by the chaos around them.

"I'm... so tired..." Delilah whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Mmm," Zoey murmured in agreement, her eyes already closed.

I wanted to say something—another command, maybe a taunt. But my own body had reached its limit. My eyelids felt heavy, my thoughts began to drift.

The last thing I saw before sleep took me was Delilah crawling closer, resting her head on my chest, while Zoey did the same on my other side.

And I... I fell into a dreamless sleep, deeply, utterly satisfied.