

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

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Chapter 221: Chapter 221 - The Panicked Elder

Maximus lunged once more. He dropped low, dodging Evan's panicked thrust, and immediately wrapped his arms around his waist. In one swift motion, he hoisted Evan high above his head, both hands gripping his body, then slammed him down.

CRASH!

Evan's body hit the floor with full force. Dust and marble fragments scattered. His frame bounced once, then lay still.

The Colosseum fell silent.

Slowly, Evan tried to move. His hands groped blindly, searching for his spear—now far out of reach. But his body refused to cooperate.

Maximus approached slowly, savoring the moment. He stood over Evan's prone form, looking down, smiling.

"Trash," he said.

He didn't strike again. The referee had already rushed to the center of the arena, checked Evan's condition, and raised his hand.

"EVAN CANNOT CONTINUE THE MATCH! VICTORY GOES TO MAXIMUS TREYBERN OF NINE STARS ACADEMY!"

Cheers erupted. Most of the Nine Stars supporters roared with approval. Maximus raised both hands, turning to face each section of the stands, accepting the applause with a satisfied smile.

On the Drakefield bench, the medical team immediately rushed into the arena to evacuate Evan. Isaac, still sitting with eyes closed, merely exhaled softly.

"MAXIMUS TREYBERN HAS AVENGED HIS DEFEAT WITH AN IMPRESSIVE VICTORY! THE SCORE HAS NOW CHANGED!"

The scoreboard flickered.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 6 WINS – 5 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 5 WINS – 6 LOSSES

"NINE STARS REGAINS THE LEAD! WITH A TWO-POINT ADVANTAGE! THE NEXT QUESTION: WILL MAXIMUS REMAIN IN THE ARENA, OR WILL HE BE REPLACED? LET'S WAIT FOR NINE STARS' DECISION!"

Maximus stood in the center of the arena, chest puffed out, both fists clenched at his sides. The cheers still echoed around him, but he showed no signs of retreating. His gaze swept across the Drakefield bench with a challenging stare.

He didn't want to be replaced. Not until he lost. And he was certain no one could defeat him today.

The Announcer, noting his demeanor, immediately shouted, "MAXIMUS CHOOSES TO REMAIN IN THE ARENA! HE WANTS TO KEEP FIGHTING! THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY CONFIDENCE!"

On the Drakefield bench, a brief discussion ensued. Several heads turned toward Isaac, who still sat with eyes closed, but Isaac didn't respond. Finally, a woman stood.

Talia Lebrance.

Her silver hair gleamed under the arena lights, her ice sword gripped tightly in her hand. Her face was cold, her blue eyes fixed directly on Maximus. Her steps were steady as she descended into the arena.

"TALIA LEBRANCE RETURNS TO THE ARENA! AFTER PREVIOUSLY DEFEATING KELVIN, SHE NOW FACES MAXIMUS TREYBERN AT THE PEAK OF HIS PERFORMANCE! ICE BLADE VERSUS STEEL-HARD BARE HANDS! WHO WILL CLAIM VICTORY?!"

I shifted my gaze to the arena, though honestly, I already knew how this fight would end. Maximus's victory was predictable from the start. It would actually be stranger if he lost—Talia was no match for him. Her power was certainly impressive for an ordinary student, but against a monster like Maximus, specifically trained for physical combat? Clearly no contest.

Still, at least this would be more interesting than the previous fight.

The referee raised his hand.

"BEGIN!"

Maximus shot forward immediately, just like before. His initial speed was incredible, his massive body hurtling like a train without brakes. Talia was ready—she leaped

sideways, leaving a thin ice trail where she'd stood, and simultaneously swung her sword at the floor.

A thin layer of ice spread rapidly beneath Maximus's feet, attempting to make him slip. But Maximus just laughed. His heavy feet smashed through the ice, cracking it, and he kept running as if nothing had happened.

"ICE CAN'T STOP HIM! MAXIMUS KEEPS CHARGING WITH BRUTAL FORCE!"

Talia retreated, creating distance. Her sword swung again—this time three rapid consecutive thrusts, each leaving crystalline ice trails in the air.

Maximus deflected the first two thrusts with his forearms, and for the third, he caught the blade with his bare palm.

His left hand gripped that ice sword.

The air around him instantly grew frigid—I could see frost beginning to form on Maximus's arm. But he didn't let go. Instead, he grinned widely.

His right fist clenched and shot forward.

Talia released her sword and leaped back just in time. Maximus's fist struck empty air where she'd stood a split second earlier. But without her weapon, Talia was now unarmed, or so it seemed.

She extended her right hand, and from her palm, ice crystals began forming. Not a sword this time, but a short ice javelin, better suited for throwing.

Maximus charged again.

The ice javelin flew, three times in succession. Maximus deflected two, and one struck his shoulder.

Or at least, it should have struck.

The javelin's tip shattered on contact with Maximus's skin. It left only a small bruise and scattered ice fragments.

Talia ground her teeth. Her ice abilities were indeed impressive—she could freeze moisture in the air, create weapons in an instant, even control the surrounding temperature. But compared to Yukie Iceblood, her ice was like fireworks compared to a blizzard. The gap was heaven and earth.

But she didn't give up.

Talia ran sideways, leveraging her superior speed. A new ice sword formed in her hand, and she began attacking from multiple angles. Thrust from the right, slash from the left, ice-coated kick from behind.

Maximus countered each attack casually. Sometimes he deflected, sometimes he let the strikes hit his body and smiled as the ice weapons shattered. Sometimes he retaliated with punches that nearly struck Talia, forcing her to retreat further.

"MAXIMUS IS ABSOLUTELY DOMINATING THIS FIGHT! TALIA IS TRYING EVERYTHING, BUT MAXIMUS'S PHYSICAL POWER IS JUST TOO OVERWHELMING! CAN SHE SURVIVE?"

Talia kept trying. Her sword swung in increasingly complex patterns—sometimes thrusting, sometimes slashing, sometimes releasing small ice projectiles that stung but didn't wound. She used every trick she knew, every technique she'd learned through years of training.

But Maximus just smiled.

And I knew the outcome wouldn't differ much from the previous fight.

While half-watching the match, I returned to enjoying my own activity.

My right hand was still on Isabel's ass. My fingers kept squeezing slowly, unhurriedly. Her combat uniform was thick enough, but it couldn't hide the warmth and softness of the flesh beneath. And more importantly, [Lustful Touch] kept working without pause.

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 19 (+2)]

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 21 (+2)]

[Isabel's Sexual Arousal increased to 23 (+2)]

Those little notifications kept popping up in my peripheral vision, making me smile inwardly.

Isabel sat rigid beside me, both hands gripping her own thighs tightly. Her face was flushed crimson, her eyes slightly glazed, and her breathing—she was trying so hard to control her breathing, to keep it from sounding strange. But every few seconds, a small exhale that was almost a moan escaped her bitten lips.

Nerissa beside her remained silent. Since the discussion about the threatening video, she hadn't said much. Just occasionally glanced at me with a mixed expression—angry, scared, confused. But she didn't dare say anything more.

The atmosphere in this back row was quiet, contrasting with the uproar from the arena and the spectators' cheers.

Then footsteps echoed on the stairs.

I glanced over. Arianna Blazinger was climbing the tribunal stairs with slightly slow steps. Her face was still pale from exhaustion, even though her body had healed considerably thanks to superior HGA treatment. But what radiated most clearly from her expression was frustration.

She'd just lost her first match. In front of the whole world. In front of her mother.

Arianna walked past the middle rows, then unconsciously her eyes began searching for someone.

For me.

And the moment she found her target, she stopped.

Her gaze caught the scene in the back row: me sitting beside Isabel, my body slightly leaning toward her, my hand tucked behind Isabel's uniform in a position that made it very clear what I was doing.

Arianna's face instantly flushed. Bright red like a tomato. From her neck up to her cheeks, to her forehead, even to her earlobes. Her mouth opened slightly, but no sound came out.

I had no intention of hiding. Not from my own dog.

I just smiled faintly at her, then returned my focus to the arena, my hand still in place.

Arianna moved again, this time faster. She sat in the front row, in the empty seat beside Instructor Violet. Her posture was rigid, her back tense, and I knew she could still feel my gaze on her back.

Violet turned. "Arianna. How are you feeling?"

Arianna startled, then tried to smile normally. "I-I'm fine, Instructor. I've been treated."

Violet nodded. "Good."

Arianna looked down. Her fingers twisted the edge of her uniform. "Instructor... I'm sorry. I lost. I embarrassed our academy."

Violet regarded her for a moment. Then, in a voice that was flat but not cold, she said, "Consider this a lesson. After all, you're still a second-year. Next year is your real chance to prove yourself."

Arianna lifted her face. Surprise showed in her eyes—she'd probably expected to be thoroughly scolded.

"Thank you, Instructor," she whispered.

Violet just nodded and returned her gaze to the arena.

But Arianna couldn't settle. Occasionally, unable to stop herself, her eyes would flicker backward. Toward me. And every time she did, I was already waiting, returning her gaze with a meaningful faint smile.

Arianna would immediately look away, her face flushing again, and forcefully refocus on the arena.

Meanwhile, in the arena, the fight was reaching its climax.

Talia had run out of options. Her breath came in gasps, her body trembled from exhaustion and cold—she'd pushed herself too hard for too long. Her ice sword was now only half its normal size, as she lacked the energy to maintain it.

Maximus, on the other hand, was still grinning broadly. There were a few minor wounds on his body—scratches, bruises, a little blood at his temple—but he showed no signs of fatigue.

"Enough," Maximus said, his voice carrying clearly throughout the arena.

He lunged.

Talia tried to leap backward, creating a thin ice wall before her. Maximus tore through it like paper. Talia tried to thrust with her remaining sword. Maximus caught it, crushed it, and at the same time, his left hand gripped Talia's throat.

Talia was lifted. Her legs flailed in the air, her hands beat uselessly against Maximus's arm. Her face reddened, her breath choked.

Maximus looked at her with a cynical smile. "You're strong enough for a woman. But not strong enough to beat me."

Then he threw her.

Talia's body flew through the air, spinning, and slammed into the floor near the arena boundary. She rolled several times, then stopped, unmoving.

The Colosseum fell silent.

The referee ran to Talia, checked her condition, then raised his hand.

"TALIA LEBRANCE CANNOT CONTINUE THE MATCH! VICTORY GOES TO MAXIMUS TREYBERN OF NINE STARS ACADEMY!"

Cheers erupted. Maximus raised both hands, turning slowly, accepting the crowd's acclaim. His face glowed with satisfaction.

The scoreboard changed.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 5 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 5 WINS – 7 LOSSES

"MAXIMUS TREYBERN HAS SECURED HIS SECOND CONSECUTIVE VICTORY! THIS IS AN EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE! HE HAS TURNED THE TIDE AND BROUGHT NINE STARS TO A TWO-POINT LEAD!"

On the Drakefield bench, the mood was grim. Talia was carried out on a stretcher, her face pale, her breathing weak. Several students watched anxiously. Others clenched their fists in frustration.

But one figure stood.

Isaac Moonfall.

He walked toward the arena with calm steps. His grey eyes fixed directly on Maximus.

The Announcer, seeing him, immediately shouted with explosive enthusiasm.

"OH! OH! ISAAC MOONFALL IS RETURNING! DRAKEFIELD'S STAR HAS FINALLY DESCENDED AGAIN! AFTER SUCCESSFULLY DEFEATING ARIANNA BLAZINGER, HE NOW FACES MAXIMUS TREYBERN WHO IS ON A WINNING STREAK! THIS IS THE MATCH THAT WILL DETERMINE THE TOURNAMENT'S DIRECTION!"

Maximus in the arena regarded Isaac with a dismissive smile. "Back again? You think you can beat me after fighting Arianna?"

Isaac didn't answer. He just took his stance, both daggers gripped tightly, his body slightly crouched.

One more victory from Maximus would put Nine Stars three points ahead, nearly uncatchable. But one loss, and the gap would narrow again.

The referee raised his hand.

"BEGIN!"

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Meanwhile, in a room far from the tournament's commotion, an old man sat in a leather chair with a panicked expression on his face.

His brown hair was disheveled, his thick beard unkempt, and his thin frame wrapped in simple robes appeared frail. But anyone who knew him understood that beneath that frailty lay power far beyond ordinary humans.

Eldertree. Guardian Council. The oldest among them, the wisest, and the one who least often showed panic.

But now, he was panicking.

His wrinkled fingers pressed the button on his phone once more. And a cold voice sounded from the other end.

Chapter 222: Chapter 222 - Unfinished Business

Just like before, the moment the referee uttered the word "BEGIN," Maximus lunged forward.

Like a bull released from its pen, his massive body shot forward with surprising speed for someone his size. His powerful feet slammed into the floor, leaving cracks with every step. In an instant, the twenty-meter gap between them vanished.

Isaac didn't move.

He simply stood there, his small frame slightly crouched, both daggers held loosely at his sides. His grey eyes stared straight at Maximus as he approached with terrifying speed.

And just as Maximus came within range, Isaac moved.

His body dropped low, ducking under Maximus's right fist as it shot forward like a cannonball. The punch missed his hair by mere centimeters. At the same moment, his left dagger slashed toward Maximus's stomach.

SWISH!

Maximus twisted his body, dodging the dagger with agility—more agility than a man his size should possess. But Isaac had already moved again. His right dagger thrust upward, targeting the ribs.

Maximus deflected with his forearm.

CLANG!

The sound of metal meeting hardened flesh. Isaac's dagger rebounded, but left a thin red scratch on Maximus's arm.

Maximus looked at the scratch, then laughed. "Finally, a worthy opponent!"

He lunged again, this time with a more coordinated combination of punches and kicks. Right punch, left punch, low kick, sideways elbow—all unleashed within three seconds, like an unrelenting storm.

Isaac dodged with precise, minimal movements. Tilting his head centimeters to avoid a punch. Leaping slightly to dodge a low kick. Bending a little to evade an elbow. Every motion was economical, energy-efficient, and perfectly timed.

The Announcer shouted with explosive enthusiasm. "THE FIGHT BEGINS WITH HIGH INTENSITY! MAXIMUS IS ATTACKING LIKE A STORM, BUT ISAAC MOONFALL MOVES LIKE A SHADOW! NOT A SINGLE STRIKE HAS LANDED!"

Maximus growled in frustration. He swung his fists harder, faster, and more brutally. The arena floor around him began to crumble—deep cracks, craters from his punches, marble fragments scattering in all directions.

Isaac kept evading.

But occasionally, in the gaps between Maximus's relentless attacks, his daggers would strike. Never with full force—just quick strikes, like a snake biting then withdrawing. But each strike left its mark: a scratch on the arm, a thin cut on the cheek, a shallow stab at the shoulder.

Maximus was beginning to bleed.

His wounds were small—nothing serious—but their number kept growing. And each new wound made his face redder, not from pain, but from frustration.

"HOLD STILL, YOU DAMN SHADOW!" he roared, his fist clenching and slamming hard into the floor.

CRASH!

The arena floor shattered in a three-meter radius. Marble fragments flew in every direction, creating a thick curtain of dust.

Isaac wasn't there.

He'd already leaped back, landing lightly ten meters from Maximus, his body still in a ready stance.

Maximus was like a storm—attacking with brutal force, destroying everything in his path. But Isaac... Isaac was like a tiger stalking from the shadows. Silent, patient, waiting for an opening. And when that opening came, he struck like lightning, then retreated back into shadow.

Maximus leaped out of the crater he'd created. Dust still clung to his body, mixing with blood from the small cuts. His breathing was slightly heavier than before—the first sign of fatigue.

"KEEP RUNNING, SHADOW!" he shouted. "I'LL CATCH YOU SOONER OR LATER!"

Isaac didn't answer. He just waited.

Maximus lunged again.

This time, he didn't rely solely on strength. His movements were more controlled, more measured. He tried to corner Isaac, cutting off his escape routes, forcing him to fight at close range.

Isaac retreated slowly, his eyes constantly moving, reading every one of Maximus's movements. The daggers in his hands spun slowly, ready.

They exchanged blows again. Maximus unleashed a deadly combination of strikes—right punch, left punch, kick, elbow, knee—all in unpredictable rhythm.

Isaac blocked, dodged, and countered.

The thud of Maximus's punches striking Isaac's arms, the hiss of Isaac's daggers slicing Maximus's skin, the sound of their increasingly heavy breathing—all merged into a tense symphony of battle.

"THESE TWO FIGHTERS ARE EXCHANGING BLOWS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND FEROCITY! MAXIMUS WITH HIS BRUTAL POWER, ISAAC WITH HIS SPEED AND PRECISION! WHO WILL LAST LONGER?!"

Maximus grabbed Isaac's arm, for a moment, he'd actually caught him. A victorious smile began forming on his face.

But Isaac had already moved.

His small body twisted like a snake, slipping free from Maximus's grip with an impossible motion. At the same moment, his dagger slashed across Maximus's wrist.

SWISH!

Blood sprayed. Maximus roared, releasing his grip. The wound on his wrist was deep, for the first time, a serious injury.

"HE DID IT! ISAAC MOONFALL HAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED MAXIMUS! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN THIS FIGHT!"

Maximus clutched his bleeding wrist, his eyes blazing with pure fury. "YOU... I'LL KILL YOU!"

He leaped with full force, both fists raised high, ready to smash Isaac with his entire body weight.

Isaac waited.

Just as Maximus reached the apex of his leap, the moment he couldn't change direction, Isaac moved. He leaped upward, straight toward Maximus.

Their eyes met in mid-air.

Maximus saw something in Isaac's eyes, and Isaac's body split.

One, two, three—three identical figures shot from his position. One left, one right, one straight ahead. All three attacked with daggers drawn, all three appearing real.

Maximus froze in mid-air, unable to change direction, unable to dodge.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

Three slashes, three new wounds.

One on the right shoulder, one on the left waist, one on the right thigh.

Maximus landed hard, his body lurching. Blood flowed more freely from three new sources. But he was still standing. His eyes searched for Isaac among the three figures.

Two figures vanished.

One remained—the real Isaac, standing three meters away, his daggers dripping with blood.

Maximus staggered. His mighty body was now covered in wounds—none fatal, but many. Too many. Blood flowed from a dozen points, soaking his tattered combat uniform.

But he was still standing. Still clenching his fists. Still staring at Isaac with burning hatred.

"Not... over..." he rasped, his voice hoarse.

Isaac didn't answer. He just took his stance again, body slightly crouched, daggers ready.

They stared at each other.

Maximus—badly wounded, losing blood, but still filled with rage.

Isaac—exhausted but calm, his grey eyes showing no emotion.

Then Maximus lunged one last time.

Not a measured attack, not strategy—just blind, consuming rage. He swung his fist with all his remaining strength.

Isaac waited until the last second.

As Maximus's fist was about to strike his face, he ducked. The fist shot past above his head. And in the same motion, Isaac leaped, spinning in the air, and...

SWISH!

His dagger slashed across Maximus's neck.

Not deep. But enough to make him lose.

Maximus stopped. His hand reached for his neck, feeling warm blood flow through his fingers. His eyes widened in disbelief.

He dropped to his knees.

The Colosseum fell silent.

Maximus tried to rise, but his body wouldn't obey. He fell again, this time sitting back, both arms limp at his sides.

Isaac stood before him, his daggers still dripping blood.

The referee ran to the center of the arena, checked Maximus's condition, then raised his hand.

"MAXIMUS TREYBERN CANNOT CONTINUE THE MATCH! VICTORY GOES TO ISAAC MOONFALL OF DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY!"

Cheers exploded. Half the spectators—Drakefield supporters and those who simply wanted to see a good fight—cheered enthusiastically. The rest fell silent in disbelief.

The scoreboard changed.

NINE STARS ACADEMY: 7 WINS – 6 LOSSES

DRAKEFIELD ACADEMY: 6 WINS – 7 LOSSES

Isaac stood in the center of the arena, his breathing heavy, his body trembling with exhaustion. But his eyes remained sharp, still alert. He gazed toward the Nine Stars bench.

Toward Yukie.

After a few seconds, he lowered his head, then walked away from the arena. His steps were unsteady, but he refused help from his teammates who rushed toward him.

The Announcer didn't miss the moment.

"ISAAC MOONFALL HAS DEFEATED MAXIMUS TREYBERN IN AN EXTRAORDINARY BATTLE! THE SCORE NOW STANDS AT 7-6! NINE STARS STILL LEADS, BUT THE MARGIN IS ONLY ONE POINT! THE MATCH IS NOT OVER YET!"

Maximus was lifted onto a stretcher. His face was pale, frustration and resentment evident in his expression. On the Nine Stars bench, Violet exhaled slowly.

Arianna watched Isaac with a complicated expression. She'd just been defeated by the same person, and now watching him defeat Maximus, who knew what was going through her mind.

Yukie remained silent. Her eyes followed Isaac until he sat down on the bench.

On the Nine Stars bench, Violet sat with an unreadable expression. She turned toward the bench.

I knew what she was thinking.

I was next.

But unfortunately, I wasn't the one she called.

Violet turned to her side.

"Isabel," she called.

Isabel instantly froze because my hand was still on her ass, still squeezing and sending small waves of [Lustful Touch] that made it almost impossible for her to think clearly.

Violet continued, "Now it's your turn."

Isabel turned to me, her eyes wide.

I could read two things in that expression: fear at having to face me, and... such profound relief at being able to leave. Leave here. Leave my side. Leave my hand that wouldn't stop tormenting her with unwanted pleasure.

"I-I... yes, Instructor!" Isabel answered, her voice slightly unsteady but trying to sound firm.

She stood up so quickly she nearly bumped into the seat in front of her. Her hands straightened her uniform—an unnecessary gesture, since her uniform was fine, but she needed an excuse to move away. To catch her breath. To calm her flushed face.

I let her go.

But just before she fully escaped, my fingers squeezed once more as a warning. Isabel gasped, nearly stumbled, then dashed away without looking back.

Nerissa, still sitting beside me, watched Isabel's departure with a strange expression. Maybe she suspected something was wrong. But she didn't ask. She just sat quietly, trying not to look at me.

In the arena, Isabel had already descended. Her opponent from Drakefield was a young man with short hair and a pair of short swords—name on the side display: RONALD VOSS, DUAL BLADES SPECIALIST, A-RANK.

The Announcer immediately declared with enthusiasm that was beginning to sound slightly forced. "NEXT MATCH! ISABEL MERCEDES OF NINE STARS VERSUS RONALD VOSS OF DRAKEFIELD! AFTER THE EPIC BATTLE BETWEEN MAXIMUS AND ISAAC, WILL WE WITNESS AN EQUALLY THRILLING FIGHT?!"

The spectators' cheers responded, but not as enthusiastically as before.

I exhaled slowly.

Boring.

Isabel would win—that was clear. Ronald Voss might be a competent fighter, but Isabel was an A-Rank Assassin with far more combat experience. The fight would happen, Isabel would win, and the score would become 8-6. Then maybe Drakefield would send another fighter, and Isabel might lose or win again. A boring cycle.

What was more interesting was what was happening behind me.

Arianna.

She'd been sitting restlessly beside Violet. Occasionally glancing back, toward me, then quickly looking away. Her hands twisted the edge of her uniform.

Then, suddenly, she stood.

Violet turned. "Arianna?"

"I... need to use the restroom for a moment, Instructor," Arianna answered quickly. "Just a moment."

Violet nodded indifferently, her eyes already back on the arena.

Arianna walked past the middle rows, then descended the stairs toward the corridor beneath the stands. Her steps were fast, almost like running.

I smiled.

This was more interesting than the arena fight.

I stood. Nerissa looked at me suspiciously.

"Where are you going?" she asked, her voice trying to sound casual but clearly wary.

I didn't answer. I just walked past her, following the direction Arianna had taken.

Chapter 223: Chapter 223 - Master and Pet

The women's locker room reserved for Nine Stars Academy was silent and empty.

Arianna entered quickly, closing the door behind her and letting out a long breath. The room was spacious enough—several benches, a large mirror on one wall, and two small doors leading to private toilet stalls. Unlike the public restrooms in the main corridor, crowded and open to anyone, only Nine Stars students could enter here.

Or at least, it should have been.

She walked toward the toilet, her hand already reaching for the door handle, when—

Click.

The sound of the door opening behind her.

Arianna spun around, and her heart stopped.

I stood in the doorway, leaning my shoulder against the frame, both hands in my pockets, offering her a faint smile.

"Ad—Adam?!" she gasped, her eyes widening. "What are you doing here?!"

I didn't answer. I just walked in, letting the door close behind me with a click that echoed loudly in the silent room.

Arianna stepped back, her back nearly hitting the toilet door. Her crimson eyes stared at me with a mix of shock, anger, and... something else.

"This is the women's locker room, you know!" her voice was loud, trying to sound fierce. "You have no right to be here! I could report you—"

"Go ahead and report me."

I kept walking closer, my steps slow, unhurried. Arianna retreated again, but she'd already hit the toilet door.

"You think I'm afraid of being reported?" I continued, still with that faint smile. "Report me to who? Violet? The headmaster? Your father? Your mo—"

"Stop right there!" she cut me off, her voice trembling slightly. "Don't come any closer! I'm serious, Adam!"

I stopped about two meters from her. Close enough to see her flushed face, her quickening breath, and—ah, I loved this—the flicker in her eyes that she couldn't hide.

"Actually," I said softly, "you were waiting for me, weren't you?"

Arianna gasped. "W-What?!"

"Be honest, Arianna." I tilted my head, looking at her with a knowing gaze. "You came here alone on purpose, knowing I'd follow you. You want this."

Her face changed, from pink to crimson in an instant.

"Hah?! Don't make things up!" her voice rose, trying to cover her nervousness. "Why would a girl like me wait for a loser like you?! Who do you think you are?! Don't get cocky, you trash!"

Loser.

Trash.

Those words stung a little—not deeply, but enough to remind me that Arianna's mouth was indeed very harsh. She'd always been like this, which is why she suited being a dog. But now, after everything that had happened...

I stepped forward, fast. In one motion, I stood directly before her, my body only inches from hers as she instantly tensed up.

"You really need special training," I said, my voice low, "don't you, my dog?"

My dog. Those two words hit Arianna like lightning. Her body trembled. Her eyes widened. And that little notification appeared in my peripheral vision.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 29 (+1)]

I smiled inwardly. What a bitch, she really liked being treated like this.

"W-What?! Dog?!" Arianna tried to sound angry, but her voice wasn't as loud as before. "You're crazy! Let me go! I—"

"You saw everything, didn't you?" I cut her off, still in that low voice. "Up in the stands earlier. You saw what I was doing to Isabel. You've also seen what I can do, haven't you?"

Arianna froze. Her already-red face grew even redder. Her eyes avoided mine.

"You think I don't know," I continued, "that you came to the bathroom to masturbate while thinking about me treating you like a dog?"

"W-What?! NO!" she exclaimed, too loud. "I just—I just needed to pee! That's literally it! You pervert! Don't assume everyone's like you—"

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 35 (+6)]

[Your Dominance over Arianna Increases to 76%.]

Liar. I laughed softly. My hand moved, reaching for the waistband of my uniform pants, and began to lower them.

Arianna gasped. "H-Hey! What are you—DON'T!"

My uniform pants dropped. And beneath my underwear, my erect cock was clearly visible.

Arianna's eyes locked onto it.

"You must be bored, right?" I said, my voice teasing. "Watching those boring matches. How about we have some fun here?"

Arianna tried to look away, but failed. Her eyes kept being drawn there, to the large shape beginning to bulge against the thin fabric.

"Pu—put your pants back on! Right now!" her voice was almost a scream, but there was no force behind it. "Don't show me that disgusting thing!"

I didn't put my pants back on. Instead, I reached for her shoulders.

My touch made Arianna jolt violently. She tried to pull away, but my hands gripped her shoulders firmly. Not with full force, just enough to let her know she wasn't going anywhere.

"Sit."

I pushed her down gently. Her knees bent, and within seconds, Arianna was kneeling before me.

"Be a good dog," I said, looking down at her, "and satisfy your master."

Arianna looked up. Her crimson eyes were now glazed with lust. Her gaze fell to what was before her face—my cock, now fully erect, pushing against my underwear so hard it was nearly tearing.

It was big. Very big. Even by my own standards, I knew this was beyond normal. Its dark red head was already peeking out from beneath the fabric, looming over Arianna's pale face.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 38 (+3)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 42 (+4)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 47 (+5)]

She shuddered. Maybe from fear, but fear mixed with something far deeper.

"Get that disgusting thing away!" her voice was hoarse, trying so hard to sound angry. "I don't want—I won't—"

I guided my cock toward her lips.

Its large head touched her soft lower lip. Arianna froze completely. Her eyes bulged as she stared at me with a mix of horror and... uncontrollable arousal.

"I think," I said, slowly rubbing my head against her lip, "you really need to be disciplined, you bad dog."

Arianna didn't move. Couldn't move.

"Open your mouth."

She didn't open it.

I sighed, slightly annoyed.

"You know what I can do, right? I could force you. I could make you obey in much harsher ways. But I don't want that. I want you to open your mouth yourself. Like a good obedient dog."

Arianna's eyes trembled.

Her mind was at war. All the memories of that night in the bathroom—of how I'd treated her—all came flooding back in overwhelming waves. And those dreams. Those crazy dreams where she was the dog of the man before her.

She hated those dreams. But she also... looked forward to them.

Slowly, very slowly, her lips parted.

I didn't wait any longer.

My hips pushed forward, and my large cock slid into her mouth.

"Aagh—!"

Arianna startled as my head hit her throat, as the muscles there reflexively squeezed my shaft. Tears immediately streamed down her face—from pain, from shock. Her hands rose, trying to push me away, but stopped mid-air, unsure what to do.

It felt... heavenly.

Her mouth was warm, wet, and tight. Her tongue accidentally touched the underside of my shaft, creating a sensation that made my spine tingle.

But Arianna was struggling. Her face was red, her breathing was ragged through her nose, and her throat kept reflexively squeezing my shaft. Saliva began dripping from the corner of her mouth.

I held for a few seconds, enjoying the sensation, then withdrew.

Arianna coughed and sputtered, saliva and tears mixing on her face. She gasped for air, her hands clutching her own throat.

"Bastard... cough... are you trying to kill me?!" her voice was hoarse.

I didn't answer. I just turned around, reached for the small bag I'd brought—the one slung over my shoulder this whole time. I opened it.

Inside were simple items: a headband with two black dog ears, and a black leather collar with a shiny silver chain.

Arianna, still coughing, saw those items and immediately went pale.

"W-What are those?"

I turned to face her, holding the collar and headband in my hands.

"Now, my bad dog," I said, "put these on."

Arianna stared at those items with horror. "You're insane! I won't—"

"I brought them specifically for you," I cut in, my voice calm but undeniable. "Because I planned to discipline you today."

"You crazy pervert! Lunatic! Sex maniac!" she cursed, but her body didn't move. Her knees were still on the floor. Her eyes still stared at those items, and behind her fake anger...

[Your Dominance over Arianna Increases to 78%.]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 51 (+4)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 54 (+3)]

She was incredibly aroused.

I ignored her curses. I knelt before her, holding the dog ear headband, and slowly placed it on her head.

Arianna didn't resist. Her crimson eyes looked at me with an expression she couldn't explain herself.

The headband fit perfectly on her head, two black ears standing cutely atop her beautiful red hair. Then the collar—I opened its clasp, wrapped it around her slender neck, and locked it.

Click.

That sound was so meaningful.

The silver chain dangled against her chest, gleaming under the room's lights.

I stepped back slightly, looking at her. Arianna with her beautiful red hair, her pretty face, black dog ears on her head, and a collar with a chain around her neck.

"You really suit being my dog," I said, sincerely.

Arianna froze. Those words hit her harder than anything.

I grabbed her chain, pulling slightly. "Now, service my cock again."

Arianna looked at me. Then her gaze shifted to my erect cock, waiting, throbbing.

She felt humiliated. Insulted. Degraded to a level she'd never imagined. A girl like her—daughter of Ophelia Blazinger, heir to one of the strongest Hunter families, one of Nine Stars' top students—now kneeling on a locker room floor with dog ears and a collar around her neck, ready to put a man's cock in her mouth.

But somehow...

She was incredibly aroused.

She didn't know why this was happening. Didn't know when she'd become like this. All she knew was that since this man had taken her in that bathroom, something inside her had changed. Or maybe just awakened.

She squirmed closer, opened her mouth again.

But I pulled her chain, stopping her.

"Wait."

Arianna paused, looking at me confused.

I looked into her eyes. Her crimson eyes, wet, full of something she didn't want to admit. I stroked her hair—gently, like petting a beloved dog.

"Be honest with me, Arianna."

She shivered under my touch.

"You know I have the ability to make you tell the truth," I continued, my voice soft but penetrating. "But I don't need that. I want you to admit it yourself."

"Admit... what?" she whispered.

"You like this."

Arianna gasped. "I—"

"You like being treated like this," I cut in, my hand still stroking her hair. "You like being my dog."

"I—no! I don't—"

Stroke.

"Since that first time," I continued, "I haven't touched you again, have I? How many weeks? Three weeks? A month?"

Arianna was silent.

"During that time, you must have dreamed every night. Dreamed of me taking you again. Dreamed of me treating you like a dog. Leading you around with this chain."

Arianna bit her lip. Her face was crimson.

"That's your fantasy, isn't it?" I asked. "Be honest. You truly wished for it, didn't you?"

Arianna froze.

Because... it was true.

For the past several days, almost every night she dreamed. Dreams where she was the dog of the man before her. Crawling behind him. Licking his feet. Sleeping in a kennel. And upon waking, she nearly went crazy because she liked it. She really liked it. And she hated that she liked it.

But now, before me, with dog ears on her head and a collar around her neck, she could no longer deny it.

I had been entering her dreams using my [Dreamweaver] skill, training her several times a week.

"I can make that hidden desire of yours come true," I whispered, my voice soft like persuasion. "All your dreams. I can make them real."

Arianna looked at me, her eyes glistening.

"But you have to ask," I continued. "You have to admit that you want it."

"..."

"If you want it," I said, still stroking her hair, "bark."

Both my palms stroked her head and ears—the same gesture as in her dreams. The same gesture when I trained her to be a good dog.

And Arianna, unconsciously, unable to stop it, let out that small sound.

"Woof."

[Your Dominance over Arianna Increases to 81%.]

Chapter 224: Chapter 224 - Freedom in Chains

Instantly, Arianna's face burned. Her eyes widened with shame. She'd just barked. Actually barked like a dog.

But at the same time...

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 61 (+7)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 68 (+7)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 74 (+6)]

...she felt incredibly aroused.

This was insane. She must have gone crazy. Unlike in dreams, in the real world this felt more real, more intense, more unbearable. Every word, every touch, every look—everything was a hundred times stronger.

"Finally," I whispered, my smile widening. "Good dog."

My hand stroked her hair again, gently, affectionately—the affection of a master for his loyal pet.

And Arianna... Arianna felt a strange comfort in that stroke. Warmth spreading from her crown to her toes. Her pussy was wet, so wet, she was sure her underwear could no longer contain it.

Without being asked, without being commanded, her mouth opened.

I smiled. I brought my cock closer, and Arianna—obediently, with utter devotion—put it in her mouth.

This time, no coughing, and no choking. She was ready. Her warm mouth wrapped around my shaft, her tongue moving, trying to find the right rhythm.

I stroked her hair continuously, gently, consistently.

"Good dog," I praised. "You learn fast."

That praise made Arianna's heart race. Every time she was humiliated, every time she was treated like a dog, her heart raced faster. And every time I praised her, she felt an explosion of pleasure in her chest.

She kept sucking. My large head filled her mouth, her tongue licked my shaft awkwardly but eagerly. Saliva began dripping again, wetting her chin, falling to the floor.

"Yes, like that," I murmured, my head tilting back slightly as I enjoyed the sensation. "You're amazing, my dog."

Arianna's eyes sparkled at that praise.

This man degraded her. Insulted her. Treated her like trash. But every praise from him felt like the most valuable gift in the world.

And she kept sucking. Faster. Deeper. With total devotion.

My head moved up and down in her mouth, sometimes hitting her throat, sometimes withdrawing almost completely. My right hand still stroked her hair, my left held her chain, controlling her movements slightly.

Wet sounds began to echo in that silent room.

Arianna didn't know what was driving her. All this time, she'd been the bully. The one who treated others like trash and pets. She was Ophelia Blazinger's daughter, heir to the most revered Hunter family. The world was hers to dominate.

But now, kneeling on the cold changing room floor, with dog ears on her head and a collar around her neck, with this man's cock in her mouth—she realized something terrifying.

This feeling of being controlled... this feeling of being humiliated... somehow made her body far more excited than anything she'd ever experienced.

Every time the man before her stroked her hair, she shuddered with pleasure. Every time he pulled her chain, she felt her pussy throb. Every word 'dog' that left his mouth, every condescending look, every command—all of it made her wetter.

And this man before her... he was utterly shameless. Didn't hesitate for a second to treat her like a dog. Like she truly deserved to be treated that way.

She remembered everything this terrifying man could do, especially his ability to stop time and control people's bodies and minds.

Arianna couldn't fight him. Physically, psychologically, in every way.

She could only accept.

And from that, somehow, she felt freedom.

Freedom from the pressure to be perfect. Freedom from her mother's shadow. Freedom from everyone's expectations. Here, before this man, she didn't need to be anything. She just needed to be an obedient dog.

And that... was incredibly relieving.

I pulled my hips back, withdrawing my cock from her mouth with a wet pop. Arianna gasped, saliva dripping down her chin, her hazy eyes staring up at me.

"Good dog," I praised, stroking her hair again. "But you still need to learn."

Arianna looked at me with a confused expression.

"I want you to act like a real dog," I said.

Her dazed face instantly changed. Her brow furrowed, eyes narrowing.

"What do you mean 'act like a real dog'?" she asked suspiciously.

I smiled. "You know. Dogs kneel on all fours. Loll their tongues out. Wag their ass when they're happy. Bark when commanded."

Arianna stared at me with an expression somewhere between horror and disbelief.

"You're insane," she said, her voice hoarse. "Completely insane. Crazy sex maniac. You think I'm going to crawl on this dirty floor like an actual dog?"

I didn't answer. Just tugged her chain slightly.

The pull wasn't hard, but enough to make her jolt forward.

"Careful," I said, my voice low. "Don't forget who's in control here. If you're disobedient, I can punish you in ways you won't like."

Arianna froze.

"I... I..."

"Obey," I said, still low. "Or I'll make you walk naked like a dog in front of everyone, and they'll all know the true form of Ophelia Blazinger's daughter."

Arianna ground her teeth. Her eyes blazed with hatred.

She crouched.

Slowly, she bent her knees, lowering her body, until her hands touched the floor. Her slender fingers curled, bearing her weight. Her back arched, her ass lifting slightly.

And with an unbearably ashamed expression, she lolled her tongue out.

"Woof," a small sound escaped her lips, barely audible.

I smiled in satisfaction.

"Good dog," I said, stroking her hair again. "You learn fast."

That praise made Arianna smile slightly, a smile she immediately wiped away when she realized what she'd just done.

But I'd already seen it.

"However," I continued, "there's one more thing."

Arianna looked at me warily.

"Shouldn't dogs not wear clothes?"

She froze. Her eyes widened.

"W-What?"

"You heard me," I said, still smiling. "Take off your clothes. All of them."

"YOU'RE INSANE!" she screamed, but her voice trembled. "I won't—"

"Good dogs obey," I interrupted, tugging her chain slightly. "Or do you want to be punished?"

Arianna fell silent. A battle raged on her face. Pride, dignity, anger—all warring against fear and... something else. Something that made her want to obey, to please this man, to hear his praise again.

Finally, with a long, trembling breath, she surrendered.

Her hands moved to her uniform. Her fingers undid the buttons one by one. Each button opened made her face redder. Her beautiful shoulders emerged. Her sexy collarbone. Flat stomach with slight muscle definition from training.

The uniform fell to the floor.

Arianna now wore only her bra and panties. A black bra perfectly cupping her large breasts. White panties already wet in the center—so wet the fabric was transparent.

"Continue," I said.

Arianna bit her lip. Tears welled in her eyes. But her hands moved again, reaching behind, unhooking her bra.

The bra fell away, dropping to the floor.

Her breasts were fully exposed before me. Two large mounds with pink nipples already hardened—from cold or arousal, maybe both. They swayed slightly as she moved, beautiful, perfect.

Arianna covered her chest with her hands, embarrassed. But I immediately pulled her chain.

"Don't cover," I said. "Dogs aren't shy."

She lowered her hands, though reluctantly.

"The panties too," I commanded.

Arianna squeezed her thighs together. Her breathing was heavy. But she obeyed.

Her fingers hooked into her panties, pulling them down slowly. The wet fabric slid down her long legs, revealing her already soaking pussy. Her red pubic hair was wet with fluid that kept flowing.

She stood naked before me, only dog ears on her head and a collar around her neck. Her body trembled with unbearable shame and arousal.

Her hands reflexively tried to cover her pussy, but I pulled her chain again.

"Don't," I said. "Dogs don't cover their bodies."

Arianna lowered her hands, though reluctantly. She stood there, naked, exposed, humiliated.

But her pussy kept leaking fluid.

"Come on," I said, "back to dog position."

She crouched again. Knees bent, hands on the floor, back arched. But this time without clothes, the position was more... vulgar.

Her round, white ass lifted high, displaying her wet pussy from behind. Her large breasts hung down, nipples almost touching the floor. And with a deeply ashamed expression, she lolled her tongue out again.

I gazed at her, thoroughly satisfied.

Arianna's body was incredible. Her proportions were exactly like her mother's, Ophelia Blazinger—probably genetic. Long, shapely legs, white as jade, not fat but solidly filled out. A sexy, slender waist curving perfectly to wide hips. Beautiful collarbone, long neck now adorned with a black collar and silver chain.

Her breasts were large—maybe D cup or more—with tempting pink nipples, now hanging due to her position. Her back curved beautifully, muscles faintly visible beneath her white skin.

And her face... that arrogant face that usually looked down on everyone, now lolled her tongue like a real dog, with a mixed expression of annoyance and shame. The black dog ears on her head added a strange cuteness.

My cock throbbed violently at the sight. It was fully erect, maybe larger than usual.

"You're incredible," I praised sincerely. "Such a beautiful dog."

That praise hit Arianna like a wave. Her pussy released more fluid, dripping to the floor.

"Now," I said, "I want you to truly act like a dog."

Arianna looked at me confused. "I... I'm already acting like a dog."

"Not completely," I said. "You know what dogs do? They crawl. They sniff. They wag their ass when happy. They lick their master. They bark."

Arianna froze.

Chapter 225: Chapter 225 - Puddle on the Floor

Arianna froze. "You... you want me to do all that?"

"Of course," I said, smiling. "You're my dog, aren't you?"

"Crazy... crazy... fucking insane..." she muttered softly, but didn't move.

"You remember everything that happened in your dreams, right?" I asked.

Arianna jolted. Her eyes widened.

"H-How? How do you know—"

"I know everything," I interrupted. "I know every dream you've had. Every time you crawled behind me. Every time you licked my feet. Every time you slept in a kennel. I know it all."

Arianna paled. "That... that was just dreams..."

"And now those dreams are real," I said. "Come on, practice what you've learned in your dreams."

Arianna was silent. Her mind was chaos. Her dreams all this time—she thought they were just her own wild imagination. But this man knew. He knew everything. That meant...

[Your Dominance over Arianna Increases to 85%.]

But she didn't have time to think further. I tugged her chain slightly, signaling her to start moving.

Arianna began crawling with heavy breaths.

Her movements were stiff, awkward. Her smooth knees crept across the cold marble floor. Her slender hands padded softly. Her ass wiggled behind her, displaying her wet pussy from behind.

"I hate this," she muttered softly. "I hate you. I hate all of this."

But she kept crawling.

"Woof... woof..." her barks were small, shy.

I walked backward, leading her with the chain, making her follow me around the room. She crawled behind me, occasionally sniffing the floor like she'd done in her dreams.

"A dog who curses," I said, chuckling softly. "Unique."

"I'm not a dog! I'm human!" she protested, but kept crawling.

"Humans don't crawl on floors barking."

"YOU'RE FORCING ME!"

"I'm not forcing you," I said, stopping and turning around. "You're doing it because you like it. Because deep in your heart, you truly want to be my dog."

Arianna stopped crawling. She looked at me with moist red eyes.

"I... don't..."

"Continue," I said, pulling her chain. "I want to see you sniff my feet."

Arianna ground her teeth. "Sick pervert."

But she approached.

Her beautiful face neared my feet. Her sharp nose sniffed my skin—a gesture clearly humiliating for a girl like her. Her red hair cascaded beautifully, her black dog ears bobbing.

"Woof," she barked softly.

I stroked her hair. "Good dog."

That praise again. That praise always made her shudder.

"Now, wag your ass," I commanded.

Arianna looked at me in horror. "W-What?!"

"Happy dogs wag their ass," I said. "I just praised you. Show me you're happy."

"This is crazy. Crazy. CRAZY!" she cursed, but she did it anyway.

Her round, white ass began to wiggle—shy movements. She swayed left and right, like a happy dog. Her wet pussy was faintly visible from behind, releasing more and more fluid.

"Faster," I said.

She wagged faster.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" her barks grew louder, probably from shame and excitement.

I laughed. "You're truly a talented dog."

"T-Talented at what?! I'm being humiliated here!" she protested while continuing to wag her ass. "I'm Ophelia Blazinger's daughter! I'm heir to the strongest Hunter family! I should be—"

"You should be my dog," I interrupted, pulling her chain until she drew closer. "And you love it."

Arianna snorted, but didn't argue.

I pointed at my foot. "Lick."

She looked at me, then at my foot.

"What?"

"Lick my foot," I repeated. "Good dogs like licking their master's feet."

"YOU'RE INSANE! EVEN PUPPIES WOULDN'T—"

I yanked her chain hard. Arianna jolted forward, her face nearly touching the floor.

"Lick," I said, my voice low. "Or I'll make you lick something dirtier."

Arianna ground her teeth. Tears began pooling in her eyes—but beneath that, her pussy grew wetter.

She stuck out her tongue. Touched my foot. Her pink tongue then licked the skin of my foot, leaving a wet trail.

Once. Twice. Three times.

The feeling of being licked like that was ticklish, but truly arousing. I enjoyed the sight. An arrogant girl who usually looked down on everyone, now licking my foot like a real dog.

"Again," I said.

She licked again. And again. And again.

Her tears fell, mixing with her saliva on my foot.

"I hate you," she whispered between licks. "I hate you. I hate this. I hate—"

"But your pussy is wet," I interrupted.

She fell silent.

"So wet," I continued. "Look, fluid is dripping onto the floor."

Arianna didn't dare look at me. She just kept licking my foot, tears and saliva mixing on her beautiful face.

After several minutes, I stopped her.

"Stand up."

Arianna rose, still in her crawling position. Her face was wet with tears, saliva, and floor grime. But her eyes... her eyes shone with something strange.

I stood before her, my large cock right in front of her face. "You've put on a good show, my dog. Now, time to receive your reward."

Arianna stared at my cock. Her red eyes widened.

"Reward...?" she whispered, her voice hoarse.

I nodded. "Reward for a good dog. What do dogs want most?"

She didn't answer. Just stared at my cock with a mixture of fear and... intense excitement.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 81 (+7)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 87 (+6)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 93 (+6)]

The readings spiked dramatically.

"Open your mouth," I commanded.

Arianna opened her mouth. Her tongue still lolled out, just like a dog waiting for a treat.

I brought my cock closer. My large head touched her wet tongue, feeling the warmth and softness.

"Reward for a good dog," I said, and pushed forward.

SLURRP!

My cock entered her mouth in one full thrust. My large head breached past her lips, past her tongue, straight down her throat.

Arianna gagged. Her eyes bulged, her hands rising to grip my thighs, trying to push back. But I didn't stop.

I kept pushing.

Deeper. Deeper. Until my entire shaft was buried in her mouth. Until my lips touched hers. Until a strange bulge appeared in her neck.

A long protrusion was visible beneath Arianna's smooth white neck skin—it was my head reaching down her throat, pushing outward from inside. Clearly visible, like a large snake hiding beneath her skin.

Arianna couldn't breathe. Her red eyes widened in panic. Her hands weakly pounded my thighs. Her throat reflexively squeezed my shaft, creating an incredible sensation.

But she couldn't escape. I held her head firmly, keeping her in place.

The sight before me was unreal. Arianna Blazinger now knelt naked before me, with dog ears on her head, a collar around her neck, and my cock filling her mouth down to her throat, with a bulge clearly visible in her neck.

Her once-arrogant face, usually full of pride, now flushed crimson, wet with tears and saliva, with half-closed eyes—a mix of suffering and inexplicable pleasure.

I held for several seconds, enjoying the sensation, then began moving.

I fucked her mouth.

My hips pumped back and forth quickly, hard, mercilessly. Each thrust sent my head into her throat, making the bulge in her neck move back and forth. Each withdrawal made her cough, but I pushed in again before she could breathe.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

Wet sounds filled the room. The sound of Arianna's muffled coughing. The sound of small moans escaping between her suffering.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

My balls slapped against her chin every time I thrust fully. Her large breasts bounced wildly with the rhythm of my thrusts. Her wet pussy kept releasing fluid, dripping onto the floor forming a small puddle.

"Good dog," I groaned between movements. "Such a good dog. You accept everything master gives you, right?"

Arianna couldn't answer. Her mouth was full, her throat full, her entire face full of me.

But her wet red eyes looked at me with something she could no longer hide. Devotion and surrender.

She truly had become my dog.

I kept pumping, faster, harder. My body began to tense, the sensation at the base of my cock building. Arianna felt it—she felt my shaft throbbing, felt my head swelling, felt that something was about to come out.

And she didn't try to pull away.

She just accepted. Like a good dog accepting everything its master gives.

"I'M GOING TO CUM!" I shouted, as a final warning.

Arianna just looked at me, her eyes seeming to say: just do it.

One final thrust. To the hilt.

And I came.

The first burst filled her mouth—salty, thick, and warm. Arianna gagged, but couldn't pull away because I still held her. The second, third, fourth bursts—all went straight down her throat, forced down by my thrusts still pressing.

Only after the fifth burst did I withdraw.

My cock, still leaking remnants, slipped from her mouth with a wet pop. Arianna coughed violently, cum dripping from her mouth, mixing with saliva, falling onto her swaying breasts.

But she still knelt. Still in her dog position. Staring at me with wet, red eyes, full of something she couldn't explain.

I breathed heavily, gazing at my work. Arianna before me, naked, covered in cum and a broken expression—yet also satisfied—on her face.

"Good dog," I whispered, stroking her hair, damp with sweat and tears. "You're truly a good dog."

And Arianna, in the midst of all this humiliation and suffering, smiled.

[Your Dominance over Arianna Increases to 87%.]