

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 26: Chapter 26 - The *ex Slave Decree

Her tear-filled eyes widened in disbelief, fixed on the phone in my hand. Her breath hitched, the chest that had just begun to calm now rising and falling rapidly again.

"You—! You bastard! You—!" she screamed, but as I had commanded earlier, her voice was no louder than a soft, angry hiss, sounding like a hoarse, hate-filled whisper.

"Delete that picture! Now! You have no right! You devil! Monster! Criminal! You think you can threaten me with that? I'll— I'll—!"

But her threats died halfway, because I just let out a low chuckle, my voice deep and filled with a confidence that made her shiver.

"From this moment on, you are my sex slave, Angel," I rasped.

[Domination over Angeline increased to 4%]

A notification appeared, but I dismissed it.

"S-Sex... s-slave...?" she hissed, her voice trembling with a mix of rage and profound disgust. "You... You are truly disgusting! You trash! You're lower than trash! I'd rather die than—!"

"I didn't ask for your opinion," I cut in coldly. "We will begin the first photo session. Obey all my commands. First pose. Stand up straight, feet wide apart. Put both hands behind your head. Push your chest and ass out. Show the world how lewd you are."

Tears trickled again from the corners of her eyes, but her body, controlled by [Mind Control], moved obediently. Her smooth legs opened wide, revealing every intimate detail. Her trembling hands were placed behind her head, forcing her petite chest to push forward, her hardened nipples still erect. A deep, shameful moan escaped her constricted throat.

Click! Click! Click!

I took pictures from various angles, capturing every curve of her humiliated form.

"Second pose. Turn your back to me, bend over at a 90-degree angle, and hold your butt cheeks apart wide. I want a clear view of your other little flower."

"N-No... don't..." she whispered despairingly, but her body was already moving, turning and bending over. Her trembling hands grabbed her plump buttocks and forced them apart, exposing her anus, still red and twitching from my earlier exploration. Such torturous shame made her entire body flush crimson.

Click! Click! Click! I didn't miss a single detail.

"Third pose. Squat on the floor and reach for your clitoris with two fingers. Open up and show the camera how wet and trembling your little hole is."

"I... please... stop..." she sobbed, but her body squatted. One of her legs lifted shakily, her hand went to her pubic area, and with fingers shaking uncontrollably, she forced it open, revealing her pink, glistening wet labia. "This is so shameful... I beg you..."

Click! Click! Click! I even took a short video, documenting her cries and shameful moans.

"Fourth pose. Lie on your back, lift and bend your legs until they touch your chest, and use your fingers to spread your vaginal opening wide. Stick out your tongue and look at the camera."

Her body fell onto the bed. Her legs were bent forcibly, putting her in a near-fetal position. Her hands grabbed her labia and pried them apart, exposing the pink, moist inside. Her pink tongue lolled out, while her tear-filled eyes stared directly into the camera lens with a shattered gaze.

"Big Brother... don't... please... I'm sorry... I'm so, so sorry..." she whimpered, her voice almost inaudible.

I didn't answer. I just kept commanding her.

"Fifth pose. Turn over, on your knees, with your ass facing the camera. Use both hands to spread your butt cheeks, and say 'I'm just a hole for Big Brother'."

"N-No... I won't..."

"Say it," I pressed, my voice hard. Her body trembled violently. In a hoarse, sobbing voice, she obeyed. "I-I'm... ju-ust... a ho-ole... for... B-Big Brother..." while her hands spread her buttocks, exposing both her intimate holes again.

Click! I took a close-up shot.

"Sixth pose. Sit on the chair, cross one leg over the armrest, so everything is open. Then, play with your clitoris for me. Fake an orgasm."

"I can't... this is too..."

"Do it!" I snapped coldly.

She jumped in fright, then her body moved. She sat down, opened herself up, and her stiff fingers began rubbing her clitoris. Fake moans, interspersed with real sobs, escaped her lips. "Ah... aah... h-haa...." Her face was flushed a deep red with shame. I recorded it all.

"Seventh pose. Stand up again, hold my cock with one hand and point it towards your open mouth. Look at the camera with teary eyes."

She shuffled closer. Her cold, trembling hand grabbed my still-erect penis, and with a shattered face, she aimed it towards her open mouth, saliva and traces of my fluids still at the corners. Her wet eyes looked at the camera, emitting total despair.

Click! Click!

"Eighth pose. Kiss my feet. Say 'Thank you, Master, for humiliating me today'."

She dropped to the floor, bent over, and her soft lips kissed the tips of my feet. "T-Thank... y-you... M-Master... for... humiliating me... to-day..." her voice trembled, breaking. I photographed her from above, capturing the curve of her submissive back.

"Ninth and final pose. Stand straight, face the camera, touch your breasts, and say out loud – 'I, Angeline, am a cheap whore and my stepbrother's sex slave!'"

This was the hardest blow yet. She shivered violently, tears streaming down. "N-No... don't make me say that..."

"Say it!" I barked again, my voice echoing.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, her body trembling uncontrollably. Then, in a ragged, utterly despairing voice, she groaned, "I! Angeline! Am a cheap whore and... and the sex slave... of... my stepbrother!" Her voice broke on the final words, followed by a heart-wrenching sob.

Click! Click! Click! I took pictures nonstop, capturing every second of her shattered dignity. I also recorded a clear video of it, sound and all.

Satisfied, I glanced at the timer in the corner of my eye. [03:59...]. Time was almost up.

"I think it's time for the main course," I said in a low voice, thick with anticipation.

Hearing those words, Angeline's body shook violently. Goosebumps of pure fear swept across her exposed skin. Her eyes, already empty and broken, were now filled again with pure terror. She knew this torture and humiliation wasn't over. In fact, the most terrifying part might have just been about to begin.

The vengeful fire boiling in my chest was sated seeing her utterly broken like this.

Fuck! The absolute humiliation and power I held over my own stepsister only stoked my lust to its peak. My chest felt tight with savage satisfaction and burning desire.

"Get on the bed. On all fours. And open your pussy wide for me," I commanded, my voice husky with lust.

Angeline heard it and her body immediately stiffened. Her eyes, already vacant and wet with tears, suddenly widened, filled with a terror far deeper than any shame before. She knew this was the point of no return.

She crawled onto the bed trembling, her weak body almost collapsing. As she got on all fours, her plump rear facing me, her shaking hands reached for her labia and pried them apart forcefully, revealing the pink, moist inside. But she did it all while her sobs grew more and more intense.

"Big Brother... Big Brother, please... don't..." she whimpered, her voice hoarse and desperate.

"I'm begging you, anything, but don't take... don't take my virginity... Please..." Her tears fell freely, soaking the sheets. "I... I promise I'll obey... I'll be a good slave... but not that... not that one... it's the only... Don't destroy that..."

I listened to her pleas with a deep sense of superiority, completely unmoved. I moved closer, my hard, demanding penis rubbing against the wet slit of her labia.

"Aah! No! Please!" she screamed hysterically upon feeling my touch, her body heating up in response to the friction.

"I'm not going to take the virginity of this hole," I said suddenly, my voice low in her ear.

For a brief moment, a flash of relief appeared in her eyes. Her tense body relaxed slightly. "R-Really? T-Thank you, Bro—"

But before she could finish, I cut her off. "Because I'm going to take the virginity of your ass hole."

Her face paled instantly. The relief shattered, replaced by unspeakable horror. "N-No! Don't! That— That's even more evil!" she screamed, trying to crawl away, but [Mind Control] held her firmly in place.

I spat on the tip of my cock to wet it slightly, then pressed the burning head firmly against her small, red, fearfully twitching anal opening.

"W-Wait! Please! No!" she shrieked as she felt the pressure. She could feel how tight and narrow the hole was, and how large the object trying to force its way in was.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! It was my fault! I'm a bitch! I promise, I'll do ANYTHING! Anything you want! I'll be an obedient sex slave, I'll suck you off every morning and night, and I'll let you take pictures of me in any pose, just ANYTHING! PLEASE, don't do this! Don't rape me!" Her crying broke, her voice ragged and filled with absolute despair.

In the corner of my eye, the notification I had ignored earlier was now flashing with much brighter text.

[Quest: Revenge - Successfully Completed.]

[You have received 1000 EXP.]

[Item Received: <Hymen Pill>]

Oh, I did it. It turns out Angeline is now submissive to me.

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 20.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 21.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 22.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 44%].

My level increased again, wasn't this too fast? And my domination over her was almost half. A satisfied smile spread across my lips.

Hearing her total surrender, I finally pulled my cock away from her intact backdoor. She gasped, her breath catching in ragged hitches, her body still trembling violently.

"What?" I asked coldly, as if considering. "Anything, you said?"

Angeline nodded quickly, her swollen, red eyes looking at me with desperate hope. "Y- Yes! Really! Anything, Big Brother! I... I'm just so scared..."

I let out a dramatic sigh, as if making a great sacrifice. "Fine. Even though I'm utterly depraved and incredibly horny, you should consider yourself lucky that I still have some self-control." I looked her straight in the eye.

"You said you didn't want to lose your virginity. Fine. Starting today, your primary duty is to be my personal cocksucker. Just that, for now. The other holes... we'll see later. And remember, if you report me or tell anyone, I will leak all your photos and videos."

Angeline stared at my face, trying to read if this was a trick or not. But at least she was safe for the moment. Finally, her face still wet with tears, she nodded slowly. "O-Okay..."

She had submitted. Completely. But deep down, I knew this was only a delay. Angeline definitely wouldn't just take this lying down and would plan something to retaliate.

Truthfully, I had really wanted to take her anal virginity just now, I thought, gazing at her body still in the doggy position. But it was too tight and I couldn't fit inside. I guess I really need to buy some sex toys.

And suddenly, my [Mind Control] skill timer ran out.

Chapter 27: Chapter 27 - The Hymen Pill

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 22

EXP:45/300

<Strength: 17>

<Agility:20>

<Vitality:20>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:30>

Available Stat Points: 40

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Slave's Collar]

[Hymen Pill]

My body felt weary yet satisfied as I lay back on the bed, my eyes fixed on the status interface displayed before me. A faint smile touched my lips at the significant level increase. My gaze shifted to the list of skills and items, stopping on the newly acquired [Hymen Pill]. As I focused, its detailed description appeared.

[Hymen Pill]

-> A single-use pill that can restore a woman's hymen to a virgin state. Its side effects are permanent and drastic: after her hymen is torn again, her vagina will permanently stretch to accommodate the penis that tore it. This makes her unable to accept any other penis without pain and discomfort. Furthermore, she will develop an exclusive sexual dependency on that specific penis, experiencing intense and frequent orgasms only from its penetration, plunging her into a constant cycle of need and satisfaction.]

Reading the explanation of its permanent side effects, a satisfied hiss escaped my lips. This System truly understood my darkest desires. This pill was absolutely incredible sick. Not only did it restore virginity, but it also bound a woman to me, biologically and psychologically, forever.

Just then, my attention was drawn to movement under the bed. Angeline, her eyes still red and face pale, was obediently licking and stroking my balls.

Thankfully, I managed to talk my way out of it when my [Mind Control] wore off and she didn't attack me. I then ordered her to pleasure me, so now she was fully conscious while licking my dick.

Should I use the [Hymen Pill] on her? No. I should save this item; it's too valuable to use right now. I'll keep it for the right opportunity.

Angeline's slender hand moved up and down, stroking my shaft, while her warm mouth enveloped the tip. Her expression was blank, but there was no resistance anymore. She was genuinely trying to satisfy me, perhaps hoping this obedience would delay my threat to take her virginity a second time.

"You learn fast, Angel," I said in a hoarse voice, mocking her as I looked down from above. "A natural talent for being a whore, it seems."

She heard my taunt. Her body stiffened for a moment, her eyes blinking rapidly as she held back hurt. But she didn't stop. Instead, she increased her pace. Her hand rubbed faster and harder, while her tongue writhed more wildly around the head of my cock and my balls. Short gasps and soft moans escaped her lips. Her warm breath and skilled tongue made my skin tingle.

"Ah... damn... you really...!" I groaned, my back arching. The sensations she was giving me were almost overwhelming. I could feel the pressure building at my base, approaching the peak.

Seeing I was close to climax, Angeline pulled her mouth away and wet my cock with her saliva to make it slicker. The movements of her hand became more frantic and passionate. Suddenly, with a final thrust, I peaked.

Fuck.

I let out a satisfied hiss, and a hot, white torrent gushed out, splattering onto her cheeks, chin, and lips. A few drops even landed on her damp eyelashes. She coughed lightly, her face contorted in disgust, but her hand didn't stop stroking until the last drop was out.

"You animal... you bastard..." she muttered softly, her voice hoarse. But she immediately stopped herself, as if remembering my threat. Her widened eyes looked at me with fear.

I snorted. "Now, lick it all up and swallow it. Then thank your Master."

Angeline's face turned pale. She looked at me, then at the white fluid on her face and hand. Her breath hitched, as if fighting nausea and the urge to defy me.

Yet, after a few seconds of frozen silence, trembling, she raised her hand and with her delicate fingers, gathered my semen from her cheeks and chin. She stared at it for a moment, before closing her eyes and putting her fingers into her mouth, licking them clean.

She then licked the remnants around her lips. When finished, in a voice barely a whisper, she said, "T-Thank you... Master."

My satisfaction peaked. I grabbed her head and ruffled her hair roughly, like praising an obedient dog. "Good. You're finally learning."

Angeline just bowed her head, her shoulders trembling slightly. After a moment, she asked in a faint voice, "C-Can I go now?"

"Go," I said with a feigned sigh of boredom. "But remember, tomorrow night, you come back here. Your duty isn't over."

She nodded quickly, then hurried to pick up her scattered underwear and pants. With trembling hands, she put them on as fast as she could, almost stumbling as she headed for the door. Before leaving, she glanced at me once more, her eyes filled with a mix of fear, hatred, and something else... maybe curiosity? She then opened the door and darted out, leaving me alone in the room filled with the scent of sex and power.

As the door closed, I took a deep breath. I had succeeded. I had broken her defenses, humiliated her, and turned her into an obedient sex slave—at least for now.

But I wasn't naive. Beneath her earlier obedience, I could see the embers of rebellion still smoldering. She was definitely planning something. But that was fine. I held plenty of cards now.

Focusing on the status interface, I pondered. Forty available stat points were a precious resource not to be wasted. After carefully considering my needs and desires, I began allocating them.

[Strength: 17→ 25]

[Agility: 20→ 35]

[Vitality: 20→ 25]

[Charisma: 2→ 4]

[Libido: 30→ 40]

This time, I decided to raise my Charisma a bit, if only to make the number on my status look nicer. That was my only reason.

My main priority was Agility. In this dangerous world, the ability to dodge, strike quickly, and escape was more valuable than brute strength alone. I increased Strength and Vitality moderately to support this more agile body. And as for Libido... well, that was an

investment for my personal satisfaction. The higher it was, the longer I could last and enjoy every session with my future slaves.

As the final point was allocated, a powerful wave of energy instantly swept through my body. My muscles felt tighter, filled with new power, their fibers seemingly renewed. My joints felt lighter and more flexible. My breathing became deeper and steadier, my stamina significantly boosted. And most noticeable, a primal, burning heat surged in my groin, promising stamina and intensity I'd never felt before.

I clenched my fist, feeling the new strength flowing through my arm. I smiled with satisfaction. With these stats, I was now on par with a D-Rank Hunter, maybe even approaching C-Rank. This was a huge leap in power.

My gaze shifted to the wall clock. 4:32 AM. The commotion caused by Angeline and the pleasure she provided had drained my remaining energy.

Now, with a strengthened body but a weary mind, sleepiness finally took over. The room, once filled with the scent of sex and power, now felt quiet and offered peace.

I lay down on the messy bed, closed my eyes, and let the sensation of my body's changes and the memory of tonight's victory carry me to sleep. Tomorrow was a new day, with new possibilities and more exciting conquests.

"I'm so bored."

Those three words hung in the air, colder and sharper than any blow I'd ever received. In the silent classroom, everyone seemed to be smiling at me. But the most piercing was Yukie's empty stare—like ice that never melts. When her pale lips moved, the entire room seemed to freeze.

"Take off your clothes," she said in a flat, bone-chilling tone. "And walk in the hallway."

My world crumbled. Her four allies beside her immediately burst into painful, mocking laughter, but all I could hear was the frantic beating of my own heart, pounding like a war drum. My legs gave way, forcing me to my knees on the cold floor.

"Please... Yukie, don't..." my voice choked out tightly. Deep shame spread through me even before I carried out the command. This was more than just humiliation—it was the destruction of the last shred of self-respect I possessed.

But Yukie just looked at me with her unblinking white eyes, as if I were nothing but an insignificant insect. "Didn't you hear me? Or do you want to feel my 'lovely touch' again!"

Chapter 28: Chapter 28 - The Door to Class 3A

Hearing Yukie mention that "lovely touch," my entire body broke out in uncontrollable goosebumps. A primal terror enveloped me, colder and sharper than any physical pain.

"No!" I blurted out spontaneously, my voice hoarse with panic.

"Then take off your clothes. And walk in the hallway," Yukie spoke again, her voice still flat but deadly.

I fell silent, my body trembling uncontrollably. My knees felt weak, glued to the cold floor.

"Seeing you're still not moving, I will touch you if you don't move now," she threatened, and her single white eye blinked slowly. "One..."

"Okay! I'll do it! I'll do it!" I cried out, sobbing silently, tears streaming down my face. It was better. It had to be better than experiencing her gentle touch again. With trembling hands, my stiff fingers began unbuttoning my uniform.

As my shirt started to open, the first taunt came from Maximus. "Just gonna stay quiet and tremble, huh? Boring. Not even a little fighting spirit? Are you even a man?"

The pink-haired girl let out a fake shriek of laughter. "Ugh, don't look at me with that wounded puppy stare. It's not cute anymore, it just makes me feel pity... and disgusted."

The relaxed black-haired guy smirked.

"Maybe after this he'll realize he shouldn't come to school anymore."

And then, from Yukie herself, came the most cutting taunt, delivered in a monotone more cruel than any scream.

"Pathetic."

The word hung in the air, burning every inch of my exposed skin. Finally, I stood completely naked in front of the classroom door, my body frozen by shame and the cold air.

"B-But... the CCTV in the hallway..." I whispered weakly, grasping for a last resort.

Instantly, without warning, all the indicator lights on the CCTV cameras visible from the doorway flickered and died, coated in a thin layer of ice. Maximus snorted in annoyance and kicked me in the backside from behind.

"You hear that, trash? No one's going to save you."

Meanwhile, the black-haired woman beside Yukie had already raised her phone, the camera lens aimed at me like a weapon.

"Come on, walk," she ordered curtly. "Explore the hallway. Entertain us."

With faltering steps, hands desperately trying to cover my shameful crotch, I stepped out of the classroom. The first step into the cold hallway felt like walking on broken glass.

And then, hell truly broke loose.

Heads started popping up from behind the windows of other classrooms. First just one or two, then dozens. Faces full of malicious curiosity, sneers, and eyes gleaming with cheap entertainment. A low roar of laughter began to fill the hallway, echoing and piercing my ears.

Click. Click. Flash.

The sounds of camera shutters and phone flashes erupted from all directions. The screens of phones held high were like dozens of merciless eyes, capturing every second of my destruction. Some were even recording video; I could see the red recording dots blinking amidst the crowd.

My chest tightened, breath catching. Every inhalation felt like it was stabbing my lungs. My already fragile mind was filled with the sound of laughter—mocking, jeering, condemning laughter. The layer of sound drowned out all other thoughts.

My vision swam. All I could see were faces—leering faces, smirking smiles, mouths gaping in scornful glee, and eyes that saw me not as a human, but as a joke, a pitiful spectacle. They pointed, they laughed, they broadcast my shame to the world.

I walked with a trembling body. It was all I could do. A broken doll in a seemingly endless long corridor, illuminated by cruel lights and the cold glow of dozens of phones, surrounded by cheers and laughter that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

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I woke up drenched in cold sweat, violent tremors wracking every inch of my body. My heart was pounding as if I'd just run a marathon. In the darkness of my room, only the ticking of the wall clock could be heard, marking the silent 3 a.m.

It had been three nights in a row. Three nights since I subdued Angeline, three nights since I firmly resolved to return to the academy. But every morning when I was about to leave, I always changed my mind and kept putting it off.

Damn it.

Every time I closed my eyes, the visions returned—Yukie with her empty white eyes and her friends. They took turns torturing me in my dreams, reminding me of every detail of the pain and humiliation I endured.

I turned on the room light, my hands still shaking. I looked at my reflection in the mirror—a pale face, a gloomy stare, a skinny body. But something was different now. There was a fire behind the fear.

"Not anymore," I muttered to my reflection. My voice was hoarse but full of conviction. "I won't run anymore."

These nightmares, did they think this would stop me? They were wrong. This would only make me stronger. If they gave me nightmares, then I would repay them with a reality far worse.

Tomorrow, the academy would welcome me back. And they would learn that the dog they kicked around had returned with sharper teeth.

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I was crouching by the riverbank, staring at my reflection in the clear water. My breathing was heavy, trying to calm myself. In the corner of my vision, system notifications kept blinking, but I tried to ignore them.

[Daily Quest Completed]

[You have received 100 EXP]

[You have leveled up to Level 23]

[You have received 5 Stat Points]

My gray hoodie was pulled over my head, hiding my anxious face. Underneath, I was wearing the Nine Star Academy uniform—a white shirt, long black trousers, a red tie, and a blue blazer with the star emblem and other attributes.

Just moments ago, I had been standing in front of the academy's majestic gate, but a sudden, piercing fear forced me to turn back, choosing instead to complete the Daily Quest.

Will I always be a coward like this? I asked myself, disgust filling my chest.

Logically, with the [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] skills I possessed, I could easily defeat Yukie and her gang. My power was far different from before. So why did my body and soul instantly remember all that pain and humiliation every time I approached that place? Why did I remain this pathetic person?

Suddenly, another notification appeared, cutting through my cycle of negative thoughts.

[Daily Quest has been updated to a Weekly Quest to match user progress]

[WEEKLY QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Kill 50 Rank D or higher monsters.

TIME LIMIT: 7 Days

REWARD: 200 EXP

FAILURE: The System and all acquired abilities will be permanently lost.

I blinked slightly upon seeing the notification. Not too surprised. With my current level, the previous quests were too easy, so this wasn't unexpected.

After a moment longer staring at the reflection of my own purple eyes in the water, I finally took a deep breath.

"Alright," I murmured to my own reflection.

I stood up, pulled my hood tighter, and walked back towards the academy. This time, my steps felt more resolute.

Even though I was late, I had to go in. This was to prove to myself that I still had resolve.

Arriving at the grand academy gate, I swallowed hard. My throat felt dry. I stepped inside and immediately felt stares. I looked towards the classroom windows, and for a split second, I saw them—faces that recognized me, smirking, pointing at me. My heart raced, my breath hitched.

But when I blinked, the sight vanished. It was just my own reflection in the window glass. It was just an illusion, a trick of my traumatized mind. Yet, the discomfort lingered, tempting me to turn around and run back to my messy, safe bedroom.

Nine Stars Academy was divided into three grades: first year, second year, and third year. I was a third-year student, and absurdly, placed in Class 3A, the special class for elites, the future strongest Hunters. By all rights, as someone who failed to awaken, I shouldn't be here. Everyone knew that. I was only here due to nepotism—the influence of my father and stepmother. That's why almost every student in this academy looked at me with hatred and scorn.

Now, I stood in front of the door to Class 3A. My stomach felt nauseous, my head dizzy. But I reminded myself of my resolve to pay back their nightmares with even greater ones.

I then opened the door with a slightly trembling hand.

Chapter 29: Chapter 29 - The Ice Queen's Touch

My heart was pounding as my sweaty hand pushed open the door to Class 3A. I'd chosen to arrive during break time on purpose—clinging to the childish hope that maybe, just maybe, Yukie and her gang wouldn't be in the classroom.

Creeeak...

The classroom door groaned softly.

And my hope was instantly shattered.

My gaze immediately snapped to the corner of the room near the window, to Yukie Iceblood's desk. And she was there. Exactly as I'd feared. She sat with perfect posture, her porcelain-like beauty seeming untouchable and cold. Next to her was Isabel Mercedes, with her straight black hair and the perpetual sneer gracing her red lips. In front of them, Nerissa Rishbell, the pink-haired girl, was twirling a pen with her slender fingers, her sweet face hiding a heart crueler than any devil's.

My blood ran cold, then boiled. The hatred I'd been bottling up pressed heavily in my chest. My eyes scanned the room. Where were the other two? Maximus and Alex?

Suddenly, a voice all too familiar—one that often haunted my dreams—hissed in my left ear, so close it made me choke on my breath.

"Missed us, trash?" Maximus whispered, his warm breath on my ear. "I thought we'd never see you again. You came at the perfect time. I'm so bored right now."

Before I could even turn, he was already beside me. Maximus Treybern, with his tall, athletic build and deliberately messy brown-blond hair. His wide, sadistic smile froze me in place.

From across the room, I saw Yukie looking at me. Her empty white eyes seemed to pierce straight through to my soul, freezing every nerve. I shuddered, paralyzed.

"Twenty percent kick!" Maximus yelled suddenly.

BAM!

The kick slammed into my stomach. My body was thrown forward, sliding across the slick floor and crashing into the legs of the desk where Alex Rutherford was sitting, sending it toppling over.

Alex, the guy with neatly trimmed black hair and glasses, frowned sharply.

"Damn it, Max," he said coldly, standing up, then delivered a powerful kick to my side.

THUD!

I was thrown again, this time slamming hard against the wall. Agh...! Yet, through the haze of pain, a vague realization dawned—my body... wasn't shattered. My ribs weren't broken like they used to be. Level 23 and the stat points I'd invested in Vitality were actually paying off. I was stronger, more durable.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was Maximus's dirty boot, approaching my face. He stepped on my cheek, grinding my face into the cold floor. I groaned, a mix of shame and pain swirling inside me.

And then, she appeared. A shadow more terrifying than anything else approached. Yukie Iceblood now stood over me, looking down with her unblinking white eyes. Cold. Empty. Piercing.

"You came back," she stated, her voice flat as ice. "Fool."

I lay silent on the floor, my body shaking violently. Yukie's voice was like an ice knife stabbing directly into my brain. My breath came in ragged gasps, my chest felt tight, and my mind was blank except for the paralyzing fear. Even when Maximus lifted his foot

from my face, I didn't notice. All I saw were the eyes staring down at me with contempt, with Yukie's gaze as the most piercing center.

"Didn't I say I was sick of seeing your face," Yukie spoke in a flat yet threatening tone. "I warned you never to appear before me again!"

Her pale, slender hand reached out toward me. My entire body trembled violently. Move! I have to fight back! my inner voice screamed. But the pain from Maximus and Alex's kicks still lingered, compounded by the deep-rooted fear that clouded my mind. The [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] skills I was so proud of seemed to have evaporated from my thoughts.

Yukie's cold hand touched my arm. At first, it felt like a normal touch, but suddenly...

AAARGH!

Thousands of invisible ice needles pierced my skin where she made contact. The freezing cold instantly turned into a scorching, blazing heat, like a branding iron pressed against my flesh. I wanted to scream, but before any sound could escape, Yukie pulled her hand back. What happened next nearly made me pass out.

RIIIP!

A piece of the skin and flesh from my arm peeled off and stuck to Yukie's hand, which now seemed to be wearing a transparent glove of ice adorned with my blood and tissue.

I opened my mouth wide to scream, but my mouth was suddenly filled with dense, freezing ice. It was so hard and full that it locked my jaw, rendering it immovable. I choked, trying to spit it out but couldn't. It felt like drowning in a piercing cold.

Yukie watched the torture she inflicted without expression. Even Maximus and the others, who usually enjoyed the violence, were silent this time, slightly unnerved. Nerissa looked away, while Alex cleaned his glasses to avoid looking.

The ice glove on Yukie's hand melted away, the peeled-off piece of my skin and flesh falling to the floor with a sickening, wet plop. Her hand was clean and smooth again.

Then, her delicate, soft hand reached out once more. This time, it touched my entire face. And once again, I suddenly felt thousands of ice needles piercing my face.

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I stumbled into the restroom, my body still shaking uncontrollably. My stomach felt nauseous and hot, and I finally dropped to my knees in front of a toilet and vomited

uncontrollably. Even though Nerissa had healed my physical wounds, the memory of Yukie's torture still burned in every nerve. My uniform was crumpled and damp with cold sweat, my hair was a mess, and my breath was still ragged.

I spent several minutes leaning against the cold restroom wall, trying to calm my nearly broken spirit. Slowly, I gathered the courage to step out, staggering toward the large sink. In the mirror, I stared at my helpless reflection—a pale face, dull and empty eyes, lips still trembling.

"What's the point?" I mumbled at the reflection, my voice hoarse. "Why is it that every time I face her, I end up like this? I have [Time Stop], [Mind Control], I could easily defeat her, even kill her... so why didn't I use them earlier? Why did I just stand there! Why didn't I fight back?! Why can I only cower like a coward!? Why aren't I like the protagonists in stories who can just easily get their revenge? Damn it! Damn it!"

My fist slammed into the sink's mirror, cracking it. "Do I have PTSD? Hehehe... Damn bastard! I'm really sick! Do I need to see a psychologist?! Fuck! I think I've really lost my mind!"

I hadn't noticed at all that the sink was filled to the brim because the drain was still plugged. Water started overflowing, soaking the floor.

Suddenly, the restroom door was thrown open with a loud bang. Five burly guys and an incredibly beautiful red-haired girl entered. One of the guys immediately shoved me roughly.

"Piece of trash! Trying to fix your ugly face in the mirror?" he barked, grabbing my hair and shoving my face into the sink full of water.

Glug! Glug! Water flooded my nose and mouth, sending me into a panic, unable to think straight. I choked, struggling desperately for fresh air.

"Hey, hold on a second, hold on a second! I'm helping you clean up your ugly face!"

He yanked my hair back roughly, then slammed my head into the sink once before throwing me onto the floor. I coughed violently, water streaming from my nose, my chest feeling like it was about to burst.

"Look at that, so pathetic," one of them said. "Just a little dunk and he's already gasping for air."

"Nepotism kids like this are just soft, bro."

"HAHA!"

"Tch, so unfit for Class A."

Their laughter echoed, filling the small room.

Then the red-haired girl stepped forward, the sound of her heels clear on the wet floor.

"Alright, that's enough. We've been at it too long. This pet needs a lesson that's more... memorable." She kicked my stomach mercilessly. I curled up, trying to breathe, but she just stepped on my chest, her shoe pressing down hard.

"Aww, poor thing," she said in a sickeningly sweet tone. "How about you crawl now? Like a dog. Try barking a little, so everyone knows your place."

Laughter erupted again.

"HAHA! Hear that, Aria's telling you to bark, trash!"

"Come on, hurry up, before she gets bored!"

"HAHA! Don't be like that, he might cry."

Arianna bent down slightly, her face coming close to mine. Her perfume was sweet, but it felt like poison.

"If you obey," she said softly but sharply, "I might consider making you my personal dog. Sounds better than being that cold woman's pet, doesn't it?"

I stared at her with a gaze full of hatred and rage. Suddenly...

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Arianna Blazinger and her underlings.

OBJECTIVE: Beat her underlings until they pass out and humiliate her by making her bark for you in front of them.

REWARD: 1000 EXP and 1 Random Item.

NOTE: If she barks while you are using the [Mind Control] skill, it does not count.

[Accept: y / n]

Chapter 30: Chapter 30 - The Fire Queen's Shame

I accepted the quest, and my gaze locked onto the girl who was still arrogantly stepping on my chest. Arianna Blazinger, the top-ranked second-year student, whose talent in combat prowess and academic achievement was said to rival Yukie's.

Her posture was tall and imposing, with an impressive height that remained perfectly proportioned. Her wavy red hair cascaded like flowing embers, framing a face fit for a goddess, with blazing red eyes that radiated challenge and superiority.

The white shirt with its red ribbon tie and navy blue blazer sculpted a figure that was almost unreal: beneath the fabric, her lines were a perfect work of art that left anyone stunned. Her full chest presented an impressive volume, followed by a slender waist that created a dramatic hourglass silhouette.

Her skirt was a minimalist piece of fabric, a short skirt that barely grazed the tops of her thighs, showcasing the length of her long, shapely legs. Those legs were tightly sheathed in a pair of jet-black stockings, creating a stark contrast against her marble-white skin. The dramatic curve of her hips and her full buttocks added a deadly curvature to her tall frame. Everything about her exuded a lethal aura.

When she noticed my intense stare, her face twisted in anger. "How dare you look at me like—"

[Time Stop.]

The world froze instantly.

Arianna's voice cut off mid-sentence. Her angry expression was frozen on her beautiful face. Her foot was still on my chest, but now there was no pressure at all. Around me, her five male underlings were also frozen in various poses—one mid-laugh, another stepping closer, one raising a hand as if to hit me.

I roughly pushed her foot off my chest and stood up. Unlike when facing Yukie, who scared me half to death, when dealing with others like Maximus or Alex, I wasn't actually that terrified. Okay fine, I admit—I was still a little scared, but it was nothing compared to the blood-freezing fear I felt facing Yukie Iceblood.

So, Arianna was truly unlucky to run into me in this extremely frustrated state.

I then used [Eye of Desire] on her, and her information displayed before my eyes:

NAME: Arianna Blazinger

AGE: 21

CLASS: Pyromancer

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 9%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts.

FETISH: Sadistic, Masochistic, Pet Play, Humiliation.

Seeing her information, I couldn't help but feel startled, then laughed out loud at her list of fetishes.

It suited this bitch perfectly.

She was truly an incredible slut. Sadistic but also masochistic, into pet play and humiliation? No wonder she enjoyed playing animal games by ordering me to bark earlier.

But what surprised me the most was that she was apparently still a virgin—a true virgin in both holes. A bitch like her? I could hardly believe it. Well then, I would be the one to take her virginity very soon.

I glanced at her five male subordinates, frozen in their various poses. Filled with vengeance and hatred, I started beating them up one by one.

My fist slammed into the first one's stomach, my kick landed squarely in the second one's crotch. I made sure every punch and kick hit vital points that would knock them unconscious when time resumed, leaving them waking up in indescribable pain.

After ensuring all five would be lying helpless once time returned to normal, I turned my attention back to Arianna, powerless in the stopped time.

She was frozen in her arrogant pose, but now I was in control. I approached her, looking her up and down.

Starting from the top, I slowly opened her navy blue blazer. I felt the fine wool fabric under my fingertips before tossing it to the floor.

Next, her white shirt—I undid the buttons one by one, revealing her smooth, pale skin and the dark red bra holding her ample breasts. I unsnapped the bra with a satisfying click, and her perfectly round breasts sprang free, their pink nipples erect from the cool restroom air.

Her short skirt was next. I unzipped the side, and the black skirt slid to the floor, revealing the dark red panties that matched her bra. I swiftly pulled them down, showing the neatly trimmed reddish-blonde hair between her thighs. And her pussy...

My dick throbbed. My heart pounded with anticipation.

Now she was completely naked, save for the black stockings still sheathing her long legs, and her shoes. I looked at her, frozen in her haughty pose but now exposed—a contrast so satisfying.

[05:12...] Still plenty of time. I smirked slightly. This was going to be fun.

I activated [Lustful Touch], and my hands immediately grabbed her full breasts. I pinched her already hardened nipples, feeling how her firm mounds filled my palms. Then, I delivered a hard slap to her rounded buttocks, leaving a clear red mark on her pale skin.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 15 (+6)]

"Heh, you bitch," I hissed contemptuously. "Look at you now. With big tits and a fat ass like this, no wonder you act so high and mighty. You know every man desires you, but none dare touch you because they fear your power and background."

My hands continued kneading her full breasts. Her skin was incredibly smooth, a contrast to the attitude she'd displayed earlier. Though not as large as Delilah's or Gwenneth's, they were still impressive—maybe a D-cup—and felt wonderfully firm and springy in my hands. I slapped her ass again, harder this time, and pinched her erect nipples.

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 16 (+1)]

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 17 (+1)]

[...]

Notifications kept popping up, but I ignored them. After having my fill of playing with her body, I positioned her in a lewd crouching pose—both hands behind her head, thighs

spread wide so her virgin pussy lips were clearly visible. I leaned her against the wall, then pried her mouth open wide.

"This mouth that's always spouting insults," I murmured, playing with her tongue with my finger. "Today, I'll use it to satisfy my desires, you slut."

Then, with my fully erect penis, I rubbed the wet tip, slick with pre-cum, against her lush lips.

"Such pretty lips," I sneered. "I'm very curious, seeing as you're still a virgin, have you ever kissed before? If not, then your first kiss will be with my dick."

Suddenly, with a quick movement, I thrust my penis into her warm, wet mouth. Oh, fuck! The sensation was incredible—her tight throat wrapped around my shaft perfectly. I've always loved the feeling of fucking the mouths of women who had just insulted me, and Arianna was no exception. The feeling was truly extraordinary and hard to put into words.

I gazed at her beautiful face, now frozen in a fixed expression—her red eyes, usually blazing with anger, were now watery; her lips, usually spewing insults, were now wrapped around my cock. It was true, she and Yukie were the two most beautiful girls in the academy—The Ice Queen and The Fire Queen. And now, one of them was deep-throating my cock.

Her throat felt hotter than any other woman I'd tried, perhaps due to her pyromancer abilities. But that only made it more exciting—it felt tight, warm, and wet, perfect!

[02:12...] Still enough time.

I started moving my hips wildly, thrusting my penis in and out of her pretty mouth.

"Damn it, you bitch! Feel this!" I groaned, thrusting continuously. "You thought you could treat me like trash? Look who's laughing now! Try insulting me now with your mouth full of my cock!"

[Arianna's Sexual Arousal increased to 74 (+1)]

[...]

Notifications kept coming, but I was too engrossed in the pleasure to care. My chest heaved, my breath came in rasps, and I felt an orgasm approaching.

As the climax neared, I almost released everything inside her mouth, but I pulled my dick out just before full ejaculation. Quickly, I sprayed the hot, rushing semen all over her beautiful face—soiling her cheeks, nose, eyes, and her beautiful red hair.

"Look at you," I panted, breathless. "Arianna, the Fire Queen of Nine Stars, your face covered in my cum."

My chest rose and fell with exhaustion, but seeing that lewd sight, my cock was already fully erect again. The effects of the increased libido stat were really noticeable.

Quickly, I laid Arianna on her side and lifted one of her legs, still clad in the black stocking. I positioned myself behind her, my cock rubbing against the lips of her virgin pussy.

[00:03...]

I waited with bated breath, ready to take her virginity the moment time started flowing again.

[00.00...]