

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 36: Chapter 36 - A Fake Guild Master

My chest hammered.

She knew?

"I don't know what you mean," I said, forcing myself to sound calm.

Ruth stared at me, a faint smile still playing on her lips. Her sharp blue eyes seemed to pierce right through every lie I tried to hide.

"Hmm..." she hummed low. "You're funny. Do you realize you just imitated what that woman said a moment ago?"

Shit! I screamed inside. She really knew. But how? I was sure no one had seen. Or did she have some special ability to track me?

From the way she spoke, she was already convinced I'd been pretending to be the Iron Knight. But she had no hard proof. What could she even do if I was impersonating him? Report me to the authorities? Should I use [Time Stop] and make a run for it? No, that wouldn't solve anything. It would just make me look even more suspicious. For now, my only option was to deny everything.

"Let me go! I don't even know you!" I said firmly, trying to pry her strong grip from my shirt collar. But her hand didn't budge an inch, clamped on like an iron vise. If I struggled any harder, my shirt would definitely rip.

Ruth's tone then shifted, turning cold and piercing. "Stop pretending. I know you're the one who killed the Goblin King and stole my kill. I also know you're the one impersonating the Iron Knight."

I stayed silent, but inside, I was seething.

Damn it!

Ruth continued, her voice flat yet full of conviction. "I followed you secretly after we parted ways that time. And what I saw... was an ability that allows you to shapeshift into other people."

Shit! So she's been stalking me like a creep?

"So what are you going to do to me?" I finally asked.

Seeing me starting to relent, Ruth smiled in satisfaction. "Finally, being honest, are we?"

She went on to explain, "After that incident, I looked into you. And imagine my surprise..." she paused, her eyes widening slightly, "...when I found out your parents are the Star Witch and the Sword Saint, the legendary SSS-rank heroes!"

She shook her head, still in disbelief. "But what's even more confusing is, according to all the data I could find, you're supposed to be 'Unawakened' and have no abilities whatsoever. Every test you've ever taken came back negative. Have you been hiding your powers all this time?"

I remained silent and simply gave a short nod, listening carefully to every word she said.

"To be honest," Ruth said, her tone more relaxed now, "I wanted to meet you sooner. But my work as a Hunter keeps me pretty busy. I only found some free time today, so I came looking for you."

She paused, then added with a small smile, "And it turns out you were out... at a sleazy shop like this."

She chuckled, her eyes glittering with mockery. "What's funnier, from what I dug up, you don't have a girlfriend. So what were you doing in a place like this? Alone? Ah—wait, you have a complicated relationship with that woman from before."

I ignored her teasing about me and Sonya and stared straight at her. "Cut to the chase. What do you actually want? It doesn't seem like you plan to report me."

Ruth smiled, this time with a more serious expression. "I'm offering you a place to join my guild, Crimson Dawn."

The offer took me by surprise.

Instantly, my mind started racing. The process of joining a guild is no joke—there are auditions, recommendations, strict background checks. It's almost like applying for a job. And for a youth like me who hasn't even graduated from the Academy, getting a spot in a guild is nearly impossible. Plus, according to government records, I'm just an ordinary person, not an Awakener.

I waited for her explanation.

Ruth asked, "Aren't you curious how I figured out your disguise?"

I nodded. "How did you know? Was my act really that bad?"

"Yes," Ruth said with a sneer. "Your acting was awful. As the guild's vice captain, I noticed immediately."

I said nothing, taking the insult.

"But that's not the main point," she continued. "The main reason I knew is that the real Iron Knight is actually dead."

I was shocked. "Are you serious?"

If that was true, no wonder I got caught immediately.

"Yes," Ruth nodded firmly. "But the media doesn't know yet. Only I and one other person know about his death. We intentionally covered up the news of his death because if it got out, you know what would happen, right? Other guilds would immediately pounce on us."

That explanation made sense. Now I could guess where this conversation was headed. "So when you said you wanted me to join the guild, you meant you want me to act as your guild master?"

Ruth grinned widely. "Yes, exactly."

"That's insane," I retorted.

"Relax," Ruth tried to reassure me. "You won't have to do much. All you need to do is show up at a few important events or meetings. As for the troublesome guild matters, of course, I'll be the one handling everything."

I fell silent for a moment, considering her offer. So I'm expected to appear at a few events, speak in front of crowds, while she handles the complicated stuff, the guild politics, and the real decisions. This offer solved a lot of my problems.

Ruth then went on to explain the benefits I would receive.

"Of course, I'll give you appropriate compensation. You surely know the benefits of being a Hunter in a guild, right? You'll get the same treatment as an official Hunter—a substantial salary and benefits, plus access to all the guild's facilities: resources, support, information, guidance, and training. You'll also get official access to explore dungeons, unlike last time when you had to sneak in."

I thought about the offer carefully. Honestly, I really need this. I have a Weekly Quest that requires me to kill monsters. Failing to complete it could make me lose all my powers and abilities, and I can't let that happen. My task as a fake guild master doesn't seem too difficult either. But I think I should take a little advantage of this situation.

"Alright, I agree," I said finally. "But with one additional condition: please give me a rank A weapon."

I need a proper weapon. The blunt dagger I have now is just ordinary iron, and I don't have adequate attack skills. My [Mind Control] and [Time Stop] skills are incredible, but once those two skills are on cooldown, I can only rely on my physical combat abilities.

In this world, weapons are ranked from E, the weakest, to SSS. A Rank-A weapon usually costs as much as a modest house; I'm not sure if Ruth will agree to my request.

Ruth fell silent for a moment, then nodded. "Fine, I'll get you one! So we have a deal, right?"

The woman extended her hand.

I shook her hand, but a foreboding feeling crept into my heart that I was getting involved in something troublesome.

After we agreed, I asked, "If I had refused your offer, what would you have done?"

Ruth smiled sweetly. "Well, in that case, I would have backed off, since there's nothing I could do."

But that was a lie. In her heart, Ruth thought: 'If you refused, I would back off, then threaten you over the phone by revealing your ability because I have a video recording of you shapeshifting. Besides, I'd also report all your violations.'

There's a reason why Ruth didn't threaten me directly, she didn't know the full extent of my abilities and wanted to play it safe. Of course, I was unaware of her true intentions.

Suddenly, Ruth grabbed my wrist and pulled me into a hug. "Well then, Guild Master, there's a meeting you need to attend right now. Let's go," She hugged me tight.

"And hold me close, or you'll fall."

I felt the warmth of her body and listened to my own heart pounding wildly.

Chapter 37: Chapter 37 - A Triumphant Tease

Before I could even process what was happening, a futuristic hoverboard materialized silently before us. It had a sleek, aerodynamic design with edges that glowed an electric blue. The underside emitted a bright blue energy that kept it hovering a few centimeters above the ground, while its surface was made of a shiny metallic material that reflected our images.

Ruth nimbly stepped onto the board and yanked my hand roughly. "Come on, get on!" she shouted, and before I could react, the hoverboard shot into the air at a speed that stole my breath.

"AAAAAH! FUCK, YOU'RE INSANE!" I screamed as we suddenly soared high. My arms instantly wrapped tightly around Ruth's body, my eyes squeezed shut. My legs trembled feeling the precarious footing beneath me. I just discovered a fear of heights I never knew I had, or maybe it was just the shock of being taken by surprise.

Ruth remained silent, even as my tight grip nearly choked her. I could feel her slender, firm body and her soft, ample chest pressing against mine. The wind whipped fiercely against my face.

I finally opened my eyes and saw Ruth standing calmly, her face relaxed as if this was an everyday sight. Her long blue hair flowed in the wind, and for a moment, my heart raced for a reason different from fear.

We flew between skyscrapers, with Ruth skillfully guiding the hoverboard past various obstacles. I struggled to keep my balance even while holding her tightly, while Ruth looked as casual as someone taking a stroll in the park.

When Ruth felt my gaze, she turned and gave me a mischievous smile.

My heart pounded—this was definitely a bad sign.

And I was right! Suddenly, the hoverboard plunged into a sharp nosedive.

"AAAAH! SHIT! YOU CRAZY BITCH!" I yelled, but my voice was lost to the wind. I shut my eyes and held onto her even tighter, feeling the terrifying sensation of freefall. Just before hitting the ground, the hoverboard shot back upwards.

"AAAAH! I HATE THIS!" I screamed again, this time my voice an octave higher.

And then suddenly... the hoverboard did a 360-degree spin in mid-air!

I felt the world spinning, my stomach churned, and I felt like throwing up. Through the rushing wind, I could clearly hear Ruth's crisp, teasing laughter. When I opened my eyes, I saw Ruth looking at me with a satisfied face and a triumphant smile.

'You psycho woman!' I cursed inwardly. 'I'll pay you back for this humiliation someday.'

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Approximately three hundred years ago, the world as we knew it changed forever. The emergence of the first Dungeon—a phenomenon that remains a mystery to this day—

brought two things: terrifying monsters that flowed out like a black river, and select humans who were suddenly Awakened, gaining power beyond reason.

That era was called "The Great Chaos." The world, once run by technology and law, collapsed overnight. Monsters didn't just slaughter; they transformed the very landscape of civilization. Major cities turned into graveyards, while survivors hid in fear.

But the threat wasn't just from monsters. The power suddenly wielded by the Awakened created a new tyranny. Not all Hunter were born with pure intentions. Many used their powers to dominate, oppress, and build personal empires on the suffering of others. Humanity wasn't just at war with monsters; they were also slaughtering each other in a struggle for power and resources.

This chaos lasted for decades, until a group of pioneers—Awakened with vision and integrity—realized that division would only lead to extinction. Through lengthy negotiations and warfare, they eventually succeeded in establishing the Hunter Global Authority, or HGA.

The HGA isn't a conventional government. Its function is specific: to oversee and regulate all Hunter Guilds and Hunters worldwide. They established a ranking system, training standards, a code of ethics, and most importantly, acted as mediators to prevent wars between major guilds.

The HGA headquarters is located right in Gatehaven—a city with both heroic and traumatic history.

Two hundred years ago, it was here that the world's first S-rank Dungeon appeared. A giant gate spewing forth monsters with unimaginable power. Many thought it was the end of humanity.

But it was also here that humanity's first major victory occurred. Legendary Hunters—at an unimaginable cost—managed to conquer that dungeon. That victory became a symbol of hope, proof that humanity could fight back. Gatehaven, meaning 'Guardian of the Gate,' became the world's new capital and a symbol of human resilience.

But like all major cities, behind Gatehaven's grandeur lies political intrigue, rivalries between guilds, and dark secrets. This city might be civilization's last fortress, but its walls are cracked, and enemies don't always come from the dungeons.

And it seems, starting today, I'm getting dragged right into the middle of all this.

Right now, I'm inside the HGA headquarters, sitting among Guild Masters and Vice Guild Masters from around the world. The meeting hall is magnificent and intimidating—rows of seats tiered high like an amphitheater, forming a perfect circle around the central stage. Your seating position determines your status; the closer to the front, the larger and more influential the guild you represent.

I sat next to Ruth, in the middle row, right at the edge, because we arrived almost late. Currently, I'm using the Iron Knight's appearance thanks to the Faceless Mask—messy black hair, brown eyes, olive skin, and a sturdy build that completely contradicts my real appearance.

On the front stage sat eight individuals whose powerful auras were palpable even from this distance. They are the Guardian Council, the highest leaders of the Hunter Global Authority. And among them, there's one face I know all too well—my stepmother, Delilah Socheron, as captivating as ever.

In the silent room, a middle-aged speaker stood tall, explaining things meticulously. Before him, a hologram projected data that made hearts pound. The displayed numbers and graphs showed a drastic and alarming increase.

"In the last three weeks, there has been a 47% increase in dungeon appearances worldwide," his voice echoed in the quiet hall.

Three graph lines spiked sharply, accompanied by the clearly displayed 47%. The world map next to it was filled with red dots spreading like a plague. Faces in the room creased with worry, eyes fixed on the projection that confirmed their long-held fears.

The speaker then switched the hologram to an image of a black symbol depicting a crown of thorns—the emblem of the notoriously cruel Abyss Syndicate.

Their activities were monitored to be increasing rapidly, with organized and planned movement patterns. Every council member realized this was no mere coincidence; something big was being prepared by this criminal organization of the Awakened.

The latest intelligence data showed suspicious movements in various strategic locations. Massive resource gathering, recruitment of new members, and secret activities around dungeon areas that were highly unusual.

I listened carefully, but my attention was truly captured when he moved on to the next topic.

"Furthermore, we also face a new threat from creatures we call The Breakers," he said, his face serious. The hologram displayed images of terrifying creatures. "These SS-rank monsters possess abilities we've never seen before. They can enter and exit dungeons even when the gates aren't open for them, and they roam freely in our world."

He changed the hologram display to show three red dots on the world map. "Based on evidence we've gathered, there are at least three active Breakers. One of them has been successfully eliminated by the Star Witch."

Now I understand why my stepmother has rarely been home lately.

"The most dangerous thing," he continued in a low but clear voice, "is their ability to think like humans and... shapeshift into humans. If you see someone who was previously ordinary suddenly display strange powers, it could be a Breaker in disguise."

He made a dramatic pause, his eyes sweeping across the room. "It's possible that one of them is in this very room right now."

I felt Ruth's sharp gaze piercing the side of my head. I turned and whispered, "I'm a real human."

Ruth just raised an eyebrow, saying nothing.

The meeting continued with other discussions, but my mind lingered on the warning about The Breakers. After the event concluded, as Ruth and I were walking out, a well-dressed man approached us.

"Master Iron Knight," he said respectfully but firmly. "The Guardian Council requests your presence."

Ruth immediately stepped closer, but the man raised his hand. "Only the Guild Master is permitted to enter."

Chapter 38: Chapter 38 - A Disguise Under Scrutiny

That request caught me off guard, but I forced myself not to let it show on my face. Quickly, my eyes darted toward Ruth, silently begging for help. She patted my shoulder and smirked.

"Good luck! I'll be praying you don't get caught," she whispered, that sly grin only making me more nervous.

Damn... I cursed inwardly.

I followed the well-dressed man down a long marble corridor, anxiety creeping up my spine. Every step echoed loudly, syncing with my heartbeat that refused to calm down.

How on earth was I supposed to stay calm when I was in disguise like this? What if they found out? For now, I just had to mimic the behavior of the other Master Guild leaders around me.

We arrived at a chamber, still impressive despite its modest size.

Inside, beneath the glow of crystal lights, three members of the Guardian Council were already waiting.

The first thing that caught my attention was the poised figure seated at the center: Star Witch. Her presence alone filled the room with authority. Two other legendary figures sat on either side of her, their aura of power weighing heavily on everyone present.

Blood Valkyrie, the legendary female knight, had intricately braided chestnut-blond hair forming a crown atop her head. Every braid looked perfect, as if done with incredible precision. Her emerald-green eyes sparkled with intelligence and resolve, her facial features strong yet feminine.

Even wearing a semi-formal navy blue suit, the clothing couldn't hide her athletic yet sensual figure. Her broad shoulders, slim waist, and proportionate curves made her look like a living statue of a war goddess.

Next to her sat Saint Archer, the mysterious man I'd only known from stories. His hair, black and smooth as silk, cascaded long down to his waist. His handsome face had somewhat feminine features that contrasted with the powerful aura he emitted—a straight nose, thin lips, and high cheekbones.

Most striking was the white cloth binding his eyes, giving him a profound air of mystery and reminding me of anime characters I often saw. He wore a simple black hanfu that accentuated his tall, slender build.

Several other people, seemingly summoned for similar reasons, were also in the room. The tense atmosphere was palpable, and I could feel the gaze of the three Council members, which felt like they could pierce straight into my soul.

Strangely enough, the sharpest stare seemed to come from Saint Archer.

Even though his eyes were clearly covered.

Must be my imagination...

I quietly activated the [Eye of Desire] skill and directed it at the three Council members.

NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 1%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

NAME: Zephyr

AGE: 46

CLASS: Saint Archer

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 1%

VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

NAME: Athena Targosa

AGE: 38

CLASS: Blood Valkyrie

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 6%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Armpit

FETISH: Submission and Exhibitionism

The information about my stepmother hadn't changed.

Oh, so those are their real names. It seems they use their Class names as their Hunter codenames, which is common for high-level Hunters. After an Awakener reaches S-rank, their Class upgrades to a unique class specific to them. Therefore, most S-rank and above Hunters use their Class name as their Hunter codename.

I wasn't surprised by their ranks; that information is public knowledge. But what stunned me was the information about Saint Archer.

How could a man with such a mesmerizing appearance have such low sexual arousal, still be a virgin, and have no sexual weak points at all? Is he a eunuch or something?

Then my focus shifted to Blood Valkyrie, or Athena Targosa.

Who would have guessed this formidable warrior had a fetish for submission and exhibitionism? I'd always assumed she was a natural dominant, like my stepsister. It was a fascinating contradiction; beneath that tough, authoritative exterior lay a hidden desire to be dominated and put on display, making her all the more intriguing.

The Star Witch rose from her chair with a slow yet confident movement. Just by standing, she managed to halt all whispers and return the room to silence.

"First," she said, her voice clear and calm, "allow me to express our highest appreciation to the Guild Masters present here."

She looked at each of our faces, one by one.

"You have all worked hard to maintain the world's stability. Without you, chaos might have occurred much sooner."

I glanced around the room and saw the other Guild Masters puffing out their chests slightly, their faces showing unconcealed pride. But I only felt increasingly anxious, wondering what the real purpose of this meeting was.

"We'll be direct," the Star Witch continued. "The situation is becoming critical."

A hologram materialized, displaying a map splattered with glaring red zones.

"As you know, the red indicates territories completely overrun by dungeon-break monsters or malevolent Awakener organizations."

She pointed to a major location on the map.

"Regisfall. For a decade, this city has served as the stronghold of the Abyss Syndicate. Your mission is straightforward: reclaim Regisfall and eradicate the Syndicate within."

A soft, collective gasp rippled through the room. No one took that name lightly.

The Star Witch offered a thin, captivating smile. "The reward for participating in guilds is substantial."

"Succeed, and your guild rank will be directly promoted from Class IV to Class III—Apex Tier. Furthermore, you will be granted full administrative rights over the city once it's secured."

As everyone knew, Hunter guilds were ranked in a five-tier system. Vanguard guilds, Rank V, formed the base, small outfits struggling to protect their cities. Then came Force guilds... Crimson Dawn's current rank.

Higher up were the Apex guilds—Tier III. National celebrities, always flashing confident smiles on the news. Then Prime—Tier II, national prides boasting top-tier Hunters, powerful enough to make governments tread carefully. And at the very peak... Myth Guilds, Tier I. Living legends.

The Star Witch then explained in detail all the benefits to be gained—from exclusive dungeon exploration rights in the region, resource distribution, to full support from the HGA.

"We are not forcing you," she added, "but I'm sure many of you are interested."

And she was right, the gazes of the Guild Masters in the room instantly changed, filled with enthusiasm. I could see the glint of ambition in their eyes. Meanwhile, I just remained silent, trying not to draw attention. Fortunately, no one tried to talk to me—it seemed the Iron Knight really didn't have many friends among this elite group.

After the explanation finished, when given the chance to choose whether to accept the mission or not, I immediately stood up and walked out of the room. But imagine my surprise when I realized I was the only one leaving. All the other Guild Masters chose to stay and accept the mission.

Instantly, all eyes were on me. Dozens of pairs of eyes—questioning, cynical, judgmental—stared at me as if I were the most despicable person in the world.

My chest tightened; the trauma of such scornful looks came rushing back. But I had to keep my composure. Forcing my steps to remain steady, I exited the room, a messy mix of relief and dread churning inside me.

Meanwhile, back in the room buzzing with enthusiastic Guild Masters, Saint Archer—who had been quietly observing the Iron Knight's every move—stood up. After a brief exchange with Blood Valkyrie, he calmly walked out.

Chapter 39: Chapter 39 - The Lewd Shopkeeper

Everyone in the Hunter world knows that Saint Archer possesses an unusual form of vision. Even though his eyes are always covered by a white cloth and almost never open, he remains the greatest archer alive—able to hit targets with perfect accuracy even under the most impossible conditions.

But only a handful of people know the true secret behind his legendary skill—his ability to see five seconds into the future. Countless rumors and theories circulate about his power, yet Zephyr always refuses to confirm anything, allowing it to remain mere speculation.

In truth, Zephyr sensed nothing suspicious from Iron Knight during the meeting earlier. However, the moment he activated his ability and imagined launching an attack against the man, all he saw was pitch-black darkness—signaling his own death.

He often uses this method to test the people he encounters, but this time, the result sent chills down his spine.

No matter how many scenarios he simulated—whether attacking from afar, up close, or by surprise—even when he managed to kill him in those visions, Zephyr still couldn't see Iron Knight's true abilities.

What was even more unnerving was that he couldn't see how Iron Knight would kill him either. It was as if an invisible wall blocked his foresight the moment Iron Knight was involved.

Logically, based on the physical statistics and energy readings detected by his special senses, Iron Knight was only as strong as a Rank C Awakener. Someone of that level shouldn't even come close to threatening the life of a Rank SSS Hunter like him.

And yet, another oddity stood out: according to official records, Iron Knight was supposed to be a Rank A Awakener—but through Zephyr's eyes, he appeared merely Rank C.

The more Zephyr thought about it, the more questions piled up. Nothing about this felt normal. He silently pulled out his phone and dialed a familiar number.

"I need you to investigate and keep an eye on Iron Knight," he ordered in a low voice. "Report anything suspicious. No matter how small."

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I found Ruth leaning against the outer wall of the HGA building, looking perfectly relaxed as she watched the bustling traffic. When she saw me approaching with a clearly annoyed expression, a small smile touched her lips.

"Oh, you're done already?" she asked in an annoyingly cheerful tone, as if completely oblivious to my irritation.

"You just left me in there like that?" I snapped, my voice sharper than I intended.

Ruth turned her head, offering a faint smile as if nothing was wrong. "But you got out, didn't you? I knew you'd be fine. Your disguise is perfect—I told you so."

I rubbed my suddenly throbbing temples. "Still! I know the disguise is good, but something felt off in there. I felt... watched. I don't know by who, but something made me incredibly uneasy."

Ruth just shrugged, infuriatingly casual. "We tested your disguise with that detector a while back, remember? The results were perfect. And look, you got out safely, right? That means you weren't exposed. It was probably just nerves."

I shook my head, a sense of regret creeping into my heart. For some reason, I was starting to regret ever agreeing to this partnership. Despite Ruth's confidence in my disguise, my gut feeling kept screaming that something was wrong.

The next day, the bullying I endured wasn't as harsh as the day before. Maximus still landed a few punches to my gut and tossed some empty taunts my way in the corridor.

Surprisingly, Yukie didn't even glance at me. Her gaze deliberately avoided mine, as if I were a ghost not worth noticing. She seemed busy with her notes, or perhaps intentionally ignoring my existence.

Alex and Isabel, two members of Yukie's gang who usually cheered on the torment, were absent altogether. Rumor had it they were busy studying together for a surprise theory exam.

Nerissa, the mastermind behind the painful experiments I endured, was also missing. The grapevine suggested she was handling some major business related to her family's affairs.

After the academy, my feet automatically carried me back to The Kinky Corner. My encounter with Ruth yesterday had prevented me from buying anything, and there was something about that shop—or perhaps its attendant—that drew me back.

The small bell chimed softly as I pushed the door open. The familiar scent of cinnamon, vanilla, and latex greeted me, unchanged from yesterday.

And there she was, the shop attendant, behind her wooden counter. But her appearance today was far more... provocative. She wore only an extremely tight black tank top, braless, leaving the full shape of her ample breasts on clear display, her nipples forming two distinct points against the fabric.

Her bottom was covered by red hotpants so short and tight they seemed painted onto the enticing curves of her large buttocks, leaving very little to the imagination. Her flat, slender stomach was completely bare.

"Oh, welcome back, handsome," she greeted in that same melodious voice, though now with a deeper, more teasing undertone. A meaningful smile spread across her lips. "You left in such a hurry yesterday before I could give you a proper tour of the shop's... inventory. What was the matter? Afraid you'd be tempted by me?"

I offered an awkward smile, trying to divert my gaze from her blatant display. My blood stirred, but my instincts were also screaming. Without overthinking it, I activated [Eye of Desire] on her, burning with curiosity about who this woman truly was.

I nearly choked on my own spit seeing the information displayed before my eyes.

NAME: Yumi

AGE: 47

CLASS: Succubus Temptress

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 35%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Buttocks, Anus, Ears, Tongue, Armpits,

FETISH: Bondage, Dominance, Submission, Sadistic, Masochistic, Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, Cosplay, Humiliation.

So her name was Yumi.

Forty-seven years old? Hard to believe. With an appearance that looked like a woman in her twenties, anyone would be completely fooled. But that wasn't the most shocking part.

She was a Hunter Rank S with the Class 'Succubus Temptress'.

My heart started pounding hard. How could someone of that caliber be working as a clerk in a sex shop? And why was I constantly running into such powerful individuals lately? Were S-rank Awakeners as common as bread these days?

To my knowledge, even most Tier III Guild Masters were still A-rank. S-rank Hunters were usually only found in Tier II or even Tier I guilds—they were the elite, national assets.

So... why was she here?

And her sexual arousal level... 35%. Was she already turned on right now? In her own shop? I imagined that seeing all these lewd items every day might be a kind of aphrodisiac for her, or... was there something else stoking her flames?

Then, the list of her fetishes. I swallowed hard, my eyes scanning the list one by one.

Bondage, Dominance, and Submission: She enjoyed both tying up and being tied down, being in control and being controlled. And also Sadistic & Masochistic: A deadly combination. Add to that her Voyeurism and Exhibitionism: She liked to watch, and more dangerously, she liked to be watched and put on display. That was likely the reason behind her barely-there clothing.

And Cosplay and Humiliation: So role-playing was another spice for her. I pictured her in various costumes, and the idea alone was almost enough to give me an erection. She was also aroused by humiliation, both giving and receiving it.

She was a walking sex bomb wrapped in a pretty and voluptuous package. Each of her fetishes was like a key that could unlock a Pandora's box of pleasure and suffering. I felt

like I was playing with fire, and this fire was a mature, S-rank Succubus thirsty for every form of carnal indulgence.

"Can I help you with something, dear?" Yumi spoke again, breaking the silence. Her smile was deeper now, her honey-colored eyes gleaming as if they could read every dirty thought and flicker of fear racing through my mind.

"You look very... hmm... like you're imagining something quite interesting about me! Would you mind sharing? I might just be interested."

Chapter 40: Chapter 40 - A Tour of Temptation

Damn.

My pants felt tight, blood rushing south just from her gaze and the way she carried herself. My mind raced. This woman was clearly dangerous, a top-tier Succubus. But look at her—clothes that hid almost nothing, that challenging smile, and the blatant level of desire displayed in my [Eye of Desire].

She started this. She was the one who seemed so turned on, maybe even a little desperate for attention. This was probably just a game to her. And if things turned dangerous, I always had [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] up my sleeve. It was a risk, but the temptation to play with fire was too intense to ignore.

Gathering my nerve, I stepped closer to her wooden counter. A mischievous grin played on my lips.

"You asked what I was imagining?" I said, deliberately lowering my voice to a husky whisper. "I was imagining pinning you against this very table, pushing those red hotpants down your thighs, and using one of the vibrators from that shelf to make you moan before I pound your pussy hard."

Yumi gasped, her eyes widening. The blush on her olive skin deepened to a fiery red.

I continued, growing more brazen, "Then I'd turn you around, squeeze your big, firm ass while forcing one of those large dildos into your mouth. I'd make you my plaything. I want to hear your squeaky voice when you can't tell your cries of pain from your moans of pleasure."

"Y-you..." she stammered, her breath starting to quicken.

"And these perky breasts of yours," I hissed, leaning in until my face was inches from hers. "I want to bite your hard nipples right through that tank top, feel them stiffen in my mouth before I pull the fabric down and suck on them like a starving baby. I want to watch them bounce wildly while I ride you hard on the floor of this shop."

Yumi let out a long, shuddering sigh, her hands trembling as they gripped the edge of the counter. "You...you have no shame..."

"No shame?" I smirked. "You're the one standing here half-naked, teasing me like some desperate hooker. Don't pretend to be a pure maiden now. I know you love this. I can see it in the way you're biting your lower lip, the way your thighs are tightening, the hungry look in your eyes."

I held her gaze before asking the final question, "So, after all those dirty words and vulgar images... are you interested in me now, miss?"

Yumi was silent for a moment, her breath still ragged. Then, a mischievous smile spread across her lips, deeper and more meaningful than before.

"Listen, honey," she whispered, her voice husky and full of promise. "In my long life, many men have looked, many have desired. But none... not a single one... has had the guts or the filthy imagination to say those words right to my face."

She leaned in, until her face was just an inch from mine, her scent filling my senses.

"And yes," she breathed, like a deadly secret, "I like it. A lot."

Yumi, with that wicked smile, closed the distance. Her warm hand boldly cupped my crotch, pressing against the hard bulge tenting my pants.

"So why wait?" she whispered, her warm breath tickling my ear. "You've painted a clear picture, and I... oh, I'm already soaked because of it. Why don't we just do it right here, on this floor, just like you said?"

The sensation of her touch almost made me lose control. But I held back, trying to maintain some semblance of control in this dangerous game.

"Patience, Miss," I said, catching her mischievous hand and moving it away from my throbbing crotch. "As the shopkeeper, shouldn't you help me pick out some... equipment first? I want to buy a few toys we can try out together later."

Yumi's eyes sparkled. The temptation to play with a customer was clearly more exciting to her than just a quick romp.

"Gladly!" she purred, grabbing my hand and pulling me through the dimly lit aisles of the shop. "Let's start with the classics."

She stopped in front of a shelf filled with chains and cuffs of various sizes and materials. "These fur-lined cuffs are soft for beginners," she said, holding up a pair, "But I think you're more suited for these."

Her hand moved to a pair of heavy metal cuffs that felt cool to the touch. "Feel that cold metal against your wrists as you're restrained, helpless... or when I'm wearing them and you're holding the key."

"The metal does feel more convincing," I said, hefting the cuffs. "But I'd prefer them on you while you're on your knees."

Yumi let out a pleased sigh. "Now, for something with more... bite."

She led me to another rack filled with strange devices. Skillfully, she picked up a pair of metal nipple clamps adorned with small pearls. "You can adjust the pressure. Imagine me wearing these while you're inside me, tugging on this chain."

She didn't give me time to respond, pulling me to the next area filled with shibari ropes in various colors and textures.

"And this," she said, her eyes gleaming, "is my favorite art form. With these ropes, I can wrap you up like a present, highlighting every curve... or you can tie me up until I can't escape, becoming your lust-filled doll. Which one do you want to be?"

"I like the purple one," I said, touching a silken rope. "But I'd rather see it wrapped tight around your waist, pulling your wrists behind your back while you beg for more."

We arrived at a shelf displaying various anal plugs. Yumi picked up one with a cute fox tail attached.

"Cute, right?" she teased, swinging the tail playfully near her backside.

"I think you'd look more captivating with a black cat tail," I countered. "But for you, maybe we need something more... filling."

My hand reached for a large metal plug with gradually smaller beads. "You'd feel every single bead going in by one, wouldn't you?"

Yumi gasped, her hand instinctively grabbing her own hip. "You... you really have a wild imagination."

Our journey continued to a display of black rubber gags. "To muffle the sounds... or enhance them, depending on how you use it," she whispered.

"I'd rather hear your voice," I said, putting the ball gag back. "But maybe you can wear it later if your moans get too loud."

We were truly two of a kind.

We both laughed, the atmosphere growing hotter. I didn't need to worry about money, with my [Mind Control] skill, getting cash from a few rich folks in the city was easy.

Finally, after selecting a mountain of sex toys, we returned to the checkout counter. Yumi looked at the pile with gleaming eyes.

"You... you're serious about all this?" she asked, amazed.

"Absolutely," I replied casually. "But there's one condition." I leaned in, staring into her lust-filled eyes. "We test everything... right now. You're a good shopkeeper, aren't you? Surely you'd help me test these products before I buy, so I know if they're good quality or not?"

Yumi smiled, a smile full of meaning and promise.

"As a good shopkeeper," she whispered, starting to unbutton my shirt, "It's my duty to perform my job... wholeheartedly."