

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 41 - The Rabbit Tail - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 41 - The Rabbit Tail

Chapter 41: Chapter 41 - The Rabbit Tail

The doorbell chimed abruptly, followed by the rough sound of the door being shoved open. Two thuggish-looking men swaggered in. One was bulky and muscular, with a dragon tattoo snaking up his neck, while the other was shorter but had a sly, cunning glint in his eyes.

"Hey, Yumi! Just saw you yesterday, but I'm already missing you. Don't know why, but you're looking even sexier today!" the muscular one called out, his eyes brazenly roaming over Yumi's nearly naked body.

"And who's this kid?" the shorter man sneered, pointing dismissively at me. "Don't tell me you're planning to get down with him? Tch, look at his scrawny build. Probably a total virgin too. No wonder his pants are like that—he's definitely never seen a sexy woman like you before!"

"Have your standards dropped that much, Yumi? To the point you're playing with little boys like him?" his friend chimed in.

Instead of taking offense, Yumi actually blushed and let out a seductive sigh.

"Ah, you two... always know how to heat things up." She then turned to me with a sparkle in her eyes. "How about the four of us play together? I'm sure it'll be fun~"

What?

I remained silent, just watching them with a flat expression.

Inside, I felt disgusted. Well, what else did I expect from a slut?

"Sorry," I said coldly, ignoring the two thugs. "I don't like to share."

I took the metal handcuffs and the other toys I'd picked up and placed them on the counter. "What's the total?"

Yumi's disappointment was obvious, a bitter smile twisting her lips. "Are you sure? You were the one who said you wanted to make me your plaything earlier~"

One of the thugs immediately slung an arm around Yumi's shoulder. "Relax, why bother with some brat? We can give you the satisfaction he could never provide." His hand boldly groped Yumi's ample breast through her tank top.

"He's right, Yumi. Let us take care of you," the shorter thug added, patting Yumi's buttocks.

I finished the payment without another word, then turned and walked towards the door. Behind me, I could hear their mocking laughter.

"Run along, kid! Go find some schoolgirl more on your level!"

The door closed behind me, cutting off their laughter and teasing. Though slightly disappointed, there was nothing I could do. I'm not the type who likes to share a woman with other men, let alone watch a woman I'm with be taken by others. Oh well, there are plenty of other ways to satisfy my urges.

A few hours later, the dimly lit shop was now filled with the mingled scents of sex and death.

"Ahhh...~ Hah... finally...~"

Yumi let out a long, throaty moan, her voice raspy and saturated with pleasure.

Behind the counter, she was seated on the lap of the muscular man, moving her hips with a hungry rhythm. His once-powerful frame now looked shrunken and withered, his skin sagging and ashen. His closed eyes were surrounded by deep, dark circles, and his breath came in weak, barely audible gasps.

"Ahh~ Don't give up on me now, darling," Yumi cooed, though her gaze was sharp and focused. "Give me everything you've got..."

She quickened her pace, sighing in satisfaction as she felt the body beneath her tense up one last time. A faint tremor ran through the man, followed by a weak groan before his body finally went completely limp, lifeless.

Yumi let out a long, deep sigh, satisfaction radiating from her sweaty body. She remained seated for a moment, savoring the last remnants of fading warmth before finally standing up.

"Tch, that's all?" Yumi grumbled, rising from her human saddle. She let the man's penis slip out on its own, then stood with a face that showed contentment, albeit tinged with slight disappointment.

She stepped away, leaving the two male corpses lying on the floor.

"Two more victims in two days? You're getting greedy, Yumi."

A deep voice echoed from a dark corner of the shop. A tall man in a black cloak emerged from the shadows. His face was partially concealed, but his sharp eyes radiated caution.

Yumi tilted her head, unbothered. A coy smile still played on her lips.

"I was just... gathering energy. And as it happens, I've found a new toy that's far more interesting."

"Be careful, Yumi," the man said, his voice low and serious. "We have a grand plan to uphold. Don't let your personal pleasures jeopardize everything."

Yumi approached the man, her slender fingers tracing the lines of his black cloak. "But before the plan begins, I'm allowed to have a little fun, right?" she whispered seductively. "I promise I'll be careful. He's just a boy... how dangerous could he possibly be to me?"

The man sighed, knowing it was useless to argue. "Do as you wish. But remember, don't cause trouble or draw any unwanted attention..."

"Don't worry," Yumi cut him off, her smile widening meaningfully. "I'll... take care of him very, very carefully."

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I walked home briskly, my blood still racing. My failure with that slut Yumi and the two thugs only made my desires burn hotter. I needed an outlet, and there was one person perfect for it: my stepsister, Angeline.

The plan was already swirling in my head. I would take something still pure from her—her anal virginity. The thought of her fear, her whimpers, and the pain I would inflict made my penis throb insistently against my pants. I couldn't wait to try out the new toy I'd bought from that sleazy shop on her.

I arrived at her door and knocked. "Angeline, can I come in?"

A few seconds later, the door opened. I was almost taken aback. She had already removed the purple dye from her hair, just as I'd ordered yesterday. Her natural golden hair was beautifully displayed, falling softly to her shoulders. She looked so pretty, cute, and... pure. Like a little angel descended from heaven.

"You... you're much more beautiful with your real golden hair," I said, praising her honestly.

Angeline blushed, a pink hue spreading across her cheeks. Her eyes darted away, as if she knew my visit wasn't just a casual one. Without waiting for her permission, I brushed past her into her room.

She sighed in frustration but held back. "J-Just make it quick, Bro. It's just... a blowjob like usual, right?"

I shook my head, a mischievous smile spreading across my lips. "Not this time. I want to try something new."

Angeline's face instantly paled, clear fear flashing in her eyes. "S-Something new? What is it?"

I casually pulled out a white rabbit-tailed anal plug from the plastic bag. It was made of shiny silicone with a round base and a cute, fluffy white puff tail. I'd bought several types on purpose, and this one was the cutest—perfect for her.

Angeline stared at the unfamiliar object in confusion. "W-What is that, Brother?" she asked, her voice already shadowed by a bad premonition.

"It's called an anal plug, Angel," I explained in a lewd tone, playing with the soft rabbit tail part. "This part," I said, tapping her bottom lightly, making her jump, "is going inside your tight little butt. And this cute tail will stay outside, making you look like an adorable little bunny. It suits you perfectly."

"P-Put it inside... my butt?!" Angeline shrieked, her eyes wide with terror. "No! Please don't, Bro! I'm begging you! It... it must hurt! I promise I'll give better blowjobs! Anything! Just don't put that weird thing in... in there!"

She clutched at her clothes, her body trembling.

Seeing her like a frightened little rabbit only stoked my desire further. Yes, this was indeed perfect for her.

"I don't want to hear your refusal," I said coldly. "A good sex slave always obeys her master. Or have you forgotten who holds your secret? Now, get undressed. This instant."

Tears welling in her eyes, Angeline slowly began unbuttoning her clothes. Her garments fell to the floor, revealing her slender, lovely body. Her perky, small breasts hung perfectly, making me even more excited.

"Now, kneel on the bed. And bend over, show me your butt like a good dog," I ordered.

"N-No... please, Bro, I'm begging you!" she pleaded as she knelt on the bed, tears now streaming down. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry for all the mean things I did before! I promise I'll be a good sister! Please don't treat me like this! Don't put that thing in, it's horrible!"

"Relax," I whispered, approaching her and caressing her smooth buttocks. "This is all to train you to be a good little sister."

My hand stroked her round, firm cheeks, enjoying her every flinch. I spat on my finger and her still very tight anal opening, preparing it. She squirmed and whimpered in fear. I spat on my middle finger again, then roughly smeared the saliva onto her virgin, puckered hole.

Angeline screamed in fright.

"N-No! That's dirty! Don't!" she cried, trying to crawl away.

I held her hips firmly in place.

"Ssh, just relax," I whispered, pressing the lubricated tip of the anal plug against her opening. "I'll put it in slowly."

"W-Wait! No! It hurts! Please, stop!" Angeline cried out as the silicone tip began to press inward. Her body stiffened, her hands gripping the sheets tightly.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 37 (+5)]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 46%]

What a masochist! Despite the pain and fear, she was getting even more aroused.

"Brother, please! I can't take it! Take it out! It's—AHHH!"

With a gentle but firm push, the tip finally slipped past her tight ring of muscle. Angeline let out a small scream, her body shaking violently.

"I-It feels weird...! It hurts...! Take it out, please...!" she whimpered, her breath catching in sobs.

I kept pushing, slowly, savoring every centimeter disappearing into her warm, tight depths. It felt incredibly narrow, even more than I'd imagined. I could feel her muscles twitching and resisting the foreign object.

"P-Please... stop...! I beg you...!" her cries grew louder as the plug was halfway in.

"This... this is too much... AHH! I CAN'T! My butt's tearing...! Ouch...!"

Finally, with one last push, the plug slid in completely. Only the round base and the white puff tail remained, protruding from between her reddened buttocks. Angeline collapsed limply, her body still shuddering occasionally, her breath hitching in sobs.

I sighed in satisfaction, gazing at the sight. Then, I fitted the rabbit ear headband onto her head. She truly looked like a poor little bunny.

"Perfect," I murmured.

Suddenly, without any warning—

BANG!

The door to the room was wrenched open, nearly torn from its hinges. Standing in the doorway was my stepmother, Delilah, with a murderous aura blazing in her eyes.

Chapter 42: Chapter 42 - The Slave's Collar

Delilah stood frozen in the doorway. Her usually composed and elegant face was now as pale as marble, etched with streaks of raw fury and utter disgust. Her golden eyes blazed with a hatred so potent it was almost tangible. I had never seen my stepmother this enraged before.

When did she get back?

I froze for a moment. Angeline, jolted from her shock, scrambled to grab the blanket, desperately trying to cover her nakedness and humiliating position.

"Adam..." Delilah's voice was cold, sharp, and trembling with suppressed rage. "What... have you done to my little girl?"

My mouth opened, but no sound came out. My tongue felt heavy, my mind blank, frantically searching for an excuse to escape this nightmare.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Delilah Socheron and Angeline Socheron.

OBJECTIVE: Take both of their anal virginities while they face each other.

REWARD: 5000 EXP, 1 New Skill, 3 Random Items.

NOTE: Use of skills [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] is forbidden. Violation will result in quest failure.

[Accept: y / n]

I skimmed the notification, but my attention snapped back to Delilah as she began advancing. I glared at Angeline, my voice urgent and threatening.

"Angel! Remember the photos! If anything happens to me, everyone at the academy, all your friends—"

But Angeline just stayed silent, her body trembling. Her eyes darted between me and her mother, filled with paralyzing confusion and fear. I realized I couldn't rely on her now.

Hearing me threaten Angeline, Delilah quickened her pace, every step dripping with lethal fury.

"How dare you threaten my girl, Adam?" Her voice was a venomous hiss, full of contempt. "You... you are the most pathetic piece of shit I have ever laid eyes on. After everything I've done for you, after raising you as my own... this is how you repay me? By raping your own stepsister? You're lower than an animal!"

She kept coming closer, her murderous aura suffocating me.

"I thought you could change. But I was wrong. You were always garbage! You are no longer my son. You are a stain. A mistake that I will correct. Everyone was right about you, you're just a failure! Trash!"

Her words choked me, touching every old wound and insecurity.

"And for this... for treating my daughter like... like a whore... I... I will end your miserable life with my own hands!"

Her strong hands suddenly clamped around my neck. My breath cut off, my eyes bulged. In her gaze, I saw absolute resolve. She truly intended to kill me. My survival instinct screamed.

Nothing else mattered. With the last of my consciousness, I activated my [Mind Control] skill.

Instantly, a notification flashed before me.

[Quest Violation Detected.]

[REVENGE QUEST: FAILED.]

But I didn't care.

The pressure on my neck loosened and then stopped. Delilah's hands fell limply to her sides. The blazing hatred and fury on her face faded, replaced by a flat, empty expression. She stood rigid, like a doll waiting for commands, all her resistance and free will erased by my skill.

I coughed, gasping for deep breaths as I rubbed my sore neck. I looked at the terrified Angeline, then back at Delilah, who was now completely under my control.

"Damn it!"

"Mom...? Mommy, why aren't you moving? Adam, what did you do to my mom?" Angeline's voice trembled with fear, shattering the tense silence.

I turned to her. My face was probably still red from the choking, but my voice was calm and in control again. "I didn't want to do this, Angel. But she left me no choice. It seems I have to discipline our mother, just like I did with you."

Angeline's face turned deathly pale. Her eyes widened in horror. "No... please don't..."

"I have no other choice," I said, observing the statue-like Delilah.

My [Mind Control] skill had its limits. After some experimentation, I'd realized I couldn't give permanent commands. I also couldn't erase memories formed before I used the skill on someone.

In other words, I truly had no choice but to discipline her. Besides, sooner or later, I would have done it anyway. My stepmother was too beautiful to pass up.

"Please, Adam! Don't hurt my mom!" Angeline cried, clutching the blanket around herself.

"I'll... I'll do anything! Anything you want! I promise! Just... don't touch her!"

I looked at her, a cunning idea forming in my mind. Her fear was the perfect tool. "Fine," I said, feigning magnanimity. "Then prove it. Be a good little slut and please me... right in front of our mother..."

Angeline shuddered violently, tears streaming down her cheeks. She looked at her motionless mother, then at me, and finally, in desperation, gave a weak nod. "O-Okay... But... you have to promise. Promise me you won't touch her."

"I promise," I said easily. It was an obvious lie, but in her desperation, Angeline chose to believe it.

Keeping an eye on Delilah, I reached into my inventory. An object materialized in my palm: the [Slave's Collar]. A black leather choker with a dangling red heart-shaped pendant.

I skimmed its description.

[Slave's Collar

-> A collar that, when placed on someone, transforms them into an unconditionally obedient slave. The user cannot be harmed by this slave, and all commands given must be obeyed, even if they go against the slave's will. The collar cannot be removed by any means, even by the user themselves.]

This was exactly what I needed for her.

This plan had been simmering in my mind for a long time.

"What... what is that?" Angeline asked, her voice shaking as she watched me approach her helpless mother.

"This is to stop her from choking me again when she wakes up," I replied curtly. With a swift movement, I clasped the black choker around Delilah's slender neck. The red heart pendant hung perfectly in the hollow of her throat, a stark contrast against her pale skin.

Once the collar was locked, I took a deep breath. Time for the test run. I let my [Mind Control] over her end.

Instantly, light returned to Delilah's eyes. She blinked, momentary confusion giving way as the memories of her rage and murderous intent came flooding back. I'll admit, I was scared seeing her regain consciousness.

"You—!" she screamed, her hand shooting up towards my neck again.

But this time, her hand stopped mid-air, just centimeters from my skin. Her body trembled violently, her face contorted in a struggle against some invisible force.

A pained hiss escaped her lips, and her hand dropped limply to her side. She tried again, with even greater fury, but the result was the same. It was as if an invisible wall prevented her from harming me.

Her golden eyes were filled with confusion and horror, and then she felt the foreign object on her neck. Her hands flew to the leather collar, trying to tear it off, but her efforts were futile. The collar didn't budge an inch, as if fused to her skin.

"What... what have you done to me, you monster?!" she screamed, her voice filled with despair.

I just smiled, relief and a sense of power washing over me. It worked. "It's just... an insurance policy for my safety, Mom."

I then turned to Angeline, who was watching all of this with a pale, terrified face.

"Now," I said, my voice soft yet commanding, as I sat on the edge of the bed. "Get started. You know what you need to do, don't you?"

Chapter 43: Chapter 43 - Forced to Watch

"WHAT are you planning to do?!" Delilah snapped, her voice cracking with a mix of fury and panic. Almost instantly, a golden light radiated from her body as her formidable magical aura surged, trying to fight back against the collar's power.

My heart hammered in my chest. I quickly issued a command through the [Slave's Collar]. "Don't move! Stop using your power! Stay right where you are and do nothing!"

Immediately, the glow around Delilah faded. She stood there, restrained, her face a mask of confusion and helpless rage.

"You... you damned monster..." she hissed, her voice dripping with pure hatred.

I let out a satisfied chuckle, seeing her so powerless. "Quiet. Now just watch. Learn what happens to you later if you disobey."

Watching this unfold, Angeline's face turned pale with horror and disbelief. Her mother—the revered and feared SSS-Rank Hunter—was being controlled completely, like a puppet.

"Since when have you had this kind of power, Brother?" she asked, her voice trembling.

I looked at her with a faint smile. "Would you believe me if I said I've always had it?"

Angeline fell silent, a deeper fear gripping her. The reality of her mighty mother being utterly helpless plunged her into complete despair. She realized she had never truly known her stepbrother.

"Now, begin," I urged.

Hesitantly, Angeline climbed down from the bed. Her naked body seemed even more vulnerable under the harsh light. Burning with shame under her mother's direct gaze, she knelt before me. Her small, trembling hands fumbled with my pants button until my erect cock sprang free before her.

Delilah's eyes widened, a choked gasp escaping her trembling lips. She tried to turn her face away, but my command forced her to keep watching.

'I have to do this... For Mother,' Angeline thought, trying to justify her actions. With tear-filled eyes, she tried to ignore her mother's stare. She began to lick and tentatively suck on my balls, while her soft hands clumsily stroked my shaft.

"Aah... good," I groaned in pleasure. "You're getting better with your mouth. All our practice hasn't been wasted."

I watched Delilah as I ran my fingers through Angeline's golden hair. "See, Mom? See how good my little sister is."

Angeline then moved her attention to my length. She kissed the tip before finally taking my dick into her warm, tight mouth. It felt incredible.

Fuck.

Perhaps because her mother was watching, Angeline seemed to be trying harder. She sucked vigorously, moving her head back and forth until the tip hit her deep throat, desperately trying to satisfy me in the hope it would end sooner.

"You little slut... you're a natural," I murmured, pushing her head down further. Angeline tried to take my entire length, until I was nestled deep in her throat. I could feel the muscles of her throat constricting around my shaft.

When I felt myself nearing the edge, I gripped her hair tightly.

"Get ready, sis," I growled, before I started thrusting my hips roughly, fucking her mouth forcefully. Each thrust made my balls slap hard against her chin. Drool streamed from the stretched corners of her mouth, her eyes watering from being choked.

Finally, with a long groan, I reached my peak. My cum shot deep into her mouth, filling every corner.

When I was done, I pulled my throbbing cock from her lips. Angeline immediately coughed violently, gasping for air. White fluid dripped from her swollen lips.

"Open your mouth. Swallow it all," I commanded coldly.

Obediently, though swallowed with a look of disgust, Angeline swallowed the remaining semen. She then looked at me, waiting for her next order.

"Th... thank you," she whispered hoarsely, following the rules of my.

"You really are a good little sister," I praised, stroking her head. Then I leaned down and whispered into her reddened ear, "Now, give me your virginity. Be a good little whore for your brother."

Angeline froze at my final request. Her eyes widened, filled with terror and refusal. I glanced at Delilah. Her gaze was like a dagger trying to stab me; if looks could kill, I'd be dead a hundred times over.

A challenge rose within me. I wanted to see how long my stepmother could maintain that defiant expression on her beautiful face.

"You're actually turned on right now, aren't you?" I said to Angeline, my voice flat yet confident. "Don't lie. Can't you see? You're already soaking wet."

Before she could deny it, my hand was between her thighs. I stroked her slit with two fingers, feeling the dampness that had seeped through. Then, deliberately, I raised my now-wet fingers in front of her face, showing their slick gleam under the light.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 76 (+1)]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 82%]

Angeline felt a scorching wave of shame. She couldn't deny the physical evidence.

Another notification appeared, and this time I paid attention. I was slightly surprised to see my domination over her had already reached 82%. Maybe this was why she wasn't physically resisting and remained obedient, even as her soul rebelled. I wondered what would happen if that number reached 100%.

"See?" I said, slowly and sensually licking the fluid from my fingers, not missing a second of the disgust and shame on her face. "You're aroused. Admit it, Angel!"

Angeline remained silent, wrapped in her own humiliation.

I then changed tactics. My voice became softer, almost deceptive. "Relax. I'm not going to take your virginity."

Angeline lifted her head, deep confusion in her eyes. My words now completely contradicted my earlier command.

I explained in the same gentle tone, "What I meant was, you will be the one to give me your virginity."

"Gi... give it?" she murmured, not understanding.

"In other words," I clarified, "I'll just lie here. And you will be the one to move, to guide my cock into your pussy, and you will be the one riding me."

Angeline's face grew even paler, her fear intensifying. Seeing this, I continued with a slightly threatening yet falsely compassionate tone, "You know my power, right? If I wanted, I could make you move and talk exactly as I wish. But I'm not doing that. Because I care about your feelings."

In her heart, Angeline was surely cursing me in despair. Right then, I heard the sharp, nearly shattering sound of teeth grinding from Delilah's direction.

My eyes met my stepmother's, and I saw the veins on her temples and neck bulging, throbbing with suppressed fury. I swallowed, slightly intimidated by the intensity of her hatred.

Quickly, I turned the pressure back on Angeline. "If you refuse, then I will rape your mother right in front of you, and then it will be your turn."

"No! Please don't!" Angeline cried out in panic.

To reinforce my threat, I immediately gave Delilah a command. "Mom, start taking off your clothes."

And obediently, Delilah began to undress. Angeline's eyes bulged, watching her mother being forced to strip.

"I beg you, Brother! I'll do it! Anything! Just... don't hurt Mom!" Angeline sobbed, kneeling and clutching my legs tightly.

Seeing her like that, a profound satisfaction washed over me. I'd dreamed for so long of my arrogant little stepsister kneeling and begging at my feet. I ignored her for a moment, my eyes fixed on the scene before me.

Delilah, with stiff movements, removed her casual clothes—a lavender silk blouse and white linen trousers. Her nude body was slowly, fully revealed to me. And I could only marvel inwardly.

My God... my stepmother truly deserved the title of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her skin was pristine white like porcelain, a stark contrast to her flowing golden hair and her golden eyes that blazed with pure hatred.

Her breasts were enormous, full and shapely, with stiff pink nipples and perfectly formed areolas. Her waist was slender, creating a dramatic curve down to her perfectly rounded hips and a plump, ample rear with full thighs.

My body reacted intensely, especially when my gaze fell upon her vagina, a pale pink with its pubic hair completely shaved.

My heart raced.

Combined with the expression on her face—not of shame, but of searing hatred—it created an almost unbearable urge to completely dominate her right then.

"Alright! I'll do it! I promise I'll serve you well, just... just don't touch Mom!" Angeline suddenly cried out, breaking my concentration. Her voice was filled with a determination born of desperation.

Hearing this, I turned to her. "Oh? Are you sure?"

She nodded vigorously, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Yes. I'm sure."

I smiled, utterly pleased. Then, to cement my victory and crush her spirit a little deeper, I turned back to Delilah. "Mom, squat down with your legs spread wide. Let me see your pussy, and put both hands behind your head."

Unable to resist, Delilah obeyed. She squatted, spreading her thighs, exposing her entire intimate area to me. The expression on her face remained unchanged—cold and full of loathing.

Seeing what I was doing to her mother, Angeline let out a small whimper and squeezed her eyes shut for a moment before saying in a ragged voice, "I... I'll serve you well, I promise."

I finally nodded, satisfied.

"Good."

Now, I lay back on the bed. Angeline, her body still trembling, positioned herself over my thighs, ready to fulfill my command. Meanwhile, Delilah was near the head of the bed, forced to watch every single detail without being able to do a thing.

This was going to be deeply, deeply satisfying.

Chapter 44: Chapter 44 - An Agonized Moan

"Del, you look exhausted," Charlotte said with genuine concern as she poured tea into two cups. "Your work has been draining you lately. You need proper rest."

Delilah let out a long sigh, watching the steam rise from her tea. "My responsibilities keep piling up. Everything demands my attention."

"But your family needs you too," Charlotte replied softly, yet firmly. Her gaze held real worry. "You're barely home these days. I've seen Angeline... and Gwen too. Even if they act distant or indifferent, they must miss their mother. Why not take a break, Del?"

Charlotte offered a gentle smile, trying to lighten the mood. "Besides, I heard Adam has started attending the academy again. That's good news, isn't it? Maybe you could take them out for dinner—just the four of you. Doesn't that sound nice? Spend some time with them."

Her intentions were sincere—

a heartfelt wish to mend bonds and be a more present mother. Guilt-ridden over her constant absence, Delilah finally nodded.

"Maybe you're right, Charlotte."

A family dinner... It sounded simple, but perhaps it was exactly what she needed to reconnect with her daughters. And Adam too... Her son had been shutting himself in his room far too often. This could be a first step in closing the growing distance between them.

And now... here she was. Delilah Socheron, the woman known as the Star Witch, one of the most powerful beings in the world—standing frozen in a humiliating position, forced to watch as her beloved daughter straddled the disgusting waste of a boy she had taken in.

That waste of a boy... is me.

I looked at Angeline, who truly resembled a frightened little rabbit. With her rabbit ears still perched on her head and the white rabbit-tail plug nestled between her cheeks, her small, naked body seemed incredibly fragile.

Right now, Angeline was on top of me—her wet, trembling pussy positioned right above my erect cock, ready to plunge inside. Her head was bowed deeply, not daring to meet her mother's gaze, even as Delilah stood right in front of her, watching every movement with shattered eyes.

With trembling hands, she gripped my shaft, already slick with pre-cum. Hesitantly, she guided the tip toward her virgin entrance, wet with her own arousal—or perhaps still under the influence of my [Lustful Touch] skill.

She rubbed the swollen head along her reddened lips, as if testing the fit, yet clearly afraid. Her expression showed pure doubt—whether something as large as mine could possibly fit into something so small and tight.

I looked up at Delilah then, and for a moment, my breath caught.

My stepmother... the blazing anger and hatred that had filled her face earlier was completely gone. All that remained was an expression I never imagined I'd see from her: a pleading gaze.

Her golden eyes, usually so sharp and authoritative, were now glistening, tears slowly tracing paths down her pale cheeks. Delilah, the Star Witch, an SSS-Rank Hunter, one of the world's strongest—was crying silently.

She wasn't looking at me with hatred anymore, but with defeat, desperation, as if making one last attempt to appeal to the last shred of my conscience.

My chest tightened at the sight. A faint, very faint flicker of guilt stirred inside me. Looking back... my stepmother had never truly done anything extremely cruel to me.

Sure, she'd neglected me, occasionally offering advice in a cold, distant tone—but that was just her reserved and closed-off nature. Yes, she'd broken my arm once, but that was truly an accident, and partly my fault too.

Delilah's silent crying intensified. Her shoulders trembled slightly.

I looked down again, trying to escape her heart-wrenching gaze. My eyes returned to Angeline—small and, in this horrifying situation, undeniably sexy.

My emotions were a chaotic mess. The guilt was real, but... the lust, the thrill of domination, the euphoria of conquering both mother and daughter—these women who had always been so far out of reach—made me even harder, more excited.

"Do it. Now. Or I'll break your mother first," I threatened in a low, rough voice, burying that flicker of guilt deep down.

Angeline visibly shuddered at my threat. She took a deep breath, as if gathering courage, then with her eyes tightly shut, she tried to lower herself.

Slurp.

The large, slick head of my cock finally slipped past her tight entrance. She let out a pained whimper, "Nnnngh...!" Her voice was small, choked.

She stopped, breathing heavily.

"I-It's... too big... It... hurts..." she whimpered, her voice trembling with tears.

"Keep going. Lower yourself slowly. Until it's all inside," I commanded, trying to keep my voice steady even as the pleasure spreading from the tip of my cock was becoming almost unbearable.

Angeline swallowed hard, her face tense. Then, with continuous moans and whimpers, she began lowering herself again, centimeter by centimeter.

"Aah...! Nnnoo...! It hurts...! But... it feels strange...!" she cried out, her voice rising in pitch and desperation. "Brother... please... it's... too big...!"

I could feel it. My cock was slowly being swallowed by her incredibly tight, hot, and wet pussy. The flesh inside seemed to clench around my shaft, resisting yet pulling it deeper at the same time.

Angeline bit her lip until it nearly bled, her pretty face now clouded with a mix of pain and the strange sensations forced upon her by my skill. I felt a thin barrier give way, followed by a trickle of warmth—her virginity, lost.

In front of us, Delilah's eyes widened, her body trembling as if electrocuted. A long, agonized moan escaped her tightly pressed lips.

Meanwhile, notifications flashed before my eyes, mocking my already chaotic state of mind.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 91 (+1)]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 88%]

[...]

Maybe it was because her Sexual Arousal was already so high and her body needed release, or perhaps it was driven by her latent masochistic fetish that made her subconsciously enjoy the pain—whatever the reason, Angeline didn't stop. Her moans shifted, growing wilder and more unrestrained.

"Aah~! Hah...! It hurts...! But... why... does it feel... Aaagh~! I can't... stop...!" she screamed, her hands now groping her own small chest, pinching her erect nipples. Her eyes were wide and vacant, as if she no longer recognized herself.

To finally give in to a final desperate push, she forced her body all the way down.

Squelch.

There. My entire length was now fully inside her, thrusting deep into her cervix. Her tight passage gripped me with unbelievable force, as if there was no space left.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 55]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 93%]

"AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH~!!!!"

Angeline let out a long, piercing scream—no longer a whimper of pain, but a raw, explosive cry of orgasm.

Her entire body convulsed violently on top of me. I could feel her vaginal walls clenching and pulsing intensely around my cock, milking me as if trying to drain everything inside. A warm flood—a mix of her release and her virgin blood—gushed out, soaking my pelvis and the sheets beneath us.

She slumped forward, her chest heaving irregularly, her face flushed, eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. She looked utterly spent. For a moment, she seemed completely unaware of her surroundings, maybe even of herself.

From Delilah's direction, only broken sobs remained, as if all hope and light had been extinguished from her life forever. Her expression was empty, hollow, filled with total despair.

And what did I feel in that moment? My God. It's hard to describe the pleasure coursing through me. This... this was so much tighter, hotter, more gripping than Arianna had ever been.

Every inch of her narrow pussy squeezed and clung to my cock with an almost painful tightness. Waves of ecstasy, so intense and overwhelming, threatened to make me climax right then and there, to spill everything I had inside me.

Chapter 45: Chapter 45 - Mind Break

A wave of satisfaction washed over me as my cock sank fully into her depths, but it was quickly replaced by raw, burning lust. I brought my hand down hard on Angeline's full hips.

Smack!

"Aaah~!" she cried out, back arching as the sharp sting jolted her back to full awareness.

A mix of pain and strange pleasure made her whimper. Her freshly torn maidenhead throbbed with a hot, sore ache, yet the butt plug nestled inside her added a perverse sense of fullness, making her feel like a truly depraved woman.

"Move, angel! Don't just lie there!" I urged, my voice hoarse with impatience.

Angeline began to shift her hips, her face still wet with tears. Slowly, tentatively. Every tiny movement was hypersensitive.

"Nnnngh... h-ha... this feels... weird..." she moaned, her voice small and ashamed.

With the rabbit ears still perched on her head, her innocent face was now twisted in a daze of forced ecstasy. Her slow, hesitant movements were torture in the best way. Her tightness gripped and squeezed me perfectly with every shift, the sensation utterly consuming.

"Damn... you're too tight..." I growled, my hands tightening on her slender waist.

"Aah...! It hurts... you're too big... but... ah~! Why... does it feel so strange...?" she whimpered, her voice trembling. Despite her complaints, her hips kept moving, dancing on my hardened length. "You... damn brother... aah~! No... not there...!"

Without thinking, I thrust my hips upward, driving deeper into her.

"AAAAHHHHH~!!" Angeline screamed suddenly, her body convulsing violently. Her eyes shot wide open, her walls clenching and pulsing around me. She'd climaxed again, and this time, her expression was one of pure shock at the overwhelming pleasure.

She froze, suddenly acutely aware of her mother being forced to watch. Her breath hitched, her face flushed with a mix of shame and confusion.

Her body felt alien—sore, humiliated, yet... undeniably pleasurable. How could this feel good? She glanced at her mother, whose face was a mask of hollow despair, then looked away, unable to bear the suffering in her eyes.

"Don't stop!" I snapped.

She immediately obeyed, resuming the movement of her hips. Though slow, her incredible tightness and warmth were enough to push me to the edge.

"Fuck... I'm coming!" I groaned, and with a few final, deep thrusts, I poured my heat deep inside her, filling her womb.

Angeline shuddered, feeling the hot release within her.

"Aah...! What is that...?" she whispered fearfully. "I... I could get pregnant..."

"Relax, I have Fertility Control skill," I explained. I had already set the [Fertility Control] skill and adjusted it to ensure that none of the seed I released would fertilize her. "I can come inside you whenever I want."

Hearing that, Angeline seemed relieved. And strangely, her inner walls, still tightly wrapped around my softening length, gave a subtle, fluttering squeeze. She started moving again, slowly, trying to milk out every last drop.

"Aah... nnnngh... haah... damn it~" she moaned, her body beginning to sway with more confidence. The sensation of me still being hard inside her amazed and shamed her.

Soon, she reached her peak for the third time. "HYAAAAA~! I-I'm... coming again...! No...!" she cried, her body going limp and trembling.

"Such an easy little bunny," I teased, giving her ass a gentle pat. "Keep going. You're going to be my naughty little pet from now on."

"S-Shut up...! Nngh...! Aaah~!" she protested, but the rocking of her hips didn't stop. She continued to ride me, her moans and whimpers filling the room, while her helpless mother was forced to witness every detail of her daughter's moral collapse.

I finally turned my attention to the notifications I'd been ignoring in the corner of my vision, my breath heavy.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 94 (+1)]

[Domination over Angeline increased to 98%]

Almost there. I was so close to completely owning her. Feeling victory within reach, I thrust upwards, ramming roughly against her cervix.

"GYAAAAAAH~! IT'S TOO DEEP...! TOO DEEP...!" Angeline shrieked, her body writhing wildly. Her expression was no longer sane—a cocktail of pain, shame, humiliation, and the pleasure I forced on her had pushed her to her limit. Combined with my near-total domination, I knew she only needed one final push.

My eyes lifted, meeting Delilah's gaze. It was cold, sharp as a dagger, and filled with unmistakable murderous intent. A look that promised the most cruel torture imaginable, making my blood run cold.

"You may speak now," I told her, my voice slightly raspy.

I expected a torrent of curses, but what I heard was far more chilling.

"I will kill you," her voice was flat, cold, and held a conviction that made me shiver. "With my own hands. I will tear you limb from limb and watch you die slowly in agony."

Then she fell silent, just staring at me while the wet sounds of Angeline slowly riding me provided a shameful backdrop.

Just how long can she keep this up? I thought irritably.

"My sweet little sister seems exhausted," I said, breaking the silence. "She's out of energy and her movements have slowed to a crawl. As her loving mother, shouldn't you help her?"

Delilah's face paled, her eyes widening in horror. She stood frozen, her body trembling. I immediately realized my mistake—I had only asked a question, not given a command through her collar.

"Help her. Move her body so she can please me," I ordered firmly.

"You scum! How dare you—!" Delilah began, but the collar took effect. Her legs moved stiffly forward, bringing her closer to us.

"No... stop this... please..." her voice dissolved into panicked sobs with each forced step.

"Adam, I'm begging you... don't do this to her... to me... She's my daughter! I'm your mother! We're family! Whatever I've done, I'm sorry! Stop this and we can talk! Don't destroy her like this! Don't make me a tool to break her!"

But I remained silent, watching with satisfaction as despair finally broke her. Seeing her pleas fall on deaf ears, Delilah quieted, tears streaming silently down her face as she finally stopped right behind Angeline.

Angeline, her mind fogged by all the pleasure and pain, could only look at her mother in confusion. What was happening?

With trembling hands, Delilah was forced to place her hands on Angeline's waist. She tried to resist moving, her body tensing against the invisible command.

"I order you to start moving her. Now," I pressed.

With a choked sob, Delilah began to push and pull Angeline's hips, forcing her to rise and fall on my length at a steady rhythm.

"Fuck, that's so good," I groaned, feeling the faster, deeper friction within Angeline's tight, wet heat.

"Aah~! Mom...! Nnnngh...! That's... good...! Faster...!" Angeline moaned, her voice melting into pure pleasure. Her sexual cries grew more intense, "Haah...! Yes...! Right... there...! I'm... I'm going to... come again...!"

Meanwhile, Delilah's weeping broke out anew. The symphony of Angeline's moans, Delilah's sobs, and the wet sounds of our colliding bodies created a depraved and tragic harmony. Angeline climaxed once more, her body seizing, but with her mother's forced assistance, she kept moving.

[Domination over Angeline increased to 99%]

So close!

"Harder!" I barked at Delilah.

Delilah, her face utterly broken, quickened the pace. Angeline screamed hysterically, her eyes rolling back, hardly able to believe the intensity of the pleasure overwhelming her.

I felt my own climax approaching. "Stop! Let her go!" I commanded.

Delilah immediately released her hold on Angeline's hips. I quickly took hold of Angeline's waist and started moving her as I pleased, treating her like a living sex doll. Just as I was about to erupt, I gave my final command.

"Now, pull out the plug!"

With hands shaking uncontrollably, Delilah grabbed the base of the rabbit-tailed anal plug buried in Angeline's behind and yanked it out.

"AAAAHHHHHH~!!" Angeline's scream echoed through the room as the object was removed, and the sudden, violent clenching of her now-empty back passage pushed me over the edge.

"NGHHH... FUCK... HERE IT COMES...!" I drove into her to the hilt, buried as deep as possible, and unleashed a torrent of my hot seed into her womb, filling her to the brim.

"NGAAKHHHH~!!"

Angeline let out a long, ragged moan, her body shaking uncontrollably. Her expression morphed into something I'd only seen in porn comics or hentai—her eyes rolled up, mouth hung slack and drooling, cheeks blazing red. A perfect ahogao face, the tell-tale sign that her mind had shattered completely, submerged in bliss!

And finally, the notification I'd been waiting for appeared.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Angeline Climax]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 33]

[Domination over Angeline increases to 100%]

[You Have Successfully Dominated Angeline and caused her mind to break]

[Angeline is now your obedient sex slave who lives to serve your dick]

Gasping for air and slick with sweat, I kept moving the limp Angeline until I was completely spent. Finally, I stopped. Angeline collapsed unconscious on top of me, her body still twitching, her inner walls clenching sporadically.

As I tried to catch my breath, I felt a warm, wet stream flow over my thigh. I looked down and saw... Angeline, my cute little sister, had lost control in her unconscious state, her urine flooding out, marking her total and complete ruin.