

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 46: Chapter 46 - Cleaning Me Up

Perhaps I was too harsh on Angeline, considering it was her first time. But that doesn't mean I regret it. The satisfaction was simply too profound for regrets. My initial plan was far more intricate—I wanted to take her virginity in front of her mother and sister simultaneously. But life rarely goes according to script.

What matters most is that I was utterly content seeing her shattered before me, her mind completely crushed by the pleasure and humiliation I poured into her body.

And now, it's time to break the next person: The Star Witch, Delilah Socheron, my perfectly beautiful stepmother.

The pungent stench of urine on my body was becoming unbearable. I'm not a man who enjoys such filthy games. I quickly rose from the bed, leaving behind an unconscious Angeline and the soiled sheets stained with her urine and our mixed fluids.

"Follow me, Mom," I commanded Delilah, who merely stared back at me with icy coldness.

She obediently followed me to the bathroom, her ample, voluptuous breasts swaying with every step. A sight too exquisite to miss. Her body was truly perfect, radiating an aura of mature sensuality from every inch.

Inside the bathroom, we both got into the bathtub filled with lukewarm water.

"Mom" I said in a flat yet meaningful tone, "My sweet little sister has dirtied my body with her urine. Now, as a good mother, you must take responsibility for cleaning me up, especially my dick."

Delilah stood rigid, her face pale and expression blank. Yet, the command enforced by the [Slave's Collar] compelled her to move. With mechanical movements, she began washing my body with a washcloth. Her soft, skilled hands glided over my skin, providing an unexpectedly pleasant sensation.

As I enjoyed her service, my eyes locked onto her plump, tempting breasts, like forbidden fruit. An irresistible lust took hold of me. Without further ado, I grabbed her and pulled her close, my mouth immediately closing over one of her hardened nipples.

"Ah—!" A suppressed hiss escaped her lips.

I suckled greedily, like a starving infant. My other hand kneaded her other breast, sinking into its incredible softness. They were so large my hand couldn't fully grasp them.

Disgust and contempt filled Delilah's expression, yet she continued her task, her right hand steadily stroking my back and shoulders with forced, gentle motions.

I groaned with pleasure between sucks. How many times had I fantasized about sucking on my stepmother's beautiful breasts like this? Who knew those lewd fantasies would become reality. I wondered, what would it taste like if her milk came out? It must be incredibly sweet.

Amidst the intoxicating pleasure, I felt her left hand gently touch my dick beneath the water's surface. I groaned louder, like a greedy infant demanding more.

"Keep going... stroke it... don't stop," I urged in a hoarse voice, my mouth still firmly attached to her breast.

Delilah, her face flushed but not from shame, began stroking the shaft of my cock with skilled movements. The softness of her hands, contrasting with her frozen-hearted expression, aroused me even more. Her movements quickened, creating small ripples in the cooling bathwater.

"Ah... damn... that's... good..." I groaned, unable to hold back.

The sensations from her skilled hands, combined with the pleasure from my mouth still working on her plump breast, quickly drove me to the peak. Soon after, with a long groan, I reached my climax.

"I'm coming...!"

A hot burst of my cum shot out vigorously underwater, clouding the once-clear bathwater. My body shuddered violently, releasing all the pent-up tension.

I pulled my mouth away from her breast, my breath coming in ragged gasps. Delilah sat silently before me, her face still emotionless, like a beautiful statue with a shattered heart.

I stood up from the bathtub, water swirling around me. Thanks to my boosted libido stat, my energy was still overflowing. My large, erect cock, throbbing once more, was now right in front of Delilah's perfect face—the face that graced magazines and was idolized by many. I had hoped to see at least a flicker of change in her expression, but there was none. Her gaze remained as vacant as a frozen lake.

"Use your breasts," I commanded, my voice husky with desire. "Serve my dick with those plump fruits of yours."

Delilah, without protest or a single word, shifted her body forward. Her massive, white, voluptuous breasts touched the shaft of my cock, and I cursed inwardly while groaning in pleasure. The sensation of her smooth, warm skin made my mind drift.

Then, with a skilled movement that further excited me, she tucked my cock between the enticing valley of her breasts. I was completely immersed in the softness of her two plump mounds.

How should I describe the feeling? Absolutely incredible. She began sliding her breasts up and down the length of my shaft, which was still sensitive from the previous ejaculation.

"Damn... your breasts... are too perfect for me," I moaned, unable to hold back my genuine praise. "So soft and plump... like pillows of pleasure created specifically for my cock."

I let out a long sigh, "With breasts this big, Mother, you were truly born to serve a man's lust. Look how my shaft disappears between the lewd cleavage of your giant tits."

I was completely lost in her softness. It felt very different from being inside a pussy—softer yet no less intoxicating. Combined with the sight of my beautiful, sexy stepmother's face, blank-faced while satisfying me with her body, it was the perfect combination.

I quickly activated [Eye of Desire] and called up her information.

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{SLAVE}

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NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 5%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 17%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

There was a change. The {SLAVE} tag, which wasn't there before, seemed to have appeared after I used the [Slave's Collar] on her.

But the other information hadn't changed much. My dominance over her was only 5% despite all I'd done, and her sexual arousal was a mere, 17% after all that—extremely low, even though I'd been using [Lustful Touch] on her.

Based on my success in increasing dominance over Angeline and several other women, I could conclude that to raise Dominance, I needed to make women obey my wishes, no matter how twisted or against their will, until their bodies and minds slowly submitted to me.

So, looking at Delilah, even though she was obediently following my depraved commands, it seemed she was only minimally affected. Her body and true mind hadn't yet submitted to me.

As expected of the Star Witch, one of the strongest Hunters, I suppose it will take considerable time and effort to fully break her.

This will be fun.

I stroked Delilah's golden hair while groaning, "Now suck my cock while still using your breasts."

Delilah obediently complied. She opened her mouth, let her saliva flow, and began licking and sucking the tip of my dick while her breasts continued to rub against my shaft. I felt like I was in heaven.

"You look incredibly beautiful right now," I murmured, gazing at her elegant face forced into such a lewd act. "Your perfect face with a cock in its mouth... it's a sight worthy of being captured forever."

Delilah responded by sucking harder, and I groaned louder. "Yes... just like that! You really are a born slut—born to serve the lust of your own stepson!"

Suddenly, a voice from behind the bathroom door broke my concentration. "Mom, are you in there?" the voice called. It was Gwenneth Socheron, my other stepsister.

I saw Delilah flinch, but she couldn't answer with her mouth full of my cock. I whispered softly, "Answer her."

Delilah pulled her mouth off my cock while her breasts continued to rub my throbbing shaft.

"Yes, Gwen, I'm taking a bath in here," she replied, her voice straining to sound normal.

"Oh, good!" Gwenneth chimed from behind the door. "You said earlier you were taking a pretty long leave, right? I happened to take leave from my guild too, so I thought we could spend a lot of time together!"

"You've been so busy lately, so I think your decision to take leave is great. We can do so many things together—go shopping, maybe watch a movie, or... oh yes! What about our dinner plans tonight? You said you wanted to invite Adam along, right? That's a great idea, I think! It's been so long since we had a family meal together—"

While Gwenneth continued enthusiastically behind the door with her typical zeal, Delilah could only offer short replies, "Yes, Gwen," and "We'll talk later," while continuing to satisfy me with her breasts and mouth.

Hearing the talk about dinner and their intention to invite me, a dark plan began forming in my mind. The thought made me throb intensely, and I was immediately on the verge of climax again. The urge to cum was irresistible.

"This is... take it!" I groaned softly, and just as Delilah opened her mouth to say something back to Gwenneth, I unleashed a hot, thick stream of my semen directly onto her beautiful face. The white fluid splattered across her cheeks, nose, lips, and even her forehead.

Delilah choked, her eyes widening for a moment before settling back into a gaze full of hatred, while from behind the door, Gwenneth continued, "—So, what do you say, Mom? Are we still on for dinner with Adam tonight?"

Chapter 47: Chapter 47 - Filthy Dreams Realized

"Yes, Gwen... We... we'll have dinner together..." Delilah answered, her face glazed with my sticky release. Her voice was flat, straining to conceal the chaos unfolding just behind the door.

"Oh, okay!" Gwenneth chirped from the other side, completely oblivious to what was happening mere feet away. "I've been wanting to try that new downtown restaurant! Or, what if we cooked together at home instead? It'd be more memorable, right? I can help you—"

While Gwenneth prattled on excitedly, I lifted Delilah's chin. My eyes drank in her defiled face; the white streaks marring her perfect canvas only fueling my desire. With my thumb, I smeared the mess on her cheek, spreading my seed further across her smooth skin.

"Good," I whispered, my voice for her ears only. "Now, stand up and face the door. Bend over, put your hands on the floor. Stick that plump ass out for me... like a bitch in heat."

Delilah's expression shifted. Her eyes widened with a potent mix of horror, contempt, and rage. Her lips trembled as if to protest, but the [Slave's Collar] forced her compliance. Slowly, a tremor shaking her entire body, she rose from the bathtub.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 18 (+1)]

[Domination over Delilah increased to 6%]

She walked toward the door, water dripping from her naked form. Obediently, she bent over, placing her palms flat on the bathroom floor. Her round, perfect buttocks were raised in the air, a tantalizing offering, just as I had commanded.

The sight—this powerful woman, the revered Star Witch, in such a debased position—made my cock throb with renewed vigor.

On the other side of the door, Gwenneth was still talking, her voice a distant murmur to me, now wholly focused on the view before me. "So, what do you think, Mom? Home-cooked or the restaurant? I'd prefer cooking at home, it's more intimate—"

I moved behind Delilah, my knees sinking into the wet floor between her spread legs. My hands gripped her hips, fingers digging into her soft, pliable flesh. I rubbed the head of my hard cock against her wet vulva, finding the warm slit of her pulsating core.

"Answer her," I urged in a rough whisper, as I began to push the tip into her clutching heat.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 19 (+1)]

Delilah drew a sharp breath, her voice trembling as she forced the words out. "Home... is fine... Gwen... We'll... cook at home..." Her sentence broke apart, punctuated by the slow, penetrating sensation.

"Okay!" Gwenneth exclaimed, still unaware. "I'll check the fridge and make a shopping list! Hurry up with your bath, okay? We'll go to the supermarket together!"

I heard her footsteps retreat, and finally, we were alone again. Now, without interruption, I gripped Delilah's full hips tightly and thrust all the way in, sheathing myself to the hilt.

"Fuck...!" I hissed.

Her long-untouched pussy responded instantly, clenching around my shaft as if it had been waiting for me all this time. It didn't have the extreme tightness of Angeline's virginhood, but it felt more... mature. Like the finest leather glove, molded perfectly to the shape of my sword, fitting every vein and curve.

"God damn, Mom..." I groaned, unable to hold back the praise.

"Your pussy... it's too perfect for me. How can it... even after bearing two children... still be this tight? Was this pussy made for my cock? You're gripping me like you don't want to let go. You really were born for this, Mom. To be a nest for your son's filthiest desires."

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 20 (+1)]

[Domination over Delilah increased to 7%]

It was so hard to raise her arousal.

Delilah just held her breath, stifling every moan that fought to escape. I let my cock sit still inside her, feeling every subtle contraction of her inner folds adjusting after years of emptiness. My mind drifted to all the fantasies I'd ever had.

"You know, Mom," I whispered, leaning close to her ear, "since the first day we met, I've always dreamed of this. Watching you walk around the house in those tight silk dresses, those tempting breasts of yours swaying... I used to steal your panties from the laundry basket, imagining the scent of your pussy while I pleasured myself."

My hand slid up from her hips to her slender back, savoring every touch. "Every time you scolded me, all I could think about was how to make you kneel and suck my cock. Every time you smiled sweetly at me, I imagined that smile distorted by pleasure as you felt my cock pounding against your womb. And now... all those filthy dreams are reality. And the reality... is far more satisfying than my imagination."

Yet Delilah remained silent as a stone. I let out an annoyed sigh.

"Why so quiet, Mom? I thought you'd curse me, call me a monster. I never ordered you to be silent."

Delilah glanced back over her shoulder, her gaze like a dagger ready to shred me to pieces. A shiver ran down my spine. I slapped her plump buttock, making it jiggle.

Smack!

"How long are you going to keep this up, Mom?" I snarled, my voice full of threat. "If you keep acting like this, I'll fuck Gwen too. And you... you'll be the one to help me do it. I'll force you to tie her up, undress her, and watch as I rape her. You'll hear her screams, see her tears, and you won't be able to do a thing."

But Delilah stayed silent. I chuckled.

"But if you treat me well... if you act like the slutty mother I want, moaning for me, begging to be fucked... I promise I won't touch her. How about it? Come on, Mom... beg me."

Still, only silence answered. Curious, I grabbed a handful of her golden hair and yanked her head back. "Why won't you speak?!"

Delilah looked like she wanted to spit in my face, but her mouth only opened for a second before locking shut under the [Slave's Collar]'s influence. In a hoarse, hate-filled voice, she finally spoke, "I won't beg... because I know... no matter what I do... you'll still defile Gwen."

She took a sharp breath. "And I... will not moan... or act like the whore you want. You can force my legs open... but you can't force me to enjoy it."

I silently praised her in my mind. She saw right through my true intentions. But that only pissed me off more.

Fine. Have it your way.

I started moving my hips, starting gently but quickly escalating into a hard, frantic, animalistic rhythm.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The sound of our skin slapping together filled the bathroom.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 28 (+5)]

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

[...]

Her arousal notification appeared again, but the Domination stat didn't budge. And just as she promised, no moans escaped, only increasingly heavy, ragged breaths. I spanked her reddening ass again.

Smack!

"You proud... slut!" I growled, pounding into her relentlessly. "Look at your pussy... so wet... gripping my cock like it doesn't want to let go! You say you're not enjoying this? Your body is lying, Mom!"

Plap! Plap! Plap! Squelch!

"Your body is dripping, Mom! Your pussy is clenching, begging for more! But your mouth is still playing the saint! Look at these big tits—" my hand groped and pinched her hardened nipples, "—standing tall, begging to be tortured! You're the sluttiest housewife ever, Delilah! The Star Witch with a pussy thirsty for her stepson's cock!"

Each of my thrusts was deeper now, more frantic, battering against her warm womb. Her large breasts swayed wildly with the violent rhythm I squeezed them roughly, enjoying how her soft flesh yielded between my fingers.

"You think staying silent will save your dignity?" I taunted, my breath heavy. "Look in the mirror, Mom! Look at your face, covered in my cum! Look at your ass, red from my spanking! And look at how your pussy—" I thrust in brutally, making her gasp, "—sucks on my cock like it never wants to let go! You're mine, Mom! Forever!"

"Ah~!"

A moan almost escaped her lips, but she choked it back.

"Yes, just like that!" I praised, continuing to humiliate her. "Big-titted whore... your pussy was made to be raped. My elegant stepmother... now just a sex toy for her stepson!"

I was losing control, the pressure in my groin unbearable. "I'm... I'm coming! Take it, Mom! Take your stepson's seed!"

Blinded by lust and rage, I roared as I reached my peak, pumping my release deep into her womb. We were both panting, chests heaving—me from exhaustion and ecstasy, her from... well, at least her breathing was ragged, too.

I pulled out my throbbing cock and watched my white fluid trickle from her red, swollen pussy. And as if cursed, my dick was already hard again, ready for the next round.

"Mom? What's taking so long? Are you okay? I heard some weird noises earlier..."

Gwenneth's voice came from behind the door once more.

Chapter 48: Chapter 48 - Bent Over the Doorknob

The sudden sound of Gwenneth's voice from behind the door made both me and Delilah freeze instantly. Delilah's ragged breaths hitched in her throat. I pulled my cock out from inside her, hiding my hard length behind her bent-over form.

"I... I'm fine, Gwen," Delilah answered, straining to keep her voice steady despite her panting. "I... I was just stretching. My muscles felt tight."

A wicked idea flashed through my mind. I leaned down and whispered into her ear, "Mom, stand right in front of the door and bend over a little. Hold onto the doorknob!"

Delilah's eyes widened in pure horror. She shook her head slowly, her lips trembling as they formed a silent "no." But the [Slave's Collar] forced her compliance.

Her body moved stiffly, trembling as she stood and turned to face the locked wooden door. Her delicate hands gripped the doorknob, her fingers clutching it tightly, as if it were her only anchor in a crumbling world. The fear on her face was unmistakable, she knew exactly what I was about to do.

I didn't waste any time. With one hand, I grabbed her slender left ankle and lifted it forward, forcing her to balance on the hand holding the knob and her other leg. Her position was now even more precarious and humiliating.

"Really?" Gwenneth asked, her tone still laced with doubt.

Before Delilah could muster a reply, I was already guiding my hard cock back into her wet pussy, thrusting deep in one single, forceful motion.

"Ahh~!" A short, startled moan escaped Delilah's lips.

"What was that sound, Mom?" Gwenneth's voice now held genuine curiosity.

Delilah didn't get a chance to answer. I had already started moving, pounding into her with a fast, rough rhythm. She felt incredibly tight, maybe because the tension and fear made every muscle in her body, including inside her pussy, clench up. The sensation was amazing, gripping my shaft so tightly it was almost painful.

Meanwhile, my heart was pounding, not from fear, but from a rush of illicit excitement and adrenaline. I wasn't worried about getting caught. I still had [Time Stop] as my trump card.

And even without it, I could just order Delilah to protect me, or even attack her own daughter if it came to that. The thought only fueled my excitement, pushing me to be more brutal, to go deeper.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 67 (+1)]

[Domination over Delilah increased to 9%]

[Delilah's Sexual...]

Finally, the domination percentage was moving again.

"Mom? Mom, answer me. I'm getting worried now," Gwenneth pressed, her voice now clearly anxious and curious. "What are you doing in there?"

"Ah... I... I was just..." Delilah gasped, scrambling for words while trying to suppress the moans threatening to burst out with every one of my thrusts. Her mind was clearly in chaos, torn between shame, fear, and the forced physical pleasure. "I... was doing... breathing exercises! Yoga! I was doing yoga!"

Her answer was so absurd and unconvincing. I chuckled inwardly and sped up my movements, making her body lurch forward.

The wet, shameful sounds of our coupling were now clearly audible, echoing in the confined bathroom.

Plap! Plap! Squelch! Plap!

"Yoga?" Gwenneth repeated, skepticism dripping from her voice. "But the sounds... they're so weird. Like... like wet smacking noises..."

Delilah couldn't answer anymore. She was now pushed forward, her naked face and chest pressed firmly against the cold wooden door. Her breasts were squashed, forming a tantalizing shape against the wood. Each of my hard thrusts made her body grind against the door, creating faint, scraping sounds.

Gwenneth fell silent for a moment on the other side, as if processing all the noises she was hearing—the rhythmic wet sounds, her mother's suppressed little moans, the ragged breathing. Then, suddenly, her voice returned, but this time with a completely different tone: lighter, understanding, and... teasing.

"Ooooh... Mom..." she said, and I could just imagine the little slut smiling. "I get it now. You're having some... 'me-time,' huh? You go, Mom. I never knew you could be so... passionate."

Delilah froze. I could feel her pussy clench even tighter from the burning shame. She stayed silent, not knowing what to say. Denying it would sound unconvincing, and confirming it was admitting to something utterly humiliating.

"It's okay, Mom," Gwenneth continued bluntly, her voice sounding a bit excited. "Everyone needs it sometimes. I... I'll wait downstairs patiently until you're finished, okay? Enjoy yourself!"

Hearing that embarrassing speculation come from her own daughter, Delilah could only squeeze her eyes shut, holding back a sob. The shame cut deep, shattering the last fragments of her dignity.

"Yeah... get it all out, Mom..." I whispered, mimicking Gwenneth's voice into Delilah's ear, while pushing even deeper.

"YESSSS~!" An uncontrollable, piercing shriek finally erupted from Delilah's mouth as I lifted her other leg. Now both her feet were off the ground, bent at the knees, with me holding onto them.

She was positioned like a complete doll, spread wide open, her entire weight supported by her chest pressed against the door and her hands gripping the knob. I stood behind her, holding her bent legs and started fucking her hard and deep, just like in those extreme porn scenes I'd seen.

Delilah struggled to hold back her moans in this position. Every thrust made her lurch, and her gaze was fixed on her own reflection in the mirror opposite us—a woman with her face stained with my cum, massive breasts squeezed and swinging wildly, her body exposed wide open in the most degrading position.

Her greatest fear was the door suddenly swinging open and Gwenneth seeing her like this—naked and being fucked by her own stepson.

For me, this position was incredibly difficult but immensely satisfying. The difficulty only added to the pleasure. The tightness of Delilah's pussy reached a new level, and the sight of her mature body helplessly suspended before me made me even wilder.

And with that, my final push sent me over the edge for what felt like the umpteenth time.

"I'm coming again, Mom!" I growled, and another hot surge flooded deep into her womb.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 88 (+1)]

[Domination over Delilah increased to 10%]

"Mmnnngggghhh~!" A long, hoarse groan finally tore from Delilah, this time too loud to contain.

I took a deep breath, slowly releasing my hold on Delilah's limp legs. She slid down immediately, collapsing in a heap with her back against the door, empty eyes staring at the ceiling. My white fluid gushed out from between her open thighs, forming a puddle on the cold tiled floor.

"What a pity," I whispered mockingly. "Gwen left before hearing your beautiful final moan."

I stroked Delilah's ass, still red from my earlier slaps, her smooth skin warm and slightly damp with sweat and our mixed fluids. She flinched weakly under my touch, like a wounded animal too exhausted to fight back.

"That little slut seemed pretty eager to spend time with you, Mom," I whispered, my low voice reverberating in her ear. "She has no idea her mother was just filled with her stepson's cum. No clue her womb is now swimming with my seed."

My hand moved from her reddened buttocks, gently caressing her sweaty back before my fingers trailed down to the cleft of her ass. I nudged the tip of my cock, still slick with her juices, against her ass crack, playing around her virgin asshole. Delilah tightened her muscles, a futile little act of defiance, a last fortress I would breach in due time.

"We have two options here, Mom," I said, while slowly pushing my shaft back into her wet, warm, and cum-filled pussy. "First, you can be sweet and obedient. Then we'll finish up quickly here, and you can go see Gwen with just a little soreness between your thighs. Or..."

I pushed deeper, until my hips met her plump buttocks, making her gasp. "...we can play rougher. I'll keep raping you until Gwen gets curious and opens the door. Imagine her face when she sees her respected mother being fucked like a bitch in heat by her stepson."

My hand grabbed her golden hair and yanked her head back, forcing her to look at me. Her eyes were filled with tears, a chaotic mix of hatred and fear. "So, which will it be, Mom? Will you be a good mother, or shall I put on an early show of this family's destruction?"

Delilah's breath hitched. Her swollen lips trembled. Then, with a shred of courage perhaps born from utter despair, she glared at me and hissed, "F-Fuck you."

I chuckled, a dark, deep pleasure flowing through me. "That's exactly what I'm doing, Mom. But it's not all."

Without mercy, I started moving inside her pussy again, my rhythm hard, fast, and uncompromising. The sounds of our bodies colliding, ragged breaths, and the wet noises of our fucking grew louder, more daring.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 89 (+1)]

"Mnngh... Ah~!" Delilah tried to stifle her voice, but every hard thrust from behind forced short grunts from her throat. Maybe because she was so aroused, it was getting harder for her to keep herself from moaning.

"Louder, Mom!" I snarled, quickening the pace. "Let her hear! Let her know how good her mother is getting it!"

My lust was now driven by something more than just physical satisfaction. This was about conquest, about humiliation, about payback. I kept hammering into her limp body, focusing my thrusts on that deepest spot that made her legs tremble uncontrollably.

I wouldn't stop until Gwenneth came and opened that door. I was curious—what kind of expression would that slut make when she saw me, the trash she always looked down on, fucking her mother so viciously and possessively behind the door that had always separated us.

It would surely be a very, very pleasing sight.

Chapter 49: Chapter 49 - Bathroom Conquest

I kept pounding my stepmother with brutal, machine-like relentlessness. The sounds of our bodies slamming together, her moans, and our ragged breaths filled the steamy bathroom.

Half an hour passed, then a full hour. I lost count of how many times I came—sometimes inside her warm womb, sometimes between her full breasts, other times on her sexy back, or defiling her elegant face with my white release. But strangely, Gwenneth still hadn't returned.

Curiosity began to gnaw at me. Was it really possible that Gwenneth didn't suspect a thing? Her mother had been missing for hours in the bathroom with all these suspicious noises, and she didn't even bother to check? Or... was something else going on?

Even so, my lust hadn't subsided. After Delilah cleaned my cock with her mouth, I laid her down on the floor and mounted her again, thrusting into her from the front. I rained down on her incessantly, as if trying to expend all my pent-up resentment and frustration onto her body.

Perhaps five hours had passed. The bathroom air was thick with the smell of sex and sweat. I was exhausted; my balls felt empty and dry, yet my dick remained hard, driven by a dark ambition to completely conquer this formidable woman.

For the umpteenth time, I pulled out of her pussy and quickly rubbed my sensitive shaft between her soft, thick thighs. The warm, gentle sensation of her smooth skin pushed me over the edge. With a hoarse groan, I peaked again, firing my last, thinning spurts of white cum onto her chest and flat stomach.

"Ahhh... fuck..." I gasped, my body slumping limply beside hers. I was completely drained. I couldn't even remember how many times I'd ejaculated.

Meanwhile, although Delilah looked just as disheveled as I did, she still had some energy left. Her chest rose and fell with a rhythm far more controlled than mine. An SSS-Rank Hunter truly wasn't to be underestimated, even after being violated for hours.

I used [Eye of Desire] on her.

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{SLAVE}

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NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 14%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 19%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

Damn. It only went up by 3% after hours of this humiliation. Every other woman I'd ever slept with had yielded to my dominance more easily, surrendering to the pleasure and accepting their fate.

But Delilah... she was different. Like an unshakable bedrock, her spirit and will remained intact even as her body was defiled and broken. And she was the woman I had taken most brutally.

I stared at my stepmother, slumped weakly on the floor, then my eyes shifted to the still-closed door. Where had Gwenneth disappeared to? Why hadn't she come back? A vague worry began to creep into my mind, tainting the dark satisfaction I felt.

Something was wrong.

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In a supposedly deserted office building, the third-floor window shattered violently. Gwenneth Socheron landed gracefully amidst the room, shards of glass scattering around her like crystalline rain.

She wore a form-fitting dark blue combat suit with gold accents, its design both functional and flattering to her athletic figure. The material was a special lightweight fabric resistant to various forms of attack.

About a dozen armed men gathered in the room were startled, but before they could even raise their weapons, a massive greatsword of pure light materialized in Gwenneth's hand.

The sword emitted an aura of pure energy that made the air vibrate. With one swift, deadly horizontal sweep, Gwenneth cleaved through the room. A line of light spread out, mercilessly cutting down everyone in its path. Bodies fell before they could even scream.

ZZZZZZZZTTT!

But one man managed to activate his energy barrier just in time. A burly man with a face full of fear, his yellow barrier cracked but held. His eyes darted around wildly, searching for Gwenneth.

"Where are you, you bitch—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Gwenneth was already right behind him. The greatsword of light swung down with full force, shattering the barrier and crushing the man's body into pulp in an instant.

CRUNCH!

The commotion drew the attention of more gang members arriving from the corridor. Gwenneth didn't evade. Instead, she walked straight towards them, her greatsword of light glowing with increasing intensity.

The bloodshed began anew.

A few minutes later, in a quiet alley behind the building, Gwenneth stood surrounded by dozens of corpses. Her face showed profound disappointment.

"Pathetic," she muttered, stomping on the face of one man who was still alive but brutally beaten. He was the only one she had spared for interrogation.

"Please... your promise..." the man struggled to speak. "You said... you'd let me go... if I.... I talked..."

Gwenneth looked down at him with an icy gaze. "I lied."

CRACK!

Her foot pressed down slightly. The skull shattered instantly. Blood and brain matter soiled her combat boots.

She turned to a handsome man kneeling not far away. This man was breathing normally, though his face was pale.

"So it's true, what they stole was the Time Tower Ticket?" Gwenneth asked. Her voice was low, but controlled.

"That's correct, Guild Master," the man replied, trying to sound steadfast.

Despite her youth, Gwenneth held the position of Guild Master of the Radiant Order, a Tier III guild. That was just her character. She never liked taking orders, only giving them. After graduating from the academy, she rejected all offers from major guilds and the Global Hunter Authority, choosing to build her own guild from the ground up, even though it was far more troublesome.

The results were impressive. In less than two years, she elevated Radiant Order from Tier V to Tier III. It was all thanks to her power as an S-Rank Hunter and a little support from her connection to the Star Witch. She was even confident that promotion to Tier II was only a matter of time.

Hearing the report, Gwenneth clenched her jaw. "All the men I just slaughtered were nothing but insects. I didn't find their leader."

The kneeling man remained silent. He knew any comment would only get him killed faster.

Gwenneth snorted in annoyance and kicked him in the head. The man fell over but immediately returned to his kneeling position without protest. He understood his leader's temper.

"How could you let this happen? You can't even track the leader of a small-time group from the Abyss Syndicate?" Gwenneth repeated, her voice cold.

Gwenneth let out a rough sigh. "The only people who knew I had the TT Ticket were myself and the Guardian Council. This theft was clearly meticulously planned."

She cursed inwardly. Right after she decided to take time off to spend with her family, her guild office was attacked. How could that be a coincidence?

The Time Tower Ticket was a vital item for an S-Rank Hunter like herself. After reaching S-Rank, an Awakener needed the ticket to enter the Time Tower and undergo trials to advance to higher ranks. The trials were extremely dangerous—only two outcomes were possible: success or death. That's why she hadn't used it yet, waiting for the right time.

The Time Tower was under the supervision of the HGA. Not only were the tickets rare, they could only be possessed by Hunters with great achievements and high status. Gwenneth obtained hers thanks to her mother's high influence in the Guardian Council.

It was understandable why her mood was so foul tonight. To make matters worse, the long-awaited family dinner she had planned was now canceled.

"Listen carefully," she said to the man still kneeling. "Clean up this mess and investigate this thoroughly. Get to the bottom of it all."

She turned and strode away, leaving the gruesome scene in the narrow alley behind. Her mind was now filled with plans for revenge against the Abyss Syndicate and the bitter disappointment of missing the evening with her little sister and her mother.

Chapter 50: Chapter 50 - Tears of Hatred

I walked through the quiet hallways of the house, searching for any sign of Gwenneth. But after checking the living room, the kitchen, even her private study, there was no trace of my stepsister. It looked like she really was gone on some urgent business.

I stopped in front of my bedroom door. A wave of reluctance washed over me the moment my hand touched the doorknob. As the door swung open, a damp, musty atmosphere hit my nostrils, forcing me to catch my breath.

The sight that greeted me was pathetic. This room was a graveyard for my former self, cobwebs hung in the corners, and signs of insect life were everywhere. Dirty clothes were strewn about, mixed with food wrappers and junk I couldn't even remember touching.

This was the room where the pitiable Adam Socheron had lived and suffered for years—a space that held all the bitter memories of humiliation, loneliness, and despair.

Yet, strangely, as I stood on the threshold, a weird feeling came over me. A sense of uninvited nostalgia, a kind of false comfort hiding within all this chaos.

This had been my hiding place, a room where I could retreat from a cruel world. Here, amidst the piles of garbage and dust, I felt... safe. Protected.

But I quickly shook my head, banishing the thought. No. That kind of comfort is poison. It's the comfort of a prisoner who's grown too accustomed to his cell. This room wasn't a

sanctuary—it was a graveyard for my self-respect, physical proof of how miserable my life had been.

I stared at the mess for a long moment, then looked down at myself. My body was clean and fresh from the shower, still feeling light and satisfied. The lingering thrill of taking Angeline's virginity and turning her into my sex slave filled my heart. The scent of Delilah's skin and the smell of sex still clung to me, a reminder that I had just fucked one of the most powerful women in the world, and she couldn't do a thing about it.

"That pathetic Adam Socheron is dead," I said slowly, my voice sounding foreign to my own ears in this filthy room.

I had changed. I had even managed to fuck Delilah Socheron, the Star Witch herself, and she was completely powerless against me. So why should I still fear Yukie and her gang? With my [Time Stop] and [Mind Control] skills, our positions were reversed. Now, I was the hunter, and they were prey I could play with whenever I wanted.

"I've changed," I muttered again, this time with more conviction.

"I've changed."

I repeated the phrase several times, like a mantra to drive out the last remnants of doubt and false comfort within me.

If I had truly changed, then I needed to sever all ties with my miserable past, including the hollow comfort offered by this filth. It would start here, in this room that bore silent witness to my suffering.

I stepped inside. I grabbed a large trash bag. One by one, I cleared out the useless junk. I wiped away the dust. I threw out the garbage. Every movement felt like I was shedding layers of my old self.

In the doorway, Delilah stood completely naked, just as I had ordered her earlier. Her skin was still flushed and damp from her shower. Her wet golden hair cascaded over her shoulders, and the fresh scent of soap had replaced the smell of sex that once clung to her body.

She looked surprised to see me cleaning the room that had been left like a tomb for years.

I glanced at her. My eyes unconsciously drifted over her perfect body—her full breasts, which I had savagely sucked on just hours before, her curved hips, and her porcelain skin still red in places from my slaps and grips. My cock throbbed instantly, remembering the brutal pleasure I had just experienced.

But I quickly looked away.

"Don't just stand there," I said without turning, continuing to sweep dust from my study desk, covered in the scribbles of my past frustrations. "If you want to watch, come in and close the door. But don't disturb me."

Delilah was silent for a moment, then obediently stepped inside and shut the door.

It turned out cleaning the room was exhausting and took much longer than I'd expected. After hours of battling the piles of trash and dust, I finally gave up.

"Enough for today," I mumbled wearily. At least now my room was livable—the floor was clear of trash, and it didn't stink as badly as before.

I lay down on the now-clean mattress, my body tired but my mind still racing. Delilah lay down next to me, still naked as before. My hand casually caressed her full breasts, my fingers occasionally toying with her rock-hard nipples. Her expression remained cold as she stared at me, though her cheeks were flushed from my touch. We fell into a strange conversation—a kind of heart-to-heart between a mother and the stepson who had just raped her.

"...I've been very busy lately, chasing The Breakers," Delilah explained in a flat voice.

"After the last mission ended, Charlotte advised me to take a long leave. She said... I needed to get closer to my family. To be a better mother." She paused. "I listened and took a long leave. I was supposed to take you all out for dinner tonight. But unfortunately, it was canceled because Gwen sent a message about an urgent matter."

Hearing her explanation, a strange tremor, a mix of poignant pain and something else, surged in my chest. "Mother," I whispered, my voice hoarse and shaking, "I promise... I will make our family much closer. So, so much closer than you can possibly imagine. We will live loving and cherishing each other."

Delilah was silent for a moment before saying, "You're sick, Adam!" she hissed, her voice trembling with disgust. "Seriously... what happened to you? How could you become a monster like this?"

I'd always known Delilah never paid me much attention because I wasn't her biological son. So maybe she really didn't know anything about me. But after hearing her wish to get closer to her children—including me—I had to admit, I was genuinely moved.

Seeing my expression soften for a moment, Delilah saw an opening. Her hand moved quickly, her cold, strong fingers gripping the wrist of the hand I still had on her breast.

"It's not too late, Adam!" she whispered, and for the first time, there was an urgent, almost desperate, pleading tone in her usually icy voice. "Stop now. I promises... I will forget all of this... this abomination. I will treat you well, like my own son. We can start over."

I fell silent. Her offer hung in the air, like an alternate life I could reach out and grab. As my mind churned, my hand instinctively continued to knead her soft, pliant breast. It was like a heated marshmallow, so soft my fingers seemed to sink, losing themselves in its deceptive tenderness.

"I have a question for you, Mom," I said finally, my voice low and serious. "Answer me honestly. Would you truly have treated me... like your own son?"

Her eyes, like deep pools of ice, stared sharply at me. "No."

One word. Honest, cruel, and shattering.

A short, bitter laugh burst from my lips. The hand fondling her breast tightened its grip, making her gasp in pain.

"Let's say," I murmured, leaning my face closer, "I take this Slave's Collar off right now, and you could move freely... what would you do to me?"

She didn't hesitate for a second. "I would crush your balls and your cock into pulp," she said with lethal coldness, "and then, slowly, I would torture you until your last breath."

I chuckled, but this time, my laugh sounded grim and hollow. "You asked me earlier why I became like this, right?" My voice changed, its tremor turning into a low, threatening growl. "Do you really want to know?"

Delilah stayed silent. I could see her pupils constrict, realizing her little ploy had failed utterly.

"IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU!" The scream erupted from my chest, a raw, ragged sound filled with all the hatred I'd stored up for years.

Delilah flinched, especially when she saw my tear-filled eyes staring back at her with a hatred as profound as her own.

I shoved her and moved on top of her, my knees digging into the mattress on either side of her hips while my hands pinned hers beside her head. My face was now just inches from hers. Delilah had never seen me like this, and for the first time, she looked genuinely unsettled.

"Do you have any idea what I've been through?!" I yelled, my voice hoarse with emotion. "Every single day I was beaten within an inch of my life! They shattered my bones, broke my arms and legs, flayed the skin from my body and face, forced me to drink strange potions that made me so sick I'd vomit blood and convulse!"

I paused, breathing heavily. I didn't even realize tears were streaming down my face.

"And after all that... after they'd had their fill of torturing me... they would heal me!" I screamed, my voice rising to a crescendo.

"Heal all those wounds with skills or potions! Just to make sure I was still healthy enough for them to torture again the next day! And it happened again! And again! Over and over! Every day was the same hell on repeat, without end!"