

# The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

## Chapter 6: Chapter 6 - Save and \*\*ck Her

The sun was sinking, leaking orange light through the slit of the curtain in the living room. My stomach growled loud enough to make me wince, reminding me I hadn't touched a scrap of food all day. Still, hunger wasn't the real problem. The real problem was that damned quest I had to finish before midnight, or I'd lose everything.

My eyes fell on five slices of bread scattered on the floor. Pathetic dinner, but it would have to do. I picked them up, dragged myself upstairs, and collapsed onto my squeaky bed. I chewed them down one by one, almost choking on the dry texture. It wasn't enough, but I swallowed my complaints along with the last bite.

Half an hour passed. I spent it leaning back on the bed, my eyes fixed on the Status Interface still displayed before me. A faint, lopsided smile appeared on my lips. Depraved Time Master. A fitting name for a scumbag like me.

Then, the time came. No more excuses to delay.

I slid off the bed and assumed a position on the floor, which was littered with my clothes, next to my messy bed. My knees and palms pressed against the cold floor. I started with push-ups.

I took a deep breath, then bent my elbows, lowering my skinny frame close to the floor. The muscles in my arms and shoulders screamed in protest immediately. They weren't used to this kind of strain. Trembling, I pushed my body back up and started counting.

"One."

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[Daily Quest Completed]

[You have received a reward of 50 EXP]

The notification blazed before my dizzy eyes as my body collapsed onto the park bench. Gasping breaths tore from my burning lungs, each gulp of air feeling like it was shredding my throat. My entire body trembled uncontrollably, muscles twitching in agonizing protest. It felt like my whole body had been put through a grinder repeatedly.

I then stared at my shaking hands. Sigh! I managed to finish the quest today, but tomorrow I'd have to do it all over again.

Still, I figured it was a decent start. I could feel a tiny bit of pride in myself for managing to complete that simple quest.

But yeah, of course, with help. A little while ago, when I was on the verge of collapse, I dumped all five of my stat points into Strength and Vitality. The moment I applied those points, I felt a significant change in my body — denser muscles, deeper breaths. Without that, it would have been impossible for a couch potato like me to finish 50 push-ups, 50 sit-ups, 50 squats, and a 5 km run.

But in the end, I still ended up a living corpse sprawled on a park bench.

I exhaled long and hard.

Home. Shower. Sleep. Those were the only three things circling in my head right now. Even the sexual arousal that had been raging in my groin earlier was now buried under crushing fatigue.

Suddenly, another notification popped up, cutting through my daze.

[You have successfully reached Level 2]

[You have received a reward of 5 Stat Points]

I forced a thin smile onto my sweat-streaked, haggard face. Still breathing heavily, I opened my Status Interface.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 2

EXP:0/60

<Strength: 5>

<Agility:5>

<Vitality:7>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:5>

Available Stat Points: 5

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

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"Level 2..." I murmured softly, looking at the new 5 stat points.

Maybe tomorrow would be a little easier. Or maybe not. But at least I was one step closer to getting my revenge on everyone.

It was late at night. I observed my surroundings with a disgusted look. Intimate couples were hugging everywhere, laughing and whispering. It was a truly nauseating sight. I tried to focus on the fatigue still gnawing at every muscle in my body, trying to ignore them.

Then someone sat down far too close. That was my cue to stand. Enough. Time to leave.

I dragged my tired body through emptying streets, then turned into a narrow alley lit by a single flickering streetlamp. Shadows twitched and stretched on the concrete walls.

That's when I heard it.

Harsh laughter, followed by a broken protest.

"Please... leave me alone," the girl's voice was hoarse, almost like a suppressed sob.

"Relax, sweetheart. We just wanna help. You're drunk, it's dangerous to go home alone," replied a grating male voice, full of barely concealed falseness.

I turned towards the source of the sound. Under the dim light, I saw a girl in a black hoodie that covered most of her face, her body unsteady as she leaned against the wall. She was surrounded by five large, unkempt men. One of them was touching her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she yelled, trying to break free, but her steps were too unsteady.

"Hey, don't be so loud. We're the good guys here," another man said, laughing, his eyes roving inappropriately. "We'll take you home. Or... you can come with us, we'll find a more comfortable place."

The girl shook her head, her voice trembling with fear. "I don't want to go with you! Go away! Help, somebody!"

The tallest one, who seemed to be the leader, stepped closer.

"Listen, sweetheart. These streets are dangerous for a pretty girl alone. Let us take care of you. You'll... enjoy it later."

His grimy hand reached out, about to touch the girl's cheek.

Ignore it!

The command popped into my head instantly. I'm not a hero. Not once in my life had anyone cared when I was beaten half to death, when my bones cracked, when I bled in the dirt. So why the hell should I care now?

I'm not a hero, and I have no intention of becoming one.

I took two steps away. But suddenly—

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[VENGEANCE QUEST]

TARGET: Sonya Treybern

OBJECTIVE: Save and fuck her!

REWARD: 800 EXP, 1 New Skill, 1 Random Item

[Accept: y/n]

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My brow furrowed. I had no ties to this woman. But then I read her name.

Sonya Treybern. Treybern... Maximus Treybern. Was she connected to that bastard?

And the rewards... the rewards offered made the daily quest seem like a joke. 800 EXP? A new skill? An item?

"Save and fuck her." My own murmur sent a thrill through my blood. No penalty was listed for refusal. But... passing this up? Impossible. The rewards were too valuable. And if this woman was connected to that bastard... she could be the perfect tool for my revenge.

A thin smile curled across my lips.

Fine.

Time to play hero.

I turned around, my steps now firm as I approached them. The thugs narrowed their eyes, displeased by my arrival. One of them stepped forward and said,

"Get lost kid, before you—"

But he didn't get to finish his threat.

Because I had already used my power the moment I arrived before him.

[Time Stop]

The world stopped. Their laughter froze in the air. The girl was locked in a perfect expression of fear. And in the midst of that unnatural silence, only I could still move, the smile on my face growing wider.

## **Chapter 7: Chapter 7 - Exotic Flower**

[04:58...]

The timer in the corner of my vision kept counting down. Each passing second reminded me that my time was limited. Five minutes. Just five minutes to teach these bastards a lesson. Under normal circumstances, there was no way I could take on five guys—especially with my body still wrecked from completing that exercise quest earlier.

But in this frozen world, I was the king.

I clenched my fist, ready to strike. But... my hand was trembling. The arms I had forced to do push-ups to failure now felt like cotton. I put all my strength into a punch aimed at the solar plexus of the guy who had confronted me earlier.

As someone who'd been beaten up often, I knew exactly how much a blow to the solar plexus hurt—the wind knocked out of you, a piercing pain that could make you pass out.

Thump.

The man's body fell, but I knew it wasn't enough. My punch... was weak. Too weak. A punch that weak could never knock him out. I clicked my tongue in frustration. This wasn't going to work. My pathetic body was only going to make me a laughingstock.

"Damn it," I hissed, clicking my tongue again in annoyance.

I quickly opened my Status Interface.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 2

EXP:0/60

<Strength: 5>

<Agility:5>

<Vitality:7>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:5>

Available Stat Points: 5

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

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Five stat points available. Where should I put them?

Agility for dodging? No. I didn't need to run, I needed to crush them. Charisma? Don't make me laugh. Libido? Now's not the time.

So, the choice was clear: Strength and Vitality.

Strength to make my punches count. To ensure one fist was enough to incapacitate. Vitality to drive away the fatigue holding me back, to give me the stamina to finish this.

I didn't waste any time. Quickly, I allocated two points to Strength and three points to Vitality. I wasn't too worried about this allocation, since I'd get more Stat Points after successfully completing this Quest.

[Strength: 5 -> 7]

[Vitality: 7 -> 10]

Instantly, a wave of new energy coursed through my body. It felt like an electric shock. The muscles that had been trembling weakly were now filled with new strength, solid and substantial. The pain and fatigue that had haunted me lessened, though they were still there. My previously ragged breathing was now steady.

I clenched my fist again. This time, there was no tremor. Only certainty.

"Now," I muttered, looking at the frozen thugs. "Let's start from the beginning."

With new strength flowing through my veins, I moved from one thug to another. Each of my punches now landed with accurate, deadly force on their helpless bodies.

Thud!

The first punch to the solar plexus of the most intimidating-looking thug. This time, the impact felt different. I could feel how his body would buckle from my blow, even while frozen in time.

Crack!

The second thug's ribs cracked as my fist connected with his side.

Oops. Maybe I overdid that one.

A satisfied smile spread across my face as I felt this new power. One by one, I took them down using the same method—a precise blow to the solar plexus that would leave them crumpled when time resumed.

With five helpless bodies lying on the ground, I turned to the hooded girl. I lifted her hoodie slightly.

My breath nearly hitched.

Her facial features were strikingly sensual and delicate, with skin as white as porcelain that contrasted with her thick, long, dark eyelashes. Her brownish-blond hair cascaded down like a shimmering waterfall, a few strands clinging to her pale, frightened cheeks.

Her eyes, a pair of clear sapphire blue oceans, were frozen yet still emitted depth, with teardrops frozen like crystals at their corners. Her lips were red, perfectly shaped like a cupid's bow, while her neck elongated elegantly, revealing fragile collarbones.

Even shrouded in a loose hoodie, her slim yet curvaceous figure was apparent, with small, slender-fingered hands clutching the fabric in a trembling grip.

[Eye of Desire]

Instantly, information flowed into my view:

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NAME: Sonya Treybern

AGE: 25

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 34%

VAGINAL VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK AREAS: Vagina and Breasts.

FETISH: Submission

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Hmm...

I wondered what that Dominance point really was. If I managed to get a woman's Dominance to one hundred percent, would she become my slave or something?

Unfortunately, no one was here to explain it to me. The System only appeared to notify me of quests and achievements. So I could only speculate.

I then observed her sexual arousal level, which was at 34%—a fairly high number. After using Eye of Desire a few times on women I saw on the street, the normal arousal level was around 5%. So, in other words, this woman was aroused by the earlier situation. Or



maybe she was drugged. Either way, it was good for me, since I wanted to have sex with her.

Her weak areas were the same as a normal woman's. But when I saw her fetish, I could only chuckle.

[02:41...]

I still had time to play with her before taking her somewhere. So before my Time Stop skill duration ran out, I needed to raise her arousal to the point where she couldn't refuse me.

[Lustful Touch]

I immediately activated the skill, but I didn't feel any effects on myself. Of course, the skill could only be used by touching a woman.

I approached Sonya and crouched in front of her. Under her hoodie, she was wearing baggy gray sweatpants that covered her long legs.

I then pulled down those sweatpants, and the sight of her beautiful legs was revealed before me. Her legs, stretched out like sculptures of living marble, were slender yet defined by subtle muscle curves. Her skin was smooth and flawless. From her graceful calves, my eyes couldn't help but wander upward, tracing along her thighs as they began to widen. Those thighs were firm and full, plump and arousing beneath their softness.

My heartbeat intensified, pounding like a drum in my chest. My gaze fixed on the piece of black fabric still faithfully concealing her most intimate part. With an impatient movement, I removed this final barrier.

And there... everything was laid bare.

A sight that made my breath catch. Neatly trimmed black hair guided my eyes to her two lips, already flushed red. I swallowed, my throat dry from the turmoil consuming my entire body.

I immediately raised the tip of my finger and touched the skin of her labia; the soft, folded skin felt warm. Slowly, I placed both my thumbs on either side and gently spread them apart.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 35(+1)]

Beneath its veil lay an intricately mesmerizing form. A moist, pale pink shimmered faintly. Every curve was unique, like a half-bloomed exotic flower. I stared for a long time, carving every detail into my memory.

The urge to feel more was irresistible. I slid my finger inside her warmth. The world narrowed to one earth-shattering sensation: a piercing warmth, then a pulsing. A gentle rhythm of life beat softly around my finger.

Soon, the moisture turned into a pool. Her feminine fluids began to flow, soaking my finger, making my movements smoother and... more tantalizing. The soft, wet, slick sound broke the silence, becoming the soundtrack to my madness.

Notifications kept popping up in the corner of my eye.

Her arousal level was rising rapidly thanks to my Lustful Touch skill.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 53(+3)]

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 54(+1)]

[...]

Unable to hold back any longer, I moved my face forward. A distinctive, primal musky scent filled my senses, making me slightly dizzy and even wilder. Without a second thought, I stuck out my tongue to lick and explore her. I felt every texture, every sensitive ridge, tasting her salty-sweet flavor.

Then, I gently sucked those soft lips into my mouth, feeling the warmth and throbbing directly on the tip of my tongue. Her pussy quivered in response, and the cock in my groin throbbed angrily. Though in this frozen world, all my focus was on her, on this epicenter of pleasure.

I was lost in the sensation, in the power granted by her innocent, wet reactions. Every twitch I felt drove me crazier. And when the rhythm of her pulsing grew faster, more urgent, I knew she was on the verge of climax.

Right at that second, at the peak of her turmoil, I stopped. That's when I checked her arousal level and my remaining time.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 93(+1)]

[00:07...]

## **Chapter 8: Chapter 8 - Sonya's Reward**

[Time Stop Has Ended]

A strange warmth suddenly spread through Sonya's body, creeping like a soft electric current that turned into a biting heat. Her legs trembled violently, weak and powerless, until she slowly collapsed onto the cold asphalt, bewildered and stunned.

Amid her blurring consciousness, she could still feel the lingering, unfamiliar warmth between her thighs—her womanhood felt damp, throbbing wildly, as if it had a pulse of its own.

'Why am I suddenly so horny?' Sonya wondered inwardly as she wiped her blurry vision. What she saw next made her almost disbelieve: the five creepy men who had surrounded her were now lying helpless on the street, their faces frozen in pained grimaces. And standing before her was a slim young man with stone-grey hair.

I watched her quietly, then stepped closer.

"Are you okay?" I asked, struggling to suppress a faint smile that threatened to show.

Sonya could only stare blankly, her tongue feeling tied.

I tried to break the awkward silence by scratching my head.

"My bad. You must have been really scared," I said, offering my hand. "Here, let me help you up."

"Did... you defeat them?" Sonya murmured, half in disbelief. Her logic scrambled for an explanation. Just seconds ago, she was trapped, surrounded by those creepy men. And suddenly, they were all down. There was only one conclusion: 'This man saved me, and he must be a powerful Awakener.'

I caught her confusion.

"Yeah," I answered shortly. "Don't you want to take my hand?"

Sonya hesitated, but finally stretched out her small hand. The moment her fingers touched my skin, a wave of heat suddenly sliced through her body—as if a low electric current flowed from her fingertips through her entire being. I smiled inwardly. My Lustful Touch was still active.

The effect was immediate. Sonya shivered violently, her thighs reflexively clamping together, trying to suppress the disturbing sensation creeping from within. Her breath hitched; a mixed feeling of pain and pleasure made her almost dizzy. It felt like something was gnawing at her consciousness, pushing her toward an unbearable edge.

She tried to let go of my hand, but I tightened my grip.

"Can't stand?" I asked, feigning ignorance. Without giving her time to refuse, I crouched down and lifted her easily.

Sonya meant to protest, but what came out of her mouth was a soft voice that almost was a whisper, "Thank you."

Her body felt hot, and her heart raced uncontrollably. My touch, my scent after exercising—everything seemed to trigger a strange reaction in her. A forbidden desire was creeping up, something she had never felt before.

In her heart, she wondered: 'Is it because I'm drunk from drinking too much? Or because my heart is broken from that bastard boyfriend leaving me? Or... is it something else?'

Sonya stared at my face up close. Beneath her confusion and shame, she saw a calming handsomeness. And suddenly, unexpectedly, the words spilled out on their own:

"Since you saved me... as a reward, will you have sex with me?"

Sonya herself was shocked by her words. But the desire in her body and the sorrow in her heart had merged into an irresistible impulse, making her unable to think clearly. She repeated slowly, her voice trembling: "Will... you?"

I smiled. I hadn't expected it to be this easy. And here I was, planning to take her to a motel without her knowing.

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We quickly found the nearest motel and booked a room. The moment we entered and locked the door, the world seemed to shrink to just us. Sonya gave me no time to adjust. Her body pushed me against the door, and before a word could be spoken, her lips seized mine with a madness that stole my breath.

My surprise slowly melted under her skill. Her tongue didn't just slip in; it danced with confidence, exploring every corner of my mouth, challenging my clumsy tongue to respond.

The scent of her intoxicating perfume and the lingering taste of wine on her tongue made me dizzy. Her hands grabbed my neck, pulling me deeper into an endless kiss, until we stumbled and fell onto the bed. I was on top of her, her warm body trapped beneath mine.

I hastily removed my t-shirt and pants. My cock, already stiff and throbbing, was finally free. Sonya's eyes widened, then stared at it with hunger. Her throat moved, swallowing a gulp that seemed hard to get down.

"Aren't you going to take off your clothes?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

She nodded, her eyes not leaving me. Her hoodie flew off, followed by a pink shirt that revealed the soft skin of her stomach. As her hands fumbled with the strap of her black bra, there was a pause, a brief moment of hesitation that I shattered with my impatient gaze.

The clasp came undone, and her full, heavy breasts were unveiled. They were much larger and more perfect than Angeline's, with nipples already hardened and brownish. Sonya crossed her arms, trying to hide a bit of her shyness under my hungry stare.

"Fuck! I can't wait any longer," I growled, and my hands grabbed the waist of her baggy pants, pulling them down along with her black panties, which were already soaked. Sonya gasped, but her moan was choked off as the tip of my finger touched her glistening, wet folds.

I stroked slowly, feeling her whole body tremble beneath my touch. "Miss," I whispered, bringing my mouth close to her ear, "You're so wet! If you're this horny, why did you refuse those five men earlier!"

"I don't want to sleep with just any man!" she retorted, her voice trembling between anger and desire.

I chuckled, blowing warm breath on her neck. "So I'm not just any man? You haven't even asked my name or who I am. Do you make a habit of having sex with strangers, you slut?"

"Of course not!" she shot back, and this time, tears welled in her eyes. "And why should I know about you? After this, we'll part and never see each other again! Damn it! I just broke up with my boyfriend. I just want to forget him! So now, hurry up, fuck me!" she screamed, her body arching, pushing her thighs toward me.

I was stunned by her sudden boldness. "You're a selfish person, aren't you?" I asked, my index finger slowly stroking from her tight asshole to her swollen clit. "Isn't that right? You just want to use me?"

Sonya threw her head back, her tear-filled eyes staring at me defiantly. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Without warning, my hand, still charged with the Lustful Touch skill, struck. I pinched and twisted her protruding clit with rough pressure.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal reaches 100]

[You have successfully made Sonya climax]

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 46]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 2%]

Her expression shattered completely. A long, ragged scream erupted from her lips, her body arching sharply off the bed before convulsing wildly, consumed by waves of orgasm.

As her tremors gradually subsided, I leaned down, my lips almost touching her parted ones. "I really hate arrogant and selfish women, Sonya."

She looked at me with a dazed expression, her breath still ragged. "How... how do you know my name?"

I answered by thrusting three fingers deep into her still-pulsating pussy.

"NGHHAAAK—I!" Sonya jolted violently, her body arching again. Her shocked expression turned into a guttural moan.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 56(+10)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 5%]

[...]

And the notifications kept coming. I began to play with her wildly, completely different from the gentle touches before. My fingers explored, pressing the sensitive spots inside her, pushing and pulling. The sound of her abundant wetness filled the air, harmonizing with her increasingly unrestrained moans.

"Ah~! Yes, right there!"

I kept teasing her, pushing her to the edge of orgasm repeatedly, only to slow my rhythm just as she began to scream, then pound into her roughly again. She came once more, her body shaking uncontrollably.

"I... I'm coming again! Fuck! I'm coming!" she screamed, her voice hoarse.

[You have successfully made Sonya climax]

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 52]

I pulled out my wet, glistening fingers from between her thighs, looking at her as she lay weak, sweaty, and disheveled.

In a weak, frustrated voice, she sighed, "Why... why haven't you put your cock in yet?!"

I stroked her plump thigh, then caressed it gently. "Beg for it!" I snarled, my voice low and threatening. "Say that you're a lewd slut, and you want my cock to fill your horny pussy!"

## **Chapter 9: Chapter 9 - My First Time**

Sonya looked stunned by my words. For a moment, I wondered if my request had gone too far. But the information from the Eye of Desire, which had revealed her submissive fetish, gave myself confidence. I decided to repeat myself, more firmly and slowly this time.

"Say it! Say that you're a lewd slut, and you want my cock to fill your horny pussy!"

It wasn't refusal that flashed across her face, but a subtle tremor that ran through her body. An invisible notification appeared in my vision.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 55 (+1)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 9%]

'Oh, so she is into this,' I thought inwardly. I checked the newly increased Domination status. I'd been noticing it for a while, but it only just clicked: this Domination level only seemed to increase during real-time interactions, not when time was frozen. A spark of curiosity ignited within me; what would happen if that number ever reached 100%?

Sonya stared wide-eyed, her mouth opening to protest, but no words came out. In her entire life, no one had ever commanded her to utter such vulgar words. Yet, beneath the shame, a strange sensation prickled, a wave of heat that made her feel weak.

"You weird pervert! What kind of woman do you think I am?!" she protested, her voice trembling and her face flushing even deeper.

I almost laughed. What a terrible liar. This slut was still trying to cling to the last shreds of her dignity.

"Consider this, Miss," I said, locking eyes with her. "I saved you, and in return, you took advantage of me. If you truly want to repay the favor, the least you can do is grant me this one request." My gaze intensified.

"Let's play a game. The rules are simple—I give the orders, and you obey, no matter how shameful or degrading you find them." A wide smile spread across my lips. "You're curious, aren't you? When else would you get a chance to try something like this? Besides, I'm just a stranger. And I'm sure... you'll enjoy it."

[Domination over Sonya increased to 10%]

Sonya fell silent for a moment, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Her logic screamed for her to refuse, but her body, her desires, and her piqued curiosity spoke otherwise. Finally, slowly, she gave a weak nod.

"Alright," she whispered, the sound barely audible.

"Then say it!" I hissed, my voice growing hoarse with anticipation.

Sonya raised her arm to cover her burning face, a last-ditch effort to hide her shame. Yet, from behind her arm, her eyes peeked out, searching for my reaction. Her voice was trembling, ragged, but clearly audible.

"I... I am a lewd slut... please... fill my needy cunt with your cock!"

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 56 (+1)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 11%]

My smile widened. She'd actually done it. She had stepped over her own boundary. And this was just the beginning.

"Good," I murmured, my voice a low, deliberately seductive purr of praise. "Now, suck my dick. Show me how much you want it."

Sonya bit her lip, conflict clear in her eyes. Yet, after a moment's hesitation, with a clumsy, uncertain movement, she bent forward. Her warm breath hit my skin before the timid, trembling tip of her tongue touched the head of my cock, already wet with pre-cum. The taste was foreign and slightly salty on her tongue, but as it spread, a jolt of electricity shot through her body. A strange warmth spread from the root of her tongue, creeping through her entire being, making her muscles go limp and her mind hazy.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 57 (+1)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 12%]

Unconsciously, a soft moan escaped her lips, and her initially clumsy tongue movements became more exploratory, as if driven by a newly awakened instinct.

She began to part her lips, slowly taking the tip of my member into her warm, moist mouth. Her movements were still awkward, but there was an undeniable intensity there.

From the corner of her eye, she looked up, meeting my dominant gaze from above. Her expression—a mix of deep shame, submission, and a dark, burgeoning satisfaction—was intoxicating. I couldn't hold back any longer. My hand grabbed the side of her head, my fingers slipping through her hair.



"Brace yourself, slut," I rasped, before thrusting more firmly, driving myself deeper into her in one dominant, deep motion, pushing the entire length of my cock deep into her throat.

Fuck!

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 58 (+1)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 15%]

Sonya jolted violently, her body stiffening. A choked gag echoed as I hit the back of her throat. I could feel the frantic contraction of her throat muscles, but I held her there, savoring every detail of the moist, searing heat enveloping me. The urge to release was unstoppable. With a long groan, I reached my peak, unleashing everything I had deep inside her throat in a torrential flow.

I released her, and Sonya fell backward, coughing violently and gasping for air. Tears welled in the corners of her reddened eyes, and she stared at me with a look filled with fear, arousal, and a hint of confusion. Seeing her so utterly ruined and used made my still-wet cock throb violently, hardening once again.

"Damn you... you... you almost killed me," she croaked, her voice weak and hoarse.

I ignored her complaint. Now, with a deeper, more commanding voice, I said, "Now, spread your legs. Call me Master, and show me that eager pussy of yours that's so desperate for me to fill it."

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 60 (+2)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 20%]

Sonya paused, her breath still ragged. There was resistance in her eyes, but it quickly faded, replaced by an acknowledgment of a deeper desire that even she feared. Slowly, trembling, she parted her thighs, her weak hands pulling apart her wet, glistening labia, revealing the entrance that was more than ready to be taken.

"Please....," she whispered, her voice shaking with embarrassment, "... Master... I want...you fill me..."

Those were the last words that shattered my control. With one deep, uncompromising thrust, I drove my entire length into her tight, burning hole, uniting our bodies amid a choked scream from her throat.

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal increased to 65 (+5)]

[Domination over Sonya increased to 22%]

As I entered her, a ragged gasp was torn from my own throat.

"Fuck..."

Tight.

So incredibly tight and warm it was almost torturous. The sensation was so real, so vivid, wrapping me in a perfect, wet grip. This was completely different from my imagination, even far different from when I touched myself. This was living warmth, a soft yet undeniable clutch that seemed to pull the very essence of my life deeper inside.

From beneath me, Sonya let out a long moan, a groan mixed with pain and uncontrollable pleasure. I looked down at her flushed face, contorted in ecstasy. Her red lips were slightly parted, releasing short, sharp breaths. With a slow but confident movement, I finally pushed my throbbing cock fully into her wet slit. With a slow but deliberate motion, I finally began to move my length in and out of her pulsating, wet depths.

The sensation... was incredible.

The warmth tightly sheathing my shaft seemed to suck away my very consciousness. Moist, tight, and as if possessing a life of its own—every inch of her smooth flesh gripped me perfectly, signaling just how much she truly needed this, needed me. It felt like returning to the most primal heaven, where only two bodies and intertwined breaths existed.

Those notifications kept popping up in the corner of my vision, informing me of her rising arousal or my Domination percentage. But I pushed them all aside. My focus was now on one thing only: her body growing wilder beneath my control.

"Praise it," I growled between heavy breaths, the rhythm of my thrusts growing faster and deeper. "Praise my cock that's pleasuring you so well!"

Sonya could no longer hold back. Every thrust that buried itself to the hilt triggered a symphony of moans from her swollen lips.

"Ah~! Damn! Master! But— Oh, God! How—how is it this big?! So deep~! Your cock... it's perfect!" she cried out, her hands clutching the sheets tightly. "I—I feel... split open and... so full! Harder, fuck you!"

I lowered my head, capturing her mouth in a deep, ravenous kiss. My tongue invaded, conquering every bit of her resistance. My free hand wasn't idle; my fingers sought out her full, beautifully hanging breasts. I squeezed them roughly, feeling their firm weight fill my palm. I pinched and twisted her hardened, brown nipples between my thumb and forefinger, making her gasp and her body writhe violently beneath mine.

It didn't take long for her to reach her peak again. I could feel her inner walls begin to pulse and contract wildly, gripping my shaft as if unwilling to let go.

"Ah~ I—I'm coming! Fuck~! Harder! I can't stop! Ahhh~!" she screamed hysterically, her back arching sharply, her eyes rolling back for a moment before her entire body convulsed uncontrollably, ravaged by an overwhelmingly powerful orgasm.

She lay there limp, her breath coming in ragged gasps like a fish out of water. But her teary eyes still looked up at me with hunger, as if pleading for more, even though her body couldn't take it. I smiled. This slut had truly become my perfect plaything.

## **Chapter 10: Chapter 10 - Faceless Mask**

"Bitch... You greedy little bitch," I growled, my voice hoarse and thick, choked with lust. "How dare you come so many times before me."

All Sonya could manage in reply was a long, weak, and raspy sigh. Her sweaty body was completely spent, consumed by waves of unbearable pleasure and exhaustion. Her damp eyelashes fluttered, her eyes half-lidded with a dazed, unfocused gaze. Her swollen, red lips remained parted, releasing short, ragged pants.

I paused for a moment, letting the silence of the stuffy room be filled only by the rough, uneven sound of our breathing. Then, with a quick, intentional movement, I gripped her hips tightly and thrust back inside, starting a fiercer, more savage rhythm.

"Ahh—! Hnngh—!"

Sonya's sighs immediately morphed into a series of broken moans and whimpers, sounding utterly spoiled and unrestrained. Each of my thrusts went deeper, more targeted, reaching the very end. I could feel the tip of my hard cock hitting a deep, sensitive spot within her, making her entire body suddenly stiffen and shudder violently.

"No—! There~! Ahh~ So deep! I'm going crazy~!" she cried out hysterically, her limp fingers suddenly digging tightly into my shoulders, leaving red marks.

My rhythm grew more intense, wild and merciless. Each inward thrust was accompanied by the sound of skin slapping skin, chaotic gasps for air, and the wet sounds of our unrestrained union. I could feel the burning, coiling pressure building at the base of my groin, a primal warning that my limit was approaching.

I bent over, capturing her swollen lips in a deep, wild, and sloppy kiss. My tongue explored every corner of her warm mouth while my hips moved faster and deeper, chasing my own release.

"Fuck! I... I can't hold on anymore..." I mumbled between our kisses, my voice ragged and desperate.

Sonya shook her head weakly, the last remnants of her consciousness rebelling.  
"Please~! Ahh~ pull out... please... outside..." she begged in a faint, hoarse whisper.

But I rejected her plea.

"No," I hissed roughly, driving into her even deeper, making her choke on a moan.  
"You're going to take it all... every last drop... take it!"

And with one final, deep, and frantic thrust, I released everything—my essence and my lust. The hot, gushing flow surged forth, flooding and filling every corner of her warm womb.

At the same instant, Sonya's body shook violently with an incredible force, reaching her peak for what felt like the umpteenth time. Her long, drawn-out moan was muffled against my shoulder before her body finally went completely limp, motionless, and unconscious.

I collapsed on top of her, letting my full weight press down on her spent body. My cock was still buried inside her, still twitching weakly within her warmth. I could feel her short, hot breaths against my neck.

After a few moments, I pushed myself up slightly and looked down at her beautiful, helpless face. Her chest rose and fell erratically, her skin flushed and glistening with sweat. My hand instinctively reached for and firmly grasped her full, soft breast. It fit perfectly in my hand, its nipple still hard. Her skin felt incredibly smooth, still warm from the heat of our passion.

[You have successfully made Sonya climax.]

[Sonya's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 52.]

[Your Dominance over Sonya increases to 31%.]

System notifications flickered in my vision. And I could still feel the gentle, rhythmic clenching of her insides, as if her body was still responding even while unconscious.

Finally, I lifted my hips and pulled my cock out. Plop. That soft sound was followed by an unforgettable sight: my white fluid had already started to seep out from her red, swollen entrance, trickling down the pale cleft of her buttocks.

Instantly, a bright notification appeared before me:

[Quest - Successfully Completed.]

[You have received 800 EXP.]

[Item Received: Faceless Mask.]

[New Skill Acquired: <Fertility Control>.]

I smiled at the rewards, but before I could check the item and skill descriptions, I was bombarded by another wave of notifications.

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 3.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 4.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

[...]

[You have successfully leveled up to Level 9.]

[You have received 5 Stat Points.]

The holographic text flashed before my eyes, bathing the scene of the messy bed in its cold, golden light. A laugh wanted to burst from my chest—a victorious, cynical laugh, almost cartoonishly villainous. But I held it back. I just grinned, a wide, satisfied smile stretching across my face as I took a deep breath.

Even though my body felt tired and sore, covered in her scratch marks and the fatigue from our 'exercise,' a deep, primal satisfaction coursed through my veins. This was, without a doubt, the best day of my miserable life, and something told me it was only the beginning.

My hand, almost on its own, reached for Sonya's sweat-damp, dishevelled brown hair. I stroked it gently, savoring its soft texture and her utterly helpless state.

"Thank you, my first woman," I whispered, my voice still hoarse but full of ownership.

Hmm...

Sonya let out a soft moan, her body shifting unconsciously in her sleep. It was only then I realized—my [Lustful Touch] skill was still active, stimulating her nerves even in her subconscious state. I quickly concentrated and deactivated the skill.

Then, I opened my status screen.

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NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 9

EXP:10/150

<Strength: 7>

<Agility:5>

<Vitality:10>

<Charisma:2>

<Libido:5>

Available Stat Points: 35

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

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Incredible.

In the few hours since I'd awakened with this System, my progress had surpassed my wildest imaginings. My eyes scanned my skill list, stopping on one name.

[Fertility Control]

-> Allows the user to regulate the fertility of themselves or others during intercourse. The user can make a target highly fertile, prevent pregnancy, or temporarily halt ovulation.]

Was this System truly reading my mind? It knew exactly what I desired. With this, I could enjoy any woman I wanted without any hindrances. No more worries, no more barriers. Absolute freedom.

My gaze unconsciously dropped to between Sonya's thighs, to her still wet and reddened sex. My fluid had stopped flowing, drying on her pale skin.

'She won't get pregnant from this, right?' a part of me wondered briefly. But then I dismissed it. It didn't matter. Even if she did, she was mine now. I would handle her and any consequences.

Now, for the item reward. Its name alone was intriguing.

[Faceless Mask

-> A mask that allows the user to change their face to that of anyone they have seen in person or in a clear photo/video. The mask cannot duplicate any special abilities possessed by the target.]

Amazing!

My heart pounded with anticipation. This item was beyond all my expectations! Not just cool, it was a key that unlocked thousands of new possibilities. With this mask, my endeavors would reach a whole new level. I simply thought of retrieving the mask, and instantly, an object materialized in my hand.

"So cool..." I murmured in awe.

The mask felt cool and smooth in my fingers, plain white and featureless. When I willed it away, it vanished from my grasp, returning to the system's inventory. Perfect.

I looked down at myself, breathing heavily. My cock was half-hard, glistening with our dried fluids. The musky scent filled the air, a reminder of what had just transpired.

My body still felt weak. I turned back to look at Sonya, lying helpless and unconscious. Her peaceful face was a stark contrast to the chaos we had created. A dark, immediate desire twisted in my gut.

Slowly, I knelt beside her head. I slipped a pillow underneath, tilting her pale face upwards. I grabbed her chin, squeezing it gently. Her mouth fell open slightly, releasing warm breaths.

I guided my still-damp cock to her lips. I rubbed the tip slowly along their seam, smelling the mixed scent of us. Then, with firm pressure, I parted her lips and pushed my cock inside.

Oh, god...

A sigh of relief escaped me. The warmth and wetness were incredible. Her limp tongue felt soft. I started moving slowly, back and forth in a steady rhythm. My hands held the pillow on either side of her head.

Each thrust felt gentle, savoring the compliant warmth of her helpless mouth. Sonya made small noises, her tongue moving weakly. Her unconscious responses only fueled my arousal further.

After a short while, I pulled my cock out. It was clean now, gleaming with her saliva. A thin strand of spit connected it to her red lips.

I looked down at her, my chest filled with a dark sense of ownership.