

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 61 - Bait on the Hook - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 61 - Bait on the Hook

Chapter 61: Chapter 61 - Bait on the Hook

Ruth stood there, wet and dangerous.

A white towel clung to her body, covering only what was necessary to hide her most intimate lines. Her skin still glistened with water, droplets sliding down from her dark-blue hair that clung to her shoulders, trailing along her neck and the deep valley of her breasts.

I caught the soft movement of a droplet slipping over that curve... before it disappeared under the towel that hugged her tightly.

Ruth noticed my stare and gave a small, knowing smile. A smile that seemed to read exactly what I was feeling.

"What are you staring at so intently?" Her voice was soft but had a bite. "Never seen a beautiful woman fresh out of the bath before?"

My blood surged, hot and wild.

I blinked quickly, trying to control myself. I'd seen my stepmother naked before, far more sensual and tempting—so I wasn't that weak.

But inside, I clicked my tongue. Is she provoking me? Should I just pin her down right now?

Ruth stepped closer, her long legs moving with grace and a sensual sway. We were only inches apart. The warm air from her skin brushed against my face. The scent of lavender mixed with wet skin... intoxicating.

Her gaze dropped to my chest, streaked with dried blood. She shook her head slightly with a sly smile.

"You're... a mess," she whispered.

Her fingertip, cold yet strangely burning, traced across my bare chest. She drew a light line on my skin, then leaned closer, her breath brushing my jaw.

"If you want to stare at me like that," she whispered near my ear, "at least take a shower first."

I stayed silent.

Her finger slid lower, tracing the lines of my muscles before stopping at my waist.

"I laid out clothes for you," she continued, licking her lips slowly. "And once you're clean..." she glanced at my lips briefly, "...we'll eat."

Ruth turned slowly, the towel rising and falling with the sway of her hips, as if it might slip at any moment. Her back was flawless. The curve of her waist, the firm shape of her ass... enough to make anyone lose their mind.

I swallowed hard, silently.

Annoying.

She glanced over her shoulder, those blue eyes locking with mine.

"Don't take too long. I'm hungry."

Then she left, leaving her scent lingering in the air, trapping me.

I stayed there, watching her back until she disappeared from view.

In my mind, I smiled darkly.

Later. There would be time to play with her. For now, I needed to save my strength for this damn quest.

The grime, dried blood, and metallic scent on my body suddenly felt unbearable. I moved toward the bathroom, following the direction she had pointed. Hot water hit my skin as soon as I turned on the shower, washing away the remains of the fight while dulling the fire Ruth had ignited in me.

After the shower, dressed in the clothes Ruth had prepared, I stepped out. She had already set the dining table in the living room, dim chandelier lighting casting the atmosphere of an private dinner.

I wore only a plain black t-shirt and her long pants. Though slightly loose at the waist, they fit my thin frame. The faint scent of her leather lingered in the fabric, strangely comforting.

Ruth looked more dangerous than ever.

Her black tank top without a bra revealed the neat lines of her abs, a slim waist, and a body perfect for fighting, or seducing. Her baggy pants hung low on her hips. Her dark blue hair, partially dry, fell over her shoulders with a wild, natural touch.

She sat across from me, legs crossed.

"Go ahead," she said, pointing at my plate.

In front of me: spaghetti with an irresistible aroma, accompanied by a juicy steak still releasing faint wisps of steam. My stomach growled instantly.

I picked up my fork and took a bite, my eyes widening.

"Delicious" I muttered.

Ruth lifted her chin, a satisfied smirk on her lips.

"Of course," she said, a hint of arrogance in her tone, as if it were obvious. "I don't cook garbage."

I kept eating, each bite feeling like a reward after the hell I'd been through. Yet beneath the pleasure, I felt strange.

Small acts of care, simple kindness... felt foreign to me.

I was used to disgusted stares, mockery, and deliberate pain. Used to being discarded, treated as worthless. Even when I'd been tortured badly, all I received was laughter. So when Ruth tended to me, let me sleep in her room, cooked for me, and sat with me like this...

I felt uneasy.

Because kindness... is a language I had almost forgotten how to read.

I paused, staring at the half-eaten steak. A question tinged with suspicion and doubt crept out.

"Why go through all this trouble... treating me like this?"

Ruth, cutting her steak casually, raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" Her voice was light, but clearly challenging.

I looked down briefly and shook my head.

"Forget it."

I already knew the answer. I wasn't an idiot.

It had been clear from the start. She knew my abilities and what I was capable of. She surely saw me as someone with immense potential.

So as the true leader of Crimson Dawn, she wanted to bind me to her guild, to make me loyal. And like any clever leader, she invests in her weapon before anyone else lays hands on it—or in this case, before another guild claims it.

Unfortunately, I am not someone who can ever be loyal to anyone. I am the one who will make her loyal to me.

.
. .

No one could truly predict when a Dungeon Break would occur once a Dungeon Gate appeared in the world. The fastest it could happen was at least one hour.

The general rule says the higher the Dungeon rank, the longer the expected time before a break, but it's just a pattern. There are rare cases where a Rank A Dungeon could break in just one hour, while a Rank D might take a full day.

So whenever a Dungeon appears, Hunters must be sent immediately to conquer and destroy it as quickly as possible.

I was now inside a Rank D Dungeon. My body had rested enough after the last battle, and my stomach was full from the meal with Ruth.

My plan today was simple: finish this annoying quest. I wouldn't return to mess around with my stepmother or stepsister until every target was cleared.

Because the other persona I held, Freyden, wasn't registered as a Hunter, I couldn't enter as myself. I disguised myself as a member of Crimson Dawn, James Raffles, a weird guy with a netorare fetish.

The Dungeon was quiet but not safe. I was alone, and I wasn't confident I could finish the quest in one hour—five hours might even be optimistic. If it took too long, a Dungeon Break could happen anytime. But honestly, I didn't care.

Two orcs appeared before me, heavy maces in hand, faces twisted with anger and primitive madness.

NAME: —

RACE: Orc

CLASS: Orc Warrior

RANK: C

They had just enough intelligence to coordinate, but not enough to be dangerous. I struggled at first, but with Mindrender's soul-eroding power, they gradually lost control. Madness crept in and consumed their minds.

The first swing severed the nearest orc's head, blood spraying across my blade and the floor. The second tried to strike from the side, but I was ready. A thrust to the heart, full force, and it collapsed lifeless, eyes staring blankly before death claimed it.

[Successfully killed Orc Warrior]

[Received 30 EXP]

[Successfully killed Orc Warrior]

[Received 30 EXP]

Silence returned to the Dungeon. Only the sound of blood dripping onto the cold floor echoed.

Chapter 62: Chapter 62 - Archon of Time

Unlike when I faced the lizard monsters during the previous Dungeon Break, where I was trapped in an open field and forced into a fight I could not avoid, this Dungeon was far more advantageous.

The narrow stone walls and cave-like formations allowed me to hide, control my breathing and plan my kills far more efficiently.

I pressed my back against the cold stone. Dim yellow crystals flickered along the walls, casting jagged shadows that slithered like living creatures. The scent of damp earth and faint sulfur stung my nose. Heavy orc footsteps echoed closer in a steady rhythm.

Three orcs.

Two wielded long, rusted daggers. The third carried a bow and a thick arrow with black feathers. Their dark green skin glistened with sweat, rough breaths growling from their broad throats.

I waited. No breath. No sound.

As they passed by... now.

Mindrender shot from behind the rock, its blade shimmering with a dark haze that looked like living smoke. I appeared behind the first orc and drove my sword straight through its back.

KRAGHH.

The orc coughed blood and fell, and I was already rushing the second target.

A sweeping slash struck the side of its neck. Not deep enough to decapitate, but blood sprayed violently like water from a burst pipe. It collapsed, twitching on the ground.

The last orc, the archer, flinched in shock. Its eyes widened as it roared in anger. It spun and raised its bow, trying to draw the arrow...

Too late.

I lunged forward, feet pounding the ground. Mindrender sliced the air, dancing between us. The orc's large hands struggled to block the blow, but its strength and skill were inferior. I rammed my knee into its stomach and thrust upward, beneath the ribs, piercing its heart.

Its massive body convulsed. The final breath escaped as a choked and pitiful growl. Then it hit the ground, dead.

The System responded at once.

[Successfully killed Orc Archer]

[Received 30 EXP]

[Successfully killed Orc]

[Received 15 EXP]

[Successfully killed Orc]

[Received 15 EXP]

I exhaled softly. Warm blood dripped from the blade's tip, trailing down my sleeve. I was getting far more used to Mindrender now. It was as if the sword was teaching me combat techniques I once knew but had slowly forgotten.

"Father..." I whispered, a tiny memory striking my consciousness. Years without a sword, yet the feeling was returning.

I wiped the blood off my cheek and continued forward.

So far, I could conclude that Rank E monsters, like the goblin I killed before, gave me 10 EXP. Rank D monsters gave me 15 EXP, Rank C monsters gave me 30 EXP, and Rank B monsters gave me 50 EXP. I had no idea how much Rank A and above would provide because I had not faced any yet.

At first, I wondered why the Goblin King gave such little EXP, even though it was far stronger than normal goblins. I only needed to kill five regular goblins to earn the same amount of EXP.

A ratio that seemed disappointing at first. But thinking again, in higher-ranked Dungeons, Rank B monsters were probably just common creatures. It might even serve as a warning: do not recklessly challenge something far beyond your reach just for higher rewards.

Although I doubted any monster could truly threaten me with my [Time Stop] skill.

Besides, the EXP required for me to level up was quite low, making it surprisingly easy to gain levels.

Level, yes. Level, not Rank.

That had bothered me since the beginning.

Normal Awakeners received their Rank the moment they awakened. Some immediately became Rank A due to talent or absurd luck. Others had the misfortune of awakening as Rank E and remained stuck there for life.

A perfect example was Angeline, my stepsister, who had barely reached twenty years old and was already Rank A. Meanwhile, many older Hunters who battled for decades were still stuck at Rank C.

Could a Rank be raised? It was possible. Awakeners had to train relentlessly, take risks that could kill them, then reach a complicated enlightenment. Only then might they experience a Second Awakening. And none of that could be forced.

Meanwhile, I...

I had something completely different. This System.

It allowed me to level up with almost ridiculous ease. All I needed was to kill monsters and complete quests.

Should I feel grateful... or suspicious?

As I thought about it, the same questions crawled back into my mind. Why me? Where did this System come from? Was someone watching every move I made? Was this world a simulation? And if so, who played the role of god? The questions piled endlessly.

I shook my head slightly, brushing away the doubts. This was not the time to drown in possibilities.

One thing was certain.

All these advantages were mine.

I sheathed Mindrender behind my waist and moved deeper into the cavern. The dim green crystal light made every shadow appear like a monster waiting to pounce.

I slipped into the darkness again.

And as the next orcs appeared...

I was already prepared to weave their deaths with my blade.

Mindrender whispered again.

And the slaughter continued.

Around ten hours passed, and behind me dozens of green corpses lay scattered. A slow-burning feeling crept into my chest... the feeling of dominion.

I stopped for a moment, staring at both hands gripping my sword so tightly that my knuckles turned white.

"I am... getting stronger."

The whisper escaped before I realized, accompanied by a hunger that began to surface... pride and thirst.

Thirst not only for strength...

but for proof. To crush every bastard who once laughed at my suffering.

I began walking again, deeper into the tunnel that split the cave like the gaping jaws of a beast.

.

.

.

Outside the Dungeon gate, bronze-brown with a faint copper shine, three meters tall and swirling slowly like a dimensional vortex, a dozen security officers stood guard. Their armored plates reflected the fading sunlight as the yellow barricade tape flickered slightly from the portal's magical pressure.

The wind suddenly stopped.

A silence far too quiet.

Something emerged from thin air.

SHRRK KRKK...

Insect-like legs slammed against the ground. Then came a tall, chitin-covered body, resembling a humanoid forest beetle. Six thin wings folded against its back, vibrating gently with a low buzzing hum. Six long antennae curved forward like demonic horns, sensing prey.

In its hand, it held an object shaped like a crystal compass. The needle spun wildly before locking toward the portal.

Its mandibles clicked. Cold insectoid noises scraped together. If translated... the meaning might be:

"At last... I have found you. Archon of Time."

One of the guards finally noticed its presence.

His eyes widened.

"W... What is that!? HEY!!"

His voice instantly alerted the others.

The creature did not react at all. It simply raised a clawed hand and clenched its fist.

Then...

An invisible blast erupted.

Every guard was lifted into the air like severed puppets. Their bodies shot backward with terrifying force, crashing into nearby buildings. Bones shattered. Flesh burst like smashed clay. None of them managed a second scream.

BRAGH KRAKK.

The monster never even checked its work.

No emotion. No concern. As if it had simply removed tiny insects from its path. What an irony...

With deliberate steps, it walked past the mangled bodies and entered the swirling portal.

The gate swallowed its figure.

And the outside world was left in deadly silence.

Chapter 63: Chapter 63 - Orc Warlord

During the hunt for those orcs, I had gained three levels. My body was starting to feel heavy, every breath like swallowing embers. Mindrender no longer felt light in my hand.

The last Orc Warrior stood before me, his body covered in countless gashes from my blade that never seemed to satisfy its thirst. He was in a frenzy because of Mindrender's effect, swinging a massive axe with enough force to split a person clean in half. Thick clouds of breath puffed from his mouth as his chest rose and fell violently. His eyes blazed with pure hatred.

I waited. For the smallest mistake.

And when the orc raised his axe a little too high, I closed in.

SREK.

My thrust pierced through his throat.

Thick black blood sprayed, splattering across my face and blurring my vision for an instant. His massive body shuddered, his hands reaching out as if he wanted to crush my skull into paste. But then his knees buckled, and he collapsed without a sound.

[Successfully killed Orc Warrior]

[Received 30 EXP]

I sucked in a deep breath, nearly collapsing along with him.

And finally, the notification I had been waiting for popped up.

[Weekly Quest Completed]

[You have received 200 EXP]

"...Really? Only this much?" I muttered weakly. I already knew the reward from the beginning, but I still couldn't stop myself from complaining.

A bitter sigh slipped out with a hollow laugh. Killing fifty monsters for just two hundred EXP... It was nowhere near worth the effort. And the EXP I gained from killing them was several times higher than the quest reward itself.

But what mattered... was that I was free from that annoying Quest for a few days.

And more importantly... I could finally focus on punishing Gwenneth once I got out of this place.

I opened my Status window. Dim blue light shimmered in the air like a hologram mixed with arcane mist.

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 28

EXP: 215/500

<Strength: 30>

<Agility: 40>

<Vitality: 30>

<Charisma: 4>

<Libido: 40>

Available Stat Points: 15

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Hymen Pill]

[Aphrodisiac Elixir]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

"Fifteen points, huh..." I mumbled.

Where should I put them?

Charisma? That stat was still humiliating compared to the others. Just four. Even the number felt like a slap across the face. What was the point of Charisma anyway? So my voice and presence would actually matter? So people wouldn't look at me like garbage? So that... they would believe what I say?

Maybe... just a little.

And as for Libido... I already knew where my life would take me after this. My stepfamily would be waiting at home. Libido definitely needed to go up.

[Charisma: 4 → 9]

[Libido: 40 → 50]

I looked at myself again. No drastic changes. Except for one thing... something down below felt stronger, hotter, and pulsing sharply. A bit too intense.

I stared at the Status screen again, eyes full of questions.

Did these stats have no limits?

Could they all reach the hundreds?

Or would they stop at a certain point?

And what about my level... would it only go up to one hundred?

If every level granted five Stat Points... roughly speaking, I would gain 360 more points if I reached level 100. Added to what I had now... that would be 519. Still 19 points short of a maximum of 100 for each stat... that is, if I can only reach level 100. What if my level and stats are unlimited?

I tightened my grip on Mindrender.

Those questions would be answered in time.

For now, I only knew one thing...

With the stats I had now, I was at least equivalent to a Rank C Awakener. A rough estimate after watching many battle videos of Hunters. Those with average stats around 10–20 were Rank F. Stat 20–30 was Rank E. Stat 30–40 was Rank D. Stat 40–50 was Rank C. And so on.

Only my own assumption. But for now... accurate enough.

I didn't want to stay here any longer. If a reinforcement squad of orcs came, I was too worn out to survive that. So I walked slowly, enduring pain in every joint, sneaking deeper through the tunnel toward the boss room.

I ignored any orc that wasn't directly blocking my path. I had only one goal:

Reach the Dungeon's boss room, kill it, then go home and rest beside my sexy stepmother and sweet stepsister.

After a while navigating the widening stone corridor, searing heat and the metallic smell of blood filled my lungs. Heavy vibrations echoed from ahead like war drums.

And when I stepped into the massive chamber...

A towering dark-green giant stood in the center. Three meters tall. Muscles bulged like ancient tree roots. Long tusks jutted from his jaw. His eyes burned like coals.

Orc Warlord.

I held my breath behind a large stone pillar, forcing my body to remain still even as my heartbeat hammered violently. The Warlord stood surrounded by his soldiers. More than a dozen... maybe twenty... thirty... Hard to count with the dim light and my ragged breathing.

I narrowed my eyes, focusing on the biggest one, the one whose presence seemed to distort the air.

I activated [Eye of Desire].

A floating panel appeared.

NAME: Gothmog

RACE: Orc

CLASS: Orc Warlord

RANK: B

"Rank B..."

I swallowed.

This would be an interesting experiment.

One question had been on my mind since the beginning:

Could [Mind Control] be used on monsters? If yes... my dominion would no longer be limited to humans.

I then activated [Mind Control] on the creature.

...Nothing happened.

My teeth clenched. Distance? Or line of sight? Did he need to be looking at me?

Damn it. Fine. Then let him look.

I stepped out of the shadows.

"I AM RIGHT HERE, YOU GREEN BASTARD!!!"

My voice thundered, bouncing sharply off the stone walls.

Every orc turned toward me. Their crimson eyes gleamed with rage. The Warlord roared and charged like a runaway bull.

I did not panic.

I still had my ultimate safety net: [Time Stop].

I stared into his eyes and unleashed the skill again.

[Mind Control]

Everything froze.

The fire in his eyes flickered like a candle suffocating. His body halted mid-charge, suspended awkwardly like a broken puppet.

The other orcs still rushed forward unaware that their leader had changed sides.

I spun around and sprinted away, shouting my order:

"Kill every orc here! Protect me!"

The Warlord obeyed.

With a single long stride, he landed among his own troops. The frontliners kept running toward me, unaware death now stood behind them.

And then...

CRAAACK!

Gothmog grabbed one orc by the skull and smashed it against the wall. The head burst like a watermelon dropped from a rooftop. Shards of bone and brain splattered the rocky surface in a grotesque mural.

Screams erupted as the orcs realized something was horribly wrong.

Too late.

SLASH!

BLUGH!

CRACKKK!!!

Gothmog tore open another orc's belly with his bare hands. Intestines spilled out like wet ropes. He swung the dying body like a weapon, hurling it into two more orcs, snapping their bones like twigs.

Blood poured across the ground like a bursting dam. Screams turned into wet gurgles. The floor became slick with shattered bodies.

I watched it all...

And I smiled.

Notifications chimed again and again, like applause for this grand slaughter:

[Successfully killed Orc Warrior]

[Received 30 EXP]

[Successfully killed Orc]

[Received 15 EXP]

[...]

A pleasant surprise.

Something surged in my chest. Euphoria.

Victory, sharp and intoxicating.

I felt like I had just discovered the most dangerous drug in the world: Absolute power.

If it was like this...

Even high-ranking monsters or SSS-rank Hunters could be made to kneel before me.

As long as they met my gaze.

As long as I had enough time.

And Yukie Iceblood...

I wanted to see the look on that bitch's face when her turn came. Nothing scared me anymore.

Another delightful notification popped up.

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 29]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

A wide grin stretched across my face.

Pain and fatigue faded slightly from pure excitement alone.

Within minutes, only one orc remained alive. Gothmog. Breathing heavily. Drenched in the blood of his own kin, dripping like a storm rain.

I checked the duration of [Mind Control]:

[01:15...]

Plenty of time left.

I walked closer, staring up at the monstrous brute with wild pride.

"Now kill yourself."

No hesitation.

No doubt.

He drove his claws into his chest and...

Black blood sprayed everywhere, splashing the ground and even dripping onto my shoes. His body swayed, then dropped to his knees. The light in his eyes faded, until nothing remained.

[Successfully killed Orc Warlord]

[Received 50 EXP]

I stared at the fallen monstrosity, pride swelling inside me.

I let out a long breath, trying to calm the frantic, exhilarated beating of my heart. But before my smile could fully form...

BRUUUM!

The entire cavern shook violently. Slowly, the walls cracked with a terrible sound and the tunnels began collapsing into darkness. The Dungeon was falling apart.

And suddenly, a dark aura filled the chamber.

Cold and... sinister.

Every hair on my body stood up.

I turned my head slowly.

And what I saw...

Dried my throat completely.

Stole the air from my lungs.

Something... that shouldn't exist here.

And just like that, all the pride and invincibility I felt vanished.

My smile froze in place.