

# The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

## #Chapter 64 - Apostle of Space - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 64 - Apostle of Space

### Chapter 64: Chapter 64 - Apostle of Space

The Dungeon collapsed like a world that had lost its foundation.

Black cracks spread across the air, as if space itself was being torn apart and devoured by the void. Broken stones floated for a moment before falling into bottomless rifts of darkness. The scent of metal and blood mixed with the hiss of wind that sounded like it came from outside reality.

Then I saw it.

The creature stood tall, around three and a half meters, with a dark brown chitinous body reflecting a dull gleam from the dying Dungeon light. It resembled a forest beetle. Six thin wings were folded tightly on its back, clear structures that looked fragile. Six long antennae curved forward like demonic horns.

Its hundreds of dark, compound lenses stared straight into me.

For a moment, I was frozen.

Every instinct screamed that I shouldn't even consider fighting it. I quickly activated [Eye of Desire], and its information appeared.

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NAME: Axis

RACE: Insecta

CLASS: Apostle of Space

RANK: EX

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My chest tightened.

EX...?

"What..." I muttered under my breath.

I had never heard of Rank EX. Was it above SSS? My gut told me yes. Could something like this even be considered a creature that humans could fight? The strongest humans in the world only ever reached Rank SSS, and only five people in history. And right in front of me now... something beyond that.

I could die at any moment if it simply decided so.

I had to be ready to run.

My only hope was [Time Stop].

But just before I could give the mental command... that damned System slammed a new curse into my skull.

[Hunter Quest Generated]

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[HUNTER QUEST]

OBJECTIVE:

Death of the Apostle of Space

TIME LIMIT: -

REWARD: 15000 EXP, 2 New Skills, 2 Random Items, Tower of Space Key

[Accept: y / n]

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I cursed so hard in my head.

Of course. Of course that shitty System just woke up and chose violence today. Kill that? I was scared to even stand near it. How the hell was someone as weak as me supposed to kill this thing? Apostle of Space. Rank EX. Every word there screamed hopeless.

But... there was no penalty. No time limit. And the reward was insane.

Maybe... just maybe... I could kill it during [Time Stop]?

Honestly, even without the quest, I was already planning to try killing it. It clearly came looking for me. If I ran, it would just come back later.

I looked at it.

I didn't know if it understood human speech... but a being like this had to be intelligent.

"...Who are you?" I asked, not expecting an answer.

It stared at me for several seconds. Still. Unmoving. Only its eyes pulsed faintly, as though analyzing every piece of my existence.

Then its mandibles split apart... and a distorted, buzzing voice crawled out. The sound was filtered through an insectile throat—yet unmistakably shaped into human words.

"How pathetic... that a frail creature like you is the Archon of Time..."

I raised an eyebrow slightly.

Archon of Time?

"But out of courtesy... I am Axis. Apostle of Space."

I tried to make sense of it.

I am the Archon of Time? What does that mean? Is it related to my Class? Or to the System I possessed?

Axis spoke again.

"I have... just descended from my dimension. In my weakest state.... yet it is still more than enough to kill you."

Chills shot down my spine. Cold sweat slid down my temple. My pupils narrowed as survival instinct screamed nonstop. There was no more time.

[Time Stop]

The world froze. Dust hung still in the air. Falling stones hovered, defying gravity.

And most importantly, Axis was motionless.

A wave of relief washed over me.

I glanced at the corner of my vision.

[09:56...]

Time was ticking.

I hurried—almost sprinting—toward Axis. My heartbeat thundered against my skull. Finally, I stood right in front of it. So close... my reflection appeared on its chitin armor.

I raised Mindrender, the cold metal crawling into my bones. Holding my breath, I put everything I had into a swing at Axis's chest.

CLANG!

A dull clash echoed through the frozen world... leaving not even a scratch.

I gritted my teeth and attacked again—its eyes, its abdomen, its jaw, its seemingly glass-fragile wings.

TAK! TAK! TAK!

Nothing.

"...dammit..." I whispered, feeling despair crash down.

I was like a fly pecking at steel. Impossible. Completely impossible to damage it.

"Come on... COME ON!" I snarled, attacking again.

Same result.

Not a single mark.

Panting hard, lungs burning, I knew finishing the quest was hopeless.

I looked at the timer:

[07:23...]

Shit. I wasted so much time on a doomed attempt.

I quickly weighed my options. I could hide inside the Dungeon until it collapsed and forcefully expelled me. Or escape through the Dungeon gate. I was almost sure the creature could track me.

So I chose the only option that made sense.

I turned and ran full speed toward the gate.

Frozen dust scraped across my cheeks as I passed. Suspended rubble shaped a deadly corridor that looked ready to crush me the moment time resumed.

And at last, the gate appeared.

A dark brown vortex that usually spun slowly... now still as a glass painting.

[01:09...]

I didn't know if the gate would work while time was frozen. But since things I touched came alive even in stopped time, the odds were good.

My hand touched the dimensional surface.

ZZT.

The portal stirred again. Just my presence made time move inside it. Without hesitation, I leaped through.

The world changed.

City air. Street lights. Tall buildings.

And... corpses.

All the officers I saw alive earlier now lay dead. Judging by the lack of backup, the massacre had just happened. A few civilians stood frozen in terror. Some looked like they wanted to scream.

Axis must have done this before I got out.

I cursed under my breath and sprinted toward a crowded area, hoping people around me could hide my presence, or at least delay the monster from acting openly.

I pulled out my phone, breathing unevenly, and scrolled to a contact.

Delilah.

And waited...

[00:00]

[Time Stop Has Ended]

The world breathed again.

Wind stirred. Car headlights flared. Shouts and horns pierced the night. The people who were motionless now chatted, laughed, and took pictures of the evening scene. Everything returned to normal...

I immediately hit call.

The dial tone rang and my heartbeat climbed with it.

I'd told her earlier not to leave her house and stay away from me. But I wasn't sure she'd answer.

The call connected.

"Delilah. Pick me up now. Wellton Cross Street. Hurry! There's a weird monster that can talk! Save me! Hurry up!" I said, a bit panicked. I called her just in case that creature followed me.

She hung up without saying a word. But I wasn't worried. My command was absolute to her.

I walked slowly, trying to calm down. Sharp, fearful looks from everyone stabbed into me. Only then did I realize I was drenched in orc blood.

Their gazes reminded me of the past, fear and anxiety rising again. But then... a faint smile tugged my lips. I wasn't the victim anymore.

I still wore the [Faceless Mask]. No one knew my real identity—what they saw was James Raffles. Looked like the guy was going to have some problems because of me. I'd apologize later.

Since this guy's got an NTR fetish, as an apology I guess I'll have to fuck his wife or his girlfriend right in front of him.

Some people raised their phones, watching me suspiciously. Probably thinking of reporting a murder suspect casually strolling around.

I tried to ignore them.

But—

Axis appeared right beside me.

And reality around us collapsed.

**CRAAASH!**

People and cars were thrown like cloth dolls and crushed into bloody paste before they could even scream. The air sliced open by incomprehensible power.

I froze.

Axis tilted its head, antennae vibrating.

Its droning voice came out, heavy and cold:

"Did you just... escape by stopping time?"

A heartbeat of silence.

"...How shameful."

Every hair on my body stood up. My knees trembled.

Axis raised one of its arms, sharp like a guillotine.

And I knew...

Death was two inches away.

### **Chapter 65: Chapter 65 - Star Witch**

A flash of light sliced through the darkness of the night.

BRZZT!

A spear of light shot in from afar, ripping through the air with a thunderous crack before slamming into Axis's chest. The massive creature was blasted backward, carving up asphalt and crushing parked cars as it tumbled across the street.

A harsh gust battered my face.

Before I could even process what had happened, I was suddenly lifted—scooped up by a pair of strong arms, and my face was abruptly pressed against a warm, soft, and... generously proportioned pillow. The subtle, alluring scent of a milf teased my nostrils.

I looked up.

Delilah.

My stepmother.

She wore a white battle-gown fit for a witch—long, double-layered fabric flowing yet reinforced, with a high slit along her thigh to allow swift movement. Golden runic patterns glimmered faintly along her sleeves. A leather belt hugged her waist, accentuating her curves. The bodice was modest... but only just enough to hide the bare minimum.

And right now, she sat atop a glowing broom, floating high in the sky... while clutching me tight against her chest.

A breath of relief finally escaped me. For a split second... I felt safe.

Until I saw her face.

Delilah looked... disgusted. And regretful. Bitterly regretful.

Her sharp gaze practically said:

If only I hadn't answered that damned call... if only you had died back there... my child and I would finally be free from you.

My fist tightened in her embrace. A thin smirk tugged at my lips.

Just wait... We'll settle this later at home. I'm going to punish you hard, right in front of your daughter.

Good thing I ordered her over the phone. Those two words—save me—must've forced her to move quickly. Otherwise... even if she arrived on time, she would've gladly watched me die.

Oh, right. How did she recognize me when I'm using someone else's face right now?

Is it because of the [Slave's Collar]?

The rushing wind twisted into a feral roar.

WHOOOM!

Axis's wings suddenly spread out, six jagged black scythes slicing the air. In an instant, the creature was right behind us. The very air vibrated, buildings groaning like they were about to crumble just from its presence.

Then...

That gritty, rasping voice rattled my bones again.

"Are you... The one who killed my brother?"

Delilah stayed silent. Her expression was cold, filled with hatred.

Axis murmured again, antennae stiffening.

"You were lucky... You killed the weakest of us. At his weakest moment."

Those compound eyes blinked slowly... locking fully onto her.

"So it seems...You are the strongest human in this world."

A deadly silence smothered the air.

"I will kill you."

Axis raised one razor-sharp arm.

And gravity went insane.

My body was dragged downward as if the planet's weight had multiplied over and over.

"A—AARGH!"

Delilah and I plummeted. But before I smashed into the ground, she shoved me out of her arms.

THUD!

My back exploded with pain as I hit the asphalt. The world spun, iron and blood flooding my tongue.

Delilah flipped her broom mid-air, swooping up again to regain distance... leaving me lying there.

I grit my teeth, cursing inside.

That was on purpose. That bitch did it on purpose.

Delilah soared higher into the night. The golden aura around her thickened, her hair shining like burning strands of sunlight, her eyes glowing like angry twin stars. When she raised her hand, the air trembled and the sky seemed to stretch.

Then...

Thousands of tiny lights ignited.

In seconds, they elongated into massive spears of light, each longer than a city bus. They hovered in the heavens like a constellation of meteors ready to descend.

People in Gatehaven looked up. Some froze, others trembled. Awe and panic collided in a chorus of voices:

"Oh God... what is that?"

"Falling stars?"

"Is this the end of the world?"

They had no idea what kind of monsters clashed above them. No idea that their fates dangled by a thread thinner than a heartbeat. All they knew was that their quiet night sky had become a battlefield of gods.

For now... Axis completely ignored me. His full attention was locked onto her. His black compound eyes narrowed. Thousands of spears tracked his movement from every direction, forming a killing formation with no escape.

Delilah dropped her hand.

BRAAAAAAAM!!!

A cataclysmic rain of spears descended on Axis, but the impossible happened.

Space itself bent.

As if gravity rejected everything, the spears twisted off course just inches before hitting Axis. They shot past his body, only to whip downward toward Gatehaven.

Confusion morphed into raw terror.

A curse ran through my mind: Shit, he can redirect them?!

But before doomsday struck...

Delilah clenched her fist.

Every spear vanished without a sound. Gatehaven fell into stunned silence, like a city saved from apocalypse by a miracle.

Axis watched her. Interest sparked... and a mocking smirk followed.

Delilah ignored it. She kicked her broom and launched like lightning, abandoning it mid-air to dive straight at him.

Six luminous orbs formed behind her, blooming into six floating spears, like divine guardians orbiting their chosen angel of war.

One spear shot forward.

CLAAAAANG!!

But the moment it should've pierced Axis, it was pushed away, repelled by something unseen.

Axis countered. His fist cracked the air, yet Delilah twisted gracefully, letting the strike pass only inches from her cheek.

Her six spears moved freely.

They coiled like living serpents—stabbing from every angle—forcing Axis backward through the air, smashing him against a high-rise.

BOOOOM!

Glass burst. Concrete rained.

Delilah pressed the assault, spinning like a deadly ballerina. The spears shifted between her hands—thrown, caught, swung, spun—an endless barrage.

Yet every time a strike neared Axis's body... an unseen force deflected it. Something protected him, resisting every attempt to land a direct hit.

But Delilah's form was too fluid... too lethal.

BAM! BAM! BRAAAK!

Her spears began cutting through, cracking the armored chitin of his body. The creature snarled, dark blood leaking.

Axis was pushed farther back.

Golden light exploded across the sky, reflected by shattered glass, turning the battle into the most beautiful nightmare the city had ever seen.

I watched from below, breath stolen right out of me.

Why the hell is she that cool while I'm... whatever this is? Fuck, when do I get abilities like that?

Jealousy. Awe. Obsession. All twisted in my chest.

Axis was cornered.

His hardened exoskeleton was finally scarred and bleeding. For the first time... he growled in frustration.

"A strong human... no wonder my brother died by your hands. I've been shifting your gravity center repeatedly. A normal human would've collapsed long ago."

Delilah didn't respond. Her only focus was to kill. Her spears spun even faster.

Axis shot backward—higher, faster. Buildings trembled beneath them, rising into the air under his power. Concrete cracked, windows shattered, and entire structures came undone but did not fall.

The skyscrapers hovered, becoming a storm of colossal debris aimed straight at her.

Delilah surged after him—plowing through a hurricane of destruction, her spears shredding every obstacle in her path.

## **Chapter 66: Chapter 66 - A Toy for Gravity**

Delilah shot forward through the storm of debris. Concrete, steel, and shattered glass floating in the air slammed into her spears and shattered before they could ever touch her skin. Every graceful twist of her body sent arcs of light slicing through wreckage like divine blades.

Axis kept drifting backward, compound eyes scanning the city as if calculating how quickly the battle had escalated.

Sirens wailed across the night.

[Black Level. Warning. Emergency evacuation. All civilians proceed to the bunkers...]

The announcement was drowned beneath waves of panic. Hunters on the ground scrambled into formation, every gaze locked upward.

Because the Star Witch was fighting... against an unknown creature called The Breakers.

A shrill roar shook the city to its core.

From the western district, a massive black dragon burst through skyscrapers, wings billowing like the night sky itself. The rumble of its growl rattled bone.

From the east, a woman soared into the sky, blood-red wings spreading wide like razor blades carving through darkness. Her stare burned with battle hunger.

Black Dragon and Blood Valkyrie. Two SS-Rank Hunters had entered the field, flying like furious beasts ready to tear down whatever threatened their home.

Axis stopped mid-air.

A low, metallic buzz came from his throat. The sound was drenched in contempt. Translated into human language, it would mean something like: "You weak insects... you actually managed to make me take this seriously."

The dark wounds on his body sizzled and vanished. His black carapace thickened. Cracks sealed. His form twisted into something far more horrifying—bulkier, jagged, like demonic armor fused to living flesh. His six wings spread wide and vibrated with power.

Delilah finally reached him.

And suddenly her body was yanked forward by an invisible, brutal force.

"Agh—!"

Axis extended a single hand. Delilah shot toward him helplessly, as if sucked into a starving black hole. His fist crashed into her stomach with devastating force.

BOOOOM!

She was hurled like a bullet, tearing through the sides of several skyscrapers before the entire building collapsed over her. She managed to turn one of her spears into a shield at the last second. Without it, her chest bones might have shattered.

The other five spears rushed in to strike Axis. As always, they passed harmlessly beside him, deflected by something unseen.

Then the ground forces attacked. Energy bolts, bullets, torrents of fire, streaks of lightning—every ranged ability was unleashed at once from below by Gatehaven's finest Hunters.

Axis did not so much as flinch.

All attacks curved away from him as if guided by a hateful law of physics.

Black Dragon roared in Axis's face, maw opening with swirling black flame. At the same time, Blood Valkyrie dove from above, claws of blood ready to tear his spine out.

Axis raised one hand.

SHOOOM!

Both SS-Ranks were launched high into the sky before their attacks could land... and when Axis lowered his hand,

CRAAAASH!

They smashed into the ground like meteors, collapsing towers beneath them in a violent shockwave. Dust erupted into a storm.

Two SS-Rank Hunters... defeated in moments.

From far below, all I could do was stare and whisper under my breath.

"Holy shit... he's... untouchable..."

More attacks rained upward. Explosions, beams of magic, clashing elements, but Axis remained still... bored... until an irritated buzz rumbled from his throat.

He spread both arms wide.

And the world flipped.

Gravity inverted.

The entire city fell upward.

"Wha... WHAT THE—AAAAA!"

My body lifted off the ground. The earth disappeared beneath us. Air whipped through everything. People, cars, rubble—all were dragged into the sky. Screams rippled everywhere. Someone clung to a streetlight. A child slipped from her mother's grasp. An old man clawed uselessly at asphalt that no longer obeyed him.

I panicked and latched onto a tree like a pathetic coward, gripping the bark until my nails tore into it.

"Damn it! You useless System! How the hell am I supposed to kill that thing!?"

My chest tightened.

Then... a miracle.

The tree's roots wrapped around me, pulling me back.

And not just me.

The ground cracked open.

Forests erupted.

Massive roots tore upward through concrete, catching buildings, vehicles, and people, anchoring them before they drifted beyond reach. The entire district transformed into a twisted jungle.

I recognized that power.

Eldertree.

Guardian Council member.

SS-Rank Hunter.

Many lives were saved... but not all. Some had already vanished into the night sky.

I kept cursing under my breath, wondering if maybe I could use my skill [Mind Control] on that monster. I wanted to try, but I still needed to wait six hours for the cooldown.

While Eldertree strained to pull the city back down, golden radiance burst once more from the Star Witch. Her six spears spun around her like blinding stars responding to their queen. With a slicing roar of wind, she shot toward Axis again, eyes blazing with determination.

Axis watched her without concern.

Before Delilah could even stabilize herself, a force slammed her upward—gravity betraying her again. She lurched, barely able to correct her balance before it suddenly shifted sideways, then downward. The world twisted under Axis's control like a cruel puppeteer shaking his toy.

He struck without mercy.

BOOM!

Delilah flew backward, smashing through another skyscraper that crumpled beneath her. Dust exploded outward. She caught herself mid-air only to be hit again by a pulse of warped gravity that sent her rolling through the sky.

Her six spears lunged in perfect coordination, but every attack bent away before reaching Axis.

Meanwhile, his punches hit with very real, bone-breaking certainty.

Delilah yanked one spear back to her hand, spun it, and forced it into a radiant shield.

CRACK!

Axis's blow slammed into it, driving her backward so hard her feet carved trenches in the fractured street below.

She barely inhaled before another hit sent her flying, crashing into yet another building frame that folded around her like paper. Up, down, sideways—she was tossed around like gravity itself wanted her dead.

Her breathing turned ragged. Her golden hair clung to her face. The stars of her spears flickered erratically as her balance was stolen again and again.

Axis stood untouched, wings spread like a crown of arrogance. A low buzzing hum vibrated from him, a sound that made it clear he was starting to enjoy his superiority.

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A few minutes before the city flipped upside down, a very different scene was unfolding.

Inside an upscale restaurant, a private room by a wide glass window basked in soft crystal light. A man and a woman were midway through an intimate dinner. Soft laughter and warm conversation hovered between them.

The man was stunning in a surreal way. His long black hair flowed down to his waist like pure silk. Most striking of all was the white cloth covering his eyes. Yet his smile was gentle, peaceful, and impossibly calming.

Across from him, a woman with sun-kissed olive skin and honey brown eyes regarded him with a dangerous charm. Loose strands of jet-black hair framed her slender neck. Her tight black gown embraced every seductive curve, practically daring anyone to admire her too long.

Yumi smiled, twirling her wine glass with a confident little gesture. The look in the man's direction hinted she felt perfectly in control of the moment.

But suddenly, his expression changed.

"I am truly sorry, but I must leave. I just remembered there is something urgent I must take care of," he said quietly, as if he regretted every word.

Yumi blinked once, keeping her playful smile. "Just don't overwork yourself. I will call you tonight before I go to sleep."

The man gave a soft laugh, but now there was a strain in his voice. "I don't think I will be sleeping tonight. A great deal of trouble has arrived."

He rose, offering her a pleasant final nod before stepping out. The moment the door clicked shut, the warmth vanished from his face. In its place, a grim resolve that weighed like the fate of the entire city.

He was Zephyr.

The Saint Archer.

Yumi sipped her wine calmly, watching flashes of battle dance across the night sky outside. Destruction looked almost like a light show from this angle.

Then the impossible happened. Wine floated upward inside her glass. Plates, chairs, every object in the room drifted toward the ceiling. Yumi herself began to rise... yet she simply adjusted her footing and stood upon the ceiling as if this new gravity was planned.

She brushed a stray lock of hair back behind her ear. "Looks like things just got interesting."

That was when someone suddenly appeared behind her, radiating furious anger.

"YUMI!! How could you be casually dating that terrifying guy?! Is he the one you called an entertaining toy earlier?! I thought it was that perverted brat!"

Yumi turned with a smooth, lazy grace.

"Oh? So you are jealous?"

## **Chapter 67: Chapter 67 - A Twisted Desire for Strength**

The reflection of distant explosions flickered in her sharp eyes. Yumi folded her arms, lips curling with a playful smirk as her mind wandered to that perverted brat she met yesterday. Interesting? Yes. Funny? Also yes.

But if we are talking about taste... that middle-aged virgin was far more enticing. The thrill of taming a man that innocent... it was much more satisfying than dealing with a boy who barely understood anything but getting horny.

Yumi was always drawn to things that were hard to obtain. Men who guarded themselves carefully, whose hearts were locked tight, who did not crumble just because she stood near them. Zephyr, the Saint Archer, that charming man, he truly stirred her curiosity.

But interest did not equal loyalty. There were many games she could play in this world, and she had every right to enjoy them all.

The perverted little brat who openly voiced his dirty thoughts and harassed her also caught her attention. She did plan to play with him for a bit. But that kid was nothing compared to the man with the blindfold.

Heavy footsteps approached. A black hoodie, face hidden under its shadow. An aura of restrained anger.

"Answer me, Yumi," the man demanded, voice cracking with pressure. "Are you really planning to mess with our plan?"

Yumi let out a tiny yawn. "You are such a boring man, Michael."

"Tsk." Michael grabbed his own hair, trying to keep calm. "You know that man's ability. Those unusual eyes. How could you, knowingly, put us at risk? I swear... working as an assistant to a public menace like you is the worst."

Yumi chuckled, soft and sultry. "Say that again when you're in my bed, moaning my name."

Michael froze. Tongue tied. Frustration dripping down his expression.

Yumi stepped closer and pressed a finger to his chest, voice teasing. "Relax. I'm using a Rank S artifact. My aura looks completely ordinary human. No one can detect who I am."

She grinned.

"And honestly... you should be proud. I'm already close to the number one man in the Guardian Council. With that level of intimacy... you know how much information I can squeeze out of him."

Michael snarled. "What if he's pretending? What if he already knows who you are?"

Yumi blinked innocently. "Then why am I still alive? Why hasn't he cuffed me and pinned me down... I mean... arrested me? Or tied me to the bed and interrogated me... slowly?" Her lips curled into a mischievous smile.

Michael stared blankly. "So you can perform nicely in the palm of his hand."

"Hehe... Honestly, I'd love him to play with me using those strong hands of his."

"Slut," Michael spat.

"Ahh, thank you." She looked delighted, as if receiving a compliment.

Michael exhaled harshly. "And besides... he is a eunuch, right? You must be really desperate, flirting with a man who can't even—"

"There is no man I cannot seduce," Yumi cut him off, confident, venomous, and sensual. "And he is not a eunuch. He can stand at full attention if I pull the right strings. His expression... it's adorable. Like a confused puppy wondering why his body reacts."

She bit her lower lip at the memory.

"Only one issue," she sighed dramatically. "His libido is too low. Maybe he has some trauma about women? Men like that usually have emotional scars."

Michael closed his eyes. There was no point arguing with a demon disguised as an angel.

Another explosion roared in the sky.

BOOOOOOOM!

The shockwave rattled the restaurant. Outside, the sky looked like it was burning apart. The glow of destruction danced in Yumi's pupils as she enjoyed the chaos like her favorite movie.

Star Witch was seen tumbling helplessly through the air, thrown around by a power beyond logic. Yumi narrowed her eyes, commenting casually as if judging a scene in a drama.

"Looks like Star Witch is going to die. A shame... she's too beautiful to die like that."

Her gaze slid lazily toward Michael, filled with mischief.

"Hey, why don't we use this chaos? All the Hunters are busy dealing with that creature. We could attack HGA's base, steal their treasures, then... BOOM, their headquarters gone. A golden opportunity, don't you think?"

Michael dragged his palm across his face, groaning.

"That is exactly why it's dangerous. This chaos will force Saint Archer to use his powers. If we attack now, it's the same as walking into a lion's den while it's starving. That terrifying man would wipe us out instantly. And if we ever want to go to war with HGA, we do it during a calm period or when that man is away. And remember, we cannot move without the boss's approval."

Yumi breathed out in annoyance.

"Coward."

Michael looked miserable but firm in his fear. "Believe whatever you want. You have never seen what that man can actually do."

Yumi tilted her head, curiosity sparkling. "Why is everyone so scared of him? Even those wrinkly old monsters fall silent when his name comes up."

Michael's eyes darkened. "Why do you think he is the supreme leader of HGA? Why not Star Witch, who clearly has insane power?"

Yumi shrugged. "Maybe he's a good leader. Or a smooth talker."

"That is only a tiny fraction," Michael muttered. "Yumi... do you really think a Rank S could kill...a Rank SSS?"

An Awakener of Rank SSS was practically a god among humans. And there were only three left in the world now: Star Witch, Winter Knight, and Abyss Dancer. The other two had died long ago.

"Impossible. They are like humans versus gods. Look at Star Witch up there. She could kill me anytime she wants."

Michael leaned forward, voice dropping into a poisonous whisper. "So then... do you know who killed Hell Spectre?"

Yumi fell silent. That name was heavy. One of the five who ever reached Rank SSS. A symbol of terror and overwhelming power. Many rumors circled her death, but none with certainty.

"I don't know."

Michael's grin twisted bitterly. "Saint Archer. And do you know what Rank he was at that time?"

Yumi frowned. "That rumor is ridiculous."

Michael stared without blinking. "He killed her right after he reached Rank S."

Silence filled the room.

Yumi swallowed. "That does not sound possible."

Michael nodded slowly, tone stripped bare. "I wish it was just a rumor. But when someone asked the boss about it... boss did not deny it. He stayed silent. You know what that means."

"I once heard the boss say he would rather fight Star Witch and Winter Knight at the same time... than face Saint Archer alone."

Yumi laughed, but her voice trembled. "That is the dumbest joke I have heard. Zephyr is just Rank SS."

"Believe anything you want."

Outside the window, cracked and trembling, she saw Delilah crash again, disappearing into a cloud of debris. Axis dove after her like a six-winged god of destruction.

Yumi bit her lip. Her smile appeared... but darker. Hungrier.

"If he is really that extraordinary, then I cannot wait to make him kneel before me."

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I was still hugging that damn tree like a useless coward. My body trembled, not because I feared the monster devouring the city... but because I was furious at myself.

Just minutes ago, I felt like a king, like the world had finally begun to bow to me. Now? I was just trash watching gods wage war from afar.

Damn it. I'm weak. Still so damn weak.

I clenched my jaw so hard a tiny crack rang from my teeth. My eyes locked onto the chaos above. Delilah and Axis drifted farther away, tearing through entire city blocks as they fought.

I took a sharp breath and forced myself to observe my surroundings. People were panicking, dangling from roots, screaming.

And then I saw them: two guys in their early twenties, looking way too relaxed while bound by the vines, watching this apocalyptic show like they were chilling on their motorbikes.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

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[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Xander Blake and Ethan Graham

OBJECTIVE: Kill them

REWARD: 200 EXP

[Accept: y / n]

---

I paused. I did not recognize them. Their names meant nothing.

But the System would not choose randomly.

I looked closer. Their faces... slightly familiar.

Turns out they were wearing Nine Stars Academy uniforms.

Maybe they were the type who sneered at me in passing, who whispered filth the moment I walked by, who scoffed as if my existence itself was some kind of offense. People who believed I wasn't even worthy of breathing the same air as them.

My gaze swept the area. CCTV? None. Streetlights flickered like dying candles.

A chance.

I slowly pulled out the sharp branch that had wrapped around me. With hatred and a twisted desire to become stronger, I began to move.

Step by step... Careful... precise... Do not get flung upward...

### **Chapter 68: Chapter 68 - Burying the Star Witch**

Axis vanished from sight for a moment, then a brutal kick slammed into Delilah's light shield. The golden barrier shuddered violently, struggling to withstand a force far beyond what she anticipated.

Delilah was thrown down. Her back smashed into the ground, splitting the already fractured tiles into a gaping pit. Her breath caught, her spine protesting in a sharp crack. Fresh blood spilled from her lips, splattering over the flickering shield that still tried to protect her.

Axis descended like a meteor. There was no mercy.

His legs, insectlike yet muscular, crashed down on her shield again.

DOOOM!

The barrier trembled once more, the light shaking as if screaming. Fragile rays splintered into shards.

Delilah had no chance to counterattack. Her body swayed. Her vision doubled.

Axis leaned in closer...

And began to strike.

Massive, black-steel fists rained down on her.

BAAAM!

BAAAM!

BAAAM!

Every hit carved a new crater into the earth. They sank deeper and deeper, as if Axis intended to bury her alive.

Delilah clenched her teeth. Almost losing control. Almost collapsing.

But she forced her mind to keep working.

All the floating spears of light around her melted into layered walls of protection. She curled beneath them, letting each wall take the wrath of the Apostle of Space.

The ground around them rose and hurled upward. The air vibrated. A terrifying silence, then another earth-shattering blow tore through the city.

DUUUM!

Delilah peeked through a narrow crack in the shield.

And she realized something.

They were far from the city center now.

Deserted buildings. Empty streets.

This was the moment.

She raised her hand as high as she could. Light poured from fractures in the sky, gathering above them... more and more, growing heavier, until it formed a colossal spear that seemed to carve the heavens.

A flash visible from every corner of the city. Even those hiding in fear lifted their eyes, breath stolen by awe.

Axis looked up.

The spear fell, ripping through the atmosphere and striking the earth—

KRAAAAAAASSSSHHH!!!

A massive explosion of light swallowed an area the size of a stadium. The ground surged like a tidal wave, bursting skyward with debris and shattered streets. The reversed gravity Axis created buckled. Gravity snapped back to normal, and everything that had floated began to plummet.

Eldertree, the gigantic guardian at the city center, panicked. Its roots shot outward, catching the falling civilians before they hit the ground.

At the same time, Charlotte Haverty emerged in a healer's uniform. She closed her eyes, hands clenched as if in prayer, and a wave of light burst from her. The wounded, both lightly and gravely injured, healed in an instant.

When the quake settled...

All that remained was a massive crater carved into the earth like a gigantic bowl.

At the bottom, the Star Witch lay helpless.

Her light shield was gone. Her battle dress was torn, stained with dust and blood. She looked up, her sight blurring.

Axis was still standing.

The armored black cocoon around his mouth had cracked, greenish blood dripping from his jaw. His breathing sounded like an insect ready to explode.

"Human..."

His voice grated like metal scraping metal.

"You made me like this. My respect..."

His iron grip clamped around Delilah's throat.

She struggled, reaching for whatever light remained, but nothing answered.

Axis prepared to break her neck.

But—

SHUP!

An arrow simply appeared in the air. No bowstring. No sound.

It materialized beside Axis's arm and sliced through it like butter.

CRACK—PLAAASH!!

His arm hit the ground.

Axis froze, all his spatial senses shrieking. As an Apostle of Space, he instantly understood: the arrow had teleported into his body.

Delilah saw it and finally let herself fall unconscious.

Axis snarled and whipped his head around, searching for the attacker.

No one was there.

SHUP!

A second arrow.

His other arm flew off.

Axis screamed. He launched into the air, zigzagging and tearing through the sky to evade attacks he couldn't even perceive.

Yet the next arrow waited exactly where he would be.

It pierced his wing.

Then his chest.

Then his leg.

Axis crashed, tumbling across the ground in a humiliating heap.

Grinding his teeth, he unleashed a piercing high-frequency buzz. A gravitational barrier expanded around him.

But...

Another arrow appeared inside the barrier. It punched into his chest again.

Axis glanced at the unconscious Delilah.

"So there is a human... even more troublesome..."

He tried to flee, darting upward unsteadily. But the strongest arrow of the night manifested.

SHUUUP.

His abdomen split open like thin paper.

He collapsed to his knees, almost cut in half, yet clinging desperately to life.

He buzzed. Sharp. Panicked.

Space cracked open.

A humanoid moth with beautiful multicolored wings emerged, like a commander displeased yet forced to rescue his soldier.

Axis crawled toward him.

"Hurry...! Pull me in!"

The creature grabbed him and dragged him into the rift.

Just before the dimensional tear sealed shut, one last arrow pierced the rescuer's back.

The insect's scream echoed into the starless abyss... then disappeared.

The dimension closed.

The battle was over.

The night turned silent.

Only the wind still disturbed the drifting dust.

Far away...

In a high penthouse overlooking the ruined district, a man stood behind a panoramic window fogged by the cold night air. His hand still held a softly glowing bow, the string loose from firing the final shot.

Zephyr.

The cloth that usually covered his eyes lay discarded on the floor. Nothing hid the damage now—raw, jagged scars circling the area around his eyes, brutal horizontal gashes cut across his brow and upper cheeks, as if some cruel blade had carved at the same place again and again.

Both eyes were open.

His right eye looked like a calm blue sky, distant and unreachable.

His left eye burned red like an endless war at sunset.

Each iris and pupil was split into two, as though he housed four perspectives of the world inside a pair of broken eyes.

Zephyr watched the battlefield from afar. His breath fogged the glass.

"If only I had undone the seal sooner..."

He knew regret was pointless.

But silencing it was hard.

His left eye—the most precious curse of his life—expanded his awareness for two hundred kilometers. Every life was a tiny light on an invisible map. Paired with archery that pierced space itself and brief glimpses of the future...

Zephyr could kill anyone and anywhere.

But power came with a price.

Agonizing heat crawled from the back of his skull toward his cheekbone. And worst of all, his left eye could only detect existence, not the precise position or body part of his target.

So even though his arrows struck the Apostle again and again, he failed to land a fatal shot. That was why Axis survived.

His fingers trembled as he tightened his grip on the bow.

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I rubbed the new face I wore thanks to [Faceless Mask]. The smell of blood clung to the air. Two young men lay motionless on the cold floor. Mindrender in my hand still dripped thick dark red, unwilling to let go of its last taste.

I took a slow breath. My footsteps echoed quietly through the empty room, joined only by the whisper of wind through a shattered window.

Then the first notification appeared in front of me.

[Quest: Revenge – Successfully Completed.]

[You have received 200 EXP.]

A grin tugged at my lips. That was what I wanted. Small revenge, maybe, compared to what comes next... but still satisfying.

I turned toward the exit. Time to visit my stepmother. But before I could move, a stream of new lights burst into my vision.

[Quest: Hunter – Successfully Completed]

"What...?"

[You have received 15000 EXP.]

[Received New Skill: <Five-Minute Rewind>]

[Received New Skill: <Dreamweaver>]

[Received Item: <Aphrodisiac Elixir>]

[Received Item: <The Edge of Bliss>]

[Received Special Item: <Key of the Tower of Space>]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 30]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 31]

[...]

I froze. My eyes widened, making sure I wasn't hallucinating. The notifications kept coming without a pause. Every level increase made my chest tremble like an earthquake shaking the foundation of my life.

[You Have Leveled Up to Level 47]

[You Have Received 5 Stat Points]

My breath hitched. A dizzy rush pressed against my skull, a storm of shock, joy, and confusion. This experience went far beyond sanity.

But it wasn't over yet.

The final notification appeared, closing everything with a single line that sent a rush of thrill through me.

[Skill Time Stop has been upgraded]

I stood there, speechless.

## **Chapter 69: Chapter 69 - Tower of Space**

In a remote desert stretching as far as the eye could see, scorching winds eroded the sand into swirling mini-vortices. The sky above was a pale orange, empty and silent, until something unnatural occurred.

The air suddenly cracked.

As if an invisible fabric cloaking the world was torn from within, a black fissure stretched open, and two figures were flung out of the void. They were insectoid humanoids: one resembled a forest beetle, its robust body covered in wounds reflecting the harsh sunlight; the other was a dusty-winged moth-like creature, its long antennae twitching restlessly.

The Moth seized the battered Axis and tossed him carelessly onto the sand.

A low hum emanated from its chitinous mandibles—a foreign, grating language. Yet, translated into human speech, it meant:

"You fool. I told you to be careful! We are at our weakest point now. One of us is already dead. If we are reckless, our entire effort to breach this world will be for nothing."

Axis bowed his head in silence. Sand clung to his torn skin and lacerated body. He knew... it truly was his fault.

The Moth flicked its dull wings, sending sand scattering into the air.

"And you... you actually found the Archon of Time. Why didn't you just kill him on the spot?! Why did you play with your prey!?"

Axis clenched his mandibles.

He looked up, glaring at his kin with suppressed resentment.

"I was wrong... but why didn't you help me fight them? Why didn't you find that archer?! We are Apostles of Space! How can we be humiliated by a human with spatial abilities?! Why couldn't you locate him?!"

The Moth let out a sharp, grating growl. Its voice was like knives scraping glass.

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"You think I didn't try? I did. But that human... was completely undetectable."

Axis was stunned.

"Undetectable...? How is that possi—"

He was cut off as he demanded again:

"Then why didn't you kill that weak Archon while I was fighting those humans? That was the perfect chance! You should have—"

"You think I didn't try? I did. But a strange human appeared and protected him."

"A strange... human?"

Before the Moth could answer... a calm, annoyingly human voice intruded.

"Strange human? What a terrifying nickname you've given me."

They both reflexively turned.

A man was standing right beside them, who knows for how long. His hair fluttered softly in the desert breeze. He gripped a sword in his hand.

The man offered a faint smile.

"I suppose this place is ideal enough... for lowering the Tower of Space."

An angry buzzing erupted from the two insectoid humanoids. Wings flapped wildly, sand scattering into the air. They prepared to pounce—

A few moments later.

The heads of the two creatures were now separated from their bodies. Dark blood and thick mucus soaked into the hot sand.

The man gazed upon the desert, now silent once more. Then, slowly, he looked up at the sky.

Nature responded.

The sky cracked, like glass struck from within. The fissure widened, shining with a blinding white light.

Something immense pierced the world's veil.

A colossal tower of inhuman design descended slowly from the spatial rift. From a distance, its shape resembled a giant, slowly rotating flying saucer with a towering central structure, its silhouette swallowing the sun behind it.

The colossal structure halted mid-air, floating high above the desert, yet close enough to cover the horizon like a hanging mountain of metal.

The man stared at it expressionlessly.

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The major incident claimed over a hundred lives. The words sounded cynical even in my own head, as if that number was just a statistic in a morning report. But I didn't care. Eldertree, along with the Sacred Healer, had done their part in saving many.

All that remained were collapsed buildings, streets full of debris, and the lingering scent of burnt metal hanging in the city air. The infrastructure damage and the loss of people's vehicles were truly staggering.

At home, the atmosphere was silent. Only the soft sound of breathing from the bed in the living room broke the stillness.

My stepmother lay there, her face pale yet peaceful, as if the recent suffering was just a bad dream that had ended. Charlotte had just finished closing her wounds, her fingertips still emanating the warm remnants of healing light.

I stood by the bedside, watching them in silence.

"How is she?" I asked, trying to sound concerned.

Charlotte offered a weak but genuine smile. "The worst is over. Her body just needs to sleep now."

My eyes inadvertently slipped to the graceful curves of Charlotte's curvaceous body as she bent over to pick up her bag.

"I'll make sure she rests properly," I promised.

Charlotte straightened up, studying me with a curious look. "You know... you seem different, Adam."

"Oh yeah?" I grinned, shifting my weight. "Good different or bad different?"

She let out a soft breath, almost a laugh. "Good. Definitely good. You used to be so... closed off. Now it's like there's a light behind your eyes. It suits you. I prefer you this way."

"Glad you think so," I said, the grin still playing on my lips.

'You'll like me even more later,' I thought to myself, imagining various lewd scenarios I could subject her to. [Eye of Desire] automatically revealed her hidden fetishes, and if it weren't for the exhaustion, I might have pounced on this voluptuous woman right now.

---

NAME: Charlotte Haverty

AGE: 43

CLASS: Sacred Healer

RANK: SS

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 19%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: Yes

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Armpits, Neck, Anus.

FETISH: Masochism, Submission, Rape, Bondage.

---

Charlotte sighed, as if trying to dispel the strange atmosphere that had settled between us. "I have to go. There's still a lot to do."

I nodded. "Take care."

She smiled again, then left.

The sound of her footsteps gradually faded down the corridor.

Now it was just me and my stepmother in the room. I watched her for a moment, then took a deep breath and summoned the System Interface in the air.

---

NAME: Adam Socheron

CLASS: Depraved Time Lord

LEVEL: 47

EXP: 60/1400

<Strength: 30>

<Agility: 40>

<Vitality: 30>

<Charisma: 9>

<Libido: 50>

Available Stat Points: 95

SKILLS:

[Time Stop]

[Eye of Desire]

[Lustful Touch]

[Fertility Control]

[Mind Control]

[Five-Minute Rewind]

[Dreamweaver]

ITEMS:

[Faceless Mask]

[Hymen Pill]

[Aphrodisiac Elixir x2]

[Mindrender]

[Dragonroot Rope]

[Aegis Pendant]

[The Edge of Bliss]

[Key of the Tower of Space]

---

Today... was absolutely insane.

But somehow, I came out of it with a lot of unexpected gains. I still don't know how that Apostle of Space quest was completed—did that insect die? Or was it killed by its own ally? According to Charlotte, the creature managed to escape from the Saint Archer, but its trail vanished.

If it's truly dead, that's good news. It means no one is hunting me anymore. Let's hope so.

Now, it's time to check out my new skills and items.

[Five-Minute Rewind]

-> Allows the user to locally rewind time by five minutes. All memories and knowledge acquired during those five minutes remain intact in the user's mind. This skill has a 24-hour cooldown.]

Finally, a time skill other than [Time Stop]! I thought my Depraved Time Lord class was just for show. This is incredible—it can save me from dangerous situations. The 24-hour cooldown is quite long, but it's acceptable.

[Dreamweaver

-> Allows the user to enter the target's dreams and memories. The user can manipulate scenarios and sensations as if they were real, as well as observe the target's memories. Requires physical proximity to a sleeping target or one the user has previously slept with. Its effects leave a profound impression on the target's memory and emotions.]

A mischievous smile spread across my lips. I could immediately envision countless deliciously twisted scenarios: crafting erotic dreams where a woman I desire begs for me, or giving her an unforgettable wet dream. This skill opens up so many possibilities.

Now for the new items...

[The Edge of Bliss

-> A collar that, when worn by a target, allows the user to halt the target's climax. The user can freeze the target's sensations right at the peak, prolonging the pleasure to an almost unbearable level. The effect can be maintained for as long as the user wishes, creating a profound and controlling experience.]

Hmm.... sounds not very useful. Maybe just for torturing someone with sexual frustration. Okay, maybe it'll come in handy later.

And then there's this mysterious item.

[Key of the Tower of Space

-> A mysterious key granting access to the top floor of the Tower of Space]

Space Tower? What does that mean? Is it a building or something? Where exactly is it located? How do I even get inside? Is it related to that monster?

After a moment's thought, I decided to set it aside for now.

Finally, I checked the upgrade for the [Time Stop] skill. I'm curious about what was improved—did the duration increase, or the cooldown decrease? Or maybe there's a new feature?

## **Chapter 70: Chapter 70 - The Mother-Daughter Mouth Combo**

[Time Stop

-> Allows the user to stop the flow of time in the surrounding area for 30 minutes. During the stopped time, only the user can move freely and interact with the environment. The user can also select specific individuals to remain mobile and aware within the stopped time. This skill requires a 3-hour cooldown after use before it can be activated again.]

This... was incredible! Not only had the duration tripled to 30 minutes, but I could now choose to keep specific people conscious while time was frozen.

The possibilities were endless! I could make any woman I desired stay fully aware while the world stood still, then play with her however I wanted. Or teach them a very special 'lesson' with no one being the wiser. Even with the 3-hour cooldown, the vastly improved flexibility was more than worth it.

It looked like I wouldn't be getting any sleep tonight. There were so, so many things I wanted to try.

And now, for the 95 idle Stat Points.

An old question haunted me: just how high could my stats go? Was one hundred the limit? Let's find out.

Since tonight was all about 'fun' plans, Libido was the obvious choice. With it already at 50, I used 50 points and tried to max it out.

[Libido: 50 → 100]

[Your Libido has reached its maximum point]

So it was true, the cap was one hundred! Instantly, a powerful wave of vitality surged straight into my groin. My body grew hot, and my little brother throbbed with an energetic, almost painful intensity. My sexual desire ignited with a ferocity I'd never felt before.

Fuck... Even with my libido skyrocketing, my body was still tired. My gaze immediately fell upon Delilah, sleeping helplessly, wearing only a thin white t-shirt that showed the outline of her black bra and her tempting, big breasts. I unconsciously swallowed hard.

I tried to calm myself. With 45 points left, where should I put them? My first thought was stamina, but then I remembered my humiliating failure to even scratch Axis, even with time stopped. That was unacceptable, and I wouldn't let it happen again.

I needed real power.

[Strength: 30 → 75]

Instantly, my muscles tightened and swelled. The transformation was so intense I gritted my teeth against the near-painful sensation.

This felt different from before, probably because I'd increased it so much all at once.

A few seconds later, sweat covered my body. Looking at my now muscular yet still lean arms and torso, I felt strangely confident I could crush steel or lift a car with ease.

Now, with my new powerful body and burning lust, my eyes returned to Delilah. An idea formed—should I try the [Dreamweaver] skill on her?

A mischievous smile spread across my lips. Maybe now was the perfect time for a test run.

Suddenly, the door creaked open slowly, and Angeline appeared in a adorable white one-piece dress. The cut hugged her petite frame perfectly, making her look like an angel descended from heaven. The white color contrasted with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, creating an image of pure innocence that was somehow incredibly tempting.

"You came at just the right time," I said.

Angeline looked at me with a gaze full of lust mixed with shame, then her eyes shifted to her mother, sleeping soundly. I could see the conflict within her—between her own desires and the guilt of seeing her mother in such a state.

"Lift your dress," I commanded in a low voice.

Angeline flinched but slowly raised her white dress, revealing that she wasn't wearing any underwear at all. Her pussy was already glistening wet in the dim bedroom light. I couldn't look away from the sight.

"Such a good girl," I praised, "you remembered my order perfectly."

"I-I... just forgot to wear any!" she protested, her cheeks flushing red.

Her feigned shyness only made me more impatient. I remembered all the humiliation and torture she'd inflicted on me in the past—every punch, every taunt, every condescending glare. Now was the time to pay her back for all of it.

"Walk towards me with your legs open," I ordered again. "Show me your pussy and tell me that you're my personal cocksucker."

Angeline took a sharp breath. With unsteady steps, she began walking towards me, keeping her legs spread wide apart. Every step showcased the way her wet pussy pulsed and quivered.

"I... I am Big Brother's personal cocksucker," she uttered in a trembling voice.

"Again," I pressed.

"I am Big Brother's personal cocksucker!" she said, louder this time, though her cheeks were still bright red.

"Keep repeating it!"

She continued to approach while repeating the phrase over and over, each time with growing conviction. "I am Big Brother's personal cocksucker! I am Big Brother's personal cocksucker! I am..."

My cock throbbed impatiently watching this display. When she finally reached me, I immediately shoved two fingers into her warm, waiting pussy.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 49 (+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 50 (+1)]

[...]

Squelch! Squelch!

The wet sounds immediately filled the room. I finger-fucked her roughly, my digits exploring every inch of her.

"Ahh~! Nngh! Big Brother~!" she groaned louder, her hands gripping my wrists but making no move to stop me.

"Imagine if your mother woke up right now," I whispered in her ear, never stopping the movement of my fingers. "She'd be so disappointed to see her little angel is actually a soaking wet slut. You didn't even ask how she was doing. You little whore!"

Angeline shook her head violently, her breath catching. "N-No... I already... nngh... asked Charlotte... about Mother's condition..."

"Oh? Is she gone already?" I asked, pulling out my fingers, now slick with her juices.

"She... she just left... I saw her out... to the door..." she managed to gasp out.

I raised my glistening fingers and held them in front of her face. Slowly, I licked every drop clean while staring directly into her eyes. Then I stood up from the bed where Delilah slept.

"Take my pants off."

Angeline obediently undid my button and zipper. The moment my pants came down, my rock-hard cock, stiff as an iron bar, sprang out and slapped against her face with a sharp smack.

Her eyes widened, a mixture of horror and a flicker of anticipation clear in them. It was true, my cock was much bigger than before—it used to be seven and a half inches, but now it was a full eight inches with a thicker girth.

I could hardly believe the transformation myself. It seemed to be an effect of maxing out my Libido. With a satisfied smirk, I began slapping her reddened cheeks with my shaft, savoring every expression of shame and excitement on her face.

Then I sat back down on the bed.

"Now," I said to Angeline, who was still kneeling on the floor, "Do your job. But remember, your mother is resting after her hard fight earlier. Wake her up, and you'll get a special punishment."

Angeline nodded obediently, her eyes gleaming. She crawled closer, her trembling hands first caressing my thighs before her warm mouth finally made contact with the tip of my cock. I looked down at her with a gaze full of triumph.

Angeline crawled between my legs, her eyes teary with a mix of lust and shame. Slowly, she began licking my balls, her warm, soft tongue making me groan quietly. It felt... amazing.

She then moved up the shaft, licking from the base all the way to the tip with a swirling motion, like she was savoring a delicious ice cream. Her delicate hands stroked my length while her mouth tirelessly slickened every inch with her saliva.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 61 (+1)]

"Heh, you little slut," I taunted, grabbing a fistful of her golden blonde hair. "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

"N-No...!" she denied, but her voice was choked with desire. "I... I'm just following your orders..."

"Get on with it," I urged, pushing her head towards my cock.

Angeline hesitated. Her small mouth clearly wasn't designed to accommodate a cock of my size. But with a heavy breath, she opened her mouth as wide as she could and tried to take me in.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 71 (+1)]

I ignored the notifications popping up. All I felt was the incredible sensation of her mouth. Even though she was clearly struggling, she kept trying—bobbing her head back and forth with difficulty, drool dripping from the corners of her stretched lips.

"Glek... gluk... ah..." The sounds of her gagging filled the room. Her eyes watered, but she didn't stop. Her hands gripped my thighs tightly as she continued moving her head.

Every time she paused for breath, I could see how red her face was—a mixture of shame, pain, and... excitement.

"Ahh... fuck..." I groaned, my hand tightening in her hair. "Keep going..."

She obeyed, slowing her rhythm. Now I could feel every swirl of her tongue around the head of my cock, every gentle suck from her hollowed cheeks, every near-painful brush of her teeth that only added to the pleasure.

I glanced over at Delilah, still sleeping peacefully beside me. The irony was palpable—right next to her, her own daughter was straining to deep-throat her stepson's cock.

"Good... just like that..." I whispered, pushing her head down deeper.

Angeline gagged harder, but she didn't resist. Instead, her hands began gently massaging my balls while her mouth kept working. I could feel her tight throat trying to adjust to my girth.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 79 (+1)]

She was clearly loving this. Even though her mouth hurt and she could barely breathe, her movements grew more enthusiastic. She was even starting to let out little moans every time my cock plunged deeper.

"You... were really... born to be a cocksucker..." I panted, my breath catching.

She moaned louder, as if the praise fueled her further. One of her hands now roamed my other thigh, her fingers digging into the flesh while her mouth kept up its work.

I felt the buildup of an orgasm gathering at the base of my spine. But not yet... it wasn't time.

I pulled my cock from Angeline's mouth with a twinge of annoyance. As incredible as it felt, there was a lingering frustration that her tiny mouth couldn't handle my full length.

"Useless little slut," I scolded, slapping her reddened cheek with my shaft. "You can't even suck cock properly! What good are you if you can't satisfy your Brother the right way?"

Angeline just stayed silent, her eyes watery with shame. I easily lifted her lightweight body and laid her down on top of Delilah, who was still out cold. Now they were stacked—mother and daughter—their faces close together in a moment of piercing irony.

I stepped up onto the bed, standing over the two women with my legs spread. My erect, throbbing cock stood tall above their faces, like a victory flag over the two generations of women now completely subdued under my control.

"Let's use this mother-and-daughter mouth combo," I thought with a triumphant smile.