

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

#Chapter 71 - An Object for Pleasure - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 71 - An Object for Pleasure

Chapter 71: Chapter 71 - An Object for Pleasure

I stood on the bed, legs spread wide, looking down at the two helpless women beneath me—mother and daughter, both trapped in my game.

I fisted my hand in Angeline's hair, yanking her head back to expose the pale column of her neck. My other hand gripped her soft cheek, my fingers pressing hard until her small mouth was forced open with a faint whimper.

"Hnnngh..."

"Open wider, you little slut," I hissed.

I guided the swollen tip of my erection to her lips, tapping it against them lightly.

Angeline obeyed, but her eyes were fixed on her mother's sleeping, vulnerable face right in front of her. I could see something break inside her—a mental barrier shattering as she realized the depth of her degradation.

Finally.

Slowly, I pushed my shaft into her warm mouth.

"Ahh... fuck..." I groaned, savoring the wet heat and the soft texture of her tongue. "This filthy mouth was made for this."

In one powerful, merciless thrust, I drove my monstrous cock all the way in, plunging deep into her throat.

"Glek!"

This time, I'd deliberately not used [Lustful Touch]—I wanted to feel her natural resistance, her pure panic. But strangely, from my point of view, yellow notifications kept popping up relentlessly:

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 82 (+1)]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 83 (+1)]

[...]

She was clearly enjoying this! My shaft buried itself in her throat until Angeline's eyes bulged, her body tensing and convulsing as she fought for air. Her eyes rolled back, gazing at me unfocused, while tears began to stream down her cheeks.

"So... fucking tight!" I cursed, feeling the brutal clenching of her narrow throat around my cock. It felt like she was trying to reject me, but it only triggered a deeper, more intense pleasure.

"You masochistic slut, coming just from being stuffed! Look at yourself, Angel!" I snarled, my voice echoing in the quiet room. "You were so arrogant and cruel, hitting me, insulting me, treating me like trash! And now? You're just a drooling slut swallowing my cock!"

Angeline squirmed helplessly, her bound hands only able to clutch at the sheets. But I held her firmly in place, pushing deeper and pausing for a moment, savoring the sensation of her pulsating, warm throat wrapped completely around me. Only after a few long seconds did I slowly pull out.

"Slurp."

Angeline was thrown forward, coughing violently, her face flushed crimson as she gasped for air.

I yanked her hair hard, forcing her to look at me. "I guess I have to teach you from the beginning how to suck cock properly! It's a disgrace that my personal cocksucker can't even take all of me! I'm going to train your mouth until it's second nature, until it's your only instinct."

"P-Plea... se, it hurts..." she sobbed, her voice hoarse and broken. "B-Big brother... T-teach... me... "

A thrill of pleasure shot through me at her admission. I forced her mouth open again, my rough thumb brushing her delicate lips before I pushed my cock back in. This time, I entered her slowly, an almost cruel form of instruction, letting her feel every inch, every vein as I slid inside.

"Like this... slow... feel every inch of my cock in your mouth. Memorize it."

Then I began to move, thrusting back and forth in the wet cavity of her mouth and throat. I felt every centimeter of her tight flesh squeezing my shaft.

I slowly picked up the rhythm, and her angelic, innocent face twisted into a distorted expression—her mouth stretched wide, her eyes glassy and unfocused, drool dripping freely down her chin, neck, and onto Delilah's unconscious face beneath her.

"Remember how you used to mock me with that sharp mouth of yours?" I taunted, continuing to piston into her mouth with an increasingly brutal rhythm.

Schlap~! Schlap~!

"You called me trash, a failure! Now this same mouth is greedily swallowing my dick! Look at yourself—your face is now just a frame for my cock! You thought you were better than me? Now you're just a drooling bitch swallowing my big dick!"

My rhythm quickened, and I felt the familiar heat building at the base of my spine, a sign of my approaching orgasm.

"I'm... gonna come! Swallow it all, my little angel! This is your reward for being such a good slut!"

I reached my climax, pumping gushes of my hot seed deep into her throat. Angeline tried to struggle, her natural gag reflex kicking in, but I gripped her hair tighter, my nails digging into her scalp.

"Don't you dare spit it out!" I growled, pushing to the hilt to make sure nothing spilled. "Swallow it! Swallow all your brother's cum! It belongs to you now!"

She finally obeyed, the muscles in her neck working hard to gulp down every last drop. Her expression was a confused mix of deep shame and undeniable satisfaction.

When I was done, I released her and watched her stare blankly. Then, without any command, she began to clean my cock with her soft, weak tongue.

My gaze shifted to Delilah. I brought my cock, slick with her daughter's saliva and my own cum, close to the beautiful, proud face of the Star Witch. I rubbed the sensitive tip against her smooth cheek, leaving wet trails.

Then I made her red lips kiss my soiled shaft. It was the perfect picture—the helpless mother kissing my cock while her daughter watched with lust-filled eyes.

I leaned over Delilah's helpless body, my breath heavy from my activities with Angeline, my cock still throbbing intensely.

"Now... it's Mom's turn," I whispered in a voice husky with lust.

With a slow but deliberate movement, I held Delilah's jaw and opened her lips. I slipped the taut tip of my erection between her soft lips.

"Mmmh..." Delilah stirred slightly in her sleep, perhaps feeling the foreign sensation in her mouth, but the exhaustion from her battle kept her in a deep slumber.

I started moving slowly, savoring the new sensation of my stepmother's helpless mouth. Her soft tongue moved unconsciously, adding to the pleasure I was feeling.

It felt... incredible. Knowing that this powerful woman, who had just fought a Rank EX creature, was now helplessly accepting my cock in her mouth. The irony was intoxicating.

Then, with one deeper push, I shoved my cock further in.

Delilah arched her back, her body trembling. It was just as tight as Angeline's mouth, but the sensation from this mature woman was completely different. There was a unique satisfaction in knowing the mouth I was violating belonged to a Star Witch, an SSS Rank Hunter with power akin to a goddess.

Don't you have a heart? a small voice whispered in my head. She just fought a life-and-death battle to protect you, and this is what you do? Didn't you promise to take good care of her?

But I quickly silenced that voice with my own twisted logic. Yeah, she's exhausted, and what I'm doing now is replenishing her energy in the most pleasurable way possible. This is my way of caring for her, giving her the release she needs after a draining fight.

Delilah thrashed in her sleep, but I didn't stop. With Angeline faithfully kissing and licking my balls, one of my hands held Delilah's head firmly in place, while the other groped her ample breasts through her thin shirt. My hips moved up and down like a madman.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sound of my balls slapping against Delilah's face echoed in the room. All she could do was writhe and choke.

"GHKK~! GHKK!"

"Is she... is she in pain?" Angeline asked, her voice trembling, her eyes wide as she watched her mother being treated this way.

"This is what's best for her," I answered with my perverted logic. "She needs to release all the stress from the fight earlier. And what better way than a powerful orgasm?"

After a few more brutal thrusts, I switched back to Angeline. I saw her wide eyes, a mixture of shock and arousal as she witnessed her mother's humiliation. Something had shifted in her—perhaps seeing her mother in such a helpless state was awakening her own dark side.

"Look at your mother," I sneered as I pushed my cock back into Angeline's mouth. "She doesn't even know how she's being degraded. But you... you know everything, don't you?"

Angeline moaned, "Mmmph!" but this time, her voice sounded more eager. Her hands grabbed my buttocks, pushing to deepen the penetration.

I kept switching between the mouths of mother and daughter, enjoying the different sensations. Angeline's mouth was more active and enthusiastic, a contrast to Delilah's passive, yet incredibly soft and alluring one.

SCHLURP! GULP!

The sounds of sucking and swallowing alternated, filling the room.

Dröol and other bodily fluids now soaked both women's faces, creating a lewd and degrading scene. Delilah's usually elegant face was covered in spit and the marks from my slapping balls, while Angeline dutifully cleaned my cock every time I switched.

"You two... are incredible sluts," I grunted, feeling my orgasm approach once more. I threw my head back, breath catching. "I... I can't hold back anymore!"

"Fuck!"

I peaked, firing hot streams of my cum. Some spurts hit Delilah's unconscious face and mouth, while the rest I unleashed into Angeline's mouth, who lapped it up greedily.

"GULP! GULP!" Angeline swallowed obediently, while Delilah just lay there with white fluid dripping from the corner of her mouth. Their mental breaking was truly perfect—one fully conscious and enjoying the humiliation, the other utterly helpless and an object for my pleasure.

I collapsed, exhausted, looking over my handiwork. Two women from the same family, now completely mine.

And this was only the beginning.

The night was still long.

Chapter 72: Chapter 72 - The Edge of Bliss

I watched Angeline, her little pink tongue meticulously cleaning every last drop of my sperm from her mother's face. She licked Delilah's cheeks, chin, and even the corners of her eyes, all while her mother remained in a sleep.

The sight made my already high libido burn even hotter. Even though my body was tired, my mind was flooded with an uncontrollable, relentless hunger.

"Finished?" I asked, my voice low. Angeline nodded, her eyes glistening with unshed tears yet blazing with anticipation. "Good. Now turn around. Get on all fours, but make sure your pussy is right above your mother's face."

She immediately obeyed, gracefully shifting into position. Her short, cute skirt—which I'd deliberately told her to keep on—framed the enticing curves of her plump bottom. Now, her exposed pussy hovered directly over Delilah's helpless face.

"Look at you," I taunted, moving closer from behind. My hands grabbed her round buttocks, roughly kneading the soft, yielding flesh. "You little slut. So eager your pussy is already dripping wet."

"Brother... please..." Angeline whimpered, her hips already swaying impatiently.

My index finger traced her glistening lower lip. "How many times have you squirted already, huh? Look, your juices are dripping onto your own mother's face."

"Ahh~"

I pushed her skirt up, fully exposing the tempting view of her pale buttocks and her slick, dripping pussy. My finger found her swollen lips, teasing her sensitive clit.

"Ahh~! No... don't tease..." Angeline moaned, her body writhing uncontrollably.

I summoned [The Edge of Bliss]. The silver chain necklace with its small padlock-shaped pendant appeared in my hand. I wanted to test its effects. Without a second thought, I clasped it around Angeline's neck. Now, she wouldn't be able to climax without my permission.

"Please... I can't take it anymore..." she begged, her voice thick with desire.

SMACK!

My hand came down hard on her plump ass, leaving a red mark.

"Who said you could give orders?"

"Ouch! Sorry! I... I'm begging you, Brother... please, fuck me..."

SMACK!

Another, harder slap.

"Wrong! Try again!"

"Please... I need your cock... inside my pussy..."

SMACK!

"I... I want your big cock... wreck my little pussy..."

SMACK!

The cycle continued, slap after slap landing on Angeline's increasingly reddened rear. Each impact made her wilder, more unhinged.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 85 (+1)]

"I... I want to be your whore... please, rape me!"

SMACK!

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 86 (+1)]

"Use my body... any way you want... I promise I'll be a good sex slave!"

SMACK!

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 87 (+1)]

Her juices flowed more freely, splattering onto Delilah's sleeping face. But each time her arousal neared its peak, [The Edge of Bliss] under my control would pull it back down. A perfect torment.

"Punish me... please..." she cried out in desperation, "I'm your little slut... your fucktoy..."

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Three brutal spanks turned her buttocks a blazing crimson.

"Still not right!"

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

She began to lose her sanity, babbling incoherently. "Use... use my body... do anything... make me your toy..."

"I... I'm trash... a worthless girl..."

SMACK!

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 95 (+1)]

The tenth slap ripped a sharp scream from her throat.

"I'm begging you! Destroy my pussy! Make me yours forever!"

SMACK! SMACK!

Two more strikes. The imprint of my hand was now clearly visible on her burning skin.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 96 (+1)]

She started to slur, drool dripping from her mouth. "This... this filthy pussy... is only for you, Brother..."

SMACK!

"I... I'm guilty! I'm wicked! Punish me!"

SMACK!

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 97 (+1)]

I lost count of the slaps. With her ass a raw, red mess and her body slick with sweat and her own fluids, Angeline finally screamed: "FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME FOR ALL MY SINS! I DESERVE TO BE TREATED LIKE A WHORE! PLEASE PUNISH ME, BROTHER! I BEG YOU! PUNISH ME HARDER!"

Instantly, [The Edge of Bliss] vibrated faintly and her sexual arousal plummeted to 80. This time, I didn't spank her.

"Good," I whispered. "You finally understand."

I gripped Angeline's full hips tightly and drove my hard, throbbing cock into her soaked pussy. Despite her wetness, her entrance was impossibly tight, making it difficult to push inside.

"AAAAGGGGHHH!!! IT HURTS!!!" Angeline's ear-splitting shriek echoed as I forced my way in. The walls of her narrow passage contracted wildly, as if trying to reject a penetration too large for her petite frame.

"IT HURTS, BROTHER! IT HURTS SO MUCH!" she cried, her body struggling to break free. But I held her hips even tighter, thrusting deeper with all my strength.

"That's the point, my little slut! This is your punishment!" I snarled, pushing relentlessly, feeling every inner fold stretch to its limit to accommodate my girth.

"I want to ruin this tight little pussy of yours!"

"NGHHH... AAGGHH... PLEASE... IT FEELS... WEIRD... YOU'RE TOO BIG! BROTHER! YOU'RE REALLY BREAKING ME! IT'S BIGGER THAN LAST TIME! MY PUSSY'S GOING TO SPLIT! IT HURTS!!!"

Angeline screamed, her voice a mix of unbearable pain and pleasure. Her hands clawed at the sheets, her entire body trembling uncontrollably.

After a long struggle, my entire length was finally buried inside her, my balls pressed firmly against her bruised buttocks. Angeline sobbed, her breath coming in ragged gasps, yet her pussy grew even hotter and wetter, as if her body was already adapting to my size.

"Look at your mother," I hissed, beginning to move slowly. "She's sleeping peacefully while her daughter gets raped right above her face. You're a bitch, Angel. A bitch who deserves exactly this."

I started moving inside her impossibly tight pussy with brutal force. The feeling was incredible—her narrow passage squeezed my shaft perfectly, every fold gripping me with a desperate tightness.

"AHHH~! BROTHER! IT'S TOO... TOO BIG! MY PUSSY! YOU'RE REALLY DESTROYING IT!" Angeline screamed, her nails tearing at the sheets. "BUT... BUT WHY... DOES IT FEEL SO WEIRD!? IT HURTS! BUT IT FEELS SO GOOD!"

"Because you were born for this!" I snapped, spanking her reddened ass. "You deserve to be raped like the whore you are!"

"I AM... I AM A WHORE! MY PUSSY IS RUINED! I DESERVE TO BE RAPED! PLEASE... GO FASTER, BROTHER~!" she screamed, now completely surrendered to the pleasure and the degradation.

My rhythm became faster, more brutal. Each thrust sent her body lurching forward, her tight pussy clenching around me with an intensity that made it hard for me to hold back. Her fluids flowed freely, soaking her dress and dripping onto Delilah's face below.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

"AAAAHHHH!!! IT HURTS BUT IT FEELS SO GOOD~!!! BROTHER... YOU'RE TOO BIG... MY PUSSY IS GONE!!!" Angeline cried, sobbing, yet her body responded with even more arousal! "NGHH... AHH... PLEASE... DON'T STOP... EVEN IF IT HURTS... I NEED THIS!!!"

SMACK

My hand landed on her already sore buttock. "Who said you could give orders?"

"AAAAHHH!!! SORRY~!!! I'M JUST A LITTLE SLUT!!!!!" she shrieked, her pussy gushing even more.

I increased my pace, each powerful thrust jolting her body. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed in the room, accompanied by escalating screams and moans.

"AHH~ IT HURTS! I... I'M ALMOST... BROTHER, PLEASE... HARDER!" Angeline pleaded desperately. But I just smiled, knowing [The Edge of Bliss] would keep her teetering on the edge without ever letting her fall over.

"You think you have the right to ask for anything?" I growled, spanking her again. "Remember how you used to treat me! Hitting me! Humiliating me! Now look at you, a moaning whore begging for more!"

"I DESERVE IT!!! I DESERVE THIS!!! PLEASE... DESTROY ME EVEN MORE!!! PUNISH ME! SPANK ME!" Angeline screamed, her face a complete mess. Her juices were a torrent now, soaking her dress and raining down on her mother.

"Who's giving orders here?" I snapped, spanking her over and over. "This is your punishment for treating me like garbage before!"

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Each slap drove Angeline further into madness. "HARDER! EVEN HARDER! PUNISH ME MORE! I DESERVE THIS!" she screamed, her face contorted.

I fucked her even more brutally; her tight pussy was starting to loosen but still gripped me perfectly.

"I... I'M CLOSE... BUT I CAN'T... WHY CAN'T I CUM?!" Angeline cried out in frustration, her pussy convulsing wildly. "PLEASE... I'M GOING CRAZY... MY PUSSY'S GOING CRAZY!"

Seeing her completely unravel, I pushed my thumb into her twitching back door.

"AAAAHHHH!!! DON'T! THAT'S... THAT'S DIRTY!" she shrieked, but her pussy clenched around my cock even tighter, squeezing me with painful strength.

"You damn slut! Even your ass is this tight!" I grunted, pounding into her with all my might.

"You love this, don't you? You little whore?" I jeered, my pace never faltering. "Feeling this pain and pleasure right above your helpless mother!"

"YES!!! I LOVE IT!!! I'M A SLUT WHO LOVES BEING HURT!!! PUNISH ME EVEN HARDER, BROTHER!!!"

I granted her wish, spanking her relentlessly while I plowed into her. Angeline had been brought to the edge multiple times, but [The Edge of Bliss] always held her back, fueling her frustration and madness.

"I... I'M A TOTAL WHORE! PUNISH ME MORE! DESTROY MY PUSSY! BREAK MY ASS! I'M YOUR SLUT!" Angeline screamed, her words devolving into a mix of languages, drool dripping from her open mouth.

I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. I grabbed her face, forcing her mouth open until her tongue lolled out. "GET READY, YOU WHORE! HERE'S YOUR FINAL PUNISHMENT!"

With a final groan, I released a torrent of my seed deep into her womb.

"UGGHHHH!!! TAKE IT! TAKE ALL OF MY CUM!"

At the same moment, I released the restraint of [The Edge of Bliss]. Angeline was instantly hit with a cataclysmic orgasm. Her body was racked with spasms as she screamed incoherently.

"AAAAHHH!!! I'M CUMMING!!! I'M REALLY CUMMING! MY PUSSY... MY PUSSY IS EXPLODING!!!"

Her juices sprayed out in a torrent, hitting her mother's sleeping face. I kept pumping my seed into her until the very last drop, making sure her womb was utterly filled.

[You have successfully made Angeline climax.]

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 66.]

"Look at you," I sneered as I pulled out my still-throbbing cock. "Dripping with your own mess and my cum, with your mother as a witness."

But Angeline was beyond responding. She collapsed, unconscious, her body still convulsing. Her pussy, leaking our mixed fluids, dripped onto her mother's face. Her expression was one of pure *ahgao*.

I took a deep breath, surveying my handiwork. Maybe I'd gone a bit overboard, but seeing the once-proud Angeline reduced to this... it was deeply satisfying.

Chapter 73: Chapter 73 - Suckling the Goddess

I stared at the scene before me with mixed feelings. Delilah, my formidable stepmother, looked utterly helpless, her face buried in her own daughter's pussy. Her breath came in ragged gasps; her face, smeared with her daughter's fluids, was flushed red from oxygen deprivation. I couldn't hold back a soft laugh at the profound irony of it all.

"Heh... how utterly hilarious," I murmured with a quiet chuckle. "The revered Star Witch, revered by all, now struggling to breathe because of her own daughter's pussy."

I then shifted Angeline's trembling body to the side. The girl collapsed next to her mother with a weak moan, her body still shuddering from the intense climax she'd just experienced. I removed [The Edge of Bliss] from Angeline's neck and stored it back in my inventory.

Now my attention was fully on Delilah. Her beautiful face was stained with a mixture of saliva, my sperm, and Angeline's love juices. I shook my head slowly, looking down at the unconscious Angeline.

"What a disgraceful daughter," I sneered, patting Angeline's hot cheek. "Leaving your mother in such a filthy state."

I then gently wiped Delilah's face with a blanket. I carefully cleaned every drop of fluid staining her smooth skin—her sweaty forehead, her flushed cheeks, down to her still-damp chin. But even cleaned up, an aura of humiliation radiated clearly from her.

Now, with her face relatively clean, I could truly admire my stepmother's beauty. Her voluptuous chest rose and fell with the rhythm of her deep, recovering breaths. Each inhalation made her large breasts sway beneath the thin shirt she wore, hinting at their perfect round shape.

My dick throbbed, demanding attention at the sight. My libido, already at its peak, felt like it was setting my whole body on fire.

I briefly considered using [Dreamweaver] on her. Imagine—I could create any dream for her. Make her dream of being a whore begging for satisfaction, or a housewife thirsty for sex. But I quickly realized, that would just be a dream. She would be the one feeling the pleasure, while I remained tormented by this burning desire.

"No," I whispered to myself. "I need to feel the real thing first."

I activated [Eye of Desire] and fixed my gaze on Delilah.

=====

{SLAVE}

=====

NAME: Delilah Socheron

AGE: 41

CLASS: Star Witch

RANK: SSS

DOMINANCE: 31%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 9%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: -

FETISH: -

Her Dominance was still 31%?

This woman truly was hard to conquer. But that's exactly what made her more enticing. If all women were that easy to subdue, it would be so boring. The satisfaction of finally breaking a woman as powerful as Delilah would be incredible.

My hand began to stroke her soft, golden hair. I remembered her battle against Axis just hours ago – how powerful and graceful she was, floating in the air, controlling spears of light with deadly precision. My heart raced at the memory. And now... that same woman lay powerless before me, ready to satisfy my desires.

I was genuinely impatient to turn her into a lecherous milf always craving my dick, just like in the hentai comics I often read. Sure, I could just order her to act like that with the [Slave's Collar], but I wanted her to do it with full awareness—to become a slutty mother who wholeheartedly worshipped her own stepson's dick.

I summoned an [Aphrodisiac Elixir]. The small pink bottle felt cool in my hand. I'd never used one before, and I had two bottles in my inventory. Now was the perfect time to try it on my sleeping stepmother.

I wondered—would this potion make her wake up with the burning lust of a whore?

I uncorked the bottle, and a seductively sweet scent immediately filled the air. Carefully, I pried open Delilah's mouth. Her soft lips felt warm against my finger.

"Now, let's see..." I whispered, pouring about a sixth of the bottle's contents into her mouth.

After making sure she swallowed the potion, I stored the bottle away. Now, all I had to do was wait.

I watched with gleaming eyes as the [Aphrodisiac Elixir] began to take effect. Delilah's face, once pale from exhaustion, was now flushed a deep red, her skin seeming to glow with heat. She furrowed her brows and began squirming uncomfortably on the bed, letting out soft moans that gradually grew louder.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 21 (+12)]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 36 (+15)]

[Delilah's...]

My stepmother's body began moving uncontrollably. Her hands, once limp, now started groping her own body. Her slender fingers squeezed her left breast through the thin shirt, pinching her hardened nipple. Her legs rubbed against each other, as if trying to soothe an unbearable itch in her crotch.

"Mmh... ahh..." she hissed in her sleep, her right hand now moving down to rub her pussy through her shorts. Her fingers pressed against her clit through the fabric, making her back arch like a bow.

I watched lustfully, stroking my dick, the tip already dripping with precum. It was an incredibly arousing sight—seeing a woman like Delilah rendered helpless by the lust my potion had ignited.

As her arousal intensified, her hand instinctively slipped inside her shorts and began playing with her pussy directly. Wet, squelching sounds soon filled the room. Delilah grew wilder—roughly kneading her breast while frantically fingering her pussy.

Squelch! Squelch!

I moved closer to her head, positioning my erect cock right above her flushed face. Delilah seemed disturbed; her eyes fluttered open slightly, revealing a gaze blank yet filled with lust. Unconsciously, she brought her face closer to my groin, her elegant nose sniffing the pungent scent of my testosterone.

Her hot, frantic breath hit the sensitive skin of my dick, making me shiver. My scent seemed intoxicating to her senses, already heightened by the potion.

Hastily, I tore off the thin shirt covering her body. I undid her black bra, and a pair of perfect, voluptuous breasts were finally unveiled before me. Their shape was truly ideal—large yet firm, with dark red nipples standing fully erect. Their wide areolas looked incredibly tempting.

While her hands continued pinching and squeezing her own breasts as she moaned like an animal in heat, my hand grabbed her left breast. The sensation of its soft yet firm fullness in my palm was delightful. Delilah flinched slightly at my touch, her facial expression turning even wilder, though her eyes remained closed.

Unexpectedly, her open mouth suddenly lunged forward and tried to lick my dick with erratic movements.

"Ahh... damn..." I groaned, feeling her warm tongue touch the sensitive skin of my shaft.

Delilah then took one of my balls into her mouth and started sucking it strongly. The pressure from her hot mouth made me moan in pleasure. Meanwhile, her hands grew even more frantic, fingering her own pussy and twisting her hard nipples.

Her body suddenly tensed, her legs stretched out stiffly, and a long, hoarse groan escaped her mouth as she reached her climax. The [Aphrodisiac Elixir] was truly incredible, making her orgasm even though it usually took more effort to satisfy her.

[You have successfully made Delilah climax.]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 68.]

I ignored the notification, too engrossed in enjoying the sensation of her large, firm breasts in my hands. I kneaded those plump mounds, savoring their soft yet springy texture. Then I tilted my head and started sucking on her left nipple, now hard as a rock.

My tongue swirled around her wide areola, while my lips sucked on it strongly. I wondered – what did Delilah's breast milk taste like? Surely it was sweet and delicious, like a goddess's nectar. I imagined myself suckling on her like a baby, enjoying the life-giving fluid from my stepmother's own body.

Suddenly, a new notification appeared:

[Revenge Quest Generated]

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Delilah Socheron

OBJECTIVE: Obtain 100 ml of breast milk from Delilah

REWARD: 1000 EXP and 1 Random Item.

[Accept: y / n]

A wide, twisted smile spread across my face. I immediately selected [y] without hesitation. The perfect quest for tonight. Now, it was time to milk my stepmother's voluptuous breasts until I got the required 100 ml, no matter what it took.

Chapter 74: Chapter 74 - A Starving S*'s Display**

I kept sucking on my stepmother's nipple with fervor, hoping her milk would soon flow.

Suddenly, my mind drifted to the pattern of the quests so far. Every time a quest appeared, it always seemed linked to my own desires—whether I was conscious of them or not.

Like when I decided to get revenge on someone, a revenge quest immediately popped up, as if pushing me to commit fully with no turning back.

By following my desires and succeeding, I would get a reward. A simple system, though there were things I needed to be mindful of, like penalties and special notes. It was just my theory, but it probably wasn't far from the truth.

While I was focused on her breast, Delilah, still under the influence of the potion, kept writhing uncontrollably. One of her hands kept frantically rubbing her pussy, her fingers plunging in and out of her soaked slit. Her other hand groped for my cock, then unconsciously guided it towards her open mouth.

"Mmmh... ahh..." Delilah moaned in her half-conscious state as the sensitive head of my cock touched her lips. Her warm, soft tongue immediately began licking the tip, sending intense shivers through me.

"Ohh... damn..." I groaned, feeling an unbearable, tickling sensation with every lick. Even though her movements were random and unskilled, it was this very lack of awareness that made it so incredibly arousing.

Delilah's tongue swirled around the head of my cock, like a kitten lapping up milk. Occasionally, the soft tip of her tongue would touch the small slit at the very tip, sending electric jolts of pleasure throughout my entire body.

It felt... amazing, no less pleasurable than when I was going at it hard with Angeline. Was it because the one doing it was the Star Witch? I could barely concentrate on the breast I was sucking.

"Delilah... Mom... that's too... ahh..." My breath came in ragged gasps. My hips started to move slowly, matching the rhythm of her increasingly wild licks.

She was like a baby with a piece of candy now—sucking, licking, and gently nibbling. The sensations were a confusing mix of ticklishness, slight pain, and incredible pleasure. Her warm saliva coated my entire shaft, making it slick and even more sensitive.

"I... I can't hold back..." I moaned, feeling an orgasm approaching. The relentless stimulation from her tongue licking and sucking on the most sensitive part of my cock was completely shattering my defenses.

"UGGHHHHH!!! MOM!!!" I came with a long, deep groan.

My hot semen surged into her mouth, filling the cavity with thick, white fluid. Ropes of cum kept coming, some landing on her tongue, the roof of her mouth, even reaching her throat.

Delilah choked and coughed violently, but strangely, her hand never stopped rubbing her own pussy. A few drops of cum escaped the corners of her red lips, dripping onto her chin and neck. As her coughing subsided, with a slow, unconscious movement, she began to swallow the semen filling her mouth.

I pulled my face away from her breast, gazing at this lewd scene with deep satisfaction. My hand stroked her golden hair, damp with sweat.

"It would be so nice if you were always this good to me, Mom," I whispered, my voice still breathless.

Delilah only responded with a weak moan, her body still swaying uncontrollably from the potion's effects. Her half-open eyes showed a vacant, desire-filled gaze, as if all her dignity had been swallowed by pleasure.

I watched Delilah, drowned in her own sea of lust. My thoughts, which had been occupied by that strange quest, slowly refocused on the far more tempting reality before me.

Milk, milk... How do I get it? The thought still lingered, but deep in my subconscious. I knew her voluptuous breasts wouldn't produce anything just from my sucking on them—hey, I'm not that stupid. But how, then? Do I have to... get her pregnant first? A twisted, forbidden idea slipped in, and I felt a wave of dark excitement rush through me.

The thought of my own stepmother's womb swelling with my seed... It was wrong, so wrong, but my cock throbbed even harder, acknowledging the perverse appeal of that fantasy.

I imagined her flat stomach rounding, her already ample breasts becoming even heavier and fuller, and finally... finally, the milk would flow.

No. I had no intention of having a child, not now, not ever, or at least that's what I thought for the moment.

Besides, the quest had no time limit. There must be another way—maybe with tools, or a specific potion. I'd look it up online later. For now... for now, there was a more pressing matter to attend to.

A warm, wet sensation pulled my attention back. Delilah, with the animal instinct triggered by the potion, was nuzzling and licking my cock, which was still wet with both our fluids.

Ahh... shit... It feels too good. Her soft, curious tongue swept from the base to the tip, cleaning the remnants of my climax while unconsciously stirring a new wave of arousal.

"Time for the main course, Mom," I whispered, my voice hoarse with lust. I pulled my wet cock away from her licks and caresses. "You've protected me, now it's my turn to give you pleasure... to relax your tired body. Think of it as... special therapy."

My hands grabbed her hips and unbuttoned her shorts. Underneath, I could see bright red panties, rendered nearly transparent by wetness, hinting at her neatly trimmed triangle and her swollen labia. The wet sounds continued, coming from her fingers relentlessly playing and plunging into her hole. I pulled her panties down to her thighs, revealing a sight that truly took my breath away.

Before me was Delilah, the mighty Star Witch, with half-lidded eyes and a vacant, lust-filled gaze, frantically fingering her own pussy like a starved slut. Her middle and ring fingers pistoned in and out of her glistening, slick cunt, while her thumb rubbed her swollen clit with quick, rough motions.

"Ahh... nnggh... aah..." she moaned hoarsely, her hips bucking to match the rhythm of her own hand. My cock throbbed wildly, almost painfully hard from the intense tension. I stroked my rock-hard shaft, watching this obscene display for a moment longer.

This was far more erotic than I had imagined.

I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled her fingers out, then, with both hands gripping her plump hips firmly, I placed the head of my cock, already dripping with pre-cum, at the entrance of her wet, open slit. It felt hot, even from the outside.

"Get ready, Mom," I growled, and with one powerful thrust, I drove my entire length deep into her warm, pulsating channel that seemed to be waiting for me.

"AAAAAKKKHHHHH!!!"

Delilah screamed loudly, her body arching like a bow. Her eyes flew wide open for a moment, filled with shock and overwhelming sensation, before glazing over again, vacant with desire. Her hands, which had been busy pleasuring herself, now gripped the sheets tightly.

"Yes... just like this... damn, it feels incredible!" I snarled, feeling every fold inside her clenching tightly around my shaft. The warmth and wetness were perfect.

I started to move, slowly at first, feeling every centimeter of her elastic flesh stretching to accommodate my size. I looked down, watching my cock sliding in and out of her, glistening with her abundant, clear fluids.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

My rhythm quickened. Every thrust made Delilah's body jolt on the mattress. Her hands, which had been gripping the sheets, now reached for my butt, pushing and pulling, demanding I go deeper, harder.

"Yes... more... ahh~!" she whimpered, her voice raspy and unfamiliar, unlike her usual self.

SMACK!

"Slut... you're really enjoying this, aren't you, Mom?" I taunted, slapping her plump buttock and leaving a red mark. "Look at you, thrashing around like a cheap whore!"

"I... I... ahh~!!!" She couldn't answer, stammering, overwhelmed by the pleasure destroying her.

Unbeknownst to me, hidden amongst the bouquet of Casablanca lilies in a tall crystal vase in the corner of the room, a micro-camera lens had been watching relentlessly the entire time.

Chapter 75: Chapter 75 - The Bouquet of Casablanca Lilies

In a dark room lit only by the cold blue glow of several monitors, Gweneth sat frozen. Her eyes were wide, unblinking, fixed on the screen that played scenes so filthy and revolting they made her stomach twist.

Her thoughts drifted back to a few days earlier, before this chaos began.

At first, Gweneth ignored the messages her mother sent because she was busy investigating the theft of her Time Tower Ticket, an item far too important for her to set aside. The incident at her guild forced her to cancel her leave and return to work, making her skip the family dinner her mother had planned.

It wasn't until the next day that she opened her phone. A barrage of messages from her mother filled the screen, and their contents made her blood freeze. The texts were long, frantic, and grew increasingly desperate the further she scrolled.

"Gwen, please don't come home for now. Something terrible has happened. Adam... he has awakened. He has some kind of strange power, Gwen, something terrifying. He can hypnotize a person's mind and body and force them to obey him."

"Your sister and I... we've already fallen under his control. I know this sounds insane, like some sick joke, but I swear I'm not joking. This is real."

"Please trust me, Gwen. Do not meet him or face him directly. If you do, he'll do something horrible to you. You're the only one who can stop him. You're our only hope now."

"Angeline and I... we're already trapped in his hands. Please save us, Gwen. Kill that monster. Kill Adam."

"If you still don't believe me, you can check on him yourself and watch what he's doing. BUT REMEMBER, NEVER CONFRONT HIM DIRECTLY! You know what you have to do, right, Gwen..."

"... "

As she read through the messages, Gweneth found it hard to believe any of it. Adam? Her stepbrother she had always considered nothing more than disgusting trash with an oversized dick? Impossible. Yet the tone of the messages, spiraling into panic and despair line after line, made her instincts scream that this was real.

Gwenneth immediately called back, but got no answer. Trying Angeline just confused her even more; her younger sister picked up the phone casually, as if nothing was wrong.

Her gut feeling told her something was off. So, Gwen took action. She had one of her subordinates send a bouquet to the house as a gift for Angeline, with instructions to place it in her room and their mother's room. Hidden within that beautiful arrangement of Casablanca lilies was a micro camera—it would be her eyes inside the house.

And now, right there on the screen, her worst fears were coming true.

She saw it all from the beginning. She saw the moment Adam ordered Angeline to lift her skirt. She watched her sweet and lovely little sister obediently, even with a flirtatious smile, kneel down and open her mouth to receive Adam's thick cock.

She heard Angeline, in a moaning voice, utter the filthy words, "I'm Big Brother's personal cocksucker," while drool dripped from her lips.

The horror only escalated. The scene became more depraved. Adam switched back and forth between Angeline's mouth and their unconscious mother's, brutally thrusting into their throats, slapping their faces with his dick.

She watched as Adam laid Angeline on top of Delilah's body, positioning her little sister's pussy right above their mother's helpless face, before savagely taking her from behind, all while hurling insults and degradation.

But the absolute pinnacle of this abomination was what she witnessed next. She saw Adam force some kind of potion down her mother's throat. And within seconds, Delilah, the Star Witch, the respected and feared SSS-Rank Hunter, was transformed into a lust-crazed slut.

Her own hands roamed her body, she licked Adam's cock wildly, and finally... finally, Gweneth watched as Adam, fueled by his new power, drove his fat, hard cock into her mother's vagina.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sound of skin slapping against skin, her mother's hoarse, lust-filled moans, and Adam's degrading taunts—"You slut... look at you, Mom... a dick-thirsty whore"—filled her silent office.

Tears of rage and disgust finally streamed down Gweneth's cheeks. Her mother. Her hero. Violated and humiliated by the trash they had merely tolerated.

"You bastard... you disgusting piece of shit... Mom..." she whispered, her voice hoarse with suppressed fury.

Suddenly, her concentration was shattered by the sound of the door opening. A handsome young man, one of her subordinates, entered the room without permission.

"Lady Gweneth, my apologies for the interruption. I knocked several times, but received no answer. I wished to deliver the investigation report—"

The man's words died in his throat. His eyes, reflexively, darted to the large monitor on Gweneth's desk. There, displayed in clear detail, was the explicit scene of Adam and Delilah reaching their climax.

The man's face instantly lost all color. He had just caught his cold, ruthless superior watching a highly inappropriate pornographic video.

"I... I'm sorry! Sorry! I saw nothing!" he stammered in panic, immediately dropping to his knees and bowing his head, his only hope being forgiveness.

But it was too late. The pent-up anger and shame within Gweneth exploded into unrestrained violence. She rose from her chair, her beautiful face now a cold killer's mask.

"You picked the perfect time to arrive," Gweneth stated, her voice flat yet laced with a bone-chilling threat.

"Please, Guild Master! I swear I won't—"

CRACK!

Before the man could finish his plea, Gweneth's elegant high heel slammed into his ribs with devastating force. A sickening sound of breaking bone echoed in the room. The man screamed in agony, but Gweneth was beyond caring. A blind rage had taken over.

"URGH!!"

A second stomp. A third. A fourth. Each impact of her heel crushed flesh, shattered bone, and pulverized internal organs. The man's screams faded to whimpers, then fell silent completely.

But Gweneth didn't stop. She kept stomping, over and over, ensuring every part of the man who had witnessed her family's shame was utterly destroyed.

When she finally ceased, her breath was slightly labored. On the floor lay not a corpse, but a mangled pile of flesh and bone, unrecognizable. A pool of blood spread around it, staining the perfection of the room.

Gweneth took a deep breath, her eyes returning to the monitor screen. The depraved scene was still ongoing, but now, she felt not only disgust or shock, but also a steely resolve and a burning hatred.

"Adam..." she whispered softly, her voice like the sigh of a deathly wind. She would have to set aside her search for the thief for now. There was someone else she needed to kill first.

Chapter 76: Chapter 76 - A Torrent of Seed

My world had shrunk to this room, to the sight of her body rocking beneath my thrusts, to her moans and cries shattering the silence.

I was completely unaware that somewhere out there, someone was plotting my murder, fueled by pure hatred. My mind was consumed by a single, burning goal: to satisfy this raging desire for my stepmother.

"Ahh! Nngh...!" Delilah cried out, her voice hoarse and broken, as I drove into her even deeper.

"Take it... Mom... take all of me!" I growled, my hands gripping the plump curves of her hips, now marked with red handprints.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! SCHLAP!

The wet slap of our skin colliding, slick with sweat and her own juices, echoed through the room like a lewd, endless rhythm. Each hard thrust shoved her body forward on the damp, tangled sheets. The smell of sex—a mix of sweat, her arousal, and my own release—hung thick in the air, assaulting the senses.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 78 (+2)]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 80 (+2)]

[...]

Notifications kept popping up in the corner of my vision, proof of how her body, even in its half-conscious state, was responding wildly. Her hot, tight pussy clenched around my shaft as if it had a mind of its own, every inner fold seeming to suck and milk every inch of me.

"I'm... I'm almost... again!" she screamed, her head thrown back, the slender line of her neck taut. Her hands, which had been helpless before, now clawed at my back, leaving red marks.

"Come on, Mom! Squirt all your juices for me!" I snarled in her ear, speeding up my pace until the bed beneath us protested with loud, frantic creaks.

And she shattered.

"AAAAHHHHH!!! I'M CUMMING!!! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!!"

Her body convulsed violently, shaking with uncontrollable tremors. Her pussy pulsed wildly, contracting and releasing a gush of warm fluid that soaked my lower stomach and the sheets beneath us. Her clear nectar gushed out, a physical testament to the devastating orgasm that wrecked her. Her face was contorted, eyes rolled back, mouth gaping open as a long, endless moan ripped from her throat.

[You have successfully made Delilah climax.]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 46.]

I didn't stop. Even as her body still quivered from the aftershocks, I kept pounding into her. It felt too good to quit. The warmth, the wetness, the tight clutch of her womb was a heaven I craved.

"No... no more... It's too sensitive..." she whimpered weakly, her body limp and powerless. But her pussy told a different story; it still gripped me tightly, pulsating and pulling me deeper.

"You think we're done, Mom?" I taunted, slapping her ass once more, making her yelp. "We're not finished until you forget your own name."

I roughly flipped her over onto her stomach. Then I pulled her hips up high into a degrading doggy style, exposing all her most intimate parts—still red, wet, and throbbing. Without mercy, I plunged my rock-hard cock back into that overheated, slick channel.

"NGHH!!! NO!!! IT'S... IT'S STILL SO SENSITIVE INSIDE!!!" she screamed, but her voice was drowned out by the savage rhythm of my hips starting up again.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

A new rhythm, faster, deeper. I held her hips like handlebars, controlling her every movement. From the corner of my eye, I saw the notifications return, her arousal numbers climbing once more.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 65 (+2)]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 67 (+2)]

She moaned, her sobs a tangled mess of pain and forced pleasure.

"NGHH! Ahhn~ Please... slower... just go slower..."

But I pushed in deeper, until my balls slapped against her swollen, slick lips. "Just be quiet and take it, Mom. This is what you wanted, isn't it? You asked for it with this body of yours."

Once more, Delilah's body arched like a bowstring stretched to its limit. A wild tremor ran from the tips of her toes to the ends of her hair. This orgasmic scream was even more ragged, more desperate—tearing out of her, as if shredding her already ruined vocal cords.

"AAAAYKKHHH!!! NOOO—!!!"

Her pussy, already so sensitive, clenched and pumped with a force that was almost painful for me, wringing every last drop of pleasure from her exhausted body. Her fluids flooded my base, making the wet, schlap-schlap sounds of our coupling even louder.

But I didn't care. I kept hammering into her deepest parts, each hard thrust as if I wanted to break through her very core.

"Fuck... here it is... Mom, take this!" I rasped.

I felt an unbearable heat building at the base of my spine, a pressure demanding release. With a long, deep groan, I thrust as deep as I could, burying myself inside her womb, and unleashed a torrent of my hot seed deep into her waiting passage.

"UGGHHHHHHH!!!"

At the same moment, Delilah shrieked like a madwoman, her eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Her body convulsed uncontrollably, her pussy sucking and pumping, as if trying to swallow every last drop of the load I was pumping into her overflowing womb. I could feel the walls of her uterus twitching and pulsing, welcoming my release.

My body felt impossibly heavy, my muscles trembling with exhaustion. But my maxed-out Libido curse had other plans. A mad fire still burned in my loins, keeping my cock—still buried deep inside her warm, frothy depths—hard and tense, as if I hadn't come at all. I almost regretted maximizing that stat; it was like being a slave to my own lust.

And because of it, I couldn't stop. Or rather, I didn't want to stop enjoying it.

I pushed her limp body flat onto the mattress. Then I dropped my entire weary weight onto her smooth, sweaty back. My cheek and chest pressed against the flawless skin of her back, while my hips, as if with a mind of their own, continued to move up and down

in a slow, deep rhythm, relentlessly pounding her plump, large ass, making it jiggle and quiver with every impact.

THUD... SCHLAP... THUD... SCHLAP...

The sounds were heavier now, filled with exhaustion but driven by a blind, relentless hunger. Beneath me, Delilah could only scream and moan in a language no longer recognizable—a mixture of whimpers, sobs, and incoherent, filthy words from a woman whose mind had been utterly obliterated by the potion and my endless penetration.

"AHHH! NNGGHH! Ghkk...!" she choked out, her voice completely shattered.

Her body tensed up again. I could feel the wild contractions inside her once more. She was coming, for the umpteenth time, her inner juices flowing weakly, soaking her stomach and the mattress beneath.

And I, triggered by the soul-sucking tightness of her vagina, followed. I came again—a smaller, thinner spurt, but a release nonetheless—into her womb, which was already so full.

But my hips... damn it, my hips wouldn't stop.

Beside us, Angeline still lay unconscious and unmoving, her petite body a silent witness to this never-ending depravity.

I grabbed a handful of Delilah's golden hair and yanked it back, forcing her head up. This angle let me sink into her even deeper. My thrusts became frantic, brutal, as if my body was moving on its own.

"Ghh... aahh... k-kha... nnnnggghhhh!!!"

And we both... we came again. Her with a weak moan and a final tremor, me with a hissed breath and one last, thin spurt. Yet still, my cock refused to soften. It remained rigid, buried in that battered, slick channel, moving slowly within her for what felt like hours.

As my consciousness finally began to flicker, my body utterly spent, and the sun started to peek through the window, one last thought crossed my mind. I used my [Dreamweaver] Skill on her, on Delilah, while my big, hard cock was still buried deep inside her pussy—a pussy filled with the frothy mix of my semen and her own juices.

And then, I collapsed onto her back, fell asleep, and slipped into her dreams.

Chapter 77: Chapter 77 - Dreamweaver

I found myself standing in the backyard garden, completely naked. My skin tingled with a breeze that wasn't really there because, in the distance, the edge of this dream was just a shapeless, colorless void.

I smiled. I knew exactly where I was, inside my stepmother's dream after using my new skill on her.

The lingering warmth from everything I'd done to Angeline, and especially to Delilah, still coursed through my body. Last night had been incredible. The mere thought of bringing Gweneth into my next little game sent a fresh, uncontrollable surge of desire through me.

But for now, there was another pleasure I intended to savor to the fullest.

I circled the house, my eyes locking onto the second-floor balcony—Delilah's balcony. I leaped up effortlessly, landing silently on the railing. Through the transparent curtains, I saw her lying on the large bed, naked and vulnerable.

I crept closer, standing beside the bed, drinking in the sight of her graceful curves. My mind raced. How exactly did this dream world work? The [Dreamweaver] skill gave me access to her memories and the power to create any scenario. Most importantly, every sensation I conjured for her would feel 100% real to her nerves and her mind.

Well, then...

I imagined several coils of strong, black silk rope materializing from the air. Instantly, they shot out, wrapping around Delilah's wrists and ankles with terrifying precision.

She was bound in an obscenely embarrassing shibari position—her legs hoisted high and spread wide—pulled almost to the sides of her head, leaving her entire groin, still red and slightly swollen, completely exposed to me. Her pussy was on full display with its neatly trimmed hair, her red lips still glistening with moisture.

Delilah let out a weak moan, her eyes fluttering open. Confusion turned to shock, then to blazing anger as she realized her helpless state.

"Adam?!" she screamed.

I just smiled, leaning closer to her flushed face. "Mom, this is your dream. I'm... just a figment of your imagination. The man you secretly want in your subconscious."

Before she could protest, a large, lifelike dildo—complete with realistic veins and skin tone—appeared from the empty air in front of her. Without ceremony, I guided its tip to her exposed vaginal opening and pushed it in to the hilt.

"NNNGGGAHHHH!!" Delilah squeezed her eyes shut, stifling a groan. Her body tensed, fighting the sudden intrusion.

I watched her reaction closely. Her flushed face wasn't just from anger; there was a clear effort to hold something back. It seemed the effects of the intoxicating potion I'd given her in the real world had worn off or hadn't carried over into the dream.

I didn't stop. Keeping the buried dildo in place, I conjured a small vibrator at my fingertip. I turned it to its highest setting and pressed it directly against her swollen clit.

"AHH! Stop it!" she protested, but her voice already wavered.

Time to attack her mind directly. I bent down, my lips close to her ear, and began whispering poisonous temptations in a low, urgent voice.

"Delilah... look at you. Tied up, spread open, filled with a foreign object. So why is your breath catching? Why is your chest heaving? Don't lie to yourself, Delilah. Just let go... no one will ever know. This is just a dream. Here, you can be honest about your deepest desires."

She shook her head, trying to hold back moans as the vibrator buzzed harder. "No... I don't... AHH!"

"You must be so tired, Mom," I whispered again, while my free hand began pinching and twisting her already rock-hard nipples. "Tired of always being on guard, always fighting alone. Playing the strong woman who has to hide all her weaknesses and desires. It's okay to just... let go here. It's okay to admit that you're... enjoying this."

I tugged her nipples harder, making her gasp. "Shut up... you...!"

"Ask yourself, Mom," I taunted, relentless. "When was the last time a touch made you feel this insane? When was the last time someone satisfied a woman like you, made you climax over and over until you forgot your own name? Not with your late husband, and certainly not with my father. They never could, could they? They never gave you real satisfaction."

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 23 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 35%.]

Oh? So her arousal and my dominance could increase here in the dream too. And that notification seemed to prove my theory right—only I, her own stepson, could make her lose control completely like last night.

Seeing my opening, I dug deeper. I sped up the vibrator on her clit and pushed the dildo further in, simulating a deep, brutal penetration.

"It's only me, Mom," I hissed with conviction. "Only your stepson who wants you completely—not as a symbol, not as a protector, but as the most intoxicating object of desire. Only I see the hidden hunger in your cold eyes. Only I dare to take you, master you, and give you the satisfaction no other man could."

"Just admit it, Delilah... in your deepest heart, you crave this. You crave my touch, my roughness, even my seed filling your womb. That's the truth you hide from everyone, even from yourself."

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 32 (+2)]

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 37%.]

The notification appeared again, but this time it was followed by a longer, more genuine moan from Delilah. Yet, afterward, her expression hardened again. Her body remained tense, resisting even as the physical stimulation was undeniable.

She was tough. Breaking through this woman's mental defenses was a real challenge. But that just made her all the more tempting. I would shatter that pride, bit by bit, until only a woman thirsty for her own stepson remained.

I continued my merciless assault. The brutal vibrations on her swollen clit, the deep thrusts of the dildo inside her wetness, and the filthy whispers I poured into her ear—I used it all to melt her defenses.

"Look how wet you are, Mom," I hissed, my fingers incessantly twisting and pulling on her hardened nipples.

"Ahh—! Shut up...!" Delilah cried out, but her shout turned into a long groan as I pushed the dildo deep, hitting her G-spot.

However, no matter how hard I tried, there seemed to be a limit I couldn't breach just yet. In the corner of my vision, my dominance percentage stalled at 42%. Her body swayed gently under the stimulation, but her eyes still held a glimmer of defiance. Though slightly disappointed, this was enough for a start.

More importantly, there was something else I wanted to try in this dream world.

How do I see her memories? Do I need to ask directly? Or just think about it?

My curiosity swelled. I wanted to know what kind of childhood made my stern stepmother this way. Before I could even form the question in my mind, my vision suddenly swam and shifted.

I was no longer looking at Delilah's bound body. Instead, I saw a little girl with golden hair, maybe eight or nine years old, in the bleak backyard of a rural house. Her hands held a small spear that seemed too heavy for her.

She kept stabbing a wooden target with a blank expression. No toys, no friends her age. Just training, training, and more training. In the distance, her parents always watched with cold stares, as if confining her in an invisible cage. It felt sad and lonely.

'So it's that easy,' I thought.

Then, my mind drifted to a question that had always nagged me. Delilah is 41 now, and Gweneth is 24. That means she gave birth at 17. Very young. Given how closed off and friendless she seemed, how was that possible? Did she ever fall in love? Or was there another story?

My vision shifted again. Now I saw Delilah as a teenager, around 16, her face innocent yet strikingly beautiful. She stood tensely in a simple living room, facing a middle-aged man who resembled her—must be her father.

"You will marry the son of the Richter family," her father said flatly, without emotion. "They are a respected Hunter family from the next town. This is our chance to raise our family's status."

Delilah just bowed her head, obedient. No protest, no smile. Just resigned acceptance.

The scene changed. I witnessed a simple wedding ceremony. Delilah, now 17, wore a plain white wedding dress. Her husband, a reasonably handsome young man with a friendly smile, kept gazing at her with deep admiration.

Then, scenes of their married life flashed by like a sped-up film. I saw her husband trying desperately to break through her walls. He brought her gifts, said sweet words, tried to hold her.

Delilah seemed confused. Sometimes, a faint light flickered in her eyes, briefly, before dying out again. She seemed not to understand her own feelings, not knowing how to respond to his warmth.

The scene changed again. Her husband, growing increasingly frustrated, started coming home late. Then, one night, he brought another woman into their house. Delilah watched from behind her bedroom door, her face still hard to read. No anger, just a small hurt in her eyes that was immediately buried deep.

Her husband continued his affairs, even with more women, as if searching outside for what he couldn't find at home. Delilah never protested, just sank deeper into her solitude.

My curiosity peaked. What happened next? How did this story end?

I decided to fast-forward, looking for the turning point. The view jumped rapidly, stopping on a scene where Delilah was killing her husband herself.

No data found.