

The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge

Chapter 80: Chapter 80 - The Order to Call

My consciousness returned to two conflicting sensations. My entire body throbbed with sharp, stabbing pain, especially my head, which felt like it was being relentlessly beaten. Yet, beneath that pain, a faint, surging pleasure simmered from my groin—warm and tempting.

Ah, damn... I grumbled inwardly, furrowing my brow. This must be the side effect of overusing [Dreamweaver], combined with the extreme exhaustion from my earlier fight and hours of action with my two bitches. My mind was still foggy.

When I opened my eyes and looked down, a sight greeted me that made me start. Angeline, with a face full of serious concentration, was trying to fit my swollen cock into her small mouth. Her cheeks were puffed out and her breath came in ragged gasps as she struggled to conquer a size that was clearly too big for her.

Seeing me awake, she startled like a mouse caught stealing, hurriedly pulling my shaft out of her mouth with a wet 'pop'. A strand of clear saliva stretched between the tip of my dick and her red lips.

"B-Big Bro... I... I was just practicing!" she stammered, her face red to the tips of her ears. "You told me to become a good... cocksucker... so I have to practice diligently..."

She looked so innocent and sweet with her ridiculous defense, but the throbbing pain in my head kept me from fully enjoying the moment.

"How long was I out?" I asked hoarsely.

"Almost two days, Brother," she answered, her eyes showing a flicker of worry. "I... I was actually starting to get worried."

Two days? I was shocked. I could feel my mental energy was completely drained. I'd have to be more careful with this [Dreamweaver] skill in the future. I let my body fall back, surrendering to the lingering fatigue. Then I scanned the room, looking for my stepmother, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Not that she could run away, thanks to my command. But still, curiosity stirred within me. "Mom... where is she?"

"In her room. She said... she needed some time alone," Angeline replied briefly.

Then, shyly yet full of hope, she whispered, "Can... can I continue my practice, Brother?"

I nodded, too tired to speak. Angeline immediately returned to her 'task'. This time, I could feel her technique had improved significantly. Her nimble tongue played around the head of my cock, while her hand confidently massaged the shaft and my balls. Even so, she still failed to take my entire length—about two inches remained outside her stretched lips.

Her skilled stimulation finally pushed me over the edge. With a short groan, I released my seed into her mouth. This time, Angeline didn't choke; she seemed to be getting used to it.

She obediently swallowed every last drop, even with a satisfied expression, before meticulously cleaning the remaining white traces from my shaft with her tongue and hands.

"Good girl," I praised briefly, stroking her hair.

However, my cock, driven by my maximum Libido, remained erect and throbbing, as if unsatisfied. Angeline looked at it with wonder and admiration.

"Brother," she whispered, full of curiosity, her hand already beginning a slow up-and-down motion on my shaft while her mouth licked the tip. "Are... are all guys like this? Yours... why does it never go soft? It can keep coming out."

"Don't ever think about other men, Angel," I chided gently but firmly. "You're mine."

She nodded quickly, then her face lit up with a new discovery.

"I noticed, Brother! If I make you cum again in less than ten minutes, there's only a little sperm. But if it takes more than ten minutes, it's as much as your first time."

Hearing her analysis, I almost laughed out loud. This kid, just how long had she been 'researching' my dick to come to such a conclusion? I didn't even know that myself. I felt a mix of amusement and a twisted sense of pride.

"You are the sweetest and most diligent little sister in the world," I said, making her blush crimson once again.

In return, she sped up the skilled movements of her hand around my shaft, as if determined to prove my praise wasn't in vain.

Although the pounding in my temples still felt like being hammered, Angeline's adept touch managed to distract me from some of the pain.

Behind my half-closed eyelids, my mind kept working, processing all the information I had gleaned from Delilah's memories.

I had found many important things, and that was just the surface. Like an iceberg, there were more secrets hidden in the depths of her mind. If I could dive deeper, for longer, I was sure I could find clues about my father's plans, about that "inheritance" he kept mentioning, about the reason behind all this chaos.

While enjoying the up-and-down motion of Angeline's small hand, an urgent question surfaced. "Angel," I said. "Gweneth? She's still not back?"

This was strange. It was impossible that she hadn't heard about the incident with The Breakers and her mother's battle against that Rank EX creature. News that big must have spread like wildfire.

"Oh, Gwen?" Angeline answered, without stopping her 'practice'.

"She has important work in the next city. She said she can't come back yet. But she did call me, asking about me and Mom."

Well, that was a reasonable excuse. As a Guild Master, it was natural for Gweneth to have a heap of affairs demanding her time. Maybe she really was stuck in negotiations or on a mission she couldn't abandon.

My concentration shattered as Angeline's small hand quickened its pace. I felt the familiar heat building at my base. This time, before I peaked, Angeline deftly opened her mouth wide and covered the entire sensitive head of my cock.

"Ahh—!" I let out a short moan. I pumped another wave of my fluid directly into her mouth. She swallowed eagerly, only gagging slightly, before cleaning up the remnants with her agile tongue.

I smiled, seeing her dedication. But the smile soon faded as I realized that, even after two ejaculations, my cock was still standing arrogantly erect, throbbing with insistent demands. My maximum Libido was truly both a curse and a blessing.

'This... is going to be a problem,' I muttered to myself.

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I was fed up and impatient waiting for Gwenneth's return, so I decided to take action.

I walked down the corridor to Delilah's room, opening the door without knocking.

Delilah was sitting on the edge of her bed, her gaze empty as she stared out the window. She turned her head as I entered, and immediately, under the influence of the [Slave's Collar], her face tensed with helpless anticipation.

"Call Gwenneth," I ordered without preamble. "Tell her to come home. Now."

Delilah nodded obediently, her slightly trembling hand picking up her phone. She dialed the number and put it on speaker. The phone rang several times before connecting.

"Hello, Mom?" Gwenneth's voice came through the speaker. "What's up? Is everything okay?"

"Gwen," Delilah replied. "Everything here is... fine. Angel is fine too. How are things there? A lot of work?"

"Yes, Mom. Very busy. The guild is handling a complicated case on the eastern city border. It needs my full attention. Why, do you need something?"

"Gwen, I... want you to come home," Delilah said, sounding strained. "Can you come back now?"

There was a brief pause on the other end. "Mom, I really want to come home, but I genuinely can't leave this task right now. It's extremely urgent. But I promise, I'll try to finish it as soon as possible. At the latest... in a week, I'll definitely be home. That's a promise."

Her voice sounded convincing and full of logical reasons. There was no tone of suspicion or anything unusual. Listening from the side, I didn't detect anything suspicious. But precisely because of that, my frustration simmered. I had already imagined all sorts of punishment scenarios, and now I had to wait another week?

"Alright, then," Delilah finally said, yielding. "Take care of yourself there, okay."

"You too, Mom. See you in a week. Love to you and Angel."

Click. The call ended.

Delilah put her phone down. The room fell silent again, filled only by my irritation. Unconsciously, a wild suspicion surfaced.

I then stepped closer to Delilah, who immediately straightened her back, wary.

"I want to ask you something, Mom, just to be sure," I said, my voice low and threatening. "And remember, you can't lie to me."

She stared at me, her breath caught.

"Did you..." I said slowly, staring deep into her eyes. "Did you do something... something that somehow... made Gwenneth deliberately stay away?"

In that instant, Delilah's body stiffened like a statue. All color drained from her face. Her hands, resting in her lap, clenched the fabric of her skirt so tightly her knuckles turned white.

