

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge #Chapter 81 - Planting the Seed, Harvesting the Fruit - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 81 - Planting the Seed, Harvesting the Fruit**

## **Chapter 81: Chapter 81 - Planting the Seed, Harvesting the Fruit**

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 46%.]

The notification appeared in the corner of my vision, a digital confirmation that my suspicions were correct.

Delilah nodded, slowly and resignedly, like someone who knew they were cornered. I began interrogating her, question after question forcing her to reveal the rotten scheme she'd plotted behind my back.

It turned out, on the very same night I'd placed the [Slave's Collar] around her neck, at a moment when she should have been completely subdued, she had still managed to send a secret message to Gwenneth. She had described everything I had done to her and to Angeline.

I felt a mix of grudging admiration and fury. My decision to command her—"if you harbor even the slightest malicious intent to harm me, don't do it!"—had been the right move. Even though the [Slave's Collar] prevented her from raising a hand against me directly, she could still manipulate others to be her weapons.

I forced her to reveal the contents of those messages in detail. Every word, every sentence. And that's where a deep sense of offense washed over me. In her messages, she had told Gwenneth to "kill a monster like me."

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 51%.]

My dominance percentage skyrocketed. Apparently, exposing this betrayal had plunged her into utter despair. She was now completely resigned, left only to wait for Gwenneth to come and save her and Angeline from my clutches.

I yanked her hair roughly, forcing her to look directly into my eyes.

"I'm offended, Mom," I hissed, feigning a hurt tone. "And here I thought all I was doing was giving you and my sister pleasure. I only wanted our whole family to experience the same thing. So we could become... closer. A truly intimate family."

Delilah, pushed to the brink, shuddered. She groaned, and from between her trembling lips spilled words full of hatred and disgust.

"You are truly sick, Adam. Deranged. Insane."

I smiled, a cold, merciless smile. "You're the one who made me this way, Mom," I accused, twisting everything. "You're the one who neglected me and allowed Gwenneth and Angeline with all their past insults and torment. You planted the seed, now take responsibility for the fruit you've harvested."

Then, suspecting this wasn't the end of it, I pressed further. "Now, answer me. Is there anything else? Something else you've done, or that Gwenneth has done, to hurt me?"

Delilah was silent for a moment, her breath catching. Her dull eyes darted around the room before finally settling and pointing towards a corner.

"The flowers... those," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "The bouquet of Lilies Gwen sent... in the vase on the table."

She knew it was a gift from Gwenneth, but it was Angeline who had received it and placed it there, so she did nothing.

I released her and walked over to the table. There stood a crystal vase with an arrangement of fresh, pristine white Casablanca Lilies. I picked it up, examining it carefully. Among the beautiful petals and green stems, my eyes finally found it.

Hidden expertly within the floral sheath and leaves was an almost invisible micro camera lens.

So, this was Gwenneth's eye. This was how she was witnessing all the pleasure I was bestowing upon her mother and little sister. A cold smile finally spread across my lips.

"Alright then, since it's come to this," I muttered to myself while staring at the hidden camera. "If Gwenneth wanted a show, then I would give her the greatest performance she had ever seen in her life."

I walked back over to Delilah, who still sat limply on the floor. I crouched down, meeting her despair-filled eyes.

"Listen, Mom," I said in a low voice, pretending reluctance. "I really didn't want to do this... but for a proper show, I suppose I must."

I saw her body tremble, already imagining what horrific command I was about to give.

"Now, listen very carefully," I hissed into her ear, making sure every word was seared into her mind. "I want you to act like the most lecherous, most shameless housewife. A bitch starving for her own stepson's cock. Every inch of you should scream that desire."

I continued, vulgarly detailing every aspect.

"From now on, forget all your pride. Your gaze should be full of lust, always glancing at my crotch like a thirsty whore. Every time you look at me, stick your tongue out a little, lick your dry lips, and grope your own body, your breasts, your thighs, even that itchy cunt of yours, as if you can't bear waiting for my touch."

I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me.

"Use dirty words. Beg. Tell me how much you want my cock to wreck your womb, how much you want me to come inside you until you overflow. Seduce me. Call yourself the 'slutty Mommy' who lives only for her stepson's satisfaction. And do all of that with the most pleading and tempting expression and attitude, like a lonely prostitute willing to do anything to be filled."

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 55%]

Even before I finished my last sentence, the notification appeared. My control over her soul was tightening its grip.

And instantly, as if a switch had been flipped, a drastic change came over Delilah. Her expression of fear and despair melted away, replaced by a coquettish smile and a gaze glittering with lust. She let out a long moan, arching her body in a deliberately seductive manner, her hands brazenly groping her own breasts through her clothes.

"Oh, Adam... Darling..." she whined, her voice suddenly becoming husky and breathy. "Mommy can't take it anymore... Look, Mommy is already wet just thinking about your big cock."

She crawled closer to me, her eyes locked on my groin. "Please, Son... Mommy needs it. Mom wants to feel her strong son wreck her lonely mommy's pussy."

Her hands reached for my pants, trying to undo the button with a feigned tremble. "Give it to Mommy... Mommy will be your most obedient, most diligent stepmother, the one who works hardest to please you."

I pulled away slightly, playing hard to get. "I don't know, Mom. You just called me a monster."

"Oh, no, Darling!" she protested, clutching my leg and rubbing her face against my thigh. "Mommy lied. Mommy was just too ashamed to admit how much she wants you! Look at me—I'm like a whore who hasn't been touched in years! Put it in, Son. Rape your slutty Mommy! Command me to spread wide and take all your hot seed!"

She even started unbuttoning her blouse, exposing part of her breasts, her eyes pleading. "I command you as your mommy, Adam! Fill me with your seed! Get me pregnant! Make Mommy forget everything except your big cock!"

The transformation was total and nauseating.

But deep within her heart, behind all this forced acting, I could feel it—a silent scream, burning shame, and a hatred that never truly died. She was in there, trapped inside her own body.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 19 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 59%]

## **Chapter 82: Chapter 82 - A Scream for the Camera**

Even though I knew this was all a forced performance under my command, witnessing Delilah's transformation firsthand was incredibly arousing.

Seeing that usually arrogant and cold woman, the radiant Star Witch who shone like a goddess, now whimpering and uttering such filthy words—my body reacted instantly. My blood ran hot and my dick twitched even more insistently, demanding attention.

Delilah, with the quickly learned survival instinct she'd developed, immediately picked up on this signal. She crawled closer, her slender hands beginning to rub the bulge in my pants with a circular motion.

"Please, Adam... look how hard Mommy makes you," she whispered in a husky voice, continuing to rub. "Give your mom this chance to serve you properly..."

"How dare you tell me what to do?" I snapped, glaring at her with feigned anger. "Your way of begging is still wrong! Do it again!"

As if understanding my meaning, Delilah immediately prostrated herself, her head nearly touching the floor. Her plump buttocks raised, presenting a tempting view.

"Forgive me, my love!" she groaned, now with a more desperate tone. "I'm just your dick-thirsty stepmother! I'm not worthy of telling you what to do! I beg you... Please fill my pussy with your big cock! I need it like I need air!"

"I can't hear you," I said, savoring every second of her humiliation.

"PLEASE!" she screamed now, her voice breaking between acting and genuine despair. "PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU! USE ME! MAKE ME YOUR TOY! I WANT YOUR BIG COCK TO DESTROY MY EMPTY WOMB!"

I couldn't take it anymore. "Take off all your clothes," I growled. "Turn around and bend over. Show your daughter, who's watching over there, what a slut you've become."

With quick movements, Delilah shed every piece of her clothing until she was completely naked. Her beautiful body was fully exposed. Then, as commanded, she turned and bent over, presenting her huge, plump buttocks and the perfect curve they formed. She even shook her hips with a deliberately teasing motion.

"Please... take me from behind," she pleaded, looking back over her shoulder with a pitiful gaze. "I need to be taken like a bitch in heat!"

I couldn't hold back any longer. I quickly freed my rock-hard cock from my pants. Activating [Lustful Touch] to heighten her sensations, I gripped her full hips firmly. Then, without further ceremony, I thrust deeply into her wet cunt with one powerful motion.

"AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!" Delilah screamed, her body arching violently. Even after the thorough pounding last night, the tightness of this world's strongest woman's pussy was incredible. Every fold gripped my shaft tightly, as if sucking me in deeper.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 24 (+5)]

[...]

I ignored the notifications and immediately set a brutal rhythm.

"Walk! Towards that table!" I ordered, continuing to pound into her from behind.

"Ahh! Nngh! W-What!?" she gasped, trying to keep her balance.

"Walk! To the flower vase on the table! Show it how its mother has become a whore for me!"

Struggling, while I continued to thrust into her, Delilah began to stagger towards the table. Each of her steps was accompanied by the impact of my hips, making her stumble. Her hoarse moans and ragged breaths filled the room.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! SCHLAP!

The sound of our skin colliding and the wet sounds of her cunt echoed in the chamber.

"Aahh! Nngh! Yes... son...!" she moaned, her hands scrambling for something to hold onto. I thrust deeper, making her stagger.

"Do you like it, Mom?" I asked sarcastically, slapping her swaying buttocks.

SMACK!

"AAAAHH! YES! I LIKE IT!" she screamed, now with an intensity that was almost indistinguishable from pretense and reality. "I LOVE BEING RAPED BY MY OWN

STEP-SON! I LOVE BEING USED LIKE A WHORE! MY PUSSY IS ONLY FOR YOU, ADAM! ONLY FOR YOUR BIG COCK!"

We kept moving closer to the table with the flower vase containing the hidden camera. When we were close enough, I suddenly grabbed both her arms, pulling them behind her back, forcing her to bend over even deeper. Now she was completely helpless, relying only on her trembling knees to support her body.

"NOW, SCREAM LOUDER FOR THE CAMERA!" I barked, speeding up my rhythm. "LET YOUR DAUGHTER SEE WHAT A SLUT HER MOTHER IS!"

"AAAAAHHH!!! I'M A SLUT! I'M A WHORE!" Delilah shrieked, her voice hoarse and tearful. "GWEN! LOOK! LOOK AT YOUR MOMMY NOW! MOMMY IS BEING RAPED BY ADAM! AND I LOVE IT! HERE, LOOK AT MY PUSSY GETTING POUNDED! AAHH!! NNGGHH!! I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!"

Her pussy pulsed and throbbed, clenching my shaft as if trying to milk it. Her fluids gushed out, soaking her thighs and the floor. I felt my own orgasm approaching.

"TAKE THIS, YOU SLUTTY MOTHER!" I roared, pushing as deep as I could and releasing a hot burst of my semen directly into her womb. "TAKE ALL YOUR SON'S SPERM!"

Delilah let out a long, piercing scream, her body convulsing uncontrollably.

"AAAAAKKKHHH!!! ALL OF IT! I'LL TAKE IT! I LOVE IT! MY PUSSY IS NOW FULL OF MY OWN STEP-SON'S SPERM! GWEN! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!"

Her head was thrown back, her golden hair a mess. Tears streamed down her cheeks—a mixture of deep shame and physical pleasure forced by my skill. Her mouth hung open, emitting incoherent moans and whimpers.

Even after emptying my balls into her womb, my cock remained erect and throbbing hard, as if unsatisfied. My maximum Libido truly made me like a tireless sex machine. I could feel my heavy testicles already starting to produce a new supply at an unnatural speed.

While continuing to pump slowly but deeply inside her still-quivering pussy, I turned Delilah's head so she was facing directly towards the hidden camera in the flower vase.

"Now, talk to Gwen," I hissed in her ear, my voice ragged. "Tell her what you're feeling..."

Delilah, her face still wet with tears and sweat, nodded obediently. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her voice hoarse and filled with forced lust.

"G-Gwen...!" she cried out, her body jolting with each thrust of my hips. "A-Ahh! Sweetie...! L-Look at your mommy...! Nngh! I... I feel... so damn... amazing...! Aahh!"

Her hands grabbed her own plump breasts and shook them, showing how her large mounds swayed wildly with every impact.

"H-His big cock...! Nngh! I-I've never... felt like this...! G-Gwen...! Aahh! Come home...! Nngh! Come to the house...! F-Feel it for yourself...! Ahh! How... Adam... can make us... women... so... NNNGGGHHH...!!!"

I laughed loudly, hearing her lewd pleas.

"Wrong, Mom! Shouldn't you be asking for help? Shouldn't you be screaming to be saved from your sick stepson?"

Delilah's expression shifted, mixing pretense with real desperation.

"H-Help...! G-Gwen...! Aahh! Help... save... your mommy...! Nngh! From... Adam's... big cock...! I... I... can't take it... anymore...! Aahh! H-He's too... good...! I... I've become... a whore...! Nngh! Please...! Aahh! Save me... before... I... completely... become... my stepson's... sex slave...! NNNGGGHHH...!!!"

Her vulgar words and the betrayal of her own daughter aroused me even more. I felt my second orgasm approaching. I wrapped my arm around her neck from behind, choking her slightly, while also holding her limp body up to prevent her from collapsing. The rhythm of my thrusts became faster, more brutal, and uncontrolled.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! SCHLAP!

The wet sounds of our bodies echoed in the room. Her large, voluptuous breasts swung wildly with each thrust, creating mesmerizing waves of flesh.

"Show your best expression for Gwen!" I snarled, pushing her until she almost fell forward onto the table. "Let her know how broken her mother is!"

Delilah, with her last bit of strength and forced obedience, raised both her hands. Her beautiful, elegant face was now distorted into a perfect ahogao expression—eyes rolled back, mouth wide open with tongue lolling out, drool dripping from the corner of her lips. Both her hands formed 'peace' signs next to her brightly flushed cheeks, an innocent-looking pose that was utterly vulgar in this context.

"AAAHHH!!! I'M CUM!!! I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!! MY PUSSY... IS RUINED... FILLED WITH MY STEP-SON'S... SPERM!!! GWEN...! HELP... BUT... AAHH... IT'S... IT FEELS SO GOOD...!!! I... I... NNNGGGHHH...!!!"

Simultaneously with her broken scream, I reached my climax for the second time. I thrust as deep as possible and released my second volley of semen, filling her already-full womb until it felt overflowing.

"TAKE IT AGAIN... YOU... SLUT... MOTHER...!" I roared, firing every last drop.

Delilah shrieked hysterically, her body convulsing uncontrollably. Her pussy pumped and contracted. Her own juices gushed out in a torrent, mixing with my previous semen, soaking both our thighs and the floor beneath us.

She held that pose for a few moments, as if frozen at the peak of pleasure and humiliation, giving her best performance for the camera and her eldest daughter who was watching.

I took a deep breath, my hard cock slowly pulling out of her with a wet sound, followed by a gush of the mixed fluids of my sperm and her juices flowing freely down her thighs.

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 66%]

### **Chapter 83: Chapter 83 - Rejecting the Succubus**

In her dark study, Gwenneth watched the scene unfold to its conclusion. Every lewd act, every degrading word from her mother's mouth, every slap and brutal blow endured by the woman she once looked up to—all of it was seared into her retinas like a permanent brand.

She saw how her mother, Delilah the Star Witch, obediently and even passionately paraded herself like the cheapest whore. She saw her beg for more, praise her stepson's big dick, and even invite her to join.

The final scene, where her mother struck a shameful ahegao pose with a 'peace' sign on her cheek, pleading for help yet seemingly reveling in the humiliation, was the last straw.

Disgust and sadness swelled, reaching a boiling point and crystallizing into pure, undiluted hatred. The air grew thick, her blood burned, and her vision tinted crimson.

Her clenched fist rose, nails biting into her palm. The atmosphere crackled as golden energy swarmed around her, violently coalescing into a blazing sword of light. Gripping the hilt, Gwenneth screamed and brought the scorching radiance down upon the monitor, obliterating the obscene footage.

"HRAAAGHH!!!"

A tremendous explosion rocked the room. The monitor screen, console, and all surrounding devices shattered into pieces, utterly obliterated into dust and electrical sparks by the pure energy she had unleashed.

Gweneth stood amidst the destruction she had wrought, her shoulders heaving, her body still trembling with unsated fury.

She clenched her jaw so hard the sound of grinding teeth echoed in the silent room. Through gritted teeth, a name was hissed out, filled with murderous resolve.

"Adam...!"

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I didn't know for sure if Gweneth was watching our obscene performance live right now, but one thing was certain: she would check the footage from her cameras and see everything.

After receiving the urgent message from her mother and witnessing firsthand what I was capable of, it was impossible for her to recklessly confront me directly. She would be extra cautious and formulating a plan.

So my strategy was simple: provoke her. I knew Gweneth's personality better than anyone. She was a woman whose pride reached the heavens, whose arrogance ran deep enough that she would rather die than kneel before anyone, especially a man. She was smart, too, and not the type to be easily swayed by emotion, but it didn't hurt to try.

But that's not all I did. I also instructed Delilah to order the people at HGA to track down the whereabouts of her eldest daughter.

The next day, I decided to leave the house. As I stepped outside, the sight that greeted me was one of chaos. The city was still struggling to recover from the Breakers' attack.

Collapsed buildings, cracked streets, and an atmosphere thick with dread. Fortunately, the insect monster's gravity-reversing ability had only reached half the city. Our home happened to be on the surviving side—relatively untouched.

My destination was "The Kinky Corner," the adult shop I had visited before. As soon as I stepped inside, the bell above the door chimed, and the enticing scent of incense greeted me.

Yumi, the alluring, olive-skinned blonde with a mature air, approached immediately. As usual, her clothing left little to the imagination—a black lingerie set that revealed almost all of her ample breasts and panties that accentuated rather than concealed her shape.

"Darling!" she greeted with a sultry sigh, her eyes sparkling. "You finally came back! I missed you so much~ Disappearing like that a few days ago had worried me."

My entire body reacted instantly. My cursed cock, with its maximum Libido, throbbed hard, stiffened, and formed a prominent bulge in my pants.

This woman was truly like a Succubus, capable of stirring desire just by her presence. But I fought to control it. I remembered vividly the disgust I felt seeing her with those two rough men.

Yumi closed the distance between us until there was almost none. Her fingers, tipped with bright red nail polish, began to dance on my chest, slowly trailing down to my stomach.

"How strange," she whispered in my ear, her breath warm. "You look... hotter than before. More lustful. What happened? How about we continue our session from last time? I've broken up with those two rough boyfriends of mine. I've been feeling so... lonely lately."

I stepped back, freeing myself from her embrace. "That's not why I'm here."

She pouted, slightly disappointed.

"Then what for? Need some new gear for your games?" she asked in a teasing tone.

"I need something specific," I said, getting straight to the point. "Do you have something, a potion, a device, anything—that can make a woman's breasts... produce milk?"

Yumi gasped. Her eyes widened, the teasing expression vanishing instantly, replaced by genuine astonishment. "What? Milk? What for—"

Suddenly, as if struck by lightning, a look of horrifying understanding dawned on her face. She looked at me with a new gaze, a mix of shock, lust, and a little... impressed?

"Wait—don't tell me... you... have a child?"

"No."

"Then? What for, darling? That's... a strange request."

"I just want to drink it straight from the source. And it's none of your business, Miss," I replied flatly.

The shop fell silent.

Even Yumi, who was always ready with lewd words and temptations, fell silent for a moment, processing my words. Her expression shifted from shock to... something deeper, as if she had just understood the true extent of my depravity.

Then, suddenly, a hoarse, twistedly admiring laugh escaped her lips. "You... you're wilder than I imagined, Darling," she purred, her eyes gleaming with a new, darker fire. "Straight from the source? Fuck... that's... that's so hot."

Her hand, which had only been dancing before, now groped more boldly, trying to reach the bulge in my pants. Her heavy breath hissed in my ear. "Imagine... I have plump breasts too. How about we try it out first? You can suckle and see if they can produce something for you~"

I held my breath, fighting hard against the insane urge from my burning libido. "Do you have it or not?"

She let out a dramatic sigh but finally nodded, her eyes still full of unsated desire. "Of course I have it, dear. In this shop, we have everything to satisfy... unique desires."

She turned, her walk deliberately more sensual to catch my attention. She retrieved a small glass bottle containing a clear liquid from a hidden shelf behind the counter.

"Here it is," she said, shaking the bottle in front of my eyes. "Just a few drops in a drink, and within a few hours, the source will start to flow. The effect is temporary, but enough to... satisfy your curiosity. But if you want a longer or permanent effect, you can give the whole bottle, but remember, if the woman's body is weak, she might end up in the hospital."

Her smile grew even more coquettish. "Sure you don't want to try it on me first? It's free, you know~ I'm already wet just thinking about it."

I immediately placed a stack of bills on the counter, far more than the price she mentioned. "This is for the potion. I have to go."

Just as I turned to leave, her hand suddenly gripped my arm firmly, pressing her warm, soft body against me.

"Don't go yet, Darling, stay just a little while. I promise I'll make you feel like you're in heaven," she pleaded, a hint of desperation in her voice.

"Let go," I growled, trying to pull away, but her grip was strong. My libido screamed to give in, but the memory of her lewd scene with those two men filled me with disgust. Depraved as I am, I still have a checklist of women I actually want to bed.

"I said let go, bitch!" I snapped more harshly, forcibly wrenching my arm free.

Yumi stumbled back a step. The seductive expression perpetually glued to her face faded instantly, replaced by deep surprise, then genuine hurt. Her cheeks flushed.

"What? Why? Am I not good enough for you? Not sexy enough?" her voice rose, full of disbelief and offense. "Every man who walks in here looks at me like they want to rip my clothes off and devour me alive. You? You, a horny brat whose eyes always blaze and whose pants are always tight when you see me, you reject me?! Who do you think you are?!"

Shit!

I took a deep breath. I knew I had gone too far and wounded her pride—the pride of a Rank S Awakener who was clearly not someone to be trifled with.

In that instant, the aura around her changed drastically. A subtle yet very real pressure clamped down on my chest, making my heart race. Not from fear, but from a sudden, unnatural surge of lust, as if her angry aura triggered something more primal within me. My blood ran hot, my mind struggled to concentrate, filled only with the desire to dominate the dangerous woman before me.

## **Chapter 84: Chapter 84 - The Display on the Counter**

Almost on reflex, I locked eyes with her blazing gaze and activated [Mind Control].

Instantly, the sharp, dangerous glint in Yumi's eyes faded, replaced by a flat emptiness and obedience. The tension in the air, thick with menacing desire that had almost suffocated me, vanished at once.

Slowly, I felt the heat in my body subside. My heavy breathing gradually returned to normal, but the lingering annoyance and slight fear from moments before remained.

"Damn it... that was way too close," I muttered inwardly. "What the hell was she planning to do to me? Was she actually trying to rape me? Crazy bitch!"

My gaze then fell upon Yumi, now standing obediently like a doll, before shifting to the shop around us, filled with various toys and sex aids.

A childish, malicious, and vengeful intent surfaced in my mind. Since she was a bitch who forced her desires on others, I would leave her with a memory she wouldn't easily forget.

"Yumi," I commanded in a cold voice. "Squat on that counter table. Put your hands behind your back. Spread your pussy wide open for me."

Yumi slowly climbed up and positioned herself in a squat on the sturdy wooden counter. She folded her arms behind her back, pushing her voluptuous chest forward. Then, she spread her thighs wide apart, revealing her entire groin area, covered only by a very thin black lace thong. The lips of her pussy were faintly visible.

I started walking around the shop, quickly gathering various accessories that caught my eye. Returning to her, I began decorating her body with my chosen items.

First, a strong black leather strap I tightened around her wrists, already bound behind her back. I hung a gag ball in her mouth, silencing her and forcing her mouth to stay wide open. I blindfolded her with a leather blindfold, plunging her into darkness.

I collared her with a leather collar featuring a metal ring at the front. From there, I attached a leash and clipped the other end to the metal nipple clamps gripping her already swollen breasts firmly.

I put fuzzy black ankle cuffs on both her ankles, connected by a short chain that restricted her movement. On her crotch, I secured a butterfly vibrator against her swollen clit, locking it in place with its strap. Into her back entrance, I inserted a fox-tail anal plug. Then, I clipped a small devil horn headpiece into her hair.

Finally, on the table in front of her displayed body, I placed a large, flesh-colored dildo, as if waiting to be used.

I took a step back, admiring my handiwork. Yumi, who just moments ago was so confident and seductive, now looked like a bound and displayed sex doll.

She sat squatting on the table, her body adorned with various implements from head to toe. Her breath came in ragged gasps through the ball in her mouth, her chest rising and falling with the suction cups and metal clamps making her nipples look tortured.

The vibrator on her pussy buzzed loudly, while the fox tail in her ass swayed gently with every tiny movement she made. She looked incredibly sexy in a position that was simultaneously humiliating and debasing.

[You have successfully made Yumi climax.]

[Yumi's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 88]

Bitch.

I was quite satisfied with my creation. Checking the remaining time on [Mind Control], I decided to leave. Before walking out, I threw one last look at her.

"This is the last time I'm coming to this shop," I said, then turned my back and left her there alone in the shop—bound, exposed, and completely helpless, waiting for the

moment her consciousness returned and she realized the full extent of the humiliation she had received.

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I walked away from "The Kinky Corner" with a twisted sense of satisfaction. The image of Yumi, bound and powerless, was still fresh in my mind, and it was enough to quell the remaining anger and fear from earlier. In fact, a small sense of pride emerged.

Look, a Rank S Awakener, so dangerous, reduced to a plaything with just one glance.

That thought made me even more arrogant. I don't need to fear Yumi, I boasted inwardly. Why should I? With the skills I possess—[Time Stop], [Mind Control]—who in this world could truly pose a threat to me? On top of that, I have Delilah, the Star Witch, the woman considered the strongest by many, as my slave. Who would dare raise a hand against me?

Even a being like Axis, who called himself an Apostle of Space and was clearly on a different level, didn't completely intimidate me now. Deep down, I was fairly confident my [Mind Control] would work even on him. Probably.

In the end, there was nothing I needed to fear. I could easily kill anyone who stood in my way. I could do whatever I wanted. This world was my playground.

As if the universe wanted to mock my naive arrogance, suddenly...

Crack!

A sharp, brief sound split the air. Before my brain could even process it, a bullet shot from somewhere, heading straight for my head!

Brennnng!

A shimmering bluish plane of energy suddenly materialized, just a few inches in front of my eyes, deflecting the bullet with a loud crackle of energy. The bullet fell to the ground with a feeble pling.

My body jolted violently, my heart stopping for a beat before hammering against my ribs like a war drum. My breath caught in my throat.

'Shit...!' I cursed inwardly. Profound relief and panic mixed into one. The barrier... the [Aegis Pendant] had actually worked. It saved my life. In a moment of carelessness, when my mind was filled with arrogance, someone had almost killed me.

Chaos immediately erupted around me.

"Sniper! There's a sniper!"

"Oh my God! He got shot at!"

"Run! Hurry!"

"... "

People who had been passing by now scrambled, screaming, seeking cover. I stood like a statue amidst the panic, my eyes wide, scanning my surrounding wildly. Rooftops, windows, dark alleys... where? Where did the shot come from? I couldn't see anyone. The shooter was a professional, and brazen enough to attack in the middle of the city like this.

Then, a rage greater than the fear enveloped me.

'Gwen... Bitch! Cunning whore. She didn't come herself, she sent an assassin. She shot me from a distance, like a coward,' I fumed inwardly, teeth gritted in anger. The image of her arrogant, beautiful figure appeared in my mind, now overshadowed by visions of vicious revenge.

'You almost killed me,' I thought, staring blankly at the bullet lying on the ground. If I didn't have the [Aegis Pendant], I'd be dead.

The chaos caused by the gunshot didn't last long. Several city security officers quickly rushed to the scene, securing the area and calming the panicked crowd. One of them, a man in a neat uniform with an authoritative demeanor, approached me.

"Sir, are you alright?" he asked, his eyes scanning my still rigid body. "You were the target. We need to take you to our post for a statement and for your own safety."

I just nodded, my mind still filled with anger and suspicion.

They escorted me to a modest office not far away. Inside the sparsely furnished room, I was briefly interviewed. Who I was, if anyone would want to harm me, if I saw anything.

My answers were brief and vague. I didn't mention Gwenneth's name. This was my business. And they were cooperative enough upon learning I was the Star Witch's son.

After about half an hour, the officer returned with a grim expression. "Sorry, Sir. Our team failed to track the shooter. He was highly professional, left no traces. We'll continue the investigation and inform you if there are any developments."

I sighed, feigning disappointment. "Fine. I just want to go home now."

"Given the situation, we'll escort you home in a service vehicle to ensure your safety," he said.

I agreed. Better that way. I still felt uneasy.

The vehicle looked ordinary. I got into the back seat, trying to calm down. However, the longer the car drove, the more a bad feeling grew in my gut.

The route we were taking... it wasn't the way to my house. At first I thought maybe it was a detour due to damage on the main road, but when the car turned towards a quiet industrial area, my heart began to pound.

"Excuse me, this isn't the way to my home."

The driver, silent until now, glanced at me through the rearview mirror.

He didn't answer.

"Hey, I'm talking to you. You're going the wrong way."

No response. His grip on the wheel was steady, too steady, as he drove deeper into the empty district. Warning bells screamed in my head.

Shit!

Without even turning his head, the driver used his right hand to draw a suppressed pistol from inside his jacket. He aimed it backward through the gap between the seats, his cold eyes flicking up to meet mine in the mirror.

"Relax, sir," he said flatly, the car still speeding forward. "We'll arrive at your destination soon."

## **Chapter 85: Chapter 85 - A Proposal for Honor**

The question kept spinning in my head. Was this man really an officer bribed by Gwenneth, or just an assassin hired to play the part?

In the end, it didn't matter. There was no way I would sit quietly and let him drive me to some deserted place to be executed. There was probably someone else waiting there to finish the job.

Once my resolve solidified, my body tensed on its own. As if sensing the shift in my intent, the man shifted his gaze slightly from the road. His eyes in the rearview mirror narrowed, cold and sharp, filled with a murderous decision.

He moved faster than I expected. I saw his finger tightening on the trigger.

My reflexes exploded.

My hand slapped the barrel of the gun aside at the same instant a faint click escaped the trigger.

Bang!

A small flash burst from the muzzle as the bullet shot out, tearing through the side window and leaving a long crack across the glass.

The driver hissed in anger and tried to fire again, but I didn't give him the chance. My body acted on instinct. With my current strength, equal to that of a Rank S Awakener, I grabbed his arm. The bone beneath his skin felt firm, right up until I pulled it back slightly.

Crack.

A sharp snapping sound filled the car. The man let out a strangled scream as his gun clattered onto the floor. I yanked him closer and slammed my fist into his head, smashing it against the seat and the door pillar.

Blood splattered instantly.

His skull ruptured with a sickening, mushy crunch, like a watermelon crushed by a hammer. His body went limp, his left hand still hanging weakly on the steering wheel.

The car veered out of control.

The tires screeched across the asphalt, sending the vehicle swerving before it shot straight toward an abandoned building ahead. I braced myself, gripping the back of the front seat to steady my body.

Crash.

The car slammed into the structure with brutal force. The hood crumpled, and the windshield cracked into a spiderweb pattern. Dust filled the air.

The driver's body slumped over, his face crushed, half his head barely recognizable. I pushed him aside to make sure he was no longer moving.

A moment ago it had been a sniper. Now a fake driver. Just how terrible was this city's security? It seemed the chaos caused by the Apostle of Space two days ago had really weakened the city's defenses, leaving it vulnerable to people like them.

The moment my feet touched the asphalt, I realized the situation. The car had stopped in an abandoned warehouse parking lot, surrounded by rusted metal fences.

Within seconds, human silhouettes emerged from behind containers and dark corners, forming a half circle around me. They were all armed with swords, spears, knives, and even modified firearms.

Sixteen people in total.

A broad-shouldered man wearing leather armor and carrying a long spear stepped forward. From the way he moved, he was clearly the leader. A scar ran across his face, and his eyes were sharp like an eagle's.

"Nothing personal, boy," he rasped. "The contract on your head was simply too good to pass up."

So they really were hired killers. Rage tightened my chest. Gwenneth... you really didn't hold back.

Keeping my eyes on them, I reached for Mindrender. At the same time, I activated the Eye of Desire and scanned each of them at high speed.

---

NAME: Rey Berhen

AGE: 35

CLASS: Lancer

RANK: A

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 6%

VIRGINITY: No

WEAK POINTS: Penis

FETISH: -

---

NAME: Emma Herthy

AGE: 29

CLASS: Scout

RANK: C

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 4%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breast

FETISH: Submission

...

---

Based on the data I gathered, most of them were Rank B or C, with Rey being the only Rank A. But I couldn't lower my guard. There could be snipers or hidden attackers waiting around the area.

"You're just standing there like a statue," Rey said, breaking the silence with a hint of mockery. "Don't you want to know why you have to die tonight?"

Inside, I held back the urge to say that they would be the ones dying soon.

"But I guess that's natural," Rey continued, his eyes lighting up. "After all, you're the son of that legend... Freyden the Sword Saint."

He spoke my father's name with reverence. "The first human to reach Rank SSS. The Sword of Justice. The Casanova of the Night. The Heartbreaker..."

He kept listing title after title, and my patience wore thin. Until he added,

"...and of course, the Milf Hunter."

"What?!" I finally snapped, unable to hold myself back. "My father doesn't have a stupid title like that!"

Rey chuckled, pleased to have finally gotten a reaction. "Ah, so you can speak."

He spun his spear skillfully. "Listen, boy. I don't like messy group fights. Too chaotic, too dirty. How about we settle this properly? You and me, one on one."

I tilted my head. "And what do I get if I win?"

The assassin laughed loudly. "If you win, you kill me. And if I win..." He shrugged. "...well, you know the outcome. At least you die with honor, beaten in fair combat by a Rank A instead of being torn apart by a mob."

I glanced around. The other killers seemed calm and unbothered. They fully trusted their leader. After a brief thought, I raised Mindrender.

"Not like I have much of a choice."

Rey and I circled each other, eyes locked, measuring each tiny movement in the dimly lit parking lot. The night's air felt heavy, illuminated only by moonlight and the faint glow of distant street lamps.

I knew this would be a hard fight. My Strength was Rank S, but my Agility was Rank B, and my Stamina lagged behind at Rank C. Rey, meanwhile, was a true Rank A Lancer, quick and deadly with years of experience behind his movements.

He moved first. With swift footwork, his spear lashed out like a striking serpent, pushing me back. I twisted my body aside, barely dodging the thrust aimed at my head.

But the attack was a feint. With a smooth twist, his spear changed direction and swept low at my legs. I jumped, but the tip still grazed my thigh, tearing my pants and leaving a shallow cut.

"Bleeding already?" Rey taunted as he easily pulled his spear back. "You really are as disappointing as the rumors said."

I ignored him and focused on the pattern of his strikes. He kept the distance perfectly, using the length of his spear to dominate the flow of the fight.

Every time I tried to get closer, the spinning arc of his weapon forced me back again.

A few times I tried to block with Mindrender, but the force behind each thrust and sweep sent shocks up my arms.

"Where is your Sword Saint heritage?" Rey mocked again, his spear stabbing forward like lightning, nearly hitting my shoulder. "Your father must be ashamed."

I continued retreating, my breaths growing uneven. My low stamina was catching up to me. Rey noticed and grew more confident. His strikes widened, becoming bolder, more arrogant, as if the victory was already his.

I let his spear dance in front of me, studying the small rhythm in his wrist movements, the slight pause in his footwork, the timing in his breathing. Waiting for an opening that refused to appear.

Rey was too disciplined for careless mistakes.

Until boredom slipped into his expression.

His spear suddenly swung in a wide vertical arc, crashing into the ground and kicking up shards of concrete. A perfect opening appeared, too perfect. I knew it was bait, but it was also the only chance.

I lunged forward.

Rey's response was immediate. He pulled his spear back in an instant, spinning it low in a deadly circle and preparing to thrust through my exposed side. Everything was unfolding exactly the way he wanted.

He never expected me to do something so much dumber.

I threw Mindrender at him.

Rey's expression shifted, a mix of shock and disbelief, probably thinking I had just given up my only weapon. His reflexes kicked in as he smacked the flying saber aside with his spear.

And before he could return to his stance,

I was already in front of him.

One hand clamped down on the shaft of his spear, locking it in place. Rey's eyes widened as he realized too late that throwing my weapon had been nothing but a distraction.

My left fist lifted.

All the power of a Rank S fighter gathered into a single, devastating punch aimed at his face.

Crack.

The sound was horrifying, like a melon dropped from a rooftop. His head snapped back, the bones in his face shattering under the blow. His eyes went out of focus as his lifeless body collapsed to the ground with a heavy thud, his spear slipping from his grip.

He was dead before he hit the floor.

Breathing hard, I stood over his corpse and wiped the blood from my cheek. The fight had lasted only minutes, but it had drained me. I picked up my fallen Mindrender and looked at the remaining assassins, all frozen in disbelief at what had just happened.

The one-on-one battle was over.

Now there were fifteen more left.

### **Chapter 86: Chapter 86 - A Bee Trapped in Amber**

The reason I managed to win earlier was simple: Rey underestimated me. Because of that, I knew the fifteen people surrounding me now would not repeat his mistake. They had just watched their leader, an experienced Awakener, die from a single punch. Their eyes were no longer filled with arrogance but sharpened with caution.

One of them shouted loudly, "Surround him! Don't give him any time!"

No. I refused to let them control the tempo.

The moment their footsteps shifted in unison, I spun around and charged first. My target was a man wielding a rank C sword. I saw his face drain of color when I suddenly appeared right in front of him.

He swung by reflex, but my Strength and Agility were far beyond his. One quick parry opened a clean gap, and Mindrender cut through his chest without resistance. He collapsed before he could scream.

The remaining fourteen rushed me at once from all directions. I twisted sharply, deflecting what I could, yet several blades slipped through my guard.

They had fully encircled me now. Attacks came from every angle: a spear thrust from the front, a knife slash from the side, the swing of an axe from behind. I spun rapidly, Mindrender dancing through the air to block and redirect the blows.

Clang. Clang. Sching.

But there were simply too many. A sword grazed my left arm, leaving a burning sting. A spearhead tore across my thigh. Blood slowly soaked into my clothes. I was forced into a tight retreat, my steps growing narrower and more desperate.

I kept retreating, my footing becoming more constrained. Then—

BANG!

WHOOSH!

A bullet and an arrow streaked toward me so fast I barely processed their trajectories. But a moment later, a faint light shimmered from my neck.

The [Aegis Pendant] activated.

Brrnnng.

A transparent barrier enveloped me, stopping the bullet and the arrow midair. The other attacks bounced off as well. A brief silence washed over the battlefield, broken only by the sound of weapons ricocheting off an invisible wall.

Finally. This was what I had been waiting for.

I turned and narrowed my eyes toward the source of the shot. I saw them.

The barrier dissolved.

And the moment it vanished, the second wave of attacks surged toward me like a dark tide. Blades and spearpoints filled every inch of space around me. I knew I would never survive the next exchange.

So I chose not to defend.

[Time Stop]

The world froze.

The wind halted mid-gust.

Dust that had been kicked up hung in the air like shards of floating glass.

Fourteen assassins remained locked in mid-strike, their faces twisted in frozen aggression. Their weapons hovered only inches or mere centimeters from my skin. In the distance, a freshly fired bullet hung in the sky, suspended like a bee trapped in amber.

Everything was silent.

Only I could move.

And this frozen world belonged entirely to me.

[29:58...]

I had a full thirty minutes. A luxury almost unheard of in a fight. I exhaled quietly, then stepped toward the first human statue.

He was a large man, mid-swing with his axe raised high.

I lifted Mindrender and pierced his chest cleanly. The blade slid through flesh and bone without resistance, stopping at his heart. No scream, no reaction—only the muted sensation of steel carving through a body frozen in time. I pulled the blade free, and a bead of unmoving blood followed it like a ruby suspended in the air.

I moved to the next one. A woman wielding twin daggers. Stab. Withdraw. A young man with a spear. Stab. Withdraw.

One by one, like picking flowers in a silent garden. With each thrust, I studied their frozen expressions—anger, determination, terror.

And me... I felt nothing. No sadness, no thrill. They came to kill me, and now they died. That was all. The thought itself felt flat, like reading an item list. I did not care about their lives any more than they cared about mine.

Maybe that meant I was already broken.

After the fourteenth body stood lifeless in suspended time, my gaze shifted to the empty three-story building across the street. That was where the deadly bullet had come from. Twice.

I crossed the silent world and entered the building, moving through still hallways. When I reached the third floor, I found my target.

She was frozen in a perfect prone position. A sniper.

A woman in a full dark-green combat uniform that clung to a slender, toned frame. Her long sniper rifle rested in her hands, still aimed precisely at where I had stood moments before. The high-tech scope glinted faintly in the frozen air.

Her face... unexpectedly gentle. Far too soft for a killer. Pale skin, large eyes the color of warm honey, eyelashes long enough to cast shadows even in frozen time. Her short,

shoulder-length black hair was slightly messy, with a few loose strands brushing against her elegant, tapered cheek. Her thin lips were pressed tight in concentration.

I activated [Eye of Desire].

---

NAME: Zoey Scotty

AGE: 31

CLASS: Deadeye Sniper

RANK: B

DOMINANCE: 1%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 4%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts

FETISH: -

---

Oh, her class was quite unique, Deadeye Sniper. Though only Rank B, her abilities were clearly highly specialized. And she was beautiful. Very beautiful. There was something about her soft face and eyes that made my burning lust even harder to control.

My mind immediately drifted to lewd thoughts, a cursed side effect of my maximum Libido. The memory of Yumi and her temptations only made it worse, pumping blood more fiercely to my groin.

But beneath the lust, there was a colder, sharper anger. I held a vicious grudge. This woman had taken my life twice—or at least, tried to. Thanks to her, my [Aegis Pendant] now had only one charge left.

I lifted my foot and kicked her frozen body hard. Her body was thrown from its aiming position and tumbled across the dusty floor. Her sniper rifle fell with a loud clatter, muted by the silence of the stopped time.

I glanced at my remaining time: [25:52...], still more than enough.

But then, a powerful, relentless throb from my groin.

"Fuck. This maximum Libido is a real curse. It feels like a wild beast constantly gnawing at my logic. I need to find an artifact or something to suppress this later," I muttered to myself, staring at the woman before me.

I knew this wasn't the right time. I was still in the middle of a fight, with potential threats possibly still hidden. But the temptation... was too great.

Zoey, with her tight combat uniform and her innocent face now helpless, was like a magnet to my raging lust. With so much time left, I convinced myself: Just ten minutes.

Finally, I surrendered to the dark impulse.

I approached her and started removing her combat gear. I unzipped her dark green jacket, revealing a black tank top clinging tightly to her body. I pulled the jacket off her slender shoulders. I removed the tank top, exposing a grey sports bra supporting her breasts.

With a lustful motion, I unhooked it. And there... a pair of beautiful breasts was revealed. They weren't overly large, but perfectly round and firm, fitting her athletic build. Her nipples were a pale pink, now hardened from the cool air, sitting atop small areolas.

Impatiently, I continued. I removed her combat pants and boots, and finally her practical underwear.

As that last piece of clothing was removed, the full smoothness of her body was unveiled. Her pubic hair was neatly shaved, leaving only a small, tidy patch above her tightly closed pussy lips. Her pale pink lips looked soft and were still dry, tucked between her slender, muscular thighs.

Then, I remembered the upgrade to my [Time Stop] skill. I could now choose specific individuals to remain moving and conscious in this frozen world. A cruel, tempting idea emerged.

Concentrating, I released the bindings of time from her.

"Ah—!"

Zoey gasped, inhaling deeply as if surfacing from water. Then she groaned and writhed in pain from my earlier kick.

Her brown eyes widened, blinking rapidly, trying to process her returning consciousness. She felt the chill on her bare skin. She saw me standing before her.

Then, her gaze darted to the window, towards where her comrades should have been—fourteen human statues frozen in their poses of death.

"N-No...!" she hissed, her voice hoarse with horror. Her hands instinctively moved to cover her body, her beautiful face paled, and her eyes filled with profound disorientation and disbelief. She was trapped, naked, before the man who had killed her entire team, in a silent, motionless world.

## **Chapter 87: Chapter 87 - A Choking Disbelief**

Zoey's sharp eyes, trained to pick up the smallest details from a distance, immediately locked onto the horrifying abnormality as her consciousness returned. The world outside the window was utterly silent—too silent. There was no wind, no rustling leaves, not even the sound of nocturnal insects.

Then her gaze fell on her comrades below. They were frozen perfectly, like wax statues, completely still. As her eyes adjusted to the dim moonlight, she saw it: the dark crimson glint on each of their chests, the gaping holes that confirmed the worst.

And in front of her, I, the only other person moving, was the architect of it all.

"I-Impossible..." she choked out, her naked body trembling violently. "What... what did you do?"

I crouched down, bringing myself to her eye level, my gaze cold and predatory. "You're a smart woman. You've seen it all. Now, guess what happens to you?"

Zoey drew a sharp breath. Her mind raced. 'Did he... did he stop time? That's impossible! It makes no sense for someone to have power like that! And our client said he was just useless trash! This is a disaster!' A deep, chilling fear enveloped her, colder than the concrete beneath her naked skin.

"P-Please..." she stammered, her voice shaking. Tears began pooling in her beautiful eyes. "... I'm sorry! I was just following orders! Please, don't kill me! I'm begging you! Please!"

I raised an eyebrow, unmoved.

"Does it make sense for me to spare someone who has nearly succeeded in killing me twice?"

Hearing my words, her desperation peaked. She crawled closer, hands vainly trying to cover her breasts, tears now streaming down her face.

"Please! I have a daughter! She's only six! Her name is Lily! It's just the two of us... My husband died in the line of duty last year! If I die, she'll be an orphan, with no one to

care for her! She'll starve or be sold to a slaver syndicate!" Her sobs grew louder, her body wracked with uncontrollable shivers.

"I'll do anything! Anything! I'll be your servant, your spy, your assassin! I'll leave this profession, I swear! Please, have mercy on my child! Let me live for her!"

I listened to her desperate rambling calmly. When she finally slumped down, reduced to weak sobs, I asked in a flat voice, "Really? Anything?"

Seeing a glimmer of hope, Zoey nodded rapidly, her eyes shining with a mixture of hope and terror. "Yes! Yes, anything! I promise! I'll be obedient!"

"Fine," I said curtly.

Suddenly, I lunged forward, capturing her lips in a rough, claiming kiss. My hands groped her breasts harshly before roaming her naked body, exploring every curve. When my fingers reached her pussy, I activated [Lustful Touch].

[Zoey's Sexual Arousal increased to 11 (+7)]

[Zoey's Sexual Arousal increased to 14 (+3)]

[...]

At first, Zoey was rigid, pushing weakly against my chest with her hands, eyes wide with shock. But under the influence of my skill, her resistance slowly melted away. To her horror, she realized her body was beginning to respond, a strange warmth spreading from where I touched.

She couldn't fight it. She was too weak. In despair, she surrendered, and soft moans began to escape her lips. Her body started to arch into my touch, especially as my fingers parted her folds and began to play with her expertly.

"Nnngh... ahh... p-please..." she whimpered, but this time her tone was different, mixed with gasps. "I... I'll do anything... just please don't kill me... I promise I'll satisfy you..."

I pulled back slightly, looking down at her with a mocking gaze. "Aren't you the one enjoying this, darling? Look at you, you're soaking wet."

Zoey felt a burning shame, but she couldn't deny the pleasure coursing through her. "I... I'll do anything... please... consider... not killing me after you're done..." she pleaded again, her voice hoarse.

I stopped touching her. "Then show me how much you want to live."

Zoey understood the cue. Trembling, she sat up, her eyes avoiding mine. With shaky hands, she undid the buttons of my pants. When my thick, hard cock sprang out, her eyes widened briefly in hesitation.

But the memory of her daughter gave her courage. With a heavy breath, she leaned forward and began licking the tip with a trembling tongue, commencing her desperate bid for survival.

Inside Zoey's mind, chaos reigned. The situation was utterly insane, utterly disgusting. Her comrades—people who were just breathing, sharing jokes and plans—were now lifeless statues with gaping wounds in their chests, killed by the man in front of her.

And now... here she was, completely naked, kneeling on the dusty floor, with her target's—no, her executioner's—cock in her mouth. Shame, disgust, and betrayal burned within her, mingling with the saliva coating the hard shaft in her mouth.

I, aware of the dwindling time left in [Time Stop], grew impatient.

"Don't just play with the tip," I growled, my hand gripping her hair and forcing her head forward. "Take it all. I want to feel your throat."

"Mmmppggh! Glek!" Zoey jolted, her eyes bulging as the head of my large cock pushed deeper, hitting the sensitive roof of her mouth before sliding into her throat. Her gag reflex kicked in instantly, but I held her in place.

She coughed and sputtered, her body shaking, but the memory of her daughter, Lily, gave her strength. With a muffled groan, she tried to calm herself, letting her throat muscles adapt. Slowly, laboriously, she managed to swallow almost my entire length, until her nose was pressed against my skin. Her hot, short breaths washed over me.

"Good girl," I praised sarcastically, starting to move my hips slowly, feeling the tight clench of her throat. "Now, while you do your job, answer my questions. How many of you were there? Are you all one group? Who else is after me? And who hired you?"

Zoey tried to pull back to answer, but my hand held her head firmly in place.

"Answer me with this still in your mouth," I commanded in a low voice.

'You sadistic, perverted bastard!' Zoey cursed inwardly. But she had no choice. With my cock still buried deep in her throat, she tried to speak, her voice distorted, muffled, and interspersed with gags.

"Kkhmm... there were... eighteen... of us..." she mumbled, each word making her throat vibrate around my shaft. "We are... one... group... just... us... The client... don't know... we just... get orders... from a handler..."

"Hmm," I grunted.

So, aside from this woman, the only other one left alive was the archer who had attacked me earlier. And I knew exactly where he was hiding—on the warehouse roof across the street, still frozen in his firing stance.

A cruel smile spread across my lips.

I finally pulled my wet cock from her mouth, leaving her coughing and gasping for air.

"Alright, Zoey. Now, let's play a game," I said, my voice full of a terrifying promise.

### **Chapter 88: Chapter 88 - A Game with a Terrible Promise**

"Alright, Zoey. Now, let's play a game," I said, my voice dripping with a terrible promise.

The woman in front of me froze. "H-How did you—" she hissed, her eyes wide with a fresh wave of terror. "I... I never told you my name!"

I just gave her a thin smile, one that made her shiver even more. "That's my secret."

Then, abruptly, my expression turned serious. I stood up, looking down at her. "Now, tell me again. Do you truly want to live?"

Zoey nodded frantically, almost hysterically. "Yes! Please!"

"The game is simple," I said with a small smile. "I'm going to take you from behind. Meanwhile, you will aim and shoot the last archer from your team, the one hiding on the roof of the warehouse across the street."

Zoey fell silent, trying to process my words. Then her expression shifted.

I pointed towards the frozen figure in the distance. "If you manage to shoot your teammate in the head before I reach my climax and release my seed... then I will spare you. You get to live."

I paused, enjoying the pallor spreading across her face.

"But...if you fail, or intentionally miss... I will kill you on the spot."

Zoey was silent for a moment, processing the depravity of my demand.

"You... you're insane!" finally burst from her lips, her voice trembling with a mix of disgust and horror. "A psycho! You sick, perverted freak—!"

SLAP!

My slap landed on her cheek, making her eyes bulge and cutting off her words.

"You should be grateful you're still being given a chance," I growled, my eyes narrowed with a deadly threat. "Or would you prefer I finish you right now?"

Zoey sobbed, immediately realizing her helpless situation. "N-No... Sorry! I... I'll do it! I promise!"

"Beg for it," I pressed, wanting to hear her total surrender.

Tears welled in her eyes again, but this time she held them back. In a hoarse, almost inaudible whisper, she pleaded, "I... I beg you... let me play this game... please... spare my life if I succeed..."

I nodded, satisfied with the humiliation she displayed. "Good. Now, get into position."

Trembling, Zoey crawled towards her sniper rifle lying on the floor. Under my command, she had to kneel, as if in prostration. Her completely naked body was fully exposed in a deeply shameful position—knees bent, her round buttocks raised, while her breasts hung down.

Every curve of her body, every intimate part, was open to me. Her face burned crimson, she bit her lip hard, trying to withstand the crushing embarrassment while her eyes struggled to focus on her rifle's scope.

I approached her from behind. My hand stroked her smooth, round buttocks, now dirty from the floor dust. My eyes traced her cleft, from her twitching asshole to her pussy, wet from a mixture of fear and the pleasure induced by my [Lustful Touch].

Without wasting any more time, as the stopped time was continuously decreasing, I guided my hard, veiny cock towards the opening of her pussy.

"The game... begins," I growled, and with one powerful thrust, I drove my entire length into her tight pussy.

"AAAAHHHHH!!!" Zoey screamed loudly, her body arching like a bow.

The shock of the deep, sudden penetration nearly made her drop her rifle. She bit her lip until it bled, trying to endure the incredible mix of pain, pleasure, and shame while attempting to aim at the distant target with trembling hands.

I felt an incredible sensation as my dick fully entered her. "Damn..." I sighed softly, "so tight. This housewife's pussy is really well-maintained, seems like it hasn't been entered in a long time, huh?"

Zoey could only answer with a long, choked groan, "Nnnngh... Ahh..." Her body swayed helplessly following the relaxed thrusts of my hips.

Inside her mind, the chaos intensified. She could feel every inch of my big cock stretching her flesh, which had been untouched since her husband's death. It hurt somewhat, but strangely... an undeniable pleasure began to creep throughout her body.

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

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

I noticed the notifications in the corner of my vision but quickly ignored them. My focus now was on the trembling body beneath me and the target in the distance. I began to slightly quicken the rhythm of my thrusts.

"Ah~! Ah~! Nnngh~!" Zoey moaned, her hands holding the rifle trembling even more. The aim that was initially almost on target was now shaking uncontrollably.

"How does it feel, sweetheart?" I teased while continuing to thrust deep inside her. "Can you still aim properly? That is your own teammate,"

"P-Please... don't distract... me... I... ahh! Need to focus..." she pleaded, but her voice was already filled with lustful gasps.

Her mind was spinning. This is insane! I'm being fucked by the monster who killed all my teammates, while being ordered to kill the last one! But the image of Lily, her daughter, forced her to endure. Live! I must live for Lily!

But it wasn't easy to kill a teammate while being fucked roughly. Waves of unbearable pleasure began to flood her body.

"Aaaahhhh! I... I can't—!" she screamed as her body suddenly convulsed violently.

[You have successfully made Zoey climax.]

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

[Your Dominance over Zoey Increases to 24%.]

Her pussy pulsed, squeezing my dick, releasing fluids that soaked her thighs and the floor beneath her. She sobbed, a mix of shame and satisfaction she didn't want to admit.

"Heh, you really are an easy one, huh," I taunted while continuing to move my hips, taking advantage of the ongoing contractions from her orgasm. "You came first. But I guess I won't last much longer either."

Zoey couldn't recognize herself. She had just reached the peak of pleasure in a situation like this, being raped.

With the last remnants of her resolve, she tried to aim again to stabilize the rifle, her trembling finger releasing the trigger safety.

But suddenly, a strange question crossed her chaotic mind. "Nnnn... D-Does... ahh! This bullet... even work in a frozen world like this?" she asked between ragged breaths.

I smiled, feeling her incredible pussy starting to milk me again. "Anything I want can move, sweetheart," I answered, then brutally sped up my thrusts, making her scream. "Including your bullet! NOW, SHOOT!"

Simultaneous with my shout, I felt my own orgasm approaching. My hips slammed hard against her buttocks, and I began pumping my hot, copious seed deep into her womb.

"UGGHHHHHHH!!! TAKE IT!!!"

At the same moment, driven by my final, frantic thrust and my command, Zoey screamed and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The bullet shot from the rifle's muzzle. In the frozen world, only that bullet moved, crossing the distance towards the rooftop of the opposite warehouse, and hitting the head of the archer, still frozen in a aiming stance.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!!!!" Zoey screamed again, this time reaching her second orgasm, triggered by deep guilt, peak physical pleasure, and the relief of having saved her own life. Her body went limp and collapsed, while my sperm continued to flow, filling her womb.

[You have successfully made Zoey climax.]

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

[Your Dominance over Zoey Increases to 46%.]

I stood up, pulling my still-throbbing cock from her now messy pussy, filled with our mixed fluids.

"Good," I said coldly. "You succeeded. You get to live."

As her awareness returned, all that could be heard was the sound of our heavy breathing and the puddle of semen beginning to drip from her bruised crotch. She then

broke into sobs, staring at the corpse of her last teammate in the distance, now also a victim.

I glanced at the remaining [Time Stop] time: [13:53...]. Still plenty left, but I was satisfied—and more importantly, my dick was temporarily sated. I took a breath, rearranging my thoughts, which had been clouded by lust.

I approached Zoey, who was still lying weak on the floor.

"Listen carefully," I said in a low, threatening voice. "What happened today, my skills, everything you saw—it never happened. You will not tell anyone."

She nodded quickly, her eyes full of pure fear. "N-No... I promise... I won't..."

"You know I can find you and when I do you know what will happen," I added, emphasizing the implied threat.

Her fear of me seemed genuine, and she was aware of my level of insanity. So it was likely she would comply.

I also forced her to give me her contact information and home address, declaring her my servant from now on. She initially refused, but with a little pressure and a reminder of the alternative, she finally provided them, trembling.

I left her in that empty room, still stunned and naked on the floor, surrounded by the silence of the still-frozen world.

A satisfied feeling from surviving and even acquiring a new toy tickled me, but it was all overshadowed by the constant urgency in my groin.

Damn. This libido really never gives me a break.

Once I was far enough from the scene, I activated [Faceless Mask]. My facial features changed, becoming those of an ordinary man who wouldn't attract attention.

'I should change clothes too,' I thought, realizing my torn, blood-stained clothes could be suspicious.

With my new disguise, I safely arrived in front of the house. As my hand touched the doorknob and pushed it open, the world exploded.

**BOOOOOM!!!**

A devastating shockwave shattered the silence. A bright orange light erupted from within, sweeping away everything in its path. The door, walls, windows—everything shattered into pieces and were flung into the air in a deadly storm of debris.

[Aegis Pendant] activated.

The faithful barrier immediately appeared, wrapping me in its sturdy protection. But the force of the explosion was beyond reason. The barrier vibrated violently, web-like cracks spreading across its surface, before finally shattering into thousands of energy fragments, disappearing completely.

CRACK!

With my last shield destroyed, the remaining heat wave and pressure brutally slammed into my body, throwing me backward like a ragdoll.

### **Chapter 89: Chapter 89 - The Parting Gift**

The explosion was so powerful that it didn't just tear my house apart—it shook the foundations of the neighboring homes. Window glass shattered everywhere, and car alarms screamed through the street.

I was flung like a dry leaf, my body tumbling across rubble and cracked asphalt.

The first thing I registered was the loud ringing in my ears, followed by blurred, double-layered vision. Then came the pain—deep, sharp, and spreading through every inch of my body. A third of my ribs were broken, my left arm was badly dislocated, and burns and cuts scattered across my skin. Blood dripped from my lips and temple.

In the middle of all that chaos, with my mind barely held together, one name tore itself out of my bleeding mouth, rough and dripping with hate:

"GWENNETH... YOU BITCH...!!!"

If not for the Aegis Pendant taking most of the blast, I would have been reduced to ash.

Shit. My thoughts started to fade, darkness creeping in from the edges of my sight. But before I fully lost consciousness, one last skill surfaced in my mind. I focused everything I had left and activated it.

[Five-Minute Rewind.]

A strange sensation washed over me. My consciousness felt like it was being sucked into a whirlpool of time. My body and mind twisted, thrown backward in a dizzying, nauseating rush. And then, suddenly...

...I was back in the taxi's rear seat. The soft purr of the engine, the cool air from the AC, and the normal scenery outside the window returned all at once.

I rubbed the throbbing spot on my temple and gritted my teeth. Gwenneth had gone far beyond sending assassins. She even planted a bomb just to make sure I died. A faint smirk formed on my disguised face.

"I can't go home," I muttered.

I had no place to stay now. But then I remembered. I had just obtained a new slave.

"Driver, change direction. Take me to this address." I handed him the location Zoey had given me.

When we arrived at a modest house in a quiet neighborhood, I paid the driver and stepped out. After making sure no one suspicious was nearby, I knocked on the door several times.

It opened, revealing a little girl about six years old. She was adorable, with shoulder-length wavy black hair and big brown eyes that looked almost identical to her mother's. She stared at me with innocent curiosity.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said softly.

"Who are you looking for?"

I crouched down to her eye level, trying to appear gentle even though my intentions were anything but. "Hello, sweetheart. My name is Adam. I'm... your mother's new master."

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Gwenneth's plan had been executed with near-perfect precision. Earlier that day, the moment Adam left his house, her hired watchers reported in.

From her distant office, Gwenneth controlled every piece of the operation. She was the mastermind behind everything that had happened to Adam today.

She had ordered the sniper to take his life in the middle of the city. When she heard that the shot was blocked by some sort of energy barrier, she wasn't particularly surprised.

She knew Adam had tricks up his sleeve. So she immediately activated her backup plan: sending a team of assassins disguised as security officers to capture him and execute him in a secluded spot.

While they carried out that assignment, Gwenneth focused on her true mission: rescuing her mother and little sister.

She knew Adam's strange power and how he could command Delilah to attack anyone, even her own children. To avoid that, she needed them unconscious during the extraction.

She sent a trusted courier to deliver a package containing two bottles of milk laced with a high dose of sleeping drugs.

When Delilah received the package, the courier whispered, "This is from someone who wants to save you."

Delilah understood immediately who it came from and accepted it without suspicion.

Without hesitation, she gave one bottle to Angeline and drank the other herself. Minutes later, both mother and daughter were fast asleep on the living room couch, their faces peaceful under the influence of the drug.

Only then did Gwenneth come personally. She entered the house carefully. Seeing her mother and sister lying helpless and innocent, pain twisted in her chest.

She never imagined she would ever see these two women—one her role model, the other her spoiled little sister—turned into playthings by her stepbrother.

She let out a heavy sigh.

But just as she stepped closer, something horrifying happened. Delilah's eyes shot open. Not the eyes of someone waking from sleep, but the sharp, lethal eyes of a killer.

Gwenneth felt a wave of murderous intent erupt from her mother's body, held back only by Delilah's own desperate resistance. Her expression contorted as she fought something powerful inside her. She held it back for only a fraction of a second.

Gwenneth understood immediately.

With a sorrowful but decisive motion, she drove her fist into Delilah's unguarded solar plexus. Delilah let out a soft gasp before collapsing unconscious again.

Gwenneth stood there, shaking slightly, both relieved and furious. That bastard... Adam... He actually ordered Mother to attack me.

Her hatred burned hotter than ever.

She wasted no time. She carried both unconscious women to her car. Knowing Delilah must not wake up, she had already arranged a private doctor to keep them sedated throughout the journey.

They left behind the house where so much horror had happened.

Before departing, as a final guarantee in case her assassins failed, Gwenneth left a "parting gift" for Adam inside the house: a bomb rigged to explode when someone opened the door or stepped inside.

In the smooth-moving car, tension hovered in the air. Gwenneth sat in the back seat, watching her mother and sister sleep deeply beside her.

Her phone suddenly buzzed. It was a report from another watcher—someone she hired secretly to monitor the assassins from afar, complete with visual footage.

Gwenneth opened the live feed. At first, she saw the duel between Adam and Rey, the Rank A Lancer. She could hardly believe her eyes.

Adam? That reclusive, weak boy? Her thoughts raced. And his method of winning... brutally throwing his sword and then punching Rey's head into pieces? That was no ordinary power.

Her brows furrowed in confusion and rising dread.

But what she saw next froze her blood. When the fifteen other Awakeners swarmed him and cornered him, Adam suddenly vanished. Not moving quickly—completely disappearing.

Moments later, the fifteen assassins, all locked in mid-attack, dropped dead at the same time. Each one had a stab wound through the chest, as if killed by a phantom. No visible enemy. No struggle. Just sudden, synchronized death.

A chill crawled up Gwenneth's spine. What... what was that? What kind of ability did he have? For days, she had only wondered how Adam controlled her mother's mind and body. But this... this was something else entirely. Something far more terrifying.

A wave of relief washed over her.

Mother was right.

Delilah's warning to never confront Adam directly had saved her life.

If she had been there herself, trying to capture or kill him, she had no idea how she could fight someone who could disappear and slaughter fifteen people in an instant.

Despite her burning hatred and twisted desire to torture Adam with her own hands, she forced herself to stay calm. She needed to prioritize her mother, her sister, and her own survival.

Now, all she could do was hope. Hope that the "gift" she left behind—the timed bomb—had ended everything once and for all. If Adam died in the blast, her mother and sister would finally be free.

But if he survived... if Adam somehow escaped again... then she would have to find another way to kill him and break his control.

## **Chapter 90: Chapter 90 - An Outlet for Hatred**

The anger and hatred I felt for Gwenneth was a fire burning in my blood, and Zoey was the only available outlet for its release. Without mercy, I took her hard and rough, as if every brutal thrust of my hips was a counter-punch against my stepsister's vicious schemes.

"Ah! Nngh—!" Zoey moaned, her face buried in the pillow, trying to muffle her increasingly loud and wild cries. Her hands gripped the sheets tightly, her body swaying helplessly to the frantic rhythm I set.

"Gwenneth... You bitch!" I growled between ragged breaths, never ceasing my assault. "You arrogant whore! You think you've won?!"

Our sounds—my furious grunts, Zoey's moans tangled between pain and pleasure, and the relentless slap of skin—echoed in the small room, so loud they almost certainly leaked into the next room.

Zoey, unaccustomed to such intensity and roughness, was quickly swept into a vortex of intoxicating pleasure. Her body trembled and climaxed repeatedly, showing how much more easily she succumbed to desire compared to the resilient Delilah.

[Zoey's Sexual Arousal increased to 70 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Zoey Increases to 67%.]

[...]

Smack!

"You think you can defeat me, Gwen?" I barked, slapping her plump buttocks, leaving a red mark. "You see this?! This is what you get!"

"Ah! Nngh~! S-slow down~!" Zoey pleaded, her voice muffled by the pillow.

"NO SLOWING DOWN!" I drove deeper into her, making her scream. "She sent a bomb, Gwenneth! A BOMB! You hear me?! She almost killed me!"

I flipped her over roughly, forcing her onto her knees. From behind, I invaded her again, my hands gripping her waist tightly. "She took them! My mother and my sister! Mine! SHE TOOK WHAT'S MINE!"

Zoey could no longer hold back her voice. Her moans and screams shattered the night's silence, clearly audible even through the walls. "Aah! Master! T-Too~! Deep! Ngggh!"

"Damn whore! All women are whores to me! You! My stepmother! My stepsister! And you, Gwenneth! One day you'll end up just like this too! Writhing beneath me!"

The peak of my rage and this forced pleasure finally arrived. With a furious roar, I reached my climax, pumping all my hatred and frustration into Zoey. Her body shook, sobbing as she released her own fluids.

But I didn't stop; my maximum Libido was truly something else.

Creek...

A sliver of light from the hallway sliced through the darkness of the room.

Behind the slightly ajar door stood a small figure—Lily. Her black curly hair was messy, her big eyes, so like her mother's, were still puffy and glassy from being woken from sleep. She rubbed her eyes with a tiny fist, her face innocent and full of confusion.

"Mommy? What's that sound? Are you okay? It sounds... like it hurts," the little girl asked innocently.

Zoey froze beneath me, her body, which had been arched in pleasure, suddenly stiff. A burning shame washed over her face, already flushed with desire.

"L-Lily~! G-Get out!" she shouted, her voice hoarse and breathless. She tried to push me away, but her hands were weak. "Go~! Back to your room! This—this isn't for children!"

But strangely, even as her words told her daughter to leave, her body grew wetter and more demanding, responding to my touch even more wildly. The contrast between her words and her body language was stark.

I didn't slow my pace one bit. In fact, while maintaining a steady rhythm with my hips, I turned my head to look at Lily, who still stood in the doorway, bewildered.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," I said, my voice flat despite my slightly labored breathing. "Your mother isn't in pain. She's working."

"W-working?" Lily furrowed her cute brow, her eyes shifting from my face to her mother's sweaty, rocking back.

"Yes," I replied, thrusting deeper and making Zoey let out a long, sharp cry as she clutched the sheets. "Her new job is to serve me. And as you can see... she's really enjoying it."

"But... but her sounds..." Lily protested, still doubtful.

"I'm not in pain, Sweetie!" Zoey cried out, her voice breaking between shame and waves of pleasure. "Ahn~ Mommy... Mommy is fine! Now... just go!"

"Right," I chimed in, holding Lily's innocent gaze as I deepened my penetration, making Zoey scream loudly. "Your mother is just... very enthusiastic about her new job. She loves it very much."

Lily still looked unsure, but before she could ask anything else, Zoey, driven by shame and the need to focus on her nearing climax, yelled, "Lily! Go to bed! Now! Mommy has to... has to focus... on work!"

Hearing her mother's firm command, Lily finally nodded slowly and closed the bedroom door, leaving the two of us alone.

"Good slave," I snarled, growing more energetic as I pounded into her fully subdued body, both physically and mentally.

Zoey could only moan and writhe now, completely becoming the vessel for my lust and hatred for Gwenneth, while I relentlessly pounded her womb without mercy.

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A few days passed with me staying at Zoey's place. The incident with the assassins left its mark; I was now far more cautious. Every time I stepped out, I always activated the [Faceless Mask], my face shifting into ordinary, forgettable visages, hiding my true identity behind a veil of illusion.

In between, I also had to fulfill my duties as the fake "Iron Knight." I attended several guild meetings with Ruth, standing among the other Hunters while constantly acting and pretending. I even had to give a speech once in front of the Crimson Dawn guild members to motivate them and boost their loyalty.

Furthermore, the [Weekly Quest] that had appeared needed completing: conquering a Rank D dungeon solo.

Fortunately, this time there were no strange incidents or unexpected monsters. Just routine battles that I handled easily thanks to my new stats. Once I defeated the dungeon boss, the awaited notification appeared.

[Weekly Quest Completed]

[You have received 200 EXP.]

After exiting the dungeon and cleaning off the monster grime and blood, I decided to relax for a bit in a city park. Sitting on a bench, my eyes scanned the surroundings—perhaps intentionally—lingering on every pretty woman who passed by.

A young woman in a white skirt and a tight yellow T-shirt sat not far away, laughing lightly with her friend.

My eyes traced the curves of her slender frame, imagining pushing her down onto the grass, tearing her innocent white skirt, and hearing her laughter turn to moans as I forced myself inside her.

I pictured her small hands clutching the grass while I held her waist from behind, pounding into her mercilessly under the sun.

Then, a young mother pushing a stroller walked past. She wore a simple floral dress that highlighted how plump and fertile her body was after childbirth.

My mind instantly wandered to her heavy, milk-filled breasts, and how I wanted to rip that dress off, lick and suck her nipples, before pressing her to the ground and filling her fertile womb with my seed, right beside her helpless child.

Next, a pretty jogger in tight shorts and a sweat-soaked tank top approached. Her steps were agile, her body athletic and muscular. Her breath came in slight puffs.

I imagined trapping her behind the trees, covering her mouth with my hand while tearing her thin shorts. I pictured how tight and hot her athletic body would be, how she would struggle in vain while I took her roughly from behind, hearing her moan with every slap of my hips against her firm buttocks.

'Damn, my libido is screaming. Guess I need to go to the Hunter Trade District again with Ruth. Buy a new artifact, or maybe something that can slightly dampen the fire in my groin,' I thought, trying to shift my focus. I could just do everything I was imagining right now, but I figured I should practice some restraint.

Just as my imagination was peaking—visualizing the pretty jogger’s face contorted in pleasure—the phone in my pocket vibrated and rang. I cursed inwardly, almost not wanting to answer it. But when I looked at the screen, the name displayed was: Arianna.

The reason she had my number and I had hers was simple: I’d given it to her via DM on her social media. After all, she was my pet. I should be able to contact her whenever I want, and she should always be ready to answer.

I answered the call.

"What?"

Arianna’s voice, usually so tomboyish and confident, now sounded tense and nervous on the other end. "I-I... It’s about Nerissa. She... she has a video. A recording of us two doing that in the... the bathroom that time."