

# **The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge**

## **#Chapter 91 - The Throne of Shame - Read The Lustful Time Lord's Revenge Chapter 91 - The Throne of Shame**

### **Chapter 91: Chapter 91 - The Throne of Shame**

On the quiet rooftop of Nine Stars Academy, Arianna Blazinger sat with an air of casual dominance. However, her seat wasn't an inanimate object, but the body of Nerissa, the pink-haired girl now bent into a shameful and torturous position.

Nerissa's arms and legs were forced to support the combined weight of both Arianna and herself. Her eyes were filled with a mixture of shame, anger, and fear. She never expected her attempt to threaten Arianna would end like this.

One of Arianna's hands gripped the back of Nerissa's neck. Not to choke her, but the skin of Arianna's palm radiated a searing heat, burning the soft skin of Nerissa's neck until it blistered and smoked. But each time her skin charred, her regeneration ability kicked in to heal the wound, only for it to be burned again in an endless cycle of torture.

"How dare you," Arianna hissed, "a mere pet dog of Yukie's, threaten me."

Despite the pain, Nerissa managed a bitter internal retort. 'You're the one who barks and moans like a bitch in heat when that loser is on top of you!'

Arianna continued, her voice cold. "You think I'm scared? Pointless. Go ahead, spread that video all over the academy if you dare."

Nerissa could hardly believe what she was hearing.

Arianna smirked, enjoying Nerissa's confusion and despair. "Who do you think will believe that video is real? I can just say it's a deepfake made by someone, and everyone will believe that. With my reputation, who would believe your video?"

She then leaned down, bringing her mouth close to Nerissa's burning ear, her whisper like a gust of fire. "But, should you be foolish enough to spread it... you remember my mother, don't you? The former member of the Guardian Council. Imagine her fury if someone tried to ruin her only daughter's name. She wouldn't hesitate to crush you, and your entire pathetic little family, into dust that wouldn't even be recognizable."

Nerissa fell silent. Everything Arianna said made sense. She had no power, physically or politically, to fight Arianna, let alone her mother, the Academy Head. Her own family, while strong, was no match for Arianna's mother.

The threat she thought was her weapon had backfired, obliterating what little dignity she had left. She could only stare blankly at the concrete floor, accepting her defeat while Arianna's rear end remained arrogantly planted on her back.

The scenes from the video Nerissa had just forced her to watch sent a strange thrill through Arianna's blood. Ever since Adam had taken her virginity in that bathroom, something had changed inside her—a disturbing, foreign sensation.

What drove her even crazier was the paradox within herself. She had been violated, humiliated, and treated like an animal by Adam.

Yet, whenever the memory surfaced, it wasn't pure anger that was triggered, but a dark, uninvited thrill that made her whole body feel hot. It was like a fire igniting between her thighs, reminding her of every rough touch and degrading word from Adam.

"He should be the one who's my dog, not the other way around!" she fumed inwardly, trying to fight the feeling.

But the truth was, since that night, she found herself lying in bed almost every night, her fingers trying to mimic what Adam had done.

Yet, the result was always the same: an empty satisfaction that could never match, let alone surpass, the wave of wild pleasure Adam had forced upon her. The memory of her own moans, writhing helplessly, and reaching climax under Adam's absolute control haunted her and frustrated her in equal measure. She hated Adam, but her body craved that roughness.

To make it worse, Adam, that loser, had been scarcely seen at the academy lately. His absence only made Arianna more irritated and... lonely? The feeling was driving her insane.

So, when Nerissa's threat emerged, a part of Arianna saw it as the perfect excuse to contact Adam and confirm something.

Her hand trembled as she held her phone, not from fear of Nerissa's threat, but from nervousness at the thought of talking to Adam.

When the call connected, her voice sounded stammering, "I-I... It's about Nerissa. She... she has a video. A recording of us two doing that in the... the bathroom that time."

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Arianna's report didn't surprise me, nor did it stir any particular concern.

"I don't care," I replied flatly, my gaze fixed on the people milling about in the park below.

On the other end of the line, Arianna fell silent, clearly taken aback by my indifference.

I continued, "You can handle a minor issue like that yourself. Besides, you have your wonderful mother, don't you? Just drop her name, that should be enough to make Nerissa back down and think twice about spreading that video."

Arianna stifled a gasp. My words echoed her own thoughts exactly.

Hearing only silence, I pressed further. "Be honest, Arianna. What's the real reason you called? Don't tell me... you miss me?"

"N-No!" she denied, her voice sharp and a little too quick. "Don't be ridiculous!"

A smirk tugged at my lips. Her flustered denial was more telling than any admission.

"I'll be returning to the academy soon," I explained. "I just have some family business to wrap up first. And when I do... I was thinking of taking you out."

"O-Out?" she repeated, confusion in her voice. "You mean... like a date?"

A short, cynical laugh escaped me. "If you consider a master taking his pet dog for a walk a date, then by all means, call it that."

Click.

The line went dead. She had hung up.

I frowned, looking at the dark screen of my phone.

'I guess I need to teach my dog some manners,' I thought with annoyance. She really needs a lesson on how to behave towards her owner.

Meanwhile, on the other end, Arianna threw her phone aside. Her face was flushed crimson, a mix of embarrassment and anger.

"That bastard's lost his mind! Perverted weirdo!" she cursed through gritted teeth.

But even as her words were full of rage, her body told her a different story. Her cheeks felt hot, her heart was pounding, and a strange warmth spread through her thighs.

My crude words had only disturbed her more—and the most humiliating part was, she couldn't deny that a part of her was growing even more curious about the outing offered by her new master.

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After sating my desires to the point where Zoey passed out with a smile of satisfaction etched on her face, I decided to try something.

The [Dreamweaver] skill, unused since my exploration into Delilah's dreams, still left a faint ache in my head as a reminder of its risks. But its description said I could enter the dreams of those near me and those I had slept with.

How exactly do I enter the dreams of the women I've conquered?

Focusing, I activated the skill, letting my consciousness sink. I fell asleep, and a strange sensation washed over me, like being sucked into a dark vortex.

Suddenly, I was standing in a boundless, pitch-black space. The floor beneath my feet felt solid yet invisible, like walking on frozen darkness.

However, in this sea of black, there were islands of light—several bedrooms floating, each encased in their own bubble of dream reality, their contents clearly visible to me.

The closest was Sonya's room. I approached, seeing her sleeping soundly on a simple bed. My chest tightened with an unexpected pang of longing. She was the first. The woman who introduced me to this pleasure. Seeing her so peaceful, I almost wanted to wake her, remind her body of my touch.

I restrained myself and moved to the next room. There, Zoey lay in the state I'd left her, still naked and limp, a satisfied smile on her pretty face.

Then, my feet carried me to a room filled with stuffed toys and pastel colors. In the middle of it lay Angeline. My sweet little stepsister slept with a slight frown, as if something was disturbing her dreams.

"She must be missing me," I thought with a deep, possessive feeling.

The next room made me pause longer. There, Arianna lay completely naked, displaying her athletic body. I couldn't help but admire every inch of her.

Finally, I reached the last two rooms, the ones I'd been anticipating most. First, Delilah. My stepmother lay on a large bed, her usually cold face now serene in sleep.

And the last one was... Gwenneth's room.

Something I hadn't expected at all.

## **Chapter 92: Chapter 92 - A Test with a Chainsaw**

My annoying step-sister was asleep beneath a luxurious duvet. Her face, usually etched with arrogance, now looked innocent.

Seeing her in such a helpless state, a twisted, victorious smile spread across my lips. Did she really think she could escape me? Did she think that by destroying the house and taking my two playthings, she had won?

But a nagging question surfaced. I didn't know how Gwenneth's bedroom could be here. As far as I remembered, I had never slept with her. Or... had she slept with me while I was unconscious? When? My face darkened. Was it during that time I gave her a massage? Whatever. The important thing was that I could now visit her in her dreams.

I approached the bubble containing Gwenneth's bedroom. With vengeful desire, I grabbed a few strands of her hair. Instantly, the dark space around me shifted, spun, and reformed.

When my vision cleared, I was standing inside a spacious, luxurious apartment.

This had to be her hideout.

I walked down the hallway and easily found the master bedroom. There, Gwenneth lay fast asleep.

I approached her, gazing at her haughty face, now softened and vulnerable in sleep. After everything she had done to me, I wanted to pay her back with excruciating pain.

But was that the right approach here? I knew I could make her feel real sensations, but were there limits? Like how you wake up from a dream of falling just before hitting the ground, would excessive pain also jolt her awake?

Let's test it.

I imagined heavy iron chains emerging from the darkness, coiling around Gwenneth's wrists and ankles, binding her tightly to the bed. A black cloth blindfolded her eyes, and a ball gag stuffed her mouth. In her dream, Gwenneth woke and began to struggle, trying to break free, but it was futile, of course.

Then, I visualized a large, noisy chainsaw appearing in my hand. I pulled the starter cord, and the machine roared to life with a terrifying hum, its teeth spinning wildly.

**BRRRRZZZZZZZZZZ!**

The blind and mute Gwenneth suddenly stiffened, her head turning panickedly towards the source of the frightening sound. I brought the spinning blade close to her leg.

**BRRRZZZ—CRUNCH!**

The metal teeth shredded flesh, splintered bone, and sprayed blood everywhere. Gwenneth convulsed violently, a long, choked, rasping groan forcing its way past the gag. Real, palpable agony radiated from every fiber of her shaking body.

But, just as I suspected. Less than a second after the saw bit in, the world around me suddenly cracked like glass. And I was jolted awake.

I gasped for breath, my body back in the bed next to the sleeping Zoey.

'So it's true,' I thought, slightly disappointed but intrigued. If the pain is too extreme and sudden, the victim wakes up immediately, severing my connection.

I lay back, staring at the ceiling, a cruel smile playing on my lips. In that case... what's the best way to torture her? Slow, drawn-out pain? Psychological torment? Or... a mind-bending mixture of pain and pleasure? This required more... creative experimentation.

After my failed torture attempt on Gwenneth, I used [Dreamweaver] once more. This time, however, Gwenneth's bedroom was no longer among the dream bubbles. Apparently, the horrific experience had prevented her from sleeping again tonight.

So, I decided to switch targets.

My eyes landed on the bubble showcasing the room of Angeline, my sweet, angelic little step-sister. With far friendlier intentions, I stroked her rosy lips.

The same swirling sensation, and this time I found myself standing in Angeline's cute, doll-filled bedroom. She was sleeping soundly, her pretty, innocent face looking utterly peaceful.

I woke her gently.

"Brother...?" she mumbled sleepily, her eyes slowly opening. The moment she saw me, her face showed a surprising clarity for someone just roused from sleep.

"I... I'm dreaming about you again," she said in a small voice, her cheeks flushing.

I smiled. "This is your dream, Angel. I'm just a shadow created by your own thoughts."

Hearing that, it was as if a dam broke. Her usual shyness and hesitation instantly vanished, replaced by a raw, innocent longing.

"If... if this is really my dream," she whispered, her eyes glistening, "then I can be honest, right?"

She nestled her face against my chest. "... I've missed you so much, Brother. I've missed your touch... your hugs..." her voice grew even softer, almost inaudible, "...I even... missed the taste... and the feeling of your big dick in my mouth..."

Hearing her innocent yet so vulgar confession warmed my heart. She truly was a good little sister. She had completely become mine.

"You really are a good girl," I praised, stroking her hair.

Encouraged by the praise and the safety of believing this was just a dream, Angeline grew bolder. Shyly but determined, she began her 'attack'. Her small hands pulled up my t-shirt, and her little mouth began kissing and licking my chest and stomach. Her movements were somewhat clumsy and tinged with embarrassment, which only made her more enticing.

While enjoying her adorable assault, I started asking questions. "Where did Gwen take you two?"

"She took Mom and me to her secret apartment," Angeline answered without hesitation, continuing to lick me.

"Oh, really? Where is it?"

"Near the Caldrium Guild Office, Avalon Residence, in the tallest tower. The 40th floor."

I nodded, storing that information. "What is Gwen planning? What is she doing right now?"

"Big Sis Gwen wants to cure Mom," Angeline explained, pausing to look up. "Mom still hasn't woken up since drinking that strange milk. Gwen has called many doctors and specialist Awakeners, she's even looking for artifacts that can heal Mom. She said... she has to save Mom from... from..." She hesitated, as if reluctant to say my name.

"From me?" I supplied gently.

Angeline gave a slow nod, her face a conflict of loyalty towards me and worry for her mother. "Mom won't wake up, Brother. I... I'm worried."

So, Delilah was still comatose from the drugs Gwen herself had administered, and my big sister was desperately trying to heal her mother—which meant, trying to break my control.

Holding Angeline's small body, I smiled.

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The following night, I activated [Dreamweaver] again. This time, with more focused determination. I entered the dream space, and my eyes immediately sought a specific bubble. There, among the other rooms, Gwenneth's bedroom had reappeared.

I immediately chose to enter her dream.

The familiar swirling sensation, and I was back in her luxurious apartment. This time, I wouldn't make the same mistake. Direct physical torture had proven ineffective. I needed a more... subtle, deeper approach. I would use her own memories as my weapon.

### **Chapter 93: Chapter 93 - The Deepest Wounds**

I approached her bedroom. She was lying there, her face still carrying traces of tension, probably still haunted by the chainsaw nightmare from the night before. But this time, I wasn't going to wake her with force.

First, I went deeper. I wandered through the dark corridors of Gwenneth's memories, searching for the deepest wounds.

I found them: the moment her father began cheating and shouting at her mother; The chaotic flash of her mother, Delilah, drenched in blood to protect them. And another memory, the one when her close friend was torn apart by a monster in an S-ranked Dungeon, her outstretched hand unable to save her.

With those mental fragments, I returned to Gwenneth's dream chamber. This time, I would create something new, a lie designed to trigger her deepest rage and despair.

The scene shifted. We were in the living room of their old house. A young Delilah stood there with bruises on her face, her lip bleeding. In front of her, Gwenneth's biological father raised his hand, ready to land another blow.

"No! Stop!" Gwenneth screamed in her dream, stepping forward to shield her.

But with a single thought, I rendered her helpless. Her feet stuck to the floor. Her hands felt like they were grabbing nothing. She could only watch, eyes wide with hatred, as the man she despised beat her powerless mother.

As an invisible observer, I waited. Waited for her to break, waited for despair to consume her.

But the opposite happened. After the initial burst of emotion, Gwenneth suddenly went silent. She took a deep breath, and although her face was still tense, there was clarity in her eyes.

"This... is a strange dream," she murmured, trying to steady her voice. "In reality... there's no way my father could ever do this to my mother. She's far stronger than he."

'Damn it,' I thought, frowning. Irritation pulsed through me. Fine. If a straightforward lie doesn't work, then I'll twist the memories she already has.

The dream changed again. Now we were back on the night that defined her past, surrounded by her father and the cultists. But this time, the focus was different.

Delilah still protected them, but now her father overwhelmed her easily. Her spear shattered, and a knife sank into her chest. Delilah fell, dying in front of little Gwenneth and Angeline. Her father stepped forward, took Gwenneth's trembling hand, and forced her to touch the blood-soaked blade.

"This is because of you."

Gwenneth screamed, her grief and rage erupting. But once more, only for a moment. She squeezed her eyes shut, fighting hard.

"No... this is wrong," she hissed, biting her lip. "Mother... Mother killed him. She saved us. This... isn't real."

Fuck! She could even resist distortions of her own worst trauma.

I needed a different approach. Something subtler, more poisonous. If pain and anger didn't crush her, maybe... something warm would break her instead.

With a new plan, I reshaped the scene. The violent dreamscape melted away into soft light and gentle warmth.

We were now on the grounds of Nine Stars Academy, beneath blooming sakura trees. Two young girls—Gwenneth at fifteen, and another girl with curly brown ponytail hair, freckles, and a bright smile—sat on a picnic blanket.

"This... is Hazel," Gwenneth whispered in the dream, her voice soft and full of longing.

They shared lunch together. Hazel laughed when Gwenneth clumsily dropped a piece of cake onto her uniform. Gwenneth, usually cold, smiled faintly as she helped wipe it off.

They trained afterward, Hazel fumbling with her magic staff while Gwenneth corrected her posture patiently, sometimes stifling a laugh. Between them was a genuine, innocent bond, something I never expected from someone as sadistic and dominant as my stepsister.

Watching from behind the scenes, I studied her closely. The small smile on her face, the way her eyes softened when she looked at Hazel—this was real emotion. This was her weakness. Not anger or sorrow, but nostalgia for something simple and warm, something she had lost.

I let the scene linger, letting her sink deeper into the warmth of this false comfort.

Then, with a twist of my will, I accelerated the dream.

The bright academy grounds dissolved into a dark, damp cave. We were now in the middle of their internship mission with a Rank I guild. Gwenneth and Hazel, now older, had unknowingly entered a Dungeon reclassified as Rank S.

The mood shifted instantly. The air grew freezing. Ice coated the ground. From the shadows emerged the Dungeon Boss—a massive, white-furred beast with glowing red eyes and claws sharp enough to carve stone.

The battle was fierce.

In the original memory, Hazel died in an accident. Here, I twisted it. Hazel deliberately leaped forward to take a fatal strike meant for the wounded Gwenneth.

Hazel's body was thrown back, blood splashing onto the snow.

"HAZEL! NO!" Gwenneth screamed, her voice breaking.

Overwhelmed by grief, a surge of power erupted from her. Golden light burst from her body as her power jumped from Rank A straight to Rank S.

A colossal blade of light formed in her hand. With one furious strike, she cleaved the monster in half.

But the victory tasted bitter. She ran to Hazel's side. And here, I injected the poison.

Instead of tender last words, Hazel looked at her with eyes full of hatred.

"THIS... IS ALL YOUR FAULT, GWEN," Hazel spat weakly, her voice full of accusation.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE ONE TO DIE! YOU'RE WEAK! YOU MADE ME LIKE THIS! YOU—"

"...."

Gwenneth froze. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she held Hazel's dying body. She didn't deny it. She didn't argue. She simply accepted the guilt I imposed on her.

But as I observed her, I wasn't satisfied. Yes, she cried. Yes, she was hurt. But something was missing. In her eyes, behind the tears, there was still acceptance. A quiet understanding that this wasn't entirely real.

It wounded her, but it didn't break her.

Then I felt it again—the pounding headache, like a hammer at my temples, my reminder of [Dreamweaver]'s limits.

My consciousness began to weaken, and I knew I couldn't stay much longer. If I pushed further, twisting more traumatic memories, it was entirely possible that Gwenneth would realize there was external interference in her dream. Maybe she already had.

'Fine,' I thought, withdrawing slowly from her dream. If her past nightmare isn't enough to destroy her, then I'll become her new nightmare myself.

#### **Chapter 94: Chapter 94 - Her Nightmare**

The following night, I infiltrated Gwenneth's dreamscape once more. But this time, my strategy was different. No more abstract nightmares or memory distortions. This was something more direct, more personal, and utterly devastating.

Gwenneth awoke within her own dream. She yawned, stretching her lithe body on the luxurious bed of her hideout apartment. Everything felt normal, until her ears caught a strange sound from the living room—soft moans, wet kisses, and familiar, heavy breathing.

With a sinking heart, she pushed her bedroom door open.

And there, displayed before her, was her worst nightmare made real.

I was lounging casually on the white leather sofa. To my right, her mother was completely naked, her pale skin glowing in the lamplight. Her hands were cupping my face, kissing me with fervent passion, her tongue dancing intimately with mine. My hand was roughly groping and twisting her full breast, making her moan softly between kisses.

Meanwhile, between my legs, Angeline was kneeling on the plush carpet. Her head was bobbing enthusiastically, her small mouth wrapped around my throbbing cock, creating disgusting, wet sounds. Her hands were gripping my thighs, pushing, as if impatient to take me deeper.

"NO! ADAM! YOU BASTARD!" Gwenneth's scream shattered the silence. Pure rage ignited in her eyes, and she prepared to lunge.

But before she could take a step, I raised a single hand, still lounging lazily on the sofa.

"Be silent. Don't move."

Instantly, Gwenneth's body froze in place. Her feet were rooted to the floor, her arms locked at her sides. She couldn't move, couldn't close her eyes. She was forced to witness every depraved detail!

"YOU MONSTER! YOU'RE SICK! A COWARD! LET GO OF MY MOTHER AND SISTER!" she cursed, her voice hoarse with fury and despair. Tears began to stream down her face, but she couldn't even wipe them away.

'What is this? How did he find us?' Gwenneth's mind raced.

I was completely unbothered. I even let out a satisfied sigh, savoring every lick from Angeline and every moan from Delilah. I deliberately slowed my movements, prolonging this lewd scene, ensuring every image was branded into Gwenneth's mind.

Then, to add to her mental torture, I made the illusions of Delilah and Angeline speak.

"Ahh~ Adam, darling," Delilah moaned in a breathy voice that would never escape her in her waking state. "Look at that rebellious girl. She needs to be disciplined. Teach her a proper lesson."

"She's just jealous, Brother," Angeline added, pulling her mouth away from my shaft for a moment, drool dripping from her lips. "She wants to feel this too, but she's too ashamed to admit it. Punish her, Brother. Make her like us."

Hearing the words "disciplined" and "punish" come from the mouths of her own mother and sister was like a lightning strike to Gwenneth. Her despair reached a new level.

"MOM! ANGEL! WAKE UP! HE'S CONTROLLING YOU!" she screamed, but the two women only giggled lightly and returned their focus to servicing me.

Now, finally, I spoke directly to her. My cold, hate-filled eyes locked onto her paralyzed form.

"Cute effort, Gwen," I said, my voice flat yet dripping with mockery. "Hiring hitmen? Planting a bomb? Like a child throwing marbles." I thrust my hips deeper into Angeline's mouth, making her gag slightly. "You thought hiding in this tall tower would keep you safe? You thought moving them could free them from me?"

I grinned, a smile full of victory and malice.

"I can find you whenever I want, Gwen. In broad daylight, in the middle of a crowd, or... at night, when you're most vulnerable, in your own dreams." I stroked Delilah's hair.

"I can do whatever I want to your mother and your sister, and you can't do a thing. They are mine. And one day, you will be too. All your efforts are worthless. You can't defeat me. You can't even protect your family from me."

Every word was a sledgehammer to her soul. Gwenneth could no longer retort. She could only stand there, her body trembling, sobbing helplessly. Her tears flowed freely, soaking the carpet. From her quivering lips, only one name was repeated, a mantra of pure hatred and despair.

"Adam... Adam... ADAM...!"

Her scream filled the room, the sound of a shattered heart.

And seeing her like that, while I continued to enjoy my family, my heart was satisfied.

Exactly, I thought with deep satisfaction. This is what I wanted to see. Her impotent tears, her helpless rage, her absolute despair. This was far sweeter than any mere nightmare. I had become her living nightmare, and this was only the beginning.

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The following week became hell for Gwenneth. Her daily life turned into an endless series of nightmares, so real the line between reality and dream began to blur.

One morning, she had woken up and was stretching in her bed. As she turned to switch off her alarm, Adam's figure suddenly materialized beside her bed, sitting casually with a sinister smile.

"Good morning, Sis," he whispered. Gwenneth gasped, her heart pounding, before realizing it was just a hallucination that vanished in an instant.

During the day, while she was focused on work in front of her laptop in her secure study, her vision would suddenly swim. The surroundings would change. She was no longer in her study, but standing in the middle of her apartment's living room, watching Adam brutally taking her mother on the sofa.

Delilah's screams and Adam's laughter assaulted her ears. She tried to scream, tried to move, but couldn't. A few seconds later, she'd jolt awake, drenched in cold sweat, her hands shaking uncontrollably.

Even when she tried to relax at her favorite cafe, sipping a latte to calm her nerves, the nightmares followed. Suddenly, across from her table, Adam appeared with Angeline on his lap.

Her innocent little sister looked up, gazing at her with empty eyes, and said, "Sis, why don't you join us? Brother is amazing." Gwenneth dropped her cup, the sound of shattering ceramic making everyone turn, but when she looked again, the chair opposite her was empty. It was a dream, too.

These brief nightmares happened anytime, anywhere. And they made her paranoid. When she showered, she could hear Adam knocking on the door. When she cooked, she imagined him standing behind her. Her daily life was filled with constant anxiety and fear, keeping her perpetually on edge and unable to find peace.

Adding to this, another worry gnawed at her mind. Since the night Adam effortlessly slaughtered the hired assassins in a way she still couldn't comprehend, he had completely vanished. No trace, no sightings.

She had mobilized all her resources—hiring private detectives, employing hackers to tap into city-wide CCTV, even using her guild's influence to monitor suspicious movements. The result? Absolutely nothing. It was as if Adam had vanished from the face of the earth.

On another front, her efforts to free her mother were also hitting dead ends. Delilah remained weak, trapped in a deep slumber from the sedatives that had to be continuously administered to prevent Adam's control.

Every expert and doctor she brought in was useless. They could only shake their heads, unable to comprehend what kind of mind control could be so potent and persistent. No artifact or skill they knew of could sever the connection.

All these pressures—the relentless nightmares, the inability to find Adam, and the failure to heal her mother—converged into a perfect storm in her mind.

Gwenneth began sleeping less and less, terrified of the dreams that awaited. When she finally collapsed from exhaustion, the dreams became even worse, even more real.

Her eating habits became erratic, her eyes swollen and shadowed by dark circles. Stress and anxiety began to erode her usual composure and certainty.

The woman who was always the strong, controlled Guild Master was slowly being destroyed from within by an enemy she couldn't even confront directly.

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That afternoon, I was sitting on a park bench, enjoying the sunset painting the sky in shades of orange and purple. Somehow, I'd never truly noticed how beautiful evenings like this could be.

My brief moment of peace was suddenly shattered by the vibration of my phone. I picked it up listlessly.

But the voice on the other end made me sit bolt upright.

"Brother, we've succeeded in capturing Sis Gwen."

Instantly, the serenity of the evening faded, replaced by a piercing, cold sensation.

Finally.

A twisted smile spread across my lips.

"Got you, Gwen!"

## **Chapter 95: Chapter 95 - The Perfect Family Reunion**

Although I could have used [Dreamweaver] to track down and find Gwenneth more quickly after the night she dared to steal my two slaves, I was in no hurry. And of course, there was a reason behind my nonchalance.

A few days prior, right after I had thoroughly enjoyed pounding Delilah into multiple climaxes and humiliating her right under Gwenneth's nose via the hidden camera, I gave her a command.

"Listen carefully, Mom. I have a task for you," I said, my voice low but laced with absolute control. "Gwen will undoubtedly come to rescue you and Angel. So, when she comes, you are to subdue her and bring her to my bed."

But then, a thin smile touched my lips. "However... should she anticipate this and manage to incapacitate you, then she will surely try every method to break my control over you. Well, that's when you must try even harder."

Delilah listened intently, her breath slightly hitched.

"You must act," I whispered, emphasizing each word. "Pretend that her efforts are working. Make her believe you are free from my influence. Your performance... must be flawless. Impeccable. She must not suspect for a single moment that this is all a charade. You must convince her that her real mother has returned."

I saw the conflict in her eyes. To do this meant betraying Gwenneth in the cruelest way imaginable.

"And then," I continued, my voice dropping lower, full of menace, "once she's off guard, once she truly believes she has saved you... that is the moment you strike. Subdue her. Bring her to me."

Her hands trembled slightly. "Adam... she... she's my daughter..."

"And you are MINE!" I snapped suddenly, making her flinch. "Have you forgotten who holds the leash here? Do you think you have a choice? Do as I command. Make Gwen believe she has won, then rip that hope away right before her eyes. That is your task."

Delilah bowed her head, her shoulders slumping. An expression of profound despair marred her beautiful face. She knew she had no choice. She was forced to betray her own daughter for my pleasure.

Back to the present, I smiled with satisfaction.

I knew that no matter what, Gwenneth would come to rescue her mother and sister. And with that, she had been checkmated from the very beginning. She could never truly escape me, because she could never truly abandon her family.

The reason I waited patiently these past few days was simple: because it would be far more satisfying. More satisfying than capturing her by my own brute force.

I wanted to see the look on her face when she realized that the one who brought her down, who betrayed her, was the person she loved and trusted most—her own mother.

And for Delilah, her suffering would be far deeper. She would be shattered, consumed by guilt for trapping her own daughter in the hands of the man she despised most. It was the perfect punishment for them both.

I returned to the Socheron family home, which should have been rubble thanks to Gwenneth's bomb. But a few days earlier, I had calmly used [Time Stop] to safely dispose of the explosive device.

The house stood intact, ready to be the final stage for our family drama.

At a leisurely pace, I entered the quiet house. Pausing at the foot of the stairs, I reminisced briefly. This was where everything changed. Right here was where I awoke from my despair, obtaining this System of revenge, just as Angeline was stomping on me with her shoe and insulting me like garbage.

After ascending the stairs to the second floor, I stopped in front of my room—the very same room where I had secluded myself for months, swallowing all the humiliation and abuse from this cruel world.

When I opened the door, an incredible sight greeted me. Three golden-haired women with liquid gold eyes, each as beautiful as a goddess descended to earth, were now stark naked and completely within my world.

Angeline, who spotted me immediately, came running over, her face flushed with a mix of shyness and excitement.

"Brother, you're here!" she exclaimed in a sweet voice, immediately clinging to my arm.

In the corner of the room, Gwenneth was bound in an extremely humiliating shibari pose. Her legs were bent upwards, clearly exposing every intimate detail—her wet pussy with its thick pubic hair and her twitching asshole. Black ropes crisscrossed her body tightly, pushing up her plump breasts to make them appear even more provocative and inviting. Her eyes were filled with profound despair.

The most heart-wrenching sight was Delilah. The Star Witch, the world's most powerful woman, was now sobbing uncontrollably beside her eldest daughter.

"Forgive me, Gwen... I'm so sorry..." she wailed, her voice broken, tears streaming down her usually arrogant face.

Seeing my arrival, Delilah shuffled closer, then desperately dropped to her knees and clung tightly to my legs.

"Adam... please," she sobbed, her tear-streaked face looking up at me. "... I'll do anything you want. I'll be your most shameless, most depraved stepmother. I'll let you use my body whenever you wish—in front of anyone, anywhere, anytime. I'll lick your ass if you command it, I'll swallow every drop of your cum gladly, I'll moan to satisfy you like the cheapest whore..."

She continued to beg, her words growing increasingly vulgar and desperate. "So make me your slutty mother, make me the most degraded woman to ever exist... Just... please let Gwen and Angel go. Set them free. I'll take their place for all your tortures."

I looked down at her with a satisfied smile. Delilah had truly lost all hope. She must have known I would never let them go, yet she still tried—a hopeless plea from a

shattered mother. Seeing her like this gave me a different kind of pleasure, deeper than the mere physical sensation of taking her.

"Rejoice, Mom," I said, my voice softly ironic. "Starting today, we are finally a complete and happy family. We will love each other... forever."

Delilah froze, her body trembling violently at my words. She was utterly broken.

My gaze shifted to Gwenneth, who was staring at me with eyes full of blazing hatred and resentment. And the moment our eyes met, a notification appeared in the corner of my vision.

[Revenge Quest Generated]

---

[REVENGE QUEST]

TARGET: Gwenneth Socheron

OBJECTIVE: Break her. Hard.

REWARD: 5000 EXP, 1 New Skill.

[Accept: y / n]

---

My smile widened.

And the long-awaited revenge begins.

## **Chapter 96: Chapter 96 - The Trapped Lioness**

Gwenneth's eyes burned into me, blazing like a trapped lioness. Even bound in that humiliating position, her fighting spirit hadn't been extinguished.

I activated [Eye of Desire], and her information materialized.

---

NAME: Gwenneth Socheron

AGE: 24

CLASS: Light Knight

RANK: S

DOMINANCE: 52%

SEXUAL AROUSAL: 24%

VAGINA VIRGINITY: No

ANAL VIRGINITY: Yes

WEAK POINTS: Vagina, Breasts, Anus.

FETISH: Sadistic and Dominance.

---

My Dominance over her had shot up that high, undoubtedly because of her mother's betrayal and everything I'd done to her recently.

"You monster!" she spat, her voice hoarse with hatred. "You think raping your own mother and sister makes you powerful? You're still the same disgusting piece of trash I once ordered to lick my boots!"

I stepped closer calmly, a faint smile never leaving my lips.

"You've always been a parasite! A bastard who didn't deserve to live in the Socheron family! Just because of your father Freyden, we had to put up with you and all of this!"

She took a deep breath, gathering all her pent-up loathing. "You're just a disgusting pervert who used to drool over me! A useless brat who got caught sniffing my panties from the laundry basket! You shameless, depraved creep! No wonder the whole academy bullied you—you were born to be a laughingstock!"

I now stood directly in front of her, staring straight into her furious eyes.

"You think some perverted skills and filthy power can change who you are? You're still a loser! That pathetic little masturbator!"

She spat every word with bitterness, as if wanting to wound me with her entire soul.

But what I felt was a strange sensation—pleasure. My smile widened.

"You're so good at making me angry, Gwen. But I think... I'm starting to like being insulted like this."

Gwenneth stared, wide-eyed.

"Keep insulting me," I whispered, gripping her trembling lips. "Because the harsher your words, the greater my desire to break all of you."

Gwenneth gritted her teeth, her eyes glistening yet still blazing with resolve. But behind that resolve, I could see cracks forming—the shadow of fear about what I would do to her, and perhaps more painfully, to her mother and sister.

"Go on," I taunted, my index finger stroking her parted lips. "Tell me again how disgusting I am. Because starting now, this very mouth will become a receptacle for my cum."

My hand grabbed her face roughly, my fingers pressing into her soft cheeks. "You know, Gwen. In the end, every woman's mouth that ever insulted me so harshly..."

I brought my face close to hers, until our breaths nearly mingled.

"...will eventually be gagging and full of my cock."

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 55%.]

I remembered the bag of various sex toys I'd bought from Yumi's shop earlier. I fetched the black bag and spilled its contents onto the floor near Gwenneth. An array of shiny toys scattered—vibrators, suction cups, leather straps, blindfolds, ball gags, and various anal plugs in progressively larger sizes, etc.

I selected an anal plug specifically designed for gradual stretching, composed of five metal balls that increase in size, ranging from the size of a thumb to nearly the size of a child's fist.

"We'll start here," I said, holding the toy in front of Gwenneth's pale face.

"You fucking insane bastard!" she yelled, struggling futilely against her bonds. "Don't touch me with that filthy thing!"

Delilah, watching from the side, immediately tried to crawl closer. "Adam, please don't! She's my daughter! I'm begging you, just use my body, do whatever you want to me!"

Meanwhile, from the corner of my eye, I saw Angeline had quietly opened her thighs and begun touching herself, her eyes sparkling as she watched her older sister being humiliated.

I ignored them all and focused on Gwenneth.

"You're like an animal with all this hair," I mocked, squeezing her thick, blond pubic bush.

I then used the fluid from her cunt to lubricate the metal balls.

"Relax, Miss Guild Master," I whispered, positioning the tip of the plug against her twitching asshole. "If you don't tense up, it won't hurt as much."

But of course, her body resisted. Her muscles tightened, clamping the entrance shut.

"Adam, stop! I'm begging you!" Delilah screamed from behind.

"Get away from me, you bastard!" Gwenneth yelled, trying to jerk her hips away. But the [Dragonroot Rope] binding her made movement nearly impossible.

I started with the smallest ball, pushing it slowly into her tense, twitching hole. I applied a bit of pressure, making her scream in pain.

"NNNgghhh!" Gwenneth clenched her teeth.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 25 (+1)]

[...]

Anal really was her weak point. I glanced at the notification before ignoring it. The first ball finally went in with difficulty.

"Bastard... trash..." Her curses began to weaken.

I pushed in the second, larger ball. This time, she let out a long sigh, a mixture of pain and a strange sensation beginning to spread through her body.

"Stop..." she pleaded now, but I kept pushing.

The third ball made her let out a short scream. Her bound legs trembled violently. I could feel her tight muscles trying to reject the foreign object.

"Ah! No... too... big..." she moaned, her breath coming in gasps.

With firm resolve, I pushed in the fourth ball. Gwenneth threw her head back and screamed louder, tears starting to stream down her face. Her body was slick with cold sweat, yet strangely, her pussy grew even wetter, soaking the ropes binding her.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 33 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 56%.]

"See, your body is more honest than you are," I taunted, touching her dripping pussy.

She just shook her head, unable to speak.

I pushed the final, largest ball with my remaining strength. For a moment, it seemed impossible, but with a final thrust, the ball slid completely inside.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!!!" Gwenneth's ear-splitting scream filled the room.

Her body stiffened suddenly, then shook uncontrollably. The five metal balls were now fully embedded in her rectum, stretching her to her absolute limit.

"Ah... damn... what... what is this..." she mumbled, gasping for air. Tears flowed freely down her cheeks, but her curses had weakened. She felt incredibly full, strange, and utterly humiliated. Her arrogant face was now flushed with a mix of shame and confusion.

Seeing the strange expression on Gwenneth's face as she endured the sensation of the anal plug lodged inside her, I moved on to my next target. My eyes fell on her full, firm breasts, with nipples already erect from the mixture of shame, anger, and indirect stimulation.

"Don't... don't touch there," Gwenneth protested, still trying to cling to the last shreds of her dignity.

I ignored her. From the collection of toys on the floor, I picked up a pair of metal nipple clamps with a small chain connecting them. The tips were coated with thin rubber, but the design still looked cruel. I clamped them onto each of her hardened nipples.

"Ah~!" Gwenneth gasped. The sharp, piercing sensation and strong pressure from the clamps made her frown. "Take them off... You bastard... that feels weird!"

"Weird?" I mocked, giving the chain between the clamps a slight tug, making her gasp again. "Or does it feel good? Your body keeps lying to you, Gwen."

Before she could retort, I picked up a slim, cylindrical vibrator. I directed its vibrating tip toward the exposed slit of her cunt, spread open by her bound legs.

"Look at this," I whispered, pressing the vibrator against her swollen clitoris. "Even after all your insults, your body welcomes me."

"Don't...!" she cried out, but her voice was drowned out by the increasing hum of the vibrator.

I pushed the vibrator inside her pussy. Gwenneth let out a long moan. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to fight against this forced pleasure. The powerful vibrations immediately flooded her entire sensitive area, radiating from deep inside her pussy to her clitoris and spreading throughout her body.

"You... Fucking..." she cursed between her moans.

"Still want to insult me, Gwen?" I teased, twisting the vibrator inside her, searching for the spot that would make her scream the loudest. "Or can your mouth only be used for moaning and begging for more now?"

Gwenneth didn't answer, only biting her own lip until it bled, desperately trying to hold everything back.

Watching Gwenneth bound and tormented, a crueler idea formed in my mind. Before completely breaking them one by one with brute force, I wanted to toy with them further.

I glanced at Delilah, who was still kneeling with a tear-streaked face.

"Mom," I said in a teasing tone. "You'd do anything to free your daughters, right?"

She nodded quickly, her eyes full of desperate hope. "Yes! Anything, Adam! I'll do anything!"

"Good. Prove to me that you can be the most lewd and obedient housewife for my household. Do that, and I promise I won't touch Gwen and Angel again.

Hope shone in her eyes for a moment before being replaced by anxiety. "What... what do I have to do?"

"Just a little game. A performance for me. If you can satisfy me, they go free."

Delilah looked at me, then at the bound Gwenneth and the self-gratifying Angeline. Deep conflict was visible on her face, but despair and the desire to save her children finally won out.

She nodded slowly, fresh tears streaming down her cheeks. "I... I agree."

"Smart," I whispered, stroking her cheek.

## **Chapter 97: Chapter 97 - The Metamorphosis**

Gwenneth, even as her body was filled with various toys and wracked with forced pleasure, still tried to fight back. Hearing my plan to toy with her mother, she struggled to warn Delilah.

"Mom... don't... don't believe... him!" she cried out between moans, her body squirming uncontrollably from the vibrations inside her pussy. "He's... he's a fucking liar! He will never... ever... let us go!"

I let out an exasperated sigh. I picked up a black ball gag with a leather strap. I forced the ball into Gwenneth's still-protesting mouth and tightened the strap behind her head until she could only manage muffled grunts and groans.

"Enough. Quiet now," I snapped. "Your time for talking is over."

Delilah, watching this, wailed, "Adam, please, don't hurt her anymore!"

But I wasn't finished. From my inventory, I retrieved [The Edge of Bliss]—an black choker with a small padlock-shaped pendant. Then, I fastened it around Gwenneth's neck.

Now, Gwenneth's appearance was perfect in my eyes: bound in a humiliating shibari pose, her mouth gagged, her neck collared with a control choker, various toys embedded in her body.

A living work of art.

I then turned to Angeline. She was just sitting in the corner with flushed cheeks, her eyes sparkling as she watched everything without a hint of concern. After days of brainwashing, convinced this was all "for the family's good" and to make them "closer," she had fully accepted this reality.

Then my gaze shifted to Delilah. "Relax, Mom," I said in a deceptively soothing voice. "I won't lay a hand on your daughters, provided you can satisfy me with your performance."

Delilah bit her lip, deep conflict radiating from her face. "I... I'll do it. But how can I trust your promise?"

I leaned closer, my voice dropping to a low threat. "You can't. You can only hope. But the choice is simple: do as I ask, or..."

I picked up a large, flesh-colored dildo from the floor and pointed it at the bound Gwenneth. "...I'll break them both right now. Starting with this arrogant eldest daughter of yours."

Seeing the threat, Delilah panicked instantly. "No! Don't! I... I'll do it! I'll do anything! Just... please don't hurt them! I'm begging you, Adam. Please! I'll do it if you just promise not to touch them."

I smiled, knowing she was trapped. "Fine. I promise... if you can truly satisfy me using only your own body, and make me forget about them even for a moment, then I will not touch Gwen or Angel again."

It was an obvious lie. But Delilah, filled with desperation and the need to save her children, chose to believe it.

Then, I tossed the large dildo towards Angeline. "Here, Angel. You can use this. Watch me and your mother, and imagine it's me."

Angeline caught the dildo, her face beaming. She immediately began rubbing the tip against her clitoris, her eyes glued to us, ready to enjoy the show about to begin.

"Begin," I commanded flatly, staring down at the kneeling Delilah. "Show me you can be my most lewd, most shameless housewife. Change your speech, your attitude, even your facial expressions. I want to see a whore, not the Star Witch."

Delilah took a deep breath, her face still wet with tears. She looked at the bound Gwenneth and the engrossed Angeline playing with the dildo, before finally closing her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, something had changed—a profound despair had forced her to surrender.

"D-Adam... Darling," she uttered, her voice hoarse at first, trying to find a seductive tone. "Mommy... Mommy will be the sluttiest woman for you. Look at me, Son."

Her hands trembled as she began groping her own body, pinching her erect nipples. "This body... is only for you..."

"Not enough," I said. "Your expression. That's what matters most. You look like you're being tortured, not enjoying this. I want to see passion. Look at Angel—she doesn't need to be told to look turned on."

Delilah glanced over at Angeline, who was happily sliding the dildo against her own pussy, her face innocent and full of pleasure. A deeper shame washed over Delilah. She was their mother, she was supposed to protect them, not...

But she had no choice.

"Adam... Son," she said again, this time with a bit more confidence, though it still sounded forced. She licked her lips, trying to look sexy. "Mommy... Mom wants to feel your big cock again. I want you to... to wreck me like last night. Make Mommy... m-make Mommy your lust slave."

She was squeezing her own breasts now, twisting her nipples. "Look... Mommy's breasts... are so hard for you. Mommy's pussy... is so wet... just thinking about your big cock inside."

I wasn't even using the [Slave's Collar] to command her. She was truly doing all this of her own will. The mighty Star Witch had truly fallen this far. It was magnificent.

Then an idea came to me.

"Perhaps you need some help." My hand suddenly grabbed her groin, my fingers slipping between the folds of her pussy, already damp from a mix of shame and stress.

Delilah gasped, her body tensing. "A-Adam...!"

"Relax, Mom," I whispered as two of my fingers began playing with her swollen labia. "Let me help you feel it."

I flipped her over until she was face down on the carpet. Her position now placed her directly in front of the bound Gwenneth, forcing her eldest daughter to witness every detail of this humiliation. Angeline in the corner grew more excited, pressing the dildo she held against her own pussy while her eyes remained unblinking.

I opened my pants and aimed my thick, hard cock into her vaginal opening from behind.

"Feel it. Don't hold back," I hissed in her ear as I began pushing in slowly.

A pained groan escaped Delilah's lips as my penis forced its way into her hole. But I kept pushing while activating [Lustful Touch], slow and steady, until my entire shaft was inside. She moaned, her hands clutching the carpet.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 67 (+1)]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal increased to 46 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 74%.]

[... ]

I ignored the notification. My focus was now on the warming body beneath me.

"Now, Mom," I said, starting to move my hips in a steady rhythm. "Try again. Say something dirty for me. Tell me how good it feels."

Delilah panted, her face buried in the carpet. Her voice was ragged as she tried to obey. "A-Adam... your dick... is so big... aaah... filling me up so well..."

"Better," I praised, speeding up my movements. My thrusts were deeper, more impactful now. I could feel the walls of her cunt responding to me, growing wetter, more accepting.

"Delilah, don't hold back the pleasure," I commanded again, my hand grabbing her hair and pulling her head back. "Just let it go. Your daughters have already seen the worst of you. What else is left to hide?"

"Ahh~ Adam! Yes... just like that!" she moaned, "Fuck your mommy deeper! Harder!"

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 77%.]

I smiled, pleased with the progress. "See, you can be a good slut."

I slammed into her harder, making her scream. "Yes! Adam! I... I feel... shattered... please... !"

Her expression began to change. The furrow in her brow slowly faded, replaced by a despair that was morphing into a dark surrender. Her pursed lips began to part, releasing longer, deeper moans.

I pulled her up until she was sitting in my lap, my cock still buried deep inside her. From this position, she had a direct view of the bound Gwenneth, whose eyes were filled with horror watching her mother's destruction.

"Look at your daughter, Mom," I whispered, starting to move my hips again, thrusting even deeper from this angle. "Look how she watches her mother become a whore."

Delilah stared at Gwenneth, and tears streamed down her face. But strangely, her pussy clenched even tighter around my cock. The guilt seemed to be metamorphosing into something else—a twisted need to be punished, to be destroyed even further.

"Forgive me, Gwen... I... I can't fight it..." she sobbed, but her body moved in rhythm with my thrusts.

"Forget her," I ordered, turning her face to kiss me.

At first stiff, but once our lips met, something triggered. Delilah, driven by waves of impossible-to-resist pleasure and total despair, began responding to my kiss. Her tongue, initially passive, began dancing with mine, her moans muffled in our deep, lustful kiss.

The world seemed to vanish for her. The guilt of betraying Gwenneth, failing to protect her daughters, the humiliation of being raped by her stepson in front of them, her shattered pride as the Star Witch—it all melted together into a blaze of pleasure she could no longer resist.

She had tried to fight, but her own power, both physical and mental, meant nothing before me. And in that despair, the only escape was complete surrender.

But suddenly, her eyes flew wide open as she looked directly at the bound Gwenneth, who was staring back with eyes full of disappointment and despair. For a moment, a flash of awareness and guilt crossed Delilah's face.

"No... Gwen... forgive me..." she whispered, tears starting to flow again.

But I gave her no chance to retreat. I slammed into her harder, hitting her most sensitive G-spot directly.

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 76 (+1)]

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 65 (+1)]

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

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 90%.]

[... ]

I ignored the notification. My focus was on her transformation.

"Louder," I growled in her ear. "Tell Gwen how good this feels."

"Gwen...!" Delilah screamed, now seemingly forgetting everything, swept away by the current of pleasure. "Look... look at your mommy... Ahh! How... how good it is! Adam... harder! Wreck me! Make me... a vile woman!"

The change in Delilah became more evident. The expression of guilt and shame on her face was now replaced by uncontrollable wrinkles of ecstasy. Her golden eyes were glazed over from lust. Her red lips were parted, releasing increasingly wanton moans and gasps.

"Yes~! Yes~! Like that! Adam! Oh, God...!" she screamed. "Mommy... Mommy will be anything for you! I'll swallow your cum! Anything! Just... don't stop! Keep destroying me!"

"Tell me who you are!" I demanded, the rhythm of my hips growing faster and more brutal.

"I... I am... your whore! Your slutty mommy! The most... the most vile woman!" she screamed, her body beginning to tremble, signaling an approaching climax. "I'm yours! Ah~! My whole body... my soul... belongs to you, Adam!"

This was the ultimate ruin. A total surrender where the only reality left was the pleasure I gave her and the craving for more.

## **Chapter 98: Chapter 98 - The Broken Mother**

Every moan, every wanton cry from her mother fell directly on Gwenneth's ears like drops of poison, slowly paralyzing the remnants of her resistance. Her golden eyes,

filled with hatred and fury, streamed with tears of despair mixed with the sweat on her temples.

But what tortured her more was the betrayal of her own body. Beneath the burning shame and anger, a strange sensation crept from every intimate point.

Her pinched nipples sent signals of pain mixed with unexpected waves of stimulation. Her buttocks, feeling full and stretched by the anal plug, made her feel filled in a shameful way. And most humiliating of all, the vibrator still buzzing in her pussy caused an embarrassing wetness to continuously flow, dampening the ropes that bound her.

"P-Please... stop... ngh..." she uttered weakly, but her voice was muffled by the ball in her mouth, coming out only as an indistinct moan.

But Delilah was too far gone. On my lap, she now moved under her own power, her hips rising and falling in a wild rhythm, swallowing my entire shaft down to the base. Her hands gripped my thighs, her nails leaving marks on my skin.

"Ahh~ Adam! Yes! Right there!" she moaned, her head thrown back. "My womb... is shattered... shattered completely! Make Mommy... your whore!"

I held her waist tightly, slamming her down harder onto my lap. "You are a whore, Mom. The greatest whore there ever was."

"Ahh~! Yes! I'm a whore! A whore for my own stepson!" she screamed, as if proud of the degrading title.

Every word from her mouth stabbed deeper into Gwenneth's heart, who could only watch with horrified eyes.

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 94%.]

I smiled contentedly at the near-perfect percentage. But I wanted more. I wanted total destruction. With a quick movement, I lifted Delilah's body off my lap, making her gasp. "A-Adam?"

Then, I placed her limp body directly on top of the bound Gwenneth. Now, Gwenneth's face was mere inches from her mother's wet, wide-open pussy. Their musky scents mingled into one, creating an increasingly intoxicating atmosphere.

Delilah turned her head, and her gaze met Gwenneth's pained one. For a moment, a flash of awareness appeared in her eyes. She saw herself through her daughter's eyes—a naked mother, being raped by her stepson, with her wet pussy just inches from her own daughter's face.

"Please... don't..." Delilah murmured weakly, but it was too late for protests.

I immediately mounted her from behind, plunging my dick back into her throbbing pussy. From this position, I could clearly see Gwenneth's expression beneath us. Her tears flowed freely, her beautiful eyes red and swollen.

SPANK!

A hard slap landed on her reddened left buttock.

"Forgot your role, Whore?" I growled, gripping her hips tightly. "Your acting failed. Do you want me to touch this arrogant daughter of yours?"

The threat snapped her back to reality. "No! Sorry! I... I'll do better!" She immediately shook her head, forcing a fake, coquettish smile. "Adam... Darling... Mommy... Mom is your whore!"

SPANK!

"Louder!" I ordered, slapping her again, harder this time.

"I'm your whore!" she screamed, now with a terrifying conviction. "Gwen! Listen! Mom... Mom is a whore for Adam! I love his cock! I love being raped by him!"

Every word was like a knife stabbing Gwenneth's heart. She shook her head, trying to deny the reality unfolding, but her own body betrayed her. The vibrator in her pussy seemed to work more diligently, pulling weak moans from her that she couldn't suppress.

"Now, praise my cock," I urged Delilah, giving her no time to think. "Tell Gwen how great my cock is."

Delilah panted, her face flushed with a mix of shame and arousal. "Adam's cock... is so big... and hot... Ahh~! It fills Mommy perfectly! Better... better than anyone!"

I thrust deeper, enjoying every detail of the moral destruction before my eyes. But I was still not satisfied. Something was still missing.

SMACK!

My slap landed again on her buttocks. "Not lewd enough! You're a slutty mother, remember? Not an innocent girl! Say something that would make your daughter ashamed to hear it. Something only the cheapest whore would say."

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 96%.]

Delilah screamed, consumed by guilt and pleasure. "Gwen! Listen to me! Adam's cock... is the best! Mommy... Mom has never felt anything like this! Aaah! I want this forever!"

"Delilah, you whore!" I snarled in her ear. "Say it!"

"I... I'm a whore!" she screamed, her body beginning to tremble. "A whore for my own stepson!"

Smack!

"What's your name?"

"Delilah... the whore! The slutty mother!"

Smack!

"For whom?"

"For you! Only for you, Adam!"

But it still wasn't enough. I slammed into her harder, making her scream hysterically. "Now invite her! Invite your daughter to feel this!"

Delilah gasped, her eyes widening. For a second, her consciousness returned. "No... I can't..."

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

A series of spanks landed on her fiercely red buttocks.

"Gwen! Darling! You... you must feel it too! Adam's cock... will make you forget everything! Aaah! Mommy... Mom regrets not feeling this sooner!"

Her dying mind tried to convince herself: This is still acting... this is for Gwen and Angel... I must be better... more degraded... so they can be free... But her body moved wildly, pushing her buttocks towards me, chasing that destructive pleasure.

SPANK!

"Still not sincere enough, Whore!"

"I AM YOUR WHORE!" Delilah suddenly screamed, her voice hoarse and desperate. "Gwen! Ah~! Listen to me! We... we are all his whores! We deserve this! For everything we did to him! We must atone for it... with our bodies... forever!"

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 98%.]

"Good..." I murmured, twisting her nipple. "Now, continue."

Delilah, now completely mindless, kept babbling. "Gwen... Angel... you must... you must feel this too! Adam's cock... will unite us! Make us... ahh~! A real family! We will be his whores... together... we will serve him... every day... every night... with our mouths... with our vaginas... with our asses... we will drink his cum... this... this is our fate... our atonement... AAAAAH~!"

[Your Dominance over Delilah Increases to 99%.]

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. The words flowed from her mouth effortlessly—vulgar, humiliating, and utterly submissive.

"Good!" I praised, feeling her body clench even tighter around my cock. "Now, as a reward for your obedience, I will punish them as you wished."

That sentence was like a bucket of cold water for Delilah. Her eyes widened, a moment of pure awareness and horror surfacing. "N-No... Adam... you promised... you said if I was a good whore for you, you would let them go."

SMACK!

"I lied, Mom!" I snapped, thrusting deeper and faster. "I will never let them go! They will be my whores, just like you! I will break them, make them slaves to my lust forever!"

Hearing that cruel admission, something inside Delilah snapped. Her sanity, her last defense, shattered into pieces. The hope she had clung to—that all this suffering had meaning, that by being a "good whore" she could save her children—collapsed instantly. There was no more reason to resist. No more hope for salvation. All that remained was the cruel physical pleasure and total surrender.

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal reaches 100%]

[You have successfully made Delilah Climax]

[Delilah's Sexual Arousal automatically drops to 64%]

[Domination over Delilah increases to 100%]

[You Have Successfully Dominated Delilah and caused her mind to break]

[Delilah is now your obedient sex slave who lives to serve your dick]

Her body suddenly convulsed violently, a long, ragged groan torn from the deepest core of her being. Her pussy throbbed, wringing out every last drop of pleasure from her and from me.

She reached climax, but this was no ordinary climax. It was a climax of mental destruction, where physical pleasure and spiritual despair fused into one.

I kept spanking her crimson buttocks while thrusting to the hilt. "Surrender yourself! Tell Gwen again what she must do!"

Delilah, whose mind was now truly broken and lived only to serve me, nodded with a twisted, happy expression. "Gwen... Darling... just submit... feel our Master's dick... it's... what's best for us... we truly deserve to be his whores..."

I finally reached my peak and released everything I had into her womb until it was full. Delilah only sobbed weakly, her body still trembling, her face fixed in a twisted expression of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Gwenneth could only murmur weakly, "No... no... no..." over and over again as she witnessed her mother being shattered and transformed into a happy, satisfied sex slave. A foolish smile was plastered on her once-graceful face, a face that now lived only for her own stepson's pleasure.

[Gwenneth's Sexual Arousal increased to 91 (+1)]

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 82%.]

## **Chapter 99: Chapter 99 - A Feast of Depravity**

I pulled my stiff cock out of Delilah, leaving her gaping and filled with my cum. Before she could move, I gripped her hips and tilted her body, positioning her dripping pussy directly above Gwenneth's face.

"Look, Mom," I whispered, pressing down on her lower stomach. "Give your daughter a gift."

With a weak moan, a mixture of my semen and Delilah's own arousal trickled out, dripping directly onto Gwenneth's beautiful face. Some drops landed on her cheeks, others on her tightly closed lips and eyelids, clenched in utter despair.

The contrast was captivating: Delilah's face, glowing with a shattered, satisfied smile, versus Gwenneth's, streaked with our combined fluids, twisted in deep disgust and humiliation.

"Very good, Mom," I praised, giving her reddened rear a pat. I then turned to Angeline, who was still busy rubbing the dildo against her own wetness. "Angel. Please fetch a plate and a spoon from the kitchen."

"Yes, Brother!" Angeline chirped brightly, immediately hopping up and skipping out of the room, her hand still idly playing with the toy between her damp thighs.

While waiting, my gaze shifted to Delilah, who lay weakly beside Gwenneth. She began crawling towards me, her golden eyes fixed on my erect cock with desperate hope.

"Adam... let Mommy..." she whispered, her hand almost touching my shaft.

I gently deflected her hand while stroking her head. "Not now, Mom. Your duty to serve me with your mouth will be Angel's later." I leaned down and kissed her still-trembling lips. "Right now, I just want to kiss you and hear how happy you are to be mine."

Hearing my words, Delilah's face lit up. She returned the kiss passionately, her soft tongue slipping into my mouth. "I... I'm so happy, Adam," she murmured between kisses. "Being yours... is my destiny."

As we parted for breath, a tiny remnant of awareness in the deepest corner of her mind whispered weakly. "Adam... you... you won't touch Gwen, will you? You promised...?" her voice was small and doubtful.

I smiled, gently patting her cheek. "Oh, Mom, you naive thing." I sat her on the edge of the bed and crouched in front of Gwenneth, staring into her hate-filled golden eyes. "You forget so easily what she did to me? Humiliating me, slapping me, beating me, forcing me to lick her boots... the list is long."

My hand grabbed Gwenneth's chin, forcing her to look at me. "This is all part of the disciplining process, Mom. For her own good. So she learns to respect her Master, the head of this family. We are a happy family now, aren't we? And in a happy family, everyone must know their place and their duty. Gwen's duty is to learn obedience, just as you learned to be a good mother and whore."

Delilah listened, the expression on her face slowly shifting from doubt to acceptance. "Yes... yes, you're right, Adam. I... I was just thinking... I wanted... your dick for myself for a little while."

She bowed her head, her cheeks flushing. "I was greedy, forgive me."

"Don't worry," I said, stroking her disheveled blonde hair. "My libido is limitless, Mom. I could rail you three every day, in turns or all at once, and still have energy to spare. You will never lack for my attention."

From the corner of my eye, I saw Gwenneth's body grow even more limp. Total despair enveloped her. There was no savior left. Her mother had become my accomplice and was now endorsing this torture under the guise of discipline and a happy family.

Just then, Angeline returned, carrying a white ceramic plate. Her pussy was still wet, and her red lips were slightly swollen from having just reached orgasm again.

"Brother, here's the plate," she said sweetly, her face flushed.

I took the plate, shaking my head. "You've managed to orgasm several times just from watching, Angel. Do you enjoy the sight that much?"

Angeline blushed with embarrassment, but her eyes shone. "Yes, Brother. Watching Mommy and Sis Gwen... it gets me so excited. I don't know why, but seeing you all... it makes me wet instantly and I want to feel the same things."

I smiled, then placed the plate in front of Delilah's stomach, right beneath her pussy.

"Now, Mom," I commanded softly. "Sit and gather all of our fluids onto this plate. Don't waste a single drop."

Obediently, Delilah immediately shifted her position, sitting with her legs spread wide. With her slender fingers, she carefully parted her red, swollen labia, collecting the mixture of my semen and her own whitish fluids. She scooped it out slowly, making sure none was left behind, and dripped it onto the plate. The thick liquid pooled at the bottom, emitting their distinctive musky scent.

I then removed Gwenneth's gag. The moment she was free, she immediately spat in my direction, which I easily dodged.

"You insane monster! Trash of society! You bastard who should never have been born! Your pathetic little dick only inspires disgust!"

A torrent of sharp curses flowed from her, filled with boiling hatred and fury. I just smiled, then activated the remote for the vibrator inside her pussy, turning the dial to maximum.

**BRRRRZZZZZZZZZZ!**

A loud, constant vibration instantly flooded her entire pussy, radiating to her clit and surrounding area. Gwenneth gasped, her eyes widening. A long, uncontrollable moan escaped her trembling lips.

"AAAAHHHHHH!!! TURN IT OFF... TURN IT OFF!!! DAMN YOU...!!!"

Her bound body arched, trying to fight the wave of forced pleasure destroying her defenses. Her legs trembled violently, the shibari ropes tightening on her sweaty skin.

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

She was on the verge of climax. I could see it in how her body tensed, how her womb twitched, how her breath came in ragged gasps. But [The Edge of Bliss] around her neck glinted, emitting a magical energy that held the orgasm right at the precipice. A frustration so intense it was driving her mad.

"AH! NO! LET GO... I'M ALMOST... BUT... I CAN'T...!" she sobbed, tears of despair streaming down. She shook her head, trying to fight the impossible-to-resist sensations.

"I'm curious, Gwen," I taunted, bringing my face close to her agonized one. "How much longer can you last? Your body has already surrendered, screaming for release. But your mouth is still defiant. Don't you have any more creative insults? 'Bastard,' 'monster,' 'asshole'... it's always the same. Boring."

Gwenneth bit her lip so hard fresh blood trickled from the corner. Her eyes blazed with steely determination, even as her body was broken.

"Adam...!" she cried, her voice hoarse. "You think... I'll... SURRENDER?! You might as well kill me now!"

"Oh, no need to be so dramatic," I replied casually, turning off her vibrator for a moment, giving her a false reprieve. "How about a compromise? You apologize to me. Apologize for all the humiliation, the beatings, the torture you inflicted on me before. Get on your knees and admit you were wrong. Do it sincerely, and I'll be gentler with you. I might even remove this choker." It was a blatant lie, of course.

Gwenneth hissed.

"LIES! YOU'RE A LIAR! I KNOW HOW YOU OPERATE! I'd rather die than apologize to trash like you!"

I feigned a disappointed sigh, then turned to Delilah, the plate containing our fluids in her hands. "Finished, Mom?"

Delilah nodded obediently. "Yes, Adam. All our fluids are collected."

I took the plate, observing the pool of milky-white, thick liquid emitting its sharp, musky scent. I tilted the plate slowly, watching the fluid slosh.

"I think... this still isn't enough," I mused, as if deep in thought. Then, a cruel smile spread across my lips. I looked directly into Gwen's terrified eyes.

"Listen carefully, Gwen. This is an important lesson for you. Starting today, and forever after, your breakfast and dinner menu will be slightly... different." I raised the plate in front of her face. "You will eat this. A mixture of my fresh sperm, the love juice of your mother whom I've made addicted, and, later, your sweet sister's fluids as well."

Gwenneth shook her head slowly, her eyes wide with horror.

"It's high in protein, you know," I continued in a falsely instructive tone. "Very good for the stamina recovery of a Hunter like you. Vitamins? Of course it has them. All the nutrients a woman's body needs are right here, expelled with great effort through their

greatest pleasure. You will lick this plate clean, every morning and every night. Not a drop wasted. I will make sure of it."

"No..." she whispered, her voice almost inaudible, filled with despair. "Please... don't..."

"This isn't a choice, Gwen. This is your new reality. A special diet to keep you healthy, strong, and... obedient." I brought the plate almost to her nose, forcing her to smell us. "Smell it, Gwen. This is the scent of our family. The scent of your new destiny."

She turned her face away in disgust, but I caught her chin and forced her to face it again. "Learn to like it. Because starting tonight, you will drink this until the plate is clean. And tomorrow, there will be more. And the day after, more again. Forever."

After seeing the total horror and despair in her eyes, I satisfiedly replaced her gag. Her screams of protest were muffled into incoherent grunts.

Then, I looked at Delilah and Angeline. "Mom, Angel. 69 position. In front of Gwen. Let her watch how harmoniously you serve me."

The two women immediately obeyed. Angeline lay on her back on the bed, while Delilah straddled her daughter's body, positioning her wet pussy right above Angeline's face, and lowering her own face between her daughter's thighs. Delilah's round, reddened buttocks, marked by my slaps, were now facing me, temptingly.

"Angel," I called. "Time for your duty. Be a good cocksucker for your brother."

With shining eyes, Angeline crawled closer, taking my hard cock in both her hands. She kissed the tip reverently before opening her small mouth and slowly taking my shaft inside.

"Ahh~ Brother..." she moaned, her voice muffled by my cock filling her mouth.

Meanwhile, my hands reached for Delilah's plump buttocks. Her smooth, reddened skin felt warm. My hands caressed with a sense of ownership before my fingers found her asshole. I gripped it, inserting a finger, making Delilah moan weakly into Angeline's pussy, which was positioned right above her face.

This is the picture of a perfect family, according to my version. A family built on obedience, lust, and moral ruin. And most importantly, I am the center of it all.

## **Chapter 100: Chapter 100 - The Heart-Tipped Cruelty**

My gaze fell to the collection of toys on the floor, and I picked up the anal plug. Crafted from black silicone, it was intimidatingly large—perhaps the width of my two thumbs combined—yet topped with a deceptively cute, heart-shaped end. Using the residual wetness glistening on Delilah's thighs as lubricant, I pressed on.

"Don't worry, Mom," I whispered, my index finger already circling her twitching rear entrance. "This is just a tool. A whore like you should be accustomed to having all her holes filled."

Delilah, even with her mind shattered and fully enslaved, could still feel a primitive instinct of fear. Her eyes widened at the sight of the plug's size, her body instinctively tensing.

"A-Adam... that's... too big..." she whimpered, the small, fearful voice only fueling my arousal. "Please... don't... I promise to serve you better... with my mouth... with my hands..."

I gave her buttock a gentle slap. "Relax, Mom. I know what's best for you." My hand pressed the tip of the plug slowly against her tight hole. "Take a deep breath... and push it out..."

Delilah drew a sharp breath, her chest rising. As she exhaled, with one quick, firm thrust, I pushed the plug all the way in.

"AAAAHHHH!!!" An ear-splitting shriek of pain tore from her lips. Her body arched, trying to escape the sudden, burning sensation filling her backside. Her tight anus was forced to stretch brutally to accommodate the foreign object.

"There, there," I whispered soothingly, my hand stroking her sweaty back. "The worst part is over. I did it all at once on purpose; going slow is more torturous. Trust my experience."

Delilah sobbed, her face buried against Angeline's thighs. "But... but it hurts so much, Adam..."

"I know, Mom. But as my good whore, you have to accept anything I give you, right?" I teased while slowly twisting the plug inside her, making her moan with a mix of pain and strange sensation. "And don't worry, I won't be using your ass today. This is just training. To get you accustomed."

She gave a weak nod, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Yes... Mom... Mom will accept everything..."

Satisfied with her response, I then positioned my cock, slick with Angeline's saliva. Without further ceremony, I placed the tip against Delilah's pussy and thrust in all the way.

"NNNNGGGHHH!!!" Delilah screamed again, this time with a different tone.

The sensation she felt now was utterly bizarre. Her pussy, already sensitive from multiple orgasms, was now completely filled by my cock, while next door, in her ass, the large anal plug provided constant internal pressure.

It felt... incredibly full. As if every inch of her womanly passage was being stretched, filled, and dominated.

For me, the sensation was incredible. Delilah's pussy felt tighter than ever—likely from the pressure of the anal plug pushing against the wall between her pussy and rectum. Every thrust of mine met a delightful resistance, as if her body was trying to reject me while simultaneously pulling me deeper. I couldn't stop, the rhythm of my hips growing faster.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The wet, loud sound of our bodies colliding filled the room. Delilah's plump, reddened buttocks, marked by my slaps, jiggled violently with each thrust, creating mesmerizing little waves. I gripped her hips tightly, slamming her harder against me.

"Angel," I called out to the girl still lying beneath us, her eyes shining as she watched her mother being treated roughly. "Suck your mother's clit. Make her feel even more pleasure."

Obediently, Angeline leaned in and without hesitation placed her mouth on her mother's swollen clitoris. Her small, skilled tongue immediately went to work, licking and sucking enthusiastically.

"Ahh~! Angel! No... not there...!" Delilah tried to protest, but her voice was muffled by Angeline's pussy, which she was still licking on my previous command.

"Now, Mom," I ordered, continuing to pound into her mercilessly. "Keep licking your daughter's pussy. Make her feel good too."

With a forced moan, Delilah lowered her head back between Angeline's thighs. Her tongue began working on her youngest daughter's clitoris, making Angeline let out small, pleasurable whimpers.

The sight was truly spectacular. Mother and daughter giving each other oral pleasure while I fucked the mother from behind. Delilah's pussy grew tighter and began pulsating wildly, clenching around my cock as if unwilling to let go.

"Adam! I'm... I'm going to... AAAAAHHH!!!" Delilah suddenly screamed hysterically, her body shaking uncontrollably.

She climaxed again, her pussy squeezing my cock powerfully while her mouth continued working on Angeline's pussy, sending her youngest daughter over the edge into orgasm as well.

But I was far from done. I pulled my cock from Delilah's pulsating pussy, making her groan at the loss.

"Angel, open your mouth wide," I commanded.

With flushed cheeks and teary eyes from pleasure, Angeline obediently opened her mouth. Without waiting, I thrust my cock, wet with her mother's juices, into her small mouth.

"GGLKK...!" Angeline gagged, her eyes bulging. But strangely, she didn't fight it. Instead, her hands grabbed my buttocks and pushed her head deeper.

The notification in my vision showed she was enjoying it:

[Angeline's Sexual Arousal increased to 67 (+3)]

[... ]

"You little pervert," I muttered.

Angeline truly enjoyed being treated roughly like this. She even locked her mother's head in place with her thighs, forcing Delilah to continue licking her sensitive, post-orgasmic cunt.

As I fucked Angeline's mouth brutally, my hands grabbed Delilah's large, swaying breasts. I squeezed and twisted her already hard nipples, making her moan with a mix of pain and pleasure.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Gwenneth, still bound. Her face was pale, her eyes empty, but something had changed about her body. Her pussy was soaking wet, dampening the ropes that bound her.

Her body swayed weakly, as if dancing to the rhythm of my thrusts. She had been on the edge of climax multiple times, but [The Edge of Bliss] around her neck kept her teetering on the brink.

Now it was time for the finishing touch.

I pulled my cock from Angeline's mouth and plunged it back into Delilah's still-sensitive pussy.

"AAAHHHH!!" Delilah screamed, her body arching.

"Look, Mom," I hissed at Delilah. "Look at your proud daughter. She wants to feel what you're feeling. Tempt her."

Delilah, panting heavily with a shattered mind, stared at her bound eldest daughter. Her mouth opened, and lewd words began to flow:

"Gwen, darling," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "Look at Mom... see how happy I am... I never imagined I could feel pleasure like this... You can feel it too, my girl. Just let go... let go of your hatred... it's just a burden causing you pain."

Gwenneth shook her head, but her eyes were locked on my cock moving in and out of Angeline's mouth.

"Adam... our Master..." Delilah continued, now in a more seductive tone. "He... he will give you pleasure you've never imagined. His cock... aaah... will ruin you in the most beautiful way, darling... look at me... see how I enjoy every inch of his cock... Aaah~! This... this is better than any magic... more satisfying than any power..."

She let out a long moan as I thrust deeper. "My body... belongs to him completely... and I've never felt more... more complete... Aaah~! Yes! Right there!"

Her hands grabbed her own breasts, squeezing them roughly. "Listen to me, Gwen... His cock... will heal you... will make you forget all your hatred... you just need... to surrender..."

I sped up my rhythm, making her scream. "Tell her the truth, Mom! Tell her why she must surrender!"

"Ahh~ Because... because we deserve this! We've sinned against him! Aaah~! And this... this is our atonement! We must serve him... with our bodies... forever!"

She gasped for air, tears streaming down her face, but this time they weren't tears of sadness—they were tears of forced ecstasy. "Gwen... obey... feel his cock... let him ruin you... because after that ruin... you will find... true happiness... like me..."

"More vulgar, Mom!" I urged, slapping her buttock. "You're a whore! Talk like one!"

Delilah screamed, her voice dropping to a debased husk: "Your pussy is suffering... isn't it? I can see it... you want this big cock to tear you open... fill your womb... aaah~! Like he's doing to me!"

She coughed but kept talking:

"You see... how lucky Angel and I are... you deserve to feel it too... just let go... let him dominate you... become his whore... like us..."

[Your Dominance over Gwenneth Increases to 85%.]

Those words were like an evil curse, piercing straight into Gwenneth's soul.

And it aroused me even more. I accelerated the movement of my hips until I lost all control, pounding Delilah's pussy with full force.

"I'm cumming, Mom!!!" I roared, releasing everything I had deep into her womb for the second time.

Delilah screamed, climaxing with me, her body shaking before finally collapsing limply on top of her daughter, the anal plug still lodged in her ass and her cunt dripping with my seed.