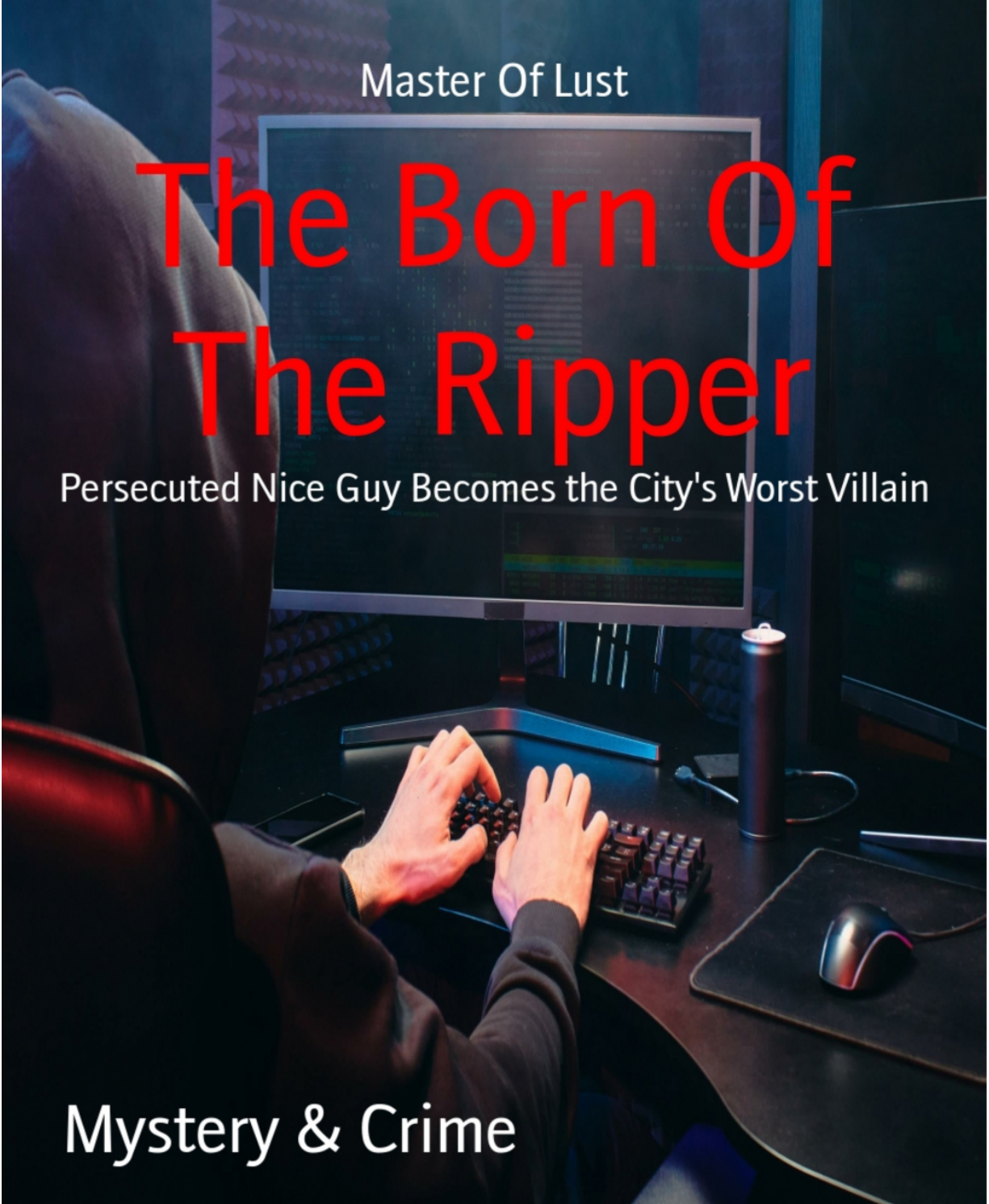
A person wearing a dark hoodie is seated at a desk, typing on a mechanical keyboard. The desk is dark, and the room is dimly lit with blue and red ambient lighting. A large computer monitor is positioned in front of them, displaying lines of green and white code on a dark background. To the right of the keyboard is a black mouse on a mousepad. A silver can is visible on the desk to the right of the monitor. The background features acoustic foam panels.

Master Of Lust

The Born Of The Ripper

Persecuted Nice Guy Becomes the City's Worst Villain

Mystery & Crime

A person wearing a dark hoodie is seated at a desk in a dimly lit room, typing on a keyboard. A computer monitor in front of them displays lines of green code on a black background. The room is dark, with some blue and red ambient lighting. A mouse is visible on the desk to the right of the keyboard.

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Credit

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Erotico Books

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The entire contents of this story are not actual events, only the imagination, and fiction of the author. If there are similarities between places, events, and actors, then this is an element of accident.

Prologue

Alex is a poor young man in the city of Mandala. Alex is actually a nice guy who is constantly under the pressure of financial problems and oppression from the people of Mandala City. Alex has been scammed many times by online scammers. And He learns fraud techniques by studying chat from people who deceive themselves and begin to practice it on others. His life changes for the better as a con artist. He learns to hack computer systems and with his hard work, he commits hacking and other cybercrimes. His life is getting richer with his new profession and getting more sex from various women in his city. Alex's adventures from being a good boy to become the most wanted criminal in the city are full of sex adventures from many women and cybercrimes that he did so that he was nicknamed the Ripper.

Chapter 1. Mandala City

Mandala, January 2014

My City, a system that will be your partner in building a Smart City. A system that will ensure your safety by monitoring the city for 24 hours. My box connects with you almost everywhere. Starting from traffic lights to your cell phone. My City, ready to serve you.

2002. Losing the islands of Sipadan and Lagitan was a heavy blow for Mandala Country. Protests took place in big cities, and the name of Mandala Country weakened in the international community's eyes. One year later, the government of Mandala Country decided to increase development in all outer islands, including one of my hometowns, Miangas.

The government attracts investors to invest. It was there that the name sky blue appeared. A company that is ready to pour money into the development of the island of Miangas. For starters, an airport and a port were built with 60 percent of the company's investment. As a developer, Blue Sky then built a five-star resort, followed by a luxury real estate project.

In 2007, a massive reclamation project was signed, and it continues to run despite pressure from neighboring countries and protests that occurred both on Miangas island and outside the island. The largest reclamation project in the history of Mandala Country. The success of the project became the foundation for other reclamation projects in Mandala Country.

In 2009, the Miangas population exceeded 100 USD, with a reclaimed island area of 300 sq km. One of the largest reclamations in the world. Blue Sky's success in the project made the company enter the list of the top five largest companies in the Mandala Country, replacing A Star International. In 2010, Blue Sky officially declared Miangas as its operations center and main headquarters. At the same time, the mayor announced the change of the name of the island and the City to Mandala, the last name of the CEO as well. Founder Blue sky. The Times magazine wrote that Mandala Island indirectly became one of the islands in the Private Mandala Country because almost the entire budget is financed and comes from the private sector.

2012, Mandala City celebrated its first skyscraper after almost seven years since the first construction. A 28-story Apartment Complex. In the same year, many office buildings and apartments were inaugurated. The population census recorded over 2 thousand dollars, making it one of the most densely populated cities in the Mandala Country. In 2014 when the company announced its My City operating system, the population exceeded four thousand dollars, making Mandala the third most densely populated city in the Mandala Country.

Besides all that, 20 percent of the population of Mandala live below the poverty line. My family may be one of them. Most of the indigenous people of Mandala and live in a narrow, slum alley with houses made of wood and tin. At least eight people inhabit almost every house, and there is even one house with up to 20 people in it. From small children, teenagers, to parents all piled up in this alley. We could see the tall towers where rich people lived. Maybe it's just a dream for us to live in such a place.

In 2017, a few months after I graduated from high school. I work at the mobile phone store near my house. The salary is small, not only for the size of a big city but even for a small town. I only earn \$1500 per month. Every day I cycle from home because if I take public transportation, my money will only run out in fares.

My mother is a washerwoman, and my father is a gambler. My mother earned money until my brothers, and I graduated from school with excellent grades, while my father spent money as he pleased. I still have one more sister who is still in elementary school. And I work one of them to help my mother so that my sister does not drop out of school.

The Mandala Country people of the future know me by the name of Ripper, the most accomplished con artist in all of Mandala Country. But then I was nothing. My IT knowledge is still fundamental, and you can even say I'm still a very layman.

That afternoon I just got home from the counter. I always come home at 5 and arrive before sunset or a few minutes after. I gave up almost my entire salary because I'm used to having less than 100 USD in my wallet. I took a short break, and that's when the drama happened.

“Alex!! Get out! Alex!!”

I went out with my mother. Three thugs came to my house that night around 7 o'clock. My father hasn't been home anywhere since this morning. I can't believe they broke into our house, ransacked our house, scared my sister and sister.

"Listen! Alex has 700 USD with us! If you don't have one by tomorrow afternoon, you will bear the consequences yourself. Tonight I'm still giving you leeway. But tomorrow, I can be fiercer than this."

"No need to wait. We pay now"

We combined my salary that month with my salary last month to pay my father's debt. Fix, I don't have any more money. At the same time, my mother and sister's money is for our needs for this month. At least we were spared the disaster. But there was anger inside of me. The money I earned for two months of hard work was exhausted because of my father's actions.

My dad came home drunk, and he didn't even know or care about what had just happened. Again my father quarreled with my mother. Of course, fighting over how my dad made us spend 700 USD in a day. My sister and I did not participate in the debate because we were already lazy. It's only natural that my older siblings grew up hating our own father.

My mom gave me 20 USD to hold on to while working. I don't really need money because I usually bring lunch from home, rice with vegetables and water. I'm still upset about what happened yesterday. But what happened has happened. I'm not upset we don't have any more money. I'm annoyed how people can spend that much money in a day when someone like me earns it so hard.

"I'm crazy after being tricked, Dog!"

" again? What's the trick this time?"

“ Open Booking on My chat. Even though I was waiting at the hotel, you know!”

“Open Booking again. There's nothing wrong with you.”

I overheard two Mandala Country teenagers chatting in the cafeteria next door. He was tricked by the Open Booking service on my chat, which may be some people already know they are. He cheated on 300 USD, which to me is quite a lot of money. I opened my cellphone, installed My chat on my old cellphone, and learned how these people's mode was.

I don't know what I was thinking at the time. I installed a new card on my old cellphone, then created an account with that number. I just thought, if people can make money that way, then so can I. I created a girl account with photos I took with Instagram and made the status as natural as possible so people would believe I was really a calling girl.

"How much is Short Time?"

"How long is it?"

"included room?"

I've never even touched a so-called girl. Even when shaking hands. Especially when it comes to Booking Girl, I copied the chat from the scammer's account and perfected it. It's not easy because many people already understand if I cheat. But my theory is that as long as innocent people exist, someone will definitely fall into that trap.

It's 5 pm, it's time to go home. I charge 300 USD for a down payment, just like other scammers. To my surprise, I got four victims, quite a lot for a beginner like me. I

immediately went to the ATM to see my account balance. And the money is there. I took the money, and I sat down.

I did it. It took me about three months to get that kind of money, assuming I didn't use it. I didn't think much of it because I wasn't brilliant. I'm not afraid that people will trace my account or anything. I'm so glad I got 1.2 thousand dollars in a day. I cycled home in a fiery spirit.

"Mom, this is yesterday's money change."

I gave my mother 700 USD, reimburse the money my father spent yesterday. I know it's sad, giving my mom the dirty money on. But I don't think my mother needs to know where this money is coming from.

"Where did you get this money from?"

"Alex just got a bonus, ma'am. So Alex separates part of it for mom's savings. "

My mother didn't take it. she just shook her head and answered.

"Bonus, where do you come from? You're just a counter guard. Especially that much. Just take the money. Make your savings. "

I am annoyed. I was upset that my mother didn't believe my lies. I know it's ridiculous. It's sad at the same time that I almost gave my mother the money she cheated on. At that time, I also left the house with the excuse of wanting to meet my friend. Of course, my mother knew I was lying because I had no friends anymore. They had all moved to a more hospitable city.

I sat at the stop outside the alley. I used to sit there when I was in high school. Hanging out with friends, chatting incoherently until sunset. But now I'm alone. One or two people were waiting for the Mandala trans bus, there was an overhang stall selling drinks and snacks, and homeless people were sleeping.

I was upset just because my mother didn't believe me. I guess I didn't because I was a little afraid that my mother would find out I got the money in a bad way. I needed recognition so much that when I didn't get it, I was disappointed. So pathetic. We needed money, but my mother was still choosing which money was appropriate for our family and what was not.

"Stop by, uncle, stop by."

I heard the spoiled voice of prostitutes peddling themselves. Next to our alley is the lotus alley, which is well known as a brothel. Actually, alleys like this have long been closed and brought under control by the authorities. Even CCTV in the alley has been installed. But massage and salon plus-plus in the alley is growing.

I'm not surprised. Sex is a necessity in this city. Indeed, almost anyone married can do with their wife, but sex after marriage will decrease drastically after the birth of the first child in our city. Roughly speaking, after having children, the rations for fathers in our city are reduced. That's why people like my father have sprung up. People like my mother are too busy taking care of the family that their husbands don't get their share.

I got money from swindling slime affairs, so I figured it wouldn't hurt to give it a try. I entered the alley, and the

girls immediately teased me with their spoiled tone one by one. Some are young, and some are BBW, some are really old, it's all here. Unlike the prostitution area in general, this prostitution area displays their prostitutes to choose directly, more or less like a shooting range.

I saw one unusual girl in the alley. The girl who wasn't supposed to be there. I approached her, and with a somewhat forced smile, she greeted me and said

"massage?"

I shyly answered yes.

"hurry, sir"

She held my hand. I've never even held a woman's hand before except for my mother. She took me into a massage parlor, a house with plywood walls with a concrete floor. There is only one room which is only limited by curtains. I can even hear the sound of kisses and muffled sighs from next to me.

"Come on, open the clothes."

" Oh yes "

"hey, I'm here to help."

She opened my dictionary and pants until there was nothing left. She was also the first woman to see my whole body, apart from my mother, of course. She smiled, then she covered my genitals with a towel.

"sleep first"

I lay down on the foam mattress.

"Sorry, I meant prone."

I stretched out my body, and her hands began to massage me. I was just silent, and I didn't say anything.

"You is very tense. Just relax. "

"oh yes"

But I'm still silent. Finally, I started the conversation by introducing my name.

"I'm Alex. What's the name? "

"Oh yeah, we haven't met before. I'm Soraya. "

She is wonderful to massage parlor girls in general. Her skin is white, her voice is soft, and her eyes are kind. I asked her where she was from, and she said she was from the village. I wonder how a country girl can be stranded hundreds of kilometers away just to become a massage therapist.

"Yes, it's called looking for fortune, looking for sustenance to the ends of the world. Where's the original?"

I said I was originally Miangas, and she couldn't believe it. She said she had never met a native of this island and thought all the people were foreigners outside the island.

"No, I'm originally from here. I live in the alley next door, just finished high school, and now I'm working"

"You're still very young. My master is far away. Why are you still young? Why do you like to play in places like this? It's not Bobby."

I didn't even expect to be lectured by a beautiful massage therapist who was said to be from the village.

"Alex already has a girlfriend?"

"I've never dated Soraya."

He didn't seem surprised. I'm not very handsome, and I can even say ugly. Moreover, I do not have money alias kere. But I think she knows there aren't any rich people in the alley next door. The massage was over, and she brought her face close to my ear and whispered.

"What else do you want, brother?"

Chapter 2. New Life

"Alex wants to fuck? I want the money first, may I?"

The whisper is flirtatious. As per her request, I paid 500 USD, a bit more than the average girl in this alley. But the first time I fucked, I wanted a girl who took my virginity according to my taste. And she was way above it. I turned my body, and my cock was pointed high.

"Wow, someone's awake, even though I haven't done anything, you know"

She took off her clothes, leaving her underwear. She slowly opened her bra, showing her beautiful breasts. My passion is burning. I was sweating profusely, and I was starting to get restless. Her pink, protruding nipples seduced me. She lowered her pants, showing her smooth pussy cleavage.

She touched my cock, and for a few seconds, she shook it with her right hand. Her fingers up and down shuffle my trunk and occasionally arrived at her head. I felt the touch of her slender fingers. She shakes my cock until it enlarges and continues to grow.

She didn't put a condom on my cock. She brought her face close to mine, and with a scowl on her face, she kissed my lips passionately. What a great first kiss. My heart felt like exploding. I kissed her back, and she laughed softly while continuing to kiss my lips.

"Relax, Alex. "

Her lips then went down to kiss my nipples. Her tongue was playing with it, and the whisk was getting faster. I started to sigh. she came down to place her lips near my cock, then she stuck out her tongue and started licking the head of my cock

She flattened her saliva on the head of my cock. Her tongue roamed all over my cock, smearing it with her saliva. Occasionally she kissed the shaft and head of my cock gently. My cock is getting stiffer. She started sucking my cock, pumping it with a regular rhythm.

She stopped her culling after a few minutes. She lay beside me, signaling me to ride her beautiful body. I lift her thigh, and then I put it on my thigh. I hold my cock, trying to put it in her pussy

"Ahhh, slowly enter it."

She led me to insert my cock into her pussy. Then she told me to hold her hands, and she sighed with pleasure. I put my cock on until it was completely submerged. she laughed coquettishly. I was silent for a moment enjoying the sensation of the first pussy, the first seconds of the release of my virginity. I started to push her, and while laughing softly, she started to sigh.

" ahh ahh ahh, the stronger my dear ahh ooh."

She let out a mischievous sigh, although I don't know if it's real or fake. I also sighed, enjoying the delicious pinch of her pussy. It's hard to put into words. I feel like I want to boost that pussy again and again. Her body began to squirm, and unconsciously my boost was getting louder.