

Master of Time

Chapter 232: Right Over The Table

And with that, Monalisa is in the bag. The next step in having a mother-daughter cumdump is to have them meet each other face to face. Talk a little too, I suppose.

Obviously, it might come off as a shock to Venetia, knowing about her mother offering her service just like Venetia had done so herself, so I should take it one step at a time in easing Venetia into the notion of servicing my cock alongside with her equally beautiful mother, who might or might not be as good as a cocksucker herself.

I will be the judge of that, not Monalisa regardless of whatever she had claimed. She believes it herself within her mind, but what she believes is not necessary the truth.

The same with all the information that I have downloaded from the mind of others.

While I could use the Commandment ability on Venetia to get her to see my way, I rather not, as that amounts to me twisting her personally and freewill, and I want Venetia to accept everything willingly instead of me ordering her to do so.

It is simply better that way. Feels a lot more real too.

After a thoughtful moment, I decide to have Legion nullifies half of the wards and spells placed around the table and Venetia. Only the ones that prevents any sound from entering the space under the desk, effectively stopping Venetia from knowing exactly what is going on outside.

Since the wards and spells have been nullified, Venetia can hear everything now, and since her mother remains silence, still awaiting patiently for a vocalized response from me in regard to her offer, I decide another minute is a good time to speak up.

If Monalisa is impatient or nervous, she did not show it on her face. She has this calmed and composed aura radiating from her, likely molded by years and years of experience in dealing with people like me.

People who holds great powers over her.

Interesting.

"Very well, Lady Monalisa. I will hold you to your offer in servicing me like your daughter has done so, and perhaps, we can come to an agreement."

I inform Monalisa, choosing my choice of words. I did not mention any sort of bargain. Only that there is an agreement between us, but that is mostly for Venetia not Monalisa.

Monalisa will assume, and there is no such agreement because she did not state it before giving herself to me. She will learn the hard way not to assume anything with me. And that I am not like anyone she had ever dealt before.

It is a very good lesson for her. For Venetia too.

And the moment that I speak up, there is a pause under the desk.

Venetia is undoubtedly come to the realization that her mother is talking to me. She had assumed that I want to mute everything because I was going to have a private conversation with someone important but obviously did not think it is a conversation with her mother.

Of course, Venetia probably wonders what this agreement that I am talking about. And there is a high chance that she assumes it to be something in regard to her incarcerated fiancée, Drake. That means her mother is offering herself to me for the freedom of her fiancée just like what she is doing.

Now. A normal person would immediately crawl out from under the table and berate me for trying to double-dip, but for Venetia, doing so would mean that she has to remove her mouth from my cock. It appears that she is not going to do that, especially when she has worked so hard to get that addicting cum out of my balls.

The Curse of Erosire has taken hold of her body and mind even if she did not know it herself. The more she services me, the quickly she loses herself. Perhaps this should be called slutification.

In any case, it is not really surprising to me when Venetia resumes the task of sucking my cock just like she had dutifully done so in the last couple of hours or so. If anything, Venetia becomes more aroused by knowing her mother being there, as indicated by her soaking scent filling the air.

Monalisa definitely notices this thanks to her draconic lineage. Unrightfully stolen lineage. If a dragon realized that, she would be instantly killed. Not to mention others would kill her for her blood. That is why she is not stupid enough to reveal what she is. What her daughter is.

Of course not.

Venetia picks up the pace under the desk, sucking harder and faster, taking my cock all the way to the hilt over and over again. It does not matter to Venetia what kind of agreement I have with her mother, as long as it does not remove separate her from my cock.

This is definitely noticeable in her desperate action, trying to milk my cock and ball of all that cum, but like I have said before, I have already gotten used to her, thus I could hold off cumming indefinitely. Or as long as I needed to.

It is kind of stupid to give myself blue balls.

As a matter of fact, I do want to cum. Cum a lot. But not in Venetia. No. I want to cum into this beautiful mother standing before me. Venetia would protest, I imagine.

Of course, she would, for she has worked so hard in the last couple of hours. But then again, do I really care? Who is the actual master in our relationship here? Not even a relationship, to be honest.

"I am going to seal the deal with your mother, Venetia. Be a good girl and stay put until I say so, or we will be a problem."

I tell Venetia through Legion, to prevent Monalisa from hearing that. Monalisa is actually unsure what is going to happen next, now that she has offered her service. She could not just crawl under the table and join her daughter.

That would be awkward.

Hearing my command, Venetia reluctantly remove herself from my cock. Her eyes look up at me from under the table while she licks her lips, tasting the remnant of my cock upon them.

I match her gaze for a brief moment before turning my attention towards her mother, who had agreed to service me, utterly and entirely.

With a smile, I get up from my seat, not bother to tuck in my hard cock into my pants. There is no need to, especially when it will just come out shortly again. I then slowly walk around the length of my desk, to where Monalisa is standing.

The mother of Venetia maintains her composure on my approach, at least until she notices my massive cock hanging out of my pants. That shocks her. Terrifies her, at least for a short moment.

I manage to capture her shaking, ever so slightly, but it is thanks to that tight dress that she is wearing, and honestly, if someone dressed that tightly to enter my office, they are asking to be fucked.

But then again, this is like the standard wear for someone like her. Thus, I do mean it when I have said that there are countless of beautiful woman on Azula despite the feudal nature of their society. Magic allows them to remain in their young and prime for much longer, and their clothes show off their sexy figure.

All to get those damn mages to bed, I guess. Learning magic is sort of an addiction. And holding power over someone is also an addiction. Therefore, when one lead to another, powerful mages rarely notice their lovely company.

If they did, the human population on Azula would explode.

Well. It is on the rise thanks to all the raping that younger generation mages do out of their arrogance or stupidity or both.

Monalisa tenses up when I stand before her. Towering over her actually. She is tall, but I am taller, as I physique and appearance are optimized for what I do.

"Master Maxwell...?"

Monalisa utters as a hand reaches up to her face. She wants to back away as my hands feel threatening somewhat but doing that would mean the deal is off. Or whatever deal is in her mind.

I take hold of her jaw with a firm grip and pull her face closer to mine to give her a kiss. Just like I have done so to her daughter previously.

Monalisa does not melt into the kiss. Nor she fights me. She simply stands there and allows me to feel those soft and pliant lips of her, submissively.

And when my tongue slithers forwards and pushes against her lips, she parts them willingly and allows me to enter, thus becoming an active participant in the make out session that follows. All while I have my cock out and poking her from below.

The kiss last longer than necessary. Necessary for Curse of Erosire to take effect, and when it is finally over with our lips separated, Monalisa is breathing as hard as her daughter had yesterday. Clearly into to kiss despite her reservation.

"Have you ever kissed your husband like that, Lady Monalisa. Before you have him killed."

I whisper the last part, causing her to widen her eyes. There is no way I could have known that secret, as she had made sure all the loose ends are tied, but of course, there is still one person that knows.

It is Monalisa, herself.

"If you truly think that you have anything to hold over me, Lady Monalisa, you will learn that it is only because I let you think that away. Serve me with everything, and I might allow you to live and see the future I have in mind."

I tell her and place my hands around her hips.

Before Monalisa can response, I spin her around and push her forwards, falling towards my desk. She yelps as she lands awkwardly with her palms flatly against the surface of the desk.

"Master Maxwell!"

Monalisa calls my name as I press up against her from behind, allowing her rear to feel the huge hard cock that she has seen just a moment ago. The same hard cock that her daughter has worked so tiredly in the last couple of hours.

Unable to get me to cum.

But I am sure, Monalisa will be able to make me cum.

Monalisa seems to realize this, as she stays where she is, bent forwards over my desk, readying herself for whatever happen next. Honestly, if I did not know any better, she feels much like a hooker.

Of course, someone at her station and prestige would not open her legs to anyone. Even the previous headmaster would not have a crack at her. Not because he could not, but rather because she has a bit of dirt on him.

Like I have said, anyone who is anyone on Azula has basically dirt on everyone else.

With a bit of magic and gesture of my hands, an entire section of her dress just vanishes, revealing her creamy smooth legs and shapely posterior. Her very lovely posterior, to the point that both my hands are already groping and kneading the flesh.

Monalisa gasps and whimpers at the assault from behind, and she gasps when a finger hooks into her panties and pull it to the side. Two more fingers come up and run along her slit, her silky slit, all thanks to the wetness.

That wetness is the result of the kiss, and to make sure she is ready for me, I shove my fingers into her cunt, fingering her from behind and finding that she is utterly drenched. Yup, she is ready for me. Thus, no need for foreplay.

I also do not really need foreplay, as Venetia has been doing quite a good job. Just not a good enough job for me to cum.

"I wonder how many people get to enjoy you, Lady Monalisa? I hope that it is not more than the men that your daughter has entertained."

I question the woman as my fingers leaves her wet chasms and returns to knead her shapely ass. They eventually go up to her waist while I bend forwards and guide the bell-end of my cock to her entrance.

As Monalisa about to defend herself, stating that she is not a slut like her daughter, the mushroom tip of my penis pushes passes her slit and slams into her slutty pussy.

"Ah!"

Monalisa lets out a gasp as I sink all the way into her depth easily. While she is certainly tight enough to be enjoyable, the easiness of me sheathing myself inside her answers my question.

It is actually far easier to spear her cunt than spearing her daughter orally.

"Do not try to lie to me, Monalisa, and from now on, this pussy of yours will only have only one master, the same as your daughter. Oh. She is listening to

everything, but she cannot say anything. While she can, she will not as she knows the consequences of disobedience. You will know it too."

I tell Monalisa and curl a hand around her long blond hair. Gripping on her hair tightly like a rein, I pull her head back as I begin to thrust into her cunt, fucking her from behind hard while she is being bent over my desk.

This is a grossly misconduct of my rules and regulations, as no sex is allowed within business hours or there will be consequences. At least if this facility is on Earth. In Azula, I did not set up such a rule, and as such, I am not breaking anything other than breaking Monalisa.

Venetia too, but later.

Knowing that Venetia is listening in, Monalisa clamps down her mouth, trying her very best to keep all the lustful moaning and grunting from escaping her throat while being plowed from behind like she is nothing more than a common whore.

Honestly, before me, even the greatest Goddess is nothing more than a common whore if I demand it to be so, let alone a mage of the second-circle.

Hell. Even if Monalisa is a tenth-circle mage, I would have plowed her slutty cunt the same. Ploughing her hard. Oh. It does feel nice to fuck someone since I have returned to Azula.

Would it be wrong to turn this Kingdom into my private paradise? I mean, I can. Effortlessly too. There is a single person on this continent that can stop me. Not directly anyway.

"I admit that I can see why others could not resist you, especially with this tightness and wetness. Isn't it, Lady Monalisa? Tell me!"

I question and spear her wet passageways with extreme brutality. So much so that she collapses onto the table, spreading her chest onto it as she takes my cock from behind.

My crotch slaps against that bubble butt of hers, rippling it delightfully with every thrust. Powerful thrust.

"Tell me!"

I repeat and hammer harder, causing the table to creak quite loudly. It is not louder than the groaning and moaning that vibrates within the woman who is receiving the end of my spearing.

Monalisa tries to answer me, but the only thing that that comes out is more moans and groans. Lewdly too. Extremely arousing, urging me to hammer her wet and tight pussy harder and harder.

Of course, Monalisa still manages to answer me despite how much pounding she is receiving. She is a Lady after all. She was raised to be one. Same as her daughter.

"Ugh. Yes. Hah. Yes, Master... Maxwell. I. Hn.

Hmm. They. Ah. Hn. They all love my cunt! Ah!

So many! I am just a. Ah. a slut!"

I just laugh at her admission, and Venetia probably utterly shocked to learn the truth.

Venetia has always assumed her mother to be someone extremely prideful and proud, not this person who is get fucked over the table, or even admitting that she is a slut.

I have a check to make sure that my assumption is right.

It is not. From the video feeds, Venetia is not thinking anything of the sort. She is not even shocked, considering that she is fingering herself, fingers plunging in and out of her wet holes with her panties to the side. Her soaking panties.

Oh wow. I guess I am wrong, and what a slut!

What a slut these two mother and daughter are, but at least, they are my sluts, so I will treat them well if they know their places.

I laugh even louder and hammer Monalisa even harder.

My other hand reaches up to her back from her waist. It grips her tight dress from behind. With just a pull, I tear her dress apart to reveal her back. Her bareback. Bra is not something that commonly worn on Azula by people even though it exists, so her flawless bare back visible to me is not a surprise.

Her bare back is quite arousing, however, as I am fucking her bareback. It is the only way to fuck someone.

And with my other hand still using her long silky blond hair like a horse rein, I pull her head and upper body back, just so I can fondle and grope her chest. Her big chest.

Despite being a married woman for several decades and having a daughter who is as old as my mother when she gives birth to me in the original timeline, Monalisa still have some firm and juicy pair of tits.

Very firm, and I am sure her daughter has a lovely pair too, hiding under that cloak.

I am sure Venetia will moan and scream like her mother right now as she is taking my cock up her tight clenching cunt again and again, filling her out completely.

Yes. Definitely, but like any assumption, I do need confirmation.

Soon.