

Herald 301

Chapter 301 Bessemer Converter

The blast furnace was responsible for transforming iron ores into merchant iron, i.e- iron with 4% - 4.5% carbon, which was also called pig iron because the originally, the cooled large, central, and adjoining smaller ingots resembled a sow and suckling piglets

This pig iron had too much carbon content to be made into anything useful and so had to have its carbon content and other impurities reduced.

In the current timeline, this was done by repeatedly hammering the iron and thus literally beating the impurities out of it in the form of slag.

While in Alexander's previous time, the first industrial process of carbon removal was done by the puddling process, where workers called puddlers would use long oar-shaped tools to stir the molten iron like one would stir a pot of curry.

The molten liquid would thus slowly combine with oxygen and fly away as carbon dioxide, and carbon monoxide over many hours of slow cooking, while, as the carbon content decreased, the iron's melting point would increase, and so masses of iron would start to agglomerate and float to the surface.

These masses of iron would be removed such as one would remove scum from the side of pots when cooking some dishes, and this iron would finally be strong enough to be forged with hammers by blacksmiths into shapes such as swords and structural rods, or for making less loading structures such as manhole covers or decorative wrought gates.

In this way, usable iron was first mass-produced.

But though it was much faster than the traditional method, it was still very fuel and time-consuming, not to mention the toxic environment around the workplace it created.

In fact, it could be argued the toxicity of the environment around the puddling process was comparable to that of near Chornobyl.

This might sound excessive but the puddlers that worked in these factories were enormous men, fit, hale, and hearty, as very high strength was needed to stir molten iron, but these strapping men, all in their early twenties only lived on an average of three to five years after they started working in these puddle furnaces.

This was because every day they breathed in enormous amounts of toxic gases like carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, and sulfur dioxide and it destroyed their lungs.

And that was where the Bessemer process came in, which did not make wrought iron, per se, but steel, otherwise known as mild steel. with a carbon content between 0.02 to 0.2%.

And this was what Alexander had also built.

Alexander's Bessemer converter was directly charged with molten iron from the blast furnace using a sloping channel that was covered on the top by a wooden shed to keep out the rain and snow, while also allowing workers access to it so that they would be able to fix problems such as the iron solidifying midway through the flowing process quickly.

Though this was never too big a problem as the flowing distance from the furnace to the converted was quite short and the 4 to 4.5% carbon in the pig iron helped to lower the melting temperature and make the molten iron quite runny.

He had designed the Bessemer converter in the traditional shape, as a pear-shaped furnace about 6m in height and 3m in diameter, made of concrete, with an inner lining of clay bricks to resist heat.

There were numerous small air holes at the base of the structure that allowed entry of hot blasts of air into the furnace by two giant blowers manually operated by strong men.

The reason for using human muscles was because there was no space to build the waterwheel and the accompanying aqueducts.

As soon as the molten iron would enter the converter, crushed limestone would be added using cranes to allow the removal of phosphorus.

This step was critical, as even amounts as small as 0.04% would increase the tendency of steel to become cold-short, that is, brittle at reduced temperatures, making weapons such as swords much weaker at room temperature.

Once the Bessemer converter had the two ingredients, hot continuous blasts of air, rich in oxygen would be pumped into the mixture and this would oxidize the impurities present in the pig iron, such as manganese silicate and silicon into their respective oxides, and form a thin layer of slag atop the iron.

The more volatile oxides such as carbon monoxide formed from carbon would get expelled out of the furnace in the form of a gas which would burn with a blue flame at the mouth of the converter.

At this point, as the blue flame would die down, signaling the end of that particular reaction, a measured mixture of iron scraps, carbon, and manganese called spiegeleisen was supposed to be theoretically added to the mixture.

The reason why iron and carbon would need to be added was because the Bessemer process would eject too much carbon from the iron through the hot blasts of air, and thus some was needed to be added back.

This was because it was the carbon that gave iron its strength and without it, just pure iron would be a very soft, weak metal, one that could be bent just by bare hands and hence pretty useless.

And Alexander would add some molten pig iron right at the end to achieve this.

But while this could be easily added, the critical manganese could not.

The addition of manganese was critical to making steel because it reacted with the leftover oxygen in the molten steel to form an oxide that separated itself in the form of slag.

And unfortunately for Alexander, he was unable to find manganese, which looked very similar to iron ores but was quite brittle.

And this meant that his steel, once cooled, would have small, micro-voids of air bubbles, comprising the metal's strength and making it more brittle.

Of course, this was not as big a deal as one might make it up to be.

Such micro defects would only really matter once one started making huge structures like skyscrapers and ocean liners, while for small steel products such as swords, armor, and pots and pans, the things Alexander planned to make for the time being, it was negligible.

And thus Alexander had decided not to lose much sleep over it.

"Oh, finally we can see the final product," Menes impatiently called out as the group had waited for more than an hour to see this, from waiting for the blast furnace to be tapped, to finally the Bessemer process to be finished.

As soon as Menes pointed this out, the slag tapping hole at the top was first opened by the same process as in the blast furnace, and all the waste was let out into a large ladle, after which the lower tapping hole would be opened, letting the molten steel flow out to the sand ingot molds below.

Such a sequence was necessary because unlike in the blast furnace, the Bessemer converter was not kept full all the time, and as the converter had to be drained of all the products, if done the other way, the slag would come out mixed the steel and basically render the whole process moot.

It was also why Alexander had designed the large furnace with a bit of tilt, kind of like the leaning tower of Pisa, so that so molten iron or slag would remain there as leftovers.

Once the steel cooled a bit, these molds would be broken, the small strips of steel connecting the ingot cut out using chisels, loaded into horse carts to be then transported to workshops to be made into all kinds of weapons, armor, and tools.

"How much can we make in a day?" Menicus had a hard time keeping his emotion in place as he watched the enormous quantity of pure steel solidifying right in front of him.

Though he had heard it from Alexander himself, still, the amount of steel that was produced right before him was truly mind-boggling to him.

"About thirty-five tons a day. Give or take," Harun subconsciously produced a very smug look as he said so.

He too had a similar feeling of incredulity as Menicus, and in conjunction with the others, when he had first seen the volumes produced.

"*Shooooo*," Many of the people audibly sucked in air at this huge number.

"And how much does it cost?" Heliptos's very eagerly asked as his eyes seemed to have turned into gold coins and he was literally drooling at the thought these ingots could fetch, spraying small bubbles of spittle everywhere.

A kilogram of raw iron ingot cost one hundred to hundred fifty (100 - 150 ropals) ropals, while a slag-free ingot went for five hundred.

And if that iron ingot was worked on and transformed into a usable product like a sword, the price would literally jump ten times, as a good steel sword could cost anywhere from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred ropals (1,200 - 1,500 ropals).

This meant that the steel in a sword weighing 700 -800g, went for 2 ropals per gram, or the equivalent of one kg of wheat.

Harun felt numerous curious gazes as Heliptos made his inquiry and the mining chief then directed this gaze to Alexander because he himself had no idea of the price.

And fortunately for him, Alexander did.

Chapter 302 Price Of Steel

Alexander's calculation for the price of steel had been a long and detailed one.

First, he had to calculate the labor cost, which was subdivided into various categories.

There were three thousand (3,000) men that worked the iron mines, among which two thousand (2,000) were slaves that were promised freedom in five years, while the last thousand (1,000) were hardened criminals with no chance of freedom.

The latter had all been captured by Cambyses in her raid and in the following subsequent days as the city guards hunted down all that escaped, a task made much easier by the fact there were very few young or adult free male Adhanians in Zanzan, most either dead, missing or enslaved.

These captured slaves were of relative low maintenance, costing Alexander around only 2 ropals a day in food.

Much more expensive were the two thousand (2,000) soon-to-be freed slaves.

Alexander had paid a grand sum of ten thousand (10,000) ropals per worker for them, a sum that still stung when remembering how Ptolomy had skinned him on this deal, and he had to transfer these expenses to the produced product.

And to recuperate this expense within the next five years, given that the workers will have a few days of rest like the new year and other religious holidays, Alexander calculated that he would have to add six (6) ropals per worker per day that was in addition to the regular two (2) ropal food expenses.

And then there were the equipment costs- the shovels, the pickaxes, the ropes, the torches, the cost of firewood, the cost of lumber that was to make the scaffolding that held the caves, all these Alexander estimated to be around 2 ropals.

So in total, per day, just the three thousand (3,000) miners cost Alexander twenty-four thousand (24,000) ropals.

After that came the coal miners, who were all war prisoners and thus would be free in five years, and so the same math as the former two thousand (2,000) applied to them as well.

Alexander used a thousand coal miners, and so that came to a daily total of nine thousand ropals (9,000), assuming two ropals for food, and one ropal for equipment, less because the open pit did not have much logistics support.

Limestone was next and as cement production used it too, Alexander halved six thousand (6,000) to get thirty thousand 30,000 ropals for three thousand workers (30,000)

And thus only the raw materials cost Alexander fifty-three thousand (63,000) ropals per day.

And then were around a thousand similar slave laborers who worked on actually producing the steel, from operating the coke bed, to roasting to operating the various furnaces, and at last to driving the horse carts.

Thus only the running cost of the steel plant came to seventy-three thousand (73,000) ropals per day.

As for the fixed costs, or more accurately the setup cost, Alexander had no idea, and just decided to make it seven thousand (7,000) ropals to make the total cost an even eighty thousand (80,000) ropals per day.

To put that into perspective, assuming eighteen hundred (1,800) ropals were the equivalent of the American median income of seventy thousand (70,000) dollars per annum, that gave the steel plant a daily bill of around three million (3,000,000) dollars.

And since Alexander produced around thirty-five tons of steel a day, it made the price of steel ingot a bit over 2 ropals per kilogram, or about seventy times cheaper than the original hundred fifty (150).

"It costs each kilogram of ingot 3 ropals," Alexander gave the much-anticipated answer, hiking up the price that little bit more.

"*Shooooo*" Came another huge gasp of surprise, as the same two words were uttered by everyone in their minds, 'So cheap!'

In fact, the actual cost was much lower, because Alexander had made some pretty large errors in this maths.

In actuality, Alexander per day only used a fraction of the mined two thousand (2,000) tons of coal, the actual number only being around thirty (30) tons, while only 12 tons of the total mined 600 tons of limestone was used for steel, the majority of that actually going toward cement production.

Also, the seven thousand (7,000) ropals per day for the setup cost was a ludicrous number, as, given the structures would last well over thirty years, made the entire project's cost close to eighty million (80,000,000) ropals.

Alexander probably spent a hundredth or even a thousand of that.

Alexander certainly knew about these discrepancies but did not bother with such nitty-gritty details as even with such over-inflated values, the price was fifty times lower, and of much higher quality than every other steel in existence.

"My lord, that's too cheap!" Heliptos cried out not in joy at the quoted number.

And then suggested, " With this steel being of the highest quality in the world, then we can sell it double...no triple the price of a regular ingot." Heliptos's eyes shone green with greed, as he held out his five fingers and said, "Five hundred! We should charge five hundred (500 ropals) per kg, my lord."

'Hmmm, this guy might not be suitable to run the economy,' Alexander only placidly looked at the man proposing such a brain-dead price point

He then let out a cheerful laugh as he asked, "Hahaha, Lord Heliptos has made some good points. Does anyone object to this new price?"

"..." The others looked at each other as Alexander scanned the crowd for any potential detractors.

"You...how about you, Cambyses?" Seeing no one speak up, Alexander at last pointed to Cambyses with his chin.

"My lord, I don't think it's a good idea." Cambyses quickly spoke up, "At the cost of 3 ropals per kilogram of steel, we will spend more than one hundred thousand (100,000) ropals every day producing the thirty-five tons."

"In other words, we will have to sell more than one hundred thousand (100,000) ropals worth of steel per day."

"And if we set such a high price of steel, that will be impossible."

"....." Cambyses's answer made the veteran merchant blush.

'Darn, The cost! Of course the cost!' Heliptos lamented that overcome by greed, he had momentarily forgotten about the cost and made himself look like such a fool in front of Alexander and everyone else.

While the others slapped themselves for not coming up with the answer soon enough.

"Excellent answer, Lady Cambyses," Alexander always addressed Cambyses very formally in these council meetings, and then asked with a light smile, "So how much do you think we should charge?"

Cambyses paused for a while to think, and then reasoned, "Hmmm, considering the quality, and since the cost of the steel ingot is one-fiftieth ($1/50$) of others, let's charge one-fiftieth ($1/50$) of Lord Heliptos's suggestion, 10 ropals a kilogram."

Alexander was pleased with this number, and so he nodded, "Umm, then 10 ropals for the raw ingot it is," adding, "We will charge 7 ropals from our allies the king and pasha Farzah, and its export will be banned to our enemies."

"The pasha is wise," The others agreed.

But Alexander was not finished, as he quoted one last price, "And the price of it for the pasha of Zanzan will be five ropals."

This weird statement produced some confused looks as Melodias chirped, "My lord, what do you mean?"

And so Alexander elucidated, "This steel foundry becomes to me, Alexander the citizen. And so, if the Pasha of Zanzan and the head of house -Alexander wants to buy it from me, I will charge him 5 ropals per kg."

This might sound very much like taking money out of one's right pocket and putting it into the left, but it was nothing like that.

"My lord I believe the price is too low. We believe you should charge 20 ropals for Zanzan! After all, you have already spent so much, upwards of 600 hundred million." Menicus quickly suggested.

"That's right, my lord. The taxpayers of Zanzan cannot leech off you forever," Melodias joined.

And such sentiment was shared by most, at least outwardly, as they remembered everything up until had come from Alexander's own pocket.

This was because until very recently, Zanzan did not currently really have an economy to speak of, with almost the entirety of its male population enslaved, and its production capability very nearly zero.

Of course, it was not all goodwill and altruism, as Alexander's complete monopoly over the economy meant he wielded almost complete power in the city, and most importantly, as he controlled the pay of the soldiers, he commanded the military, something the lords and high-ranking officials were reluctant to see continue for too long.

This was similar to how the kid in the playground who had the ball got the first say in most matters, he got to be the captain, got to choose his team first, and scoring disputes usually favored him.

And Menicus and the other lord were basically trying to wean off this influence by sharing some burden.

Because by spending the taxpayer's money, it would give Zanzan a voice, a voice that would be spoken through the mouths of the lords.

Alexander knew this and though he did not oppose it, as he could never run the military by himself in the long run, still decided to this favorable price, as even at this price point, he would be making a hundred and fifty to two hundred percent (150% - 200%) profit.

"Haha, lets it at that for now. We can discuss changing it later," Alexander chuckled the reply.

Chapter 303 Too Much Of A Good Steel

Alexander's daily production of thirty-five (35) tons of steel was both a blessing and a slight curse because he needed to, on paper, sell 100,000 ropals of it a day, which came to at least 36.5 million ropals annually.

This was equivalent to a Jamider's (Earl) annual income or about one-tenth the earning of an average pasha.

And this amount would still be nowhere near his capacity.

"My lord, all these steel produced, what are we going to do with them? Currently, we do not need that many. Nor can we process so much," Harun asked.

And he was right.

Normally, because iron was so expensive, it would strictly be used for weapons, but for Alexander even a week of current production would be enough for Alexander to equip not used the current six thousand (6,000), but about double that.

The greatest amount of iron went into armor production and considering Alexander planned to issue full-body chainmail to his soldiers, which covered the entire body, from head to toe, including the hands and feet, that weighed around 20kg.

So the total steel that would be needed to fully equip his soldiers- 120 tons.

In comparison to this, the weapons such as swords and spears used really small amounts of iron. Alexander estimated the total to be only around 10 tons for the 6,000 men.

So, less than four days of production was enough to fully equip, and some might argue overequip one entire legion.

And this was a bit of a problem for Alexander not only there was not so much demand, but there were also not so many blacksmiths to transform these steel ingots into steel products.

In this previous life, when such mass production techniques were first invented, the demand for high-quality steel had gone through the roof, primarily needed in construction, making railway lines, railcars, and steamships.

As a matter of fact, it could be argued that it was this demand for steel that necessitated the discovery of such techniques.

And thus, with Alexander having jumped the tech tree, he was finding himself that he might not really need this much steel.

Because to process such vast quantities of steel, he would need the steam engine, to run the massive machines such as rollers and forging hammers.

After all, there was only so far mere waterwheels can take you

"Hmmm, I might have made the steel foundry a little too big," Alexander lampooned, as the daily production gave Zanzan city a per capita steel production of 60kg, whereas even in the Roman empire, this value was 15kg.

Alexander had taken office for less than two months and in the meantime, as he adjusted himself to the position, one particular sector he was having trouble with was judging the required scale of his industries.

First, he had made his cement and brick industry too small, and then fearful of making the same mistake twice, he over-compensated and made the steel foundry too big.

'Should I reduce production?' Alexander considered, but found the idea distasteful.

There was an ecosystem to the whole production, from the mining to the grinding to the melting, and to change one, he would have to change everything else.

"We will replace everything of bronze with steel. And whenever possible, we will also switch from wood to steel," Alexander answered the military leader, further adding, "This will be good for us. It will not only save the trees, but it will also be cheaper and faster as manufacturers will be able to just melt and cast the product, instead of the tedious process of slowly shaping the wood."

Alexander said so with a smug look on his face as he then immediately instructed Harun, "Harun, you are to build more waterwheels downstream. They will be attached to forging hammers by flywheels and so we will be able to forge the raw ingots into products much more easily."

"Yes, my lord." Harun quickly replied, excited by the new possibilities.

"Ahem, my lord, if we do this, banning iron exports to our enemies will be pointless," Heliptos cleverly pointed out, making Alexander take critical damage.

Alexander instantly understood what his finance minister was saying and it banged against his heart hard.

But not everyone was so quick on the uptake and so Heliptos helped them catch up, "If we replace bronze with iron and some of the wooden stuff with it too, and if the products are as cheap as Lady Cambyses suggested they be, then these products will be dirt cheap in Zanzan and absurdly expensive outside of it," Heliptos did not forget to take a snipe at Cambyses as he pointed out the flaw, and then warned,

"Then the result will be obvious. A black market will form the next day and we will never be able to stop it."

'Fuck!' Alexander, along with everyone else cursed, knowing the finance minister had hit a bull's eye with this one.

Even if they were to assume a 1-kilogram finished product like a sword would cost 50 ropals, and the smugglers would charge 100 ropals for it, the demand for them would still be virtually endless.

And the same went for the pots, pans, and everything else.

'Fuck, I made the steel too good,' Alexander had built this facility with the prime intention of making plate armor and thus making his army virtually invincible, able to simply shrug off stone throws, arrow fire, sword hacks, and spear thrusts, and only vulnerable to maces and hammers.

But now it seemed that he might have to scale down on production.

And this made Alexander squirm with pain, as at 10 ropals a kilogram, Alexander knew this steel would sell like hotcakes, earning him three hundred and fifty thousand ropals a day, which was the same as ten pre-drought days of tax revenue of Zanzan city.

And annually that came to more than one hundred million ropals, more specifically about 130 million, or one-third of a pasha's annual income.

'What glass! Just from this one iron foundry, I can launch fund all kinds of projects and all the military campaigns my men could ever handle.' Alexander said to himself.

The cost of production was in actuality one-tenth of the price as so Alexander disregarded it, while this value also only considered raw steel ingots, and not iron products, which would multiply this number by magnitudes.

And hence, when presented with such a potential mountain of gold, one could forgive Alexander for being greedy and not wanting to slash production.

The upsides were just so much.

Which was also why in the event of a ban, the creation of a black market was guaranteed.

"Lord Heliptos might be right. This steel is too cheap. Maybe we would raise prices like he originally suggested," Menicus, as a representative voice of the other council members spoke out, making Cambyses pull an ugly face.

'Fuck you, geezer,' Cambyses inaudibly muttered under her breath, though she was unable to find a good retort.

And even the usual Alexander supporter Grahtos said, "Forgive me pasha, but I personally doubt the efficacy of the export ban. Any iron products we might sell to third neutral parties, even those that we export to other countries might be resold to our enemies."

"Lord Grahtos make an excellent point. It's not like we will ever be able to monitor such transactions," Menes was vehemently against his enemies from obtaining such high-grade steel.

"....." Alexander was being torn apart in deciding whether to give up such large amounts of gold or to displease his retainers.

For the former case, he reasoned, 'Just because someone can obtain the steel does not mean they will be able to make good steel armor from it. It's similar to how the same ingredients will produce two vastly different quality dishes when given to a professional chef as opposed to an amateur.'

In steel production, how the steel is forged and shaped matters, as a structure's property depends not only on its chemical composition but also its atomic arrangement.

A real-life example from Alexander's previous life would be how cars changed from the 70s to the 2000s.

70s cars were much heavier than their 2000s counterpart, for the reason that much thicker steel had to be used to make them as thinner steel tended to crack during the shaping of the car.

But with advances in material science, and better steel and steel forging techniques, stronger, thinner steel was discovered, which resulted in much lighter cars.

And Alexander too planned to employ some of the new forging techniques to forge his armor and sword, the latter being comparable to the famous Damascus steel used by the Muslims during the first Crusade.

'But even if their forging technique is lacking right now, it will still be adequate just based on the grade of steel. And besides, it's not like they can't learn over time,' Alexander presented a counter-argument to himself.

And then finally decided on a solution.

"My lords, all of you have raised some very good points," Alexander lightly smile, and this made all the lord grimace and swear, "Please don't say but."

There was no way they were going to allow such high-grade weapons steel to fall into the enemy's hands.

Not when they would be the ones fighting against them.

"And so I decided to make some adjustments," Alexander's words, though did not completely reassure them, at least made them let out a small sigh of relief.

"What does my lord have in mind?" Then Menicus cautiously asked, interested to know what Alexander had in mind.

Chapter 304 Civilian Steel

Menicus was sharp-minded enough to notice that Alexander's answer did not specifically say that he was going to reduce production.

'How is he going to squirm out of this one,' Menicus asked himself.

And Alexander gave a pretty good answer, "We will decrease steel quality. The lower-quality steel will be called normal steel, while the steel we are currently producing will be called military grade steel."

"Oh! That's a great solution my lord," Heliptos was the most excited about this best-of-both-worlds solution, meaning they will get both the money and maintain their state security.

"How much will the steel differ?" Menes half-pointedly asked.

"I will design a demonstration," Alexander simply promised.

He intended to make this normal steel for civilian use by simply not roasting the iron ore and not adding the flux during the Bessemer process.

This would make the steel have sulfur and phosphorus in them, making them alright for casting pots and pans, but terrible for making weapons.

This is because sulfur mainly causes something called hot-shortness, which is a phenomenon where the steel turns brittle and cracks and breaks when heated to high temperatures, like the temperatures used to forge a sword.

While phosphorus mainly causes the opposite effect, called cold-shortness, which, as you might have guessed, turns steel brittle at low temperatures, around up to three to five hundred degrees celsius.

This means that such a steel could not be worked at either temperature range, making it quite terrible for making anything that required strength and toughness, like a sword or armor.

And it had to be pointed out that sulfur and phosphorus also had other detrimental properties, making the existence of such elements very detrimental to any kind of structural steel.

In fact, Alexander even planned to add trace amounts of these elements intentionally to make the civilian-grade steel extra bad.

But just as Alexander thought so, he cursed, 'Darn, now I will have to design tests for these two types of steel, and then train the workers on how to make them.'

Alexander was learning the hard way the saying, 'The devil is in the details.'

Later, he would design a tensile experiment, where a piece of steel of specific dimensions would be clamped horizontally between two vices, and loads in the form of weights would be placed on it until it broke, thus roughly judging the steel's strength.

And the military grade steel would be always found to be able to take more weight than the civilian one.

And this he would demonstrate to the others, thus making the lords relieved, along with Alexander's reassurance that this steel could not be forged into any type of good weapon.

"Then we will do as the lord says," Returning to the current time, Menicus voiced and then after a little bit of small talk, decided to end the tour.

"Oh, Your Grace, if I could have a little word," Harun remembered something very important as he asked for some of Alexander's time.

"Well, then my lords please go ahead. It seems mister Harun has some more things to say," Alexander then waved the other lords off and then expectantly at Harun.

'What more does he have to say?' Alexander wondered.

"Ahem, I think it will be easier to show you, my lord," Harun then gestured to follow and soon the duo, followed by Alexander's bodyguards were shown to rows and rows and wooden warehouses.

"My lord, see all these loghouses?" Harun pointed and then said, "These are all full of coal. And we are rapidly running out of space to store them."

Alexander's coal extraction had far surpassed his demand and this created such a problem.

'These are surface coal. That's why they are so easy to mine,' Alexander told himself the reason for the daily production of more than two tons of coal per worker.

"Such production will not last. And getting deeper deposits will be hard," Alexander said, telling Harun that this large amount of coal might be their entire supply for the foreseeable future.

"Then does the lord want me to build more such warehouses?" Harun prudently asked, though he next added, "Please remember that currently all the bricks being made are all being used for other projects by your order my lord. That's also why all these warehouses are made of wood."

Alexander had put most other construction works to almost a total halt to build this iron foundry, and those works had just resumed, meaning he could not just again stop them without drawing frustrations from its leaders, the council members.

As Alexander was considering this, suddenly a very important fact that had up until now escaped him, entered his consideration.

"Wait, are the coals stored in there like how we store ores? In gigantic mountain like stacks? Alexander had a loud, scary tone to his voice, one of fear and trepidation.

"Ye...yes my lord. Is something wrong?" Alexander's fear had infected Harun too, who had never seen the man ever show the slightest hint of fear at anything.

'What did I do wrong?' Harun involuntarily shivered with dread.

And soon Alexander let in the man on the reason for his hysterics, "When storing coal in bulk, the gases it gives off can catch fire by itself and cause self-combustion of the coal, resulting in huge explosions."

Alexander then pointed out to the same warehouses as Harun did and with a pale face shakily said, "These warehouses are just waiting to blow up, along with anyone and everyone nearby!"
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Alexander's scary look and how he was excitedly spraying little droplets of spit on Harun's mouth, made Harun wake up to the dangers they were in.

And so in a panicking voice shouted almost hysterically, "My lord, leave! We must leave here at once."

And Alexander did not need more encouragement as he quickly evacuated the premises, his bodyguards bringing up the rear.

This warning of Alexander might have sounded excessive, but there was truly a significant chance of an explosion back there.

This was because, in such coal stockpiles, gases such as methane could be emitted by microbial metabolism, oxidation of carbon at low temperatures, and by absorption or desorption of water by coal due to the differences in moisture content between it and air.

All such reactions are exothermic and release heat, which might give rise to certain spots in the coal stack called hot spots, which are parts of the stack that are so hot that they can ignite themselves and the surrounding gases, resulting in a huge boom.

"My lord, what should we do?" Harun looked at Alexander with fear and askance.

"....." And Alexander stayed only silent, giving himself time to think.

But Harun's pleading eyes, which seemed to dart between confusion and worry were quite distracting for Alexander,

It was like a teacher was staring right into his answer script during an exam.

And so he decided to bring a bit of time for himself.

"Don't worry. The warehouses will not catch fire any time soon," Alexander first soothed the frayed nerves of the man as it seemed that his warning had been a bit too effective and then bluffed, "I know of a way to make use of all the excess coal."

This made Harun break out a grin, listening eagerly for his solution, feeling relieved at having escaped death.

He was not naturally a timid man.

But after getting caught up in a mudslide and almost suffocating a few years ago, he had developed a fear of death as the very mention of his demise would have the man have flashbacks to that traumatic near asphyxiation.

Alexander was not aware of these thoughts, and neither would he care, as he bought time for himself to think while instructing Harun on the proper storage of coal.

"Harun remember, when storing such large coal, always prevent any airflow around it."

"*Nod*," Harun heavily nodded.

He did not ask why as he did not care for the reason, but the logic behind it was simple, -any air flow would provide the coal with a continuous stream of oxygen, aiding in the oxidation reaction and more importantly helping the air burn.

Alexander further said, "Also, try to use the coal as quickly as possible. The longer large coal stockpiles are kept, the more likely the spontaneous combustion process becomes."

Later he advised, "Never mix too old coal with new ones."

This was because old coal tended to be powdery and more combustible.

But they were less likely to spontaneously catch fire as most of the volatile gases had been driven out.

Whereas, new coal was the complete opposite.

Hence, when the two were stored together, disaster was waiting to happen.

And at last, Alexander advised, "And periodically water the whole stack, to cool the whole thing down."

This was done because coal did not only burn with a blazing inferno.

It could also burn with a smoldering ember.

In Alexander's previous life, there were multiple occasions where entire warehouses thought to be full of coal were opened to find that the coal had turned to ash, as it silently burned down in weeks or even months.

"My lord, how about we build an aqueduct? Like the one at the coke pit," Harun was basically proposing having a continuous stream of water pour into the coal stack.

Alexander was impressed by Harun's idea.

Though flawed, as a constant downpour of water would take away with it a lot of the coal with it, it was still a plan in the right direction.

And just then, linking the image of coal dust washing away in the water gave him an epiphany- coal briquettes

Chapter 305 Winter Slice Of Life [Bonus]

Alexander was impressed by the initiative shown by Harun, a vital quality in Alexander's eyes.

So he quickly approved the idea, albeit with a bit of modification, "Follow the plan as you wanted. Just keep the water periodic instead of continuous, like lightly drizzling it."

"Then my lord I will do it every four hours or so," Harun very enthusiastically replied, quite happy at his core idea getting approved.

With that order, Alexander then addressed the issue of coal storage scarcity, simply ordering, "Three days from now, send all the excess coal that you don't need to my estate. I will use them in something else."

Alexander planned to make coal briquettes using them to make salt by boiling seawater.

Harun did not ask Alexander what he needed two thousand (2,000) tons of coals daily for, for he did not really care.

He was only relieved that this potential time bomb problem would soon be solved, and he expressed his pleasure by flashing a slight grin and saying, "As you command, my lord. I will send them to your manor as soon as you command."

With this done, Alexander spoke to Harun about a few more general topics and finally decided to bid goodbye, the entire tour having lasted from morning to near dusk.

'Well that was a long day,' Alexander said to himself as he made his way back to his manor, looking around the surrounding while doing so.

And anyone would be surprised by how drastically everything had changed around here in the last one and a half months.

Landmarks and landscapes that made remained unchanged for centuries were undone by the ever-industrious hands of the workers appointed by Alexander and the once lush forest around the manor was in the process of being stripped clean, to be replaced with structures that its current owner found dear to his eyes.

This was the result of Alexander expanding his workshops and businesses, resulting in the requirement for more space.

More space for working, more space for accommodating the workers, and more space for their families to live in.

Hence came Alexander's orders to clear the entire one square kilometer of forest that surrounded his manor into residential and commercial areas and transform it into his sweatshops, a place where tens of thousands of families would work, eat and live, serving Alexander and his ever-growing thirst for ropals.

And the reason that Alexander had chosen to do so so near his home, much to Cambyse's annoyance as she saw so many people moving in and around the vicinity of her house as disturbing the tranquility of the surrounding, was because of security.

There were many inventions and technologies here that Alexander did not at all feel comfortable leaving out in the open city and thus birthed the necessity of building the huge, striking wooden wall that everyone could see the moment they approached the manor.

It perimetered the left side of the manor, as if designating the boundary between the owner and the workers, and worked to keep secrets secure, for within the total one-and-a-half square kilometers right in his backyard, Alexander could enforce draconian security measures that would be impossible to implement on a large scale.

This was also why Alexander had not merged this small industrial district with the official southern industrial district.

'I will visit the place tomorrow,' Alexander said to himself, intent on checking up on the various workshops' progress which included not only the four original ones of glass, soap, paper, and weapons but also two more,- the sugar production plant and Gelene's tailoring shop.

The latter was of particular interest to Alexander as he had given his unofficial concubine a few simple inventions to help her spin her threads much faster and to protect such innovations, had ordered her to relocate her production facilities inside the secure compound.

He had also ordered a few new types of dresses to wear during the marriage ceremony that was two weeks from now and wanted to confirm how they were carrying along.

And lastly, he now had the new task of designing the production process of coal briquettes and a salt production plant.

'*Sigh*, so much work,' Alexander lampooned as he dragged his tired body into the huge manor, eager to have some much-needed shut-eye.

After a nice hot bath, Alexander dressed himself comfortably and then joined the rest of the nobles in his house for dinner.

"Oh! Is this another new dish Your Grace has prepared for us?" Mikaya cried out in delight as she gazed at the new dish placed on her silver place.

It was a pasta dish, golden and round with a bulge in its center, presented with a sage on top and garnished with shredded cheese.

"Yes. It's a pasta dish called ravioli, made using egg yoke, ricotta cheese, and spinach," Alexander lightly smiled as he answered.

'Hmmm, seems pretty simple,' Mikaya like many others made the classic mistake of underestimating this classic Italian dish.

The list of things need to make ravioli might be fairly simple, with eggs and spinach readily available and ricotta cheese being made using milk, cream, salt, and some kind of acid like lemon juice.

But as a matter of fact, ravioli was a deceptively hard dish to make.

The challenge of this dish did not lie in procuring or processing the ingredients but in bringing these ingredients together and most importantly securely placing them inside the pasta, making sure that the pasta did not break even placed into the boiling water.

An effort that had taken Mean and her team over a month to master.

"Hehe, Pasha Alexander seems to be full of new ideas every day. I guess that is the difference between a genius and us poor folk," Seelima very melodramatically praised Alexander, her lips pursing to a smirk.

In the minds of these high ladies, a noble involving himself in the affairs of women, especially in the department of cooking was seen as unmanly and even wimpy.

Neither she, nor Mikaya or anyone else in Seelima's entourage for that matter had ever entered the kitchen in their life, a place that was universally seen by the aristocracy as base and low.

And so for Alexander, who was a pasha and among the highest rank of nobility, to frequently visit such a filthy place bought shame and disgrace to all of the nobility in Seelima's case.

But with that being said, the dishes that Alexander made were truly mouthwatering.

Very much different from the dishes the palace chefs made, which were only slight variations of existing dishes, Alexander's cruises were brand new, using ingredients in ways others had never thought of it, and introducing new styles of cooking that were revolutionary, to say the least.

If Alexander was not a noble, or even if he was a low one, Seelima was sure she would have hired him as her personal cook.

"Haha, well then let's dig in before it starts getting cold." Alexander turned a blind eye to this slight barb by the Queen mother, such a thing of not any importance to him, and instead cheerfully urged to start the supper.

"Yes, yes, they look delicious." Azira excitedly agreed with Alexander³ her eyes sparkling at the delicious food.

"Mmm, I am also interested in using this spoon called the fork," Azura frankly agreed with her sister, and then without further ado dug into the heavenly soft pillow of pasta.

Forks had not been invented before Alexander and the addition of this new cutlery had garnered such amazement from the royals.

"It's so easy to pick up food with!" The Queen mother had for the first in Alexander's eyes let out a genuine exclamation of praise at this three-pronged silver spoon and then showered Alexander with superlatives of various compliments.

Soon everyone followed Azura's lead, and cut into the pasta, and immediately afterward slight gasps of awe and looks of amazement bloomed around the luxurious dining table, as they witnessed the egg yolk flow out like liquid gold from the broken pasta.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Azira let out a candid scream of delight at this culinary art and then emulating Alexander, cut a chunk of the pasta containing the ricotta cheese using her knife, basted it in the beautiful yolk, and then brought it into her mouth using her fork.

"Delicious! Truly heavenly," Azura was already having her second helping as she said so, her cheeks cutely puffed up with the pasta dough inside.

The tanginess of the cheese cut straight through the richness of the egg yolk and the beautifully cooked pasta wrapped the two heavenly flavors around its soft, pillowy doughy texture, inviting its eater to come for seconds and thirds.

And for seconds and thirds did everyone go, as for some time, the usually chatty dining table being replaced with the hurried clinking of silver hitting silver and the silence but rapid munching of the delicious pasta.

"Alex, I want to hire you as my cook more and more now, hehe," Mikaya, having had a few of the delicious dish, took a large gulp of the wine as she made this seemingly rude remark again, letting out a sultry smile as she did so.

Though this time the reaction was much warmer, with the Queen mother only sending Alexander an apologetic look after glaring at Mikaya.

Mikaya had made similar statements a few times already and Alexander had seemingly brushed them all off as harmless banter.

There was little point in getting angry when he would get to humiliate this spoiled princess soon.

Chapter 306 Seelima's Probe

Mikaya's rude remark had not generated the scowl one typically would expect from the Queen mother, as she had witnessed such similar situations a few times already and because Alexander had not flared up during any of those, she finally accepted this matter.

'This girl is such a rogue,' The Queen mother had given up on trying to stop Mikaya from picking a fight with Alexander and could only silently thank Alexander for being the better man and not stooping to Mikaya's level.

Seelima was not the only one that was somewhat irked Mikaya's antics.

Even her nieces scowled at their aunt's unprovoked taunt, saying to themselves, 'This villain might be thick-skinned, but why does aunt always go poking him? He isn't easy to deal with,' thus simultaneously praising and demeaning Alexander.

But little did these ladies know the real reason for Alexander's lukewarm retaliation, for it was far more insidious than they could ever imagine.

"Haha, I'm afraid My lady is praising the incorrect person here," Alexander answered Mikaya's taunt with a chuckle and then pointing to Mean said, "It was Mean who was responsible for preparing both this and the next dish."

Then turning his head towards the petite, simply dressed girl, Alexander praised, "And I must say, she cooked this ravioli to perfection. This dish might look very simple to prepare, but in fact, it takes quite a bit of skill to properly cook the pasta while keeping the egg yolk creamy and runny."

But contrary to his beaming exterior, Alexander thought darkly in his heart, 'Oh, I can't wait for Ophenia to start the brothel.' as his heart yearned with trepid anticipation at seeing how he would degrade this princess into public property.

This was why he had let multiple of such jibs slide, his body being energized with excitement every time he thought of the imminent humiliation of the Matrak princess and the thrill of how he would be there to witness everything.

'Ahhh, I can't wait,' Alexander repeated his desires to himself, the electrifying sensation fully manifested itself in how quickly he cut into his egg yolk and roughly jammed the pasta into his mouth after Mikaya's remark, a subtle action that did not escape the silver-haired beauty.

'*Smirk*', he can't wait,' Mikaya was of course aware of Alexander's dark desires, which was also why Mikaya said such things, to poke the proud man, or in her eyes boy, to even more anger.

For the things Alexander would consider degrading, Mikaya relished in them.

And she could only hope that Alexander did not disappoint in his promise.

"Master, I have finished properly decorating the establishment and hiring the appropriate staff. We can start any day at your command," Ophenia, who was able to sense this slight, invincible tension between the duo quickly chirped up, intent on delivering the good news.

"Haha, good, good. When can I meet the trainee priestesses?" Alexander chuckled and asked about the newly hired prostitutes in coded terms.

The term acolyte priestesses were designated to be used for real priestesses, while trainee priestesses were used to refer to his social workers.

The reason for doing this was obvious, as Alexander did not want anyone remotely close to him or Mikaya to know that he ran such a low establishment.

Such knowledge would not debase his status in the nobility circle, but also, if by some chance Mikaya got caught, he would have a very hard time escaping the loose around his neck.

"Master can visit the future priestesses of Zanzan anytime." Ophenia let out a charming smile, very excited to show her master the toys she had chosen for him.

And they were his toys no doubt about it, as Alexander could taste the ten new girls in any and every way possible anytime and anywhere he wanted, and even discard them to his heart's content.

"Good, then I come to test their faith tomorrow afternoon," Alexander grinned the reply, his euphemism actually meaning checking the young women out.

'Finally! Took them long enough,' Mikaya was one of the few ones who could keep up with the actual meaning of the conversation between the two, and her heart beat frantically at the imminence of the promised novel play, which Tajia shared with her mistress, while her sister's stomach squirmed at the thought, feeling torn between the imminent pleasure and shame that she would be made to experience.

'Well at least they won't see our faces,' Nafia consoled herself with such words, as she finished her portion of the meal.

With the ravioli dish done, the next portion of the meal, and in some eyes, the main dish was served- a thick slice of lasagna.

Made from fresh pasta with cheese, beef, pork, and because Alexander could not find tomato, diced spinach, the heavy pasta dish was capable of bringing water to anyone's mouth.

"This is a very warm and hearty food," Hellma finally decided to join the conversation as she eagerly dug into her slice, finding the different combination of meat with cheese and pasta a very novel taste.

Hellma's comment produced a second round of nods and hums of approval, with everyone really enjoying such warm food in the biting, freezing winter.

"Hmmp, you villain can cook really good food. We princesses are impressed," Azira, happy and content at the delicious meal, gave this tsundere complement in a haughty tone as she leisurely, and in a languid manner wiped her thick red lips with a napkin, a gesture that Alexander found very endearing.

With supper's conclusion, and the participant's plates eaten clean, and belly full of sweet wine drunk, the girls then moved on to the next itinerary on their list- their games night.

This had become a regular occurrence for the ladies, and today, Alexander too found himself to be in the mood for some poker.

"Lord Alexander, for helping us women find such a clever way of spending our time, let me thank you on behalf of all womenfolk," The Queen lightly bowed as she so, remarking to herself that even if she had come to Zanzan just to learn these very fun card games, it would have been worth it.

Alexander had not only taught them the moderately difficult poker, but also the relatively easy blackjack and rummy, while also showing them the pretty skilled intensive 4-player game of bridge.

"Is this the new papyrus that Your Grace has made? It's so smooth!" Mikaya let out a very rare genuine cry of exclamation as she carefully caressed the freshly minted cards between her fingers, finding the thick, cardboard-like paper very slick and sturdy, much different from the coarse papyrus product.

"It's called paper my lady." Alexander introduced as he glanced down at his hands to inspect the craftsmanship of these new cards.

Painted bright red with blue stars on the back, the paper for these cards was custom ordered by Alexander which required them to be made extra thick.

And then he asked Takfiz to find some women to draw and color the 52 unique beautiful patterns in each deck, which took them a fortnite to finish.

And the reason why he had sought Mikaya's assistance on these was because Alexander planned to sell these cards commercially and wanted his to be employees to familiarize themselves with the innovative designs.

'*Sigh*', I really should get around to making that printing press,' Alexander tiredly reminded himself, while absentmindedly brushing his thumb against the smooth surface of a 9 of hearts.

Alexander afterward graciously offered Mikaya, "I can give you some larger, thinner sheets to paint on if you would like. They should be easier to paint on than papyrus or parchment."

Alexander knew that Mikaya's only real interest except for sex was in painting and hence he made the offer.

"Haha, Your Grace, if you can regularly provide me with this new papyr...ummm paper, I will not ask for any dowry," Mikaya sent a coy look as she beamed a large grin at Alexander's offer, her eyes narrowing into crescents at genuine glee.

Papyrus and parchment were not mediums conducive to painting as the oil tended to slide and not stick properly to the surface, a problem that the experienced painter was confident this new material called paper would not suffer from.

'It's a girl who pays the dowry,' Alexander remarked on Mikaya's haughtiness, while his heart did a complete summersault at the genuine, candid smile shot at him.

'If only she was not so promiscuous.' Alexander lampooned for the umpteenth time at the beautiful smile as he produced the same thought, and then answered, "Haha, if Your Grace wants, I will deliver a fresh stack every day."

"I wonder if Your Grace is willing to sell how to make them?" Seelima had decided to insert herself into the conversation with a sweet but sharp inquiry, sending a curious but pointed look at Alexander.

'*Sigh*', it has not been even two months and greed is already starting to bubble up,' Alexander knew that this was not the Queen mother just asking about the paper-making method, but in actuality all his other inventions too.

The majestic changes happening around Zanzan had not escaped the hawkish eyes of these noble dignitaries, no matter how sheltered lives these ladies lived and this was Seelima poking Alexander to see his attitude towards some of the technology transfers.

'Hmmm, how should I respond?' Alexander remunerated as he sent Seelima a placid stare.

Chapter 307 Schemes And Idle Chatter

Alexander was well aware that he would never be able to protect all his secrets.

One or two might have been manageable.

But Alexander was not making one or two new things.

He was making a myriad of new things employing not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of people.

Paper, soap, iron, cement, cheap salt, lingerie, weapons, sugar, and clear glass were the names of only a few inventions that were birthed in Zanzan, and they were merely the start.

The printing press, ships made of cement, gas lighting, beautiful mirror, cheap linen, and the compass were some of the new things scheduled for future unveiling.

And many more would come later.

This sheer amount of new and extremely valuable things being produced in Zanzan meant that not only his enemies, but even his allies would also lay their covetous eyes on this city.

And Alexander was not strong enough to fight the eleven provinces of Adhania by himself.

In fact, it was actually twelve provinces, as he controlled only one city in Zanzan province.

And this was not even taking into account any foreign intervention.

So, when Alexander's one city produced goods of enough value to rival that of a few provinces, he was like a half-nude, defenseless girl strutting through the most dangerous part of town alone in the middle of the night.

And if she did not want to get violated in every possible way, that girl would have been wise to get some bodyguards for her.

In the same way, if Alexander did not want to get conquered and annexed by the greedy pigs all around him, he knew he needed to learn to share and play nice.

'Welp, I guess I will have to share some of the easier and less valuable inventions.' Alexander lampooned as reality made it so that he would never be able to monopolize the fruits of his labor and hence decided to address Seelima positively on her inquiry.

"Oh, master, I almost forgot. I finished all the little details about the underwear designs and can start selling soon," Just as Alexander was about to give a definitive answer, Gelene decided to cleverly intervene, steering the conversation towards her as she voiced out her claim in a very excited manner.

"Ahhh, so the bras and panties are officially ready? I can't wait to try them!" Cambyses too exaggeratedly exclaimed at Gelene's words, catching onto her plan and playing along.

The girls certainly did not want to let one morsel of this exotic know how to escape Zanzan.

"Oh really? That's good!" Alexander momentarily got distracted by good news, as he was very much looking forward to seeing his women in naughty lingerie.

'Seeing this, Queen mother darkly said to herself, 'So that's how it is,' thinking this was Alexander's way of implicitly denying her request.

Then her eyes shone green, as she drooled, 'The new things being created here are fabulous. I will have to inform Ptolomy about it in my next letter.'

The Queen mother's reasoning was simple, if these things could not be had by negotiations, she planned to use the royal authority to fleece it out of Alexander.

'After all, he is a retainer of the crown. Hence it is his duty to serve the kings in its best interest,' She rationalized the theft.

Alexander was not aware of this misunderstanding and because he planned to sell the knowledge anyway, nothing much would come from Seelima's scheme.

But if he were to become aware of the Queen mother's thought process, he would seriously rethink the viability of keeping this black widow alive.

"Haha, Lady Gelene has also shown us these new pieces of cloth. And they were lovely!" The Queen mother externally put on a jovial facade as she praised the inception of modern underwear.

Though calling it a facade might not be accurate as she was not faking it when she applauded the invention of this new type of cloth.

Being the lecherous late king's favorite concubine, the Queen mother certainly had the looks and body to go along with what that title entitled, having all the right curves and bulges in all the right places.

Her frontal assets were particularly impressive, and could even rival Gelene, reaching, even by Alexander's conservative estimate E cup, possibly a bit more.

This was a racial trait of hers and was one of the reasons she was sold to the king's harem.

But one drawback of possessing such magnificent globules of flesh was that they tended to put a strain on her neck muscles, necessitating the use of the corset at all times.

Which came with its own set of problems, from being stiff and uncomfortable to wear to the coarse linen rubbing against her sensitive bud.

And when she had been pregnant with Hellma, she used to leak in her later months, making the use of a corset especially uncomfortable.

All problems that the bra seemed to solve in one go.

The fabric was soft, very intuitive to use, and very comfortable, with ample room for the breasts to expand and breathe.

"Yes, if we did not know any better, we might have mistaken the gifting of such personal clothing as Lord Alexander courting us, hehe" Mikaya joined the conversation with a giggle, not forgetting to make a pass at Alexander at the same time.

She too had suffered similar problems as Seelima and thus when Gelene had gifted all of them with free samples, the princess had instantly fallen in love with the clothing.

And then to show her appreciation for the product, like the Queen mother had placed the order for a few dozen more then and there.

Yes, not a few bras, or even a dozen.

But a few dozen.

Because that was how the rich lived their lives, similar to how in Alexander's previous life the king of England, Henry VIII had reportedly 800 pairs of shoes.

"Oh, my, to think the young, handsome Pasha would be interested in an old woman like me!" Playing along with Mikaya, the Queen mother very dramatically spoke up, putting her hand over her mouth as if to hide her aging face while she shot a teasing look at Alexander.

No one at the dining table was unaware of the sheer charm the 32-year-old had oozing out of her every pore, and if not for Ptolomy's craze and the inherent danger of getting close to this woman, even Alexander would have certainly nibbled at her.

Alexander ignored such playful jokes, and instead smiled at Gelene and succinctly said, "That is very good. I will visit the workshops tomorrow morning."

Discussing business details over the dining table in front of guests was neither safe nor polite and so Alexander made a scheduled appointment with Gelene later.

And then he quickly turned to the twins and asked, "Have your Highnesses received the reply for this month's letter?"

The three main noble ladies had written their letters by the end of November, which were sent to Adhan, some 800 kilometers away, by homing pigeons.

Capable of covering almost 100 kilometers an hour, these beasts of flight could carry more than two ounces of weight and reach Adhan in less than a day.

And since the letters were sent on the third day of November, and because Alexander did not know what was written on them, he was curious about the reply from the capital.

"It was normal. Grandpa only said he was busy and misses us very much," Azira seemed tight-lipped about the contents of her letter.

"Mmm, he also congratulated us on being reinstated as priestesses and urged us to help the poor and faithless," Azura complimented her sister.

'Hmmm, pretty standard stuff I guess,' Alexander only saw Farzah's letter like what doting grandfather would send his granddaughters.

Though the mention of the word 'priestess' reminded Alexander of how he had gotten a very angry letter from the prime minister after he wrote to Ptolomy about the temple attack.

The shrewd pasha was not fooled by Alexander's charade and had properly lambasted the latter for his reckless move, and even threatened to cancel the deal with him if Alexander ever did such dangerous things without the former's prior knowledge.

A warning that Alexander had put through one ear and let go by the other, as he planned to do something even more daring, which was the imminent new year offensive.

"I wonder how his Majesty is doing?" Alexander posed this question to the Queen mother, who only smiled and curtly said, "Fine."

She was still peeved with Alexander for not accenting to the technology transfers.

Sensing a solid wall of reluctance, Alexander did not push further, mostly because he had a rough idea of the situation in Adhan, both of the court and the city through both official and unofficial channels.

Officially he, Pasha Farzah, and Ptolomy usually exchanged letters once a fortnight as a way to keep up to date

Unofficially, the various gangs in Adhan, headed by Goruk kept Alexander in the know about the changes in the city.

And according to the latter, the city was slowly getting its vitality back after Pasha Farzah's generous distribution of food.

"Oh, my middle brother will be coming near the end of January with all your goods," Mikaya decided to let Alexander know this on her own initiative, which had the side effect of making Azira and Azura cheer with excitement at getting to see their uncle.

"Mmmn, then please thank Pasha Farzah for me. Such rapid delivery will really help us," Alexander politely replied at the good news, and through more of such idle chatter, the games night came to an end.

Chapter 308 Ophenia's And Gelene's Dress

As Alexander entered his bedroom, he knew his nightly routine visit tonight would be especially demanding drawing from past instances, for it involved both the succubus under him, the black ebony one with massive knockers, and the white, blonde with piercings in all the right places.

'Come to think of it, Gelene has not slept with me for the last two weeks, saying she was too busy making the underwear and our wedding dresses,' Alexander asked himself what that was all about as he poured himself a pint of wine, waiting for the two to come and serve him.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

And he did not have to wait long, as a gentle but expectant knock chimed from outside the door, and soon the two beauties were let in.

"Oh?" Alexander raised an eyebrow as he laid his eyes upon the new outfit of the girls, quite taken aback by their garments.

It was not because they were vulgar, but because they were very beautiful in every sense of the word.

Ophenia wore a jet black, strapless gown that bound her beautiful breasts, hugged her willowy waist, and flowed down like cascading water down to her feet, the linen fabric around her lower half decorated like the waves, crashing against the sea.

She wore golden bangles on her dainty arms, a matt black pair of shoes with golden flower embroidery on top, and the most eye-catching feature of all, a black choker with a golden opal at the center.

Ophenia's fair white skin perfectly contrasted the dress that seemed to merge with the night, as her black dyed hair was tied up in a bun, looking like floating clouds and jeweled with golden hairpins and chains.

And right next to Ophenia, Gelene wore the exact same outfit in the exact same style, except the color white replaced black, and emanated very different but at the same time the same level of charm as her counterpart.

This contrast was produced because while Ophenia's dress appeared prim and proper and seemed to be able to house all her assets safely and securely, Gelene's dress appeared far more promiscuous, with her strapless front seemingly at risk of bursting open, courtesy of her huge twin mountains, a testament to how well Gelene was endowed.

Standing side by side, they appeared like the twin embodiment of purity and lust.

Alexander's pitched tent was all that needed to be said about his thoughts on the girls' dresses.

But Alexander at the same time did wonder, 'Why do girls like to doll themselves up so much when they are going to be stripped bare anyway?'

He had noticed the same pattern even among Mean and Cambyses, who took no small amount of time and effort to prepare themselves before visiting Alexander's chambers, only to be soon stripped bare and mewling under his relentless pounding.

Though he quickly answered his own question, 'Because seeing a beautifully dressed woman is sexy. Because a beautifully dressed woman turns a man on.'

"Did you spend the last two weeks making this?" Alexander asked about the two dresses with a smile.

He had not seen this dress before and as he was sure no rich cloth merchant had visited the girls in the meantime, Alexander quickly deduced that the in-house seamstress Gelene was the architect behind this beautiful masterpiece.

"Among some other things master," Gelene sent a mysterious reply, which produced a slight giggle from Ophenia, but before Alexander could ask more, Gelene quickly added, "We plan to wear these in master's wedding ceremony. So does the lord like them?"

Gelene asked so by putting her right hand on the right hips and curving her butt up, letting Alexander have a perfect view of her deep ravine.

This seamless mixture of sexiness with candidness was something only a very experienced woman was capable of and Alexander could not help but lampoon, 'Mean and Cam have a long way to go.'

When it came to charm through gestures and movement, Gelene even trumped Ophenia, who more relied on the gap between her pure, saintly exterior and her lewd, lascivious interior to entice Alexander.

"Yes, very," Alexander dryly answered with an empty gulp, his eyes being magnetically drawn to the creamy, chocolatey flesh.

"Sister, master might not be referring to your dress, hehe," This obvious ogling was noticed by all, as Ophenia let out a pearly giggle at Alexander's frank reaction.

"Haha, this slave is flattered, master." Gelene's lips curved up in delight and to tempt Alexander even more jiggled her proud peaks and asked, "Does master want a taste right away?"

Ophenia's mirthful little wag quickly broke Alexander out of his trances, as he straightened up his back, and, "Ahem," after clearing up his throat, said in a forced dignified voice, "I like the design very much and I think the color scheme is ingenious. Great job Gelene."

Alexander really did find the design very elegant, not too far away from some of the high-end fabric sold in supermalls in his previous life, and was quite impressed that Gelene was able to design, order and produce such high-quality fabric in just two weeks.

"Thank you, master," The ebony-colored beauty lightly bowed at her master's praise, and then made a boldly asked, "Master, to me the seams of the dresses seem to lack flair. That's why I was hoping to add some gemstones to them. So..."

Gelene trailed off, her inquiry quite obvious.

She was asking for some precious stones from Alexander.

"That's right, master. Some jewels will definitely make our dresses shine more!" Ophenia too very enthusiastically supported Gelene at this request.

She was a girl who enjoyed the finer things in life, good food, nice houses, and beautiful clothes, and so Gelene's request was right up her alley.

"Haha, okay, okay, I will manage some for you," Alexander had gotten a literal small pile of gemstones when he had sacked the noble houses in Adhan that were just sitting there and he did not mind giving some of those.

But then he playfully added, "Though how much you get will depend on how much you can please tonight."

Alexander was of course not serious about this as he would not deprive his women of nice clothes for his very first wedding.

But it was only a fun way of spicing up the night.

"Hehe, well then sister Gelene, I guess we should try extra hard today," Ophenia very eagerly said so, her eyes sparking with excitement.

While Gelene shot Alexander an almost predatory glint at the challenge, her heart set ablaze at the challenge.

There were very few things the two girls had in common, but their skills in bed were one of them.

And since Alexander had asked them to show what they got, they were sure as hell going to show the boy how to really squeeze a man dry.

'Crap, I forgot tonight it was these two succubi and not the innocent Mean and Cam,' Alexander subconsciously shivered as the two pairs of carnivorous eyes.

He had made the challenge by subconsciously having the contestants as the other two girls but the blunder had been done.

And he would not be able to call himself a man if he backed out now

Hence Alexander knew he was in for a rough night, one of those nights where he flirted between intense pleasure and teeth-clenching pain at having to hold back his orgasms for fear of releasing too quickly.

"Hehe, sister Tayin is right. I was unable to serve master the last two weeks and must make up tonight," Gelene produced a large grin that to Alexander seemed like a cougar opening its maw to develop an innocent fawn as the black beauty subconsciously let out a small drool.

Two whole weeks of abstinence had left her pretty pent up and she planned to make it up by squeezing Alexander to the point he is not able to stand up tomorrow.

The opportunity of getting more gemstones seemed second to her.

"Well then, does master have any specific plays he wants to start us with?" Ophenia did not immediately pounce on Alexander but instead politely asked, for he was their master, and his wants trumped all others.

They could not start anything if Alexander had other things on his mind.

And as it would happen for Ophenia, Alexander did have a sexy play he wanted the girls to perform.

"Yes, I want you girls to get out of your outfit in front of me. First Tayin, and then Gelene," Alexander had always found the act of a girl stripping, that is slowly chipping away her shame one piece of cloth at a time very sexy and wanted the two girls to do just that.

And he wanted each of them to perform his striptease one at a time so that he could savor both of them fully.

"Hehe, a master is a man of great taste," Ophenia had no problem with this and quickly got to undoing the complicated bindings behind her.

While at the same time, Gelene cleverly approached Alexander and offered, "Master, let me get you comfortable."

"Mmmn, oaky," Alexander gave the reply, immediately after which Gelene started to help him take off his tunic and then with one swift practiced tug, helped her young master get out of his pants.

"Ahhh, it's been so long," Gelene stared longingly at Alexander's little brother, while Alexander himself focused on Ophenia.

The fiery night was about to begin.

Chapter 309 Ophenia And Gelene (Part-1) (R-18)

"Good to see to again young master, *chuuu*," It was Gelene's signature way of starting all their sessions, with a kiss on Alexander's cock.

And this time it was no different, as right after helping Alexander get out of his clothes, the ebony beauty kneeled down and used her thick red lips to land a hot, wet smooch on Alexander's sheathed glans, marking the tip with her musky saliva.

And then, as if to make up for the missed sessions the last two weeks, she landed a second one and then consecutively a third one, to the point Alexander's turgid member had three distinct red lipstick kisses on it.

And Alexander certainly enjoyed such loving caress, as his spear twitched with excitement.

This prompted Gelene to open her tiny mouth as she intended to administer a mind-melting blowjob while Alexander enjoyed Ophenia's strip tease.

'Hehe, sorry little girl. It seems I will have the first load of the day,' Gelene licked her lips in anticipation, hungrily eying the slit that was already leaking precum.

She and Ophenia were both crazy over Alexander's white seed, the former because she believed it helped her maintain her youthfulness, while the latter believed it to be divine.

"Gelene, not yet. Go help Ophenia," But just as Gelene was about to get one over Ophenia, Alexander, who was aware of these petty bedroom politics intervened, instead ordering Gelene to help Ophenia with the complicated knots on her back that the sacred priestess was having trouble undoing.

And while Alexander's order generated an imperceptible pout from the sexy black women, it also managed to give birth to a big grin on Ophenia, who was very happy to see Alexander favor her.

But Gelene did not let the slight acridness from her plan getting ruined dampen her mood, as obeying Alexander's instructions, she quickly got behind Ophenia and said, "Sister, here, let me help." while carefully helping her slide out of her gown, revealing her corset.

Or so Alexander thought, as in fact, it was a black strapless bra, perfectly containing Ophenia's shapely breasts.

The white girl particularly liked this piece of garment, even going so far as to think it was a divine gift sent by Gaia particularly for her, as finally, she could have a piece of cloth that not only stopped her piercing from scratching against her dress and hurting her, but was also comfortable enough to wear all the time, unlike the corset.

"The bra was a nice touch Gelene. I like it," Alexander sent an approving smile at this new addition, making a link to the black beauty's previous mysterious answer and making Gelene give a large smile at him and say, "Thank you, master."

With the gown shed up to her torso, Ophenia did not simply let the cloth fall down and reveal her body.

No, she did not do such as she knew her master wanted a bit more flair.

So, she twirled around and showed Alexander her sexy rump, after which she swayed her butt from side to side, slowly and steadily, as Ophenia then revealed her creamy flesh inch by inch, unveiling her forbidden crack and marvelous curves with a risqué movement that seemed to fuel Alexander's fire of lust to the utmost.

And finally, after what seemed like an eternity to Alexander, Ophenia let the black gown fall to the floor and her white, almost pinkish buttocks were made open for their master to see.

"Does my new underwear suit me, master?" Ophenia asked as she bent her butt up and jiggled it temptingly at Alexander, letting him carefully observe how the thin black garment hid her two most shameful holes.

And with how defenseless Ophenia appeared, bent over and twerking her ass, Alexander could barely stop himself from striding over, grabbing her by the soft globules and spanking them till they became red, or even start fingering her hot holes.

But Alexander practiced a herculean amount of effort to stop himself from doing such, as Gelene's performance was yet pending, and he looked at her suggestively, indicating for her to start.

"Sister, help me this time," And so Gelene decided to do as her master wanted, soon too had her torso bare, with the huge knockers being only held together by a white strapless bra, that seemed to be in imminent danger of feeling torn apart by the magnificent mountains.

Jiggle, *Jiggle*, *Jiggle*

As Alexander drooled over the two chocolatey flesh, which was Gelene's most charming features, the latter purposely bent forward and rocked her chest, tempting her master to come and take a bite.

And after Alexander held off on that, Gelene with a smirk, like Ophenia turned around and bent to produce her butt laced with pure white underwear to Alexander, thus producing a sensual scenery where a white butt wearing black lingerie and a black butt wearing white lingerie was presented to Alexander, inviting him to come and have a taste.

"Master, spank whichever you think has been naughtiest," Ophenia cooed sultrily, a wet spot appearing on her underwear.

She just could not wait to feel Alexander's strong strikes against her innocent rump.

And Alexander, being the ass-loving man he was could hardly decline, as he happily strode forward and kneeled down in between the two butts, contemplating which peach to devour first.

"Ahhh, yeah...master mmnnn," Alexander soon made his decision as evidenced by Ophenia's euphoric moan, who felt Alexander digging his nose against her secret cave and nuzzling at it through the wet fabric.

It was no secret he liked that Ophenia more than Gelene which coupled with the fact that Ophenia carried more toys down here than her counterpart, made Alexander ultimately choose her first, causing Gelene to imperceptibly pout.

"*Sniff*", Alexander fiercely grabbed Ophenai by the butt and took a loud, audible whiff of her sex, while the girl wiggled her butt against Alexander's face as if trying to smother him.

"Mmmm, smells like a bitch in heat!" Alexander loved the damp, musky smell as he traced his nose all along the slit up to Ophenia's buttohole, where a hard surface bumped against him, her precious buttplug no doubt.

"Ahhhh, master, smell me more, ohhh, *splash*," Ophenia had a smell fetish where she loved smelling others and getting smelled by others.

And with the conscience awareness of her own powerful master sniffing her two moist holes, it was enough to send the girl over the edge.

She quivered and shook at the assaults of pleasure, while Alexander's nose got splashed by a spray of lewd water.

"Naughty girl, *spank*, how dare you come before your master," Alexander retreated from between the buttocks as he said so, creating a lewd stringy bridge between his nose and the wet underwear patch while doing so, as he landed a tight spank on Ophenia's bubble butt, making Ophenia moan with ecstasy.

"Yes, master, punish this lewd slave," Ophenia stuck her butt even higher, waiting for Alexander to undo her panties and smell the hot, raw sex directly.

At this gesture, Alexander created a second handprint on her other butt with a hard strike as he whispered, "Now, stay still and endure that itch, my sexy slave."

This got a whimper of reluctance from Ophenia, who felt Alexander's warmth leave her and soon the canarios cry of Gelene rang out as Alexander took the same position as he did with Ophenia.

"Ahhhh, master, do you like it?" Gelene slowly moved her butt up and down, letting Alexander feel the unique odor that was far more aggressive than her counterpart.

While Ophenia's sex smelled fruity and sublime, Gelene gave off a far more raw and hungry odor, one which smelled of a mature pent-up woman looking for a good, hard fuck.

This was natural as Gelene being twenty-six was seven years older than Ophenia.

Alexander moved his nose up and down for some time, loudly sniffing Gelene's pussy and asshole through the linen garment, while at the same time he massaged Gelene's buttcheeks, loving the feeling of his hands just sinking into the chocolatey flesh.

"Sexy cow, you are leaking like a faucet down there. Were you looking forward to it that much, *smack*,?" Alexander struck the thick fleshy rump as he started licking Gelene through the underwear, until he found the little bean and directly bit, making Gelene give an animastic howl and cum.

"Ekkkk, coming," Gelene shuddered as her white underwear became so wet that it turned nearly transparent under the orgasm, letting Alexnader fully observe the engrossed sex.

"*Spank*, another disobedient slave," Alexander struck hard, as he then started to hit the butts of the two beauties who stood side by side, turning their butts red and making them sing a duet.

Smack, "Spank*", *Smash*

As Alexander spanked the two asses rhythmically like a drum, the two girls constantly moaned and wiggled their butts, clear fluids dripping through the underwear and into the floor.

"Ahhh, master, harder," Ophenia lewdly called out, loving how her master was turning her snow-white butt red, while Gelene used her hands to part her cheeks and pleaded, "Master, my asshole. Hit my asshole."

And Alexander fulfilled both their requests, as he relished in the crisp sounds of the spanking, the soft feeling of their flesh, and the jiggling of their lewd asses.

They were his possessions and he could do whatever he wanted.

And right now he wanted to turn the two pairs bright red like hot pepper as he rained down strike after strike, until finally he shouted, "Now, cum!"

With one last great strike, Alexander hit the two asses, making Ophenia and Gelene simultaneously cry out in pleasure, "Ahhh, coming." as they released their fluids once again.

Chapter 310 Ophenia And Gelene (Part-2) (R-18)

As Gelene and Ophenia heavily panted while trying to recover from their joyous release, Alexander gave one last look at the now reddened butts bent towards him as he then playfully gave the two another hard spank and dictated, "Now, be good slaves and pleasure me."

He afterward peremptory sat on the edge of the bed, like it was his throne, spread his legs wide open like they encompassed the very heavens and imperiously looked at the two women, his desire manifested clearly to them.

"Oh my!" Gelene let out a sultry chuckle at this assertive Alexander, finding the new attitude cute.

And it spurred them to give Alexander the best suck of his life, as they immediately scampered off to Alexander's side and submissively kneeled down between his legs, their heavenly faces now worshipping Alexander's raised tower.

"Does seeing two beauties like us so beneath you turn you on, master?" Ophenia could tell Alexander was excited by this arrangement as she quickly undid her bra, letting the beautiful fruits pierced with large jewels finally grace Alexander's eyes.

And Gelene did the same, until finally two pairs of fat creamy goodness, one vanilla, and one chocolate were swinging right under Alexander's balls

Alexander noticed that Ophenia's nipples were smaller compared to her breasts, while Gelene's pink cheery buds were much bigger and upright, her pink areola spreading across the brown plains.

As these two pairs of fruits hung beneath him, Alexander savored the beautiful color contrast and his cock twitched in anticipation, while Gelene soon sent a ravening smile, "Well then master, try not to cum too soon."

Immediately after saying so, the two beauties dug into their meal, with Gelene taking the head, while Ophenia concentrated around the shaft and base.

Suuck, chuuuu, schulk.

And soon a cacophony of obscene and lewd sounds reverberated across the room, as Ophenia moved her lips across the shaft and base like she was playing the flute, while Gelene inserted her tongue into the foreskin, and started rolling it around, looking for some of that delicious, cheesy, smegma.

But much to the chagrin, she came up empty, with Alexander having properly washed his penis this time.

'Mmmnn, these two really know their thing,' Alexander trembled with pleasure as he felt the wet tongues service his lower body, the girls using their lips to caress his hot rod, which caused many times for them to brush their lips against one another, exchanging their fluids and drinking in Alexander's hot, musky odor.

"Ahhh, master's cock..ohh how I missed it," Gelene sang as she skillfully bought out Alexander's glans from his foreskin and started to loudly suck out the precum, finding the bitterness very appetizing, while Ophenia rubbed her tongue and nose along the shaft while indulging in smell fetish.

This sensual administration by the girls went on for a while, by which point Alexander had started letting out copious amounts of Cowper fluid, and then the girls then decided to up the ante.

Ophenia moved her mouth down to the sack and started licking Alexander's balls, engaging her nimble tongue to softly caress the precious jewel, while also gently nibbling at it.

"Ahhh, master's soft wrinkling really taste different," Ophenia cried as she loved the texture and smell of this part, and she then started taking the large balls inside her mouth whole, rolling them around and gently tugging the sack everything, thus making Alexander groan at the hot stimulation.

At the same time, Gelene let out an insidious smile and plunged the entirety of the organ inside her hot mouth, bobbing her head up and down violently as she skillfully rolled her tongue, bringing Alexander ever closer to release,

Gelene showed off her huge experience here, as she used her tongue to constantly hit Alexander's frenulum during the blowjob, flicking it, brushing it, and wrapping around it with her long hot organ as she moved her head in a circular motion while purring like a cat.

It seemed neither she nor Ophenia was looking to take any prisoners, as Alexander's entire organ soon got a thick coating of hot lewd saliva and was glistening in the light.

"Arrgh, coming," This twin stimulation soon proved to be too much for Alexander as he indicated to the girls of his imminent release.

But just as he was about to spurt out his seed, suddenly Gelene stopped the caressing, her tongue idling and only gently rolling around the glans, while Ophenia used her lips to strongly bite down on Alexander's roots, making him unable to cum.

"Arghhh..." Alexander clenched in frustration at getting denied his release, as the two girls soon resumed their double blowjob after Alexander's urge to cum had passed, tuning this play into a sweet torture for the pasha.

Only now was the reason behind Gelene's insidious smile made clear to Alexander, for the two women soon proved themselves to be in complete control of the situation, making Alexander edge closer to release multiple times but deny him every time, as they seemed to be able to sense perfectly well when he was about to cum, and slowed down at those moments on purpose in order to stretch the pleasure.

'I knew this would happen. These two are not human, but succubi,' Alexander moaned in both delight and pain at his bittersweet experience, knowing this was the girls' way of pleasing him to his fullest.

And Alexander was not sure how long he could withstand such maddening play as he grunted, "Arghh, you disobedient bitches," at the two girls' ministrations, which got a smile to form on both of them.

Finally, after feeling like they had cockteasing Alexander for long enough, Ophenia, with a triumphant look, suggested, "Master, why don't you get up on the bed and lie down. We will make you even more comfortable then." '

Though it was really not a suggestion, but an order, for if Alexander wanted to cum, he would have to follow it.

And so Alexander obediently did so, expectant of what else these two minxes had in store.

And he was not disappointed as soon Ophenia and Gelene put this hard member between their breasts, snuggling them between their heavenly mammaries and letting Alexander's cock be engulfed in a pillow of warm, soft, marshmallowy goodness.

"Does master like his reward?" Gelene grinned at Alexander as she pressed her boobs closer, covering the entirety of Alexander's organ except for the head with her tits.

This question was unnecessary, as looking at the two beauties in reverence of his cock, feeling their sweet, warm breath on his sensitive glans, and seeing the chocolate and vanilla-colored boobs splash against each other as the two pairs fought to embrace the engrossed member within them was a heavenly visual stimulus.

And then the scenery got even better, as Ophenia spoke, "Master, now enjoy this," and soon the girls started the double titfuck.

"Ahhhh," Alexander could not help but moan at this new play, feeling the exquisite sensation of his cock wrapped in double titties while the girls lewdly double kissed his glans, sucked his clear fluids, and licked each cock clean.

And while doing this, the girls also did not forget to give some love to each other too.

"Master, watch this," Ophenia called in a very showy, provocative way as she then french kissed Gelene right in front of him, with his cock still in between the two girls' lips.

"Mm...Mmmm," This sudden move caught Gelene a bit off guard, but only for a moment, as she quickly accepted and then started reciprocating the act, letting Alexander have a front-row view of how their lips devoured each other with his shaft in the middle, how their tongues danced and tangled with each other over his glans, freely exchanging the flowing precum between themselves, and how they exchanged their saliva, relishing taste of the musky concoction made from the three ingredients.

Mmmm, *Chuuu* *Schuclkk*

As the girls rocked their boobs and pleased Alexander's cock with their hot tongue, lips and mouth, this hot play soon proved to be unbearable to Alexander, as he started to hump his hips between the twirling tongues, eager to get stimulation for his release.

"Arhhh, coming," Alexander felt an impending release like never before, and this time the girls finally let him achieve his peak, which he did with a grunt.

Spurt, *Spurt*, *Spurt*.

The hot load was deposited inside Gelene's mouth, who did not immediately swallow it like she usually did, but instead let the hot, sticky load accumulate inside her mouth until the cheeks became so puffed up that she resembled a squirrel.

"Sister, argghhh," And the reason for such an action was made soon clear, Ophenia opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue at Gelene, asking for her share of the load.

And though a bit reluctant, Gelene ultimately chose to do so, as she french kissed her counterpart, and dumped a part of the white, murky fluid into Ophenia's gullet, leaking a tiny trail of the liquid through the corners of their mouth in the process.

And then, as if show her master who was his real bitch, Ophenia gave some of the fluid back through another kiss, thus producing a lewd play where the two girls for some time constantly exchanged his cum between themselves, gurgling and purring as they kissed each other repeatedly.

'Ahhh, so hot,' Alexander felt these two girls were really in a league of their own, as finally, after quite a bit of back did not the girls decided to swallow his sperm, doing it with large, audible gulps, as if to let Alexander savor the show for longer.