

The World 1031

Chapter 1031: The Centaur Kingdom (7)

"I haven't had a fight like that in a long time," she said, chuckling softly. "That was... fun."

"Glad to hear that," I replied, smiling faintly. "You're strong, Kali. I can see why your father's proud of you."

She tilted her head, still catching her breath. "And you're every bit as dangerous as they say, Leon. No wonder all those women fell for you."

I scratched my cheek awkwardly. "You make it sound like I'm collecting them."

"Well, aren't you?" she teased, her grin playful now.

Reilhahand approached then, his booming laughter breaking through the silence. "Hah! That was a damn good fight! Haven't seen something that intense in years!" His eyes sparkled as he looked at both of us. "Looks like I made the right call, huh, Kali?"

Kali smirked, still looking at me. "Yeah, you did." She raised a brow at me. "Guess I lost, but... maybe I don't mind that."

Her tone carried something mischievous, that playful challenge lingering even after defeat.

The crowd erupted into applause, stomping their hooves in approval. The duel had ended, and although she lost, there wasn't a single trace of shame in her posture. If anything, she seemed proud, and so was I.

Both of us knew we'd given it our all. Neither of us had struggled, neither had faltered. It was simply a matter of timing, of instinct.

And in the end, my blade rested against her neck. It was a victory earned not through power, but through precision.

As she met my gaze one last time, her lips curled into that familiar smile. "Next time," she said softly, "I'll win."

I chuckled. "I'll be looking forward to that."

Reilhahand said that we should spend more time together so that we could get to know each other better. Honestly, I thought that was actually a good idea. I mean, it made sense. Spending time with her didn't sound bad at all—though I wouldn't exactly say it was easy either.

The two of us were walking side by side through a wide, open clearing, with the wind brushing against the grass and the faint chirping of insects echoing somewhere far off. The air smelled fresh—clean, like the kind that fills your lungs and makes you forget for a second that the world's a mess. Still, even with all that peace around, I couldn't shake off how overwhelming her presence felt next to me.

For one, she was tall—like, really tall. It wasn't surprising, considering she was a centaur, but standing beside her made me feel like some kid tagging along with his teacher. And it wasn't just her height. She had this aura—calm, composed, but heavy. The kind of presence that makes you straighten your back without even realizing it. There was something majestic about her, yet it also made my chest feel tight.

"What is it, Sir Leon?" she suddenly asked, her voice soft but steady.

I blinked. She must've noticed me staring at her longer than I should have because now she was looking back at me with those sharp yet gentle eyes of hers.

"Uh, nothing," I said quickly, scratching the back of my neck. "You could say I'm just... a little overwhelmed by how much taller you are than me."

She smiled faintly, her lips curving with a trace of amusement. "Ah, I see. I'm sorry about that. Males do prefer women who are shorter than them, don't they?"

"It's not really like that," I replied. "Well, I guess some guys do, but not me. I don't really care much about height or body type. I like all shapes of women, to be honest. So, I'm not complaining about you being taller than me."

"I see..." she murmured, her tail swishing lightly behind her.

"I guess what I meant," I continued, "is that your presence just feels... heavier than others. You have this kind of energy that's hard to ignore. It's... kind of overwhelming, but not in a bad way."

"Fufufu~ I suppose I can be a bit overwhelming, huh?" she said, letting out a soft laugh. Her tone turned playful as she looked toward the open field ahead. "Sir Leon, why don't you try riding me?"

"Riding you?" I repeated, almost choking on my words.

Now that caught me off guard. I'd ridden horses before, sure, but a centaur? That was a different story entirely. My mind was already spinning with curiosity—how would that even feel? Would it be like riding a horse while hugging a woman from behind? Or would it feel completely different? Either way, it was something I never thought I'd be doing in my life.

"Fufufu, don't worry," she said, giving me a teasing smile. "I'm not going to run that fast."

"I wasn't really worried about that," I said, trying to sound casual, though my heart was starting to thump a little faster than normal.

"Come," she said softly, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Or are you afraid I might bite instead?" she added, winking at me.

I froze for a second. So, she did have a playful side. Up until now, I'd only seen her calm, graceful demeanor, but this sudden teasing energy made her feel... different. More alive. More human, even.

"Well, since you're offering..." I muttered under my breath.

She nodded slightly, then bent her front legs down and lowered her body gracefully to make it easier for me to climb onto her back. The way her muscles moved beneath her skin was mesmerizing—strong yet elegant.

I climbed up carefully, placing my hands against her back for balance. Her body was warm—surprisingly warm—and when I finally settled in, she straightened up slowly, standing tall again.

"Fufufufu," she giggled softly. "I've never been ridden by someone before, so this is quite a new feeling. It's... refreshing, in a way."

I couldn't help but smile a little. That made sense, though. Centaurs were a conservative race. They didn't like outsiders, and they rarely let anyone close enough to even touch them, let alone ride them. So yeah, this was probably her first time.

"How is it? Riding a centaur for the first time?" she asked, glancing back at me with a curious smile.

"Well," I said, thinking about it, "it's not that different from riding a horse, I guess. But at the same time... it's completely different. It's like I'm not just riding with someone—I'm literally riding you."

She chuckled, clearly amused. "Fufufu, I think I can tell what you're thinking," she said, giving me that teasing smile again. "Well then, why don't you hold on to me?"

Chapter 1032: Sex With A Centaur (1)

"Hold you? Where exactly?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Fufufu~ on my hips, of course," she replied. "Where else? Though, I would have allowed you to touch my breasts," she said with a smirk that was way too calm for what she just said.

"Maybe next time," I said, trying to keep my composure, though my face probably said otherwise.

"You're shier than I expected, Sir Leon," she teased.

I sighed quietly, then placed my hands around what I guessed were her hips, the spot where her human torso connected to her horse body. It felt strange, but not uncomfortable. The warmth radiating from her skin was oddly grounding.

She let out a small chuckle, clearly entertained by how cautious I was being. Then, she straightened up and looked ahead with a confident grin.

"Now then, brace yourself, Sir Leon," she said.

And before I could even reply, she moved.

The world blurred for a moment as she dashed forward with explosive speed. The wind howled past my ears, the scenery melting into streaks of green and gold. My body lurched slightly, and I instinctively tightened my grip around her.

She was fast. Ridiculously fast.

Holy shit.

Kali was fast.

No, saying she was fast didn't even come close. She was insanely fast—like a damn bullet with hooves.

It didn't feel like I was riding a centaur anymore and more it felt like I'd somehow hopped on a motorcycle that someone shoved into overdrive. The world around me blurred into streaks of color—the trees, the grass, even the clouds looked like they were being smeared across a painting by sheer speed alone.

How the hell could she even move this fast?

"Fufufu, do you enjoy riding me, Sir Leon?" she said, her playful tone cutting through the roar of the wind.

Enjoy? That word didn't even scratch the surface. I was practically hanging on for dear life while grinning like an idiot. This was probably the fastest I'd ever gone in my entire life—and, damn, I loved every second of it. My hair whipped wildly in every direction, stinging my face as the wind slammed against me so hard I half-expected it to tear me right off her back.

It was both terrifying and exhilarating, like I was riding a storm that had decided to grow a pair of hooves.

After a while, Kali slowed down a little, probably realizing I was seconds away from being turned into a flying projectile. The rush of wind softened into something bearable, letting me finally take a proper breath without feeling like I was trying to inhale a tornado.

"I want to show you something, Sir Leon," she said suddenly, her voice calm but mysterious.

Her hooves clacked rhythmically against the earth as we moved forward again. Each step echoed faintly through the quiet forest until, after what felt like a long stretch, we finally arrived at the place she wanted me to see.

And damn... it was stunning.

The land opened up before us, revealing a massive horizon that stretched endlessly beneath a wide, golden sky. We stood at the edge of a cliff that overlooked a vast sea of trees below, their leaves shimmering under the sunlight like a thousand emerald scales. Birds glided lazily across the open air, their calls echoing faintly in the distance. Everything felt calm—untouched, like the world had forgotten how to breathe chaos here.

"It's beautiful, right?" she asked, her voice soft and almost wistful. "I actually feel really calm in this place."

"Well, I guess it's only natural," I said with a small smile. "This place just... feels peaceful."

There was something sacred about it, a kind of stillness that made you forget danger even existed.

"Actually," she began again, glancing at me, "I like your suggestion. The unification of all the tribes and kingdoms, I mean."

So she was on board. Unlike her father and brother, who couldn't even pretend to entertain the thought, she actually understood what I meant. At least Reilhahand said he'd consider it if I managed to get Kali pregnant—but considering wasn't the same as agreeing. Even if I succeeded, who knew if he'd really accept it?

"It's only natural," she continued, her tone turning serious. "I think it's time for us to stop clinging to the old ways. Because sooner or later, we'll be swallowed by things we can't control—just like you said. Even without the machines you spoke of, I can feel it. We centaurs will eventually be consumed by something bigger, something we can't fight. That's why I agree with you. My father hates the idea of mixing with other races, but I think if everyone in the forest stood together, we could actually protect this place."

As she said that, she turned her gaze toward the horizon again. The wind picked up, blowing through her hair in slow, graceful waves. It was like the world decided to dramatize her moment just for the sake of it. Her hair flowed behind her like a silken banner, glinting under the sunlight—it was honestly kind of mesmerizing.

"I don't want this beautiful sight to be destroyed," she whispered, her tone laced with genuine emotion. "I want this place to stay as it is... or become even more beautiful. I don't want it to rot away because of what's happening outside this forest."

Her words carried warmth, but there was a subtle pain behind them too. That kind of sadness only people who truly love something could have. Seeing her like that—so calm, yet filled with passion—it made me see a side of her I hadn't before. She wasn't just the playful and confident centaur. She was someone who'd fight for what she loved.

"So this is why you accepted to become my lover without hesitation," I said. "When your father told us he'd consider the unification if we had a child, you didn't even question it. You just went along with it."

"Oh?" she teased, turning to me with a sly grin. "Are you disappointed that the reason isn't purely out of love? Don't worry, Sir Leon. When I said I was interested in you, I meant it."

"I see," I said, smiling faintly. "Well, that does make me feel better."

"I mean, can you really blame me?" she added, her grin widening. "You're a very interesting man."

I was still seated on her back when she turned her upper body toward me, her movements smooth and deliberate. Before I could react, she leaned in and pressed her lips against my cheek.

"That's how interested I am in you, you know?" she whispered. "And also... that was my first kiss."

...God damn it.

She was too damn cute for her own good. My heart did this weird little jump in my chest that I wasn't proud of.

Then, with that same teasing smile, she tilted her head slightly and said, almost innocently, "So... do you want to do it with me?"

She paused for just a heartbeat before clarifying, her voice dropping into something sultry, "Sex, I mean."

Sex. Here. Out in the open, with the wind blowing and the sky watching?

I wasn't about to complain—but seriously, how the hell was I supposed to have sex with a centaur?

Chapter 1033: Sex With A Centaur (2)

"What would you do, Sir Leon?" she asked, glancing back over her shoulder like someone asking for directions on a map she'd never read before. Her voice was soft, edged with curiosity and a shy kind of hope. "I have no idea how you humans mate, so I want you to lead it the way you like. I haven't mated with anyone before—I don't really know how this goes. Would you... guide me?"

That simple, earnest request hit some private place in me and made my pulse thrum. It was weirdly arousing—like being handed the map to a place I'd only ever glimpsed, and being told I could draw the route.

"Well, I'm not going to complain," I answered, trying to keep my voice steady. "I do feel some attraction to you." Casual words, but warm. Honest.

"Me too. I'm glad you feel the same." She turned and kissed me again, like sealing the agreement with a promise pressed to my lips.

I cupped the back of her head, feeling the little give of scalp under my palm as she eagerly met my mouth. Her kisses were softer than my first bite at her, tentative but curious—she tried to suck me, to pull, and I matched her, deeper and greedy. She seemed slightly overwhelmed by the way I kissed but she kept trying, reaching to match and learn. It made me grin against her mouth.

My hand slid up and found her breasts. They were enormous. They were beyond what a human chest usually holds, the kind of size that made my fingers splay and still not cover the whole curve. They felt heavy and warm under my palms, rolling slightly between my fingers, soft and stubborn in the best way. The flesh spilled through the gaps between my fingers and my hands couldn't encompass them but only claim little pieces at a time. It was indulgent and absurd and I didn't want to stop.

"Mmm...~" she moaned, the sound low and approving as I molded her tits together, like I was shaping something sacred out of flesh.

"Ahh...~" she breathed, and I could hear the little hitch in her voice, that tiny crack that comes when someone's both embarrassed and thrilled.

"Are you okay?" I asked, teasing a little but earnest.

"Fufufu, I'm fine," she giggled, the sound bubbling out. "It's just... it's the first time anyone's touched them. I feel embarrassed, even though when it started I thought I wouldn't mind." Her cheeks colored. She was trying to sound casual, but her body betrayed her.

"You've got big ones," I said bluntly.

She smiled, a little pleased. "You like them," she said. "That's good."

I leaned in and pressed my lips to the curve of her neck. I'd expected a smell of earth, leaves, maybe a hint of the outdoors clinging to her hair—but that wasn't the case. Her hair smelled clean, faintly sweet, like someone who takes care of themselves even in rough places. It gave off the impression of brushed mornings and careful tending. It was unexpectedly nice.

I nipped and sucked at her neck, feeling her shiver. She was ticklish there, and she wiggled, but didn't pull away. If anything, she leaned into it and gave me more of that bare skin to claim.

My hands kept exploring, kneading, squeezing and finding the firm weight of her breasts and holding them close. They were warm, solid, and responsive. They fit in my arms the way a promise fits expectations. They were really snug and comforting.

"Fufufu, you seem impatient," she teased, light and breathy. "Are you that excited? Having sex with a centaur, I mean?"

"Well, can't you tell?" I said, pressing the ridge of my hardened cock against her spine to make the point obvious. The stiffness pressed into her back, a blunt announcement of what I wanted.

She noticed instantly and smiled. The smile was small and pleased, like someone who'd been given a gift and was delighted to peek at it. She didn't seem bothered by the fact I was already hard. If anything, it made her bolder.

Slowly, deliberately, I undid the buttons of her clothes, unfastening one by one, moving deliberately so she could feel each little reveal. When the gap opened enough, I slid my hand inside.

Her breasts were firm—not sagging, not soft in a way that gave under pressure—just full and warm and demanding attention. My hands sank into them, feeling the heat and slight bounce, feeling that hum of life that comes with flesh waiting to be used.

It felt ridiculously good. Like falling into a warm bath and discovering it's deeper than it looked.

"Ahh...~ S-Sir Leon...~" she breathed, voice trembling a little. "I feel... strange...~"

By then, there was nothing left to do but go forward. The pull between us, the purpose of why we were here—some of it political, some of it practical—collapsed under the immediacy of the moment. Her father's plan aside, right now we were two bodies and a single line of desire.

We began.

She leaned forward and pressed her upper body against one of the trees that crowned the hill, looking back at me over her shoulder with a shape that invited and teased. Her hips jutted toward me, a perfect arc that begged to be filled. She was taller than me, so I called a small motes-of-magic trick into being and set a stone beneath my feet. I was steady and patient right now, exactly where I needed it.

The scent of her pussy hung in the air. It was wet, bright, like morning dew on green leaves—and it hit me with a soft ache. I lowered my head and licked, letting my tongue trace the slick rim of her entrance slow and deliberate.

"Hnn...~" she moaned the instant my tongue touched her, a sharp, involuntary sound that made my chest tighten.

She was different from the others I'd bedded, sure—her being a full centaur—but those differences didn't change the way her body answered. The same soft twitches as well as the same quickening breath. That consistency was oddly comforting. It meant I knew where to press even though she's a centaur.

"Nnn...~" she trembled as my tongue worked around the opening of her pussy, tasting the salt and sweetness and the warm, metallic edge of excitement. Her juices pooled and then trailed, and I sucked them up like they were precious. The flavor rolled across my tongue. It was warm, slightly copper, and intoxicating in a way that made me want more.

The sight of her knees wobbling from pleasure only encouraged me. She wasn't just responding. She was unraveling.

Her upper body shivered with each flick of my tongue. Tiny tremors ran through her muscles as if the pleasure were electricity finding paths through her limbs. She let out a small, breathy cry like someone surprised by how much they could feel.

She might have been a centaur, but her body reacted just like a woman's. She has the same sweetness as well as the same sensitivity. I rolled her juices across my tongue, the warmth spreading through my mouth.

"S-Sir Leon...~" she breathed, eyes glassy with want. That hazy look—half-pleasure, half-want—said everything. It was permission and plea rolled into one.

I straightened, feeling the tightness in my cock respond to that look. I lined myself up, slow and careful, because the first entry deserved care. I braced one foot on the conjured stone and angled myself.

Then I entered her pressing in until we both felt the shift of the warm and the slick embrace closing around me.

Chapter 1034: Sex With A Centaur (3)

The world narrowed to that single point, to the slick slide of skin and warmth as well as to the raw, intimate silence broken only by our breaths and muffled moans. It was an ancient feeling made new.

The slight burn as I crossed the threshold, the fullness that hugged my length, the mutual understandings that needed no words.

"Haaa... Fuaaahh...~ I..."

She gripped the tree with one hand. Her breath came fast and shallow.

"Are you—" she gasped between pants, words falling apart in the heat.

"—right here," I answered, keeping my voice low and steady.

I moved with careful, deliberate pressure at first with me doing small pushes to let her adjust as well as to let the warm muscle relax around me. Then, feeling her answer, I started to set a rhythm. I started slow, then a little more urgent, matching the way her body trembled and pleaded back.

Every pull and thrust painted a new sensation—friction, friction, then soft velvet squeeze—and each time I withdrew I could feel her clench reflexively as if she was trying to keep me inside. The tree bark under her palms scratched her skin with her hair falling in loose strands around her face, sweat making it glossy. Her breathing built into a chorus of soft cries.

"Nghhh, aahhh...~ Ahhh, S-So good...~ T-This is...~"

The first waves of pleasure rolled through us, not dramatic at first but steady and building. Her hips pushed back against my thrusts in time, joining rather than resisting, and that small cooperation made everything more intense. She learned my rhythm and I learned the way her muscles jumped and folded, where to press and where to hold.

We moved like that for a long stretch of time with us being together, tangled, with a private storm on a wind-swept hill. Each motion brought us closer to something hot and inevitable, and as the heat rose in both of us, our words faded until there were only sounds starting with our breath, wet slaps, and soft cries.

I continued moving inside her, pushing my hips forward again and again, and every time I slid deeper, her insides wrapped around me with that familiar warmth that any woman had—except hers was different. Kali's pussy was noticeably looser, not in a bad way, but in a way that felt like she was made to take something bigger than average. She had a big pussy after all, a soft, soaking entrance that stretched around me so easily. Even so, that didn't mean my cock wasn't enough to completely fill her up.

If anything, the way she swallowed every inch of me made it obvious—my cock fit her perfectly. Almost too perfectly. It was a bit surprising, honestly, how smoothly everything lined up.

"Nghh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahh, ah, ahhh...!" she moaned, her voice trembling in those short, shaky bursts.

But even with that constant moaning, she didn't seem out of breath at all. Her stamina was ridiculous, like she could keep going forever without collapsing. She was holding out just fine, as if her body was

built for this kind of thing. It was like she have a stamina of a horse. Well, she was a centaur, after all, so that lines up.

After a while, though, I felt that familiar tight pressure building up in the base of my stomach. I couldn't hold it back any longer.

"Kali, I'm cumming...!" I shouted out, my voice cracking right at the end.

"Ahhh... ah, ahhh... ahh, ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh!!!" she cried out, sounding like she didn't fully understand what was about to happen, but also not caring at all about what it meant for her body.

I grabbed her sides and pulled her toward me, making my cock sink even deeper into her wet heat, and the moment I pushed as far as I could go—my restraint snapped.

I cummed hard inside her.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh~!!!"

Her eyes shot wide open the instant my semen rushed into her, and the upper part of her body arched beautifully as she pressed herself harder against the rough tree bark in front of her. Her big breasts mashed against it, bouncing slightly with the force of her tremble.

I kept releasing deep inside, filling her womb to the brim with my cum. It felt insanely good—so good that it almost felt like I emptied out everything I had.

When I finally pulled my cock out, it slipped free with a loud, wet pop. She was so soaked that thick strings of our combined fluids stretched between her pussy and my tip, clinging stubbornly until they snapped one by one.

I let out a heavy sigh, watching my semen drip out of her freshly fucked pussy, sliding down her inner thighs in slow, messy trails.

The more I looked at her, the more my heart pounded. I fucked this absolute bombshell of a woman—and it felt unreal. I fucked and creampie'd a centaur.

Her knees, all of her knees, finally gave up from all the pleasure, and she dropped down, her four legs shaking uncontrollably.

I moved beside her head and offered my cock right between her eyes. She stared at it—still dripping with my semen—with a blank curiosity, like she didn't fully understand but still recognized what she was supposed to do. I didn't need to say anything. After a few seconds, she leaned forward, testing the tip with her lips, then wrapped her mouth around it and gently suckled, pulling in the leftover semen.

I braced myself with my arm against the tree and lowered my head as a wave of pleasure rolled through me. Her mouth was warm, soft, and her tongue—that long tongue of hers—was incredible. With the way she moved it, it honestly felt like she could probably reach my balls if she wanted to.

Eventually, I pulled out from her mouth. Saliva clung everywhere—long strings hanging between her lips and the head of my cock. She panted heavily, her mouth dripping, and looked up at me with an expression so erotic it sent a shiver through my spine.

"M-More...~ Sir Leon...~" she whispered, her voice trembling, still craving it.

Even though I had already cummed, my cock was still rock-hard, refusing to calm down. It didn't seem like it was going to go soft anytime soon.

So I moved behind her again. Now kneeling, she was perfectly positioned for me, and I didn't waste any time. I pushed my cock back into her sopping wet pussy, heat wrapping around me instantly.

The moment I entered her again, it felt like my entire mind centered on that one spot—her hole gripping me, pulling me in, welcoming me back with overwhelming warmth.

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I started pounding Kali even harder, turning her already sopping, messy pussy into a dripping, slick ruin—each stroke dragging more of that warm, salty slickness out from between her thighs until the

whole place was a leaking, wet disaster. The sound of skin on skin, the wet slap and the tiny squelches, filled the air and matched the rhythm of my heart pounding against my ribs.

Her vaginal walls felt like they were trying to swallow me whole. They clamped and tugged with a greedy, almost possessive pressure that made my hips feel like they were being held in place by invisible hands. Every time I pulled back and shoved forward again, it was like breaking through a tender, resisting membrane—sweet pain and pleasure braided together. The sensation of fucking her was so intense it kept robbing me of air and my knees threatened to go weak from how much it hit me, not just physically but all the way into the head.

"It's like your pussy is made for my cock. It's perfect how it swallows all of me..." I muttered, the sentence tumbling out before I could stop it. Saying it aloud only made the moment more visceral and my own words tasted like the dirty truth of what was happening. Saying it weakened me in a good way—like admitting how much this wrecked me made the feeling more honest and more raw.

The pleasure wasn't a single current traveling up from my base—it flooded me. It climbed my spine, wrapped around my skull, and set the inside of my head buzzing. My brain felt soft at the edges, as if the sensation was melting away focus and leaving only the pounding, breathy now. My cock took the blunt of it—every nerve ending in my shaft pulsed and sang, trembling with each sudden clamp of her cunt.

"Nghh, ahhh...! Ahh, ah, ahhhgh, ahh...!" Kali's moans were rough and ragged, the kind of sound that said she was drowning in it and loving the flood. Her whole body pitched and rocked under my hands and I kept one hand on each side of her ribs, gripping her with the kind of steady force that both anchored me and fed the rhythm. She moved against me—little bucking twists of hips—feeding back that desperate energy.

Her vaginal walls kept both giving and fighting, yielding just enough for me to sink deeper and then clamping so hard it made the impact sting deliciously. Every time I drove forward and hit the sweet, distant knock of her cervix, a hot jolt ran up through my pelvis and into my chest. I ground my teeth against it, willing myself to hold on. This was the kind of sex that demanded surrender, and I was fighting not to gift it all too fast. If I let go, I'd blow apart and that would be too soon and too messy. So I held myself like a dam.

"Hnngh, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahhh...!" she cried, voice ragged and fragile at the edges. The wetness and warmth and that relentless grip were starting to pull me into a dizzy loop with my limbs trembling with the effort of staying standing. The combination of slick heat and tight muscle wrapped around me felt like being both soothed and strangled at once. It made my breath hitch, my vision narrow, everything zoning down to the simple, brutal business of fucking.

My arms and legs began to quiver from the pressure of it all. The trembling wasn't just physical—my whole nervous system felt overloaded. Lightheadedness tickled the back of my eyes and the world behind the moment blurred. Kali's moans pressed on me from the front, her body's convulsions pressing back, matching my strokes until it felt like we were a single shaking organism.

"Nnn...! Ahhhngh, ahhh...! Ahhh, ah, ahhh...! Ah, ahhh...!" she breathed, and by now the two of us were close to that edge where the body simply stops negotiating and agrees to explode. It wasn't far off and it was like electricity crawled along my spine, building to the inevitable.

"Nghh!!!" she screamed—an animal sound that tore into the air as her body bucked violently under me. Her orgasm hit like a physical shove with her hips clamping hard, her pussy pulsing in tight, hot waves that dragged at my cock. Everything inside me tightened and in that moment, I gave in.

I shot my semen deep into her, feeling it pulse into her cunt. There was this obscene, intimate warmth to the way her insides drank me down—each spurt sliding hot and thick into her and filling her to the brim. Her arms clawed at the rough bark of the tree behind her, gripping and digging in as if steadying herself against the force of sensation. Her eyes rolled up, showing whites as the pleasure blurred the edges of her vision.

When I finally pulled my cock out, it leaked—semen trailing and glistening as it oozed down from her pussy, leaving a pale, sticky ribbon. I breathed out a long, heavy sigh, shockingly content. Even with the winter air nipping at exposed skin, the warmth spreading through me from what we'd just done felt like a small sun. It warmed my chest and soothed the chill right out of my bones. For a moment, there was nothing else but that glow and it was a pure, stupid, satisfying heat.

Lionel's POV

Leon and Kali were having sex.

Leon really doesn't differentiate. If it's a woman, even a centaur, there's nothing he won't fuck. He'd fuck the hell out of them all, and that thought made something like pride swell in me. That kid—how far

could he go? The way he charmed my daughter, the way he'd wrapped elves and other races around his finger... it all suggested he wasn't going to stay an ordinary man for long.

He was climbing toward a height not even I had touched.

Not that I'm jealous—okay, maybe a little. But I'm an old man with too many regrets to waste on envy. I'd missed out on things when I was young—women from different races, wild nights I never had—and now I felt that pang of "what if." Still, watching him pull off what I couldn't made me proud in a different, sharper way.

"You seem happy, Lionel," Reilhahand said, breaking into my thoughts.

"Yes," I answered. "To think we're here, now, wondering if Leon is fucking your daughter—who would have guessed two old rivals would be standing together like this?"

It was strange. The centaurs and beastkins had long been enemies. Yet here I was, shoulder to shoulder with a rival, looking out as if all that history had thinned to something we could ignore. Leon had a way of making the impossible feel normal.

"That man with you, Leon," Reilhahand said quietly. "He seems to be the one."

"The one?"

"The prophecy," he said, like that explained everything. "The prophecy—older than any memory—about one person who would bind the world together, who would gather all the races, even those at each other's throats, and make them live in a kind of uneasy peace. The idea seemed wild, but when you look at what Leon's been doing—how he moves, who he influences—you start to think maybe it's not so crazy. Maybe he fits the bill. Don't you think?"

I let the question hang between us, watching the horizon. The idea that one man could do this—uniting elves, dryads, beast tribes, centaurs—felt almost ridiculous. And yet watching him now, making things happen that used to be impossible, it didn't feel quite so far-fetched.

Chapter 1036: Sex With A Centaur (5)

Leon's POV

Kali kept working on my cock like she was completely lost in the taste of it, dragging her tongue along every ridge, every vein, every sensitive line running up the shaft. She didn't let a single drop of pre-cum escape either—every time even a tiny bead formed, she scooped it up with that long, rough tongue of hers like she was terrified of letting any of it go to waste.

The sensation she was giving me was unreal. Her tongue wasn't like a human's. It was textured, warm, and just a bit rough in a way that sent sparks shooting through nerves I didn't even know existed. It was like she was poking at places inside me that had been asleep all my life and waking them up so violently that my brain could barely keep up.

Hell, I didn't even know I could feel things like this. My mind kept blanking out in waves, melting a little more every time her tongue slid around the head or pressed against the underside.

She looked up at me while working me over, her lips wrapped around my cock while she massaged my balls with slow, deliberate care. And the way she looked—those eyes locked on mine while she sucked me—gave everything this weirdly intimate, almost dangerous heat. It felt so damn sincere, like she was pouring all of herself into pleasing me. It made my back arch up a little on its own, as if my body was trying to respond to her without my permission.

"Nchuu..."

Her lips wrapped around my balls, sucking on them softly at first, then with more hunger. I swear every nerve inside my dick lit up at once—my whole lower body felt wired, like it was too much and not enough at the same time. She was slobbering all over me, her spit warm and messy, trailing down my skin. My back kept arching every time she sucked harder, and I couldn't stop it even if I tried.

My mind felt hot—burning, foggy and drowning under all the pleasure she was forcing out of me. She tongued my balls again, sealing them inside her mouth and rolling them gently, making my hips twitch uncontrollably.

Then she felt it—my cock twitched hard in her hand.

And the moment she noticed, she went even harder. Her tongue pressed and curled under my balls, her lips sucking them while her hand stroked my length faster, almost fierce. She was worshipping them like they were some kind of treasure, looking up at me with those bright, hungry eyes.

Blood was pumping so fast through my veins I felt dizzy. The pressure kept building and building until it hurt not to cum. I gritted my teeth, trying to hold on for even a second, but she didn't make it easy when her tongue wandered even lower—licking along my scrotum, teasing my asshole with little flicks that made my whole body twitch.

It felt like she was trying to put her entire tongue inside me, reaching spots that no one had ever touched before. It shocked me—pleasantly—but also so intensely that I nearly lost control right there.

"Kali—urghhh...! I'm cumming...!"

I couldn't stop it anymore. My hips jerked and the orgasm hit me like a wave crashing over everything. My cum shot out in thick spurts, splattering onto her hair, streaking across her face, dripping down her cheeks and nose in warm, messy lines.

She closed her eyes as it hit her, letting the warmth spread over her skin like she was used to it—like she loved it. And by the way she was panting afterward, cheeks flushed, lips parted just a little... she definitely did.

A moment later, she dragged her tongue along her own skin, licking the cum off her face slowly before leaning forward again to suck the rest directly from my still-throbbing cock.

Filia's POV

I was working on a new piece—one of the models for the updated automobile collection—trying to fine-tune every small mechanism. Everything needed improvement. Everything needed to be better. Everything needed to be worthy of Master.

But right now...

"I really am in a blind spot! I can't think of anything new!" I blurted out, dropping my tools in frustration.

Every creation I'd made so far had been based on Master's descriptions, Master's ideas, Master's vision. He spoke, and I brought it to life. Cars, helicopters, weapons, engines—anything he pictured, I shaped into reality. That was my pride. That was my purpose.

But without Master guiding me... I was nothing. Empty. A machine missing its core.

"Without Master's vision and idea, I am just a second rate..." I muttered, letting out a long sigh.

"Filia."

"Yes!!"

I jumped so hard I almost knocked the whole workbench over. When I turned, I saw Lady Amon standing there—elegant as always, like she was carved out of superiority and calm.

"Master seems to need your help with something," she said. "Would you mind accompanying him to the Kingdom of Dwarves?"

"Eh? M-Me?" My voice cracked embarrassingly.

"Since you are half-dwarf, Master likely wants you as the intermediary," Lady Amon explained.

"B-But I'm a half-dwarf," I said quickly. "I wasn't even born in the Kingdom of Dwarves, and I have no parents there."

My mother had been a dwarf... a prostitute... and my father was probably just some nameless human customer she never saw again. I had no connection to the kingdom. No family. No roots there.

And even if they didn't hate me, I doubted they would welcome someone like me. I'd been alive twenty years already, and I'd never once been part of their world. To them, I'd probably look like some outsider walking in, pretending to belong.

But this was Master's request. Even if the thought scared me... ignoring him wasn't something I could do.

"Master said that if you don't want to, you don't have to," Lady Amon said in her usual calm tone.

"I will go!" I declared almost instantly. "I will help Master. I just... I don't know how I could help him. I mean, I'm not exactly a resident there."

Lady Amon smiled just a little. "I think you'll be able to help Master in more ways than one, don't you think?"

I felt my face heat up immediately.

"You don't have to worry about anything," she added. "You only have to help Master in the ways he needs you, alright?"

"O-Okay..."

Even though I was nervous—maybe even scared—I couldn't deny the tiny spark of excitement building in my chest. I hadn't stepped outside much ever since becoming Master's woman.

And now I was going on a trip with him.

Of course I'd be excited.

Chapter 1037: The Journey Towards The Dwarf Kingdom (1)

Although it still wasn't fully confirmed whether the Kingdom of the Centaurs would actually join the unification—turning the entire Great Forest into one massive country instead of a scattered bunch of divided kingdoms—I decided it was time for me to move on to the Dwarf Kingdom, the second-to-last kingdom I hadn't secured yet. The idea of convincing them felt like staring at a mountain I hadn't climbed, which was funny, considering their kingdom literally sat on the top of one.

Their entire home was perched so high in the mountains that just looking at the path leading upward made my legs ache. It would have been a stupidly long trek, the kind that would take days if you were lucky and weeks if you weren't. So instead of risking that, we got Amon to fly the helicopter for us again. At least with that, we could reach the place in no time at all instead of suffering on a rocky slope.

So we stood there, waiting for her to come pick me up.

"Visit me again, Sir Leon," Kali said softly.

After the night I'd spent with her—one that left me exhausted in the best and most sinful way possible—it honestly felt like something shifted between us. We were closer now, undeniably. It was still strange in the back of my mind that I, of all people, had somehow ended up with a centaur lover. But at this point? I couldn't even pretend to mind. I had many tastes. I was willing to fuck any pussy—as long as it was a pussy, I didn't think it was even up for debate. Put anything in front of me and I'd probably treat it like some kind of gourmet dish meant for royalty.

She leaned in and kissed me on the lips. She had to bend down just a little since she was taller than me, and that little lowering of her head made the moment surprisingly sweet.

"I promise I'll come back," I told her. "I mean, I still haven't given you a child in there yet."

"Fufufu, we can do that at a later date," she teased, smiling. "For now, focus on your mission. I'll be cheering for you."

Kali was so excessively supportive in everything I did that sometimes it genuinely made me wonder if I deserved that kind of devotion. It was almost overwhelming in a warm, comforting way.

But well, she had her own reasons for wanting this outcome. Her motivations and mine weren't even close to the same thing.

She wanted this to protect the Great Forest. She knew staying isolated would eventually hurt their land. She understood the danger in refusing to change.

Me? I wanted this because I wanted to carefully worm my way into their trust—so deeply that eventually they'd see me as someone capable of leading their kingdoms. I wanted to earn their favor, piece by piece, until trust came naturally, until they couldn't imagine their kingdom thriving without me guiding it.

That was my motivation. Just an audacious dream dressed as ambition. But honestly, what was wrong with dreaming a little dangerously?

Lionel and Reilhahand seemed to have settled their issues.

Well... "settled" might have been too generous. You could still feel that lingering tension, that thin line of irritation running between them. They tossed comments at each other like they couldn't help it, but at least it wasn't at the "let's kill each other on the spot" level anymore.

And that alone was the first step. They needed to mend their differences before anything else could happen.

The prince, on the other hand, still had some unresolved beef with me, but I didn't give him the attention he desperately wanted. Ignoring him was easier.

After a short wait, the helicopter finally descended into the large field, wind whipping around us as the blades sent dust and grass flying.

Reilhahand stared at it with wide, shocked eyes, as if he was witnessing some mythical beast descend from the sky.

"I've never seen a metallic creature before..." he whispered in awe. "This is... really something else."

The other centaurs were clearly nervous, even stepping back a bit from the machine as if it might suddenly roar and devour them. I quickly reassured Reilhahand that the helicopter wasn't a threat, and that I wouldn't ever use it against him or his people.

The last thing I wanted was to destroy everything I'd worked so hard to build in just a few days.

"Well then, Leon, I will look forward to the day you accomplish what you're trying to do," Reilhahand said. "I am still considering your proposal, but the probability of me accepting it is very low. Extremely low. But don't let that discourage you. I want to see what you're capable of, and if someday I see the vision you've been trying to show us, I will not hesitate to agree. For now, I wish you luck."

He sounded like someone genuinely waiting to see what the future might hold. And honestly, since I wanted to see Kali again too, that next meeting would probably come sooner rather than later.

After exchanging farewells, I boarded the helicopter. Amon, who had apparently mastered flying the thing alongside Anne, guided us off the ground and into the air.

"I'm sorry I called you on such short notice," I said. "Especially now that it's already winter and you're both busy with the company."

"It's fine, Master," Amon replied calmly. "I don't see any issue with coming here at your command. You're the Master, so naturally I'd come to get you."

Good enough explanation for me.

If you're wondering about Lionel—he said he'd walk back. He didn't like using vehicles when he could just run home at full speed. So he and the others who came with him decided to travel back to the Beast Kingdom using their own limbs.

"Oh, and by the way, Filia is here, Master."

"Filia?" I looked around, seeing no one beside me at first. Then I spotted an orange-haired head trying its best to hide at the back.

She was trembling hard, hugging herself tightly like she was about to fall apart.

"Oooh... t-too high... I can't... I can't..." she whispered, her voice shaking with fear as the helicopter continued to rise higher into the sky.

Chapter 1038: The Journey Towards The Dwarf Kingdom (2)

Filia was so terrified of the height that actual tears were already welling up at the corners of her eyes, trembling there as if they were ready to spill at any second. Her whole body looked tense, like every muscle was locked up from fear.

And honestly, even though this helicopter was her own invention, it made perfect sense why she couldn't fly it herself. Watching her shake like a leaf up here, I finally understood why she always insisted someone else handle the controls.

Just because someone creates something doesn't automatically mean they can operate it. Filia might've been a genius, but even geniuses carried things that weighed them down—fears, habits, tiny cracks that held them back.

And Filia definitely had a whole collection of those.

She looked like she was one bad vibration away from full-on crying, clutching onto the metal bar beside her like it was the only thing keeping her alive.

"Filia, come here."

"Y-Yes, Master..." she replied, voice thin and shaky.

Even with how terrified she was, she didn't try to resist. She moved toward me in small, careful steps, like every inch closer took a little more courage than she actually had. When she finally sat beside me, she still looked like she expected the helicopter to drop out of the sky at any moment.

The flight was perfectly smooth and there was no shaking and there was no sudden drops—but the fact that we were high above the ground made it feel like a horror scenario for her. For someone like Filia, this must've been a nightmare she couldn't wake up from.

"Come here," I said again, patting my thighs gently.

"Mm..."

She hesitated, unsure of what exactly I wanted, but still moved as instructed. She climbed onto my lap with slow, stiff movements, settling on my thighs like she was trying to make herself as small as possible. Filia was small enough that she fit easily into my arms, almost like she was naturally meant to be held like this. I'd grown a little taller recently, and even though Filia was half-human and had a somewhat average height compared to full dwarves, I still dwarfed her size-wise.

So she fit perfectly against me.

Holding her like that felt ridiculously good—so good that a part of me wanted to squeeze her tightly and not let her go.

"You're scared?" I asked softly.

"Y-Yes..." she whispered, her voice trembling.

She really looked like she was about to cry. Thinking about it, this might've been the first time Filia ever left her workshop voluntarily. She was always buried in her projects, always tinkering away, designing new inventions. Before Ayuru came into the picture, Filia was the one who crafted all my weapons.

She was unbelievably hardworking, always trying to please me with whatever she created. So seeing her here, joining the mission to the Dwarf Kingdom—even though she wasn't born there and was basically as much of a stranger as me—was honestly surprising.

I leaned in and kissed her cheek gently. She didn't flinch or pull away.

Instead, her face flushed immediately, blooming bright red. So cute. Too cute. I couldn't help but think how adorable she really was. And yeah, my mind drifted for a split second—imagining what it would be like to have sex with her together with Yr. They both had similar body types, with Yr being slightly smaller.

Being sandwiched between two flat-chested girls... yeah, that wasn't something I'd turn down. But because Filia was always glued to her work, opportunities never lined up. Still, that didn't mean future chances wouldn't exist.

"Master, your arousal level is increasing," Anne said suddenly.

Of course. She was scanning me again.

Anne, the robot maid, had been built for sex and service—basically a sex doll with advanced AI. Because of that, she had features that detected when I was horny. And she didn't bother keeping that information private.

She said it loud and clear. While Filia was sitting on my lap.

"Master is aroused?" Filia asked, her eyes widening in surprise.

Her ears drooped a little, and she pressed her lips together like she was suddenly embarrassed just hearing that. Her cheeks turned even redder, and when she looked at me with that flushed face, it was obvious she didn't know what she was supposed to do.

"Is... Is it because of me?" she asked shyly.

"Yup," I said without hesitation. "You smell really good right now. I can't get enough of it."

I reached up and cupped her breasts—they were small, soft, and fit perfectly into my palms like they were meant to be held.

"Ahh... M-Master..." Filia breathed, her fear dissolving instantly. In its place was something else—warm, needy, and almost desperate. She looked at me like she was ready to mate then and there.

"Fufufu, it seems you're needed, Filia," Amon said casually from the cockpit. "You can do it there. I'll keep the helicopter steady so both of you can be as comfortable as possible."

I leaned down and pressed my lips to Filia's neck, sucking gently.

"Mmm...!"

Her eyes closed tightly, lips trembling as she let out a small sound.

"M-Master..." she whispered, breathless. "I..."

"Do you want it...?"

"I-I do..." she admitted, her voice shaking with something other than fear now.

"Then can you pull my cock out from my pants?" I asked quietly.

She moved instantly. There was no hesitation. She reached down, her hands moving with surprising confidence—as if she'd done it countless times already. When she pulled my cock free, it sprang up and slapped against her thigh, hard and warm.

"Fuaah... s-so hard and warm..." she murmured, staring at it like she was mesmerized.

I placed my hands on her thighs and gently spread them apart.

"Wuaaahhh!" she squeaked, startled by the movement.

"Will you insert it yourself, Filia?"

She swallowed hard, then carefully wrapped her hands around my cock. The moment her fingers touched me, a shiver ran through my body. She slid her pants and panties aside just enough to expose herself, then guided the tip of my cock toward her dripping entrance.

And slowly, she pushed the tip in.

"Nnn...!"

Chapter 1039: The Journey Towards The Dwarf Kingdom (3)

After she pushed herself in, I felt her inner flesh slowly, almost reluctantly, yielding around my cock. It was this warm, tight pressure that wrapped around me inch by inch, and the moment that tightness hugged me, a sharp jolt of pleasure shot through my lower spine. Her pussy felt like it was molding itself to my length, clinging and stretching in this twitchy, desperate way that made my breath hitch for a second.

I could feel every subtle shift inside her—her inner walls tightening, trembling, then relaxing just enough to let me sink in deeper. She was tight. Painfully tight. The kind of tight that made every millimeter feel like a reward carved out of heat.

"Aaaah, M-Master..." she breathed out, eyes fluttering upward as if the pleasure knocked the world out of focus for her. Her voice wavered like she was having a small orgasm already. "I-It feels so good...~"

Her flesh kept sliding and giving way, the soft squeeze of her pussy pulling me in until the tip of my cock pressed directly against her uterus. The moment I hit that barrier, a deep, throbbing pressure spread through my shaft, making everything inside her feel even more cramped and intoxicatingly tight.

I gripped her legs with both hands, feeling her trembling muscles under my fingers, and then I started thrusting upward.

"Ah...!"

Her back arched like a bow drawn too tight, her small breasts lifting with the motion as she gasped for air. The delicious, velvety squeeze of her pussy sent warm pulses of dopamine shooting through my veins, making my body heat spike. Each clench from her made my cock feel like it was being swallowed deeper, and the wetter she got, the hotter the friction burned.

"Are you okay?" I asked, even though her shaking legs and half-melted expression already answered it for me.

"Y-Yeshhh~..." she sighed out, barely holding onto her voice. Her eyes fluttered, almost rolling, her face slackening as her thin legs trembled uncontrollably.

"Then I'm going to move," I said.

She nodded with her mouth falling open slightly, her tongue slipping out like she had lost control of her own expressions. I started lifting my hips and pushing upward again.

"Ahh, ahhhnggh, ahh, ahh, ahh...! Nnghh, nnhhh... hnggh, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh...~!"

Her pussy clung to me so tightly it felt like she was trying to trap my cock inside her. Each thrust pulled these wet, sticky sounds from her body, her juices smearing along my shaft and dripping down my pelvis, coating everything with her heat.

"You have to relax," I told her, even though I knew it was hard when she was this overwhelmed.

She tried—but her body kept twitching from the sensation. After a moment, she let out a long, shaky exhale, and her pussy loosened just enough for me to slide in deeper.

I thrust upward again.

"Hnghh, ahh, ahh, ah, ahh, ahhhnggh, ahhh...~ Anghhh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Her moans turned softer and cuter, her voice trembling every time my cock bottomed out inside her. I glanced down and saw her stomach bulging slightly where my cock was stretching her—an outline pushing against her skin that showed just how deep and huge I was compare to her small body.

"Nghh, ah, ah, ahhhnghh, ah, ahh...~!"

I leaned forward and licked along the side of her neck, her skin tasting warm and slightly salty from sweat.

"Nnnnghh, ahnghh, hnaaaaaa...~ Hngh, ahnghh, ah, ah, aaahhh...!"

Her breath hitched every time my tongue dragged across her skin, mixing with the wet sounds of her pussy gripping me tighter and tighter. The way her heat clung to me was unreal—soft, sticky, and impossibly snug, like her body didn't want to let go.

"Hngh, ahnghh, ah, ah, ahhhnn, ah, ahhh...~ M-Master, master...~ I-It feels so good...~ S-So good...~ hngh, ahhh...~!"

Her eyes watered from the intensity, rolling up again as her tongue hung out sloppily. Her body twitched under me, her pussy squeezing like she was about to snap.

"Hnghh, ahnghh, ah, ahhhn, ah, ahh...~ Ah, ahhh...~!"

"Fufufu, that expression is quite something. Master, would you like to commemorate this? Your first time fucking someone in the helicopter?" Amon asked casually.

"Well, that doesn't sound too bad," I smirked. "Anne, can you take a picture?"

"As you command. I am ready," Anne replied.

I looked back at Filia's face.

She was right on the edge of a full ahgao, fucked dumb and completely gone.

"Can you make a double peace sign, Filia?" I asked.

"L-Like this...?" she whispered, raising two shaky peace signs while her tongue lolled out and her eyes unfocused from the pleasure.

Anne snapped the picture.

Then I went back to thrusting upward into her.

"Fuaaahh...~ Ahh, c-cumming...~ I'm cumming again, Masterrrrrrr~!!!"

Her scream echoed inside the helicopter, her body locking up as she squirted hard, her pussy convulsing around me and soaking my pelvis.

"Nnnhhaa...~ Ahhnggh, ahh...!"

Her voice broke and trembled as she came.

"Ah, i-it slipped out...~" she mumbled with a spaced-out expression.

She grabbed the tip clumsily and pushed it back into her pussy. She was so wet that it slid in instantly with a soft, obscene pop. I resumed thrusting upward, sinking deep again.

"Hnggh, ahhnggh, ah, ah, ahhnggh, ah, ahhh...~!"

Her expression melted completely again, eyes unfocused, tongue hanging out as she rolled her hips without meaning to.

Her pussy got even tighter, almost mercilessly so, squeezing me hard enough that my own control started breaking down. The slick wetness sliding along my cock, the velvety clench, the heat—everything hit me at once.

"Aahh, c-cumming againnnn~! Hnghhh!!!"

She broke again, body shaking violently as she orgasmed.

I couldn't hold back anymore and let go inside her, pumping my load deep and filling her to the brim with my semen.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh~!!!"

She came at the same time, squirting again with a lewd, hazy expression—still holding her double peace signs in the air as her whole body convulsed with pleasure.

When I finally pulled out, the bulge on her stomach slowly flattened as my cock slipped free, and thick semen spilled out of her pussy, running down her thighs in a warm, messy streak.

Chapter 1040: The Journey Towards The Dwarf Kingdom (4)

Filia kept riding me, her hips rolling with a slow, heavy rhythm that somehow made everything even more intense than when I was the one thrusting earlier. The weight of her body came down on me again and again, her pussy gripping around my cock like it didn't want to let go, like it was trying to squeeze out every last drop from me even before I was ready to give it.

Her breath was shaky, hot, and dripping with need as she leaned forward, her palms resting lightly on my stomach while she bounced on me. Every time her hips descended, her ass jiggled slightly, her thighs trembling just a little as if she was fighting through waves of pleasure that were threatening to collapse her legs.

And goodness, the feeling—her warmth swallowing me whole, squeezing around the base, tightening every time she sank deeper—made my mind go blank in the best, absolutely fucked-up way.

"Aahh... hahh... ahh... mmmn...~"Filia's voice kept spilling out in these messy little moans, the kind of sounds that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand straight up.

Her pussy was so damn tight that each time she reached the bottom—when her ass met my hips and our bodies hit with that soft smack—I could feel this deep, warm pressure squeezing right around the tip of my cock like she was sucking it in. And then, when she lifted her hips up again, I felt every damn ridge inside her tightening and sliding against me like her body was trying to memorize the shape of my dick.

Her pussy wasn't just gripping me—it was clinging.

She shuddered, her hands sliding upward to my chest as she straightened her back, letting her small breasts bounce freely. Sweat glistened over her skin, her hair sticking slightly to her collarbone while she kept riding me with that steady, almost hypnotic rhythm.

"You... hahh... nghh... you feel too good... mmmn... I can't... stop...~ Master...~"

Her voice cracked around the edges, like every word she tried to speak was being dragged out of her by the pleasure shooting up her spine.

I held her thighs tightly now, guiding her hips up and down just enough to keep her pace steady. Not speeding her up, not slowing her down—just keeping her exactly where she wanted to be, because the rhythm she chose was doing things to me that made my legs tense up uncontrollably.

Her breasts fit perfectly in my hands. Every time she dropped her hips, her body shifted just enough that her chest moved against my palms, soft and warm and unbelievably tempting. I squeezed lightly, my thumbs brushing over her nipples, and the moment I did—

"Ahh—! D-Don't... nghh... hahh... they're... too sensitive...~!"

Her whole body jolted, her pussy tightening so suddenly around me that I sucked in air through my teeth.

"Yeah, no kidding..." I groaned. "You just fucking strangled my dick."

She gave a breathy, embarrassed laugh before another moan forced its way out of her throat.

Filia leaned back slightly again, placing her hands behind her on my thighs to steady herself as she started bouncing faster—still not rough, still not anything like the frantic thrusting earlier, but enough that her ass was visibly smacking against my hips with each downward motion.

And every time she came all the way down, we both heard that obscene, wet sound of her pussy swallowing me deep.

Schlup— shlick— ahhn— schlk—

It filled the room, mixed with her voice, mixed with the faint echoes of my own breathless groans.

I felt my abdomen tightening, the heat pooling low, that sharp sense of pressure that told me I wasn't gonna last long if she kept this up.

Because she wasn't going fast...She was going perfect.

The kind of pace that makes you lose your mind because it feels too damn good on every single stroke.

She must've noticed, because she opened her eyes—half-lidded, hazy, almost drunk from pleasure—and leaned forward until her forehead touched mine.

"You're close... aren't you... Master?" she whispered, her breath shaky and sweet. Her hips didn't stop moving for even a second. "I can feel it... you're twitching... your cock is twitching inside me... nghh...~"

I clenched my jaw.

Yeah. She was right. And she was saying it like she was proud of it.

Filia's pussy squeezed again, another wave rolling through her as she moaned right into my ear. The warmth inside her tightened around my length so perfectly that it made my toes curl, my fingers digging slightly into her thighs.

And then—

Her hips slowed.

Not in a teasing, playful way—but in a way that said she was trying to hold herself together.

"A-Ahh— ahhh— mmn— I-I'm... nghh... I'm getting close too..."

Her voice trembled, her whole body shaking slightly as she lowered herself down onto me and stayed there, grinding instead of bouncing.

The sensation hit me like a damn shockwave.

Her grinding was messy, needy, these small, erratic circles that dragged her inner walls along every sensitive part of my cock. I felt her clit brushing against my pelvis each time she moved, and each time it did her thighs tightened around my waist, her breath hitching.

"Mmh— mmn— ahh, ahhh— I can't— I can't handle this—!"

Her pace kept slipping, her hips stuttering like she was fighting against her own orgasm.

And honestly? Seeing her try to hold herself back while still desperately grinding on my dick was the hottest thing I'd seen all day.

"Come here," I murmured, grabbing her hips and pulling her down harder, making her gasp loudly as I met her grind with slow, deep thrusts from below.

"Hah—! Ahhh—! W-Wait— nghh—!"

"Nope. Not waiting."

Her nails dug into my shoulders, her whole body arching as I thrust up into her again, harder this time. Then again. And again. Each time, her pussy clenched like it was trying to pull me back in the second I withdrew.

"Hahhh—! Aahh— nghh—!!"

She was breaking apart. I felt it. I saw it in the way her breath caught and her voice cracked in this high, helpless sound.

You could tell she was seconds away from losing it completely.

And honestly? So was I.

Her body trembled violently as she clung to me, her breasts pressing against my chest, her breath hot against my neck.

"Ngh—! A-Ahhh— I... I'm cumming—! I'm—"

Before she could finish—

Her whole body seized.

Filia's climax hit her so hard her legs gave out, her hips grinding down on my cock with this frantic desperation as her pussy tightened in sharp, pulsing waves that squeezed the life out of me.

"A-Ahhhhh—!! Nnnngh—!! Ahh—!~"

Her voice broke. Her pussy kept squeezing. Her thighs shook uncontrollably.

And the moment that tight, warm, pulsing heat wrapped around my cock—

I couldn't hold it anymore.

Heat surged through me as I grabbed her waist and thrust up into her one last time, burying myself deep as my climax hit with a force that made my back arch off.

The pleasure spilled through me in heavy waves as I released inside her, each pulse matching the trembling of her own orgasm. Her body shook against mine, her nails scratching at my back, her breath coming in short, broken gasps as we both rode out the high together.

Her pussy milked every last drop out of me, squeezing so damn rhythmically that my legs went numb, my hips twitching involuntarily.

"Ahh... hahh... hahhh...~"

Filia finally collapsed onto my chest, completely limp, her body still trembling slightly from the aftershocks.

My hands slid slowly up her back, feeling her shiver while she buried her face against my neck.

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

Then, in a tiny, exhausted voice—

"...I think... hahh... I might've overdone it... I literally can't feel my legs right now."

She gave a weak little giggle against my skin after saying that.