

The World 1061

Chapter 1061: Snowstorm (2)

That... honestly sounded like a hassle. A huge one. The kind of hassle that grabs you by the collar and shakes you around just to remind you how weak your self-control actually is. Because if I was being honest with myself, I couldn't even pretend I'd be able to stop myself from wanting to jump straight at Amon's breasts, or bury my face between Anne's thighs, or get handsy with Filia. Hell, even just thinking about them made this warm, stupid wave of arousal crawl up my spine. There was no way I'd be able to hold out for long, and we both knew it. I wasn't built for that kind of patience.

"You only have to wait until the storm dies down. I can't exactly have fun all by myself while my kingdom is being swallowed by a massive snowstorm," she said in that calm-but-smug voice of hers. "It usually takes a week before it clears up. So you just have to hold out for a week. I mean—come on—I'm definitely worth the wait, right? You'll get this body however you want, and you can do anything you want with me for as long as you want."

And as if her words weren't already messing with me, she decided to make everything ten times worse.

She slowly slid her hand down the side of her hips, letting her fingers glide lazily along the soft skin of her thigh. It was deliberate, slow enough that my eyes automatically followed every tiny movement. Then her hand reached her crotch. Now that I was staring at it directly, I noticed she had a light amount of pubic hair—nothing wild, just enough to make her look natural and strangely more seductive. And her slit was firmly, enticingly closed.

Then she drew her hand back up, tracing the smooth line of her stomach. Her abdomen was tight and toned, not a single bit of fat. Watching her palm move upward, dragging my gaze along with it, felt like being reeled in by a hook I never agreed to bite. And then her hand finally cupped her breast. Her breasts were small—definitely not huge—but they fit perfectly in her hand, and when she squeezed lightly, they gave a soft little jiggle. Enough to prove she wasn't some flat board but also not overflowing. It was the kind of size that made you want to hold it and not let go.

She was seductive in a way that wasn't even fair. My mouth was practically watering, and my body was reacting on its own. The only coherent thought rattling around in my head was that I wanted to fuck her. Badly. My libido was pounding through me, and holding back was going to be a war. But... that was also the good part. Because once this storm finally ended, I was going to fuck her with everything I had. Days of pent-up frustration would turn into pure force.

"Of course, you can ignore this if you want," she added, letting a teasing smile pull at her lips. "But this might be the last chance I give you to fuck me."

Well, damn. That was definitely a pinch. A tight one.

There was no logical reason not to wait until the snowstorm ended. But at the same time, it would be rough for her. She couldn't exactly take me normally since her body was small, let alone when I was pent-up. And it was going to be her first time. If I didn't cum for at least a day, the sexual frustration would build up so much that I'd basically become a beast.

But she didn't seem the least bit bothered by that. The seductive way she was staring at me told me she either had no fear or just wasn't thinking about the consequences properly.

"You don't have to worry about me," she said confidently. "I know men like you become beasts when you don't get laid. Once you're on top of someone, you won't hold back. But I'm someone who has experienced a lot of pain, Sirion. You don't have to hold back with me. And if you want anything else, I'll give you everything you want. And I mean everything, Sirion. Is it really that hard to endure for a few days? If it's worth it, it shouldn't be that hard."

Hearing her say that made it even worse. It felt like she was pulling strings I didn't even know I had. If she was planning for me to lose control, I guess she was doing a good job.

"Well, see you after the snowstorm passes," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'm going to get that ass."

"If you want it, then come get it—and earn it for yourself," she said, staring straight at me.

Back then, I had no idea she was about to put me through a grueling experience where my patience wouldn't just be tested—it would be ripped apart.

The snowstorm had now unleashed its full strength on the Kingdom of Dwarves. Thick, heavy snow hammered everything, and the winds howled like angry spirits. The entire kingdom looked like it had been swallowed by a white, freezing void. As expected, it was incredibly strong, way stronger than any normal winter storm. And from the way it was moving... it definitely wasn't leaving anytime soon.

Now I was really wondering if I could hold myself back for the entire wait. The waiting alone felt like it would kill me. And even though it was just the first day, I was already unbearably aroused. Aroused enough that my cock was bulging in my clothes, aching with this dull throb that made it hard to think about anything else.

This was going to be torture. Real torture. I already knew it.

But I had to make sure I wouldn't fall for her bait.

This was supposed to be my test.

However—barely even a day later...

Hell, it wasn't even an hour.

She was already testing me.

"Your hands are very good, Sirion. As expected."

She had asked me to come massage her while she bathed. I should've refused. I should've walked away. But instead, there I was—kneeling behind her, hands on her bare skin, feeling her warmth through the water.

I didn't know why, but it felt like I had fallen under her spell. My mind was getting foggy, heavy, like I wasn't fully in control. My cock was so hard I could barely ignore the numbness creeping through it.

"Ah... you're pressing that part so well," she murmured, her voice trembling with pleasure. "That's so good... push a little more."

She must have been planning this from the start. She had to be. Because there was no way this was coincidence—not with the way she arched her back slightly, not with how her thighs parted just a tiny bit, not with the way she kept glancing back at me like she knew exactly what she was doing to my self-control.

And I couldn't look away.

Chapter 1062: Snowstorm (3)

Agneis' shoulders were small, delicate things. They were really tiny, smooth, and almost fragile under my hands. When my palms glided over them while I massaged her, I could feel every subtle ridge of bone beneath that thin layer of warm, velvety flesh. It wasn't the kind of softness someone trains for or sculpts in a gym. It was the kind of softness that comes naturally, the kind that makes you slow down without even realizing it, afraid that too much pressure would make her flinch or break. But she didn't. She just melted under my touch.

"Mm... it's so good~..." she breathed out, her voice dissolving into a sigh that floated lazily with the steam. A smile curled gently at her lips as she let herself sink deeper into the pleasure of the moment. She lifted her feet up, resting them on the far edge of the tub while her back leaned against the opposite side, letting the warm water rise and swallow most of her body.

The water was clear—almost too clear—so even though she was submerged, her entire figure remained perfectly visible beneath the rippling surface. The way the water moved made her look softer, more dreamlike. Her slender arms, pale and smooth and her small breasts, barely rising above the waterline with each breath with her long, delicate legs stretched out under the surface... every shape, every outline appeared even more defined because of how the water refracted the dim light above us.

Her body looked like something carved from a gentle era. It was classical, simple, untouched by anything artificial. Everything about her was natural, almost modest, yet somehow that made her presence even more seductive. There was no trying, no posing, no forced expression. I mean, her allure came from just existing. And I could feel my self-control thinning, bit by bit, just from looking at her.

"Fufufu, am I doing something to you, Sirion?" she asked suddenly, her voice light, teasing, dripping with mischief. The smirk she shot me made it obvious she already knew the answer. She was having fun—too

much fun. It was a little infuriating, honestly. And frustrating. But I didn't know how to deal with her cunningness anymore. At this point, the only thing I could do was take it head-on and hope I didn't make a fool of myself.

"You seem rather breathless," she added, eyes narrowing slightly, amused. "Are you sure you can hold back, Sirion?"

Her gaze practically sparkled with playful cruelty. It was unfair—an unfair advantage, an unfair game, an unfair everything. Trying to escape that kind of mischief felt like trying to outrun a shadow.

"That's no good," she continued in a light, teasing tone. "You have to hold back. You can't have sex with me if you're not going to hold back, you know?"

That innocent smile stretching across her lips was anything but innocent. She knew exactly what she was doing. She was testing my patience, pushing me to the edge just to see what face I'd make when I tried to endure it. She was enjoying the way I reacted far too much.

"You're really good at trying to get me going," I said, letting out a helpless breath. "Do you really have that much confidence you'd be able to take me in bed?"

"I'm not sure," she said with a shrug that made ripples form around her. "It'll be the first time for me, so I have to find out myself. How about you? Do you have the confidence to last long enough to get this body without cumming? Hmm?"

Her voice curled around each word like she was trying to wrap them around my neck and pull. She looked like she was watching me crawl on an invisible hook, like my reactions were entertainment. And honestly? I probably looked like someone trying desperately not to squirm.

"Well, I guess I can wait until then," I said. "But you said I just can't orgasm, right? So any stimulation on me isn't allowed? Then I suppose it's fine if I do this."

I leaned forward and cupped her breasts gently with both hands. They were really small—so small that they didn't come close to filling my hand. I had to curl my palms in, molding my hands around them just to feel their full shape.

"Oh? You're bold," she chuckled softly. "It suits you, Sirion. But I guess it's only natural for a man like you to be this bold." She let her back settle deeper into the tub, letting me touch her freely without resistance.

Her expression didn't waver. She wasn't embarrassed. She wasn't shocked. She didn't look bothered at all by the direct contact. She stayed perfectly calm—almost too calm—which somehow made the situation even more intense.

Under my palms, her nipples began to stiffen. I could feel them tightening, responding instantly to my touch. Her breathing grew subtly heavier, not too obvious, but enough for me to notice.

"Oh my... what is this feeling?" she murmured, sounding completely fascinated by her own reaction. A question only she could answer.

"You're getting horny yourself, Agneis," I said with a smirk. "I'm not sure which one of us can hold out until the end of the snowstorm. Are you sure you can?"

I pinched her nipples gently, tugging them outward with slow pressure.

"Ngh..."

That small sound escaping her lips carried more weight than anything she had said so far. A short, involuntary noise—proof that she was feeling everything I was doing to her.

I let go.

If she was going to play with me, I had every right to push back.

By the time the snowstorm ended, we'd both be dangerously horny. And then it would be a real fight, a real one-on-one after holding everything back this long. For now, this was a silent war.

"You really know how to frustrate someone, Sirion," she said with a breathy laugh.

Just when I began massaging her shoulders again, thinking the moment had settled, she suddenly glanced at my cock. She lifted one arm, and then—without warning—she pressed my cock into her armpit, trapping it between her skin and the soft underside of her upper arm.

"Ooh—"

I sucked in a sharp breath. Her skin there was unbelievably soft. It was silky, smooth, warm in a way I didn't expect. And the pressure of her armpit... Goodness, I didn't know it could feel like that. The kind of pleasure that spikes suddenly and forces your muscles to tense. It took everything in me not to clench my jaw.

"Fufufu... since you said it's okay to touch me, then it's not out of the question for me to do the same, right?" she said. "As long as you don't orgasm, it's fine, isn't it?" Her voice wrapped itself around me like warm water. "But are you sure you can hold out like this? I've read in books that men really love having their private parts pressed here. I wasn't sure how true that was, but... judging from your reaction, it seems pretty accurate."

Chapter 1063: Snowstorm (4)

She kept moving her armpit back and forth around my cock, creating this intoxicating rhythm that sent small shockwaves shooting through my entire body. The friction was warm and tight, almost too perfect, and the way her skin slid against mine had me clenching every muscle I had just to keep myself from losing control. Each glide felt like it was teasing out a little more of my sanity, and honestly, at the rate she was going, I genuinely thought I might just cum right there like some helpless guy who couldn't handle it for more than a few seconds.

"Fufufu... are you going to orgasm?" she asked, in that playful yet sly tone only she could pull off. "Well, no one's going to stop you, Sirion." She leaned slightly, pointing at her crotch with her chin in this lazy, confident way that was so her it made my head spin. "But are you sure? You'll lose the chance to enter it here, you know?"

The way she said it—calm, teasing, like she already knew exactly what I wanted—made it hit harder. And she wasn't wrong. I did want to enter myself there. Everything inside me screamed for that. I wanted to orgasm inside her pussy, not from her armpit, not accidentally, not like this. I wanted it the

proper way, the way both of us knew we craved but were holding back from because of the damn snowstorm.

So I forced myself to hold it in. I gritted my teeth, breathing slow, trying to steady the growing pressure inside me. It felt like trying to stop a boulder rolling downhill with my bare hands. But I did it. Barely.

And while she kept squeezing and sliding against my cock like she was determined to sabotage my restraint, I decided I wasn't just going to sit there defenseless. So I reached up again and played with her nipples, giving them attention like earlier.

I started pinching them lightly first, watching her expression shift, then pulling on them just a bit before massaging them with slow, controlled movements.

"Hngh... ahngh... aaah..."

Her moans came out shaky, drifting into the steamy air around us. Her eyes had that hazy, cloudy look—half-fogged with heat, half-lost in pleasure. She looked like someone whose thoughts were melting away.

At one point I felt her armpit loosen slightly, her motions slowing for just a breath. It was subtle, but I caught it. She caught herself quickly though, tightening her hold again and pushing back into that same rhythm as if refusing to give me an inch of relief. She really wasn't the type of woman who liked losing. If anything, she doubled down whenever she felt like she was slipping. She was putting all her concentration into keeping her pace steady, almost matching my effort with her own stubborn pride. Neither of us wanted to be the first to crumble.

"Hngh... ahh... ahh... my voice is leaking... fufufu... it feels good...~" she murmured, half-teasing, half-breathless.

But while all of this was happening, I realized something. And that I was definitely at a disadvantage. Completely and undeniably. She was attacking the most sensitive part of me directly, and that was obviously far easier to make cum than any other spot. Sure, playing with her nipples could make her orgasm too, but it wasn't the same kind of stimulation as what she was giving me. It wasn't a fair trade at all.

"I think it's right for me to touch it directly," I said, forcing the words out while she kept grinding on me. "Since you're touching mine directly, no?"

She paused just long enough to look at me, her smile stretching slowly across her face again—calm, wicked, amused, like she knew exactly where this was going.

"Fufufu... I guess so..." she said.

She stood up from the tub, water rolling down her skin in little streams, and stepped out before sitting on the floor. Her naked body glistened in the dim light, and the way she sat—casual yet inviting—felt like some kind of cruel temptation crafted specifically to destroy whatever restraint I had left. She was beautiful and seductive in a way that made it honestly painful to hold back.

"Come here, Sirion," she said, extending her hand like she was pulling me into her world.

So I joined her, sitting beside her, our bodies close enough that I could feel the warmth radiating off her. She scooted closer immediately—closer and closer until her bare butt pressed directly against my crotch, making my cock twitch almost embarrassingly hard.

"Let's touch each other then," she whispered.

She reached out and wrapped her small fingers and hand around my cock. Her hand felt soft, delicate, and because she'd just stepped out of the tub, a little cool—which actually made the sensation even sharper and even better. The contrast between my heat and her coolness sent a shiver up my spine.

My arm slid around her body, and my hand traveled downward until it reached the spot where her smooth skin transitioned into the warmth between her legs.

Then I touched her small pussy directly.

"Fuuu... nnn..."

Her reaction was immediate. Small, quiet sounds dripped from her lips, soft but impossible to mistake for anything other than moans. They were sweet and warm and somehow calming, even though everything else felt so intense.

She kept stroking my cock, slow and gentle, almost too gentle—like she was handling something precious and dangerous at the same time. She was very clearly being careful. She didn't want me to cum yet. She wanted this moment just as much as I did. She wanted sex, and she wanted us to actually fuck. But she wasn't going to allow herself to do it right now. Not with the snowstorm raging and her kingdom in trouble. She was a Queen before anything else, even though her body clearly didn't want to wait.

But after the snowstorm? We both knew what was waiting. I wouldn't hold back then. I'd fuck this Queen until she couldn't think straight.

While she kept moving her hand like that, I kept rubbing her folds, feeling how smooth she was and how wet she'd gotten. Her pussy was leaking so much that it coated my fingers.

"Ngh... ahhnghh... nnn... nghh... nn...~! Hnghhh...!"

Suddenly, her whole body trembled, her hips twitching as a rush of liquid spilled out of her pussy.

"See? You came," I said with a smirk. "Seems like you can't handle it. If just a finger does this, then I guess you can't handle my cock either."

"Fufufu... you're sounding bold. I don't appreciate it. I don't like it," she said, though her smile never faded. She turned toward me and kissed me, catching my lips richly and smoothly.

Her tongue slid against mine, slow and warm. Her lips pressed gently but with intention, soft and yielding in a way that made everything feel even hotter somehow.

"Nn... hngh... nnnghhh... hnghh... ahngh... ahhh... mnnnghhh...~"

I kept rubbing her folds while she kept stroking my cock, both of us pushing our limits but refusing to cross that final line.

I held on for what felt like a long, slow, torturous moment until finally everything settled.

"Fufufu, I had fun, Sirion," she said softly. "And like you said, I don't think I can wait until the end of the snowstorm for us to have sex. Alas... duty is keeping me tied to it. But if we manage to brave this through, it'll be worth it, don't you think?"

Yeah. It would definitely be worth it for both of us. While I thought that, she leaned forward, tiptoeing slightly as she pressed her lips into a soft kissing pout. I leaned in, meeting her halfway.

After that, she slipped on a robe, paused at the doorway, and gave me one last seductive smile.

"See ya, Leon."

That was the first time Agneis called me Leon, not Sirion.