

## The World 110

### Chapter 110: My Older Sister And I (3)

In any case, a member of the family breaking their own kingdom's rules was pretty bad. That's probably why I got stuck with this job instead of any other professors. Guess being part of a family connected and loyal to the royal family makes me the perfect fit for this kind of gig.

"...Even though my father has zero expectations of me, he's still gonna use me for this kinda thing, huh?" I grumbled.

"Well, that's the harsh reality of being part of a knightly family tied to the royals," Rose sighed. "The royal family doesn't hesitate to put their own in the line of fire. Your old man probably pulled you into this job because, well, you're his daughter and you bear the Brightspear name. Same story for me. My mom thrust me into this role because apparently it's the only thing I'm good for."

She's shameless. Cast me out of the family, and now she wants to exploit me? I don't even use the family name anymore. How utterly shameless..."

"Yeah, sounds like fate," I murmured. "Anyway, mind waiting for me while I take a quick shower?"

Clad in nothing but my sheer negligee, I dared to leave my skin bare, with no lace to conceal the curves beneath. But in the presence of Rose, a fellow woman, such audacity felt permissible.

"Sure thing," Rose replied with a nod.

With a subtle sway of my hips, I welcomed her into the sanctum of my abode before slipping into the sanctuary of the bathroom.

"Don't touch a thing," I cautioned, the weight of my words hanging heavy in the air as I entered the steam-filled chamber.

"I won't," she assured me.

As the water cascaded over my skin, I let the rush drown out the cacophony of thoughts swirling in my mind. For now, I had to push thoughts of Student Leon to the back of my mind and focus on the task at hand.

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Leon's POV

After enjoying some cakes with Elise, we headed to the theater for a daytime showing. The play was about the Legendary Hero, Arthur, and his epic battle against the Demon God during the Human-Demon War.

The guy playing Arthur, the protagonist, was a handsome young man and pretty skilled at acting. Judging by his physique, he probably knew his way around a sword too. I'd say he was above average, nothing too spectacular. As for the heroine, Saint Jeanne, she was portrayed by a gorgeous young woman with golden hair and blue eyes. She was... damn impressive in her acting.

Didn't seem like she hit the gym much, but her movements were smooth as silk.

"I've seen this show countless times, but watching it with you makes it so much better," Elise remarked, her eyes fixed on the stage where the two actors were performing.

'Oh, so Elise has seen this before?' I mused. 'Well, as long as she's still enjoying herself, that's what matters.' Glancing at her profile, I noticed her mouth hanging open in awe as she watched the performance. It seemed that no matter how many times she'd seen it, she was still amazed. I wondered if the performers she'd seen in the past were the same as the ones we were watching now.

Well, regardless, I should enjoy the show too.

"Want some of these?" I offered, handing her the bucket of what looked like popcorn. They weren't exactly popcorn, tasting nothing like it and looking different too. But that's what they were selling outside, so I assumed this was this world's local version of popcorn.

"Oh, thank you," she replied, reaching into the bucket and grabbing a handful. But as she lifted her hand, some of the contents spilled out, trickling down to... well, you know where. "Oh," she muttered, reaching down to retrieve the fallen pieces. In the process, her hand accidentally brushed against my dick, causing an instant reaction. "Oh?" she exclaimed, noticing my sudden arousal.

Seeming to realize the effect she had, she placed the fallen "popcorn" back into the bucket and then returned her hand to gently stroke my dick through my pants. Despite the fabric barrier, her touch sent shivers down my spine, threatening to elicit a groan from me.

When she sensed I was about to make a sound, she quickly silenced me by running her finger along the side of my face.

"Shh, don't talk over the performance," she whispered, her boldness surprising me as she continued her ministrations.

After her admonition, she unzipped my pants, releasing my hardened shaft from its confines. Without a word, Elise silently leaned down and took me into her mouth, giving me a blowjob right there in the theater.

I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but a mischievous grin spread across my face as I relished the thrill of this naughty act in a public place. Lost in my thoughts, I felt Elise's tongue teasing my shaft, sending shivers down my spine as she slowly took me into her mouth, then retreated to attack with the tip of her tongue again.

"Ha... Mm... Ah... Nchu..."

Her technique was so good that I felt my hips threatening to buckle. The only sounds in the theater were those of the performance on stage, but if you listened closely, you could also hear the damp sounds of her breath and her nasal voice.

As she shook her head back and forth, her hair cascaded in a mesmerizing dance, each strand bouncing with every motion. Saliva overflowed from her mouth as she worked my dick with her lips, intensifying the sensations coursing through my body.

"Nchuuu... Mm... Nnn... Ahh... chu..."

My hand instinctively found its way to her firm, round ass as she continued her oral ministrations, gripping one of her supple asscheeks firmly. Despite the lewdness of our actions, the audience remained oblivious, enraptured by the spectacle unfolding on stage.

With a firm grip on her buttock, I felt her determination as she attempted to take my throbbing dick deeper into her throat. The sensation of my engorged head pressing against the back of her mouth, gradually sliding further down her throat, sent waves of pleasure coursing through me. Eventually, she succeeded in taking me all the way down her throat without so much as a hint of gagging.

She continued to deepthroat me, her head bobbing up and down as my dick slid in and out of her throat.

After a while, I couldn't hold back any longer, and I erupted into her mouth, filling it with my cum. It felt as though my soul was being sucked out along with my semen. Seriously, if getting a blowjob from her felt this amazing, how mind-blowing would it be to fuck her? I couldn't help but wonder, though I feared I might not survive the experience.

Then it occurred to me—maybe it was her succubus blood that made her so skilled. Another thought crossed my mind: if this was the pleasure a woman with succubus blood could give, what would it feel like to receive a blowjob from an actual succubus? I felt like I was treading dangerously close to a dark path with those thoughts, so I pushed them aside.

Elise lifted her head, her mouth closed as if she were savoring the cum inside, looking incredibly lewd. I felt an indescribable sensation wash over me. Was this how a guy who enjoys taboo pleasures feels?

"Oh, look, Leon. This scene is my favorite part," she said, her voice breaking my trance. It seemed she had finished savoring my semen and had swallowed it.

"Ah, yeah..." I replied, tearing my gaze away from her to focus on the stage. It appeared they were reaching the final act of the performance, with the heroine and hero... kissing each other, seemingly bidding farewell. But upon closer inspection, it seemed they weren't actually kissing. Their heads were merely close together, creating the illusion of a kiss.

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Irene's POV

"Where are we headed?" I questioned Rose, noting the determined look in her eyes. Was there a specific destination for this discussion, or was she leading us on a spontaneous journey? Shouldn't we be having this delicate conversation in a more discreet setting rather than venturing into the bustling cultural district? Rose's intentions remained a mystery to me.

"We're going to see a play," she announced eagerly, her eyes sparkling with excitement. A play? But what about our pressing case? "It's a gripping romance about two star-crossed lovers torn apart by their feuding families. A tragic tale that tugs at the heartstrings. I read the novel version, and it was simply exquisite.

It's called 'Romea and Julieto' by Gabrielleon. Among the author's many works, this one resonated with me the most. Such a profound love story."

I gazed at her in astonishment. Rose, with her tough exterior and rebellious demeanor, had a soft spot for romance? It was as if I were witnessing a completely new side of her unfold before my eyes.