

## The World 141

### Chapter 141: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 3 (1)

Myrcella's POV

Something felt off within the castle. No, it was more like there was some strange vibe going around. Everyone in the castle, from the royal knights to the maids, even my father's concubines, seemed restless. The Prime Minister, the Court Nobles, the ministers, and even my father, the King, all seemed troubled. The atmosphere in the castle was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Breathing felt like a chore too. It was evident that something was up by the way everyone was moving about.

"It seems like your half-brother is dead set on winning the King's Game and seizing the throne from your father to become the ruler of Milham," Johanne remarked. We were both in my royal chamber. Normally, men wouldn't be allowed in the quarters of an unmarried or even married royal, but Johanne was an exception. Not that I had any concerns about Johanne doing anything inappropriate; I trusted him.

"What I don't understand is why Prince Julius is behaving like this."

"Neither do I," I replied. "Julius isn't some mischievous troublemaker who would pull a stunt like this."

"Do you have any idea when he started acting this way?"

"Hmm, I think... it was when Duke Sierra's daughter, Charlotte Sierra, was found safe. Something must have happened around that time," I mused.

"Prince Julius and Madam Charlotte have been best friends since birth, haven't they?" Johanne remarked. "Maybe that has something to do with it?"

"What could two best friends possibly do to cause something like this?" I questioned. "Do you have any inkling of what might have transpired, Johanne?"

"I have no clue," Johanne admitted. "I mean, we haven't been through such an experience ourselves, being best friends and all, and I don't think we ever will."

"You're right."

The tense atmosphere gripping the castle, leaving everyone on edge, was all because of Julius's rebellion against the king. It was strange because Julius had never shown any interest in the throne before. I couldn't fathom why he was doing this or what had prompted such an absurd action, but it had to be put to a stop, even though I didn't fully understand why.

My only current plan was to thwart Julius's bid to win the King's Game, preventing him from demanding the throne from Father. If he didn't win, he couldn't make any demands. At least, that's what I hoped, but there was still a chance he might resort to something drastic to overthrow Father, like staging a coup or initiating a succession war.

"If Professor Gabrielle were still here as a magic knight, I think she would know what to do..." I murmured to myself. Professor Gabrielle, a former magic knight, was the one I admired the most in that role. Even after her retirement, she remained my greatest inspiration, and I doubted anyone else could ever replace her in my admiration. After pondering for a moment, my gaze returned to Johanne.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Leon about joining us?"

Johanne glanced down. "Well, not yet. Leon is elusive on the school grounds. I plan to catch up with him today and see if he's interested in teaming up with us. I also intend to approach Sir Harold, Miss Hertrude, Sir Hereon, and Miss Shredica about it."

"If we can get them on board, it'll definitely boost our chances of stopping Julius from winning and snagging the throne in the process," I remarked.

But even if we managed to thwart Julius's victory, there was no guarantee he'd give up his pursuit of the throne. If that was the case, we needed to come up with another plan. I had to get to the bottom of why Julius was behaving this way.

"Johanne, can you arrange a meeting with Miss Charlotte?" I asked.

"Of course, Princess," Johanne replied.

\*\*\*

## Charlotte's POV

My father grew increasingly restless by the day. There had to be something brewing behind the scenes to make even him this agitated. The atmosphere had become suffocating ever since Prince Julius demanded to join the King's Game and declared his intent to usurp the throne.

I'd been trying to reach him by phone, but the call never seemed to connect. I didn't believe Prince Julius was entirely serious about this, but seeing how many court nobles, dukes, and marquises were on edge, they were taking his threat seriously. Normally, a transition of power to a new king wasn't such a big deal, but it would entail changes to the kingdom's system.

I wasn't well-versed in all of it, but I knew the current system was corrupt, and many nobles, including my father, benefited from it. That's why he was so on edge. If Prince Julius seized the throne from the current king, not only would those benefits be lost, but my father's position would also be at risk. And he wasn't willing to take that chance.

Truth be told, I wasn't all that concerned about my father's worries, nor was I worried about our position taking a downfall. What truly concerned me was Prince Julius. Ever since I returned from being held captive, we hadn't had a chance to talk.

While I was staring at my phone, suddenly, a call blared through it, and the caller was Professor Sesillian. With great anticipation, I answered the call.

"Hello, Professor?" I greeted.

"Good morning, Charlotte," he replied, his voice as gentle as ever. "Have you heard anything from Prince Julius yet? As his professor, I'm worried about him. He's been absent from school for two weeks now."

"Ah, I'm sorry, Professor," I responded. "But I haven't. He hasn't been picking up my calls."

"Is that so? Well, if you have time, can we meet? I have something to discuss with you," Professor Sesillian proposed.

Excitedly, I stood up from my seat and replied, "Okay! I'll come to you! Where should we meet?"

"At the usual place," he said.

"Alright! I'll head there now," I said, enthusiasm evident in my voice. Ending the call, I began grooming myself. I wanted to look my best for him. I put on my most expensive dress, worth a total of 100 gold coins, crafted by the most renowned tailor in the world. Then, I applied makeup, ensuring I looked flawless.

Finally, I styled my hair to perfection.

I also slipped on my lucky underwear. You never know what might happen, right?

After admiring myself in the mirror for a while, reveling in how flawless my appearance was, I stepped out of my room. That's when I spotted my personal maid, Vicky, standing there. Upon seeing me dressed up, she inquired, "Are you heading out somewhere, my lady?"

"Oh, indeed," I replied. "I have plans to meet someone today. Um, Vicky, could you please inform my mother that I'll be stepping out for a bit?"

Upon hearing my request, Vicky seemed a bit hesitant. However, she eventually said, "I'm sorry, my lady. But you're not allowed to go out today, or any day you don't have classes."

"What...? But why?" I exclaimed.

"It's Lord Sierra's orders," Vicky explained.

My father wanted me to stay put at home? I couldn't fathom why, but this was unprecedented. It seemed like the situation was truly dire if my father was resorting to such measures.

"Can't you make an exception today, Vicky?" I pleaded with her.

Normally, Vicky would bend the rules for me, but today she simply shook her head. "He's adamant that you're to remain indoors once this whole royal family ordeal is settled. Also, Princess Myrcella of Milham has requested a meeting with you today. I would have turned a blind eye and let you slip out, my lady, but with the Princess's visit, I can't afford to."

I'm sorry, but I can't make any exceptions this time."

"The Princess wants to meet with me? Not with my father or mother? Why?" I pondered aloud.

"I'm clueless about that," Vicky admitted. "Either way, my lady, I hope you'll abide by the rules and stay put for now."

"...I understand," I reluctantly agreed.

As disappointed as I was about having to cancel my meeting with Professor Sesillian, I had to acknowledge the importance of Princess Myrcella's unexpected request. I didn't want Vicky to suffer any consequences for my disobedience, so I resolved to stay put for the time being. With a heavy heart, I canceled my appointment with the Professor.

\*\*\*

Gabrielle's POV

I woke up to the sound of my smartphone chiming. Finding myself in the room where Master and I had slept the night before, I glanced beside me to see him still sleeping, with Amon on the other side of him. It seemed I had passed out right after reaching orgasm last night, and then Master had decided to have sex with Amon while I slept in the bed. How shameless of him.

But I couldn't deny that I liked his shamelessness.

Grabbing my phone, I noticed a message from a woman named Vicky. Yesterday evening, I had instructed her not to let her boss, Charlotte Sierra, leave the estate. She was to come up with any excuse, whether true or not, to keep Charlotte from getting away.

Master seemed quite adamant about keeping this woman, Charlotte, confined, and he harbored some anger toward her as well, for reasons unknown to me. But since she was stirring up my Master's ire, I was determined to do whatever it took to prevent her from getting what she wanted.

The woman named Vicky was a maid there, acting as Charlotte's personal maid. Initially, she resisted my instructions and even threatened to report me. However, she had no idea that I possessed a wealth of information about her, including her most significant weakness. That's why she ultimately complied with my demands.

Reading the message, "I did what you told me to. Keep your end of the bargain," I replied, "Of course," before putting down the phone and snuggling up close to Master, drifting back to sleep.

Chapter 142: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 3 (2)

Myrcella's POV

As the coachman opened the carriage door, I stepped out, followed by Johanne, who was kind enough to assist me by holding my hand.

"That was quite a smooth ride," I commented to Johanne, who had exited before me.



"It's all thanks to the upgraded roads," Johanne replied. "The Leonamon company took charge of the highway engineering, constructing roads with concrete and asphalt. They also enhanced the design standards to accommodate modernization, ensuring horse-drawn carriages can travel smoothly and safely. These roads are built to withstand various weather conditions without deterioration.

I must say, Leonamon did an excellent job with this road construction."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed, amazed. I had heard that Leonamon was also the company behind the creation of the "smartphone." Rumor had it that they were responsible for crafting that heavenly-tasting wine and the delectable pastry known as "cake." Furthermore, I had heard that Leonamon was also poised to revolutionize the musical industry, further driving the world toward modernization.

The owner of such a company must indeed be a genius, introducing several innovations that were slowly transforming our world into a modern one.

"I suggest you enlist the owner of the company to our cause, Princess, to ensure their cooperation in your quest to ascend to the throne in the future," Johanne advised.

"I don't expect it to be easy to become the Queen of Milham, especially considering there have been no female monarchs in Milham's history, and because some of my siblings are also vying for the throne. But I'll give it my best shot," I declared.

The people of the Duchy of Sierra welcomed me warmly upon my arrival. The maids bowed as I made my way toward the Sierra estate. Standing at the front of their grand house were Mistress Elara Sierra and her daughter, Charlotte Sierra. Madam Elara greeted me with a curtsy and a slight lift of her elegant skirt.

"Welcome to our humble estate, Princess Myrcella," Elara greeted.

"I appreciate the warm welcome," I replied with a curtsy.

Beside me, Johanne made a gentlemanly bow. "Thank you for allowing me to accompany her."

"As the son of Duke Whitlock, you are also warmly welcomed here," Elara acknowledged. "Anyway, it wouldn't do for you both to linger outside. Why not come inside? I'll prepare something for you. Would you prefer coffee or tea? I also have some cakes from Leonamon, if you're interested."

"I'd love some tea and cake, please," I requested.

"Tea and cake sound perfect to me as well," Johanne chimed in.

"Vicky, could you please prepare tea and cake for our guests?" Elara ordered a maid who stood behind her.

The maid bowed respectfully. "Yes, Mistress," she replied before swiftly disappearing to attend to the task.

As we made our way into the estate, Elara turned to me. "So, you wish to speak with my daughter, Charlotte, is that correct?"

"Yes, I do," I confirmed.

"Is it concerning the Prince?" Elara inquired.

I noticed a slight change in Charlotte's expression at the mention of the Prince.

"Yes," I affirmed.

"In that case, I'll leave you three alone to discuss whatever it is you need to," Elara announced.

"Thank you," I replied gratefully.

After leading us to a room and the maid had delivered our refreshments, Elara and the maid exited the room.

I lifted the teacup to my lips, savoring the warmth of the tea. It was perfectly brewed. Setting the cup down, I observed Charlotte, who seemed a bit nervous, her hand trembling slightly as she held her teacup with elegance.

"You appear a bit nervous, Charlotte," I remarked.

Setting down her saucer with the teacup on top, she replied, "Of course I am. Your sudden arrival caught me off guard, Princess. I think anyone would be a bit nervous in this situation."

"Don't fret," I comforted her with a gentle smile. "I simply wish to have a conversation. It concerns my brother, Julius, who appears to have strayed from the path and become somewhat of a rebel. As you're likely aware, Julius is endeavoring to seize the throne by demanding it from my father should he emerge victorious in the King's Game."

"I understand," she replied.

"Do you have any insight into why he's behaving this way?"

She seemed hesitant at first, but then she gathered herself and said, "I think I might know why."

"Would you mind sharing?" I prompted.

"I'll try to explain..." She took a slight deep breath before continuing, "I believe Prince Julius has ended up this way because of me."

"Why is that?" I inquired, curious about Charlotte's reluctance to divulge further information.

"Well, it's probably because I may have wronged him in some way. Something that a simple apology won't fix," she admitted with a hint of regret in her voice.

"And what could that be?" I pressed, eager to understand the root of Julius's grievances.

Charlotte hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "I'm afraid I can't say more than that."

"And why is that?" I persisted, sensing there was more to the story.

"Because I fear Prince Julius would resent it, and revealing any more might only worsen his feelings," she explained solemnly.

\*\*\*

After that meeting, I decided to travel back to the Academy City to recruit the people I wanted to join us in the King's Game. Just like our journey from the castle to the duchy, the ride was smooth, and I hardly felt the carriage shake.

"Seems like Miss Charlotte is keeping something to herself," Johanne commented.

"Does it seem that way to you?" I replied. "Well, I have a hunch now about why my brother was acting out."

"You do?" Johanne inquired.

"Yes, and it's something trivial," I confirmed with a shrug.

Even though Charlotte hadn't revealed it, I figured it out on my own. Julius was simply heartbroken because his crush was in love with someone else. That was the extent of it. However, I couldn't understand why he was acting so drastically. It seemed unlikely that someone would react so strongly to a mere heartbreak.

I may not have experienced heartbreak myself, but I doubted it could lead to such extreme behavior.

If that was truly the case, then what was driving him to act this way? I had a theory. Those with fragile hearts are easily manipulated, especially when they're at their lowest point. I suspected Julius was being manipulated somehow. This meant that his attempt to usurp Father wasn't his own idea, but rather the result of someone else behind the scenes, pulling his strings.

If that's the case, then my resolve to stop him only grew stronger. I had to put an end to his misguided actions.

"We're here, Princess," Johanne announced, peering out the carriage window. I followed his gaze and beheld the grandeur of the Milham Academy of Magic Knights. "I've texted Leon that we've arrived. He said he'll come to meet us as soon as possible."

After a while, the carriage came to a halt, and the coachman opened the door. Johanne stepped out first, assisting me as I followed suit. As I emerged, my eyes met with a male student—his black hair, red eyes, and strikingly handsome features rivaling even Johanne's, coupled with a tall, muscular physique.

I felt a strange sensation wash over me, nearly causing me to fall to my knees. It was a sensation I had never experienced before. What was this?

Eh? What's this? Could this really be the man known as the weakest and most unskilled student in the school? He certainly didn't appear that way to me. His physique, the way he carried himself, and even his aura exuded strength. It seemed as though the rumors I'd heard about him were nothing but lies.

"Nice to meet you," he greeted me with a graceful bow, his movements not as fluid as Johanne's but still elegant nonetheless. "I'm sure you've heard of me already, but allow me to introduce myself anyway. I am Leon. I have no noble lineage, hence no last name. I hope my introduction was satisfactory, Princess."

I was momentarily taken aback, but I quickly composed myself and replied, "It's fine. The way you carry yourself suggests you could rival the etiquette of nobility. Did you learn from someone?"

"Thank you for saying that. And as for your question, I did learn it from someone," he replied, nudging the woman next to him, whom I hadn't noticed until now. When I turned to look at her, my eyes widened.

"Princess Titania..." I exclaimed. The Princess of the Bethlan Kingdom stood beside him, glaring at me as if I were her mortal enemy. Ah, right. She was going to be my opponent in the next student council presidential race. Was her glare directed at me for that reason? I had heard rumors about Princess Titania and Leon dating, so it wasn't difficult to guess why she was here.

But why the hostile glare?

"Just so you know, this man is mine," she declared, hugging Leon possessively. "And I don't appreciate you going out of your way to talk to him. Whatever you have to say to him, I'll be present too!"

Chapter 143: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 3 (3)

We gathered in Leon's cramped dorm room, the only space where we could have a private conversation. It was tight quarters, but it would have to suffice for our needs. The four of us—myself, Johanne, Leon, and Princess Titania—were squeezed into the room, with Leon and Johanne standing while Princess Titania and I sat on Leon's bed.

The room was so cramped that there was barely enough space for us to move around.

As we settled in, I couldn't resist taking a sniff of the air, catching a whiff of Leon's room. I didn't know why I felt compelled to do it, but I did it nonetheless. Princess Titania noticed my action and shot me a look of disdain, prompting me to halt immediately.

"Anyway," Johanne interjected, "Princess Myrcella wants you on her team tomorrow at the King's Game, Leon."



"And you want me because you have some kind of goal in mind, yes?" Leon inquired. "Teaming up with others does increase our chances of winning, but I need to consult Shredica first. She's determined to win this game."

"We're not aiming to win the King's Game, Leon," Johanne clarified. "Our only objective is to achieve our goal, nothing more. Winning is not our priority. Once we've accomplished what we set out to do, we'll forfeit the game."

"It seems like whatever this goal is, it's driving you. Can you at least share it with me?"

Johanne glanced at me, seeking confirmation. I nodded in agreement. If I wanted their cooperation, I needed to be completely honest with them. After all, you can't expect cooperation if you're not truthful. Johanne nodded back, understanding my silent message.

"Well, if you can keep this under wraps, we'd appreciate it," Johanne began. "This involves a matter concerning the royal family. Only those within the royal court and some of the Magic Knights are aware of it. It's highly classified, but since you're offering to help us, it's best you know."

"I promise not to breathe a word to anyone."

"I promise too," Princess Titania added, though her dislike for me was evident. "Even though I'm not particularly fond of you, Princess Myrcella, I'll keep quiet since Leon is involved. We might be adversaries come the third semester, but for now, cooperating with you for Leon's sake seems like the right move."

"I appreciate that, Princess Titania," I replied.

With that, Johanne proceeded to reveal our goal.

"I can't believe Prince Julius would stoop to something so absurd," Princess Titania exclaimed in shock after hearing Johanne's explanation. "It's ridiculous to think he's plotting to seize the throne, but for what purpose?"

"I suspect someone may be manipulating him," I suggested.

"It's a plausible theory, but what if seizing the throne is truly his desire?" Princess Titania countered.

"I prefer to think otherwise, considering Julius has never shown much interest in the throne," I responded. "But I can't come up with any other explanation for his sudden ambition unless he's being manipulated."

I turned to Leon. "That's why I need your help, along with Shredica's and Hereon's," I explained. "Do you think they'll cooperate if I ask them to?"

Leon shook his head. "I highly doubt Shredica would even consider cooperating with you, let alone bend the knee. And Hereon isn't the type to follow orders either. However, I have an idea that might persuade them to cooperate. If you can give me some time, Princess, by tomorrow, they'll both be willing to work with you."

His confidence caught me off guard, causing my breath to hitch and my heart to race for a moment. Thankfully, I managed to maintain my composure.

"Thank you for that, Leon," I replied with a smile.

Princess Titania shot me a glare before striding over to Leon, seizing his arm, and pulling him closer, sandwiching his arm between her breasts.

"Don't you dare try to flirt with my boyfriend!" she snapped.

"I wasn't flirting with him, actually..." I attempted to explain.

"Liar! That smile of yours just now reeked of seduction! Don't try to deceive me!"

Was that really the case? I was just smiling normally.

"It's true. Your smile does have a hint of seduction, Princess," Johanne chimed in.

"Well, if that's true, then it wasn't my intention," I explained. "If it seemed like I did something unsavory, then I apologize." I turned to Leon. "Well then, we should proceed now. Johanne and I are going to try to persuade Hertrude and Harold to join us as well. Thank you for your time, Leon," I said, smiling at him once more, earning another glare from Princess Titania.

I wasn't trying to be seductive when I smiled, and there was no intention of seduction behind my every smile either. So why did my smile seem different when it came to Leon? It was strange.

As we exited his dorm room, we garnered shocked looks from onlookers. They wondered why I was in the bronze class dormitory. There was nothing wrong with visiting another dorm of a different class, as long as you had permission. This wasn't trespassing, as far as I could tell. Johanne assured me it was fine, as long as we had permission.

After we had finally distanced ourselves from his room, I asked Johanne, "Do you happen to have any photos of Leon, Johanne?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind..."

It was odd. Ever since I first met Leon, I had been feeling peculiar.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

I locked the door to my room, leaving Titania and me alone together. We settled on the bed, but she was clearly upset.

"Leon... I don't want you getting too close to that Princess ever again," she said, her tone firm.

"Why not? Didn't you say it's okay for me to have other women?" I countered.

"I did say that, but Princess Myrcella is off-limits," she insisted. "I don't trust her at all. She's going to be my opponent in the presidential race next semester, and I know she's cunning. I'm worried she might try to snatch you away from me."

"Don't worry about it," I reassured her. "I don't think Princess Myrcella could ever sway me away from you."

However, deep down, I knew I couldn't guarantee that I'd be able to keep my hands to myself, especially considering the way her gaze seemed to ignite a desire for dominance within me.

--

You've captured the interest of Myrcella. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Myrcella Odette Milham

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Myrcella:

1. Establish Myrcella as the official heir to the throne

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

....

--

Her first requirement was a long-term goal, one that I suspected would take years, if not decades, to achieve. Honestly, I had no clue where to even begin with such a monumental task.

And I didn't think it would be easy. Seriously, why the hell was this the first requirement? Nevertheless, even though Titania claimed she didn't like her, I had no choice but to assert dominance over her. She was a crucial piece on the chessboard of my ambitions, one that I needed to secure in order to dominate this entire world.

If Titania and I ever got married, and I ascended to the throne of Bethlan, I planned to work towards merging the two kingdoms into a united realm. It would take years, of course, and there was no guarantee that Titania would inherit the throne of Bethlan. I would support her and do my utmost to secure the throne for her, but it wouldn't be an easy task.

"Anyway," Titania said after a while, "looks like something is brewing in this kingdom too, huh? I kind of figured there's a rebellion on the horizon, similar to what's happening in Bethlan, but I didn't expect their own prince to be the instigator."

Ah, that's right. Titania came here to study because there was a rebellion brewing in the kingdom of Bethlan. Her father, the king, advised her to study abroad and escape the turmoil while he dealt with it. I wondered if Titania was missing her home.

"All this talk is somehow exhausting. You know, I've never had any interest in the throne, but since I'm the only heir, it falls to me to take it. I plan to pass the position to you, while I support you from the sidelines as your queen. However, what will you do if something like what's happening in the kingdom of Milham were to occur during your reign?" Titania inquired.

"Of course, I'll take action," I assured her. "A king is meant to rule those beneath him. That's the very essence of kingship. If a king can't control his subjects, it means he's unfit for the role and incompetent. An incompetent king sets a poor example for his subjects, leading to further incompetence. I refuse to be that kind of king."

I'll be a king worthy of the title, one who complements a queen like you."

Titania blushed. "You're making my heart flutter in the most unusual way. Yes, that's right. That's how a king should be. You're the epitome of a king, Leon. I love you," she whispered those last words, then leaned in and captured my lips in a tender kiss.

Chapter 144: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 3 (4)

We kissed passionately, savoring each other's taste, and a palpable tension began to build in the room when a knock on the door shattered the moment.

"I'll go see who it is," I announced.

"Sure," Titania replied, her cheeks tinted with a blush.

I approached the door and swung it open to find Shredica standing there, her usual frown in place. Her gaze flickered to the two pairs of shoes lined up in the entryway. "Is someone else here?"

"Yeah," I confirmed. "Titania is here."

As soon as she heard her name, Titania eagerly revealed herself.



"Shreddy!" she exclaimed.

Shredica's brows furrowed. "I've told you multiple times, don't call me that," she sighed, then turned to me. "You said you wanted to talk to me and that I should come here. What's up?"

"Well, why don't you come inside first? It's not something we should discuss out here," I suggested.

"Fine," she agreed, stepping into my room. I shut the door behind her. Shredica made her way to the bed and sat down, Titania joining her. Since the bed wasn't large enough for all of us, I remained standing. "Alright, spill it. I don't have all day."

"You sure are as impatient as ever," I said. "Very well, I'll fill you in."

I proceeded to explain to her that I had just met Princess Myrcella and discussed the possibility of teaming up with her. I informed Shredica that Princess Myrcella had no interest in winning the King's Game and only wished to achieve her own goal. Once she accomplished her objective, she would willingly step back from the competition, allowing Shredica to claim victory.

I didn't hold back any details, providing Shredica with Princess Myrcella's reasoning and intentions. Throughout my explanation, Shredica remained silent, listening attentively. Occasionally, she sighed, likely due to Titania clinging to her like a parasite. Despite this, Titania's behavior had a certain charm to it.

Surprisingly, Shredica didn't make any effort to push her away, indicating that her feelings toward Titania might be softening, despite her claims to the contrary. It was rather amusing to observe.

"It does sound like teaming up with the Princess would benefit me more," she remarked after my explanation. "However, I don't believe the Princess's motives are solely about preventing her brother from winning the game. I suspect she's planning something, plotting for the future. I have a feeling this princess is a cunning, manipulative snake."

Titania nodded in agreement while still clinging to Shredica. "You're spot on, Shreddy. That woman is cunning."

I couldn't help but agree with Shredica's assessment of Princess Myrcella. All royals are born or molded to be cunning; it's how they secure their thrones in this day and age. No one could maintain royalty without possessing a cunning mind. The only royal I've encountered who doesn't seem to possess that trait is Titania. Unless her personality is merely a facade, and she's adept at deceiving even me.

If that's the case, then Titania is quite the talented actor.

"But still," I interjected, "teaming up with them would be more advantageous. How about we agree to it and consider it a short-term alliance?"

Shredica gazed at me for a moment, appearing to contemplate my suggestion, before responding, "I understand. Your proposal seems to be the more beneficial option. We'll need plenty of allies to ensure our victory, after all. I have no intention of leaving this school."

"Nor do I," I affirmed.

Shredica had placed her own fate at the academy on the line, as well as mine, so losing was not an option for us. If we failed, we'd bid farewell to academy life forever, never to set foot here again. That's why I was putting forth every ounce of effort. I couldn't afford to fail. If Shredica hadn't tied my future at the academy to the game, I wouldn't have bothered putting in any effort.

I wouldn't even consider trying to win the game. But now, because of this, I was giving it my all.

"I don't want to see you two leave the academy either," Titania said earnestly. "So I'll be praying that both of you emerge victorious!"

Shredica glanced at Titania, seemingly on the verge of saying something, but then she held her tongue. I couldn't help but wonder what she had been about to say to her.

Setting that aside for now, it was time to address another matter.

"Miss Shredica," I began.

"What?" Shredica turned her attention to me.

"Do you want Hereon on our team?" I inquired.

"I don't particularly care for him. I just thought it would be strategic to have him on our team, increasing our chances of winning," she explained.

Hereon's potential addition to our team didn't seem like a game-changer. In fact, I believed his presence might even disadvantage us. However, his unique skill set could prove invaluable. His skill, Speed Boost, was rather unusual but undeniably powerful. With his physique and strength, Hereon could potentially deliver a lethal blow with a single punch.

While not a skill I'd personally desire, it was undoubtedly impressive.

"I think having him join us could be advantageous," I suggested. "Let's work on getting him to join our team."

"Didn't you mention that convincing him would be difficult?" Shredica questioned.

I grinned in response. "Well, I have a plan in mind."

I observed Shredica carefully. They say that manipulating your crush is easier because they'd do anything to win your affection. It felt wrong to exploit their feelings like this, considering I've been manipulated in the past. But sometimes, it's necessary.

"What's your plan?" Shredica inquired.

Taking a moment to collect my thoughts, I finally spoke up. "Miss Shredica, I need you to persuade him to join our team," I stated firmly.

\*\*\*

Hereon's POV

I was strolling back to the academy from a pub with my crew, chatting and enjoying ourselves. Suddenly, I halted in my tracks. Someone was tailing us, and they weren't even bothering to hide their presence. Either they wanted me to notice them deliberately or they needed my attention for something important.

"Hey," I called out. "I'm gonna hang back for a bit. You guys go ahead."

"Hmm? What's up, Hereon?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Well, alright then."

The guys continued on without me. I watched them go for a moment before turning around to investigate the source of the presence.

As I approached, I immediately spotted her. The owner of the presence had hair so vibrant it was impossible not to take notice. Leaning against a tree with her arms folded across her chest, she wore a frown on her face. It was a girl from my class, Shredica.

I walked up to her and asked, "What do you want from me?"

She opened her eyes and met my gaze. "I'll get straight to the point," she declared. "I want you to team up with us."

I narrowed my eyes at her. "And why would I do that?"

"I want to increase our chances of success in this game," she explained, determination shining in her eyes. "That's why I want you on my side, fighting alongside me."

I scoffed, "Do you really think I'd follow someone, let alone a skille..." I paused, opting for a less harsh term. "Let alone a woman like you? Don't play games with me."

"I believe having us together would be advantageous for you," she countered. "You can't navigate this game alone. Sure, it's typically a solo endeavor with only one winner, but there's nothing prohibiting us from teaming up."

"Then what? What happens if we're the last ones standing? You think I'd give up my chance to win for you? Don't kid yourself," I asserted.

Since only one person could emerge victorious, forming a team seemed pointless.

"I think we can address that," she proposed.

"How so?"

"It's simple, really. We won't have a clear winner if two of us are still standing. The King's Game isn't a team sport; it's a last stand game," she explained. "To determine a clear winner, there's only one option if no one in the team is willing to give up their chance of winning and hand it to the other. We have to fight to see who comes out on top."

That sounded like a solid plan. In the King's Game, with a hundred participants, flying solo could only take you so far. The typical strategy was to lay low, then emerge when the competition dwindled. Many past winners followed this tactic and came out on top.

Of course, there were other ways to increase your chances of winning, like forming alliances and collaborating until all other participants were eliminated. Then, those left in the team would battle it out to determine the ultimate victor.

Honestly, I was all for maximizing my chances of winning, and teaming up seemed like a surefire way to do just that. However, I couldn't shake this strange feeling around that woman. For some reason, being near her stirred up emotions I couldn't quite explain. Lately, I found myself drawn to her, my eyes constantly searching for her, even when she wasn't around.

If I got any closer to her, I feared I might start acting even weirder.

Chapter 145: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 3 (5)

Leon's POV

We were observing the two of them, Shredica and Hereon, from a distance, hidden by my Illusion Magic so they wouldn't notice us. Despite the distance, we could still catch snippets of their conversation, thanks to the quiet surroundings.

"It seems like Shreddy's got him hooked, Leon," Titania whispered, poking her head out from behind the bush where we were hiding.

I had to admit, things seemed to be going smoothly. I had anticipated Hereon being more stubborn, but it seemed his infatuation with Shredica was working in our favor. I just hoped Shredica didn't mess things up.

Titania grinned mischievously at me. "You're more cunning than I give you credit for, Leon."

"Why do you say that?" I asked innocently.

"Don't play dumb," she chuckled. "You used Hereon's feelings for Shreddy to rope him in, didn't you?"



It seemed Titania had caught onto my strategy. I had indeed capitalized on Hereon's infatuation with Shredica to get him on board. It might have been a bit underhanded, but it was necessary. I was impressed that Titania had picked up on it, though. It showed she was paying close attention to me. I felt an urge to kiss her right then and there, but before I could act on it, Hereon spoke up.

"I have a question first."

"Go ahead, ask," Shredica prompted.

Hereon opened his mouth, but no words came out. He seemed hesitant, as if whatever question he had was difficult to articulate. After a moment, he finally spoke up.

"Are you and that bastard... that skillless... are you two lovers?"

Shredica's response was immediate. "No, we're not," she stated firmly. The very idea of being considered lovers with me seemed to disgust her. "Why would you even entertain such a thought?"

"Nothing," he muttered, closing his eyes and rubbing the back of his neck. I recognized the gesture; it was a sign of embarrassment. So, Hereon was a tsundere, huh? His tsun side was nowhere to be found, and his dere side was on full display right now.

"Seeing them like this... I can't quite put my finger on it, but it looks really cute, don't you think, Leon?" Titania teased me. "I think Hereon might win Shredica over if you keep dawdling around."

"Don't worry. I don't particularly have a desire to make Shredica my woman. In fact, I kind of ship the two of them," I confessed.

"Huh? Is that so?" Titania asked, sounding surprised. "I thought you wanted Shredica in your harem too, considering how much time you spend with her."

I shook my head. I don't like Shredica, so I have no desire to dominate her. She doesn't have a skill for me to copy either, so why bother trying? I'm not interested in controlling her.

After brushing off the topic earlier, Hereon glanced at Shredica and remarked, "I'll think about it. I'll give you an answer tomorrow."

"Is that so? I understand. I hope you'll consider it carefully and see the benefits of teaming up with us," Shredica replied.

"Yeah, yeah," Hereon nodded. "Well then, I'll take my leave now."

"Alright."

With that, Hereon walked away from Shredica.

It seemed like everything was falling into place somehow. That was a relief. Tomorrow, we would find out whether Hereon would accept or not.

\*\*\*

I returned to Leonamon and headed straight to my office, where I found Maya still holding the bottle of wine. Had she been holding onto it this whole time? It seemed she was eager to engage in some wine-pouring play while we indulged in each other's bodies.

"Welcome back, Master," she greeted me with a bow.

Taking my seat, which Maya had pulled out for me, I perused the day's report, noting the gradual increase in Leonamon's finances. It was mentioned that we would be establishing branches in the Holy City and Market City. With three company buildings in the Milham Kingdom, it seemed inevitable that Leonamon would soon become an international enterprise.

Ayane's role as our brand ambassador has been instrumental in the flourishing of our company. Her stunning beauty has captivated the masses, leading to increased sales whenever her posters adorn establishments or products bearing our company's name. We're also planning to enlist the idol group of Leonamon as additional ambassadors.

Erica and the girls are gaining fame rapidly with their hit songs; they've already produced five successful tracks. In less than two months, we'll be showcasing Ayane alongside the idol group to further boost our company's renown. Additionally, the idol group will embark on a tour to the Kingdom of Bethlan, Principality of Rodan, and Republic of Shaira, further expanding our reach.

This is promising. The influence of the company is steadily growing. I believe that within five years, we could even expand into the Empire of Rodonia. It wouldn't be unreasonable to expect further expansion, perhaps even into the Holy Country of Seena, allowing us to establish our company there as well.

"Our company is growing rapidly. I think this calls for a celebration, Maya," I said to the maid beside me.

"What kind of celebration do you have in mind, Master?" Maya inquired.

"Hm... Perhaps we could have a drink or something? Why don't you open that wine and pour us a drink?" I suggested.

"Okay," she replied with a blush. Maya then uncorked the wine bottle, took a sip, and held the liquid in her mouth. She then approached me, kissed me, and transferred the liquid from her mouth to mine.

After feeding me wine directly from her mouth, Maya leaned back slightly, her cheeks flushed with a blush. She took another sip of wine, holding it in her mouth before repeating the gesture. It was evident that she was eager to engage in sexual activity with me. I recalled that beastkin were mortals who desired to procreate with those they deemed superior.

It was a tradition among them that if a male beastkin defeated a female in combat, they would marry and eventually have offspring. Maya, being a beastkin, would naturally follow this instinct. However, she had been kidnapped and nearly forced into prostitution. Now, having been saved by me, she likely viewed me as superior and strong, hence her behavior.

I didn't mind what she was doing at all. In fact, I found it rather enjoyable. Having her do this every once in a while was a pleasant treat. After ten sips, I finally signaled to Maya, "That's enough now."

She promptly corked the bottle of wine.

"I'm going to take a bath now. Thank you for doing that," I said.

"You're welcome, Master," she replied with a bow. Then, hesitantly, she spoke up again. "Um, Master...?"

"What is it?"

"Do you want... Do you want us to join you and provide service in the bath?"

Maya was unusually bold today. What was going on?

"Are you sure about that, Maya?"

She nodded immediately. "Actually, five of us agreed to do it," she said. "Me, Trisha, Emy, Filia, and Lady Marie."

So they were all set on going through with this, huh? But wait, Marie was joining too? I had a feeling something bad might happen if she was involved, but since the five of them had made up their minds, I supposed I had no choice. I just hoped that loli hag wouldn't do anything reckless.

"If you're all set on it, then I guess I have no choice. Would you mind preparing the bath for me then?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed enthusiastically before heading to the bathroom, which happened to be a large open hot spring. I could see her small ewe tail shaking happily.

After she left, I called out a name to summon one of my shadows, "Bernadette."

Immediately, she appeared before me, having been concealed all along using her skill Cryptic Coloration.

"Yes, Master?" she inquired.

"Have you completed the task I assigned to you?" I asked.

"Yes, Master. Would you like me to provide you with a report?" Bernadette responded.

"Yes," I confirmed.

Bernadette proceeded to update me on the current happenings in the Capital City.

"The kingdom is currently under martial law," Bernadette reported. "Following the recent incident in the Capital City and the significant loss of life, many people are directing their anger toward the royal family. They're frustrated with the perceived lack of swift action and the poor governance displayed by the current king, which has exacerbated economic hardships and grievances.

Despite the incident occurring just yesterday, riots and civil unrest are already breaking out. The royal knights are struggling to maintain public order, prompting the King to issue a declaration of martial law this morning in an attempt to quell the growing civil strife and prevent the looming threat of rebellion and civil war."

So the King had declared martial law, just a day before the King's Game? Seems like the kingdom's situation is even more dire than I anticipated.

"Also, we've confirmed that the perpetrator behind the bombing was Prince Julius Milham III," Bernadette revealed. "That's all for my report."

Not only that, but our own kingdom's prince was involved in something shady too.

"Good job," I praised. "You're such a good girl." I patted her on the head, which elicited a giggle from her.

It seemed like something major was brewing. But who was behind it all? That was what I couldn't figure out.

## Chapter 146: Taking Their Virginities At The Hot Spring (1)

After hearing Bernadette's report, I headed to the hot spring with just a towel wrapped around my lower half. As I arrived, I spotted five women already there, their bodies concealed by towels. One of them was quite bold, completely naked and looking rather smug.

"You finally decided to show up," Marie said, her smugness radiating off her. Despite her petite frame, lacking in curves and with no breasts to speak of, she was the most arrogant of the bunch. "You're a lucky man, Leon, to have these beautiful women here to attend to you. Don't take this for granted. You shouldn't keep us waiting when something like this is about to happen, you know."

As I laid eyes on Marie standing naked in the hot spring, I couldn't help but gulp instinctively. Her flushed skin filled my vision, and a slight blush adorned her face. Her presence served as a stark reminder of her age compared to mine.

I watched as a single bead of water trailed down her body, cascading over her small breasts, hugging her slender waist, and journeying down to her nether regions before finally sliding down her thighs and reuniting with the water below.

Her grin widened as she noticed my gaze fixed on her. "Fufufu. You're shamelessly turned on by my body. It's almost disappointing how obvious it is. Well, I suppose in the face of my perfect form, you can't help yourself. I'll let your indiscretion slide for now."

I finally tore my gaze away from Marie and shifted my attention to the other four women. The first one I noticed was Emy. She wasn't particularly busty, with modest breasts and hips that weren't especially curvy. Despite that, she had a cute appearance, although there was a certain airheadedness about her.



Not that I was complaining; I found it rather exciting to imagine how this slow, airheaded woman would react when she was thoroughly fucked.

Similarly, Filia wasn't blessed with ample assets either. Her breasts were small, almost unnoticeable if you weren't paying close attention, and her hips were slim. She had a beautiful face, though. The reason for her lack of curves was because she was half-dwarf. Dwarves were tiny creatures, barely taller than Marie, but Filia, being half-human and half-dwarf, was of average height.

She stood at the same height as Emy.

Trisha and Maya, on the other hand, possessed voluptuous curves that couldn't be ignored. Their chests were ample, straining against the constraints of their towels, with hints of cleavage teasingly peeking out. It was astonishing to see such developed figures on girls so young. Amon had mentioned that most of the trainee prostitutes were barely in their late teens.

It was quite surprising that they already had such ample busts, considering they hadn't reached their full potential yet.

Gabrielle was busty too, but that was because she was 24 now. As for Amon, despite being the same age as Trisha and Maya, she was a different breed altogether, making her a special exception. It was understandable why she was busty.

Even though they were currently hiding their figures behind towels, I could still see how busty they were, as some of their assets were spilling out of the towels and couldn't be concealed entirely.

Regardless of their different body types, the five of them were still a sight to behold.

Five incredibly alluring women now lined up in the hot spring, and I was about to have sex with all of them.

I had never ventured beyond threesomes and foursomes before, so I couldn't be certain how well this would go, especially considering Marie's unpredictability. I had been living with her for a month now, so I knew she could be quite unpredictable.

"You look concerned, Leon boy," she remarked. "Don't worry. I'm not going to have sex with you just yet."

"Huh? But I thought..." Maya began to say, sounding puzzled.

Marie interrupted her, "I apologize, young Khrysómallon, for the deception. Although I am indeed interested in having intercourse with Leon boy, it is not my intention at this moment. Despite having lived for many years and nearing a century in age, I still do not understand what it means to fornicate, or what actions it entails.

I requested Leon boy's permission to join him when he engages in sexual activities with his partners, so that I may gain a better understanding of fornication. My goal is to learn more about it, and perhaps, upon gaining more knowledge, I could bring Leon boy pleasure during our first time together, even though it would be my first experience. Unfortunately, Leon seemed a bit hesitant to invite me.

Thus, I am taking this opportunity to invite others who wish to repay their debts to Leon with their bodies and souls to participate and aid in my learning process."

"I-I see..." Maya responded, then glanced at me.

I nodded in acknowledgment. However, I turned to Marie. "I hope you won't interrupt us while we engage in our activities," I stated firmly. "No comments or critiques. Although, you're permitted to speak occasionally and appreciate any interesting developments."

"I understand," she replied. "I'll mind my own business, observe quietly, and refrain from bothering you. I may offer some comments here and there, but I won't intrude excessively."

"That's quite acceptable," I responded, a sense of relief washing over me. If Marie could manage to keep her intrusion to a minimum, then I supposed it was tolerable. With that settled, it was time to proceed. I untied the towel around my waist, unveiling my erect cock, standing proudly like a towering monument against the backdrop of the hot spring's steamy atmosphere.

As my member emerged, a collective reaction ensued among the five women. Marie's eyes widened in awe, seemingly mesmerized by the sight. Maya's expression twisted into one of shock, her gaze fixed on my throbbing shaft. Filia, on the other hand, recoiled in fear and pure terror, her eyes wide with apprehension. Trisha's face lit up with delight, her lips parting in anticipation of what was to come.

Meanwhile, Emy tilted her head, her curiosity evident in her expression.

The diversity of their reactions amused me, each one distinct and genuine in its own right.

"So, this is a man's penis," Marie remarked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "I've never laid eyes on one before, but I can sense there's something special about yours, Leon boy. After all, you've made many girls slaves to its power, haven't you?"

"I've seen plenty of male genitalia in my clan, and I even studied them during my training to become a prostitute, to understand how to pleasure men, but this..." Maya trailed off, her voice tinged with awe. "I've never encountered anything this massive before."

"I-I-Is that colossal thing really going to enter us? Will it even fit?" Filia's voice quivered, her body trembling with uncertainty as she stared at my imposing member.

"I never imagined Master would be packing such a monstrous semen injection... I've heard rumors from Miss Erica that Master is a virtuoso in bed, wielding a legendary monster within his pants. But seeing it like this... it's beyond belief," Trisha exclaimed, her tone a mix of awe and anticipation as she gazed at my impressive manhood.

"Uh... huh?" Emy exclaimed with an adorable tilt of her head, looking at them, confused as to why they were reacting like this.

As much as I relished their reactions, time was of the essence, and we needed to move forward. But before we embarked on anything else, there was something crucial I needed to ascertain.

"Are all four of you still virgins?" I questioned, my gaze locking onto each of them in turn.

The four of them exchanged glances before Maya spoke up, "Mr. Norman ensured our virginity remained intact, reserving the privilege of deflowering us for himself once we completed our training

under Miss Ville's guidance. However, your intervention saved us from that fate, preserving our virginities to this day."

"Oh..."

I never imagined I'd be deflowering four virgins in a single night, and truth be told, I had no clue how to approach the situation. Handling multiple deflowerings simultaneously was uncharted territory for me, and it was a tad intimidating. I was determined not to give them a bad experience—I wanted them to enjoy themselves—but sometimes my sadistic tendencies got the better of me.

I couldn't bear the thought of traumatizing them.

So, I made a vow to myself: I would ensure they had the best first experience possible, to the best of my ability.

I gazed at the four of them, unable to decide whom to choose first. Each one was my type, embodying different archetypes like characters from the mangas I used to devour back on Earth. But there was no need to rush. These women weren't going anywhere; they were all mine. With this lineup of irresistible beauties at my disposal, I could afford to take my time and indulge in them one by one.

And so, the orgy began.

Chapter 147: Taking Their Virginities At The Hot Spring (2)

I positioned myself behind Emy, encircling her with my arms as I reached for her chests.

" . . . . "

Emy offered no resistance, allowing me to fondle them freely. Perhaps she was too bewildered to react, but she simply tilted her head as I explored her curves. Suddenly, the towel covering her body slipped, plunging into the water below. Maya swiftly retrieved it, lifting it out of the water.

In a bold move, she pressed her ample chests against my back, causing two erect nipples to graze against my skin. The sensation was undeniably pleasant.

Maya then began to squeeze liquid soap onto her breasts, the creamy white substance oozing down as she pressed them against my back. The cold sensation of the soap against my skin sent shivers down my spine. With deliberate motions, Maya rubbed her soapy breasts against my back, generating bubbles upon bubbles as she moved.

Following Maya's lead, Trisha also applied liquid soap to her breasts, then proceeded to rub herself against my right side. Filia, though still apprehensive, hesitantly followed suit. Her breasts were smaller and lacked the same volume as Maya and Trisha's, causing the soap to simply trickle down from her petite mounds to her stomach.

She appeared a bit dejected, casting a glance at Maya's, Trisha's, and Emy's breasts. Maya's and Trisha's were larger and quite impressive for their age, while Emy's, though average-sized, still dwarfed Filia's. Her confidence seemed to wane as she compared herself to the other women, watching them soap my body with their breasts as I massaged Emy's.

Seeing her expression, I smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, Filia," I reassured her. "Your breasts are exceptional too. If you're not comfortable doing what they're doing, why not find something that works for you?"

What I said wasn't just empty flattery, of course. I genuinely didn't mind if a woman had small or big breasts. While big breasts were certainly enticing, flat chests held their own allure. Flat is justice, as they say. I considered myself a connoisseur of all breast sizes.

When I suggested that Filia find something that worked for her, she boldly grabbed my arm and straddled it against her own crotch. With determination, she applied liquid soap to my arm.

"W-well... this might be embarrassing," she stammered.

I could feel the heat and wetness emanating from her slit, making my arm tingle with sensation. After she finished applying the liquid soap to my arm, she began rubbing it vigorously, causing it to foam up as she moved her hips back and forth, spreading the soap.

"Nn, aah, aah, fuh, aah, aah..."

The sensation of her soft, squishy pubic flesh against my skin was electrifying.

Surrounded by all these women, I felt like I was in heaven. Countless tiny bubbles popped between our skin as we were soaped in a way I had never imagined.

"Fuhh... ahhh."

Finally, Emy reacted. The tips of her ears were now blushing, and her nipples were incredibly erect. She was slowly succumbing to arousal from my touch. I began to rub my rock-hard dick between the cheeks of her butt.

"Fuh, ahhh, ah, fuh..."

"Nh, ahh, fuh..."

"Nn... fuh..."

"Aah, ahh, fuh..."

I noticed the others were getting in the mood too. Even though we were just scrubbing, it seemed like our craving for action was spreading. I like to think that any uncertainties about seeing the future were out of the picture now. If that was the case, then I guess it was time for the main event.

"Alright," I said. "I think it's time for us to get down to business. Turn around and put your hands on the wall."

I had them line up against the wall, and they followed my lead, placing their hands on it. Their butts were all different sizes—voluptuous, supple, and each unique. But I could appreciate it. Four babes with different figures, all presenting their backsides to me. It was honestly a sight that made my mouth water.



"Yeah, and stick your butts out toward me," I instructed.

I felt like a group photographer as I gave detailed instructions to get their pose just right.

Once I was satisfied, they were all bent over, their butts protruding at nearly a 90-degree angle, forming a tantalizing row. The steamy mist from the hot spring added a glistening sheen to their moist skin, enhancing their allure. It was almost overwhelming to behold.

Yet, the daunting question lingered—who should I choose first? If we were talking about ease, then Trisha and Maya seemed like the best options, their voluptuous curves promising a pleasurable experience. I knew my sizable cock wouldn't cause them as much discomfort as it might Emy and Filia, whose petite frames suggested they might struggle with its girth.

After carefully considering my options, I decided on Maya. There was an undeniable eagerness about her that made her the obvious choice to go first.

"I'm going to start with you, Maya," I murmured in her ear, my voice dripping with anticipation.

"V-Very well, Master," she responded, her voice trembling slightly. It was her first time, after all, so a bit of nervousness was to be expected.

I positioned the tip of my throbbing dick at her pussy, already slick with her arousal. With a slow, deliberate motion, I pressed against her soft entrance, feeling the heat and tightness enveloping me as I eased inside.

"Nn, nhhh!!" Maya groaned in pain as my dick entered her for the first time, stretching her tight hole.

I could feel her walls resisting as I pushed forward slowly, encountering the barrier of her virginity. Sensing her discomfort, I paused.

"I'm going to take it now," I informed her.

"T-Take it, Master," she whimpered, giving her consent.

With determination, I thrust my hips forward, feeling the resistance give way as her purity was claimed. The sensation of her tightness enveloping me as I breached her maidenhood was intense, mingling pain with pleasure in an intoxicating mix.

"Ah, ahh... ahhh."

Her back trembled, and strands of her beautiful silver hair cascaded down across her flushed cheeks, framing her delicate features. With a slow and deliberate motion, I withdrew my hips after breaking through her hymen, eliciting a mixture of pleasure and pain from her trembling form.

As my dick retreated, her love juices rushed to fill the void, only to be displaced once more as I thrust back in, igniting a torrent of sensations within her. The mingling of her arousal and the blood from her deflowered pussy formed a poignant tableau upon the cobblestones beneath her, a symbol of her initiation into womanhood.

"I'm going to start moving now. Let me know if it hurts, okay?" I murmured softly, seeking to reassure her.

With closed eyes that seemed to reflect a mixture of agony and ecstasy, she nodded in silent acquiescence. "Okay, Master."

With that, I began moving my hips back and forth, repeating the motion to mold her pussy to my shape.

"Nhh...kh, hh...ah, ahh, ahh, ahh...ah, ahh!"

Her groans gradually transformed into moans of pleasure as time passed. My thrusts gained speed, pounding her pussy harder and eliciting even more indecent noises.

As I continued to pound her, I reached around and grabbed her tits from behind, adding another layer of sensation to our intense coupling. The sound of our flesh slapping together echoed through the room.

"Ahhh, fuaaah! Ahhhn! Nnnnhh, ahnn~!"

Marie chimed in as I fucked Maya from behind, her gaze fixed on the point where our bodies met.

"So, this is sex, huh? I've seen plenty of animals do it, but never witnessed humans in action. Quite interesting," she remarked.

Ignoring her, I continued pounding Maya from behind, lost in the heat of the moment.

"Ahhh, ahh, huaah, hnnn, ahhh, fuahhh~!"

The rhythm of our bodies moving together filled the room, punctuated by Maya's moans and the sound of our skin slapping against each other. Despite Marie's curiosity, I remained absorbed in the intimate connection between Maya and me, driving my hips forward with increasing urgency.

As the intensity of our coupling heightened, I could feel Maya's body responding eagerly to my every thrust, her cries of pleasure mingling with the sensations coursing through me. With each movement, I pushed her closer to the edge of ecstasy, determined to make her climax before moving on to the next.

"Hnngg~! Ahhhh, ahhh, fuaaaah~!"

With each thrust, Maya's arousal intensified, her moans growing louder and more desperate. I could feel her muscles tightening around me, signaling her impending orgasm.

Driven by the desire to send her over the edge, I increased the pace of my thrusts, each one pushing her closer to the brink of ecstasy.

"S-Something i...! Ahhhh... Ahhnn~ AhhhHHhHhHhhhHHHHHHH!"

Finally, with a loud cry of pleasure, Maya reached her climax, her body trembling uncontrollably as waves of ecstasy washed over her. Feeling her release, I continued to thrust into her, riding the wave of pleasure alongside her until I too reached the pinnacle of ecstasy.

"...I'm cumming too, Maya. Catch it!" I declared breathlessly. And with one final, explosive thrust, I released my seed deep inside her.

#### Chapter 148: Taking Their Virginities At The Hot Spring (3)

After releasing all my cum inside Maya, I withdrew, causing her legs to tremble violently. The mixture of semen and blood, a result of her recent deflowering, oozed out of her pussy, forming a pool of bloody semen on the cobblestone floor.

As her legs gave out from under her, unable to bear the strain any longer, I felt a twinge of concern. Although I hadn't gone too rough with my thrusts, witnessing her collapse made me worry.

"Are you alright, Maya?" I asked, my voice filled with concern.

"Y-Yes, I'm fine, Master," she replied, her breaths coming in short gasps.

Well, with Maya seemingly alright, I turned my attention to the other three girls, their faces flushed with desire as they ogled my still-glistening cock, coated in Maya's juices. Meanwhile, Marie, who had been observing our escapade, directed her gaze to the pool of overflowing semen seeping from Maya's pussy.

"So, this is what semen looks like," Marie mused with a smile, her curiosity piqued. "The white liquid that males release for the purpose of conceiving a child. It's fascinating how such a simple fluid plays a crucial role in the creation of life. I wonder, even at my age, if I could still have a child of my own?"

Her expression softened, revealing a hint of longing as she spoke.

"Do you dream of having a child?" I asked her gently.

"I... I do," she confessed, her voice tinged with wistfulness. "But my youth was consumed by the pursuit of knowledge in magic. I never found the time to seek a partner."

Ah, yes. If memory served me right, Sandra had mentioned that Marie was a formidable sorceress specializing in offensive spells. Her relentless dedication to mastering the arcane had left little room for thoughts of starting a family, hadn't it?

"Well, if you're open to it, I don't mind creating a child with you," I offered, though a pang of doubt about her reproductive system crept into my mind. At 99 years old, even if she didn't look it, it was possible that her reproductive system had ceased to function.

No. Let's not dwell on pessimism. Let's believe that her skill have preserved her fertility. Yes, let's hold on to that thought.

Marie smiled at me warmly in response. "Well, if you're offering, I suppose I'll take you up on that. But I want to explore more of what fornication has to offer before we go down that road. Besides, you still have three other women to tend to."

"You're right," I conceded, acknowledging the truth in her words.

Since there were still three others waiting to be deflowered, I turned my attention to them. Their cheeks were flushed crimson, whether from the heat of the hot spring or from embarrassment, I couldn't be sure. But their blushes extended all the way to the tips of their ears. My gaze settled on Emy.

Emy was the one I was most eager to fuck first. I wanted to see her reactions and witness the expression on her face after I thoroughly fucked her. Of course, I wasn't planning to go all out just yet. It was her first time, after all. Perhaps later, I could fuck her until her usually closed eyes widened in response to the intensity. But for now, I had to be gentle.

"It's your turn now, Emy," I declared.

As the words left my lips, Filia let out an audible sigh of relief, while Trisha's expression soured into a pout. It was clear she had hoped to be chosen first. Despite Trisha's allure, I had a different plan in mind.

Although Trisha's curves and ass seemed more suited to handle the deflowering process, my gaze remained fixed on Emy. My decision to choose Emy wasn't driven by favoritism. It wasn't solely because I yearned to witness the transformation of her slow, airheaded demeanor into one of pure ecstasy.

Rather, it was a matter of convenience, with Emy conveniently positioned between Filia and Trisha, making her the logical choice to proceed with next.

Since Filia appeared somewhat intimidated by the prospect of deflowering, despite her evident determination to proceed, I decided to ease her into the experience by first pleasuring her with my fingers. My aim was to ensure her pussy was adequately lubricated for a smooth deflowering. However, I didn't want to spend too much time solely on Filia.

So, engaging in sex with Emy while fingering Filia seemed like the most efficient approach. Moreover, in this position, I could also pleasure Trisha with my fingers. I believed I could bring them all to climax simultaneously.

With that strategy in mind, I approached Emy from behind. She glanced back at me, her expression tinged with confusion. Even now, she seemed to have only a vague understanding of what was about to unfold. Leaning in close, I whispered near her ear, "Are you certain you know what's about to happen?"

"Yes, I do," she responded, her voice sounding less worried, or perhaps it was the deliberate slowness of her speech. "You're going to do what you did to Maya, right? If so, go ahead, Master. Take my virginity."

Her words held a surprising clarity, reassuring me of her understanding of the situation. I found solace in the fact that she was consenting willingly, rather than being coerced into this encounter.

"Alright," I acknowledged, my voice filled with determination. "I'm going to take it now."

Before entering her pussy, I indulged in a moment of teasing, running my dick along the crevice of her small, yet blossoming butt. Each touch sent shivers of anticipation down her spine. Finally, with precision, I guided the head of my dick to her entrance, pushing firmly against her tight, untouched pussy.



"Uuuuu..." she whimpered as I felt my dick invade her tight pussy.

"Uuu... nnn... fuahh..." she moaned loudly as my shaft plunged deeper inside her. With each push, I could feel her tightness enveloping me. Then, as I tore through her hymen, a sudden thud reverberated through her body. I felt the resistance give way as my erection broke through a hymen barrier of another woman.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh~!!!"

She let out a piercing scream of pain, her agony echoing through the hot spring. Despite the intensity of her distress, her eyes remained half-closed, unable to fully open. Nonetheless, I had elicited a powerful reaction from her. Blood immediately began to trickle from her pussy, staining the cobblestone floor crimson.

"Ahhh... ahh, ahh... ahhh..."

As I buried my entire dick inside her, reaching deep into her cervix, I extended my hands towards the core of the other two beside me, sliding my fingers into their eager pussies.

"Nnnh... Ahhh."

"Nghh..."

Both of them moaned simultaneously, their voices filled with a mix of pleasure and anticipation.

I began fucking Emy while fingering Filia and Trisha on either side of me.

Emy's cries of pain began to meld with the sounds of pleasure as her body adjusted to the intrusion of my dick, while Filia and Trisha's moans intensified with each skillful stroke of my fingers inside them.

With every thrust, I could feel Emy's walls gripping me tighter, her pussy becoming slick with arousal. Filia and Trisha were not far behind, their bodies quivering with pleasure as my fingers danced expertly inside them.

"Uwaaah, fuh, ngh, nnh, ahh..."

Emy's body writhed and trembled under the force of my thrusts, her cries echoing in the room. With her hands firmly planted against the wall for support, she braced herself as I relentlessly ravaged her. Each movement sent shivers of pleasure coursing through her, mingling with the pain of her virginity being taken.

Meanwhile, Filia and Trisha mirrored her reactions, though their experiences paled in comparison to Emy's. Despite the intensity of their own pleasure, they couldn't match the raw passion radiating from Emy's desperate cries.

"Fuuaaah, n-no... s-so big...! I-I can't... Ahhh!"

After a prolonged session of pounding, I sensed Emy's pussy tightening around my throbbing dick, indicating her imminent release. With a decisive shift in focus, I abandoned pleasuring the other two and directed all my attention to Emy. Grasping her petite buttocks firmly, I initiated a relentless onslaught, driving my dick into her with unbridled force.

"Nnnh, ahh, ahhh, ahhn, ahh, n-no, ahhh!"

The resounding slaps of our flesh colliding reverberated throughout the confines of the hot spring, intensifying the raw fervor of our coupling. As our bodies moved in synchronized rhythm, the steamy atmosphere seemed to grow even hotter, mirroring the escalating passion between us.

"I'm going to fill you up too, Emy. Take it all," I declared, my voice laden with primal desire.

"Y-Yes," she gasped, her breathless response echoing the anticipation that filled the air.

Her climax was on the brink, evident in the rosy hue spreading across her skin and the glistening droplets of sweat cascading down her body. With a fervent arch of her back, she released a choked cry.

"I-It's cominggg!!!"

In that electrifying moment, her pussy clenched around my dick with an intensity that threatened to consume us both, as if determined to milk every last drop of semen from me. Like a floodgate bursting open, a torrent of white cum surged into Emy's waiting womb.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhnnnnnnn!!!"

Despite it being her maiden voyage into ecstasy, she experienced an orgasm of unparalleled magnitude. As I poured myself into her, her legs trembled beneath her, and the innocent, airheaded expression that once adorned her face was replaced by one of unadulterated debauchery.

#### Chapter 149: Taking Their Virginities At The Hot Spring (4)

Despite my inability to bring them all to climax simultaneously, I succeeded in transforming Emy's expression from one of bewilderment to sheer ecstasy. With a sense of satisfaction, I withdrew my throbbing dick from her, causing a mixture of semen and blood from her deflowering to ooze out of her pussy.

As I withdrew, her legs buckled beneath her, her trembling white butt a testament to the intensity of our encounter. While I watched her, Trisha suddenly pulled my attention away, capturing my lips in a passionate kiss. Filia's surprise was evident in the widening of her eyes as she observed the unexpected exchange.

Yet, without hesitation, Filia pulled me away from Trisha and initiated a deep kiss of her own. The sudden boldness from someone who had been apprehensive just moments before left me stunned. It was a stark contrast to her earlier uncertainty, her lips now meeting mine with newfound passion.

Trisha pulled me away from Filia, her lips claiming mine once more with an intensity that left me breathless. Her tongue danced skillfully, a testament to her experience likely honed through her training to become a prostitute.

Meanwhile, as Trisha's lips locked onto mine, Filia's actions surprised me. With a boldness that matched Trisha's, she leaned in and trailed her tongue along my nipple, the sharp edge sending shivers of pleasure through me. Her fingers joined in, teasing the other nipple with expert precision.

As Filia worked her magic on my nipples, I couldn't resist reaching out to grab one of Trisha's breasts. It filled my hand perfectly. It was surreal to have these two beautiful women, each with their unique talents, lavishing attention on me with such abandon.

In that moment, a sudden realization struck me—I desired them all. Not just Trisha and Filia, but every woman from Leonamon. They were all mine now, and no one could lay claim to them but me.

Trisha finally pulled away from our kiss, her cheeks flushed with desire. "I-I want it too, Master... Please, insert it to me next," she pleaded, her voice trembling with anticipation.

"M-Me too..." Filia's voice joined Trisha's, their anticipation palpable in the air.

A grin tugged at my lips. "Well, if you're both eager for it, I suppose I should oblige you both at once," I responded, excitement coursing through me.

With a sense of exhilaration, I directed them to place their hands back on the wall, positioning them side by side. As I stood between them, I savored the sight of their flushed cheeks and eager expressions.

With one hand firmly gripping Trisha's waist, I guided my dick to her waiting pussy with the other. My anticipation grew as I prepared to enter her slowly, savoring every moment. But then...

"M-Master... you can take it with a powerful thrust, you don't have to be gentle with me. I'll be okay," Trisha's voice trembled with desire, her words igniting a fire within me.

A playful smirk played on my lips. "Ah, so you're one who enjoys a bit of pain, huh?"

At her admission, a delicate blush tinged her cheeks, her breath catching in anticipation. "Y-Yes..." she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Well, if you're up for it, I suppose I should do... just that!" I declared, plunging my dick into her in one swift motion. I felt the barrier give way as my dick broke through. This was the third hymen I had broken today.

"NnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnNNNnnnnH!!!"

As I breached her virginity, Trisha's eyes widened in shock, and a sharp, high-pitched cry escaped her lips, which she muffled by biting down hard.

Blood began to flow from our connection, evidence of the pain she was experiencing. Though I had never felt the pain of deflowering myself, I could imagine how excruciating it must be. When I deflowered Gabrielle, she had cried and described it as a pain unlike any other, even worse than wounds from battle.

"Is this what you want, Trisha?"

"Y-Yes, Master. This is what I want." she said.

After she expressed her desires, I decided it was time to unleash all the sadistic tendencies I had suppressed while being gentle with Maya and Emy. Trisha, as luck would have it, was a masochist who enjoyed the pain of her first time. If that's what she wanted, then I was more than willing to oblige.

I firmly gripped both of her arms, ensuring that all of my thrusting force was directed into her.

"Ahhh?! Aaah, aah, ahhh! Ohh...nh...ahhhhhn! M-Master!" Her cries filled the room, raw and primal. Virgin blood dripped down her long leg, staining the cobblestone floor below. Her reaction hinted at her enjoyment of being taken from behind.

Guiding her movements with her arms, I made her tits jiggle from side to side, relishing in the sight. Despite her slender build, her pussy clenched tightly around my dick, her vaginal muscles squeezing me with surprising strength. It was hard to believe that this was her first time.

After a few minutes of intense thrusting, I withdrew from Trisha's pussy.

"Ah..."

Trisha let out a disappointed hum as my dick left her, but I reassured her that I wasn't finished with her yet.

With determination, I turned my attention to the next awaiting ass, eager to claim it as my own. Before proceeding, I grabbed a towel to clean my dick, which was currently smeared with Trisha's virgin blood. Once cleaned, I presented it to Filia, still pulsating with desire.

"I've kept you waiting, Filia," I announced.

Filia's breath caught in her throat, her hands trembling against the wall as she nervously glanced over her shoulder. The flush of embarrassment painted her cheeks as she awaited my next move, anticipation and apprehension warring within her.

I grasped her hips firmly, guiding my dick slowly into her waiting pussy.

"K-Kuh...!"

But as I attempted to push further, I encountered unexpected resistance. Her pussy was tight, almost as if it were fighting against my intrusion. Despite my efforts to press on, I could feel her tense up in discomfort.

"O-Ouch...! M-Master, i-it hurts!"

Realizing I was causing Filia pain, I paused, contemplating my next move. Her wetness betrayed her arousal, yet my dick struggled to breach her tight entrance. It became clear that I needed to approach this differently. Perhaps I should bring her to climax first, to ease the way.

With that decision in mind, I withdrew my dick, which had yet to penetrate her fully, and began to crouch down. But before I could act, Trisha stepped in, her gaze determined.



"Let me handle this, Master," she insisted.

It seems Trisha wants to lend a hand to Filia.

"We're jumping in too," Maya and Emy declared, their determination gleaming in their eyes as they recovered from their intense orgasms.

Surprised by their sudden eagerness, I turned to them. "Well, if you're all up for it, I'd welcome your assistance."

"Yes, Master!" they echoed in unison, their voices filled with anticipation.

Marie also offered her support, "Let me join in as well."

I hadn't anticipated Marie's involvement beyond observation, but it seemed she was eager to contribute. Despite my earlier directive to refrain...

Marie flashed me a mischievous grin, as if she had seen through my thoughts. "Don't worry. I won't lay a finger on her. I'll just manipulate this half-dwarf girl's soul to heighten her arousal."

"You can do that?" I inquired, intrigued by Marie's ability.

"Arousal is a fundamental aspect of human existence, Leon boy. Manipulating one's soul to heighten their arousal is well within my capabilities," she explained confidently.

Her skill sounded formidable, potentially offering a significant advantage. While I wasn't keen on exploiting it to manipulate a woman's arousal during domination, I could see its usefulness in certain situations. If I encountered a strong opponent, increasing their arousal could be a game-changer in battle.

However, obtaining that skill would have to wait. Marie's domination requirement had yet to manifest for me. I pondered what actions might pique her interest, but for now, such thoughts were unnecessary. I nodded at Marie, grateful for her additional assistance.

"I appreciate your willingness to lend your skill," I said, conveying my thanks.

With renewed focus, I directed the women before me with authority. "Maya, Emy, lavish attention on Filia's breasts. Trisha, dive between her thighs and drive her to climax while presenting your ass to me. I'll pound you while you work."

As if choreographed, the trio sprang into action. Maya and Emy moved in close to Filia, their mouths eagerly capturing her nipples.

"Ehhh? Nnn... ahh... M-Maya? Emy? Nn..." Filia's voice wavered with a mix of confusion and pleasure as Maya and Emy began their ministrations, coaxing soft moans from her lips.

As the others began their assigned tasks, Trisha stealthily positioned herself behind Filia, her gaze fixed on Filia's quivering entrance. With a seductive grin, she extended her tongue, tracing tantalizing patterns along Filia's pussy lips.

"HhnnnnNnNn?! Fwehhh?"

Filia's moans mingled with startled gasps as Trisha's skilled tongue worked its magic. With three women now dedicated to driving Filia to the brink of ecstasy, I moved behind Trisha, the anticipation coursing through my veins. Gripping her hips firmly, I aligned my throbbing dick with her dripping core.

Chapter 150: Taking Their Virginities At The Hot Spring (5)

I plunged my throbbing dick deep within Trisha's tight, wet pussy.

"Nnn... fwehhh... ahhh...!"

As my cock penetrated her, she let out a moan, a mixture of pleasure and pain, her newly deflowered pussy struggling to accommodate me. Yet, she persisted, her tongue swirling over Filia's pussy while Emy and Maya eagerly sucked on Filia's breasts. Their mouths worked in unison, exploring every inch of Filia's body, while I pounded Trisha relentlessly from behind.

While I focused on pounding Trisha from behind, Marie worked on increasing Filia's arousal, preparing her for the next round of defloration. I could see a noticeable change in Filia's expression.

"Nnnh... ahh, w-what is this? Nnnh..."

With the four of them working together, Filia's climax seemed imminent, and I knew I would soon be able to take her virginity. But for now, I focused on finishing with Trisha. I continued thrusting into her, feeling her tongue flicking over Filia's pussy as her own newly deflowered pussy adjusted to my girth. Her muscles clenched around me, as if urging me to release my juices.

"Nnn! Mmm... nnnh! Nghhh...!"

Trisha's porcelain skin flushed a fiery crimson as her delicate pussy clenched tighter with each forceful thrust. Her ample breasts bounced and swayed in sync with my vigorous movements. Despite her inexperience, Trisha welcomed my relentless advances with unabashed enthusiasm, her sultry moans filling the hot spring and driving me wild with desire.

"Nnnh... nnmmn... nnn..."

"Fuuahh... ahh, no... th-this is... ahhhhh.... noooooo!"

Meanwhile, Filia's breathy cries mingled with the symphony of pleasure, signaling her ascent to the pinnacle of ecstasy. Determined to synchronize our climax, I intensified my rhythm, every thrust bringing the three of us closer to the precipice of release.

With bated breath, I held back, waiting for the perfect moment to unleash my torrent of desire, as Trisha's body quivered with the onset of her orgasm, while she in turn pushed Filia over the edge, sending waves of euphoria crashing over us all.

"Ahhhh... s-something is coming...! Ahh, I'm flying... wh-what is this?!"

"Mnnnh! Nnnhh...! Mnnnhh!"

Filia and Trisha let out primal cries of pleasure, their voices reverberating through the hot spring. With each passing moment, their arousal reached a fever pitch until finally, their bodies convulsed in unison, releasing their orgasmic explosion into the air.

"N-Noooooooooooooooooo... ahnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!"

"NnnnnnnNnnnNnnnNnnnnnnnnnnnnhhHhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Juices erupted from their pussies like a torrential downpour, cascading down their thighs in a mesmerizing display of ecstasy. Sensing the moment of culmination, I thrust once more into Trisha's quivering pussy, unleashing my third round of cum with a primal roar, flooding her womb with my essence.

"Mmmmmmm! Ahhhhh~!!! Ahhhhh, I'm getting filled! I'm being filled with Master's cum!"

I clutched Trisha's hips firmly, ensuring every last drop of my seed was deposited within her. Withdrawing my dick, I watched as the amalgamation of semen and virgin blood trickled down her trembling thighs, leaving a sticky residue on the cobblestone floor. Trisha's ass danced tantalizingly as I pulled away.

I caught Trisha before she could collapse completely, gently laying her down on the floor. With a hungry look in my eyes, I turned my attention to the final woman yet to be deflowered, who still trembled from her orgasmic release.

Maya and Emy released Filia's nipples and approached me.

"Master, Filia's ready," Maya said.

"Un," Emy affirmed with a soft, eager sound.

Filia, whom I couldn't penetrate earlier, would soon experience her first time. Judging by the copious juices that had gushed from her pussy during her climax, I anticipated entering her smoothly now.

I closed the distance to Filia, every step heavy with anticipation. At my side, Emy and Maya took hold of my throbbing dick, their touch sending sparks of desire coursing through me as they guided it toward Filia's waiting entrance. A tremor rippled through her body as the head of my dick brushed against her slick pussy.

"Filia, Master's going to slide it in now," Maya's voice was thick with desire.

"Un," Emy nodded eagerly, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

As I looked at Filia, I couldn't help but admire her slender figure and delicate beauty. Unlike the other women, she didn't possess oversized breasts, but there was an undeniable allure to her physique. It reminded me of the type of woman I used to fantasize about back on Earth—a girlfriend material. Despite her not being as overtly seductive as the others, I was eager to claim her as my own.

With resolve coursing through me, I pushed my dick toward Filia's waiting pussy. Unlike our previous attempt, the head of my dick slid effortlessly into her slick folds.

"Nnnh...!"

Though her pussy was already wet with arousal, it still clenched tightly around me, albeit not as intensely as before. Undeterred, I continued to push forward, each inch bringing me closer to her depths. Finally, the tip of my dick encountered a thick, almost palpable barrier—it was her hymen. Breaking through would mark the fourth hymen I'd conquered today.

If there were a world record for this, I'd definitely be breaking it today, taking down virginity after virginity in rapid succession. If such a record actually existed, it would be utterly absurd... But enough of that. With determination, I pushed my dick through, slowly tearing through her hymen in the process.

"Nnnnnn...! Ahhhhn... O-Ouch... I-It hurts...!"

Despite her discomfort, I knew there was no turning back now. With a firm thrust of my hips, I finally breached her hymen.

"NnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnNnNnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhHHhHhH~!!!"

Her scream echoed through the hot spring, a mixture of pain and pleasure as her virginity was claimed. Fresh virgin blood immediately oozed out from the connection, trickling down her thighs and splattering onto the cobblestone floor.

I leaned in close, covering her back, and whispered in her ear, "I've taken your virginity, Filia. You're mine now, alright?"

"F-Fweh?"

Without waiting for a response, I began grinding my hips against her pussy.

"Ahhhh, ahhh, ahh! N-No... Ahhh... Ahhh...!"

As I fucked her, the two beside me leaned in, their tongues swirling around my nipples. Trisha, who had just recovered from her orgasm, hugged me from behind, pressing her breasts against my back. I glanced back and captured her lips in a heated kiss. Four women all at once. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined I'd be fucking four virgin women simultaneously, deflowering them one by one.

It felt like a dream come true.

"Nnnh, ahh... haaa... M-Master, it's... it's starting to feel so good...!" Filia's voice trembled with pleasure as she uttered her words.



With each thrust, I drove my dick deeper into Filia, her body arching and writhing beneath me. Meanwhile, two tongues expertly teased and flicked my nipples, sending waves of sensation coursing through me. Another tongue eagerly tangled with mine.

The steamy atmosphere of the hot spring intensified the heat radiating from our bodies, mixing with the sweat and moisture as we moved in a synchronized rhythm.

Amidst the symphony of moans and slurping, Filia's voice rang out.

"Ahhhh...! N-No... I-I'm flying... again...!"

I felt her pussy convulse around my dick, signaling her impending climax. With a determined thrust, I pushed her over the edge, eliciting a primal scream of ecstasy from her lips. As her orgasm washed over her, I couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural groan, I released my load deep inside her, filling her with my cum.

"NnnnnnnnnnnNnnnnNaaaahhhhhhhhhh!! S-So hot...!" Filia cried out as I filled her insides with my cum.

After emptying myself into her, I withdrew, allowing the trickle of white goo to flow out of her pussy. The mixture of cum and blood stained the cobblestone floor, marking the hot spring as the site of their defloration.

\*\*\*

I lost count of how many times I'd done it. It felt like I was in a trance.

Now, I was fucking Emy in my Love Nest, a room adorned with a large bed where our wild session continued. Marie had retired to sleep, but her absence didn't matter to me now. I was fully engrossed in indulging with these four women.

"Annnh! M-Mashter, n-no more... I can't... Ahhh!"

As I pounded Emy in missionary position, Maya and Trisha pressed their boobs against me, their tongues tracing patterns across my chest. They looked up at me with longing as they lavished attention on me. Meanwhile, Filia held Emy in place, ensuring she couldn't escape the onslaught of pleasure.

Right now, I was aiming to melt Emy's face. With her airheaded demeanor, I was curious to see how it would change under my ministrations. So, I fucked her with that intention.

"I'm just getting started, Emy. Prepare to become utterly enslaved to my cock...!"

"Ahhhh...! I... I'm already a slave to it, nhhh! Ahhh... a slave already, ahhh! P-Please, Master, nooo..."

stop already...!"

"I'm gonna make you cum over and over again, Emy...!" I vowed.

As our passion intensified, her face gradually melted before my eyes. Her eyebrows arched in ecstasy, her eyes widened then narrowed in blissful abandon, and her eyelashes fluttered over her glistening eyes. It was the perfect ahegao face. I had transformed her from someone with a default expression into a blissfully overwhelmed mess.

This fivesome didn't stop even after I accomplished that goal. I fucked all four of them simultaneously, relentless and unyielding. The only break they got was when I switched partners, but apart from that, there was no respite. I didn't give them a moment's rest.

It took me the entire night to reach complete satisfaction. When I was finally done, the four of them lay on the bed, covered in white semen, their faces frozen in ahegao expressions, their consciousness completely gone.

What a masterpiece, I thought as I snapped a photo of them. With that, the deflowering of these four had finally come to an end. And now, the day of the King's Game had arrived.