

## The World 311

### Chapter 311: Charlotte's Punishment (1)

Charlotte's POV

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Leon had found out I'd been out with Professor Sesillian. Naturally, he knew—he had a way of finding out everything. He'd boasted about having eyes everywhere. I was fully aware he'd discover it, but I went ahead anyway. Now, I was bracing for whatever punishment awaited me for breaking our agreement. A shiver of unease ran down my spine as I wondered what kind of punishment he had in mind.

Given his nature, I suspected it would be something particularly embarrassing.

My footsteps resonated sharply down the corridor of the fourth-year building, each step echoing off the walls. This was where the student council's office was located. I couldn't figure out why Leon had summoned me here. Was he somehow tied to the student council? Considering he owned the Leonamon, it wasn't far-fetched to think he might have connections with them as well.

What scared me the most was that... knowing the sheer extent of power and connections that man possessed. It was terrifying to think about just how deep his influence ran.

After what felt like an eternity of tense, echoing footsteps, I finally reached the student council's office. My hand trembled slightly as I knocked on the door.

"Come in," a smooth, authoritative voice called from within.

"Excuse me," I said, my voice betraying a hint of nervousness as I opened the door and stepped inside.

The room was grand, and there she was—the President of the council herself, seated regally behind a large, imposing desk that faced the door. Her long blonde hair was intricately braided and cascaded elegantly down her back. Her smile was warm and inviting, radiating an effortless charm. Every movement she made was imbued with a graceful, almost mesmerizing elegance.

There was another figure seated at the far side of the table, leisurely sipping tea.

He had black hair that contrasted sharply with his intense red eyes—eyes that had pierced into me during our sessions. I was uneasy... afraid that the intensity of what we shared might linger even after our contract had ended.

"Hello, Charlotte," Leon said smoothly, his voice carrying an almost casual tone. "You're quite early."

"I—I decided to come early since I had nothing else planned. So, what exactly do you want from me?" I asked.

"You don't need to be so nervous," he said. "Come over, sit down, and have some tea while you're at it."

I decided to go along with it and slid into the seat across from him. As I took my place, Leon continued to sip his tea with a relaxed demeanor, while the President watched him with a warm, almost intimate smile.

The scene caught me off guard. What exactly was their relationship? I hadn't seen them together before, and their closeness unsettled me. They looked as if they shared a bond far deeper than mere acquaintances.

"Oh, by the way, Leon," the President said, her voice smooth and engaging, "How's Aegis settling in at your place? She isn't causing you any trouble, is she?"

"Well, she's currently training with the Shadows," Leon said. "And she's actually quite skilled at it. If she ever decides she wants to become a Shadow, I'd be more than willing to let her join. That is, if she chooses to. Besides, Aegis is part of your family's guard, right? I can't just take her away."

"My mother said it was okay," the President replied, her smile radiating warmth. "I mean, you're practically family now too."

I was left bewildered, trying to grasp the full extent of their conversation. All I knew was that Leon and the President shared a bond that went far beyond mere acquaintances—and likely extended to her entire family. Just how extensive were his connections?

After the President took a measured sip of her tea, placing the cup delicately back on its saucer, she turned her gaze toward me. Her once warm expression hardened into one of serious intent.

"Now then, shall we dive into what you're planning, Leon?"

"Eh?"

"We're still lagging behind schedule. The most critical element of the plan hasn't arrived yet, so we'll need to hold off a little longer."

"E-Eh? Leon, what are you two talking about?"

"If someone's been misbehaving and almost done something that could have been a real disaster, what's the word that fits for what needs to be done?" Leon said, his voice taking on a chilling, authoritative tone. "That's right—punishment. It's what parents do to correct their children's mistakes, to make sure they learn their lesson, isn't it?"

I felt a shiver run through me, but I tried to stay composed. "I-I didn't sleep with him! N-Nothing happened at all! Can you really claim I broke the agreement over this?"

"You suggesting you might sleep with him is the problem itself, Charlotte," he said with a steely gaze. "If you truly respected the agreement, such a suggestion wouldn't even cross your mind. And if I don't punish you now, who's to say whether fucking him might actually happen."

I shook uncontrollably, my entire body betraying my fear. It was clear now—it was hopeless. Even though nothing had actually happened, I was still going to face the consequences. It was only natural for it to come to this. After all, even if nothing had occurred, the fact that I suggested it could easily lead to something happening in the future.

Would they cut out my tongue? Would I end up dead?

"You don't need to worry too much," Leon said. "Your punishment won't be severe. As you pointed out, nothing actually happened. So, I won't be too harsh. From my perspective, the contract wasn't fully broken. You came close, though.

To ensure it doesn't happen again, I'll need to train you."

"T-Train me?"

The word "train" coming from his mouth was chilling. What did he mean by training me?

"Today, I'll watch you have sex," the President declared.

A shiver raced down my spine, my back feeling icy.

"W-What do you mean, watch?!" I blurted out, my voice cracking with fear. "L-Leon, you can't be serious! You can't do this to me!"

"What? You've had Amy's tongue on you before, so what's the big deal if Artemis watches?"

"B-But...!"

This was a completely different matter. That woman was someone I barely knew, and I didn't remember much of that time because I was too lost in the pleasure. The idea of being watched by someone I was so familiar with was far more unsettling.

"If you don't go through with it, I'll publish a paper across the entire academy with you naked in front of Professor Sesillian," Artemis declared.

My eyes burned with fury as I glared at Leon. Without thinking, I surged forward, grabbing him by the collar, my rage almost palpable. "You told her?!" I seethed, my voice crackling with anger.

Leon remained impassive, his gaze steady. "Artemis is one of my women. Of course, she'd know."

So that's why they were so close—she was one of Leon's women. The realization hit hard.

I released my grip on his collar, sinking back into my chair with a defeated slump. My head drooped, and I clutched my skirt with both hands, my fingers curling into tight fists, knuckles turning stark white from the pressure.

"This is your punishment," Leon said. "So accept it."

I had no choice but to acquiesce.

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"I'll do it. I just need to do it right in front of her, correct?" I said, my voice wavering with nervous determination.

I slowly peeled my panties from beneath my skirt, feeling the cool air against my exposed butt as I eased them down my thighs, past my slender legs, and finally off my feet. My cheeks burned with embarrassment, and my hands, trembling uncontrollably, struggled to lift and roll up my skirt.

As my skirt was pushed higher, my exposed vagina was fully revealed for their prying eyes.

The President scoffed, her gaze sweeping over me with disgust. "You're... getting off on something as filthy as this?"

"W-Wha...?"

"Her part down there is really hairy. It looks like she didn't even bother to groom it," she continued.

"W-What is she saying? Why is she saying this to me?" I thought in a daze, realizing the punishment was all about stripping away my dignity and piling on the humiliation.

Leon's gaze was unwavering as he took in the sight. My skirt was pushed up, exposing my thin, pale legs and the soft curve of my thighs, all the way to my tightly closed crack. My pubic hair was laid bare for

everyone to see. I squeezed my eyes shut, tears of mortification rolling down my cheeks. How much more of this humiliation would I have to endure?

"Show your breasts as well," Leon commanded.

I stopped clutching at my skirt, then slowly unbuttoned my uniform, revealing my bra. With trembling hands, I rolled it up, exposing my breasts to the room.

"Now, sit on the table," he said.

I reluctantly placed my bare butt on the cold, hard surface of the table, every inch of my exposed body laid bare.

"Then, spread your legs so I can see clearly," he commanded.

I spread my legs wide, exposing the vulnerable area between my thighs.

At that instant, I felt raw and vulnerable. My uniform was flung open, my bra rolled up to bare my breasts and nipples to his scrutinizing gaze.

My skirt was hiked up, leaving my vagina fully visible and vulnerable in the open space between my spread legs.

I hadn't noticed it until now, but there was a mirror on the back of the door. As I caught a glimpse of myself, I saw my half-naked body reflected back—my face a mask of despair and humiliation, streaked with shame. My eyes were glistening with tears, a silent testament to my inner turmoil.

"Well done," the President said, her voice dripping with cold satisfaction. "Now, shall we get started?"

"Huh?" I stammered, completely bewildered. Start what?

"Filming you, of course."

She held up a smartphone.

"F-Filming?"

"Smartphones are amazing, aren't they? They can freeze a moment in time, capture every little detail, and even record moving pictures so you can relive those moments over and over again," she said. "What we're doing is called filming. If we record you, we can watch it anytime we want—and so can anyone else, even those who aren't here right now."

"Y-Y-You're going to show this to people?!" I blurted out.

"I might," she replied, "but luckily for you, this is just a humiliation punishment. I might not be very forgiving, but since Leon has the final say, you're safe—for now. But don't get too comfortable. This is our insurance policy. If you even think about tattling to anyone, we'll release the video online for the world to see. You understand that, right?"

I bit my lip hard, nodding reluctantly.

Between my thighs, my pussy, shaped in that humiliating M, felt unnervingly loose. I could feel a dampness spreading, and it made no sense. Why was I getting wet? This wasn't arousal, was it? I-I couldn't be getting off on this humiliation! I wasn't some kind of pervert!

"Now then, the recording has started. What's the first thing you want to do, Leon?" the President asked.

Leon's eyes locked onto mine, making me tremble with fear. His gaze then slowly moved downward, taking in the sight of my exposed thighs and the growing wetness between them.

"Let's start with her punishment," Leon said.

He stalked toward me, each step deliberate, his presence looming as his hands gripped my thighs with a firm, unyielding force, dragging me closer to the table's edge. The President, smartphone in hand, recorded the scene I felt like a helpless offering, spread out and exposed on this cold, unfeeling altar.

Leon unzipped his pants, the sound sharp in the silence, and pulled out his thick, long penis. It brushed against my trembling thighs, sending a shiver through my entire body.

His dick was hard as stone. Fear gripped me as his erection loomed closer.

Lying half-naked on the desk, my legs spread in an M shape, my pubic hair already damp with unwanted anticipation.

"Open it for me," Leon's voice was a command that cut through the haze of fear.

With shaky hands, my thin, pale fingers trailed down to my slit, hesitating only for a moment before they began to part the folds. The small, swollen bean at the top of my pussy throbbed, and I could feel my tightly closed entrance slowly relaxing, betraying me further. My skin flushed a deep, shameful pink, my body betraying its readiness to take him in.

My wet slit seemed to beckon him, glistening with an inviting sheen.

"Now then, shouldn't you say something to Leon?" the President's voice pierced through the fog of my mortification.

"Uuuu... P-Please, ravish Charlotte... please soil Charlotte's body with Leon's dick! I want to be used again!" My plea erupted from my lips before I could rein it in, my voice quivering with desperation.

As I cried out, hot, slippery liquid trickled from my vagina, my body betraying me with its own eagerness.

Leon's thick cock twitched in anticipation, and he roughly grabbed my legs, positioning me for his entry. With a powerful thrust, he buried his dick into my wet, yearning honey hole. His glans met the tender, slick flesh of my pussy, spreading it open.

"Aaaaaah! It's coming! It's coming inside Charlotte again!"

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Leon turned his hand on my back and hugged my slender body tightly. The tip of his penis pressed against my uterus, sending shivers through me.

"D-Deep, it's hitting the deepest part of me!"

He began to move slowly, his piston thrusting deep inside. Each thrust drove through my most intimate depths.

"...Aaaah!"

And then, again and again.

"...Aaaaah!"

With every piston, each time his tip brushed against my deepest part, I couldn't help but let out a moan.

"Aaaah, I'm so happy! It feels so good...! I'm so glad! Aaaaahn... It's incredible...!"

I was being violated, but the words spilling from my lips were shockingly out of character for someone in my situation. I was sure I wasn't supposed to feel this way.

"How's it? Sex feels amazing, doesn't it? Your body is loving every moment, isn't it?"

The President's whispered words in my ear were like dark enchantments.

"Pleased... I'm overwhelmed with pleasure... my body... it's on fire... It's just... so incredibly pleasant!!!"

Leon slammed his hips harder, his cock relentlessly rubbing against my walls, each thrust sending shudders of intense pleasure through me.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan... It feels goooood...!"

I, lost in the throes of ecstasy, let out loud, delicious moans of pleasure.

"Aaaaaah, it feels so goooood~! More, aaaaaahn~! Aaaaaah, it's incredible~!!"

Leon kissed me deeply while rhythmically thrusting his hips. I eagerly parted my lips, tangling my tongue with his in a heated embrace.

The ecstasy was so overwhelming that I barely noticed my hips undulating on their own, desperately trying to align his dick with every sensitive spot inside me.

"Oh? She's moving her waist now, Leon. She doesn't look like someone who's being humiliated," the President observed, her voice cold as she continued to record the scene.

I pushed my hips up and down, while Leon thrust his hips back and forth, aiming to slam our bodies together. His dick rubbed roughly inside me, and his glans scraped against every new fold.

My body was trembling, moving up and down in a wild dance. My clit and pubic bone were constantly pressed against him, heightening the pleasure. I was completely lost in the throes of sex.

"What's this... It feels gooood! This feels goooooood...!!"

Inside me, everything tightened. His erect penis was being tightly squeezed as he continued to thrust.

"Good...! It feels so good...! Aaaah... It's coming... It's coming... It's coming again!!"

My climax was right there, and I could feel his dick twitching deep inside me, his own release just as close.

Desperation took over as I wrapped my thin arms tightly around Leon, bracing for the overwhelming pleasure. My white fingers dug into his back, my soft breasts mashed against his chest, and my nipples, hard and sensitive, rubbed against him with every thrust. His hips pounded against me, driving deeper, stirring me up with each powerful push.

"Aaaaaah... It's coming... It's coming... It's coming! Cumming... cumming, cum, cum, I'm cummiiiiiiiiiiiiing..."

it feels so gooood!!!"

My body convulsed violently, arching my back like a bow as I clung to him. My hips pressed firmly against his crotch, and my vagina tightened painfully around his throbbing dick.

"...cummiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!!!"

He erupted inside me, his cum flooding my insides.

"T-The hot stuff is coming in!!"

I clung to him even tighter, my arms wrapped around him like a vise. My uterus pulsed rhythmically, greedily drinking in every spurt of his cum.

"...It's coming out... It's coming out... It's drinking it in...!"

My climax kept going, and even though I couldn't see myself, I knew I was in a frenzy. My face had to be a total mess.

My contracting pussy milked every last drop of cum from his dick.

"Now, would you like to see your face?" the President asked, holding up her smartphone to show me the recording. On the screen, I saw my face, utterly consumed by the ecstasy of sex. My eyes were glazed over, melting with pleasure, and my skin was flushed a deep, feverish red.

There was nothing left of the cute, graceful girl I once was—just a lewd, twisted expression, drowning in the overwhelming sensation.

"You look like you really enjoyed it. Are you sure this is still a punishment, Leon?" she asked, her voice laced with irony as she cast a glance at Leon.

"It doesn't look like it. I mean, she was clearly enjoying it way too much," Leon said with a smirk.

Suddenly, a knock echoed through the room.

"Though, it seems like the second round of her punishment is about to begin."

"E-Eh?" A cold wave of dread washed over me, draining the color from my face. "W-Who's that, Leon?"

Without even turning to look at me, Leon called out, "Come in."

The door swung open, and the person on the other side stepped in.

"Eeeek!"

I desperately wrapped my arms around my naked body and tried to shield myself behind Leon. When I finally dared to look up, I saw who had entered: Gabrielle, a professor from the academy.

"He'll be here in five minutes," she said coolly. "You need to prepare."

Leon's grin widened. "Alright then, how about we kick off the second round of your punishment, Charlotte?" he said, his voice dripping with anticipation.

He extended his hand toward me, and a shimmering effect began to pulse from his palm.

"I'd like to learn Illusion Magic sometime. Can you teach me that, Leon?" the President asked, her tone as calm and composed as ever.

"Alright," Leon replied.

"W-Wait, what's happening? W-Why is Professor Gabrielle here? And what are you planning to do?" I stuttered, my fear mounting.

"You don't need to know all the details," Leon said, his tone dismissive. "Just stay quiet and accept it. And by the way, Illusion Magic will only make you less noticeable, but I can't control your voice, so you'll need to stay silent on your own, understand?"

"W-Wait, what exactly are you planning, Leon? What are you going to do with me?"

Leon didn't answer. Instead, my questions were answered when another person entered the room.

"Oh, you're here. You arrived quickly," Professor Gabrielle greeted the newcomer.

"Yes. This definitely seems to be a concern for the academy," the man said, his tone grave.

And this wasn't just any man.

"W-What...?" My voice escaped in a panicked whisper before I could think. This wasn't fair, Leon. Why are you doing this to me? This... this wasn't fair at all...

"Shush, Charlotte. You don't want him to hear you, do you?" Leon said, his smirk widening with wicked delight. "Imagine what your beloved Professor Sesillian would do if he found out about this."

"You really are a scum..." I glared at him, my anger boiling over. I couldn't believe it. So the punishment was having sex with him, while Professor Sesillian, someone I have feelings for, was in the room. This was twisted beyond belief, and I couldn't help but feel furious about being forced into this situation.

#### Chapter 314: Charlotte's Punishment (4)

##### Leon's POV

There couldn't be a more twisted punishment than this—well, aside from fucking someone's wife and fucking her right in front of them, of course. And even that wouldn't qualify as a real punishment unless the husband had done something incredibly foolish. But this came pretty damn close.

I'd already cast Illusion Magic to cloak our presence, making us virtually invisible, and I'd also activated Guardian to muffle the sounds around us. This way, we wouldn't hear much, not even the faint creaks of the table.

I wasn't about to tell Charlotte any of this. She needed to stay on edge, understanding that even the smallest sound could give her away. Besides, if she knew I was just playing with her and that Sesillian wouldn't hear her no matter how loud she got, it would spoil all the fun.

That's why she was glaring at me, her eyes begging me not to go through with what I was planning. But it was too late—there was no turning back now. I grabbed her hips firmly and started humping her with deliberate, forceful thrusts.

She instantly clamped her hand over her mouth, her gaze locked on mine, a mix of defiance and desperation burning in her eyes. Within the Guardian's shield, her muffled moans were still clear to me, while I could faintly hear the ongoing conversation between Sesillian and Gabrielle. Artemis had stopped recording, now assisting the two professors with whatever they needed.

"Hnnn, hhnn, hmmm, hh!"

Her sounds came out as stifled, desperate noises through her nose, her body trembling under the strain. The table beneath us groaned and creaked with every motion. I was churning her insides, making her slick with need, pushing her to the brink.

She was feeling every inch of being fucked, her body betraying her as I drove her toward cumming from another man, all while the man she loved was just a whisper away.

At some point, her eyes went glazed, shimmering with unshed tears. She couldn't do anything but surrender to the relentless pleasure, her will crumbling. It was like she didn't care anymore whether Professor Sesillian was there or not. Her entire world had narrowed down to just me. That's right—only look at me. You need to focus solely on the one giving you this overwhelming pleasure right now.

"Haaannn~... ahhhh, hnnnn, nnnngg, ahhhhh!"

Her womb was throbbing, her hips starting to sway in sync with my relentless thrusts. Despite her loved one being just a few feet away, her entire being was centered on the dick pounding into her pussy.

The situation sent a jolt of excitement through me, the thrill of fucking a young woman while her crush was nearby heightening the intensity of every movement.

"Aaaaah, fuaaaah, hyaaaan, haaa, aaah, ahhh, aaaah, aaaah, aahh, huaaa, aaaaah~!"

Her grip on her mouth finally slipped, and her moans erupted uncontrollably. She attempted to stifle the sounds, but each time she tried, I slammed my hips hard against her, making it impossible for her to keep quiet.

"Aaaah, n-nooo... It feels so fucking good... I'm going crazy!"

I buried myself to the root, my hips pounding relentlessly, each thrust digging deep into her insides.

Charlotte bit down on the sleeve of her uniform, trying to hold back her cries as her voice leaked out despite her efforts.

"...Nnn...nnn...nuu...nn...aaaa...uuun...!"

Her modest breasts jiggled with every thrust, and her once-cute face was contorting in raw pleasure. I seized her breasts, reveling in their softness as they pressed against my hands. The sensation of her tits against me in this missionary position was intoxicating. I ramped up the speed of my thrusts.

My crotch slammed into hers, the rhythmic pounding echoing throughout the Guardian, where no sound escaped outside.

"Muuuuun! ...Nun! ...uuuu! ....Muuu! ...Mmuaaaaan!!!"

Charlotte's voice grew louder and more desperate, even though she tried to stifle it with her cuff.

I couldn't resist the urge to taste more of her, so I leaned down and captured her nipples with my mouth. My tongue traced lazy circles around her areola, savoring the taste of her skin. I flicked and teased the hardened tips, causing her to shudder and gasp. Her body tensed with each flick.

Her hips swayed in time with my movements, her hands clutching the edge of the table as she tried to steady herself. The way her body moved, the way she responded to each thrust, only fueled my desire further. I could feel her warmth enveloping me, her pussy clenching around my dick with each thrust, her pleasure palpable and intoxicating.

Her moans grew louder, more frantic, her voice breaking through her attempts to stay quiet. "Ahhh! Hnnnnn... so good! ...I can't... ahhh!" Her body arched and writhed beneath me, her pleasure reaching a fever pitch as I drove her toward the brink.

I kept up the relentless rhythm, my thrusts pushing deeper and harder, each motion eliciting a fresh wave of cries from her. The combination of my relentless pounding and the intense pleasure I was giving her was pushing her to the edge, her body trembling uncontrollably as she approached the peak.

"Fuaaaah... nooo! Aaaaaaah... nooo... I'm...!"

I grabbed her hips to pull her closer, driving myself deeper into her as I reached for her breasts again, feeling their weight and heat against my hands. My thrusts became faster, more urgent, as I pushed her closer to the edge.

"Cum, Charlotte..." I grunted, continuing to pound into her. "Cum while being fucked, with your beloved right near you...!"

It had to be the most humiliating thing I could do to her.

I reached down with my right hand and began to stimulate her clitoris, rubbing it firmly.

".....Nnnn! Nnnnn! Nnnnnnn! Mnnnn! Fuahnnn~! N-Noooooo...!"

She was desperately trying to hold back her orgasm, not wanting to cum from another man with her crush so close. But it was already too late...!

Her body began to tremble uncontrollably from the intense pleasure. At that moment...

"...Nnnnn!!... Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!... Mnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!"

Biting down hard on her cuff, her body arched and writhed in pleasure. Her entire form convulsed, and her vagina clamped down fiercely around my dick, tightening in a gripping, rhythmic pulse.

"...Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngu!!"

She was cumming... cumming with a ferocity that shook her entire body.

Fluids gushed from her pussy, splattering and soaking my crotch as she climaxed violently.

"Fnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggggg~!!!"

She was cumming hard, her pussy squeezing me tightly as she rode out the intense waves of her climax.

I pressed my glans firmly against her womb and erupted, my cum flooding inside her with powerful bursts.

Once... twice... thrice...!

The hot, white wave of my cum surged and pulsed inside her, coating her womb.

"Aaaaaah...!"

Charlotte instinctively yanked her mouth away from the sleeve, overwhelmed by the scorching shock of my cum. Even with her crush so close, her face was consumed by the pleasure. I grabbed the smartphone Artemis had been holding and snapped a photo, capturing and preserving her ecstatic expression.

I pulled my dick out, letting the thick stream of semen spill from her pussy and cascade down onto the floor.

At that moment, Professor Sesillian finally stood up from his seat and walked out of the Student Council's Office.

Charlotte, still in the throes of her intense orgasms, was gasping for breath, her body trembling from the aftershocks. I deactivated my Guardian and Illusion Magic.

"She looks like she enjoyed it rather than feeling humiliated," Artemis said, observing Charlotte with a hint of surprise.

I chuckled darkly, "Well, that just means I'm slowly getting control over her body."

"Once she falls, she won't be able to get back up. And I'll make sure that happens," I added with a sinister smile.

Charlotte hadn't completely fallen yet. Her feelings were still locked onto Professor Sesillian, though they were starting to waver. My presence was increasingly occupying her thoughts, rising to match the Professor's level of importance. To fully erase her feelings for him, I needed to make her body remember how much better it felt with me.

The final blow would be showing her the video of the Professor engaged in gay sex with three other men.

She would surely fall for me.

No doubt about it.

Chapter 315: Charlotte's Punishment (5)

Charlotte finally came down from her intense orgasm, her face now twisted in a mix of fury and shame as she clutched at herself with trembling hands.

"You scum!" she yelled, her voice cracking with emotion. Tears streamed down her cheeks, falling one after another. The drastic shift from her intense glare to pleasure and back to fury was almost amusing to watch.

"Be grateful I'm not scum enough to show him how you got railed," I shot back. "If I were really a scum, I'd have done a hell of a lot more to humiliate you."

She growled at me.

"If you've got the time to growl at me like that, why don't you just start cleaning my dick?" I said, my voice cutting through the tension. "I can't just stuff it back in my pants like this, can I?"

She clicked her tongue in frustration but still sank to her knees on the floor. She began to clean my dick, her tongue flicking over every inch with meticulous care, even reaching down to my balls. Her attention to detail was striking.

I ran my hand gently over her head and said, "Good girl."

At first, she flinched, the praise catching her off guard. Then, she looked up at me, her eyes filled with a puzzled confusion .

"What? You've never been called a good girl before?" I asked, my tone taunting. "It's only right to reward those who are putting in the effort."

Her face flushed a deep red at my words, but she kept sucking my cock, her tongue working diligently. After she had cleaned it thoroughly, she straightened up.

"I need to wash my mouth and get something to wipe with. There's stuff dripping down my legs," she said.

"Don't bother," I told her. "Your punishment isn't finished. You're going back to your room with my cum still in your mouth and sperm running down your legs. And hand over your underwear and bra. I want you to go commando."

"W-What...?" Charlotte's eyes widened in shock, her voice trembling. "Y-You can't be serious!"

I didn't respond, just extended my hand and motioned for her to comply.

With a tense scowl, she begrudgingly slipped off her panties and handed them to me, her fingers trembling. She then pulled her bra out from beneath her uniform and gave that to me as well, her movements stiff with embarrassment.

She buttoned her uniform with a forced calm, smoothing out her skirt and jacket with an almost mechanical precision. I told her to leave the office.

With a wary and hesitant demeanor, she made her way to the exit, glancing around nervously before slipping out the door.

"You really enjoy this kind of stuff, don't you, Leon?" Artemis said with a teasing smile. "I'm starting to get a bit scared of the man I've fallen for."

Gabrielle chimed in, her voice dripping with admiration. "That's exactly what I love about Master. His unforgiving nature is what keeps me wet all the time."

Right now, Charlotte wasn't fully submitting to me like Gabrielle. Artemis wasn't entirely dominated yet, but she obeyed me because she loved me. I needed to make Charlotte come around like those two.

"Well then, I'll head back to my classroom now. See you later, you two," I said, giving them a final glance before exiting the office.

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Charlotte's POV

The bell rang, its sharp chime signaling that it was time for us academy students to head back to our classrooms. As I walked from the office to the second floor where my room was, I felt a gnawing discomfort.

Even though I was dressed, it felt like I was walking around completely naked. With no underwear on, I was exposed from top to bottom. My one hand was pressed firmly against my chest, desperately trying to cover myself.

I wore my uniform, but without a bra. If I didn't keep my hand in place, my nipples would be clearly visible, poking through the fabric. The rough texture of the uniform brushing against my bare skin only heightened my discomfort.

I wasn't wearing panties either, which left me desperately clutching my skirt to prevent it from being lifted by the breeze. Despite my efforts, the sticky liquid dripping from between my legs was still making its way down my thighs.

And the smell... I could distinctly scent the lingering aroma of a man all over my body.

Leon was clearly enjoying every moment of this. He was a scummy sadist, delighting in my discomfort and suffering.

I had to be careful not to let any of my classmates notice my predicament, particularly those who had been harassing me. If they discovered I wasn't wearing anything underneath my uniform, it would be disastrous. I'd sink even deeper into humiliation, hitting rock bottom with no way to escape.

I stepped into the classroom and sank into my seat, acutely aware of every gaze piercing through me. Was it really happening? Were all their eyes fixated on me? Please, don't look at me. I couldn't bear any more of this torment.

Tears began to sting at the corners of my eyes, blurring my vision. Simultaneously, a sticky, uncomfortable sensation started to build up in my groin.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

Classes had become a dull, repetitive blur. The lessons droned on about things I'd already mastered, and most of the discussions felt like pointless noise. Sure, there were some moments where the material was worth paying attention to, but never enough to keep my focus. I found myself fighting off the heavy pull of sleep more often than not.

I'd become a pro at sleeping with my eyes open, fooling everyone into thinking I was paying attention when I was actually far from it.

But today, my luck ran out. It was one of those days when my little trick didn't go unnoticed.

"Student Leon," Professor Irene's voice cut through my slumber like a knife, jolting me awake. She stood beside me, her arms crossed tightly under her large breasts, making them more pronounced. Her purple eyes, sharp as daggers behind her glasses, bore into me with a mix of irritation and authority. "You've been sleeping through my entire class. After this, come to my office. We need to have a word."

It felt like Professor Irene had finally reached her limit with me.

Chapter 316: The Forgotten Woman (1)

Irene's POV

Leon had been messing with my mind, twisting my thoughts until I was on the brink of losing it. His eyes would lock onto mine, burning into me, only for him to look away as if it meant nothing. What was he trying to say with those fleeting glances? What the fuck do you mean by that, Leon?

When I couldn't take the torment any longer, I hit the bar, slamming back drinks until my mind was numb. The next morning, I woke up with a splitting headache, my mouth dry, but I still dragged myself

to academy. The stench of alcohol clung to me, and it didn't take long for my fellow professors to figure out that I had smashed myself the night before.

I didn't let on about what was really eating at me, though. The only one who knew was my best friend, Rose. I was pretty sure she wouldn't spill my secrets to anyone.

Right?

Well, back to the topic of Leon.

Lately, I've found myself watching him more often than I care to admit. Whether he's in the classroom, walking down the hallway, eating lunch with the Princess, heading back to his dormitory, or even when he's off somewhere outside the academy, my eyes seem to track his every move. But I swear, I haven't become a stalker, and I'm not about to start. It's just that...

whenever he's around, my eyes naturally follow him.

And sometimes, even when I know he's not in a certain place, I still catch myself looking for him.

This is really stupid, isn't it? I've really fallen for him, haven't I? And hard at that.

"I can't believe this. Why did I fall for you?" I muttered to the picture on my phone. It was a shot of him in class, looking unexpectedly attentive and seriously handsome. I stared at it, clutching a bottle of beer in my hand. "I mean, you're a total manslut. You've already seduced Gabrielle.

Are you trying to get into Rose's pants too? Are you planning to create a harem of professors? I can't believe you..."

That's right. I had seen him in having sex with Gabrielle, and I knew he'd been leaving Rose's place. Thinking about it now, it seems like that's exactly what he's after. And by the looks of things, he's not stopping with just the professors.

As thoughts of him swirled in my mind, I suddenly felt unbearably hot and bothered. I threw myself onto my bed and began to masturbate, focusing on his picture.

\*\*\*

The afternoon class was dragging on with an unbearable monotony. My students were all yawning through the lesson. I was covering history and a bit about the geography of our world, which was probably why they were so bored. It's a dry subject, and I get it—I'd been in their shoes before.

I didn't mind that they weren't paying much attention; I understood completely.

Meanwhile, Leon was still playing his little game with me. Every time our eyes met, he'd look away, leaving me wondering what the hell he was trying to say. Do you think of me as just another conquest, someone you've already had your way with? Like you've claimed my first time and now you're the guy who deflowered me? Is that why you keep locking eyes with me, only to look away?

You're such a bad boy... a bad boy who needs to be punished.

My patience was wearing razor-thin. You're pushing me to the edge.

And now this? Why the hell are you dozing off in my class? I don't give a damn if others are nodding off, but you—after what you just pulled? After you made eye contact with me and got me twisted up in my thoughts, you're just going to slack off?

I'd had enough. I stormed over to him and shook him awake, my frustration boiling over.

"Student Leon," I said, looking down at him with my arms crossed below my breasts. "You've been sleeping through my entire class. After this, come to my office. We need to have a word."

"Eh? Uh, okay... Professor," he mumbled, his face uncomfortable. Why did he look at me like I was a hassle? What was with that expression? Do you actually enjoy making me suffer?

I finished up the lesson, and finally, the class ended. Leon and I headed to my office.

\*\*\*

### Leon's POV

The professor and I walked in tense silence toward her office, my mind racing. I had a pretty good idea why she'd called me in, and it wasn't just because I'd nodded off during her class. For months, I'd been methodically working through the steps required to dominate her, and now I was on the fifth one. I'd just completed the fourth requirement earlier, which was to lock eyes with her 20 times.

I managed to pull it off, but the fifth requirement? That was on a whole different level.

This time, I had to orchestrate a foursome involving her, a friend, and an enemy. The thought of it was both daunting and exhilarating. I had a pretty good sense of who fit those roles: Rose, her best friend, and Gabrielle, who seemed like the perfect enemy. The idea of being entangled with the three hottest, sexiest professors at the academy was enough to make my pulse quicken.

It was a challenge I couldn't wait to tackle, but the reality was far more complex. The tension between Irene and Gabrielle was practically electric, sparking off in waves whenever they were near each other. The animosity between Irene and Gabrielle was intense, to say the least.

If I could just persuade the two of them, maybe it would work. Rose would probably be on board... Probably.

As I followed behind her, my eyes were drawn to the way her hips swayed with every step, the fabric of her pencil skirt clinging to her curves like a second skin. Each movement made her plump ass jiggle ever so slightly, the rhythm hypnotic and teasing.

Her hips rocked from side to side in a way that felt almost deliberate, like she was daring me to lose control, to grab her and shove my dick inside her right then and there. My pulse quickened, my thoughts spiraling into a haze of lust as I imagined ripping off that tight skirt, tearing through her stockings, and burying myself deep inside her pussy.

But somehow, I managed to tear my eyes away before those thoughts could become actions.

What was this? It felt like I was being drawn in, somehow. No, I knew exactly what this was. She was deliberately doing this—swaying her hips more pronouncedly so that I couldn't help but notice.

She was seducing me.

#### Chapter 317: The Forgotten Woman (2)

We finally arrived at her office. It was just like any other professor's office, about the size of a standard 1LDK apartment. The space was dominated by a large, imposing desk cluttered with stacks of paperwork and textbooks, and a chair behind it, with a couple of chairs in front for visitors.

A vase of fresh flowers by the window was the only thing that added a touch of warmth to the otherwise sterile environment.

"Get your butt seated, Leon," Professor Irene commanded, her voice firm and no-nonsense.

I sank into one of the chairs in front of the desk, trying to ignore the way her eyes seemed to bore into me. Professor Irene settled behind the desk, her glasses catching the light and amplifying the intense glare she fixed on me. She looked like she meant serious business.

"Now then, tell me..." she said, her eyes locked onto mine with an unwavering intensity. "Or perhaps you should just come clean about why I really called you here. You know, don't you?"

"Uh, I have no idea what you mean," I said, playing dumb even though I knew exactly what she was hinting at.

It was clear she saw through my act.

"Don't play dumb," she said, her voice sharp and impatient. "I know you know exactly what I'm talking about."

Her eyes, blazing with frustration, seemed to bore into me. My continued silence pushed her to her breaking point.

In a sudden, fierce movement, she stood up, her heels clicking decisively on the floor. She grabbed me by the collar of my uniform, yanking me closer with a firm grip.

"You're trying to mess with me again, Leon," she said, her voice a dangerous purr. "But this time, you're not getting away. So tell me, why do you always make eye contact with me?"

I had my reasons, but I wasn't ready to spill them just yet.

"You're staring at me because you're thinking, 'This is the woman I fucked,' right? You're imagining that you're the one who deflowered me. Is that what's running through your mind?!" she demanded, her anger barely contained. Her voice cracked with frustration, and her eyes blazed with intensity, her gaze scorching through me.

"I'm not thinking anything like that," I protested, trying to sound as earnest as possible. "Not at all."

"You're lying!" she yelled. "I see it in your eyes! You're thinking about how you've had me, how you were the first to taste me, and how that makes you so fucking proud! You're nothing but a manslut!"

After she spat out those words, she bowed her head, trying to shield her face from me.

"It's not fair, Leon. You're driving me insane..." she mumbled, though her frustration was unmistakable. "Be honest with me. Was the only reason you slept with me that day because of my body? Is that it? If not, then why the hell are you avoiding me completely now?"

"You told me to keep my word about it," I said calmly.

"B-But you can't just ignore me like this!" she protested, her voice quivering. "I mean, yeah, you're keeping your word, I guess, but you haven't spoken to me since then! This is all your fault, Leon!"

She was practically unraveling before me, her emotions teetering on the edge of complete breakdown.

"I'm sorry, Professor," I said, attempting to soothe the chaos I had caused. "I didn't mean to make you feel this way."

"You're making that face again, Leon," she said, her voice trembling with barely contained anger. "I can't take it anymore. You're driving me absolutely crazy."

In a sudden, fierce motion, she yanked me toward her and captured my lips with hers. I hadn't anticipated this at all. It was so unexpected that my eyes flew wide open. But as her tongue invaded my mouth, I quickly closed my eyes and gave in, feeling the heat of her kiss deepen and her tongue intertwine with mine.

We both moaned into each other's mouths, our lips barely parting as a silken strand of saliva connected us before snapping free. The sensation of our tongues entwining and sliding over one another sent jolts of pleasure through us, making our knees tremble with the intensity of it all. Then, we kissed again, this time with a raw, fiery passion that bordered on desperation.

"If you really didn't mean to ignore me, then show me through your actions," she demanded, her voice thick with need. She circled the table, her movements deliberate and seductively slow, until she was close enough to touch. "Let's have sex right here."

Her words were blunt and unambiguous, each one dripping with the weight of her desire. There was no mistaking her intent.

She then eased herself onto the table, her legs spreading slowly and provocatively. The stockings she wore hugged her thighs, making them look even more tantalizing and succulent, their sheer fabric emphasizing every curve.

The stockings were so sheer that I could easily see through them, revealing the tantalizing outline of her black lace panties beneath.

"I want you to sleep with me again," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "Why don't you start by putting your head between my thighs?"

She let her stiletto heels drop to the floor, the sharp clack echoing through the room as they hit the ground.

Her words carried a sadistic edge, a teasing cruelty that sent a shiver down my spine. Was this her true nature? Was she a sadist? Her tone and appearance certainly suggested she might be.

It looked like I would have to thoroughly educate this woman, make sure she understood who the real master was here. I couldn't allow someone with a sadistic streak stronger to dominate this situation. I was going to be the one in control of this relationship.

However, I knew I had to play along for now, to soothe her temper. To get what I wanted, I had to indulge her desires. So, I dropped to my knees, grabbed one of her feet, and pressed a kiss against it. My lips traveled slowly upward, kissing along her foot, up to her calf, moving sensually over her knee, and finally up her leg to her thigh.

Irene couldn't help but arch her head back, her body responding to the way my lips traced her skin. Slowly, deliberately, I made my way to the center of her crotch and began licking her there, right through the thin fabric of her stockings and her lace underwear.

Chapter 318 - The Forgotten Woman (3)

The heady aroma of a woman enveloped me as I extended my tongue to trace the contours of her crotch. The coarse texture of her stockings was palpable against my tongue, and the scent of her pussy filled the air, driving me closer to the brink of insanity.

My dick was achingly hard, straining uncomfortably within my pants. I had tasted Irene only once before, and now the craving to taste her again was overpowering. Given this opportunity, I was determined not to let it slip away.

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Her legs tightened around my back, pulling me in with urgent need. Her hand found its way to the back of my head, guiding me closer.

"Aaaah, y-yess... This feels good..."

This confirmed that Irene was aching to have me again. She had always held herself with a certain value, but after sleeping with me, that value seemed to dissolve, leaving her desperate to feel my dick inside her once more. She was like that, similar to Rose in some ways.

Both were horny women in their mid-twenties who had been virgins their entire lives until they met me, and now they craved the sensation of being loved and fulfilling their pent-up desires.

"Aaah, y-yess, Leon... Lick it more... ahnn~"

Her voice was a desperate cry of a woman in heat. I wanted to hear that sound, so I pulled away from her crotch and spread her legs apart. The stockings in the middle of her crotch were drenched with my saliva and her own juices.

"Oh, you're going to start now?" She gazed at me with a lustful look through her glasses, which had fogged up for some reason. I gently removed the glasses, finally able to see her eyes clearly.

"W-What are you doing? I-I can't see you if you take them off!" she protested.

"I know," I replied, a smirk curling at the corners of my lips. She couldn't see it, though; her vision was too blurred. "That's exactly why I'm doing this. It'll keep you from seeing what I'm about to do."

"Eh?"

With both hands, I pinched the fabric of her stockings and ripped them apart down the middle. The material tore easily, exposing her black underwear in full view. It was a sexy, enticing piece, strikingly similar to the one she wore the first time we were together.

The rich, heady scent of her pussy enveloped me as I tore away the fabric of her stockings, freeing her womanhood in an instant.

"Aaah, you're going to torment me, huh? I want to see your face while we do this, but as long as I can have you again... well," she murmured, her breath hot and heavy against my ear. "I'll gladly spread my legs for you."

She was going all in, leaving nothing to chance. My mind was swirling, overwhelmed by the intense arousal I felt for her.

"Are you sure? You're okay with this? I mean, I'm a cadet, and you're an instructor. Are you certain you won't get into trouble for this?"

I wasn't asking her to second-guess her decision. I was probing to see how serious she was about this and if she was willing to risk it all.

I fully expected her to hesitate. Given her prestigious position as a professor at the academy and her connection to one of the most powerful families in the country, I assumed she wouldn't jeopardize everything.

"I'm willing to lose it all, even if my entire family and this country turn their backs on me, just to be with you, Leon."

I was wrong about her resolve. She was fiercely committed and serious about this. I was genuinely taken aback. Even if she lost everything, I was determined to make sure she found happiness in the end—right by my side, of course.

"Well, if you're that determined, then..." I growled, sliding the crotch of her underwear aside, revealing her glistening, swollen pussy. My dick throbbed with anticipation as I aimed it at her entrance, the heat radiating between us almost unbearable. I pushed forward, and her slick, needy pussy welcomed me in, swallowing my dick with such ease it sent a shiver down my spine.

"I'm going to do you as I please!"

"Hnnggggg~! Aaaaaah, it finally came! After all this time!" she moaned, her voice a mix of relief and desperate desire.

The wetness of her pussy was overwhelming, my dick gliding in effortlessly until I was buried to the hilt, her tightness gripping me perfectly.

"Aaaah, f-fuck me, Leon...! Mess me up! Be rough with me! I want to feel every inch of you!"

Her eyes burned with lust, a hunger so intense it felt like she was on the edge of losing herself. I had pushed her to this point, fueling an abandonment complex that made her this way. There was a twinge of guilt, but it was overshadowed by the thrill of knowing I had turned her into this.

Just like she begged for, I grabbed her hips and started slamming into her with relentless force.

"Aaaaaah, aaah, aaaaahn~, yaaaaahn~ Aaaaaah, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, aaaah, ahhh!"

Her moans echoed around us, loud and desperate, filling the air like it was the only sound that existed. She must have really wanted this because her pussy kept squirming around my dick, gripping it with a tightness that made every thrust feel like I was plunging into a pack of marshmallows.

The softness of her pussy, combined with the firmness of her hips in my grip, made it feel like I could cum at any moment.

"Aaaah, ahhh, aaaah, yaaaahn~ Aaah, so good...! It feels so good!"

She sprawled out on the table, her body trembling as one hand gripped the edge above her, knuckles white, while the other clung desperately to the side. Her eyes were hazy with desire, and her breath came out in ragged gasps.

I kept slamming into her, feeling the way her breasts, still confined within her clothes, bounced with every powerful thrust. The sight of them straining against the fabric, jiggling with each motion, only fueled my desire.

"Aaaah, it really feels good! I'm cumming! It feels good! Aaaaaah, aaaah!"

Her face was pure ecstasy.

Chapter 319 - The Forgotten Woman (4)

The way her pussy squirmed around my dick sent waves of pleasure through me. Irene was gritting her teeth as I relentlessly pounded her, the force of my hips driving into her. Sweat was flying, droplets glistening on our skin as her beautiful purple hair became a tangled mess. The look of sheer debauchery on her face was breathtaking, a sight I never thought I'd see from her.

Her long-sleeved shirt strained against her bouncing breasts, the fabric barely containing them as they jiggled with every thrust. I couldn't resist any longer—I tore the shirt down the middle, buttons popping off and scattering across the room. Beneath that layer, her breasts were barely contained by a black lacy bra.

I couldn't help but chuckle at the sight before me.

"This isn't just a coincidence, is it? Even if I hadn't dozed off in your class earlier, you still planned on getting me here, didn't you?"

"O-Oh, aaaahn, aah, I... don't know... ah, ahnn... what you're talking about."

"Playing dumb, huh?" I said, then drove my hips harder, making my thrusts even more intense.

"Aaaah, n-noo...! Aaah, s-so roughhhh~!"

"I thought it was strange that you were wearing such sexy underwear. Now it all makes sense. You didn't plan on leaving empty-handed today, did you? That's why you were seducing me earlier, right?"

"Aaah, n-no... It's not what you think...!"

But it was exactly what I thought. She was descending deeper into perversion. This professor, who was always the epitome of professionalism, admired by all her students, with some boys even harboring crushes on her, was now being driven to the brink of depravity by me.

The thrill of conquering her like this was intoxicating, so intense that I could feel the pressure of my impending orgasm building up inside me.

"I'm going to cum..." I growled, pounding into her with unyielding force. "I'm going to fill this perverted professor's pussy!"

"Y-Yes...! Aaaah! Fill me up! Paint me white!"

I could feel my balls tightening, the pressure surging up from my toes, traveling through my legs, and pooling in my groin. The intensity built until I couldn't hold back any longer, my grip on her hips tightening as I finally released, bursting my cum inside her.

"HnnnnnnnnnnnnNnNnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaa~!!!"

Irene arched her back, her body convulsing as her teeth unclenched and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. A spray of fluids splashed from where we were connected.

"Haaaa, that was good...!" she gasped, looking at me with heart-shaped pupils, saliva dripping messily from her lips. I leaned in and captured her lips in a passionate kiss.

\* \* \*

I flipped her over the table, gripping her hips tightly as I drove my long sword into her dripping wet honeypot. Her pussy was so slick that I barely felt the initial entry, but as soon as I was inside, she clamped down on me, and I reached her uterus in mere seconds. The instant I did, she arched her back in response.

"Hnnnnnaaaaa~! Aaah, so good~!"

My crotch was relentlessly slapping against Irene's plump, round butt. Her once-white ass was gradually turning a deep red from the intense pounding.

"Aaaah, aaah, yes...! Aaah, it feels so good...! It feels gooood~!"

The table beneath her was creaking wildly, its groans mixing with her moans and the rhythmic slapping of our flesh echoing throughout the office. Her long purple hair whipped around wildly as I continued to pound her from behind like a dog.

"Aaaah, n-noo...! I'm cumming, I'm cummiiiiiiing~!"

She climaxed again. Her pussy tightened around my cock, and a flood of pussy juice streamed down from her crack to the floor, pooling beneath us.

"Aaah, you're driving me mad...! Aaah, I'm going insane...! I can't go back now...! I can't live without you anymore, Leon...! I'm never letting you go from now on...!" she moaned incoherently, her voice breathy and desperate.

The creaking of the table grew louder, mingling with her high-pitched moans and the rhythmic slap of my hips against her ass. Her purple hair was a wild halo around her flushed face, each thrust making her entire body quiver with the intense pleasure I was delivering. Her moans were a symphony of need, each sound dripping with the raw, unfiltered lust that consumed her.

Her fingers clawed at the edge of the table, knuckles white as she tried to steady herself, but her grip slipped with every powerful thrust I delivered. Her pussy, still trembling from her last orgasm, clung desperately to my dick, its tightness sending waves of pleasure coursing through me.

The slick, wet sounds of our joining filled the room, punctuated by her frantic gasps and the steady, relentless pounding of my hips.

Her body rocked with each thrust, her ass jiggling with every impact. The red flush spreading across her previously pristine white skin deepened with every movement, a vivid testament to the fervor of our coupling. The juices from her pussy flowed freely now, a continuous stream that dripped off the edge of the table and pooled on the floor, the slick mess creating a wet, glistening sheen.

"Aaaah, no... aah, I'm cumming again...!"

As her second climax hit, her whole body arched sharply, her back curving like a bow. She screamed, the sound a guttural mix of pleasure and desperation, her entire form shaking uncontrollably. Her pussy spasmed around my cock, the sensation so intense that it nearly pushed me over the edge as well.

"Oh God, Leon, I'm losing my mind...! I can't... I can't... I need you so much...!"

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With every thrust, she met me with equal fervor, her hips bucking back to meet my pounding rhythm.

"Aaaah, so good~! No...! Aaaah, it feels so gooood~!"

I felt that familiar, intense sensation building up again, the one that signaled I was about to cum. My grip on her hips tightened, and I increased the speed of my thrusts, pushing us both closer to the edge.

"Hnnn, oh, aaah, n-noo... Ah, coming... It's coming again... Aaah, aaaah, aaaaahnn~! Cumming, cumming, cumming, cummiiiiiiiiiiing!"

My mind was consumed by a haze of pleasure, dopamine surging through us. I exploded inside her, my cum erupting forcefully into her womb, coating her insides in a hot, white flood.

"Cummiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing~!!!"

She screamed out loudly, her body arching in ecstasy as she felt my cum filling her completely. Her pussy clamped down tightly, squeezing every drop from me, greedily pulling me in as if it wanted to make sure not a single drop escaped.

Chapter 320: The Forgotten Woman (5)

How long had we been at this? It felt like we'd been having sex well into the night. The room was thick with the heady scent of sex, and the floor was a chaotic mess of clothes and puddles of semen and love juices.

Irene had more stamina than I could have hoped for. Despite my relentless pounding and filling her to the brim, she was still conscious and ready for more.

I'd taken her in every corner of the office. First, I fucked her on the table, then moved her to the shelf, driving into her from behind. Next, I bent her over near the window, hitting it from behind again. Finally, I had her sit in a chair behind the table, fucking her face-to-face after our window session.

After that, I fucked her on the floor, pinning her in missionary style. She looked utterly debauched and lewd, as if I had completely dominated her. The sensation was familiar—like when I'd fucked Gabrielle all night with no limits, reducing her to a moaning mess, her tongue hanging out and her mouth dripping with saliva. Irene was in the same state now.

"Haaaa, ahhh, haaaa, haaaa..."

She panted heavily, her breath coming in ragged gasps as I coated her body with my white cum, which mixed with the sweat glistening on her skin. Her full, firm breasts heaved rhythmically with every breath she took.

"I'm fully painted with you now..." she whispered, scooping up some of the cum from her breasts and bringing her finger to her mouth, sucking it off slowly. The sight was beyond lewd, making my dick twitch with a fresh surge of desire.

"Oh? It looks like you're not fully satisfied yet," she purred with a mischievous grin. She reached down to her crotch, spreading her folds apart, letting the sperm trickle out. "If that's the case, use me however you like. I want you to make me yours."

Something inside me snapped. I leaned over her, pinned her down, and plunged my cock back into her. She was more than ready; my hot dick slid effortlessly into her slit, driving deep into her womb with a satisfying thrust.

"Aaaah!"

She cried out in pleasure, her voice echoing with a raw intensity. The face of a mature, professional woman—always so composed and intelligent—had completely vanished, replaced by the expression of a being consumed by pure, carnal desire. Her entire persona crumbled away, leaving only the desperate need in her eyes.

Her butt jiggled enticingly with each deep thrust, and I could feel the heat radiating from her pussy as I buried myself inside her.

"This is the real me... I wanted you to make me like this! Ah, aaaah! Ahhhh..."

Her body was incredible, every curve and contour inviting, perfectly made to be held. I pushed further, thrusting deeper, determined to see just how much I could melt her pussy, to push her to the edge and beyond.

"Aaaah, it feels so good...! Aaaah, yesss! More, Leon! Make me yours~!!!"

Her voice trembled with desire, and the way her eyes locked onto mine as I pressed my weight down on her told me she was right on the brink of cumming. The tension in her body, the way she clenched around my dick, was electric, pulling me in even more.

"Uh...hhh...ah!"

I ground my dick against her womb, feeling her body tense beneath me. .net

"I'm cummmmmmmmmmmminggggggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

She screamed as the orgasm tore through her, her pussy juices gushing out and drenching my crotch. Her pussy walls clenched around my dick, the soft, tight grip squeezing me so hard I couldn't hold back any longer. I erupted inside her, releasing my cum deep within her. We came together, our bodies trembling, but my desire hadn't cooled.

Without missing a beat, I flipped her over and thrust into her from behind, feeling the heat of her body against mine.

"Aaah, nhhh, aaah, aaaah, aaah, aaaah, you're so roughhh~! Aaah, and I love it~!" she moaned, her voice trembling with pleasure as I pounded into her.

The stimulation to her pussy so soon after climax was almost too intense for her to handle, and when I spanked her ass as if to punish her, she seemed to find that a twisted form of pleasure as well.

"Aaaahn, aaaah! Aaaaahnng~!"

Each spank sent a shudder through her body, her pussy clenching and squeezing around my cock with every sharp smack. Her adult dignity had vanished completely as she welcomed every action as pure, unfiltered pleasure.

"Aaaahhhnnn! Aaaah, it feels so good...! I love you, Leon! I love you! Fuck me like this every day! I want you to!"

Aaaaaahn~!"

I flipped her onto her side, my hands gripping her lifted leg, spreading her crotch as wide as possible. My erection plunged in and out of her drenched pussy, the rhythm of my thrusts causing her breasts to jingle enticingly with each movement.

"Aaaah, I've become such a naughty woman! Make sure you take responsibility for this!"

"I will...!" I growled, driving into her with relentless force. "And I'll make sure you won't be able to live without me, Irene...!"

I pounded her with even more intensity.

"Okay, I'm going to cum inside you again," I told her, my voice rough with desire. "Make sure you cum too with that dirty look on your face."

I pressed my body flush against her smooth back, my dick thrusting deep inside her over and over in a spooning position. Each powerful stroke was driven by my need, pouring every ounce of my desire into her as my cock slid in and out of her tight, wet pussy.

"Aaaah, I'm cumming... I'm cumming... ahhh! Ahh, I'm cumming in such a lewd position! Aaah, aaah... nhhh..."

aaaah!"

As I licked her nape, she threw her head back, her chin stretching tight with the effort. Her purple hair fanned out wildly, and her slender shoulders quaked with another intense climax. It felt almost like I had trained her body to respond to my touch, making her orgasm with each commanding thrust.

"Aaah, yesss! I'm going to cum! I'm going to cum while you cum inside me! Because... because I want us to cum together! Aaaah...!"

Your cock is devouring my pussy... ah, aaah...aaaaaaaaaaaaah, ahh, I'm cumming...! I'm... cumminggggggggggggggggg~, aaah... ah!"

I exploded inside her with another thick, hot load of cum. The white fountain surged deep into her, filling her womb with a searing heat that spread wildly. The sensation of my cum mingling with her pleasure made her body quiver uncontrollably.

"Aaaaaaahhhh! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahn! I'm cumming, I'm cumming... I'm cummiiiiiiiiiiing~!"

She screamed in pure ecstasy, her cries echoing as her mind spiraled into the deepest, most intense pleasure.