

The World 321

Chapter 321: The Forgotten Woman (6)

Gabrielle's POV

After finally wrapping up my work for the day, I trudged toward the parking lot. It was already late into the night, the result of being swamped with paperwork. This was the stuff Professor Sesillian and I had gone over in the Student Council's Office. Master had ordered me to do that since he was busy with something involving Charlotte Sierra.

After that, I had to tackle some paperwork assigned by the Administration to all faculty and staff at the academy. We were expected to handle it right after school hours.

One faculty member had been conspicuously absent during the last hours of our discussion and paperwork.

I sighed as I arrived at the parking lot. There were still plenty of cars, including mine. But someone was there before me. It was a woman I wasn't outright hostile with, unlike that other woman, but there was still some tension between us. We didn't talk much, but we did exchange words occasionally, unlike with that other woman.

Seeing her here meant I had to acknowledge her presence and say something, if only out of courtesy.

"Hello, Rose."

"Oh? Yeah..." she said, her voice heavy with fatigue. "Sometimes, being a professor really gets to you, doesn't it?"

I remained silent, only nodding as I reached for my car door. "I'm heading home now," I said, opening it and slipping inside. "What about you?"

"I'm stuck waiting for Irene," she replied, a deep sigh escaping her lips. "She skipped out on all the work the administrators piled on us and hasn't even bothered to answer my calls. She said she'd meet me and we'd head out together after the paperwork, but she's nowhere to be found."

"Sounds like she's a real hassle," I commented, starting to settle into my car.

"You know what, Gabrielle," Rose said, her voice taking on a more serious tone, "I think this might be the perfect chance for us to, you know, clear the air about something."

"I don't really have time to stick around," I said, my voice clipped.

"I know I can't avoid this forever, and I'm sure you understand that too," she responded, frustration evident in her tone. "Do you really want to keep this up? Ignoring each other even though we're in the same field and constantly crossing paths? It's stifling, isn't it? Because I'm suffocating from it all."

I mean, do you really need to be so hostile now, considering you're no longer a magic knight and are just like the rest of us?"

Back then, before I was with Master, I was working as a magic knight and excelling at my job. I was frequently honored and became somewhat of a local celebrity. But behind the accolades, I saw the corruption and the rot within the organization. I didn't quit because of that, though. I thought I could just swallow it all because becoming a magic knight was my dream—a chance to serve justice.

But then Master came along, and the rest is history.

Even after leaving that profession, the betrayal still happened. Rose, that other woman, and I had once been in the gold class together. We all dreamed of becoming magic knights as a trio. Back then, it seemed like they were just going along with it because they were daughters of high-ranking officials, but we still enjoyed each other's company.

As graduation neared, their classes shifted because they couldn't keep up with the rigorous demands. While they didn't plummet to the very bottom, their rankings fell to the top ten of the silver class. I urged them to persist, hoping they could regain their place in the gold class, but when graduation arrived, none of them succeeded. The four years we'd spent together disintegrated in that moment.

I realized then that they hadn't taken my words seriously because they had their own agendas. Rose was lost in romance novels, while that woman had her head buried in botany.

The fallout struck right at graduation, severing what little remained of our bond.

"Don't worry, Rose. I've already let bygones be bygones," I said.

"Are you really? Then why do you keep avoiding us?" she asked.

"I don't mean to avoid you," I replied, my tone flat. "But there's no point in stopping to talk when things have changed so much. We're not the same as we were back then."

Rose let out a heavy sigh. "Well, suit yourself."

After she said that, I started my car, but then I overheard a conversation.

"Leon really is an idiot for falling asleep in class earlier," one voice said. "And because of that, Professor Irene finally lost it and called him to her office. I bet he got punished hard."

"I kind of feel sorry for him, though," another voice chimed in. "Out of everyone who dozed off, he's the only one who got caught."

The two boys heading through the academy gates were what my Master called his "friends."

"Hey, you two! It's already curfew hours! What are you still doing out here?"

The two boys flinched when they spotted Rose. Sure, being out past curfew was against the rules, but that wasn't my main concern right now. I darted from my car, charging straight toward that woman's office.

"Gabrielle? Hey, wait up! Where the hell are you going?" Rose's voice cut through the night, her shout growing fainter as I sprinted away.

I didn't bother responding.

"Damn it! You two, get your asses back to your dorms now, or I swear, if I catch you again, I'll put you both in detention!" Rose yelled at the boys before sprinting after me.

Rose and I were evenly matched in stamina and strength, though I had a slight advantage, thanks to my background as a former magic knight.

After a while, I finally reached my destination. Without a second thought, I yanked open the door. The sharp scent of sex filled the air, thick and overwhelming. In the barely lit office, the scene was laid bare: a woman, roughly my age, was on her knees, her face inches from the man standing before her. She was attending to his private area, and the man—well, I knew him all too well. It was my Master.

Rose arrived beside me, her mouth falling open in shock. She clamped a hand over her mouth, eyes widening in disbelief.

"I-Irene?" she gasped, then her eyes grew even wider as she recognized the man. "L-Leon?"

Chapter 322: Apology For Gabrielle (1)

"W-What are you two doing? Eh? W-What?"

Rose's face was a mask of shock, her brain struggling to process the reality unfolding in front of her. Even if her mind couldn't keep up, the scene before her was undeniably tangible.

Her stunned reaction confirmed something for me. So Master had eaten her out too? I couldn't really argue with that. Master wanted to claim her as well, and there was no real animosity between us. I could accept that.

But this...

"You seduced Master again." I said to the woman, who, despite having already seen us, was still sucking Master's big cock. Her mouth was slick with his cum and her own saliva.

She pulled her mouth away from Master's cock, her lips glistening with his cum and her own saliva. A teasing smile spread across her face. "What do you mean, seduced? I didn't seduce him. Right, Leon?"

Master didn't say a word. He just gave a stiff, awkward smile, the kind he wore when caught doing something he knew was a little wrong.

I could guess why Master was playing coy. He probably wanted to satisfy a woman's need for domination so he could fully claim her. And it seemed he was letting me know I should deal with this myself.

"Master," I said. "You still owe me an appointment as a reward for earlier. Get your clothes and let's get back."

"He's not coming back," the woman said, her arms wrapped around Master's waist as she clung to him. "Because he's going to stay with me all night... and give me lots of his love. Right now, my insides are overflowing with his love; it's ticklish, and he's going to fill me up even more."

"My asshole is ready for tonight," I said with a serious tone. "I want you to fuck me there as a reward, and make it as messy as you can—messier than her. I want you to use every part of me, every hole, in every way you want. Use anything you can on my body—my boobs, my thighs, my armpits, my mouth, my feet—whatever you need to satisfy yourself."

You can even create another hole for yourself if you want."

I couldn't stand the thought of that woman getting what she wanted. The idea of her joining Master's harem made my blood boil. I hated her—hated her with every fiber of my being.

"That's why we should just head back," I said to him.

"W-What? Y-Your asshole? Wait, does that mean you already had her ass? If so, t-then I'm willing to... I mean, I'm ready to prepare myself for it. You can get me ready yourself too, Leon, so you can enter me."

Just stay with me and get away from that woman."

"I've been working on my glutes just for you, Master, so I can make any hole you choose as tight as you want. That woman doesn't exercise and drinks all the time—her belly probably has some flab. I'm way fitter and sexier."

"B-Being sexy has nothing to do with this! I can still satisfy you, no matter what!"

This was starting to sound more like a heated competition between two children.

"W-Wait, I... I can't wrap my head around this," Rose said, her face contorted in confusion as she clutched her forehead tightly. "From what you two are saying, does it mean you have a sexual relationship with Leon?"

We remained silent, but that was all the confirmation she needed.

"My god... so the man who fucked and left you was... Leon, Irene?"

The woman's smile turned wry.

"And you're fucking him too, Gabrielle?"

I didn't respond, but the look on my face was answer enough.

Rose's eyes widened in shock. She clamped her hand over her mouth and fled from the scene, unable to process the intensity of what she'd just learned.

"Now then, would you mind getting off Master?" I said to the woman, my tone leaving little room for argument. I turned to him, "And Master, don't you think this has gone on long enough? It's past time for joking around. Didn't you promise you'd reward me today?"

It looked like I'd finally gotten through to him because he slowly unfastened the hands that were clinging to his waist. He then grabbed his clothes and began putting them on.

"Tch. Cheater." The woman glared at me with a hatred that burned like a mortal enemy's. And honestly, she wasn't far off—we were mortal enemies. "Of course, Leon is going to be swayed if you say that to him."

Master finally moved to my side, but the scent of her clung to him like a reminder of what they'd just done. The smell of their sex lingered on his skin, and it made my blood boil. I couldn't stand that scent on him. I'd make sure to erase it and replace it with mine.

I looped my hand through his and started to guide him out of the office. But before I could, she spoke up,

"I swear, I'm going to steal him away from you, Gabrielle," she said, her voice dripping with venom. "I see that Leon's building a harem, but I don't plan on being part of one—especially not with you in it. That's why I'm going to make him see that I'm number one, even though you came first. And when that happens, I'll convince Leon to break ties with all of you."

I stopped in my tracks, shooting a glare over my shoulder at her.

"If you think like that, then Master will never love you," I shot back, my voice steady with conviction. Master loves all of his women, including me. That's why I was confident—she would never hold his heart like I do.

With that, I turned away, leaving her behind.

Leon's POV

Well, that was some drama. I've never seen Gabrielle so pissed off, and Professor Irene with that kind of attitude? Completely out of character. And Professor Rose... I never imagined she'd break down like that. It was the kind of drama you wouldn't expect to see even once in a century, maybe even a millennium.

All of them, acting completely opposite to their usual selves, just for me to witness. Not exactly the most pleasant experience. Honestly, I was surprised Gabrielle found us.

We finally reached her car, and she drove off without a word. Was this what sulking Gabrielle looked like? I'd never seen her like this before, at least not this bad. It was as if I were her husband caught cheating with another woman—yeah, that was probably the best way to describe the look on her face. And, well, that description wasn't far from the truth.

The silence was thick and uncomfortable, the only sound around us was the hum of the engine as the car zoomed down the road. This was... very awkward indeed.

Chapter 323: Apology For Gabrielle (2)

This was painfully awkward—a kind of awkwardness that made my skin crawl, a discomfort so intense it felt like my whole body was cringing. All I wanted was to get the hell out of there, but I couldn't. Gabrielle was absolutely fuming.

I didn't even know it was possible to piss off a woman who was already dominated. When a woman was fully dominated, she was supposed to be yours completely—only having sex with you, loving you, offering herself to you, body and soul. But apparently, that didn't come with a perk for dealing with Gabrielle's... uh, simmering anger that was bubbling just below the surface.

I guess you can't really dominate those kinds of feelings, huh?

"Have I told you why I hate her so much?" she suddenly asked.

"No," I replied.

I couldn't remember. Maybe she had mentioned it before. No, I was pretty sure she hadn't. But even if she did, she might not have given me all the details.

"Irene and I used to be close—friends, even. Rose too. There was one more, but she left the academy in her third year. Unlike the three of us, who stayed in the gold class through our fourth year, she only

managed to reach it for half a semester before crashing down to the bronze class," she explained. "But to be honest, she didn't really need to become a magic knight. Her status is...

quite royal, you know."

"Quite royal," she said. Meaning she was part of the royal family. From this country? Or maybe another. I had no idea.

"Rose also dropped in the rankings at the start of our fourth year. She was already at the bottom of the gold class—100th place, the last position—so she was always fluctuating between gold and silver," she continued. "Irene and I, on the other hand, stayed in the gold class all through our fourth year. But just before graduation, she fell to silver.

I told her to keep pushing so she could graduate with me in the gold class, but she couldn't keep up and missed out on making it to gold."

I didn't fully understand her obsession with becoming a magic knight, and I probably never would. But the depth of her frustration back then must have been immense. I knew all too well the crushing disappointment of waiting for something only to see it disintegrate in a heartbeat.

"I really let her have it at graduation," she said, her voice tight with lingering resentment. "I told her she should have heeded my advice. I shamed her publicly in front of the entire graduating class. It was a dramatic scene that everyone from our batch probably remembers. I made sure she felt the full weight of her failure.

That public humiliation was the spark that ignited our mutual hatred and shattered our friendship."

So that was the crux of it. It was a gripping story, but without the full backdrop, Gabrielle just came off as a vindictive bitch toward Irene. At least, that was the impression based on what she'd shared.

"I went absolutely ballistic back then. I mean, how dare she accuse me of having it easy just because I had Guardian? She claimed that my skill was the only thing keeping me in the gold class, that I was just benefiting from a privileged advantage. She had no idea how hard I'd worked to get to where I was, pushing myself day in and day out, constantly training to improve.

Her mind was consumed with nothing but plants and flowers. You probably don't know this, but Irene had a notoriously big mouth and cursed like a sailor when she was a student. Right before graduation, she let all her frustration out on me, telling me to stop giving her orders, and she spewed every swear word I knew—and even some I'd never heard before. She even called me a suck-up."

Now I was torn. Back then, they must have been real pieces of work. They were only 22 at the time. It was only two years since then. It made sense they couldn't let bygones be bygones—the wounds were still too fresh.

"You get why I don't like her, right? You saw her real self earlier. It was a far cry from the polished, professional Irene you see at school. She's... yeah, she's what you'd call a bitch, right?"

That description hit the mark for Irene. But honestly, Gabrielle wasn't far off from that label herself. They were both in the same bitter league, if I'm being blunt. I didn't want to slap that label on Gabrielle, though.

If I did, she'd probably blow up even more than before and retreat into her sulking, and I really didn't want to deal with that—especially since she was actually talking to me now and sharing this stuff.

I reached out and gripped her shoulder firmly.

"Stop the car," I told her with a commanding edge.

"Eh?"

"Just stop the car," I said with a firm tone.

She pulled over to the side of the road, where the area seemed empty and quiet. It looked like the perfect moment to finally reward Gabrielle for her efforts.

I reached for the nape of her neck, pulling her in close. Our lips met in a kiss that was both demanding and tender. Gabrielle didn't flinch; she simply surrendered to the kiss, letting it happen without resistance.

Our tongues collided, slapping and clicking together with wet, rhythmic sounds. Saliva exchanged between us as we slurped and fed each other with our mouths, like a pair of birds sharing a meal.

"M-Master? Here?" she stammered.

"What, you don't want it? I'm pretty sure I've fucked you in public before," I said, a smirk playing on my lips.

"T-This is different. Sure, that was outside, but this feels way too public."

"Well, you'd better keep those moans to yourself, then," I told her firmly. "Because I'm planning to make amends for what you saw earlier."

This wasn't just a reward; it was an apology, a way to make things right. And of course, it meant getting laid at the same time.

Chapter 324: Apology For Gabrielle (3)

Slowly, my hand drifted down to her breast, my fingers curling around it as I began to massage, feeling the perfect blend of bounciness and firmness in my palm. The sensation was intoxicating. We kissed deeply, the heat between us growing as our desires aligned, both of us knowing we wanted each other tonight. When we finally broke the kiss, our eyes met, lingering in the moment.

I murmured, "Get down on me, Gabrielle."

She smiled shyly, then carefully unfastened my pants. I lifted my hips slightly, allowing her to pull them down, along with my briefs. My dick sprang free, standing tall and rigid. Despite having been buried inside Irene earlier and played with Charlotte, it still pointed toward the sky, as if refusing to be tamed, no matter how many challenges it had faced.

"I can still smell her on you," she said with a determined glint in her eyes. "I'm going to erase it."

She extended her tongue, teasing the tip of my dick with its rough texture. Her tongue licked and nibbled at the sensitive head before she slowly enveloped it in her mouth. The sensation of her coarse tongue gliding over the shaft and brushing against the tip as it hit the back of her throat was electrifying. She licked and swirled around, covering my dick completely with her warm, wet saliva.

"G-Gabrielle, when did you learn this?" I stammered, astonished by how different and improved her technique was.

"I'm trying to erase her scent from you," she said, her gaze intense. "To do that, I need to get better."

She slurped and sucked at my cock, her warm, wet mouth wrapping around me with an intensity that sent shivers down my spine. Every inch of her mouth was working overtime, her tongue skillfully sliding and flicking against my dick, making sure no part of it went untouched. The sensation was overwhelming, the heat and moisture combining to create an incredible pleasure that had me reeling.

My hand instinctively moved to the back of her head, holding it firmly as she eagerly devoured my dick, her pace quick and desperate. The obscene sound filled the car, echoing off the car. Then, with a sudden shift, she gripped the base of my cock, holding it steady as she focused on the top half. Her lips and tongue worked furiously, slurping and sucking while her hand kept a tight hold.

Saliva bubbled and frothed at the corners of her mouth, dripping down my shaft as she bobbed her head back and forth.

I couldn't help but arch my neck in pure ecstasy. My dick was drenched with so much slickness that it felt unbelievably intense. Even her hand was working in perfect harmony.

"I'm cumming...!"

As soon as I uttered those words, she attacked my cock with her tongue, her movements frantic and eager to make me cum. Just before I reached the edge, I seized the back of her head with a firm grip and drove her down onto my cock. It plunged deep into her throat, pushing right to the entrance of her esophagus.

"Ngggh?!"

The thick, white cum surged forcefully up my urethra and erupted from my cock, spilling straight into her esophagus. The hot, sticky fluid hit the back of her throat, but she struggled to cough because my cock was firmly wedged in her throat. I held her head tightly, then finally withdrew, letting her gasp for air as she coughed heavily.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, then fixed her gaze on me, parting her lips and sticking out her tongue to show me.

We quickly started kissing again. I reclined the car seat so I could lie back comfortably. She climbed on top of me, her movements deliberate, and slowly pulled down her slacks, stopping just above her knees. Her red panties came into view, the sexy color practically begging me to tear them off.

She slid the crotch of her panties to the side, exposing her glistening, dripping pussy.

"Her scent is finally off your cock. Now I'm going to completely remove it from your body and replace it with mine," she said, her eyes turning into heart shapes as she gazed at me. She then sunk her hips down, and my dick plunged into her wet honeypot, sinking deep until it hit the entrance of her womb.

"Fuaaaaaaah~ This is the best...!" she moaned, arching her back in pure ecstasy.

She pressed her full, heavy breasts against my chest, their firmness and weight melding with mine. Her nipples were rock-hard, brushing against my skin.

I gripped her ass with both hands, cupping her cheeks firmly, and began to pound her relentlessly.

"Aaah, yaaahn~ Ah, ahhh, ahhh, yes... It feels good... Aaaaah."

Instantly, her voice was drenched in pleasure, her eyes glazing over with a debauched look as she stared at me, her face flushed deep red. Her entire body was trembling and shivering, caught in the overwhelming sensation.

It was as if her whole body had transformed into a sexual organ, gripping and wrapping around me as she swung her hips with intense fervor.

"Fuaaaaah, aaah, aaaah, it's coming, it's coming outtt...! I'm sorry, Master! I'm cumming before you... Aaaaah...!"

"Don't worry," I told her, relentlessly thrusting in and out. "Just cum. I'm going to fuck you tonight until you're satisfied and your hips are quaking..."

"Aaaah, y-yes please! Fuck me all night! Fuck me harder than you fucked Irene earlier! Make a mess of me! Turn me into a sloppy, fucked-up mess inside! Drive me insane and destroy me!

Aaaah, aaaaaah aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Her pussy tightened around my cock, clenching with every thrust.

[illegible]

Her voice broke into a high-pitched falsetto as she released her intense orgasm. Despite her shuddering and screaming, I kept fucking her hard, driving her to even greater heights of pleasure.

"Aaaaah, n-nooo...! I'm still cumming...! Aaah, no, aaaah, aaaah, aaaaaaah, aaaah!"

Her pussy tightened around my cock, squeezing with an almost vice-like grip.

"Cumming againnnn~! I'm cumming againnnnn~!! AaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhnNNnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

Gabrielle's voice erupted into a raw, beastly howl, not even resembling a human sound, as her body arched and convulsed with intense pleasure.

Chapter 325: Apology For Gabrielle (4)

Sweat flew through the air, and moans echoed around us. The car shook with each thrust, and everything between our crotches was a messy, sloppy mix of fluids. I put the seat back to its normal position, and she immediately wrapped her arms around my neck, locking her legs around my waist as her long golden hair whipped around.

I could feel her weight and the heat of her body pressed against mine, fueling my arousal. Driven by the intensity, I sped up, thrusting deeper into her hidden hole.

"Aaah, yesss~! Aaaah, M-Master... It feels so good...! AaaahnnnnNnNn~!!!"

Gabrielle's moans escaped her bitten lips, each cry of pleasure mingling with the obscene sounds of my rod plunging into her. Her hidden hole absorbed me greedily, the sensation amplified as her pussy tightened around my dick, the folds of flesh wrapping stickily around me. My rod's throbbing intensified, trembling as the tip swelled, primed for ejaculation.

My testicles tensed, coated in love juices, while the sharp, painful throb of pre-ejaculation signaled a torrent of semen ready to flood this masochistic professor's womb.

"Fwaaaaah!!! Aahh, aaaah, so rough... and deeppp, nhhhhhh!"

With every thrust, her long hair flew outwards, swept by an invisible wind, while her large breasts jiggled violently, as if they might burst free. Sweat streamed down her cleavage, and her perfectly flat, fit belly quivered slightly, betraying her nearing orgasm.

"Aaaah, haaa, haaaa... yesh~" she moaned, her tongue lolling out. "Your howt thing ish making me go numb inshide~!!! I'm going to... I'm going toooooooooooo!"

A desperate, unrestrained cry burst from her pink lips as she clung to me. Her large, supple breasts were smashed between us, their incredible softness pressing against my chest. I could feel her hard nipples rubbing and rolling against my skin.

"Aaaaah! I'm cwumming...! Cwumiiiiiiiiiiiiing~!"

At her declaration, I lost control. My dick throbbed uncontrollably, swelling thicker as a flood of cloudy liquid surged inside it. I held her tightly, consumed by the singular drive to pump her pussy full of my hot, throbbing semen.

My hips thrust faster, the wet sounds of penetration melding with the sharp slaps of flesh as I pounded into her tight pussy.

"Hyaaaah! I'm cumming...! I'm cumiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing~!!!"

Even while seated, Gabrielle's hips writhed with intensity, her ass bouncing up and down as her pussy gripped my dick with crushing force.

The countless folds of her flesh reacted to her impending climax, wriggling deeper and tighter around me, creating a sensation of pleasurable numbness that tickled every inch of my throbbing rod.

As she came, I hammered my hips with a relentless force, thrusting so powerfully into her hidden hole that it felt like my hips might shatter. Each plunge sent shockwaves through her body, lifting her slightly as she clung to me.

My dick throbbed with an almost unbearable pressure, the head swelling to the brink of bursting, as the numbing sensation of impending ejaculation coursed through me, the cloudy liquid surging up the entire length.

With one final, forceful thrust, I buried my dick to the base, releasing a thick, milky flood of cum deep inside her.

"Kyaaaaaaaaah?! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah, hot stuff is filling me...! Even though you've cum so much earlier, there's still so muchhhhhhhhhhhhh~ Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...! M-Master... Masterrrrrrrrrr~! Hhh!"

As the thick, milky cum filled her pussy, she let out a primal scream and clung to me desperately. She had been straddling me, but now she trembled like a frightened animal gripping a tree. Thick, slick love juices erupted noisily from her vagina as it clamped down painfully on my rod. Her intense grip felt unbelievably good.

Even as I came, the stimulation from her vaginal walls and the folds of flesh didn't relent. I continued to pump my semen into her womb, my dick throbbing with each pulse inside her hot, squeezing pussy. I felt my fluids shooting and swirling around her inner folds. The entrance to her womb, touched by my tip, opened and closed rhythmically, greedily swallowing the thick, milky liquid.

"Nnn... haaaah! Hyaaaah... There's so much... nhhhh!"

Her body convulsed as she spoke incoherently, clearly overwhelmed. But her orgasm wasn't over yet. Her crushed, quivering breasts shook repeatedly, more aroused sweat cascading down her body, while her pussy continued to clamp and wriggle around my entire dick, trying to pull it in deeper.

In the aftermath of her intense pleasure, she lifted her hips, allowing my dick to slip out of her pussy. Semen flowed down from her entrance, dripping onto my shaft.

"Aaaah... So goooddd~..." she moaned. Then, as if her desire hadn't waned, she leaned in and greedily slurped at my lips with an intense hunger. After a moment, she pulled back, her eyes glazed with erotic longing and arousal. "Master... I want more reward..." she purred, her hand sliding over her stomach and rubbing in a slow, suggestive motion.

"More reward? What is it?" I asked.

"We've explored so many things together and tried nearly everything, but there's still one thing we haven't done yet," she said.

"Huh? What is it?"

We had pushed boundaries with everything: public humiliation, BDSM, exhibitionism, threesomes, non-penetrative sex, and even neglect play. We'd indulged in all of that. I was intrigued about what she wanted to add to our repertoire.

"I want to experience pregnancy sex with you," she said, her cheeks flushed a deep, enticing red.

Pregnancy sex—that's when a woman is carrying a child and a man has sex with her in that state.

"You want to have pregnancy sex?" I asked. "But you're not even pregnant yet... Ah, I see. So that's what you're after." I said with a smile.

I finally understood her request. Gabrielle wasn't pregnant yet, so we couldn't do pregnancy sex now. She wasn't asking for it right away; what she really meant was...

"But are you sure? You're still young—only twenty-four. Aren't you a bit too young to be thinking about having a kid?" I asked, just to be sure.

Gabrielle was exceptionally talented. Currently a professor, she had once been a celebrated magic knight. Nowadays, she was making a significant income from her writing under the pseudonym Gabrielleon. Some of her works had even been adapted into theatrical productions. If she became pregnant now, she would be giving up a substantial amount of her achievements and experiences.

I didn't want to deprive her of that, which is why I had never considered impregnating any of my women.

"I wouldn't be asking if I wasn't absolutely sure," she said, her voice heavy with determination. "So, Master, I want you to fill me with your cum until my stomach is swollen and create a child inside me."

Chapter 326: Apology For Gabrielle (5)

We couldn't exactly dive into babymaking in the car. It was far too cramped, and the lack of comfort made fucking in there less than ideal. So, we decided to head to the Leonamon, the largest and most imposing building in this otherwise fantastical setting. It loomed like a towering metropolis, a stark contrast to the surroundings.

Women greeted us as we arrived, their smiles and welcoming gestures a stark contrast to our urgency. We exchanged only the barest of nods, too focused on our goal to linger.

Babymaking. The idea didn't exactly excite me, but they say you've truly conquered a woman once you've impregnated her. Maybe that's why so many men are into it. When a woman is pregnant, her body changes dramatically, and that motherly aura she acquires can make her even sexier.

I wondered just how much sexier she would become once that happened. She was already so incredibly sexy now, and it was hard to imagine her being any more irresistible. But since she was only twenty-four, it wasn't too far-fetched to think she could become even sexier. I mean, some middle-aged women could be incredibly hot too.

We made our way to my Love Room and dove straight into a heated kiss. Our bodies pressed together, each movement and gasp amplified as our mouths clicked and slurped in a desperate, passionate rhythm.

After a while, we finally broke apart, breathless and flushed.

Her hot breath mingled with mine as she murmured, "I have a special gift for you tonight." Her voice was dripping with sultry promise. "This is a big day for me because you're planning to impregnate me, so I've prepared something to really get you worked up. This will make you forget all about Irene and focus only on me, Master... Leon..." She traced a teasing path along my cheek with her soft hand.

This was the first time she used my name since I'd gotten her to call me Master.

"Can I call you that for now?" she asked softly, her voice a sultry whisper. "I want to say it so it feels like we're truly lovers while we're making love."

"We're already lovers," I replied, pressing a quick, tender kiss to her lips. "You can call me whatever you want."

"I do like calling you Master," she said with a teasing, seductive smile, "but since you've offered, I'll use your name tonight. I want to scream it as you fuck me with impregnation in mind." She then pulled away and slipped out of the room for a moment.

She returned after a while, wearing something both irresistibly cute and incredibly sexy. It was a one-piece dress that hinted at a wedding gown but was far from formal, with a skirt that barely covered her. She wore black stockings that clung tightly up to her thighs, leaving the fleshy curves of her thighs spilling enticingly out of the top.

I had no idea what her plan was, but she clearly had something special in mind.

"Now then..." she purred with a look of sultry expectation. "Would you mind carrying me to the bed, Leon?"

I chuckled and moved toward her, lifting her up in a princess carry. The shift pulled at her dress, causing her bare right breast to spill out, the supple flesh exposed and inviting. With both hands occupied, I bent down, my face approaching her exposed nipple. The pink tip, now swollen and eager, came into view, and I eagerly sucked it into my mouth, savoring its warmth and softness.

"Haaaaaaaaaahhh~"

Gabrielle twisted gracefully and sensually in my arms, her arms tightening around my neck with a desperate cling. As I continued to suck on her nipple, her soft moans mingled with the rhythmic thud of my steps towards the bed. When we reached it, I gently laid her down, her body sinking into the softness of the mattress.

She shifted slightly, pulling apart the chest area of her dress. Her large breasts jiggled enticingly with each movement, the curves perfectly exposed and beckoning me. She curled the edges of her mouth in a seductive smile.

"Come, Leon... Let me pamper you tonight."

Her previous masochistic edge had melted away, replaced by an aura of mature, sultry confidence. This transformation only intensified my desire for her. I climbed onto the bed, and we eagerly began to strip each other, our clothes falling away in a flurry of anticipation.

Removing Gabrielle's clothes was straightforward.

With a simple tug, the knots behind her back gave way, and her dress fell away like a silken veil. As it pooled around her, she was left in her seductive lingerie.

She wore a tantalizing corset that barely contained the full, luscious curves of her breasts, pushing them up and out in a way that made them even more inviting. Her waist was cinched by a high-waisted suspender belt adorned with a delicate floral pattern, which held up her sheer floral stockings. The suspenders crisscrossed down her thighs, accentuating every enticing curve.

"This is perfect for tonight. I bought it especially for you. You like lingerie, don't you?"

Yes, I do enjoy lingerie. It transforms a partially clothed woman into something even more tantalizing. I've always felt that sex while wearing something seductive is far more stimulating than being completely naked. It's my fetish—I have a thing for lingerie. But it's not just about the lingerie itself; it's about how it enhances the allure of my woman.

I felt my body heat up, my excitement growing. Gabrielle, who was quickly undoing the belt of my pants, noticed the shift in me almost instantly.

"I'm so happy..." she purred, her eyes gazing up at me with a lustful sparkle. "You're aroused by me, and I can feel your desire. It makes me thrilled to see you like this."

As soon as my pants were off, Gabrielle cupped her full, luscious breasts with both hands. She enclosed my swollen, eager member between her ample breasts, pressing and rubbing them together with a smooth, rhythmic motion. Her breasts glided up and down, left and right, creating a delicious friction.

"Fufufu, my skill has definitely improved, hasn't it?"

Gabrielle, who was pleasuring me with her breasts, soon became absorbed in the stimulation she was giving and receiving.

"How does it feel to turn me... an older woman, into such a lewd creature?" she asked, her eyes filled with lust and a teasing smile playing on her lips.

"It's incredible," I replied, reveling in the delightful bounce and softness of her breasts enveloping my cock. "I have a gorgeous, mature woman like you all to myself."

"But you're still targeting other mature women, like Irene and Rose," she said with a hint of playful reproach.

"I can't help it," I said. "I want to enjoy as many women as I can."

"To say something like that after making me do all this... what a guy you are."

Gabrielle found my comment amusing and giggled, then shifted her attention from her breasts to her mouth.

Chapter 327: Apology For Gabrielle (5)

Gabrielle cheerfully sucked and stimulated by cock, using her tongue precisely to apply her saliva on it, causing my cock to become even bigger. Her lewd expression that couldn't be imagined since just now, caused me, who was having difficulties controlling myself, to exponentially increase the pleasure I was experienced.

"Fufu... you can't, not now."

Just as I was about to explode in her mouth, she released it from her mouth, and just laid down on the bed. Gabrielle dipped her index finger in and out of her large breasts and said, "Devastate this part, Leon." she said. "I want you to let lose and go wild with me, like the masochist I am to you, okay? Master..." she said and called me Master.

She was playing with me. And I kind of like it.

I straddled Gabrielle's chest, sliding my cock between her soft, pillowy breasts. I squeezed them together, creating a tight, heated channel, and began to thrust, each motion deliberate and intense. The friction from her warm, smooth skin sent shivers of pleasure up my spine, and with every pump, her breasts jiggled and quaked, amplifying the sensation.

"Yah, haaaan... fuuu, Leon... Ha, fuaaaah... haaaah~"

Her voice quivered as she moaned, the relentless pressure and motion driving her wild. The sight of her trembling beneath me, this beautiful and unyielding woman, now submitting to the intense pleasure, fueled my desire. The way her breasts were being dominated, shaking and squeezing around my cock, made my excitement surge to its peak.

Finally, I released, cumming hard all over Gabrielle's breasts, the warm, thick streams of cum coating her skin.

She felt a scorching, rhythmic pulsing from my cock pressed between her breasts. My powerful release surged uncontrollably, splattering her chest with thick, glistening streams of cum that coated her skin in a milky sheen.

"Fufu, that's an amazing amount..." she murmured, her voice tinged with a mix of admiration and playful mockery. "You really are insatiable. How many women have you fucked today?"

I couldn't keep track anymore. First Charlotte, then Irene with a relentless number of times, and now Gabrielle. Yet, even after all that, my cum flowed abundantly.

With a dazed, intoxicated smile, Gabrielle watched as I gradually withdrew. Her eyes traced the squishy, wet sounds of my cock pulling free from between her breasts, the mixture of my cum and her saliva dripping down and leaving a shimmering trail.

"Now, I'll make it clean."

Gabrielle rose gracefully, her tongue immediately finding its way to my cock, lapping up every drop of cum that clung to it. Her movements were deliberate, each stroke of her tongue sending jolts of pleasure through me. As she diligently cleaned my cock, my hands found her breasts, kneading them with firm, eager grips.

My fingertips flicked and pinched her hardened nipples, making her body shudder with delight as I molded her soft mounds into different shapes.

Gabrielle continued to work her tongue over my cock, savoring the taste as she cleaned every inch, all while her breasts quivered under my touch. When she finally released her mouth, my cock, now slick with her shiny, kinky saliva, swelled again, throbbing with renewed heat.

Seeing my cock react so eagerly, Gabrielle let out a low, sultry chuckle, "Fufufu..." Her eyes smoldered with a seductive fire as she gazed up at me. Then, with a teasing, flirtatious smile, she wrapped her hand around my shaft, squeezing it just enough to make wet, sticky sounds as she stroked me slowly.

I got off the bed, led by her hand, as the two of us moved towards the window. Her right hand pressed against the full-length glass, and she glanced back at me with a smoldering gaze.

"This time, release it in here," she commanded, her voice dripping with temptation. She pushed her ass up, teasing me, and slid her underwear aside, tucking it between the soft flesh of her thighs and the wet folds of her pussy. With her fingers, she spread her lips apart, and I could see the gooey lewd juices gushing out, revealing the pink, inviting depths of her second mouth.

The garter straps connected to her suspender belt traced the curves of her white, round ass and her thick, meaty thighs. With her entire femininity on display, she looked back at me, her tongue out, eyes blazing with heat and raw desire behind those glasses. The sight of her in that posture, exuding such intense eroticism, was irresistibly sexy.

Words weren't needed. That look, and only that look, was enough.

Seeing it, I was drawn behind her, almost as if by an irresistible force. Her body, bathed in the pale moonlight, looked divine, almost goddess-like. The light highlighted the sensual curve of her form, and where her fingers pushed aside the strip of cloth, sweet nectar flowed continuously from her pussy, making her inner thighs glisten even more under the moon's glow.

I gripped Gabrielle's hips with my left hand to steady her and used my right hand to adjust my position, aligning my cock with her honey-wet hole. Slowly, I advanced, my dick pressing through the fleshy entrance and inching deeper. The intense sensation threatened to overwhelm me, but I kept moving forward. As I pressed deeper into her, my cock naturally bumped into her ass.

"Aaaaah... haaaaah~"

Gabrielle's lewd cries echoed as she was overwhelmed by the intense pleasure. The reflection of her face in the window, bathed in moonlight, displayed an intoxicating expression of pure satisfaction, more than ever before.

I gripped her waist tightly with both hands and started to move.

"Haaaaah! Nnn! ...Leon...! Ah, aaaaah! Haaaaaa, fuaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhh!"

Her voice was a symphony of moans and gasps as she arched her back, her long, golden hair cascading down and flaring out. Each thrust caused her body to ripple, her white ass quivering with every impact. The collision created a frothy foam where our bodies met, the creamy mixture dripping down onto the floor beneath us, adding to the growing mess.

"Yaaaah! Aaaaah... Leon, aaaaah!"

Hearing her moan my name instead of "Master" sent an unexpected thrill through me. Gabrielle's intoxicating cries made me focus on the reflection in the window, where the sharp images of us lost in pleasure were vividly clear. My intense thrusting pressed her large breasts against the glass.

Suddenly, I felt her meaty pussy tightening around my cock.

"Aaaah, Leon... Leon, Leon... I'm cumming..." she gasped, her head lowering. I grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked it back, forcing her to look up. The reflection showed her debauched face, her mouth messy and covered with saliva, her tongue lolling out. Her eyes were glazed with a wild, lustful look, and her glasses were crooked, barely staying in place.

I continued to pound her ass, each thrust driving me deeper into her. Gabrielle's cries became more frantic.

"Haaaa, aaaaaaaah, aaaah, hhaa, fuaaaaah, yaaaaahN~ Cumming, cumming, cummiiiiing~! L-Leon...! M-Masterrrr~!"

She slipped back into calling me Master, perhaps from habit. Then, a golden liquid erupted from her, pouring out as her legs pressed together, trembling in a desperate attempt to contain it.

"Aaaah, M-Master...! I'm peeing...!"

The golden liquid cascaded down, soaking everything beneath us and adding to the slick, sensual mess that now covered the floor.

The golden shower poured down in a steady cascade, shimmering like liquid gold. Gabrielle convulsed violently as she released it, her body flushed and glowing with a deep cherry pink hue from the overwhelming pleasure. The sight of her writhing under the pale moonlight, her body illuminated and trembling, was a vision of raw, peerless beauty.

Seeing Gabrielle in such an intense state triggered an explosive sensation within me.

"Aaah... aaaah... Haaaa, Nn... Ahh...!"

The climax she was experiencing was beyond anything she had felt before, pushing her to continue moaning as saliva trickled from her open mouth. Her limbs grew weak, sliding down the window, her body pressed against it. I slid my hands up her flushed belly, gripping her breasts tightly to steady her.

"Haaaaa, aaah... Haaaaaaaaaaaaah~"

As the intense climax she had just experienced began to wane, Gabrielle felt another wave of pleasure sweep over her, triggered by my hands gripping her breasts. Her nipples overflowed from my tight hold, and I began to knead them roughly, driving my thrusts with renewed intensity.

"Yaaaaaaaaah! Nnn! ...Leon... Aaaaaaah, it feels good... Leon, aaaaah, Leon... Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!"

Gabrielle's pleasure spiked again, reaching a peak that seemed even more intense than before. Each time I thrust deeply into her, her body erupted in waves of ecstasy, her moans growing louder and more desperate.

The sight of her continuously reaching unimaginable climaxes, her body trembling and flushed, was so breathtakingly beautiful that it only fueled my desire to push her to the brink again and again. I could no longer keep count of how many times we had both reached the peak.

"Haaaaah... Leon, aaah, Leon, haaaa... Master...."

I pushed her to the point where she could move her hips lewdly in perfect rhythm with mine.

That night, I gave everything I had to impregnate her. She was the second woman I had claimed, and she held a special place in my heart. She had been there for me countless times, so I was determined to grant her wish. No matter how long it took or what the results were, I was resolute in making her pregnant.

"Cumming, cumming... I'm cumming againnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!"

I fucked her in every corner of the Love Room, driving her to the edge. I fucked her so intensely that it far exceeded the amount of cum I had released with Charlotte and Irene combined. I could vaguely recall Gabrielle, her body convulsing and squirting out streams of pleasure, as I unloaded my own cum with her.

It had been ten minutes since Gabrielle and I had finished our last round of sex. The first light of dawn began to stretch across the horizon, painting it with soft streaks of orange and pink. Gabrielle, who had passed out from exhaustion, was finally regaining enough strength to move her limbs.

She lay beside me, using my arm as a pillow, her body pressed warmly against mine. Even in unconsciousness, she was breathtaking—her golden eyelashes resting softly against her flushed cheeks, her perfectly shaped nose and mouth, and the gentle curves of her rounded face. It was as if a goddess had descended to rest by my side.

As she slowly opened her eyes, they met mine with a serene gaze. A soft smile spread across her lips as she looked up at me.

"Good morning, Master," she said.

She was calling me Master now. I wasn't quite sure whether being called Master or just my name felt better. In truth, it didn't matter much. Gabrielle could call me whatever she wanted. If she wanted to call me her husband, I'd gladly accept it.

"Good morning," I said, gently kissing her on the forehead. "How was it?"

I was referring to the sex. I felt confident that I had given her what she wanted, but I asked to make sure she felt satisfied with the reward she sought.

"It feels amazing..." she said with a blissful smile. "I wonder if I'm pregnant now?"

"I don't know. It's probably too early to tell," I replied. "But it wouldn't be surprising if you were pregnant. I've been cumming inside you every time."

"But I haven't gotten pregnant even though you've been cumming inside me," she said, her voice tinged with concern. I wasn't sure why, but despite my consistent ejaculations, she still wasn't pregnant. Perhaps it was due to my bloodline from the Great Red, making it harder for my partners to conceive.

Perhaps it was a matter of race compatibility, though the odds of impregnating them should be high, given that hybrids existed here. "I wonder if something is wrong with me..."

"We just need to keep trying," I said, my tone reassuring. "I'll do everything I can to make you pregnant."

Even if it proved difficult, I was determined to find a way to ensure she became pregnant.

"For now, let's wait and see. We can consult Trisha or Natasha about it," I suggested.

She smiled at me and hugged me tighter. "Yes..." she said with a soft, contented smile.

We held each other for a while, enjoying the warmth of our embrace before we got ready to head back to the academy.

When we arrived together, we stepped out of the car and into the parking lot. There, of all times, Rose happened to be present.

She noticed us but chose to ignore us completely, walking away without a word.

It was likely because of the scene she witnessed last night that she was being so indifferent.

As I thought about this, I felt the crisp morning air brushing against me.

"It looks like winter is coming soon," I murmured. The cold was so intense that I could see my breath misting in the air.

With winter approaching, it meant the winter vacation was near. This would be the time when Rose and I planned to investigate the mysterious kidnappings of random women, which might be linked to the cult known as Eclipse.

My confrontation with Eclipse was drawing closer.

Chapter 329: Robyn, Aegis, And The Shadows (1)

Robyn's POV

I found myself in a place I didn't recognize. When I woke up, a man was there, explaining that I'd been out for a while due to injuries from the King's Game. A woman in a maid uniform confirmed that this man had saved me.

Turns out, I was at the main headquarters of Leonamon, a company that had revolutionized many modern aspects of the world. They had developed vehicles that made travel far smoother than traditional carriages and had built extensive infrastructure and roads to facilitate these vehicles. And apparently, the man who had saved me was the owner of the Leonamon enterprise.

Why did the owner of the world's largest enterprise save me? I couldn't shake the question from my mind, and the answer still eluded me. I couldn't grasp his motivation for rescuing me. Usually, such an act might come with a hidden agenda or some ulterior motive. Maybe he wanted something from me, or else, why would he have saved me?

For now, I chose to be wary but optimistic. Dwelling on negativity wouldn't help me move forward.

The man who came to my rescue didn't seem bad at all. In fact, "cute" felt like an understatement. He was undeniably handsome, with a striking presence that made the term "cute" seem inadequate.

Even so, I couldn't shake the feeling that there had to be a catch. It was hard to believe that he saved me without some hidden motive. For the moment, though, I followed everyone's instructions.

The maid made it clear that I couldn't leave until I was completely healed. Natasha, the doctor here, reassured me that this place was the pinnacle of modern medicine, with unparalleled expertise in biology and human anatomy. She strongly suggested that I stay until I was fully recovered. Her professional demeanor put me at ease, and I found it hard to question her sincerity.

As I roamed the hallways, their pristine white walls gleaming under the soft lights, I felt like I had stepped into another world. The corridors were so immaculate and dreamlike that they seemed almost too perfect to be real. Yet, the vividness of it all made it clear that this was no dream.

"I wonder what happened to the captain?" I murmured to myself. We were together when that Prince's attack hit us, but she wasn't here with me now. I hoped she was okay.

As those thoughts lingered in my mind, a month had passed since I'd arrived here. The woman in the maid uniform approached me and spoke.

"I want you to walk with me, Miss Robyn," she said.

This was it. This had to be the catch I'd been waiting for. I started thinking about escaping, but considering how this place was a labyrinth of endless white corridors, I couldn't see how I'd manage it. I'd wandered all over, but the layout was impossible to figure out.

It felt like the place was designed to disorient you, twisting and turning like a maze that led you in circles no matter which way you went.

I had no idea where she was taking me. The woman leading me was stunning, with brown bobbed hair and a very generous bust. I couldn't help but feel a bit insecure. Glancing down at my own chest, I knew "busty" wasn't a word anyone would use to describe me—more like modest. And her butt... well, it was definitely more well-defined than mine.

"You're probably suspicious," she said as we walked. "But I assure you, Leonamon doesn't intend you any harm. Still, I know you're not going to be satisfied with just that, and you've been waiting for the catch, so I'm going to do you a favor and give you the catch you're expecting."

We arrived at a white wall. Why had we stopped? As I questioned it in my mind, the wall suddenly opened, revealing a hidden room.

"H-Huh?" I stammered, confused. Had there been a room there all along? But the room was small, barely big enough to fit eight people if they squeezed in tightly.

"Let's go inside," she said, stepping in first. I hesitated but eventually followed her into the cramped space, wondering what we were going to do in such a tiny room.

Suddenly, she pressed something, and the walls closed in, trapping us inside. I tensed up, expecting something to happen, maybe even an attack. I was ready for it—confident that if she tried anything, I could handle it. After all, I was still a magic knight, trained to defend myself and fight back. But she didn't attack.

Instead, she stood there with her back to me, completely calm, as if the thought of attacking me hadn't even crossed her mind.

Suddenly, I felt the ground beneath me start to rise.

"W-What is this?" I asked, alarmed.

"It's called an elevator," she replied calmly. "It's a room that, as the name suggests, elevates you—or lowers you—to different levels of the building."

The concept was entirely foreign to me. How many of these "elevators" did this place have? No wonder it felt like a labyrinth; there were so many hidden things here.

After a moment, I heard a soft "ding," and the walls slid open again. We were now on a different level of the building. After a short walk, we stopped at another room.

"I want you to work with these people," she said, her tone both firm and inviting. "Master insists, but if you're uncomfortable, you can decline. Just, please, give it some thought."

She opened the door, and I was immediately hit by the sounds of swords clashing, shields being struck, arrows whizzing through the air, and various other training noises. I peered inside and saw six women, all in the midst of intense training.

"These are the Shadows," she explained. "They're Master's bodyguards, though they're rarely needed since Master can handle himself. Instead, they serve as intelligence operatives—spies, information gatherers. They operate in the shadows, hence the name."

As she spoke, all six women turned their gaze towards me, and for the first time in a long while, I felt a shiver of fear run down my spine.

Chapter 330: Robyn, Aegis, And The Shadows (2)

I neither accepted nor declined the woman's offer. I just walked into the room, and immediately, their eyes locked onto me with an intensity that was both unsettling and intimidating. The way they stared was deeply unnerving—almost palpable. None of them resembled the typical warriors or assassins I was used to.

They radiated an aura of formidable skill and experience, a stark contrast to my own one-year tenure as a magic knight. I felt like a novice among seasoned veterans. I was still green compared to them.

"Uh, excuse me..." I said, my voice barely above a whisper as I lowered my head in a gesture of nervous respect.

In an instant, someone appeared right in front of me. It was the woman I had seen practicing her blade earlier. She was breathtakingly beautiful, with a voluptuous hourglass figure and ample breasts that accentuated her powerful presence. Her bobbed golden hair was striking, with red streaks woven through it, giving her a fierce and commanding look.

"You're the one who might join us as a new member?" she asked.

"I-I haven't decided yet..." I stammered.

"You haven't decided?" she replied, raising an eyebrow. She scanned me up and down, sizing me up as if assessing my worth. "Well, I don't quite understand why the Master wants you in the Shadows, so I'm going to test you."

"Test me?" I asked, confusion clear in my voice.

"Exactly," she said with a nod. "What's your schtick?"

"Uh?"

"What's your main weapon?"

"Uh, I usually use blades, and sometimes firearms," I said, my voice trembling with uncertainty.

"Then use whatever you prefer," she said, her grip tightening around her blade. She held it up with an air of readiness. "Now, choose who you want to fight."

"Eh?"

"You can pick your opponent," she said again, her tone clear and commanding. "Whoever suits your schtick."

I was utterly bewildered. The abruptness of the situation left me disoriented. One moment I was just trying to figure things out, and the next, I was expected to face off against these intimidating figures?

But the way she was sizing me up, as if I were just a piece of meat, made it clear I couldn't refuse. I had no choice but to accept the challenge. With my hands shaking, I pointed to one of them.

The person I chose wore circular glasses and carried a shield. The shield marked her as either a tank or a vanguard—typically someone with strong defensive skills or a warrior if paired with a sword. I wasn't sure I could take her down, but I had to at least give it a shot.

"Juliette it is, then."

I wasn't brimming with confidence, but I had no choice but to try.

I moved over to the weapon rack and selected two blades. These weapons were surprisingly impressive. They felt perfectly balanced in my grip—light yet solid, with razor-sharp edges that glinted menacingly in the light. The craftsmanship was exceptional; the metal gleamed with a high-quality finish that spoke of expert forging. Who had created these?

I couldn't imagine even the most skilled swordsmith achieving such refinement.

"Nice choice," she said, her voice carrying a note of approval. "Those were crafted by our own people, loyal to the Master. Handle them with respect."

So these blades were made by the very same group that supported Leonamon. This revelation hit me hard. It underscored just how formidable Leonamon truly was, not just in economic and industrial might, but in firepower and defensive strength. Leonamon wasn't merely a corporation, a massive enterprise, or even a powerful company.

It was something far beyond what I had initially envisioned—an unstoppable force.

I swallowed hard and turned to face my opponent. She was big-breasted, her ample chest so exaggerated it almost seemed unfair. But those large breasts might actually work in my favor. Typically, such proportions could significantly reduce agility and, in some cases, even slow down attack speed. That meant I had a potential advantage.

I couldn't help but feel a bitter edge of satisfaction that my more modest build might give me an edge over her, despite how her busty figure seemed almost more than words could describe.

"Now then..." she said, her tone steady. "Are you both ready?"

I swallowed again, steeling myself. I wasn't really ready, but what choice did I have? I gave her a nod.

The woman I was up against nodded in return, her breasts bouncing and swaying in sync with her movement.

"Then..." the golden-haired woman said, her voice slicing through the tension as she raised her hand and brought it down decisively. "Fight!"

I shot forward, propelled by my incredible speed, a talent I was certain few others could match. Like a flash of lightning, I darted behind her, aiming to strike with the blunt edge of my blade. My intention was not to harm her, but to test her defenses.

But just as I was about to land the blow, I felt a jarring impact slam into me.

What?!

In a heartbeat, I was sprawled on the ground, my face pressed against the cold floor. The force of the strike was disorienting, and I had no clue where it had come from. The woman, meanwhile, stood motionless in the exact spot where she had begun, her expression unchanged and her posture unwavering.

"T-That isn't fair!" I shouted at the golden-haired woman. "Y-You can't help her!"

"Huh?" the golden-haired woman replied, looking genuinely confused. "But we didn't."

"Huh? B-But..."

As I stared at her, I suddenly noticed something crucial.

"It's just that unfair of a competition," she continued, her tone almost matter-of-fact. "A fast fighter against a tanky one. Even the most skilled couldn't penetrate an impenetrable tank."

I saw now that ten shields were floating around her in mid-air.

"Her skill allows her to multiply the items she's holding and levitate them around her like an extra set of arms. Her ability also strengthens the material tenfold, making those shields ten times harder. Like Lady Gabrielle, she's an impenetrable tank."