

The World 331

Chapter 331: Robyn, Aegis, And The Shadows (3)

It was a battle that felt utterly lopsided.

Every time I tried to advance, her shields would envelop her completely, blocking my every move. When I attempted to strike, those same shields would repel me, leaving me powerless. My hard-earned confidence as a magic knight seemed to evaporate in an instant.

"You can switch with Bernadette if you want," the golden-haired woman said, her voice matter-of-fact. "But be careful—she's the deadliest of them all. If you try to get behind her like you've been doing, your head will be off before you know it. Just a shoosh and blood will be gushing from the stump of your neck."

I didn't want that at all. I couldn't even manage to defeat the one holding the shield, so there was no chance I could stand against those skilled with swords and firearms. Winning seemed utterly impossible.

"Aegis is here, though," the golden-haired woman said. "She's a beginner, not yet an official Shadow, but she's training with us. You could try sparring with her, beginner to beginner. Just a heads-up, though—Aegis isn't a slouch. She's a thousand-year-old elf, exceptional with a bow. She could take you out from a hundred yards away with deadly precision, no problem."

The mere thought made me shiver uncontrollably.

"So, Miss Robyn," the woman in the maid outfit said, her voice smooth as silk. She introduced herself as Amon—an unusual name for someone as stunning as her. "Have you given any thought to joining us yet?" she asked with a cool, assessing gaze.

I could only bow my head, overwhelmed by a wave of shame. My hard-won self-confidence had been demolished in an instant. I'd spent four years training to become a magic knight, with two of those years dedicated to intense, grueling practice. All that effort was meant to build me up into someone who could proudly puff her chest out—even if it was a modest puff.

Yet, being so decisively defeated, unable to even challenge the woman with the shields, had obliterated my self-confidence completely. It had been fragile and barely formed, and now it was gone in the blink of an eye.

"I-I can't... I'm not worthy..." I stammered, my voice trembling. "T-Those women are monsters. I can't stand against them. I wouldn't even compare."

"If that's your concern, then all you need is training," she said, her smile warm and encouraging. "The Master has given you a seal of approval, which means you're worthy to become a Shadow. If he didn't see the potential in you, he wouldn't have gone through the trouble of endorsing you."

"But I don't think I can measure up to any of them."

One of them was an extraordinary ninja, another a cunning bandit, while an elven archer and a woman with eyes that seemed to pierce through anything added to the intimidating mix. There was also someone wielding magic so destructive it could obliterate anything in its path, a markswoman with flawless accuracy, and a defender with an impenetrable shield.

I felt utterly inadequate—my only skill was running fast, and I felt like I would bring nothing to the table.

"I've already told you, you can improve with training," she said, her voice calm and soothing. "Don't let this overwhelm you. You might not be up to their level now, but you could be with time. The Master wouldn't have given you his approval if he didn't see potential. Consider this an opportunity to repay him for saving you.

We don't require repayment, but it seems the Master wants you in the Shadows."

Repay him for saving me? I might think about it, but not after seeing how terrifying those women were. Besides, I already have a job.

Yes, I was a magic knight, living the dream job I'd worked tirelessly to achieve. I had poured years of intense training and study into reaching this point, and I wasn't about to throw all that away now.

"I... I don't think I can," I said, my voice wavering. "I already have a job, so..."

"Oh? As a magic knight?" Amon's smile was both sympathetic and sharp. "I'm sorry to break it to you, but that's not really an option. Don't you remember why you ended up in a coma?"

"Oh..."

I remembered now. Captain had warned me that the Commander was planning a purge. It had happened on the island where the King's Game took place. I'd survived, but if I went back...

"You'd be killed if you returned," Amon said firmly.

I lowered my head, the gravity of her words sinking in. She was right. If I went back, I'd likely face death—or worse, be tortured and slowly killed. I was a failed purge victim. The Commander would certainly track me down and finish the job if I returned.

So, what was I supposed to do? I couldn't exactly go back.

I tightened my fists, my knuckles turning stark white as the tension surged through me. A cold fear gripped my core. I had no place to go now. I was supposed to be dead, a casualty of a brutal purge. Returning would almost certainly mean my end, and the certainty of that fate was terrifying.

I didn't want to die. I was still young, with so much life left to live. There were dreams I still clung to—getting married, having kids, maybe even grandkids someday. My dreams for the future weren't grandiose, but they were mine, and I didn't want to give them up.

"What should I do...?"

"Which is why..." Amon said, her gaze steady as she smiled gently. "Join the Shadows. By becoming one, you'll be hiding from the magic knights who tried to kill you. Plus, you'll have the chance to avenge your captain's death. This isn't just for us, Miss Robyn. It's for you, too."

I looked up at her. Right now, she was my guiding light. This organization was my beacon of hope. There was a chance I was being manipulated into accepting, but I was tempted to grab hold of that sweet, alluring offer.

So, I accepted.

I became a Shadow.

Chapter 332: Robyn, Aegis, And The Shadows (4)

Almost a month had passed since I became a shadow.

Training was pure hell.

It was literally hell mode.

The training I endured as a magic knight had been tough, and the Captain was unforgiving back then, but compared to this, that felt like a leisurely stroll in the park.

Every morning, I had to sprint endlessly around a training space the size of a colosseum, pushing myself until my lungs burned and I was gasping for air. Then, I'd dive into working on the weapon I was most proficient with, each swing and strike demanding more focus and precision. After that, I'd hone my skill to make it as deadly and effective as possible in a fight.

Finally, I was forced to strategize and develop tactics, preparing for every possible scenario in case I faced an enemy head-on.

This was the routine, day in and day out.

Unsurprisingly, none of the other Shadow members even broke a sweat. Amon told me they'd literally traveled from heaven to hell and back to reach their current level. That meant if I wanted to be on par with them, I had to go through the same grueling process. Honestly, I was pretty sure I'd screw it up spectacularly.

I'd also learned their names— the names of the Shadow members, that is.

Sandra, Krista, Isabelle, Bernadette, and Juliette.

Sandra, the golden-haired woman who used to be a bandit, was the leader of the Shadows. I was surprised to learn that, out of the five, she was the weakest. Still, she managed to take me down with a single blow as if I were nothing more than a piece of cake, barely worth her attention.

There was another one—an elven archer—but she wasn't an official member of the Shadows. She trained alongside us, but she wasn't truly part of the group.

I hadn't interacted much with her because she had this quiet, reserved demeanor. Her age, which far exceeded her youthful appearance, likely made her more inclined to find silence more comfortable than conversation. I could understand that, which was why I hadn't intruded on her solitude.

At this moment, we were both sitting on a bench. I was completely wiped out, my muscles aching, while she was methodically polishing her bow, each stroke smooth and deliberate. The silence between us felt thick and almost tangible, but with her immense age and centuries of experience, she didn't seem to find it awkward at all. It was as if she was perfectly at ease in her own quiet world.

I, however, found the silence grating.

"Um, Miss Aegis..." I said, my voice hesitant as I tried to bridge the gap between us.

She glanced up from her bow, her hands pausing in their careful polishing. "What do you need?" she asked, her tone as smooth and unruffled as her movements.

I struggled to find the right words. The lack of shared interests made communication awkward, and I'd never been good at it.

That's why I blurted out the question that had been weighing on my mind. "Can I ask you... why aren't you joining the Shadows?" I asked, my curiosity more pressing than I realized.

It was a simple, harmless question, born out of genuine curiosity and not meant to offend. But as soon as the words left my mouth, she froze, her expression darkening into a scowl that twisted her otherwise serene features.

Had I stepped over a line with my question? It felt like I had.

Then she spoke, her voice cutting through the silence with an edge of bitterness. "Because I don't want to join a group controlled by that man," she said, her disdain evident.

"T-That man?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"The man who owns those," she said, her hand sweeping towards the weapons on the rack and the Shadows themselves. "Everything here that belongs to him—I loathe it all. I don't want to be associated with any of it. That's why I refuse to join."

"Uh, are you talking about the owner of the Leonamon? The one they call Master?"

There was no one else she could be referring to but the owner of the Leonamon. And he was the same man who had saved me from being wiped out of existence.

"Have you seen any other men around here?" she asked, her tone sharp.

"C-Come to think of it, I haven't," I replied, realizing the truth of her words.

I'd noticed the same thing before—there were many people here, but all of them were women. I hadn't thought much of it until now.

"All the women here belong to him," she explained, her voice carrying a note of disgust. "They are his women. I refuse to be one of them. I'd rather keep my distance than become involved with someone like him."

"A-All of them? Even the Shadows?" I asked, stunned by her revelation.

"I told you, didn't I? Many of them, and maybe not all, have had sexual intercourse with that man, and they call him their Master," she said, her voice dripping with contempt. "And yes, even the Shadows. I can still smell his scent lingering on Sandra, especially. The others may not have had sex with him yet, but they've already pledged their loyalty to him, making them his women too."

And you, being a Shadow yourself, means you're his woman as well."

Wait, I'm his woman too?! But we haven't even done anything remotely romantic yet—how am I already considered his woman? Is this really true? Huh?!

My face burned with embarrassment, and I instinctively cupped my cheeks with both hands. I'd never been in a relationship before, but now I was apparently in one? What should I do? Should I start dressing more attractively? Should I go to his room and make a move? He's so handsome—maybe I should try to look a bit prettier for him.

I hadn't even realized I was swooning over him, even with all his other women. But nothing about that seemed wrong to me. I understood the concept of polygamy, so it was fine if my partner had other girls. I was more accepting of that.

"Be careful around him," she warned, her eyes lingering pointedly on my crotch. "Or you might lose something precious." Then she turned and walked away.

"Huh? But, wha...? I'm in a relationship now? Really? I have a boyfriend? Kyaaa~!"

What should I do? What should I dooo!?"

I was so giddy about my first relationship that her warning barely registered.

Just like that, I found myself part of a harem.

I accepted it much more easily than I did becoming a Shadow.

Chapter 333: Robyn, Aegis, And The Shadows (5)

Aegis's POV

Everything here revolted me to the core. The sheer disgust was so intense it churned my stomach. The walls, the items—everything was revolting, all for one reason: it all belonged to that man.

"Master and Miss Gabrielle made love all night last night," one of the girls working here said, her tone filled with idle gossip. "Did you see the way they looked at each other, all that affection in their eyes as they went up to the fourth floor?"

"Yes," the other girl replied. "And then, the next morning, they were all lovey-dovey, glowing with satisfaction. It must have been an amazing night for them to look like that."

"Well, it certainly looked that way. Aaah~ I wish Master would choose me soon," the first girl said dreamily, her eyes reflecting her longing.

"This is nothing but brainwashing," I thought bitterly, my eyes sweeping over the women who spoke of the man with an almost fanatical reverence. They didn't just love him—they worshipped him with every fiber of their being, like he was some kind of god, the savior of everything they held dear.

The man they idolized, the same one who disgusted me to my core, was the very one who had ensnared the Queen, the Princess, and other members of the council. They were all wrapped up in his sweet lies, completely convinced that he was the messiah who would save our dying race.

"I want to destroy everything here," I muttered under my breath, a burning rage simmering inside me. But the oppressive presence of those women—so powerful that even I couldn't take them on—kept me in check. Among them was a particularly dangerous figure, a woman with golden hair and glasses. Her defenses were so impeccable, so unbreakable, that taking her down seemed almost impossible.

Could she even be killed?

But more than that... that man was someone I couldn't afford to underestimate. He was far more powerful than any of the women here. Right now, he was using them as mere tools for his firepower, but if he took matters into his own hands, it would be the most terrifying display of power mortalkind had ever witnessed.

I couldn't stand the thought of the woman I love being ensnared by such a man—a man who not only held the Princess and the Queen of our kingdom under his control but also surrounded himself with countless women, all eager to cater to his every whim.

"I need to come up with a plan to make him fall," I muttered, determination seething within me. "But there's no way I can do it alone. I need someone."

I glanced at the woman who was the latest addition to the group that the man was assembling, known as the Shadows. He had offered me a place among them, but I flatly refused. The idea of submitting to him, of becoming just another one of his possessions, was something I couldn't stomach. I refused to become someone who would jump to his every command.

"Let's use her," I muttered to myself, a plan forming in my mind.

I approached the woman, my words carefully chosen. Perhaps because I hadn't interacted much with others, my message seemed to barely register with her. But that was fine. The seed of doubt had been planted. From now on, she would start questioning everything around her. All I had to do now was wait.

One day, during our training, a woman in a maid uniform approached us. They called her Amon, the First Lady—the very first woman to become that man's lover and the one who helped him build the colossal empire known as Leonamon. Her reputation was that of calm and composure, but there was a coldness in her eyes that made me wary.

She carried an aura of icy indifference towards all of us, yet the moment he was near, her eyes lit up with a desperate, almost pitiful eagerness, like a puppy yearning for its master's affection.

That's the kind of woman she was.

"Shadows, prepare yourselves," she commanded, her voice cutting through the air with a chilling authority. I lingered on the sidelines, listening intently. "A war is coming. Master is preparing to take on an international cult notorious for kidnapping women.

He could easily annihilate them on his own, but I reminded him that this is why the Shadows exist—to prevent him from sullyng his hands with bloodshed."

The five women listened intently. One of them, however, looked particularly anxious, her unease almost palpable.

"Make sure you succeed," Amon instructed, her voice cold and commanding. "All of you will be richly rewarded if you manage to please Master."

"Yes...!" The five responded with fervent enthusiasm, their voices brimming with eagerness. Yet, the first member of the team, Robyn, couldn't hide her unease.

"Um," Robyn raised her hand tentatively, her voice trembling slightly.

"Yes?" Amon turned to her with a chilling, icy smile. "Is there something you wish to say, Miss Robyn?"

Robyn seemed oblivious to the menacing edge in Amon's gaze, her concern overshadowed by the chilling intensity of the woman before her.

"W-War? We're actually going to war? I-Isn't that...?" Robyn's voice trembled, her fear obvious as her eyes darted around nervously.

"There's no need to be anxious, Miss Robyn," Amon replied with a chilling calmness, her gaze piercing through Robyn. "You've trained hard, and nothing will bring you down easily. You've grown strong. Trust in yourself, and trust in Master. If you satisfy him, you might even find yourself in his bed one night."

"Eh?" Robyn's cheeks blazed a deep, rosy red. "B-Bed?"

"Yes," Amon's voice was almost purring now, filled with an enticing promise. "He'll adore you all night long. Don't you want that?"

Robyn's gaze dropped to the floor, her fingers nervously fidgeting with her legs. "I-I guess I do..." she whispered, her voice quivering with a mix of shyness and longing.

So she was already brainwashed, huh? There was probably nothing I could do now.

Suddenly, Amon's gaze shifted to me. "Oh, and Miss Aegis."

I met her gaze head-on, my expression steely.

"Master said Princess Artemis will be going as well. He asked if you wanted to join. There's a chance some of your people might have fallen into the hands of those cultists."

The man was a master at manipulating emotions, skilled at finding cracks in your heart and exploiting them. He was terrifyingly effective.

I gritted my teeth and looked directly at Amon. "I'll go."

I knew I was walking straight into his trap, but I wasn't about to give in easily.

Chapter 334: Training The Dryad Sisters (1)

Leon's POV

Beneath the Leonamon's main headquarters lay a hidden, shadowy realm known only to a select few. This was the underground dungeon, a grim and secretive place where we imprisoned anyone who posed a threat to my company, my woman, or me. It was also where I took a twisted pleasure in punishing particularly defiant individuals.

I made my way through the darkened corridors, the flickering flame in my hand casting long, eerie shadows on the damp cobblestone walls and floor. The dungeon was still a work in progress, with no lighting installed yet. The air was thick with the scent of damp stone, and the uneven, cold floor glistened faintly in the flickering light.

Visibility was minimal, and the oppressive darkness seemed to close in around me.

Currently, there were no prisoners here—except for the three women who were restrained. Their arms and legs were bound with power dampeners, and the cell was designed to prevent escape. The bars were also made of power dampeners, and a magic circle underneath their feet added another layer of security. Three power dampeners were keeping their abilities in check, rendering them powerless.

"Hello there. You three are looking good," I said with a twisted grin.

Their eyes burned with fury and humiliation as they glared at me. When I first encountered them, they were barely covered by leaves that did little to conceal their bodies. Now, they stood naked, their exposed forms illuminated by the flickering light from the dungeon. These were the three dryad sisters I had captured after their failed attack.

"Let us out!" Lixis, their leader, shouted with a mix of anger and desperation. "How dare you degrade us like this?! We are royal Dryads! You can't treat us this way! Our people will come for you and make you pay!"

Almea and Morthea's eyes mirrored Lixis's defiance, their faces flushed with rage.

"So you're planning to kill me, huh?" I said, taking slow, deliberate steps towards Lixis. "And how exactly do you intend to do that? By draining me dry? You should know by now that won't work, right?"

"K-Kuh...!"

Lixis had attacked me with the intention of draining my life force. Dryads in this world were somewhat like succubi, feeding on a man's life force, which essentially meant his semen. Unlike succubi, who siphon life force through dream-based intercourse, dryads use vines to extract it directly.

Thanks to my bloodline from the Great Red, also known as the Succubus Goddess, my libido was an infinite reservoir that couldn't be drained. Even before they could draw anything from me, they'd be completely full. In essence, I was their perfect counter.

"I don't like people who want to harm me," I said with a chilling calm. "That's why you're here now. If you hadn't tried to attack me, I wouldn't have bothered with this. I truly don't enjoy punishing anyone. Ideally, I'd prefer to avoid any bad blood between us."

"I swear I'm going to make you pay for this," Lixis snarled, her teeth grinding so hard I could hear the harsh, grating sound echoing in the dark. "I swear I'm going to suck you dry until you're nothing but a husk."

As she spoke, I heard three deep, guttural growls—not from their mouths but from their empty stomachs. They had been here since their attempt to drain my life force and hadn't eaten anything since. Normal food was useless to them; they only fed on life force, usually from male creatures. They couldn't be sated by ordinary sustenance.

"You can't really drain me, as I've said," I reiterated. "Trying to do so would not only be futile but would also make you look foolish."

That's right. My libido was so immense that even an entire army of dryads couldn't drain me. They claimed to be royal Dryads, the highest rank of their kind, with sucking power comparable to primordial succubi. If they couldn't drain me until I was a mere husk, no ordinary dryad would stand a chance.

"So how about this," I suggested, "I can help you satisfy your hunger. I'm willing to provide you with my life force, if that's what you crave."

At my offer, their stomach growls grew more intense, resonating through the damp, cold dungeon. They were starving for life force, driven by an insatiable hunger they could barely control. It was a primal need for survival.

The three of them started to salivate, their eyes glinting with a fierce, predatory hunger. They would try to consume every drop of my life force, sucking me dry with all their might until they were finally satiated.

"Y-You're really going to let us suck you?" Lixis asked, her voice trembling with a mix of disbelief and desperation.

"Yes," I said calmly. "I don't want you to die of hunger."

I could have brought a particularly despicable man for them to drain, but that would have been inefficient. I could have also given them a powerful male monster with high life force, but that would require effort and time. So, the only choice left was me.

I snapped my fingers, and instantly, all the restraints binding them, including the magic circle beneath their feet, vanished into thin air. The dryads' eyes shifted from wary to a hungry anticipation.

"Come on, don't be shy," I said with a hint of amusement.

Suddenly, vines shot out from their bodies, wrapping around me with swift, sinuous movements. I could feel the draining sensation as they tried to siphon my life force, but due to its immense volume, they barely made a dent.

Suddenly, I noticed a significant change in them. Their pupils dilated into heart shapes, and their breaths became ragged and uneven. A flush of red spread across their once-pale skin, making them look as if they were on fire with desire.

"W-What is this...?" Lixis gasped, her voice quivering with a mix of confusion and growing arousal. The others mirrored her reaction, their bodies trembling as the effects of the aphrodisiac began to take hold.

"It seems my life force has stirred something deep within you," I said with a smirk. I had coated myself in a particularly potent aphrodisiac, one I had previously used on Sandra during her discipline. This drug was incredibly powerful, driving anyone to the brink of madness with desire if consumed.

Although they weren't directly ingesting it, the aphrodisiac was still seeping into them through their contact with my life force.

"Well, if you're all so worked up," I said smoothly, "why don't you come closer and suck my life force directly? I'm sure it'll satisfy your cravings."

Chapter 335: Training The Dryad Sisters (2)

Three breathtaking green-haired dryads dropped to their knees, their long, sinuous tongues flicking and slithering over my cock like serpents. Their tongues, thin and agile, coiled around my shaft, generously coating it with their warm, slick saliva.

What I quickly discovered was that when they sucked directly on my life force, the sensation was incredible. It took little to make me cum. The triple blowjob they were giving me was intensely powerful. Lixis enveloped the tip of my cock with her whole mouth, deep and warm, while Morthea and Almea expertly swirled their tongues around my balls. They were skilled at it.

If you asked me if they had experience, I'd say yes. But according to them...

"I-It's my first time sucking directly..." Morthea admitted, her voice a mix of surprise and pleasure. "It's good."

"Mnnn~ I never thought I'd be sucking directly. But now that I know how amazing it feels, I'd do it all the time..." Almea added, her voice a breathy purr of satisfaction.

That would be impossible for anyone else. The only reason they could pleasure me like this was because I could handle it. Any other man getting a blowjob from these three dryads would be done for in an instant. Without a libido as incredible as mine, it wouldn't be feasible.

"I'm cumming..." I warned them. "Make sure to stick your tongues out and catch it all."

They increased the intensity of their licks on my shaft until it quivered. My sperm shot through my urethra and burst from the tip. The three of them leaned back, holding their hands up like they were

trying to catch water. My thick, white sperm splattered over their hands and even landed on their faces. I had cum so much that their faces were completely covered in it.

Then, they started licking the cum off their hands, treating it like a delicacy.

"Mmmn, delicious..." Lixis murmured as she licked the white sperm from her fingers.

With cum smeared across their faces, they began to lick it off, their tongues stretching and tracing along their white skin as they cleaned up. It was an incredibly exciting sight.

Their heart-shaped pupils glinted at me before they resumed sucking. The three dryads were still trying to draw out my life force, but it was physically impossible for them. The power of the Great Red and my connection to her had made me immune to their efforts. I needed to investigate this further.

For now, though, I had to keep letting these three beauties suck me dry, though they could never truly drain all I had to give.

After a while, a second eruption of cum burst from my cock, splattering their faces once again. They eagerly licked the white mess off each other's faces before turning back to suck me again, pushing me to cum for the third time.

"This is more efficient," I told them, finally positioning them with their backs against me, hands pressed against the wall, their white asses thrusting out provocatively.

They lined up, bending forward and raising their hips, presenting their juicy, round butts in a perfect line. Each of them glanced back at me with their pupils turned into heart shapes. I took up a menacing stance, like a spider preparing to strike a caught butterfly, my gaze dark and ominous.

The beautiful, quivering flesh of these girls was slick with love juices, making the scene even more enticing.

I immediately took my place behind Lixis, who was sandwiched in the middle, her luscious ass pressed tightly against Mortha and Almea's backsides. I thrust my hard, throbbing cock deep into Lixis, while my fingers eagerly explored the wet, eager pussies of Mortha and Almea, who were positioned on either side of her.

"Ahaaaaaaaaaah!"

"Hnnnaa~!"

"Fuhaaaaaaaaa...~!"

Lixis cried out, her voice a high, throaty wail of pure pleasure as I impaled her. Mortha, feeling the vibrations and the heat from Lixis's intense reactions, had her own body twitching and quivering with anticipation. I pulled out of Lixis with a slick, wet sound and plunged my cock into Mortha.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

After a while, with my dick still slick with Morthea's juices and a glistening thread of her nectar connecting the tip of my cock to her folds, I slid into Almea.

"Hnnnnngggggggggg~!"

They were like living musical instruments, each cry and moan a distinct note in our symphony of pleasure. I continued to thrust into them one after the other, their voices rising in pitch and intensity with each deeper penetration.

"Aaah, ahhhn, ahhh, aaaah, ahhhhh, ahhhhhh~!"

"Fuuaah, hnnn, haaaa, haaa, haaa, ahhhh, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhnnn~!"

"Hngg, nnnh, nNnnnn, haaaa, haaaa...!"

I kept switching between their dripping pussies, each one eager for my attention. The girls who weren't currently being penetrated wiggled and swayed their hips, desperately trying to entice me back into them. I reveled in the feel of each wet, eager vagina, satisfying my every urge with abandon.

"Here I come...!" I growled, my voice raw with desire.

I gripped Morthea's waist, who was at the far left, and thrust into her with fierce intensity. After a relentless series of thrusts, I let out a powerful release, flooding her tight, warm pussy with a copious amount of semen.

"AaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhnnnnNnnNnn~!"

Screaming out a sweet, high-pitched moan, Morthea's eyes widened as thick strands of saliva dribbled down her chin. She slumped weakly against the wall, utterly spent and dazed after I pulled out.

Still charged with desire, I turned to Lixis. I gripped her ass tightly and drove my cock into her once more, flooding her insides with a fresh torrent of semen.

"Hyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Hiii, hihyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaafuuuuuuuuuuu!"

I violated her and filled her with my cum, polluting her warm, tight pussy. Her tongue hung out, limp and slack, as she cried out in overwhelming pleasure. She, too, collapsed against the wall, panting heavily.

Next, I moved behind Almea, my cock slick and eager as I plunged it deep into her dripping honey pot.

"So gooooooooooooooooooddd! I-I'm cummingggggggggggggggg!!!"

Like a feline arching its back, she gripped the stone wall, her body curling as she released a sound that was both angelic and primal. She slid down the wall, joining the other two who were also slick with my semen. The three of them were coated in my cum, their bodies trembling with the aftershocks.

But this wasn't the end. We were just getting started.

Chapter 336: Training The Dryad Sisters (3)

I took Almea from behind in a rough doggy style position, her body pressed against the bed. The dungeon had a bed perfectly suited for this, so we moved there, and I continued to fuck her hard. I drove my cock into her with fierce intensity, each thrust making her whimper and moan.

"Noooo, nooooo...! You can'ttttttttt! It feels too gooodddd!!!"

Her voice shifted into a high-pitched falsetto as I filled her up with my cock, pounding her relentlessly until her pussy was a gooey mess. I came inside her, and her vagina accepted every bit of my cum without hesitation.

"Cummm, cumm...! Cumming...! Cummmiiiiinggg~!!!"

She moaned with her tongue hanging out, her face contorted into an ahegao, slick with snot and saliva.

I then turned my focus to Morthea and grabbed her by the waist.

"Aaaaah... My lord, please let it all out... fill me completely!! Ahhhhhhhhhh, ah! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Morthea's voice transformed into a raw, primal howl as her body arched in ecstasy. She cried out like a feral creature, her entire form trembling with each pulse of cum that surged into her. The relentless stream of semen filled her pussy, the heat driving her to a mind-blowing climax.

When I finally pulled out, I turned my attention to Lixis. She lay on the soft bed, her back arched and her eyes wide with a dazed, lustful look. Her green hair was a tangled mess, and her eyes glistened with a lingering sheen of desire from the intense fucking she had just endured.

"My lord..." she whispered, her eyes locking onto mine with a mix of awe and submission.

They called me "my lord" because they had come to realize the futility of resisting me. I had already managed to fulfill two or three of their requirements for domination. While conquering them in one fell swoop would be challenging, it was clear that bending them to my will was within my grasp. Their skills, though modest, were not without value and would add to my repertoire.

Now, they were eager to serve me, their willingness evident in their submissive gazes. In return, I would quench their insatiable hunger with my boundless libido, a force so overpowering that even they couldn't resist.

Now, I had three beautiful dryads completely at my mercy, ready to serve and submit to my authority.

"Now then, Lixis..." I said, approaching her with a commanding tone.

The mere sound of her name seemed to drive her wild with anticipation. Her body was already quivering, on the brink of release just from the build-up. As I plunged my thick, hard cock into her, Lixis shuddered, her entire body trembling with each thrust. It was as though every inch of her had turned into a sensual instrument, vibrating with pleasure.

She moved her hips eagerly, meeting each thrust with desperate fervor.

"Fuuaaaah, aaaah, aaaah, it's coming...! It's coming outttt~!!! My lord, My lord...! So much of My lord's cum is going to fill me...!"

The orgasm that Lixis experienced was so intense it nearly overwhelmed her senses. Her entire body quaked as my thick cock pumped semen deep inside her. Despite the torrent of my cum flooding her, Lixis remained focused, her hips moving in rhythmic urgency and her pussy clenching around me. Her only goal was to ensure my pleasure, not her own.

After I filled her, I let out a heavy sigh, the weight of our combined exertions settling in. Seeing her dedication, I reached out and gently patted her on the head. With a satisfied sigh, she finally surrendered to exhaustion, sinking into the bed's embrace, her consciousness slipping away as she lay amidst the rumpled sheets.

The three dryads were completely spent. I had thoroughly filled them up, satisfying their cravings and leaving them exhausted. Seeing the three girls sprawled face-down on the bed with their butts sticking up, cum dripping from their swollen pussies, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction.

Though I wasn't finished with their training, they were out cold for now, so I decided to leave them be.

The chill of winter was starting to set in, the cold night air now biting and making me crave warmth.

I entered my Love Room to find two women lounging there, clad only in bathrobes.

"Good job out there, Master," Amon purred, her eyes glowing with admiration.

"Good job, Master," Maya chimed in, her voice soft and eager.

Both were my dedicated maids, and tonight, I intended to fully enjoy their company. As the cold night air seeped in, the only remedy was to be enveloped by the warm, soft bodies of my women. Their heat would banish the winter chill and bring comfort.

"Please, Master, take off your clothes and sit down here. Let us serve you with all our might," Amon said, her voice laced with anticipation.

I obeyed, stripping off my clothes and taking a seat on the edge of the grand bed. My cock stood erect and proud, straining upwards, still yearning for more despite the previous encounters with the dryads.

Amon and Maya knelt before me, their gazes fixed on my throbbing dick. They opened their mouths and leaned in, their faces coming closer to my dripping crotch.

Marie's POV

"Hmm, it seems like the young ones are enjoying themselves on this cold night," I mused. Despite my age—99 years old now—I found myself aroused by the scene unfolding in Leon's room, where he was indulging with his women. I never thought I'd still feel such desire at my age, but it seemed that because my body was kept youthful, my libido remained just as active.

"I wonder how Jamie is faring," I murmured to myself.

My granddaughter, now a stunning young woman in her own right, was dedicated to finding the love of her life. Her quest was a testament to the power of love, a force so strong it could cross any barrier, defying even the constraints of time and space.

With a knowing smile, I let out a soft chuckle, "I'm eagerly looking forward to the future..." My voice held a trace of mischief, as if the best was yet to come.

Chapter 337: Maid Service

With a splash of saliva, Amon eagerly engulfed the glans in her mouth, her lips sealing around it as Maya's tongue caressed the shaft from the side.

They worked their tongues with an unrestrained, daring touch, and I couldn't help but frown in response to the intense pleasure.

The wet, lustful sounds mingled, echoing in the air, while the sweet sensation coursed through my lower abdomen, causing my jaw to twitch uncontrollably. Amon's mouth was coated in a thick layer of sticky saliva, glistening as her tongue slithered around the glans like a hungry creature.

Meanwhile, Maya sucked the shaft sideways as if she were playing a harmonica, her tongue lavishing every inch with loving licks.

The intense stimulation on the tip contrasted sharply with the lighter caress along the shaft. It was as if Amon and Maya were childhood friends who knew each other's every move—they synchronized their actions with a perfect rhythm, their touches meticulously planned to heighten my arousal, their breaths adding to the escalating pleasure.

"Fu... Nnnn."

"Ha~... hmmm."

When it was Maya's turn to focus on the glans, Amon took over the rest. Their expressions were shockingly indecent as they stretched their noses and clamped down on the glans with fervent intensity. Amon's mouth, glistening with thick, sticky saliva, encased the tip, while Maya's tongue danced and traced from the trunk of my dick to the inner muscles.

She then moved on to lavish my testicles with tender licks and rhythmic sucks.

The faint stimulation was so overwhelming it felt like it might shatter my back. Amon soon began to move her face back and forth with wild intensity, her mouth greedily sucking my cock with a powerful, relentless rhythm. The walls echoed with the filthy sounds of her sucking and licking.

Her cheeks were drawn in tightly, and the vacuum of her mouth was so intense it felt like she was trying to pull even my soul into her.

Meanwhile, Maya had both my balls stuffed in her mouth, her tongue swirling around them with a practiced motion. She sucked them with a vacuum-like force, her mouth enveloping them completely, sending jolts of pleasure through me.

"I'm about to cum...!" I growled out, and the two of them responded by increasing their efforts, their actions now driven by even greater fervor and intensity.

As I trembled on the brink of climax, Amon pulled the glans back into her tight, shallow mouth. She wrapped her fingers around the shaft, squeezing furiously, her grip almost painfully tight.

"Slurp... Nnn, let it out, let it out... hahter..." she mumbled around my dick, her words muffled but clear in their intent—"let it out, Master."

Meanwhile, Maya continued to swirl my balls with her tongue, her mouth working them over with a steady, sucking rhythm. I was at my breaking point, and as she lightly stimulated the frenulum with her fingertip, a sharp, electric jolt shot through my spine, crashing through my brain.

The thick, swollen lust at the base surged up through my urethra, and a cloudy, pulsating stream of cum overflowed from the tip, flooding the warmth of Amon's mouth.

"Nnn....!"

Amon's eyes widened in shock, but she kept her mouth firmly on my throbbing cock, eagerly accepting the thick, white cum that shot into her. Maya, as if spurring me on, twisted her tongue around my balls, adding a tantalizing edge to the intense pleasure. The sensation was so overpowering that I gripped Amon's head, pushing deeper as I released every last bit of cum.

After what felt like a dozen powerful pulses, Amon's cheeks puffed out like a hamster's, her mouth full of cum. With a loving squeeze, she milked my cock from the base, ensuring that not a single drop was wasted. Only when she was certain she had extracted every bit did Amon finally pull her mouth away.

With a smooth, almost proud motion, she opened her mouth wide, displaying the pool of semen collected inside. Her tongue, glistening with cum, swirled around in her fresh pink mouth as she stirred the semen before swallowing it with a satisfying gulp. She then showed me her mouth once more, ensuring that nothing was left.

Both of them let their bathrobes fall to the ground with a casual tug on the sashes that held them snugly around their waists.

I reclined on the bed, and Amon settled herself over my face.

Her ripe, peach-like flesh pressed firmly against my mouth, and a steady flow of honey began to seep from the hidden crack beneath her thin pubic hair. The rich nectar of her entrance soaked her slit, and the sweet, tangy scent overwhelmed my senses. I buried my nose deep into her, savoring the aroma, as I let my tongue lazily explore her private part.

"Aaaah, nnn, aaah, aaaaah..."

She closed her eyes in bliss and began to grind her hips in a slow, sensual circle, perfectly in sync with the rhythm of my tongue. Gradually, she spread her legs wider, giving me deeper access.

"Aaah, ah, ahhh, ah, fuaaah...!"

From below, I could see Maya's cheeks flushed a deep cherry red with arousal. Her breaths came out in heavy, sweet bursts, each exhale laden with desire.

"I'm going to insert it now..." she whispered, her voice thick with anticipation.

I felt her moist, warm flesh press against my erect cock as she guided herself down, the heat of her entrance enveloping me.

"Mmmm... mmmm, ahh, ah, ahhh... haaa~ haaa~..."

Maya's weight pressed down on my waist, her palms gripping my chest for balance. The lustful, slick sounds of our bodies joining filled the room as her warm, velvety flesh enveloped my cock, causing it to throb and harden further in the nectar's embrace.

As Maya pushed her hips back and forth, my cock, drawn into her narrow passage, was easily engulfed by the curved folds of her tight vagina.

"Hmmm, haaa~, haa~, yes, yes, haaa~..."

Maya seemed lost in pleasure, letting out sweet, gasping moans as she stared up at the ceiling, her throat exposed in delight.

Both girls were straddling me, moving their hips in their own unique rhythms.

The plump, sensitive flesh of Maya's vagina twisted and rubbed against my cock. The combined, heady scent of male and female mingled in the air, creating a searing heat that filled the room, making it feel sweltering despite the chill.

"Aaaah, aaah, aaah, aaah, aaaah, aaaahn~!"

"Fuuu, haaa, haaa, haaah, aaaahn, aaaah!"

The two females opened their legs wide and wriggled their hips with increasing urgency. I clenched my teeth, trying to hold back, but Maya began to shake her hips with all her strength. The mucous membrane inside her tight vagina rubbed intensely against my cock.

I sucked harder on Amon's flower core, my efforts growing more fierce.

"Aaaah, aaaah, aaah, aaaah, I'm cumming, Master... I'm cumming..."

"Aaaah, aaah, yaaan, aaaah, aaah, c-cumming... aaaaaaaahhhhhh!"

The three of us reached the peak together, the overwhelming sensation making it feel like my insides were about to explode. My white magma surged violently, spilling over and desperately seeking an escape. Your next read is at [mvl](#)

"Aaaaaaaaaah, it's so hot, it's hitting too deeppppp!"

"Cumming...! Cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmminggg~!!!"

The three of us climaxed together. As we were cumming, Maya and Amon embraced each other on top of me. After the intense storm of pleasure, they both went limp and collapsed on me.

"Haaaah..."

"Aaah..."

The room was filled with the heavy sounds of our breathing, a mix of deep, labored exhales and troubled gasps.

Chapter 338: Physical Exam (1)

Before winter vacation, the entire student body of the academy had to face one unavoidable event: the physical exam. This wasn't your usual fitness check to see if you're in shape or have any physical issues. No, this was more like a midterm exam, but instead of answering questions on paper, we were tested on our physical abilities.

And this week was the week for that exam.

"This is just too disheartening," Raymond grumbled, adjusting his glasses that kept slipping down his nose with every swing of the sword he was wielding. "I can't believe we're being graded on our physical strength too. Ah, I'm sure I'm going to plummet in the rankings... I've been holding onto the top 10 in our class. I can't believe I'm going to fall."

"That's rough for you, I guess, but it doesn't bother me at all," Duncan replied with a nonchalant tone. As a muscle-bound powerhouse, it was no surprise he'd say that. He flexed his impressive biceps like he was showing off in a bodybuilding contest, his muscles rippling with each movement. He had a build that was undeniably impressive.

"How about you, Leon? Aren't you worried at all? I mean, you've finally managed to escape the last ten in the rankings. Surely, you don't want to slip back to the bottom," Raymond asked.

"I don't really care, to be honest," I responded, my sword slicing through the air with a rhythmic grace. "I've never been invested in the rankings. From the moment I enrolled, I accepted that my place would be in the bronze class, and I'd stay there until graduation. Honestly, graduating in the bronze class doesn't seem so bad to me."

"Well, I at least want to move up to the silver class," Raymond said, his voice carrying a note of determination. "I've given up on aiming for the gold class, so reaching the silver class feels like a solid goal."

"I don't care much about where I end up," Duncan added, his voice steady and matter-of-fact. "As long as I graduate, that's what really matters to me."

The three of us weren't particularly bothered about climbing the rankings. As long as we graduated, that was all that mattered to us, and honestly, I was okay with that.

"But are you really sure, Leon?" Raymond asked again. "I mean, what about your girlfriend? She's in the gold class and a real princess from a foreign kingdom. Wouldn't you want to push yourself harder to match up to her? What if her father, the king, doesn't approve of your relationship?"

"Well, that's a real concern," I admitted, my voice trailing off as I considered it. If her father found out that Titania was dating someone who seemed weak and lacked ambition, he might reject me outright. I could always mention my connection to Leonamon as a fallback—it might help, but who knew?

"You sound so confident that King Bethlan would accept you. Are you really that sure?"

"I'm not. It's just that worrying about it now seems pointless," I replied with a shrug.

That's right. Worrying about something that won't come to pass now was pointless.

"What I need to focus on is the present," I told him. "Isn't that right?"

"You're right," Raymond said with a strained smile.

We continued our training, and after a while, I pretended to be exhausted and headed back to my dorm room.

When I returned and approached the door to my room, I noticed that it was slightly ajar. Someone must have been inside.

I pushed the door open, and to my surprise, I found her—there she was, sleeping right in the hallway outside my room, where I usually left my shoes.

She often ended up here whenever she misplaced her key.

I remembered handing her a spare key last time, just in case she lost hers again. It had been about a week since I gave it to her. It was actually surprising that she hadn't lost my key yet.

I gently picked her up and placed her on my bed. Her saliva was trickling from the corner of her mouth. She was undeniably cute, with a slender figure that made her look younger than her age. Her ash-gray hair fell across her face, framing her flawless, silken complexion. She appeared almost as if she had just been born. Discover stories with mVL

"I guess I'll have to wait for her to wake up," I muttered to myself, my eyes tracing her delicate form as she slept, completely oblivious to the world. Her soft breaths were the only sound in the room, creating an almost serene atmosphere. With a sigh, I sank into the solitary couch, my mind drifting as I watched her.

Suddenly, she stirred, her body shifting ever so slightly.

"Mmm~" she moaned softly, the sound escaping her lips as she slowly woke up. Her ashen, nearly lilac eyes fluttered open, still glazed with the remnants of sleep. She blinked at me, her gaze unfocused yet warm. "Oh, Leon... Welcome baaackkk~" she murmured, her voice dripping with drowsiness, like honey in the morning light.

"Why are you here again, Yr?" I asked, my tone hovering between curiosity and exasperation.

She stretched languidly, her body arching slightly before settling back down. "Because I lost my key again," she replied with a nonchalant shrug, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, her voice still heavy with sleep.

"Figures," I muttered. "It's kind of amazing how often you lose your own key but somehow never lose mine."

"It's because it isn't mine," she explained. "I always lose my stuff, but I never seem to misplace things that belong to others."

It was hard to wrap my head around her logic, but I suppose people have their quirks.

"Actually, there's a more reasonable reason why I'm here in your room," she added, her expression shifting slightly.

"Oh?" I responded, now genuinely curious.

"It's about..." she began, but before she could finish, her eyes fluttered shut again as if her battery had run out, and she fell back onto the bed, fast asleep.

"Hey... You can't just tease me like that and then drift off to sleep," I said, my tone a mix of exasperation and curiosity. I resigned myself to waiting for her to fully wake up before I'd get any answers.

I stood up and wandered over to the kitchen area of this cramped yet cozy 1LDK dorm room. As I prepared to cook something for the both of us, she roused once more, blinking sleepily as if shaking off the remnants of a dream.

"It's about... the cat," she mumbled, her voice still heavy with sleep.

The cat—Trill.

"I know why she's been skipping school lately," she continued.

Chapter 339: Physical Exam (2)

Mating season.

Each beast race has its own unique mating season. For instance, Maya's people come into heat every spring.

However, not every beast race experiences intense heat during mating season or needs intercourse to satisfy their cravings.

The Felian clan is different. As lion beast people, their mating season hits hard in mid-autumn and lasts throughout the entire winter. During this time, they are constantly in heat.

The Felian clan's heat was excruciatingly intense, driving them to seek out satisfaction or engage in intercourse to control their overwhelming urges. For Trill, however, the situation was more complicated. She didn't have a regular partner to fulfill her needs. She had certain "standards" that a man needed to meet before she would allow him to copulate with her, according to Yr.

Essentially, she had her own criteria for choosing a partner. It seems that "standards" exist in this world too.

The reason for Trill's constant absences from class was quite clear once Yr mentioned, "She's been up to something weird in her bedroom and making strange noises." It didn't take much to figure out what was happening. During her heat, she would skip class to handle her intense cravings on her own. Explore more stories at [mvl](#)

Why was she so rebellious, though? I vaguely recalled her having conflicts with her father, or maybe it was someone else significant in her life. Her rebellious streak hinted at a possible resistance to an arranged marriage or similar expectations. I could understand why she'd act out—if I were in her shoes, I'd be fighting back too.

Or maybe I was overthinking things? No matter her reasons for being rebellious, one undeniable fact was that Trill was in heat.

Yr also told me that Trill was working as an adventurer. As the name suggests, adventurers venture into dangerous territories, slaying monsters and exploring labyrinths or dungeons. Trill was using this role to find a mate. She'd organized a tournament for male adventurers, where they would compete for her attention. After a champion was crowned, she would face him in combat.

If she won, it meant he didn't meet her "standards." If he won, she would become his prize. It was a very beast-person way of handling things.

With her breathtaking beauty and her hourglass figure, it was no wonder that so many were eager to prove themselves.

There were reasons why Trill was always the winner. As a beast woman from the Felian Clan, she came from the strongest of the Beastkin clans. The Felian were known for their speed, agility, and raw power. They were the kings of the jungle, the most formidable Beastkin clan that no one dared to mess with. In her tournaments, she'd insisted that no skills were allowed.

Any adventurer who could defeat her under this condition would earn her as their prize. Given her Felian strength and the restriction against using skills, it was nearly impossible for anyone to even come close to defeating her.

In truth, Trill could have easily ascended to the gold class if she chose to. If not for her frequent absences, she would have been there long ago.

Even so, I was a bit surprised she was working as an adventurer. It seemed to fit her, though, so I wasn't complaining. Perhaps I should try my luck at one of her tournaments?

As I pondered this, the bell rang, signaling the start of our physical examination. The first period was... swordsmanship.

The students would be graded on their swordsmanship based on three criteria: footwork, stance, and the grace of their swings and attacks. Our scores would be averaged across these categories, and then multiplied by one hundred to get our final grade. There was no failing mark per se, but if your grades were too low, you'd drop a rank.

"Well, I guess just averaging them all should be fine," I muttered to myself as I watched others demonstrate their swordsmanship to the professors and instructors.

"What did you say?" Titania's voice, sweet and curious, cut through the air as she flashed a radiant smile, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she leaned in closer, her charm almost palpable.

"Nothing," I answered. "Just feeling a bit nervous, that's all."

"You? Nervous? Come on, Leon, you'll be fine!" Titania teased, her smile lighting up the area around us as she playfully jabbed my shoulder with her elbow. Those nearby couldn't help but click their tongues and mutter under their breaths, saying things like, "Why did she choose that loser?" and "It should have been me, not him."

Suddenly, the air was filled with excited squeals and gasps from the crowd around the stage where the students were showcasing their swordsmanship. I immediately knew why. Johanne had just stepped onto the stage. He was a strikingly handsome young man with white hair, and he was widely regarded as the strongest swordsman in the academy, second to none.

Being the son of the Sword Saint, it was practically guaranteed that he would be the successor. His skill, Limit Breaker, allowed him to surpass his body's natural limits, making it an insanely overpowered ability.

Now, there he was, ready to show off his sword skills to everyone.

"Begin!" commanded one of the evaluators.

Johanne immediately adopted a flawless, almost impeccable fighting stance. I couldn't spot a single flaw. To my eyes, it was the most perfect stance imaginable, leaving no openings for an attack. Then, he began his footwork. Each movement was executed with precision, as if his feet were gliding effortlessly across the stage. Finally, he started swinging his sword.

The blade cut through the air so cleanly that not even a whisper of sound could be heard. There was absolute silence—no noise at all. That was how perfect it was.

However, something went wrong. Johanne suddenly dropped to his knees, clutching his lower abdomen as if he was in intense pain.

"Kuh... Why now?!" he muttered through gritted teeth, his face contorted with discomfort. It was clear that whatever was happening to him wasn't the first time. I couldn't help but wonder—what the hell was going on with him?

Chapter 340: Physical Exam (3)

Johanne's POV

It hit me out of nowhere, without any warning. A sharp, excruciating pain shot through my lower abdomen, so intense that it made standing almost impossible. This torment came every month, and I still had no idea why. I had seen good doctors, but none of them found anything wrong with me. Month after month, the pain returned, and even the doctors were baffled.

I couldn't help but wonder if it was some kind of incurable disease, or maybe something that hadn't been discovered yet. All I knew was that it hurt like hell.

Gritting my teeth, I forced myself to stand up. The evaluator was talking to me, and I could see his lips moving, asking if I was okay. But I couldn't hear a thing. There was a loud ringing in my ears, drowning out everything else. I told him I was okay, that I could keep going. Though, I wasn't even sure if those words actually left my mouth.

I forced myself to try again, determined to get it right this time. I straightened my posture, positioned my feet with precision, and swung my sword with every ounce of grace I could summon. But the pain in my lower abdomen was like a knife twisting inside me, making my movements sloppy and forced. Sweat drenched my skin, streaming down my face as my legs began to tremble, barely holding me up.

The world around me was reduced to the high-pitched ringing in my ears, drowning out everything else as I gritted my teeth and tried to push through the relentless agony.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally stopped. The evaluators jotted down their notes, their faces unreadable. I couldn't even focus on what they were writing; all I knew was that I'd completely fucked it up. The pain had blindsided me, leaving me powerless to perform at my best.

Just as I thought I might be able to endure a little longer, my vision began to swim, and I felt myself tipping to the side.

Everything went dark as I fell unconscious.

Leon's POV

After swordsmanship, we moved on to endurance and stamina. We had to run laps around a grueling, endless track field, pushing ourselves until we were completely out of breath. The evaluators would assess our speed and how long we could keep going before collapsing. However, since this was a test of endurance, speed wasn't the main focus.

Whether we ran slowly or fast, they only cared about how long we could last. A slower pace meant less endurance was used up, and this was noted. Running faster used up endurance more quickly, which was recorded separately.

I took a much-needed break after my turn. I had pushed myself for ten minutes at full speed—an average performance, by my reckoning. Many others were still out on the track, their faces twisted in effort. Raymond was one of them. Despite his limited stamina, he pushed himself beyond reasonable limits, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he fought against his own collapsing body.

He eventually crumpled to the ground, completely spent. He probably overexerted himself trying to score higher, but unfortunately, it wouldn't make much difference.

As I watched my girlfriend dash around the track, her massive jugs bouncing with every stride, I couldn't help but think about Johanne. Her figure was a magnet for the gazes of young men all around, but my mind was somewhere else. She must have sensed my distraction because she pouted at me with a playful, teasing look before propelling herself forward at full speed again.

I chuckled at her feisty reaction. Amid the scene, I could hear the disapproving clicks of tongues from those nearby.

"It should have been me, not him," I heard someone mutter again.

I brushed off their complaints, my focus remaining solely on Johanne. After the physical exams wrapped up, I intended to head over to the academy's sanatorium to check on Johanne's condition.

After the third and final test, which pushed our strength by adding more weight every second while we carried it, I headed to the sanatorium. I'd only managed to hold up 70 kg for a mere four minutes, which felt like a standard performance in the grueling lineup. The highest score was a staggering 250 kg, a feat achieved by Duncan, who unsurprisingly took the top spot.

Titania, ever by my side, insisted on coming with me to the sanatorium. I had intended to go alone, just to check on Johanne, but her determination was clear.

"No, I want to go with you, Leon. Take me with you!" she pleaded, her large, earnest eyes looking up at me with an irresistible intensity. With that gaze, I couldn't bring myself to refuse.

As we neared the sanatorium, the door creaked open and a woman stepped out, her presence catching my attention. She had bobbed brown hair that framed her face and thick, circular glasses that magnified her eyes to an almost comical degree. Her eyesight must have been horrendous. If I remembered correctly, she was a second-year silver class student and the daughter of a viscount. Her name was...

Tristana, I think. She hesitated, her gaze shifting between us, before speaking.

"O-Oh, hello?" she stammered, her voice quivering slightly. "A-Are you here to visit Jo... Mr. Johanne?" she asked.

"Something like that, yeah," I replied.

"Oh, okay then," she said with a nervous smile. She gave a small, awkward wave before turning to leave. "Have fun." Her voice trailed off as she walked away, her footsteps echoing softly in the hallway.

We watched her walk away, her figure gradually shrinking until it was out of sight.

"I wonder if she's close to Mr. Johanne," Titania mused, her tone tinged with curiosity. "It seems like they know each other pretty well."

"Yeah, it does seem that way," I replied, my eyes following the path she had taken.

We stepped into the sanatorium, where the atmosphere was a mix of sterile cleanliness and subdued energy. Johanne was stationed by a window, his gaze fixed on the ongoing strength test outside.