

## The World 341

### Chapter 341: Physical Exam (4)

Johanne sensed the presence approaching and turned to us, his face breaking into a warm smile when he saw me.

"Leon," he said, his voice carrying a hint of surprise. "You didn't have to come. I know you're probably wiped out."

"Yeah, but I wanted to see you," I said. "That's why I'm here. By the way, I noticed someone leaving, and it seemed like she was on her way to visit you?"

"Ah, yes. That's Tris. She's my fiancée," Johanne replied.

Huh? I didn't know Johanne had a fiancée.

"Well, our marriage will mostly be for political reasons. But even with that in mind, I think we'll end up falling for each other naturally. She's a genuinely good woman."

He spoke with an air of clarification, as if trying to ease my understanding.

"Though I do feel sorry for her being paired with someone like me," he added.

It was a tough situation. When you're aware of your own flaws and you're matched with someone who's genuinely good, the guilt can weigh heavily. But from what I knew, Johanne wasn't a bad person. Far from it—he was genuinely decent. I wouldn't label him as someone who deserved to be called a bad person.

"Are you alright now?" I asked.

Johanne offered a strained smile. "Yes, I'm feeling better now," he said. "When something like that happens in the middle of something important, well, sometimes it's just unavoidable, isn't it?"

There are things beyond our control, like changing the future, for example. Even if Hertrude could see what was coming, the future would unfold as it's meant to, no matter how hard she tried to prevent it. There was no avoiding it. This situation was similar to what happened to Johanne—an unfortunate case of bad timing.

No matter how much we wanted to change things, some outcomes were simply unavoidable.

Johanne's stomach ache was a prime example of such bad timing. It was a tough situation to deal with, and while it might have affected his performance, it was entirely understandable.

"You know, Leon," he said suddenly, his voice tinged with an unsettling calm. As he sat on the bed, staring out the window, he looked almost as if he were facing a terminal illness. "I think I'm dying."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because for the past few years, I've been enduring this relentless pain in my lower stomach," he explained. "It happens every month, a dull, throbbing ache that radiates through my lower back and creeps toward my groin. Sometimes it lasts for days or even weeks, and there are moments when the pain is so severe I can hardly move."

"Huh?" Titania suddenly blurted out.

"Is something wrong?" I asked her, noticing her reaction.

"N-Nothing. It's just... nothing," she stammered.

It seemed like Titania had connected the dots but was reluctant to voice her thoughts.

"Have you seen a doctor about this?" I asked, trying to offer some help.

"I have," Johanne said, his frustration evident. "But they couldn't pinpoint what was causing it. Most doctors gave up and speculated that it might be a rare illness, or perhaps I'm the only one with this condition—essentially, the first case ever."

"I know a good doctor," I suggested. "Maybe you should get a consultation with her."

Johanne's eyes widened, and then he gave me a smile so radiant it almost lit up the room. "Thanks, Leon," he said.

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Titania and I walked across the academy grounds, the cool evening air brushing against our faces as we made our way toward our dorms.

"You noticed something about Johanne, didn't you?" I asked, remembering her earlier reaction to his explanation.

She'd seemed particularly unsettled when Johanne described his illness. Her reaction suggested she'd recognized something.

"Yes, his description was eerily similar to what I experience every month," she said.

"You're experiencing it too?" I asked.

"Yeah, but it's not an illness," she said. "At least, not as far as I know."

"What is it then? If you can clarify, we might be able to help Johanne," I said.

"But that's impossible," she said, shaking her head in disbelief.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, there's no way Johanne could have that condition. He's not a girl, so it's physically not feasible. That's why I brushed it off earlier."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

I felt like I was getting closer to understanding something crucial. Titania had mentioned that Johanne was not a girl, but strangely enough, it seemed possible to dominate him. He had a penis, without a doubt, which confirmed he was male. Yet, after realizing I could dominate him, doubts began to creep in.

Initially, I believed my skill could dominate males too. I thought it wasn't limited to just females. But when I discovered I could dominate Johanne, I started questioning why Raymond and Duncan had never been affected by my skill. If my skill could dominate males, why didn't it work on them? Unless, of course, Raymond and Duncan were just playing me for a fool and didn't really see me as a friend.

But I was convinced they considered me one.

So, I started to think maybe Johanne was disguising himself as a female. But that didn't make sense. He had a distinctly male organ hanging between his legs (admittedly, quite large but not bigger than mine). His body was clearly masculine, built with a solid, ripped physique. As far as I could tell, he was all male.

His gender was becoming increasingly confusing.

"What's happening to him... is something that shouldn't be happening to a guy. It's a condition exclusive to females," she said, her tone playful as she wagged her finger. "Basically, it's a girl's issue, Leon. That's why it's impossible for it to be that. Maybe it really is a terminal illness," she added, a hint of sadness in her expression.

"What is this condition you're talking about?" I asked, hoping for clarity. Understanding her own experiences might help me determine whether Johanne was a girl or a boy.

"It's a bit rude to ask a girl about that, Leon, but whatever. It's not a big deal, and I actually like how serious and cool you look when you're focused," she said with a toothy grin. "Now, listen up. It's something us girls refer to as 'that time of the month.' It's something we experience every month. Basically, it's..." She leaned in and whispered the word.

Now it was starting to make sense.

"You get it?"

"Yeah," I said, understanding dawning on me.

Now everything fell into place.

Johanne... was gender-bent.

Chapter 342: Physical Exam (5)

Gender bend—back in my old world, it was a genre where characters switched to their opposite genders. Essentially, a girl would transform into a guy, and vice versa. If I was right, that's what was happening to Johanne right now. I wasn't sure if it was a curse or something similar, but it could definitely be one.

Given Johanne's blissful ignorance of the change, it seemed he, or rather, she wasn't aware of it. It was possible she'd been transformed into a boy from birth. But who was responsible? It had to be someone with the power to pull off such a drastic alteration.

"Now that I think about it, she's the son... or rather the daughter of the Sword Saint, right?" I pondered aloud. It was possible her father had orchestrated this transformation or at least found someone to do it.

It was possible that the Sword Saint had hoped for a son to inherit his legendary skill. As one of the strongest swordsmen, he might have envisioned passing on his prowess to a male heir. Perhaps he was disappointed when his first child was a girl instead. Maybe he wanted a boy because he believed a son would be more suited to mastering the sword.

If he saw his daughter as less capable of achieving what he hoped for in a successor, that could explain his actions.

Of course, this was all just speculation. I had no concrete proof that Johanne was indeed gender-bent. I needed to dig deeper and investigate further.

For now, we were on the second day of the physical exam. Yesterday had tested swordsmanship, endurance, and strength. Today's challenges included agility, marksmanship, and versatility.

Agility, as the name implies, tests your nimbleness—how swiftly you can fight and how effectively you can dodge and evade attacks. While speed is a part of it, agility adds another layer of complexity, making the test both a measure of quick reflexes and graceful movement.

For this test, you face a rotating training dummy that speeds up as you hit it harder. The dummy spins faster with each impact, and if it connects with you, you're out. Evaluators time how long you can avoid being hit while continuously attacking the dummy. No matter how fast it spins, you must keep your strikes coming.

Several factors influence your final score, and depending on how well you handle the challenge, your grade could either soar or plummet.

I stepped onto the stage alongside the other participants, feeling the weight of anticipation. Numerous evaluators lined the sides, each assigned to observe a single student. Rose was one of those evaluators, tasked with watching my performance.

Well, this had to be awkward for her, I thought. I mean, after that whole incident, how could it not be? I felt pretty awkward about it myself.



We still hadn't spoken since the Irene incident, and the winter vacation plans or the investigation into the Eclipse had yet to be addressed. It was clear that sorting out these issues would require a lot of effort.

To my surprise, Trill was here too, slated for evaluation alongside me. Her evaluator, Gabrielle, was focused on her, yet her eyes frequently drifted towards me, a knowing smile playing on her lips. I did my best to ignore her lingering gaze

I aimed to score as average as possible before finally allowing the rotating dummy to hit me. It wasn't about excelling but rather making sure I didn't stand out too much.

Next came the marksmanship test. This round was straightforward in theory—using bows to shoot at stationary targets. However, the evaluators had added extra challenges, like unpredictable winds and shifting conditions. These variables required you to adjust your aim constantly, making it tricky to hit your mark.

Whether you had to account for moving targets or deal with gusts of wind that threatened to skew your shot, precision was crucial.

Unsurprisingly, Artemis hit a bull's-eye with every single shot, securing a grade that was undeniably perfect.

As for me, I aimed for the most average score possible.

Then came the versatility test. This challenge evaluated how adaptable you were with various weapons and types of magic. Instead of sticking to your preferred weapons, you had to demonstrate proficiency

with everything from spears to obscure battle gear. The test also included using different types of magic—fire, water, and more. Essentially, they were gauging how versatile you truly were.

The second day of the exam passed in the blink of an eye.

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After parting ways with Titania, I made my way back to my dorm room. As I walked, an unsettling feeling crept over me—I sensed someone was following me. Whoever it was kept their distance, moving stealthily, like a skilled stalker. Ignoring them might be easier, but if they kept tailing me all day, it would be a constant annoyance.

So, I decided to change my route to see if they were really following me.

When I confirmed that they were still on my tail after my route change, I decided to set up an ambush. I needed to find out why they were following me. I turned the corner quickly and prepared myself for the confrontation. Just over ten seconds later, they rounded the corner, continuing their pursuit.

"Wagh?!"

She clearly hadn't expected me to be waiting for her, as she let out a startled yelp. If she hadn't been genuinely following me, she probably wouldn't have been so utterly shocked.

"Do you need something from me?" I asked her. She was a second-year student from the bronze class, currently at the bottom of her class. Timid and wearing glasses, her hair styled in braided twin-tails, and constantly clutching books to her chest, she had the look of a bookworm who seemed too shy to step out of her shell. If I remembered correctly, her name was Ella.

As I calmly posed my question, Ella placed a hand on her chest, trying to steady her rapid heartbeat.

"...W-What are you talking about? I-I don't even know you."

Chapter 343: Physical Exam (6)

"If that were really the case, then saying you're following me would be quite embarrassing," I said, my tone sharp. "But you wouldn't choose to come this way when there's an easier route, would you?"

Exactly. I had intentionally taken this less convenient path, knowing if she followed me here, it meant she was indeed tracking my movements. She could have easily taken the more straightforward route, but she chose this less practical one. There was no way she wasn't following me if she ended up here.

"T-That was..."

"Well, unless you actually prefer this route," I said, weaving a deliberate lie to give her an out. "It would be pretty dumb of me to accuse you of following me."

"R-Right, um..." she stuttered, struggling to find a way out. I stepped aside to let her pass, offering a slight bow before she quickly walked away.

I watched her disappear in the distance. She was following me. I knew that, but the reason was something I couldn't find. I could have just push her to say the reason to me, but I didn't want to scare her and force her to, which was why I let her away.

I finally let go of my sight out of her and then continued to walk back to my dorm room.

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The third and final day of the physical exam had arrived, and it was the most grueling yet—duel day. This part of the exam required each student to face off against another in a one-on-one battle. It was a pure test of skill, so unique abilities were off-limits. You could only use weapons, and the choice was yours.

Whether your opponent wielded a sword, you could opt for a firearm, a bow, or whatever suited your style.

Opponents were paired based on rankings, meaning the first and second-ranked students in the bronze class would duel, followed by the third and fourth, fifth and sixth, and so on, all the way down to the 99th and 100th.

If a class was missing a student—like ours, since Shredica was no longer here—the 99th-ranked student would have to face the winner of the first duel in their own class, either the first or second-ranked, depending on who emerged victorious.

I was sitting at 89th in the bronze class rankings, which meant my opponent would be Trill Felian, ranked 90th.

"That sucks, dude. You're up against Felian," Raymond said, his voice tinged with sympathy. He was comfortably in the top ten, and his opponent was ranked 10th.

"Well, you're lucky. You're paired with Yr," I remarked. Raymond's opponent was Yr, the laziest person in the bronze class.

"That's exactly why I'm relieved," he said with a grin. "With her as my opponent, I don't have to break a sweat. I just need to wait for her to yawn and doze off, and then I win."

I didn't think Yr would take the match seriously either—she was more likely to fall asleep on the spot.

"Well, best of luck to us," I said, giving him a friendly pat on the back.

The time came for Raymond's match. Yr sauntered onto the stage with her usual lack of enthusiasm, while Raymond strutted with a confident smirk plastered on his face. He was clearly convinced he was going to win. He carried a grimoire that radiated a faint, fiery glow. I knew that this grimoire was designed to intensify fire spells.

Yr yawned as she took her place. She wielded a massive scythe, far larger than her own body. I hadn't known she preferred a scythe as her weapon. But given her eccentric nature, it wasn't too surprising that she'd choose something so unconventional.

Both of them took their positions, standing five meters apart.

The referee ascended the stage, scrutinizing both competitors with a keen eye before asking if they were ready. Raymond, brimming with confidence, nodded immediately, his eagerness evident. Yr, however, responded with nothing more than a languid yawn, barely acknowledging the moment.

"Fight!"

The referee's command cut through the air, and the match began. To make a long story short, Raymond ended up losing. He had forgotten one critical detail about Yr—she was as unpredictable as she was lazy.

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"Leon!"

My girlfriend, Titania, waved and called out to me. She had finished her duel and, though she lost, she wasn't hurt too badly. Now that it was lunch break and half the students had completed their matches, I had been comforting Raymond, who was in tears, ashamed after being defeated by Yr, whom he had thought he could easily beat. And then, she came.

I walked over to Titania, and she immediately latched onto my arm, pressing her breasts against me with a cheerful smile.

"Let's have lunch!" she said, practically dragging me along with her.

"Uh, okay. Bye then, Raymond. See you later," I said as I waved off Raymond. Duncan took over comforting him. For the record, Duncan had won his match. Given his immense size, it was no surprise he'd win on sheer strength alone.

The only thing that held him back was his own lack of intelligence, but when it came to raw power, he was a force to be reckoned with.

Titania and I found a spot to sit and enjoy our lunch. Fortunately, the area wasn't crowded, so we didn't have to deal with too many curious stares. Whenever we ate together, we often attracted unwanted attention.

"What time is your match?" she asked, her cheeks stuffed with food, crumbs and bits scattered around her mouth.

"It's set for a little after sunset. And by the way, don't talk with your mouth full," I said, grabbing a tissue. "You might choke yourself."

I carefully wiped away the crumbs and smudges from around her mouth, and she closed her eyes, her expression softening as she felt my touch.

After she swallowed, her gaze met mine, eyes filled with concern.

"I'll definitely be there to watch you, Leon! But are you sure you'll be okay? I heard Trill Felian is your opponent. They say that even if someone tries to surrender, she keeps attacking until they're down."

I'd heard the same rumors. Trill Felian was notorious for her ruthless, instinct-driven fights. As a lion beast person, her pride was as fierce as her combat skills. She wasn't just fighting to win; she was fighting to dominate, to make sure everyone knew her superiority.

"Please, Leon, be careful. I don't want to see you hurt," she said, her voice trembling with genuine concern.

I responded by pressing a gentle kiss to her cheek, feeling her skin warm beneath my lips. Her cheeks flushed with a deep, rosy hue.

"Don't worry," I said softly, my lips lingering for a moment longer. "I'm not planning on losing. I'm going to give it everything I've got."

Titania understood that I wasn't as inept as others might think and that I preferred to stay under the radar. That's why she was worried that if I didn't give it my all, I might get hurt while trying to hide my true abilities.

But I had my reasons for taking this match seriously. If I could beat her, I might just catch her interest.

Chapter 344: Physical Exam (7)

My match was about to start, and the crowd was larger than I'd expected. Much larger. Were they here to see me? To watch me fail and flail around? To get a kick out of my embarrassment?



But it didn't matter. The size of the crowd wasn't my concern. Even if I showed them I wasn't a pushover, I wouldn't reveal my true abilities. There was a clear difference between being skillless and being a master swordsman.

I glanced at the weapon rack. The array of swords before me looked unimpressive—cheap, poorly crafted, and barely sharpened. They seemed like they were meant to be mere props in a poorly made play. But appearances can be deceiving. Sometimes, even the most unremarkable tools can be wielded with surprising effectiveness. A skilled hand can turn a worthless blade into a valuable weapon.

So, I picked the cheapest sword on the rack, made from the lowest-quality metal. It looked unimpressive and barely sharp, but it was good enough.

Trill, on the other hand, had opted for no weapon at all. She was stepping into the arena with just her fists—or rather, her claws. She wasn't planning to use a sword, a bow, or anything else.

When she saw who she was up against, she barely seemed to register my presence. Her disinterest was palpable, as though she couldn't be more bored by the prospect of fighting me. That was exactly why I needed to grab her attention. I was determined to make her remember my name—Leon, not Leo.

I might seem petty for focusing on this, but I knew it was the only way to capture her attention. If I didn't make an impression now, it might be too late to assert my dominance over her.

The referee stepped forward, his voice cutting through the murmur of the crowd. "Are you two ready?"

I nodded slowly. Trill did the same, then unsheathed her claws with a flick of her wrist. She was set, but her expression suggested she wasn't taking this seriously at all.

"According to the rules," the referee announced, "no skills are allowed. Anyone caught using them will be disqualified. Now, fight!"

With a swift motion, the referee's hand came down, signaling the start of the duel.

"I guess it's time for me to get serious," I muttered to myself.

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Trill's POV

"Go for him! Beat him to a fucking pulp and make him regret ever stepping into this ring! He doesn't belong here at all—he's just a skillless piece of shit!"

"Crush him completely! Make sure he knows his connection with the Princess of Bethlan was a mistake! Humiliate him in every way possible! Tie him up naked and parade him around!"

"Leave him crippled and broken!"

"Who the fuck bet on this fight?"

"No one. I mean, who would even bet that he'd win?"

"It's fucking pointless, given he's up against Trill Felian. There's no chance you'd gamble on this match when the outcome is so damn obvious."

The murmurs around me reverberated. My ears, finely attuned to the faintest sounds, picked up every whisper and shift with crystal clarity.

My opponent stood in front of me, sword in hand. Despite his readiness, there was no trace of bloodlust in his stance. He simply regarded me with an unsettling calmness. It was almost comical. Leo—or whatever your name is—seemed to be under the impression that he had a shot at winning.

But, sorry Leo, this is dull. There's no thrill here. I instantly surged behind him with my beastly speed and swung my claws at him, striking with ruthless precision. I wasted no time at all.

As soon as my claw connected, I realized I was only slicing through air.

"...What?"

A sudden chill ran along the side of my neck.

"...Huh?"

I glanced behind me and saw the edge of his blade pressing against my throat. In an instant, he vanished and reappeared on the other side of the stage.

"...Wha...?"

"Again." He spoke calmly, returning to the same basic stance.

Everything fell into a heavy silence. The murmurs that had buzzed around me were suddenly swallowed by an eerie stillness, as if the arena itself had taken a breath and held it.

"H-Hey, what the fuck just happened?" One onlooker's voice cut through the quiet, a mix of shock and confusion clear in his tone.

But there was no response. No one had any idea what had just transpired.

I braced myself and took a step forward, only to halt in bewilderment.

"...What?"

A bewildered murmur slipped from my lips. For some reason, he seemed much farther away than before. Was this an illusion? No, there was no magic—he wasn't using any. Had I misjudged the distance between us then? No, I was certain I hadn't.

Yet it felt as though the space between us had somehow stretched.

No... I couldn't think about it any longer. I had to focus. There was something about this man that felt both strange and dangerous. I forced my emotions into a controlled state, readied myself, and decided to execute a simple feint. My plan was to trick him and then slip behind him to strike from the rear.

I executed the feint perfectly and moved behind him once again, aiming to slash with my claws. I thought I'd nailed him, but instead, I met only empty air.

In the next instant, a cold blade pressed against the side of my neck.

"...Huh?"

"You really like coming from behind, don't you?" he said.

I tried to pivot and slash at him, but before I could even get close, he vanished again. What the hell was going on?

"Again." His voice rang out, and suddenly he was on the opposite side of the stage, assuming that same simple stance.

It dawned on me.

It was the most basic stance I'd ever seen, but as I focused, I realized it was flawless. There was no discernible opening, no weak spot at all.

"...Why?"

In that moment, it felt like I was confronting an impenetrable wall, so tall and unyielding it seemed completely insurmountable.

Chapter 345: Physical Exam (8)

How was this possible? Why couldn't I spot any openings? It was as though I was facing an impenetrable brick wall, so towering that the top seemed unreachable. The challenge was monumental.

But this was Leo—the same guy who'd been labeled the weakest student. Why was he suddenly displaying such impressive skills? This didn't make sense. Unless, of course, he'd been concealing his true abilities from everyone.

"Raaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!"

With a battle cry, I charged at him once more, determined to break through. This time, I faced him directly, confronting him head-on. He remained rooted in his stance, unmoving. I crouched low, then thrust my body upward, my claw extended and aiming straight for him.

Instead of dodging by moving behind me like before, this time he just leaned back, avoiding my strike. Then, I felt a sweep kick at my feet, sending me crashing sideways onto the ground.

I had just been taken down.

"Again," he said, already positioned on the opposite side of the stage.

I growled, my teeth clenched in frustration. He was clearly toying with me. I dropped to all fours and charged at him. When I got close, I leaped at him, but he dodged effortlessly and ended up on the opposite side once more.

"Raaaaaaaaaagh!"

I let out a primal roar, slashing wildly with my claws, each swing aimed to tear through him. He danced around my strikes with effortless grace, dodging them one by one. I poured every bit of strength I had into my arms, striking his blade with a forceful impact. The clash erupted in a deafening thunder, his sword, hand, and arm recoiling from the force.

His posture was shattered! This was my moment!

"Raaaaaaagh!"

I followed up with a blindingly fast attack, but to my dismay, he was even quicker.

"...Wha...?"

In a heartbeat, he had slipped behind me, his blade pressing coldly against my neck.

I whipped around and slashed at him, but my claws only cut through empty air. Then, without warning, a crushing force slammed into my stomach.

"Gaah!"

He'd delivered a brutal punch to my stomach, expelling every ounce of air from my lungs. I tried to strike him with my claws again, but once more, I connected with nothing but air. Then, without warning, I felt a jarring impact slam into the side of my head—his kick had landed hard. I was sent sprawling sideways, my vision blurring. Defeat washed over me, and my consciousness began to slip away.

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Leon's POV

"W-We have a winner!" the referee declared, his voice echoing in the silence that followed. The crowd remained eerily quiet, no applause or cheers breaking the stillness. Then, as if breaking a spell, Titania sprang to her feet, clapping enthusiastically.

"Whoo! That's my boyfriend, y'all~!" Titania shouted, her face lighting up with a triumphant grin. Her claps were met by Johanne, who also stood and joined in the applause.

The spectators were bewildered, their expressions a mix of shock and disbelief. I had just taken down Trill in a mock combat, restricted to basic skills, and with nothing but a rusty sword. The battle was over, and the outcome was clear.

The physical exam raged on, with students continuing to test their skills in combat. I had lost interest, and many students had already left, drained and disenchanted. They had only stayed to see me get embarrassed, but instead, they witnessed me defeat Trill. The laughter they had anticipated never came.

I was heading toward the Sanatorium, intending to visit Trill. However, when I arrived, Trill was nowhere to be found.

"Well, I guess she's awake now," Titania said, her arm wrapped around mine, her ample breasts pressing against me.

"I guess we'll head back then," I replied. "Shall we?"

"Yes!" she answered, clinging to my arm even tighter.

As we made our way back to the dorm, I reviewed the requirements for dominating Trill. I had already completed the first one, "Meet Trill's Standard," which simply meant defeating her. Now, I was on to the second requirement, which seemed straightforward to complete.

As we made our way towards the dorm, I sensed that someone was trailing us again. It was Ella, the same person who had followed me yesterday. She was trying to hide behind a post, but her upper body was fully visible, making her attempt at concealment laughably ineffective.

"Do you know her, Leon?" Titania asked, having noticed Ella as well.

"I don't really," I replied.

"Are you thinking of adding her to your collection too?" Titania inquired, a hint of curiosity in her voice.

"I'm not," I replied decisively. Ella had nothing to offer. Her skill was mediocre, and there was no advantage in making her one of my women. That's why I hadn't bothered before, and I had no intention of doing so now.

"Really?" she asked, a hint of mischief in her voice. "I think she's worth it, though."

"Worth it? Why do you say that?" I questioned, intrigued.

"Just intuition," she replied with a nonchalant shrug, her eyes sparkling with a secretive glint.

Intuition, huh? I wasn't one to put much stock in a woman's intuition about who might be worth adding to my circle, no matter how strong it seemed. But Titania's input made me pause and reconsider.

"Well, since you're not interested in her for now, why don't we head to the dorm?" she suggested, her bright smile lighting up her face.

With that, we turned and headed towards our respective dorm rooms.

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Ella's POV

"You haven't found anything?" the woman demanded, her eyes blazing with rage as I knelt on the floor, feeling the cold beneath me.

"I-I'm sorry," I stuttered, "but all I saw was him going to his dorm with his girlfriend."

"You really are worthless," she growled, grinding her teeth in irritation. "I assigned you this task because I trusted you to get results, but you come back with this pathetic excuse. What's the matter with you? Am I not terrifying enough anymore, huh?!"

She yanked on my hair, forcing me to look up at her. Her eyes were icy daggers, stabbing through me with every piercing glare.

"I-I'm not saying that..."

She released my hair with a sharp tug, making me wince. "Well, no matter," she said, her tone dripping with cold satisfaction. "This Leon guy seems like quite the catch. It makes sense that Charlotte is reaching out to him." She tapped her chin thoughtfully, her gaze calculating. "If I can dig up some dirt on him, I could make Charlotte's life a fucking nightmare. She'd be completely shattered.

Isn't that just deliciously fun, Ella?" Her laugh was a chilling blend of malice and amusement.

"Y-Yes, it is," I stammered, shrinking back from her intimidating presence.

"Then why aren't you laughing?" she snapped, delivering a sharp kick to my side.

I recoiled from the pain, my body curling instinctively. To avoid further torment, I forced a laugh.

## Chapter 346: Winter Vacation (1)

Winter vacation had kicked off, bringing with it the snow and biting cold. Many people had gone home for the break, while some, like me, stayed behind in the dorms despite the chill. Everyone was bundled up in thick clothing to fend off the cold, and I was no exception.

Today, I had a date with Titania, just as I'd promised her. She was bubbling with excitement, her arms wrapped around mine, her breasts pressing against my arm. We strolled through Academy City with plans to visit a cafe, but when we arrived, we found it was closed. To our disappointment, we learned it was shut down for good.

"It's too bad," Titania sighed, "Their food was delicious."

She pouted, and I could sympathize with her. It felt a bit like discovering your favorite place has closed down after your parents had secretly enjoyed a meal there while you were asleep.

"I wonder why they closed so suddenly?" Titania said, her voice laced with confusion. "I mean, as far as I know, their business wasn't that bad."

"Maybe we don't have the full picture," I said. We had no way of knowing how well a business was really doing; only the owners would have that insight.

"Aren't they being ungrateful for shutting down their shop, even though I kept coming here?" Titania complained.

Her habit of feeling slighted and calling people ungrateful was coming back into play.

"Yeah, totally ungrateful," I teased her with a smirk.

She puffed out her cheeks in a pout, her eyes narrowing at me. The way she looked—cheeks bloated, lips pursed—was almost too cute, making it hard to resist the urge to laugh.

"Just kidding," I said with a playful smile. "But hey, we can always make our way to the Leonamon Cake Shop, right?"

We had chosen this cafe because the Leonamon was a bit too far for a casual visit. But with the cafe now closed, we were set to venture to our original destination.

"Well, I guess," Titania replied, her own smile brightening. "That means I'll get to spend more time with you, doesn't it?"

We climbed into a carriage, and I asked the coachman to drive us to Pleasure City, where the nearest Leonamon Cake Shop awaited.

The ride was smooth as we traveled to Pleasure City, and I handed the coachman four gold coins for the fare.

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Pleasure City buzzed with its usual vibrancy, though now it was dusted with snow, which had accumulated along the roads. The people bustled about, wrapped in winter clothing, busy with chores like clearing snow from rooftops and other tasks.

As we walked, a man who looked like a thug came up beside us. His hand was outstretched, clearly aiming to grab Titania's backside. Before he could act on his crude intention, I seized his wrist.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" I demanded.

"What?" he said with a cocky attitude. "I'm not planning on doing anything."

"Then what's your hand doing?" I countered, holding his wrist firmly.

"Nothing," he said with a cocky grin. "Maybe my hand just happened to stretch out. What, are you going to punch me or something? You're acting all high and mighty, trying to look impressive in front of your girlfriend. Is that why you're accusing me of something I didn't even do? But clearly, you're not going to try anything, are you?" He brandished a knife, the metal glinting in the cold light.

As he spoke, more shady figures began to gather around us, their eyes cold and calculating. I noticed a tattoo on the thug's wrist—an intricate design that looked like a crescent moon partially obscured by a dark shape, resembling an eclipse.

"If you don't want to get hurt, hand over your girlfriend, pal," he threatened, his voice dripping with menace.

"What do you want to do?" I demanded.

"Hey, we don't need this woman to be a virgin anymore, right?" he said, addressing his goons with a smirk. "That means we can do whatever the fuck we want with her, right?"

The goons licked their lips, their eyes gleaming with malicious intent.

Their behavior was a textbook example of rapists, all too predictable. I sighed. With a sudden, vicious twist, I snapped his wrist, the bone breaking with a sickening crack.

"Gahhh! W-What the fuck?!" he screamed in agony.

He attempted to stab me, but I quickly bent his arm back, forcing him to stab himself with the knife. Then, with a powerful kick to his head, I sent him sprawling through the snow.

"Raaaagh!"

Others charged at me, weapons drawn, their faces twisted with rage. They swung at me with wild, desperate strikes. With barely a flick of my wrist, I dodged their attacks effortlessly. I responded with



mana-coated punches, each blow landing with a powerful impact. Their bodies were hurled back, crashing into the snow with sickening thuds.

I didn't hit them with enough force to kill, but they were left completely incapacitated—unable to move for the rest of their lives.

"Looks like you didn't even need me," Titania said, her face bright with relief and gratitude. "Thank you for saving me, Leon."

"Of course," I replied. "Now, let's get out of here."

"O-Okay, but what about them?" she asked, glancing back at the fallen men.

"Don't worry about it," I said. As we walked away, I noticed vines slithering into view from the corner of my eye. They wrapped around the men and dragged them away, disappearing into the shadows.

I noticed that their targets had shifted from virgins to non-virgins, which explained the recent spate of kidnappings involving women who were no longer virgins. I had no clue what Sesillian was plotting with this new development, but he clearly had a sinister goal in mind. I needed to discuss this with Professor Rose as soon as possible.

For now, though, I intended to make the most of my day with Titania.

As she giggled beside me, her warmth enveloping my arm, we continued towards our destination.

#### Chapter 347: Winter Vacation (2)

"It was so good~ I've never tasted anything like that before!" Titania said, her cheeks flushed a deep rosy hue. She had just savored a slice of strawberry cake that seemed to have awakened a new level of delight in her. Her smile stretched from ear to ear, as if she had discovered the most delicious treat ever. "We should definitely come back here sometime, Leon!"

She was so caught up in her euphoria that she didn't notice the smudge of cream beneath her mouth. I took out a handkerchief from my pocket and gently wiped it away.

"Ah. I had cream there?!" she asked, her eyes widening as I cleaned her up, a hint of surprise in her voice.

"Yeah. You looked so adorable with it that I almost left it there. But I can't let anyone else see you looking that cute, so I had to take care of it," I said, pulling my hand away from her face, feeling the warmth of her skin linger on my fingers.

"If that's the case, you should've licked it off my face, nice and slow," she teased, her grin playful and just a little wicked.

"That's something I'll save for later," I replied, matching her grin with one of my own.

She blushed, her cheeks deepening in color. "O-Okay..."

That's right. After our date, it would be our second time together, and just as much as I was looking forward to it, so was Titania.

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After our date, we checked into a room at an inn.

"I-I'm going to take a shower first," Titania said, her voice slightly flustered as she headed toward the bathroom. While I was waiting, I received a message. I checked it and saw it was from Zeruel's little sister. She'd sent me a picture of herself and Zeruel, both enjoying themselves. They were... in Pleasure City as well, it turned out.

Meeting here in Pleasure City seemed as rare as spotting a fly in the dark. But it looked like they were having a great time in Lala Land. Even Zeruel had a rare smile on her face, clearly enjoying herself.

"Well, now that their situation with their mother seems like its getting better, I guess their shoulders had finally been lifted. Good for the two of them, I guess."

Ever since their mother had collapsed due to an incurable disease, leaving her trapped in a perpetual slumber unless connected to what resembled a life support system, the situation had been grim. But now that there was a glimmer of hope for her to recover and finally wake up, they were enjoying themselves as sisters. As family.

It warmed my heart a bit to see them like this.

After a while, Titania finally emerged from the bathroom.

"Y-Your turn..." she said, her voice soft and shy, her gaze avoiding mine. She wore a bathrobe, the fabric loosely draped over her, hinting at the nakedness underneath.

"Sure," I replied, standing up and making my way to the bathroom. The warm water cascaded over me as I quickly washed up, the heat easing any lingering tension. When I finally stepped out, a light mist followed me into the room.

Titania sat on the edge of the bed, her fingers gently combing through her hair. Her cheeks were flushed, a soft pink that stood out against her skin, and her lips were pursed in a way that showed her nervousness.

I settled beside her. The fresh, clean scent of soap mixed with a subtle, enticing perfume enveloped her, creating a soothing and alluring aroma.

"Are you scared?" I asked gently. This was our second time, but I knew that didn't mean she wouldn't feel nervous.

"N-no..." she stammered, her voice soft. "Just a bit embarrassed, I guess. I mean, I don't even remember how we started last time, so I'm kind of..."

She was unsure how to act, uncertain about where to begin, and the atmosphere wasn't quite right yet, leaving her feeling awkward and a bit tense.

"You don't have to worry," I murmured, my hand gently sliding to the back of her neck, fingers brushing against her soft skin. "Let's just start with this."

I leaned in, pulling her closer, and captured her lips in a deep, slow kiss. Her eyes widened in surprise, but soon she melted into the kiss, her body relaxing as she gave in. Her lips parted, and I took the opportunity to slip my tongue into her mouth, tracing the curve of her teeth and the softness of her gums before swirling her tongue with mine in a sensual dance.

While my mouth worked on hers, my hands wandered to her chest. I grabbed her breasts gently over the bathrobe, feeling their softness through the fabric. I began to slowly untie the large string that cinched the bathrobe closed, but before I could get very far, she stopped me.

"W-Wait, Leon..." she said, her voice trembling slightly.

She pulled away from me and stood up, facing me directly. With a determined motion, she pulled apart the bathrobe herself. As the robe came loose, it draped open, and she gradually slid it down her shoulders, letting it cascade over her arms and down to the floor. As I had suspected, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

I took a moment to admire her figure. Her skin was flawless and unblemished, with no excess fat and a lean, fit frame. She had firm muscles, but they were subtle—no large bulges, just a perfectly toned and sexy physique.

My gaze traveled over her body, pausing on her full, firm breasts, their nipples hard and prominent. I followed the curve of her smooth stomach and hips, finally reaching the area between her legs. My little man was already standing at attention, eager to join her.

She crossed her arms over her stomach, as if to shield herself, and then glanced at me with a blush on her face that was impossibly cute.

"H-How is it?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly, her eyes darting up to meet mine.

"Beautiful," I responded, unable to find a word that could truly capture how stunning she looked. It was the only word that felt even close to the truth.

While I took in her exposed form, her gaze dropped down to my dick, which was visibly straining against the fabric of my bathrobe. The bulge was unmistakable, the outline pressing against the material in a clear, aroused display.

"W-Want me to suck it?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I do," I replied, my tone firm.

After a brief pause to steady herself, she knelt down and gathered her hair into a ponytail. With deliberate movements, she opened my bathrobe and pulled the fabric aside, revealing my cock to her gaze.

"Leon..." she said, gazing up at me with uncertainty.

"Nia..." I responded, using the nickname she wanted me to call her.

"I... To be honest, I'm not confident I can make you feel good..." she admitted. "I don't even know what to do. I've only learned from books."

"It's okay," I reassured her, gently stroking her hair. "It's your first time. Everyone has a first time, and it's normal to make mistakes. Don't worry, I'll guide you through it."

"R-Really?"

"Yes."

"O-Okay..." she said, hesitantly starting to move her hand, rubbing up and down. "D-Does this hurt?"

"No, it's fine. It feels good," I told her, encouraging her.

The feeling of her soft hand wrapped around my dick as she stroked it was almost painfully slow, but somehow, that made it feel even better. The clumsy, inexperienced way she held it sent waves of pleasure through me, making my toes curl and my face twist in bliss.

"N-Now, you can open your mouth and press your lips against the tip," I guided her.

She did as I said, opening her mouth and pressing it around my glans. She looked up at me, her eyes questioning what to do next.

"Then, swirl your tongue around it," I instructed.

She followed my guidance, her tongue beginning to circle the tip. The delightful sensation of her warm, wet tongue moving over me sent shivers racing down my spine.

"Then slowly take it in," I urged, my voice thick with anticipation.

She obeyed, her lips parting as she gradually took half of my dick into her mouth. The sensation of her warm, wet mouth enveloping me, paired with the careful way her tongue moved, was almost unbearably pleasurable, like she was savoring every inch.

"Look at me as you do it," I said, my breath hitching.

She lifted her gaze, her eyes locking onto mine as she continued to work my shaft. The sight of her, mouth full of my cock, with those eager eyes staring up at me, was the final push.



"Yeah, that's right. I'm cumming, Nia," I groaned, feeling the tension coil tight inside me, ready to snap.

Then, a powerful stream of white cum surged through the urethra and shot directly into her mouth. The sheer force of the ejaculation startled her, causing her to pull back abruptly and cough, expelling the thick, sticky semen from her mouth. After her fit of coughing, she looked up at me, a mix of embarrassment and disappointment in her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I was supposed to swallow that, wasn't I? But I coughed it out."

"It's fine," I assured her. "You don't need to."

"It's such a waste," she murmured, licking her fingers clean with deliberate, lewd motions, savoring every drop of my cum left on her skin. "Yum..." she whispered, her lips curling into a satisfied smile.

"Nia..." I called to her. "Raise one of your arms."

"Eh?" she asked, her confusion evident. "L-Like this?" But she followed my instructions, raising her arm. The smooth, pale skin of her armpit stretched taut.

I moved behind her, pressing my cock against the soft, warm flesh of her armpit.

"Now, put your arm down," I instructed.

Confused but compliant, she lowered her arm, closing her armpit tightly around my dick.

I placed my hands firmly on her shoulders, one hand pushing down to force her arm into a tighter squeeze around my cock.

Without further words, I began to thrust my hips, driving my cock in and out between her armpit, feeling the friction and warmth with each movement.

"Hnn... Hnnn... Fuaaah, L-Leon...?"

Titania's face was a mix of confusion and pleasure as I rubbed my cock against her armpit. Her armpit was incredibly sensitive, which is why I chose this spot. The sweat mixed with pre-cum had made her armpit slick, allowing my cock to slide in and out with a smooth, delicious friction. Each thrust pushed my cock partially out, only to slip back in again.

"Fuaaah, aaah, yaaahn, aaah, w-what is this...? Y-You're not putting it in my... but it feels good..."

I continued to thrust between her armpit, and then, unexpectedly, she moved her mouth closer to the glans sliding in and out. She pressed her lips against it, and then began swirling her tongue around my glans.

The sudden touch made my dick twitch, the new sensation sending jolts of pleasure through me.

"Nnmm, hnn, hhhnn, nnn, hn...!"

With her mouth now teasing the tip of my cock, I could feel the intense pleasure building up inside me. The warmth of her tongue swirling around my glans made it nearly impossible to hold back. I thrust harder against her armpit, the slickness allowing me to move faster, the friction making my body shudder with every stroke.

Titania's moans became more desperate, her breaths hot and ragged as she tried to keep up with my pace. Her eyes, still filled with that mix of confusion and arousal, looked up at me as she continued to work her tongue against my cock, sending waves of pleasure through my entire body.

"...That's it," I groaned, gripping her shoulders tighter. The sensation of her soft, slick skin against my cock was incredible, and the way she looked up at me with those eager eyes made the experience even more intense. I could feel myself getting closer, the pressure building as my thrusts became more urgent.

Her moans became more urgent, her body trembling as she continued to press her lips against me, her tongue tracing circles around the sensitive head of my cock. "Aaah, mmm... hnnn, aahhn..." she whimpered, her breath hot and heavy against my skin. The sound of her moans mixed with the wet, slick noises of my cock sliding in and out of her armpit, pushing me closer to the edge.

She seemed to sense it too. Her lips wrapped tighter around the glans, sucking gently while her tongue kept swirling. My cock twitched harder in response, and I knew I was about to cum. The feeling was overwhelming, and I couldn't stop myself from driving harder into her armpit, wanting to ride out every last wave of pleasure.

"Nia, I'm gonna cum..." I warned, my voice thick with lust. I was right on the edge, my body trembling with anticipation.

With one final thrust, I let go, my cock pulsing as I shot my load. The white cum spurted out, some landing on her lips and tongue, while the rest spilled down her armpit. I shuddered with the force of the release, every nerve in my body on fire as I rode out the intense climax.

"Mmm, nnngh... aaahhn...!"

Titania moaned softly, licking her lips as she tasted the cum, her eyes still locked on mine. The sight of her savoring it sent another jolt of arousal through me.

Chapter 349: Winter Vacation (4)

"Nia..."

I called out softly to my girlfriend.

"...Yes."

She responded with a blissful smile, leaning towards me with a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Please, do me in well..." she whispered, her voice heavy with lust. She lowered herself onto the bed, positioning herself on all fours, just as I wanted.

"Raise your butt higher for me," I instructed, my voice firm yet gentle.

Looking over her shoulder at me, she complied with a sultry nod. "Mm... Yes, Leon."

She lifted her butt higher, arching it provocatively to give me the perfect view. Her ass crack was fully exposed, the small, pink hole at its center twitching with anticipation. Her pussy, already dripping with arousal, glistened as it awaited me.

Without me saying a word, Titania, despite her intense embarrassment, knew exactly what was expected. Still on all fours, she spread her legs wide. She presented both her ass crack and the entrance of her pussy to me with a provocative, lewd display.

"L-Leon..." she stammered, glancing back at me over her shoulder. "D-Do you want to enter me in the back as well? I-If you want, I..." She faltered, unable to finish her sentence.

"Well, what do you want? Do you want it in the front or the back?" I asked her, curious. I hadn't anticipated that Titania might want to explore something beyond conventional sex, like trying it in her ass. Considering we'd already experimented with things like armpit sex and oral sex, it made sense she might want to try something new.

As I stroked her ass, my fingers tracing the soft curves, she hesitated, her eyes closing as she took a shaky breath. My question hung in the air, and I could see her swallowing hard. But eventually, she gave in...

"Mmm... Whichever, do it as you like, Leon..."

Her voice was a breathy plea, her hips trembling with anticipation. So, it was up to me to decide, huh?

"Got it," I murmured, positioning my dick at her entrance. Leaning forward, I slowly pushed myself in.

"Aaaah..."

As my dick slid into her, Titania's body reacted instantly, a moan of pure ecstasy escaping her lips. I chose her front entrance, just as we had during our first time together. I decided to save her ass for later, knowing I'd need to stretch it properly to avoid hurting her.

"Mmm... aaaah, haaaaaaah...!"

A shiver ran through her hips and shot up her spine. She couldn't see it, but she could feel every inch of my hard dick buried to the base inside her. The heat of my throbbing shaft spread her insides with a delicious stretch, filling her completely. She could feel the warmth of my hips pressed firmly against her ass.

"Aaaah, aaah, I love you, Leon..." she gasped, feeling every inch of me. "Leon, please... completely mess me up."

Her true self was pleading to be utterly consumed by the deepest submission she had ever known.

To fulfill her desperate plea, I had to make her feel completely overwhelmed.

I eased my dick deeper inside her, slowly pushing until I reached the very depths of her. As the tip of my cock brushed against her inner walls, she moaned loudly.

"...Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The sweet sensation made her hips tremble uncontrollably. I then pulled out just to her entrance and tightened my grip on her hips.

"I'm going to completely mess you up, Nia," I said in a low, commanding voice. "So be prepared."

Titania nodded, swallowing nervously. With a loud slap, I thrust my hips against her ass, driving my dick deep into her with fast, relentless strokes.

"...Aaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaaaaaah~"

Titania's moans grew louder as a wave of intense pleasure washed over her. She could feel every inch of my hard cock moving inside her, from the tight walls of her pussy to the very depths of her womb.

"...Aaah, aaaaaaaah... ~"

Her hips quivered uncontrollably, and her position on all fours faltered. She lost strength in her arms and collapsed forward onto the bed. I took advantage of her weakened state, raising her ass higher as it rested against the bed, keeping her perfectly positioned for me.

She had begged to be completely messed up, and I was intent on fulfilling that desire. Tonight, I would push her beyond her limits. I slicked my forefinger with saliva and pressed it into her tight backhole.

"Mmm... aaaaah... haaaaa, haaah, Leon... Mmmm, nooooo~ haaaaaa... no, haaaaah, mmm, fuaaaaaaaah, amazi... haaaah, no, mmm..."

haaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!"

As my dick drove into her deepest parts, the sharp, rhythmic slaps of my hips against her ass filled the room with sound. My finger slid in and out of her backhole, adding an extra layer of stimulation and drawing louder, more desperate moans from her. The doggystyle position gave me full access, and to deepen the angle, I lifted one of her legs.

This adjustment allowed me to penetrate her even more deeply, and Titania's orgasms erupted one after another.

Our movements were synchronized, like a single beast driven by the intensity of our fucking.



"I'm going to cum, Nia...!" I groaned, my voice thick with lust. "Take it!"

Driven by the intense arousal, I spoke with a raw edge, and she responded with desperate need,

"Haaaah... Cum... Fill me up, Leo... Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Her plea for me to fill her with my semen reached a fever pitch, and then the moment of release arrived.

"Niaaaaa!"

With a final, deep thrust, I drove my dick all the way into her, a powerful wave of heat coursing through her insides.

"No... Aaaaaaaaaah, aah~~~~"

Her back arched as my cum erupted inside her, flooding her womb. Titania's body convulsed with a shuddering climax, overwhelmed by the intense surge of pleasure.

"Haaaah, mmm... fuuh... haaaah... ahhh..."

Drunk on sinful pleasure, Titania shuddered sensually. I slowly withdrew my hard dick from her, and then I pulled my finger out of her ass.

"Mmm... aah... haaaah... ah~"

Titania's body trembled as she basked in the aftershocks of being creampie'd, collapsing onto the bed after arching her back.

"...Mm... Leon...?"

She felt a warm sensation against the crack of her ass and turned her head back with glazed eyes. In the haze of her post-orgasmic bliss, she saw my cock—still hard and throbbing even after cumming—pressing against her backhole, determined to burrow its way inside.

"Aaaah... no, Leon... That's...!"

Before she could finish her sentence, my hard dick pressed into her tight asshole.

"Th, ats... Aaah... aaaaah... aaaaaaaaaah!"

My cock slid in effortlessly. The opening, still stretched from where I had fingered her earlier and my cock slick with her love juices, allowed for a smooth entry. Her tight hole clung to me as I filled her, the

heat and pressure of her stretched entrance sending jolts of raw pleasure through both of us. Her body quivered with every push, overwhelmed by the deep, penetrating stretch she felt.

As I buried my cock to the base, her head twisted in a mix of shame and ecstasy. She shuddered with the sweet, overwhelming pleasure of her ass expanding to accommodate me. The sensation was vastly different from when I had prepared her with my finger. My dick, both thicker and longer, stretched her ass wide and penetrated deep into her most intimate depths.

"...N-No way, L-Leon, you're inside me there...!" she gasped. Even though she couldn't see it, she could definitely feel my cock buried deep in her ass.

Chapter 350: Winter Vacation (5)

Titania's POV

No way... Leon really pushed it all the way in...

Even with the truth right before my eyes, I was in disbelief at the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. I tried to deny it, but as soon as he filled me completely, I felt the insides of my groin quivering, my body shuddering as I cummed. Sex wasn't supposed to be like this, but here I was, cumming embarrassingly hard.

Now, Leon could see every inch of my exposed behind. I thought I wouldn't care about him seeing it all, but now that we were fully engaged, it was intensely humiliating. I couldn't believe I was showing him my most private and vulnerable part, and now he was deeply embedded in it.

"Nia, your hands," Leon murmured, his voice soft as he extended his arms toward me.

But I knew this wasn't about tenderness. I had asked him to mess me up, and this was him fulfilling that request. His hands weren't reaching out to hold mine—they were meant to take control, to grip my wrists tightly. He was setting me up for the position, taking me from behind while locking my wrists in his grip. I could already imagine how it would be.

Responding to him, I slowly extended my arms back. Leon immediately grabbed my wrists, his grip tightening firmly around them.

"...Are you scared?" he asked, his voice low.

"I'm fine," I replied. "Do whatever you want with me, Leon."

I said, my gaze fixed over my shoulder.

"For you to do that... it's my deepest wish."

I spoke from the very core of my desires. Leon didn't reply with words; instead, he moved decisively, aligning his actions with the deepest corners of my cravings.

"~~~~~!!!"

The sensation of his erection grazing against my insides sent waves of forbidden pleasure through me. With my wrists firmly held behind me, my butt was elevated while my back arched downward, creating an intensely deep angle for him to thrust into me.

The position made each thrust hit my hips with a force that made the impact feel even more intense and loud, echoing through me with a heightened, relentless rhythm.

The first thrust didn't come with a moan but a single, soundless scream of raw pleasure. As Leon's penis pistoned in and out of me, my moans erupted uncontrollably.

"No... haaaaah, aaaaahn~ haaaaah... this is, is... Leonnnnn... hiaaaaaan... Aaa, Leon...

Leonnnnnnnnn~!"

I was utterly intoxicated by the relentless assault on my ass, sinking into the depths of forbidden ecstasy. His cum, freshly shot, mingled with the new wetness, trickling down my inner thighs. His penis pounded my backhole, a place it wasn't supposed to penetrate, filling my ass with a scorching, expanding heat. My spread legs yearned for a deeper connection with Leon.

Matching the rhythm of his thrusts, I began to move my hips, pushing my butt against his waist, urging his penis to sink even deeper inside me.

I never thought I'd become such a lewd girl, but this was all Leon's fault.

From my ass, which was eagerly taking his dick, came a relentless, wet slapping sound. As we kept going, the intensity between us surged, building toward the climax. Lost in the euphoric sensation of his dick buried deep inside me...

"I'm cumming, Nia!"

His voice, drenched in raw pleasure, echoed through me.

"...Aaaaaaaaah... mmm, cum inside me... Leon, haaaaaaaah...!"

I begged, looking back at Leon.

Leon yanked my back toward him by my wrists, which he still held tightly, pulling me closer as he took control from behind. His left hand moved to my chest, fondling my nipple, while his middle and ring fingers slipped inside my vagina.

"Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah, haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The overwhelming sensation of both pleasures hitting at once made my body tremble uncontrollably. In that moment, Leon shot a huge load inside me. The intense heat flooded my ass, filling me completely.

"~~~~~!"

Tears streamed down my face as I came, lost in the overwhelming forbidden pleasure.

\*\*\*

Leon and I made love all night, though I had no clear memory of how long.

"C-Cumming againnnn~" I moaned for what felt like the umpteenth time. I had lost track of how many times I had cummed or how much he had poured inside me. All I knew was that I kept blacking out and then coming to as I cummed. He had filled both my pussy and ass with equal amounts of his ejaculations. Both holes were now a sloppy, cum-filled mess.

My vagina had become thoroughly accustomed to his shape. The tight walls, the folds, and the entrance perfectly stimulated his dick. Even the entrance to my womb seemed to spread open, as if trying to swallow the tip of his cock. My backhole was also stretched to fit his shape.

The once-tight ring of muscle, normally used for defecation, had been stretched so much that I feared it might never return to its original state.

It almost felt like my body had been remade just for his personal use.

"Aaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaahn, aaaah, fuhaaaaaaaam, hnnn, aaaaah~!"

Obscene, wet sounds echoed through the room, mingling with my moans that grew louder and more frantic with each wave of intensity. Our bodies were slick with sweat and something more primal. It felt like I had truly been claimed as his woman. I was his in every way, completely and utterly. Even though I hadn't been fully dominated by him yet, I was willing to be, whether dominated or not.

"Aah, cumming... I'm cummiiiiiiiiing~!!!"

The sensation of cumming again overwhelmed me, and his dick inside me throbbed faster. Finally, it released a torrent of hot, sticky cum.

"Hyaaaaaaaaaaaah, aaah, ah, ah, aaaah, I'm... Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah, with your hot stuffffff! Aaaaaaaaaah!"

All I could manage were incoherent cries as I felt his semen spreading throughout my womb.

Afterward, I rested my head on his arm, using it as a pillow, feeling completely relaxed and content.

"Hehehe..." I chuckled softly, savoring the moment.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked, his voice laced with curiosity.



"Because it really feels like we're married," I said, snuggling closer to him and inhaling the heady blend of our sweat and the lingering scent of sex. "It felt like we were making an heir in a royal chamber, preparing for the future of Bethlan. That's the impression I had while we were doing it."

"Well, it's not really that different, is it? Even though we did it in an inn, it still feels the same," he replied, a hint of amusement in his tone.

"That's not what I meant," I said, playfully poking his nose with my finger. "But I guess thinking about stuff like that is something we'll have to consider for the future."

I said, smiling tenderly at him, my eyes glistening with determination.

"For the future and beyond, we'll create a multitude of heirs together and raise them to be strong leaders. I want you to give me as many heirs as I desire, Leon. So when I become Queen, I need you to work hard for it, buster."

"Are you sure you want me?" he asked, his eyes reflecting a flicker of unease.

It wouldn't be easy, I knew that. Leon wasn't of royal blood—by all accounts, he was just a commoner. My father, the King of Bethlan, and everyone else might resist. But I had to fight for this. That's what my mother would have told me if she were still here.

"I'm sure," I said with unwavering resolve. "Which is why I want you to be my King, Leon."

I pictured us as the Queen and King of Bethlan, a perfect match. I was confident that with us in charge, Bethlan's future would be luminous.

"I'll be that for you," he said, his smile mirroring mine.