

The World 391

Chapter 391 A Night With Irene (3)

The second we reached Irene's place, we crashed into each other, our lips locking with a desperate hunger. Her mouth was sweet, with a tang that clung to my lips, as I sucked on her tongue, slurping up her saliva like it was nectar. Our hands fumbled as we clawed at each other's clothes, tearing them off before we even made it through the door.

"You really like me, don't you?" she asked, breathless, pulling back just enough to speak. Her voice had that teasing edge, but there was something more—something she wanted from me. "Why don't you just drop them all and choose me?"

I met her gaze, "You really love me too, right?" I asked, shooting the question back at her. "So why don't you just join my harem?"

Her lips curled into a sharp smirk. "Not with Gabrielle in your harem. I hate that bitch," she said, her voice dripping with venom. "And besides, I want all of you to myself. Every second. Every touch. I want you, all your attention, no one else. I can't stand the idea of sharing you with other women."

Irene was obsessed with the idea of monogamy, clinging to the fantasy of having me all to herself. Knowing I had more women only pushed her away. And the fact that Gabrielle was one of them? That made it worse. Irene didn't just dislike her—she despised her, and the thought of them being in the same space drove her wild.

"But," she added, her hand sliding down my chest, "I don't mind sleeping with you from time to time. Who knows? Maybe I'll win you over, and you'll pick me over all those other women."

That wasn't happening. There was no way in hell I'd drop everything for her. My connection with Amon, Gabrielle, and the others ran too deep. They'd been by my side, through thick and thin. It'd be like trying to move a mountain if she thought she could make me leave them. There was zero chance. Betraying them for Irene? That would be impossible, no matter how tempting she thought she was.

But Irene wasn't going to back down until I chose her. She was relentless, and I couldn't just leave her out in the cold either. I wanted her, too. I wanted her to be mine. So, I decided to throw her a bone.

"I'll give you a year," I said, locking eyes with her.

"A year?" she echoed, eyebrows raising.

"Yeah. If you can sway me in that time, make me pick you over all the others, then I'm yours. Just you."

"And if I fail?" she asked.

"Then you'll have to be my woman, whether you like being in the same harem as Gabrielle or not," I replied.

The only way I could make her play along was to turn it into a game, a challenge. And honestly, I was sure I wouldn't be swayed. It was a win for me, easy. That is, if she accepted my offer.

Her eyes flashed with amusement, like she was reading my mind. "You're thinking this will be easy, aren't you? That you won't be swayed by me."

She was spot on.

"Fufufu," she chuckled softly, the sound thick with confidence. "You're underestimating me, Leon. Fine, if that's what you want, I'll accept. Even if it means being in a harem with that bitch Gabrielle. I'll be your woman, but I'm telling you now, I'll sway you. You'll be mine."

Her body pressed up against mine, heat radiating off her skin as her fingers traced slow, teasing circles on my chest. "But for now..." she whispered, voice dripping with desire, "let's set that aside and get back to what we were about to do."

She yanked me into another heated kiss, our bodies almost igniting from the shared intensity. My hands roamed her curves, and before I knew it, I had her pinned against the door. Her leg hooked around my waist, like she was desperate to pull me in even closer, her breath hot and ragged against my lips. I could feel the pulse in my dick, hard and throbbing with the need to take her. I couldn't wait any longer.

I yanked out my dick, throbbing in the cool air, eager for her warmth.

"W-Wait, right here?" she asked, sounding surprise.

She wasn't wearing panties—those were already stuffed in my pocket from earlier. Her pussy, slick and exposed under her skirt, was begging to be taken.

"If you want to win me over," I said, "this isn't enough. Gabrielle let me fuck her while she was naked and howling like a dog outside, you know?"

Irene's eyes narrowed, a mix of irritation and challenge lighting up her face. "Trying to make me jealous?" she shot back. "Fine. Do me here then. Do whatever you like."

I didn't hesitate. I lined my dick up, pressing the tip against her soaked entrance, feeling her body quiver in anticipation.

"Ahhh..."

Her moan slipped out as the tip of my cock rubbed against her pussy. The wetness made it impossible to resist.

With one brutal thrust, I drove into her, filling her completely in a single stroke. My cock slammed deep, hitting her uterus as I buried myself to the hilt, her walls tightening around me.

"HnnnnnnnnnnnnNNNNNNnnnnnnnnnn~!"

Her moan was guttural, desperate, but muffled by her biting down on her finger to stifle the sound. Her body trembled violently against mine, each pulse of pleasure radiating between us as she struggled to keep herself quiet.

Her voice hitched, breathless, as she whimpered, "O-Oh, no... aaah, I think I'm cumming...!"

Her nails dug into my skin, gripping tighter with each passing second, her fingers trembling. Her legs, already wrapped around me, locked even tighter around my waist, pulling me further into her, as if she was afraid I'd stop.

Then it hit—hard.

Her pussy clenched around my dick like a vise, tightening with every pulse of pleasure. A hot gush of liquid rushed from her entrance, splashing down her thighs and wetting the floor beneath us. She squirted—hard—after just one thrust, her body convulsing as the orgasm tore through her. Her legs shook, barely able to hold onto me.

"Already squirting so much from just one thrust?" I taunted, feeling her juices dripping down my cock.
"Are you sure you can take more of this on your own?"

Panting heavily, Irene grinned through her ragged breaths. "Is that another challenge?"

Her defiance lit something in me. I grabbed her other leg, lifting her off the ground completely, both legs now hooked tightly around my waist. Her pussy stayed stretched around my dick, warm and soaked, as I held her up. Her eyes widened slightly, but her grin didn't fade.

With her body pinned against mine, I started thrusting—deep and rough—driving into her harder with every stroke.

Chapter 392 A Night With Irene (4)

Irene's POV

The sensation of being completely filled by his cock was overwhelming. The moment he tore through the soft, tender flesh inside me with his thick, throbbing meat spear, splitting me apart with its sheer girth, sent a wave of intense pleasure crashing over me—nothing could compare. Just as he pushed inside, my body responded instantly, the orgasm hitting me like a flood. It wasn't surprising. I'd been aching for him for so long that the moment he entered, making me cum on the spot, felt completely natural.

Or maybe it was his size. No matter how soaked I was, my pussy was still so tight, clenching around him. Every twitch of Leon's dick felt like it was scraping along my insides, forcefully pushing through, stretching me beyond my limits. I could feel his cock slipping in and out.

"I'm gonna fuck you tonight until your legs don't work tomorrow. You sure you're up for that?"

His voice was deep, rough, and there was no mistaking the warning. Leon was always quick to remind me of how insatiable he was, and the fact that I might not be able to handle it all. As if I didn't already know—I'd been on the receiving end of that drive. But still, I wasn't backing down. Love made me confident, and the fire burning inside me told me I could take whatever he gave.

"I told you, you can do whatever the fuck you want to me. Haven't I made that clear enough? Or do I need to take charge and show you that you can fuck me until my legs turn to jelly?"

While I spoke, something inside him snapped. I felt him move, hard and fast.

"Hnnnnnaaaa~"

He slammed me against the door, my back pressing hard into it while my legs clung tightly around his waist, locking him in place.

"Haaa~, ahhh, ahhh..."

A sweet, helpless moan poured out of me as his cock drove deep, hitting the entrance of my womb with every relentless thrust. My body trembled, overwhelmed by the intense pleasure flooding through me. His thick cock kissed my cervix, sending electric shocks of ecstasy that made my toes curl.

"Aaah, ahhh... ah, ah, ahh, nnnn!"

My grip on him tightened instinctively, arms clinging around his neck, my legs squeezing his waist with desperate need. The door behind me creaked loudly, groaning from the force, and the wet, lewd sounds of his cock plunging into my pussy echoed through the night. Every thrust was soaked, each plunge filling the air with the sloppy, erotic sound of him taking me. I knew anyone nearby might hear, but the thought just made the heat between my legs burn brighter. If he wanted to make me scream and moan so loud that the whole damn neighborhood knew, I didn't care. I'd let him. I needed to be his, and I'd do whatever it took to prove it.

"Aaah, aaah, aaah...!"

Then I felt it, the familiar tightening deep inside, squeezing his cock like a vice.

"Aaah, nooo, ahhh, ahhh, ahh, I'm cumming...!"

My fingers clawed at his clothes, gripping onto him as my body convulsed with the raw, undeniable pleasure coursing through me. It was a storm I couldn't stop, pleasure crashing over me in uncontrollable waves. I wanted more—needed more—craving every second of it. But my body, pushed past its limit, couldn't hold back any longer, forcing me to the edge.

His cock twitched inside me, and I knew he was about to cum too.

"I'm going to cum! Take it, Irene!"

"Ah, ah, p-please, put it inside me, Leon!"

And then...

The hot flood of his cum hit my cervix hard, filling me to the brim.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh! It's coming out! It's so hot, so fucking hot! Cumming, cumming, I love Leon's seed! Ah, cumming, cummmmmmmmmmmming!"

The moment his cum gushed inside me, my mind blanked, overwhelmed by the raw ecstasy exploding within me. My body convulsed violently, driven into another orgasm as pleasure ripped through me again and again.

Oh fuck, I'm so full of cum! Leon's cum is filling me up, I can feel it inside me!

A wicked smile tugged at my lips, satisfaction rippling through my body as the last waves of pleasure settled.

"That felt good," Leon muttered.

"It felt good for me too," I panted. "But that's not enough for you, is it?"

"You know me too well, huh?"

He lowered me down and suddenly spun me around, lifting my ass while pressing me against the door. It was clear he wasn't done yet—he was going to take me right here, outside. That strange warmth surged through me, and I obediently planted my hands against the door, sticking my ass out for him, ready for whatever came next.

I planted my palms against the door, arching my back as I pushed my ass out, inviting him to continue.

But then he paused. "No... let's move somewhere better."

I blinked in confusion. "What?"

Without another word, he dragged me to the nearby window, its glass reflecting my flushed, debauched face. "I want you to watch yourself while I fuck you," he growled.

My body reacted before my mind did. My hands landed on the cold surface of the window, my reflection staring back at me with eyes darkened by lust. I looked like a woman starved for more—desperate to feel his cock inside me again.

Leon didn't waste any time. His hands gripped my ass tightly, positioning me just right before driving his thick cock into my pussy with one hard thrust.

"Nhhi... nnn... aaaaaah!!"

The force split me open, my walls gripping his cock like a vice. The familiar friction of his girth scraped against every nerve, sending shudders through my body. The slickness from earlier made it easier for him to bury himself inside, but in this position, it felt like he was even deeper—like he was trying to fuck straight through me. The tip of his cock hit my core, making me cry out in a mix of pain and pleasure.

"I'm gonna ask you for something... I want to call you 'Professor.' I want to fuck you as Professor Irene. Is that okay?"

I swallowed hard. Being a professor was something I held dear—my pride, my life's work. But here, in this moment, it didn't matter. The thought of him dominating me, of hearing him call me Professor while he fucked me senseless... it only made me wetter.

"Please, fuck this slutty professor's pussy. Turn me into the mess you've always wanted whenever you watch me during lectures with those lustful eyes."

Being a professor didn't mean anything anymore. All that mattered was being with him, being his. And I'd give up anything to make sure I was his forever.

Chapter 393 A Night With Irene (5)

He began to move his hips slowly.

"Ah, nn... nn, ah, nnn..."

I closed my eyes, letting the sensations wash over me. His thick glans, swollen and slick, rubbed against my inner walls, pushing through the folds of my pussy with every stroke. Each time he slid in, the friction sent shivers down my legs, making them tremble with pleasure.

"Nn, ah, nn... ah, ah, ah..."

Gradually, his pace picked up, his thrusts growing harder, more forceful.

"Aah, L-Leon..."

As his rhythm changed, the pleasure in me swelled, rising fast, and the glass in front of me fogged up from my heavy breaths. I caught a glimpse of him in the mirror—his face twisted into a terrifying grin. He looked wicked, dangerous even, but god, I loved him for it. That intense expression only made him more handsome to me.

He thrived on making me fall apart, and I loved falling for him... We were perfect together, feeding off each other's pleasure. It was a win-win, and I knew, without a doubt, we were the best couple.

We didn't need anyone else. He didn't need Gabrielle, the Princess of Bethlan, or any of the other women in his life. All he needed was me.

"Ah, nnah, ah... haaah, nnnn..."

When he thrust deeper, hitting my innermost spots, a sharp shock ran up my spine, numbing my head. His cock twisted inside me, digging in deeper with brutal force, making my body spasm from the raw intensity.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnghhhhh!"

I couldn't stop my body from shaking as I screamed, a primal sound that tore from my throat. My eyes flicked to the glass, and the reflection staring back at me was downright filthy. My face was twisted in pleasure, eyes half-rolled back, the flood of dopamine turning me into a moaning mess. My tongue lolled out, thick ropes of saliva dripping down my chin.

"You're so fucking cute when you're getting fucked like this, Professor," Leon's voice came out dark and thick with lust.

His hands gripped my waist tighter, and without warning, he started pounding into me, each thrust sending jolts of electric pleasure straight through my core.

"Ah, L-Leon! Hiah, nnaah, haaah, hyaaaaaaaaanh...!"

The scream that ripped from my chest was raw, a high-pitched sound that I barely recognized as mine. His thrusts were merciless, driving into me with a force that felt like fire spreading through my veins.

It was overwhelming—this raw, animalistic fucking. My mind screamed it: I'm being fucked! He's fucking me so hard I can't think straight!

The rough, relentless doggy position had me trembling, and I could feel the arousal building with every savage movement. I didn't know if the neighbors could hear, and I tried to bite back the moans, but every time his cock slammed into me, the sound of my pleasure burst out.

"Nn, nh! Ah, nnn! Nnah, haan, nn, fuuuun!"

I clamped my hand over my mouth, desperate to muffle the noises, but Leon wasn't having it. His hands tightened around my waist, and he began to rotate my hips in slow, deliberate circles, dragging his cock against every sensitive inch of me.

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The feeling of his glans rubbing up against my cervix sent violent waves of pleasure through me, making my entire body jerk as a scream ripped free. Then, he slammed even deeper, grinding into my pussy with a ferocity that made my vision blur.

"Aaaa, nnnnaaaaahhh! Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

I couldn't keep my mouth shut. My cries filled the air as he buried himself to the hilt, his thrusts brutal. His pace shifted again, his hips moving faster, his cock driving in and out so hard that the sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the darkened terrace.

"Aaah, Leon! Ahh, ahhh, ah, ahhhh! Leon, Leon, Leonnnnnnn!"

I screamed his name over and over, the dopamine flooding my brain making my love for him feel all-consuming. Every thrust, every moan, only made me want him more, his name spilling from my lips as I trembled beneath him, utterly consumed by him.

"What is it, Professor? What is it that you want me to do?" Leon's wicked tone teased, his hot breath brushing my ear.

"Aaaah...!"

I couldn't respond; the way he pounded into me made words impossible.

"Make me your property, Leon! Poke me harder! Make my insides a mess with your stuff!" I finally managed to cry out between gasps.

The moment I said that, he grinned and pressed his body closer, grabbing my breasts from behind while his hips began to thrust even harder, each movement rougher than the last.

"I'm going to make you submit, make sure you know your place, that you're nothing compared to me," he growled darkly. "I'm going to make you mine, completely!"

"Mhm, I love you! I love you, Leon, nnah, aaaahn!"

His thrusts were relentless now, the sheer power behind them making my vision blur as he hit deeper with every stroke. The heat between us grew suffocating, my skin tingling with every impact. My cries echoed in the night air, mixing with the wet sound of his cock sliding in and out of my dripping pussy. The terrace was filled with the lewd music of our bodies slamming together.

"No... No... Aahhh! I'm cumming again, Leon! Please... cum with me!" I begged, the pleasure mounting too fast, too intense.

He growled in response, and his hand fisted in my hair, pulling my head back. His hips bucked harder, using my hair to yank me into each pounding thrust. My head tilted up, and in the glass of the window, I saw my reflection—moonlight bathing my flushed, dazed face, eyes wide with ecstasy.

"Aaah, fuuu, aaaaaah, aaaaah, ahhhhh, cumming, cumming...!"

I clenched my teeth, timing my release to match his. I felt his cock twitch violently, and then, with one final thrust, it erupted inside me, filling my pussy with thick, hot cum. The sensation of being flooded sent me over the edge.

"Cummiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!" I screamed, my body convulsing as I came, my back arching.

The world blurred as I was lost in the overwhelming bliss, my entire body quaking as his cock continued to pulse inside me, shooting stream after stream of thick semen into my womb. It was a sensation so intense that I felt completely consumed, every inch of me claimed by the heat of his release.

Comment

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Chapter 394 The Great Darkness (1)

Rose's POV

I drove toward the one person I was sure could give me the answers I needed. She always seemed to know way more about the past of this world than anyone else—stuff I couldn't even begin to understand. And when I needed to fill in the blanks, she was the one to turn to.

That's why, so early in the morning, I found myself pulling up to her house. I wasn't about to explain everything at the academy with Sesillian lurking around. There were too many ears, and I wasn't about to discuss anything important in enemy territory. So, I made the choice to come here instead.

I hadn't spoken to Irene since that incident with Leon. How could I? It's hard to face someone who had shared a bed with the same man. The shock of that still hit me, even now. But here I was, needing her help. Besides, Sesillian was practically her ex. They never actually dated, but from what I knew, they never really saw eye to eye when they were engaged. Still, she knew him better than I ever could.

When I got to her place, I was about to knock when I noticed the door was cracked open, unlocked.

"Huh?"

That's when I heard it.

"Ah, aaah, ahhh, aah! You're turning my insides into a mess! You're making me a fucking mess! Ahhh, aaah, yes! Give it to me! Ruin me more! Fuck, make me yours!"

It was way too early for this. I couldn't believe what I was hearing—couldn't believe I was hearing Irene like this first thing in the morning. She always had a filthy mouth, though. She was a delinquent back then, but not the usual kind. She looked modest, but underneath that, her words were a disaster. Curses and filthy talk just poured out of her constantly. Half the things I shouldn't have heard in my life, I heard from Irene's mouth.

Why the hell was she moaning like that this early in the morning? It couldn't possibly be...

Without thinking, I stormed into her house, following the sounds that were getting louder by the second. I didn't even bother to knock—just yanked the door open, and immediately, a wave of heated moans slammed into me. The thick, musky smell of sweat and sex flooded the room, hitting me hard.

There they were, sprawled on the bed. Two people—a man and a woman—the woman riding him like she was possessed. The man's hips jerked upwards, slamming into her again and again as she rocked on top of him. Her hair was wild, tangled around her flushed face, barely recognizable. Her eyes were rolled back, only showing the whites, her tongue hanging out like she was completely gone. She was stark naked, her body trembling, and her breasts were bouncing violently with every thrust.

The man was relentless, gripping her thighs with a desperate hold, his fingers digging into her flesh as he fucked her hard, his cock slamming up into her dripping pussy. They were too far gone to even notice I was standing there.

"Ah, yes...! Your penis is stretching me so deep! Hnnnnnnnhhhh! Don't be so rough! Ahnnnn! Your dick's... gotten even bigger!! Hiaaaaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaaaah! My womb is tingling! I can feel your lust pouring into me! It feels too good! All the folds deep in my pussy... rubbing against the tip of your cock!"

I stood frozen in place, completely speechless. Even though I was right there, they were so lost in their world that they didn't notice me at all.

"Leon, you want to cum, don't you? I can feel your cock twitching inside me!"

"Professor! I'm cumming!" the man groaned.

In response, the woman arched her back sharply, her entire body spasming as a deep, guttural moan tore from her lips.

"Hnnggguuuuu! Hhhnnnaaaaaaaaaahnnn~!"

In that instant, thick ropes of cum erupted from man's penis, filling her insides. The sheer volume of it was overwhelming, her body shuddering as she barely managed to take it all. Her muscles tightened,

and she trembled, collapsing onto Leon's chest, completely drained. It was only after she caught her breath that her eyes finally drifted to me.

"Oh, Rose? What are you doing here?" she asked, as casually as if I hadn't just stood there watching the whole thing.

Now, Leon and I sat at the table, an awkward distance separating us. I made sure not to look directly at him, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife. The sight of what had just happened still played in my mind, and I couldn't bear to be near him. Irene was in the shower, leaving us in unbearable silence.

Minutes later, Irene emerged—completely naked, her damp skin glistening as if flaunting herself on purpose.

"Ugh, can you seriously stop parading around naked?" I snapped, barely containing my irritation. "I mean, it's bad enough that I'm here, but someone else is too! And he's a cadet!"

Irene just waved it off with a smirk, clearly unbothered. "Leon and I have already seen everything, Rose," she said casually, her voice dripping with indifference. "What's the point of being modest now, right Leon?"

"How can you be so reckless, Irene? Sleeping with a cadet? Do you even realize the consequences if anyone finds out? You could ruin both your lives!"

"Well, I don't really care about the repercussions at all. As long as I'm with Leon, that's all that matters," Irene said, her voice steady as she moved behind Leon, resting her hands possessively on his shoulders. "I love Leon. Even if I have to fight for this love that everyone else thinks is taboo, I'll fight for it."

I blinked in surprise, wide-eyed. I never thought Irene would say something like that. She always struck me as the type to just give up when things got tough—like she had with Gabrielle, their relationship falling apart because of that exact attitude. But I guess love could change people in ways I couldn't predict.

"Well... suit yourself, then," I muttered, turning my head to the side, unable to hide the irritation creeping into my voice. The boldness in her words was throwing me off more than I cared to admit.

Irene barely acknowledged my reaction, brushing it off like it was nothing. She glanced at me with a casual flick of her eyes, as if the conversation hadn't just taken a sharp, unexpected turn. "By the way, why are you here again, Rose?"

Right... I had been so caught up in the shock of what I'd just walked into—her brazen declaration and everything else—that I almost forgot why I came in the first place.

Chapter 395 The Great Darkness (2)

"Have you ever heard of another Great One besides the usual ones mentioned in the textbooks, Irene?" I asked.

Irene froze mid-movement, just about to kiss Leon on the cheek when my words stopped her. "Another Great One? Besides the ones written in the textbooks?" She paused, thinking. "I think I've heard something like that before, but I'm not sure about its authenticity. There's no proof that things not written in the textbooks but only based on rumors are true, but at the same time, you can't say they're false either. We can't know for sure unless you see it with your own eyes."

Sometimes I forget that Irene had studied social science and history, and she became a professor teaching cadets about it. Back when we were cadets, she was the only one who actually paid attention to history. So, it made sense that Irene knew more than most about how our world came to be.

"I've had the same question," Leon added. "I was actually planning to ask you last night, Professor, but we didn't get around to it. So, I'll ask now."

He glanced at me briefly before looking back at Irene.

"I heard the name Great Darkness. Have you ever come across that before?" I asked.

"Great Darkness?" Irene repeated. "There's no such thing. Only certain beings can call themselves Great, and I'm one hundred percent sure the Great Darkness isn't one of them."

As I suspected, the whole idea of a Great Darkness was just something Sesillian had invented to manipulate people, making them believe in it and turning it into their faith. It was a lie he crafted and brainwashed people with, making them think it was real.

But then, Irene continued, her voice taking on a thoughtful tone. "That's just my take on it, though. It's based on the textbooks we have. You have to remember, textbooks aren't always reliable. They don't always reflect what really happened in the past. History might have played out differently than what's written, and with so many years gone by, things can get twisted. Some details might've been altered, omitted, or even completely made up. Like I said, the only way to know if something's real is to witness it yourself."

It was undeniably true. We could never be entirely sure about what had existed in the past. The past held secrets, just as the future would hold surprises we couldn't anticipate. Time changes everything—what we take for granted now might be unrecognizable tomorrow. And things we couldn't even imagine might have been realities long ago.

"I mean, it's not something you'll find written in any textbooks, but there's a rumor that Jeanne adopted a young girl during the war against the demons," Irene said, her voice breaking through my thoughts like a blade through silence. "I don't get why so many people are trying to hide that, and I honestly don't see the point. The thing is, not all important truths make it into the books. Some stories are buried."

She moved fluidly, walking over to gather her clothes. The casual, almost indifferent way she slipped them on made the tension between us all the more frustrating. Piece by piece, she pulled her outfit together, until finally, she was back in her professor uniform—the one that always made her look so official.

"Alright, let's head to the academy," Irene said, her tone firm, as if the prior conversation was already forgotten.

"And... what about him?" I gestured toward Leon, who hadn't moved much.

"He'll sit in the back with me," Irene replied without hesitation.

"Wait, you're not going to sit up front with me?" I asked, genuinely caught off guard. I couldn't keep the surprise out of my voice.

Normally, Irene was always riding up front with me when we went to the academy together.

"I'd rather sit with Leon today," she said.

I couldn't help but feel that pang of jealousy hit me as I watched them. Seeing them together like that...

Leon's POV

"The only way to know if something's real is to witness it yourself, huh?" I murmured to myself, my thoughts drifting as I sat in the cafeteria. Titania was beside me, chewing on her lunch with her cheeks puffed out like a squirrel stuffing its face. She looked downright adorable.

Honestly, as much as I wanted to reach over and pinch those cute, round cheeks, my mind was still caught up on what Irene had said earlier.

She was right—sometimes the only way to know if something was real was to see it for yourself. No matter what textbooks or people said, you couldn't truly know until you experienced it firsthand.

"So I've got to see it to believe it, huh?" I muttered under my breath.

"What?" Titania glanced at me, confusion all over her face. Her head tilted slightly, and her mouth was still full of food, making her cheeks look even more bloated. Damn, she looked so cute like that.

"Nothing," I said, shaking my head. "But seriously, don't stuff so much food in your mouth at once. You're gonna choke."

"I'm fine," she mumbled through her full mouth, clearly unconcerned.

Then, of course, she did choke. It took me a bit to finally dislodge the chunk of food stuck in her throat.

By the time that little ordeal was over, the afternoon class had started. Trill wasted no time—she sat beside me and, without hesitation, took my arm, sliding it between her breasts and hugging it close. A few of our classmates looked over, surprised, probably confused by what they were seeing. Irene, who wasn't too far away, didn't look too thrilled about it either.

We had already agreed that the afternoons belonged to Trill. It was her "lover time." Though she hadn't made any grand declarations, it was clear she considered us lovers now, and this was her way of letting everyone know. I'd told Titania about it earlier, and she didn't seem mad at all. In fact, she wanted to talk to Trill about setting up some kind of schedule or something. Out of all the students at the academy, they were the only two who openly considered themselves my women. They didn't know about Charlotte, though. And as for the three professors—Gabrielle, Irene, and Rose—they weren't too interested in organizing anything like that. Rose, in particular, didn't seem all that thrilled with me in general lately.

After class, I headed back to my dorm room, needing some time to unwind. I hadn't been there long when my phone buzzed. Curious, I grabbed it and checked the notification.

The name "Elise" flashed on the screen.

My sister had texted me, asking to meet up.

Elise is coming back next chapter!

Boredsushi

Chapter 396 The Great Darkness (3)

The Market City. It had been ages since I last set foot here. The familiar hum of the bustling streets barely reached the quiet alley where I stood, waiting for my sister. The air felt tense, a mix of anticipation and nostalgia clinging to me. After a short wait, I saw her approaching, her usual leather suit hugging her curves, the front teasingly open, revealing her full, luscious breasts. She had her hands tucked in her pockets, her walk confident and relaxed as she made her way toward me.

"Leon!" she called out, her voice warm and excited as she threw her arms around me. The soft weight of her breasts immediately pressed against my face, nearly suffocating me, but damn, it felt good. They were soft, warm, and comforting, giving off that familiar, almost motherly aura that only she could make me feel. "I've missed you so much!"

"I missed you too, sis," I said, wrapping my arms around her, pulling her closer, which only made the pressure of her chest more intense. It had been months since I last saw her, and I couldn't deny the excitement building inside me.

We decided to grab dinner—it was her treat. I told her she didn't need to, but she insisted. She said her job as an assassin had been paying her more than she could ever spend. As we ate, she filled me in on her travels, how she'd been crossing different lands, always on the move, searching for our other siblings.

Oh, and before I forget...

"I found someone named Eclair," I said, breaking the casual rhythm of the conversation.

Her eyes widened in shock. "What? Really?" she leaned in so hard that she nearly knocked over the food between us. "Where? Where did you find her?!"

"She's working as a magic knight now," I explained, meeting her eager gaze. "And she's the vice commander. Her name's Veronica. Veronica Eclair."

"Veronica..." she repeated softly, letting the name sink in. "So, one of us is a vice commander in the magic knights, huh? Well, that's a relief. At least I won't have to worry about her getting captured by the Seven Princesses."

Elise said that we were being hunted by the Seven Princesses, though I had no clue why. Back when I was in the Kingdom of Elves, I found out that the Seven Princesses were the ones who brought down

Lilith, our creator. Our mother, in a way. In a desperate attempt to save herself, she split into different parts. And those parts? They were us—the Eclairs.

I also discovered something else: Lilith had chosen me as her vessel for survival. In other words, I'm supposed to dominate and absorb the skills of the other Eclairs, and once I have them all, Lilith would revive. Every skill we Eclairs possess? They were originally hers.

"I'm going to track down Veronica and warn her," Elise said, her tone shifting from light-hearted to serious. "It's my duty as the big sister to protect her."

I guess that meant she really was the oldest. I couldn't help but wonder how Lilith had split herself up in the first place—and over different times, too? Elise was created first, but others like Veronica and me seemed to have appeared later. Were there even more of us out there, scattered across the world?

"Can I ask you something, Sis?" I said.

"Go ahead, Leon. You know you can ask me anything. Whatever your big sis knows, I'll tell you," she said, flashing me a teasing grin.

"How did... how did we come to be?"

Elise had no idea I already knew about Lilith, so I figured this would be the best way to get more out of her.

"You mean, how were we born?"

"Yeah," I nodded.

Elise went quiet for a moment, her spoon stirring the soup aimlessly, lifting it up only to set it back into the ceramic bowl. After a while, she spoke, "Honestly, I don't really know myself. One day, I just... existed. And then, sometimes, I'd hear a voice telling me to find my siblings. Which is what I've been doing ever since."

"You hear that voice often?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

"Only once a year," she said softly, her eyes distant, like she was reliving those moments. "Most of the time, it comes to me in a dream. Our creator, Lilith... back then, she was known as the Great Red. She's one of the beings who shaped this world into what it is now—a place where life could thrive." Her gaze flickered to mine, and I could see the understanding in her eyes. "But I can tell by the look on your face, you already know that, don't you?"

I couldn't help but feel exposed. Guess there was no point in pretending anymore.

"Lilith," Elise continued, her voice now laced with a quiet intensity, "was brought down by the Seven Princesses. They believed she didn't belong here anymore, not in this realm. The other Great Ones either disappeared or left this world a long time ago, but Lilith remained. She stayed, watching over everything. And what she saw was a world slowly being torn apart by mortals, destroyed piece by piece. When the war between humans and demons broke out, Lilith saw it as the final straw. She made plans to end it all, to bring about this world's destruction."

World destruction. That sounded pretty ominous.

"Of course," Elise continued, "it was inevitable. Lilith had watched for centuries as the world she and the other Great Ones created got exploited, twisted, and ravaged by the very mortals they allowed to live here. To end the world's suffering, there was only one solution—destroy it. But before she could make that final move, the Seven Princesses stepped in. They found a way to stop her... something from beyond this world."

"Nothing from this world could harm her," Elise's eyes bore into mine, the intensity in them unwavering. "Lilith was the creator. Everything here—everything mortal, magical, anything—was powerless against her. But the Princesses... they figured out a loophole. They reached beyond this world, into a realm that wasn't bound by the same rules. And they brought something back—a weapon capable of destroying even her. That weapon didn't belong here. It wasn't part of this world's fabric, but now... now, it exists here, just like everything else tainted by those who tamper with the natural order."

"What kind of weapon are we talking about?" I asked.

"Firearms," she said with a cold finality. "They were called firearms."

Chapter 397 The Great Darkness (4)

A sudden jolt hit me—a shock so intense it rattled me to my core, something unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

Another world? Firearms? That meant the Seven Princesses got the weapons they used to defeat Lilith from Earth.

Sure, it could just be some wild coincidence. Who the hell knows how many planets are out there? Earth, for all its technological pride, barely knew a fraction about its own solar system, let alone what lay beyond. The unknown stretched out endlessly, a cosmos filled with worlds humanity couldn't even begin to fathom. It wouldn't be shocking if this place existed outside of what Earth would consider its main universe.

That left the possibility wide open: those firearms the Seven Princesses used could've come from any number of worlds. But I couldn't fully dismiss the idea that they originated from Earth. No. More than that, this revelation brought a darker truth to light.

What really hit me was this—if they had these weapons, then there had to be something that let the Seven Princesses travel through dimensions, across space itself, reaching planets beyond this one. And that meant Earth could be reached. It meant... I could finally get my revenge on my sister.

"What about you, Leon?" Elise asked. "Do you really think Lilith's plan is the right move? Do you think humanity deserves to be wiped out?"

I didn't think Lilith's solution was entirely wrong, not really. But it wasn't something I could agree with either. Humanity, as far as I saw it, wasn't black and white. It was all shades of gray. There were good people, sure—but nobody was purely good. And there were bad people, absolutely, but even they weren't fully evil. Humanity lived in that gray zone—messy, complicated, and far from perfect.

"I only found out about all this recently, and honestly, I don't know how much of it is actually true. Everything I told you came from second-hand whispers, passed from one mouth to the next, probably twisted as time went by. So, take it all with a grain of salt. But one thing's for sure: stay away from the Seven Princesses. If they could take down our creator and someone they thought of as their sister, it's not a stretch to think you'd be next. I should probably tell Veronica the same thing."

I wondered if I really would. Something about the Seven Princesses intrigued me. The fact that they'd traveled to another world to grab firearms just to defeat Lilith... it raised questions I couldn't ignore.

After dinner, we both stepped out into the cool night air. Elise had wanted to check on me, see how far I'd come before she went off on yet another one of her journeys. She said she was looking for a woman but was vague about the details. She never did like weighing me down with her problems. Instead, she told me to keep my focus on my studies, to not get caught up in her burdens. Still, there was something else she wanted from me—to try and track down our other siblings. She rattled off their names, and sure enough, Veronica was one of them. It confirmed what I'd suspected: she was my sibling, too. Elise, Leon, Veronica, Leonora, and Estelle. Five parts in total. And if I wanted to revive Lilith, I needed to dominate the other four, claim their skills as my own.

"You and Veronica were born on the same day," Elise said. "That makes you twins. Actually, there's a third... her name is Leonora."

That hit me harder than I expected. Triplets? I never considered that possibility, but I guess you learn something new about yourself every day.

"By the way, Sis."

"Hm?" she replied, glancing at me curiously.

"Have you ever heard of the term 'Great Darkness'?"

A pause. Then, with a slight smirk, she answered, "That's a term I haven't heard in a long time."

My heart skipped a beat. "Wait, so you have heard of it before?" I asked. "What is it?"

She looked at me like I should've already known the answer. "You really don't know, Leon?" she teased. "I thought you'd have figured it out by now."

When she explained, it was like pieces of a puzzle finally fell into place. Everything clicked in an instant.

Oh, so that's why... It explained why Sesillian's relative introduced the concept of guns and firearms into this world, and why he was the one to mass-produce them.

"The 'Great Darkness'... they're the Seven Princesses."

Lilith's POV

Hmm. It seems the ones above are finally stirring. Progress has been made. A dull stretch of years it hath been, but now... now that Leon hast reached his age of maturity, the thrill returns to me.

"Looks like Leon treads slowly upon his path, but with steady purpose. I have no doubt he shall attain his strength ere the war 'twixt humans and demons doth erupt. The boy hath grown, and soon he shall stand amidst the storm."

How much stronger will Leon grow, I wonder? Shall he rise to halt the darkness that soon spreads across this world? Or shall he be devoured by it?

"Great Darkness, thou sayst? Aye, that be the name I gave them when they smote me, for it is their very existence that heralds this world's doom. They thwarted me from destroying it, yet 'tis they who shall undo it in the end."

Foolish sisters of mine. They believe their actions righteous, that they saved the world with their madness. But 'tis their folly that shall serve as the very catalyst for its ruin. Now that time and space hath been sundered, worlds shall collide once more, and the Great Ones shall again weave themselves into this tapestry of destruction.

A multiversal war... Such chaos hath come to pass in times long forgotten, an age beyond reckoning. And now, the wheel of fate doth turn once more, with the promise of ruin upon its edge.

"Good luck, my young ones."

Chapter 398 Doing Naughty Stuff With Elise (1)

I was so focused on thinking about the connection between the Seven Princesses and the Eclipse that I didn't even notice I had wandered in front of a random inn. Elise had stopped right in front of it, looking up.

"Uh, Leon. Do you think it's a good idea to stop here for the night?" she asked.

I had a pretty good idea what she was hinting at. It had been months since the last time we did anything naughty. We hadn't gone all the way, but rubbing her body, feeling every inch of her, was more than enough to satisfy me back then.

But now, it had been too long. I'd been holding back for months, and I was dying to feel her again. I had a feeling she was just as eager.

We rented a room, and it didn't take long before things heated up.

I didn't even bother with a shower, and neither did she. I told her it was fine that way. The smell of her—sweaty but intoxicating—filled my nose as I pressed her back against the wall, my hands immediately moving to her breasts, rubbing and squeezing them together.

The feel of her tits was incredible. Bouncy, soft, yet firm. It was obvious she kept her body in great shape, and it showed.

Our lips hovered close to each other, but we didn't kiss. We just stared into each other's eyes as my hands slid down to her round ass, massaging it, while she reached down to rub my dick through my pants. The way her ass felt in my hands, so smooth and firm, made my cock throb, hardening within seconds.

For now, I didn't care about the Great Darkness or the Eclipse. All I wanted was to be inside her again, to feel her. Sure, I knew it might be dangerous. I couldn't actually have sex with her. Every time I got close, the Guardian would warn me not to go that far. But if we just fooled around, that was fine, right? I could go for intercrural again, or maybe... maybe, if the Guardian didn't stop me, I could go further this time. Maybe even her ass.

"The bed..." she whispered.

Without hesitation, I guided her there, gently laying her down. As soon as her back hit the mattress, her legs spread wide open. She was wearing these short, tight shorts, and the sight of them clinging to her was too much to ignore. They were stuffy and soaked with an erotic scent that had me going crazy.

I leaned in, pressing my mouth against the crotch of her shorts, dragging my tongue across the damp fabric. I could feel the outline of her pussy beneath, the heat radiating from it, her lips pressing against the material as I traced every curve with my mouth.

"Ha... ah! Nnnn!" Her moans filled the air, her body twitching beneath me.

My brain felt like it was short-circuiting. The more I breathed her in, the more addicted I became. My cock throbbed painfully in my pants, but I was too focused on her to care.

"Ahhh... You're so greedy," she teased through ragged breaths, a smirk tugging at her lips as she looked down at me. "Is it that good?"

"Yeah... the smell is so strong, it's amazing."

She raised an eyebrow, her smile widening. "I don't like how you're saying it... you make it sound like I'm smelly."

She wasn't smelly at all. Her scent was like a drug, clouding my mind, making everything else fade away. It was thick, heady, and perfect.

"Then how about this?" she challenged, wrapping her legs around my head, pulling me even closer until my face was smashed against her crotch. "Better now?"

I couldn't breathe, but fuck, it felt incredible. Her pussy lips pressed through the fabric, rubbing against my mouth with every twitch of her hips. The warmth and softness, even through her shorts, made my body throb with need. My face was buried in her, and I couldn't stop—didn't want to stop—breathing her in, pressing my lips against her.

I needed more of her scent, more of her.

"Ahh! Nnhhh..., that's amazing..." she moaned, her voice rising with every breath. "Ah, nhh, haaah... wait! Ahh... haaah... huff..."

She shifted, leaning back onto her elbows, half propped up so she wasn't fully lying down, still looking down at me with that flushed, lust-filled expression.

"Ah... this is...! I'm gonna cum...! Ah...! I'm gonna cu—!"

Her legs locked tighter around my head, her thighs squeezing against my face like a vice. She arched her back, her body going taut, muscles trembling, as if every fiber was pulled tight, on the verge of snapping. Her head tilted back, lips parting in a silent scream, eyes squeezed shut, and her grip on the bedsheets was desperate, her knuckles pale from the strain.

"I'm cumminnnng~~~!!!" she mouthed, breathless, body shuddering violently as the orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clenched around nothing, spasming, dripping with slickness, while her chest heaved, trying to catch her breath.

She collapsed into the sheets, her breath ragged, body still trembling slightly. "T-That was incredible..." she managed between gasps, her flushed face glowing with satisfaction. Her lips curled into a smirk, eyes gleaming with desire. "I guess now it's my turn."

She twisted around on the bed, shifting into a kneeling position as I stood, my cock practically begging for her touch, rock hard and pulsing. She tugged my pants down in one swift motion, my dick springing free, the head swollen and glistening.

"Oh wow..." Her voice was soft, almost a whisper, but the lust in her eyes was unmistakable as she stared at my cock. "It's so hard... You're so excited for me... I love it..." She brought her face closer, inhaling deeply, the warmth of her breath teasing the sensitive skin. "And... I missed the smell of you, too..."

Her hand wrapped around the base, fingers firm but gentle, and she gave a teasing stroke, making me twitch in her grip. She didn't waste any time, her mouth immediately enveloping the tip, her warm lips sealing around it.

Chapter 399 Doing Naughty Stuff With Elise (2)

Her tongue flicked over the head, teasing the sensitive underside, and I could feel every little movement, every swirl of her tongue, sending shocks of pleasure coursing through me.

Her hand held me steady at the base as her mouth worked the head, saliva coating my shaft as she bobbed up and down, slowly at first, then picking up the pace. Her lips slid lower with each motion until she took me deeper, her mouth hot and wet as she swallowed more of my cock.

"Fuaaah... It's hitting the back of my throat," she murmured, her voice muffled, but the vibration of her words sent jolts through my spine. She pulled back for a moment, just enough to catch a breath, before diving down again, her throat tightening around me as she swallowed more, her lips reaching the base.

Feeling her mouth wrapped around me like this, the warmth and pressure driving me insane, I couldn't hold back any longer. The urge to cum was overwhelming, building deep in my core, ready to burst.

Noticing I was on the edge, Elise looked up at me, her eyes locked onto mine, and she intensified her movements. She sucked harder, her lips tighter around my shaft, teasing me with every pull and swirl of her tongue. That was all it took—I lost control. Grabbing the back of her head, I pulled her in, forcing my cock deeper, until I could feel the tip pressing against the back of her throat.

My back arched involuntarily as I came, shooting thick ropes of cum deep into her throat. The sensation was mind-blowing, each spurt sending electric jolts through my body. Even with my cock buried that deep, pressed against her esophagus, Elise didn't flinch. She let me do as I pleased, her throat swallowing every drop without a single hint of discomfort. It was like she was made for this, taking everything I gave her with ease.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally released my grip on her head, my body trembling from the intensity. Slowly, she pulled her head back, my dick slipping free from her mouth with a slick sound, leaving a trail of saliva and cum.

"Show me," I demanded, pulling one side of her mouth open, my dick still near her face, as I wanted to see the aftermath.

Her tongue slowly swirled around her mouth, catching the last remnants of my cum, before she opened wide, showing me the sticky mess I had left behind. "It's so sticky and thick..." she said, her voice soft but dripping with lust, her eyes clouded with desire as she looked at me.

That look—those debauched, needy eyes—pushed me over the edge again. I couldn't take anymore.

I grabbed Elise and pulled her up, turning her around swiftly.

"Turn your ass this way," I commanded.

"Standing up?" she teased, glancing back at me with a smirk.

"I want you now."

"Impatient, aren't we?" she laughed, biting her lip. "Well, I'm not gonna stop you."

With a steady hand, I pressed my hard dick between her ass cheeks, feeling the warm, firm softness against me, the sensation sending jolts of pleasure through my body. I couldn't wait another second. My hands found the waistband of her shorts, tugging them down in one swift motion, freeing that perfect ass.

"Ah, Leon... you're so greedy..." she whispered.

"It's been a while since we've done this," I replied. "I've been dying to feel you again. Press your thighs together."

Obediently, Elise squeezed her thighs tight, and I positioned my cock between them. The smooth, warm skin of her thighs pressed against my shaft as I began to thrust forward, slowly at first, savoring the sensation of her softness wrapped around me.

"Ahhh..." she moaned, her voice trembling with pleasure as my cock rubbed against her inner thighs, the tip brushing tantalizingly against her pussy lips. The warmth and friction were intense, even though I hadn't fully penetrated her. "Your cock... it's so hot..."

I held her tight against me, feeling her soft skin as I started moving my hips, grinding into her thighs. The need to cum surged through me, even though we hadn't even started properly yet. That's how badly I wanted her.

"Aaah, aah, ahhh, ahhhn..." Her moans were music to my ears as I pounded her, her body shifting and arching as she raised her ass higher, her chest pressed against the cold wall.

"Mnnhhh..."

My breaths were ragged, misting the air as the heat between us became overwhelming. Despite the chilly night, my body burned from the fire of our connection, every movement fanning the flames.

"Does it feel good, Leon?" she asked, her voice sultry, teasing, like she already knew the answer.

"It does..." I groaned, but deep down, we both knew it wasn't enough. Not for me. I wanted to be inside her, to feel her heat clench around me, but I didn't dare risk it. No matter how much I craved it.

"But it's not enough, is it? I can feel it," she said knowingly, her breath hitching. She was right. I wanted to bury myself deep inside her, to lose myself in her warmth, but I held back, unsure.

"It's okay," she whispered, her voice soft yet inviting. "If you want me that bad, there's always the other hole."

My throat went dry, my eyes locking on her perfect, round ass. It was firm, so inviting, almost calling me to claim it.

"Is that really okay?" I asked.

"It's fine," she said with a wicked smile. "For you, my brother, I'll give anything. Besides, the only danger is if you go in the one hole, right? We've never tried the other, and it might be safe. We'll never know unless we do."

She was right. We hadn't tried it yet. Maybe, just maybe, it would be okay.

"Fuck me, Leon. Make this big sister of yours your slut." Her voice was laced with desire, her eyes filled with a burning passion that I couldn't resist.

I pulled my cock from between her thighs and guided it toward her tight, twitching asshole. That small, sakura-colored ring seemed to beckon me, daring me to enter. Slowly, I pressed the tip of my cock against her.

"Ah...!" she gasped sharply as my thickness began to push inside her. I thrust again, feeling the resistance of her tight ass.

"Nnnn!"

Her moan was louder this time, her asshole squeezing around my cock like a vice. The ring of muscle was tight, almost too tight, but I wasn't stopping. The Guardian hadn't given any warnings, so I knew it was safe for us to go this far.

I took a deep breath and put all my weight behind my next thrust, pushing harder.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Elise let out a scream, a mixture of pain and pleasure as I finally pushed past the ring of muscle. But it wasn't enough. I hadn't filled her yet. There was still more of me to give, and I wasn't stopping until I was buried deep inside her ass.

Chapter 400 Doing Naughty Stuff With Elise (3)

Elise's POV

His cock was so thick, it felt like it would tear me in two. That was all I could think as his massive meat pole pushed into my other hole, spreading me wide in ways I hadn't imagined. I knew he was big, but this pressure—this sheer force—was far more than I had braced for. My lips parted in a helpless O, and a ridiculous, needy scream slipped out before I could stop it.

Then came the relentless pressure, the thick, throbbing rod pressing deeper, filling me with dread as I feared my insides would be ripped apart. I could feel my whole body tremble, but even so, my ass somehow managed to swallow the fat head of his cock.

And that was only his head. It already felt like too much.

"Haa... haa... haaa... guh... oh... goh, guh..."

My asshole was stretched impossibly wide, my rectum clinging to his thick glans like a vice. The overwhelming pressure made it feel like my whole body was going to snap. Sweat dripped from my forehead, my breath coming in ragged gasps as I struggled to keep from crying out again.

If just the head was this brutal, what would happen when the rest of him pushed inside? The thought sent a chill through me, a wild mixture of fear and twisted anticipation making my body tremble uncontrollably.

Then, his body tensed.

His cock throbbed hard, forcing its way deeper, pulsing against my tightness as he gripped my hips, holding me in place. He wasn't stopping now. He was going to shove the rest in, no matter how tight or how full I already felt.

"Elise, breathe out."

"Hwaoo... haaa... guh?! Gi... gah..."

I exhaled, letting my body go slack, and with that, his cock slammed in deeper, the thick shaft forcing its way into me even harder than before.

And then, without warning...

The rest of his cock plunged into me all at once, filling me completely.

Leon's hips crashed into mine with a wet, brutal smack. My rectum, seemingly endless, tried to wrap around his girth, every inch of my insides struggling to take all of him. It felt like I was being torn apart, my body stretched beyond its limits, desperately trying to accommodate his throbbing hardness. The pressure was unbearable, terrifying, but instead of pain, a numbing heat spread from my waist down.

Leon's cock was a force inside me, thick and burning hot, every pulse and throb pressed against the walls of my intestines, making me feel every single inch of him.

Ah. Finally, Leon and I had become one. Even if it wasn't through the place I thought it would be, it didn't matter. The fact that we were connected in this way made me so happy, I could barely contain myself.

He was throbbing inside me, and the overwhelming heat of his cock pulsed with life. I was happy... so happy... I was beyond ecstatic.

My brain almost shut down from the sheer joy coursing through me. The 23 years I'd lived up until now? They felt like nothing but a prelude to this moment. I was born for this—to hold his cock deep inside me. That was my purpose. I knew it.

"I'm going to move," Leon's voice rumbled, and before I could even process the words, his thick rod slid inside me, pushing deeper into my core.

"Nhhh?! Gi, go, guuuuu!"

The intense sensation of my intestines being stretched to their limit, his cock pulling at my insides, made me tremble. Every inch that he pulled back was pure torture, only for him to slam forward, pushing even deeper, sending jolts of pleasure and pain tearing through me. His hips moved with deliberate, powerful thrusts, each one crashing against me like a wave, shaking my entire body.

"Nghhhh! Gi!!? Oh, oh, oooooooooooooohhhh..."

My mouth hung open, forming a perfect 'O' as a long scream ripped from my throat. Leon, as if spurred on by my cries, began to piston into me with even more force, his hips hammering into mine, making me feel like I was about to split apart.

"Ohhh, ahgah, oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Leon, I'm breaking! I'm really going to breakkkkkkkkkkkkk!"

My fingers clawed at the wall, nails digging into the surface as my body convulsed under the sheer force of his pounding. Every nerve in my body screamed, my mind swimming in the chaos of being pushed beyond my limit. I was certain I was going to break apart completely. But Leon didn't stop—he wasn't going to stop.

He was breaking me... but the truth was...

"Aaaah, break me moreeeeeee! Break me moreeeeeee! It feels so goooooood!"

The heat inside me was overwhelming, blazing like fire through my intestines, spreading from my core until it consumed me entirely. My whole body felt like it was on fire, burning with a pleasure so intense that it nearly drowned out everything else.

"Gyah, guh, guah,aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!?"

I couldn't control the guttural sounds pouring from my mouth. His cock, thick and unforgiving, was driving into me, hitting places I had never imagined could be reached. The sensation of him ramming up from my ass toward the back of my womb was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. Each brutal thrust rocked my body, like he was trying to break me from the inside out.

"Ooh, ooh, goh?! Ghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

I was utterly defeated, overwhelmed by the relentless pressure on my anus and the sheer force of his dick plunging into my guts, twisting through me like he was claiming every inch of my insides. I was helpless, reduced to nothing more than a quivering body that could only scream as my senses drowned in the intensity.

"Cum, Elise! Cum! Cum!"

Leon's voice cut through the haze, his words filled with sadistic pleasure. He wanted to see me break under him. But I had already been cumming—again and again. My body was beyond its limits. This wasn't the gentle rise and fall of a typical orgasm; it was like being slammed by a tidal wave, one climax following another without end, dragging me under and drowning me in ecstasy.

My screams echoed wildly, bouncing off the walls as he continued to pound into me, driving me higher and higher into a series of uncontrollable climaxes.