

## The World 471

### Chapter 471 - Goddess of Succubus's Heir (6)

The dragon glared at me, his fiery gaze trying to pierce my spirit and frighten me. But his attempts did nothing—I could see each movement he made as he charged toward me, and it only looked like a desperate final stand. What was once a brutal fight for me had shifted. Now, he was the one struggling to keep up.

His fist swung straight at my face, a heavy blow that could've shattered stone, but I merely tilted my head to the side, evading it by an inch. My own fist shot into his gut, forcing a low grunt from him as he stumbled back. Without missing a beat, I spun, my sword swinging wide. He tried to dodge, but my blade caught him, slashing through his so-called "impenetrable" scales.

"Gah! Nngh! I-Impossible! Am I...bleeding?" He stared at the crimson seeping from the cut, his eyes wide with shock. "Bleeding—unto an insignificant being such as thee? This cannot be! I am a dragon of higher being than all who walketh this world! I am to be revered as a god, not wounded by the likes of thee!"

Yet he was bleeding, a jagged line across his scales dripping bright red—a sight I never thought I'd see.

"If this is all you amount to," I replied, my voice cold, "then you're no god here. Don't delude yourself. You're nothing more than a weakling."

"Thou...mortal!" he bellowed, his power flaring around him, a desperate pulse that sparked like lightning and roared like thunder. Yet, his display only reeked of insecurity.

"You're nothing more than a coward afraid of those above you, which is why you lash out at those beneath. You're a pathetic bully, nothing more!"

"Do not degrade me further, mortal! I am thy god—a higher being!" His voice cracked, trembling with rage, but all I saw was fear hiding behind his bravado.

To me, he looked like a desperate child pretending to be fierce.

"Mock me not!" he roared, fists ablaze with fire, as he dashed at me once more. His eyes were wide, manic with fury. "Thou thinkest me a jester! Just as they did! Thou shalt not treat me with such disdain!"

He lunged, his flaming fist swinging wide, yet I didn't flinch. This display felt nothing more than hollow. His anger, a spark without fuel. I sidestepped, watching his fist swing through empty air, the force of his momentum nearly toppling him. I looked down, my gaze cold as he stumbled.

"Graaaaagh!" he screamed, flailing in futile anger, his claws tearing at the air as I dodged each move effortlessly. He raged, but each of his attacks met only emptiness, and I took every opening to strike, my blade cutting deep and leaving him bleeding.

My time was running short. This transformation wasn't meant to last forever, so I had to end this now. Steeling myself, I poured every ounce of power into my attacks, each punch and slice of my blade slamming into him with unrelenting force.

After a relentless assault, he dropped to his knees, gasping for air, his head bowed in defeat.

"I told you, didn't I?" I said, lifting my sword to his neck. "You're nothing."

He laughed weakly, a soft, defeated chuckle, and then his eyes lifted, cold and glinting with something sinister.

"Dost thou truly think that the world thou protecteth is safe?" His voice was low, mocking. "As thou hast rightly guessed, I am but a pawn in a far grander design—a mere piece in a vast puzzle. A fool, perhaps, seeking to be something, to mean something. Yet I am naught in comparison to those who truly wield power."

"So you admit you're nothing," I said coolly.

"Aye, I am nothing," he hissed. "Others far greater than I wander the cosmos, each seeking dominion. Some still search for a world to call their own. And dost thou believe thou canst shield this world from them? Unlike me, who hath even a sliver of compassion, they hold none. This world, thou dost treasure, shall be turned to dust beneath their power."

"Oh yeah?" I replied, my eyes narrowing.

"Indeed!" His eyes flashed with sudden desperation. "Come, let us reach an accord! I shall bring no further harm to this world and will guard it against the dragons that come seeking dominion. Spare me, and I shall become thy shield against them!"

"I am enough," I told him before swinging my sword down on his neck. The blade cut clean through, and his head flew free, spinning before crashing to the ground. For a heartbeat, everything stilled, and then his head and body crumbled into dust, disintegrating as if his very essence was whisked away by the wind. The Great Darkness was dead.

A wave of fatigue rolled over me, and I could feel my transformation waning, my body growing heavy and weak. My breathing slowed as I grappled with the exhaustion settling deep into my bones.

Suddenly, a soft chime rang through my mind—the familiar sound I'd come to associate with a woman taking an interest in me.

Curious, I opened the panel.

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You've captured the interest of Ayaru. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Ayaru

Race: ???

Requirements to dominate Ayaru:

1. Kill a Cursed Sword Wielder

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

....

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Huh? Who the hell is Ayaru? I didn't know anyone by that name. I glanced down at the sword in my hand, realization dawning on me.

"Are you Ayaru?" I asked, more to myself than anything.

The sword didn't speak, but it glowed softly. No, to call it an "it" felt wrong now. She glowed. She was a woman, after all, even if her form was this blade.

"Huh... So you're a woman in there, huh?" I murmured, a small grin on my face. "Didn't expect that, especially considering how fierce you are... Guess that makes you more womanly."

Before I could process more, the transformation unraveled entirely, and a crushing fatigue took over my body. The exertion, no doubt. But there didn't seem to be any more immediate threats, so maybe it was alright to finally let myself rest...

With that thought, I crumpled to the ground, slipping into unconsciousness.

But just before everything went black, I felt a presence—a pair of eyes, sharp and predatory, watching me from somewhere nearby. I struggled to keep myself awake, but it was too late. Darkness took over.

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???'s POV

"Hmm... it's done," I murmured, hovering in the air above the plaza. My wings stretched wide against the night sky, their soft rhythm holding me aloft. Below, I could see my twin brother, his strength glowing in victory. He'd grown more powerful—good. The Empire wouldn't take the Kingdom of Milham down easily with him here.

Satisfied, I turned and soared away, leaving the scene behind. The Empress would be delighted to know the Kingdom still had a worthy fighter in its midst.

"Well then, I suppose the Empire will have to start with the other realms before setting its sights on Milham," I mused, glancing back with a smirk. "My brother's being here in this kingdom would ensure they put up a real fight. How ironic... to find someone like me as my own adversary."

The thought almost made me laugh, but instead, a delighted smile crept onto my lips.

"The Kingdom of Bethlan seems the easier conquest for now," I decided, turning toward the Empire.

With a final glance back, I slipped into the night sky and began my journey home.

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Leon's POV

It had been nearly a week since the events that would come to be known as the Eclipse Occupation of the Plaza, or simply, the Great Darkness Incident. Word of the ordeal had spread quickly, and whispers filled the streets. Many said that Princess Myrcella had intervened personally, calling for help and ensuring her people were protected. Those who had been trapped in a hypnotic thrall were returning to their families, greeted with relief and joyful tears. Though not everyone made it back—many had died, driven by a false devotion to the twisted deity worshiped by Sesillian—their families, at least, found solace in their release from his corrupting influence.

Angelica, too, had snapped out of her trance. Freed from her hypnotic binds, she returned to the castle and now served Princess Myrcella directly. Gabrielle was pleased, and from the looks of it, Angelica was back to her usual, dedicated self. Good for her, I guess.

Then there was Charlotte... Her behavior had changed drastically since that day. Any trace of her former revulsion toward me had vanished, replaced by a shy blush that colored her cheeks whenever she was near. She looked like a maiden smitten, with stolen glances and soft smiles she didn't even attempt to hide. I suppose even her obsession with Sesillian had vanished, given the shocking revelation of his preferences. I couldn't blame her for moving on.

Casualties had been inevitable in a battle of that scale. Several brave adventurers and knights had given their lives. They were brought to the castle, where Princess Myrcella herself presided over their funeral rites—a rare and honorable gesture. As for Sesillian's body, the public had claimed it, driving stakes through his remains and burning him until there was nothing but charred dust. Sesillian, the twisted zealot, was finally gone, erased from this world and unlikely to ever return.

One important revelation emerged from this tragedy, though—a piece of knowledge that lingered in my mind, overshadowing the relief that followed our victory.

The ritual that Sesillian performed had opened a portal, connecting this world to another. That's why the Great Darkness, that dragon, had emerged into our realm. And if that kind of bridge was possible, then... it meant there might be a way for me to return to Earth as well.

For now, though, I pushed aside those thoughts. Before me were several beautiful women, all gazing at me with a hunger that spoke of a different kind of battle—one that I fully intended to savor.

Chapter 472: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (1)

I'd made a promise to the Shadows—that I'd finally take their virginities after the battle. Fortunately, none of them had fallen, though it was no surprise that after a clash like that, we all needed rest. I'd told them to take their time recovering, and once we had, it was time for me to make good on my word.

I lounged in the vast bath, easily large enough to hold fifty more people without feeling cramped, and sank into the hot spring, letting its warmth seep into my bones. The heat relaxed every muscle, making me feel as if I could melt right into it.

Then, the door to the bath opened, and one by one, twelve women filed in, each wrapped in nothing but thin towels barely covering their curves. It was technically a mixed bath now, though I was the only one with the privilege of seeing these beauties bare before me.

My gaze drifted first to the Shadows. Sandra caught my eye. We'd already shared a bed, so I gave her a knowing look. But as I let my eyes linger on Bernadette, Krista, Isabelle, and Juliette, I noticed them all blush deeply, their faces and necks warming with anticipation. The other Shadows were more collected—except for Robyn, who walked in with her hands over her face, trying to hide, though she couldn't resist peeking through the cracks in her fingers. The three Dryads, now part of the Shadows, seemed unfazed, their bodies relaxed as they joined the others.

A few more women had joined us—Titania and Trill stood together, and, to my surprise, Charlotte as well.

"We're here to watch!" Titania declared with a spark of enthusiasm, even giving a little fist pump. "Right, Trill?" She turned to Trill, who was wrapped tightly in her own towel.

"Y-yes," Trill murmured, her cheeks tinted pink. "I'm... curious. I know the basics, but I've never seen... mating." Her tail flicked nervously, straightening then tucking between her legs as she blushed.

"So basically, she wants to learn it so she can get it right when you two finally do it," Titania added with a smirk.

Trill's face turned even redder, her embarrassment evident as she looked away. "Nia, you don't have to tell him that!"

"It's not good to hide your feelings, Trill," Titania chided lightly, a playful grin still on her lips.

My attention shifted to Robyn, who still hid her face, though her curious eyes peeked through her fingers. "I-I'm going to watch too," she stammered, sounding both embarrassed and determined.

"It's not an issue," I assured her, "but are you sure?"

"I... I'm curious," she admitted, her face growing warmer. "I want to... learn too... for when, well..."

I smiled, catching her meaning. So she was finally considering becoming my woman, then? Even though we barely knew each other, she seemed to be the type who might fall for the smallest kindness. I could see how she could've ended up with the wrong type, maybe someone who'd ruin her life. I'd much rather keep her with me than let her fall for some selfish bastard.

All of them were here. The only one missing was Aegis, but then, she rarely mingled with me and my women, and this scene was probably enough to keep her far away.

As I looked over at Charlotte, she flushed when my gaze settled on her, though she quickly turned away. Ever since the battle against the Eclipse, I'd noticed a change in her demeanor. First, she'd grown clingy—pressing her body against mine at every opportunity. At first, I'd been puzzled, but now I was starting to piece it together. Then, there was the way she'd started glancing at me, her face pink and her

gaze lingering a bit too long. If I couldn't see that she was falling for me, I'd have to be as dense as a rock. It seemed obvious now, though I couldn't pinpoint exactly when her feelings shifted. My guess? Sometime during that battle.

I couldn't exactly blame her, considering the depth of betrayal she'd experienced. If that was enough to sway her feelings, though, it made me wonder if her love for Sesillian was as strong as either of us had believed. Maybe I'd already carved a place in her heart without realizing it, a presence that seeped in deeply enough to shift her affections. Whatever the case, it didn't bother me. The only question left was what she'd do once these sessions of ours ended. Would she stay with me, even after the arrangement that had her essentially selling herself to me was over? I knew that now I'd become a part of her she wouldn't easily forget.

There was just one session left before her "service" to me would be over, and she'd be free to choose if she wanted to come back on her own.

"Master," Sandra's voice broke my thoughts, drawing my attention to her. Somehow, she looked even more stunning than usual. Her hair had grown longer, and her figure was lean and toned—enough muscle to highlight her strength without sacrificing her curves. She was the definition of sensual, her body taut and inviting. "We Shadows have been serving you, guarding you, gathering intelligence, handling the things that only we can so you could stay focused.

But today... today, we wish to serve you in another way."

The Shadows, minus Robyn, undid their towels. The fabric slid off their bodies in a slow, graceful descent, revealing bare skin beneath. Some of them looked flushed, hands fidgeting as if instinctively wanting to cover themselves, but they were clearly resolved. The heat of the spring seemed to intensify, and I could feel my dick hardening just from looking at them.

Sandra stepped forward first. Her body was... extraordinary. I'd taken her many times now, and her body had transformed, every curve and line more pronounced, carrying a maturity that hadn't been there before.

The three Dryads stood next to each other, each of them exuding a raw, undeniable sex appeal. Lixis, the eldest, had the largest breasts, her curves generous and almost unreal. Morthea, with her hourglass shape, looked like a living masterpiece, elegant yet tantalizing. Almea, smaller in stature, couldn't match the other two in sheer size, but she had her own kind of allure, a delicate beauty that was no less captivating.

I turned my gaze to Bernadette next. She was enchanting in a different way, her beauty softened by a warmth that melted at even the gentlest touch. Just a pat on her head would have her melting with delight, like an eager pet craving affection. Each of them possessed a beauty all her own, yet Bernadette's curvaceous figure was breathtaking. Her ample breasts accentuated the fullness of her form, their size and shape perfectly complementing her feminine, rounded hips, which seemed made to draw attention. Her ass, generous and perfectly shaped, made her the epitome of fertility, practically begging to be held.

Then there was Juliette, whose unique allure stood out even among them all. Her breasts were the largest in the group, with a distinct, exotic twist—their nipples were inverted, tucked subtly within the soft areola. Rather than detracting from her appeal, this only added a sense of mystery and erotic charm to her voluptuous form. Her figure, full and ripe, was inherently different, her curves explained by the blood of the cow-beast race that coursed through her veins. She was voluptuous yet firm, meaty yet balanced, her heritage manifesting in every inch of her soft, sensual body.

Isabelle, in contrast, held herself with a stoic grace, exuding the air of a stern older sister, one who'd readily scold but ultimately care deeply. Her body, honed by training, was sculpted to near perfection. Her breasts, as full as Sandra's and Bernadette's, had a firmer shape, not prone to bounce yet no less appealing. Isabelle's body was lean and toned—not overly muscular, but refined in a way that highlighted every contour. Her elegance and poise made her exceptionally sexy in her own way.

Lastly, there was Krista, whose wildness added to her allure. A member of the wolf-beast clan, she bore soft, short fur on her arms, which ended in paw-like hands, each digit tipped with a delicate claw. Her slight tan and rugged edge were a nod to her beastly roots, adding a raw, untamed look to her shapely figure. Her ample breasts only added to the primal attraction she radiated, creating a fierce, captivating beauty.

As I looked over each of them, the heat intensified in my veins, all the blood in my body surging downward, filling me with a nearly uncontrollable lust. My shaft pulsed in response, hardening as I drank in the sight of their bare bodies.

"W-Wa..." Robyn's voice broke through the haze. She peeked out from between her fingers, her face still shielded by her hands, watching as the women lined up, exposed and ready before me.

"Oh, it's getting hot!" Titania chimed in, her voice weirdly excited as she watched the scene unfold.

Sandra stepped forward with a confident smile, her eyes locked onto mine. "Now then, Master," she said, closing the distance between us. "I'll show them what it means to be with you. I'll go first, if that's alright?"

I didn't need words. My nod alone gave her permission.

Sandra drew close, her hands resting firmly on my shoulders as she steadied herself. Her hips lowered, positioning herself over my eager, throbbing dick, her wet pussy enveloping me inch by inch.

Chapter 473: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (2)

The other four who hadn't yet had sex with me formed a circle around me and the three Dryad sisters, their eyes lingering over me. Naked and flustered, Bernadette, Isabelle, and Juliette shyly covered their

generous chests with their hands, while Krista stood boldly unhidden, matching the confidence of the Dryad sisters.

"We will be pleasuring you tonight as well," Isabelle said in her usual monotone, her voice steady even as her cheeks flushed a deep crimson. "But please know... we haven't done this before."

The bath was huge, so big it could be mistaken for a pool, and along its edge, smaller hot tubs provided a perfect spot for those not participating to relax and bathe. A bath full of naked women, all of them mine. This was the sight that belonged to me.

"Allow us to wash your back," Isabelle offered.

"Please, make yourself as comfortable as possible," added Juliette.

"I'd like to do that too," Bernadette chimed in.

As this was happening, Sandra took all of me inside her, her slick walls pulsing around my cock, swallowing me entirely.

"Ahhh~, Master's cock filling me up so deep... so good~, " she moaned, arching her back as waves of pleasure rolled over her.

Her tight pussy clung to my dick, squeezing me firmly against its warm, wet walls. Every thrust made me feel like I was being pulled deeper, even as the head of my cock kissed her womb. Her insides writhed and rippled around me, like something alive, amplifying every sensation. Being in the hot spring made it all the more intense, adding a heated edge to every touch.

Isabelle and Juliette, meanwhile, lathered soap over my skin, covering me in bubbles in no time.

"Excuse us, Master..."

With her cheeks flushed, Juliette pressed her breasts against my back, sliding up and down, each movement smooth and sensuous. Her tits, full and soft, were pure heaven against my skin, the pressure of her firm yet pliant chest sliding up and down, an intoxicating tease. Her inverted nipples didn't poke me, leaving her soft areolas to rub against my skin, making her cheeks burn even more. Her arousal was clear, and I could feel it—her soft sighs, her body eager yet unsure. I'd have to draw those hidden nipples out soon, suck them until they were sensitive.

At my sides, Bernadette and Isabelle held onto each of my arms, pulling them between their legs, and rubbed their wet slits along my forearms. I could feel their soft folds dragging over my hands, up to my shoulders, and then back again.

"Ahhh... mmm..."

"Nnn..."

They began moaning softly, discovering how to pleasure themselves against my elbow, wrist, and each curve of my bones.

Lixis, Morthea, and Almea joined as well, positioning themselves at my legs. Morthea and Almea straddled each thigh, their backs to me, and started grinding, their butts pressing into me as they rubbed their clits against my skin, their moans filling the air.

"Aaah, aaah..."

"Yaahnn~ Ahhhh..."

Meanwhile, Lixis crouched down between my legs, slipping her head into the space where Sandra and I were connected. Her tongue darted out to lick both my balls, swirling her warm mouth over them with a hunger that made me shudder.

"Kh?! W-Where am I supposed to go?!" Krista's frustrated voice reached my ears as she struggled to find a space. Every inch of me was already occupied, leaving her flustered, her eyes darting around to find any opening.

When Krista couldn't find any space, her ears drooped in disappointment, her tail falling limp as she sighed softly. I felt a pang of sympathy, but there was genuinely no room left for her to join in. Meanwhile, I noticed Charlotte's quick, assessing gaze as she scanned for an opportunity. Her eyes lit up when she seemed to spot one, and she leaned over to whisper something into Krista's ear. Krista's expression brightened instantly, her tail standing straight, her ears perked up, full of renewed energy.

They both turned their eyes to me before stepping closer. Positioning themselves on either side of Juliette, Charlotte and Krista pressed their soft, warm breasts against my face, surrounding me in the irresistible scent and feel of their skin.

"Give me some love too, Master!" Krista urged, her wolfish grin beaming.

Charlotte's breasts, although smaller than the others, were round and perky, pressing against me with a firmness that sent a thrill through me. Her cheeks were flushed as she muttered, "I... I want to join, too. Since there's just one session left with you, I figured I'd get it over with now."

Oh, so that's what she meant. Charlotte wanted to finish her obligations, as if this were simply a transaction. No other motive, no affection—at least that's what she told herself. But the slight tremble in her voice hinted otherwise. So she was a tsundere, huh? She was resisting every inch while her body moved in close. To see that side of her directed at me was... unexpected.

"Since you asked, then..."

I lowered my mouth to her breasts, suckling and biting softly.

"Yahhhnnn~"

Charlotte's back arched, her body reacting on instinct as a shiver of pleasure coursed through her. My four limbs were being worshipped, each one washed in an expert rhythm, while Juliette's luscious breasts pressed against my back, massaging and rubbing in a continuous, blissful motion. My lips and face were claimed by eager mouths, my dick was embraced in Sandra's tight, wet pussy, and Lixis's tongue lavished my balls with attention. This wasn't just pleasure—it was euphoria. Heaven, if such a place existed, would look and feel exactly like this.

"Ahh, ahhh... How is our touch, Master?" I

"Are we making you feel good? Ahhh~"

"Please enjoy our bodies as much as you want, Master~"

"Your warmth is heavenly."

Every inch of my body was covered by eager hands, lips, and skin, no part of me left untouched. Morthea and Almea splashed water over themselves, keeping their skin slick and slippery as they glided against me. Sandra continued to grind down on my cock, her voice rising with each thrust as she rode me with unrestrained need, while Lixis nestled below, licking my balls, swirling her tongue over them with slow, deliberate strokes.

Charlotte and Krista pleaded softly, pressing closer, wanting kisses on their lips as well as their sensitive nipples. Isabelle and Bernadette's hands guided mine to their dripping pussies, urging me to move inside, my fingers sinking into their warmth, coaxing gasps and moans from their parted lips. Behind me, Juliette pressed her breasts more firmly against my back, rubbing up and down from the base of my neck to the small of my back, her soft flesh smoothing over every inch.

"Master... Master... do you like the feel of my breasts?" Juliette's voice was tender and hopeful.

"Yes, Juliette," I murmured, feeling her warmth sink into me.

Juliette giggled, renewing her movements, sliding her breasts over me with fervor. Bernadette watched, pouting a bit before she let out a soft whimper, "M-Master, please, rub Bernadette's pussy more... Make a mess of her insides!"

I obliged, my fingers moving more intensely inside her, matching the rhythm I set with Isabelle. Isabelle clutched my hand tightly, her breaths coming fast as the sensation overtook her.

"Ahhh, fuaaa, aaah, aaa, a, aaa, aaa, aaahhh."

"Aaah, aaah, ah, ah, aaaahn, ahhh,"

Their bodies trembled, their voices breaking as I continued to explore, bringing them both to the edge.

Sandra's pussy tightened more and more with each thrust, her moans growing higher and sharper as my cock filled her. Her soft, wet warmth enveloped me entirely, her feminine softness welcoming every inch, drawing me deeper with each movement.

"Hhh!! Nhhh... nh...!"

The pleasure radiating from her core flooded her with slick, warm juices that coated my cock, making each thrust smoother and more intense.

"Ahhh, aaaah... aaahn, aah, ahn, ah, ah..."

Her tight walls clung to me, the soft, yielding flesh following me as I pushed in and pulled out. Each squeeze was firm, yet it allowed my motions to flow effortlessly. Then, suddenly, her voice broke through, breathless and pleading.

"M-Master, I'm cumming...! P-Please, cum in me as well...!"

I couldn't hold back any longer. With the women surrounding me, every inch of my body was being worshiped. It was enough to make any man lose himself, and I was no exception. My release surged forward, and as my cock throbbed, her pussy seemed to milk me, urging out a thick, unrestrained stream of cum that erupted from my tip.

Sandra cried out, her back arching in an intense spasm of pleasure before she relaxed, her body going limp as she collapsed onto me. Slowly, she slid off my waist, catching her breath as Lixis leaned in, eager to take her place. Her tongue traced over my balls, lapping up the remaining cum, then slid along my cock's tip to clean even the last drop left in the urethra. When she'd finished, she looked up with a sly smile.

"Me next, Master..."

I had all the time in the world today to enjoy every one of these women, and they knew it. Yet—

"Sister, it's my turn first! Who do you think you are, cutting in line?!" Morthea protested, glaring at Lixis.

"We never agreed on any order, and if we did, I don't remember, so it doesn't count."

"What do you mean, it doesn't count?!" Almea retorted, casting both Morthea and Lixis a fierce look. "I said next time Master called for us, I'd go first. You two can wait! There's no 'Sister Morthea' or 'Sister Lixis' first here. I am first!"

The three stared each other down. I could feel the tension building, so I offered them a suggestion, something that might satisfy all of them equally.

Chapter 474: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (3)

In a scene of pure eroticism, Lixis was crouched on the floor, her arms braced up to the elbows, with Morthea positioned right above her and Almea on top of Morthea, forming a stacked row of three bare, inviting hips aligned in perfect, tantalizing layers. It was an image of wild abandon—a tower of passion arranged in vertical elegance.

"T-This is... a wild position. I could never think of something like this. As expected of Master," murmured Lixis, her voice thick with admiration and desire.

"I never thought something like this was possible," Morthea added, voice soft and awed.

"This is... kind of embarrassing," whispered Almea, cheeks flushed as all three turned to look at me, their eyes filled with longing.

Each of them possessed a uniquely tempting figure, their hips curving in differing ways that highlighted their individuality even as they lay aligned. Despite being the youngest, Almea held her own allure, her figure sensually youthful yet matching the full appeal of her older sisters, who exuded an undeniable, voluptuous allure. Swallowing hard, I took in the sight of three gorgeous hips, each displaying a different, seductive beauty.

I had chosen them first so the others could watch and learn, easing into the rhythm of passion that would soon consume them all.

"This position... it's something incredible," said Titania, watching with fascination. "I never expected Leon to come up with something like this! I wonder what he's going to do next?"

Titania observed with no hint of jealousy, despite seeing her man with other women. Raised in a royal household, her acceptance of polygamy was a natural part of her worldview, yet her uninhibited enthusiasm for this moment was a revelation.

"I never thought mating could be done this way..." murmured Trill, eyes wide with curiosity. Hailing from a culture where polygamy was the norm, she seemed captivated, her gaze tracing each of the Dryads' curves.

Three pairs of pink, glistening crevices stretched between the enticing mounds of their aligned hips, their varying shades making each one unique. Lixis's lips were a dusky, slightly brownish hue with full petals, Morthea's light-pink with petite, delicate petals, and Almea's petals, still developing, bore a youthful sheen. Wetness sparkled on each one, drawing me in—exuding a primal allure that was impossible to resist.

With no hesitation, I moved behind them, drawn in by their intoxicating shamelessness.

"M-Master's staring right at our... at our precious parts... I feel so embarrassed," Almea whispered, cheeks glowing.

"Master, give me your big one!" Lixis begged, her voice husky.

"Master, I need it! Give it to me!" Morthea chimed in, her eyes pleading.

Their desperation echoed in every word and glance, unrestrained desire laid bare as they looked over their shoulders, wanting to be claimed. The scent of arousal thickened, the shameless movements of their hips shaking as if to display their longing, each one a testament to their impatience. The sight shattered any remaining restraint I held, their overwhelming allure too powerful to resist.

"Alright... let's start with..."

Dropping to my knees, I moved forward, positioning myself before the most mature crevice.

"Ahhhhhhh~ M-Master's dick went inside me...!"

Lixis's breathy moan filled the room the instant my dick slipped inside her, her wetness welcoming me with no resistance. Her earlier attention to my balls had left her so slick that I entered her with ease, her body practically melting around me. The sensation was incredible/ Her soft, warm insides clung to me, heightening every thrust.

At the same time, Morthea and Almea let out disappointed sighs. Yet I couldn't focus on them. My grip tightened on Lixis's ripe hips, and I began to pound into her with a primal rhythm.

"Haaah! S-So intenseee~! Ah, ah, ah, aaah, noooo, ahhhhh, amazinggg~!" she gasped, her voice hitching as she surrendered to the waves of pleasure. A few well-placed thrusts, and I knew I'd found her weak spots, her expression twisting in euphoric surrender.

Her pussy felt unbelievably soft and warm, tender in a way that tempted me to lose myself completely. The comfort of fucking a Dryad was something else—Lixis's insides were so lush and inviting that every thrust drew me deeper into her, almost intoxicating.

Almea and Morthea squirmed, clearly not content with just watching.

"It's not fair! It's always eldest sister!" Almea whined.

"That's right! I want it too, Master!" Morthea joined in, her tone filled with longing.

Their impatience was endearing, yet insistent, so I pulled out of Lixis with a wet, slick sound, a thin thread of her arousal connecting us briefly. I shifted and without a pause, plunged into Almea, who let out a sharp cry.

"Ahhhh! It's here, the cock's here!" she moaned, arching against me as I took hold of her hips, thrusting with renewed vigor. Her body shook, her half-open mouth letting out sweet, high-pitched squeals.

"Ahh, ah, ah! M-Master, this! This is good, it's hitting me right in my back! Ah, no, I'm going crazy! It feels so good I'm going crazy!"

Her green hair swung wildly with each thrust, her beautiful face flushed, and her whole body shivered in pleasure. Her pussy gripped me tightly, pulling me in deeper with every movement, her goosebumps grazing me, adding a new layer of sensation. It was enough to make my own control waver.

"Master, please thrust more, harder! Make it intense! Ahhhh, so greatttt! It's good, Master! I love you, I love you, I love youuuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

Her climax came like a shiver through her, her walls clenching around me before I withdrew again, turning to Morthea.

"Here I go, Morthea," I murmured, positioning myself before driving into her.

"A-Ah! As expected, it's big! It's filling me!" she gasped as I pushed in, her slender waist flexing beneath my grip. I didn't hold back, giving her deep, forceful strokes that made her voice rise in sharp, breathy cries.

"Ahhhhh! Ah, it's too intense, ah, ah, ah, ah~ It's too hard, I'm going to break, ahhhhH! Oh, you'll break me, don't stop it, ahhhnn! Ah, ah, ah, no, ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Her insides were tighter, each squeeze adding pressure that sent jolts of pleasure up my spine. Every movement rubbed against her sensitive spots, drawing desperate cries from her. I couldn't help but want to drive her over the edge, her panting breaths and trembling form spurring me on.

Just as I was ready to push her further, I heard Lixis and Almea calling out, their voices needy.

"M-Master, please come back here! Y-You're driving me crazy! I want to cum with you...!" Lixis pleaded, her eyes half-lidded in desperation.

"Please, Master! Come back to my hole! Mine is much more pleasurable than those two!" Almea begged, her hips swaying seductively.

They shook their heads seductively.

I put it back on Lixis.

As I plunged back into her, her entire body arched in response.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! It's here! Ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhhhhhhhh!"

With each powerful thrust, I drove her further up that ladder of pleasure, her body rising and falling with each wave until...

"C-Cumming! I'm cummmmmmmmmmmming!"

A shudder ran through her as she climaxed, spasms racking her in blissful surrender.

Pulling out, I shifted my attention to Morthea, driving my dick inside her with no hesitation.

"Aaaah! Ah, ah, Master, you're back, I love you, aaaah! Aaaah, ahhhhhhhhhh! Ah, ah, ah, aaaaaaah!"

Her cries were filled with passion as her body melded to the rhythm of my movements. Her love-filled screams echoed as she neared the edge.

"C-Cumming, I'm cumming! Come! I want more! I want more! I'm cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmming!"

Morthea's head slumped forward, her form spent and satisfied. Just then, Almea, her green hair glistening with dampness, turned to look at me with longing eyes.

"M-Master, I haven't cum yet..."

Without a word, I thrust deep into her, my cock swelling almost unbearably from the sensation as her walls hugged me tightly.

"Oh, why—it's even bigger than before, ah, ahhh! Oh, it's amazing, oh no, I can't handle this!"

I pumped into her with quick, intense strokes, watching as Almea's face twisted in pleasure, her eyes widening with every plunge. Her mouth hung open, letting out a high-pitched moan as she lost control.

"Aaaaah, Master! That's too much! Oh, aaah, aaaaaaah, ahh, aaaaah, I'm cummmmmmmmmming!"

With that final cry, Almea reached her peak, her inner walls clamping down on my cock in desperate rhythm. The pressure was too much. I felt the boiling surge of cum rush up and release deep inside her, filling her completely.

"Ahhhhhh! It's so hot, it's filling me up, ahh, ah, ahhh... ahhh..."

Then, I withdrew and positioned my dick against Morthea, letting another load spill inside her.

"Ahhh, it's so hot! It's filling me to the brim! Aaaah, I love this!"

Finally, I knelt over Lixis, emptying my last reserve onto her, drenching her in thick, hot streams.

"Ahhhh! Master's hot cum is the best~!!!"

With my last drop spent, I pulled out slowly, watching as the three dryads folded over each other, their bodies forming a tower asses, each one's pussy dripping with my seed. The sight filled me with a deep sense of satisfaction.

But I knew it wasn't over. There were still others waiting to be taken.

Chapter 475: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (4)

Bernadette looked at me, her face flushed, a soft pink hue spreading across her cheeks. It was incredibly hot seeing such a confident, well-toned woman, who carried herself with strength, now blushing for me while completely bare. She had a striking figure, honed from rigorous training, with a body that didn't lean towards overt sexiness but radiated firmness and sensuality. Her muscles were subtle, toned just enough to highlight her curves, and her breasts were full, sitting perfectly without sagging. It was an erotic sight, a balance between strength and allure that drew my eyes to every inch of her.

"Bernadette," I called her name, my voice steady. "I'm going first with you. Are you ready?"

"Y-Yes..." she stammered, stepping forward hesitantly. Her embarrassment was evident as her ears were burning red, and she instinctively crossed her arms over her chest to shield herself.

"Bernadette," Sandra chimed in from behind her. "Please show yourself to Master. Let her admire you."

Though still bashful, Bernadette slowly lowered her hands, exposing herself fully. Her body gleamed softly under the light, her skin flawless and her curves enticing. Her breasts were mesmerizing, firm and perfectly shaped, and the way she stood made her seem both vulnerable and alluring.

"You're beautiful, Bernadette," I told her, my voice carrying sincerity.

Her blush deepened instantly, and for a moment, it seemed like steam might actually rise from her head.

"Leon's quite the smooth talker, isn't he?" Trill remarked with a grin.

"I know, right?" Titania added, amused.

My girlfriends were casually observing me about to have sex with this stunning woman, and their comments were simply that? I supposed it was fine.

"Come closer," I said, gesturing toward Bernadette.

Obediently, she moved closer, her body heat palpable even before our skin touched. I reached out, cupping her soft cheek in my hand, and gently pulled her toward me. Our lips met, and though her kiss was clumsy, I guided her slowly, savoring her inexperience. When we broke apart, her face was dazed, her expression melting with the pleasure of her first kiss.

"Good job," I praised her softly, patting her head. She let out a shy giggle, her blush deepening.

"Now then," I continued, "are you ready to start?"

"Yes." This time, her voice carried a firm resolve. It seemed she had made peace with her decision.

"Um..."

"Yes?" I prompted her gently.

"I... I want to be taken from behind," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Is that alright?"

So, that was her preference. For her first time, she wanted to be fucked from behind. I couldn't deny such a request, not when she stood before me like a feast waiting to be devoured.

"Of course," I replied. "Place your hands on that wall for me."

She complied, stepping up to the wall and planting her palms against it. As she bent forward, her full, round ass was on full display, and the sight made my throat tighten. Bernadette had a big, firm ass, and my dick twitched in eager anticipation at the prospect of claiming her. My mouth went dry as I gulped, my eyes locked onto her alluring figure.

Bernadette glanced back over her shoulder, her shimmering eyes filled with a mix of anticipation and desire.

"P-Please, ravish my virgin pussy, Master," she pleaded, her voice trembling but laced with undeniable hunger.

She knew exactly what she was doing, and it was driving me insane. My cock throbbed with need as I stepped behind her, positioning myself.

"Here I go," I murmured, pressing the head of my dick against her virgin pussy. Her entrance was tight, resisting slightly as I pushed forward, her soft lips yielding slowly under the pressure. Bit by bit, I pried her open, savoring the warmth and the sweet friction of her untouched flesh.

"Hnn...!"

My cock pushed steadily against her pussy lips, the swollen folds parting reluctantly around the thick head. Her walls were tight—almost impossibly so—but the slick wetness that coated her entrance helped ease the stretch.

"Ahh!"

She gasped sharply, her voice trembling as my cockhead breached her virgin pussy, forcing its way inside. Her inner muscles clenched hard, fighting the intrusion even as her juices dripped freely. Only the tip was in, and yet the heat and tightness were already maddening. Slowly, I pushed deeper, my shaft prying her open inch by inch, forcing her untouched walls to yield.

"Aaaah...!"

Her moans sharpened, laced with the mix of pain and new sensations that came with her first time. The resistance of her pussy was incredible, the fleshy walls gripping me like a vice as I slid further inside. Each movement forward felt like tearing a perfect seam.

"Hnnnngg~!!!"

Finally, I reached the hilt, my cock buried fully inside her. The tip pressed snugly against her womb, a tantalizing pressure that made her gasp. Her walls clenched rhythmically around me, squeezing and pulling as if trying to keep me there. Glancing down, I saw a thin trickle of blood mixing with her arousal, the drops trailing down her thighs and pooling on the floor.

"Ahhh, f-finally... I became one with Master..." she whispered, her voice trembling but filled with quiet joy.

"Does it hurt?" I asked softly, even as the heat in my blood begged me to move.

"I-It's fine. I like the pain," she replied, her cheeks flushed and her voice shy. Her words wavered for a moment before firming. "So please, go wild with me."

Her invitation set me ablaze. Gripping her hips firmly, I began moving, my cock sliding in and out of her tight pussy with deep, deliberate thrusts. The mixture of her virgin blood and slick nectar created a friction so sweet it made every movement electrifying.

"Ahhh! Hhhnnn! Ahhh, yaaah, ahhhh! It's painful, but it's so good!" she cried out, her voice rising in sharp bursts with each thrust.

I didn't hold back. Her moans only spurred me on, and I leaned forward, pressing my chest to her back. The heat of our bodies combined as I slid my hands over her breasts, kneading them roughly. Her nipples, stiff and sensitive, rolled between my fingers as I pinched and tugged at them.

"Aaaah, it's too much! It's too much! But I want it! Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Her cries were pure ecstasy, her body responding to the rough treatment with desperate, writhing movements. Her masochistic streak only seemed to fuel her pleasure, making every thrust and squeeze drive her higher.

As I pounded into her, her head turned, her gaze meeting mine with hazy, tear-filled eyes. The sight made something snap inside me, and I grabbed her chin, pulling her into a fierce kiss.

"Ngu... nku..."

I ravaged her mouth with my tongue, claiming her completely. The slick, wet slide of saliva mixed with the rough friction of our tongues battling for dominance. She couldn't speak or moan, her lips wholly mine to devour.

"Fuuunnnnnnn... slurp... nchu... nchu...!"

Her tongue gradually moved with mine, tangling in a lewd rhythm that left both of us gasping for air.

"Puha... Nnn..."

When I pulled away, her lips glistened with saliva, and her expression was one of pure need. The desperation in her eyes was enough to drive me into a frenzy. Gripping her hips tightly, I pounded into her with renewed intensity.

Pound, pound, pound, pound, pound!

Each thrust sent shockwaves through her body, her ass rippling with the force of my movements. The rhythmic slap of my hips against her round ass filled the room, blending with her cries and the wet, obscene sounds of her pussy gripping my cock.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!?"

Her reaction shifted instantly, her eyes snapping wide open as her back arched with a sharp, almost primal cry. The sound echoed around us as her entire body tensed before collapsing forward, her head slumping as she gasped for air. Sweat glistened on her flushed pink skin, trickling down her trembling form. Her pussy quivered uncontrollably, spasming from the intense rush of pleasure that overtook her.

She had come. And hard. Judging by the dazed look in her eyes and the way her body shook, it was clear this was her first orgasm.

But I wasn't done. Not even close. My cock throbbed with unrelieved tension, so I resumed pumping into her slick, gripping heat. My hips moved in deliberate, grinding thrusts, while my tongue slid along the edge of her ear before biting down on her earlobe. The sharp nip made her jolt, her gasps turning into broken cries. The sensation was relentless. Her body was being overloaded from all angles.

"Aaaaaaaaaah! Ahhhh, nooo! I'm...! Ahhhh, M-Masterrrrrrrrrr!" she screamed, her voice shaking with desperation as her body writhed beneath me.

Wet, obscene sounds filled the air as my cock plunged deep into her dripping pussy, the slick walls sucking me in with every thrust. Her juices overflowed, coating me and making each movement smoother yet more depraved. Her pussy gripped me tightly, the pulsating contractions dragging me deeper as though it didn't want to let go. Her trembling body radiated heat, and her moans grew louder, more desperate. Her womb clenched as my cock relentlessly hammered against it, every thrust sending waves of shock through her overstimulated body.

"Aaaaaaaah! Aaaaaah! Nooooo! S-Something's...! Something's coming againnnnnnnnnn!" she wailed, her voice breaking as her body tensed up, teetering on the edge once more.

Seeing her unraveling completely, I drove myself harder, determined to end this. My hands moved to her soft, flushed nipples, pinching and twisting as I delivered one last, punishing thrust. The force drove into the deepest parts of her pussy, slamming against her womb with a final push.

Her scream tore through the room as her body convulsed violently. She arched upward, her back forming a perfect bow as her toes curled tightly. Her legs trembled uncontrollably, her release crashing over her like a tidal wave.

At the same time, I reached my peak. The heat that had been building inside me erupted in thick, powerful streams of cum, flooding her pussy. My cock pulsed with each release, filling her with everything I had.

"Uaaah... ahhh, haaa... aahhh..." she moaned, her voice soft and weak, barely audible over her heavy breathing. Her eyes were glazed, her body limp, her pussy still twitching as it held onto my cum.

With that, Bernadette's deflowering was complete.

Chapter 476: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (5)

Juliette was next. Out of all the members of the Shadows, she had the biggest breasts, a trait stemming from her partial cow beast heritage. Her large breasts had a slight sag to them, but not to the point of excess—they were just the right amount to give them an erotic allure. Her nipples were shy, tucked into her areola, as if mirroring her reserved personality.

She was the Shadows' best defender, thanks to her nearly impenetrable defenses. Unlike Gabrielle, Juliette couldn't create barriers, but she didn't need to. She could duplicate objects she held and control them with precision, as if she had multiple invisible arms. Shields, weapons, anything she touched could multiply and hover around her, forming an impenetrable defense.

Even though her ability was overpowered and needed no improvement, she still trained her body, resulting in a figure that was a perfect balance—neither overly lean nor overly thick. She was solid, strong, and irresistibly soft in all the right ways. She was simply perfect.

"Juliette," I called her name, my tone firm yet inviting. "You're next. Are you ready?"

"Y-Yes, Master," she replied, her voice trembling. Each step she took toward me made her breasts bounce slightly, the heavy, natural motion capturing my attention. Her swaying hips added to the seductive display, her every movement practically screaming desire.

I couldn't help but chuckle. Stepping forward, I pulled her into a hug, her massive breasts pressing tightly against my chest. The weight and volume were unreal, the softness intoxicating. I tilted her chin up, cupping her cheek, and pressed my lips to hers. The kiss was gentle, lasting only a few seconds before I pulled away.

But Juliette wasn't done. Her hands shot up, cupping my cheeks, and she pulled me into a deep, needy kiss. Her inexperience was evident, her tongue movements clumsy, but it was endearing. I guided her, matching her movements with mine until I overwhelmed her, drawing out soft, desperate moans.

"Puhahhh!" she gasped when I finally pulled back. Her chest heaved, her face flushed and dazed, as if she were about to melt from the heat coursing through her.

"What do you want me to do, Juliette?" I asked, curious to hear her desires. It was her first time, and I wanted to make sure it was unforgettable.

"Um... I don't really know..." she stammered, her voice soft and uncertain. "But... I know I want to be dominated by you, Master..." Her words were quiet, but the conviction in them was unmistakable. She averted her gaze, her blush deepening as her fingers nervously pressed together.

"Alright then," I replied, my tone firm and commanding. If she wanted to be dominated, I'd give her exactly what she craved. "Lay over there."

I gestured to the bed nearby. It was no coincidence it was there—this wasn't the kind of moment meant for a rough cobblestone floor. For something this intimate, the bed was essential.

Juliette moved without hesitation, lying back on the soft surface. Her chest heaved with anticipation, her heavy breasts shifting slightly with her every breath. I followed, climbing onto the bed with her. My hand slid to her soft thighs, and she shivered at my touch. Her eyes fluttered shut as her legs parted, slowly but surely, revealing her glistening, wet pussy.

My fingers traced delicate, teasing lines over her thighs, the softness under my touch thrilling as they edged closer to her crotch. With a light flick, I brushed against her entrance.

"Hnnnn!"

Her body jerked, a sweet gasp slipping from her lips. I glanced at her flushed expression, the vulnerability in her eyes igniting something primal in me. Standing over her, I smirked.

"I'm going to dominate you, starting with your chest," I declared, my voice firm yet dripping with promise. "You're okay with that, right?"

"Y-Yes..." she whispered, her words trembling but filled with anticipation.

I straddled her, positioning myself so my swollen, pulsing cock was caught between Juliette's lush, sweat-slicked breasts. Her cheeks burned as she pressed her generous tits together, fully enveloping me in their soft, warm embrace. Slowly, I began to sway my hips, savoring the sensation.

Her breasts perfectly molded around my dick, their pillow softness like nothing else. Each glide sent shocks of pleasure coursing through me, the heat of her skin magnified by the sheen of sweat coating her.

"Oh... feels so good, Master~" Juliette moaned, her voice breathy and dripping with arousal. "Does it feel good using my breasts like this?" she asked, her tone both shy and seductive. "If so, I'll make it even better for you."

Without waiting for a reply, Juliette began to move on her own. Her right breast rubbed against her left, the slick friction teasing my cock mercilessly. Her movements became more deliberate, alternating pressure and direction to intensify the sensation.

I groaned low and deep, the relentless stimulation pushing me closer to the edge.

As I continued swaying, she suddenly took over completely. Shaking her tits in perfect rhythm, she moved them together, pressing them tightly around me. The heat, the friction, the softness—it was overwhelming.

I couldn't hold back any longer.

With a guttural groan, I came hard, my cock jerking violently between her breasts.

A thick, white stream of cum erupted from me, spurting across her cleavage and splattering her face. The gooey, sticky warmth streaked over her throat and glasses, dripping and pooling in her cleavage.

"W-Wow...! I-It's so hot!" she gasped, her face a mix of awe and excitement. Without hesitation, she brought a finger to her cheek, scooping up the sticky fluid and licking it clean. Her tongue flicked over her finger, savoring the taste.

The sight was so lewd, so utterly intoxicating, I couldn't stop myself.

"I'm going to enter you now, Juliette," I growled, my voice thick with need.

"R-Right!" she replied, her breathing ragged as she spread her legs wider.

I adjusted my position, gripping her thighs firmly. With a rough yet steady motion, I lifted her legs high, folding her into a position that left her completely open to me.

"E-Eh?"

"You want to be dominated, right? Then this is the perfect position for you."

Her body was pliant and perfect in my hands, her curves fitting against me like they were made for this. Raising her legs even higher, I aimed my cock directly at her entrance. The swollen tip nudged her slick, trembling pussy lips, needing no guidance.

With one powerful thrust, I drove into her, my cock tearing through her tight walls. Her pussy stretched to accommodate me, gripping me with a scorching heat as I claimed her completely.

The absence of her hymen told me it had broken during her training. That meant there'd be no holding back—I could dominate her without restraint.

I folded her in half, pressing her knees tightly against her chest as I slammed my cock deep into her soaking pussy.

"Hnnnnn?! Nhggggg! Nnnnnnnnnn! Aaaah...!"

Her cries filled the air, the obscene wet sounds of my thrusts mixing with the slick heat that wrapped around me. Her pussy was drenched, every thrust creating a lewd connection between us, the slippery friction heightening the pleasure. Juliette's obedience was intoxicating—she'd do anything I said, and watching her face, flushed and melting in bliss, I knew I wanted to own her completely.

"Juliette, when I fuck you, make peace signs with your fingers," I ordered, driving my cock harder into her trembling core.

"Aaaahn, aaaaah, aaaah, aaaahh?! L-Like this? Aaaaaaaaaaaaahn...!"

She eagerly complied, her shaky hands raising into a double peace sign while her body arched beneath me. As my cock pummeled her tight pussy, she moaned shamelessly.

"Aaaaaah, aaaah, aaaaah... M-Master, it feels too good! Your thing—it's amazing! Ahhh, aaah, aaaaaaaaaaah...!"

Her pussy was insatiable, gripping me like it didn't want me to leave. Each thrust had her folds clamping down, massaging my length, and her womb quivered as though trying to pull me in even deeper.

"Aaah, Master, I love you! I love you! Ahn, ahn, ah, ah, ah, ahhh!"

Her voice was trembling with raw passion as her pussy devoured my cock. The heat and pressure inside her were maddening, her walls pulsating with an eager rhythm that urged me on.

"M-Master, is it good? Does my pussy feel good?" she whimpered, her voice breathless but yearning for approval.

"Yes, Juliette, your pussy feels fucking incredible!" I growled, pounding her harder.

"I'm so happy! Ahhn, aaah, ah, ahhh!"

Her slick, velvety walls gripped me tighter with every thrust. The softness combined with her overwhelming tightness made it impossible to stop, her moans spurring me to go even faster.

"Aaah, Master, I... I... I, !! I'm gonna cum! M-Master, please cum with me! Aaah, aaaaaah!"

I could no longer hold back. My cock swelled as I buried myself to the hilt, releasing a torrent of hot cum into her greedy depths. Her pussy clenched around me violently, milking every drop as she reached her climax.

Juliette's back arched off the bed, her body writhing uncontrollably as the pleasure overtook her. Each pulse of my cock sent fresh waves of ecstasy coursing through her, her cries rising and falling with each contraction of her walls. When I finally pulled out, my thick cum spilled from her gaping pussy, trailing down her thighs and pooling beneath her.

She lay sprawled out, utterly debauched, her legs bent back like a frog's and her arms still raised in the peace sign I'd commanded. Her consciousness was completely gone, her face frozen in bliss and her eyes glazed with heart-shaped pupils.

I wanted to keep fucking her, to fold her into a seed press and fill her even more, but her limp body couldn't take it right now. There would be time for that later. For now, I still had two more women waiting to be claimed.

My gaze landed on Krista. It was time for her to experience what Juliette just had.

Chapter 477: Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (6)

Krista's tail swayed wildly, her excitement radiating through her every movement as she panted heavily through her nose like a desperate mutt in heat. The moment our eyes met, she bolted toward me, as though she could no longer contain her urges, her need for attention written all over her flushed face.

Without hesitation, she wrapped her arms tightly around my waist and began sniffing me eagerly, her nose pressing firmly against my skin.

"You're really worked up, Krista," Sandra teased, her voice laced with laughter. "But considering how much you've been anticipating this, it's not surprising."

"Huff... huff... I want Master!" Krista cried, her voice trembling with desperation.

She truly looked and acted like a horny mutt, her hips grinding against me shamelessly in an attempt to satiate her growing desire. It was hard not to find her enthusiasm both endearing and arousing.

"Alright, Krista. Stop humping my feet and stand up straight," I ordered, my tone firm.

Without hesitation, she obeyed, straightening her back immediately. The sight of her following my command so obediently made me feel like a trainer handling a particularly eager dog. Her quick compliance only added to the amusement of the moment.

"I'm going to touch your breasts first," I stated plainly, reaching out to cup her chest. Her tits were firm and perfectly shaped, though smaller compared to the others. They had their own appeal, fitting snugly in my palms as I squeezed them gently. Then, I pulled her closer, tilting her chin up to claim her lips with mine. Her breaths came in hot, shallow bursts through her nose, her panting intensifying as our mouths connected. My tongue slipped into her mouth, playfully tangling with hers.

"Nnn... nchu... ngg..."

My kiss seemed to ignite something primal in her. She went wild, her tongue moving frantically, licking every corner of my mouth with a fervor that bordered on frantic. It felt as if she was trying to devour me entirely. Suddenly, her hands gripped me tightly as she attempted to push me toward the bed, her strength surprising for someone her size. Her desperation was clear, and while I didn't move at first, I eventually let her guide me, curious to see what she had in mind.

"Huff... huff... huff..." Krista's breaths grew heavier with each step as she led me to the bed. "M-Master... huff... huff..."

She couldn't seem to stop herself from burying her face against me, inhaling deeply, her chest heaving with every breath. Once we reached the bed, she nearly threw me onto it in her eagerness, quickly straddling me with her thighs trembling in anticipation.

"Master, Master, Master, Master~" she repeated breathlessly, her voice dripping with need. Her eyes gleamed with unrestrained lust, staring at me as if I were the only thing that mattered in the world.

"It seems... she's in heat," Trill observed from the side, her tone calm but knowing. "This is the time of year when wolf clans in the beast races experience their mating season."

That explained Krista's erratic behavior. Not that I was complaining—my dick had been standing at full attention since she started, throbbing with anticipation as her scent filled the air.

"Pant, pant... it... it smells... like a male..."

Her face was an intense shade of red, her eyes glazed over with pure, raw desire. Her breaths came in ragged gasps, and a thin trail of drool dripped from the corners of her lips. Lowering herself, she pressed her nose directly against my cock, inhaling deeply as her arousal pooled visibly between her legs.

"Huff, huff... Master's... Master's smell..."

Her nose rubbed against my crotch, the heat radiating from her only making her actions even more lewd. Her glazed eyes locked onto mine, filled with primal hunger.

"Huff... huff... Master's smell... I love it... it's so good~"

She buried her face against my crotch, her breath hot and heavy. Watching her like this, overwhelmed by my scent, was a little embarrassing. Having a woman breathe in your crotch like that was something else entirely. Still, I couldn't deny how arousing it was.

Then, she gripped my thighs firmly, her fingers sinking into my skin with a desperate strength. Her tongue darted out, rough yet electrifying, dragging up my inner thighs like a hungry beast marking its claim.

"Mmmmm..."

A shudder ran through me at the unexpected lick, a jolt of ticklish pleasure coursing up my spine. Her tongue moved with an eager precision, trailing upward until it found the glans of my cock. Krista leaned in, her lips brushing against the sensitive tip before her tongue flicked out, tracing the ridge with deliberate care.

"Pant, pant, pant... It tastes so good!" she gasped, her voice trembling with a mix of exhilaration and lust.

Her mouth descended, pressing soft, wet kisses all along the length of my dick. Each kiss left a trail of heat behind, her saliva glistening on my skin under the dim light. Her pink tongue slithered like a serpent, exploring every inch of my crotch. She moved lower, licking carefully beneath my sack before taking one of my balls into her mouth, sucking on it gently before releasing it with a soft, wet plop. Then, she wrapped her hand firmly around my cock.

Her hand wrapped around my cock then, firm yet smooth, as her fingers began to glide up and down. The pre-cum dripping from my tip slicked her grip, enhancing the sensation. Meanwhile, her tongue moved with relentless speed, darting and swirling across my balls, like a beast savoring its prey. When I glanced down, her triangular dog ears twitched and flicked with every movement, brushing teasingly against my thighs and adding an unexpected layer of pleasure.

Without warning, she climbed onto me, her bloodshot eyes locking with mine. There was no hesitation—she slammed her hips down, impaling herself on my cock in one swift, fluid motion.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!" she screamed, her voice splitting the air.

Her body seized up, her chin tilting skyward as her back arched. A sudden warmth enveloped my crotch, and I realized she'd wet herself, cumming hard just from the penetration. The sheer intensity of it left her trembling. There was no hint of resistance. Her hymen was already gone, meaning I didn't need to hold back.

Before I could even react, she began bouncing on my cock with wild abandon. Her hips slammed down with reckless force, her movements erratic yet primal, as if driven by instinct alone. Her hands gripped mine tightly, her nails digging into my skin.

"Uoh, oh, oh, ohhhhhhhhh! Aaah, ah, ahhhh!"

The friction was overwhelming, every stroke of her pussy tightening around me like a vice. My cock was buried deep inside her, the bulge in her stomach mirroring its size and shape. She was utterly lost to the sensation, her face a twisted mask of pleasure and desperation.

"Uooohhhhn, ah, ooooooooh! It feels so good! It feels so good! Nnnaah, aaaaaah! I'm mating...! I'm mating with Master!" she howled, her voice ragged and frenzied.

Each time her hips met mine, the walls of her pussy clenched tighter, milking me with every thrust. I was teetering on the edge, my need to cum building with every frantic movement.

"Aaaah, good, feels so goooood! Uoonhhh, uoooooh!"

Her voice rose into a primal howl as her hands released mine. She cupped her own breasts, kneading and pinching her erect nipples with an almost feral intensity.

Feeling the imbalance, I decided to fight back. My hands shot up, gripping her soft, heaving tits. I rolled her strawberry-like nipples between my fingers, relishing the way they stiffened under my touch. Her body jerked violently, her cries becoming sweeter, more debauched.

"Wa, wa, wafuuuu! Nooo, aaah! It feels so good, I-I'm going crazzy~! Uooonh, ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhhh!"

I squeezed her tits harder, savoring their softness and pliability as I kneaded them. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, as her body trembled above me. She was entirely consumed by pleasure, her voice breaking with every movement.

"Fuaaaah! Uoohh, ah, ah... yaaaah, nooo, aaaaaaah!"

The tables had turned, and now I was the one in control. I seized the moment she lost her strength, slamming my hips upward in one swift, deliberate motion.

"Nnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!?"

Her eyes flew wide open, her expression a blend of shock and uncontrollable pleasure. This wild wolf girl was untamed, and it was my job to break her. Without hesitation, I began my assault. My fingers pinched her stiff nipples, rolling and twisting them, dragging them up and down while I pounded into her mercilessly. Each thrust drove deep, claiming her completely.

"Hiiiiinh! Aaah, aaaaah, aaaaaaaah, ahhh, aaaah, ii, iiiiiiiiiih!"

Wet, obscene sounds echoed from where our bodies met, the slickness making every movement loud and shameless. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson as her body writhed helplessly, hands clutching her face in a vain attempt to conceal her overwhelming ecstasy. Her once defiant expression melted, replaced by a haze of lust and sweet moans.

"C-cumming, cummiiiiiiing, cummiiiiiiiiing! Uooooonnnn!"

Her voice rose into a desperate, high-pitched scream as she climaxed. Her body arched violently, muscles locking up before spasms overtook her. A torrent of liquid gushed from her trembling slit, spraying everywhere in an uninhibited release of her pleasure.

But I wasn't finished. My own release was still building, and her cries only pushed me further. Gritting my teeth, I thrust even harder, the sound of our connection growing louder and wetter with each movement.

"Gyannnnnnnnnn! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!"

Her screams were music to my ears as I overstimulated her, pushing her further even as her body was still trembling from her orgasm. She scratched at the air above her head as though trying to grab onto something for support, but I delivered another deep thrust, hitting her hard.

"Gyaah!?"

Her eyes rolled back, her pupils fluttering black and white as her body jerked uncontrollably. The sight and feel of her surrender pushed me over the edge. The burning pressure that had been coiled tight inside me surged forward all at once.

"Uohhhhhhhh! Uah, uaaaaahhhhhh! Aaaaaah!"

With a guttural roar, my climax erupted. Every pulse sent thick streams of cum deep inside her, my entire body shuddering with the force of release.

Spent, Krista collapsed against me, her lithe body trembling as it gave out completely.

"Pant, pant, pant, pant..."

Her tongue lolled out like a panting dog, her chest heaving as she gasped for air. The look on her face was pure bliss, her eyes glazed over with the intoxication of pleasure.

After a few moments, she let out a soft, sweet "kuuun," nuzzling closer to me. Her warm tongue began licking my face, a gentle, affectionate gesture that stood in stark contrast to the wildness of moments ago.

With that, Krista's deflowering came to an end.

Chapter 478 Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (7)

Isabelle was the last to step forward, and her presence alone seemed to command attention. Out of all the women here, she radiated an aura of sheer sensuality. Her figure was a masterpiece, the epitome of an hourglass shape, every curve precisely defined as if sculpted by the hands of a master artist. Her toned stomach revealed her lithe and lean build, unblemished by even the slightest trace of excess. Her face was nothing short of breathtaking, a vision of beauty so flawless it seemed almost unreal, like she belonged in the pages of history as a living work of art. When my eyes settled on her, she swallowed hard, her slender throat moving visibly.

"Isabelle," I called her name. She hesitated for a moment before moving toward me with slow steps. Each motion was so controlled that her firm, perfect breasts remained almost unmoving, emphasizing just how toned they truly were. It was impossible not to admire the way her body seemed to defy the laws of nature.

As she neared me, her scent wafted through the air—a sweet, intoxicating aroma of roses mixed with a subtle, creamy undertone.

"I'm going to kiss you first. That's alright, right?" I asked.

"Yes..." she replied. Her eyes fluttered closed as I cupped her delicate cheek, her skin warm beneath my palm. Slowly, I leaned in, capturing her lips in a kiss. They were impossibly soft, like the finest porcelain, tender and fragile, making me tread carefully lest I break her.

My tongue slipped into her mouth, entwining with hers in a slow, deliberate dance. I took my time exploring her, letting her taste me as I poured my saliva into her mouth, forcing her to swallow it. Her submission was intoxicating, and the faint whimper she let out only fueled my desire. When we finally broke apart, a thin string of saliva stretched between our lips, glistening in the dim light. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

"Um... I want to... pleasure you with my mouth first," she stammered.

Her bravery brought a smile to my lips. "Sure," I replied simply, then moved toward the bed. I sat on the edge, watching as Isabelle gracefully knelt between my legs.

"Umm, Master?" she began, her hands wrapping around my throbbing dick. Her slender fingers trembled as they traced the length of my shaft. She stared at it, her wide eyes filled with a mix of awe and apprehension, her cheeks a bright crimson. "It's my first time, so... I'm not sure I'll do it well. But I'll try my best to satisfy you."

"You're doing fine," I assured her. Watching someone as stunning as Isabelle hold my cock, her lips so close to it, was already more than enough to make my heart race.

"I'll start now," she whispered. Isabelle's tongue slipped out, hesitant at first, before trailing along the side of my flute in slow, deliberate strokes. Her warm saliva coated my length, her movements clumsy but endearing. She licked back and forth, focusing intently on her task, while my eyes drifted lower, catching the glistening wetness pooling between her thighs. Her arousal was evident, her slick dripping down her toned legs.

After a few moments, she parted her lips and took me into her mouth. Her movements were slow as she slid further down, inch by inch, until the head of my cock pressed against her throat. The wet, snug heat of her mouth sent shocks of pleasure through me. Though she was nervous, her lips wrapped tightly around me, her tongue pressing and shifting against the underside of my shaft.

Her confidence grew as she began to bob her head, her soft, wet lips sliding up and down my length. Saliva pooled in her mouth, spilling from the corners in messy streams that dripped down her chin. The sound of her sucking, sloppy and unrefined, was maddeningly erotic.

Isabelle's upturned eyes stayed locked on mine, her gaze filled with a mix of innocence and desire. From my angle, she looked absolutely stunning—like a naughty angel on her knees, pleasuring me with everything she had.

Her movements lacked finesse, but the sincerity and eagerness behind them made my cock throb inside her mouth. Her sloppy, unpracticed motions, combined with the wet, messy sounds she made, sent waves of pleasure coursing through me. I could feel my release building, the sensation growing unbearable as Isabelle continued her clumsy yet passionate efforts. My rocket was about to fire.

As I gripped the sheets tightly, the tension in my body finally snapped. A hot surge of cum erupted from my cock, spilling into Isabelle's mouth with powerful, pulsing bursts.

"Ngggggg!?"

Her startled gasp echoed through the air as the sudden flood filled her mouth to the brim. Her eyes widened in shock, and her cheeks bulged from the sheer volume, a bead of sweat trailing down her temple. Thick, sticky cum threatened to spill past her lips, pooling at the corners of her mouth. Desperately, Isabelle swallowed, her throat working hard as audible gulps filled the space between us. Her fingers brushed against her lips, catching stray drops and pushing them back inside.

Her expression wavered, a mix of determination and slight discomfort, but she didn't falter. Finally, she swallowed the last of it, then opened her mouth wide to reveal it was completely empty.

"Master... I drank it all," she said softly, her voice tinged with a mix of pride and submission.

"Good girl," I murmured, pulling her up onto the bed. Her breath hitched as I eased her back against the mattress.

Isabelle instinctively parted her legs, lifting them into an inviting M-shape. Her glistening pussy, already drenched with arousal, quivered with anticipation. Love juices dripped down her thighs, staining the sheets beneath her. The raw, heady scent of her need filled the air, making my cock twitch in response.

"It looks like you're ready, Isabelle," I said.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson as her voice trembled.

"Don't apologize. It's beautiful," I reassured her, leaning closer.

With deliberate slowness, I aligned my cock with her slick entrance, the swollen head rubbing against her hot folds. Her body shuddered at the contact, her hips lifting slightly as if begging for more. The heat radiating from her pussy was almost unbearable.

I pressed forward, the thick head of my cock stretching her tight entrance inch by inch.

"Aaah, haaaan! Aaah...!"

Her walls clenched around me like a vice, gripping me so tightly it was almost impossible to move. The sheer tightness was electrifying, each push met with resistance that only spurred me on. Her pussy swallowed me greedily, its heat searing against my cock as I continued to press deeper.

When I reached the thin barrier of her virginity, I paused briefly, feeling her body tense beneath me. Then, with one firm thrust, I broke through, plunging all the way to the hilt.

"Nnnkuuu?!"

Isabelle's head tilted back, her chin pointing toward the ceiling as a loud, unrestrained cry burst from her lips. Her body arched off the bed, trembling violently as the sensation overwhelmed her.

"Isabelle, I'm going to move," I said.

"Yes... Please come, Master," she replied.

I began to thrust, pulling out slowly before driving back in. To make it easier, I lifted her hips slightly, angling her just right so I could plunge even deeper. My cock slid in and out of her slick, tight pussy, her walls clenching around me with every stroke.

"Nnnnnnnnnuuu!"

The sound of wet, rhythmic thrusts filled the room as I moved faster, each thrust harder and deeper than the last. Her cries grew louder, more desperate, as I drove into her with unrelenting force.

"Aaaaaaaaaah!!! It's sooo fierce... M-Masterrrrrrrr! Aaaaahn, aaaaaaaaaah, ahhhhhhhhhhhhnnnn, naaaaaaaaaaaaaahnnnn!"

In this position, I had the perfect view of her bouncing breasts, their firm curves moving in time with my thrusts. Her slender neck and the soft flush spreading across her skin made the sight all the more intoxicating.

"Master... It's amazing... Uaaa... So good..." Isabelle moaned, her voice breaking into sweet, breathless cries.

I reached down to grab her ass, lifting her hips further as I adjusted our position. Pulling her close, I drove into her even deeper, my cock stirring her tight pussy with every stroke. Her body quaked beneath me, her moans filling the room as I claimed her completely.

"Haaaaahiiin! Aaaah, aaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The elegant Isabelle was completely unraveled, her usual poise shattered as her voice rang out in wild, unrestrained cries. Seeing her like this, flushed and disheveled beneath me, was beyond intoxicating—it was the highest form of ecstasy.

Her large, heaving breasts were mesmerizing. The pink, perky nipples stood proudly against her creamy skin, as small and lovely as delicate beans. Her slender figure, now writhing in unbridled pleasure, only added to the thrill. I was fucking this gorgeous, refined woman, and the realization that I had reduced her elegance to this primal state with my cock filled me with a deep, primal pride. A sense of raw superiority swelled within me, heightening the urge to release inside her right away.

Even as the intense rhythm of my thrusts continued, I shifted tactics, driving into her deepest parts in shorter, more precise strokes, hitting her sweet spot relentlessly.

"Aaahn, aaah, aaah! It feels so goood! Aaaaaahn!" she cried, her voice rising in a crescendo of pleasure.

The heat building in my groin became unbearable. My cock twitched and pulsed as I lost the last threads of restraint.

"Isabelle...! I'm going to cum inside you!"

"Yes! P-Put your seeds inside me! Paint my freshly deflowered hole with your white seeds!"

Her breathless plea pushed me over the edge. My cock throbbed violently, trembling with the need to release.

"I'm cumming...!" I groaned, my body stiffening as the floodgates opened.

Thick, hot spurts of cum erupted from my cock, shooting deep into her.

"FuaaaaaaaaaaaAaaaa! It's coming...! Master's hot thing is...!" Isabelle's voice cracked as her walls clamped down on me, milking every drop I had to give.

Her pussy quivered around my cock, her entire body convulsing as she joined me in climax.

"NnnnNnn! Oh no, no, no! I'm cumming, cumming, cumming!!!" she cried out, her back arching sharply off the bed. Her chin tilted toward the ceiling, and her eyes rolled back into her head as wave after wave of pleasure overtook her.

Her trembling body gradually stilled, and she finally collapsed against the mattress, her chest rising and falling with heavy, labored breaths. She looked utterly spent, her face glowing with the aftermath of bliss.

I slowly withdrew my cock from her well-used pussy. As I did, a sticky mixture of cum and virgin blood trickled out, the evidence of her deflowering glistening against her flushed thighs.

And with that, Isabelle's deflowering was complete.

Chapter 479 Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (8)

After that, I exhaled deeply, my body still trembling from the aftermath. With this, I had finally deflowered every member of the Shadows, claiming each one as mine. For those I'd already fucked before, I didn't hold back either, indulging in them until none of us could move. Now it was done—or so I thought.

Before I could relax, soft arms snaked around me from behind, and warm, supple breasts pressed into my back. Their firmness made them impossible to ignore, and the hard points of her erect nipples grazed against my skin, sending a jolt straight through me.

"Already tired, Leon?" A soft, teasing voice whispered close to my ear, the warmth of her breath fanning across my neck. "You're not going to leave me out, are you?"

It was Charlotte. Her chest wasn't as massive as some of the others, but the delicate curve and perky shape were impossible to overlook. Her body heat seeped into me, her closeness making the air between us thick and electric. I shuddered as her breath tickled my ear.

"You know," she continued, her tone laced with a sweet vulnerability, "I'm fine just being your side girl. I don't need to be your favorite. Just... promise you won't leave me behind, okay?"

Her words surprised me. Charlotte, who had been so full of venom and resentment toward me before, was now speaking softly, almost pleadingly. The bitterness she'd clung to had melted away, leaving only raw affection. She was mine now, body and soul. Whatever feelings she'd once had for Sesillian were gone, replaced entirely by her devotion to me.

Her transformation was intoxicating, and I knew it was time to fully make her mine.

"So," I said, smirking as I turned slightly toward her, "since you're saying this, does that mean you love me?"

"Y-you're actually going to ask that?" she huffed, her cheeks flushing a soft pink. "W-well, it's your fault! You messed with my feelings, manipulated, twisted them around until I couldn't stop thinking about you! Then you went and saved me from the professor... How could I not fall for you? Even if I hate admitting it..."

Her voice was tinged with annoyance, but it lacked the sharpness it once had. Instead, it carried a tone of self-directed frustration, as if she were berating herself for being so easily swayed.

"'Manipulated' is a strong word," I said, my smirk widening. "I just did what I had to do. There's no way I was going to let Sesillian have you."

Her expression shifted, her brow furrowing slightly. "So... you knew everything from the start?"

"Of course I did. Sesillian's interests clearly lean toward men, so it was obvious something was off when he suddenly showed interest in you. Once I dug deeper, I uncovered his true intentions. If you'd stayed ignorant of his plans, it would've been too late, and this world wouldn't even exist anymore."

I paused, my mind drifting back to Sesillian's twisted goals. His obsession with summoning the Dragon—the so-called Great Darkness—to shroud the world in eternal night still baffled me. The Dragon had indeed brought darkness, but what drove Sesillian to such lengths? It was a question for another time. For now, my focus was on the woman in my arms.

"You're right," Charlotte murmured. "Even if your methods were... inhuman, I suppose I should be thankful."

At least she could admit it.

"So, are you really okay with just being a side girl?" I asked, tilting my head as I studied her face.

She let out a light laugh, her lips curving into a small smile. "There's no room for me to squeeze into the spotlight, is there? I'll be fine as long as you show me love every now and then. Besides... I kind of like the idea of being your... prostitute."

Her words caught me off guard, but the sincerity in her tone was unmistakable.

"You really mean that?" I asked.

"Yeah," she whispered, her breath hot against my skin. "I'll leave everything to you. You can fuck me however you want—hard, rough, brutal. Cum inside me as much as you want. My body is all yours now."

My gaze drifted over her as she spoke, taking in every inch of her exposed form. Charlotte's naked body was a masterpiece—smooth, pale skin that seemed to glow in the dim light. Her breasts, though modest, were perfectly shaped, their pink peaks standing taut with arousal. Her delicate hands rested on my chest, her fingers trembling slightly. Her legs, long and toned, framed her completely bare pussy, the soft folds glistening with arousal.

My cock, still rock hard, twitched at the sight of her.

Looking at her now, she radiated a different kind of allure. Her hair, once always styled in playful twin tails, now flowed freely down her back, framing her face in a way that emphasized her newfound maturity. Her features, soft yet confident, carried a subtle sensuality that hadn't been there before. She had grown in every way—oh, right, she was 20 now. While age doesn't automatically grant maturity, her demeanor and the way she carried herself showed how much she'd evolved.

I eased her onto the bed, laying her in a supine position. The mattress was already shared by two other women lying in the aftermath of pleasure, but its massive size left enough room for everyone. Charlotte's body pressed against the soft sheets, her breathing quickening in anticipation as I leaned over her.

Her chest caught my gaze, utterly captivating. Even lying flat, her breasts maintained their perfect, enticing shape. The tips stood proud, pink and inviting, as if daring me to touch them. My hands moved instinctively, fingers tracing the soft curves before giving them a firm, deliberate squeeze.

"Ahh... haaah... nnnhh, iyaaa... there...!"

Her moans spilled from her lips, sweet and unrestrained, filling the air with the melody of her pleasure. I watched her chest rise and fall, her body responding to my touch with trembling excitement. As my hands worked their magic, I allowed one to drift lower, venturing down the soft expanse of her stomach until I reached her slick folds. My fingers brushed against her wet folds, and the heat radiating from her core made me smirk.

"You're already this wet?" I murmured.

"Hahh... aaahhn... it's because I was watching you have sex," she managed to gasp out.

"Heh... So just watching me fuck others gets you this horny?" I teased.

"B-because...! Ugh, geez, just put it in already!" she snapped.

Her eyes, glossy with tears of arousal, locked onto mine.

"With expectations this high, I can't disappoint you," I replied.

Teasing her no longer, I reached for my cock, hard and aching with need. I guided it to her entrance, pressing the tip against her slick, inviting folds. The heat of her pussy against me was intoxicating. Slowly, I pushed forward, sinking into her inch by inch.

Her tight walls wrapped around my dick like a velvet vice, gripping me with a mix of desperation and need. The wet heat of her pussy swallowed me whole, her folds clinging to every inch as I pushed deeper.

"Ahh... haaah!" Charlotte's moans rose in pitch, her back arching off the bed as I filled her. Her legs wrapped around me instinctively, pulling me closer as her body trembled with pleasure.

"It's coming inside me...!"

Charlotte wrapped her legs around my waist, trembling with exhilaration as her voice echoed through the steam-filled bath. Her thighs pressed tightly against me, pulling me deeper into her.

I began moving my hips again, thrusting slowly to savor the sensation of her pussy enveloping me. The slick, heated walls clung to my cock, coaxing me to go deeper.

"Nhaaa, haahaaa, my insides are being pierced so gently... nfuuh!"

Her voice quivered with delight as I plunged further, my cock brushing against the entrance of her womb. She hurriedly covered her mouth with one hand, muffling her cries.

"Nnnnguuuh, auhhh, uuuh, aaaaahh...!"

"What's wrong, Charlotte? Why are you covering your mouth?" I asked.

"I don't want... to let the others hear my moans! That's why, if I just—hyaaaaaaah!?"

Before she could finish, I pulled out, flipping her over in one fluid motion. Her breath hitched, and before she could protest, I thrust into her from behind, filling her pussy completely.

"I'm sorry, but I want to hear you scream. Let them hear you too!"

Gripping her waist tightly, I drove into her with a relentless rhythm. The lewd sounds of wet flesh colliding echoed across the steamy bath, mingling with her desperate gasps.

"Nhyyyyy, haaauuu, kuuuh... haaahaaaa!"

Despite her resolve, Charlotte tried desperately to stifle her cries, but her body betrayed her. Each powerful thrust sent ripples of pleasure through her, loosening her control.

"Haaah, aaahn, my voice... it's coming out... don't shake my hips so much!"

Her pleas only spurred me on, my cock pounding into her harder and deeper with every stroke.

"Leon really is a sadist," Titania quipped, her tone laced with amusement.

"Yeah..." Trill replied, a sly grin tugging at her lips.

Charlotte's pussy clenched tightly around me, her arousal heightened by the mix of shame and pleasure she felt. Her tightness was beyond incredible, a response driven by the thrill of being watched. It was no surprise—after all, I'd fucked her in public countless times, with people watching too.

"Aaaah, nooo, it feels so good... Even though I'm being watched...! Even though I'm being watched...! Aaaah, I'm being filled all the way to the back of my womb!"

Her walls quivered and clenched, her pussy writhing around my cock as she edged closer to release. Despite having cum earlier, the pressure in my balls was building again, threatening to burst.

"I... I... I'm cumming...! I'm cumming...! Please...! Please, cum with me, Leon...!"

Her desperate cries drove me wild. I slammed my hips into hers with unrelenting force, the sound of our bodies colliding echoing louder than before.

"Come, Leon... make me cum again!!!"

The heat of her body, the writhing tightness of her pussy, and her pleading words were too much to bear. My cock throbbed violently as I felt my cum rising, ready to erupt.

"Iyaaaaah, aaaaahn, cumming, cumming, cummiiiiiiing!"

Pulling her hips tightly against me, I thrust deep one last time, my cock pumping a thick, hot load into her spasming pussy.

"Aaaaah, Leon is coming inside... it's hot and so much...!"

Her voice was filled with satisfaction as she trembled beneath me, her pussy greedily milking every drop. I felt like I had poured not just my cum, but my very soul, into her.

Chapter 480 Epilogue 8 - The End of One Battle And the Beginning of Another (9)

I headed to where I had locked up the traitor.

The walls were an unbroken white, spotless, with not even a hint of dirt anywhere. As I moved through the area, I noticed women bustling about, hard at work. Production had ramped up significantly, and it was clear this place was the heart of where the Leonamon's wealth flowed in—money earned from all

the buyers of our goods. Amon had reported earlier that our profits had reached a staggering amount, something no one in this world could likely match. I'd instructed her to donate a significant portion to poor villages and orphanages, which she had promptly executed without question.

Before heading to the cage where the traitor was held, I stopped by another room. Someone was inside, and just as I approached, Natasha stepped out.

"Mr. Leon..." she greeted, her tone carrying a mix of exhaustion and hesitation.

"How's the person inside?" I asked.

She looked down, clearly unsure. "I can't say for certain. Her vitals are stable, and there's nothing physically wrong that I can find. But... she won't wake up. This isn't like Zeruel's mother, though. It feels different."

The person in question was Duke Merca's daughter. We'd been lucky to save her life using Marie's Soul Manipulation. Unfortunately, Marie had admitted that her ability couldn't fully repair the damage. She'd done everything she could to retrieve the girl's soul and tether it back to her body—it had helped that she hadn't been dead for more than a day. Still, something must've shaken her so deeply that she hadn't regained consciousness yet.

Inside the room, Duke Merca sat beside his daughter, holding her hand tightly as she lay on the bed. Her face was calm, peaceful even, like she was simply taking a nap. When I entered, he glanced up at me, his expression a mess of emotions.

"I'm really grateful for everything you've done, Mr. Faust," he said softly.

"You don't need to thank me," I replied. "We were fortunate to save her in time."

He turned back to his daughter, gripping her hand tighter, his voice thick with guilt. "Yes... but this is all my fault. It should've been me, not her."

I sighed, knowing this wasn't the first time he'd spiraled into self-blame. "I've told you before—you didn't stab that knife into her chest. Sesillian made you do it. He was controlling your mind."

"But that doesn't make me any less guilty," he shot back, his voice breaking. "I was the one holding the knife. I was the one who plunged it into her chest. And at that moment... I didn't even feel anything. It wasn't until a few seconds later that the guilt hit me like a fucking tidal wave. It tore through me, so intense that I wanted to scream. The pain doesn't go away. It's unbearable, knowing I did that to my own daughter. How do you live with knowing you tried to kill the person you love most in this world? Controlled or not, it was still me. It was still my hands."

The weight of what had happened was crushing him. The daughter he cherished more than anything had almost died by his own actions. Even though Sesillian's manipulation was the true culprit, Merca had been conscious, fully aware of what was happening, which only deepened his torment.

"She was supposed to start as a cadet at the academy next year," he murmured, his gaze fixed on her peaceful face. "She was so excited about it. But now... now I don't even know if she'll wake up in time for that to happen."

I stepped closer and placed a hand on his shoulder, meeting his tear-filled eyes. "You don't have to worry," I said firmly. "I'll do whatever it takes to save your daughter. I promise you that."

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After that, I went to my original destination. The cage where the traitor, who had been feeding information to the enemy, was locked away. The room itself was unremarkable, like any other within the headquarters—plain walls and minimal furnishing.

I opened the heavy door, its creak echoing in the silence, and there she was—the traitor, her limbs spread and restrained by power-dampening chains crafted from Dryad vines. Those vines weren't just for show because they siphoned the nutrients from her body bit by bit, leaving her visibly weaker with every passing hour. Her skin was pale, glistening with sweat, her chest rising and falling as she struggled for breath, her exhaustion palpable.

And yet, despite it all, she had the audacity to greet me with that same wicked smirk.

"I hadn't expected a visit from you at this late hour, Leon," she said.

"Hello, Marie," I replied. "How are you holding up after being suspended in this position for days?"

She let out a long, exaggerated sigh, her chains clinking faintly as she shifted. "It tires me, truth be told," she admitted, emphasizing her words with a heaving breath as if to drive her point home.

"The Duke's daughter is alive because of you," I told her. "Perhaps that's why I've been lenient. You're still of use to me."

"Oh, how sweet of you to say, dear boy," she said with a soft, knowing chuckle.

"You seem a little more subdued than usual," I remarked, stepping closer. "Is it because you've been caught?"

She tilted her head slightly, her smirk unwavering. "Well, considering I've been dabbling in the suspicious of late, I suppose it was only a matter of time before my movements caught your eye."

Her actions within the Leonamon had always been deliberate, each step hinting at something deeper. Not only had she been passing information to our enemies, but she'd been meticulously observing everything that happened within the company.

"I can't help but wonder," I said, narrowing my eyes at her, "why you made every move so blatantly suspicious. It's as if you wanted to be caught."

She didn't answer with words, only that damn smile, her silence saying more than words ever could.

"Tell me, Marie," I pressed, "what's your goal? What is the person you've been aiding trying to achieve? And what does he want from Sesillian?"

Her smirk softened, but her eyes gleamed with something akin to nostalgia. "We seek a way back home," she said, her voice distant, almost wistful.

Her words sent an icy chill coursing down my spine. I understood the longing to return, but my reasons were darker. I didn't want to go back out of sentiment or nostalgia—I needed to go back to settle scores, to exact vengeance on those who had wronged my sister in my past life.

I studied her carefully. "This 'home' you speak of," I said slowly. "It's not here, is it? It's not in this world."

She chuckled softly. "So, you've pieced it together, have you, child?"

"Of course," I said. "The clues were all there. The ritual Sesillian used to summon that dragon—it wasn't just some summoning spell. It was designed to force two worlds to collide, wasn't it?"

She inclined her head slightly. "Indeed. That young man's ritual was an attempt to tear through the veil of time and space, creating a rift large enough for that dragon to enter this world. However..." Her lips curved into a sly smile. "The ritual was flawed. It is an entry, yes—but only that. It opens a way in, not a way out."

"So, it's nothing more than a one-way ticket, then?"

Marie's smile grew sharper. "Precisely, my dear boy. An entrance with no exit—a gate that swallows but never releases."

There was no way in hell I'd stoop to Sesillian's level just to make it back to Earth, my old world. The idea alone disgusted me. Honestly, it was a relief to learn there wasn't any way for me to use his method to return. I didn't want that on my conscience.

"You've given me a lot of information," I said, narrowing my eyes. "Why?"

Her lips curled into a wry smile. "Let's just say I'm tired of this endless game of chess," she replied. "I've been at it too long, and I'm far too old for it now."

She looked young, sure, but I knew the truth—she was already over a hundred years old. Even someone like her had limits, it seemed.

"Can I ask what your world was like? What's its name?"

Her mischievous smirk deepened as she answered, "It's nothing more than a desolate wasteland," she said. "A place that only came alive because of a being we saw as a god. That god saved my grandniece, pulled her out of hell, and raised her like his own daughter. He gave us hope and ripped us free from the suffering of that world."

A god, huh?

I turned to leave, the conversation already serving its purpose. This was just a confirmation—Marie wasn't from this world, but neither was she from Earth. Her world was something entirely different, something alien. This conversation had given me what I came for, so I'd leave it at that. For now.

As I reached the door, her voice followed me. "You're playing god yourself, young Leon," she said, a hint of warning in her tone. "Be careful. Play too hard, and you might end up hurting yourself."

That was the last thing she said before I walked out.