

The World 511

Chapter 511 - Two Professors (4)

I needed Gabrielle in my life. I loved her with all my heart, and I couldn't bear the thought of losing her. But I didn't want to let go of Irene either. Whether I liked it or not, she had also carved out a place in my heart. I couldn't imagine parting with either of them. I wanted them both—together, forever.

That was why I wouldn't let them slip away. This challenge... I'd use it to my advantage and make sure neither of them could leave me. I never thought I'd be this greedy, but after everything in my past life had been nothing but grief, I decided to embrace this greed fully. This world was mine for the taking, and as a man who finally understood what he wanted, it was only natural to claim the women I desired.

I wanted them both, and I would make them both mine—bad blood between them be damned.

"W-Well, if you're putting your position on the line, then I guess I'm in," Irene said with a smirk. "Just don't come crying if you lose."

"I trust Master to choose me over you," Gabrielle replied confidently, shooting Irene a sharp glance.

These two... they really were competitive to the core.

With my cock already pulled out of Irene's pussy, it rested between them, slick and hard. I moved, lining myself up with Gabrielle before thrusting inside her.

"Hnnnnnnaaaa!"

Her pussy was just as wet as Irene's, but despite having molded her insides to the shape of my cock before, she was still so tight it almost felt like she was a virgin.

Irene pouted at the sight of Gabrielle being the first to take me. "No cheating, Gabrielle. Leon has to switch between us," she huffed.

I pulled out of Gabrielle and aimed at Irene, pushing into her with a single thrust.

"Aaaaahnnn!"

Irene's moan was raw as she arched her back, the sudden intrusion making her body tremble. But before she could adjust, I pulled out and thrust back into Gabrielle.

"Hnnnnaaaaa~!!"

Then, just as quickly, I pulled out of Gabrielle and plunged back into Irene.

"Nhaaaaaa~!"

I alternated between them, back and forth, each thrust into their pussies revealing the subtle differences in their bodies. Irene's was slicker, her walls smoother, while Gabrielle's tightness gripped me like a vice. Both felt incredible in their own way, each sensation drawing me further into ecstasy.

Their moans filled the room, blending together like a sinful symphony.

"Aaaah!"

"Hnggg!"

"Nhaaaa!"

"Haaaan!"

Every time I drove into them, their voices rose, trembling with pleasure.

"Aaaahn, p-please, make me cum...!" Irene pleaded, her voice quivering.

"Please, don't switch anymore, Master...!" Gabrielle begged, her hips twitching with need.

Switching between them so quickly denied them the release they desperately craved, teasing them on the edge of orgasm. But I knew exactly how to push them over the brink, even while alternating between their pussies.

So I kept going, moving from one to the other—Gabrielle, then Irene; Irene, then Gabrielle. Each thrust let me savor their differences, their warmth, their tightness. I couldn't stop. This was heaven—fucking these two sexy, beautiful professors at the same time, indulging in every sinful inch of their bodies.

The beautiful flesh of these girls were twitching and trickling with love juices.

"Aaaaaah!"

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

I plunged into each of them, alternating between their slick, eager pussies, savoring every sensation as if they were finely tuned instruments crafted for my pleasure. Their trembling bodies and desperate moans became a symphony, each thrust a crescendo, each gasp a perfect harmony. Their warmth enveloped me, their tightness coaxing every ounce of desire from deep within as I drove into them without restraint.

Their cries were music to my ears—raw, needy, and completely unrestrained.

"Aah, haaa, haaan, haaaa!"

"Fuuaaaah, nnnh... haaaaaan, haaaaaaaa~!"

Each sound they made fueled me, spurring me on like a composer lost in the thrill of creation. I felt their wetness coat my cock, making every thrust effortless, yet intensely satisfying. Their juices mixed and glistened, adding an almost obscene sheen to the debauchery. I couldn't resist—this wasn't just sex anymore. It was art, primal and unapologetic.

I thrust deeper, savoring how their bodies responded. Irene arched her back, her nails digging into Gabrielle's thighs as Gabrielle gripped her more tightly, her legs quivering. Their moans grew louder, more desperate, as if they were begging me not to stop.

"You hate each other, don't you?" I growled, my voice rough with lust. "But look at you now, sharing the same cock, moaning like sluts. I'm mixing your juices together, filling one of you with the other's cum. Admit it—you're loving this, aren't you?"

"Aah! D-Don't say that...! I don't like Gabrielle! I hate her!" Irene cried out, though her trembling body betrayed her words.

"I feel the s-same... haaaaaan! Aaaaaaaah! S-Same way! I'd never trust this traitor!" Gabrielle gasped, her voice cracking as pleasure overwhelmed her.

Despite their protests, their bodies told the truth. Their hips bucked against me, their slick, swollen pussies greedily pulling me deeper. The heat between us was electric, their so-called hatred melting away in the face of raw desire.

Their bodies pressed together, skin flushed and damp with sweat. Their glasses, once perched neatly, had fogged over and sat crooked on their faces, adding an almost comical contrast to the wild passion consuming them.

"Aaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaah! Ahhh!"

"Aaaaaahn, aaaah, nooo~! Aaaaaahn!"

I reveled in their sounds, the mix of moans and gasps creating an intoxicating rhythm that drove me to pound into them harder. These two women, once locked in rivalry, now clung to each other, their arms tangled as their bodies trembled under my relentless pace. Their juices slicked my cock so completely that every thrust sent shivers of sensation through me, the wet, obscene sounds filling the air alongside their cries.

"Aaaaaah, aaaaaah, s-so rough...! You're pounding me so roughly, Leon!" Irene moaned, her voice quaking with need.

"M-Master, aaaaaaaahn, aaah, haaaaan, nhaaaaaaa!" Gabrielle cried, her legs trembling as her body arched under me.

"I can't believe I'm fucking both of you sexy professors at once!" I growled, the words spilling out without restraint. "The entire academy admires you, and here you are, screaming like sluts with my dick buried in you!"

"Y-You're so bad, Leon!" Irene whimpered, her lips trembling as tears of pleasure welled in her eyes.

"I-I only... ahn, belong to you, Master," Gabrielle gasped, her voice breaking into a desperate cry. "The only probl—Huhiiiiiii!—problem I have is having to do this with her!"

Their rivalry only added to the heat of the moment. I thrust harder, relishing the way their bodies jerked and convulsed, their cries echoing louder with every stroke. I had them completely, utterly, and entirely under my control—and I wasn't stopping until I had claimed every last ounce of their pleasure.

After a while, their pussies started convulsing, trembling around me as their moans reached a fever pitch.

"Hnnngh! Aaah, nooo! Leon! Aaaah, I'm about to cum! P-Please, make me cum...! Then cum inside me!"

"Aaaaaaahn~!!! Aaaaah, N-Nooo! Aaaahnnnn! Aaaaaaaaahn! M-Master, I'm cumming...! Please, stop putting it inside that woman and just finish inside me!"

"Aaaaaaaah, aaaah! N-Nooo! Leon's...! Leon's cock is mine!" Irene growled, her hips bucking against me.

"M-Master is mine! I won't let you have him!" Gabrielle shot back, her voice dripping with possessive fury.

The rules of their challenge were simple. The one I came inside would win. That would mean losing the other, and I couldn't let that happen—not now, not ever.

Determined, I pulled my dick out of the pussy I was pounding and slid it between their overlapping pussies instead.

"Aaah!"

"Haaa!"

They both gasped as the head of my cock hit their swollen clits, sending shivers through their trembling bodies. Without missing a beat, I started fucking them right there, grinding against their slick, sensitive folds.

"Aaaah, aaaaaaah! Aaaaaah, nooo!"

"Aaaaaaah, haaa, M-Master...! Ahnnnnnnnnnnn!"

I could feel my cock trembling, the familiar, electric buildup of pleasure surging through my groin. I was so close to cumming, and from their cries and the way their bodies tensed, they were too. Timing my release with theirs, I kept pounding, my thrusts relentless.

And then it happened.

"C-Cumming, cumming, cumming, cummingggggggggggggggg!" Gabrielle screamed, her body arching as her orgasm tore through her.

"Aaaaaaaaahnnnnnnnnnn! Haaaaaaaan! Cumminggggggggggg~!!!" Irene's voice echoed hers, their cries mingling as their climaxes exploded.

Their juices gushed out, their pussies squirting uncontrollably as they convulsed in pleasure. The slickness made my movements effortless, my cock gliding between their soaked folds with no resistance. And then I couldn't hold back any longer.

With a guttural groan, I came.

Thick spurts of cum shot out of my cock, the first stream arching so high it passed over their heads by several inches. Both Gabrielle and Irene had their eyes closed, still lost in the throes of their orgasms, unaware as my cum came raining down.

The sticky streams hit their faces, splattering across their noses, cheeks, and foreheads. Some streaked down to their glasses, and others dripped onto their heaving breasts. The sight was pure sin, and I had never cum so hard or so much in my entire life.

Panting, I finally collapsed back, my body spent. Gabrielle and Irene followed, their bodies dropping limply on either side of me. Gabrielle lay to my left, Irene to my right, both of them gasping for air as they stared up at the ceiling.

"L-Leon... I can't believe you'd do that..." Irene managed to say, her voice still shaky from the aftershocks.

"Now there's no winner because you cummed outside of us," Gabrielle added.

And just like that, the challenge ended with no victor.

Chapter 512 - Two Professors (5)

After that, the two professors adjusted their appearances, smoothing out their clothes and brushing their hair back into place.

"Let's call it a draw for now," Irene said with a soft sigh. "Leon doesn't seem ready to let you go just yet."

"Master doesn't seem like he wants to let go of you, is what you mean," Gabrielle quipped, her tone sharp.

Their eyes locked, and tension flared between them. As they leaned in, their large breasts pressed together, the soft flesh squishing visibly under the pressure. The intensity of their rivalry hadn't dulled, not even after the threesome we'd just shared.

"Why the hell are you still mad at each other?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. "You were literally naked together, having a threesome."

"It wasn't a threesome!" they both snapped, glaring at me in unison.

Technically, it was a threesome, but they clearly weren't willing to admit it. Their mutual hatred seemed to overshadow even that moment of intimacy.

"Fine," I said, leaning back. "Can I at least ask what happened between you two that makes you hate each other so much?"

They exchanged glances, then looked at me, hesitation flickering in their eyes.

"It's nothing of your concern, Master," Gabrielle finally said, crossing her arms. "It's just... something from the past. You could call it a childish fight."

"Hmph," I scoffed. "If it's stretching out to this day, it's clearly more than just a 'childish fight.'"

Irene let out a small huff before speaking. "Gabrielle is still mad at me for not graduating in the gold class."

"We made a promise," Gabrielle cut in, her voice sharp with frustration. "We swore, as friends, that we'd graduate as part of the gold class together. But Irene just gave up. She stopped trying. I encouraged her to get back on track, to climb the rankings again, but she wouldn't listen. It was like all her motivation to become a Magic Knight just disappeared."

"That's your own fault, Gabrielle," Irene shot back. "Yes, I made that promise, but you became so overbearing that it was unbearable. Every time my ranking dropped, you'd start nagging at me to do better. I did still dream of becoming a Magic Knight, but you made it exhausting. You became so obsessed with that goal that I didn't even want to try anymore. And to top it all off, when you graduated at the top of the gold class, you humiliated me in front of everyone. You berated me. How could I not be furious with you after that?"

So that was the story. Honestly, it wasn't as complicated as I'd expected. Gabrielle had made it sound like Irene had simply broken her promise, but from the way things sounded now, both of them were at fault. Gabrielle's intensity clearly pushed Irene away, and Irene's response only escalated the situation.

In the end, I couldn't take sides. They were both to blame, really.

"Don't you think maybe it's time you two put the past behind you?" I asked, folding my arms. "I mean, sure, there were differences between you back then, and it led to all this fighting. But it's been years. You're still holding onto it, still ignoring each other like it just happened."

Both of them turned to look at each other, their expressions hard to read.

"I don't think it's something that can just be put in the past, Master," Gabrielle said firmly. "What Irene did back then made me lose all trust in her."

"And I'm not planning to move on, considering how she humiliated me in front of everyone during graduation," Irene added, her voice sharp with lingering resentment.

It was clear neither of them was ready to let go. Honestly, I got it. I mean, I'm not exactly one to preach about letting go of grudges. The person who drove my sister to take her own life? I'll never forgive him. I need to return to Earth and make him suffer the kind of death only a dog deserves.

"I'm still going to make Leon mine, Gabrielle," Irene said, breaking the tense silence. "I'll call this a draw for now, but next time, I'll make sure Leon cums inside me."

"You don't seem to understand your position yet, Irene," Gabrielle shot back, her eyes narrowing. "I won't let you get in my way with Master. Next time, it's me he's going to cum inside."

The way they glared at each other was intense, their rivalry as sharp as ever. Still, I couldn't tell if the hate they had for each other back then was as strong now. This grudge had been festering for years, but something felt different. The looks they exchanged now seemed more like rivalry than outright hatred. Maybe the threesome earlier had softened their feelings somehow. Sex does have a way of blurring lines like that.

"Leon, until next time," Irene said with a smirk as Gabrielle and I headed for the door. Gabrielle shot her a glare, as if it were second nature.

As we walked out of the building, I noticed Gabrielle fidgeting beside me. Her face was flushed bright red, her teeth biting down on her lower lip. Her fists were clenched so tightly at her sides that her knuckles had gone pale.

It was the unmistakable expression of someone realizing they'd just fucked up.

"So, you've finally realized it was a threesome, huh?" I said, grinning as amusement crept into my voice.

"T-That wasn't a threesome, Master," she stammered, burying her face in her hands, her embarrassment practically radiating off her.

"But you did have sex with me and Irene. You can call it a challenge or whatever you want, but facts are facts—it was a threesome."

"Ugh, don't throw it in my face," Gabrielle groaned. "You know I got caught up in the heat of the moment. I didn't even realize we were heading there until Irene pointed it out." She let out a frustrated sigh. "I can't believe I actually suggested that."

"So?" I asked, tilting my head. "Did it change anything? Do you feel like things with Irene have cleared up a little?"

"I don't really know," she admitted, her voice quieter now. "But I'm absolutely certain that I loathe her."

Wow. Loathe. That's a heavy word. It's more intense than hate, that's for sure. So even after all of that, her feelings hadn't softened?

Or maybe... they had.

Looking at Gabrielle's face now, she didn't seem as angry as she had been before. I couldn't say for sure—reading people isn't exactly my strong suit—but it felt like some progress had been made.

Maybe one day, I could even manage another threesome with them. Hell, maybe a foursome. Rose could join in. But that's a story for another time.

Irene's POV

When the door closed, silence quickly filled my office.

I groaned and let my forehead hit the desk with a dull thud.

What the hell had I just done? Seriously, what the hell! I had sex with Leon—together with Gabrielle.

Gabrielle tried to insist it wasn't a threesome, but let's be honest, no matter how you look at it, that was undeniably a threesome.

"Goodness, I've made such a mistake! I can't believe I let myself get swayed into doing that with her!"

It was a reckless, impulsive mistake—something born purely out of the heat of the moment. I never would've imagined myself doing something like that, yet I ended up crossing that line with her anyway.

"And to think I swore I wouldn't let any other woman be in Leon's life aside from me... and now I've gone and had sex with him alongside another woman," I muttered bitterly, banging my head against the desk again. It hurt, but the pain was almost comforting. Maybe it'd help bury the memory deep enough that I wouldn't have to think about it anymore.

I wasn't someone who wanted to be in a polyamorous relationship. I craved the simplicity and security of a monogamous bond. I'd seen plenty of happy, normal couples living fulfilling lives in their monogamy. That was the kind of relationship I wanted with Leon.

But now, after experiencing something I shouldn't have—and as much as I hated to admit it, enjoying it—I was starting to question everything. Maybe... just maybe... being part of a polyamorous relationship wouldn't be so terrible.

"Ugh, this feels like something Leon orchestrated," I murmured, pressing my cheek against the desk with a deep sigh. "He certainly didn't hold back when he was switching between our holes, that bastard."

The thought of becoming part of his harem was something I'd adamantly refused. I'd told him I wanted a monogamous relationship. But now... I wasn't so sure. The idea of polyamory didn't seem as awful as I'd once believed.

Leon's POV

Spring vacation had finally arrived, and with it came the anticipation of becoming a second-year cadet at Milham Academy of Magic Knights.

But more importantly, spring marked the beginning of the Sword Festival—a grand tournament where contestants would showcase their swordsmanship and unique fighting styles. They’d battle one another for the grand prize of ten thousand gold coins.

It was a ridiculous amount of money, and naturally, it drew all kinds of participants: adventurers, mercenaries, knights, and even academy cadets.

For some reason, Titania had specifically asked me to participate. And so, I did.

Chapter 513 - Spring Vacation (1)

After the closing ceremony of Milham Academy, spring vacation officially began. And with spring came the Sword Festival, an annual competition hosted by the King of Milham. The festival spanned the entirety of the vacation, with an obscene amount of money poured into it—easily the largest budget ever spent on a tournament.

But, of course, entering the tournament required registration. Sign-ups were only open for the first week of vacation, so anyone wanting a shot had to make their move fast.

Titania, Trill, and I were headed there to register. All three of us had decided to participate in the tournament.

I didn’t know why Titania suggested it, but it seemed she was set on claiming the ten-thousand-gold prize waiting for the winner. That much money wasn’t just a reward—it was life-changing.

When we arrived at the registration site, a massive line was already snaking out of the building.

"So many people..." Titania murmured, her eyes widening slightly.

The crowd was overwhelming. Hundreds, maybe even more, had gathered to sign up. Clearly, the prize money was as coveted as expected, and the sheer size of the line reflected that.

"Do you think we'll make it in before registration closes today?" Trill asked, tilting her head in that cute, innocent way she always did.

"Well, there are a lot of staff handling the sign-ups, so maybe..." I replied, though I wasn't entirely sure myself.

While I was scanning the crowd, someone familiar caught my eye—it was Johanne.

"Oh, Leon. I never thought I'd see you he—"

Johanne's words cut off as soon as her gaze landed on Titania and Trill standing beside me. For a moment, her expression froze, her eyes flickering with some emotion I couldn't quite place.

What was she thinking right now?

Whatever it was, she masked it quickly, returning to her usual demeanor.

"I never thought I'd see you here," she said, offering a smile. Then she turned to Titania and Trill, bowing respectfully. "And hello, Princess Titania and Princess Trill."

In the eyes of most people, Johanne was male. Thanks to her body being altered by some unknown cause, she had been transformed into a man. Trill and Titania, like everyone else, saw her as male and addressed her accordingly.

"Hello there, Sir Johanne," Titania said with a graceful curtsy.

"Hey there, Sir Knight," Trill greeted casually, skipping any formalities. She was a princess, sure, but coming from the beast races, she wasn't well-versed in noble etiquette. Titania immediately nudged her shoulder, coaxing her to bow like she had.

"You don't need to bow to me," Johanne said gently. "I'm just a humble knight serving the Princess."

"But you are a knight, and we are princesses. It's only proper to address you according to our stations," Titania replied with a poised smile.

Johanne seemed momentarily at a loss for words.

"It looks like you're signing up for the tournament too?" I asked, breaking the brief silence.

"I am," Johanne said. "It'll be my first time participating in something like this. I want to showcase the talent of the Sword Saint's heir and the strength of our sword style."

Johanne's father was the current Sword Saint. You might be wondering—what exactly is a Sword Saint? It's an honorary title bestowed upon a warrior of legendary skill in swordsmanship. To earn this title, one must master the seven legendary techniques passed down to the heirs by their predecessors. Johanne's father had officially mastered all seven, while Johanne herself had already mastered five out of the seven techniques.

This title carried immense weight, as the Sword Saint was considered the King's most trusted blade. Essentially, they were the King's Arm, holding the highest military rank achievable in the Milham Kingdom. Their authority surpassed even that of the commanders of the Royal Knights and the Magic Knights.

If Johanne managed to claim the title of Sword Saint from her father, she would wield unparalleled authority in the kingdom's military.

"We might end up fighting each other then," I said with a smirk.

"I'm looking forward to it," she replied, flashing a charming smile that made the girls nearby swoon. Johanne was, after all, a tall and strikingly handsome "man."

Then, turning to Titania and Trill, she asked, "Princesses, may I borrow him for a moment?"

The two exchanged a glance, their silent understanding apparent, before nodding in agreement.

"Sure," Titania said, her tone calm.

I couldn't help but notice the small moment of silence between them. Did they pick up on something about Johanne? Maybe they did, but for now, I had to follow her.

Johanne led me to a quieter spot, away from the bustling crowd.

"I don't want too many people knowing this, but... I'm getting married tomorrow," she said.

"You are?" I blinked, caught off guard. I'd heard her mention she'd be married in spring, but I didn't expect it to be so soon.

"Yes," she said. "My father decided to hasten the wedding a bit."

"I see."

"I'm planning to invite you, Leon," she said, looking at me with an earnest expression.

"Me? Is that okay? Isn't your wedding a noble ceremony? I don't think someone like me, born without noble status, would be allowed to attend."

"It's fine," she reassured me. "I'll tell my father you're my friend."

I wasn't so sure about that. From what little I'd gathered about her father, he seemed like the kind of man who put status above everything else. The fact that he'd forced Johanne to change genders only reinforced that impression.

"Are you okay with that?" she asked, her gaze searching mine.

"Well, I don't have any plans tomorrow, so yeah, I'll come," I said, offering a smile. "I wouldn't miss the special day of one of my friends."

She laughed lightly, the sound carrying a mix of relief and something heavier. "Well, see you tomorrow, then. I shouldn't keep you any longer; the princesses must be waiting."

"Yeah. See you," I said, watching her as she walked away.

I wasn't sure if this marriage was truly what Johanne wanted. I'd never been in an arranged marriage, so I couldn't fully grasp the idea of uniting with someone you didn't love. But judging by her expression, she seemed determined to go through with it. For her sake, I should at least be happy for her.

With that, I headed back to Titania and Trill, the weight of the conversation lingering in my mind.

At the same time Leon and Johanne walked away, leaving Trill and Titania behind.

Titania's POV

Trill and I stood quietly, waiting for Leon to come back. The air between us was calm but thoughtful.

While we waited, I broke the silence with a question.

"You noticed it too, right?" I asked.

"Yeah," she replied without hesitation.

We both knew exactly what we were talking about—the expression Sir Johanne had made when he saw us standing there with Leon.

"That was undeniably the look of a broken heart... and jealousy," Trill concluded.

"Right..."

The thing was, Sir Johanne was a man, and so was Leon. It wasn't impossible that Johanne swung that way—I'd met plenty of people who did. But something about him... something was off.

I thought back to that odd incident during the physical examination, when Sir Johanne suddenly collapsed, clutching his crotch in pain. The symptoms he showed were bizarrely similar to what we women endure during our monthly cycles. A man having a period? That was impossible... under normal circumstances.

"Trill, do you think there's a chance Sir Johanne isn't actually a 'sir' but a 'lady' instead?" I asked, my voice low and cautious.

Trill's expression flickered with skepticism, but then her eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"I can see that," she said slowly. "Or rather, smell it. What I mean is, I don't smell a man's scent from him. Normally, I'd catch the arousal that comes naturally from males, but with him? There's nothing. It's... neutral. I can't say for sure, but yeah, I think it's possible."

"Magic isn't impossible, and there are some weird abilities out there," I added. "It's not far-fetched to think something exists that could change a person's gender."

That made sense. The world was full of strange powers and abilities that defied logic. If Johanne really was a woman, it wouldn't be the most shocking thing I'd ever encountered. And his—or her—reaction when seeing Leon with us earlier... It all started to click.

"But that means Sir Johanne is in love with Leon," I said, my voice softening as I pieced it together.

The way Johanne looked at Leon, the subtle changes in his demeanor—it all pointed to feelings that went beyond mere friendship. Whether male or female, Sir Johanne clearly had a heart full of longing for Leon.

Does Leon already know this? He might. Knowing him, though, he could also be completely oblivious.

Still, it wasn't my place to decide. If Leon wanted Johanne as part of his harem, whether male or female, I'd welcome him—or her—with open arms.

"But more than that... I'm kinda nervous..." Trill admitted, her voice shy, a wry smile tugging at her lips as she scratched her cheek.

"You don't have to be nervous!" I reassured her quickly. "Leon will be gentle with you! I promise! And I'll guide you through it, too!"

That's right. Today, I was planning for Leon to finally take Trill's virginity.

Chapter 514 - Spring Vacation (2)

Leon and Trill had never shared a bed before. Part of it was because Trill didn't seem ready yet, waiting for her heat to finally hit. Her heat usually came during the winter, so she planned to wait until then to be ready to take Leon. It meant months of waiting, but Leon didn't seem to mind. He was more than willing to wait for her.

Still, it felt like Trill wanted to go for it. When she stayed over in my dorm room for a sleepover, she asked me a bunch of questions about what sex was like and how it felt. I told her the truth—that I had only been with one man, and that man was Leon. I shared about our first time together, how gentle he was with me, and how, even though it hurt at first, that initial pain vanished quickly because of how careful and patient he was. I explained how Leon had this way of making a woman feel so special, which was why so many of us were devoted to him and loved being his. The curiosity in her eyes told me she wanted to experience it for herself.

I even suggested she could let Leon take her virginity during spring vacation, but she told me, "I think I'm not ready yet." Of course, I wasn't about to push her into something she wasn't prepared for. But watching her, it was clear she wanted to try.

That's why I had arranged this. I wanted her to officially become my sister now—not just in bond, but in the way we'd share the same man, the same pleasure. I managed to convince her to take this step sooner rather than wait until winter. She said it made sense to do it now since she'd enjoy it more during her heat if she didn't have to worry about the pain of losing her virginity. After all, the first time could be a little rough.

The only thing left was figuring out how to surprise Leon with this plan. I hadn't told him anything about it because I wanted to catch him off guard. It was our way of showing him just how much we loved him—and, truthfully, I was a little frustrated. Leon always ended up doing all the pleasuring, and every time I tried to return the favor, he'd flip it around, leaving me breathless and trembling instead. Not this time. Today, I was determined to take charge, and Trill would be by my side to make it unforgettable.

"Oh, Leon's coming back now," I said, nudging Trill.

Both of us greeted him warmly as he walked over.

"Huh? Where did Sir Johanne go?" I asked, looking around.

"He said he had to leave. Didn't want to get in the way," Leon replied.

Trill and I exchanged a quick glance.

Of course, Sir Johanne wouldn't have been in the way at all, but I guess some people just can't help but feel like they're intruding.

"Anyway, looks like the line's thinned out a bit," Leon said. "Why don't we head over and sign up?"

"Yes!" Trill and I answered in unison, trying to keep the excitement in check.

With that, the three of us joined the line for the sword festival tournament. It was a long wait—three hours of standing before we finally reached the front and got our chance to sign up.

Leon's POV

The sign-up process was a bit of a slog. It took us three hours to finally reach the front of the line. By the time we got there, the woman managing the registration looked just as exhausted as everyone else.

"I'm here to sign up," I said, keeping my tone polite.

She handed me the registration paper with a bored sigh and didn't even bother looking up.

"Uh, the pen?" I asked after glancing down at the blank sheet.

Her response was sluggish and irritated as she grabbed the pen, but then her eyes landed on my face. The change in her demeanor was instant.

"Oh, here it is," she said, her tone suddenly softer, almost too sweet.

I raised an eyebrow at the sudden shift but didn't say anything. Apparently, my face had some calming effect on her. I didn't think I was that handsome, but maybe I was wrong.

Taking the pen, I gave the paper a closer look. It didn't seem like a scam or anything shady. The document was clear: there was no fee for entering the tournament. That part was reassuring, but the risks were spelled out pretty bluntly.

It stated that the committee wouldn't compensate participants for injuries sustained during the competition. Worse, it outright said there would be no repercussions for deaths that occurred in battle. While killing wasn't technically allowed, it wasn't uncommon either. The document explained that fatal accidents sometimes happened due to the intense nature of the duels. If someone died, the killer wouldn't face any punishment.

The wording was straightforward—join at your own risk. Most fights didn't result in death, but it was a possibility you couldn't ignore. You could surrender if things got too dangerous, but that didn't stop some participants from abusing the system. There were always those bloodthirsty bastards who entered competitions like this just for the thrill of killing. The fact that they could get away with it without any consequences made it even worse.

I still signed my name without hesitation. Dangerous or not, this kind of event always drew the strongest fighters, and I wasn't about to back down from the challenge.

Next up were Trill and Titania. They both read over the terms carefully, then came to their own conclusions before signing their names.

"I'm mostly here for the fun," Trill said with a grin. "I've never had the chance to join something like this before, so I'm pretty excited!"

"And I'm in it for the money," Titania added, her tone completely serious. "A ten-thousand gold coin prize is way too good to pass up."

Their enthusiasm was contagious. I couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement myself. This competition wasn't just about the prize money or the fun. For me, it was a chance to face off against fighters with unique styles and techniques.

And, of course, there was always the possibility of meeting a woman worth dominating.

As we walked away from the front of the line, the woman who had signed us up tried to ask for my number. I ignored her. She'd blown me off earlier, so this was a little payback. I just hoped she wouldn't hold a grudge and try to get even later.

While we were walking, I spotted someone else familiar. It had been a while since we last spoke—ever since the day she offered to sleep with me as thanks for helping her mother, who's still in a coma. Even though we'd found a possible cure, the method was... distasteful, to say the least. It felt degrading, especially considering her condition. The familiar face was none other than Zeruel.

"Huh? Is that Zeruel?" Titania asked, noticing her too.

"It is," Trill confirmed, her eyes also at Zeruel.

"Looks like she's signing up as well..." Titania added.

Sure enough, Zeruel was standing in the line for registration.

"There's a chance we might end up fighting her," Titania mused.

"Have you ever beaten her, Nia?" Trill asked.

"I haven't. She's way too skilled with a sword," Titania admitted with a sigh.

She wasn't wrong. Zeruel hadn't maintained her top spot in the Gold Class during our first year for nothing. She was one of the most skilled swordswomen in the academy, probably the best among our entire year. Her talent wasn't just in her technique—her ability was ridiculously overpowered too. If anyone deserved to be at the top, it was her.

"Leon, didn't you confess to her once?" Trill suddenly asked.

"I did," I replied. "She turned me down. Firmly. But she did apologize. Said she didn't mean for it to happen like that. My timing was awful, though—her mother collapsed that same day."

Trill's face twisted at that. "I was about to start badmouthing her for rejecting you, but I'm glad you explained. Otherwise, I might've said something I'd regret."

I couldn't blame her. If someone didn't know what Zeruel was going through, it'd be easy to paint her as the bad guy. Ignorance is bliss in situations like that. At least I explained before Trill could say something she'd regret.

"Is her mother doing okay now?" Titania asked.

"She's stable. Still hasn't woken up, but she's healthy otherwise. The research into her condition is ongoing, so there's hope she'll wake up soon," I said.

I wasn't entirely confident she'd recover, but saying that outright would only dampen the mood. There was no harm in leaving them in the dark about how uncertain things were. Sometimes ignorance really is bliss.

"Thank goodness..."

Both of them sighed in relief, their tension melting away.

Chapter 515 - Spring Vacation (3)

"Are you sure you don't want to talk to her, Leon?" Titania asked, looking at me just as I decided it was time for us to leave.

"I don't really think it's necessary," I replied casually.

"Is that so?" Titania tilted her head, her eyes narrowing slightly as if to gauge my sincerity.

Honestly, I didn't think it was. As far as I was concerned, the only thing connecting me to Zeruel right now was her mother being admitted to Leonamon. I was helping with her condition, sure, but that was it. That was the only tie Zeruel had to me. Of course, it wouldn't hurt if that connection grew into something more, but for now, I wasn't exactly holding my breath.

"I do," I said firmly.

"Well," Titania smirked slightly, "I wouldn't mind if you added her to your harem. Zeruel's a good girl—attentive, focused, and putting every ounce of effort into keeping her spot in the Gold Class. Honestly, I admire her dedication."

Titania wasn't wrong. Zeruel probably had the potential to graduate at the top spot in the Gold Class, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if that happened.

Anyway...

Now that the signing-up process was done, we were relieved it hadn't taken as long as we feared. We'd expected to be stuck there until twilight, but it only ended up taking three hours. Still a lot of waiting, but at least we had time left to enjoy ourselves.

And enjoy ourselves we did.

The girls seemed to have a great time, their laughter and chatter filling the air as they let go of the stress from the academy. With spring vacation here, it made sense for them to relax and recharge. Seeing them so happy, I couldn't help but smile too.

By the time we wrapped up, it was late at night. We'd gotten so caught up in the fun that we lost track of time.

I accompanied them back to the academy. When we arrived at the Gold Dorm, the place was silent as expected. Most of the Gold Class students had likely gone home for the break, leaving the dorm empty.

"I think I'm the only person left in the Gold Dormitory right now," Titania said with a small laugh. "Even the dorm mother is out."

"Exactly why I'll be sleeping here for the entire spring vacation," Trill chimed in, her tail swishing lazily behind her.

So, they basically had the whole dorm to themselves. Not bad. The Gold Dormitory was way more spacious than the Silver and Bronze ones, with facilities that made it feel more like a luxurious retreat than a student dorm. They were definitely going to enjoy themselves.

"Oh, right! Leon!" Titania called out just as I was about to say goodbye. She flashed a mischievous grin, one that practically screamed trouble—but the kind of trouble I wasn't about to pass up. "Come inside with us! I have a surprise for you!"

Her grin widened, and I could tell whatever she was planning was something I wouldn't be able to resist. Still, I decided to play along, pretending I had no clue what she was up to.

"Alright," I said with a slight chuckle.

And with that, I followed them inside.

When I first visited Princess Myrcella's room, I'd already gotten a glimpse of how extravagant the Gold Dormitory was. Now, standing here again, I couldn't help but think it was unfair—downright cruel, even—how much better this place was compared to the other dormitories.

"Right, Leon?" Trill chimed in as I stood there taking it all in. Like me, Trill was from the Bronze Class, and she shared my background of the modest Bronze Dormitory. "No matter how many times I walk into this place, I still can't believe it's a dormitory. It feels more like a museum! I mean, look—there are statues everywhere, the lobby is as big as ten of the Bronze Class rooms combined, and there's even a fountain in here!"

She wasn't wrong. Just from looking around, it was clear the academy prioritized the Gold Class students. After all, they were the ones most likely to graduate and become the next generation of magic knights. Naturally, the academy lavished them with resources. The Silver and Bronze Classes didn't even come close to this level of privilege.

"I kind of feel like I don't deserve all of this," Titania admitted with a soft laugh. "I think I only got into the Gold Class because of my status."

It wasn't an unreasonable thought. Titania was a princess, after all—a princess from another nation, no less. If she'd been placed in another class, it would have sparked unnecessary drama. But I didn't think her status was the sole reason she was here.

"I don't think that's true," I said, turning to her. "You're talented, Nia. It's only natural you'd be here. Honestly, someone who can wield a sword better than most people doesn't belong anywhere but the Gold Class, don't you think?"

Hearing that, she smiled.

"Thank you, Leon," she said softly.

After a bit more walking, we reached her room. I'd been here before, and while it was slightly smaller than Princess Myrcella's, it was still impressive. The bed was massive, her closet was packed with dresses—both formal and casual—and her academy uniforms were neatly arranged.

"Now then, Leon," Titania said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would you mind waiting here for a bit? Trill and I need to get your present ready."

I had no idea what this present might be, but I had a strong feeling it was something I'd like. Well, no point overthinking it. I'd just have to wait and see.

So, I stayed outside the room, leaning against the wall. Just like Titania had said, the dormitory was completely empty. Even the dorm mother was absent. While I waited, I took a closer look around. The place was full of intriguing details, like the portraits and plaques honoring the school's founders. Apparently, this dormitory had been standing for over 100 years. It used to be a king's residence before it was converted into a dormitory for the academy's cadets.

The dormitory could house up to 500 people, which was impressive. Even with the 400 Gold Class students spanning from first to fourth year, there was still room for another hundred. The sheer scale and history of the place were remarkable, but what struck me most was how completely different it felt compared to where I stayed.

"Well, now I understand why so many people want to get into this class," I muttered to myself, glancing around the lavish surroundings. "You could live the high life here for four years, and honestly? It'd be worth it."

Of course, not everyone was drawn to the Gold Class just for the luxury. Some people genuinely wanted to become magic knights—people like Zeruel. Others aimed to climb the ranks for the prestige and opportunities it brought, like Hereon and Shredica. Shredica, though, managed to skip many of the hurdles entirely by securing a recommendation and landing a spot in the magic knight ranks. Honestly, it was pretty incredible.

After waiting for a while, I heard a voice from inside the room.

"Leon, it's fine now. You can come in."

They'd taken about twenty minutes to get ready, which felt like forever and made me even more curious about what they had planned. Excited, I opened the door—and what I saw made my breath catch.

"Leon~"

Titania and Trill were lounging on the bed, clad in nothing but lingerie. The sight was enough to make any grown man weak in the knees. Two stunning girls, lying there in their underwear, looking at me like that... My pants tightened immediately, my body reacting before my mind could fully process the scene.

"Do you like your surprise?" Titania asked, her voice playful.

She was wearing a sultry set of red lingerie paired with matching red stockings adorned with delicate floral rose patterns. The contrast of the bold red against her fair skin was mesmerizing.

Trill, on the other hand, was dressed in black lingerie, the intricate designs mirroring Titania's. The dark fabric clung to her slender frame, accentuating her curves in all the right ways.

"Trill said she wants to lose her virginity now so you can enjoy her more when her heat comes, Leon," Titania added with a sly smile.

I knew Trill's heat would arrive in winter. I'd told her I could wait, but it seemed she wanted to take this step sooner.

"P-Please, take care of me, Leon," Trill stammered, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson.

My heart pounded in my chest. Was I really about to have a threesome with these two gorgeous girls? It wasn't as though the idea was new to me—I'd already experienced a threesome with Irene and Gabrielle. But this felt different. Unlike the competition that marked that encounter, this was softer, more intimate.

"Are you just going to stand there, Leon? Or are we going to start?" Titania teased, her lips curling into a mischievous grin.

Her words snapped me out of my daze. I stepped into the room, closing and locking the door behind me. The Gold Dormitory was completely empty tonight, which meant there was nothing stopping me from savoring this moment to its fullest.

Chapter 516 - Spring Vacation (4)

I approached the bed, and immediately, their scents hit me like a wave. It was sweet, with a wild, untamed undertone that sent shivers through me. The aroma crawled into my brain, heating it up and leaving me just the slightest bit dizzy.

Without overthinking, I leaned in, capturing their lips with mine. Their lips were soft, tender, and their kisses told different stories of experience. Titania's were confident and practiced, while Trill's had a clumsy, hesitant charm.

"Come to think of it, this is your first time being kissed, isn't it, Trill?" Titania asked, watching us with a teasing glint in her eyes. "How does it feel, your very first kiss?"

Giving Trill the chance to answer, I pulled back slightly, then shifted to Titania, claiming her lips next.

"It's good," Trill said breathlessly, her cheeks flushed. "I think I'm going to get addicted."

As I released Titania, Trill grabbed my face, her hands cupping both sides of my cheeks. She dove in, her lips pressing urgently against mine. The timid movements from before were gone, replaced by something bold and hungry. Her tongue teased my lips before plunging into my mouth, seeking mine in a heated, messy dance.

"You two are so cute," Titania said, her voice warm and playful as she watched us.

We finally broke apart, catching our breath, and I turned my gaze toward her.

"Leon," Titania said with a sultry grin, "let's start with me so Trill can watch and learn."

"Alright," I replied, smirking. "But I didn't think you'd suggest something like this, Nia."

"Well," Titania said with a knowing look, "I figured Trill's been wanting this for a while now. It was only a matter of when, not if. So I asked if she'd like to do it together, and she agreed."

"I wouldn't have minded waiting," I admitted. "But hey, I'm not going to complain about having it now, either."

Truthfully, I could've waited until winter, when Trill's heat usually came. Back before we were together, she would head to the adventurer's pub, looking for a man who could match her strength. Her custom was simple. She'd challenge a man to a fight, and if he won, he'd earn her hand. If she won, he was out of luck. That's how I ended up with her. During the physical exams, she fought me, and I won. She didn't believe I hadn't cheated, so she challenged me again. I won that one too. Since then, she's been mine, completely devoted. But by the time we became lovers, her heat had already passed.

Now, though, it seemed she didn't care about waiting for her heat. She wanted this now.

"You're such a greedy boy, Leon," Titania teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "But that's what I love about you. You don't hold back when you want something. You're the best man there is. Hehehe..."

"Would you spread your legs for me, then?" I asked, my voice low and teasing.

"Sure, you greedy boy," Titania replied, a playful smirk on her lips.

At my request, she spread her legs for me without hesitation, revealing herself.

I reached for my pants, starting to undo them, but Trill stepped forward.

"Can I be the one to remove it?" she asked softly, her eyes shining with curiosity.

I paused, looking at her for a moment, then nodded. "Sure."

With a determined expression, Trill loosened the belt around my hips and slid it free from my pants. Slowly, she unzipped them, pulling them down and freeing my cock from its constraints. My dick sprang out, standing tall and proud, and her eyes widened in shock as she took it in.

"W-Woah... I've never seen it up close before," she said, her voice tinged with awe. "It's so big... and the smell... it's so strong." She leaned in closer, sniffing it like she was trying to memorize the scent. "Shall I lick it?"

Her gaze lifted to meet mine, curiosity glimmering in her eyes.

"That's a great idea," Titania said with a mischievous grin. "Make it nice and wet, Trill, so it'll slide inside me easily."

I nodded, agreeing with her. "Go ahead, Trill. Lick it."

Hearing my approval, she turned her attention back to my cock. Her tongue darted out hesitantly at first, trailing along its length. She didn't hide her fascination, huffing softly over the scent as she licked. She traced her tongue up and down before finally reaching the tip, giving it an experimental lap.

One thing was clear—she was surprisingly good at this for a first-timer. Her attentiveness was obvious, as though she was truly savoring the taste and trying to understand every sensation. Perhaps it was her beast-like instincts kicking in—being a member of the lion beast race might explain her eagerness and curiosity.

After a while, she released my cock, now slick and glistening, ready to slide into Titania.

"Can I be the one to put it inside her?" Trill asked suddenly, her voice filled with excitement.

I didn't see any reason to refuse, so I nodded. "Go ahead."

I positioned myself over Titania, sliding her soaked panties to the side to expose her waiting entrance. Behind me, Trill pressed her soft breasts against my back as she reached around to grab my cock. Slowly, she began guiding it, sliding it against Titania's slick pussy lips but not quite putting it in yet.

"Nnnn... Trill, w-what are you doing?" Titania moaned, her voice filled with a mix of pleasure and impatience.

"Um, I don't know... I don't know why it's not going in," Trill admitted, her tone genuinely confused.

Titania chuckled softly, and I couldn't help but laugh as well. Trill's innocence in the moment was unexpectedly adorable.

"Here, lower it a bit more," Titania instructed gently.

"Oh..." Trill murmured, adjusting the angle. This time, she pressed the tip of my cock against Titania's entrance, and slowly, the head slipped inside.

"Nnnn..." Titania let out a soft moan, her one eye fluttering closed as a pleased smile spread across her lips.

"That feels good," she said, her voice breathy.

"R-Really?" Trill asked, her eyes wide as she watched Titania's expression melt with pleasure. Her curiosity only deepened, as though she was trying to understand what made this act so special.

"Leon is closest to me when he's inside me," Titania explained, her voice tender. "When we're connected like this, it feels incredible—physically and emotionally. That thought alone makes it all the more pleasurable."

She reached down, her fingers brushing where we were joined, and her expression softened further. The way she savored the sensation was almost mesmerizing, as though she was fully immersed in the moment.

"I'm going to push deeper, Nia," I said, my voice low and steady.

With that, I pressed my hips forward, sliding into her pussy slowly but firmly, inch by inch, until I reached the base. My cockhead kissed her cervix directly, sending a shudder through her body.

"Fuaaaaaaaaahnnn~! Haaaaaaaa...! It's... it's all the way inside... to the back..."

As I bottomed out, Titania arched her back, her breaths ragged.

"Aaaah~, haaaaan... it feels so good... I... I think I came a little..." she moaned, her voice trembling as her pussy clenched around me, gripping my cock like it didn't want to let go, milking me for everything I had.

"W-Woah... It really went all the way inside Nia," Trill murmured, her eyes fixed on where we were connected, her fascination clear.

"Ah... now, Leon and I are truly one," Titania whispered, looking up at me before turning her gaze to Trill, who stood behind me.

"Are you going to move now, Leon?" Trill asked softly, her voice tinged with anticipation.

"Yes," I replied, gripping Titania's hips firmly.

I began moving, sliding my cock in and out of her tight, wet pussy. My hands dug into her hips as I thrust deeper, harder, setting a rhythm that sent her body rocking against me.

"Aaaaah, aaahnnnn, aaaaahn~, aaaahn~, aaaahn! Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan! Fuaaaah, ah, it's so good... so good...! My insides... it feels like they're being scraped out!"

Titania moaned, her cries echoing in the room as my cock plunged into her again and again. Her juices splashed every time our bodies met, the sound of wet slaps filling the air. I angled myself to scratch at her most sensitive spots, my cockhead teasing the inside of her walls.

"Hyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh! T-There... that spot... it feels so goooooood!"

Her moans grew louder, her voice trembling in sync with the convulsions of her pussy. Her pleasure was written all over her face, her voice thick with ecstasy.

"Aaah, aaaaaah! Haaaaaaaaan~! It feels incredible! With every thrust, it's like I'm floating... it's so good!"

"Nia, you're making such a filthy face right now," Trill said, her eyes locked on Titania's expression as she watched her get fucked.

"Trill is... aaaaaaaah! She's seeing me, watching me, and I'm feeling it...!" Titania gasped, her tongue sticking out as she panted like a dog, her breaths coming in quick, desperate gulps.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming! I've been turned into such a naughty mess, and I'm cummmmming~!!!"

Her body shook violently as her orgasm overtook her, her moans breaking into incoherent cries. Her pussy convulsed around me, pulling me even deeper.

I couldn't hold back any longer, the familiar pressure building inside me. "I'm cumming too!" I growled, my hips slamming into her with frantic urgency.

Trill's fascinated gaze stayed on us, her cheeks flushed as we both approached our limits.

Finally, I reached my peak, my cock throbbing as thick ropes of semen erupted from me, flooding her womb.

"Cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmming~!!!!!!!!!!"

Titania arched her back as far as she could, her body spasming as she came again, her cries of pleasure filling the air.

Chapter 517 - Spring Vacation (5)

After that, it was Trill's turn.

I had her lay on her back, and she spread her legs for me. Her sun-kissed skin was stunning, with certain areas untouched by the sun's warmth—her inner thighs and chest stood out in contrast. Her arms pressed against her big, luscious breasts, framing her figure beautifully. Trill's body was every bit as breathtaking as Titania's. There wasn't an ounce of excess fat, just pure, toned perfection. From her arms to her face, her navel and midriff, and down to those deliciously thick thighs, her tanned complexion made her look utterly divine.

Trill's body was heaven for anyone who adored tanned girls.

"Don't hide your body, Trill," Titania said, her voice gentle yet firm. "It's beautiful."

"Oh, okay..." Trill replied softly, clearly embarrassed. It was her first time, after all. Slowly, she opened her arms, letting me fully take in her beauty. Her dark skin was accentuated by the lingerie she wore, a stunning contrast that drew my eyes. Beneath that bra lay breasts untouched by the sun, their pristine hue standing out against the rest of her tanned body.

"Can I see your breasts, Trill?" I asked, my voice low.

"Y-Yes..." she replied, her face flushed a deep red.

I reached out and pulled her bra down, revealing her full, luscious breasts. Their smooth, untouched skin was mesmerizing, even if they didn't share the same sun-kissed tone as the rest of her body.

"Fufufu... Your breasts are so beautiful, Trill," Titania teased, her gaze fixed on Trill's body.

Overwhelmed by the attention, Trill squirmed, her nervousness evident. I leaned forward, reaching out to cup her chest, my hands kneading her breasts gently.

"Aah!"

Her breasts were perfect—firm yet elastic, with just the right amount of give. It was like they were crafted to be touched, made to fit perfectly in my hands.

I leaned down further, taking one of her nipples into my mouth. My tongue flicked over it, teasing, while my fingers found her other nipple, rolling and pinching it lightly.

"Aaah, n-no... Leon..."

The sensation of her nipples being sucked and teased had her writhing beneath me. Her embarrassment was clear in her flushed face, but the way her thighs pressed together betrayed how good she felt. She was watching me intently, her eyes hazy with pleasure as she squirmed.

"Leon," Titania called, her voice playful. I looked up at her and caught the mischievous glint in her eyes. "I'll take the other one. You go ahead and get her ready down there."

Her words clicked instantly, and I let go of Trill's nipple with my fingers, my hand trailing down from her chest to her stomach. My fingertips slipped lower until they reached where her legs met, sliding under her underwear to touch her pussy directly.

"Ah, Leon! T-That's—!"

"Fufufu... Don't worry, Trill. You'll feel good soon enough," Titania reassured her, leaning in to take the other nipple into her mouth.

"Aah!"

With both her nipples being sucked—Titania on one and me on the other—Trill couldn't hold back her moans. My hand worked between her legs, my fingers finding her sensitive bud, teasing it gently as her body trembled beneath us.

"Aaah! S-Something is...!"

Trill's body began convulsing uncontrollably—she was on the verge of cumming. I intensified my movements, rubbing her clit faster before sliding two fingers into her slick, tight pussy. The sudden penetration made her back arch sharply. Then, in an instant, her dam broke. I could quite literally hear the flood as she came undone.

"Nggggggggggghhhh~!!!"

A rush of liquid spilled from her pussy, soaking her panties completely. The wet, lewd sound of my fingers working her hole echoed throughout the room. Her juices made everything slippery, amplifying the obscene noises filling the air. Trill's body trembled as she slowly came down from her orgasm, panting heavily.

"Haaaa~, haaa~, " she gasped, her chest heaving. "W-What was that...? My mind just went blank... I-It's so different from when I masturbate..."

I smiled at her flushed, vulnerable expression. "I'm going to make you feel even better," I said. "Are you ready?"

Realizing what was about to happen, Trill's cheeks turned crimson. She averted her eyes shyly but gave a soft, "Y-Yes..."

I positioned myself between her legs, spreading them apart gently. Trill didn't resist; instead, she watched me nervously as I prepared her. I lifted her legs, folding her slightly in half, then pulled her panties down. They clung to her pussy, drenched in her juices. As I slid them off, a thick strand of her slick arousal connected her panties to her glistening entrance.

"You're so wet, Trill," Titania teased, her voice filled with excitement. She seemed thrilled to see her best friend—and also co-girlfriend—about to be deflowered by me.

I pressed my cock against Trill's soaked entrance, lining myself up. Her body quivered at the contact. She was so wet and slick that my cock slid easily against her folds, the lack of friction making her shudder.

Trill gulped audibly, her eyes flickering nervously as my cock rested at her entrance.

"Since you helped put it inside me earlier, I'll do the same for you," Titania said with a mischievous smile.

She reached for my dick, her hand slick with Trill's love juices. Slowly, she began grinding it against Trill's entrance, coaxing more wetness from her dripping pussy.

"Nnn... aaaah..."

The sensation of my cock rubbing against her sensitive folds made Trill tremble. Her eyes fluttered open and shut, overwhelmed by the unfamiliar sensation.

"N-Nia... don't do that..." she murmured weakly.

Titania's expression was playful, her amusement clear.

"Leon, I'm going to line it up now," she said. "When I do, push your hips in."

With deliberate care, Titania guided the tip of my cock to Trill's entrance. I pressed my hips forward, applying steady pressure to breach her.

"Uuuuu..."

Trill whimpered as the head of my cock pushed against her tight opening. Her entrance resisted—her body unused to such an intrusion. Slowly but firmly, I worked to pry her open. Titania wrapped her arms around me, her hands resting against my chest. She pressed her body against mine, her soft, full breasts squishing against my back.

She applied gentle pressure, urging me to sink deeper. Bit by bit, I pushed further, the heat of Trill's pussy enveloping me as I slid toward her deepest parts.

"Uaaah!"

Trill's eyes widened, her face flushed with surprise and tension.

"W-What... Aaaaaah!"

I could feel the resistance as I tried to enter her—it was tight, impossibly tight, making it hard to push forward.

"Come on, Trill. Relax a bit and let Leon in," Titania coaxed, her voice soothing and encouraging.

Trill took a shaky breath and did her best to relax. Slowly, I slid inside her, inch by inch, feeling the warmth of her envelop me.

"Nnnnnnn!"

Her expression was a mix of pain and determination. Her teeth clenched, and her hands gripped the bedsheets beneath her as I carefully moved deeper. Then, I reached the barrier of her pussy. With a firm thrust, I broke through, tearing it apart as my cock buried itself fully inside her, my tip pressing against her womb.

"Fuaaaaaaaaah~"

A sharp, pained cry escaped her lips, followed by heavy panting. I stayed still, giving her time to adjust, not wanting to hurt her more than necessary.

Tears glistened at the corners of her eyes, but she wasn't crying—she was enduring, the pain etched on her face but softened by her resolve.

"Are you okay now, Trill?" I asked gently.

"I-It's fine. It hurt, but I can take it. You can move now, Leon," she said with a brave, pained smile.

With her permission, I began to move, thrusting slowly at first. Her pussy clung to me tightly, gripping me as if it didn't want to let go.

"Aah! Aaaah! Haaa! Hnnn~, nnnnaaaaa~!"

Her moans mixed with the tension in her body. She clutched the bedsheets harder, her knuckles white, her face a mixture of discomfort and determination as I pushed deeper into her with every thrust.

Meanwhile, Titania watched her with an amused smile, clearly enjoying the scene.

"With this, we're truly sisters," she said, her voice filled with playful affection. Then, without warning, her hands moved to my chest, her fingers finding my nipples. She teased them, twirling and pinching, sending sharp jolts of sensation through me.

As if that wasn't enough, she leaned in and licked the back of my neck, her tongue trailing upward to my earlobe before dipping inside my ear. The combined stimulation was overwhelming, her teasing adding to the intense pleasure of fucking Trill.

"Ah! Ahhh, aaaaah, hyaaaaan~ Nnnnnnaaaaa! Haaaaaan~, nnaaaaaahhh! Haaa, aaah, aaaaah! Aaaah!"

Trill's moans grew louder, her voice hitting higher octaves as her body began to register the mix of pain and pleasure. Her brain seemed to process the sensations differently now, pleasure flooding her mind and washing away the pain. Happiness bloomed in her chest, her body fully embracing the new, overwhelming feeling.

"Hyaaaaaan! Aaaaaaaah! Haaan~! Haaaaaaannnn~ Nnnnnnnnnhhhhhhnnnnnn~!"

Her moans turned into cries of pure bliss as I continued pounding into her, her body trembling beneath me. Titania, meanwhile, was relentless in her teasing. Her tongue explored every inch of my neck and ear, while her fingers kept toying with my nipples, sending waves of goosebumps across my skin.

"Aaaahnnn! Haaaannnnnn~ Nnnnnnnnaaa! Aaaaah, fyaaaaa, haannn, nhhhaaa~"

As Trill moaned and writhed in pleasure, Titania shifted beside me. Her lips captured mine in a deep, passionate kiss, her tongue exploring my mouth. The threesome with my two girlfriends had just reached its next stage.

Chapter 518 - Spring Vacation (6)

The heat between our bodies was intense as I kept pounding into Trill. Her insides were impossibly slick from the relentless thrusting, and her glazed-over eyes told me the pleasure had completely overtaken her.

"Aaaahnn~ Ah! Ah! Ah! Hyaaaaannnn~ Nnnnnnnn!"

Titania, meanwhile, was relentless with her lips, lapping at mine like she was claiming them as her own. Her tongue invaded my mouth, swirling and twirling against mine, even brushing along my gums like she wanted to taste every inch of me. When she finally pulled away, she gave me a mischievous smile before shifting her position. Rising to her knees, she pressed her full, supple breasts against my face.

Unable to resist, I leaned in and wrapped my lips around her nipple.

"Hyaaan~!"

Titania's body shuddered at the sensation, and she pulled me closer, hugging my head to her chest. My hand slipped down between her legs, my fingers exploring her wetness as I continued to thrust into Trill.

"Hnnnnnn~ aaaahnn~ aaah! Hnnnnnn! Nnnnn!"

"Aaaaahnnn~ nnnnhhh...! Nnnaaaa! Aaaaaahnnnn~!"

Their moans harmonized, a symphony of ecstasy that rang like the sweetest music in my ears.

"Hyaaaaannnn! Aahnnn~! N-No! S-Something's... Leon... I'm...! Aaaaaahnnn!"

"Aaaaahhhh! Fufufuu... Looks like Trill's about to cum for the first time with sex..." Titania teased, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

The tightness around my dick had me at my limit too. I felt the building pressure, the overwhelming urge to release.

"Aaaaaah! Aaaaaahnnn! Aaahh! L-Leon, please give me... your kittens...!" Trill's desperate plea pushed me over the edge, and I couldn't hold back anymore.

I came hard, shooting my cum deep inside her, filling her completely.

"C-Cummingggggggggggggg!!!"

Trill's body trembled violently, her back arching like a taut bow. My hands gripped her hips firmly, holding her in place as her orgasm wracked her body. Her eyes rolled back until only the whites were visible, and her tongue lolled out, a vivid display of pure, unfiltered pleasure.

Eventually, her body relaxed, her back sinking back onto the bed.

"Haaa~ ... Haaa~..."

Her chest rose and fell with each ragged breath, her large, sun-kissed breasts glistening with sweat. My sweat dripped onto her, mingling with hers as we both caught our breath.

"T-That... felt amazing..." she murmured, her lips curling into a dazed, blissful smile.

"Good job, Trill," Titania said, her tone smug as if she had orchestrated everything herself. "Now we're officially sisters! Pole sisters!"

Trill blinked at her in confusion. "Pole sisters?"

"Fufufu, yep! Pole sisters!" Titania laughed, clearly pleased with herself.

I had no idea why and how she even knew that term. But oh well...

Trill, still recovering, gently placed her hand over her stomach, right above her womb, where my sperm was now nestled. "I guess... I'm yours now too," she said softly, her voice brimming with happiness. "I'm really happy..."

The sheer bliss in her expression was enough to make my chest swell with pride. Seeing her so content made me feel the same.

"But we're not done, are we?" Titania's voice purred from behind me. I barely had time to react before she pressed her body against mine, her weight leaning into me. Resting her chin on my shoulder, she grinned wickedly.

"Remember, the Gold Dormitory is all ours right now. No one's here to interrupt us."

Both Trill and I exchanged glances. It was true—spring vacation had left the dormitory completely empty.

Titania's grin widened as she leaned in closer. "So, why don't we make a mess of this old place? It's been standing for over a century. Let's fuck through the whole dorm!"

I had no idea how Titania could even come up with such an insane idea.

Pulling something like that in the dorm would undoubtedly get us all expelled. Well, maybe not Titania or Trill—since they were princesses and all—but I'd definitely be out on my ass.

"I guess... it doesn't sound bad," I said anyway. Honestly, I couldn't bring myself to care if I got expelled from the academy. I had my women now, and I was steadily conquering them one by one, adding their skills to my arsenal. Between my connections with Johanne, Zeruel, and even Princess Myrcella—who was definitely on my list of women to claim—I didn't need this place to get what I wanted.

"Eh? Are you really okay with this, Leon?" Trill asked, her voice tinged with concern.

She looked like she understood how risky this could be, but deep down, I knew she was intrigued. Honestly, it sounded like a hell of a lot of fun.

"I mean, it's a once-in-a-lifetime chance to do something like this, right?" Titania said, flashing us her signature mischievous grin. "I want to get fucked by Leon while I've got my hand on the statue of Jeanne. There's something thrilling about the risk, don't you think? And I promise, no one's going to catch us."

Her confidence was infectious. That smile of hers practically dared us to disagree. She was absolutely sure no one would see us. And honestly? I was starting to believe her.

Titania hopped out of bed and strutted out of the room like she owned the place.

"See? There's no one here to catch me strutting around almost naked!" she called out, spinning in the hallway like a carefree dancer.

Watching her twirl, Trill let out a soft chuckle. "Alright. I guess I don't really need an education if we do get caught. Having Leon by my side is all I'll ever need," she said, her voice filled with resolve.

She slid off the bed to join Titania but stumbled slightly.

"Ouch...!" she yelped. "Ah... my legs are shaking..."

"Don't worry," I reassured her. "You didn't bleed, so it wasn't that bad. They're just trembling a bit because of the defloration. It'll pass soon."

"O-Oh, okay," she said, her cheeks flushing. Despite her wobbling, she managed to make her way to the hallway, where Titania immediately pulled her into a playful hug. Together, they twirled and giggled, their happiness radiating through the empty dorm.

"Come on, Leon! Join us!" Titania called, her smile teasing yet inviting. Beside her, Trill grinned just as brightly.

I stood there for a moment, watching them. These two were mine. My women. My lovers. Seeing them side by side, their gorgeous bodies on full display, with my cum still dripping from their pussies, filled me with an overwhelming sense of pride and satisfaction. They were mine, and no one could take that from me.

With a smile tugging at my lips, I climbed out of bed and stepped into the hallway. If we were going to make the most of this Gold Dormitory, then I wasn't going to waste a second. I was going to enjoy every moment with my women—my girlfriends—and nothing would stop me.

The first place we went was the lobby, where they pressed their hands against the statue of Jeanne, their asses arched perfectly toward me.

I positioned myself behind Titania, gripping her hips firmly as I slid my cock into her. I started fucking her in a doggy-style position, each thrust pushing her forward against the cold statue.

"Ahhh...! Ahhhhhnnn! Ahhhh!"

The wet mixture of my cum and her love nectar dripped onto the pristine floor of the Gold Dormitory, and her moans echoed through the expansive walls.

"Ahhhhhhnnn! Ahhhh! It feels so good...! Being fucked in this huge, empty lobby feels so liberating! Hehehe!"

I reached forward, grabbing the back of her neck, and pulled her close. Twisting her head slightly, I captured her lips in a deep kiss. She met me with passion, her tongue sliding into my mouth as mine explored hers.

"Leon... switch to Trill," she whispered, her voice breathless as a thin string of saliva connected our lips before snapping.

I pulled out of Titania, a glistening string of her love juices clinging between the tip of my cock and her swollen pussy. I turned my attention to Trill, who stood trembling with anticipation, her tail swishing

lightly. Hovering over her, I aligned myself and plunged deep into her waiting pussy. Her tail stiffened immediately as my cock filled her.

"Uuhhhhhiiiiiiiiiiii!?"

Her eyes rolled back, glazed with pleasure, her brows furrowed, and her teeth clenched as she let out an ecstatic cry.

I grabbed her hips and began pounding her from behind, each thrust met with a ripple of her soft flesh.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhnnnn! Ahhhh!"

Her tail swished wildly with each thrust, betraying her excitement as the sound of our flesh colliding reverberated through the lobby.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!"

My hand slid to Titania, who was beside us, and I slipped my fingers into her wet pussy, making her moan softly.

"Ahhh...! Hnnnnn~ Ahhhh! Leon... your fingers feel so good...~!"

The wet, rhythmic sounds of my thrusting and fingering filled the lobby, mingling with their moans, creating an erotic symphony that no one else was around to hear.

I alternated between fucking and fingering both of them, making their toes curl and their legs tremble as they tiptoed from the waves of pleasure. Their voices rose and fell, like a beautiful melody echoing around the empty hall.

Eventually, I felt myself nearing the edge. With a final thrust, I buried myself deep in Titania and let go, releasing a thick load inside her. I quickly pulled out and pushed into Trill, giving her the rest of my cum.

My ejaculation spilled from them, dripping onto the pristine floor. As I looked up, Titania released a golden shower, splashing it onto the statue itself.

"Ahhhhhhh~"

Watching her, I couldn't help but grin. This was turning into one hell of a wild night.

Chapter 519 - Spring Vacation (7)

"Ahhh~! This feels so good~!" Titania moaned, sinking deeper into the hot spring. The Gold Dormitory boasted a massive bath with its own hot spring, and now that we had the place to ourselves, we were taking full advantage of it.

"I can't believe the Gold Class has something this luxurious all to themselves!" Trill exclaimed as she stretched, arms raised high, her back arching slightly, and her legs extending under the warm water.

"The Bronze Class doesn't even come close to this. All we get is a tiny bathroom crammed into the dorm rooms."

She wasn't wrong. The gap in luxury between the Bronze Class and the Gold Class was downright unfair.

"I never really cared much about the perks this place had to offer," Titania admitted, her voice carrying a playful lilt. "But after spending time with them and enjoying all this, I have to admit, they're not so bad!"

A mischievous grin spread across her face, the kind you'd expect from someone who had just pulled off something naughty without getting caught—a childlike expression of triumph.

"I still can't believe you actually did that, Nia..." Trill said, her voice a mix of surprise and disbelief.

Just before this, I'd fucked Titania in her asshole—right there in the lobby, in front of the statue of Jeanne. Trill had been astonished, especially when my thick cock managed to slide into such a tight space. Titania had enjoyed every moment, even though Trill couldn't decide if the idea of it was intriguing or just plain painful. Titania had reassured her that while it hurt the first time, it quickly became something to savor.

"Come on, Trill!" Titania teased. "I came so hard, I literally drenched that statue of Jeanne with my juices and pee from how fucking good it felt. And anal? It's so freeing once you get into it!"

It was true. Titania and I had defiled nearly every corner of the dormitory. We'd fucked in the private training grounds, on one of the open balconies on the fourth floor, on the grand staircase, and even in the back garden. The only place left was this bath. Right now, we were just relaxing, but once we were done, there was no doubt we'd be at it again.

There was something wildly liberating about defiling this pristine dormitory, a place that had stood for over a century and carried so much historical significance. It reminded me of the thrill I used to feel during late-night public sex when no one was around, but this? This was on another level entirely.

"I-I don't think I'm ready... to do it there just yet..." Trill admitted, her cheeks flushed as her gaze darted toward me.

I smiled at her reassuringly. "That's fine. I won't rush you into anything. Just go at your own pace—I'll wait for you."

Her face turned an even deeper shade of red at my words, and I leaned in to kiss her gently. When I pulled back, I turned to Titania and kissed her too.

When Titania pulled back, her tongue sliding teasingly between her lips, she locked eyes with me, giving me that same look she always wore when she wanted to go another round.

"It's time we truly savor this place," she purred, her gaze smoldering with debauchery. Slowly, she straddled me, one hand resting on my shoulder while the other disappeared beneath the water, her fingers wrapping around my cock. With deliberate precision, she guided my length to her entrance.

Her hips sank down, swallowing my cock inch by inch, her cunt stretching to take me in a steady, wet stream. As I bottomed out, her body shuddered like she'd been struck by lightning, and the hot spring rippled wildly around us.

"Ahhhhh~! So hot...!" she moaned, arching her back, her breasts bouncing from the motion. Both hands gripped my shoulders now as she steadied herself, panting heavily. "Haaa... haaa... It feels amazing having you fill me up, Leon~" Her breath mingled with the steam rising from the water, her face flushed with heat.

Her teeth clenched, her brows furrowed, but her pussy told a different story. It clenched and twitched rhythmically around me, gripping and releasing as if desperate for more. Slowly, she began to move her hips, her motions stirring the water and creating ripples with every rise and fall.

"Ahhh...! Ahhhnnnn, ahh! Ahhhnn~!" Her soft cries filled the space, echoing off the steamy walls of the bath.

She started with small, measured thrusts, her hips rocking back and forth in tantalizing little movements.

"Mmmm, nnn, ahhh, ahhh! My head... it's getting fuzzy... I feel like I'm going to burst," she gasped, her voice trembling with pleasure.

Her movements grew bolder, her shapely ass shaking wildly as she worked her hips in a frantic rhythm. Water splashed out of the hot spring with every eager thrust, and her moans reverberated throughout the space.

"Ah, ahh, ahh, it's so good... your cock feels so good~!" she moaned, slowing as her energy waned. "Ahhhh! Hyaaannn~ ahhhh... I'm out of breath...! Ahhh...!"

"Switch with me, then," Trill interjected, her voice thick with anticipation.

"Okay," Titania agreed, pulling herself off me with a wet pop before stepping aside.

Trill wasted no time, climbing onto me and straddling my lap. Her pussy lips, firmer than Titania's, stretched slowly as she took me in. Inch by inch, she lowered herself until I was fully sheathed inside her.

"Ahhh! It feels so good~," she moaned, her back arching while her tail swished excitedly behind her. Her brows knit together as she adjusted to the size.

"I never imagined mating could feel like this. I might get addicted~," she confessed, her voice tinged with lust and amazement.

Her pussy was tight, gripping me with an eager intensity, yet pliant enough to mold itself to my cock, like it was shaping itself to fit me perfectly.

As my glans rubbed against her inner walls, sparks of pleasure ignited between us, each movement sending shivers through both our bodies.

"AhhhH! Ahhhh~! AhhnnnnnN! Ahhhh! It feels so good... It feels so good~!!!" she cried out, her voice echoing with ecstasy. "I can't believe I tried to hold off until my heat! If I'd waited, I would've missed out on this!"

She grabbed my face, her hands cupping my cheeks as she leaned in, capturing my lips with hers. Her tongue darted into my mouth, tangling with mine as we kissed hungrily, swapping spit in a messy, passionate embrace.

Her tail lashed behind her in time with the rhythm of her hips, her movements growing more frantic as she ground herself against me, moaning into my mouth between breaths.

Then, they switched again, and again, taking turns straddling me, my cock sliding into each of their holes as they alternated between riding me. Sometimes Titania faced away, her back to my chest as she bounced on my cock, and other times Trill did the same. Their hips swayed rhythmically in the water, creating hot splashes with every motion, my cock plunging in and out of them in a relentless cycle.

"Ahhh...! I think I'm going to cum soon...!" Titania gasped, her voice trembling with raw pleasure. "Leon, make me cum, then go next for Trill~"

"Okay," I replied, though the position was starting to frustrate me. Unable to hold back anymore, I raised myself up, grabbing Titania's hips firmly, and began thrusting hard from below.

"Ah, hiii, hyaaannn! L-Leon, you're so intense, ah, ah, ahhhH!"

Her cries filled the air as I pounded into her, the water splashing violently around us. Titania's golden, wet hair flew through the air with every thrust, her body trembling as I drove into her with all my might.

"Nnnnhhh! I... I'm going to cum...! Leon, I'm going to cum...! Ahhhhh, cummmmmmmmingggg!!!"

Titania's brows furrowed, her back arching dramatically as she gritted her teeth and let out a loud, guttural moan, her pussy clenching tightly around me as she came. Her body shuddered in bliss, her moans echoing through the steamy air.

I gently lowered Titania back into the water, her body trembling as she caught her breath. Then I turned my attention to Trill, who had positioned herself with her ass raised high, her tail swishing enticingly over her perfectly round cheeks.

I grabbed her ass with one hand, my other hand firmly grasping her tail.

"Hyaaaannnnn! Ahhh! L-Leon, don't do that...! My tail is—"

Before she could finish her sentence, I thrust my dick into her in one swift motion.

"Uhiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!?!"

Trill's eyes widened in shock, her back arching sharply as I buried myself deep inside her. Her body shook, and her breath hitched as she struggled to process the sudden intrusion.

I tightened my grip on her ass and tail, pulling her back to meet my thrusts as I drove into her relentlessly, my cock hitting her deepest spots.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhnnnnn, ahhh~ ahhhhh! N-Nooo, i-it feels good~, Leon, I'm cumming...!"

My hips moved faster, the sharp sound of flesh meeting flesh echoing throughout the hot spring as I fucked her harder, driven by pure, unfiltered lust.

"AhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhNnnnnnnn~!!!"

Her tail stiffened in my grasp, her body quaking as she let out an animalistic moan, her pussy tightening around me as she came hard. Her cries of ecstasy filled the air, and I felt her juices gush over my cock.

Pulling out, my cock still throbbing and red with need, I looked at both of them. "Both of you, put your faces together," I commanded, stroking my cock with my hand.

They obeyed immediately, kneeling before me with their faces close together. Their tongues darted out of their lips as they struck peace signs with their fingers, a gesture I had taught them earlier. Seeing their beautiful faces adorned with such debauched expressions, their tongues teasingly out, sent me over the edge.

My cock twitched wildly, a scorching sensation building in my urethra as my climax surged forward. With a guttural groan, I unleashed a thick gush of cum, the hot, sticky ropes splattering across their faces.

At that exact moment, someone entered the hot spring.

"Ah...!"

Her expression was neutral at first, but as her eyes fell on the scene in front of her, her face turned crimson, her wide eyes brimming with shock and embarrassment.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

It was Zeruel.

Chapter 520 - The Invitation (1)

It was the day after that incident in the Gold Class dormitory.

I was back in my office at the Leonamon, reviewing the reports the company had accumulated over the past month. The numbers were staggering—a huge spike in profits, easily double or maybe even triple what I had been earning just a month ago.

"Ah... I guess there's still no company that can beat Leonamon," I muttered with a smirk.

There had been a competitor recently trying to emulate our success, creating their own version of smartphones and other products Leonamon had pioneered. Unsurprisingly, it didn't work out for them. Without a solid foundation in both scientific and mechanical principles, it was doomed from the start. Smartphones rely not only on cutting-edge science but also precise mechanical engineering. If you slap some magical logic onto it without understanding the tech, of course, it's going to fail.

Smartphones were devices from a modern world—this one wasn't modernized enough to grasp their inner workings. There was no way someone clueless about how they function could successfully recreate them.

"I guess that company trying to make cheap knockoff smartphones has already filed for bankruptcy after just a month of business," I said, half amused. "Poor bastards..."

Honestly, I couldn't help but feel a little bad for them. They were just trying to make a living.

But since they failed, the monopoly on those products remained firmly in Leonamon's hands.

"I'm sure Princess Myrcella is happy about that," I said aloud. She always wanted to keep Leonamon's monopoly restricted to the Kingdom of Milham. Her goal was to ensure the kingdom profited exclusively from the trade and distribution of our products. Given that the kingdom was on the brink of financial collapse, this strategy made sense. Expanding abroad would only dilute the income the kingdom desperately needed to stay afloat.

After finishing the report on this month's earnings, I flipped to another page and noticed a surprising trend—there was a significant increase in employee applications across the company's various departments.

"I've got to hand it to you, Amon. You really outdid yourself," I said, glancing down at the maid currently licking my cock under the desk.

"Fufufufu... It's because I want to serve you and help you in every way I can, Master," she purred, her tongue expertly teasing my length.

Amon had been nothing short of incredible. Ever since I saved her from slavers and she swore to devote her life to me, she'd poured everything she had into supporting me. Now, she was the driving force behind Leonamon, managing the company's operations—financially and otherwise—with relentless dedication. Having her by my side made everything easier.

Feeling a rush of affection for her, I groaned, "Amon, that's enough."

"Would you like me to serve you with my hole now, Master?" she asked, her voice dripping with lust.

"Yes," I replied without hesitation.

With that, she emerged from under the desk, standing at her full height. She lifted her skirt with one hand, revealing what was underneath—a pair of black panties paired with sheer black thigh-highs held up by garters that clung snugly to her soft, meaty thighs.

"Then let me serve you and bring you pleasure, Master," she said with a seductive smile. "Please, let my cunt hole make you feel good."

She approached me, slowly straddling my lap. Her hands guided my cock as she slid her panties to the side, exposing her pussy. She adjusted the angle, pressing the tip against her slick entrance, and then sank her hips down, taking me inside her.

"Ahhhhnnnn~"

Her moan was pure ecstasy, her neck arching as her tongue peeked out, lips parted in bliss. Her brows knit together, the pleasure evident on her face.

"Ahhh... Your cock is filling me up...~ It feels so good~," she murmured, her voice trembling with delight.

She began moving her hips, a rhythm of slow, deliberate thrusts. Her cunt was heavenly—slick, tight, and pulsing around me. The way her inner muscles gripped me, it felt like my cock was encased in a warm, velvety marshmallow, making my toes curl from the sheer pleasure.

"Ahhhh, hyyaannnn~ nnnnhaaaa, ahhhnnn~ Ahhnn~, M-Master, it feels so good~! I'm...!"

Her voice rose as she approached her climax, her hips quickening their pace, slamming down harder and faster.

The pleasure surged through me, overwhelming, impossible to resist.

"C-Cumminggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Amon cried out as she came, her body trembling violently. At the same time, I released inside her, my hot, thick cum erupting into her womb, filling her completely.

"Ahhhh~ S-So hot... Master's... hot semen... is filling me up...!"

Her body shuddered, every part of her trembling as she absorbed every drop of my seed.

My first woman truly was the best.

After we finished, something unexpected came up.

"Master, a letter," Maya said, entering the room with an envelope in hand. "This was delivered to your dorm. The Shadows deemed it important and brought it here."

I had a feeling I knew who the sender might be.

Taking the letter from Maya, I nodded as she bowed and excused herself. Amon stepped back as well, giving me privacy to read it. It wasn't necessary, but they were only fulfilling their duties. If it didn't concern them, they showed no interest.

I opened the envelope, and the sender's identity was immediately clear. It wasn't just a letter—it was an invitation.

Johanne. And there, written alongside his name, was another: Tristina. Likely his fiancée's—Tris's—full name.

"Dear Mr. Leon, we would like to invite you to our wedding."

Oh, right. Johanne and Tris's wedding. I remembered him mentioning it and extending an invitation.

"Huh... Looks like I'll be attending a wedding," I muttered to myself.

"Do you want the finest clothing, Master?" Amon asked.

I could certainly attend in the most luxurious attire, but I wasn't going to the event as Christopher Faust. The invitation was clearly addressed to me as Leon.

"Don't worry about it," I replied. "But I'm not showing up to an occasion this important in just any run-of-the-mill outfit, either."

"Shall I call Karina?" Amon offered.

Karina was the official designer for Leonamon now—a master at her craft.

"Hmmm... I suppose so. I'll need something proper for the wedding, after all."

Karina was a woman I'd first met at Martha's brothel, working as a cashier. It was during the time I went there to see Ayane, who was still a prostitute-in-training back then. After I killed Norman, she stayed on, working as an attendant for the brothel under Martha's grandmother, who had taken over management and also made clothes for the women there. Now, Karina worked for me as the official designer of Leonamon's clothing.

When Karina arrived, she was driving the car I'd gifted her. She wasn't alone—Martha was with her.

"It's been a while, Sir Leon," Karina said. As always, she looked impeccably fashionable. She wore a large, feathered hat paired with oversized sunglasses. Despite her petite stature, she carried herself with the confidence of a model.

"It has been a while," I replied, my gaze shifting to Martha. "I didn't expect you to come. How are you holding up?"

"I'm doing better than ever," she said with a warm smile. Her hair was noticeably longer than the last time I'd seen her, and she wasn't wearing her usual glasses.

"I see," I said, smiling back at her.

I'd heard Martha had been dealing with troubling visions, which had made her reclusive. She'd refused to leave the brothel—or rather, what was once a brothel and now one of Leonamon's cake shops. The former prostitutes were now working there as pastry chefs and waitresses.

Her memory still hadn't returned. Those visions seemed like a manifestation of post-traumatic stress disorder—flashbacks of the horrifying events she'd endured. It wasn't hard to understand why she'd developed such a condition. What she went through was undeniably terrifying and traumatic.

"I'm glad to see you again," I told her sincerely.

She smiled back at me, and for a moment, we just looked at each other, sharing a quiet connection. Then Karina cleared her throat, breaking the moment.

"Um, Sir Leon, I don't mean to interrupt your flirting with Miss Martha, but wasn't I the one you called for?" Karina said, pouting playfully.

"Ah, right," I said with a chuckle. "I actually have something I need you to do, Karina, and I need it done quickly."

"What is it?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with excitement. I had no idea why she seemed so thrilled, but I wasn't complaining.

"I need you to design and make an outfit for me," I said. "I'm attending a friend's wedding, but I don't want anything extravagant or too luxurious. Something that feels middle-class but still looks good. And I need it done by the end of the day—before sunset."

Karina tapped her chin, thinking it over. "That's... very challenging," she said. I could tell she was already calculating the time it would take. Designing clothes alone required hours of work, not to mention the time to actually make them.

"Fortunately," she added with a confident smirk, "I'm the one you called. I'll have it done as soon as possible!"

Wow. I really had called the right person.