

## The World 531

### Chapter 531 - Foursome With The Maids (3)

After that, I started fucking them senseless, each one surrendering completely to the lust-filled chaos.

I plunged my cock into Maya in the missionary position, gripping her thighs as I thrust deep inside her. Amon, meanwhile, was draped over my back, her warm breath tickling my neck while her soft, massive breasts pressed firmly against me, their weight igniting my already blazing arousal. She licked at my nape, her tongue trailing wet heat that sent shivers rippling down my spine.

The sensations were overwhelming, my body alive with raw, primal pleasure. Every nerve felt electrified, every thrust drawing me further into an abyss of mind-numbing ecstasy.

"Ahh, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh~!!!"

Maya's cries filled the room, her voice trembling and cracked as her body writhed beneath me. Her face was a portrait of depravity—brows furrowed, lips parted as saliva dripped lazily from the corners of her mouth. Her eyes, half-lidded and unfocused, reflected nothing but pure, unrestrained bliss. She had already climaxed multiple times, her pussy drenched and pulsing erratically around my cock.

I slammed into her harder, my gaze glued to her heaving breasts, bouncing wildly with every thrust. Her body arched and trembled, her nails digging into the sheets as I drove her deeper into ecstasy.

"Ahhn, ahh~! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhh~! So good...! So good! Ahhhhhnnnn~!!!"

Her pussy tightened suddenly, clenching around me like a fiery vice, her walls spasming with desperate need. The sensation was maddening, pushing me past the brink. My cock throbbed violently, and with one final thrust, I emptied myself inside her, flooding her womb with thick, hot cum.

"Ahhhhhhhhhnn, ahhh~!!!"

Maya's back arched sharply, her body quaking as I held her hips firmly, ensuring my cock stayed buried deep within her trembling core. I felt a wet, building pressure inside her, and when I finally pulled out, my cock slipped free with a wet, audible pop. A gush of liquid followed, spurting from her swollen pussy and drenching my crotch in her release.

"Haa... haa... haa..."

Maya panted heavily, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of intense pleasure. Her legs quivered as she collapsed onto the bed, utterly spent.

Meanwhile, Amon shifted behind me, her lips curling into a wicked smile as she slid down my back. Her tongue flicked out, tracing the line of my neck before her hands reached for my still-throbbing cock. Without hesitation, she wrapped her warm, wet lips around me, her tongue swirling over my cum-slicked shaft.

She sucked greedily, her cheeks hollowing as she drew every last drop of leftover cum from my tip and urethra. The lewd, wet sounds of her mouth working me over filled the room, sending jolts of pleasure through my already sensitive cock.

When she finished, she pulled away with a loud, satisfying pop, licking her lips clean before opening her mouth to show me she had swallowed it all. The sight made my cock twitch, still rock-hard and aching for more despite everything.

"Amon, you're next," I growled, my voice thick with lust.

She didn't hesitate, turning around and presenting her round, firm ass to me. Her plump cheeks were an enticing sight, perfectly framed and inviting. My mouth watered at the sheer temptation, my hunger for her growing with every passing second.

I grabbed her ass with one hand, squeezing her supple flesh as I guided my cock with the other. But this time, I wasn't aiming for her pussy. Instead, I positioned myself at her tight, puckered asshole, pressing the head of my cock against the forbidden entrance.

Amon gripped the sheets tightly, her knuckles white as she braced herself. I pushed forward slowly, the taut ring of muscle resisting before finally giving way.

"Hnnn!"

Her asshole clenched around me, warm and snug as I slid deeper. It wasn't as tight as the first time, but it still wrapped around my cock perfectly, sending waves of pleasure coursing through me. Gripping her hips firmly, I pulled her back onto my cock, driving myself in to the hilt.

She let out a soft, trembling moan as my hands gripped her round ass, the warmth of her skin melting into my palms.

"Ahhh... M-Master's stretching my butt... It feels so good~!" she gasped, her voice thick with pleasure, trembling as she arched her back.

I began thrusting into her tight hole, my hips slamming against her ass with a wet, lewd rhythm that echoed through the room. The way her insides stretched around my dick was electric, the hot, velvety pressure scraping along every inch of my shaft. The lingering wetness from Maya's earlier climax coated me, easing the slide, but the raw, gripping tightness of her ass made the sensation nothing short of mind-blowing.

"Ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, haaaannn~, ahhhh! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ah, ahhhnn, ahhh~!"

Amon's cries grew louder, her moans tumbling out of her in a symphony of pure lust. Each thrust into her ass made her entire body tremble, her hands clutching the sheets so tightly her knuckles turned white.

My free hand slid down between her legs, fingers teasing her swollen clit with circular motions before plunging into her dripping pussy. Her body jolted at the double assault, her back arching even higher as she gasped sharply.

"Hnnnnghhh! Ahhhhh, ahhhnn, ahhh~!!!"

Her ass clenched around me like a vice, squeezing and tugging at my cock with every thrust. The overwhelming tightness was almost too much, as if her body was desperately trying to pull every drop of cum from me. My teeth gritted, and I steadied my ragged breathing, refusing to stop. I kept pounding

her ass mercilessly while my fingers plunged into her pussy, curling and rubbing her most sensitive spots.

"Ahhh, c-cumming... Cumming... Cummingggg!!!"

Amon's body quaked violently as she came, her pussy gushing streams of hot liquid that soaked the sheets beneath us. Her moans turned into desperate cries, her thighs trembling uncontrollably as the orgasm ripped through her.

The vice-like grip of her ass around my dick became unbearable, every muscle tightening and convulsing around me. A wave of heat built in my core, and with one final thrust, I erupted deep inside her. My cock pulsed as thick, hot cum shot into her intestines, painting her insides white. The sensation was dizzying, a mind-numbing mix of pleasure and release.

"Hngggggghhhhhhhh~!!!"

Amon let out a guttural scream, her voice shaking as she felt her ass being filled. Her teeth clenched, her body trembling as her stretched hole throbbed around my cock, milking me for every last drop.

I pulled out slowly, panting heavily as my cock slipped free with a wet pop. Her stretched rim stayed open momentarily, still shaped by the girth of my dick. Thick, creamy cum dripped from her ass in long, tantalizing trails, pooling on the sheets beneath her.

Amon lay limp and motionless, her face frozen in pure ecstasy. Her tongue hung out of her mouth, drool mixing with the sweat on her chin, and her half-lidded eyes rolled back to reveal only the whites. Her

body shivered, tiny aftershocks of pleasure coursing through her as she remained sprawled in a state of blissful exhaustion.

The sight was intoxicating, her fucked-out expression and trembling body lighting a fire in my core. My cock twitched, still rock-hard and glistening with a mix of cum and her juices. No matter how much I'd already cum, my body screamed for more.

I glanced at Charlotte, who had passed out after I'd fucked her senseless earlier. Now, it seemed like she had recovered, her chest rising and falling steadily.

"You're next again, Charlotte," I said, my voice firm.

"E-Eh...? Um... I can't anymore... Anymore than this, and I'd go crazy..." she stammered, waving her hands in front of her as if to plead for mercy. But I wasn't listening. Her protests didn't matter—I wanted her again, and that was all there was to it.

For some reason, my energy tonight was boundless, almost unnatural. It felt like I was overflowing with raw desire, and I didn't hold back.

Once again, I fucked them all senseless.

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The air in the room was heavy, saturated with the unmistakable scent of sex. The smell was so potent it felt like you could see it hanging in the air, particles swirling under the dim light.

The bed beneath us was soaked, steam rising faintly from the combined heat of our sweat and love juices. The sheets clung to the mattress, drenched and sticking in places, bearing evidence of the wild debauchery.

After taking all three maids over and over again, their naked bodies lay sprawled across the bed. The maid uniforms they'd worn earlier were long discarded, flung carelessly onto the floor. The once-pristine fabrics were now damp with their fluids and streaked with my semen. A pang of guilt hit me briefly—I knew Amon and Maya would have to clean up the mess later. Still, I figured it wasn't too bad since they seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

"Open your mouths, you three..." I murmured huskily, my breath ragged from exertion.

The maids, lying on the bed with their heads resting between my legs, obeyed. Their mouths parted slightly, their half-lidded eyes glazed over with exhaustion and lust.

I stroked myself as they waited, their tongues peeking out ever so slightly in anticipation. When I finally couldn't hold back anymore, I let loose.

The first thick spurt of cum landed straight into Maya's open mouth. She eagerly swallowed, savoring the taste. The second load splashed across Charlotte's face, streaking her cheek and catching her eye before she squeezed it shut. Still, some dripped into her mouth, and she licked it up, undeterred. Finally, the last shot hit Amon's waiting lips, filling her mouth as she hummed softly with satisfaction.

They rolled the cum around their mouths, savoring it, before swallowing with audible gulps. Then, one by one, they opened their mouths wide to show me they'd swallowed every drop.

I reached out and gently rubbed their heads in appreciation.

"Thank you. I'm satisfied now," I said with a deep exhale, my voice tinged with both gratitude and exhaustion.

And with that, the foursome with the maids came to an end.

Chapter 532 - The Sword Festival, Part 1 (1)

The Sword Festival had officially kicked off, and the buzz of excitement filled the air. A dense crowd surrounded the small arena, their cheers and chatter rising like a tidal wave. The arena itself was nothing extravagant—a raised platform just large enough for the contestants to duel freely but compact enough to force intense close-quarters combat, giving the audience an enjoyable view of the spectacle.

If one contestant was pushed off the platform, they would be declared out, and the remaining fighter would be the winner. It was a straightforward rule, but effective.

I stood amidst the sea of spectators, my eyes locked on the current match. Two contestants were clashing on the platform, their swords ringing out with every collision. One looked like a seasoned adventurer, his stance solid and experienced, while the other appeared to be an ordinary swordsman—though his moves hinted he might have been an adventurer too.

Each strike they exchanged carried raw power, the sound reverberating through the crowd like thunder. The precision in their movements was captivating, their stances revealing the depth of their training. It was the kind of skill that demanded attention, and the audience was eating it up.



"Leon," Titania's voice cut through the noise as she leaned closer. "Trill and I are stepping out for a bit. It's way too hot in here with all these people crammed together. You're staying, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I'll stick around."

"Alright. Don't wander off," she said before turning to leave.

I watched as my two girlfriends disappeared into the crowd, leaving me alone. I couldn't blame them for needing air. The midday spring sun bore down relentlessly, and the sheer number of bodies packed into the area only amplified the heat.

A while later, as I kept my focus on the matches, a familiar voice called out to me.

"Hello, Leon~!"

I turned to see Tris approaching, her mischievous grin unmistakable. Beside her was Johanne, her usual calm demeanor intact despite Tris's playful energy.

"Are you on a date~?" Tris teased, her voice dripping with amusement.

I shrugged nonchalantly. "Something like that."

"With your two girlfriends, I'm guessing?" she pressed, clearly trying to stir something up.

I shrugged again, keeping my expression unreadable. If she wanted to guess, I'd let her run wild with her imagination.

"Is your fight today, Leon?" Johanne asked, cutting through Tris's teasing with a direct question.

"Nah," I said, shaking my head. "Mine's on the third day."

"Mine's on the fourth," Johanne replied. "Looks like we won't be crossing swords in the preliminaries."

"Same here," I said with a smirk. "But I'm aiming for the final round."

Johanne chuckled softly. "You'll make it. You already beat me once, didn't you?"

Tris's eyes widened in genuine shock, her teasing tone evaporating. "Wait, you beat Johanne? In a swordfight?"

Her reaction wasn't surprising. Johanne was no ordinary swordsman—she was the heir to the Sword Saint, a title that carried immense weight. Her skill was unmatched, making her the strongest in the academy by far.

The thought of anyone defeating him in a straight sword duel was almost unthinkable. Sure, he could be outmatched if someone had a specific counter-ability, but Johanne's own trump card, Limit Breaker, made those odds nearly nonexistent. His ability to shatter limits gave him an edge that was almost impossible to overcome.

Tris being so shocked was completely natural.

"Leon overwhelmed me," Johanne said with a small smile.

It was a bold statement, considering it could potentially tarnish Johanne's credibility as the future Sword Saint if word got out. And if people ever discovered the truth about her being biologically a woman who was transformed into a man, her reputation might crumble entirely. Of course, such a revelation seemed unlikely now, but I couldn't help but think that one day, far into the future, Johanne might learn the truth about herself. When that day came, she'd undoubtedly start questioning everything about her identity.

But even so, Johanne confessed this to Tris without the slightest hint of shame or hesitation. Her level of trust in Tris was almost palpable.

"Wow. You must be seriously strong, Leon. Are you hiding some crazy strength from us?" Tris's teasing smile returned, but there was a glint in her eyes now, a mix of admiration and curiosity.

"It was just a fluke," I said, feigning nonchalance with a shrug. "Johanne probably wasn't giving it his all. If he had, I'd be toast."

Tris turned her sharp gaze to Johanne, her brows raised in question.

"I didn't go easy on him at all," Johanne said, her voice steady, her words cutting through any doubt like a blade.

"Hmm..." Tris narrowed her eyes, her lips curling into a sly smirk. "I don't know which one of you is lying to me, but I'll figure it out."

I had no desire to let her drag this out any further. The teasing might've been fun for her, but it was getting old for me. Time to change the subject.

"Oh, by the way," I said, reaching into my pocket with a deliberate motion. "Here it is."

I pulled out a small glass vial, its contents shimmering faintly in the sunlight.

It was the aphrodisiac Tris had asked for.

"That's the stuff," I said, holding it out to her carefully. "Be smart with it. A single drop is enough to set someone off. Too much, and it could make you or anyone else lose their mind. If you're going to use it, dilute it with wine or something. Don't overdo it unless you're ready to deal with the consequences."

Tris's eyes lit up with a wicked gleam as she grabbed the vial from my hand.

"Got it~!" she chirped, her grin spreading wide, looking every bit the mischievous devil she was.

"What's that, Tris? Leon?" Johanne asked, her gaze flicking between us, suspicion laced in her tone.

"It's a secret," Tris replied smoothly, pressing the vial close to her chest like it was some precious treasure. She turned to me and winked, her message clear: keep your mouth shut.

Johanne let out a small sigh, her shoulders relaxing. "Well, as long as you two aren't plotting anything crazy, I guess it's fine."

She didn't push further, and I could see her trying to steer the conversation to safer ground.

"By the way, Princess Titania's fight is scheduled for today. Do you know who she's up against, Leon?"

"The name didn't ring any bells," I said honestly. "Probably just a no-name adventurer or some random swordsman."

The truth was, I didn't recognize the opponent's name at all, even with the considerable information I'd gathered. Whoever they were, they clearly weren't significant enough to be on anyone's radar.

"In any case, tell the Princess I'm rooting for her. I hope she wins and comes out of it unscathed," Johanne said, her tone laced with genuine concern.

It was a fair worry. The Sword Festival might've had rules against killing, but accidents happened. And in the rare cases where someone did kill their opponent, the lack of severe consequences in these tournaments meant it wasn't completely unheard of. A single slip could turn a duel into a deadly tragedy, and Johanne's concern for Titania was completely justified.

"Yes, I'll be sure to tell her that," I replied, my tone even as I nodded at Johanne.

With that, the two newlyweds finally walked away from me, their footsteps growing fainter with each step. Watching their retreating figures, my mind wandered to Tris and her plans for that aphrodisiac. She was definitely planning to use it on Johanne, hoping it'd make his dick stand up and do the job. But with Johanne's biology being what it was—a woman altered into a man—it was entirely possible the aphrodisiac wouldn't work at all. I could only hope Tris wouldn't go overboard if it failed.

Well, she did say she wouldn't use it until the time was right, so maybe it was fine.

Probably.

As I turned my attention back to the arena, the duels continued to unfold in predictable patterns. Winners and losers came and went across the stage like waves crashing against the shore. Victors basked in their fleeting glory, thrusting their swords into the air where the sunlight caught the steel,

sending flashes of light across the cheering crowd. Some, however, won through cheap tricks or unsportsmanlike behavior, earning nothing but boos and jeers from the audience.

The losers, though, were all the same—heads hung low as they left the stage, their steps heavy with defeat. A few of them let their frustrations boil over, throwing their swords to the ground in anger, their humiliation plain for everyone to see.

After what felt like an endless cycle, it was finally Titania's turn.

She stepped onto the stage, and her opponent followed close behind. My first impression was confusion. The figure approaching her looked like a boy at first glance—no, not quite. Calling her a boy would've been generous. It wasn't a boy, nor a man at all. It was a woman, unmistakably so, though she wore a man's clothing.

The contrast was striking, her appearance sparking murmurs among the spectators. The clash of feminine features and masculine attire gave her an almost otherworldly aura. But none of that mattered to Titania, who stood poised and ready, her blade steady in her grasp, her gaze sharp and unyielding. The match was about to begin.

Chapter 537 - Sleepy Compensation (1)

"I lost my key on the first day of the vacation," she admitted, her tone as casual as if she'd told me she'd dropped a pen.

When I asked her when exactly she'd lost it, she didn't bother with any roundabout answers. She just laid it all out, plain and simple. No hesitation, no sugarcoating, just the raw truth tossed out like it was nothing.

"Wait, the first day?"

That was weeks ago. The vacation was practically over now, with only a few fleeting days left.

"Yeah," she said, stretching her arms above her head, her shirt riding up just enough to reveal a sliver of her stomach. She yawned lazily. "Not sure exactly when, but somehow, I lost my key somewhere."

"So... where the hell have you been sleeping this whole time?"

"Anywhere my legs gave out," she replied with a shrug. "The gymnasium, the library, even on a cold-ass bench by the fountain. Oh, and I've been using your bathroom. I haven't had a decent shower anywhere else."

Her words hit me like a slap. For most of spring vacation, she'd been crashing in random places like a drifter? No bed, no comfort, just whatever spot she could find? And the showers? Did she mean to say she'd been unwashed all this time? The thought alone made me grimace, but then again, this was Yr we were talking about—nothing about her was ordinary.

"But hold on—why the hell do you even have my room key?" I asked.

She reached inside her shirt, her fingers brushing against the skin of her chest as she pulled something free. It was a necklace, the chain glinting faintly in the light, and at the end dangled a bronze key.

"I turned it into a necklace," she said, holding it up like it was some sort of achievement.



"Okay, but why not just do that with your own damn key?" I asked, exasperation seeping into my tone.

She shrugged again, her eyelids drooping like the conversation itself was tiring her out. "I don't know. Didn't think of it, I guess."

Jeez, she was impossible. I remembered her once saying she took extra care with things that weren't hers, but when it came to her own stuff? Complete recklessness. This was the perfect example.

"Ha..." I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Alright, fine. I guess we can try looking for it, but let's be real—it's been weeks now. The chances of finding it now are like finding a needle in a pile of hays."

We couldn't even get a spare key from the dorm mother, not with her gone until the very last minute before the new school year started. I could let Yr stay in my room and find a place to crash myself, but the bigger issue was her stuff. Judging by the slightly rumpled state of her clothes, I had a sinking suspicion they were the same ones she'd been wearing since her key disappeared.

"Leon," Yr said suddenly, her voice softer than usual, almost hesitant. "Sorry for inconveniencing you."

Oh, so she could apologize? That was new. And it actually sounded sincere. Yr wasn't a bad person, really. In fact, she could be entertaining as hell when she wasn't being a total disaster. Plus, her astral projection ability—being able to wander around in her dreams—was nothing short of amazing.

"It's fine," I said, waving her apology away. "I don't mind being inconvenienced every now and then. So, where were you when you first realized you lost it?"

She tilted her head slightly, her brow furrowing as she seemed to dig through the haze of her memory. After a moment, she sighed and shrugged. "No clue."

"No dice, huh..."

Relying on her memory was about as useful as relying on a broken condom.

"Alright," I said, thinking it through. "We could retrace your steps, check the places you've stayed, but honestly? That feels like pissing in the wind. I think the best option is for you to just stay here for now."

"Are you sure?" she asked, her sleepy eyes locking onto mine.

"Yeah," I replied. "I'll figure out somewhere else to sleep. As for clothes, I can lend you some of mine for now. They probably won't fit, but it's better than wearing the same outfit forever. Tomorrow, I'll pick up some stuff for you."

Yr looked at me, her heavy-lidded eyes filled with genuine gratitude. "Thank you," she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

She sounded as tired as she looked, but I could tell she really meant it.

"Alright, I'm heading out now," I said, gripping the door handle. "I'm going to lock the door. Is that fine?"

Her eyes widened ever so slightly, the faintest flicker of surprise passing through her drowsy expression. She still looked half-asleep, though, her messy hair falling over her face like she'd just rolled out of bed. "You're going out now? You're not staying here tonight?"

"The bed's too small for both of us, don't you think?" I replied.

She cocked her head, her confusion almost childlike. "But didn't you sleep here once with that Princess after you two had intercourse?"

My grip on the door tightened. "How do you even know about that?"

"I was flying around," she said, her tone so matter-of-fact it made my stomach churn. "You know, using my ability. I happened to come by and saw you two having intercourse."

I blinked. After the election? Yeah, that was the night Titania and I had... well, gotten closer. But the idea of Yr casually watching us like some kind of ghostly voyeur? That was unsettling. Her Astral Projection ability was no joke. Even someone like me, who could sense people's presence or feel their gaze, had no idea she was there. That ability of hers wasn't just great for spying—it was practically unfair.

"Is having intercourse some kind of prerequisite to sleeping next to you?" she asked suddenly, her voice still coated in that lazy, drowsy edge.

"What? No, of course not," I said quickly. Then I frowned, narrowing my eyes at her. "Wait a minute. Why the hell are we even talking about this? Nia and I sleeping together is normal—we're in a relationship. That doesn't mean—" I stopped myself, watching her closely. "Why do you sound like you're suggesting we sleep in the same bed?"

"I don't know," she murmured, her voice soft and unbothered, like she wasn't dropping a bombshell. "I just feel like I want to be close to you. Is that bad?"

What? She wanted to be close to me? My thoughts stumbled, tripping over themselves. I mean, sure, I'd managed to get her interested in me over the past few months and I'd already crossed one of her "requirements for domination," but I didn't think I'd done enough to make her feelings grow this much.

"Recently," she continued, her voice dropping to a near whisper, "I've been feeling really lonely without you. It's a strange feeling."

I exhaled heavily, running a hand through my hair. "Fine. I'll stay here," I said, the words leaving my mouth before I could think them through. "But I'm taking the couch."

"You can sleep next to me, Leon," she said, her sleepy eyes locking onto mine.

"Are you really okay with that?"

"I want you to be my pillow."

Her pillow, huh? Well, that didn't sound so bad. There was nothing inherently wrong with it... right?

"Well, I guess that's fine," I said, stretching as fatigue crept into my limbs. "I'm going to sleep. I feel tired and sluggish. How about you?"

"Fuaaaaaah~" she let out a long, lazy yawn, her eyes fluttering half-shut.

"Yeah, figured you'd be tired too," I said, watching her droopy expression.

I moved over to the bed, and she instinctively scooted to the edge, making just enough space for me. Slipping onto the mattress, I lay down carefully. The bed creaked beneath my weight, a sound that seemed louder in the quiet room. It was small—so cramped that I had to adjust myself just to fit.

Strange. When I'd slept with Titania, it didn't feel this cramped. Yr was much smaller than Titania, so this should've been more spacious, right? Then again, Titania had hugged me that night, her body pressed against mine, which naturally left no room for awkward spacing. Yr, however...

"Yr, can you get closer?" I asked, turning my head toward her.

"Okay," she replied softly, her voice carrying that sleepy tone. Without hesitation, she latched onto me, wrapping her arms and legs around me like a cicada clinging to a tree.

"Not that tight," I muttered, feeling her grip almost suffocate me.

She loosened her hold slightly, but her big, round, and still somewhat sleepy eyes were now locked onto mine. The way she stared—calm, curious, unbothered—made my chest tighten.

"What...?" I asked, raising a brow.

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she shifted her leg, her knee brushing against my groin. My body stiffened at the contact.

"What's this?" she asked innocently, her gaze dropping briefly before returning to mine.

"It's the part I use to have intercourse with Nia," I said bluntly. "And if you don't want to regret waking it up, you'd better stop rubbing your leg and just go to sleep."

I wasn't joking. I hadn't gotten any action today, and I was already wound tight. If she kept this up, there was no doubt my dick would wake up with a vengeance.

"Ah—too late, I guess," I muttered, feeling the inevitable stir beneath her touch.

Her eyes widened slightly, and then she spoke. "Hmm... It got hard."

## Chapter 538 - Sleepy Compensation (2)

"Hmm... It got hard."

Considering she'd been teasing it this whole time, there was no way it wouldn't have gotten this hard.

"Leon," she looked up at me with those same heavy-lidded eyes she'd been using to stare earlier. "What do I do with this? Should I take responsibility?"

Take responsibility? For this? I didn't know how to respond to that. Well, it was her fault I ended up like this. I'll admit, I was surprised she even suggested it. Honestly, I expected her to just fall asleep and leave me like this. But it seemed like she was serious about taking responsibility.

Would I enjoy it, though? Truthfully, it wasn't something I'd thought about doing, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't curious.

Reaching out, I let my hand settle on her butt, giving it a squeeze.

"Hmm..." she hummed softly, not resisting my touch, those sleepy eyes still fixed on me.

"I'm getting sleepy," she murmured, stifling a yawn.

Huh? Was she really going to leave me hanging like this? Was her sleepiness about to cockblock me? Maybe it was for the best.

"I'm going to sleep, so you can do whatever you want to me," she murmured, her voice heavy with exhaustion, before rolling onto her stomach, her cheek resting against the pillow.

What the hell? Did she even realize what she was saying or what could happen next? She didn't seem bothered by it, though—almost like she'd resigned herself to whatever I might do, so long as she was asleep.

But was it right to have sex with her while she slept? I'd done it before, sure, but those were times when the women I'd been with had passed out from me fucking them senseless. They'd lost consciousness only after hours of going at it. But this... this was different. She was intentionally opening herself up to me, fully asleep.

"Fuuu~... Fuuu~..."

Her light, rhythmic breaths filled the room, a steady hum that only drew my attention to her. She'd already drifted off, so fast it was almost surreal. I shifted to sit up, my gaze falling to her petite frame sprawled across the bed. The way her body curved into the mattress, her hips slightly raised, only served to emphasize the plumpness of her ass.

I licked my lips, my throat tightening as the sight consumed me. Her ass—round and firm—looked almost too perfect against her small, delicate figure. Even her casual sprawl had an unintentional allure, her legs slightly parted as if inviting me to take her. From this angle, her petite frame made her butt seem even rounder, a little on the plump side despite how small she was overall.



The subtle scent of her skin, still fresh from the bath, wafted toward me, blending with the faint musk of her sweat. I gulped, my throat suddenly dry. Now that I was looking at her closely, her body was undeniably enticing. Lewd. Maybe it was because she'd just bathed, her skin fresh and clean. Sure, her clothes were still dirty—she hadn't changed since her key got lost—but that only added to the strange allure. Or maybe it was just because I was horny as hell. Yeah, that had to be it. I hadn't gotten any action in too long, and my body was aching for it.

Before I knew it, my body moved on its own, positioning me on top of her.

"Fuu~... Fuuu~..."

Even though the bed creaked beneath my weight, she didn't stir. I edged closer, my hands finding their way to her ass. Grabbing a cheek in each hand, I gave them a firm squeeze. Just as I'd thought, her ass was soft with just the right amount of plumpness. Not enough to spill between my fingers, but enough to be a perfect, tantalizing fit. For her petite frame, it was almost unexpected—just another thing that made her so tempting.

Before I knew it, my breathing had turned heavy and ragged. I hadn't realized until this moment just how much Yr could arouse me. Honestly, I never would've thought it possible. But, I guess you learn something new about yourself every day.

The situation didn't make much sense, but who was I to complain? It'd be a waste for any man to turn down something so generously served up to him. I'd always wondered what it'd be like to do whatever I wanted with a girl while she slept, and now that the chance was here, my body acted on its own.

Lifting the hem of her dress, I revealed plain cotton panties clinging to her hips. They were simple, practical, the elastic slightly loose. Nothing flashy, nothing trying to be sexy, and yet somehow that made it all the more enticing. There was something raw and unfiltered about it—a reminder of how little effort she put into appearances and how much that simplicity added to her appeal.

"Unnn... Leon... Have you done it yet?" she mumbled, her voice hazy, almost dreamlike.

"Uh, no... Wait, are you even asleep?"

"Fu...~ hmmm..."

Her words trailed off into a soft hum, leaving me unsure if she was fully unconscious or teetering on the edge of awareness. Either way, it didn't matter—she'd said I could do whatever I wanted. She'd offered herself up to me with no strings attached, no complications.

Slipping my fingers into the waistband of her panties, I slowly peeled them down to her thighs, revealing her bare, untouched skin. My hands wandered over her, the smooth warmth of her flesh teasing my senses. She was impossibly soft to the touch, her body perfectly proportioned in ways I hadn't fully appreciated before.

My fingers found their way between her legs, gliding along her slit. The moment I touched her, I felt her warmth, her slickness already beginning to form. I traced the soft folds, running my fingers from her labia minora to her labia majora, the wetness coating my fingertips with every deliberate stroke. The faint sound of her body responding—a soft, almost imperceptible squelch—only fueled my desire.

The quiet, wet sounds of her arousal filled the air, subtle yet maddeningly erotic. Her body responded eagerly, her breathing hitching and cheeks flushing red as her arousal deepened.

"Fuuu...~ ah...~ Fuuu~..."

Her moans were soft and airy, like whispers that carried a weight of need.

I slid my other hand beneath her, cupping her breasts. They weren't as big as Titania's, but they fit perfectly in my palms, their firmness yielding under my touch. I kneaded them slowly, feeling the way her nipples hardened against my fingers. Pinching them gently, I twisted and tugged, eliciting more of those delicious sounds from her lips.

"Nnn... ah..."

Her voice was small and trembling, filled with quiet pleasure.

I shifted slightly, adjusting my angle as I slipped a finger into her vulva. The tightness gripped me immediately, her pussy resisting as though to challenge my entry. Her walls clenched around my finger, squeezing with incredible force, but I pressed forward, inch by inch, until I was in up to the first joint.

Rubbing against her inner walls, I focused on her entrance, massaging and teasing as if coaxing her body to open for me. Her breathing quickened, each exhale shaky and heavy.

"Ah, ahhh, nnn... aah, nnn..."

Her moans were soft and airy, like music meant only for my ears. The slickness of her arousal grew, her juices coating my finger as I continued. Every flick, every press of my fingertip against her sensitive spots seemed to draw her closer to the edge.

Her body began to tremble slightly, and her flushed cheeks only deepened in color. Her hips moved unconsciously, shifting against my hand as if seeking more.

"Ah... Leon~, that feels..." she mumbled, her voice breaking the silence, the haze of sleep slowly lifting.

I stopped for a moment, meeting her gaze. "What? Are you going to back out?"

If she wanted to stop, now was the time. I was ready to pull away and to let her off the hook.

But she surprised me. "N-No..." she said softly, her voice trembling. "But this isn't intercourse, right? You're just using your finger. Is this supposed to be intercourse? Are you feeling good with this?"

To be honest, even if a finger didn't have the same sensitivity as a dick, it still felt pretty damn good. Fingering her wasn't the same as actual sex, but the combination of her moans teasing my ears and the way she looked beneath me was more than enough to stimulate my senses. Sure, it wasn't as intense as thrusting into her with my cock, but it still sent a satisfying jolt of arousal through me.

"I do," I said, answering her earlier question. "But this is not intercourse." I paused, leaning closer. "I have to enter you here, with my dick. My dick is way bigger than my finger."

"Intercourse... is so complicated..." she muttered, her voice trailing off with a lazy, almost indifferent tone. "It's such a pain in the ass..."

"Well, now that you know that, are you planning to back out?" I asked.

She yawned, covering her mouth briefly. "I'm getting sleepy..." she murmured. "Just put it inside me, Leon~... I'll sleep while you do it..."

Her nonchalant response caught me off guard, but at this point, I was so pent up and hard that I couldn't care less. If she wasn't going to back down, then there was no reason to hold back. She was already dripping wet and ready for me.

I guess it's time. I'll slide into her now.

Chapter 539 - Sleepy Compensation (3)

I slid my pants down, the fabric brushing against my skin, followed by my boxers, freeing my throbbing cock from its confinement. The cool air hit me, making me exhale softly as I looked at Yr. She was lying on her stomach, her shirt hiked up just enough to expose her back, and her panties pulled down to reveal her bare, untouched ass. Her skin was smooth and pale, the curve of her buttocks almost too perfect to be real—cute yet tempting, as if daring me to touch.

My hand instinctively wrapped around my hardened shaft, stroking it slowly. The friction was dry, a little too much to be comfortable. With a quick spit into my palm, I smeared the saliva along my cock, the wetness making it glide easier.

"Fuuu~... Fuuu~..."

Yr's soft breaths were calm, almost serene, the rise and fall of her shoulders mesmerizing. Her vulnerability struck something deep inside me, igniting both desire and a strange sense of control. I moved over her, my body pressing against hers as I positioned myself above her.

I aimed my cock at her entrance, the swollen head brushing against her slick folds. She didn't react at first, but her breathing hitched, becoming heavier and more uneven, a clear sign her body was responding.

Slowly, I pushed my hips forward, applying pressure. The tip of my cock began to part her pussy lips, the warmth of her wetness enveloping me. Her body resisted at first, but her slickness made the glide smoother, like sinking into warm, molten butter that clung to every inch of me.

"Ah...!"

A soft sound escaped her lips, delicate and innocent, but it sent a jolt straight to my core.

"Leon~ S-Something strange is happening inside me..." she murmured, her voice laced with confusion yet tinged with curiosity. "Ah... Is this the reproductive organ you use in intercourse? Are we doing intercourse now?"

"Not yet," I replied, my voice husky as I held back the urge to thrust deeper.

I was only halfway in, her heat gripping me tightly, almost too tight. This was just the beginning. The true depth of her heat was still ahead.

"I'm going further," I told her, my voice steady despite the fire coursing through me.

"Intercourse really is a pain in the ass," she muttered, her lazy drawl somehow endearing even now. "There's so much complicated stuff..."

She continued rambling about how complicated this seemed. I couldn't help but think that, while sex wasn't exactly complicated, certain situations made it feel that way. Even so, I couldn't quite believe I was halfway inside Yr already. I never thought it would happen so soon, but I wasn't complaining.

"Hnn... Ah... Leon... It feels... a little painful..."

"It's only like this at the start," I assured her, my voice soft but firm.

Her petite frame was almost too tight, her walls clenching around me as I pushed further. Each inch was a struggle, but the way her body stretched to accommodate me was intoxicating.

"Ahhh...! Ah...! It... It hurts! Is it supposed to hurt this much, Leon?" Her voice wavered, and her sleepy eyes met mine, filled with discomfort. "Are you feeling good with this?"

"I do," I said honestly, my voice rough with need.

Even though I wasn't fully inside her yet, the heat and tightness of her pussy were enough to make my head spin. It felt so good, too good, like her body was made to take me, like I might melt from the sensation.

"Ahhh... Ahhhnnn...!"

Her body trembled beneath me, her back arching slightly as she adjusted to the intrusion. Her pussy clenched around me, each squeeze sending a wave of pleasure through me.

Finally, I pushed in fully, breaking through the last barrier. Her pussy gripped me completely, and I felt the resistance give way as I buried myself to the hilt.

"Ah...!"

She gasped sharply, clutching the pillow beneath her and burying her face into it. Her muffled cries were almost enough to send me over the edge, but I held back, wanting to savor every second of this.

"Are you okay?" I asked, my voice low but laced with genuine concern. I knew it must have hurt—defloration always did. I'd heard it enough times before. I'd never experienced defloration myself, but I'd been with enough women to know it wasn't easy for them the first time.



"I don't know..." she mumbled into the pillow. Her voice was muffled, but I could still make out her words. "It's a weird feeling, being stuffed with something so big inside. It's strange, but it's not bad either. I don't know how to explain it, but... I don't mind it."

Hearing her words, I understood her confusion. It was her first time, and the sensation was unfamiliar, but it seemed she was already starting to enjoy it. With that realization, I knew it was okay to continue.

"I'm going to move now," I growled, my voice low and thick with desire.

My hands pressed firmly into the bed on either side of her body. Slowly, I pulled my cock out, watching it glisten with her virgin blood mixed with her warm, slick juices. The sight alone made my breath hitch. Without hesitation, I thrust back inside, feeling her tight, wet walls grip me with an almost unbearable heat.

"Hnnn...! Mmmfff...! Mmph...~!"

She muffled her cries into the pillow, her fingers clutching the sheets so tightly her knuckles turned white. Her petite frame quivered beneath me, every nerve in her body responding to the relentless rhythm I set. Leaning forward, I covered her back with my chest, the heat of her skin searing against mine. I turned her head toward me, and as her dazed eyes met mine, I grabbed her delicate chin and claimed her lips fiercely.

"Gufu!? Nguu, nku... nchu... mnnn~..."

My tongue plunged deep into her mouth, dominating every inch of it. I poured saliva into her, making it impossible for her to speak. The wet slickness, the lewd sound of our tongues rubbing and clashing together, and the rough friction sent electric jolts of pleasure through me. Even though this was her first kiss, she didn't resist. Instead, she yielded completely, her lips trembling as she tried to follow my lead. Her wide, dazed eyes stared into mine, no longer sleepy but wide awake.

"Fuuuunnn, mmnnnn, nchu, nchu..."

Her tongue hesitated at first but soon began to respond, intertwining with mine as if begging for more.

When I finally pulled away, a thin trail of saliva connected our lips. She let out a soft, needy whimper and a hint of sadness flickered across her face. Her expression—half dazed, half desperate—screamed that she wanted more.

I didn't give her a moment of reprieve. Gripping her soft hips tightly, I lifted her ass high into the air, forcing her into an alluring arch. Her slender frame seemed so small compared to my grasp, her skin flushed pink and glistening with sweat. With one hand, I steadied her, and with the other, I drove my cock deep into her, setting a relentless, pounding rhythm.

"Aaaah... fuaaah, aaah, ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhh, aaah, funyaaaa...~!"

The obscene sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, each thrust sending a ripple through her petite body. Her cries were primal, desperate, as if she couldn't hold back the pleasure overtaking her.

"Aaannnn~ Ahhh...! M-My voice... I'm making weird... sounds~! Aaaahhh!"

Her petite body trembled violently as I fucked her, her hips jerking forward with each thrust. Her breathing became ragged, each exhale coming in short, sharp bursts through her nose. Her brows furrowed tightly, her lips parting to form a perfect O-shape, and her tongue lolled out, glistening with saliva.

She looked absolutely obscene, her face contorted in pure, unadulterated ecstasy.

The girl who once seemed so languid and always sleepy now had a completely debauched expression plastered across her flushed face.

Her pussy clung to me so tightly, especially at the entrance, like it wasn't going to let me go no matter what. It gripped me like an engagement ring wrapped snugly around my dick, sending waves of pleasure coursing through me. It felt fucking amazing.

"Ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahh...! I'm... I'm feeling very weird, Leon...! I feel like...! Hnnn...!"

Hearing her breathless voice, thick with pleasure, boosted my happiness to the sky and beyond. Yr was clutching the bed sheets so hard that her knuckles had turned white. She bit down on the pillow, her saliva soaking the fabric as her body quivered beneath me.

I kept pounding into her, going deeper and harder, each thrust pushing her further into bliss.

Her eyes started to roll back into her head, leaving only the whites visible, a look of absolute ecstasy taking over her face.

Suddenly, her pussy clenched around me even tighter.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!?"

She cried out, her voice a high-pitched scream that echoed in the room. Her body arched, her back curving like a bow before she collapsed forward, burying her face even deeper into the soaked pillow.

Chapter 540 - Sleepy Compensation (4)

Yr's breathing was ragged, her flushed face buried in the pillow, strands of her damp hair clinging to her cheeks. Her body trembled faintly, every inch of her skin glistening with sweat. She looked utterly wrecked, as if she'd just experienced something beyond ecstasy.

"Did you just cum?" I asked.

"I... I don't know," she murmured breathlessly, her words broken by the shivers still coursing through her body. "But I felt this shiver... it ran all the way down my spine, and then I jumped... I-I felt like I was soaring through the sky, and everything went black. Is... is that what cumming is?"

Her pink skin was practically glowing, her pussy still spasming faintly as if it couldn't let go of the intense pleasure. The way her body responded, trembling and flushed, left no doubt—she had climaxed, and hard.

"Then I'll continue," I told her, my voice laced with hunger as I repositioned myself.

I resumed pumping into her, my cock sliding in and out of her soaked pussy with ease, each thrust sending waves of heat through my body. My movements were deliberate yet relentless, my hips grinding into her as I leaned down to envelop her. My hands reached for her breasts, cupping them firmly through her clothes, the softness filling my palms as I kneaded them.

I brought my lips to her ear, my tongue tracing its delicate curve before my teeth grazed her earlobe. I bit down lightly, savoring the way her body jerked beneath me. The sensations were overwhelming her now—four points of stimulation at once. Her eyes flew open in a mix of panic and uncontrollable pleasure, her body writhing violently under my grasp.

"Ah... L-Leon... it feels... Aaaahh...!"

Her hands clawed at the bedsheets, her knuckles white from the strain. Her pussy was gripping my cock like a vice, its slick heat pulsating around me with every thrust. The wet, obscene sounds of her dripping cunt filled the room, each collision echoing like a symphony of depravity.

"Ahh, ah, ah, ahh, ahh, ah, fuaah, aaah, aahh...! It's weird...! This is weird...! Ahhh...!"

Her voice was trembling, her moans sweeter than I could have imagined. Seeing Yr like this—completely unraveled, her sleepy demeanor replaced by raw, unfiltered need—ignited something primal in me. A dark grin spread across my face as I fucked her, my cock plunging into her over and over, hitting her deepest spots.

"Ahh, it's so sensitive... Ahhh... I'm cumming and cumming again...! Ah, ah, ahhh... You're making me cum all over again, Leon...!"

Her juices spilled out in waves, coating my cock and dripping down her thighs, the wet slapping of our bodies only growing louder. Her walls were spasming violently, clamping down on me as if they never wanted to let go. Her face twisted with such sinful pleasure, her once sleepy eyes now wide and glazed with lust.

The satisfaction of seeing her fall apart under me was exhilarating. My heart raced with an intoxicating blend of adrenaline and a deep, primal sense of conquest. It was addicting, knowing I'd brought her to this state—knowing I'd utterly claimed her.

I wasn't done yet. Grabbing her wrists, I pulled her upright, her back arching as I yanked her toward me. Her breath hitched, her trembling body now pressed flush against mine. My hand slid beneath her clothes, finding her hardened nipples and pinching them.

"Uaaah... Ahhhhh... nghhh! Ahhhn, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhhh~!"

Her breasts were small, her nipples even smaller, but they fit snugly in my hands, their warmth and softness sending jolts of pleasure through my fingertips. I rolled her hardened nipples between my fingers, savoring her sharp gasps as I thrust deep into her pussy. The tight, wet heat of her walls clamped down on me, pulling me in with every movement. Her petite frame quivered beneath me, overwhelmed by the relentless pounding.

"Ahhhh...! Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah~!?"

Her moans tore through the room, loud and raw, as her head snapped back. Her pussy clenched around me, squeezing my dick so tightly it felt like it would snap. Her eyes rolled back, her tongue lolled out, and her flushed face twisted into an ahegao—completely lost in the ecstasy consuming her.

"Go... ugg..."

She sounded completely spent, like she'd reached her limit. I decided to finish her off. She'd already cummed so many times, but I hadn't yet. I was at my breaking point too, the heat coiling in my groin about to snap. My balls felt tight, the pressure coiling and building, ready to erupt.

With a guttural groan, I slammed into her one final time, burying myself to the hilt as my cum exploded into her. The thick, hot load flooded her pussy, and her body shook violently, overwhelmed by the sensation.

"Ahh... Ahhh...~! Ah... Uaaah... ah, haaa... ahhh..."

Her moans softened into whimpers, her body going limp as she collapsed into the pillow. My cum seeped out of her, mixing with her juices, a glistening mess between her trembling thighs.

I let myself fall onto her, my chest heaving as I struggled to catch my breath. Both of us panting, my breaths heavy against her shoulders. The room smelled of sweat, sex, and satisfaction.

After a moment, she stirred beneath me. Turning her head, she looked at me with those signature sleepy eyes, now free of lust's haze but still impossibly alluring.

"Did it feel... good for you, Leon?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"It did," I replied, brushing her damp hair from her face. "It was amazing. How about you? Did it feel good? Your first time having sex?"

She fidgeted, her cheeks flushing a deeper red. "I don't know... I don't know... maybe I like it as much as I like you, Leon... Does that make sense?"

My heart skipped a beat. "You like me?"

"I don't know," she mumbled again, her voice uncertain.

"Hm... But you just said... well, I guess you're not too sure yet," I said, a small smirk forming on my lips.

"Can you get off me? You're heavy... and I'm all sweaty now. Can I use your bathroom again?"

"Sure," I said, shifting off her. As soon as she slid off the bed, her legs buckled.

"My legs and hips... they're not working..."

Her body was clearly exhausted, her legs trembling from the intensity of it all. It wasn't surprising—being deflowered and fucked that hard would leave anyone weak.



I sighed and moved to help her. "I'll carry you there," I offered. "I'm going to shower too, so we can go together."

Sweeping her up in a princess carry, I held her close. Her arms wrapped around my neck instinctively, her petite frame pressing against mine. She was so light, her soft, warm body almost weightless in my arms, yet every touch of her skin sent sparks through me. Her body was so light and soft it felt like I was carrying a pillow, not a person.

As I carried her to the bathroom, I noticed her eyes on me—those sleepy, enigmatic eyes that seemed to hold a thousand thoughts. I couldn't tell what she was thinking, but there was something in her gaze, something soft and vulnerable.

Maybe she was starting to fall for me. She'd said she might like me, after all.

I entered the bathroom with her nestled in my arms, the faint scent of her sweat and our intimacy still clinging to the air. The bathroom wasn't anything special—just a simple setup you'd expect from the dorms of a bronze-class cadet. The space was tight, clearly designed for a single person. I hadn't seen the Silver Dorm yet, but I imagined their bathrooms might be similar in size. Maybe a little bit larger. The Gold Class, though? Their dorms were massive, more like luxury suites than student housing.

The bathroom felt snug with both of us inside, but Yr's petite frame meant she barely took up any space at all. Her sleepy eyes fluttered open briefly before closing again, and I could feel her relaxing further in my arms.

"Do you want to get in the tub?" I asked softly, my voice breaking the quiet hum of the room.

"Yes..." she murmured, her tone drowsy, as if she might drift off right there in my arms.

Gently, I lowered her into the tub. The porcelain felt cool beneath my hands, and she shivered when her skin made contact with it. The tub wasn't huge, but it was enough for the two of us if we squeezed in. For now, I focused on making her comfortable.

I turned on the faucet, letting the water run, but Yr immediately flinched at the cold spray.

"It's cold..." she whispered, her small body trembling slightly.

I frowned and waved a hand, summoning a gentle stream of heated water using magic. The liquid shimmered as I adjusted the temperature, pouring warmth into the tub until it was full.

"Fuuu..." she sighed, her body visibly relaxing as the heat enveloped her. Her head tilted back, resting against the edge of the tub, and for a moment, she looked utterly content.

While she soaked, I stepped into the shower to rinse myself off. The water cascading over me was a welcome relief, washing away the lingering evidence of our earlier passion. Once clean, I turned back to the tub. It wasn't exactly spacious, but I figured we could make it work.

Climbing in carefully, I slid into the water, adjusting myself to avoid bumping into her. Yr, sensing my presence, instinctively leaned back against me. Her delicate frame pressed into my chest, her wet hair

tickling my skin. She shifted slightly, and I couldn't help but notice how her back pressed against my cock, her soft body fitting perfectly against mine.

Despite the simplicity of the moment, an unexpected warmth spread through me—not just from the water, but from the intimacy of having her so close. Her trust, her vulnerability—it made me feel like we were something more than just two people sharing a moment.