

## The World 561

### Chapter 561: Epilogue 10 - New School Year, New Troubles (1)

Duncan, of all people, had somehow managed to bag himself a girlfriend. And if the rumors were to be believed, she was a first-year student at the academy.

"Wait, how the hell does that happen? It's only the first day!" Raymond blurted out, his disbelief hitting like a hammer.

"Maybe love at first sight?" I said, tilting my head slightly. "It's not that uncommon for two people to just click in an instant."

Love at first sight was more real than people gave it credit for. Attraction wasn't something you could control—it was raw and primal. The heart and mind didn't take votes on who you'd fall for; it just happened. And honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if a first-year had fallen for Duncan right then and there. Maybe she was drop-dead gorgeous, and he, in his simple-minded way, just accepted it. Hell, it could even be a childhood friend of his, a girl younger by a year, who had finally entered the academy and confessed to him. Maybe they'd been carrying feelings for each other all this time, and fate just lined up the timing.

But Raymond wasn't buying it.

"No. Duncan? That dumbass? There's no way he'd fall for a woman at first sight. His skull is made of muscle. He doesn't think, he just acts," Raymond scoffed, arms crossed. His words were brutal, but that's just how friends were—merciless in their honesty.

"Well then, I'm out of ideas," I admitted, exhaling.

Duncan getting a girlfriend was shocking, but if I was being real, it was only a matter of time. Sure, he was... stupid, but he wasn't bad-looking. In fact, his face had that rough, rugged appeal—sharp features, a naturally intimidating stare. He wasn't exactly a hunk, but he wasn't someone women would ignore either.

"I'll bet my left nut this woman is just using him," Raymond said, his tone flat. "Probably some broke woman who sees Duncan as an easy mark. She'll drain him dry, suck out whatever she can, and then toss him away like a used rag the moment he's not useful anymore."

"That's... a very realistic assumption," I muttered. "But is that really what's happening? I mean, Duncan wasn't born into some rich, prestigious family or anything."

"Exactly, and that's why it's suspicious," Raymond said, eyes narrowing. "That's why I need to check this thing out myself. It could be genuine, sure, but knowing Duncan? No way. He falls too easily. All a girl has to do is smile at him, and his dumb ass is ready to get on one knee. And as much as I shit on him, I can't just sit back and let him get played like a idiot."

So, despite how much he roasted him, Raymond did care.

After some searching, we finally spotted Duncan. And sure enough, he was talking to a girl.

But the second I laid eyes on her, something slammed into my gut.

She wasn't wearing the academy's uniform. Instead, she was wrapped in an elegant, gothic Lolita outfit—black lace, frilled cuffs, knee-high boots with an ornate design. It looked like she had just stepped out of a different era entirely, a walking embodiment of dark beauty.

And then, there was her presence.

It hit me like a sledgehammer.

She was... dangerous.

Her black hair, silky and flowing, absorbed the light instead of reflecting it. Her crimson eyes weren't just red—they glowed, burning with something unnatural. And that aura... it wasn't just dark, it was hungry. A swirling, devouring force, thick and suffocating. It was as if the very space around her was warping, pulling inward like gravity itself was bending to her will.

If you were just a normal person, you wouldn't see it.

Which was why Duncan didn't notice a thing.

And neither did Raymond.

But me? I saw it.

And she saw me.

Her gaze lingered—no, it latched onto me, like an unspoken recognition. A silent, knowing smirk tugged at her lips, as if she had already decided something.

"Oh, uh... hey, you two."

Duncan's usual boisterous confidence was nowhere to be found. Instead, he stood there, rubbing the back of his neck, a nervous chuckle escaping his lips. His thick muscles might've made him look like some meathead warrior, but right now, he was fidgeting like a schoolboy caught stealing cookies.

"Oh, uh... hey, you two." Duncan scratched the back of his neck, his lips curling into a shy smile. His usual confidence was nowhere to be seen. "I... uh, don't really know how to explain this, but I kinda got myself a girlfriend."

He let out a nervous chuckle before adding, "S-Should I introduce you to them?"

"No need, senior," a smooth, feminine voice interrupted before he could even turn toward her.

Her presence alone demanded attention.

With slow, deliberate steps, she glided forward, her movements so fluid they almost felt unnatural—like a specter masquerading as a human. Then, without breaking eye contact, she grasped the hem of her skirt with practiced elegance and lifted it just enough to perform a perfect curtsy. One foot slid behind the other, her form lowering with a grace that belonged to nobility.

She smiled.

A soft curve of the lips, but her eyes... her eyes were sharp.

"Greetings, seniors," she murmured, her voice carrying an eerie calmness. "Estelle. Estelle Eclair. It's a pleasure to meet you."

The moment she said her name, a cold weight settled in my gut.

Eclair.

Just as I expected. She was one of Lilith's five fragments.

Which meant she was like me.

For a moment, I simply stared, my mind processing the sheer impossibility of it. Another Eclair—right here, in front of me. I had only recently encountered Leonora, and now Estelle?

The odds were too low for this to be a coincidence.

I had assumed I wouldn't run into another fragment for decades. That I had time to figure this thing out before another piece of Lilith resurfaced.

But the world had other plans.

Now, I knew the five fragments in their entirety.

Elise.

Leonora.

Veronica.

Estelle.

And me.

Five separate shards of a long-dead woman. And if they were ever combined again... Lilith would be reborn.

Solaris had warned me.

To resurrect Lilith, the five pieces had to become one. And I—whether I wanted it or not—was her vessel.

That was why I had this ability.

The power to steal the abilities of any woman I dominated. Any woman I had sex with.

It wasn't just some perverse gift. It was a key.

A mechanism to reunite the lost fragments. If I collected the powers of the four remaining Eclairs... Lilith would rise again.

But before I could spiral further into that thought, Estelle suddenly moved.

Leaning in.

Closer.

Too close.

Her scent invaded my senses—something rich, intoxicating, laced with a sweetness that shouldn't have been so alluring. Her lips hovered by my ear, so close I could feel the warmth of her breath dancing along my skin.

For a split second, I thought she was going to press her lips to my neck.

The air between us tightened. Heavy. Suffocating. My muscles tensed. My instincts screamed.

And then—

"I'm most looking forward to knowing you, Senior Leon."

Her whisper slithered into my ears, velvety and teasing, dripping with a quiet amusement that sent ice down my spine.



As she pulled back, her face shifted—her gentle, polite smile warping into something mischievous.

Almost predatory.

She knew.

She knew exactly who I was.

That, like her, I was also an Eclair.

"O-Oh..."

From the corner of my eye, I noticed something shift in Raymond. His entire demeanor changed in an instant. The suspicion that had been written all over his face just moments ago? Gone. Completely erased, as if his entire tirade about Duncan being scammed had never even happened.

Instead, he looked... stunned.

No—more than stunned. He looked entranced.

Like something about Estelle had flipped a switch in his brain, replacing his earlier skepticism with something dangerously close to admiration.

And she knew it.

Estelle turned her gaze toward Raymond, her lips curling into a slow, seductive smile.

"Well then," she said, her voice smooth as silk, "I'm sorry, seniors, but Senior Duncan has kindly offered to show me around the academy. It is my first year, after all, and I don't quite know my way around yet. I'll be borrowing him for a little while."

That voice—gentle, sweet, yet laced with an unspoken authority.

It wasn't a request. It was a statement.

And just like that, the conversation was over.

"W-Well, uh... sorry, guys," Duncan said, scratching his cheek awkwardly. "I'll catch up with you two later."

With that, Estelle gently wrapped her hands around Duncan's arm, her grip almost possessive, and led him away from us.

Raymond?

He didn't move. Didn't even attempt to argue.

He just stood there.

Silent. Stunned. His earlier energy completely drained from his body.

And honestly?

I wasn't much better.

Because this wasn't just about Duncan.

It wasn't just about some random girl suddenly latching onto our muscle-brained friend.

No—this was something else entirely.

I had now encountered all the Eclairs—the fractured remnants of Lilith.

One by one, as if something was deliberately pulling us together.

As if fate itself was weaving a path for us to meet.

As if the gears of destiny were turning—moving toward one inevitable conclusion.

Lilith's resurrection.

Chapter 562: Epilogue 10 - New School Year, New Troubles (2)

The new school year had barely begun, yet it wasted no time in throwing surprises our way. Just when we thought we'd had our fill of unexpected developments—especially after the whole Estelle Eclair incident—another bombshell dropped on us. Though it didn't quite reach the same level of shock, it was still enough to send ripples through the academy.

For one, there were new professors. Apparently, the second-year teaching staff had undergone some changes, with Rose and Sesillian being replaced.

The first of the newcomers was a man—not exactly young. In fact, "old" might have been an understatement. His face was heavily lined with deep wrinkles, his once-dark hair had long since faded to a weary gray, and his beard stretched down in a wild, unkempt mass. Most noticeably, he was bald, with a smooth dome that gleamed slightly under the classroom lights.

But what stood out even more than his age was his attire. The man looked as if he had stepped right out of a fantasy novel. A long, flowing magician's cloak billowed slightly as he walked, and in his grip was an oversized wand—no, a staff, given its sheer size. To top it all off, he wore a ridiculously large hat that practically swallowed the upper half of his head. Maybe he was using it to hide his baldness? A desperate attempt, if so.

His name, from what I had gathered, was Melnard Curious. And given how much he looked like a wizard straight out of a fairy tale, I couldn't help but wonder if his family name had something to do with it.

The second professor was a woman—though calling her that felt a little strange, even if it wasn't inaccurate. She barely reached my chest in height, her small frame making her seem more like a young girl than an actual professor. Her long green hair cascaded down her back, contrasting with the thin, circular glasses perched delicately on her nose.

Like the first one, she too had the aura of a magician—except her robes seemed more refined, embroidered with intricate golden patterns that shimmered faintly under the light.

Her name was Freta. No surname, no further details. Just Freta.

But the surprises didn't stop there. As I scanned the list of professors assigned to our classes, my eyes landed on two very familiar names.

Irene and Gabrielle.

Before I had time to process it, Trill nudged me from the side.

"Hey, Leon."

I turned my head slightly. She was leaning into me, resting against my shoulder as she casually scrolled through her phone. A lollipop rested between her lips, the stick tilting at a slight angle as she absentmindedly sucked on it.

On my other side, Yr had completely given up on staying awake. She had slumped against me, using my body as a makeshift pillow. Her mouth hung open slightly, a thin line of saliva trailing from the corner of her lips.

"Yeah?" I responded, shifting slightly to accommodate both of them.

"You free tomorrow night?" she asked, her tone casual, though there was an underlying playfulness to it.

I furrowed my brows slightly. "I don't think I have anything planned. Why?"

"Nothing much." Trill smirked, twirling the lollipop in her mouth. "We just want you around that day, that's all."

Her words carried a certain weight, but I couldn't quite figure out what she was implying. Still, there was no harm in going along with whatever they had planned.

Before I could think too much about it, the door swung open.

Click.

A sudden shift in the air. The classroom, previously filled with idle chatter, fell into a hush.

Footsteps echoed against the floor as Irene walked in.

She looked... the same as ever. No, actually—wait. Had she somehow turned up the intensity of her usual aura? There was something different about her today—something more dangerous.

Her every step exuded a hypnotic confidence, her presence alone enough to awaken the class from its sluggish morning state. There was an unmistakable heat surrounding her, an invisible force that made it impossible to look away.

It wasn't just beauty—it was a kind of raw, untamed allure.

The room stirred as eyes locked onto her. Even those who had been half-asleep just moments ago were suddenly wide awake.

It was as if a Goddess of Lewdness had descended upon us.

She reached the front of the room, pausing for a moment before offering a slow, knowing smile.

She knows exactly what she's doing.

"Good morning to all of you in the Bronze Class," she greeted, her voice smooth and velvety. "I will be your teacher for the General Magic Spells subject."

She let the words linger, scanning the class before continuing.

"This is my first time teaching this subject, so please bear with me. If there's anything you don't understand, don't hesitate to ask, and I'll be sure to explain it to you."

Her gaze flickered ever so slightly in my direction, a subtle smirk playing at her lips.

This... was going to be an interesting class.

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After class, Irene called me into her office—for what was clearly going to be a very intimate meeting.

It wasn't exactly surprising. Considering we hadn't done anything of the sort during the Spring Vacation, and I had been ignoring her calls and messages, it was only natural that she'd seek me out like this.

And considering just how obscenely lewd she had been today, maybe—just maybe—I had been craving this just as much as she had.

The moment the door clicked shut behind us, she didn't waste a single second.

Her body collided against mine, her soft, curvaceous frame pressing into me with desperate hunger. Our lips crashed together, fusing in a heated, almost violent kiss. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth, wet and slick, twisting and curling around mine like a serpent, claiming me.

I retaliated, plunging my tongue deep into hers, filling her mouth with my saliva as I sucked on her lips, drawing out a muffled moan from her throat. The obscene schlick of our messy, open-mouthed kisses echoed in the office, only growing wetter as we devoured each other.

Her massive breasts—soft yet incredibly firm—crushed against my chest, the warmth of her body seeping through the fabric of her blouse. I could feel every tantalizing curve molding against me, her scent—intoxicating and sweet—flooding my senses and making my cock throb painfully within my pants.

After what felt like an eternity, she finally pulled away, a thin, glistening strand of saliva connecting our lips before breaking apart.

"It's been so long..." she murmured, her voice dripping with longing, her eyes glazed over with hunger. "You've been ignoring me... I felt really sad, you know? I didn't even know what I did."

"I was just busy," I replied, though it sounded like a pathetic excuse even to me.

"You could have at least spared me some time, you know?" she pouted, her fingers trailing teasingly down my chest. "I prepared myself for you to come, you know? I was always so hot and bothered..."

I didn't know how to respond to that—not that it mattered.

Before I could say anything, she suddenly turned around, stepping forward until her hips pressed against her desk.

Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, she bent over.

The sight in front of me was mouthwatering.

Her exquisite ass—perfectly round and tantalizingly plump—was right there, still tightly hugged by her pencil skirt. The taut fabric clung to her curves in a way that made it look painted on, emphasizing the seductive shape of her hips and thighs.

She pressed her palms against the desk, arching her back as she swayed her hips, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper.

"I'm hot and bothered now too... And it's been so long since you've touched me." She wiggled her ass, her tone dripping with need. "I want you to fuck me today, Leon."

That was all I needed to hear.

There was no stopping now—not with the way my blood was boiling with lust, not with the way my cock was already straining painfully against my pants.

I stepped forward, closing the distance between us in an instant, leaning over her as my hands slid around her waist—

And then upward.

My fingers found their way to her perfect, lush breasts, molding around their soft, voluptuous curves.

"Hnn... Your hands... Oh, how I missed your rough hands..." she moaned, pushing her body back into me, her breath growing heavier.

Even through the fabric of her blouse, her breasts felt incredible—warm, supple, and so full, as if they had grown even larger since the last time I had touched them. I squeezed them, reveling in the way her body shuddered under my touch, my cock twitching at the way she whimpered against the desk.

"You have spare clothes, right?" I murmured into her ear, my voice low and teasing.

"H-Huh...? Y-Yeah, I do," she stammered, her voice laced with anticipation.

A smirk curled on my lips.

I didn't hesitate.

I grabbed the front of her blouse with both hands—

And ripped it open.

The crisp sound of fabric tearing filled the office as buttons flew across the room, bouncing against the floor. Her magnificent breasts spilled free, bouncing slightly from the sudden movement, only barely restrained by the thin lace of her bra.

The sight made my cock throb, a primal hunger igniting in my veins.

"Leon, you..." she gasped, turning her head to look back at me, her face flushed a deep crimson. But her lips curled into a naughty smile, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"I figured since you have spare clothes, I could just wreck what you're currently wearing," I murmured, my voice thick with desire as I pressed my hardened cock against her plump, round ass.

She let out a small gasp, then, ever so teasingly, began to grind against me—rolling her hips in slow, deliberate circles to feel my stiffness.

"Well... if you want," she purred, her voice a velvety whisper, "You can wreck it all."

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As soon as she gave her breathless permission, I pressed myself against her, grinding my hardened cock between the soft, plump cheeks of her ass. Even with layers of fabric between us—my pants and her tight pencil skirt—the friction sent sharp jolts of pleasure coursing through my body. Each slow, deliberate thrust rubbed my length against the supple flesh of her ass, and I could feel the heat radiating through the material.

"Leon, please... don't tease me any longer..." she whimpered, her voice dripping with desire as she instinctively pushed back against me, grinding her ass in response.

Despite the fact that she wasn't a succubus, while I, in contrast, had the essence of one, she was the one intoxicating me with the sheer potency of her pheromones. They filled the air like an irresistible drug, each breath I took making my mind hazy with desire. The scent curled into my lungs, traveling straight to my brain, overwhelming my senses with raw, primal hunger.

"Alright then," I murmured, my voice deep with intent. My fingers found the edges of her tight pencil skirt, and I slowly peeled it upward, the fabric stretching across her thighs before folding over itself at her waist.

The sight that greeted me made my cock throb painfully against my pants. She was clad in sheer-to-waist black pantyhose, the material hugging her flawless curves like a second skin. The dark transparency barely concealed her black lace panties, a delicate, intricate design that teased at the treasures beneath. My throat went dry, my Adam's apple bobbing as I swallowed hard, my fingers twitching with the need to rip through the fragile fabric.

"You can tear through that too... if you want," she whispered, glancing back at me with hooded eyes.

Her words sent a shudder down my spine, my instincts flaring with a need so intense it made my breath hitch. Even if she hadn't given permission, I would have done it regardless.

Gripping the soft material in both hands, I pulled sharply, tearing it apart with a loud, satisfying rip. The sound echoed in the dimly lit room, followed by the sight of her delicate, dripping core being fully exposed. As soon as the fabric gave way, the thick, intoxicating scent of her arousal hit me like a tidal wave. My pupils dilated, my mind fogging with the sheer potency of it.

Faint wisps of heat visibly rose from between her thighs, a testament to how hot and eager she was. The air around her shimmered with warmth, and I could see her slick juices glistening under the dim light, a fresh trail already trickling down the insides of her thighs.

Kneeling behind her, I brought my face inches away from her exposed sex, breathing in her scent like a man starved. It was so rich, so decadent that it made my head spin.

"I-It's embarrassing, Leon... Don't put your nose there..." she squirmed, her voice shaky with embarrassment, yet her body trembled with anticipation.

Ignoring her weak protests, I reached out, hooking my fingers around the edge of her lacy panties and pulling them to the side. My breath caught in my throat at the sight—her wet, glistening folds, flushed a deep pink from arousal. She was already soaking, her juices pooling at the entrance before slowly dripping down, forming a tantalizing string of nectar that stretched toward the floor.

"Ahh... Nooo..." she whimpered again, her legs trembling slightly.

I traced a finger along the swollen lips of her pussy, parting them gently to reveal the delicate, glistening pink within. The moment I did, a fresh rush of her juices spilled out, trailing down her thighs in thick rivulets.

Before a single drop could reach the floor, I leaned in, catching it on my tongue. The taste exploded across my senses—tangy, slightly sweet, and so incredibly addictive.

Without hesitation, I delved deeper, sliding my tongue into her dripping entrance, lapping up her arousal as I explored every inch of her slick heat.

"Hyaaan~!"

She let out a sweet, shuddering moan, her back arching sharply as pleasure wracked through her body. Her fingers curled into fists, gripping onto the surface before her as her legs shook under my relentless assault.

Her taste was just as incredible as I remembered—sour with a faint underlying sweetness, a flavor that made my cock throb unbearably with need.

I finally pulled away, standing up as my hands moved to my belt, the buckle clicking open with a deliberate, metallic sound. My eyes roamed over her trembling figure, drinking in every detail. Her long, violet hair cascaded down her back in silken waves, the strands shimmering under the dim light. Her body, from this angle, was utterly sinful—curves that could make any man weak in the knees, a back that arched so beautifully, leading down to an ass so plump and inviting.

This angle... it was perfection. It revealed everything about her. Everything that made her irresistible.

I finally freed my cock from the confines of my pants, the thick, throbbing shaft standing proudly, veins pulsing with anticipation. The cool air kissed its heated length, heightening the aching need within me. As I pressed the engorged tip against her drenched, quivering entrance, a rush of warmth greeted me, her arousal seeping out to coat my swollen head.

"Uuuunnn..."

Irene whimpered, her body trembling as my cockhead nestled between her slick, swollen lips. Her heat was intoxicating, a feverish wetness that begged to be filled. Then, with one powerful thrust, I forced her pussy open, stretching her as I buried myself inside her tight, velvety depths.



"Ahnnn~, ah...!"

Her walls clenched around me in an instant, the soft, rippling flesh sucking me in, gripping me like a vise the moment my cock kissed the entrance of her cervix. The overwhelming sensation of being swallowed by her molten core sent a shudder down my spine.

"Ahh, Leon... Your cock... it's so hard inside me... it's so big..."

Her voice was breathless, laced with pure lust, her words only fueling the primal need burning inside me. I tightened my grip on her soft, curvy hips, my fingers sinking into the supple flesh as I began to move.

Clap. Clap. Clap.

The wet slaps of our bodies colliding filled the air, echoing through the office with each deep, relentless thrust. The sheer pleasure surged through me like electricity, every nerve in my body tingling as I lost myself in the slick heat of her cunt. My cock throbbed inside her, dragged along the tight, pulsing ridges of her inner walls.

"Aaah, aah, ah, ah, aaah, aaahnnn~, aaah!"

Her moans rose in pitch, each cry dripping with pleasure as I pounded into her from behind, forcing her to brace herself against the desk. The lewd squelching of her soaked pussy mixed with the raw, animalistic sounds of our fucking. My head spun from the pleasure, a flood of dopamine drowning my thoughts, leaving only the primal need to claim her.

"Ah, aaah, aah, yes, it feels so good~! It's been so long~!"

I could feel it—her insides fluttering, squeezing, milking me with every thrust. Sweat dripped down our flushed, heaving bodies, the musky scent of sex thickening the air, wrapping around us like an intoxicating fog.

"Aaaaaahnnnnnn~!"

Suddenly, her body convulsed, her inner muscles clamping down on me with an almost unbearable tightness. I could feel the telltale pulsing of her orgasm approaching, a powerful surge that threatened to push me out.

"Uaaaaah...! Aaah, aaah, haaaa~!"

The moment I pulled out, a powerful gush of warm liquid squirted from her trembling pussy, arcing through the air before splashing onto the floor. Her entire body quivered, thighs shaking, her breath coming in ragged pants as the orgasm wracked her frame.

"Haaa, haaa... I'm sorry, Leon. It's been a while since we last did this, so I've become overly sensitive..."

"It's fine," I murmured, my gaze locked onto her flushed, panting form. "In fact, when you came, you looked incredibly erotic."

"Fufufu... I'm glad you think so," she purred, her lips curling into a seductive smile. With graceful movements, she climbed onto the desk, her long legs spreading invitingly as she lay back against the cool surface. "Then, why don't we do it while facing each other? Savor my lewd face as you fuck me."

Her violet eyes behind her glasses shimmered with heat, her gaze lowering to my fully erect cock, still glistening with her juices. She bit her lower lip, her expression filled with longing and hunger.

I stepped between her parted thighs, leaning over her, pressing my body against hers. Her large, supple breasts flattened against my chest, her hardened nipples grazing my skin. Her heat enveloped me, our bodies slick with sweat. As I positioned myself at her entrance, the head of my cock slid against her swollen folds, smearing her arousal over the sensitive tip.

"Ah... Ahhh... Nnnn..."

Her hips twitched, a gasp slipping past her lips as I pushed forward, the thick head of my cock forcing its way inside. Her inner walls stretched around me, parting inch by inch as I buried myself into her slick, clenching heat.

"Ah, aaaah, aahh... Yess... Your cock... is filling me again..."

Her voice trembled with pleasure, her insides gripping me like a vice, sucking me in deeper. The sensation was unbearable—her tight, wet walls wrapping around me, pulsating with need. Every inch I pushed inside only drove her deeper into ecstasy, her trembling hands gripping the edges of the desk as she surrendered to the overwhelming pleasure.

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I drove my cock deep into Irene's soaked, convulsing pussy, the swollen head slamming against her cervix with a wet, obscene squelch. Her entire body jolted, a shudder rolling through her spine as her velvety walls clenched down hard, as if trying to milk me. A lewd, needy moan tore from her lips.

"Mmnnnn~!"

Her pussy quivered in delight, spasming around my cock as if it had finally received what it had been desperately craving. The overwhelming sensation of being stretched and filled completely made her climax almost instantly. Her thighs trembled, and her juices gushed out, soaking my shaft in her arousal.

Her legs coiled tightly around my waist, her heels digging into my back, locking me in place. She wasn't letting go. Not until she had wrung every last drop from me. The desperate way she clung to me, her body begging for more, made something snap inside me.

A fire ignited in my core. I couldn't hold back anymore.

I pulled back slowly, feeling the slick heat of her pussy drag along my length, every ridge and fold of her inner walls squeezing around me, unwilling to let me go. Then, I thrust back in, hard.

"Ah, ahhh, ahhhn, ah, ah, ah, aaaaah~!"

Her cries echoed through the office as I picked up my pace, my hips slamming into hers in a relentless rhythm. Each thrust sent a wet, smacking sound through the room, the obscene noises mixing with the intoxicating scent of sweat and sex that thickened the air.

Her body writhed beneath me, her fingers clutching at the desk, her back arching in ecstasy. Her glasses, once perfectly perched on her delicate nose, had slipped down, lopsided and fogged from her heavy breaths. Her eyes were hazy, unfocused, lost in the pleasure that was consuming her entirely.

"Aaah, Leon... Aaah, it feels good! It feels so good!"

Her voice was shaky, her words broken by the relentless pounding. Every thrust sent her deeper into a state of unrestrained lust, her once-pristine composure now completely shattered.

The desk beneath us creaked violently, rocking with our movements as I drove myself deeper into her. Her pussy was gripping me so tightly, the heat and pressure unbearable, coaxing me closer to my peak.

Then, I saw it.

Her lips parted in a silent moan, her brows furrowing as her entire face twisted into an expression of absolute bliss. Her tongue lolled out slightly, her breathing uneven, her pupils rolling back as if she had ascended to another plane of pleasure.

The perfect ahgao.

"Aaah, aaah, L-Leon, I'm cumming! Please, cum with me! Let's cum... together!!!"

Her desperate plea sent a violent shudder through me. My cock twitched inside her, throbbing with the need to release.

I gritted my teeth, my hands gripping her hips possessively as I pounded into her with reckless abandon, the sheer intensity of my thrusts sending her entire body shaking. The desk beneath us rattled, books and papers tumbling to the floor, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing like a sinful symphony.

"Ah, ahhh, ahh, ahhhnn, aaaah!"

Her moans reached a fever pitch, her walls tightening even more as she convulsed around me.

I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Kuh...!"

A surge of raw pleasure shot up my spine as I plunged deep, my cock throbbing as I finally came. Thick, hot spurts of cum flooded her insides, filling her completely.

"Aaaaaahnnnnnnnnnn~!!! Ahh, ahhh! Haaaaa!"

Her body arched, her back lifting off the table as her own orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her pussy milked me for everything I had, her walls fluttering greedily, desperate to keep every last drop.

I held her there, buried inside her, making sure she took every ounce of my seed before finally pulling out. The moment I did, a thick glob of creamy white cum spilled from her stretched entrance, dripping onto the desk below in messy strings.

But I wasn't done yet.

The last remnants of my release still lingered in my cock, the pressure building as I stepped around the desk where her head lay. Her glazed-over eyes slowly looked up at me, dazed and unfocused, her lips still parted as if expecting more.

With a final twitch, I let go.

A thick, sticky rope of cum shot across her flushed face, streaking over her cheeks, coating her lips, and splattering onto her glasses. She flinched slightly, then let out a shaky breath, her chest heaving as she lay there, completely spent.

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We decided to end it there. Though she still wanted more, the afternoon class loomed over us, forcing us back to reality. Lingering too long in her office would be risky, no matter how tempting the idea of another round was.

"So, how about it, Leon?" Irene purred, her voice laced with mischief. "Is it finally time for you to choose me over your other women?"

Her violet eyes gleamed as she spoke, an alluring mixture of seduction and challenge. As we redressed, I couldn't help but admire her—her delicate fingers smoothing out the creases in her blouse, her posture exuding effortless grace. But what truly held my gaze was her body. Even after claiming her just moments ago, the sight of her still sent heat pulsing through my veins.

She was an absolute masterpiece. The kind of woman men would fight and die for. Her curves were sinful, her scent intoxicating, and the memory of how her body had quivered beneath me was enough to stir a deep, possessive hunger in my core.

And the thought... the undeniable truth... that my sperm was now swimming inside her womb filled me with a primal sense of satisfaction. It was a conqueror's thrill, an intoxicating rush that made my head spin.

Even so, no matter how much I wanted her, I couldn't give up all my other women just for her alone. I cherished them too. Each one held a place in my heart, and to discard them for one woman, no matter how irresistible, was simply unthinkable.

"I don't think I'll be leaving all my women just for one Irene," I said, fastening the last button of my shirt. A smirk tugged at my lips. "Although, I wouldn't mind if you joined my harem instead."

"Fufufu, I won't." She chuckled softly, adjusting her glasses. "I don't like the idea of sharing you, much less sharing you with someone like Gabrielle. I hate the very thought of it. The idea of giving you my whole heart while you divide yours among so many others... It feels a little unfair, don't you think?"



"I don't see much of a difference," I replied with a nonchalant shrug.

"Well, for me, it's everything," she said firmly. Then, with a smirk curling at the edge of her lips, she leaned closer, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper. "I know stealing you away from all your women will be a long and difficult battle... but I won't give up. I won't stop until you're mine and mine alone."

She winked at me, and damn, it was sexy. Her glasses still had faint traces of my cum on them, the evidence of our passion lingering like a mark of ownership.

"You still have cum on your glasses, you know?" I pointed out.

At my words, she removed them and held them up, inspecting them with a thoughtful hum. Then, locking eyes with me, she slowly brought them to her lips. Her tongue flicked out, dragging over the lenses in a slow, deliberate motion, licking away the remnants of my release with an expression of pure, unashamed sensuality.

She knew exactly what she was doing. And damn, she did it well.

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The afternoon at the academy was as mind-numbing as the morning had been. The same monotonous lectures. The same rigid principles we had been forced to memorize since our first year. It was a never-ending cycle of boredom, repeated over and over again.

The weight of the dull atmosphere pressed down on the classroom. Students fidgeted in their seats, eyes glazed over with disinterest. I wasn't any better. My focus drifted, and I had to fight back a yawn, my body resisting the urge to slump forward in my chair.

Gabrielle was the one teaching now. It had only been a week since we last fucked, but even so, I couldn't help but let my gaze roam over her body. She was just as stunning as Irene—every curve, every movement, dripping with effortless allure.

The memory of them together... their bodies entwined, their moans filling the air as I had them both at the same time... it sent a shiver of anticipation through me. Despite their burning hatred for each other, I had managed to bring them into a threesome.

And now, all that remained was finding Rose.

Once I had her, I could finally turn that threesome into a mind-blowing foursome.

However, I had no idea where Rose even was at the moment. Hopefully, she was doing alright.

Chapter 565: Epilogue 10 - New School Year, New Troubles (5)

The afternoon class finally came to an end, releasing me from the suffocating grip of boredom that had plagued the entire school day. As the final lecture wrapped up and the professor bid us farewell, I wasted no time gathering my things, slipping out of the classroom before the usual flood of students crowded the halls. A sense of relief washed over me—I could finally breathe.

The crisp afternoon air greeted me the moment I stepped outside, carrying the faint scent of damp earth and blooming flowers. My footsteps echoed against the stone pathways as I weaved through clusters of lingering students, their idle chatter blending into an indistinct hum. The golden sunlight filtering through the towering academy walls painted the courtyard in a soft, warm glow, casting long shadows that danced with the gentle sway of the trees.

Then, my gaze landed on the grand fountain at the heart of the courtyard. Water cascaded from the intricately carved stone, its rhythmic splashing a soothing contrast to the surrounding noise. But my attention wasn't drawn to the fountain itself.

It was to the lone figure standing beside it.

"Hello, senior!"

A voice, clear and unmistakable, called out to me.

Estelle Eclair.

I hadn't expected to see her again so soon after our encounter this morning, yet there she was—standing in the open, as if she had been waiting for me all along. The sight of her, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, felt almost surreal. However, what truly struck me was her boldness—choosing such a conspicuous place to meet. If anything, I had assumed she would have wanted something more private. But then again, maybe whatever she had to say didn't require secrecy.

"Were you waiting for me?" I asked, my tone even.

"Of course, I was!" She let out a soft chuckle, her lips curling into a smile—one that carried a mischievous edge, as if she were enjoying some secret only she knew. "I would love to have a talk with you, senior! Don't you remember when we were introduced? I told you I wanted to know you better, didn't I?"

There was something almost hypnotic about the way she spoke—each word laced with an undeniable charm. But I wasn't so easily swayed.

"Is it appropriate for someone who has a boyfriend to be speaking with another man without her boyfriend's presence?" I asked, tilting my head slightly. "I don't think that would be considered proper."

Estelle's expression didn't waver. Instead, her smirk deepened, a glimmer of amusement flashing in her eyes.

"Hmm, that's a fair point," she mused, twirling a strand of her silken hair around her finger. "However, I could say the same to you, senior."

I narrowed my eyes slightly. "What do you mean?"

Her smirk turned positively devilish.

"I mean, is it appropriate for someone who already has a girlfriend—not just one, but three—to visit a professor's office for a tryst without his girlfriends' knowledge?" she asked, her voice smooth, almost

playful. "That doesn't seem very proper either, don't you think? But then again, considering your relationships with many women, I doubt your girlfriends would mind all that much."

A faint breeze swept through the courtyard, rustling the leaves and carrying the distant sound of laughter from the other students. Yet, in this moment, it felt as though the world had shrunk down to just the two of us.

"Huh... That does make sense," I admitted, though my eyes studied her carefully.

How the hell did she know that? Had she been watching me? That was the only logical conclusion. Her knowledge of my affairs wasn't just surface-level; she seemed to know far more than she should. It was unsettling. Yet, at the same time, it didn't particularly concern me. After all, Titania and the others were already aware.

"So?" I asked, my voice steady. "What exactly did you stop me for?"

"Aww~. Are you really going to be so distant?" she teased, stepping closer, her voice dropping into something almost sultry. "Aren't we supposed to embrace? Maybe even share a kiss or two? We're basically long-lost siblings, after all. Shouldn't there be a heartwarming moment between the two of us?"

My expression remained unreadable.

"I don't think there will be," I replied flatly. "I don't even know who you really are. For all I know, you could be lying about being an Eclair. You could be deceiving me entirely. And besides—" My gaze sharpened. "I've never had particularly pleasant experiences with most of the Eclairs I've encountered."

The only one I had any real connection with was Elise.

As for Veronica and Leonora... our interactions had been brief—too brief to form anything meaningful. And if Estelle thought she could waltz into my life with sweet words and a devil's grin, she was sorely mistaken.

"Aww~, and here I thought I'd get a sweet reunion with my long-lost older brother..." Estelle sighed dramatically, placing a delicate hand over her chest as if lamenting some grand tragedy. Her soft, pink lips formed the faintest pout, her eyes shimmering with an innocence so convincing that, for a moment, I might've actually believed her sincerity—if not for the mischievous glint hidden just beneath the surface.

"And I even came all this way just to meet you," she continued, tilting her head slightly as her honeyed voice dripped with playful reproach. "Are you really going to leave your poor little sister all alone for the rest of the academy year without guiding her, like any responsible big brother should? Huh, big brother?"

She gazed up at me then, her wide, pleading eyes shimmering under the golden afternoon light. The soft curve of her lips, the faint quiver in her voice—everything about her expression was designed to be irresistible. And it was effective.

She was adorable. Too adorable.

...Which was probably why Duncan had fallen so easily for her.

I exhaled softly, refusing to let her theatrics sway me. "What are you really planning?" I asked, cutting straight to the point.

"Hmm?" She blinked, cocking her head ever so slightly, her hair cascading over her shoulder in waves of silk.

"You didn't come here just to meet me, did you?" I continued, my gaze steady. "There's another reason you sought me out."

For a brief moment, Estelle was silent. Then, her lips curved into a knowing smile—one that sent a chill down my spine.

"Senior—I mean, big brother—I don't think there's much to it beyond wanting to see you." Her voice remained light, teasing. "But if you insist on thinking otherwise..." She stepped closer, her fingers delicately tracing the hem of her skirt. "Then, would you allow me to come to your dorm room?"

There was an undeniable weight behind her words. Whatever she wanted to say wasn't meant for public ears. I gave her a silent nod and led the way.

The moment we stepped into my dorm, Estelle's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she took in the surroundings.

"Woah! So this is your room, big bro!" she chirped, twirling once before stopping to take a deep breath. "It smells like you!" Then, she wrinkled her nose slightly, her grin turning wicked. "But... I can also smell something else. Like girls."

Her eyes flicked toward me, glimmering with mischief.

"Tell me, big bro, have you ever been naughty enough to do it with someone in this cramped little room?"

I ignored her teasing, silently closing the door behind us.

She let out a soft giggle. "Ohh~. It really does feel like your room," she murmured, her voice lilting with amusement.

I had no idea why she spoke as though we had known each other for years—like we were some sort of close siblings who had shared childhood memories. But I chose not to question it.

Then, without warning, she spun around and dove onto my bed, giggling as she kicked her legs playfully in the air. Her skirt fluttered slightly from the movement, offering a teasing glimpse of her thighs.

She grabbed one of my pillows, burying her face into it and inhaling deeply.

"Mmm~." She hummed. "Smells just like you."



"Can you stop messing around and get to the point?" I asked.

"Aww~, what's the harm in having a little fun?" she pouted, glancing back at me with an impish smile. Then, slowly, she ran a finger along the edge of her skirt, tilting her head suggestively. "Or... what about sneaking a peek up my skirt? I'm wearing something really cute today~."

I didn't even dignify her words with a reaction.

She sighed dramatically, pushing herself up until she was sitting at the edge of my bed. "How boring," she huffed. But despite her words, her eyes never lost that cunning glint.

Then, without warning, her expression shifted. The playful mischief faded, replaced by something sharper—something calculated.

"You're probably already aware of this," she said, her voice carrying a weight that hadn't been there before, "but I'm a fragment of Lilith. To be precise, one of her fragments. Just like you."

That much, I already knew. But what she said next...

"I am a part of Lilith—just like you," she continued, her fingers absentmindedly tracing the edge of my bedsheet. "When she was defeated, she split herself into five parts. If those five parts are ever reunited, then she can be revived." She smiled as she spoke, her tone almost too casual for the gravity of her words.

Then, slowly, her gaze met mine.

"Tell me, big bro..." She leaned forward slightly, her eyes glowing with an eerie sort of amusement.  
"Have you seen Lilith—our creator—in your dreams?"

I didn't answer. I had seen Lilith. Twice. And I had done far more than just see her.

Estelle's lips curled, as if reading my thoughts.

"The truth is..." she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "The reason I'm here..."

She leaned even closer.

"...is because Lilith herself told me to meet you."

Chapter 566: Epilogue 10 - New School Year, New Troubles (6)

I hadn't expected her to say that.

For one thing, I never thought Lilith could manifest outside of me. She had always claimed to exist solely within the depths of my subconscious, nothing more than a shadow lingering in the corners of my mind. Yet here was Estelle, speaking of her as if she were tangible, as if she could appear before others just as

easily as she haunted me. But then again, maybe it was possible—after all, each of us was merely a fragment of Lilith. A piece of her shattered soul.

Or perhaps Estelle was lying. Her serene smile and playful demeanor were perfect masks for deceit. There was no way to be certain she was telling the truth.

"Now then," Estelle's voice broke through my spiraling thoughts, her tone as light and teasing as ever. Her lips curved into a sly grin, eyes gleaming with mischief. "What shall we do in your room, big bro? Should we do the same things you do with your girlfriends when you're alone? Oh, but just so you know... it would be my first time, so you'll have to be gentle."

The words hung in the air, dripping with a provocative sweetness that would have made any other man's heart race. But I wasn't falling for it.

"Not interested," I replied coldly, keeping my expression blank.

Her head tilted to the side, long strands of her hair brushing against her cheek as she feigned confusion. Yet the playful sparkle in her eyes betrayed her amusement. She was toying with me.

"What?" she asked, voice dripping with mock innocence. "But come on, we're a man and a woman alone in this room. Shouldn't we be doing something... perverted?"

I met her gaze, unflinching. "I don't believe that's required of us, nor is it an obligation," I said, my voice firm and unwavering. "Besides, I don't quite understand your real reason for coming here. Maybe what you said earlier was true, but that's just the surface, isn't it?"

For a moment, silence hung between us, heavy and tense. Then, Estelle's lips curled into a wicked grin. Her eyes gleamed with a mixture of admiration and something darker, more dangerous.

"Oh? Was it really that obvious?" She laughed, a light, musical sound that sent chills down my spine. She placed a finger against her lips, feigning contemplation. "And here I was, trying to be as discreet as possible. Oh well. I suppose there's no hiding it from you, big bro."

She took a step closer, her eyes never leaving mine. Her presence was suffocating, like a predator closing in on its prey. Yet her voice remained playful, light.

"You're right," she admitted, her words dripping with a seductive sweetness. "But more than that, I also came here for something else."

Her smile widened, revealing perfect, gleaming teeth. A chill ran down my spine as she continued, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"I want to summon her back," she whispered, her voice low and dripping with desire. "To revive her, I mean."

The air grew cold. My chest tightened, heart pounding as her words echoed in my mind. She wanted to bring Lilith back. That was her true purpose. It made sense now—why she sought me out, why she was so persistent. I was the original vessel, the key to Lilith's resurrection.

"Don't you think it's only right for us to help the one who created us?" she asked, her tone almost gentle, as if her words were the most natural thing in the world. "I mean, there's nothing wrong with that—it's completely normal. Considering that we are, in essence, her children, it is only right that we, her fragments, should aid in her return."

I looked at her. Her eyes were earnest, unwavering. Not a trace of deception. She truly believed in what she was saying. Not once during our conversation had she uttered a single lie. I wanted to deny her words, to call her a liar, but I couldn't.

Even so, there was still one question burning within me. One truth I needed to uncover before I could allow myself to believe her.

"If we bring Lilith back, then what?" My voice was cold, sharp. "What happens to us?"

Her eyes flickered, just for a moment, before she regained her composure. I pressed on, my words cutting through the air like a blade.

"If all the fragments reunite and she revives, doesn't that mean we would cease to exist? If she takes over completely, wouldn't that erase us from existence?" I took a step closer, my gaze never leaving hers. "Doesn't that concern you in the slightest? What would happen to us?"

Estelle didn't flinch. Her smile remained, unchanging, as if my words meant nothing to her. She simply shrugged, her movements graceful, almost casual, as if brushing off a trivial inconvenience.

"I don't know," she said softly, her voice devoid of fear or hesitation. Her eyes gleamed with a strange light—devotion, obsession, loyalty. "And honestly? I don't care."

A chill ran down my spine as her words settled into the room. She truly meant it. There wasn't a hint of doubt in her voice, not a trace of self-preservation.

She leaned back, her posture relaxed, her expression calm. It was as if we were merely discussing the weather. Her nonchalance was terrifying.

"I just want to see her," she continued, her voice carrying an eerie sense of longing. "Maybe it's because I am a part of her—that the desire to bring her back is ingrained in my very being. That's probably why I haven't given much thought to anything else."

Her eyes softened, almost melancholic, as if she were recalling a distant memory. She looked vulnerable, fragile—yet there was a fire burning within her gaze, fierce and unwavering. Estelle was willing to sacrifice everything—her identity, her existence, her very soul—just to bring Lilith back. She didn't care what happened to her, or to me, or to any of the other fragments. All that mattered was Lilith's resurrection.

I couldn't help but wonder... if she was willing to give up everything for Lilith, then what was I willing to do to stop her?

Of course, it would be easy to deny her wish. All I had to do was avoid sleeping with the other fragments and refrain from conquering them to obtain their abilities. If I did that, then the five fragments would never meld together, preventing the resurrection of Lilith. Each of us fragments possessed one of her abilities, so if I gathered them all, it would inevitably lead to her return.

But I didn't want my existence to cease. I refused to be erased. I wanted to live my life here to the fullest, to conquer this world and make it mine, no matter who stood in my way or how many enemies I had to crush to achieve it.

There was also the possibility that the other fragments wouldn't disappear even if Lilith were to be revived. After all, I was the only one who truly housed Lilith within me. Estelle claimed she could see Lilith in her dreams, though I found it hard to believe. But if she were telling the truth, then it was possible that Lilith's consciousness also resided within her and the other fragments.

"Now then, big bro," Estelle's voice broke through my thoughts, light and teasing. Her eyes gleamed with a mischievous spark as she leaned in closer. "Shall we have sex to finally get to step one? I mean, you've already had sex with one of the fragments, right? So taking one more to the club wouldn't hurt you that much."

I met her gaze, unfazed by her provocation. Her words were laced with a playful sensuality, her smile daring me to take the bait. But I wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

"I don't want to," I replied coldly, shrugging off her suggestion without hesitation. "And please don't call me 'big bro.' Just because we're fragments of Lilith doesn't mean we're related in any way."

She pouted, her playful demeanor slipping just a little as she put on an exaggeratedly sad face. "Aw, how cold of you..." she muttered.

Then, just as quickly as her sadness appeared, it vanished, replaced by her usual mischievous smile. "Oh well, I suppose I'll take my leave, then," she said nonchalantly. "I still have a date with Senior Duncan, and I'm planning to invite Senior Raymond as well. You're welcome to join us, if you feel like it."

She was planning to toy with two of my friends, and she even had the nerve to invite me along. I felt a twinge of pity for Duncan, knowing he was falling for such a manipulative woman. But that was his problem, not mine. I could only hope he would wake up to her true nature sooner rather than later.

"No thanks," I replied firmly.

"Izzat so?" she said, tilting her head with an innocent smile. She stepped past me, her shoulder lightly brushing against mine as she made her way to the door. Her movements were graceful, almost serpentine, as if she were gliding across the floor.

Just as she reached the door, she paused, turning her head slightly to look at me over her shoulder. Her eyes gleamed with a sinister light, her lips curling into a sly grin.

"Oh, one more thing, big bro," she said, her voice soft but laced with a chilling undertone. "Another dragon is coming. And it's far more dangerous than the Great Darkness." Her words were calm, almost casual, as if she were commenting on the weather. But the gravity of her statement weighed heavily in the air.

She looked at me, her gaze piercing and unyielding. "I figured, since you possess the most powerful ability of Lilith, I should warn you." She waved her hand playfully, her smile never faltering. "Well, that's all. See ya!"

Without another word, she turned and walked out, closing the door behind her.



The room fell into silence, her ominous words echoing in my mind. Another dragon... more dangerous than the Great Darkness? What the hell was coming?

#### Chapter 567 - Nineteenth Year (1)

It was only the second day of the new school term, yet a heavy fatigue already weighed on me, seeping into my bones. My mind felt clouded, sluggish from the constant barrage of lectures. To make matters worse, Estelle had suddenly barged into my life, bringing with her a whirlwind of trouble that I hadn't anticipated.

Dragging myself out of bed each morning had become a grueling ordeal. It felt as though invisible chains were anchoring me down, resisting every effort I made to rise. My limbs were heavy, my head groggy, and even my vision felt dim, like a veil of mist clouded my eyes. Perhaps it was because I was now the bearer of Ayuru. The Cursed Sword had been feeding off my mana, draining me slowly but steadily.

I didn't expect anything from today. In my mind, it was just another day to be endured—another cycle of monotony, peppered with the occasional mishap. But nothing could have prepared me for what was about to unfold.

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The first shock came early that morning.

I arrived at class before most of my peers. The room was still quiet, the air crisp with the lingering chill of the morning breeze. I closed my eyes for just a moment, trying to clear the haze clouding my head.

Then, without warning—

"Leon~!"

Before I could react, a pair of warm, plush mounds pressed firmly against my back. Soft, inviting, and impossibly supple, they molded perfectly against me. My body stiffened as a wave of heat rushed to my face, my heart skipping a beat. I didn't need to turn around to know who it was.

Trill's arms wrapped around my shoulders, her chest pressing tighter as she leaned in, her breath hot against my ear. "Good morning~" she purred, her playful voice sending a shiver down my spine. Her lips grazed my cheek, leaving behind a fleeting warmth that lingered even as she pulled away.

Despite her immense strength as a beast person, she was deceptively light. When she jumped on me, it felt no different than the playful pounce of a cat. Her body was warm, her curves perfectly fitting against my back, and even as I lifted her to carry her to her seat, she felt as light as a feather. Her tail swayed rhythmically, brushing against my arm with each playful flick.

I gently set her down in her seat, which was beside Yr's. Glancing at Yr, I noticed her head tilted to the side, her lips slightly parted as she slept. Her breathing was slow and steady, her chest rising and falling in a soothing rhythm. A faint trail of saliva gleamed at the corner of her mouth, catching the morning light.

I leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her cheek. Her skin was warm, impossibly soft. As my lips brushed her cheek, a subtle change flickered across her sleeping face—her lips curling into a delicate smile.

"Good morning to you too, Yr," I whispered, my voice gentle.

Even though she seemed to be asleep, I knew better. Yr possessed the ability of Astral Projection, allowing her soul to wander freely while her body rested. I had no doubt that she was watching me at this very moment, her spirit floating somewhere above us, unseen. My kiss must have reached her, touching her soul, and that explained the faint smile that danced on her lips.

Satisfied, I took my seat. The classroom gradually filled with students, their chatter growing louder as the minutes passed. Yet, something felt off.

Duncan and Raymond were missing.

I frowned, my gaze lingering on their empty desks. It was unusual, to say the least. Raymond was always early—he took punctuality almost religiously. And Duncan, though more relaxed, still made it to class before the bell rang. Their absence didn't sit right with me.

I couldn't help but wonder if it had something to do with Estelle.

Before I could dwell on it any longer, the door creaked open. A hush fell over the room, heads turning in unison to see who had entered.

Our first subject of the day was magic. And our professor...

She stepped in, her small figure barely reaching the podium. Her emerald green hair cascaded down her shoulders, glinting like polished jade under the fluorescent lights. A comically large hat sat atop her head, its brim so wide that it almost covered her circular glasses.

Her robes were long and flowing, embroidered with ancient runes that shimmered faintly with each step she took. A peculiar aura surrounded her, an almost palpable presence of mana that made the air feel heavier, charged with energy.

If anyone embodied the essence of magic, it was her. She looked every bit the part of a mage. She looked like she had stepped straight out of a storybook—a mage in every sense of the word. If she didn't fit the definition of a mage, magician, or anything related to magic, then I didn't know who would.

"I'm Freta, and I am your instructor for Fundamentals of Magic and Its Uses in Combat," she announced, her voice carrying the weight of centuries. Though her tone wasn't frail or aged, the way she pronounced her words—the careful articulation, the archaic structure—made it evident that she had lived far longer than she appeared.

"I'm Freta, and I am your instructor for Fundamentals of Magic and Its Uses in Combat," she announced, her voice echoing through the classroom with an eerie resonance. There was something ancient about her tone—an echo of centuries gone by. Though her voice wasn't frail, the cadence of her words carried a weight of wisdom, as if she had witnessed the rise and fall of empires.

The way she pronounced her sentences was peculiar—elegant yet archaic, each word flowing with deliberate grace. Her presence demanded attention.

"While this may be my first time teaching a large group, I have taught before," she continued, her sharp green eyes scanning the room with an intensity that sent shivers down my spine. It felt as though she could see right through me—through all of us. "I once instructed the former king of this kingdom before his untimely passing... and his father before him." Her words hung heavy in the air, the room growing still. "I trust that none of you will mistake my newness to this setting for inexperience."

A wave of unease rippled through the class. Even the most arrogant students sat up straighter, their faces pale with realization. This tiny woman wasn't just old—she was ancient. Far older than she appeared.

Huh... so she was another one, just like Solaris and Marie. Another ageless being hiding behind a youthful facade. Now that I thought about it, I seemed to be attracting a suspiciously high number of lolis. Not that Solaris was one, but the trend was becoming a bit too consistent for my comfort.

What did surprise me, however, was how engaging her lecture turned out to be. For the first time since enrolling at this academy, I found myself leaning forward, hanging on her every word. Her voice had a hypnotic quality, weaving images of ancient battles and arcane rituals. She spoke of magic not as a tool, but as a living force—one that demanded respect and reverence.

It was captivating. Mesmerizing.

When the class finally ended, the students staggered out as if waking from a dream. Their faces were a mixture of awe and exhaustion, eyes wide with lingering wonder. It was the first time I'd seen an entire class so utterly spellbound.

But the second lecture was an entirely different story.

The next professor was an old man—another newcomer whose name I couldn't be bothered to remember. He certainly looked the part of a mage, with his flowing robes and wispy white beard. But that's where the resemblance ended.

His voice was monotonous, droning on like a funeral dirge. The air felt heavy, suffocating under the weight of his lifeless words. It was as if he were reading from a dusty old tome, completely detached from his own lecture.

The atmosphere in the classroom shifted. Excitement withered into boredom. Students began to slump in their seats, eyes glazing over. Heads bobbed as they fought the creeping wave of drowsiness.

I stifled a yawn, my vision blurring as my mind drifted. The lecture dragged on, each second stretching into eternity. By the time it ended, I felt as if I had aged a year.

An hour. It had only been an hour. But gods, it felt like an eternity.

And still... Duncan and Raymond were nowhere to be seen.

A prickle of unease crawled up my spine. Where were they? They hadn't shown up all day. I wondered if Estelle was behind this. It would make sense. Should I look into it? Hunt them down and find out what was going on?

But then I remembered—my girlfriends had asked me to meet them today. I didn't know what they wanted, but they were insistent. I had cleared my schedule for this.

I sighed, rubbing my temples. "It's been a long day..." I muttered, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle over me. The second day of the term felt like it had lasted a lifetime.

I glanced down at the note they had given me.

"Sun Garden Inn, top floor, 34th room."

My brows rose in surprise. Sun Garden Inn was no ordinary place. It was the most luxurious establishment in the area, boasting grand architecture and lavish suites. In terms of quality, it could easily rival a five-star hotel back on Earth.

A shiver of anticipation ran through me. Yeah, I had a pretty good idea of what they had in mind. Even so, I decided to play dumb—let them have their fun.

I could already picture their teasing smiles, their playful attempts to surprise me. My lips curled into a smirk. Fine. I'd go along with it.

With a flick of my wrist, I tucked the note away and made my way to the inn, my heartbeat quickening with each step.

Chapter 568 - Nineteenth Year (2)

As I walked through the bustling streets toward the inn, the evening air was tinged with the scent of roasted meat and the faint hum of distant music. My steps slowed when I caught fragments of a conversation.

"Did you really see her? I mean, that famous Green-Haired Demon?" one adventurer asked, his voice tinged with awe and disbelief.

The pair sat outside a shabby bar, their clothes worn and stained with dust and mud. Despite their rugged appearance, they lacked the hardened gaze of seasoned veterans. Newbies—likely drawn to the adventurer's life by dreams of glory or riches.

I halted just within earshot, curiosity getting the better of me. After all, they were talking about Rose. Her title wasn't just for show. Her raw physical strength was legendary, rumored to have felled a dragon with her bare hands.

In this world, dragons—though not the mythical beings of ancient lore, like the Great Ones—were terrifying creatures of immense power. Even the lesser ones were ferocious enough to require at least a hundred experienced adventurers to bring down. Yet, Rose had defeated one alone, with nothing but her fists.

"Yeah. I saw her during a dungeon raid last time," the other adventurer replied, his voice lowering as if afraid that merely speaking about her would summon her wrath.

My heart skipped a beat. If they'd really seen her, this could be my chance to learn where she was now. Without hesitation, I approached them, my footsteps silent on the cobblestones.

"Hello there," I greeted, my voice calm but firm.

Both men flinched, snapping their heads in my direction. Their eyes widened, and for a moment, I saw wariness flicker across their faces.



"Uh, hello..." one of them stammered, his gaze shifting as though searching for an escape route. He looked to be around my age, maybe a couple of years older. His companion remained silent, his posture rigid.

"I couldn't help but overhear," I continued smoothly, "You were talking about the Green-Haired Demon. I'd like to know more."

The tension was palpable. They exchanged uneasy glances, clearly reluctant to share information with a stranger. I didn't blame them. In this world, loose lips could get you killed.

I reached into my pocket and, with a flick of my wrist, tossed two small objects toward them. Their reflexes were sharp—they caught them mid-air without thinking. When they opened their palms, their eyes went wide with shock, followed by a greedy gleam. Gold coins sparkled under the dim lantern light, their polished surfaces reflecting amber hues.

The transformation was immediate. Their guarded expressions melted away, replaced by wide, eager grins. Money truly was a universal language.

"Well, if that's what you want to know, we'll tell you everything!" the first man exclaimed, his earlier hesitation gone.

They leaned in closer, their voices hushed as they eagerly recounted every detail they knew about the Green-Haired Demon.

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After gathering all the information they could provide, I continued my journey to the inn. As I approached, my breath caught in my throat. The building was magnificent, standing tall and majestic under the evening sky. It was no ordinary inn—its grand façade was reminiscent of a noble's mansion, complete with ornate balconies and towering pillars illuminated by golden lanterns.

I stepped inside, my boots sinking into plush crimson carpets. Chandeliers of crystal and gold hung from the vaulted ceiling, their soft glow casting intricate patterns on the walls. Opulence dripped from every corner. This was the kind of place where only the wealthy and powerful could afford to stay.

Approaching the marble counter, I presented the proof of my reservation, neatly folded within the letter sent to me earlier. The receptionist took the paper and, upon reading it, her eyes widened in surprise. A sly, knowing smile curled her lips as she looked back at me.

"Please enjoy your night, sir," she said, her voice dripping with a playful undertone. She knew exactly what awaited me behind those doors. Though I had my own suspicions, I merely returned her smile and played along. It was meant to be a surprise, after all.

I ascended the grand staircase, my fingers gliding along the polished banister. My heart thudded with anticipation, each step bringing me closer to the room they had prepared for me. When I finally reached the door, I hesitated, my hand resting on the golden handle. The letter had instructed me to enter without knocking. I took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

The sight that awaited me stole the air from my lungs. The room was bathed in a warm, golden glow, candles flickering softly from every corner. Petals of crimson roses were scattered across the floor, leading a path toward an enormous, luxurious bed draped in silk sheets. The faint scent of jasmine lingered in the air, intoxicating and inviting.

"Happy birthday, Leon~"

The voice was sweet—so sweet it felt like honey dripping into my soul.

I turned toward the source of the voice. On the bed lay the three women with whom I shared intimate relationships.

Their bodies were bare, except for the delicate ribbons wrapped around them. The silk strands hugged their curves, teasingly concealing just enough while revealing so much more. The way the ribbons clung to their supple skin, winding around their breasts and hips, was nothing short of artful. They were gifts, beautifully presented, meant solely for me.

They mentioned my birthday. Come to think of it, today was my birthday. I hadn't even realized it. I hadn't been keeping track of the days.

Was this my surprise? If so, it was a damn good one.

Their bodies were perfectly arranged on the bed, limbs intertwined, their bare skin pressed sensually against one another. The air was thick with anticipation, their breaths shallow, eyes gleaming with desire. Yr looked adorably disheveled, her messy hair spilling over her shoulders, a faint trail of dried drool at the corner of her lips—a charming contrast to the seductive atmosphere.

"How is it, Leon?" Titania purred, her voice laced with mischief. Her lips curled into a playful smile, her eyes half-lidded with want. "Are you surprised? Is our gift to you beyond your wildest expectations?"

I took a moment to drink in the sight before me—their flawless, exposed bodies wrapped like presents, ready to be unwrapped. Their eyes bore into me, each gaze filled with longing.

"Well, I did have some suspicion as to why you insisted on bringing me here, but... seeing this in person... it definitely exceeded my expectations," I confessed, my voice low, tinged with excitement.

"Fufufu... Then it seems our efforts weren't in vain," Titania cooed, her laughter soft and melodious. She exchanged knowing glances with the others, who responded with sultry smiles. Their bodies shifted slightly, making the ribbons tighten around their curves. They were inviting me, tempting me.

"Well then, Leon," Titania continued, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Aren't you going to come in... and savor your surprise?"

Refusing would be beyond foolish. My body reacted instinctively, heat surging through me. I swiftly undressed, letting my clothes fall to the floor, and dove eagerly onto the bed.

The moment my skin touched theirs, a jolt of electricity shot through me. Their bodies were warm, impossibly soft, molding perfectly against mine. Their scents mingled together, sweet and intoxicating, filling my senses. I was enveloped in their heat.

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Meanwhile, somewhere in the mountains near the Principality of Cohona, a rural land with a population of about five hundred...

Rose's POV

I jolted awake, my heart pounding in my chest. My breathing was ragged, the remnants of a vivid dream still echoing in my mind. The warmth, the touch, the whispered name...

Realizing it had all been just a dream, I sat up abruptly, pressing a trembling hand to my forehead.

"Kuh..."

I gritted my teeth, my face flushing crimson as I recalled the vivid details. My body still felt heated, tingling from the imagined sensations.

"Why... why was I acting like some love-struck fool in that dream...?" I muttered, my fingers running through my hair in frustration. "What's wrong with me? And why... why was it him, of all people?"

It was always him—Leon. His face, his voice, his touch... They haunted me relentlessly, no matter how far I ran.

"And yet, here I am, trying to distance myself from that scumbag..."

I had left the Kingdom of Milham behind, choosing the life of an adventurer to escape his presence. I traveled from one land to another, pushing myself to the farthest reaches of the world just to get away. Currently, I was in the Principality of Cohona, a small, isolated nation with a population of about ten thousand—a place perfect for someone seeking solitude.

"Ugh... Why did I have to dream of that...?" I groaned aloud, burying my face in my hands. It wasn't just a dream—it was a memory. A memory of his warmth, of his touch... of the way he made me feel alive.

Even now, my body ached for him. It was infuriating. I hated him for making me feel this way. And yet... my chest tightened, longing to know what he was doing at this very moment.

I shivered as the cold mountain breeze seeped through the window, brushing against my skin. Here, in this remote corner of the world, the nights were brutally cold. A chill ran down my spine, and despite myself, I craved his warmth once more.

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Back to Leon

Leon's POV

I plunged into Titania's pussy, my cock sliding effortlessly into her slick, tight walls. Her wet heat enveloped me, squeezing me like a vice. My dickhead pressed firmly against her cervix, eliciting a sharp gasp from her.

"Hnnnn! Aaah, Leon's cock is... is deep inside me!"

Her pussy tightened around my cock, spasming as if it had a mind of its own, desperately clinging to every inch of me. Her body arched beneath me, her fingers digging into my shoulders as she trembled with pleasure.

Yr watched through half-lidded, sleepy eyes, her cheeks flushed with excitement. Her chest rose and fell with each heavy breath, her nipples stiff and inviting. Trill's gaze was locked on Titania, a teasing smile playing on her lips as she traced her fingers over her own body, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

I let my hands explore their bodies, fingers gliding over their silky skin, feeling every curve and dip. I traced the length of their thighs, moving upward until my fingers reached their wet, eager slits. Their bodies shuddered under my touch, hips rolling instinctively as they sought more.

Their moans filled the room, sweet and lewd, blending into a chorus of pleasure that only fueled my desire. The scent of their arousal was intoxicating, wrapping around me, pulling me deeper into a haze of lust.

For a moment, I felt a strange sensation—a fleeting thought, like someone was thinking of me. But the thought was quickly drowned out by the sounds of their moans, the feel of their bodies clinging to me, begging for more.

Whoever it was didn't matter. Not now.

### Chapter 569 - Nineteenth Year (3)

As I relentlessly pounded into Titania, my fingers plunged deep into both Trill and Yr, their soaked pussies emitting obscene, wet squelches with every thrust. The sound of flesh meeting flesh mixed with their shameless moans, creating a symphony of lust that reverberated off the walls.

"Aahhh, aah, yaaan, aaaahh, ahhh~! Haaaaan~! Aahhh!"

"Hnn, hhhn, ahhh, hhhnnn, aaaah....!"

"Hnnnggg, hnnn, mm... fuaaaa, aaaah, aaaa~!"

Their voices intertwined, forming a chorus of pleasure that heightened the atmosphere. The bed beneath us creaked and groaned under the weight of our entwined bodies, shaking with each powerful thrust. The sheets were soaked with sweat and arousal, clinging to our skin.

My fingers explored the unique landscapes of their pussies, feeling every ridge and fold as they clenched around me. Each one had its own distinctive sensation, making it clear they belonged to different women.

Titania's insides were slick and almost impossibly slippery, her walls gliding around my cock with ease as if urging me to go deeper. Yr, on the other hand, was incredibly tight, her entrance stubbornly resisting each push, gripping my fingers so tightly it felt like she was trying to keep me inside. Meanwhile, Trill's pussy was alive, writhing and undulating around my fingers, greedily sucking me in as though trying to consume me whole.



The raw pleasure of experiencing three different pussies at once was indescribable. It was intoxicating, pushing me to the brink of madness. Comparing them was undoubtedly the act of a scoundrel, but I relished every second of it.

"Aaah, it's scraping my insides... Ahhhn, ahh, it feels good... It feels so good~!"

Titania's pussy clung to me with a desperation I had never felt before, her insides tightening like a vice around my cock, almost milking me for every drop. At the same time, Trill's and Yr's pussies convulsed around my fingers, their walls rippling with intense contractions.

"Ahhh! Noo... Don't... It feels so good! It feels so goood~!!!"

"Ahhh, hhhaaa, nnn, aaah, aaaah, yaaan... Ahhhh~!"

Their voices quivered, rising in pitch as my fingers continued to invade their drenched, quivering pussies. The room was filled with the lewd, wet sounds of penetration, echoing alongside their fevered moans.

"Ahhh, aaah, aaah, hnnn!"

Titania was writhing beneath me, her pussy tightening impossibly around my cock, threatening to push me over the edge. Her insides gripped me with a hunger that was almost overwhelming, each squeeze sending electric jolts of pleasure through my body. Trill and Yr were no different, their tight, wet tunnels clamping down on my fingers with desperate need.

"Aahhh, haaa, aaahn, aahh, aaah, aah, aaahnn~!"

"Ahhh, aah, ahnnn, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ah, aaaahhhnnn~!"

"Yaaan, aah, aaaaah~!"

Their moans grew louder, voices breaking as they reached the peaks of their pleasure. Their bodies trembled, backs arching off the bed as their pussies clamped down on me with vice-like grips. I gritted my teeth, the intense tightness threatening to overwhelm me.

My fingers continued to plunge mercilessly into their dripping, convulsing pussies, while my cock buried itself deep inside Titania. Her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites, her mouth hanging open as her body shuddered beneath me.

Then, the dam burst.

"Ahhhh, c-cumming... Ahnnnnnnnnnnnn!"

Trill was the first to break. Her entire body tensed, her thighs locking around my arm as her pussy convulsed violently around my fingers. Her head fell back, golden hair splayed across the pillow as she clenched her teeth, a guttural moan escaping her lips. Drool trickled from the corner of her mouth, and her lion ears stood rigid. Her hips bucked upward, her body arching off the bed as her juices gushed out, soaking my hand and the sheets beneath her.

"Funyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhh~::~!!!"

Yr followed closely after. Her mouth formed a perfect O, her tongue hanging out as her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites. Her brows furrowed in ecstasy as her body shivered uncontrollably. Her hips lifted off the bed, fingers digging into the sheets as her pussy contracted around my fingers, milking them with ferocious intensity. A powerful spray erupted from her, arching through the air before splashing back down onto her trembling thighs.

Their climaxes were intense, raw, and utterly mesmerizing. Their bodies convulsed, trembling as the waves of pleasure crashed through them, leaving them breathless and shaking. I watched in awe as they surrendered to the overwhelming sensations, their faces twisted in pure ecstasy.

The sight, the sound, the feeling—it was all too much. The room was filled with the heavy scent of sex, the air thick with the heat of our bodies. My own release was fast approaching, the tight grip of Titania's pussy driving me closer to the edge. Her insides squeezed me mercilessly, her moans becoming incoherent as she spiraled toward her own climax.

I could feel the pressure building, the heat pooling in my core, threatening to explode. And as their trembling bodies slowly came down from the heights of their pleasure, I knew it was only a matter of time before I, too, would lose control.

Finally, after a while...

"Kuh...!"

I gritted my teeth, my entire body tensing as the coiling sensation in my groin became unbearable. My cock throbbed violently, and I could no longer hold back. My cum erupted, surging forth in powerful, hot bursts.

"Aaaaaahnnnnn, aaaah, nnnnnnn, c-cumming... Cumming... I'm cumming~!"

Her voice was a melodic wail of pleasure, echoing through the room as she arched her back sharply. Her body contorted, muscles tightening, as if she were trying to escape my grasp—but her pussy gripped my shaft even harder. Her inner walls convulsed, clamping down with rhythmic spasms, milking me mercilessly, drawing out every drop of my seed.

"Ahhh, the cum is filling me inside... It feels so good..."

Her words were a delirious murmur, barely coherent. Her eyes widened, pupils expanding before morphing into heart shapes, reflecting the overwhelming ecstasy consuming her. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, glistening with saliva, while her brows furrowed together, her expression twisted in pure, unadulterated bliss.

My cock continued to throb inside her, pumping load after load of hot cum deep into her womb. Her insides quivered, greedily accepting everything, until she was filled to the brim. When I finally pulled out, a sticky trail of my seed connected us, breaking slowly as my cock, still glistening with her love juices, hovered above her twitching entrance.

Titania lay sprawled beneath me, her body limp and trembling. Her ample breasts rose and fell with each ragged breath, glistening with sweat. Her entire form quivered as the aftershocks of her orgasm continued to ripple through her, leaving her completely spent.

I exhaled deeply, my chest heaving as I tried to steady myself. Yet, despite having just climaxed, my cock remained rock hard, standing proudly, aching with desire. It pulsed with anticipation, still hungry, still demanding more.

"Leon..."

I turned to the source of the voice. Trill gazed at me with a mischievous smile, her eyes glimmering with anticipation. She had recovered from her earlier orgasm, her body relaxed but visibly eager. "Titania isn't the only surprise, you know?"

Chapter 570 - Nineteenth Year (4)

A wicked grin spread across my face. I was about to approach her, but before I could take a step, something warm and soft latched onto me. A slender body clung to me tightly, arms and legs wrapped around me with surprising strength, like a cicada stubbornly gripping a tree.

I looked to my side and found Yr pressed against me, her delicate frame trembling. Her sleepy eyes were half-lidded, her cheeks flushed with a rosy hue. "Don't leave me alone, Leon. Please, do it to me as well..." Her voice was soft, pleading, laced with desperation and longing.

Faced with such an irresistible plea, I could only smile wryly. Torn between the two, I wondered who to choose first. But then, Trill's voice cut through the haze of my desire.

"How about..."

In the next moment, Yr was on top of Trill, their bare bodies intertwined. Their pussies were aligned before me, glistening with anticipation. However, due to their difference in height—Yr being petite—their positions were slightly mismatched. Yr's pussy hovered just above Trill's lower stomach, but this only added to the allure, accentuating the contrast between their bodies.

"In this position, you can take us both at once, right?" Trill's voice was playful, a teasing lilt dancing on her tongue.

My eyes traced the lines of their curves, from Yr's slender waist to Trill's fuller hips. With their pussies aligned like this, I could easily switch between them, thrusting into one before moving to the other.

"So, Leon?"

Their voices overlapped, a harmonious temptation that sent a jolt through my cock.

"Who are you going to pick first?"

Their question hung in the air, taunting me. My gaze flicked between them before finally settling on Yr. I placed my hands on her delicate, narrow hips, feeling her softness under my fingers. With a firm grip, I positioned my cock at her tight, petite entrance. Her pussy quivered in anticipation, already dripping with arousal.

Without hesitation, I pushed forward, my thick rod parting her tight folds.

"Funyaaaa~!!!"

Yr's voice, usually soft and sleepy, transformed into an erotic cry. Her body jolted, trembling violently as my cock stretched her. Her small frame shuddered, her tight pussy clamping down around me like a vice, trying to resist the intrusion.

Her entrance was impossibly tight, gripping my cockhead so fiercely that I could barely move. Her insides pulsed, hot and searing, enveloping me in maddening heat. I grit my teeth, resisting the overwhelming urge to cum then and there.

"Hnng, ngghhh, aaaah!"

I tightened my hold on her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh. With a steady pressure, I forced my cock deeper, prying her open inch by inch. Her pussy spasmed around me, struggling to accommodate my girth, but I didn't relent. I pushed further, until I finally reached her depths, my cock buried to the hilt inside her.

The sensation was mind-numbing—her tightness, her heat, the way her pussy clung to me desperately. I could feel her walls fluttering, squeezing me rhythmically, milking me mercilessly. It took every ounce of self-control to maintain my composure.

"Wow... Yr's face... looks very different from usual..." Trill's voice broke through the haze of pleasure. Her gaze was fixed on Yr's expression, a mixture of awe and fascination.

Yr's face was a masterpiece of ecstasy. Her eyes were half-lidded, pupils dilated and unfocused. Her mouth hung open, tongue peeking out as soft, breathless moans escaped her lips. Her cheeks were flushed a deep crimson, and her body trembled uncontrollably, writhing beneath me.

The sight of her like this only spurred me on. My cock throbbed violently inside her, her tightness and heat driving me to the brink of madness.

I gripped her hips harder, feeling her softness yield under my fingers. Then, with a primal growl, I began to move, pounding into her relentlessly. Each thrust was powerful, merciless, driving my cock deeper into her tight, quivering pussy.

"Aaahn, unyaaa~, hnnn, fuaaaa~!"

Trill's eyes were locked onto Yr, her gaze lingering on the stark contrast between their bodies. Yr's petite, delicate frame was pressed firmly against Trill's curvier form, their naked breasts squashed together. Yr's small, perky mounds were almost swallowed by Trill's voluptuous softness, their nipples brushing and rubbing against each other with each subtle movement. The way their skin melded together, slick with sweat, sent a surge of arousal through me.

Watching them like this, it was hard to believe they were the same age. Yr's slender figure, her tiny waist, and her youthful, doll-like face made her look so much younger compared to Trill, whose mature curves and fuller hips radiated a sensual femininity. Yet here they were, tangled together, their bodies trembling with anticipation.

Lost in the captivating sight, I almost forgot myself. But the tight grip of Yr's pussy brought me back. Her insides squeezed my cock so fiercely that it felt like she didn't want to let go. Her entrance was impossibly tight, clinging to me with a vice-like hold, making every inch I pulled out a struggle. Her walls resisted, dragging against my length, until finally, my cock popped free with a lewd, wet sound that



echoed through the room. A thin, sticky string of her juices connected us, glistening under the dim light before it snapped.

Without a word, I shifted my hips and aimed my still-throbbing cock at Trill's entrance. Her folds were slick and inviting, already dripping with arousal from watching Yr get ravaged. I didn't give her any warning. With a powerful thrust, I buried myself deep inside her.

"Uhhhhhhhh!?"

Her voice cracked into a high-pitched shriek, her entire body jolting beneath Yr. Her back arched sharply, her ample breasts pressing even harder against Yr's smaller chest. Her eyes flew wide open, pupils dilating before rolling back, her eyelids fluttering as the sudden intrusion overwhelmed her senses.

"A-Ah... Entering suddenly is no fair, Leon..." she gasped, her voice trembling, a mixture of pleasure and protest. Her insides clenched around me, squeezing rhythmically, as if punishing me for the surprise attack.

But I wasn't about to let her recover. Before she could catch her breath, I tightened my grip on Yr's waist, my fingers digging into her soft, narrow hips. Using her body as leverage, I began to thrust into Trill mercilessly, my cock plunging deep into her wet, quivering depths.

Each thrust sent ripples through their intertwined bodies, causing Yr to bounce atop Trill, her petite form trembling with each impact. Their breasts rubbed together with every movement, nipples brushing, sliding, and pressing, sending electric shivers through them both. Yr's voice grew breathy, soft moans escaping her lips as she was rocked back and forth by my relentless pounding.

Trill's pussy was hot and velvety, enveloping me in maddening warmth. Her inner walls pulsed around my cock, contracting and releasing in rhythm with my thrusts, as if trying to milk me dry. She wrapped her arms around Yr's slender back, her nails digging into Yr's delicate skin as she clung to her for support. Her face was twisted in ecstasy, cheeks flushed a deep crimson, eyes half-lidded and hazy with desire.

"Aaaah! S-So deep...! It's hitting... It's hitting my womb...!" Trill's voice was broken, her words slurred as I pounded into her mercilessly. Her legs quivered, wrapping around my waist, pulling me deeper inside her. Her pussy tightened with every thrust, hugging my cock with a wet, desperate grip that made my head spin.