

The World 60

Chapter 60: Irene (7)

Leon and I had been at it for hours now, and he had made me cum seven times already. My head felt like it was on the verge of melting if he continued at this pace. Leon, equally consumed by the ecstasy, had erupted three times – the first within me, the second adorning my stomach, and the third embellishing my face. He seemed determined to paint me white in this session.

We had gone through three rounds, but Leon showed no signs of slowing down. He was still hard inside me, and I knew this couldn't go on much longer. As a professor, I was well aware that engaging in such activities with a student was a line I shouldn't cross. Yet, my female instincts urged me to continue for as long as I pleased, and I suspected his male instincts echoed the same sentiment.

"...Haaa... Haaa... Haa..." I panted. "Y-You're so good..."

"Thanks for the compliment," he replied. "Your body is nothing short of incredible."

I chuckled. "Is it good enough for you to crave another round?"

"Yeah..." he responded.

I let out a playful giggle, teasing Leon, "You're such a perv," as I rolled sensually on the bed, smoothly rising to my feet.

"Where are you off to?" Leon inquired with curiosity.

I didn't respond, instead, I placed my hands on the wall's surface, offering my ass to him. Still adorned in my panties, I decided to play it to my advantage. My friends had hinted at the allure of shifting panties to the side in this position, coupled with a sultry look over the shoulder. I wasn't entirely sure how to nail that expression, but I gave it a shot.

"Use me..." I said in a sultry voice.

Leon's dick responded to my invitation, a subtle twitch revealing his heightened arousal. Without uttering a word, he closed the distance, and in a sudden motion, buried his dick deep inside me.

"In one... thrust?! S-So deep!"

My body quivered with pleasure as I felt his dick parting my sexual folds, mingling with the love juices that flowed. His rhythmic hip movements began, each thrust meeting my buttocks with a resonant clap of flesh against flesh. The room echoed with the carnal symphony, and the scent of sex hung thick in the air.

"...You're not as tight as before," Leon observed.

It was true. My pussy had grown accustomed to the contours of his form. It was as if my body had remade itself, molding to his personal design.

"Ahhh... Ahhhnn.... I-It's your fault. You made me like this," I gasped. "Ahhh... Y-You're getting faster..."

"That's because you're so lewd. I want to make you entirely mine, Irene," he declared.

His words, calling my name, thrilled me. I didn't know how to feel about him making me entirely his, though. I mean, I'd love to have a relationship with Leon. He's my ideal man, after all. But conflicting emotions clouded my thoughts. Sure, he's at an age where it's acceptable for him to get married, but he's still my student.

A student-professor relationship wouldn't sit well with anyone.

But still, it was kinda okay to ride along with him, right?

"Hyahh... Ahh... ah, ahh, ahh... G-Go ahead... Make me... make all of me yours!

Fill me with your hot stuff!"

His rough penetration caused my breasts to shake, my skin to tremble, and I started arching my back as if performing a bridge in this doggy style position. Each time the tip reached the entrance of my womb, a wave would run up through my belly, and my vagina would wriggle intensely.

"Nnah! I'm... I'm at my limit! Cum, Leon... Fill me with your cuuuuuuum!"

Tears of ecstasy streamed down my face as I fervently moved my butt, letting my vaginal walls undulate to bring myself to orgasm and draw a surge of semen from his dick. The sensitive head thrust into every part of my pussy, feeling like it was being swallowed by my deepest parts. As my vagina tightened around him, approaching climax, his dick inside me could not throb any harder.

It was like it was trapped, prevented from throbbing freely.

But even then, Leon relentlessly thrust his hips, driving his pulsating dick deep inside me. With each forceful thrust, a symphony of erotic sounds echoed in the room, our heavy breathing blending with the wet, lewd noises of his hard shaft delving into my dripping hole, intensifying our escalating arousal.

"Hyaaaahn! Ahh, ah, ah, ah, fwahhhh! I'm cumming, Leon! Leoooooooooon!"

Feeling the surge of climax, I heightened the stimulation on his engorged dick by rhythmically shaking my butt like a possessed machine. My convulsing vagina seemed to vibrate around him, the folds of flesh wriggling as if trying to pull him in as deep as possible. It was a perfect match, my pussy conforming perfectly to his throbbing dick.

As if it was a match made in heaven, it felt like we were destined for each other.

"...I'm cumming!" Leon's voice resonated as he relentlessly pounded me from behind.

An intense throbbing traveled through his dick, the head swelling even bigger inside me.

"T-Together! Let's cum together!" I urged.

After a few more rhythmic thrusts, I sensed his dick throbbing violently inside me.

"I'm cumming...!"

He plunged all the way up to my womb, and with a forceful release, his thick liquid surged to the top of his pulsating rod. In that electrifying moment, my vision was engulfed in a blinding white light.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! S-So hot! And so deep! I... I can't...! Cumming...!"

Cumming...! I'M CUMMINGGGGGGGGG!"

It was an overwhelming experience. My head felt like it had entered a temporary state of euphoria, lost in a whirlwind of sensations. Yet, the intensity didn't subside swiftly. What is this? It's mind-blowing! I feel like I'm melting!

Melting into a formless state of bliss. I can't quite comprehend it, but it feels utterly incredible.

"Hooo... Ahhh!"

As my climax soared to an electrifying peak, my body contorted into a bridge-like arc, stiffening with each convulsion that seized my entire being. The orgasmic wave surpassed any sensation I had ever experienced, leaving an undeniable mark as proof soaked Leon's stomach and drenched my own thighs.

"Hyahnnn!"

With a substantial load released inside me, Leon withdrew his pulsating dick, unleashing another burst of milky liquid that splattered across my back and cascaded down onto my butt. I quivered as the warm, viscous substance made intimate contact with my skin, and the remnants inside my pussy dripped sensuously down to the floor.

"Fwaahh! It's dripping down..." I moaned.

After a few electrifying seconds, the waves of my orgasm gradually receded, and my arched and convulsing back eased back into its natural state. The air resonated with the echo of our passionate encounter, punctuated by the symphony of our heavy breathing. Abruptly, a profound weakness enveloped my entire body.

It appeared that the combination of alcohol and the relentless climaxing had exacted its toll, causing me to teeter on the brink of unconsciousness.

"...It's fine," Leon's voice reassured. "You can rest now."

As soon as he finished those words, my consciousness faded away.

I caught Irene before she could tumble entirely to the floor and hoisted her up into a princess carry. Gently, I placed her on her bed. Heading to her closet, I searched for suitable clothes to ensure she wouldn't catch a cold after our passionate encounter. I aimed to clean and dress her before joining her in sleep. Selecting a sexy negligee, I returned to her side.

After tidying her up and dressing her, I gazed at her peaceful slumber with satisfaction.

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

Name: Irene Brightspear

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Irene:

1. Have Sex With Irene (Completed!)

2. Ignore Irene For A Month

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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The second requirement was easy, but refraining from indulging in her enticing body and exquisite pussy would prove challenging. Frankly, I was tempted to fuck her again tomorrow. However, there was little I could do but exercise restraint. On another note, I hadn't yet copied her skill. Irene's Atlantis was a potent ability, and I sought a refined version rather than settling for a mere duplicate.

Thus, I decided to delay copying her skill until after she was successfully dominated.

"Well then..." I released a slow exhale, savoring the post-climax haze that enveloped the room. Sauntering over to where my pants lay on the floor, I retrieved my phone from the pocket. As the device came to life, the luminous glow pierced through the darkness, causing me to squint. Undeterred, I composed a message to Sandra, my fingers dancing over the screen.

"Don't let Norman do anything bad to Martha," I ordered.

After a minute, a text arrived. "Got it, Lord Mephisto."

With that, I approached Irene's bed, laid down beside her, and drifted off to sleep.

After firing off a message to Lord Mephisto, I snugly tucked my smartphone into the natural pocket of a woman—her cleavage. Draped in my hoods, I ventured into the night-drenched streets of Pleasure City. I returned here because Norman had made his way back from the Black Market.

I had no clue why he returned, but judging by the grim look on his face upon entering the brothel named Midnight Passion, it was evident he wasn't there for a good time.

It had only been a minute since he entered, and there was no commotion inside, indicating everything was still calm. However, after a bit more waiting, I spotted a woman walking beside him.

This woman sported glasses and had very short blue hair. Her eyes burned with anger, indicating she might be compelled to walk with him against her will. There was a carriage waiting, and the woman entered first. Norman extinguished his cigarette, dropping it to the ground, and crushed it beneath his boot before joining her inside the carriage.

The carriage set off.

I had no clue what awaited, but Lord Mephisto tasked me with preventing Norman from doing anything with that woman. Thus, I sprung into action. Succeeding in this mission meant a substantial reward from Lord Mephisto. Hence, I resolved to give it my all.