

The World 601

Chapter 601 - Sirraurus (3)

Now, she wanted my pants too.

"W-Wait!" The woman jolted upright, nearly knocking over her chair. Her hands clutched the hem of her shirt as if that alone would shield her from the absurdity of the situation. "What do you mean, pants as well?"

The researcher, who had been the driving force behind this entire ordeal, met her wide-eyed stare with a calm expression. "I mean, it wouldn't exactly be a full-body examination if his pants were still on, would it? He wouldn't be able to expose everything with fabric in the way."

"T-That means... the underwear too?" she stammered, her voice breaking slightly.

"Well, yes. I wouldn't be able to conduct a proper analysis if there was anything left covering him, now, would I?"

"But underwear is..." Her fingers trembled as they gripped the edge of her coat.

"You're the calmest person I've ever met, yet you're afraid of seeing a man's privates?" the researcher arched a brow at her reaction.

Her lips parted slightly before she spoke in a whisper, as if admitting something shameful. "This... This would be my first time seeing one. I mean, I've never even seen a naked man before..."

"Neither have I." The researcher remained utterly composed. "The only ones I've ever seen were the male automatas we created. But aside from that, I have no real knowledge of what a human penis actually looks like." She tilted her head, her analytical gaze flickering with something unreadable. "Not that I'm personally curious. I simply need to determine whether his body holds any key components to portal creation. If he is from another world, then his anatomy could provide invaluable insight. Which is why..."

She suddenly knelt before me, her delicate fingers reaching for the buckle of my belt.

"W-Wait, wait, wait!" The other woman practically leaped back, her face flushing a deep shade of red. "I'm not ready for this!"

"I didn't take you for someone so innocent." The researcher shot her a knowing smirk. "I assumed you would have... gotten your hands on at least one or two officers by now. But I guess that means you're still a virgin, huh?"

"W-What are you even saying?!" she spluttered, her body stiff with embarrassment. "And don't just assume I'm a virgin because of that! I mean—do you even have any experience yourself?"

The researcher simply shrugged. "I do. Well... not exactly with another human. Or an automata, for that matter." Her smirk deepened. "But I've put my fingers in there before. That counts, right?"

That just sounded like masturbation, but at this point, I wasn't even surprised anymore.

I let out a slow exhale and pinched the bridge of my nose. "I'll do it myself." I reached down, gently pulling her hands away from my belt.

"Oh, okay. That helps." She withdrew, watching intently.

With practiced ease, I unbuckled my belt, the metal clasp clicking softly in the heavy silence. I slid it out of the loops and set it aside before grasping the waistband of my pants.

I didn't lower them immediately. Instead, I lifted my gaze, watching the woman before me. Her breath hitched, her fingers curling into tight fists. Though she tried to look away, her eyes kept flickering back—stealing glances, as if curiosity had overpowered her hesitation.

Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, I lowered my pants.

Along with my underwear.

The moment the fabric slid past my hips, my cock sprang free, unfettered by any constraint. And it was already throbbing, hard and eager, as if the atmosphere itself demanded it.

I wasn't the type to get off on being watched. Exhibitionism wasn't my thing. But for some reason, my body responded to the air thick with tension, as if something primal had awokened.

And then—

Slap!

A sudden gasp filled the room as my cock smacked against the researcher's face, its sheer weight leaving a lingering heat against her cheek.

"Ah!"

Her breath hitched, her eyes widening in astonishment. The other woman looked utterly mortified, frozen in place as she stared at me—no, at it.

"W-What is that?" she whispered, almost in disbelief.

The researcher, however, was unfazed. If anything, she looked fascinated.

"Oh... What a magnificent specimen." She leaned in closer, her gaze studying every detail with meticulous precision. "It's even larger than the models we designed for the automatas..." Her fingers twitched slightly as if resisting the urge to touch.

She inhaled softly.

"The scent... the size... everything about it is intriguing." A slow, almost hypnotized smile spread across her lips. "Even the models we used as references for our automatas weren't quite like this. Yours is much bigger. Is it because you're from another world?"

Her breathing became uneven.

"For some reason... the scent is making me feel strange."

Then, she suddenly reached out her hand, her fingertips trembling slightly, as if drawn to me by an unseen force. But before she could make contact, the other woman jerked forward, grabbing her wrist with an alarmed expression.

"W-What exactly are you doing?! Didn't you say you only wanted to observe?"

The researcher barely acknowledged her, her body leaning closer, her breath quickening. A strange hunger burned in her gaze as her nose hovered mere inches from the swollen head of my cock.

"Haa... Haa... It smells... It smells really good..."

I stiffened. I had no idea if she was genuinely interested in analyzing my body or if she was moments away from giving me a blowjob. Either way, this was spiraling out of control.

"Alright." She exhaled, her voice quivering slightly. Then, as if shaking off the trance, her expression shifted into something sharper, more focused. "I might be able to deduce something from this."

Her tone had changed, but the thick, lingering heat in the air hadn't faded.

She took a deep breath, her eyes scanning over my body with renewed intent.

"I have to say... You must be incredibly powerful to possess a physique like this. Not even the most battle-hardened veteran could achieve such flawless muscularity."

Her voice was rich with something that wasn't just scientific curiosity—it was admiration, fascination... and something deeper, more primal.

"A-Are you actually observing him," the other woman stammered, "or are you just gawking at him like that?"

The researcher finally turned her gaze away from me—just enough to smirk at the flustered woman.

"I'm observing, of course." Her voice was steady, but her lips curled in amusement. "But I am also gawking. I mean, it is my first time seeing something like this. I'm sure you feel the same, don't you?"

The other woman's face turned an even deeper shade of red, her hands twitching as if she wanted to deny it but couldn't find the words.

I wasn't sure whether the researcher was simply being brutally honest or if she was just a pervert masquerading as a scientist. Either way, the tension in the room was undeniable.

Then, without hesitation, she reached out and placed her palm against my chest.

A soft gasp escaped her lips.

"Wow..." Her fingers traced along my pecs, her touch featherlight but lingering. "It's so hard. I would've believed you if you told me your body was made of metal."

Her hands slid lower, gliding over the chiseled ridges of my abs.

"And your abdominal muscles..." Her breath hitched slightly. "They're... incredible." Her voice grew softer, almost husky. "Honestly, just touching them is making me feel... hot."

"T-This isn't observation anymore, is it?" the other woman asked weakly, shifting uneasily.

But the researcher wasn't listening.

Her fingers roamed, her breathing turning shallow, her body subtly pressing closer. The flush on her cheeks deepened, and I could feel the heat radiating off her skin.

The air had become thick—charged with an unmistakable tension, heavy with something far beyond mere scientific curiosity.

Then, as if suddenly jolted back to reality, the researcher blinked rapidly and withdrew her hand as if burned.

Clearing her throat, she took a step back.

"Well," she muttered, her voice a touch unsteady. "I suppose that concludes the observation." She turned on her heel abruptly. "I'm feeling quite sleepy now, so I'll be heading to my room."

She didn't sound sleepy in the slightest.

The other woman blinked at her in bewilderment, as if trying to comprehend what had just happened.

Without another word, the researcher walked off, disappearing into her room.

I exhaled slowly, shaking my head.

Fortunately, this apartment was large enough to accommodate all of us. A high-end, modern unit with four spacious bedrooms—it was expensive, but it had everything we needed.

Then, just as I was about to reach for my clothes, Anne stepped out of the kitchen, her voice smooth and composed.

"Master, the food is ready."

She paused as soon as she saw me—naked, standing in the middle of the room.

Her head tilted slightly, her artificial eyes scanning me with precision. Then, in a voice that was both matter-of-fact and subtly suggestive, she asked—

"Are you about to take a bath, Master? Or... Are you planning to have me service you in a sexual manner?"

Automatas were designed for both practical and intimate functions. Seeing me bare, Anne naturally assumed I intended to use her.

"No," I replied smoothly. "Don't worry about it. I was just about to put my clothes back on—they were getting too hot."

Anne blinked, processing my words.

"Is that so?" she mused. Then, after another quick scan, she stated, "Well, if you require assistance, I am more than capable of helping you."

Her eyes flickered, and a faint hum resonated from her core as she analyzed me further.

"Honestly, Master, I can see your desire meter is at maximum," she added. "You haven't had any kind of release, have you?"

Chapter 602 Sirraurus (4)

Anne was right. I hadn't indulged myself even once since arriving in this world. The frustration had been building, coiling inside me like a tightly wound spring, ready to snap at the slightest. As someone who had sex almost every single day in the previous world, it was only expected that the lack of release was starting to take its toll.

"If you command it, I would gladly serve you, Master," Anne murmured in a flat, mechanical tone, yet her actions spoke differently. She lifted the hem of her skirt ever so slightly, just enough to hint at what lay beneath—an unspoken invitation, an offering waiting to be claimed. "After all, that is the very reason I was created."

My eyes traced over her—AN-7176, a high-end automata designed for domestic service. Cooking, cleaning, maintaining the household... a perfect maid in every regard. But that wasn't all they were built for. No, they were also programmed for pleasure. These machines weren't just for mundane chores. They were crafted to fulfill every desire their master might have, both in and out of the bedroom.

Of course, their primary function wasn't sex, but it was an undeniable feature—one that many owners took full advantage of. There were even rumors of men who collected them in droves, forming vast harems of automatas, each one unique in appearance despite belonging to the same model. That individuality was part of their appeal—no two were exactly alike.

And as expected, since they were designed for sexual service, they were also equipped with sensors to measure their master's arousal levels.

I exhaled slowly. So that's how it works.

"No," I said, my voice firm. "Don't worry about it. I can control myself for now."

"I see..." Anne's expression remained as unreadable as ever, but her tone carried the faintest hint of something else—was it disappointment? "However, Master, suppressing one's desires is unhealthy. If you ever find yourself unable to endure it any longer, please do not hesitate to use me. That is, of course, if you desire me."

She said it so casually, so matter-of-factly, as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

I shifted my attention to the other woman in the room. She hadn't moved an inch, standing stiffly in place, her cheeks burning a deep, vivid red. It was obvious she was still reeling from what she had just witnessed.

"By the way," I addressed her smoothly, watching as she flinched slightly at my voice. "I hadn't asked until now since it seemed like you had no intention of introducing yourself. But since you've already seen me naked, don't you think it's time we exchanged names?"

The words left my mouth before I could reconsider them. Huh. That sounded way too much like some guy who had just fucked a random girl at a mixer and only after finishing inside her thought to ask for her name.

"H-Huh?! Why the hell would I?!" she stammered, snapping out of her daze, her embarrassment quickly shifting into anger. "As far as I'm concerned, you're an enemy—a threat to this world! I'm only here because you captured us, not because I want to get all chummy with you!"

"Well, I suppose that's a fair point," I admitted with a lazy shrug. "But still, is there really any harm in telling me your name? It's not like that information puts you at any disadvantage."

I took a step closer, my gaze locking onto hers, watching the way she stiffened under my scrutiny.

"My name is Leon," I said, my tone calm, measured. "As you already know, I'm from another world. The moment I arrived, I was immediately arrested under the claim that I was some kind of dangerous existence. Then, I broke out—and now I have you."

I leaned in slightly, allowing my voice to dip lower, carrying the weight of something more.

"So, I'll make you an offer. If you help me with something, I'll let you go. And once I accomplish my goal, I'll leave this world and never return. So—what do you say?"

"What exactly do you want to do?" The woman's voice was laced with suspicion, her sharp eyes fixed on me. It was understandable—after all, to her, I was an unknown entity, a man from nowhere with motives she couldn't yet grasp. And with uncertainty came wariness, the natural instinct to fear what could not be understood.

I met her gaze, unfazed. "Just as I asked the researcher," I said smoothly, my tone calm yet firm. "I want to know if it's possible to create a portal—one that would allow me to travel to another world of my choosing."

Her expression darkened, her suspicion deepening. "Why do you want to do that?"

I could already see where this was going. She wasn't satisfied with my answer—if anything, my words only fueled her curiosity further, forcing her to dig deeper.

I exhaled, allowing the corner of my lips to quirk up in a faint smile. "I'm..." I trailed off, considering my words. Then, with a nonchalant shrug, I continued, "That's not something I can answer." My voice took on an easy, almost playful cadence. "Let's just say I have the spirit of an adventurer—one who wants to see as many worlds as possible. How about that?"

She didn't look convinced. If anything, her wariness seemed to intensify. "I don't like you," she stated bluntly, her piercing gaze never wavering. "I don't know what you're planning, but you're dangerous. Anyone capable of taking down those officers so easily... You pose a greater threat than even a nation."

I chuckled under my breath, tilting my head slightly. "Perhaps," I admitted, "but I have no intention of causing unnecessary bloodshed. Killing people isn't something I enjoy."

For a long moment, she said nothing. Then, finally, she exhaled sharply and spoke.

"I'm Zoey."

Zoey, huh? A name I hadn't heard before. Yet, oddly enough, it suited her.

"The woman from earlier... Her name is Chloe."

Zoey and Chloe. I committed the names to memory.

"Well then," I said, my voice smooth and deliberate. "I suppose I'll be looking forward to working with both of you." My gaze flickered toward Anne, who had already prepared the food. "Now then, if you're hungry, feel free to eat first. I need to head to my room for a bit."

Zoey hesitated before nodding stiffly. "O-Okay..."

Without another word, I turned and made my way to my room.

The space was modest, small even—but compared to the cramped dormitory I had stayed in at the academy, it was a significant improvement.

I sat down on the bed, allowing myself a moment of quiet contemplation.

Then—

A sound.

"Ah... Ahhh... Ahhh... That smell... Ahhh... I want it... Haaa..."

My brows lifted slightly. The moans were unmistakable—soft, breathless, dripping with need.

I already had a good guess as to what was happening on the other side of the wall.

Chloe.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. Of course. The way she had reacted earlier made it obvious she was pent up, but this? This was on another level. She wasn't even trying to be discreet.

"Ahhh... I'm cumming... Ahnnnnn!"

I exhaled through my nose, glancing downward. My cock pressed uncomfortably against the fabric of my pants, stiffening against my will. Her voice—her desperate, needy gasps—was undeniably erotic.

But I didn't bother jerking off.

Instead, I lay back on the bed and closed my eyes.

To be honest, I was starting to miss the people I had left behind.

I needed to finish what I had set out to do here—quickly.

Later that night, I found myself sinking into the bath, steam curling around me like a hazy veil.

The bathroom here was larger than my old dorm's—perhaps even more spacious than the one in the Silver Dorms.

I leaned back against the edge of the tub, allowing the heat to soak into my skin, easing the tension from my muscles. The warmth was soothing, wrapping around me like a familiar embrace.

For a moment, it was peaceful.

Then, once I had finished bathing, I stepped out of the tub and reached for the clothes I had set aside earlier.

That was when I noticed it.

My underwear—gone.

The rest of my laundry was untouched, sitting exactly where I had left it. Only my underwear had disappeared.

My eyes narrowed slightly.

It wasn't Anne—if she had taken it, the entire pile would have been removed for washing.

Which left only one possibility.

Chloe.

Considering how she had been shamelessly pleasuring herself to the scent of my cock earlier, it didn't take a genius to figure out what had happened. She must have decided to take things a step further, literally stealing my underwear to satisfy her urges.

Even now, I could hear it—the soft, muffled moans filtering through the walls.

Just how long did she plan on masturbating?

I sighed, running a hand down my face. I needed her to start her research as soon as possible—if she kept delaying things because of her insatiable horniness, my progress would be hindered.

I supposed it was time to deal with her.

Without bothering to dress, I stepped out of the bathroom, completely naked.

The apartment was quiet. Zoey had already retreated to her room, leaving the hallway empty.

Perfect.

I strode toward Chloe's door. The closer I got, the clearer the sounds became—ragged breathing, breathy whimpers, soft gasps of pleasure.

She hadn't even bothered to close the door properly. A faint gap remained, just wide enough to catch a glimpse of her from where I stood.

I reached for the handle.

And slowly...

Chapter 603 - Chloe, The Portal Researcher (1)

I eased the door open, careful not to make a sound. Not too much—just enough to catch a glimpse inside.

The room was engulfed in darkness, shadows stretching across the walls, swallowing everything in their depths. But even in the dimness, I could make out a figure. A silhouette that moved in an almost mechanical rhythm, shuddering and trembling. My eyes adjusted, and that was when I saw it.

Something clenched between her teeth.

A strip of fabric, twisted and damp from her saliva.

No...

Not just any fabric.

It was my underwear.

My breath hitched. Had she seriously shoved it in her mouth while sniffing it? The sheer depravity of the act sent a jolt through my spine. Just how deep did her horniness run?

"Ahhh... Mnn... The smell... The smell... The smell... Haaa, haaa, haaa~, haaaa... The smell... I love this... Slurppppp~!"

She moaned against the fabric, her voice soaked in lewdness, thick with a delirious craving that made the air in the room feel heavier. Her grip on my underwear tightened, her lips parting slightly as her tongue flicked out, tasting whatever traces remained.

She was completely unhinged.

I had known that people had kinks. Weird ones, even. But this...

This was beyond anything I had ever imagined.

I had known that people harbored unusual desires, but hers... hers transcended what one might consider normal even within the realm of the bizarre.

And yet, my eyes remained locked on her.

For the first time, her face—usually hidden behind thick, straight hime-cut bangs—was exposed. Strands of jet-black hair stuck to her sweat-drenched skin, clinging to her flushed cheeks. And beneath that veil of darkness...

A pair of piercing, violet eyes gleamed.

A breathtaking shade of amethyst, shining with something both dangerously intoxicating and utterly deranged.

"Haaannnn~... My pussy is so wet... It feels like I'm going to drown... I'm going to... I'm going to cum again...!"

She gritted her teeth against the fabric, those violet orbs rolling back in unadulterated pleasure as her fingers worked her soaked folds, the obscene, wet squelching of her slick arousal echoing in the stillness of the room. The bed beneath her was already ruined—drenched in the evidence of her endless self-indulgence.

Her spine arched, her back curving like a bowstring drawn to its limits.

And then—

"Mnnnnnnnnnnnnn~~~!!!"

Her entire body convulsed, thighs quivering violently as a clear stream of nectar gushed from her spasming pussy, soaking the sheets even further. A deep, guttural moan tore from her throat, muffled only slightly by the fabric clenched between her teeth. Her face twisted into an expression of sheer, unfiltered ecstasy, mouth frozen in a breathless "O" of satisfaction.

And just like that... her hime-cut was ruined.

The carefully arranged curtain of her bangs had fallen into disarray, exposing the flushed mess beneath. Strands of raven-black hair clung to her sweat-slick skin, her usually composed appearance shattered by the sheer force of her own pleasure.

She looked utterly wrecked.

Yet, in that moment of depravity, she was mesmerizing.

"Aaaah... That felt good... More... I need more...!"

Even as she lay there, body twitching in the aftermath of her climax, the hunger in her voice never waned.

"If it already feels this good... how much better would it be to have the real thing inside me?"

Her breath was ragged, her chest rising and falling erratically. She was gone—trapped in a world of insatiable lust. Her body screamed for more, and her mind... well, her mind had clearly abandoned all logic.

"What should I do...? I want it..." she murmured, voice hazy and dazed.

My fingers twitched.

There was no mistaking it now.

She wanted me to fuck her.

A sigh left my lips as I decided, then and there, to let my presence be known.

I shifted my weight deliberately, making just enough noise for her to hear.

Instantly, her body snapped to attention. "Who's there?"

"It's me," I answered, my voice steady. "I was about to ask you something, but seeing as you're... occupied, I figured I should wait until tomorrow."

Silence.

Then, a rustle of sheets.

She moved.

Before I could react, she was off the bed and right in front of me—faster than I expected, eyes burning with an intensity that sent a thrill down my spine.

Her breaths came out in hot, shuddering pants. Even in the darkness, I could see the way her sweat glistened, her body still burning from her previous climax.

And then—without warning—

She grabbed my wrist and pulled me into her room.

"You were listening, weren't you?"

Her voice was husky, thick with arousal, her lips slightly parted as if she were barely holding herself back. She was still flushed, still needy—and judging by the way she was looking at me...

She wasn't done yet.

I met her gaze head-on, unbothered. "I won't deny it," I said smoothly. "You weren't exactly subtle about it. Your moaning was loud, and leaving your door open... Well, it almost seems as if you wanted me to walk in on you."

"Well, I am not the type of woman who would directly invite someone to have sex with me, so I had to leave some hints," she murmured, her voice carrying a sultry edge. Her breaths were still uneven, the lingering heat of arousal evident in her flushed cheeks. "You did hear me say I wanted it, didn't you?"

"I did," I admitted without hesitation. There was no point in denying the obvious. Her moans had been loud, her words unmistakable.

"Then, since you deliberately made a noise while listening," she continued, stepping closer, her eyes flickering with mischief, "you must want it too."

She was direct, but beneath her confidence, I caught the faintest trace of hesitation—a conflict bubbling just beneath the surface.

"Honestly, I feel somewhat conflicted," she admitted, her fingers tracing small circles on her own arm. "I hadn't planned on doing this yet. I have research to complete, goals to achieve... I cannot risk pregnancy when there is still so much I wish to accomplish. And then there is the fact that this would be my first time—something I would be giving to a man I barely know. A man who isn't even from this world..."

Her words trailed off as she looked at me, eyes lingering on my face before she smirked slightly.

"But... you are rather handsome, so I suppose it's fine."

"That doesn't sound like just a little conflict to me," I remarked dryly.

"Well, you understand what I mean, don't you?" she exhaled. "I have never lain with a man before. The only thing that has ever been inside me is my own fingers. And now, my first would be with you—someone entirely foreign to this world. Not to mention the risk of pregnancy."

"You need not worry about that," I reassured her. "As long as I pull out, there won't be an issue."

Her eyes widened slightly as if she had never even considered such a thing.

"I see... Yes, that does make sense," she mused, bringing a hand to her chin in thought. "As long as the sperm does not meet the egg, conception is impossible."

Then, she glanced back at me, eyes gleaming with realization.

"Could it be... that you are a genius?"

I nearly laughed. The idea that I could be considered a genius for something so basic was almost amusing. But apparently, in this world, sex and pregnancy were seen as an inseparable cause-and-effect. The very concept of withdrawal seemed nonexistent here. For all the advancements in this world, their understanding of reproduction was oddly primitive.

"Now then..." she murmured, her tongue running slowly along her lips as her gaze drifted downward.

The room suddenly felt hotter.

"It seems you're experiencing... discomfort there," she noted, her voice taking on an almost clinical tone, as if she were a scientist analyzing an anomaly. "Would you permit me to examine it?"

"I wouldn't mind."

That was all the invitation she needed.

She knelt before me with slow, deliberate movements, positioning herself in a way that felt both natural and seductive. Her eyes, shimmering with curiosity, locked onto my hardened cock.

"Hmm..." she mused, tilting her head slightly. "I have never seen one in person before, but... I must admit, I am fascinated."

She reached out, wrapping her delicate fingers around the base, her grip firm yet tentative.

"Does it normally grow this large?" she asked, her voice filled with genuine curiosity. "The automaton model we based on a human male wasn't nearly this big... Compared to yours, his looked almost... cute. Not that I have seen it in person, of course."

She let out a small huff, her warm breath cascading over my shaft. The sensation sent a ripple of pleasure up my spine.

"Ahhh..." She inhaled deeply, her eyelids fluttering. "As I thought... the scent is absolutely intoxicating."

Her fingers traced along the length, exploring its shape, its heat, its weight.

"I wonder how it tastes..." she whispered, her lips parting slightly.

"You may taste it," I allowed. "Though I would prefer if you refrained from biting."

Her expression didn't change, but I saw a flicker of amusement in her eyes.

"I see..." she murmured. Then, without further hesitation, she leaned in and let her tongue flick across the swollen tip.

A sharp jolt of pleasure shot through my body.

Her tongue—hot, wet, different. It wasn't just a normal human tongue. There was a certain roughness to it, an otherworldly heat that made my muscles tense involuntarily.

"Aaah... As I thought, I adore the scent," she murmured, her dazed eyes glistening as she licked her lips.
"The taste itself is merely that of skin, yet... it is still pleasant."

She gazed up at me with half-lidded eyes, my cock still resting in her grasp. Her pupils had changed—once round, now bearing the distinct shape of hearts.

The look in her eyes was unmistakable.

She looked utterly entranced.

A researcher at heart, discovering something new for the first time.

Chapter 604 - Chloe, The Portal Researcher (2)

"Ha... Ha, haaa, haaa, hamuu... Mmmmm... Aahhh, ah, haaaah... Mnnn, mmm..."

Her breath, hot and heavy, rolled over my shaft like a wave of molten heat, each exhale searing into my skin. The sound alone—ragged, yearning, desperate—was enough to make my cock twitch with anticipation. It was honestly surprising that Chloe had never experienced sex before, given the sheer need radiating from her. But then again, perhaps women processed arousal differently, their urges buried beneath layers of restraint until they reached a breaking point.

I guided her head with a firm grip, letting her take me in slowly as she panted between strokes. Now that I took a closer look, her breasts were massive—round and full, straining against the taut fabric of her researcher's uniform. The thick material had done well to conceal their size before, but now, in this moment, their fullness was undeniable.

Curious, I reached out and took a handful of her soft flesh, my fingers sinking in with ease. Yet even with my palm spread wide, I couldn't grasp all of it—she was simply that big.

"Mnnn... aaah... haa... haaannn, haa... haa... hamuuu..."

She let out a muffled moan, her lips still wrapped around my cock, her voice trembling as if the act itself was overwhelming her senses. But soon, her movements faltered, her breath hitching as she pulled away slightly to gasp for air. It seemed she had momentarily run out of breath while working her mouth over my cock. Drool glistened along her lips, a thin strand still connecting her mouth to my cock, before she swallowed thickly and dove back in, sealing her lips tightly around my girth.

Her tongue lapped at the sensitive head, her saliva coating every inch, making each stroke of her lips feel even hotter, even wetter.

A deep shudder ran through me. My toes curled involuntarily, my muscles tensing at the sheer pleasure coursing through me. Still, something was missing—she wasn't using her throat. That frustrated me.

That wouldn't do.

I tightened my grip on the back of her head and gently pushed her down, coaxing her deeper.

Her eyes flew open in alarm. The moment my cock pressed against the entrance of her throat, she immediately recoiled, pulling back in a panic.

"Cough! Cough!"

She gagged, a mixture of saliva and precum glistening at the corner of her lips. A few quick breaths, and she shot me a look that was both accusatory and flustered.

"W-What are you doing...? Are you trying to suffocate me?"

"Uh, no. I was just trying to go deeper."

"Deeper?" she echoed, tilting her head in confusion.

I narrowed my gaze slightly. "Do you even know what oral sex is?"

She blinked. "Hmm? You can have sex orally?"

...What?

A slow realization dawned on me.

Okay. This world was definitely not as advanced as I initially thought. At least, not when it came to sex. If even someone as intelligent as Chloe—a researcher, no less—had no idea what oral sex was, then it was safe to assume that the entire world had somehow overlooked the concept entirely.

That explained everything.

Even with all their automatas, their advanced machinery, their scientific breakthroughs, they were completely in the dark when it came to the most primal form of pleasure. It was almost laughable.

My blood thrummed with excitement.

If they knew so little about sex... then I could mold them. Train them. I could make Chloe into something that would tremble at the mere touch of my hand, that would fall into bliss from the slightest kiss.

The thought alone sent a sharp pulse of heat straight to my cock.

"What we're doing right now is oral sex," I explained smoothly, my voice low and patient, as if teaching her the fundamentals of a long-lost art. "Though there are different levels to it. One is a blowjob, another is deepthroating, and then there's irrumatio. There are many forms, actually. And since ejaculation happens in the mouth, there's no risk of pregnancy."

"Huh... I see," she murmured, her brows furrowing slightly in thought. "So, having sex orally is possible as well..."

There was a brief pause.

Then, a spark of curiosity lit in her eyes.

"I want to try it," she declared, her voice steady, her lips parting slightly as she gazed up at me. "Can you do it to me?"

And just like that, she tilted her head back, her mouth opening wide, her tongue unfurling like a red carpet leading straight to her throat.

Even in the dim lighting, I could see the delicate twitches in the back of her mouth, the rhythmic pulsing of her throat as if inviting me inside.

My cock throbbed at the sight.

It was lewd. Incredibly lewd.

"Alright," I murmured, gripping my shaft and lining it up with her willing mouth.

I pressed my cock against her outstretched tongue, rubbing it along the slick, wet surface. As expected, her throat had subtle layers of texture, something that couldn't quite be described—slightly rough, yet tantalizingly soft. It wasn't to say that it didn't feel good. On the contrary, it was almost too good. Perhaps it was because this was a different world entirely, where even the humans were built slightly differently. And yet, I hadn't sensed any real distinction between the people in my world and those from Earth.

Maybe it was just my lack of experience back in my previous life as a virgin.

Regardless, that was enough thinking for now.

As I continued rubbing my cock against her tongue, I gradually pushed it forward, only to pull back again in a teasing motion, letting her taste me over and over. Her saliva clung to my length in long, glistening strands, thick and fluid, stretching between us each time I withdrew. There was something erotically obscene about the sight, the way her mouth was already so wet and welcoming.

But that was only the beginning.

I pressed forward fully, sinking my cock into her waiting mouth until the tip prodded against the back, nudging the tight entrance to her throat. The resistance was immediate, but I was patient.

Slowly, I guided my hand to the back of her head, steadyng my grip before applying gentle pressure, coaxing her further. Her throat resisted, tensing around the intrusion, but as I persisted, it yielded—gradually spreading open to accommodate my girth.

"Ug... ugggh... mnnnn... Ugh, hhnnn, hhh, hn, hhmnnnn, mmm..."

The sensation of her throat slowly accepting me was unbearable. A raw heat coiled in my gut, my instincts screaming at me to release right then and there. But I held back. I wanted—needed—to enjoy this longer.

I began to move.

"Gh... gnn..."

She struggled, her throat spasming around my length as she fought to adjust to the foreign intrusion. The tight convulsions only heightened the pleasure, sending shudders down my spine. I could tell she was battling her gag reflex, her throat constricting around me with each involuntary spasm. But instead of pulling back, I pressed her further against my crotch, forcing her to take more.

A wet, messy gurgle escaped her lips as thick, bubbling saliva spilled from the corners of her mouth, coating my cock and drenching my crotch. Her eyes slowly rolled upward, her expression dazed, her cheeks bulging slightly as she struggled for air.

But I didn't relent.

I wasn't being rough—not yet. But as someone experiencing deepthroating for the first time, it was only natural that she would react this way.

And then—I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Fughhh... fuuu... mnnn..."

With one final thrust, I buried myself deep, my cock pulsing as thick, scalding-hot cum erupted straight into her esophagus. The release was overwhelming, my entire body tensing as wave after wave of thick, pent-up semen surged into her throat.

There was so much that she couldn't contain it all.

The moment my cock twitched inside her, the sheer volume of cum flooding her throat caused it to spill back, leaking out of her nose in small, pearly-white trickles. The sight was utterly obscene.

And when I finally pulled out, still spurting, the remaining ropes of cum shot across her face, painting her flushed skin in milky streaks until her features were almost completely covered in white.

"Ahh... s-so hot... ahhh...!"

Her voice trembled as she panted, her chest rising and falling with each heavy breath. Warm rivulets of semen slid down her cheeks, dripping from her chin in slow, viscous trails.

Her expression was drunk with pleasure.

Then, as if hypnotized by the scent, she raised a trembling hand to her face, scooping up a dollop of cum with her fingers. Her tongue darted out, licking it clean in slow, deliberate strokes.

"Ah... I love the smell... I love it... I want more..."

Her words were slurred with pure desire, her eyes glazed with need.

I couldn't hold myself back anymore.

And neither could she.

Without hesitation, we moved to the bed together—our bodies pressing against each other, our hunger unrestrained—as we began the second round.

Chapter 605 - Chloe, The Portal Researcher (3)

I grabbed her clothes and ripped them open without hesitation, the buttons snapping off and scattering across the room. The sound of fabric tearing filled the air as her massive breasts, still confined within her bra, bounced free from their restraints, defying gravity with their sheer weight and softness.

Even with the bra still in place, their sheer size was overwhelming. How the hell was this thing even holding them? I-cup? No... this had to be a J-cup, at least. They were colossal.

I had already felt them earlier, squeezing their plush flesh through her clothes. But now, with only that flimsy piece of fabric separating them from my touch, their true size became undeniable.

And they looked so fucking juicy.

"One thing I've always been proud of is these," she said with a smug smile, cupping her own breasts as if to flaunt them. "I was told my breasts were particularly big. So much so that men couldn't stop staring at them. But I never paid them any mind—I was always too busy with my research."

Particularly big? That was an understatement.

These were monstrous. You could probably rest your head between them and sink into a state of pure bliss.

I swallowed hard, trying to keep my composure as I reached out, my fingers grazing over her bra-covered flesh. The heat radiating from her skin sent a shiver down my spine. Then, without another word, I leaned in and captured her lips with mine.

Her eyes widened in surprise, but within moments, she melted into the kiss. Instead of resisting, she pressed her body against mine, wrapping her arms around my neck as she deepened the kiss herself.

"Mnn... hmmmn, mm... mnnn... slurp..."

Our tongues tangled together, twisting and curling in an intoxicating dance. Her breath came in hot, gasping against my lips, mixing with my own as I tasted the sweetness of her mouth.

As we kissed, my hands moved down, slipping beneath her bra. The moment I touched her bare skin, I felt just how incredible they truly were—plush, warm, and unbelievably soft.

These breasts were insane.

Even with how big they were, they had this elasticity to them, molding into my hands perfectly as I kneaded them.

Still devouring her lips, I reached behind her and unclasped her bra. With one smooth motion, I pulled it down, letting it slide off her shoulders and fall away.

And finally, they were fully exposed.

My breath hitched as I took in the sight before me.

Her breasts were even more mesmerizing now that they were completely bare. Her nipples were inverted, tucked into the supple flesh of her areola, giving her an almost innocent allure despite the sheer lewdness of the situation.

But what truly caught my eye was the small beauty mark sitting right on the edge of one of her areola.

That tiny detail made them look even more mouthwatering.

Without thinking, I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around one of her nipples, sucking at the soft flesh, my tongue tracing circles over the spot where her nipple was still hidden.

"Ah...!"

She suddenly pulled back, breaking away from me as she pressed a hand to her chest, looking at me with wide, confused eyes.

"W-What are you doing...?"

"I'm just sucking it. Don't you want it?" I asked, tilting my head.

"Huh? Suck it? But... you're not a baby."

...Right.

So their knowledge of sex was that limited. Practically nonexistent beyond the basic act of penetration. If their education in sex was this stunted, then even something as simple as nipple play was something they had never even considered. They really thought it was just about a man sticking his cock into a woman, and that was the end of it? No foreplay? No teasing? No fun?

I let out a small sigh. Trying to explain would be a waste of time. Instead, I decided to show her.

Without warning, I latched back onto her breast, sealing my lips over her areola as I sucked firmly.

"Ah...!"

She flinched, her whole body jerking at the sudden sensation. Her hands flew to my shoulders, gripping them tightly, but she didn't push me away this time.

"W-Why...!?"

I ignored her protests, flicking my tongue over her nipple, teasing the sensitive skin as I sucked with increasing pressure. Slowly, I began pulling at the tucked flesh, coaxing it to come out of hiding.

"Ah... W-What is this...?"

Her voice wavered, her breathing turning ragged.

Now she was feeling it.

She might not have understood it before, but her body definitely did now.

Her chest heaved with every shaky breath, her grip on my shoulders tightening as she twitched under my touch. Every reaction was a silent confirmation—she was sensitive as fuck here.

A wicked grin tugged at my lips.

Now that I knew just how weak she was to this, I wasn't going to stop.

"Ahnnn, ahhh...! Yaaannnn~!"

Then, after a moment, her entire body tensed, convulsing beneath my touch as if an electric current had surged through her.

"Ah... something is...! Hnnnnn!"

Her voice quivered, her breath hitching sharply. A sudden tremor rippled through her, her back arching gracefully as if she had lost control over her own body. Her fingers clenched the sheets, gripping them with desperate strength while waves of pleasure coursed through her frame.

"Funaaaaaaaa~!! Ahhhhn...~!"

Then, just as quickly as it began, the tension snapped. Her muscles relaxed, her body sinking into the mattress like she had melted into it. A deep, shuddering breath left her lips, her chest rising and falling with erratic pants.

"Haaa... haaa... Did I... just orgasm...?"

Her dazed expression was utterly captivating.

Her skin was flushed, a delicate sheen of sweat forming over her trembling body. Her lips, slightly parted, glistened with moisture, as if still aching from our previous kiss.

The scent in the room was intoxicating.

Thick.

Heavy.

It seeped into my lungs, wrapped around my mind like an irresistible haze, clouding every rational thought I had left. It was her—her raw, primal essence—so potent that it threatened to melt my brain.

I swallowed hard.

The heat burning inside me had reached its limit.

Without a second thought, I flipped her over onto her stomach.

"Hyaa...!?"

A startled cry left her lips, but she didn't resist. Instead, she turned her head to the side, looking up at me with wide, confused eyes.

She didn't fight it.

She didn't push back.

She simply accepted it.

...She truly had no idea, did she?

She didn't know that there were different positions, different ways to do this.

Not that I planned on stopping to explain.

The sheer deprivation I had suffered for so long had pushed me to the brink. I was well past the point of patience—my body demanded to release all of it, and I was more than ready to claim what was in front of me.

Gripping her waist, I lifted her hips into position, angling them perfectly for what was to come.

Then, with one swift motion, I reached down and yanked her pants down to her thighs, just enough to leave her exposed. The fabric bunched up, framing her figure in a way that only emphasized her shape.

And what a shape it was.

Her thighs... thick, voluptuous, utterly divine.

Soft enough to sink my fingers into, yet firm with just the right amount of muscle.

Then, my eyes trailed lower.

Her panties.

I had noticed them earlier—how her bra was already elegant and seductive—but now, with nothing else in the way, I could truly admire them.

Lacy. Intricate.

A set so delicate and erotic that it was practically sinful.

The kind of lingerie meant to be worshipped.

But I wasn't going to waste time admiring it.

Hooking my fingers beneath the waistband, I tugged them down, leaving the garment pooled with her pants. And when I did—

A glistening string of arousal stretched between the damp fabric and her dripping pussy.

The sight alone made my cock throb.

A smirk curled my lips.

"You're very, very wet," I murmured, watching as a fresh bead of moisture trickled down the inside of her thigh.

She blinked up at me, her gaze hazy yet filled with curiosity. "Is that bad?"

Her voice carried a strange mix of innocence and something far more dangerous—something feral.

Her eyes burned with a frenzied hunger, a desperate, consuming lust that made her look positively intoxicated.

"Not at all," I whispered, dragging my fingers through her soaked folds. "In fact, this is good. With how wet you are, I'll be able to enter you more easily."

A shudder ran through her, her breath stuttering.

"Is that so..."

And then, just like that, she broke.

Her breaths turned shallow, quick, almost frantic. A tremor coursed through her body, her fingers clutching the sheets once more.

"Well then... if you would... please give it to me..."

Her voice quivered with something close to desperation.

"I want your scent to cover me completely... I want it to seep into me..."

Then, she gasped, arching her back slightly, her hips pressing into me as she panted, "Please... paint my entire body with your scent..."

...She really did have a scent fetish.

Her needy, pleading words sent a jolt of something primal through me.

I couldn't wait any longer.

I didn't want to wait any longer.

Without hesitation, I aligned myself with her entrance.

The moment the tip of my cock pressed against her, her juices coated me instantly, slick and dripping. The sheer wetness of her pussy clung to my shaft like the perfect lubricant, easing my entrance as I positioned myself against her.

I gripped her hips firmly.

And then—

I pushed forward, slowly sinking inside her, parting her soft, drenched folds as I buried myself deep.

"Ah... Haaannn~! I-It's coming...~!"

Her voice cracked, her body arching further, her thighs trembling violently as she took me in.

Tight.

So tight.

And just like that—

Chapter 606 - Chloe, The Portal Researcher (4)

"Ah... Haaannn~! I-It's coming...~!"

Chloe's pussy was drenched, her juices coating my length as I pushed inside, gliding effortlessly through the slick heat of her walls. The way she stretched around me, her flesh parting to take me in, was intoxicating. I bottomed out, buried to the hilt, feeling her insides pulse and tighten around my cock like they were trying to milk me dry.

"Haaah... Ahhh... I-It's so thickkk~... It's nothing like my fingersss~... It's stretching me so muchhhh~...!"

She wasn't unbearably tight, likely because she had already explored herself with her fingers before, but that only made things better. There was no resistance, no hesitation—just her body eagerly welcoming something far thicker, far harder than what she was used to. Her walls gripped me just right, snug but not suffocating, and her lack of a hymen meant no pain and no discomfort—only raw, unfiltered pleasure. And that was perfect. I had been holding back my pent-up lust for far too long, and I didn't want to waste a second restraining myself.

And her inner muscles—fuck—her pussy was like a perfectly designed vice, a hot, velvety tunnel lined with ridges and folds that caressed and squeezed me with every inch I pushed in. It wrapped around my cock like a series of soft, pillow ridges, massaging me as though they had been made for this. It was like being swallowed into a tunnel of hot, wet marshmallows, each fold caressing every inch of my shaft. The wet, clenching heat felt almost surreal, as if her body had been made for this. I could feel every ridge, every twitch, the way she instinctively clenched down whenever I moved.

A sharp wave of pleasure surged through me, and I nearly came on the spot. But I grit my teeth, forcing myself to hold back.

I grabbed her hips, feeling the soft flesh mold beneath my fingers. Her hips were just as incredible as the rest of her—wide, full, made for childbearing. Her curves were sinful—thick, full thighs leading to a round, perfectly shaped ass, wide, fertile hips that practically screamed breed me. She was built for sex, her body designed to entice, to seduce, to take a man's cock and make him lose himself inside her.

"Aahh... Hnn... haaa... Haaa, ahhh~..."

I pulled back, dragging my cock out inch by inch, watching as her slick walls clung to me, reluctant to let me go. And then—I slammed forward.

"Ahn, ahh, ahh... Ahhhn, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhh... That smell... That scentttt~... Ahnnn~... Ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh, ahh, ah...!"

Her moans filled the room, bouncing off the walls, raw and shameless. The walls weren't soundproofed—I knew Zoey could hear every wet slap of flesh meeting flesh and every desperate, high-

pitched cry spilling from Chloe's lips. But at this point, I didn't give a fuck. After months of frustration, months of restraint, I needed this.

I tightened my grip on her hips, yanking her back as I thrust forward, driving into her harder, faster, deeper.

Plap, plap, plap, plap.

The rhythmic, obscene sound of my hips smacking against her ass echoed around us. The impact sent ripples through her soft flesh, her ass jiggling each time I drove myself into her.

"Aahh, yaaannn~... Ah, ah, ah, it feels good...! It feels good~...! It feels so good...! Aahhhnn, ahh, ah, ahh, ahhhn, ahhh~...! Ahhh, nyaaaannnn~...!"

Her voice rose, growing needier, more desperate. Her pussy clenched down, spasming around my cock, her arousal gushing, making everything even wetter, even hotter. Her walls sucked me in, her body begging for more, her insides rippling with sensitivity.

"Ahhh... Ahnnnn...! Ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhnn~...! It feels good...! It feels so goodddd~...! More...! Give me more...!"

She had completely lost herself, drowning in the overwhelming pleasure, her mind melting as I fucked her deeper, harder.

My fingers dug into her ass, kneading the plush, bouncing flesh as I pulled her onto me with every thrust. Her body molded perfectly beneath my grip, as if begging to be claimed. At this point, I didn't know if I was the one taking her—or if she was the one taking me.

"Ahnn, ahhh... Fuaaaahhhh, ahh, ah, ahh, ahhhnn, ah, ahhh~...! Yaaannn, ahnnn, ahhh, ahhh, ahnn, ahhh...~! More...! More...! Ahnnnnnn, ahhh!"

I seized both of her wrists, pulling her up from where her breasts had been pressed against the mattress. As I did, I used the momentum to yank her toward me, slamming my hips forward with force.

"Kyaaaaaaah...!"

A sharp, startled cry tore from her throat, her body jolting from the sheer impact. The moment I thrust into her, an intense squeeze wrapped around my cock, her insides clamping down instinctively. I felt it—deep inside—my tip striking something firm, something that made her entire body quiver beneath me.

"Nghhhhhhhhh...!?"

She gritted her teeth, her fingers twitching as she tensed up, her back arching slightly from the jolt of pleasure and pain interwoven.

I tightened my grip around her delicate wrists, locking her in place as I drove myself into her again—deeper, rougher, relentless.

"Ahhh... So intenseeee~... So goodddd~... I love ittttt~....! Ahnnn, ahh, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhnnn, ahhh!"

Each impact sent a wave through her body, her breasts bouncing wildly with the force of my thrusts, slapping softly against her chest. The erotic motion only spurred me further, my cock grinding against her trembling walls, which pulsed and squeezed around me with maddening tightness. The friction, the heat—it was overwhelming. The ridges inside her, clenching down and milking me with every thrust, sent a shock of raw pleasure through my nerves, making it nearly impossible to hold back.

My entire body shuddered, my muscles tensing as I fought the primal urge to spill into her right then and there.

"Haaannn... Ahhh, ahhh, s-something's coming...! Cumming, cumming, cumminggggg~...!
Cummingggg...!"

Her voice cracked, her breathing hitching. I could feel it—her body was winding up, her climax right at the brink. Then, it happened.

Her insides clenched down, her walls squeezing so tightly that I nearly lost control.

"Mnnnnnnnnnnnn...!?"

Her back arched violently, her head tilting back until it pressed against my chest, her body trembling with uncontrollable spasms. I looped an arm around her waist, holding her still as I slammed into her again, this time pressing my cock firmly against her womb.

"Ah... Ah...! Ah, no... My mind is... going numb... I can't..."

I reached forward, seizing her breasts in my hands, molding them between my fingers as I continued my merciless rhythm. Her pussy clenched around me with desperate tightness, coaxing me toward my own peak. My breaths grew heavier, my restraint slipping.

I squeezed her breasts harder, feeling them spill between my fingers as my pace quickened to an erratic, feverish rhythm.

"Ah, aaaahh... Ahhhh, ahnnn, ahhh, ahnnnn~...! Ah, no... I'm cumming again...! Cumming, cumming, cumming, cumming... Cumm...ing...!?"

And then—simultaneously—we shattered together.

Her entire body convulsed against mine, writhing as she came once more, pressing her trembling back against my chest. Her tongue lolled from her mouth, her eyes rolling into the back of her skull until only the whites remained. A purely obscene expression of euphoria.

I couldn't hold back either. My thoughts blurred, the world melting away as I reached my own limit.

"Ahhh...! There it is...! The smell...! Aaahhhhhnnn...! So hot...! The hot stuff is spilling inside me...! Ahnnnnnnnn...!"

My cum burst forth inside her, thick and hot, flooding her womb with each pulsating spurt. I could feel it—how she twitched with every load I pumped into her, how her walls clung to me, milking me for every last drop. She was full—too full. The excess overflowed, spilling out in thick, sticky rivulets that dripped from where we were joined.

"Haa... Aaah, ahhh... Haaa...~"

With a slow, deep breath, I finally pulled out, watching as my seed oozed from her overstimulated pussy. Her body trembled one last time before going slack, her limbs falling limp against the mattress. Her chest rose and fell in heavy, labored breaths.

"Haa... Haa... Ha... That felt good~..."

Her pupils had transformed into heart shapes, her lips curled into a blissful, depraved smile. Her eyes, half-lidded and hazy, glowed with a lustful hunger as she gazed up at me.

"Hey, hey~... Let's continue~..." she purred, her voice thick with lingering desire.

The sultry plea sent another jolt through my body.

Without hesitation, I pressed forward once again.

Climbing on top of her, I pushed her down onto the mattress, her legs spreading effortlessly. A sweet, intoxicating scent wafted up from between her thighs, thick with the pheromones of arousal. It pulled me in, drowning me in its allure.

Guided by instinct, I pressed my cock against her dripping entrance, sinking deep into her heat in a single, fluid motion.

And thus, we began the next round—this time, in missionary.

Zoey's POV

"Ahh, ah, ahhh, ahh...! More...! Ahnn, ah, ahh, ahhh...! It feels good...! It feels good...! Ahhhn, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhh...!"

My eyes stretched wide, veins pulsing with the rapid hammering of my heartbeat. My breath hitched, my chest rising and falling in erratic gasps.

My hands clutched the pillow on either side of my head, squeezing it tight, as if trying to drown out the sounds that filled the air.

But no matter how much I tried...

The noises wouldn't stop.

The heat wouldn't fade.

And my body wouldn't stop trembling.

What the hell was happening right now...?

Chapter 607 - Chloe, The Portal Researcher (5)

I had no idea what was happening right now.

Eh? Are they... having sex? Are they really doing this right now?

And Chloe—this man... wasn't he just a stranger she had met not too long ago? They hadn't even spoken properly, not even shared a single meaningful conversation.

And yet now... she's letting him have her like this?

My mind couldn't process it. My thoughts were a chaotic storm, crashing against the walls of reason. Was this truly happening? Were they really doing it right now—just beyond that thin barrier of wood?

I couldn't close my eyes.

I couldn't block out the sounds.

I could feel my pulse pounding at my temples, heat spreading across my skin like wildfire. My entire body felt flushed, as if the very air in my room had thickened, suffocating me. Every moan, every gasp, every slick, obscene sound slithered into my ears no matter how tightly I pressed the pillow over them.

I don't want to hear this.

I don't want to know.

More than anything, I just wanted to sleep.

But sleep was impossible.

How could I even think about resting when the lewd chorus of their pleasure echoed through the apartment, filling every empty space with its suffocating presence? The walls were too thin. The bed creaked violently with each rhythmic slam of flesh against flesh. The wet, sinful noises of their union gnawed at my sanity.

My patience had worn thin.

My frustration had reached its peak.

If I couldn't sleep, then I had no choice but to put an end to this myself.

With that thought, I threw off my covers and stormed out of my room, my bare feet padding against the cold floor as I made my way toward their door. It was slightly ajar, the dim glow of light spilling into the dark hallway. From within, shifting shadows twisted and moved in a primal dance.

I clenched my hand into a fist, preparing to knock—to interrupt, to stop whatever they were doing.

But just before my knuckles could meet the wood—

"More! More! More...! Ahnnn, ahh...! I love it! I love it so much...! The smell, the heat, everything...! Aaaahnnn, ahh, ahhh...! Yaaannnn~...! Let's indulge in each other more! Let's drown in our desires together!"

Her voice—her tone—was so drenched in lust that it sent a shiver down my spine.

I froze.

Chloe.

The same Chloe I had known since our university days.

The same Chloe who had always been an enigma—silent, distant, always lost in her own world. She was someone I had known since our university days, though we never truly spoke. Our departments were different, and she had always been somewhat of an anomaly—a peculiar woman who never interacted with others, not even her own classmates. People often whispered about her behind her back, commenting on the strange moments when she would mutter to herself, her eyes filled with an almost deranged intensity.

Many even speculated that she might be a criminal.

But after she was assigned as a researcher, I came to understand that she was nothing more than a woman obsessed with knowledge—so utterly devoted to her work that she would forgo sleep, food, and even basic human interactions. She would research until she collapsed, her exhausted colleagues having to drug her just to force her body into rest.

That was the Chloe I had known.

And yet—

What the hell was I looking at right now?

Through the slight opening of the door, I saw her—her legs wrapped around his hips, her body arching into him as he drove into her with relentless hunger. Her fingers clawed at his back, her head thrown back in sheer ecstasy as her breathless moans spilled into the air.

Her face.

That expression—

It was something I had never seen before.

No—more than that, I was certain even she had never made such a face in her entire life.

Her once sharp, calculating eyes were now hazy and unfocused, drowning in overwhelming pleasure. Her lips, usually pressed into a firm, indifferent line, were now parted in wanton cries, her tongue peeking out as if she were mindless with desire.

The Chloe I knew—the woman who cared for nothing but research—was gone.

In her place was something entirely different.

Something wild.

Something depraved.

And the way she looked at him...

As if nothing else in the world existed but him.

"Ahh, ahh, yaaann... Ahhn, ahhhttt~..."

Her voice was trembling, her body shuddering beneath his touch as she surrendered herself completely.

And I—

I could do nothing but stand there.

Frozen.

Staring.

Unable to tear my eyes away.

A sudden heat began to coil deep inside me, burning through my veins like liquid fire.

Hot...?

Why did my body feel like this?

Why was I so hot all of a sudden?

A strange, aching sensation throbbed between my legs, an insistent, needy pulse that left me breathless. It was foreign, overwhelming, unbearably intense.

And then, through the muffled sounds beyond the door, I noticed something else.

Heavy breathing.

Labored, ragged, desperate—

No.

That wasn't anyone else.

That was me.

The realization struck me like a jolt of lightning.

I was the one panting.

I was the one breathing so heavily.

Why?

Why was I reacting like this?

Was it because of what was happening just beyond this door? Was it because of them?

No.

No, that couldn't be it.

I wasn't some depraved woman. I wasn't aroused by something like this.

And yet—

The hand I had raised to knock on the door fell. My fingers trembled in the air, suddenly weak.

Instead, something deeper stirred inside me—something dark, something dangerous.

My breath hit the door, warm and misting over the surface.

I could feel it now—the heat pooling between my thighs, the damp, sticky sensation of my own body betraying me.

This was bad.

This was so, so bad.

But before I could stop myself—before I could even think—

My hand moved.

Slipping beneath the waistband of my pants, sliding into my underwear—

The instant my fingers touched my soaked, needy core, a violent shudder wracked my body.

So wet.

Far too wet.

A sharp pang of shame burned through me, but it wasn't enough to make me stop.

Because at this point, stopping was no longer an option.

What I was doing—what I was about to do—was something no one should ever do.

This was wrong.

This was voyeurism.

No... at this point, it had already become something else.

Something far worse.

"Haann, ahhh... ahhhnnn, ah, ahhh, ahhhnn, yaaaannn~! Ahhh, it feels so good~...! It feels really good...!"

A voice—so sweet, so utterly debauched—drifted through the thin walls, wrapping around my senses like a vice.

And at that moment—

I broke.

I pressed my fingers against my slick folds, experimenting, teasing, desperate for relief. The second I moved, a violent surge of pleasure shot through my nerves—like raw electricity tearing through my body.

My legs buckled.

My breath hitched.

Ah... I might melt.

"Aaahnn, aahh, ahh, ahhh...!"

"Mnn... Mn...!"

I didn't even know what I was doing anymore.

With one hand clamped tightly over my mouth, I remained frozen in place—watching something I shouldn't be seeing.

Something I should never be watching.

And yet—

I was touching myself to it.

"Ahhnnn, ahhhnnn, ahhh...!"

Beyond the door, the man's hips pounded into Chloe, his thrusts deep and relentless.

Every time he drove into her, her legs would tighten around him, pulling him deeper—clinging to him as if she never wanted to let go.

And every time he moved—

I matched it.

My fingers moved in rhythm with their bodies, as if I were the one being fucked, as if I were the one gasping for more, as if I were the one being ruined by pleasure.

"Ahhhnn, ahhh...! It feels really good~...! So good...! Ahnn, ahhh, yaaann, ahhh, ahhh...! Ahhh, ahhh, I'm going to cum...! I'm going to cummmmm....!"

Somewhere in the haze of pleasure, the distinction between voyeurism and self-indulgence dissolved into nothingness.

The lines had blurred.

And Chloe—

The Chloe I had known for years—

Her half-lidded eyes, usually hidden behind her bangs, were now glowing with unchecked lust. Those irises—usually sharp and intelligent—were now soft, dazed, and filled with pulsating, pink hearts.

She looked completely, utterly ruined.

And the strangest thing was—

I envied her.

I envied Chloe.

I didn't know why.

I didn't want to know why.

"Ahhh... Please, cum together... with me...! Cum... with me...!"

A tight coil of pleasure knotted deep in my stomach.

And Chloe—she felt it too.

The man's thrusts became erratic, his movements sharp and desperate—chasing his own release.

I followed him.

My fingers worked faster, my body arching forward.

The pleasure swelled.

It built and built, rising into something unbearable. Sparks of white-hot pleasure exploded behind my eyelids, my mind drowning in the overwhelming haze.

My lips parted, a trail of saliva escaping as my breath shuddered.

And then—

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn... Hnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaa~...!"

"Ahhhhnnnnnnnnnn...~!!"

At the exact same moment—

We came.

Together.

"Heh...?"

"Huh?"

And then—

Realization struck.

I had moaned.

Very loudly.

Chapter 608 - Creating A Portal To Another World (1)

I was discovered. Immediately.

A jolt of realization shot through me.

There was no escaping this. No excuses. No clever deflection. The weight of my actions bore down on me like an unshakable force. My breathing hitched, my heart pounded against my ribs, and my skin prickled with heat.

I had been caught red-handed.

There was only one thing left to do—admit to it.

"Ah... so... uhm..." My voice came out unsteady as I stepped forward, revealing myself to them. My movements were stiff, my body betraying my guilt. "Was I too loud...?"

A hollow laugh almost escaped me, but I swallowed it down. There was no talking my way out of this.

Peeping and pleasuring myself like this was undeniably wrong.

I had committed both sins, fully aware of how wrong it was. And yet, despite knowing that, I had done it anyway.

There was no avoiding the consequences.

No beating the allegations this time.

Leon's POV

The following morning, an air of awkward tension lingered between Chloe, Zoey and me. Well, particularly both of Zoey and me.

Neither of us spoke about last night.

Unspoken, we had agreed not to go for another round.

Not that Chloe didn't want to—if anything, she had been eager, her body practically thrumming with restless desire. Her stamina and libido were beyond anything I had expected. Stopping after just two or three rounds was not enough for her. She probably would have been satisfied with four or five. Or might be something more.

I, on the other hand, had a libido far stronger than most, yet even I knew when a reprieve was necessary.

That moment of restraint made living in this apartment feel strangely more peaceful.

At present, I was outside, weaving through the bustling city. Rain drizzled from the sky, cool droplets rolling down my altered face. I had subtly changed my appearance—tweaking my hair, adjusting minor facial details.

It was necessary.

The automatas and surveillance systems had already logged my face into their data. That meant anyone in this country—perhaps even this entire world—recognized me.

Despite that, Zoey and Chloe had chosen not to turn me in.

Apparently, because I had claimed them, I now held full rights over them.

It was an established belief in this world. A deeply ingrained culture.

Frankly, it left me shaken.

Yet, I couldn't deny that it worked in my favor. That belief made my mission far easier. With them on my side, I had a direct path to achieving my goal.

The soft pattering of rain filled the silence as I walked alongside Anne.

Despite being an automata, she was entirely unaffected by the downpour. No risk of short-circuiting, no sign of discomfort—nothing. The precision of her mechanical design was flawless.

For a world that knew so little about sex, they were absurdly advanced in other fields.

Luckily, Chloe was well-versed in those matters. And even though she already knew so much...

She still craved more.

"Master, your libido meter has decreased."

Anne's voice was as smooth as ever, devoid of inflection. She walked beside me, scanning me with her cold, analytical gaze. Her metallic irises flickered briefly, taking in my every microexpression.

"It seems you managed to lower it yesterday."

"I did. So you don't have to worry about me," I replied, shaking off the remnants of last night.

"I feel as though I am not being useful to you in that regard, Master." Her tone remained neutral, but the words hung in the air with an odd weight. "However, I can understand why. You have a real woman already."

Her eyes remained unreadable—an unsettling void of expression.

Was that truly the case? Or were automatas simply programmed this way?

After a pause, I glanced at her. "Anne, is it possible for automatas to have feelings? Are you programmed with emotions, or something similar?"

She tilted her head slightly, as if processing the question. "Emotions? Feelings?" A pause. "I don't believe so."

A brief silence stretched between us before she continued.

"I have never felt anything of the sort, Master. I do not believe I have ever experienced what humans perceive as emotions. I was programmed without them."

Her voice was unwavering, absolute.

And yet... something about the way she said it didn't feel absolute at all.

"I see..." I murmured, my voice trailing off as I processed the information. "Well, I suppose that makes sense."

Automatas weren't born—they were built. Crafted by human hands, constructed through sheer engineering rather than the chaotic miracle of biology. They lacked the fundamental components of life as we knew it. They couldn't possibly possess emotions.

After all, emotions weren't something you could just install like a piece of software. If they weren't written into the code, they simply wouldn't exist.

Yet... a thought gnawed at the back of my mind.

What kind of programs were they built with? What lines of code dictated their thoughts, their actions? What was embedded deep within their synthetic minds?

As if sensing my curiosity, Anne's voice cut through my thoughts.

"If you are wondering what kind of programs have been established within me, I can provide you with a detailed report."

I blinked, turning my attention to her.

"You can?" I asked, a hint of intrigue lacing my voice. "That kind of information isn't restricted?"

"I can." Anne nodded, her expression as neutral as ever. "My internal systems and protocols are not classified. I am permitted to disclose them freely."

That struck me as... odd.

Weren't high-value creations like her supposed to be heavily protected? Their manufacturing processes, programming, and inner workings should have been guarded secrets.

Yet here she was, offering to lay it all out for me without hesitation.

But then again...

This was a different world.

Perhaps secrecy wasn't something they prioritized here.

By the time we returned to the apartment, the weight of the grocery bags was starting to get to me. As soon as we stepped inside, the familiar warmth of home greeted us—yet the atmosphere was already thick with focus.

In the living room, Chloe was hunched over a table, completely absorbed in her research. The glow of her computer screen cast sharp shadows across her face, highlighting her sharp features. Papers were scattered around her, a chaotic mess that only she could probably make sense of.

She didn't even glance up.

"Oh, Leon. Welcome back."

That was it. A quick acknowledgment, nothing more.

Even after last night—even after everything—she remained completely unmoved.

At least she greeted me. That was something.

On the couch, Zoey sat curled up, a cup of coffee cradled between her hands. The deep bags under her eyes told me everything—I didn't even need to ask.

The moment I entered, she shivered.

Her gaze flickered toward me, cautious, guarded—then quickly darted away, as if looking at me too long would burn her.

I barely had time to process that before Anne spoke.

"I will prepare the food, Master."

"Thanks. I'm starting to get hungry."

Without another word, Anne gathered the groceries and disappeared into the kitchen. The faint clatter of plastic bags and rustling of ingredients filled the air.

Meanwhile, I moved closer to Chloe, peering over her shoulder.

"What are you working on now?" I asked.

"I'm still busy with my research, so please don't bother me."

Cold.

Even after last night, her obsession with her research remained unshaken. Unwavering.

Her level of dedication was almost inhuman.

"I didn't gain much of anything from the sex last night," she muttered, her tone clinical. "I wasted too much time. Now, I have to work three—no, four times as hard today. If I don't, by the time I die, I won't have accomplished anything worthwhile."

I blinked.

She barely paused before continuing, her fingers flying across her keyboard as she spoke.

"I need to finish my research on the exact day before my predetermined death date. Losing an entire day to masturbation and sex has set me back. Because of that, I have to make up for it with quadruple the effort."

To her... last night was a waste of time.

I wasn't exactly expecting a heartfelt confession, but damn.

Still, I couldn't say I was offended. It wasn't like I had any deep attachment to what happened. If anything, I saw it as a simple one-night stand.

We both enjoyed ourselves—that was all that mattered.

As I skimmed through the research papers strewn across her desk, I quickly realized that a good chunk of it was beyond me.

Too many calculations. Too much abstract theory. Even if I tried, I wouldn't be able to make sense of it without severe mental gymnastics.

Maybe this kind of work just wasn't for me.

"Leon."

Zoey's voice was quiet—but firm.

I turned to look at her.

She still refused to meet my eyes, her fingers tightening slightly around her coffee cup. The exhaustion in her face was undeniable.

Had she not slept at all?

Chloe and I had stopped fucking at midnight. That was plenty of time for her to rest—yet here she was, looking dead on her feet.

Was she... too embarrassed to sleep?

"What is it?" I asked.

A pause. Then, she spoke.

"Did you really go out for groceries... or was it for something else?"

Her words were sharp, cutting straight through the air.

She saw right through me.

The real reason I left the apartment earlier had nothing to do with groceries. That was just a convenient excuse.

My actual objective?

The facility where I had been imprisoned months ago.

It was abandoned now.

The once-active structure was nothing but a hollow shell—its operations shut down, its halls empty.

A single guard stood watch at the entrance, but slipping past them had been child's play.

I reached into my coat and pulled out a small object, setting it down on the table in front of her.

It gleamed under the dim light.

"Yes," I said evenly. "And I got you what you needed."

Zoey inhaled sharply.

This wasn't just for her.

It was for me.

For Chloe.

For the research.

And with this...

I had already moved into Phase Two.

Chapter 609 - Creating A Portal To Another World (2)

I might be calling this Phase 2, but in truth, I was just trying to make it sound grand—like some kind of world-altering breakthrough.

Yet, despite my theatrics, there was no denying that this could drastically accelerate Chloe's research. It could be the very key to unlocking what she had been desperately trying to solve, pushing her progress forward at an unprecedented pace.

The object in my hand—a single flash drive—held something beyond mere data. It contained decades of painstaking research, compiled by every scientist who had ever worked within the facility where I had been locked up. Their knowledge, their failures, their breakthroughs—all meticulously documented and stored. From the first researchers who dared to explore the unknown to the present-day scholars who had built upon their work.

In essence, this wasn't just a drive.

It was history itself.

Zoey's sharp eyes flicked toward the device, her gaze guarded.

"What exactly are you trying to make us do, Leon?" she asked, her voice laced with suspicion.

I met her stare without hesitation. "Exactly as I said—I want to see if it's possible to create a portal. One that doesn't just open blindly, but allows a person to go precisely where they desire."

She frowned, brows knitting together. "But why? You already have a portal that leads back home, don't you?"

She crossed her arms. "The same one you used to get here. You could just step through it and return to your world. So why bother creating another one?"

A slow exhale left my lips.

"Because I'm not looking to just go back home. I want to explore— other worlds."

Her frown deepened. "Other worlds?"

I nodded. "Yes. And besides— the world I came from isn't the only place I could call home."

Zoey's wariness didn't fade, but I didn't offer any further explanation.

I had lived two lives—walked through two separate existences.

My first life had unfolded in an entirely different world before fate decided to reincarnate me into this one. If someone were to ask which one I considered my true home, I wouldn't be able to answer.

I had spent eighteen years in my past life before it was cruelly cut short. And in this current life? I had only lived one year longer than that.

That meant, in total, I had thirty-seven years' worth of memories spread across two different worlds.

How could I possibly choose between them?

Rather than picking one—I chose both.

Zoey's sharp gaze lingered on me, filled with silent scrutiny.

And then, after a long moment, she muttered, "You're really a mystery..."

It seemed that even though she had been flicking her bean while I was pounding Chloe into the mattress last night, her suspicions toward me hadn't dulled in the slightest.

"Can you give me the drive?"

Chloe's voice cut through the tension—calm, steady, and unwavering.

She didn't turn to face us.

Didn't glance up.

She simply extended her hand, expectant.

"If I analyze the data, I might be able to uncover the missing formula that's been eluding me. My own calculations have only taken me so far—there are gaps I can't fill alone. I need the knowledge of those who came before me. Let me review the previous researchers' findings."

She wasn't asking.

She was commanding.

Without hesitation, I placed the flash drive into her outstretched palm.

The instant it touched her fingers, she snatched it, plugged it into her computer, and immediately set to work.

The room fell into a tense silence.

Zoey and I could only stand back and watch as Chloe's eyes flitted across the screen at inhuman speed. Her fingers flew over the keyboard in a blur, processing mountains of raw data faster than I could even follow.

I had seen her work before, but even I had never witnessed her in this state.

This was Chloe at her peak—in her domain.

And then—

"Ah! I found it!"

Her voice rang out, triumphant.

Not even a full minute had passed.

She had already found it.

Her pupils dilated as she devoured the information before her, soaking in years of research within seconds. I could see the exact moment her mind pieced everything together—her lips slowly curving into a victorious, almost euphoric smile.

Zoey and I exchanged glances.

And then, still staring at the screen, Chloe spoke—

"Leon, can you get me something?"

Zoey and I stood at the outskirts of the heavily fortified perimeter, the crisp night air thick with tension. The cave where the portal that had brought me to this world was inside loomed just beyond the towering barricades. Armed guards patrolled in tight formations, their rifles gleaming under the harsh floodlights.

They weren't just guarding a doorway. They weren't just guarding it out of protocol.

They were keeping me trapped in this world. They were guarding it because they didn't want me going back.

Zoey's voice was low, almost a whisper. "You're an anomaly to them, Leon. They're terrified of what you might do if you go back. If you were to share knowledge of this world with yours, your people might even declare war."

A dry chuckle escaped my lips. "That's ridiculous. It's not like I hold any political power. I'm not a king."

Zoey cast me a sideways glance. "Really? You carry yourself like royalty. You look like a prince from some faraway land."

I smirked. "Oh? Didn't know you saw me that way. So, I am handsome in your eyes?"

Her face immediately flushed, her composure cracking. "D-Don't be absurd!" she stammered. "There's no way I'd ever find you attractive! To me, you're nothing more than... than an alien!"

I leaned in slightly, lowering my voice. "An alien you secretly watched having sex... and then used as material for masturbation?"

Her reaction was instant. Zoey choked on her breath, face burning so red I could almost feel the heat radiating off her skin.

"D-Don't make fun of me!" she shrieked.

Her outburst had gotten too loud.

"Shh!" I clamped a hand over her mouth, pressing her against a tree. "Do you want to get us caught?"

She stiffened beneath my grip, wide-eyed. We were too close to the danger zone to risk unnecessary noise.

I held her there for a moment, waiting for the panic in her gaze to settle. When she finally nodded, I pulled away, glancing back toward the guarded entrance.

Dozens of soldiers stood at attention, their movements precise, mechanical. The entire area was locked down, the air thick with the scent of gun oil and damp earth.

"This feels like overkill," I muttered. "Stationing this many troops just to guard a cave?" I exhaled sharply. "Then again, considering this is a military dictatorship, I guess it's not that surprising."

This country was under the iron rule of a general—a nation built on military supremacy. They had no parliament, no democracy. Just an army following orders.

Zoey let out a small, amused sigh. "It makes sense, actually—considering the general is my father."

I froze.

"...Wait, what?"

She nodded, as if it were nothing.

I shot her a flat look. "And you just now decided to tell me this?"

"You never asked," she replied with a shrug.

I sighed, rubbing my temples.

So, not only was I dealing with a heavily armed military force, but the person helping me sneak in was the literal daughter of the man in charge.

Fantastic.

"So... they're guarding the portal because of you?" I asked.

Zoey's expression darkened slightly. "Probably not. My father doesn't make decisions based on personal reasons. Everything he does is for the benefit of the nation. If he ordered this place to be locked down, it has nothing to do with me."

There was something bitter in her voice—something unspoken.

I didn't press. "Fine. Setting that aside—how the hell are we supposed to get a portal particle without setting off the entire damn army?"

Chloe had given us one task and that was to obtain a portal particle—an essential clue in her research on artificial portals. Apparently, the air surrounding the portal was infused with unique, traceable energy. If we could capture a sample, she could analyze it.

Simple in theory.

Not so simple when surrounded by an entire military unit.

I had no clue how we were even supposed to collect something as intangible as air, but then Zoey pulled something from her bag and placed it in my hand.

A device.

It was sleek, black, and unnervingly advanced.

"This... actually exists?" I muttered, turning it over.

Zoey smirked. "Our military is decades ahead of normal science. You really thought we wouldn't have an air-capturing device?"

Fair point.

But that still left one major problem—

"How the hell do we even get inside?" I muttered, eyes scanning the overwhelming military presence ahead of us.

Zoey didn't hesitate. "Disguises."

She reached into her bag and pulled out two sets of military uniforms, tossing one toward me.

A sly, knowing grin stretched across her lips.

"Breaking and entering is the only way."

Chapter 610 - Creating A Portal To Another World (3)

Dressed in authentic military uniforms, Zoey and I moved through the heavily guarded camp, our footsteps blending into the rhythmic march of armed soldiers around us. The air was thick with the scent of gun oil and sweat, the distant clatter of metal against metal punctuating the tense atmosphere. The floodlights overhead cast long shadows, stretching across the gravel paths like watchful sentinels.

Every breath felt like a gamble.

One misstep, one wrong move—and we'd be exposed.

We walked with measured pace, keeping our gazes forward, exuding the confidence of trained personnel. Anything less, and we'd stick out like a sore thumb.

As I turned my head slightly toward Zoey, I couldn't help but notice the dark sunglasses obscuring her eyes. At night.

I raised an eyebrow. "Why the hell are you wearing sunglasses?"

She barely reacted, only tilting her chin up. "Because I'm the daughter of the general. If someone recognizes me after I've been missing for months, it'll be disastrous for both of us."

Her voice was smooth but laced with tension.

Fair enough.

As we moved deeper into the camp, my eyes darted across the sea of soldiers stationed here. It was overkill—ridiculously so.

I could have easily pulled out my weapon, taken a more direct approach... but that wasn't the goal. I wasn't here to kill unless absolutely necessary. If I could achieve what I needed without drawing blood, that was ideal. Besides—

The risk, the deception, the silent tension that came with sneaking through enemy lines... it was exhilarating.

My pulse quickened as we neared the entrance to the cave. The gateway that had transported me into this world stood just beyond it.

We were close.

Too close.

Then, everything came to a halt.

A shadow moved—fast. A towering presence stepped into our path, blocking our way with an authority that sent an immediate chill down my spine.

"Where do you two think you're going?"

The voice was deep, steady, and unyielding. It carried the weight of command—the kind that made subordinates stand at attention without thinking.

Standing before us was a mountain of a woman.

Her muscular frame was defined even beneath her uniform, her stance exuding raw strength. But it wasn't just her physique that made her intimidating. It was the way she carried herself. The way she looked at us—not as people, but as potential threats.

A warrior. A predator.

Zoey and I turned to face her.

Her sharp, calculating eyes bore into us, dissecting our presence in an instant.

Without hesitation, Zoey took the lead. "Um, we've been assigned to guard the interior. We need to get in before you get mad at us, Lieutenant."

The woman's gaze didn't waver.

"I see," she said slowly. "But I already assigned men inside. And I don't recall ever seeing either of you before."

Her words were precise. Doubt lingered in every syllable.

I fought the urge to stiffen.

Zoey, however, remained composed. "We were just recently recruited and stationed here. That's probably why you haven't seen us before."

It sounded reasonable... except even I could hear the strain in her voice.

The lieutenant narrowed her eyes. "Huh. Is that so?"

A tense silence settled between us.

Then, unexpectedly—she hummed.

"Oh yeah, I did hear there were some new recruits today," she muttered.

I held my breath.

Was she... buying it?

Her gaze flickered between us. "So, there are two of you. Where are the others?"

Zoey remained steady. "Um, we were sent ahead first. That's why we're here alone."

Another pause.

The lieutenant studied us for a long moment before letting out a breath. "I see. Well, I suppose that's fine. Carry on, then."

Wait. That worked?

I had been fully prepared to run, fight, or both. But somehow, we had actually gotten through.

Keeping my expression neutral, I nodded and turned toward the cave.

As we walked away, my mind reeled.

What the hell just happened?

Only when we were safely past the checkpoint did I whisper, "You're amazing for pulling that off."

Zoey smirked but shrugged.

"Although... I wouldn't say you're particularly good at lying," I added.

Because let's be honest—what just happened was a goddamn fluke.

If there hadn't actually been new recruits today, we would have been screwed.

Zoey exhaled sharply. "That was Lieutenant Zes."

I frowned. "I see... And?"

She smirked. "She's known as the strongest woman in history. Not just for her brute strength, but for her war tactics and combat prowess. She's an absolute monster on the battlefield."

I absorbed the information, my gaze drifting toward where the lieutenant had disappeared. "I see..."

Even with that reputation, we had still managed to deceive her.

Something didn't add up.

"Did we really just fool someone like that?" I asked.

Zoey chuckled. "Oh, don't be too impressed. She's only good at one thing—fighting. People say her skull is so thick, there's barely enough space inside for her brain to fit."

Huh... Interesting.

But I couldn't shake the feeling that she wasn't that stupid.

It nagged at me, a lingering doubt that refused to fade. Someone with a reputation like hers... Would she really be fooled that easily?

No... something about this felt off.

But well, no use dwelling on it now.

I exhaled softly, pushing the thought aside. If she suspected something, we'd deal with it when the time came.

"Let's move in deeper and get the portal particle," I said, keeping my voice low.

Zoey nodded, and we continued forward.

The deeper we went, the more soldiers came into view—though they weren't exactly working.

They were loitering, grumbling among themselves.

"Ugh... I can't fucking believe it," one of them muttered, rubbing a hand across his stubbled chin.
"Trained my ass off for years, only to be assigned as a glorified cave babysitter."

Another soldier scoffed. "We're preventing a war from breaking out. That alone should be reason enough to stay put."

The first soldier let out a bitter laugh. "A war between worlds, huh? Tell me—what do you think that would even look like? We've seen war before—hell, some of us have fought in one or two. But an all-out battle between two fucking planets? That's something else entirely."

"It'd be catastrophic, obviously."

A third soldier, older and with sharper eyes, exhaled through his nose. "We're not just talking about people dying—we're talking about entire civilizations collapsing. Starvation, disease, land turning to dust. And there's no way it wouldn't be a bloodbath. The only way to end it is for one world to consume the other."

His voice darkened. "Eat or be eaten. That's the reality of war."

A heavy silence settled among them.

"So that's why we're here. To stop it before it even starts."

I silently absorbed their conversation as we walked past them.

They weren't wrong.

A war between worlds wasn't just some localized conflict. It was absolute. One world wouldn't stop until the other was completely consumed.

I had never experienced war firsthand, but I understood its horrors. A battle like that wouldn't just ruin lives—it would erase entire histories.

And they were standing here, trying to prevent it.

I didn't dwell on it long. We had a mission.

With careful steps, we pushed further in. The cave grew darker, the air heavier. Then, finally—we reached it.

The portal.

Even after all this time, it remained unchanged, standing there like a silent guardian.

Permanent. Unyielding.

The sight of it sent an unexpected wave of homesickness through me.

For the first time in a long while, I wanted to go home.

The feeling was sudden, visceral—like a hand clenching around my heart. The portal was right there. The literal passage back to my world, waiting.

But I couldn't leave.

Not yet.

I could step through anytime, but my work here wasn't done. I had a purpose in this world. Until that was fulfilled, there was no going back.

I forced the longing down and steadied myself.

Then, I noticed him.

A soldier—fast asleep near the portal.

Zoey stared at him, incredulous. "How the hell is he sleeping in a place like this?"

Her gaze darkened. "Work isn't a place to slack off. Didn't they teach that at whatever academy this man came from?"

I shot her a glance. "You're not in charge here, Zoey. Don't waste time scolding someone. Just do what you need to do, and let's get out of here."

She huffed. "Fine."

Without another word, she pulled out the device, activating it. A faint hum filled the air as the machine collected the portal's energy particles.

I kept watch, my senses on high alert.

The device filled quickly.

The moment it was done, Zoey snapped it shut, and we turned to leave.

But just as we stepped forward—

We stopped.

Or rather, we were stopped.

A wall of armed soldiers stood in our path, their firearms raised—all aimed at us.

The air was thick with tension, the unmistakable weight of impending conflict pressing down like a vice.

We had been caught.