

## The World 621

### Chapter 621 - The Feliann Clan (5)

Chloe obeyed without a word, her body shifting gracefully as she straddled my waist. The moment her pelvis met mine, she began to rub herself along the length of my hardened cock, the thin fabric of her shorts scraping over my sensitive shaft. The sensation was coarse—raw even—but oddly satisfying. That friction, mixed with her heat, stirred something primal inside me.

Her breaths came in short, ragged gasps—panting like an animal in heat. She leaned forward, her lips parted, tongue brushing her upper lip as she whispered, voice trembling with uncontainable lust.

"I want to be covered with that musky smell again..."

Her words sent a low pulse through my cock. Chloe had a deep, unrelenting fetish for scent—specifically, the smell of my cock, my sweat, my sperm. Right now, it drove her wild.

Her movements became more aggressive. She pushed her hips forward with greater pressure, grinding down on me while her palms flattened against my chest for leverage. Her rhythm turned fluid yet urgent, as though she was chasing the high before we even began.

"Haaa... Haa... That smell..." she moaned, saliva beginning to leak from the corner of her lips. Her tongue lolled out slightly, glistening with drool.

Watching her like this—this undone, intoxicated version of her—pulled a smirk from my lips.

"I'm quite tired from the earlier fights," I said, voice calm yet firm. "So you'll do the moving."

Chloe's eyes fluttered, and she swallowed the thick strand of saliva stretching from her lip to her chin. She wiped the rest away with the back of her hand, then reached down to her shorts. They clung tightly to her hips—so short they barely counted as clothing. It was more accurate to call them underwear.

Still panting, she used her fingers to pull the shorts aside, dragging the crotch of her panties along with it, revealing the glistening slit of her pussy to the open air. A fresh wave of heat rose between us.

She adjusted herself above me, slipping my cock between her thighs. Her fingers wrapped around it first, stroking with deliberate slowness. The moment her hand made contact, I felt a wet warmth—her arousal clinging to me like syrup. The scent hit immediately. Sweet, with a sharp tang that made my head swim.

Raising her hips, she aligned the swollen tip of my cock with her entrance. Then, with agonizing slowness, she sank her hips downward.

Her folds gave way, slick and welcoming. Inch by inch, her pussy parted to accept me, stretching around my cock with delicious resistance. I felt her walls twitch and flex, clinging tighter with every inch until her ass settled against my hips. I was buried to the hilt, the head of my cock snug against her cervix.

"Aaahnnnnn...~!"

Chloe's back arched violently, a tremor coursing up her spine as the sensation overwhelmed her. Her nails dug into my chest, eyes rolling slightly as she gasped.

"That feels good~...!" she moaned, beginning to grind her hips in slow, deliberate circles, her body trying to milk every ounce of sensation from the depth. Her pussy squeezed and released, squeezing again in a perfect rhythm. "Ah... As expected, I really love your smell...~"

Her panting filled the space, each gasp growing louder, throatier. Luckily, Zes was still snoring in the background, masking some of her heavy breaths—but that wouldn't last. Soon, the sounds of her moans would eclipse everything.

I reached for the hem of her shirt and handed it to her.

"Bite into this," I instructed, my tone leaving no room for argument.

Obediently, she took it into her mouth. As she bit down, her shirt lifted, exposing the curve of her toned stomach and the full swell of her breasts. I had seen them before, but even now they stunned me—unreasonably large, bouncing with every breath. Compared to the melons of my other women, hers were truly watermelons—massive, heavy, and utterly irresistible.

She stared down at me, lust brimming in her purple eyes. Her bangs had parted just enough to give me a full view of her face—those beauty marks scattered delicately across her flushed skin only enhanced her erotic aura.

"Haaa... I'm going to move... I want that smell... to paint me again~..." she panted, lifting her hips and slamming them back down onto my cock. The impact sent a deep, electric pleasure up my spine.

"Ahnnn...!"

Each motion was a sharp contrast—her pussy going from tightly closed to stretched wide around me, then back again. Wet, noisy friction filled the room.

The rhythm had only just begun.

Even though I had just whispered for her to keep quiet and bite down on the hem of her shirt, she disobeyed almost instantly—her moans spilling out as if she'd thrown my request to the wind. Her top was still pulled up, exposing her bare, trembling breasts, their soft mounds rising and falling with every shallow, needy breath she took. Her nipples were hard and glistening, twitching slightly with each thrust.

"Ahnnn, ahh, ahh, yaann, aaahn, ahh, ah, ahhh, ahhh, ahn, ahh, ahh, ahhh, ahh~!"

The sensation of her pussy was nothing short of divine—slick with arousal, velvety soft, and tight in all the right ways. Every time I pushed deeper, I could feel the textured beads embedded along her inner walls rubbing against the length of my cock, sending sharp jolts of pleasure up my spine. It was addictive. Her body felt like it was sculpted by lust itself—every curve, every moan, every clench of her insides was a testament to how perfect she was for fucking. This wasn't just sex—it was madness. Her tight little cunt was driving me insane.

"Ahnnn, ahh, ah, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh, yaann~, ahh, ahh, ahh, ah, ah... It feels really good~..! That smell...~! That musky... thick smell...!"

Drool slipped from the corner of her parted lips, glistening down her chin as her eyes rolled back in intoxicated bliss. Her hips jerked and rolled, her movements becoming wild, unrestrained. She was chasing something—craving that musky, masculine scent that clung to the air between us. She wanted it thicker, stronger. Her hunger for it made her move even harder, grinding her soaked pussy down on my cock like a woman starved.

"I want a stronger smell than this!"

Her rhythm changed—shifting from bouncing up and down to a feverish back-and-forth motion, her hips slamming forward with a new desperation. The way her pussy gripped me made my cock feel like it was flicking on and off—each thrust triggering a switch inside her, each motion turning up the heat. It felt fucking good—so damn good I was barely holding it together.

Then she spun her hips, shifting into a slow, hypnotic circular motion. The change made my cock swirl along her inner walls, dragging across every sensitive ridge. Her pussy hugged me, squeezed me, milked me as if it never wanted to let go.

"Ahhn, ah, ah, ahhn, ah, ah, ahhn, ahh~...! Ahh, ahh, ahh, ah...! It feels good...! I want it... I want it! I want it!"

Chloe was unrelenting now—completely immersed in pleasure, her body trembling and slick with sweat. I was captivated by her, by the way she instinctively shifted her movements, each new rhythm bringing a different kind of bliss.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahnnn, ahhh...! It really feels good~...! Ahnnn! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!"

Her moans were louder now, echoing through the dim room with raw intensity. I could still faintly hear Zes snoring in the background, her breathing steady, undisturbed. Maybe it was exhaustion from the earlier battle that kept her in deep sleep, despite the sounds of wet skin slapping, the lewd squelching, and Chloe's wanton cries.

Zoey was sleeping next to us as well.

But I wasn't entirely convinced. Zoey had her back turned, facing away from us, but the way her shoulders were slightly trembling... it wasn't from sleep. No—I could tell, even without seeing her face. She was definitely awake.

\*\*\*

Zoey's POV

There was no way I could sleep.

At first, it was the chaos of earlier—the overwhelming fear from nearly being killed by the military, my own father leading the charge, and then... finding myself in a different world. The weight of it all had kept my eyes wide open, heart pounding in my chest.

But then, just when I thought things couldn't get more surreal, Chloe had approached Leon. She climbed on top of him without shame and boldly declared that she wanted sex.

I couldn't begin to fathom what possessed her in that moment. Her reasoning? She was horny.

I had foolishly assumed Leon would reject her—show a shred of decency or restraint. But instead, he nonchalantly stated he wasn't hard... and then told her to make him hard. What shocked me more was how she obeyed without hesitation, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. There was no delicacy between them. None.

Why would they ever think having sex in a room where others were trying to sleep was acceptable?

Then they started.

I wanted to scream at them—to tell them to stop. But my voice never came. I was frozen, paralyzed by disbelief and something else I didn't want to admit.

My heart was racing like mad. I kept my back turned, face buried in my arm, but I didn't need to see. I could hear everything. Every slick sound, every obscene moan—it all painted a vivid image in my mind whether I wanted it or not.

And then... my body began to feel strangely hot.

I swallowed thickly as saliva pooled inside my mouth. My thighs rubbed together unconsciously, a warmth blooming between them. My breath trembled. It was as if something inside me had awakened—something primal, something I didn't want to name.

Something that felt like I was being slowly and silently possessed.

Chapter 622 - The Feliann Clan (6)

"Ah! It feels good...! Hey, hey... Are you feeling good too...? Is my body tasty...?"

Chloe's moans filled the entire room, unabashed and untamed, echoing off the wooden walls like a lewd melody that refused to fade. Her voice was so loud, so shamelessly sensual, that I felt my stomach tighten with anxiety. Was it echoing beyond this place? Was someone listening? The possibility burned in my chest. Leon mentioned earlier that the beastkin of this tribe—lion beast people, no less—had exceptionally sharp hearing, thanks to their animalistic ears. That made everything worse.

Yet despite everything—her cries and my worry—I couldn't move a muscle.

I was frozen.

Paralyzed.

My body felt locked in place, completely unresponsive, yet blazing hot from the inside out. A low, torturous heat had ignited deep within my groin, and it spread like wildfire, licking up my spine and making my legs tremble. What the hell was this? Why wouldn't it go away? I pleaded silently—please, go away. Please, I beg you...

But it didn't.



I didn't understand this sensation. It was overwhelming me, twisting my thoughts, making me feel... strange. Delirious. Desperate.

Was this arousal?

Would touching it help ease the burning? Could I really do that to myself right now? My hand twitched at the thought. Just one touch—maybe that would be enough.

But was that something I should do?

Did it even matter anymore?

No... No, they were the ones who started this. They put me in this state. If they were going to push me this far, then they should take some damn responsibility for what they've done to me. My dignity was already crumbling—I might as well fall completely.

Swallowing the last shred of hesitation, I slid my hand into my shorts, pushing past the waistband of my panties. The soft fabric clung to the heat between my legs, already damp. My fingertips trembled as they brushed over my sensitive folds—and the second I made contact, my body reacted with a jolt.

A sharp, tingling sensation struck through me like lightning.

"Mm..."

A breathy moan escaped before I could stop it. My body shivered under the weight of that first delicate touch, my fingertip gently pressing at the entrance, teasing it, making the heat there throb even stronger. A chill crawled down my spine—no, it wasn't cold—it was that sinful kind of pleasure that made you feel high and weak at the same time.

"Ahh, yaaannn, ahhh, ahh, ahnn, ah...!"

"Mm... Haaa~..."

Another sound slipped out, and panic instantly gripped me. I slapped my free hand over my mouth, holding my breath. They didn't hear me, did they?

"Ahnn, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh! It feels good~...! Ahnnn, ahhh...!"

Luckily, they were too caught up in their own world. Chloe's voice was like a constant siren—bold, beautiful, and erotic. My own moan, quiet and restrained, couldn't compete with hers.

I bit down on one of my fingers to hold back any more noise. I couldn't afford to be caught. But the heat was driving me insane. My body wasn't listening to reason. I slowly pushed my finger against my entrance again, rubbing gently, the slickness making each movement smoother and more sinful than the last.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

Chloe's pussy was clutching me with desperate intensity, growing tighter by the second, and wetter too. The warmth enveloping my cock was maddening—so slippery, so hot, so alive.

"Ahnn, ahhh, yaannn~...! It feels really good... Ahhn, ahhn, ahh, ahhh~...!"

She had already crossed the threshold of restraint. Her expression was completely undone—eyes wide and glazed with unfiltered lust, lips parted and trembling, gasping for every breath between cries of ecstasy. Her golden hair clung to her sweat-drenched cheeks in thick strands, yet instead of looking disheveled, she looked unspeakably alluring—like a sensual goddess descending into madness.

Her scent was everywhere. It wasn't just sweat or skin—it was pheromones, potent and intoxicating. It invaded my nose, my lungs, and even my brain, muddling my thoughts until I could think of nothing else but her. She didn't need to say she was in heat—I could feel it in every movement, every squeeze, every breath.

Was she a succubus in disguise? That thought didn't feel far-fetched at all.

"Ahhn, ahh, ahh, yaaannn~... Nnn, mnnn, ahhhnn, ahh, haann~... Nnnn..."

My cock pulsed as the pleasure mounted. I could feel it—my release wasn't far off. Her pussy was gripping me so tightly now, like it wanted to milk everything out of me. She was close too—I could tell by the way her voice broke, by the spasms in her hips, by the way her nails dug into the sheets.

"Ahhn, yaannn, ahh...! Ahhh, I'm feeling it... It's coming... Big wave...~! Ahnnnn, ahhh...!"

I gripped her hips firmly, my hands sinking into the plush softness of her flesh, and began to thrust in perfect rhythm with her rolling movements. Each thrust was deeper, hungrier. The sound of our flesh slapping together echoed violently, raw and obscene.

"Nghhhhh!? Ahhhn, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahhh, yesss~...! It feels good... It feels really goooooood~...!"

She was trembling beneath me, her body coiling tighter and tighter, like a bowstring pulled to its absolute limit.

She was going to break.

And then—

"Nnnnnnghhhhh~! Cummmminggggggggggg~...!"

She snapped.

Her body convulsed hard as her pussy clamped down on me, and a sudden rush of pussy juices erupted out, gushing all over my crotch. It was hot—scalding and wet—and it made my body shudder in response. Her orgasm was so intense, so primal, that she arched her back to a terrifying degree. For a moment, I feared she might snap it from how hard she tensed.

Her insides pulsed around me, trying to force the cum out of me, but I didn't release. I held it in.

Then, as her strength gave out, her body collapsed backward, limp and satisfied, and my cock slipped out from her drenched pussy.

"Haa... Ha... That felt good...~" she murmured, her voice thick with exhaustion and bliss.

My breath came in ragged, uneven gasps, the weight of my unfulfilled climax pressing against my lower abdomen like a coiled spring. Each inhale felt shallow, my chest heaving while the intense heat that had pooled at my groin began to ebb away. I had been on the brink of cumming—so achingly close that my balls had tightened in preparation. But just when I needed release the most, she came first. And then she stopped moving entirely.

The pressure that had built up so tightly, so agonizingly within me, seemed to retreat—like steam vanishing in the cold. It didn't disappear completely, no—it lingered, pulsing dully beneath the surface, teasing and taunting. But the high, the rush, the burning wave that would've pushed me over the edge, had faded back into my core.

And I wasn't about to let myself get blue-balled.

No way.

Not when I was still throbbing, still desperate to cum. The tension was unbearable, and she—though dazed and panting—still seemed coherent enough. That was all the confirmation I needed.

"Haa... Haa..." she exhaled weakly, her eyes half-lidded but glowing with lingering lust. "You haven't cum yet, have you...?" Her voice trembled, soft and inviting, yet laced with a sultry tease. "Well then... you could use me for it. Give it to me—that smell... that thick, musky smell that I want..."

Even though she had just been overwhelmed by an orgasm that clearly shook her to the core, her desire hadn't faded in the slightest. She was still drunk on the heat, intoxicated by the scent she craved so dearly.

The scent of my cum.

"Alright then..." I murmured lowly, my voice deep and resolute, burning with restrained hunger.

I reached for her, my hands sliding up the smooth curves of her legs. My fingers sank into her thighs, and the moment they touched her skin, I paused for a heartbeat. Her thighs—god, her thighs—were impossibly soft. They weren't just warm and pliant—they were ethereal, like silk infused with flesh, like clouds made solid. I could've stayed there, stroking her forever, lost in the luxurious texture of her skin.

What kind of body was this? What kind of woman could be made like this?

It was as though she had been sculpted for sex, molded perfectly to drive a man to madness.

I tightened my grip on her legs and gently but firmly lifted them up—guiding her into a folded position until her feet were just near her head. Then, I spread her apart in a wide v-shape, her body fully opened beneath me.

"H-Huh...? What's..." she whispered, a flicker of surprise crossing her face.

I didn't bother using my hands to guide myself in. My palms remained where they were, holding her thighs apart in that intimate, vulnerable shape. Instead, I shifted my hips forward, trying to line up my cock to her dripping pussy using only instinct and movement. But it wasn't easy—the slickness made it too slippery, too wet, and I struggled to slot myself in properly.

"Here..." she said suddenly, her voice gentle yet filled with aching need. She reached between us, her fingers curling around the base of my cock. Her touch was light, but guiding, her hand trembling slightly. "Now, enter," she breathed, still holding me.

That was all I needed.

I thrust forward, hips surging ahead, and with one smooth stroke, I buried myself inside.

Her pussy lips parted, stretched wide to accommodate my cock, and the moment I bottomed out, a shocked cry burst from her throat.

"Hnnnnghhhhaaaaaa!?"

The warmth of her pussy enveloped me, clenching around me with exquisite tightness. In this folded position, I was pressing directly against her sweet spot with every inch, hitting that sensitive place that made her squirm.

And I didn't wait.

I began to move immediately—my hips slamming down in strong, forceful strokes, pounding into her with rhythmic precision. Each thrust sent a wave of pressure through her, and the slick sounds of our connection echoed loudly in the space around us. Her body jolted beneath me with every impact, her skin clapping wetly against mine.

I fucked her deeply, unrelentingly, in a full-on mating press—claiming her entirely with each plunge of my cock.

Chapter 623 - Back Home (1)

"Ahh, ahhhnn, ah, ahhh, ahhnn, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh~! Hnnn, hnng, ahh, ahh, ahnnn~...!"

Chloe's voice trembled with each rhythmic thrust, her moans spiraling into an uncontrollable symphony of lust. Her eyes, now glassy and unfocused, kept rolling upward, lost in the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her body. I could feel that every time I pushed forward, I reached the deepest corners of her insides. The tip of my cock collided again and again against the taut barrier of her cervix, stretching her from the inside with every deep, unrelenting plunge.



"Ah, so deep...! Hnghghh~...! Ahhhh, it feels... it feels so good...! Ahhnnn, ah, ahhh, ahhh, ahhnnn, ahhh...!"

Her voice was breaking, quivering with raw ecstasy, as if the words were being dragged out of her throat against her will. My hips moved faster now, each thrust more desperate than the last. The wet friction between us grew louder, wetter and messier. I could feel that my cock was buried completely inside her, reaching the hilt, my balls slapping against her with every downward snap of my hips. Her tight pussy pulsed violently, squeezing me hard, as though trying to milk every drop from me.

"Ahh, cumming again... I'm going to cum...!"

Sensing her nearing the edge, I quickly pulled out with a wet slap, only to plunge my fingers deep inside her instead. They curled expertly, hitting every sensitive, swollen spot within her slick heat. Her juices overflowed, building to a boiling point as her entire body trembled from the relentless stimulation.

Then—she broke.

"Hnghhhhhhhh~...!"

A sharp cry tore from her lips as she squirted violently, a clear stream arcing through the air. Her body bucked wildly beneath me, back arching into a perfect curve, every muscle seizing up in climax. Her eyes rolled so far back they nearly disappeared into her skull, and her tongue lolled out helplessly, her mouth frozen open in a silent scream.

"Mmmm~..."

That soft moan didn't belong to Chloe. I turned my gaze briefly to the side—and there was Zoey. She was lying on her side, facing away from us, trembling from head to toe. Her hand rested between her thighs, slick and wet. She had cum. I could tell by the way her body quivered and clenched, caught in her own wave of orgasm, brought on by watching us. She had been pleasuring herself to our sex.

I didn't say anything. I didn't need to. I simply returned to Chloe, thrusting back into her slick warmth, pinning her once more beneath me in a mating press.

With her legs folded high and tight against her chest, I leaned in close and captured her lips. We kissed deeply with no hesitation and restraint. Our tongues entwined, dancing in each other's mouths, messy and hungry. As our bodies pressed together, I could feel the soft weight of her breasts against my chest. Her nipples, now hardened to stiff peaks, poked against my skin, no longer hidden beneath the soft swell of her areolas. They pressed into me with every movement, each touch setting off sparks.

"Mnnn, mhhff, mmnnn, slrppp... mnnn, hnnnnn...!"

Sloppy, wet sounds echoed through the room—the rhythmic slap of skin against skin, the lewd squelch of her soaked pussy, and the unfiltered sounds of our mouths and tongues colliding. The air was thick with heat, the scent of Chloe's arousal intensifying by the second. Her pheromones flooded the space, intoxicating and sweet, wrapping around my senses like a drug.

My thoughts blurred, the edge of climax drawing near. My body was trembling from the buildup, my mind clouded with overwhelming pleasure.

Chloe was close too. I could feel her insides tightening, growing slicker and warmer with every deep thrust. Her pussy clamped down hard, spasming in waves.

"Aahh, ahh, ahh, naaaa, ahhhnnn, nhaa, ahh, ahhh, ahh, ah, ahhh, ahhhnn~...!"

Her mouth hung open, tongue flopping out once more, her eyes rolling back repeatedly as her moans reached a fever pitch. She was completely gone—completely consumed by sensation.

I fucked her harder, pounding her like a machine, my cock slamming into her with mechanical rhythm—deep, savage, and relentless—until...

We exploded together.

"Hnnnnaaaaaaaaa, aaaahh, ahhnnnnnnnnnn~...!"

She screamed—a sound of absolute release—as her body arched dramatically beneath me. Every muscle tensed before giving way to total, trembling surrender.

My cock pulsed violently, my balls tightening before unleashing a massive load deep inside her. Thick, hot cum gushed forward, pouring directly into her womb. I could feel it stretching slightly, expanding to accommodate the sheer amount. Chloe moaned louder as her insides filled to the brim.

After a few final thrusts, I pulled out. The last spurt of cum shot out and splattered onto her inner thighs, thick and heavy.

"Haaa... Haa... I love... your smell... I might get addicted..."

She whispered it breathlessly, but I already knew.

No... she was addicted.

I panted beside her, utterly spent, the high of climax still tingling through my limbs. When I looked to the side again, Zoey remained motionless—but her subtle, trembling form betrayed her. She had cum too. She was still recovering, just like us.

"Leon..." Chloe suddenly murmured, her tone soft and curious. "Do you think I can stay with you forever? So that I can have sex with you whenever I'm horny?"

I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing. Was she only thinking about her research? Her lust? But even so... it didn't really matter. If she truly wanted to be by my side, there was no reason to refuse.

"Well, if you want me to take care of you, I guess I can do that," I replied.

After a while, I decided it was best for us to rest. Chloe, clearly satisfied and visibly spent, didn't seem the least bit interested in a second round. Who could blame her? She had already cummed multiple

times, her body twitching and trembling in the aftermath, her breathing shallow and weak. As for me, exhaustion was quickly catching up, pulling at my limbs like heavy chains. My stamina had been thoroughly drained, and even the thought of another round felt distant and impossible.

We collapsed into the sheets, our naked bodies lightly pressed against one another, her skin warm and supple, her breaths slow and rhythmic. We lay so close that I could feel the soft rise and fall of her chest. Soon enough, I drifted into slumber beside her, her body enveloping me like an enormous, soft marshmallow—comforting, gentle, and addictively warm.

\*\*\*

I was roused from my dreams by the subtle sizzle of food meeting oil, the muffled clang of metal against metal, and the alluring aroma of something being cooked. Smoke and the scent of charred meat curled into my nostrils, drawing me gradually back to consciousness. As my eyes fluttered open, I instinctively scanned the room. The women who had lain around me the night before—gone. Not a trace of them remained under the now crumpled sheets.

I pulled away the thin blanket that had been lazily thrown over my body and was immediately met with the sensation of cool air brushing against my bare skin. I realized, with a blink of sluggish awareness, that I wasn't wearing anything at all. Without a moment's delay, I reached for my clothes from the floor—now slightly wrinkled—and dressed myself quickly before stepping out of the room.

The moment I exited, I was slammed with a loud, piercing voice that shattered the morning calm like glass.

"How could you have sex in the middle of the night without even trying to wake me up and let me join you, huh!?"

The voice was unmistakably Zes's—sharp, irritated, and full of pent-up frustration. My footsteps slowed as I neared the source of the commotion. I turned the corner and saw her standing, hands on her hips, shouting directly at Chloe. Her expression twisted in disbelief, her brows furrowed so deep they cast shadows over her burning eyes.

Chloe, on the other hand, was the complete opposite. She sat calmly, legs crossed, a steaming mug in her hand that gently released soft spirals of steam into the air. She brought it to her lips with elegant nonchalance and took a long, unhurried sip. The way she held herself exuded an almost regal calm—completely unbothered by Zes's outburst.

"Hey! I'm talking to you! Why did you have sex with him and then leave me sleeping like some kind of idiot while you were off enjoying yourself?"

Chloe didn't even offer her a glance. She let out a slow yawn, stretching her arms slightly, as if Zes's presence was nothing more than background noise.

I could almost hear the vein on Zes's forehead swell and pop out as her temper flared visibly. Her fists clenched, her knuckles whitening as she glared daggers.

"You..."

Then her gaze shifted—landing on me as I stepped into view.

"Hey! Why didn't you wake me up last night!?"

I shrugged slightly, my voice casual yet firm. "Well, you were sleeping pretty soundly. It would've been really rude to just wake you up like that, don't you think?"

"But I would've been willing to—if you impregnate me!"

"Well, then you should've woken up last night," I replied flatly. I wasn't in the mood to entertain her whining. There was something else I needed to take care of now. "I'm heading out for a bit to meet Kirk."

With that, I turned my back on the two of them and exited the accommodation. The air outside was crisp and carried the earthy scent of dew evaporating under the growing sunlight. Just a few steps out, I spotted Kirk already waiting. He stood near the entrance, accompanied by another figure—a large beastman with the build of a lion, his physique muscular and towering. Unlike Kirk, however, this one had a fully human head.

"Oh, Leon. You're awake," Kirk called out, his tone calm and welcoming.

"Yeah... well, I couldn't really keep putting this off," I said, my voice laced with quiet determination.

"I understand. After such a long journey here, you're probably eager to return home," Kirk replied knowingly. Then he gestured to the man beside him. "Ah, and this is Mas. He's the one holding the device."

Mas's gaze locked onto mine almost immediately. There was something fierce in his stare, something primal. His eyes didn't just look at me—they pierced. Within them burned a silent fury, restrained but palpable. An anger that coiled like a serpent behind his pupils.

But this was the first time we had ever met. So why was he already looking at me with such undisguised hatred?

Chapter 624 Back Home (2)

"Mas," Kirk said with a firm yet collected tone, his arms folded across his chest, posture steady and eyes calm. "You must remember to be respectful toward our guest. Even though the Princess has yet to confirm with her own words that he's her lover, both I and the Chief have already acknowledged it as truth. That much, at least, you should accept, no?"

Mas's eyes darkened. He shifted his gaze toward me, his lips curling slightly into a disdainful sneer. A guttural growl rumbled from his throat, low and animalistic, vibrating with suppressed emotion. "There's no way I'm going to just accept that so easily," he snarled, his voice coated with pure, unfiltered resentment.

Kirk tilted his head with a slight smirk. "As expected," he said softly, almost sympathetically. "You still carry feelings for our Princess, don't you?"

The air around us grew thick with tension. It wasn't hard to tell—Mas was clearly emotionally compromised. The fire in his eyes, the stiffness of his stance, the subtle twitch in his clenched jaw... All of it pointed to one thing and it was a deep, lingering affection for Princess Trill.

And honestly? I couldn't blame him.



From his perspective, I was nothing more than an unknown outsider who had suddenly appeared out of thin air, making bold claims of being Trill's lover. And for a man who had been trying, perhaps for years, to win her heart—only to have that dream stolen away by a stranger—it must've felt like a dagger plunged straight into his chest.

"Don't say it right to his face," Mas muttered under his breath, though loud enough for everyone to hear. His tone was laced with a bitter mix of wounded pride and frustrated resignation. "But fine. Let this guy at least see the face of someone who refuses to recognize his place."

His glare was sharp—so sharp it felt like it could slice skin. There was no mistaking it... in his eyes, I wasn't a guest. I was a rival. No... more than that. I was an enemy.

"And because I won't acknowledge you," he continued coldly, "I won't give you what you want."

His words hit hard, like an iron door being slammed in my face.

I needed that smartphone. Desperately. And now, it seemed, the path to it ran through him.

"Now, now, Mas," Kirk said, letting out a short exhale, like a teacher trying to calm an unruly student. "You promised you'd let him borrow it. And even if he hasn't officially been confirmed as the Princess's consort yet—since the Chief's wives might still bear a son—technically, he is the closest thing we've got to a future Chief Consort. That's assuming Princess Trill becomes the next Chief, of course."

I hadn't really thought of it that way before. But hearing it spoken aloud made me pause. If things went the way they implied... then yeah, I suppose that title might really be mine one day.

Mas didn't back down.

"I'll give him what he wants," he said with a smirk, his tone cool and calculated, "but only after I fight him."

Kirk pressed his fingers to his forehead, as if trying to ward off a developing headache. "Of course. I had a feeling this would happen..." he muttered. He stared at Mas with half-lidded eyes. "Do you truly think that picking a fight with him is going to make Princess Trill suddenly look your way?"

Mas scoffed and looked off to the side, as if the very idea annoyed him. "I don't expect anything in return," he said quietly. "But if I win, then it only means one thing—that the Princess chose the wrong man."

Kirk's expression softened, but there was a flicker of something deeper in his eyes. Concern, maybe. Or regret.

"I see," he murmured. "You're holding back a lot, aren't you? I can feel it. All that emotion... all that tension, just sitting there inside you, waiting to explode. I want you to release it, sure—but not recklessly. Don't go overboard with Leon."

Then he turned to me. His eyes scanned my face. There was a flicker of amusement in them.

"Leon, are you fine with this? You must be worn out after last night, if you catch my meaning."

His words hit me, and I realized quickly what he meant.

Chloe. Of course.

Kirk must have heard her moaning last night. Not surprising. She had been screaming her lungs out in ecstasy, and let's be honest—the walls of the accommodation weren't exactly built to keep secrets. Add to that the heightened senses of the lion beastfolk, and yeah... it wasn't shocking that he knew.

"It's fine," I said with a calm nod. "If this is what it takes to prove to him that Trill didn't make the wrong choice, then so be it."

Kirk's lips twitched, then curled into a smirk. "Alright," he said with a satisfied breath. "Then it's settled. A fight it is."

\*\*\*

Before I even had time to fully process it, I found myself standing at the center of a large gathering.

The Chief was there. The villagers surrounded us in a perfect circle, murmuring to one another with expectant eyes. I could feel their stares pressing against my skin like weightless stones. In front of me, Mas stood with his back straight, eyes unwavering.

A circle had been drawn beneath our feet—roughly fifty meters wide in radius, a sacred boundary that marked the duel. The dusty ground had been disturbed only slightly, the space within untouched and pure. Around us, the villagers formed a wall of fur and muscle, watching silently, many of them with folded arms or narrowed gazes.

The Chief stood at the far side of the ring, arms crossed as he looked on with quiet authority. I hadn't expected it to come to this.

"Mas has challenged Leon to a matrimonial duel," one of the villagers announced in a loud, clear voice that echoed through the open air. "The prize at stake—Princess Trill."

"Huh...?" I couldn't stop the stupid sound that left my mouth. My thoughts stumbled. I had thought this was just a simple challenge. A fight to prove myself. But this...?

This was matrimonial?

Kirk turned to me, his expression a bit apologetic, yet unsurprised.

"Sorry," he said softly, "but that's usually how it goes. If you fight someone for the Princess's sake—and since she hasn't officially married you yet—it means she can still be taken away. If you lose, you lose her too."

So that's how their tribe handled things?

I exhaled slowly and gave a small nod.

Well... I guess it wasn't that big of a deal after all.

I steadied my breath, grounding myself with unwavering resolve. Mas had made his intentions clear—he wanted Trill. But to have even the slightest chance of that, he'd have to defeat me first. And I wouldn't allow such a thing to happen—not in this lifetime.

As the surrounding crowd held their collective breath, Kirk slowly lowered his hand, signaling the start of the duel. The instant his fingers dropped, I moved.

My figure blurred through the air.

"Wha...!? So fast!"

Mas's startled gasp broke through the silence, his voice tinged with disbelief and raw surprise. His eyes widened, darting left and right, only to find me no longer where I had been a second before. Before he could fully process what had happened, I was already behind him.

I didn't wait for him to react.

Without hesitation, I gripped Ayuru in reverse and brought down her blunt edge with a swift, precise motion—striking the back of his head. The force of the impact caused his body to stiffen, his eyes rolling up until only the whites remained.

A dull thud echoed through the arena as his body collapsed to the ground, limp and unresponsive.

The crowd stood frozen, stunned into silence.

Kirk exhaled a long, resigned sigh from the side, as if confirming what he had already predicted. Then, the silence shattered.

A deep, thunderous laugh erupted from the Chief, echoing through the open space like a victory drumbeat.

"As expected of my son-in-law! Bravo!" the Chief roared with glee, his arm rising high into the air with pride.

The moment his hand went up, the villagers followed, exploding into applause and roaring cheers that shook the ground beneath our feet.

That... was easier than I'd imagined.

\*\*\*

Time passed.

After being tended to and regaining consciousness, Mas reluctantly—almost bitterly—handed me his smartphone. His face was tight with frustration, but he said nothing.

Luckily, I had Amon's number etched into memory. My fingers moved swiftly across the screen, typing out a message and sending it within moments.

Almost immediately, the message receipt changed.

Read.

Satisfied, I returned the phone to Mas, who snatched it without a word.

Now, all that remained was to wait. They would come for me soon.

For the time being, I chose to wander around the tribe and take in my surroundings. As expected, the atmosphere was brimming with a kind of primal energy—these people were undoubtedly battle-hungry, their very presence exuding a readiness for combat. And, quite surprisingly, they also seemed to take great pleasure in sex, indulging in it even during broad daylight. It was only the middle of the afternoon, yet I could distinctly hear the unmistakable sounds of someone fucking nearby.

Additionally, I discovered something new today. Kirk had a daughter of his own. She was just a year younger than me and was currently enrolled in the academy as well, which meant she was likely a first-year cadet.

Kirk, it turned out, had a total of eight wives. And from the looks of it, that number wasn't final. He appeared to be pursuing yet another woman at the moment. It was quite amusing to observe him as he made his clumsy yet earnest attempts to woo her while I trailed behind.

Chapter 625 Back Home (3)

A full day had passed, slipping by like a whisper in the wind.

Now, I sat at the simple wooden table, sharing a meal with the women who had come here with me—each one a presence in my life that had grown too vivid to ignore. Morning sunlight streamed lazily through the windows, casting a warm, golden hue over the rustic interior. The smell of cooked meat lingered in the air, accompanied by the soft clatter of utensils and faint chirping of birds beyond the walls.

Last night, Chloe had once again slipped into my bed like a seductive shadow, slinking beneath the sheets with that same mischievous glint in her eyes. Just like the night before, she'd transformed into a night crawler—sensual, hungry, and relentless—and I'd fucked her senseless until her moans dissolved into breathless gasps and trembles of surrender.

The aftermath, however, was less than peaceful. Zes had practically erupted in the morning, shouting at both of us with unrestrained irritation, her voice echoing off the walls. She'd been furious at being excluded. But to be fair, she had been sound asleep, snoring so loud it could wake the dead.



Zoey, meanwhile, was a mess. Black circles loomed under her eyes like bruises of sleepless torment—a clear sign that she hadn't gotten even a moment of rest. Her face said everything. She'd been up all night again, masturbating to the sounds of us fucking.

As for Anne—ever the loyal automata—she stood silently behind me like a guardian statue. Her expression was unreadable, serene. She didn't need food. She didn't complain. She simply stayed close, as always.

"Leon, are we finally going to leave this place? I'd really like to get back to my research," Chloe asked with a sigh, stirring the food on her plate without interest. Her tone was sharp, tinged with a scholar's impatience. It had already been two full days since we arrived here, and yesterday, I'd sent a message to Amon. Based on the time it would take them to reach us, I estimated a day or two more before they arrived.

"If we're lucky, we might be heading back to my place today," I replied casually, taking another bite of food.

Yes... if luck was on our side, Amon and the others would reach us by sunset.

Moments later, the door creaked open and someone stepped in. Mas. His presence was as stormy as ever. He looked grumpy, his jaw tight, brows furrowed, and his eyes struggling to hide their bitterness. Yet, there was a quiet shift in him—subtle, but there. It seemed he had finally acknowledged the truth of my relationship with the Princess. Of course, just because he had acknowledged it didn't mean he had accepted it. The resentment was still there, simmering under his skin like a slow burn.

Still, the fact that he'd admitted it, even if grudgingly, was progress. Far better than his earlier outright denial.

"Kirk said the person you called is here to pick you up," he muttered flatly, not meeting my gaze.

Huh? That was fast—much faster than I had expected.

\*\*\*

The reason for their speed became glaringly obvious the moment I stepped outside.

In the very center of the village—cutting a jarring image against the backdrop of trees and handmade homes—was a helicopter. Its sleek metallic body gleamed under the sun, blades now silent, casting long shadows across the grass. The villagers were gathered around it in awe, murmuring among themselves in disbelief.

So that's how they got here so quickly. Even in the heart of this dense forest, a helicopter could cut through distance like a knife through cloth.

"Is that... a helicopter...?" Zoey asked in a breathless whisper, her wide eyes locked onto the machine. Her tone was laced with disbelief, as if her mind couldn't quite process what she was seeing. Slowly, she turned her gaze to me, silently pleading for an explanation.

But I didn't know what to say. Was she shocked by the presence of a helicopter in this world? Or was it that I had something like this at my disposal?

The truth was—I hadn't expected this at all. I didn't even know this helicopter existed. To my knowledge, I had never once asked anyone at Leonamon to make something like this for me.

As I stood there, trying to wrap my head around it, a blur of movement caught my eye.

Then came a voice—bright, loud, and bursting with emotion.

"Leonnnonnnnnn!"

Before I could even react, a girl barreled toward me with the momentum of a freight train and practically tackled my waist with her full weight. I barely managed to plant my feet and steady myself against the impact. She had power behind her frame—enough to send a normal man tumbling—but somehow, I remained standing.

"Where have you been!? Do you even realize—do you even know how much we missed you!?"

Trill's voice trembled as her arms tightened around me. Her tears soaked into my clothes, and I could feel the desperation in her grip. I could have pushed her away... but how could I, after making her suffer in silence for so long? It was only right to let her cling to me.

"Leon..." another voice called softly.

Titania.

She stood just a few steps away, her eyes shimmering with the weight of unspoken emotion. She stared at me, and then the tears came—one by one, spilling down her cheeks like silent confessions.

"Leon...!" she finally cried, her voice cracking as she ran toward me. She wrapped her arms around me tightly from the side, her breasts pressing against me as her tears soaked into my shoulder.

"How could you do this to us...?" she choked, her voice sharp with grief. "Leaving us behind for four whole months... without even a single word of goodbye...?"

She was angry. She was hurt. And she had every reason to be. Everything she said was true. I had vanished—just disappeared—without explanation. And now I'd learned that four months had passed in this world since I'd been gone.

So... time in this world flowed exactly the same as in the other.

But that wasn't something I needed to dwell on right now, really...

Not with her in my arms.

"Aht...!"

Without warning, a soft, warm body latched onto my back like a clinging cat, her arms coiling around me tightly as though afraid I might vanish again. A faint wisp of grayish hair brushed against the edge of my vision, fluttering gently from the motion.

"I missed you too..." she murmured, her voice trembling, tinted with both sorrow and a fragile kind of joy.

It was Yr.

Now, all three of my girlfriends had gathered around me—Trill, Titania, and Yr—each anchoring themselves to my presence, their bodies pressed close from all sides. A wave of heat spread across my chest, not just from their touches, but from the familiar, aching comfort of being surrounded by them once more.

It felt like returning to a part of myself I hadn't realized had been missing.

"You don't have to worry anymore," I said gently, my voice low but certain. I reached out, resting my palms atop Trill and Titania's heads, my fingers sinking into their soft locks as I began to rub them with slow, reassuring motions. They wept quietly, their sobs muffled against my torso, but I could feel the relief in every trembling breath they took. "I'm back home."

The moment felt still—suspended in time. But then, faint footsteps tapped across the earth behind me, drawing our attention.

From the open door of the helicopter, two familiar figures stepped out. Dressed in pristine maid uniforms that fluttered with the passing breeze, their presence was both sharp and elegant.

It was Amon and Maya.

"Welcome back, Master," they said in unison, bowing gracefully, their voices in perfect harmony—soft, reverent, and undeniably sincere.

I stared at them for a moment, feeling the weight of time in my chest. Slowly, I released the two girls in my arms and raised both hands, opening them wide toward the maids like a silent call.

For a heartbeat, they simply looked at each other, their faces unreadable, uncertainty flickering in their eyes. But then—without another word—Amon stepped forward, her composure melting just slightly. Maya followed close behind.

They reached me together, and as their arms wrapped around my torso, I welcomed them in.

The scent of their bodies hit me all at once—familiar, nostalgic, intimate. It wasn't just fragrance. It was memory. Home.

"Welcome back... our Master," they whispered, nearly in unison again. There were no tears in their eyes, but their expressions spoke volumes.

They were glad. Genuinely glad.

And as I placed my hands against their backs, pulling them a little closer, that sensation returned—the overwhelming warmth, the grounding comfort.

Yes. This... this was home.

Once again, I said it aloud, my voice a steady echo in the stillness.

"I'm back."

\*\*\*

Zoey's POV

Leon... was far more powerful than I had ever imagined.

At first, I thought he was a prince. His poise, his confidence, the way he carried himself all hinted at nobility. But standing here now, watching the world bend around his presence, I realized something...

Even that title couldn't do him justice.

He wasn't powerful because of birthright or title. No... he was powerful because of presence. Because of influence.

What I saw now—what I felt—wasn't something you could fake. There was a gravity to him, the kind that pulled people in and held them close.

And truthfully, I didn't know what to expect from him anymore.

But one thing was certain. Leon's strength went far beyond what I had witnessed so far.

How much more power did he hold? How much further could he rise?

Maybe it was those very questions... that made it so hard to look away.

That made me want to follow.

Chapter 626 Back Home (4)

Trill's entire face lit up with joy, her eyes shimmering like the morning dew, as she eagerly prepared to tell her father that she wanted to marry me. Her steps were light and restless, like a young girl on the brink of sharing a long-held secret. Although the Chief had already offered me his blessing in a formal



manner, it seemed that Trill longed to hear his approval spoken aloud, clear and direct from the man who had raised her.

Yet when she confessed her intentions, the Chief didn't even flinch. Not a twitch of an eyebrow and not a pause in his breathing. He simply gave her a calm, knowing look and said that she was free to choose. Whether she wished to marry me now or years later made no difference to him. It was her heart and her decision.

Trill had seemed almost breathless with anticipation, but when those words came, her gaze softened. Her lips curled into a peaceful smile. Though the idea of marrying right away thrilled her, she surprised us all by saying that she wanted to have the ceremony at the same time as Titania and Yr. For her, it wasn't just about being mine, I guess... It was also about standing beside the other two women she shared something profound with.

The Chief's expression subtly shifted into something more gentle. There was pride in his eyes. A father's quiet satisfaction seeing his daughter find not just love, but purpose.

Sometime later, with that moment tucked into memory, I gathered my courage and introduced the women from the other world to my girlfriends.

"As expected of you, Leon. You really do have a type, huh?" Titania said with a teasing tone, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

I tilted my head slightly, confused by her words. I wasn't quite sure what she meant. It definitely wasn't about big breasts—Yr's chest was small, but still more than enough for me. Her body had a charm that no size could replace.

Titania chuckled, brushing a strand of golden hair behind her ear. "Well, as Leon said, let's all get to know each other better so we can support him the best we can." She turned to Zoey and extended her hand with an open, welcoming smile.

Zoey stared at that hand for a moment, hesitant. Her brow furrowed slightly as if unsure whether to trust it. But after a pause, she slowly reached out and shook it, the tension in her shoulders never quite easing.

Even without words, I could sense the storm of thoughts swirling inside her. Zoey, who had seen me as a mysterious, perhaps dangerous stranger in her world, now stood amid evidence of the influence and reach I truly held. Political power. Physical strength. Personal connections. It was a lot to take in. Especially when I introduced Titania as a princess of an actual kingdom—her eyes widened with disbelief. And to know I had not one but two princesses as girlfriends, it wasn't surprising that she looked so stunned.

And then, there were my maids. Just the presence of Amon and Maya was enough to leave an impression, dressed in their elegant uniforms and quietly radiating loyalty. Even that alone would shake anyone's understanding of who I was.

"Just who are you, Leon?" Zoey finally asked, her voice quiet but sharp, after Titania had finished introducing her to my other two lovers.

I gave her a faint, knowing smile. "Well, I'm nothing major," I replied smoothly. "Just the owner of a huge corporation. That's all."

She let out a short sigh, crossing her arms. "You know... you could've mentioned all that a little earlier instead of dropping this on me now."

I raised a brow in amusement. "Did you tell me that you were the general's daughter the moment we met?"

Her mouth parted slightly, then closed. "Touché... I suppose that's true," she said, letting the tension melt with a reluctant laugh.

Then I asked her gently, "Do you already miss your home?" I tilted my head as I continued, "Well, it won't happen overnight, but I plan to ask Chloe to develop a portal that links our worlds—one that goes both ways. With time and effort, I believe you'd be able to return home if you truly wanted. Or... if not that, perhaps you could just slip back in through the same portal I used to enter your world."

She didn't respond immediately. When she did, her voice had a bitter weight to it. "My safety's not exactly guaranteed there anymore. I wouldn't be surprised if my father has already plastered my face on a wanted poster."

And she was right. Just before our escape from that world, their military forces had gone to desperate lengths to eliminate me—regardless of the risk to her. Their willingness to sacrifice Zoey spoke volumes. It wasn't far-fetched to imagine her being gunned down on sight if she dared to return.

I looked at her and spoke with firm sincerity. "Well then, for now, I want you to stay at my place. As long as you want, Zoey. And if you'd like to work, I'll give you a job. Actually, I'd like to offer you the role of my secretary."

The title "secretary" sounded a bit extravagant—almost theatrical in its elegance. Truthfully, I didn't think of myself as important enough to warrant one. Still... looking at Zoey, her calm intensity, her sharp gaze—she absolutely fit the image.

Her lips curled slightly in a faint, amused smile. "Well... if you don't mind... I suppose I can humor you for a little while."

So she agreed.

After that, once everything was in order and preparations for our departure from the Feliann Clan's village were completed, I climbed aboard the helicopter. The interior hummed with soft vibrations, and as I buckled in, I glanced at the cockpit—and blinked in surprise.

Maya was at the controls.

She wore the headset with practiced ease, her hands steady on the console. Her expression was calm, confident, focused.

I hadn't expected her to be the one flying it—let alone being good at it.

Amon, ever sharp and perceptive, had already deduced that Anne was destined to become another of my devoted maids. Without needing confirmation, she had begun methodically organizing notes—both mental and physical—with precise attention to detail, ensuring that she could serve me with the utmost efficiency and grace.

As I stood quietly, observing their subtle interactions, my ears caught a softly murmured sentence from Anne, one that slipped past her lips almost too faintly to be heard.

"Master seems to have no desire for my body... Rather than coming to me to relieve himself of the sexual tension and burning lust that has accumulated within him, he chooses instead to seek satisfaction in the arms of another woman..."

Though her tone remained mechanical, as expected from an automata, there was a ghost of emotion layered beneath her words—an almost imperceptible trace of hurt or longing, something deeply buried within her synthetic core. Despite being built with an advanced AI designed to suppress unnecessary emotions, it was clear that she still carried a flicker of self-awareness and... disappointment. After all, her model had been crafted for service, and that included the act of sexual service.

Perhaps I ought to consider indulging in her—at least once the chaos in my life settles for a moment. After all, denying her a role she was designed to fulfill felt somewhat unjust.

And more than that, the thought of it was... exhilarating.

To have sex with Anne... alongside Amon and Maya... the fantasy of a foursome with three stunning maids, it was the very definition of carnal luxury. A lewd dream painted in the colors of lust, power, and unrestrained pleasure.

Our journey back to where everything had begun—the Kingdom of Milham—was nearing its conclusion. With each passing mile, the tension inside me eased, lulled by the sense that things might finally return to a state of normalcy. That soon, everything would fall back into place.

Or so I believed.

\*\*\*

Random Adventurer's POV

"Ugh... I can't fucking believe how many red gems are down here," one of the men in my party grunted, wiping sweat from his brow, eyes gleaming with greed. "Those bastards must've kept this all to themselves."

"No shit," another said, chipping away at the crystalized stone. "They claimed this area was uncharted, said it got harder to breathe the deeper you went. But isn't that just a bullshit excuse so they could hoard the treasure here for themselves?"

I nodded, clutching my pickaxe tightly as I worked on the jagged wall of red gems. "Honestly... I don't even feel like I'm suffocating down here. Yeah, the air's a bit thinner, makes my lungs work a little harder—but it's not nearly as bad as everyone said."

"Exactly, right?" the guy next to me huffed, his face lit up by the glimmer of the gems.

I didn't really care why they had kept this place a secret. All that mattered now was that we had found it—and we were going to mine the shit out of it. Riches beyond imagination awaited us. If we filled our bags and escaped this place alive, we'd be set for generations. Our descendants wouldn't have to lift a

finger. Although, looking around at my party, I had no doubt most of them would waste it all in brothels, blowing their newfound wealth on pussy, booze, and fleeting moments of pleasure.

But then... the air shifted.

A sound echoed from the darkness—calm, heavy footsteps, deliberate and menacing. From the void beyond the dim glow of our torches, a figure emerged.

"Oh? So mining's a thing in this world too?" came a voice, deep and amused.

He looked to be around my age, though there was something far more hardened in his aura. Muscles bulged under a sleeveless vest, a jagged scar carved across his cheek like a war medal. His eyes were obscured by sleek, dark glasses that seemed to absorb the light, and slung over his shoulder was a gun—an impossibly massive weapon that looked like it belonged in another world entirely.

He stepped closer, boots crushing loose gem fragments beneath him with a crunch.

Chapter 627 - Back Home (5)

"Ah... The stench in this place is absolutely putrid," the man muttered with a wrinkle in his brow, his nose scrunching in visible disgust as he looked around. "What the hell is that smell...? It's thick... foul... almost suffocating. And this atmosphere I'm feeling... it's strange."

He paused, lifting his head slightly, as though trying to sense something in the air.

"I see, I see... So even the atmosphere in this world varies. That must be why this place feels different," he added, voice low and thoughtful, more to himself than anyone else.

Without hesitation, we unsheathed our weapons—steel hissing against scabbards and the soft hum of mana flickering to life. Each of us aimed directly at him, forming a half-circle to block any escape.

"Who are you...!?" I shouted, my voice echoing through the tense silence that followed.

But the man didn't seem fazed. Not even remotely. He lazily brought up his pinky, twisted it inside his ear as though trying to clear out a bothersome itch, and then examined it with the detached air of someone completely disinterested. He blew softly on the fingertip, brushing away whatever residue he imagined was there.

"And I can understand what they're saying too..." he mumbled, almost like an afterthought. "I suppose even these animals have managed to mimic human speech. Hah... Now the question is, how do we truly distinguish ourselves from these beasts?"

He finally turned his gaze toward us—his eyes flicking across our gear, our armor, our weapons—with cold, clinical judgment.

"Extremely primitive," he murmured with a grin that sliced across his face like a blade. That condescending smirk—it stung more than any insult.

"What the fuck are you smirking at...!?" I barked, fury bubbling inside me. My grip on the sword tightened. "You wanna fucking die!? Why are you in this place? Who the fuck are you!?"



He let out a sigh as though my anger bored him.

"So noisy..." he muttered, closing his eyes for a moment. "As expected, you're beasts. You may look human, but underneath that facade, you're nothing more than snarling, drooling animals."

"Hey, this fuck's really starting to piss me off!" one of my comrades growled. His eyes burned with rage. "I'll kill him!"

"Fine," I said darkly. "Make it as painful as possible."

The guy let out a nasty chuckle. "Heh... I'll skin him alive. Nice and slow..."

He ran his tongue across the edge of his blade, grinning wide like a madman before launching forward—his boots thudding hard against the ground as he dashed with murderous intent.

The man didn't even blink. He just exhaled softly.

"Haa... I can't believe this," he said with a tired, disappointed tone. "Exactly what I'd expect from a beast."

BANG.

The deafening crack of the gunshot echoed through the air like a thunderclap.

In the very next second, the charging man—my comrade—jerked back mid-step. His blade clattered uselessly to the ground as his body collapsed backwards like a puppet with its strings cut.

"You all seriously lack even the most basic common sense," the stranger said, his voice calm, unaffected.

We stood frozen, eyes wide. My comrade's body lay in a growing pool of dark crimson, a single, perfect hole in the center of his forehead. Blood streamed out slowly, soaking into the dirt beneath him.

"Rushing in with a blade when your enemy's armed with a gun... How dumb can you possibly be?" the man remarked, his tone now condescending, almost disappointed.

Another BANG. And then another.

Each gunshot tore through the air like a thunderclap, sharp and merciless.

One by one, my companions dropped, falling like broken dolls—some with holes in their chests, others struck in the neck, the shoulder, the gut. Screams rang out, short-lived and abrupt.

"E... Eeeeeek...!"

Terror flooded my veins like ice water. My breathing hitched, and panic gripped my chest.

I looked at him—really looked—and saw a faint trail of smoke swirling from the barrel of a pistol in his hand. A compact, sleek thing. And slung lazily on his shoulder was a much larger firearm—still untouched.

When...? When did he even pull that gun!?

There was no sudden movement, no reach, no rustle—just death.

"Now you're scared... Huh..." he said, eyes narrowing. "Just as expected of you low-lives."

He raised the gun slightly, pointing it squarely at me. "Now then... I suppose it's only natural to erase every last one of you. It would be foolish of me to let someone like you live—especially if it means you'd go blabbering about what happened here. Goodbye."

Fear seized my legs before I even registered the thought. I turned around and bolted, my boots pounding against the earth.

BANG.

I twisted my body, barely dodging the bullet that could've pierced my heart.

BANG.

Another—this time hitting me in the side. Pain burst through my ribs like wildfire, but I kept running.

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.

Each shot landed—one in my thigh, another grazing my back, one buried deep into my shoulder. None of them fatal. But all of them hurt.

No...

He wasn't aiming to kill.

He was aiming to make me suffer.

Every bullet felt like a message—like he was savoring my pain, dragging out my death. My vision blurred as the blood loss worsened. My limbs trembled. My pace slowed.

I stumbled.

And then—I fell.

My face hit the dirt. My body refused to move.

"It's bad to run when you're bleeding out, you know?" he said from behind, strolling casually. "Makes the blood flow faster."

My mind was slipping. Everything was growing cold. My ears rang. My fingers twitched.

And just then, through the veil of darkness settling over my eyes, I heard the sound of boots—multiple sets—approaching swiftly.

"General, we told you not to go off doing reckless things on your own. We don't know what this world has in store for us."

"I took care of them myself, didn't I?" the man replied flatly. "It's fine."

"It's not fine," came the stern voice. "We still have no way of knowing if there's another monster like the one that broke into our world hiding somewhere in this place."

The atmosphere grew heavy.

"That guy must've been a one-of-a-kind anomaly," the man replied dismissively, his tone tinged with arrogance. "If the only resistance here is made up of trash like those guys, then we've got nothing to worry about."

A tense silence followed, before another voice broke it, laced with disapproval.

"Don't you think you're taking this otherworld experience far too lightly?"

The man turned to face the speaker, his expression composed, eyes cold.

"I'm not taking it lightly," he said firmly. "In fact, I'm taking this more seriously than anything else. Especially when my own daughter decided to side herself with that beast. How could I not be serious?"

The other's eyes narrowed.

"You say that, but you gave the order to execute the otherworlder during that battle—even if it meant putting your own daughter's life on the line."

"Of course," the man responded without hesitation. "I love my country. And it would be a damn shame—no, a disgrace—if I chose my daughter over it. I do love her, deeply. But I can't put the life of a single person, even her, above the survival of millions. That's exactly why I did what I had to do."

Silence once again gripped the space between them.

Or... was it silence?

No.

It could have been that my hearing was beginning to fade, swallowed by the darkness creeping over me. Every breath I took felt shallow, thin. Each heartbeat echoed slower, weaker. My limbs were numb, the coldness of death wrapping itself around me like a shroud.

Then, I heard his voice again—the stranger from before. Calm. Icy. Final.

"Well then," he said, almost too quietly, "I suppose we should begin... to conquer this world."

And that was it.

My body finally failed.

My heart stopped.

I died.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

I had finally returned to Leonamon.

After four long, grueling months of endless struggle—I was home.

The very moment my boots touched the floor, I was struck by a familiar scent—the unique fragrance of this place that no other place could replicate. The warm wind brushed past me, carrying with it the faint aroma of the bustling streets, the chatter of townsfolk, and the ever-present hum of life. It was overwhelming. Comforting. Real.



The buildings, the stone roads, the distant sounds of clattering footsteps—it felt like stepping into a vivid memory. I had only been gone for four months, yet every second had felt like a year, as if I'd been drifting through another lifetime.

"Master...!"

A voice—soft, trembling with emotion—pierced through the wind. I looked up.

There she was—Gabrielle.

My breath caught in my throat as I took her in.

Her eyes were glossy, and her lips quivered with the smile she fought to hold back. But what truly struck me was her figure. Her body had changed. Specifically, her stomach—it bore a gentle, visible curve.

But it wasn't fat.

No... I knew instantly what it was.

"You're..." I managed, my voice barely escaping my lips.

"Yes..." she said, her voice tender, her hands caressing the soft swell beneath her navel. "It's been four months now. I'm carrying your child."

Time seemed to stop.

My heart raced, emotions clashing violently in my chest—shock, disbelief, awe, joy. I didn't know how to process it. The whirlwind of thoughts left me speechless. But despite the confusion... I could feel it clearly.

I was happy.

Truly, deeply happy.

I stepped forward and wrapped her in my arms, pulling her against me. I felt her warmth, the soft curve of her stomach pressing gently into mine. That small but undeniable bump was proof of everything we'd planned. She had wanted this. She wanted me to get her pregnant. And I had given her exactly that.

"...I'm really glad that I'm back now..." I whispered.

And for the first time in what felt like forever, I felt at peace.

Chapter 628: Epilogue 12 - Sex With Multiple Girls (1)

The news of my return must've spread quickly so Rose didn't waste a second. Without hesitation, she rushed to where I was, her footsteps echoing faintly down the corridor before she burst into the room.

The moment her eyes landed on me, she dashed forward and threw her arms around my body, clinging to me with such force it felt like she was afraid I might disappear again if she let go. Her embrace was suffocatingly tight, trembling arms wrapped around me as though her entire being poured into that one desperate act of reunion.

I stood frozen for a second, completely caught off guard by the intensity. I hadn't expected her to come at me like that.

"Where have you been, you idiot?" she demanded, her voice cracking ever so slightly, muffled as her face pressed into my chest. Her words were laced with anger, but more than that... there was worry.

"I'm sorry for leaving like that," I said softly, placing a gentle hand on the back of her head.

"You really are a fool..." she muttered again, but her tone wasn't harsh. It was filled with quiet grief and relief.

"Well, yes... I guess I really am," I admitted with a faint, awkward smile.

Her voice sounded so... fragile. It was jarring—so unlike the confident Rose I knew. Though she had shown me glimpses of her vulnerable side before, this moment... this presence of hers now felt more delicate than anything I had witnessed from her in the past.

And then, just behind her, another presence made itself known—Irene had come as well.

"You seem like you've managed to tame Rose, Leon," Irene remarked, her voice tinged with amusement but underlined with something deeper—an edge of longing. "But even still, even with Rose in the picture, I'm not giving up. I'll make you mine—completely, wholly, unconditionally."

Her gaze didn't waver. It was firm and determined, the fire in her eyes undiminished. Irene wasn't backing down. Her resolve to claim me for herself remained unshaken.

"You really are messed up in the head, Irene..." Gabrielle said coldly, her tone sharp as she glared daggers at her.

"I don't think so," Irene replied with absolute calm, not even flinching under Gabrielle's stare. "I mean, it's only natural, isn't it? If you want a man, you make sure he never so much as glances at another woman. What I'm doing is normal. What you're doing is what's twisted, Gabrielle—letting your man share himself with others. And you're not off the hook either, Rose, for even thinking about joining a harem."

Irene's devotion to monogamy was unwavering. That much was clear. But I couldn't help but wonder if her ideals could ever align with my current reality. Could I truly forsake everything I had now—for her? I wasn't so sure. The life I was living... I couldn't just throw it away.

"For now," Irene continued, sighing as she folded her arms beneath her chest, "I'll turn a blind eye to Leon impregnating Gabrielle. That feels inevitable at this point. So I won't resort to any foul play to steal Leon away—at least until the child is born."

Her words, though blunt, carried a rare trace of empathy. It was unusual coming from her, but not unwelcome. For once, she sounded... almost considerate.

"I don't expect you to stop jumping on Master every chance you get just because I'm pregnant," Gabrielle said, crossing her arms, her voice laced with irritation.

"Well, I never said I wouldn't have sex with him, did I?" Irene replied, her lips curving into a sly smile as she cast a slow, seductive gaze in my direction. "I said I wouldn't play dirty. That doesn't mean I won't still try to jump Leon whenever the mood strikes."

"Haa... You two really haven't changed a bit," Rose muttered, running a hand down her face. "Even back when we were cadets at the academy... you were both just as troublesome."

"Yes, honestly," I added with a tired chuckle. "I think the two of you should just set aside your differences and become friends again."

"That's impossible. There's no way I'm ever getting along with Gabrielle," Irene said flatly.

"I'm glad you feel the same as me," Gabrielle responded just as curtly.

Rose and I exchanged glances, a mutual sigh escaping us as if on cue.

"Come on, you two..." I said, exasperated. "You've already had a threesome with me, right? How about just let bygones be bygones?"

"Wha—!? That was just... that just happened so suddenly, I forgot I was even in a threesome!" Irene blurted out, her cheeks flushed as she turned her face away.

"That's right, Master," Gabrielle chimed in stiffly. "And I don't acknowledge what happened as a threesome. For me, it was simply a challenge between the two of us."

As they both looked away from each other, trying to play off their past encounter, Rose's gaze slowly turned toward me. Her expression darkened, her brows furrowing as her voice lowered.

"You had a threesome with both of them...?" she asked, staring at me in disbelief.

I instinctively averted my eyes, avoiding her gaze in silence.

\*\*\*

Later that day, the soothing scent of steaming water and natural minerals surrounded me as I relaxed in the hot spring, accompanied by Titania, Trill, and Yr. The heat wrapped around our bodies like a warm cocoon, easing every sore muscle and quieting the mind.

My arms were stretched comfortably to either side, hands resting possessively on Titania and Trill, their soft skin pressed against mine. Their bodies leaned into me as though they belonged there, as though we were molded to fit together.

Yr, for reasons known only to herself, had drifted off to the far end of the spring. Her back rested against the slick stone wall, eyes closed, breathing soft and even—she had fallen asleep, her serene expression bathed in mist rising from the water.

"Ahhh~...! I missed this..." Trill purred, her body stretching languidly against me like a spoiled feline, her form molding into mine with sensual ease. "I missed the way your body presses against mine like this."

"Well, now that Leon is back," Titania murmured with a radiant smile curling on her lips, "we can do this more often now. And considering the timing... it's already summer vacation."

Ah, right... how could I have forgotten? It had already been four long months since the last time I set foot in the academy. Time passed faster than I realized. Which meant—yes, it was officially summer vacation now.

Gabrielle had told me before that I could return soon. Apparently, she had been working behind the scenes, quietly pulling strings and pulling favors to prevent my full expulsion from the academy. Thanks to her efforts, that looming threat had dissolved completely.

By the time the next semester rolled around, I'd be returning. Just like that... back to where it all began.

"Hey, Leon," Titania called out softly. Her tone dropped into something sultry, almost intoxicating. Then, without giving me a chance to respond, she slid closer and gracefully straddled my lap, her warm skin pressing against mine. "Let's kiss," she whispered, her breath brushing my lips.

She leaned forward slowly, tantalizingly, until her mouth touched mine. I didn't resist. How could I? At this point, it felt so natural—so right. I had missed her terribly. Every fiber of my being ached for her. My

blood pulsed, burning with desire. I wanted to fuck her again—right now—after so many months of separation.

As our lips parted, a silvery string of saliva clung between us, quivering with heat. Then, as if sensing the intensity building between us, Trill stepped in with her own demand.

"Kiss me too..." she murmured, her eyes gleaming with longing.

She leaned in, her lips meeting mine with immediate hunger. Her tongue slipped between my lips without hesitation, swirling around mine, claiming my mouth as hers. Then she sucked on my tongue, lewdly, sending a shiver down my spine.

And then—

"Let's all three kiss," Titania said, her voice soft, but filled with playful seduction.

We all leaned forward at once, mouths parting, tongues slipping out and intertwining with one another in a wild, erotic dance. We licked each other's tongues, slowly, teasingly—our mouths tasting, savoring, playing with reckless affection.

My cock hardened—fast. Titania felt it twitching against her bare thigh.

"Fufufu... Leon just got hard," she giggled, her voice like velvet and honey.



"Well, it looks like you're really hungry for us," Trill teased, brushing her fingers along my chest.  
"Honestly... it's been so lonely without you. We've been starving too. So come on... play with us."

Both of them rose from the steaming hot spring, water cascading over their naked, glistening bodies. Their figures—curves sharp and inviting—were like sculpted masterpieces. Hourglass silhouettes, smooth skin, breasts full and firm, hips wide and swaying. Mouthwatering, to say the least.

They stepped toward the edge of the spring, turning around slowly. With graceful, seductive motion, they bent forward, resting their hands on the cobblestone floor. Their asses—firm, plump, perfectly shaped—were raised in the air, shamelessly displayed for me.

Then, they began to wiggle them, taunting me.

"Come on, Leon... hurry~..." Titania called, her voice husky and laced with yearning.

I stood up as well, the water sliding down my skin, and stepped toward them from behind.

Chapter 629: Epilogue 12 - Sex With Multiple Girls (2)

I reached out, both hands extending with deliberate intent, and took hold of their asses—one in each palm. The moment my fingers sank into their flesh, I was greeted by an overwhelming sensation of softness and warmth. Their butts were enormous, perfectly round, and irresistibly curvy, molded as if sculpted by divine hands just to fit into mine.

The pliant texture of their skin yielded effortlessly beneath my grip, my palms pressing into the tender mounds of ass that jiggled ever so slightly with the pressure. I squeezed them gently, savoring how their cheeks pushed back into my hands like dough, soft yet firm in all the right ways.

"Ah~... Leon, you naughty man..." Titania's voice was a teasing melody, sweet yet sultry, as she peered over her shoulder with half-lidded eyes. "Touching our butts like that, without warning..."

A visible shiver rolled down Trill's spine as she responded, her voice trembling like a sigh carried on the wind. "It's been so long... I'm feeling shivers already..." She then looked back at me with a hungry gaze. "Now then, who will you start with first, Leon?"

I didn't answer with words. Instead, I gave my command. "Bring your asses together."

They obeyed with slow, teasing movements, positioning themselves side by side until the supple flesh of their hips and asses pressed tightly against one another. The curve of one met the curve of the other like puzzle pieces, forming a perfect valley between their bodies.

With eyes locked on the sensual display before me, I stepped forward and aimed my cock precisely between the tight press of their hips. The tip brushed against their damp skin, twitching with anticipation.

Then, I thrust forward.

"Ah...!"

"Nn...!"

Both of them gasped in unison, their bodies reacting with an instant jolt as my cock slid between the crevice formed by their joined asses. The warmth that enveloped me was unreal—hot and close, with the silken texture of their skin brushing against every inch of my shaft.

Though not slippery at first, the remnants of the hot spring that had soaked their bodies earlier provided just enough slickness to ease my entrance. My cock glided back and forth with increasing ease, the heat intensifying with each stroke.

"Ah, Leon... you pervert..." Titania moaned, her voice dipped in mischievous pleasure. "What exactly are you planning? Are you going to use our bodies as you please...?"

I didn't bother answering with words. My hands moved forward once again, this time reaching for their already dripping pussies. With expert precision, I slipped two fingers into each of them at the same time.

"Hnnn...!"

"Ahnnn...!"

Their bodies tensed and then melted under my touch, their moans sharp and breathy as their legs trembled. I could feel the intense heat radiating from within them, their walls clenching around my fingers like they were starving for more.

"Ah... I thought I was going to cum just now... It really has been so long..." Titania murmured, her voice low and shaky, as if she was struggling to keep herself grounded.

"Then brace yourself," I said calmly, the corner of my lips lifting into a grin.

With that, I began moving—my fingers pumping into them with steady rhythm while my cock continued gliding between their hips. Each motion was met with a chorus of shameless moans, echoing in sync with the wet, obscene sounds of my fingers plunging in and out of their tight pussies.

"Ah, ah, ahnn, ah, ahh, ahn, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahnn, ahh, ahnn..."

"Ah, yaannn, hnng, hnn, hhnn, ahnn, ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh..."

The sounds spilling from their lips were raw, beautiful, and utterly intoxicating. The way they shook and writhed under my touch only made my cock harder. I could feel their inner muscles fluttering around my fingers, juices dripping down onto my hand.

"Ahnn, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahnnnn, ah, ahh..."

"Ahh, ahh, ahh, so good...~! Hnnn, ahh, ahh, ahhh..."

The sight and sound of them losing control ignited something deeper in me. Wanting more, I thrust a third finger into each of them at once, watching their bodies jolt forward in reaction.

They screamed, gasped, whimpered. They were completely at my mercy. But even then, it wasn't enough. The craving in their eyes said it all. They needed more. They needed me.

"Leon... Please~..."

"Put your cock inside me..."

Their pleas were drenched in lust, their eyes wide with desperate longing.

Without wasting another second, I withdrew my cock from between their hips and stepped behind Titania. I positioned myself, aimed, and then drove in—all the way in one swift, fluid thrust.

"Ahhnn! So good~...! Welcome back...!"

Her voice was a cry of sweet relief, a moan laced with affection and euphoria. The words "welcome back" rang out like a declaration, as if my cock had been away on a long journey and had finally returned to its rightful home—deep inside her pussy.

Almost immediately, I felt her inner walls contracting, welcoming me with wet, intense tightness.

"I want it too~..." Trill whispered with breathless envy.

Naturally, I wouldn't leave her wanting. I reached out, one hand gripping her waist possessively while the other returned to her soaked entrance. My fingers plunged in once again—three at once, without warning.

"Ahnn, ahh...! Ah...!"

She gasped the moment they entered, her back arching. I curled my fingers upward, angling perfectly to stroke her g-spot, watching her melt from the stimulation.

And then—I started pounding Titania.

The months apart had made her feel unfamiliar, but it didn't matter. My body remembered hers, and hers remembered mine. Her pussy, snug and perfectly shaped, hugged me in a way no one else ever could.

"Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahnn, ahh... It's so good... It's been a while..." Titania moaned, her voice soaked in satisfaction.

Barely twenty seconds passed before her inner muscles started to convulse again, tightening with urgency.

"I'm sorry, Leon, but... Ahnnn...! I'm cumming...! Can I cum...? Can I cum first!?" she begged, looking back at me with wild eyes, tongue out, drool at the corner of her lips—completely lost to the pleasure.

"Yes...! Cum! Cum! Cum for me, Nia!" I growled, my voice rough with desperation and lust, as my fingers dug deeper into the supple flesh of her hip, my grip tightening possessively with each word.

Then, after just a few more thrusts—she snapped.

"Hng...!? Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnmmmmmmmmmm~...!"

Her entire body quivered beneath me as the climax tore through her. Her thighs shook, toes curling tightly. I could feel her pussy spasm wildly around my cock, sucking me in as if trying to milk every last bit out of me. The sensation was overwhelming. The second I pulled out, the dam burst—her squirt exploded from her gaping pussy in a glorious arch, like a sudden burst of hot, sticky rain. My cock had been sealing it in, and now that it was out, all the love juices that had pooled inside came gushing out in a thick, messy stream.

"Ahhh... Hnnn... Ahh... I just saw stars..." she gasped out, dazed and trembling, her breath caught in her throat as her eyes fluttered weakly, barely able to focus.

But I didn't give her time to recover.

I turned my attention immediately to Trill, who was already soaked, her wetness clinging to her inner thighs like sweet nectar. Her pussy glistened in the light, clearly eager and waiting. I didn't hesitate. I lined up my cock with her entrance, swollen and slick.

"Leon..." she whispered, her voice low and breathy, eyes blazing with longing. The heat behind her gaze felt like it could scorch right through me.

I thrust forward in one fluid, merciless motion, burying my cock deep inside her with no warning.

"Hngh...!? Hnnnnnnnnn...!"

She threw her head back as her spine arched in response, her entire body jolting with pleasure the moment I filled her completely.

"Ah...! So sudden...!" she cried out, her voice trembling as her fingers clawed into the cobbled floor of the hot spring.

I grabbed her hips with both hands, anchoring her in place, and began to drive into her rhythmically, my thrusts deep, powerful, and relentless.

"Ahn, ah, ahh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahh, ahh, ahnnn...!"



Each time I plunged in, her pussy clamped down on me like a velvet vice, hot and slick, wrapping around my cock in waves of tight ecstasy. The pressure was divine, almost addicting, and I couldn't stop myself from going harder.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhh...! Ahh, Leon...! Be a little slow... Ahnnn, ahh, ahh... Don't be so rough... Or I'll cum immediately...! Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh...!"

Her voice was shaky and desperate, pleading between moans, but I didn't slow down. If anything, I went rougher, savoring the way she tightened with every thrust. I leaned forward until my chest was flush against her back, wrapping my arms around her and letting my hands rise to her breasts. They were full and soft—too large to fit entirely in my palms—and as I squeezed them, the flesh spilled between my fingers. I kneaded them slowly, drawing circles with my thumbs as if molding soft dough.

"Ahnnn, ahh...! My breasts... Ahnnnn, ahh, ahh, ahh...! Eeeek...! Ahhh, what!?"

A sudden shiver coursed through her body as I tilted my head and gently bit down on one of her lion ears. The soft fur tickled my lips, and I could feel her breath hitch from the unexpected shock.

"Ahh, biting there is...! Ahnnn!"

Her pussy convulsed around me, the walls clenching tighter than ever. I could feel her heartbeat through her core. I was close too—aching with the pressure rising inside me.

Then, without a word, I reached behind her and tugged her tail.

"Hng!?? Funyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa~...!"

She let out a wild, high-pitched cry, her entire body spasming violently as she squirted, her pussy milking my cock in rapid pulses. The sensation was blinding. Her climax surged out of her in hot waves, soaking both of us as she collapsed forward, panting, her limbs trembling from the overwhelming release.

Chapter 630: Epilogue 12 - Sex With Multiple Girls (3)

Both Titania and Trill leaned back against the cobblestone platform of the hot spring, their flushed cheeks and heavy breathing mirroring the heat of the water surrounding us. Their damp skin glistened under the soft glow of the lantern light hanging nearby. Steam curled around their bodies, adding a dreamlike haze to the air. They rested their heads close together, lips parted slightly, eyes half-lidded with anticipation and exhaustion.

I stood above them, my cock throbbing in my grasp, veins bulging as I stroked with deliberate pressure. The sight of their open mouths stirred something primal in me. Their breaths synced in a gentle rhythm, their bare shoulders brushing lightly. I felt my orgasm building, the pressure in my lower abdomen tightening like a drawn bowstring about to snap.

Then, finally, it happened.

A guttural grunt escaped my throat as the first thick spurt of cum launched from my cock, shooting with a force that caught Titania squarely in the mouth. Her eyes widened for a second before fluttering shut, and she swallowed without hesitation. The warm, sticky fluid hit the back of her throat with a wet smack, coating it entirely before sliding down. She accepted every drop, her lips sealed like a loyal servant fulfilling her role.

The second and third spurts were less powerful, the cum thinner now and trickling rather than shooting. The pressure had dwindled, but I wasn't done. I stepped forward, gently guiding the tip of my cock to

Trill's awaiting lips. She took over with practiced ease, wrapping her lips around the head, her tongue swirling in slow, teasing circles while her eyes gazed up at me.

Her warm mouth created a pleasant suction as she sucked the remaining drops, not wasting a single trace of cum. Her tongue darted under the shaft's underside, coaxing out what was left. I exhaled deeply, running my fingers through their hair, gently ruffling the strands as a soft chuckle escaped me.

"Ha... Thanks for the swallow, you two..." I said, my voice low and satisfied.

They both giggled softly, light, airy sounds that tickled the air like chimes in the breeze.

"But Leon..." Trill said, her tone carrying a subtle undercurrent of insecurity. "Your harem is growing larger and larger... Will you still have sex with me, even though you now have so many women at your disposal?"

Her eyes shimmered, seeking reassurance. I didn't hesitate. I crouched slightly to meet her gaze.

"Of course," I said, with a firm, absolute tone. "You're my girlfriend. I would never abandon you. You're mine—and that body of yours belongs to me too. So why wouldn't I use what's already mine?"

The words rolled from my tongue with a cocky arrogance, yet they carried a possessiveness that made Trill's cheeks burn red. She looked away, biting her lip—clearly flustered by the declaration.

Titania let out a soft chuckle, the sound sultry yet amused. "Leon truly is such a womanizer," she said, shaking her head with a playful smirk. "But I suppose that's part of your charm. Also... if there's someone you have your eyes on, just say the word. I'll help you win them over. I'd do anything to make sure you're satisfied."

Her voice was gentle, but the sincerity behind it hit me hard. It wasn't just lust—it was loyalty, deep and unshakable. And in that moment, I genuinely felt like Titania would go to any length just to see me happy. My feelings for her surged, overwhelming and sudden.

I was about to grab her and pull her back into my arms, ready for another round, when suddenly—

SLAM!

The door to the hot spring burst open with a loud bang, the sharp sound echoing off the stone walls and interrupting the peaceful atmosphere.

"Leon!"

I turned around sharply, the tension from the sudden interruption still buzzing in my chest. And there she was—Charlotte—standing at the entrance.

Her usual twin tails were gone, her long hair now cascading freely down her back, slightly damp and sticking to her shoulders from the humidity. Her expression wasn't angry—it was something deeper. Her lips trembled, her eyes wide, glassy, and glistening with unshed tears. She looked like she had been holding everything in for far too long.

"Charlotte," I said softly.

The moment our eyes met, her expression faltered completely. Her lower lip quivered, and I felt a sharp pang of guilt strike my chest. Leaving without a word had done more damage than I could ever imagine. I'd hurt them. Hurt her.

"Leon, Charlotte has been truly devastated ever since you left without a word," Titania said gently from behind me. "So please... love her with the same tenderness you just gave us."

There was no need for her to say it again. I moved immediately.

Charlotte stood frozen, clutching the towel tightly against her body, her pale skin flushed red not from embarrassment, but from emotion. It was clear she had come here prepared—not just physically, but mentally. Her silence was deafening.

I approached her slowly, reaching out my hand when I was close enough.

"Come, Charlotte," I said in a low, inviting voice.

She hesitated only for a second before slipping her trembling hand into mine. I led her forward, feeling the warmth of her palm against mine. When she stepped into the water, I didn't wait—I scooped her up into a princess carry, her soft body pressing against my chest.

"W-What...!? H-Hey!" she gasped, startled.

"It's been a while, Charlotte," I said with a small grin. "So how about you give me something fitting for a welcome-back gift?"

Her face turned a deep red, eyes darting to the side. "The hell is wrong with you, Leon... You're being unbelievably cheeky..."

I chuckled, tightening my hold on her ever so slightly. "I'm allowed to be cheeky, right? So? Will you give me that gift?"

She looked away, flustered beyond words, but the answer was clear in her voice. "Well... since you asked..."

\*\*\*

Charlotte slowly leaned forward, her toned arms supporting her as she pressed her upper body against the warm, moist cobblestone platform of the hot spring. Steam drifted lazily in the air, clinging to her skin and making it glisten under the soft light. Her bare ass lifted invitingly, slightly arched, presenting herself to me in the same way Trill and Titania had just earlier.

She was completely naked, her towel already discarded, and her body trembled with anticipation.

Her pussy was visibly soaked—glimmering with arousal, the delicate folds slightly spread and glistening with slick wetness that glided down her inner thighs in slow, teasing streams. It was unmistakable. Her body had grown so familiar with me that just the sight of me was enough to drench her in lust. I had trained her—no, molded her—to react like this, to be ready the moment we were alone. She no longer needed slow caresses or words of affection to get wet. She had become the ideal woman—one whose body ached just from being near me.

"W-What are you waiting for, Leon? Come here already and get your gift," she said, her voice quivering, sultry and demanding, laced with breathless excitement. As she spoke, she gave her ass a slow, deliberate wiggle, her cheeks jiggling in a hypnotic rhythm that made my cock throb harder.

I stepped forward, unable to hold back the hunger she had ignited inside me. I gripped her plump, firm ass with both hands, the soft flesh yielding under my palms. My fingers dug in possessively as I guided my thick, pulsing cock to the slick heat of her entrance.

"Mmm..."

A soft moan escaped her lips, shaky and needy, her hips twitching beneath my grip. I didn't wait. With one fluid, merciless thrust, I buried myself deep inside her tight, welcoming pussy.

"Ahhgggg...!?" she gasped, her entire body jolting violently forward. Her eyes widened in shock, mouth open in a silent scream as the intense sensation overwhelmed her. She gritted her teeth, struggling to regain composure. "L-Leon, doing something like thrusting in one go is not okay...! Your penis is so big!"

I chuckled darkly, savoring her reaction. "Thanks for the compliment."

"That's not a compliment...! Ahhh...! Hey...! Ahhh, ahh, ahhh...!"

But I didn't give her the chance to finish. I pulled back only slightly before driving my cock back in, slamming against her again and again with rhythmic precision. Her pussy clenched and pulsed around me with every thrust—wet, tight, and absolutely exquisite. It was like her body was made for my cock, and the way it gripped me with every motion only fueled my need.

The sensation was mind-numbing. Her inner walls squirmed and squeezed, as if trying to milk every drop of cum from me. I couldn't help but admire it. This was, without a doubt, one of the finest pussies I had ever fucked. I couldn't believe Sesillian hadn't tried to claim it—then again, he was gay. That was my blessing. Her virginity had been mine, and only mine.

"Ahhn, ahh, ahh, you're being so roughhhh~...! Go slower at the start...! Ahhnn, ahhh...!"

"But you like it rough, don't you?" I asked, my tone low, teasing, as my hips continued to piston into her from behind.

"T-That's not true at all...! Ahhnnn, ahhh...!"

Her protest was weak, fading beneath the growing waves of pleasure crashing through her body. I could feel her legs shaking, her fingers curling against the stone as she tried to hold herself up while I fucked her relentlessly.



I didn't let up. Her cries, her trembling body, the way her slick heat tightened around me—it was all too addictive. I slammed into her again, the wet slap of skin on skin echoing across the steamy bathhouse, and after a while...

"Ahhh, Leon... I'm about to...!"

"I'm about to as well...!" I growled, my voice strained from the tension building inside me. I pounded her faster, harder, each thrust jolting her forward, her ass rippling from the impact, the sound of flesh meeting flesh drowning out everything else.

Then, I gripped her hips tight, my fingers digging into her skin as I pushed in one last time—and released.