

## The World 631

### Chapter 631: Epilogue 12 - Sex With Multiple Girls (4)

A powerful surge of cum erupted from my cock, flooding her pussy as her walls convulsed around me in orgasm.

"Hnnnggggghhhhhhhhhhh~...!" she cried out, back arching beautifully, her head thrown back as her climax hit her hard. Her pussy clamped down around my dick, milking me for everything I had.

Panting, I finally pulled out, my cock coated in our combined fluids. Thick globs of cum began to ooze out of her twitching pussy, slowly dripping down her thighs. It was a glorious mess.

But before it could reach the water, Titania knelt down, her long golden hair brushing against Charlotte's skin as she leaned in.

"We can't let the hot spring get dirtied. Not that your sperm is dirty, though," Titania said with a small smirk.

Without hesitation, she pressed her mouth to Charlotte's dripping pussy and began licking up every last drop, her tongue slow and deliberate.

As I stood there watching, still catching my breath, the door creaked open once more.

The ones who stepped into the room were none other than Rose, Irene, and Gabrielle. Their presence was immediate and striking, each of them wrapped tightly in nothing but white towels, the faint steam rising off their skin giving them an almost ethereal glow. The air seemed to tense around them, thick with a mix of shock, heat, and silent judgment.

"I cannot believe this..." Rose growled, her voice low but laced with fury, teeth clenched tight. Her fists curled slightly at her sides as she glared at me with burning eyes. "You told me you just wanted to relax, didn't you!?"

She was furious, and rightfully so—at least from her perspective. I had said those words to her earlier. But the truth? I didn't end up relaxing at all. Instead, I fucked—hard, and thoroughly.

"Come now, Rose," I replied smoothly, not even bothering to hide the smugness in my tone. "Relaxing doesn't only mean soaking in hot springs, does it? Sex is just as much a form of release."

Her eyes flared even more at my response, but before she could fire back, Irene stepped forward, arms crossed beneath her towel, voice calm but laced with steel.

"I was already aware of your relationships with Princess Titania and Princess Trill. They've been quite public about it," she said, her tone carrying weight. "But Charlotte, too? That I did not expect."

"Wha...!? Professor Irene? And Professor Rose...? And Professor Gabrielle...?" Charlotte burst out, blinking in rapid confusion. "I mean, I already knew about Professor Gabrielle, but... when did you even manage to get all the beautiful and sexy professors in the academy, Leon?"

She looked stunned, but not to the point of disbelief. It was more like the idea had never fully crossed her mind until now—something improbable, not impossible. And now that it was laid bare in front of her, she just hadn't been prepared to accept it.

Rose clutched her towel tighter against her body, her skin flushed with a mix of emotion—anger, embarrassment, something else entirely. Her eyes dropped for a moment, and when they did, they landed squarely on my still-hard dick, slick with Charlotte's juices. Her throat bobbed visibly as she gulped, her eyes momentarily flickering.

I caught it—and a slow, knowing smile tugged at my lips.

"Rose. Come here," I said softly, firmly.

"W-What...? No," she stammered, her glare sharpening again. But it didn't quite mask the hesitation behind her words.

It would be the first time she'd ever have sex with me while others were present. I understood why she'd hesitate—she always had a sense of pride, after all. This setting stripped her of it.

I turned to Irene.

"How about you, Irene?"

Her eyes narrowed, and her lips curled into a slow, sultry smile.

"Do you truly believe I would sleep with you in front of other women?" she replied coolly. "I already told you—I want you all to myself. I want to be the only one you're looking at... the only one you're touching. If you want to have sex with me, take me somewhere private. Somewhere just for the two of us."

Her voice dropped a note on that last word, and the seductive undertone in it made my cock twitch again.

Then, my gaze drifted over to Gabrielle.

She was quiet, calm, almost serene. Her hands gently rested over the slight swell of her belly—she was pregnant, after all. The idea of pregnancy sex did stir something primal inside me. But... not in this setting. Not with so many variables. The risk of strain was too high. I pushed the thought aside.

"I'll sit here and watch as I wash, Master," Gabrielle said softly, her voice warm and tender.

She walked over to one of the small stools lined near the wall and sat down gracefully, her towel parting just slightly as she lowered herself. Her belly wasn't big yet, but the gentle curve beneath the towel was unmistakable. It was just enough to press the fabric outward, accentuating her form. She didn't join us in the hot spring—it wasn't safe. So instead, she sat to the side, grabbing a wooden bucket of warm water, pouring it slowly down her shoulders, watching me with quiet affection.

With Rose and Irene opting out of tonight's session, and Gabrielle simply watching, the hunger in me roared back to life. It had been far too long since I'd truly indulged in sex with multiple women at once.

The sensation of being engulfed by soft bodies, completely covered in feminine warmth, was something I desperately craved.

Chloe's body had been more than satisfying—her form built like it was made for sex—but this? This was different. I wanted to drown in pleasure, smothered in limbs and moans.

Just as I was about to continue with Titania, Trill, and Charlotte, the atmosphere shifted again.

Another set of women entered.

My two personal maids—Amon and Maya. Both already wrapped in towels, their hair slightly damp, their expressions unreadable but their eyes shimmering with anticipation. They walked in with practiced grace, and behind them came the Starry Knights. All five of them.

Erica. Varvara. Latifa. Tia. Bella.

Every one of them dressed in the same minimal attire—soft white towels clinging to their bodies, hugging their curves, exposing plenty of skin. Their eyes scanned the room, taking everything in with curious and hungry expressions.

And then came another wave.

The Shadows.

Sandra. Bernadette. Krista. Isabelle. Juliette.

They moved in silently, their eyes sharp, their presence undeniable. Each one also wrapped in towels, their figures firm and alluring, gliding through the steam like specters of desire.

It seemed very members of the Shadows was here too.

Well—almost everyone.

Aegis wasn't present. Neither was Robyn.

But judging by the number of women now surrounding me, the night had only just begun.

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Zoey's POV

"Zoey...? Zoey..."

A gentle shake pulled me from the depths of my sleep, fingers gripping my shoulder just enough to rouse me without startling.

My eyes cracked open slowly, annoyance bubbling in my chest as I grumbled, "What is it?" My voice was heavy with fatigue and irritation. "Can't you see I was finally sleeping?"

"I'm horny."

My brain stalled. "...What?"

"I said I'm horny," she repeated, her tone disturbingly casual, like she was talking about the weather.

I'd heard her the first time—her words had pierced through the fog in my mind—but it took a moment longer for the sheer absurdity to land. Horny? Now?

With a frustrated groan, I pulled the covers tighter over my body. "Well, I'm going back to sleep. Good luck with your little quest to have sex with Leon."

I'd barely managed to survive the past nights thanks to them—fucking so openly, moaning and panting while I tried to rest just a few feet away from them. If she was aching for sex, then she could go find Leon and leave me the hell alone.

"I don't know where his room is," Chloe responded, her voice flat and indifferent, as though her horniness was a problem I was supposed to solve.

"Then deal with your horniness by yourself," I snapped, turning away from her. "I'm not giving up another night of sleep just because your female part's acting up."

There was a moment of silence, and then her voice came again, disturbingly calm. "But... at this point, you won't be able to satisfy yourself either tonight, right?"

Her words slammed into me like a hammer, and I flinched—visibly. My head turned toward her, slowly, stiffly... like my body was refusing to follow through with the motion. My eyes locked onto her face.

"What... do you mean...?"

Her gaze was unreadable—stoic, blank, utterly devoid of emotion. She wasn't mocking me or teasing. It was the kind of direct, unsettling honesty that stripped me bare.

"You've been masturbating to us having sex, haven't you?" she asked. "You're horny every night too. Isn't that right?"

"Don't you dare lump me in with your slutty behavior!" I exploded, my voice shaking. "I-I'm not always horny! I-it's just... it's because of you that I ended up masturbating...!"



My voice cracked near the end, heat crawling up my cheeks as my heart pounded in my chest. I hated how accurate she was. I hated how exposed I felt.

"I see..." Chloe murmured, her expression unchanged.

She turned her attention to the automata resting silently nearby.

"Anne."

The automata—Anne—suddenly flickered to life, her systems awakening with a low hum. Her eyes glowed a deep, ominous red as she processed Chloe's call.

"Can you scan her desire meter?" Chloe asked.

Without a word, Anne's glowing eyes emitted a thin red beam, scanning me from head to toe. I shivered slightly as the light passed over my body.

Seconds later, her monotone voice rang out.

"Eighty-nine percent."

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"Eighty-nine percent."

"Wha...!?" I blurted out, eyes widening as my jaw dropped. "What do you mean, eighty-nine percent!?"

"It is exactly as I stated," Anne replied, her voice smooth and mechanical, yet disturbingly calm. "Your desire to have sex with Master has reached eighty-nine percent."

I blinked, my face going pale before heat suddenly rushed up to my cheeks. "W-Wait... What do you mean by 'have sex'...? Huh!?" My voice cracked mid-sentence as panic set in. Had this automata short-circuited? There's no way in hell I'd want to have sex with Leon of all people!

The mere thought made my stomach churn. That lewd, cocky womanizer? Not a chance.

But Anne wasn't done. "The level of libido that has been building within your body has already reached a critical point," she stated matter-of-factly. "If this continues without release, you may end up pouncing on Master uncontrollably."

"L-Like I said, I wouldn't!" I snapped, clutching my chest as if it would stop my heart from hammering. "I'm not some sex-crazed freak like Chloe!"

Anne tilted her head slightly, her eyes glowing faintly. "However, your desire to have sex with Master is substantially greater compared to hers."

My breath caught. I inhaled sharply through my nose, trying to steady the storm that was now raging inside me. What the hell was she even saying? Was I really... that horny?

As if on cue, Chloe's voice chimed in lazily from the side. "Zoey, let's go," she said, stretching her arms as if this was just another casual night. "Right now, it's likely that multiple girls are already having fun with him. I wanna join in. Maybe you could tag along this time too. No need to keep using your finger, right?"

I felt like a grenade had gone off inside my skull. My blood rushed to my head so fast I thought I might pass out. My vision blurred around the edges.

"A-Alright, alright! I'll come with you!" I shouted, throwing my hands up in exasperation. "But once we find his room, I'm heading straight back! I'm not doing anything stupid like begging him for sex! I-I'm not horny!"

We stepped toward the hallway. Unfortunately, we were immediately greeted by the sight of Lieutenant Zes passed out cold, sprawled on the floor like a drunk in a gutter. Her shirt had ridden up, exposing her stomach, and she was snoring like a beast, a glistening trail of drool sliding from the corner of her mouth.

We carefully tiptoed around her and stepped out of the room.

But the moment we opened the door, a tidal wave of sounds slammed into us.

"Ahhh, ahh, ahn, ahh, ah, ahhh, ahh, ahhnn, ahh, ahh, ahnnnn...!"

"Yaann, nnn, nnn, nghh, ahhhnn, ahh, ahh...!"

"Fuaahh, haann, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahhhnn, ahh, ahh, ahh...!"

"Mnnghhh, nnn, mnnnaaa...! Ahhh, nnnn...!"

"Mnnn... ahnnn, ah, ahhh...!"

My entire body went rigid. My ears rang. My skin flushed from head to toe. The unmistakable chorus of moans echoed through the corridor, bouncing off the walls in sultry waves.

W-What the hell was going on!?

Was Leon seriously—seriously—having sex with every damn girl in this entire building!?

Anne, completely unfazed by the debauchery unfolding before us, spoke in her monotone voice, "It appears the sounds are originating from the large hot spring facility up ahead."

I could barely speak. My mouth was so dry I could hardly form words. "H-How many girls are in there...?"

"I cannot detect heat signatures clearly due to the temperature of the spring itself," Anne replied calmly. "However, based on my presence-detection system, I estimate approximately fifteen or more."

"F-Fifteen...!?" My knees wobbled.

"That is merely an approximation," Anne added, her voice devoid of any emotion. "It is entirely possible there are more."

My eyes twitched. My legs went numb. More!? How was that even physically possible!? Was Leon some kind of monster!?

While I stood there, stunned and overwhelmed by the flood of information and the erotic symphony continuing to vibrate in the air, Chloe casually stepped forward. Her pace was steady, unhurried, like a cat prowling toward prey.

"W-Where are you going, Chloe!?" I gasped. My voice cracked again, barely able to contain the shock. "Wait—don't tell me you're seriously going to join them!? There are already fifteen or more girls in there!"

Chloe looked over her shoulder at me, and for the first time since I'd met her, her bangs shifted enough to reveal her eyes—piercing, sultry, dripping with raw lust. They gleamed with a hunger that made my spine tingle.

She smirked, not bothering to respond. That look in her eyes said everything.

And then, without another word, she turned and continued walking forward, her hips swaying with confidence.

I stood frozen in place for a few long seconds, my heart pounding, my body trembling with indecision.

And finally... my legs moved on their own.

I followed her.

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We finally arrived at the scene.

"Ahh, ahh, yann, ahh, ahh, ah, ahnnn..!"

"Ahh, it feels... ahhh nnnn...! Aahhhh~...!"

"Ahh, yes... ahh... it feels too good... I'm cumming...!"

My heart skipped a beat. My entire body froze in place the moment I heard the string of shameless, breathy moans leaking from the other side of the door. Each erotic sound sent a tingling jolt up my spine. I could feel my cheeks burning, the heat rising uncontrollably, flushing my face deep red. Just what the hell was happening in there?

"I'm going to take a peek for a bit," Chloe said, her voice surprisingly composed despite the vulgar noises ahead.

With a flick of her fingers, she gently pushed the door open—just slightly, barely even a crack. But even that little gap was enough to unleash a wave of carnal sound that poured out into the hallway, louder and more vivid than before. The moans were no longer muffled. They came clearly now, echoing with rhythm and urgency, each voice trembling with pleasure.

What greeted my eyes next left me in stunned disbelief.

A group of beautiful women—each one with flawless skin, glistening bodies, and soft curves—were bathing themselves lazily in the misty warmth of the spring. The air was thick with steam, curling upward and mixing with another, unmistakable scent. The heavy, musky aroma of sex hung low in the air, stirring something dangerous in my chest.

At the center of it all, on the cobblestone floor, was a scene so depraved I could hardly believe it was real.

Leon.

He was surrounded by women—no, not just surrounded. He was consumed. Three of them were stacked against one another, their bodies trembling under him as he moved with feral precision. His hips slammed into the woman at the bottom, his thick man's genital disappearing deep into her vagina. She moaned out, voice cracking with ecstasy. The woman in the middle squirmed as Leon's fingers worked her vagina in tight, curling motions, coaxing out desperate cries from her lips. And the one at the top writhed under his tongue, her legs trembling as he devoured her with slow, teasing strokes.

The synchronized chorus of moans rose like a symphony.

"Ahnn, ahh...! Yannn...!"

"Ahh, ahh... ahh!"

"Ahhh...! Ahnnn, ah, ahh, ahh...!"

I couldn't look away. My eyes were wide, transfixed by the sheer wildness of what I was seeing. I never imagined I'd ever witness something this obscene and chaotic in my entire life. It was like stepping into a carnal dream.

"Miss Sandra's expression looks so good... It seems like she really enjoys getting fucked by Leon," said a voice in the hot spring—smooth, amused, and completely unfazed by the debauchery unfolding before us.

It was Princess Titania—the same woman who had come to fetch Leon earlier this day. She soaked her body on the hot spring, arms folded, watching her own boyfriend pound and pleasure three women at



once, and yet her face showed only calm amusement. There was no jealousy. Only pride and a strange sense of admiration.

"Leon... it appears he's enjoying himself quite a lot as well..." remarked another woman, this one with long, luscious purple hair that framed her mature face. Her body was curvaceous, full-figured, her large breasts rising and falling slightly as she inhaled the thick scent of lust in the air. She was undeniably beautiful—and clearly aroused.

"Professor Irene, you're getting wet," Titania said, her lips curling into a teasing smile as her eyes drifted lower.

"N-No, I'm not," the woman stammered, flustered, quickly shifting her posture as though it could hide the dampness forming between her legs.

"Why not just join Leon's harem, Professor?"

"B-Because I want to be the only woman in his life."

"Hm...? I see. So some people still cling to the idea that monogamy is something sacred," Titania said. "But don't you think that kind of old-fashioned thinking is already outdated?"

"Outdated?" the woman echoed.

"Yes," Titania responded without hesitation. "Monogamy is nothing more than a societal illusion—a construct forced upon humanity for the sake of order. But at the end of the day, humans are still animals. And animals don't hold to such ideals. A man who has many women by his side is the most powerful of all. Leon intends to conquer this world. That kind of ambition requires more than love—it requires strength, support, loyalty. And women."

Leon wanted to conquer the world? My heart skipped again. What exactly did she mean by that?

"And so," Titania continued, her gaze unwavering, "he needs the support of many women. If you manage to isolate him—if you try to make him yours alone—do you truly believe that would make Leon happy?"

"There's no way," another voice interrupted before the woman named Irene could respond.

The voice belonged to yet another breathtaking beauty, sitting proudly nearby. Her presence radiated confidence and calm. She was just as stunning as the purple-haired woman, but what set her apart was the unmistakable swell of her belly. She was pregnant. And that child within her—there was no doubt in my mind—it was Leon's.

"Why do you think that?" Irene asked, turning toward her, her eyes narrowed and her tone sharp.

"I'm Master's second woman," the pregnant beauty said calmly. "Even I believed, once, that I alone could be enough. That maybe I could support him in his quest to conquer the world. But that was just wishful thinking. One woman alone cannot help him achieve something that grand. It's impossible."

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"Professor Gabrielle is right, Professor Irene," Princess Titania said softly, her voice calm but firm as it echoed slightly within the steamy confines of the hot spring. She rested her hands against the smooth cobblestone floor and folded them gracefully, her upper body glistening under the misty haze as it remained half-submerged. Steam curled around her curves, the warmth of the spring making her skin look almost porcelain-like. "You cannot possibly support Leon alone. That burden isn't meant for just one person."

"The reason you refuse to join Master's harem... is because you hate me, isn't it?" the woman named Gabrielle asked, her tone surprisingly composed despite the clear tension in the air. Her arms crossed beneath her full, pregnant chest, drawing attention to the roundness of her belly. "If that's the case... then if I were to admit fault—if I wholeheartedly apologized for everything—would you even consider it?"

"What...!?" Irene's voice trembled, her eyes widening with disbelief. "You're willing to go that far? Just for me to join Leon's harem? You, of all people? The proud, stubborn you?"

It was like her world had shifted slightly, something unthinkable unraveling before her.

Gabrielle exhaled slowly, then gently slid a hand down over the firm curve of her belly, caressing it with a tenderness that showed just how much she had changed. "Now that I'm going to be a mother," she murmured with a small, almost bittersweet smile on her lips, "I feel I don't have the right to be so obstinate anymore. Maybe this is what people mean by maturing." Her eyes glimmered faintly with emotion. "If the only reason you're holding yourself back from becoming Master's woman is because of me, then I will apologize. I won't back down, however. Not now. Master has already conquered me, body and soul. Without him, my life would lose all meaning."

A heavy silence fell.

Well, not quite silence.

The low, rhythmic slaps of flesh and the sultry, breathless moans of pleasure echoed through the steamy room. Leon was still deep in the throes of sex with three women simultaneously, utterly consumed in the act, seemingly unaware of the serious conversation unfolding nearby.

"If I were to apologize to you now," Gabrielle continued, her voice softer but unwavering, "would you be willing to have a threesome—or even a foursome—with Rose and me?"

"Huh!?" a startled voice cried out. A green-haired mature woman stiffened, her eyes wide with shock. That was undoubtedly Rose.

"I... I don't know," Irene admitted after a moment, her voice shaky and conflicted. "What happened back then... it wasn't something that can be forgiven so easily. Not to the point that it would just lead to a threesome between us."

"I understand," Gabrielle nodded slowly. "But... you're not saying no entirely. That means... you're willing to reconsider, aren't you?"

Another moment passed, filled only by the background chorus of wet squelches, moans, and gasps.

"I don't know! I can't think clearly in this place!" Irene suddenly stood up, her movement swift and agitated. The water splashed dramatically around her body as she rose, droplets cascading down her skin. She wrapped a towel tightly around herself, the fabric clinging to her damp figure, and made for the exit.

Oh no, she's going to catch us!

Too late.

Her gaze flickered toward us, the ones hiding and watching.

"Oh..." she muttered under her breath, almost as if speaking to herself. "It really seems like Leon is dead serious about this whole 'conquering the world' thing... especially if he keeps luring women to this place." Her voice was resigned and bitterly amused. "Should I just accept it? No. I can't. My pride... the part of me that wants a monogamous relationship... would never allow it." Without sparing another glance, she walked away, her silhouette slowly vanishing behind the rising steam as the door creaked open.

That door now stood wide open—and the women inside were no longer distracted.

Their eyes locked on us.

"Oh! Miss Zoey, Miss Chloe, and Miss Anne!" one of them called out, beaming with cheerful delight. It was Princess Titania herself. "Come on in! The hot spring here at the Leonamon Company is absolutely massive, so there's plenty of space for all three of you! Oh, but it seems Miss Zes isn't here... Was she perhaps sleeping?"

"Miss Zes was resting quietly, and we chose not to disturb her. As for our visit—Miss Chloe and Miss Zoey were both horny," Anne stated in her usual deadpan voice, the lack of emotion somehow making it even more embarrassing.

"Wh-W-What...!?" I stammered, face flushing in mortified panic. What the hell was this automata saying!? "I am not—!"

But before I could finish, my gaze drifted and met Leon's.

His eyes were locked on me.

The moment our eyes met, it was like something inside him snapped. He suddenly thrust into the women with a renewed ferocity, fucking, fingering, and licking them with relentless passion.

The sounds of pleasure reached a new crescendo.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh, nnnn, ahhhnnn, ahhhhhhhhhh!!!"

"Nnnhhhhhhhhhh!!! Cummingggggggggg...!"

"Hnnngggggggggggggggg?! Nnnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Each one of them came violently, their bodies convulsing and shuddering as they moaned out their climaxes.

Then, without a word, Leon slowly pulled his cock out from the woman at the bottom of the tangled mess of bodies—and turned his head.

His eyes locked on us once again.

Chloe took the first step forward, her fingers slowly slipping beneath the hem of her clothing. One by one, she peeled each layer off her body with unhurried grace, letting her garments fall to the floor with a soft rustle that echoed faintly through the steamy chamber. Her bare skin shimmered beneath the haze of the hot spring's mist, and her confidence was so natural, it made me feel smaller just watching her.

"Wha...!?" I blurted out, my eyes wide in disbelief.

In contrast, I was still frozen in place, sprawled awkwardly across the smooth wooden floor. My heart thudded rapidly in my chest. My thoughts were spiraling. Was this really happening? Was I actually about to lose my virginity... here, in such a surreal and chaotic way? A part of me screamed that it was wrong. That it should've been tender, intimate... something out of a dream. Romantic.

And yet... something in me moved.

Maybe it was the warmth of the spring air, the pressure of the moment, or the way everyone else carried themselves like it was perfectly natural. For whatever reason, I found myself walking forward—my hands trembling slightly as I unclothed myself and then covered myself with a towel. My skin prickled as the cool air kissed it briefly before the humid steam engulfed me. I stepped into the spring, my entire body laid bare for everyone to see.

"Wow... Miss Zoey, you possess an incredibly beautiful figure," Princess Titania said, her voice genuine and filled with admiration as her gaze traveled along the lines of my form.

Wha...? Was she... serious?

"Even though it was hidden beneath the towel, the contours of your hips, the elegant definition of your waist, and the overall symmetry of your body are truly breathtaking. Your figure is a flawless representation of feminine allure."

Suddenly, I could feel it... every single gaze in the room shifted, all of them now locked onto me. It was suffocating and electrifying at the same time, like I was standing in a spotlight I never asked for. The heat in my cheeks burned even hotter than the spring itself.

"What's your diet, Miss Zoey?" Princess Titania asked, her tone casual, as if we were simply chatting in a café.

"N-Nothing at all. I just eat normally..." I muttered, my voice barely above a whisper. "U-Um... do I really have that kind of body...?"



Even though I didn't mean to, my eyes instinctively drifted to Leon. I didn't even realize it at first, but it felt like that question was directed at him other than anyone else.

"You do," Leon answered. "In fact, I've wanted to have sex with you from the very first moment I laid eyes on you."

There wasn't a hint of shame or hesitation in his tone.

My heart nearly exploded.

That one line alone was enough to make my breath hitch and my stomach flip. And yet, this guy just stood there and said it like it was the most casual statement in the world? He was infuriating. Arrogant. Shameless. And yet... somehow, still disarmingly genuine.

To hell with this guy...

"Y-You're just saying that because you want to have sex with me," I shot back, trying to hold onto whatever defense I had left.

"Not at all," he replied smoothly. "Well... part of it is true. But more than that, your body really is stunning."

"I... I don't believe you. You're trying to manipulate me, aren't you?"

"You better cut that out, Miss Zoey," Princess Titania interjected with an amused smile. "Leon has this... infuriating talent of warping words into honey, until you don't even realize you've already spread your legs for him. Right now, you're falling into it... slowly but surely. But you still don't want to, right? You desire your first time to be meaningful, special and wrapped in romance. So Leon, let's not force this. Let's postpone her sex for now."

The way she said it—it was so casual, yet definitive. As if sex with Leon wasn't a matter of if, but when.

Honestly, I didn't even know what I felt anymore. Maybe being one of his women would have its advantages later on. Maybe giving in wouldn't be so bad. But she was right. I wasn't ready. Not yet. I needed to prepare myself—mentally and emotionally—before I could cross that line.

"Well, I'm ready for it, Leon."

The voice came from the woman I had thought was quiet and meek this whole time.

The woman who just woke me up because she was horny. Chloe.

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Leon's POV

"But more than anything... Miss Chloe, your body is, um... honestly, it's a little too much for the eyes..." Titania said with a twitching smile tugging at her lips, trying to play it cool despite clearly being overwhelmed.

And frankly, who could blame her? Chloe's proportions weren't just eye-catching—they were downright scandalous. Even by the most generous busty standards, Chloe completely blew the scale. She was incredibly busty, to a point that almost defied logic.

Titania turned toward me with a sly expression, her eyes narrowing as if putting a puzzle together.

"Leon, you've already had sex with her, haven't you?" she asked bluntly. "I bet... she feels unbelievably soft to hold..."

There was no hiding it, really. Titania's curiosity was genuine. She wasn't the type to say things she didn't mean. And when it came to Chloe, the curiosity made sense. Her entire body radiated an unnatural softness, like her flesh was sculpted from the world's finest, silkiest material—designed, somehow, to be fucked.

The towel draped over Chloe's figure might as well have been transparent. It clung to her curves like a second skin, doing nothing to disguise her form. Her tits were massive, practically spilling out from under the towel, the shape unmistakable even with fabric in the way. Her wide hips flared out like they were carved for the sole purpose of breeding, and her thighs—thick, heavy, and plump like cow drumsticks—completed a body that looked unfair by every possible comparison.

"Please... don't stare at me like that. It's embarrassing," Chloe muttered, her tone meek.

But even as she said it, I didn't sense any real embarrassment in her voice. Not truly. She wasn't hiding behind her words. But her body betrayed her—she fidgeted nervously, shifting her legs, curling her fingers, a subtle pink tinge dusting her cheeks. She was clearly aware of the attention.

"Ah, forgive me. It's just that... your body really is something to behold, Miss Chloe," Titania said with a soft, deliberate tone. "It's not that I'd call it conventionally sexy—no, it goes beyond that. It suits you, somehow. And just to be clear, I'm not saying you're fat or anything... it's just—I've never seen a woman with breasts that huge, hips that wide, and thighs like that all combined together..."

"Yeah... even I feel a little envious looking at her," Gabrielle added, crossing her arms under her chest.

Gabrielle wasn't lacking in curves. She had a body that turned heads easily—ample where it mattered, and sleek in all the right places. But standing next to Chloe, it was like comparing a flicker of candlelight to a roaring fire. Chloe was simply in another league.

"Chloe," I said, locking eyes with her. "Do you want to have sex?"

She nodded without hesitation.

"Then come here," I said, my voice low and steady.

Together, we entered the hot spring. The warmth wrapped around us immediately, creeping up our skin like gentle fingers. The hot water rippled as we moved, spreading outward in waves that shimmered in the steam-heavy air. The heat soaked through our bodies, loosening our muscles and relaxing our bones.

I guided Chloe into the same position Titania, Trill, and Charlotte had taken earlier. She obeyed without a word, her full, thick ass presented like a gift.

Her butt had a gorgeous circumference—smooth, round, and impossibly inviting. I'd already gotten a taste of how soft it was before, but I couldn't resist touching it again. As my palms sank into the doughy flesh, I marveled at just how malleable and delicate she felt—like warm, fresh dough shaped to yield beneath my hands.

My cock, still flushed and red from earlier, throbbed between my legs. I hadn't cum yet during sex with the Shadows. It was swollen, slick, and desperate for release.

I gripped the base and slid it between Chloe's thick ass cheeks. Just that single action made my breath hitch. Her flesh was so soft, it almost felt like I was melting into her.

"Ah...!" Chloe gasped sharply, her breath catching as she felt my cock press against the tight space between her ass cheeks. The soft folds of her flesh instantly tried to wrap around me, clinging to my shaft like they were begging to suck me in—like her ass was its own kind of pussy.

I gripped her hips, steadying myself, and began rubbing my cock between the pillowy mounds of her ass, raw dogging her cleft. The sensation was maddening, like thrusting through a living, breathing sex toy made of nothing but pleasure.

My cock moved in and out with a rhythm that sent sparks up my spine. Her body heat and the slickness from my leaking pre-cum turned everything wet and warm. The friction was addictively smooth—pre-cum dribbled from the tip of my dick, coating her skin, and making the glide effortless.

Her juicy ass swallowed every motion, and the raw stimulation—combined with the earlier build-up from the Shadows—was making my head spin.

"Ahh... Leon, put it in me... please..." Chloe moaned, her voice trembling with need.

She wanted me inside her.

I slowly pulled my cock out from between her ass cheeks. As I did, a thick, sticky trail of goo clung between us. The pre-cum that had been dripping from me, mixed with the lingering love juices left by the others, left glistening strings of liquid that connected my length to the deep line between her ass.

Several viscous strands stretched out, sticky and glossy in the steam, clinging like web.

I ran my hand slowly along the length of my cock, stroking it with purpose as if bracing it for what was to come. The tension in the air thickened with anticipation. Then, with a deliberate movement, I positioned it at the entrance of her twitching, needy pussy. Even though I hadn't pushed in yet, her folds seemed alive—like they had a will of their own—clinging, pulling, begging to swallow me whole with their desperate wetness.

My fingers dug into the flesh of her thick, luscious ass as I took firm hold of her. Then, with a sharp thrust of my hips, I plunged my cock deep inside her.

"Mmmnnnnn...!"

Her moan rang out as I buried myself in one stroke. My cock kissed the barrier of her cervix instantly, her inner walls so wet and tight they refused to let me go. A slick, viscous mucus clung to my tip, slowing

me down for only a moment. But when I pressed in further, that barrier stretched obediently, as if welcoming the intrusion.

Goodness, it really felt incredible.

I didn't waste time. My hips began to move, and I started pounding her with unrelenting force.

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

Her voice erupted into a chorus of moans, breathy and high-pitched, growing louder with each slap of flesh against flesh. The air around us turned heavy, like the very atmosphere had shifted. The once serene hot spring now felt like a sacred space of carnal lust, the scent of sweat and sex clinging to the rising steam.

"Ahhh, ahh...! You're so deep...! Ahn, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh...! Ahh, nn...! Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh...!"

Her entire body shook beneath me, her soft curves bouncing uncontrollably as I rammed into her from behind. Every thrust sent waves through her supple flesh—her ass jiggling, her thighs trembling, her back arching. Her body was like a perfect sculpture of indulgent softness, responding to my every move with ripples and shivers of pleasure.

"Ohhh, it feels good...! It feels... Ahhhhh!"

I kept going, my rhythm increasing, the pressure building with every second until—

"Ahhh... Cumming... Cumming~!!! Cumminggggggggg~!!!"

She screamed in ecstasy, her walls clamping down around me in a vice-like grip. It was as if her pussy had been sculpted solely to milk every drop out of me. The sensation of her orgasm surged through my cock like an electric current, overwhelming my senses.

"Hnghhhhhhhh!?"

I couldn't stop myself. My cock twitched violently before erupting deep inside her, releasing thick, hot ropes of semen straight into her womb. The sensation of flooding her pussy with my cum was dizzying—my breath hitched, my body tensed, and time felt like it stopped for a moment. I could feel every pulse, every spurt, every drop being squeezed out of me.

Chloe's body arched sharply as she came, her muscles locking in place for a moment before going completely limp—her body collapsing into the water, steam rising around her like mist surrounding a fallen goddess. I slowly pulled my cock out of her, and a thick glob of creamy white cum followed, dripping down from her stretched pussy into the bubbling surface of the hot spring.

Then suddenly—

"Uuuu... Hngggggg...!"



Without warning, a golden stream spurted out of her, splashing into the water below. It was a startling yet strangely captivating sight.

Still catching my breath, I leaned back and let out a slow, satisfied exhale. My gaze shifted to the women nearby, the ones who had watched everything unfold without saying a word.

Their eyes were wide, cheeks flushed, breath shallow.

They were aroused.

A slow, knowing grin spread across my face.

Tonight... was far from over.

Chapter 635: Epilogue 12 - Sex With Multiple Girls (8)

Trill was straddling me, her smooth thighs hugging my waist tightly as she moved her hips in a steady, rhythmic motion. With every grind, my cock plunged deep into her slick, needy pussy, her insides gripping me like a hot velvet vice. Each bounce of her hips sent waves of pleasure pulsing through my core, the wet slaps echoing faintly off the stone walls around us. Her moans blended with the sound of skin meeting skin. It was an erotic symphony that filled the air.

At the same time, Titania had my head resting gently on her warm, soft lap. Her palms cupped my cheeks delicately, her fingers brushing against my skin with loving tenderness as she leaned down and pressed her lips to mine. Her kiss was slow and sensual, like she wanted to drink in every ounce of my breath. The contrast between the passionate grind of Trill's hips and Titania's affectionate kisses made the sensation even more overwhelming.

Down at my feet, Charlotte was completely focused, her tongue slowly dragging along my toes, licking each one with reverence. Her tongue was hot and slick, sending strange, tingling jolts up my legs. Meanwhile, Bernadette and Erica were both latched onto my chest, their tongues tracing lazy circles around my nipples, then switching to feverish sucking that made me twitch uncontrollably beneath them.

It felt like I'd been swallowed by paradise. The sweet, intoxicating scent of femininity filled the hot spring and seeped into my skin. Their warmth surrounded and enveloped me. I never wanted to leave this moment. Not for anything in the world.

The pleasure crashing into me was intense and overpowering. My brain felt like it was being drowned in bliss, every nerve buzzing, teetering on the edge of going completely blank. I was being reduced to pure sensation.

After I unloaded inside Trill, my cock still throbbed with hunger. I turned to the Starry Knights and went through each of them one by one. I had them lie back on the cold cobblestone floor, their bodies trembling with anticipation. I mounted them in a solid missionary position, slamming my cock deep into their tight pussies while my fingers reached out to tease and finger the women lying to my sides. My hips never stopped moving, thrust after thrust, relentless.

As I was fucking them, Chloe came to my side and pressed her ample, soft breasts against my shoulder. She rubbed herself against me with desperate need, her panting loud and desperate, her breath hot against my ear. Every time her breasts grazed me, she let out a horny, breathy moan. Once I made all the Starry Knights cum on my cock, their bodies twitching beneath me, I turned my attention back to Chloe—and fucked her again, even harder.

After I made her cum with a loud cry, I pulled out and stroked my cock, my shaft still wet with pussy juices. I jerked it until thick streams of hot cum burst out and rained down onto the Starry Knights' exhausted, still-spasming bodies. Their faces, chests, and bellies were splattered with streaks of white.

Then, I lined up the Shadows—each of them on all fours, asses raised and twitching in anticipation. Just like I did with the Starry Knights, I drove my cock into each of them in turn, taking them in the doggy style position, slamming into their soaked pussies while my fingers reached out to work over the ones to my sides. My hands stayed busy, teasing and fingering them as I fucked, drawing screams and moans from every one of them.

Once I'd made them all cum, they obediently dropped to their knees in a perfect line, their mouths open, tongues sticking out. Their faces were flushed, eyes glazed with lust. I stroked my still-throbbing cock in front of them, gritting my teeth as the pressure built up. With one strong thrust of my hips, I exploded again—cum bursting out like a white fountain, spraying across their faces. They caught it with eager mouths and dripping tongues.

I didn't even take a breath. I just moved to the next girl, and the next. My mind was spinning. My body was melting. It felt like I was being overtaken by a tsunami of dopamine and desire. I couldn't stop. I didn't want to.

Off to the side, Zoey had been watching the entire thing unfold—and by then, she was already fingering herself, her fingers moving furiously between her thighs. Her breathing was ragged, her eyes locked on me. She couldn't resist anymore. The sight had pushed her past her limit.

More fucking followed—bodies clashing, moans and cries echoing across the steamy air of the hot spring. By the time it was all over, the entire floor was covered with beautiful women, their bodies lying limp and satisfied on the cobblestones, their faces and curves coated with my cum. It was a masterpiece of lust, messy and beautiful.

My legs finally gave out, trembling under me. I collapsed on my butt, breathless. That had been one hell of an intense fuck. I could barely even process it. My body was wrecked—in the best way possible.

And with that... the sex with many girls at once had finally come to its wild, exhausted end.

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When I woke up, I was wrapped in a warm cocoon of soft, bare skin. A comforting weight surrounded me. My eyes opened slowly, and I saw Titania's soft golden hair, Trill's flushed, sleeping face, and Charlotte curled up with her arms draped over my chest. All three of them had come here after the orgy and fallen asleep with me.

Yr was here too—quiet and still—curled up near the foot of the bed, which explained why I noticed her last.

I gently moved their arms and legs off me, careful not to disturb them. As I sat up, I leaned down and kissed each one of their foreheads. Soft little chuckles and sleepy sighs escaped their lips. I even gave one to Charlotte's.

After that, I got to my feet and stretched out, my muscles sore but deeply satisfied.

"I guess everything will go back to normal now, huh...?" I murmured to myself, my voice low and reflective.

I stepped out of the room, walking into the familiar hallway that I'd grown so used to. The walls, the doors—everything looked exactly the same, yet it all felt strange, like I hadn't been here in ages.

It had only been four months, but it felt like an eternity. I had changed—and so had everything else.

As I walked, I spotted Zoey already up ahead.

"Good morning. Did you sleep well?" I asked her.

"Not much, really..." she murmured, her voice carrying a tired edge laced with mild irritation. "Thanks to a certain someone, I couldn't sleep at all."

I raised a brow, smirking. "So... you were up all night masturbating, huh?"

"I-I'm not!" she snapped back instantly, her cheeks flaring a deep shade of red.

Oh? So she had been.

I only meant to tease her, poke a little fun, but judging by her reaction—how quickly she got flustered and defensive—it seemed I'd struck gold with that one.

"Hey, Leon..."

Her voice softened, a bit hesitant now.

"What is it?" I asked, turning my head toward her.

"Would you... close your eyes for a moment?" she said. "I just want to confirm something."

I blinked, confused. Close my eyes? That was odd. Suspicious even. My instincts stirred, but she wasn't giving off any sort of bloodlust or tension. If she meant to kill me or pull something dangerous, I'd feel it.

"...Why do you want me to close my eyes?" I asked, narrowing my gaze a little.

"J-Just hurry up and do it!" she blurted, sounding more embarrassed than threatening.

Well, her tone didn't carry any urgency or malice. It felt harmless—innocent, even. With a small sigh, I gave in and slowly shut my eyes.

There was a moment of silence... and then I felt her shuffle closer. Her breath hitched slightly, her footsteps gentle and cautious. Then, I felt her warmth—she stood on her tiptoes and leaned in.

Her lips brushed mine.

Soft. Brief. Barely a second.

A gentle peck.

By the time I opened my eyes, she'd already backed away a few steps, her hands clutched nervously at her sides.

"I-I just wanted to confirm my feelings... to see if I really liked you or not," she stammered, her voice cracking slightly. "That's all. I just wanted to know if it's possible that I've... fallen for you during the days that we've been together."

Her eyes darted everywhere except toward me, and her face was as red as it could get. The flustered way she said that—it hit differently.

"Did you?" I asked her, my voice quieter now.

"I-I don't know... I—Idiot," she muttered, stumbling over her words, and then—just like that—she turned on her heel and bolted away from me.

I watched her retreat, the ends of her hair bouncing wildly behind her. And without meaning to, I smiled.

That woman... she was unbelievably cute.

## Chapter 636 - To The Holy City (1)

The world felt like it had finally returned to its natural rhythm, as if the chaos that once disturbed the air had slowly faded into the background. The skies were calm, the breeze gentle, and laughter once again echoed in the house. I found myself basking in the comfort of being surrounded by beautiful women, enjoying the rare tranquility—until the moment was abruptly interrupted.

Maya opened the door without warning, her expression unreadable.

"Master, letter for you."

In her hand was a single envelope—plain, slightly crumpled, and worn from travel. She stepped closer and handed it to me silently. I blinked, the mood shifting around me. I took the letter immediately, my fingers brushing over its rough paper before I carefully broke the seal and unfolded it.

"Leon. It's me. Have you been well? Well, I would hope so. I heard that there was some sort of incident that happened there, so I'm a bit worried about you. But well, considering mails aren't really used that much these days because of that invention called the smartphone, my letter probably took a while to reach you. I'm sorry it took this long to get in touch. Also, if you want to... please come back every once in a while. And well... Alice seemed to be mad at you or something. I hope you manage to fix things with her. That's all.

—From Lily."



I stared at the paper, the familiar handwriting making something stir inside my chest. It was Sister Lily's. That kind, delicate woman who always took care of us. She had written this nearly three months ago, but only now had it found its way into my hands. The delay felt surreal.

So this was the state of things now, huh? The mail system had crumbled into near-obsolescence—replaced entirely by the rise of smartphones and instant messages. The nostalgia of receiving a handwritten letter was lovely, but the impracticality couldn't be denied.

Wait a second... did I seriously destroy the entire mail industry by popularizing smartphones? That thought hit me like a slap to the face. My invention, meant to help, might've singlehandedly made the entire mailing system obsolete. Well... I suppose I couldn't help it. The world had evolved, and so had communication. I'd have to sit down and explain things to Sister Lily—and even Alice.

Alice...

Speaking of Alice... I suppose she still hates me after what I did the last time I visited the orphanage. I guess it can't be helped, considering how I treated her back then. I messed up, and I had to make amends.

I pushed myself up from the soft cushions I'd been lounging on.

"Leon?" Titania's voice called out softly. She had been dozing beside me, her eyes still heavy with sleep as she looked up at me.

"I'm going out... I'm going back to my hometown," I said. "Would you like to come along?"

Her eyes widened, the last traces of sleep vanishing in an instant. "Is that truly alright!?"

She sounded almost too excited, her voice rising with anticipation.

"There's no problem with you coming," I replied, watching her face light up with joy.

"Yay!"

She leapt up with a radiant smile, her delight practically bursting out of her. It was like watching a child on her birthday.

"I'm going too!"

"Me as well..."

Trill and Yr chimed in.

And just like that, it was settled. My three girlfriends were all coming with me. I didn't know if it was the best idea, but honestly, how could I refuse them? Not with the way they looked at me—so beautiful and so alive. Each of them held something special in my heart.

So after nearly a year away, I found myself preparing for a return to my roots—accompanied by the three women who had changed my life.

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"Uuu..."

Yr was fast asleep, her body pressed against my back as we prepared to travel. She used me like a human mattress, her petite frame slumped over, cheek squished into my shoulder. Drool glistened at the corner of her mouth, trailing down and soaking into the fabric of my shirt.

It was such a ridiculous scene, but by now, I was completely desensitized to her strange little habits. She always slept like this.

Titania, ever the gentle one, smiled softly as she leaned over and dabbed a towel gently at Yr's mouth, wiping the wet spot off my shoulder. But the moment she finished, another thick strand of drool slid right out and landed on me again with a wet splat.

"Jeez..." Titania muttered with a resigned sigh, placing her hands on her hips. But even with her words, her eyes were kind. "She really is a sleepyhead..."

"That's what makes her cute though," Trill said from beside us, her tone light and affectionate.

She was carrying a large box, carefully balanced in her arms.

"What's that, Trill?" I asked, curious.

"It's a souvenir," she said proudly, flashing me a dazzling smile. "I want to give it to your family—as your girlfriend."

That caught me off guard, but I smiled back. She always had a thoughtful side.

"Ah! I didn't bring anything!" Titania suddenly gasped, her face paling as she stared at Trill's box.

"Don't worry. It's not that serious," I said, trying to calm her down. "Even if you don't bring anything, it's really okay."

"R-Really? Are you absolutely certain?" she asked, her voice laced with concern.

"Well, if you want to bring something, maybe just buy some fruits or vegetables. The people at the orphanage love those kinds of things... well, not so much vegetables, but anything that helps them stay healthy."

"Alright then. I'll buy plenty!" she declared, puffing out her chest with determination.

Without wasting another second, she started planning exactly what to buy. That was one thing I admired about Titania—she was always so proactive. Always moving. Always trying. And honestly, I loved that about her.

After quite a bit of time spent on preparations, making sure everything was in order and everyone was ready, we were finally about to head out. Unlike before—when I could rely entirely on my own speed to travel freely—I now had a group with me. Which meant using the usual, mundane means of transportation was the only realistic option. I couldn't exactly zoom across the landscape while hauling a handful of people.

Traveling together came with its own limitations, and while I didn't mind it much, there were some logistical problems to consider.

For one, I couldn't really ask Gabrielle to drive us there. I mean, seriously—she was pregnant. That wasn't just irresponsible, it was downright stupid. She needed rest, not a steering wheel. But thankfully, I had someone else in mind—someone who might just agree to it.

"Wait... Drive you to where?" Rose asked, raising an eyebrow, her tone laced with mild annoyance and disbelief.

She had made herself completely at home in the Leonamon these days, practically living there like it was her personal residence. Lately, she'd been spending her time training the Shadows—teaching them proper martial arts while also picking up their techniques in return. It was honestly a fascinating

dynamic. I'd even thought it would be kind of badass if she officially joined the Shadows. But apparently, that wasn't something she was interested in. Rose didn't really like the idea of fighting for someone else. Especially not under the idea of being someone's bodyguard. Well, not like I need bodyguards to begin with.

"I already told you," I replied calmly, hands in my pockets. "I'm going to my hometown. Flui Village, just beyond the borders of the Holy City."

"That's so far!" she groaned dramatically. "There's no way we're getting there in just a day or two."

"Well, yeah... that's only if we were taking some slow-ass horse-drawn carriage."

"But the Holy City's nowhere near as modernized as the Capital or any of the nearby cities! How the hell do you expect me to drive my car through roads like that?!" she shot back, clearly distressed.

I couldn't blame her. Her car wasn't just any car—it was brand new, pristine, and probably her favorite toy at the moment. The latest model to roll off Leonamon's production line. I could practically hear her soul cry at the thought of a single scratch marring its perfect exterior.

But I had an ace up my sleeve.

Something very tempting.

"Alright then," I said with a slight smirk. "How about I give you access to the newest design—the one that hasn't even been released yet. Hell, we probably won't release it for quite a while either."

The effect was immediate. I saw her shoulders jerk in surprise. It wasn't subtle, not in the slightest. Like someone just hit her with a sudden jolt of adrenaline. Her expression twitched, lips parting ever so slightly like she was trying not to show just how much that piqued her interest.

It was so obvious.

"...L-Let me see it first," she finally muttered, trying to maintain a sense of calm, but her voice had a slight tremble to it—like someone trying not to scream in excitement.

Yup. She was hooked.

Chapter 637 - To The Holy City (2)

I made my way to the section where both the current production line and the confidential plans for future car models were located. The space I entered was a wide, immaculate stretch of blinding white. It was sterile and futuristic. It felt more like stepping into a dreamscape than a workplace. The only things that broke the uniform whiteness were the sleek forms of cars in various stages of development, and the mechanics diligently working on them. Strikingly, every single one of them was a woman.

The moment I stepped in, the women all paused what they were doing and bowed deeply in perfect synchrony, their expressions calm and disciplined. The mechanical whir of tools came to a halt, replaced by the rustling of fabric and the faint echo of their respectful movement.

Rose stood beside me, her eyes narrowing slightly as she scanned the room.

"...It's really... strange that there are no male employees here," she said quietly, as if afraid to break the stillness of the space.

I gave a small shrug. "Well, it was Amon who reviewed the applications and decided who to hire. I didn't interfere in her decisions."

She looked at me sideways, a skeptical gleam in her eyes. "Is this part of your whole world domination thing?"

"Amon is my first woman," I replied, my voice steady and proud. "She's fully aware of my ambition to conquer this world. And it seems she's gone out of her way to help me achieve that goal, even with the smallest details."

Rose paused. Her expression softened, a flicker of something unspoken dancing behind her gaze. "You have... a very loyal first woman."

Loyal wasn't even the half of it. Amon had gone so far as to singlehandedly develop the first smartphone in this world just because I offhandedly mentioned that I'd like one. She didn't just tinker—she obsessed. She pushed past every limitation this world imposed, combining foreign elements and engineering unknown to this era. She chased impossibility until it broke beneath her will. And somehow, she pulled it off.

"Yes," I said quietly, feeling a warmth stir in my chest. "And I'm very thankful to her."



"...I see," Rose murmured, but her voice sounded different now. Softer. Tinged with a faint, bitter hue of jealousy.

I glanced at her and smirked. "Are you jealous, Rose?"

"Guh... Stop reading my mind," she grumbled, flustered.

She didn't even try to deny it. Adorable.

We continued walking until we reached a different section of the facility. In the center of the room stood something massive, hidden beneath a thick, dark blanket. The contours underneath bulged in strange places, revealing its sheer size and complex shape even before being unveiled.

"Now then," I said, placing a hand dramatically on the cover. "This is a new model I've been working on. It hasn't been released to the public yet. I'm not even planning on launching it anytime soon. But despite that, it's already fully functional. The real hurdle lies in mass-producing it. That alone could take years, given how bulky this one is."

Rose blinked, stepping closer. "Wha... What is this...? It's massive."

She wasn't exaggerating. Compared to the other sleek, streamlined cars Leonamon had crafted, this one was a beast. Even concealed under layers of heavy fabric, its hulking frame dwarfed everything else around it. Its presence dominated the room.

A smirk curled at the edge of my lips.

Without any more delay, I gripped the blanket firmly and with a swift motion, yanked it off.

"Behold!" I said, my voice echoing across the chamber. "The Off Road!"

There it stood—its true form now revealed. Towering, wide, and bold. The Off Road. I still didn't know why it was named that, but oddly enough, it just... fit. With its monstrous four wheels and reinforced frame, it was clearly designed to go off-road, over mountains, through forests, across rivers—anywhere. It looked like something straight out of a post-apocalyptic survival fantasy. If a zombie outbreak were to ever hit, this would be the dream machine. A survivalist wet dream. The ultimate vehicle of freedom and destruction.

"Wh..." Rose was speechless. Her mouth slightly ajar, eyes wide in disbelief. Understandably so—the design was outrageous, something that shouldn't logically exist in this world. Hell, even I was taken aback when I first saw it.

"Wanna take it for a spin?" I asked, stepping to the side and offering her the driver's seat with a gesture.

"Can I...?" she asked, her voice hushed in awe as her fingers brushed the vehicle's cold, matte surface.

"Of course. It'll be yours, after all... if you're the one driving us out of here," I replied casually.

Truth be told, I could've driven us myself. But I wanted to give her something—this beast felt like it belonged to her. Her energy, her fire... they matched. Maybe that was just my excuse. Maybe I just wanted to see her smile while gripping the wheel.

And sure enough, after a test drive and the exhilaration of conquering the beastly machine's controls, she agreed. She was grinning, her cheeks flushed with excitement as she took the wheel. I couldn't help but chuckle as I watched her enjoying every twist and turn. She looked completely in her element.

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The road to Flui Village was going to be a long one. In a car, the journey would stretch out to nearly eight hours. I'd once covered the distance in under an hour, but that was thanks to my own speed—not bound by the limits of roads or machines. This time, however, we had to follow proper routes, weaving through intersections and snaking along winding roads. The delay was inevitable.

Still, compared to the excruciating two-day ride in a horse-drawn carriage, this was paradise.

"Are you ready?" she asked, her hands gently gripping the steering wheel, eyes scanning the road ahead.

"Yes," I answered with a nod, settling into my seat as the engine rumbled softly beneath us.

With a smooth press of her foot on the pedal, Rose drove us forward, and the journey resumed.

Time trickled by, and after just an hour, a soft chorus of breathing filled the car's cabin. My three girlfriends, exhausted from the day, had all fallen asleep—each of them snuggling closer, using my body as their makeshift pillow. I could feel the warmth of their skin, the weight of their trust and comfort in me. I didn't mind it one bit. In fact, moments like this were rare gems. There was something oddly calming about being used as a pillow by those who cared for me.

"It will take six more hours," Rose said as her eyes remained focused on the road. "You should sleep for a while."

"Well, I'll take that," I replied, letting out a soft breath and closing my eyes.

Sleep took me gradually, like a fog washing over my thoughts, pulling me into a gentle darkness.

But several hours later, I was stirred from that peaceful slumber. My eyes slowly opened, hazy from the nap, adjusting to the dimming light outside the windows. The scenery had changed, but we still weren't in the Holy City.

A quick glance around revealed the driver's seat was empty. Rose was gone. The silence in the vehicle, aside from the soft breathing of the three girls beside me, made it obvious she had stepped out. Driving for eight hours straight would've been tiring for anyone. She must have taken a break to stretch or get some air.

I instinctively wanted to get up and go look for her, but the trio pressed against me like vines against a tree trunk made that impossible. I couldn't move without disturbing their peaceful sleep. Their bodies were warm, and they clung so tightly, I figured I'd have to wait. She'd probably return in a few minutes.

True to expectation, the car door creaked open a few moments later.

"Oh, you're awake," Rose said with a slight smile as she climbed back inside.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

"Ah..." Her expression turned sheepish. She scratched her cheek in embarrassment. "I don't really know where we are right now."

That could only mean one thing—we were lost.

"D-Don't worry," she quickly added, lifting her index finger as if to reassure me. "I asked for directions and committed them to memory."

"I can't believe you got lost, Rose," I said with a teasing grin, shaking my head slightly. "I thought getting lost would be the last thing you'd ever do. But it turns out, even you can be clumsy sometimes."

"You can't really blame me, can you?" she said, half-pouting. "It's not like I've ever come to the Holy City while driving myself. I always took a carriage back then."

She had a point. If all she'd ever done was ride in carriages and never actually navigated the path herself, then getting disoriented was only natural. Unless she had obsessively memorized every twist and turn of the route as a passenger, it'd be unrealistic to expect otherwise.

"Well, it doesn't look like we're too far off," she added, glancing at the road ahead. "But because I took so long gathering information about the route, it's almost nightfall now."

I looked up at the darkening sky, the fading light washing the horizon in warm tones of orange and purple.

"Well then, I suppose we can rest here for the night and continue the journey tomorrow," I said with a calm smile.

Chapter 638 - To The Holy City (3)

We decided to spend the night at an inn. Fortunately, in this part of the kingdom, inns weren't just places for weary travelers to collapse. They also carried a distinct air of refinement and class. Unlike the rustic and often questionably maintained inns in the Principality of Cohona, the establishments here were designed with luxury in mind.

"Wow! It looks like an inn for royalty!" Titania gasped with wide, sparkling eyes, her voice carrying that rare blend of admiration and disbelief. Coming from her—a royalty herself—it meant something. She was the only one among us who had the actual experience to compare such luxury. But honestly, she wasn't wrong. The moment we stepped inside, the atmosphere alone screamed elegance. The ceiling stretched so high above us that it felt like the room was trying to touch the heavens, supported by massive, marble pillars carved with ornate designs.

Yr, true to form, had already drifted into slumber. She lay on one side, curled up just like a cat, her breathing soft and rhythmic. The peaceful rise and fall of her chest, combined with the way she hugged

the pillow tightly, was almost adorable. I found myself admiring her—she had the uncanny ability to sleep anywhere, anytime, with zero effort. That kind of peace? I envied it.

We were all staying here tonight. All of us. Thankfully, the room came with two wide beds, which meant we didn't have to draw straws or argue about sleeping arrangements. Rose and the girls didn't voice any complaints, likely as surprised and impressed as I was by the room's quality. What did catch me off guard, however, was the room's name: "super deluxe." I hadn't given it much thought at first, assuming it was just a marketing gimmick. But after seeing the lavish design, it started to make a little more sense. It was undeniably... super fancy.

"We are going to stay here for the night and get some rest," I said, addressing everyone. "By tomorrow, we should be able to arrive there. And it won't take long. Judging by Rose's intel, I'd say we'll get there within an hour or two."

"I'm quite excited," Titania said, her voice calm but filled with a quiet joy. "I never imagined I'd get the opportunity to meet the nun who raised you, Leon."

That line made me pause for a moment. The truth was, the one who actually raised me had passed away just last year. She was a kind, elderly woman who'd cared for me during my early years. The woman at the orphanage now had only entered when I was about ten years old. But saying that out loud would've only dampened the mood, and honestly, there was no need to ruin the moment. So I kept it to myself.

"Well then, let's make sure we rest properly," I said, trying to keep things light. "Once we're fully recharged, we'll set off without delay."

I dropped myself onto one of the beds and immediately felt my body sink deep into the mattress. It was unbelievably soft—almost like falling into a cloud. The sensation of the bed molding itself to my body was comforting, yet slightly unnerving. I never hated soft beds, but sometimes when it was too soft, it

started to feel like I was being swallowed whole. Still, after everything, I couldn't bring myself to complain.

Just as I was starting to drift, Titania's voice cut through the silence, laced with curiosity.

"I wonder what that is...?" she mused, her tone light but inquisitive.

I lifted my head slightly and followed her gaze. She was looking at a cabinet built into the wall. I hadn't paid it any attention until now—after all, we weren't planning on staying for long. But something about it had caught her interest.

"Let's see~, let's see~..." she said in a playful, sing-song tone as she made her way toward it with deliberate steps. Her long hair swayed behind her as she reached out, gripped the handle, and opened it slowly.

"Ah..."

"What is it?" Trill asked, tilting her head in curiosity as she leaned forward.

"W-Well..." Titania stammered, turning around with a flustered expression. Her cheeks were a vibrant shade of red, like she'd just walked in on something she wasn't supposed to see.

And in that instant, I knew exactly what was inside. I didn't even have to look.



"So that's why it's called super deluxe..." I muttered under my breath, realization settling in like a cold breeze. I turned my head slightly, now seeing things I hadn't noticed before.

It wasn't the luxurious ceiling or fancy furnishings that made this room "super deluxe." No. It was the hidden collection of erotic playthings subtly woven into the room's design. There was a pillory disguised as a decorative rack, a large x-cross that blended seamlessly with the bed's frame, a love chair tucked innocently in the corner, and a spanking bench that looked like a footrest. Even the wooden horses—elegantly carved—hid their true purpose behind aesthetics. The craftsmanship was cunning. Every piece looked like ordinary furniture at first glance, but now I saw them for what they truly were. They were tools of sexual play, designed masterfully to deceive the eye.

Trill wandered over to Titania and peeked into the cabinet beside her.

"A rope? Chains? And... handcuffs?" she said, lifting each item with a confused expression.

"And look. Aren't these... shaped like...?" Titania began, holding something up hesitantly.

"Yes," Trill replied, eyes wide.

"I believe I saw a medicine like this in Leon's room once."

"That's probably what I think it is," Titania whispered back.

They were both speaking in hushed tones, likely thinking they were being discreet—but I could hear every word. I didn't need to see what they found. I already knew. Inside that cabinet was a full collection—dildos of various shapes and sizes, sex toys, restraints, tools for S&M and bondage, and even a stash of aphrodisiacs. Whoever designed this room certainly had a particular clientele in mind.

"Stop playing around, you two," Rose said, her voice sharp but calm as she crossed her arms. "We need to get some rest if we want to start the journey early."

Both of them slowly turned around, a faint redness lingering on their cheeks, their eyes avoiding mine as if trying to act like they hadn't just been peeking at a cabinet full of sinful curiosities. Then, wordlessly, they began putting everything back in place—one item after another. The soft clink of chains, the quiet rustle of fabric, and the faint creak of the cabinet door added a strangely sensual undertone to the silence that had fallen in the room.

"Well, it's not like we need to leave at sunrise," I said, leaning back on the plush mattress, my arms behind my head, voice steady. "So, we might as well take full advantage of this room."

"Take advantage?" Rose arched an eyebrow, her voice cool, but her eyes already narrowing with suspicion.

"Let's have sex."

The moment those words left my mouth, Rose stiffened like she'd been struck by lightning. "What!?" she burst out, her face instantly flushed to a deep crimson, her expression frozen in stunned disbelief.

"This room is literally designed for S&M," I said, gesturing around. "From the hidden love chair to the ropes, pillory, and all the damn furniture in here pretending to be classy... this place is for fucking. We might as well enjoy the full experience and make sure we're getting our money's worth."

Rose looked at me like she couldn't decide whether to slap me or scream. "B-But sex is..." Her gaze flicked toward Titania and Trill, clearly uncomfortable with the thought of sharing such an intimate act in front of others. Her voice trembled with emotion. "What the hell, Leon? Did you seriously bring me all the way here—make me drive—for this? Was that your intention all along?"

"No," I answered plainly, unfazed by her anger. "I was sure we'd reach Flui Village before nightfall. That was the plan. But since we didn't, I figured we'd stay the night here and head out in the morning. It's just a coincidence this room turned out to be an S&M suite."

"S-So basically, you're saying this is my fault? That we're stuck in a room like this because I got lost?" Her hands balled into fists at her sides, trembling slightly as frustration brewed in her chest.

"I never said that," I replied evenly, meeting her gaze. "But listen—if you're not into it, that's totally fine. I'm not going to force anything." I looked at both Titania and Trill. "But are you both okay with it?"

"W-Well..." Titania shifted where she stood, her fingers brushing against her arm as she fidgeted. Her face was softly glowing with a pink hue. Trill stood beside her, blushing furiously, unable to make eye contact. "We are... open to the idea..."

A slow breath escaped my lips as the atmosphere in the room subtly changed.

Yeah... this night was definitely going to be one to remember.

#### Chapter 639 - To The Holy City (4)

"H-How do we even use this, Leon?" Trill asked, her voice uncertain as her eyes scanned the collection before her. Her hands hovered hesitantly over the array of toys laid out neatly on the cabinet, the subtle tremble in her fingertips betraying her nervous curiosity. "It all looks very complicated..."

I let out a quiet breath, stepping closer as I examined the assortment. "I'll refrain from using some of the dildos," I said calmly, though my tone carried a hint of warning. "There's a possibility these have already been used by someone else. And I absolutely hate the idea of a dildo—especially one of unknown origin—going in and out of either of you."

"I-I see..." Trill replied softly, her voice barely above a whisper as she withdrew her hand from the nearest toy.

The two of them slowly set the dildos back down on the cabinet, as though they were returning something dangerous and forbidden. The faint clinking of plastic and rubber against wood was the only sound filling the room for a moment.

"Well," Titania began, her voice laced with confidence and a playful smirk tugging at her lips, "it's not like any of them are large compared to yours anyway."

That made me pause for a brief second. It seemed she had unwavering faith in my cock—that it alone was more than enough to satisfy her deepest desires. She didn't even consider needing a toy, no matter how many options were laid before her. That kind of blind trust stirred something primal in me. I'd be lying if I said it didn't stroke my ego a bit. It would've been disappointing if I couldn't at least measure up against the synthetic competition. Then again, some of these toys were designed to be monstrous—crafted after the longest, thickest, most grotesquely exaggerated dicks ever known to man. Whoever had modeled for those... well, I had more inches than him. That's all that mattered to me.

Time ticked by, the air growing heavier with anticipation, and then—without a word—Titania and Trill began removing their clothes.

In the corner of the room, Rose's gaze flickered nervously. She tried not to stare, but I caught the glint in her eye. She'd already seen us having sex back at the hot spring, but now... now she looked conflicted, flustered even, as though watching us again was stirring something deep inside her that she didn't want to admit.

Titania and Trill moved slowly, as if deliberately trying to prolong the moment. Their fingers trailed across their skin, sliding under fabric, tugging gently. Piece by piece, they stripped away their clothes until nothing remained but their underwear—sexy, lacy things that hugged their bodies perfectly, accentuating every curve, every soft dip and swell. They stood before me with flushed cheeks and quickened breath, the room now thick with sensual tension.

"I wish I could've showered first..." Trill murmured shyly, avoiding my gaze as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"You don't have to," I said gently. "We'll wash ourselves afterward."

My words seemed to reassure her. Her lips parted slightly in surprise, and then a faint blush bloomed on her cheeks. Her tail began wagging—slowly at first, then faster, swaying with pure, innocent delight. She looked absolutely adorable.

"Then..." I said, stepping toward the cabinet again. "Let's start with this."

My hand reached out instinctively and grabbed the first item I saw—two blindfolds made of soft black fabric. They felt smooth in my hand, almost inviting. Beside them were a few crimson candles. I grabbed those too, deciding they might serve some purpose. With a flick of my fingers, I lit them using a small spark of magic, the flames coming to life with a soft whoosh. Their warm, flickering glow bathed the room in an alluring red hue, casting dancing shadows across the walls and ceiling.

"Now then," I said, my tone slightly darker now. "It's been a while since I've done any proper BDSM, so I may be a little rusty. Would you two trust me?"

They both nodded slowly. I could see the hesitation in their eyes, the faint tension in their shoulders—but they trusted me. Even through the nervousness, they wanted this.

I guided them to the X-cross standing at the center of the room. Its dark wooden frame gleamed under the candlelight. I took their hands—one at a time—and placed them against the thick leather cuffs already fastened to the arms of the X. Titania's wrists were the first. I buckled one securely into place, making sure it was tight, but not uncomfortable. Then I moved to the other wrist, repeating the process with care. Next came her ankles. The sound of buckles clicking into place echoed through the quiet space, adding a rhythmic beat to the growing anticipation.

While fastening Titania's bindings, I couldn't help but notice it—she was soaked. A gleaming trail of wetness shimmered down her smooth inner thighs, flowing gently from her pussy like a warm stream. She was beyond ready. The sheer amount of arousal pouring from her told me everything I needed to know.

After securing her to the X-cross, I stepped back for a moment, admiring the sight. She was spread open, completely restrained—vulnerable, yet somehow more powerful than ever in her surrender.

"Wow... I really can't move with this," Titania whispered, tugging slightly at her restraints. "S-Somehow, the feeling of not being able to do anything is kind of... exciting."

"You haven't even felt the half of it yet," I told her, my voice calm, but edged with dark amusement. "I'm not done preparing you."

I still had the blindfold.

With deliberate slowness, I stepped behind the X-cross and reached up to place the soft fabric over her eyes. As the cloth made contact with her skin, she gasped.

"Ah..."

Her reaction was immediate. The moment the blindfold settled around her eyes, her breathing hitched. I didn't tie it too tight—just snug enough to plunge her into darkness. The deprivation of her sight would amplify everything else—every touch, every whisper, every sound. Her other senses would now be on high alert.

Even as anxiety crept up from her chest, I could see how much it thrilled her. Her body trembled—not from fear, but from raw anticipation. The uncertainty of what was coming heightened everything. Her juices were flowing even more now, streaming freely from her pussy, dripping down her thighs, glistening in the candlelight like molten desire.

Now, all that was left... was the ball gag.

"Nia, open your mouth," I instructed.

The moment her lips parted, I slipped the ball gag between them. It nestled snugly into place, pressing down on her tongue as I reached behind her head to fasten the straps. I pulled them tight, not enough to hurt, but firm enough to keep the gag secured. The soft click of the buckle locking echoed slightly in the room, sealing her silence. She was no longer capable of speech—only muffled, breathy noises could escape her now.

Trill stood nearby, her eyes fixed on the scene before her with a mix of awe and disbelief, like she was witnessing a version of me she'd never quite imagined. Her gaze lingered for a beat too long before she finally found her voice.

"Um, Leon... are you going to do the same to me?" she asked.

That question sparked a thought. Using the X-cross again for her felt repetitive—too standard, especially when the room offered far more intricate and humiliating options for play.

"Then, I suppose you'll go here," I told her.

I led her toward the pillory—a cruel device carved from dark, polished wood, worn smooth by time and use. It was designed for submission in its rawest, most humiliating form. The middle section had a wide, rounded hole for the neck, flanked on either side by smaller openings for the wrists. Due to its structure and height, once someone was locked into it, their upper body would naturally fold over, their ass pushed upward and outward—an open display for the dominant's pleasure and will.



I watched her slowly lean in, her breathing slightly heavier now. I lifted the top of the pillory, guiding her head gently into the center slot. Her wrists followed naturally into the smaller holes, her fingers twitching ever so slightly with tension. Then, with one deliberate movement, I lowered the wooden bar back down, encasing her in place. I slid the lock into place with a sharp, metallic clack, ensuring she couldn't move an inch. Her back arched forward, ass presented toward me perfectly, while her tail gave the smallest flick, swaying back and forth in a slow, almost teasing rhythm.

And what an incredible ass she had—full, round, and begging to be touched.

I reached for a blindfold next. The fabric was soft against her skin as I slipped it over her eyes, adjusting it until it covered her vision completely. Darkness would sharpen her other senses—heighten the vulnerability already coursing through her. Then came the final touch—I gently pressed a ball gag between her lips and buckled it securely behind her head, cutting off her ability to speak. Now she couldn't see, couldn't speak, and couldn't move. She was completely at my mercy.

Her bare ass remained exposed in the perfect position, smooth and flawless beneath the flickering candlelight. I stepped away briefly and picked up a thick red candle in one hand and a riding crop in the other. The leather of the crop felt cool and firm in my grip.

Without warning, I brought the riding crop down hard against her ass.

Smack!

"Mnnnnnghhhhhh!?"

The reaction was instant. A muffled cry erupted from behind her gag, a sharp jolt of sound filled with surprise, pain, and a rush of arousal all at once. Her body trembled, locked in place but fully responsive.

#### Chapter 640 - To The Holy City (5)

A vivid red mark bloomed across Trill's flawless, porcelain-white ass the instant the riding crop lashed against her supple skin. The sound—sharp and crisp—cut through the heavy silence like a whip through silk. The stark contrast between the inflamed strike and her otherwise untouched skin made it look like a painter's brush had graced her flesh in violent passion.

A muffled scream escaped her gagged mouth—strained and trembling with suppressed intensity.

Titania, still strung up on the X-cross like a helpless marionette, flinched at the sound. Though her eyes were veiled by a thick blindfold, rendering her vision useless, her other senses had sharpened dramatically. The softest tremors, the faintest cries—everything reached her ears with terrifying clarity. She didn't know what had happened, couldn't see the cause, but she felt it. Her breath caught. Her heart thudded. Anxiety began bubbling up from the pit of her stomach and climbing toward her chest.

She swallowed hard, her throat tightening. Her body, suspended with all limbs spread wide, instinctively tried to close in on itself. She attempted to press her thighs together, to shield the growing sensitivity between her legs—but the restraints held her open, vulnerable and exposed. And it showed—her panties were soaked through, the fabric dark with wetness. Slick trails of arousal slid shamelessly down her inner thighs, dripping steadily onto the floor beneath her in quiet, betraying splashes.

Turning back to Trill, I raised my hand again and delivered another sharp smack to her ass.

"Mnnnnnn!?"

She let out another muffled moan, her cry broken and deliciously strained by the ball gag stuffed between her lips. Her body jerked forward on reflex, back arching dramatically, her breasts rising with the motion. The impact made her ass jiggle before tensing, and I caught it right away—her pussy was beginning to glisten with even more wetness. The effect was immediate and obvious. She was enjoying it.

I picked up the lit candle next, its small flame flickering gently in the dim room, casting dancing shadows across her trembling form. Holding it above her, I tilted it slightly, allowing a drop of molten wax to fall.

"Mnnnn...!"

The hot wax sizzled as it met her skin, landing squarely on the already-reddened area of her butt. Her body tensed, every muscle locking up in an instant. Though it wouldn't burn or scar, the brief sting was intense enough to spike through her nerves like lightning. That brief moment of pain shot directly to her brain, lighting up pleasure receptors in the aftermath like a chain reaction.

"Mnn...!"

Tiny beads of scarlet wax continued to fall, one after the other. Each drop hit her punished skin with a muted hiss, sinking into her tender flesh. And each time it did, she trembled—her tail shooting up stiffly, her thighs twitching, her breath shuddering out in hot bursts.

"Mnn...! Mnn...!"

I reached for a feather next—a deceptively innocent tool, soft and weightless in the hand but wicked when used properly. In the world of S&M, once pain had primed the nerves, the lightest touch could become unbearable in the most delicious ways.

"Mnnnnnnnnnn...!"

Just the feather brushing her skin made her body jump. I hadn't even moved it, only touched it lightly to the affected area—and still, she shivered violently, a wave of sensation crashing through her.

Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, I dragged the feather across the spot that had been slapped and waxed.

"Hnnn...!"

She gasped beneath the gag. Her hips bucked, her breathing stuttered. The combination of burning heat followed by soft stimulation overwhelmed her body. Every nerve in her lower half was on fire—pleasure, pain, and something impossibly sweet intertwining in her core.

I moved her damp underwear to the side, revealing her soaked pussy. Without hesitation, I guided the feather lower, dragging its delicate edge directly across her glistening folds.

The result was instant.

"Mnnnnnnnnnnnn...!!!!"

Her body convulsed. A sharp squirt of hot, clear love juices erupted from her pussy, splashing loudly against the floor below. Her legs trembled like she'd been electrocuted, her feet rising on tiptoes. Her ass clenched, trembling uncontrollably, and her tail stiffened once more—this time locked in place like a rod.

Just the sight of her squirting—completely undone by a feather—was enough to make my cock throb hard in my pants, aching with desire.

I turned away and stepped toward Titania next. The moment my footsteps reached her ears, her body reacted.

She tensed up and let out a soft, panicked moan through her gag.

With her sight stolen by the blindfold, her hearing had taken control. Every sound—the rustle of clothes, the creak of leather, the wet squelch of arousal—hit her like thunder. She could probably even hear Rose's panting breaths from behind me.

"Now then..." I muttered thoughtfully, standing before her. "What should I do to you, Nia?" I asked, more rhetorical than anything. "Since I used a painful method on Trill, would it be fair to do the same to you?" I let the words hang. "This is S&M, after all."

I gripped the riding crop tightly and brought it down across her thigh.

"Mnnnnnnghhh!?"

The crack echoed loud and sharp, followed by a high-pitched, muffled cry. Her leg jerked against the restraints, the flesh quivering violently. And then—her pussy responded. A fresh stream of clear juices flowed freely from between her legs, running down the inside of her thighs.

"You're absolutely soaked, Nia," I said coolly. "Don't tell me you're secretly a masochist?"

Of course, she didn't reply. She couldn't. The gag stuffed into her mouth made sure of that.

I raised the crop again and delivered a second smack—this time across her other thigh. The white skin turned pink instantly, then bloomed red in a heartbeat.

"Mnnnghhh!?"

Her hips bucked against the restraints. Another gush of pussy juice flowed out of her, thick and fast. The scent of raw, feminine arousal—sharp, tangy, citrusy—filled the room.

I licked my lips slowly, savoring the taste of anticipation. There was a dark thrill surging through my veins, an electric charge dancing on my skin. I've said this before—but I'll say it again without shame—I'm a massive sadist at heart. Of course, I'd never bring real harm to any of my girls just because I was a sadist. That line was never meant to be crossed. But indulging in a bit of consensual S&M roleplay? Now that was a different story entirely. That alone was enough to light a fire in my core, the kind that made my blood boil and my cock twitch with excitement.

Speaking of which...

The pressure inside my pants was starting to grow unbearable. My cock had been straining hard against the fabric for far too long, pulsing with every beat of my heart. It was beginning to hurt, the tightness like a noose squeezing the pleasure out of me. I reached down and pulled my cock out from my pants with a sigh of relief, letting it spring free into the cool air.

Behind me, I heard the sudden, sharp inhale of breath.

Rose.

I turned slightly, just in time to catch her reaction. She had already turned away, her face hidden by the hand she clamped over her mouth. But even from this angle, I could see her blushing madly. Her cheeks were flushed a deep crimson, her eyes avoiding mine. She had said she didn't want to participate in this and claimed she was just going to watch. But that reaction? It told me more than words ever could. The curiosity was eating away at her. She wanted in. She just didn't know it yet.

After tossing aside my pants altogether, freeing myself completely, I made my way back to Titania—my cock bobbing slightly with every step. I knelt down before her restrained body, sinking to the floor until her glistening pussy was right in front of my eyes.

And gods, the smell—sharp, fresh, and drenched in lust. That citrus-like scent of arousal was heavy in the air, making my head spin.

I reached up and slid her soaked panties to the side. My gaze locked on her pussy, pink and needy, juices already flowing down her thighs. I didn't wait. I leaned in, letting my tongue glide forward, and gave her a long, deliberate lick.

"Hnnnghhh!?"

The sound that burst out of her was half a moan, half a choked cry. Her body jolted instantly, arching forward as her back tensed. She went completely rigid the moment my tongue touched her sensitive folds, the shock of pleasure overtaking her senses.

I didn't stop. I let my tongue harden slightly and then pushed it inside, probing deep into her heat.

"Mnnnnnn!?"

She squirmed, trying to back away, her head shaking faintly in protest—but the restraints held her perfectly in place. She couldn't pull away even if she wanted to. Her arms were stretched, legs spread open, body completely at my mercy. I grinned into her pussy.

Spreading her apart with my fingers, I watched as a thick glob of white love juice began to slide out of her. I caught it with my tongue before it could drip, savoring the slightly sweet, salty taste. I lapped it up greedily, then dove back in—this time, assaulting her with everything I had.

My fingers moved to join the action. I slipped two digits inside her, curling them expertly upward until I hit her g-spot. At the same time, my tongue flicked and circled her clit with practiced ease.



"Mnnn... hmmmnn... mnnn... mnnnn...!"

Her moans grew heavier, more ragged, every breath sounding like a desperate gasp for air. Her body was trembling, thighs twitching with every pass of my tongue and fingers.

And then she broke.

With a high, muffled cry, she squirted violently—hot fluid splashing against my face and dripping down my chin.

"Mmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

I stood up slowly, letting the slick juices drip down my skin. I wiped my face with the back of my hand, licking a bit of the taste off my thumb.

"It looks like that felt really good," I murmured softly, my voice thick with arousal. "Now then... it's time for the real thing."

With that, I stepped forward and pressed the tip of my cock against her soaked, needy pussy.