

The World 68

Chapter 68: Leonamon (3)

"Sho goooddd! Shooo gooodddd~!"

Amon's ecstatic moans reverberated within the Dungeon. Currently, I was engaged in a doggy-style position with her, her head secured in a stockade while her hands found their place in the holes on either side. Gripping the board to which her head and hands were locked, I relentlessly pounded her ass with all my might.

"Ahhhh! M-Mashter! Mashterrrr!"

Her impassioned cries fueled my desire, causing my erection to swell even larger and more engorged as it fervently plunged in and out of her tight, quivering vagina.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhhnn~! M-Mashter... Sho goooddd!"

"You like that?" I grinned, maintaining the forceful rhythm of our encounter. The rhythmic slapping of flesh echoed through the entire Dungeon.

"Yesh! I wike it! I wike itttttttt~!!!"

Her genuine enthusiasm surprised me. Amon was typically inclined towards conventional sex, making her enjoyment of this S&M play quite unexpected.

The grip of her honey pot tightened further. The folds coiling around my cock were scorching, almost to the point of burning. Each fold wrapped itself around my shaft with a tender yet insatiable embrace, heightening the exquisite sensations coursing through us.

Nhhhhh! I'm cwumming, Mashter! I'm cumming! Cumming! Cumming! Cumming!"

She was on the brink of climax. I, too, teetered on the edge of my seat, the sensation of her vagina enveloping me. My meat stick swelled to unprecedeted heights, and I thrust deep into her, delivering the final blow. The collision of glans and cervix echoed loudly.

And then... I erupted inside her. The initial two shots of my cum surged forth, while I saved the last by clenching my anus, preventing it from spurting out.

After a releasing a small breath, I withdrew my dick from her pussy, allowing the white fluid to drip down onto the floor like soft-serve ice cream. I moved to the front to gaze upon her face, captivated by the aftermath. She wore an expression of total abandon and debauchery, her eyes showing only whites, tongue protruding from her mouth, drool trailing down.

It was the perfect representation of an ahegao expression.

With a final flourish, I aimed the last shot of cum at her face, enhancing the debauchery. The white fluid adorned her features, adding a sinful glow to her blissful countenance. Grasping my phone, I returned to the stockade, capturing images of her enraptured expression and her luscious body.

Reviewing the photos, I couldn't help but make a chef's kiss gesture, savoring the perfection of the captured moment. "Perfect."

After fucking, Amon and I ventured towards the production area for our unique products. The first sight that greeted me was an assembly of women, each immersed in the meticulous creation of parts, crafting what appeared to be smartphones. Seated with purpose at individual tables, they worked diligently to assemble these devices.

"... If I remember correctly, it's only been a little over two weeks since I took them under your wing. How did you manage to teach them to create smartphones this quickly?"

Amon casually replied, "I had them undergo the Smartphone Creation Program and drilled them on the process. They are exceptional learners who not only absorbed but mastered the program in just three days," conveying it as if it were a mere stroll in the park. While I anticipated Amon's capability to pull this off early, the reality of it still struck me.

If I were the one imparting knowledge to these women, the program would stretch on for months, if not years, and even then, their mastery would remain questionable.

While gazing in surprise at the women who had become remarkably adept at creating smartphones, I noticed that their numbers were below expectations.

If memory served me right, the prostitutes in training I purchased from Martha totaled fifty-one, excluding Artemis, who wasn't truly a prostitute in training but rather gathering intel by pretending to be one, and Ayane, whom I designated as the model for our company. However, only twenty of them were present now. The whereabouts of the remaining thirty were a mystery.

"Where are the others?" I inquired of Amon.

Amon looked at me with a smile, "Some of those who, unfortunately, couldn't excel in the Smartphone Creation Program were assigned to Leonamon's Wine Production. Those you deemed fit for combat are presently undergoing training, as per your instructions. Miss Gabrielle is overseeing their training.

Additionally, those less proficient in combat are receiving education, learning the arts of singing and dancing. I plan to establish an Idol Group representing our company, aiming to make our mark heard across the globe."

I had shared with Amon my plans for women with untapped potential, aiming to mold them into my shadows, with Sandra as the leader. Yet, the notion of creating an Idol Group seemed to materialize out of nowhere. How did Amon even conceive of that idea? Oh, right. I had casually mentioned my liking for idols once (not an over-the-top otaku level, and I'd rather forget why I liked idols).

She must have woven this plan around that tidbit.

"..You really work hard, and I feel like the rewards I give you aren't enough," I mused.

Amon giggled, her hands inching to the hem of her skirt, teasingly lifting it to expose her pussy. Sans panties, she unveiled the entirety of her intimate folds. White goo dripped sensuously from that sultry crevice, sliding down her thighs. "Don't worry, Master," she cooed, her voice carrying a sultry undertone. "You're rewarding me more than enough."

"Is that truly so?" I said, a playful smile on my lips. "I'm glad." Drawing closer, I initiated a kiss. She responded eagerly, parting her lips, allowing my tongue to explore the warmth of her mouth.

I'm Erica, just a simple farmer's daughter from a quaint village. Life was ordinary until the day I got snatched, facing the dreadful fate of becoming a harlot. Luckily, a strapping lad intervened, rescuing us from that grim future. He ushered us into a place called Leonamon, a company known for crafting these gadgets they call smartphones.

Now, here I am, learning the ropes of singing and dancing. I couldn't fathom why, but it sure beats the alternative of being coerced into carnal encounters with men. I harbor no objections, and neither do my fellow trainees. This situation, bizarre as it may be, stands far superior to our prior predicament.

After scrubbing off the dance practice sweat in a nice, cool shower, I set out to explore this vast place. Boy, it's huge. Way bigger than that grimy prostitution den I ended up in after getting snatched. Back then, I thought that was the largest building I'd ever see in my life, but this one sure shattered those expectations. It's massive, big enough to fit in hundreds of folks.

Kinda makes me a little giddy, even though I'm far from my family now, vanished without a trace. I'll drop them a message once I find some free time. For now, let's take a gander at this whole building.

"Wow~!" I exclaimed, wandering through the broad hallways. "Never thought there'd come a day I'd lay eyes on, let alone step inside, a place this huge. These hallways are so wide, they make our entire house back on the farm look like a shack!"

I wasn't exaggerating. Being a farmer's daughter, we weren't swimming in riches. We got by, sure, but having a fancy house was out of reach.

After a leisurely stroll through the hallway, I finally reached its end. Without much thought, I pushed the door open and...

"HaaanNNn~!"

A woman's enchanting moan filled the air, causing my eyes to widen in surprise. Thankfully, I hadn't fully swung the door open, so I hoped they hadn't caught a glimpse of me.

"M-Master..." the woman's voice, sultry and inviting, reached my ears.

"What? You not up for another round of rewards?" replied the man.

"I... I want it..."

"If that's the case, put your hands on that railing and turn that ass to me."

It seemed like they were on the verge of creating a baby in there. I could have just walked away, leaving them to their activities, but the voices on the other side of the door struck a chord of familiarity. Yes, indeed. The individuals behind this door were the man who had rescued us from the clutches of a life of harlotry and the woman who managed this establishment. Why were they together?

Why were they about to embark on baby-making? Wasn't the man already in a relationship with the gorgeous golden-haired woman?

This reeked of an affair. That's why I lingered, leaving the door slightly ajar to sneak a peek inside. And there, I saw the woman with her backside exposed, her long skirt lifted to reveal her ivory buttocks. The man, on the other hand, held his impressive manhood in hand, guiding it towards her entrance. At the sight of his considerable member, my knees almost gave way.

The girth of it surpassed even the width of my wrists!