

The World 69

Chapter 69: Leonamon (4)

What in tarnation is that monstrosity?! No, it couldn't be a monster. That's his big ol' dick, right? That's what a man uses to plant a seed in a woman's hole. But good gracious, I've never seen a pecker that colossal. I mean, could it even fit inside there?!

My curiosity got the better of me. It was like something tugged at me, urging me to witness the imminent action behind this door. I felt like a sneaky voyeur for doing this, but I couldn't help myself. It's not every day you get to see something like this live. I doubted many folks could lay eyes on such a sight in their entire lives.

Before I knew it, they began.

"NhaaaAhHhH~!" the woman moaned. She looked plumb ecstatic as the man's massive member slid into her. Trembling, she spilled love juices onto the floor.

"What, you came already? Oh, Amon, what a naughty maid you are for cumming with just penetration."

"I-I couldn't help it. That's because it's so gwood~!"

The scene got hotter than a summer day, and I quickly slammed the door shut, taking a step back. My body heated up too, and I couldn't fathom what in the hay was happening to me. What's this strange sensation?

Deciding to skedaddle before I did something I'd regret, I turned around and took a couple of steps. But after just two, I froze.

"Haaaannn~~!! Yahhh... ahnn...!"

Once more, the tempting voice of a woman echoed from behind that door. I swallowed hard and turned again, making my way back to the door. This time, I didn't swing it open. I just pressed my ear against the wooden surface, desperate to catch every whisper.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhnnn~!"

The timbre of her moans shifted, and my breath hitched as I, the breathless eavesdropper, caught a muffled voice stifling pleasure. The air was filled with the lewd sounds of water squirts and the creaking of the railing.

Then, I let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. Another set of breaths reached my ears. Was that me, gasping in sync with the act behind the door? Must be this peculiar mood, a mix of curiosity and heat. My hand moved on its own, drifting southward. I pressed my thighs together, and my hand landed on my throbbing, heated center.

"NhhaaaaAHHHH~!! Ahhhh! Ahhhh, so gwoood~!"

My breath mirrored the escalating intensity of the sounds. My knees wobbled, betraying my stability. The hand, initially pressed against the pulsating thing between my legs, ventured further. Sliding under

my skirt, it stealthily crept up my legs, finding its way to its destination. My fingers began to explore the damp contours of my pussy above my underwear.

"Ahn..." An involuntary whimper escaped my lips, and I hastily inserted a finger between my teeth, desperate to muffle any forthcoming moans. My fingers continued their dance over my pussy, teasing the sensitive flesh above the fabric of my underwear. Curiosity got the better of me, and I cautiously opened the door just a crack to witness what was unfolding inside.

"Yahhhn! Ahhh! AhhNNNNHHhh~!"

The man's relentless thrusts echoed in the room as he pounded the woman from behind. Her fingers gripped the railing, white-knuckled, as if her very existence depended on it. Each forceful collision of the man's hips against her curvaceous buttocks extracted a sultry sound from the depths of her throat.

I shut my eyes tightly, clenching my teeth against the intensity of the sweet sensations that swept through me, threatening to dissolve my senses.

Once I dared to open my eyes again, I slid my hand inside my underwear, making direct contact with my center.

My gaze remained fixated on the scene. The engorged cock relentlessly delved into the woman's heated center. With every forceful thrust, the woman's face contorted into an increasingly lewd expression.

Thud, squelch, splash—each tantalizing sound seemed to sear into my consciousness, amplifying the intensity of the sensory experience. The rhythmic symphony of their union, accompanied by the moist friction, immersed me in a world where it felt as though I were the one being penetrated.

Enveloped by sultry sounds and the thick, musky aroma hanging in the air, I surrendered to the irresistible allure.

"Are you gonna cum, Amon?"

"Yeshhh~! Yeshhhh~!!! Ayhm cwumming! Cwumming! Cwumminggggg!!!"

The woman's expression rapidly transformed, growing increasingly debauched with each passing second.

"Take this! Don't let a drop go to waste!"

"Yesh! Cwum! Cwum inshide my swutty holeeee!!!!"

Sweet and sharp pleasure raced through my slit, sending shivers down my limbs. Oh my goshh! I can't stop... ah, ahhh... I can't stop moving my fingers!

I pressed hard on my clit, yearning for even more intense sensations, rubbing up and down the protrusion. A tightening in my chest gripped me, and I felt so weak, like I'd melt like a puddle. Leaning against the wall, I spread my legs wider, both hands diving toward the heart of the fire raging in my body.

I bit down on my skirt, revealing my lower body to the chilly air, praying it would temper the fire somewhat. Yet, the maddening sexual heat persisted.

"Khhhh!"

I was about to reach the peak. I'm cumming!

After a few moments of fervent pounding, the lad finally spilled his seed into the lass's womb.

The woman's back arched, and a wild, uninhibited moan echoed through the air.

"I'm cumming too...!" I whimpered weirdly. My bare feet stretched and arched involuntarily, responding to the electrifying waves of pleasure. And then... "Nh...nhhhhhh! Nhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I desperately managed to clench my mouth shut, suppressing a scream that wanted to escape. Embarrassing juices forcefully squirted from my pulsating lower mouth, creating a mosaic of warmth on my hand.

The wetness spread, clinging to my panties like dew on morning grass. A sizable puddle formed on the ground beneath me, evidence of the release that had consumed me.

After the climax, a calm settled over me like stormy waves receding from the shore, leaving the air heavy with the scent of fulfillment.

"Haa... haaa...."

I sprawled on the ground, savoring the comfort beneath me. The lingering pulses of heat still danced across my body, like the last ripples in a pond after a stone's toss, but I reckoned they'd fade away eventually. First things first, I needed to get out of this spot before the two behind the door caught wind of my presence.

However, when I attempted to rise, my legs wobbled, betraying me and bringing me back to the floor.

"Huh...?"

Had the fervor of the orgasm left me so weak in the knees? That seemed absurd. I hadn't reached the point where that would happen! At least not until today...

But not now, legs. Don't betray me now. I'll be caught if you don't move!

"It seems the women down under didn't catch wind of your moans," the man remarked, his voice muffled through the slightly opened door. "If they did, I reckon they'd be disillusioned with you. Your lewd expression doesn't quite match the image of a talented woman."

"Haa... haaa.... I honestly don't care what others think of me. I only care about what you think of me, Master..." the woman replied, her words carrying a hint of breathlessness.

"Can you stand?" asked the man.

"I'll be up in a few heartbeats."

"Do I have to wait for you to recover?"

"No," the woman said. "You can leave me be. You have other business, right?"

"Oh, I do," said the man. "While the women down there might not have caught the melody of your moans, I reckon the woman behind that door saw and heard more than just your symphony, Amon."

A shiver rustled through me, and the color drained from my face at those words.

The woman giggled, "I think she witnessed how extraordinary you are, Master. I mean, she also embarked on a journey of pleasure while watching us, after all."

So they noticed?! They noticed me watching them?! Why?! How?!

I attempted to rise, but my knees were feeble, and I couldn't muster the strength to stand.

No, noooo! I need to stand!

However...

It was all too late.

The man swung the door wide open, catching a glimpse of me sprawled on the floor, breathless. He stood there, his lower half exposed, his manhood curving up from his crotch. The silhouette of his reddish pecker, still adorned with traces of white fluid, loomed over my face.

W-Wow... It's so big and manly.

The scent of semen emanated from his arousal. I couldn't tear my eyes away from what had only been a distant sight until now.

That's what would go inside me.

A renewed, sweet throbbing spiraled through my lower stomach, and I writhed on the floor.

"Khhh!"

I averted my gaze finally and gritted my teeth. Then, I heard the man say something to me.

"Do you want it?" he asked.

I looked up at him. "Eh?"

"Do you want it?"

Want what? What was he asking? No, I knew exactly what he was implying. He was asking me if I craved his dick. My eyes descended from his gaze to his one-eyed monster, standing tall and demanding attention. I gulped hard, feeling a mix of apprehension and curiosity.

The next thing I knew, I found myself on my knees, drawn to the allure of his pulsating cock.

The scent of raw masculinity overwhelmed my senses as I approached, my breath hitching in anticipation. His member, adorned with traces of his semen, stood proudly, inviting me. I hesitated for a moment, then succumbed to the enticing temptation.

With a tentative touch, I traced the lines of his manhood, feeling the firmness beneath my fingertips. A shiver ran down my spine as I inched closer, and, without uttering a word, I took him into my mouth.

