

The World 70

Chapter 70: Leonamon (5)

The scent of his musk enveloped me, and my tongue danced around his member. Each bob and slurp echoed in the confined space, a lewd melody of desire. The throbbing warmth in my lower stomach intensified, and I couldn't help but writhe a bit.

"Mnhhhh..." I moaned, the sound muffled by the thick flesh in my mouth. This was something else, something raw and primal, something I couldn't resist even if I tried.

I created all sorts of indecent sounds as I took its full length in my mouth.

"Hh... bwah... suck.... nhhh..."

I plunged it into my throat repeatedly.

"Hey, look up here," the man directed. I followed his command. "Good," he praised, rough fingers running through my hair as it moved back and forth.

It was mighty embarrassing, but I couldn't halt. The more I sucked, the more the masculine flavor spread through my mouth, turning my tongue and lips into a ravenous force, like a famished beast.

"Mmmhh... slurp... suck... Nhhh..."

"So, is it as tasty as you hoped?"

"Mmmmm... Nhhh... slurp... "

I was too occupied with sucking the cock in my mouth to respond. The fear of what I might say if I spoke kept me silent, but regardless, I couldn't release the thing filling my mouth. He asked if it was tasty, but what I felt was something even more profound—love. I loved the large, round, and squishy head. I loved the hard shaft that filled my mouth so completely.

And I loved the erotic scent, a blend of male and female fluids, driving me wild for a while now. I loved it all so much.

"I'll take your movements as a yes... I've got to say, you're very good at this."

I acquired these skills during our training to become prostitutes. We practiced on bananas, learning how to pleasure men. Through that training, I became adept at giving blowjobs.

Back then, when I was still a prostitute in training, I detested the curriculum imposed on us. I never aspired to become a prostitute, but with the threat of Mr. Norman hanging over me, I gritted my teeth and endured it.

I was taken aback by how much his compliment stirred something within me. It was a skill I never sought to embrace, yet here I was finding an unexpected sense of pride. His words thrilled me so much that it intensified the fervor of my blowjob.

"Nhhh... Mhhh... slurp... mmm... nnnhhh... suck...

nhhh... nghhh..."

I continued pleasuring him until he commanded, "Okay, stop now." Despite the order, I clung desperately to his cock, unwilling to let go. I couldn't let it end; I wanted to continue. Wrapping my arms around his waist, I held on tight, and a pleased expression crossed his face.

"Hey now, we can't get to the main event if you won't let go."

Main event? What did he mean by the main event?

"Don't you want to?"

I had an inkling of what he meant by the "main event" now. The prospect both intrigued and frightened me. I'd never ventured into that territory with a man before, and the uncertainty gnawed at me. Yet, beneath the trepidation, a spark of curiosity ignited. What would it feel like to have his dick inside me? The question lingered, begging for an answer.

"It looks like you want to, but you're wrestling with the idea, huh..." the man observed, locking eyes with me. "Well, if you're torn about going through with it, how about this? If you truly desire it, then beg me for it."

"B-Bweg?" I stammered, his dick still nestled within my mouth.

"That's right. Beg. It's a simple yet profound act that will dictate your course. If you choose not to, then so be it. But if you muster the courage to beg, well, that signals your willingness to delve deeper. It all hinges on whether you're willing to beg. How does that sound?"

Beg. The word echoed in my mind, its sweetness melting my reservations. I wasn't accustomed to pleading, but I knew exactly what I desired.

I craved him...

Yes. Despite not knowing this man well, the desire to have sex with him overwhelmed me.

I finally withdrew his cock from my mouth and sensually slid down my panties, soaked with love juices. I bothered removing them from just one leg before reclining on the floor.

Uncertainty clouded my mind, a fear of making a mistake. But the only thing that mattered right now was my desire for sex. There was nothing else I could think about.

Lifting my skirt, I spread my legs, offering him a full view of my trembling pussy. A lack of hair adorned my labia since I shaved it. Thank goodness for that choice; I couldn't bear showing a man how hairy my pussy could be.

The man peered into my core, and it felt surreal to expose myself in such a way. Yet, the overwhelming horniness overshadowed any embarrassment. I craved him intensely, yearning for him to fill me with his seed.

A fountain of pleasure streamed from my slit as the man, whom I had only met that day, observed. If I uttered the plea for sex, there would be no turning back. It was my final chance. Walking away meant denying him, refusing him, preserving my pride.

But deep down, fleeing from this wasn't truly what I desired, was it?

My lips trembled as I made my request, "I-I want it... Please put your... c-cock inside me." A smile adorned my lips as I begged, just as he had instructed. I felt like a slut, and strangely, it excited me.

"Yeah, I can tell. However, there's something missing in your begging."

"Huh?" Missing? What could it be?

"Didn't Martha teach you how to address a customer?"

Ah, I see... That's right. Miss Martha did teach us how to address a customer in that manner.

I repeated my request, but with a slight variation this time, "Pwease, put your c-cock inside me, Master~."

The man, my Master, grinned at me, "Okay. I'll give you what you want."

He stroked his dick and descended on top of me. The fact that we were doing this on the floor was somewhat unbelievable. Still, it beat having my first time in a prostitution den. I had consented to this. The act we were about to engage in wasn't that of a prostitute and a customer. This was the intimacy between a master and his servant.

Once he engulfed me in the shadow of his muscular yet lean body, he pressed his dick against my entrance. A fleshy path, unexplored until now, unfolded beneath the pressure on my wide pelvis, making my groin tense. My thick labia yielded, pushed aside to reveal a salmon-pink hole brimming with lustful juices. His hot flesh then thrust inside.

"Nghhh... ahhh... ahhh.. nhh."

My seal of pure flesh was torn open as I welcomed someone inside me for the first time in my life.

"Nn... Nhhhhhhh!"

The pain of becoming a woman surged through my vagina, and I squeezed my eyes shut. A few drops of blood flowed down toward my butt.

"It looks like even though you pleasured yourself earlier, you're still tight...!" my Master remarked.

His throbbing member was tearing me apart, an intense sensation that felt like I was being forcefully split open. The pain was so sharp and overwhelming that tears threatened to spill from my eyes.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally reached the deepest recesses of my throbbing pussy.

"How is it?" he inquired, asking about the taste of his rock-hard dick plunging deep inside me.

"Ahh... nghhh..."

But responding was beyond my capacity in that moment. The sensation was akin to a searing hot steel rod impaling my stomach, expanding me from within as it delved even deeper. It was a blend of agonizing pain and mind-blowing pleasure, making me question if this body was even mine anymore. From my hips down to the core, everything melded into a singular, overwhelming sensation.

"It seems like you can handle it now. I'm going to start moving," he declared, initiating a rhythmic motion. Each thrust of his steel-hard flesh sent shockwaves through my body, the slapping sounds against my ass creating a symphony of pleasure.

"Nhhgggg!!!" My eyes widened as I surrendered to the all-encompassing ecstasy, each movement pushing me further into the depths of pleasure.

"Hey, don't tense up so much. Relax, and it will feel a lot better," he coached, a sensual command that accompanied the gradual escalation of his powerful thrusts.

"Kh... nh... nh... nh!"

Instead of mere groans, suppressed moans escaped my lips.

I swallowed him deeper and deeper. The initial pain from penetration had faded away. Waves of pleasure cascaded through my entire body with every forceful thrust. My vagina throbbed, and the rush of female pleasure surged.

And then, "Annnnhggg~!!!" a powerful, unrestrained moan burst forth. A wicked grin adorned Master's face as he unleashed a torrent of relentless movements, fucking me with such fervor that my entire body vibrated in sync with the forceful rhythm.