

# The World 731

## Chapter 731: Tris (6)

When I stepped out of the shower room, the steam still clinging to my skin like a second layer, I slowly made my way to the room just in front of it.

There, I froze.

I stood silently, motionless in front of the grand, almost menacing double doors.

They towered over me, two heavy, imposing doors, as though daring me to come closer.

The dark wood seemed to breathe, groaning faintly under its own weight.

The faint gold trims along the edges shimmered ominously in the dim light, as if mocking me.

A creeping sensation spread through my body.

My knees trembled—

Not from cold, but from something far deeper.

Fear.

My fingers twitched involuntarily, the nerves in my hands betraying me with violent shakes.

It felt like my legs had forgotten how to hold me up.

My strength was leaking out with every breath I took.

But despite the overwhelming urge to run, I couldn't.

I had no choice.

This... was my fate.

Swallowing hard, I closed my eyes to brace myself.

Then, with all the courage I could muster, I raised my hand to knock.

But just as my knuckles hovered inches from the wood—I froze.

From the other side, the faint but unmistakable sound of moaning echoed through the thick door—anguish, broken sobs, and something that made bile rise to the back of my throat.

The air around me felt colder and thicker.

Before I could make contact, a hand suddenly wrapped around my wrist.

"Eh?"

My voice was small—barely a whisper—as I turned my head.

A woman stood beside me.

Long black hair cascaded over her shoulders, and deep crimson eyes pierced into mine.

She was calm, composed and her presence almost ethereal in the pale hallway light.

She pressed a single finger against her lips.

A silent shh

.

Then, she smiled.

"Huh? Wha...?" I mumbled, stunned.

My heart skipped a beat.

I didn't recognize her—or so I thought.

But something about her... something buried in her face, her expression, struck me with a strange familiarity.

"You don't have to worry," she said gently, her voice calm and reassuring. "I'm here to save you."

My eyes widened, lips parting in disbelief.

"L-Leon?"

She—no, he—smiled with a glint of confidence.

"Johanne is waiting for you outside," he said. "Go to him... and also... save them."

Them—he meant the other women.

The ones suffering inside.

The ones who'd been broken and stripped of their dignity.

I stared at him.

Then I nodded, slowly and wordlessly.

And just like that, something inside me thudded hard.

It was my heart beating like a war drum, beating so loud that I could hear it in my ears.

My chest was burning, and I didn't know why. My skin felt hot. My breath quickened.

This feeling—this confusing, overwhelming feeling...

It was foreign.

But somehow, in that moment, as Leon stood there in a woman's body...

He looked incredibly dashing to me.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

I stood back, watching Tris as she whispered, calling out to the women who wandered nearby.

Her voice was soft but strong—full of conviction, even if she didn't believe in her own strength just yet.

She was doing her part—trying to convince them to break free. Trying to lead them out.

As for me, in this body, I had made it this far.

Deep into the snake's den.

My goal was simple.

End Earl Prisk.

That bastard—no, that filthy pig—was everything wrong with this world.

A man who thought women were just pieces in a collection.

Living dolls. Property.

To him, love didn't exist—only ownership as well as only dominance.

It disgusted me.

And what was worse was that so many others knew what he was doing.

They knew. But he kept walking free, untouched by justice.

Why?

Because he was careful.

He used coercion.

Psychological manipulation.

Gray areas in the law to trap women, break them, and keep them.

He never left evidence.

Never crossed the line just enough to land in dungeon.

That's why I had once hoped Myrcella could bring him down—legally, publicly, with power and dignity.



But now... I was done waiting.

My patience had dried up. I'd had enough.

It was time I did something about him.

I stepped forward and knocked on the door.

"Come in," came the muffled voice from inside.

The moaning had stopped.

Silence now echoed through the cracks of the thick door.

I could only assume the woman inside was passed out, or he had discarded her after use.

I turned the handle and stepped inside.

The air was heavy.

Stale.

The scent of sweat, sex, and power clung to the air like poison.

I was no seductress. I'd never done anything like this.

But if it meant none of my women had to do it—then I'd bear it.

This body, granted to me by Dorothea's magic, was perfect for this kind of mission.

She had turned me into a woman before. And I would do it again.

Because if someone had to soil themselves in this filthy role, it would be me.

When Earl Prisk saw me, his pig-like eyes lit up.

"Wait... you're not the one who—" he blinked in confusion.

Then, his ugly, lustful expression returned like a wave of rot.

"Well, no matter," he grinned, licking his thick, cracked lips with that oversized tongue. "You're hot—gorgeous, even. I can't believe someone like you escaped my notice. You're the kind of woman I could never get tired of."

He spread his arms wide, like a monster trying to show off its bulk.

The flab of his arms and stomach jiggled and bounced grotesquely with every motion.

"Come here... and give it to me..." he said with a crooked smirk.

I stepped closer, my face soft and inviting, my smile never faltering.

"As you command, Lord Prisk."

"Call me Lord Husband," he grinned with yellowed teeth. "From now on, you're one of my wives."

"Yes, Lord Husband," I said sweetly, then lowered myself to sit beside him.

"Come, sit on my legs and let me feel that tight little butt of yours," he drooled.

"As you wish, Lord Husband."

I sat down gently on his massive, sweaty thighs.

And then—stab.

"GUAAAH!!"

His scream pierced the air, his body convulsing.

Because I had just plunged Ayuru, my blade, straight into the fat of his thigh.

"W-What the fuck?! What did you just do to me?!"

"Oh no, Lord Husband," I said, feigning innocence. "The blade must've slipped out from my ass and accidentally stabbed you. How clumsy of me."

"Y-You bitch...! Who the fuck are you?!"

"That's rather harsh, Lord Husband," I replied, smiling calmly. "Didn't we just get married? Aren't I your wife now?"

"W-Who sent you?! WHO?!"

"No one."

His eyes darted wildly. He thought I was an assassin.

Good.

"I'm just a devoted woman... trying to satisfy her dear husband," I said with a sweet grin. "Now then, Lord Husband—why don't you come with me for a second?"

Chapter 732: Tris (7)

I seized Prisk's bloated head in my palm.

The flesh beneath my grip squished like warm dough as I hoisted him effortlessly into the air, despite the fact he had the bloated mass of nearly two hundred kilograms.

His grotesque body wobbled and shook, fat folding over itself like layers of lard.

"H-Huh?! W-Why?! I can't move!" he cried out in a shrill, pitiful tone.

His limbs twitched, spasmed, desperate to resist.

But no matter how much he flailed or squirmed, nothing worked.

Ayuru had already done her part.

She had flooded his body with a surge of mana so potent, so violently unstable, that it completely tore apart his natural mana circulation.

It left his body paralyzed, void of balance and helpless.

"W-What the fuck is this?! P-Poison?! Is it poison?!"

"Oh no, my beloved Lord Husband," I said coldly, narrowing my eyes. "If it were poison, that'd be mercy."

Because what I'd done to him wasn't something so kind.

Poison could be treated, purged, and healed.

But this?

This would leave him crippled and irreversibly broken.

His legs would never support him again. No magic or miracle would change that.

I began dragging his limp, heavy body along the polished floor, his mass sliding with a grotesque squelch.

From the bed, the woman stirred.

Her voice was small, dazed. "Eh...?"

"You don't need to be afraid anymore," I told her gently, my voice low but certain. "Find Tris. Get out of this place. And if you want to see justice delivered... then come outside."

Her eyes searched mine, cloudy with confusion—but beneath it, I saw recognition.

Not of me, but of the moment.

As if this was something she had clung to in countless sleepless nights. A hope she never let die.

Even when everything screamed despair... she still dreamed of this.

And now—her dream had taken form.

"Now then," I muttered with a dark smile. "Shall we?"

I turned and continued dragging the bastard, the back of his robes soaking up every bit of filth and blood left in our wake.

"Eeeeeekkk!!!"

His scream split the air like a guttural screech from a slaughterhouse.

"Help! Guards! Where the fuck are my guards!? I'm being dragged! Killed! Stop her right no—! W-Wait!! Don't kill her! Don't kill her! Bind her arms instead! I want to fuck her first!!!"

Even now—this sack of shit still couldn't control his disgusting lust.

Truly, this man was ruled by his cock.

I wouldn't be surprised if he fucked anything that breathed—or didn't.

If it twitched, he'd mount it.

And it was precisely that hunger that made it easy to bait him.

"Fufufu..." I laughed softly and mockingly. "You really are a pervert," I told him. "But don't worry. You won't be thinking those filthy thoughts ever again."

As I continued dragging him down the corridor, he suddenly gasped.

His eyes widened, and his face turned pale.

The hallway ahead had transformed.

What was once a lavish passage of gold-trimmed marble now lay soaked in blood with it dark, gleaming red that painted the floor like spilled wine.

The walls had streaks of crimson. The scent of iron choked the air.

"Eeeeeekkk!"

He squealed like a pig being taken to slaughter.

Because now... he was surrounded by death.

Blood pooled in every corner, seeping through the cracks in the tiles.



Scattered all around were twisted corpses with limbs bent unnaturally, eyes open, throats slashed clean.

His guards.

I'd butchered them all before reaching him.

And I didn't feel even a flicker of guilt.

These weren't just guards.

They were his enforcers.

The ones who obeyed his every wicked order.

Normally, I might've felt a shred of remorse. After all, they were just doing their jobs, right?

But no.

They were complicit.

They extorted the poor, imprisoned the innocent, and violated women without hesitation.

They were greedy, cruel men. Rotting from the inside.

They deserved everything they got.

Prisk's body bumped against something on the floor, and he dared to glance down.

What greeted him was the blank stare of a severed head—its lifeless eyes wide open in eternal horror.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!"

His scream echoed through the blood-drenched hall.

"Shh... hush now, Lord Husband," I said, leaning down. "You might wake the rest of your guards. Oh wait—" I grinned, "you don't have any left."

"Ah! No, please! I-I can give you anything! You want money?! I have money! Or women! I'll give you as many as you want! Just say the word!!"

Typical.

Still throwing bribes like his filthy wealth could solve everything.

He really thought I wanted women? Or coin?

He really didn't get it. He couldn't

get it.

Maybe he forgot I was a woman now—or maybe he thought I swung that way.

"You're mistaken, Lord Husband," I told him calmly. "I'm just giving you what you've earned."

He whimpered.

I resumed dragging his quivering body, his squeals now quieter, desperate, and pleading.

But there was no escape for him.

It was already over.

At last, we reached the front yard of his estate.

The night wind was still and cold. It was heavy with tension.

I threw him down like garbage and began tying him to the wooden stake in the center of the courtyard.

"What the fuck are you doing?! Let me go!! This—this isn't right! This shouldn't be happening to someone like me! D-Do you even know who I am?!"

"Oh, I know exactly who you are, Lord Husband," I said with a wicked smile. "You're the great Lord Husband, remember? Revered by many. And so... I'll treat you just like that."

I bound his thick arms high above his head with vines, letting the tension pull his fat body upward. Then I tied his feet down, anchoring him like a sacrifice.

"What the hell are you planning?! Let me down now! This is treason! You'll be executed for this!!"

I stood back, admiring my work. And then...

The doors behind us opened.

One by one, women stepped out from the manor—each of them once victims of this bastard.

"Oh, would you look at that," I said, looking up at him. "It's all of your beloved wives, Lord Husband."

"Fuhahahaha!" He burst into a delusional laugh. "Yes! My wives! Finally! Come on—get me down from here!!"

He genuinely thought they were here to save him.

But none of them moved.

They just stood there. Silent. Cold.

Their eyes full of something darker than hate—something older.

"What the fuck are you doing?! Get me down!! Now!!!"

Still, not a single one of them stepped forward.

"I swear, I will fucking punish each and every one of you for this!! Do you hear me?! I will!!!"

His voice cracked. Saliva flew from his lips. His eyes darted between them, searching for even one sign of obedience.

But all he saw...

Was the glare of women who were done being afraid.

Chapter 733: Tris (8)

From the group of women, one stepped forward.

She moved slowly, almost as if the weight of everything she'd endured was pressing down on her with every step.

Her bare feet made soft, deliberate sounds against the cold, hard ground.

Her expression was empty at first—blank like a mask, but her eyes... her eyes were fixated on the man strung above them.

Earl Prisk, bound tightly, suspended, still alive, still squirming, still barking orders.

"You, woman! Come get me down from here!" he shouted from above, his voice laced with both rage and panic.

The woman remained still.

Her gaze didn't falter, but she didn't move.

Her body was frozen, not from fear, but from calculation, like she was weighing a decision she'd waited too long to make.

"What are you doing?! Get me down, right this instance!" he screamed again, louder and more desperate this time.

Still nothing. Not a twitch.

"The hell with you, woman!? Have you forgotten everything I did to you?!" he roared, veins bulging from his neck.

She finally spoke, voice soft but laced with venom.

"No," she said. "But I wished I had forgotten."

Her tone dropped the temperature in the air.

And then she looked at him—not as a victim, not as a broken shell—but as a woman who was reclaiming the fire that had once been crushed.

Her glare was sharp enough to pierce skin.

She was no longer quiet.

Her silence had become strength.

"I wished... every night, and every day, that karma would finally reach you," she said slowly, each word like a blade being driven in. "And it looks like... it finally did."

She exhaled, and her lips twitched into the faintest, twisted smile. "I thought I might feel pity. Or maybe something like regret... but no. Just disgust. And relief. So much relief."

"You woman...! You dare speak to me like that!?" he spat, struggling in his bindings.

"This... this is a joy to witness," she said, almost in awe. "And I'm glad—a fucking wooden pole took me first, before you ever could."

Prisk grunted in disbelief, his face contorting. "Ngh...!"

She kept going. "I couldn't bear the thought of you... defiling me for my first time. I couldn't stomach it. So I used a wooden pole—because anything was better than you."

Prisk's face twisted from red to pale. His eyes flared in rage.

"You're going to die! I'll kill your parents too! You'll regret this!"

But her expression didn't change.

Her reply came like ice cracking across still water. "How can you do that when you won't even live to see the day of tomorrow?"

At that moment, Prisk's body trembled uncontrollably.

His bravado cracked.

The fear was written plainly on his face now.

It was real tangible fear.

"You... You don't mean that. You can't kill me! You know my power! You know who I am!"

"Don't worry, everyone," Johanne's voice echoed gently from behind the group. "Leon will protect you."

She stepped forward with quiet confidence.

"He is the owner of Leonamon. I think you already understand what that means."

Prisk's expression turned to pure horror.

Of course he knew.

Leonamon wasn't just any name—it was the name.

The most powerful enterprise in the world.

Influence, wealth, reach—there was no corner of the world untouched by it.

"T-That's a lie! There's no way! No way the owner of Leonamon would be involved in this! I-I can still forgive all this if you put me down right now. I won't punish anyone, I swear! My wrists—shit—they're killing me!"

"That's not to kill you, Lord Prisk," the woman said, voice dripping with scorn.

She had dropped the word husband

. Not Lord Husband. Just Prisk. That title he cherished so much—stripped away without remorse.

"If you want the honor," I said, stepping forward.

I handed her a blade—simple, forged steel, nothing magical.

She wouldn't have been able to handle Ayuru anyway. It would have drained her dry.

She took the weapon in her hands. Her fingers curled around the grip like it belonged to her.

"W-What are you going to do?!" Prisk cried out, his voice suddenly cracking.

"What I should've done a long time ago," she whispered, steady and sure.

Then—

She cut "it".

It didn't take long.

His screams pierced the early dawn, shrill and feral, echoing off the stone walls.



Blood poured in thick streams down his legs, splashing onto the ground below. He howled, thrashed, and begged.

But no one answered him.

His eyes rolled up, showing only the whites as his voice weakened to hoarse gasps. His body twitched... then went still.

The women stood in silence.

They had watched him die without a word.

No tears.

No reaction.

Just silence.

And when his body finally stopped moving—when the last breath left his lungs—they bowed.

At first, I didn't understand.

But then I saw it.

They weren't grieving. They weren't mourning.

They were thanking me.

Their heads lowered not in sadness, but in quiet gratitude. Not one of them looked at his corpse.

All eyes were on me.

I didn't know what to say.

Truthfully, I only came here to save Tris. That was all I wanted.

But how could I tell them that?

So instead, I stayed silent and walked into the house. I gathered the bodies of the others who had been part of Prisk's madness, as well as Prisk himself, and I stacked them together in the courtyard.

Then, with a wave of my hand, I summoned fire.

Bright, hot, engulfing fire.

The flames roared and devoured the corpses, leaving nothing but ash and smoke.

"Leon!"

Johanne's voice called out behind me.

I turned to her. "What is it?"

Without a word, she stepped close, placed her hands on my cheeks, and pulled me into a kiss.

It was soft, sudden, and lingering.

I was caught off guard.

But I didn't pull away.

When she finally did, her cheeks were flushed. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I just... felt like kissing you right now."

I looked out toward the horizon.

The sun had begun to rise, casting golden rays across the sky. The warm light touched the edges of everything, giving it a surreal glow.

They say it's romantic to kiss under a rising sun.

Maybe that's true.

Tris stood nearby, watching us with a wide, stupid grin on her face.

"Uhehehe~..." she let out her weird little chuckle, her eyes squinting mischievously. Then, with exaggerated steps, she marched over and spread her arms wide.

And then she wrapped us both in a tight hug.

"My favorite ship is working really well...~ I'm so glad..." she mumbled happily.

But there was a tremor in her voice.

Even if she smiled, I could feel the heaviness in her.

We rubbed her head gently.

She might have been laughing on the outside...

But we knew.

She was crying.

And right now, we just let her.

Chapter 734: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (1)

After that, I made my way over to Dorothea, the air still heavy with the lingering scent of sex.

My body shifted back into its original form—back into being a man—and without wasting another second, I pinned her down and fucked her senseless once again.

Her moans echoed in the room like a song of surrender, and by the time I came, her face was drenched and painted in thick ropes of my cum.

Her tongue darted out, licking the corners of her mouth, gathering the mess I made on her.

She closed her eyes and savored my taste like it was a rare delicacy, humming softly with satisfaction.

I was still panting hard, my chest rising and falling rapidly from how hard I'd just came.

Without warning, she brought her lips back to my cock and sucked on it gently, almost teasingly, before slowly pulling away again.

She looked up at me through her lashes, her mouth still full.

She chewed the cum between her teeth like it was a treat, then swallowed it down in a single, smooth gulp.

With a soft, wet smile, she opened her mouth, showing me the inside as if proudly displaying a clean plate.

"Haa...~ That felt good~..." Dorothea purred with a dreamy, satisfied grin. "I really love having sex with you, Master."

That horny bitch was truly insatiable.

She wasn't the type to be satisfied easily—hell, by now, I'd already made her cum an uncountable number of times.

Before I had her use her ability to change my gender, I fucked her first.

And now that I had come back to reverse the change, she was already asking for another round.

"Stand up now, Dorothea," I ordered her coolly. "I'm putting the chastity belt back on you."

"Ugh. Do we really have to?" she whined, her voice half a pout. "Master, with that thing on, how am I supposed to pleasure myself while thinking about you?"

"You've been a naughty little girl, haven't you?" I told her with a wicked smirk, holding up the chastity belt for her to see. Its metal gleamed under the low light, almost like it was smirking back at her.

She grumbled under her breath, but despite her complaints, she moved to obey.

"I think this is going to fit you just right," I added, locking eyes with her. "Besides, if you get too used to using a dildo, that sensation becomes your norm. And I know you've been shoving toys into yourself. So now, I'm going to overwrite that pleasure with my cock. Got it? I don't want anything entering that pussy unless it's mine."

She paused, looking up at me as though something inside her snapped in place. Her pupils dilated, and soft little hearts began forming in her eyes like a spell had been cast on her.

This woman—she craved domination. A dominant man was what she desired most. And I was going to make sure she got exactly what she wanted.

"If you behave like a good girl while I'm gone," I whispered darkly, "I'll take you in both your holes next time."

The moment I said that, a puddle of liquid pooled beneath her, the steam rising subtly off the floor. She had just peed from sheer pleasure. Her expression twisted into an overwhelming, trembling bliss. She was lost in the euphoria of submission.

I left her there, still basking in the afterglow of ecstasy, her breath shallow and uneven as the heat in her body refused to die down.

The next several hours flew by in a blur of motion.

I coordinated arrangements for the women who had been freed from Prisk's vile clutches. Their new beginning would start under the protection and opportunity offered by Leonamon. It was a fresh start—one they all desperately needed.

I made sure they had freedom to choose which department they wanted to work in—whether it was agricultural development, social services, or even structural design and planning.

Some of them opted to return to their hometowns.

But most didn't have anyone left to return to... or they had families but no means to support them. Which is why many of them chose to stay—finding safety and stability through employment at Leonamon.

Amon and Maya handled most of the fieldwork, helping them get processed and situated. I, on the other hand, gave my word that no authority figure would come after them for the death of Earl Prisk.

And speaking of that bastard, his body—along with many of his guards who committed unspeakable atrocities on the estate—was reduced to ashes.

We didn't display their bodies, of course, but we did scatter their ashes with a message: "Earl deserved to die. He paid the price."

Finally, it was time for a well-deserved rest.

That had to have been the longest damn day I've ever lived.

After getting some rest, I was stirred by a call.

My phone buzzed on the table. It was Johanne.

I glanced at the message she left.

"Do you mind coming here for a moment? I want to ask if this dress looks good on me."

"Dress?" I muttered, raising a brow. "Why does she need me to check out her dress?"

Before I could respond, another message popped in.

"It's my first time wearing one... so I want you to see it. I want you to see it first."

Well, I wasn't in the middle of anything urgent—and I'd already gotten my rest—so I figured I might as well go.

What I didn't expect... was that when I got there, I'd be walking right into something very interesting.

\*\*\*

When I arrived, the soft creak of the floorboards beneath my feet was the first sound that echoed through the quiet room.

There, standing beneath the gentle cascade of ambient light filtering through the window, I found Tris.

"Oh, hello, Leon!" Tris greeted brightly the moment her eyes landed on me. Her lips curled into a playful smile, her tone filled with a mischief that was almost contagious.

"Where's Johanne?" I asked her, eyes flicking around, already expecting her presence.

"Oh? You're that eager to meet Johanne, huh?" Tris replied with a lopsided smirk and that teasing glint in her eye. "Is lil' ol' me not welcome, perhaps?"

"Well, by all means, you can stay," I told her calmly, matching her playful energy. "If you're here, then I'm guessing Johanne told you to come as well."

"Well, I knew she was going to show you something," she said, folding her legs over each other with elegant ease as she leaned slightly back, arms crossed. "I didn't want to intrude, but she insisted I come. So here I am." Her voice was casual, but the undertone of curiosity was unmistakable. "Say, Leon... you've got, what—many lovers, right? Are they fighting over your affection? A little rivalry going on, maybe?"

"Well, Irene was the only feisty one," I admitted, rubbing the back of my neck with a small grin. "But the others? They pretty much enjoy sharing me. None of them ever do anything that'd make me hate them. So yeah, they get along surprisingly well."

"Hmmm~" she hummed in amusement, narrowing her eyes slightly as if sizing me up. "Even Professor Irene, huh? Wow. You've got balls, Leon," she said, the corners of her lips pulling up into a grin of honest admiration.



I just gave a nonchalant shrug in response.

But before either of us could continue the conversation, the soft click of a doorknob interrupted us.

The bathroom door slowly creaked open, and then—she stepped out.

Johanne appeared, her movements gentle and measured, almost uncertain.

She was wrapped in a flowing, immaculate white dress that glowed under the soft lighting of the room.

The fabric shimmered like silk, cascading down her body in layers that swayed slightly with every step she took.

The pristine whiteness of the dress was in perfect harmony with her snow-white hair, making her look ethereal—almost like a goddess descending from the heavens.

She was breathtaking.

No, beyond that—she was captivating.

Everything about her in that moment felt dreamlike, as if time itself had slowed to let her take center stage in my vision.

The girl who now stood before me bore no resemblance to the past she once wore.

She had become something complete—whole.

She was radiant. She was herself.

"Leon... um, how is it?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly with nervous anticipation.

"How is it, she says?" Tris turned toward me, her eyes wide and glittering with amusement. A knowing smirk crossed her face. She was clearly enjoying watching me squirm for a reaction. It was as if she too couldn't wait to hear my answer.

"Well," I said after a moment, breath catching in my chest, "what else would I say if not beautiful? Incredibly beautiful, even."

The moment those words escaped my mouth, Johanne's cheeks lit up with a deep, radiant blush. Her hands clutched the fabric of her dress near her waist, her eyes flicking downward. "T-Thank you," she stammered softly, her voice small and delicate. "I thought I wouldn't look good in it... since my forearms are showing here, and you can kind of see the bulging muscles."

"Muscular women are something I like as well," I replied simply, meeting her eyes without hesitation. "Don't worry about it."

She looked down again, her expression softening, the corners of her lips twitching as if trying to hide another blush. She didn't speak—but she didn't have to. Her emotions were written all over her face.

Honestly... she was absolutely gorgeous.

The trace of the man she used to be—the figure that once answered to the name Johanne—was completely gone now, like mist in the morning sun. She had been reborn in her truest form, without pretense or mask.

Right now... she wasn't someone who used to be Johanne the man.

Right now, in this moment—she was just Johanne. The real Johanne. The woman she was always meant to be.

Chapter 735: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (2)

Johanne slowly walked toward me, each step filled with a quiet yet unmistakable resolve, and without a word, she wrapped her arms around me in a warm, enveloping hug.

"I thank you," she whispered, her voice soft but firm.

"For what?" I asked, blinking in confusion.

"For making me realize that I am a woman," she said, her voice trembling just slightly—like she was holding back something deeper.

I didn't really think I had done anything that deserved her gratitude.

Not enough, at least.

She was the one who made the choice.

She walked her own path, found her own truth.

I hadn't done anything that could warrant her thanks. I hadn't guided her—I'd merely been there.

"If not for you," she continued, her tone growing emotional, "then I wouldn't be standing here in a dress like this. I wouldn't have found the courage to be seen as a woman in anyone's eyes... I wouldn't have been able to face my father. If not for you, then..."

Her voice trailed off as she leaned forward without hesitation—and pressed her lips to mine.

"I wouldn't even be able to do this," she murmured against my lips.

Her actions caught me completely off guard. She was bold—surprisingly so.

I never expected her to take the lead like that.

Even as the kiss ended and she pulled back, her cheeks glowed with a vivid blush. Her eyes searched mine with vulnerability and something deeper... something intense. The atmosphere around us was heavy, thick with a kind of sexual tension that crackled in the silence. The air itself felt hotter.

Yeah... I knew where this was going.

"Uhehehe~" came an unexpected giggle, breaking the moment like a needle to a balloon. The strange laugh echoed from the corner—Tris, the ever-observant fujoshi, was watching us with sparkling, mischievous eyes. Her sudden giggle felt out of place... and honestly, a little creepy.

"Ah..." she muttered when she realized both Johanne and I were now staring directly at her. "S-Should I... go out?"

"T-That won't be necessary," Johanne said quickly, her voice just a bit flustered.

It was obvious Johanne wanted something to happen between us, but it wasn't exactly easy to follow through with Tris sitting there watching.

Then again, Tris had already seen us have sex before, so it wasn't like she was new to it. Still... it was awkward. Even more so this time. But for some reason, Johanne didn't seem like she wanted to send her away.

"But well," Tris said, waving her hands slightly and stepping back, "I should probably leave. I mean, I can't just stand here and interrupt when my OTP is about to have their super romantic moment, right? I'll step out."

She began making her way toward the door, trying to slip out with as much grace as possible.

But just as she was about to exit, Johanne suddenly reached out and caught her hand.

"I-It's okay, Tris," she said, holding her gently. "I wasn't really going to do that... Well, not now, at least. I don't think it would be appropriate."

"I don't think it's really that inappropriate," Tris replied, shrugging with a playful smile. "Something like that is an expression of love, right? Something sacred, something that should be shared between two people. Not something for someone else to watch. Of course, I'd love to have more material for my novel, but... I get it. Some things are just meant to be private."

She gave a knowing grin.

But Johanne wasn't smiling. She had a more serious look in her eyes.

"Tris... do you... love Leon too?" she asked.

The question hit like a thunderclap.

Tris's eyes went wide—her pupils dilated like someone caught off guard by a punch she never saw coming.

"Eh~? W-Why would you ask something like that?"

"Well... I'm just asking," Johanne replied calmly. "Because after what happened with the Earl, it felt like your eyes haven't left him. Even earlier, you kept asking me questions about him... so I had to wonder."

"W-Wait, am I really that obvious?" Tris stammered, letting out a nervous laugh. "I didn't even notice... Hehehehe..."

Well... I did feel her gaze lingering on me earlier. A lot, in fact. So Johanne wasn't just imagining things.

"W-Well, if I had to answer..." Tris started, fidgeting with her fingers. "I'm not sure I can. But... after what I almost experienced back then, something as traumatic as that, I guess it makes sense if I did grow to feel something toward Leon."

"I could say I felt something... but calling it love now would be jumping the gun," she added. "It's not like feelings like that just appear overnight."

Yeah, falling in love wasn't something that happened instantly. It needed time.

Johanne gave her a soft, understanding smile. "It's pretty easy to tell you're in love with Leon, Tris," she said gently. "Your eyes... they're different when you look at him. It's not the look you give anyone else. It's... more. It's not the same look you've always had."

Tris looked away again, this time more flustered than before. She reached up and held one of her arms as if she didn't know what to do with herself.

"Hehehe..." she chuckled nervously.

Then her eyes flicked over to me again—and when our gazes met, she immediately turned her head away.

She crouched down, as if trying to hide herself, and brought her hands up to her face, covering her cheeks.

"Nghhh..." she whimpered, her voice muffled by her palms.

"I don't really know," she said at last, her voice strained and thick with embarrassment. "I think I love Leon too... but I don't think I should. I mean..."

Johanne crouched down beside her and gently laid a hand on her shoulder, her tone warm and comforting.

"You don't have to worry about that," she said softly. "It's okay to love Leon. And I don't mind if you want to pursue that love, too. I'm not the only woman in Leon's life, after all. So... if you want to join, I really wouldn't mind."

## Chapter 736: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (3)

Tris looked at me—

Her eyes lingering, uncertain, yet filled with something I couldn't ignore.

That gaze... it wasn't just simple eye contact.

It carried weight, and it was something unsaid.

It lingered with hesitation, but also a fragile sense of longing—like she was teetering on the edge of revealing something she'd held in for far too long.

There was something in those eyes for me—something soft and aching.

Affection, maybe. Or perhaps... hope.

"Is that okay with you, Leon?" she asked in a voice that trembled with raw insecurity. "Do you even want someone like me? I don't compare to any of your girls..."

Her voice quivered, barely above a whisper.

"I'm plain. I don't have any real appeal. I'm not sexy... and I'm definitely not busty..."

She looked down at herself, a mix of embarrassment and self-consciousness in her eyes. Her words, as blunt as they were, weren't wrong.

Tris wasn't stunning by any popular standard. She didn't walk into a room and make heads turn. But she had a quiet charm, a soft prettiness that didn't scream for attention but gently pulled at you instead.

Not beautiful—but pretty.

And to me, that was more than enough.

Because beauty? That was surface-level. A distraction.

Something people thought mattered more than it actually did. But when it came down to it, the heart... that was what truly held weight. That's what made someone stay.

So, if she wanted to give me her love, I wasn't going to turn her away.

I wasn't about to deprive her of the affection she was so timidly offering.

In fact... somewhere along the way, I had come to like this oddball fujoshi girl. The same girl who wouldn't shut the hell up about tying two guys together in all the wild scenarios her brain could imagine.

She was an absolute handful. She had even written a damn novel about her fantasies. And her characters were based on me and Johanne.

If that wasn't just a little bit unhinged, I honestly didn't know what else was.

And yet... she was kind. Selfless. The kind of person who'd throw herself into the fire if it meant freeing someone else from their chains. She was someone who could be annoying and chaotic, yet also beautiful in the ways that truly mattered.

A good friend... and, I had no doubt, someone who could be a good woman to me too.

Someone I needed.

"I don't think it really matters," I said, my tone calm but steady. "I like all kinds of girls. And besides, I'm pretty sure I said this before—or at least mentioned it..."



I looked her in the eye.

"You're pretty. And it doesn't matter what your body proportions are. Honestly, having a little bit of flab? I like it. Gives me something to hold onto... something I can use as love handles."

Tris's cheeks flushed.

"I-I don't know if I appreciate those compliments," she mumbled, flustered, eyes shifting to the side. "But... thanks anyway."

I smiled.

"Well... what I'm trying to say is..." I took a slow step forward.

Her eyes widened slightly, confused as I closed the distance between us.

Then, without warning, I reached out—fingers gently cupping her chin—and leaned in.

Our lips met.

"Mmmpphh!?"

She gasped into the kiss, clearly not expecting it.

At first, she tensed. Her hands twitched at her sides, uncertain whether to push or pull—but gradually, she relaxed. Her body softened, and she gave in to me.

But then... she started pulling away again.

It wasn't resistance. Not rejection.

She just couldn't breathe.

A moment later, she broke free from the kiss, gasping hard.

"Puhah~!!!"

She exhaled like she had just surfaced from underwater.

"Fufufu... You have to breathe through your nose, Tris," Johanne giggled softly, watching the scene with amusement. "So you don't run out of air. Like this—watch."

Without hesitation, Johanne grabbed me, pulling me close. Her lips crashed into mine.

Her tongue darted past my lips, swirling inside my mouth, licking every corner, greedily slurping at my saliva like she was drinking something sweet and forbidden.

And then, slowly, she pulled away.

A thin, wet strand of saliva stretched between our lips—glimmering in the light—until it snapped.

"L-Like this?" Tris asked, her voice now laced with both nervousness and excitement.

She leaned in again—this time, it was her who kissed me.

And this time, she pushed her tongue into my mouth, her movements slow but curious. She was exploring.

I responded, matching her rhythm, slurping at her tongue gently, savoring her.

When she pulled away, a delicate strand of saliva clung between us—almost shy and almost innocent.

"Yes... just like that," Johanne said, nodding approvingly. "But you can also go a bit deeper—like this."

Once again, she pulled me to her lips, and this time her tongue moved wildly—fast, deep, and wet.

Slurping sounds echoed with every heated motion.

"Like this?"

It was Tris's turn again, and now, emboldened, she dove into the kiss with a new intensity.

She mirrored Johanne's technique—her tongue darting fast, hungry, and eager. There was still an awkwardness to her movements, but it was endearing. She was trying, and improving fast.

Then, Johanne moved behind me.

This time, she wrapped her arms around my waist, pressing her soft breasts against my back.

"Do it at this angle, Tris. I'll work from behind," Johanne whispered, her voice sultry.

"O-Okay... slurppp~..." Tris said as she briefly pulled away, then immediately leaned forward again, her lips crashing into mine, tongue slipping back inside.

As Tris kissed me from the front, Johanne's warm body pressed against me from behind. She leaned close, her lips trailing along the nape of my neck, before her tongue darted out to lick me there with slow, sensual strokes.

Their tongues moved together—one in front and one behind—both lapping at me, teasing and devouring.

Johanne's hands slid up under my shirt, fingers finding my nipples. She rubbed them gently, playfully, while her tongue continued dancing on my neck.

And then, without pause, she pulled my shirt up—over my chest, past my head—until I was bare from the waist up.

Now completely exposed, I felt the heat between the three of us intensify.

It was thick and electric.

Before long, we were all on the bed. Tris and Johanne positioned themselves on all fours, their backs arched, their asses lifted high toward me.

"Leon..."

"Leon..."

They both whispered my name at the same time, voices dripping with anticipation as they looked back, wiggling their hips.

Two completely different asses, now swaying right in front of me—

I swallowed hard.

They were both facing me.

And I had no idea which one to touch first.

## Chapter 737: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (4)

I swallowed hard, my throat tightening as my gaze locked onto the two bare asses presented before me with their soft curves glistening under the low light of the room, their shape enough to send a surge of heat rushing through my core.

My hands instinctively reached out, drawn like magnets to the flesh, and the moment my fingers met their skin, I felt a spark run up my spine.

I began to knead them gently, my palms molding to their curves, exploring every inch with slow, deliberate pressure.

They were still clothed at this point, the fabric separating my skin from theirs, yet even through the material, I could feel the softness, the heat radiating from beneath.

Johanne's ass was firmer, tighter, round, plump, and full with every squeeze, a kind of taut resistance that made my grip crave more.

Tris's ass, on the other hand, melted under my fingers. It was silky, warm, and cushiony soft, her skin seemingly trembling with every graze.

Without rushing, I reached for the garments covering them, my fingers curling under the fabric as I tugged them downward.

They gave way slowly, reluctantly, and both girls squirmed subtly in reaction to the exposure, their hips tensing beneath my touch.

Then—at last—my reward.

The clothing pooled at their knees, revealing two flawless, pale asses in the dim glow of the room.

I couldn't stop myself from drinking in the sight, breath catching in my throat.

Even without touching, I could already see their inner thighs glistening with wetness.

Their pussies were soaked, already leaking arousal, sending thin trails of clear nectar down to their thighs.

Once more, I reached out, this time with nothing in the way.

My hands cupped both of their bare asses at once, fingers spreading over smooth skin, the heat of their bodies feeding my own arousal.

"Mmm..."

"Hnnn..."

They let out soft sounds—not moans of pleasure, but muffled whimpers of embarrassment.

The kind that made everything more intoxicating.

"Johanne..." I said softly, directing my voice toward her as my hand gently caressed her side. "Can I go to you first?"

Knowing that Tris might need more time, I decided to start with Johanne and give Tris a bit longer to adjust.

"Mm..." she gave a barely audible nod, her face turned slightly to the side.

I lined my cock up to her pussy, but instead of going inside right away, I slid it down into the warm gap between her slick thighs.

The heat between her legs welcomed me immediately, and my shaft nestled snugly there.

"Ah...~"

She moaned softly as it slipped between her thighs, her breath hitching slightly.

"It slipped," I said with a smirk, teasing her. "But I think this is a good way to start, don't you think?"

Gripping her hips firmly, I began to thrust—slowly and steadily—letting my cock glide back and forth between her slick thighs. Her pussy juices coated the insides of her legs, making every motion smoother, wetter, and more pleasurable.

My other hand reached out, trailing over to Tris's ass, where I let my fingers stroke her tender skin.

"Ah..."

She jolted, her body shivering beneath my fingertips.

I moved lower, hand sliding down over the curve of her ass and then dipping between her legs, finding the entrance of her pussy and touching her directly.

The heat there was intense, and as soon as I touched her folds, I felt her body tremble again.

The air in the room was thick now with the scent of sex with the aroma of their pussies mixing together and spreading around me in waves, sharp and sweet, laced with desire.

"Ah... ah, ah, ahhh..."

"Mnnn, mm...~"

Tris's moans poured freely from her mouth, while Johanne was biting her lip, trying to hold herself together as my cock continued gliding rhythmically between her thighs.

The slick friction, the wet heat—it was maddening.

Their moans echoed in the room, bouncing off the walls, every sound amplifying the tension in my brain, overwhelming my senses.

I couldn't wait anymore.

I pulled my cock back, shifted it upward, and aimed it directly at Johanne's entrance.

Then—without hesitation—I pushed in.

As I slid into her—

Her fingers clenched into the sheets, her knuckles going stark white with the force of her grip.

Her pussy lips parted gradually, her slick folds enveloping my shaft inch by inch until I reached the deepest part of her.

The tight heat clung to me, squeezing me greedily.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh...~"

Johanne moaned out loud, her voice breaking into the open air as she arched her back in reaction.

I grasped her hips tighter with one hand, anchoring myself, while my other hand returned to Tris—slipping one finger inside her waiting honeypot.



"Ah...~ Nghhh...~!"

Their voices overlapped, the music of lust rising with each movement.

I thrust into Johanne's pussy with measured force, my hips driving forward again and again while my fingers played inside Tris's trembling core.

Their wetness never stopped flowing with each stroke from me drew more of their love juices out, their bodies practically begging for more with every shiver and twitch.

Their moans echoed again and again, digging into my ears, my mind, my chest—releasing waves of dopamine like a drug straight into my bloodstream.

"Ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ahhn, ah, ahh~... ah, ah, y-your penis... it's so good...~ Ahh, ah, ah, ah...~!"

"Ah, ah... W-What is... this...? Ahh, ah, ah, y-your finger... is entering me... Ahhhnnn~!!"

I clenched my teeth, groaning quietly.

The sensation of Johanne's pussy gripping my cock tightly, combined with Tris's walls hugging my finger, made it almost unbearable.

The tension was building—fast.

Suddenly, Tris gasped, voice quivering.

"Ah, ah, ahh... S-Something is coming...~ Ahh, ah, ahh... I'm... ahhhh~..."

She was on the edge.

I increased my pace, letting my finger work her even faster—stroking her in deep, curling motions, feeling her pulse tighten around me.

"Ah... I need to pee... ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Her voice broke, lifting in pitch, climbing into a high, trembling whine as her body started to shake.

I didn't stop.

I plunged my fingers into her over and over again, wet sounds slapping out with every thrust, while my other hand stayed firm on Johanne's hips as I pounded her from behind.

"Ah, ahh... ahh..~ Ahhh...!"

"Nghh... ahhn, ah, ah, ahh...~"

They both sounded completely soaked in lust, lost in the heat of the moment.

Then suddenly—Tris snapped.

Her body arched violently, her face tightening.

"Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...~!!!"

A flood erupted from her pussy—she squirted hard, her juices spraying out and soaking the bed beneath her.

The sound of liquid hitting the sheets echoed loud in the stillness.

She trembled uncontrollably, then collapsed forward, her head dropping down into the sheets, her body still twitching from the intense orgasm.

"L-Leon..." Johanne turned her head slightly, looking at me with dazed eyes. "Give it to Tris."

I nodded silently, breath heavy. "Alright."

I pulled out of Johanne's pussy, slick and dripping with her juices, and moved behind Tris.

I placed my hands on her hips, steadying her trembling frame.

I aligned my cock right to her entrance, still spasming slightly from her climax.

And then—slowly, carefully—I slid inside her.

Chapter 738: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (5)

I entered Tris.

The very instant my tip pushed past her entrance, I felt a subtle yet sharp pop, like something delicate had just been torn.

A barrier that once kept her untouched now gave way, and I knew then that I had just taken her virginity.

The reaction was immediate.

Tris's hands shot toward the sheets, gripping them with a force that made the tendons in her arms tremble.

Her knuckles turned stark white from the pressure, clenching tightly as her entire body tensed up beneath me.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...~!"

A raw, pained moan tore its way out of her throat, dragged through clenched teeth.

Her voice was trembling, cracked from the sheer intensity of the new sensation surging through her.

"Does it hurt?" I asked softly, my voice laced with concern, holding myself still inside her.

I wanted to make sure she wasn't suffering more than she had to.

I knew that for women, the pain of defloration wasn't something easily ignored—and I didn't want to make it worse.

I had to be careful. Gentle. Thoughtful.

"I-I'm fine... The pain of deflowering is there, but... with you being the one inside me, I can manage... So you don't have to hold back and feel pleasure inside me..." Tris replied, her voice a mix of strain and softness.

Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes and slipped down her cheeks, falling onto the sheets below.

And yet, within that watery gaze, I caught something else—something unmistakable.

There was pleasure behind those tears.

It wasn't just pain she was feeling... her body was beginning to respond.

I swallowed hard, my throat dry as I felt the weight of the moment press down on me.

Then, slowly, I tightened my grip on her slender hips, grounding myself, and began to move.

My hips rolled forward, gently but firmly, as I started a slow, steady rhythm.

"Nghh... hnnn, ahh... ah, ahh, ahh..."

Tris's moans changed in tone. It was still tender, but the pain now seemed to mix with waves of unfamiliar delight.

Her pussy was unbelievably tight, clenching down on me as if it didn't want to let go. The more I moved, the more it squeezed, as if adjusting to my size with every passing second.

It felt incredible.

Her inner walls gripped me with wet, heated tension.

I could feel the soft, slick flesh inside her molding around my cock, welcoming it, parting for it. Each thrust created a pressure so intense it made my teeth grit in restraint.

From the side, Johanne watched me over her shoulder, still on all fours, her long hair draped across her back. Her eyes gleamed with heat as she wiggled her ass toward me in invitation.

I didn't ignore it.

I reached a hand out to her and brushed it gently over her warm skin before lowering it down between her legs.

"Ah...~"

The soft gasp she gave sent a thrill down my spine.

I slipped one finger into her soaked pussy... then another. Her entrance welcomed me greedily, her walls parting with zero resistance. She was already dripping wet.

The moment my fingers entered her, she arched her back with a sharp inhale, her hips jerking from the jolt of pleasure that ran through her spine.

"Ah...~ Ah, ah, ah, ahh, ah, ahh...~!"

"Ngh, nnnnh, ah, ah, ahn, ahnn, ahh...~!"

Their moans—Tris's and Johanne's—echoed together, overlapping, wrapping around each other like a carnal melody. They were beautiful, sinful sounds that filled the room, each pitch and tone dancing in the air like a chorus of lust.

The contrast between the two of them was breathtaking.

Johanne's pussy was slick and inviting, her walls sucking at my fingers, as if they didn't want to let go.

Tris's was tighter—more gripping—and each time I thrust into her, I felt the resistance fading and being replaced by wetness.

Her body was finally beginning to crave the intrusion.

They were so different... but both felt unbelievably good in their own ways.

"Ah... ah, ah, ah, ahhhn, ah, ahhh, ahhn, ahnnn, ah, ah, ahhhn~...!"

Tris's moans had shifted completely.

There was no more pain in her voice now.

No more tension.

The raw sting of defloration had melted away, replaced fully by throaty gasps of rising pleasure.

"Does it starting to feel good, Tris?" I asked between breaths, my voice husky from arousal.

"Y-Yesh...~" she moaned out, her voice trembling.

"Good...!" I growled lowly. "Then, feel good even more!"

"Hnnnghhhh~!!!"

My thrusts intensified.

Now that the pain was gone, I allowed myself to move with more force and more rhythm. Her body welcomed every motion, her ass rippling from the sheer impact of each thrust.

I held her hips tightly, pushing deeper and faster, watching the jiggle of her flesh as my cock slammed into her over and over again.

"Ah, ah, ahhh...~ I-It feels so good~... ahnnn!"

Her voice grew shameless—dripping with lust, pleasure, and surrender.

"Ah, ah, ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahnn~ Ah, yannnn~ Ahh, ah, It feels good...~ L-Leon... Ahnnn~!!!"

Johanne was no different. Her words were slurred with desire, her body writhing under my touch as I fingered her.

I focused back on Tris, my hips crashing into her as her walls squeezed around me.

Then it happened.

Her pussy clenched tighter—much tighter. It was as if her insides were trying to milk me dry.

"Guh...!"

A guttural growl escaped from deep within me. The tightness hit hard, and I struggled not to cum right then.

"Ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh,,,~ I-I'm feeling something... Ahhh, I...I-I'm going to fly...~! Ahh, ah, ahhh, ahh... ahhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her voice was frantic now, as if she was being swept away.

She was on the edge.

I drove into her with everything I had, determined to reach my climax with hers.

And then—

"Ah, ah... ah.. ahh~... I'm... ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her scream was pure ecstasy.



Her body shook violently as her orgasm hit.

Her pussy tightened like a vice and a sudden gush of warm fluid burst from her—it was a squirt.

She squirted hard, soaking my lower abdomen and the sheets beneath her.

The feeling of her orgasm triggered mine.

And I exploded inside her.

"Ahhhh... S-So hottt~... ahnnnnn~!!!"

I groaned as I shot rope after rope of hot cum deep into her, filling her womb completely, not stopping until I felt emptied.

I gripped her ass tightly in both hands, her soft flesh spilling between my fingers, trembling from the aftershocks of what we both just experienced.

We stayed like that for a while—panting, sweating, trembling from the intensity of it all.

"Ah..."

Slowly, I pulled my cock out of her soaked pussy.

A stream of sperm spilled out immediately, flowing from her red, twitching entrance and pooling onto the now-wet sheets below.

Because it was her first time, there was also a smear of blood mixed in with the cum—turning the white into a light pink.

"Haa...~"

Tris let out a long, shaky breath before collapsing down fully onto the bed, her body still twitching.

I wiped my cock with the edge of the sheet and turned to Johanne.

She was already on all fours, looking back at me with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes.

"P-Please, me too, Leon..." she said, her voice adorably soft, filled with need.

I placed both hands on her hips, feeling the heat of her skin, and slowly aimed my cock at her wet, dripping entrance.

Then, with a slow thrust, I pushed into her.

Chapter 739: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (6)

The silky smoothness of her inner walls made every thrust feel sinfully pleasurable with each stroke was like sliding through velvet heat that refused to let go.

Inside her, tiny ridges... I mean, those soft, almost bead-like bumps, brushed against my cock with just the right amount of friction, stimulating me until my entire body tensed.

They were neither fully rough nor too gentle, striking that perfect in-between that made my spine tingle and my teeth clench in response.

Each time I pushed deeper inside her, a loud, shameless moan spilled from her lips as my cock hammered into the very end of her pussy, colliding with the tight, quivering gateway to her womb.

"Ah, ah, ah, ahn, ah, ah, ahhn, ahhn, annnn, ahh...~"

The scent coming off her pussy had thickened... it was heavy and humid and was ripe with arousal.

It was musky, yet still carried a distinct feminine sweetness, like the scent of a wild flower blooming at night.

That intoxicating aroma seeped into my senses, drowning my awareness in raw, animal lust.

I clutched her hands tightly, feeling the tremble in her grip as my fingers dug into the pillowy softness of her ass.

The way her skin yielded under my palms was addicting.

Her ass was plush, elastic, and impossibly warm.

The sensation alone sent a chill down my spine.

Every time I slammed forward, her ass jiggled and rippled from the impact, those perfect cheeks bouncing rhythmically, like waves reacting to my thrusts.

"Ah, ahnn, ah, ah...~ Hyannn, ahh, ah~ Ah, I-I'm feeling good~... S-So good...~"

She moaned those words breathlessly, her voice cracking with ecstasy as I continued to fuck her deeply, my cock sliding in and out with wet, obscene slaps.

Her tightness was unbelievable... it was unrelenting, insistent, and driving me to the edge.

I gritted my teeth again, struggling to hold back.

"Nghhh...!"

Her body started twitching, her moans growing more desperate.

She was close.

I hadn't let her cum when I first entered her earlier, so now she was already reaching her limit far too quickly.

"I-I'm sorry, I'm going to cum before you, Leon...~!" she gasped, her voice trembling and full of need.

I pounded harder, gripping her ass tighter, pressing into her without holding back.

"Don't worry. Just cum!" I growled, slamming my hips against her ass with relentless force.

And then—

She broke.

"Nnnngggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her entire body spasmed violently.

Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, and her pussy exploded—literally squirting around my cock and forcing it to pop out from the sheer pressure.

A warm gush of clear fluid sprayed out, soaking the sheets underneath her as her legs trembled violently.

She drenched the bed in her climax.

And once the powerful waves of pleasure passed through her, she collapsed onto the bed like a puppet with its strings cut—limp and satisfied.

Both of them looked completely spent.

But this night wasn't over.

I arranged them and stacked their bodies on all fours, one atop the other.

Tris was on top, her breasts pressing down against Johanne's back, while Johanne took the bottom position, ass raised just as high.

It was a living sculpture of lust.

A tower of white asses.

That's what I called it.

Two plump asses, high in the air and trembling with each breath, were now displayed before me like an erotic feast.

Of course, just seeing them twitch and glisten with juice was enough to make my cock twitch in excitement again.

I stepped behind them, my eyes drinking in every little detail.

"You two have such beautiful asses, huh?" I muttered, half-amused and half-aroused.

"Oh, don't stare at them so much..." Tris murmured, her voice bashful despite her exposed position.

"Leon, please... hurry and stir up my insides until they're a sopping wet mess," Johanne begged, voice thick with heat and desire.

Tris still clung to some shred of decency, but Johanne had already tossed hers aside, completely drowned in lust and saying nothing but the filthiest things.

The once-reserved, boyish woman—raised with strength and pride as a male—was now arching her back, presenting her ass to me like a needy slut.

And the woman who was once her wife... she was stacked on top, showing her pussy and ass just as eagerly.

"Alright then..." I said, stepping in, letting my cock slide against Tris's folds. "First... I'll start from the top."

I lined myself up and pressed forward.

Her pussy, already loose from before, parted instantly and took me in without resistance, wrapping around me like it never wanted to let go.

"Aaaahhh! Aaaaaaaaaah!!!"

The moment I entered her, Tris cried out.

Her back arched beautifully, her muscles trembling under me as I bottomed out in a single, fluid thrust.

She was tighter than earlier—tighter and hotter—and now, I could feel my cock pressing directly against the entrance to her womb.

"Haa, hyaaa...~!"

Her pussy didn't even flinch at the intrusion.

This time, she welcomed it fully, and her face twisted into a completely slutty, intoxicated expression.

I leaned over her back, pressing my chest to hers, and slipped a finger to her mouth.

She instantly opened up and began sucking on it like it was my cock.

My hips began moving again, faster and rougher, my thrusts deep and precise.

"Eeek! Ahh, ahh...~ Ahh, ahh...~ Ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh, ahh...~"

The sounds she made only drove me further.

Her love juices were flooding out in waves—hot and slippery—and every slam into her cunt felt like plunging into a boiling spring.

Tris... she got wet way too easily.

After pounding her for a good while, I finally pulled out and positioned myself at Johanne's entrance.

Her pussy immediately reacted—tightening around the head of my cock the moment I pressed in.

It wasn't resistance. No. It was like she was pulling me in, eager to devour every inch.

"Ahh...~ Ah, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

Compared to Tris's plump, overflowing pussy, Johanne's was firmer—her inner muscles gripping my cock with practiced rhythm.

She was just as wet, but the tightness she gave me... it was insane.

"Ahh... ahh, ah, ah, ahhh~..."

I pounded her in deep strokes, savoring the squeeze, before switching back to Tris.

"Ahh, ah, ahhh, ahhn... ah, ahh..~ A-Amazing...~"

Then again to Johanne.

"Ahn, ahh, ahhn, ahh, m-more...~ Nnnnnnnnnnaaaa...~ ahh, ahh, ahhhnnn~"

I kept alternating between their soaked, quivering pussies, my body consumed in the heat of their lust. My cock, drenched in juices, moved in and out of both holes, sliding effortlessly as I fucked them without pause.

Chapter 740: Epilogue 14 - Tris, Johanne, and Leon (7)

"Ah... ahhn, ah, ah... ahhhnnn, ahh, ahhh, ahhhnnnnnn~... ahhh...~"

"Ahh, ahh, ahhh... ah... ahh... ahhh~... Ahh, ah, ahh... ahhh...~"

Their voices echoed in a tangled symphony of lust as I kept thrusting, hips moving rhythmically, alternating between their tight, dripping holes.

The sensation of slamming into both their asses, slick with mixed arousal, was intoxicating—wet, warm, and clenching—like heaven made flesh.

Their juices blended into a slippery mess, coating my shaft every time I pushed in and pulled out, leaving wet, obscene sounds behind.



The pleasure of plunging into their already ruined holes was something primal, something that gripped me by the spine and refused to let go.

Each thrust brought out different reactions—

Tris would tighten around me unexpectedly, her pussy squeezing like a vice before releasing in slow pulses, followed by a sudden suction that pulled at my cock as if begging for more.

Johanne, on the other hand, was smoother with her insides deep and slippery, wrapping around me in a way that made me feel like I was being devoured entirely.

She didn't just take me—she welcomed me, swallowed me, and invited me deeper with every wet spasm of her inner walls.

Both of them were fighting—unknowingly—battling for my cock, for attention, for satisfaction. They kept moaning, eyes rolling, drool slipping from the corners of their lips, hips grinding back to meet me halfway, all while their climaxes drew closer, trembling right at the edge.

With each slap of my hips against their flesh, waves of ripples bounced across their asses—soft, thick, and perfect.

It was hypnotic, watching their cheeks jiggle and clap with every deep, powerful thrust. These asses weren't just built for display—they were crafted to be fucked.

"Ahh, ah, ah, ahhnn, ahh... ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

"Yannnn, ah... ahhh~... I-It feels too good...~ P-Please, more... more...~!"

I dug my fingers into Tris's ass, feeling the heat and plumpness of her flesh as I shifted focus to Johanne, plunging hard into her, my shaft hammering deep into her soaking pussy. My hand never left Tris's curves, kneading and gripping greedily.

Threesomes were more than just fantasy... they were divine. I had to do this again. Maybe next time, we'd bring in Myrcella. She had already tasted the thrill of a threesome, so I doubted she'd refuse. That thought alone made my cock twitch harder.

But I had no time to fantasize.

My climax was coming—burning hot in my core, building up ever since I held it back earlier. My hips began to move faster, rougher, my pelvis crashing against their asses in a relentless rhythm.

"Ah, ahh, ahhh... ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh, ahnnn~... Ah, ahhh, ahhhh...~ Hnnnn, ahnnnggghhh...~"

"Anngghh...~ nnnnnnhhhaa... ahnnn, hhhaaaaannn...~"

Their moans were climbing, breathy and high-pitched, trembling with desperate need. Their bodies were twitching, writhing, and begging—both on the brink of orgasm, trembling against me as if trying to sync their release with mine.

"I'm gonna cum, you two...!" I growled, my voice hoarse as I sank my fingers deeper into Tris's flesh, gripping hard.

The pleasure surged from the base of my spine, radiating like electricity through my entire lower body. My teeth clenched, the pressure in my cock nearly unbearable as the climax approached—slowly, torturously slow—dragging every nerve in my body along with it.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahnnnnggg, ahnnnn, ahnn, ahn, ahn, ahhhh...! Ah! Aah, aaaahhh, aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!"

"Nghhhh...~ Nnnnnhhhh~!!! Ahh, ahnnnnn, ahh, ahhh, ahhhhh~... Ahhhh, ahhh...~!"

I couldn't stop it any longer.

Tris came hard.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhoooooooooooooooooooo~!!!"

Her orgasm hit like a crashing wave. She squirted violently, her pussy clenching so hard it popped my cock right out of her. The liquid burst out in a rush, spraying against my thighs and soaking the sheets below.

Without skipping a beat, I pointed my cock at Johanne's twitching cunt and slammed it in again. Her walls fluttered violently, spasming as if anticipating what was coming next.

"Guh...!"

With a guttural grunt, I came—my sperm launching inside her with a force that made her gasp. Thick, hot cum splashed against her inner walls, flooding her pussy and forcing her womb to stretch from the sheer volume I poured into her.

[illegible]

She climaxed at the same moment, screaming in pleasure. Her pussy contracted fiercely, milking my cock in uncontrollable waves, squeezing every drop out like it was starving for my sperm.

What was still left inside my balls—every lingering load that had backed up inside me—was forced out, pumping deep into her until it overflowed.

Eventually, her body went limp.

I slid my cock out of her, slow and sticky, watching as her cunt stayed wide open, pulsing slightly. A thick string of semen clung from her stretched opening to the tip of my shaft, heavy and glistening.

It dripped freely, sliding down her slit and pooling into the sheets in a mess of white.

Goodness, what a sight. Something that would've felt impossible in my past life—now right in front of me.

I was living it.

And I was going to make these two women happy.

We kept going afterward, fucking again and again, until both Tris and Johanne were stuffed with my cum four times each.

By the end of it all, they both lay in my arms, sound asleep and completely satisfied.

\*\*\*

The next day...

I walked through the academy gates, yawning lazily, my steps unhurried.

On either side of me, Johanne and Tris strolled confidently, their skin practically glowing, hair messy in that unmistakable post-sex glow. Their bodies looked satisfied—thoroughly fucked—and the stares from the other cadets didn't go unnoticed.

"S-Seriously?"

"T-There's no way that's real..."

"I heard it. Their moans were insane."

"If you passed near their room last night... you definitely heard it."

"I can't believe this... Even the Heir of the Sword Saint? And Tris too? That weird girl? What the fuck... how does he of all people, some so-called useless cadet, manage to score like this?"

"I heard he's also dating Princess Myrcella now."

"And I heard he's close with the girl who wears an eyepatch."

"Even Zeruel seems to be getting interested in him."

The whispers surrounded me, buzzing through the academy like wildfire. Everyone had started questioning my very existence.

In my first year, I was nobody. A loser at the bottom of the ranks. Weak. Worthless. Invisible.

Now... technically, I was still at the bottom.

But the difference?

Now, everyone was watching.

Because the women around me weren't just rumors anymore... they were reality.

As we walked past the gates, I felt three distinct, sharp gazes pierce into me.

I recognized each one instantly.

The first came from Irene.

The second, from Zeruel.

And the third... from someone I never expected.

Isiliraiellyn.