

## The World 741

Chapter 741: Date With Zeruel...? (1)

Zeruel's POV

I woke up.

The sensation of returning to consciousness was... bizarre.

There was a strange heaviness still clinging to my body, but also a strange lightness, like a fog lifting.

It felt weird but unnaturally refreshing. Like my body had been asleep, but my mind was racing before I even opened my eyes.

My muscles were stiff, yet somehow relaxed, as if the bed had swallowed me whole for the night. As the haze of sleep wore off, I blinked slowly and sat up, my body groaning slightly in protest.

Eventually, I peeled the blanket off and rose to my feet, dragging myself toward the bathroom like a zombie.

When I flicked on the light and stood before the mirror, I stared blankly at the reflection in front of me.

There she was—me.

A plain-looking woman in cheap, mismatched underwear, with a crusted trail of dried drool stuck from the corner of her mouth to a lock of tangled hair.

My eyes looked dull and unmotivated. My bangs were flat on one side and sticking up like horns on the other.

I tilted my head and sighed.

One undeniable truth settled into my chest again.

And that I wasn't attractive. Not by any standard.

Still, out of some vain curiosity, I cupped my breasts in both hands, lifting them and trying to estimate their size.

Were they considered big? Average?

I couldn't tell.

I pushed them together with my arms, trying to make them look fuller and rounder. The result wasn't satisfying.

Then, without thinking, I leaned in closer to the mirror, stuck out my tongue playfully, and winked.

A poor attempt at looking cute.

It took me a full second before I realized how ridiculous I was being.

Mortified, I slammed my forehead against the cold concrete wall beside the mirror.

A loud crack echoed through the bathroom.

A shallow dent formed on the concrete, dust trickling down... but weirdly enough, my head didn't hurt at all.

"W-What the hell am I doing...?" I muttered, my cheeks flushing a deep red, the embarrassment boiling up inside me.

Why was I acting like this?

There was something off about me lately—something strange twisting in my gut, making my chest feel tight and uneasy.

I tried to shake the feeling off.

After a long shower and some grooming, I stepped out of the gold dormitory into the morning light.

The breeze was crisp, and the sunlight brushed across my skin like a warm hand. For a moment, I just breathed it in.

And then I heard it.

Voices. High-pitched, animated, whispering—but just loud enough to catch every word I didn't want to hear.

"It was so loud! I didn't think the sound would go through the ceiling like that, but you could still hear it slipping out from the room! Oh my gosh! If you were there, you'd be saying it was hot! I mean—two people at once! Two! And knowing he's got more women? He must be doing it all the time!"

"I can't believe he managed to pull that off. And he's clearly experienced. Like, seriously. You hear those moans? Even when I'm having sex with my boyfriend, I don't sound like that!"

"Right?! He must be really

good..."

Three girls, all walking together. Giggling, chattering away.

I stopped and just stared after them, dumbfounded. My brows drew together, and my head tilted slightly as confusion took over.

What in the actual hell were they talking about?

And then it hit me—harder than any slap or punch.

Everyone. Around. Me. Was talking.

More whispers. More chatter. Some in hushed voices. Some bold. Some full of envy, others filled with awe.

They were all talking about someone I knew. Someone whose name had been dragging behind whispers and rumors lately. Someone who had no shame. Someone who was clearly sleeping around with high-status women like it was no big deal.

Leon.

Of course.

And right on cue, I saw him.

He walked through the courtyard with his usual nonchalance, flanked on both sides by two beautiful women—one of whom used to be a man.

They looked proud. Fulfilled. Glowing.

And he... looked like none of it bothered him.

Something sharp twisted in my chest. It wasn't anger. Not jealousy either. It was... a pain I couldn't name. Deep. Uncomfortable. An ache that gnawed at me from the inside.

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Throughout today's lesson, I tried to stay focused.

We were learning about the principles of becoming a magic knight—ideals that every candidate had to engrave deep within their soul.

The first fundamental: to protect the structure of the kingdom. That meant safeguarding the monarchy, the noble houses, and the governing core.

The second: to preserve the peace and well-being of the citizens, upholding justice and stability in the land.

Simple concepts—but vital ones. They were the foundation of everything we stood for.

Our instructor for the day was Professor Irene.

It was supposed to be Professor Gabrielle's class, but she was currently on leave due to her pregnancy.

Everyone was whispering about it, speculating who the father was—because Professor Gabrielle barely interacted with men. Almost never.

But me? I'd seen him. I'd seen that man leaving her office more than once. And considering her connection to the Leonamon Company...

It was clear.

It had to be Leon.

Since then, Professor Irene had been noticeably colder. More irritable. Something in her tone had changed.

I glanced out the window and sighed again, my eyes tracing the horizon as the sky shifted gently into shades of afternoon gold.

Leon's face drifted into my mind once more.

Lately, he'd been showing up more in my thoughts.

And I didn't know how to deal with that.

A part of me told me to avoid him. That approaching him would be a mistake. But another part—a quiet, stubborn one—told me that not facing these feelings would be worse.

The day wore on, dragging slowly.

By the time the sun began its descent, casting the world in a soft amber glow, everything around me seemed to fall into slow motion.

I made my way back toward the gold dormitory. The path was familiar, but today it felt different—like something was waiting.

That's when I saw her.

A figure standing at the entrance, waiting patiently.

The moment our eyes met, her face lit up, and she bounded down the stairs with a burst of energy, her arms flailing slightly as she sprinted toward me.

"Sister!!!" she yelled, flinging herself at me in a tight hug.

"W-What—?! Don't do that! You'll get yourself hurt!" I snapped, startled.

"Hehehe~ Don't worry! I've been learning from you, so I think I'll be okay!" she beamed. "Just one more academic year, and I'll be here too!" she added proudly, her eyes gleaming.

It was my younger sister.

Selene.

Chapter 742: Date With Zeruel...? (2)

"W-What are you doing here, Selene?" I asked, glancing down at her with a mix of surprise and confusion.

I hadn't expected to see her here—especially not in this part of the country. The academy, in general.

"Hehe~" she giggled playfully, a grin spreading across her face. Her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Well, since I'm gonna be a first-year cadet next academic year, I figured it'd be smart to get familiar with the surroundings, y'know?"

Her voice carried an almost infectious enthusiasm, bright and bouncy like she'd just stepped into a dream world.

I blinked, still trying to process it all.

Technically speaking, she wasn't even supposed to be here. Only current cadets and official academy staff were allowed to step past the dormitory gates. But considering she was my younger sister and she was set to enroll next year, I supposed someone had given her special permission.

Still, she hadn't awakened her ability yet. That was a significant detail.

I sighed softly and gave her a small nod. "Well... I guess it wouldn't hurt if I followed you around and showed you the academy."

"That's great!" she clapped her hands together. "Actually, I was hoping you'd join us."

I paused.

Her words echoed in my head for a second before finally registering.

"...Us?" I asked slowly, narrowing my eyes.

Was she here with someone?

A bad premonition began to stir in my gut.

"Yeah, well..." she trailed off with a sheepish smile, her tone suddenly teasing.

And then—

"Sorry to keep you waiting," came a voice from behind, smooth and familiar.

That voice sent a jolt through my spine. I didn't even need to turn to know who it was.

It was Leon.

When I did glance back, there he was—standing casually, his usual calm demeanor painted across his face.

"Oh? Zeruel's with you too?" he said with a small tilt of his head, his tone easygoing, like he hadn't just sent a shockwave through my chest.

"Yup!" Selene chirped cheerfully. "I mean, the more the merrier, right?"

Without hesitation, she looped her arms around Leon's, pressing her breasts softly against him as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Right, Leon?"

I stared in disbelief.

This girl... Just a year ago, she'd cry when she lost her favorite pen. And now?

Cheeky, bold, and clearly trying to get close to Leon in a way I hadn't prepared myself for.

Was this because she'd started developing a crush on him?

Well, it kind of looked that way.

And honestly, I couldn't blame her.

Still, I seriously doubted Leon would pay her any real attention—not with the dozens of beautiful, high-class women already gathered at his feet.

But even thinking that didn't stop the way my stomach twisted with a sharp pang of something ugly. Envy, perhaps. Or maybe... disappointment.

Because deep down, I wanted him to look at me too.

"Eh, it doesn't hurt anyone if we all go together," Leon said with a smile so effortless it felt like a breeze brushing past my skin. "So yeah, I'm fine with that."

"Yay~!" Selene squealed with delight, gripping his arm tighter and pushing her chest into him even more.

It was clear—she was trying.

I couldn't help but envy that part of her. That fearlessness.

If I had even half her confidence... what would I do?

The thoughts slipped into my mind like an uninvited guest.

I imagined myself saying it—leaning close to Leon, tilting my head with a flirty smirk.

"Leon~, you're such a gentleman, helping my sister like this," I'd say sweetly, letting my voice trail into something playful.

He'd shrug casually and reply, "It's not like I've got anything better to do. I'm free. I'd do it for you too, if you wanted."

"Teehee~!" I'd giggle, brushing against him as I wrapped my arms around his, hugging tight, feeling the warmth of his body. "Thank you, Leon. Wuv you~...!"

"Hehe..." he'd laugh, that killer smile flashing. "I wuv you, too."

And then... our faces would slowly drift closer. The space between our lips disappearing. Breath mingling. Heat building.

Just as our lips were about to touch—

Smack!

I slapped my own cheek hardy.

Hard enough to bring me back.

What the hell was that?!

Why the hell was I imagining that just now?

Gods, Zeruel... You seriously need to stop this. You can't just imagine that kind of stuff. No matter how badly you want it, that kind of fantasy isn't helping.

I shook my head, trying to clear the blush that was now burning across my cheeks.

But no matter how much I tried to fight it, this feeling inside me refused to go away. The more I tried to suppress it, the stronger it came back—rising like a tide.

I was losing control of it.

"Uh, sis?" Selene's voice pulled me back.

"Huaah?!"

A weird sound escaped my lips before I could stop it.

I immediately felt the heat rise to my ears. My face probably looked like it had been dunked in boiling water.

Leon was staring right at me. I blushed harder.

I definitely wasn't in my right mind right now.

"Are you okay?" Selene asked, giving me an oddly gentle smile. "It's fine if you don't want to come with us, okay?"

But her expression... wasn't entirely gentle. There was something else hidden beneath it. A glint of mischief. A teasing smirk that told me everything I needed to know.

She was planning something.

She wanted this to become an opportunity to get closer to Leon. She was baiting me.

If that was her game...

Then I'd play it too.

"I-It's fine!" I said quickly, forcing the words out with what I hoped sounded like confidence. "I was just... um, just a little excited. To, well... show Selene around the academy grounds."

Leon looked at me for a beat longer, then smiled—calm and sincere.

"Well, in that case," he said, "shall we start then?"

And just like that... everything was set in motion.

Chapter 743: Date With Zeruel...? (3)

This whole thing... it had finally begun.

The three of us walked side by side, our footsteps quiet against the cobblestone path, eyes drifting around to take in the unfamiliar surroundings.

There was something new in the air—something quietly overwhelming—as if the weight of what was to come had begun to settle on our shoulders.

Selene walked close to Leon.

Too close, in fact.

Her arm had curled tightly around his, almost like she belonged there, clinging to him with no intention of letting go.

They looked... intimate.

That simple sight sent a dull ache through my chest.

It was something sharp and hollow that quietly twisted deeper inside.

"Hey, Leon! Why is this building so big?" Selene asked, tilting her head as she stared up at the towering stone walls.

Leon scratched the side of his cheek, a thoughtful look crossing his face. "Uh, well... I think it has something to do with how people used to think bigger structures were sturdier and more durable. So naturally, they built them that way."

"I see..." she nodded, eyes wide in fascination. "That's great! So all of the buildings were made with strength in mind!"

"Well," Leon continued, his voice calm, "it's been more than a century since all of this was built. Back then, war was a much bigger concern. Like you mentioned, the academy was designed with that in mind. It was established to train a special force—the Magic Knights—to preserve the stability of the Milham Kingdom. That's how the Milham Academy for Magic Knights came to exist."

"You're so knowledgeable about this, Leon!" Selene said brightly, a hint of awe in her tone. "Are you smart... or something? Wait, since you're the owner of Leonamon, you must be, right? I bet you're also super powerful!"

Leon smiled faintly. "I like to keep a low profile, so... I'd appreciate it if you kept it a secret that I'm the owner of Leonamon, okay?"

Selene giggled. "Well, if you say so. But you owe me something, then—give me a gift!"

"A gift?"

"Make me your girlfriend when I become a cadet here!"

Leon let out a small laugh, his tone amused. "Hahaha... Okay."

He sounded like he was humoring her—like he wasn't taking her seriously. Or maybe... he didn't know how to.

Selene turned her head, glanced at me, and suddenly stuck her tongue out before facing forward again and tugging Leon along with her.

What was she doing?

I couldn't understand her at all.

But one thing was painfully clear—she was goading me.

"Look, Leon! What's that?"

"That's a fountain," he said casually. "Is this the first time you're seeing one?"

"Yes!" she beamed.

Seeing a fountain for the first time... That was something I understood all too well.

We came from a poor family. Our mother was the only one working, and now that she wouldn't wake up... things had only gotten worse. Even going out just to look at something so basic—it wasn't something we could afford.

We never went anywhere. The world beyond our neighborhood was a blur to us. It was unknown and out of reach. Everything we'd seen, touched, or stepped on had been limited.

Even something as ordinary as a fountain.

Back in my first year, I actually thought it was something you drank from. I remembered leaning down and sipping it. People had stared at me like I was some kind of animal.

To them, fountains were decoration. To us... they were a mystery.

"Can you drink there, Leon?" Selene asked curiously.

"I wouldn't recommend it," Leon replied gently. "There's a lot of bacteria in the water. Even though they do maintain it, there's no guarantee it's clean."

"I see..."

Selene still looked like she was enjoying herself—cheerful and carefree.

Then, out of nowhere, she squeezed her thighs together tightly.

"Uh, hehehe..." she chuckled softly. "Can you lead me to a bathroom?"

She was about to pee.

Leon and I guided her quickly to a nearby building, where she slipped inside the restroom.

Now, it was just the two of us.

The air instantly shifted.

It felt awkward.

No—I felt very awkward.

Now that I was alone with him... standing this close... I couldn't stop the flood of memories from rushing back.

That moment—when I had tried to offer myself to him.

Gods, it was so embarrassing.

I didn't know what I was thinking, what made me act so shamelessly. Sure, I wanted to repay him somehow for everything he was doing for us—for my mother—but... I didn't think I'd go that far.

Just remembering it made my whole body tense up. I wanted to scream. To hide. To crawl into a hole and vanish.

But Leon... he didn't seem affected by it at all.

Maybe, to him, it was just a desperate attempt from a helpless girl. A way to say thank you when there were no other options. Or maybe... it was because I wasn't even attractive enough for him to take seriously.

That thought made my chest tighten painfully.

"Zeruel."

His voice pulled me back.

He had called my name.

"W-What is it?" I stammered, my voice shaking slightly.

"I wasn't going to say anything about this," Leon began, his tone low and serious, "since there's no guarantee that it'll work on your mother. But... I think we might've found a way to wake her up."

"R-Really?!" I gasped, stepping closer without thinking, my hands grabbing his collar in sudden desperation.

Then I realized what I had done—and immediately let go, stepping back as heat rushed to my cheeks.

"Yes," he nodded. "But... I don't think it's something that should be done to a human. That's why I'm asking you first."

Something that shouldn't be done to a human...?

What the hell could it be?

"I can't really explain it here," he said, glancing around. "So, if you're okay with it, I'd like to take you somewhere private after this. Is that fine?"

"T-That's fine," I replied, trying to keep my voice steady.

A way to wake my mother from her eternal sleep...

I wondered—what exactly was it?

I would come to know the answer soon enough.

Chapter 744: Date With Zeruel...? (4)

"Ahhhh~ That was so good~!" Selene stretched her arms up with a glowing smile as the sunlight hit her face. Her eyes sparkled with uncontrollable excitement, cheeks flushed from joy. "I'm really, really excited to attend this academy as a cadet next academic year!"

Her voice carried pure, innocent enthusiasm, as if her heart couldn't hold still for what was ahead.

She looked like she was already imagining all the fun she'd have in the future.

She was already living in it, smiling like she belonged here.

"I really can't wait!" she said again, her tone rising, as if her excitement had no limit. Then, with a teasing grin curling at her lips, she turned toward Leon. "I hope you'll help me out, okay, Leon?" she added, giving him a playful wink.

That small action stunned me for a second.

I didn't think Selene even had it in her to flirt like that. But apparently, she was learning—and fast. She was upping her game, little by little.

I was caught off guard. I really didn't expect her to act that way.

Maybe... maybe I didn't know her as well as I thought I did.

It was clear now—painfully clear—that she also had feelings for him. But her feelings... they had to be surface-level. Something shallow. She had no idea what Leon's true nature was. She didn't know him the way I did.

After all, Leon had always presented himself to her with a kind of brotherly warmth. Protective. Kind. A bit distant.

Although... I couldn't help but feel like Leon wasn't just humoring her.

His actions—his tone—it didn't exactly spell out love, but it also wasn't cold. He was... affectionate in his own quiet way.

Maybe he just had a soft spot for younger girls.

Leon was still a complete mystery to me.

"Well, that was a fun day," Selene said, then turned to face me directly. Her expression changed slightly. "Well, sis. If you're planning to make a move, I think now's the time. I'm not around to stop you." She stuck her tongue out at me in a way that was both teasing and... strangely challenging. "Anyway, I'm heading back. Wouldn't want Mom waking up in an unfamiliar place without me. I should be with her now."

She stared at me with a peculiar look, some strange mixture of knowing and amusement.

I didn't know if she was mocking me... or genuinely trying to help.

But one thing was clear—she was pushing me. Telling me, in her own way, to do something about my feelings.

I turned to Leon beside me. He was smiling quietly, like he always did—like nothing ever fazed him.

But the moment he noticed I was looking at him, I immediately turned my gaze away, feeling my face heat up.

I was so embarrassed I could hardly breathe.

Selene noticed it instantly. Her smile widened with delight as she leaned in, her face suddenly way too close to mine.

"W-What?" I asked, heart beating rapidly.

"Nothing," she said with a smirk. "You just look like you're blooming lately."

"W-What's that supposed to mean?!" I flinched, feeling my ears burn.

"Nothing at all." She shrugged nonchalantly, then spun around. "Well then! I guess it's time to say goodbye. Bye, Leon! See you next time!"

"Yes. See you," Leon said with a calm nod. "Are you sure you don't want me to walk you back?"

"It's fine. I'm not a little girl anymore," she said confidently. "I can manage just fine on my own."

When she said that, something stirred inside me.

I realized then that she really had grown. She used to be timid, unable to step out of the house without someone by her side. But now... she was walking forward, alone. Choosing her own steps.

As her older sister, I felt something warm and heavy rise in my chest—something close to pride.

We watched silently as her figure shrank in the distance, little by little, until she finally disappeared from view.

Then, without saying much, Leon and I turned and began to walk.

I had no idea where we were going.

Eventually, we arrived.

To my surprise... it was a cake shop.

Specifically, Leonamon Cake Shop.

Just the name made something in my chest stir. I glanced around, feeling a strange mix of anticipation and confusion.

Wasn't this kind of setting... kind of romantic?

Wasn't it natural for me to assume... that this might be a date?

No—no, I shouldn't jump to conclusions. Assuming things without certainty would only lead to disappointment.

But still... if I were being honest with myself, the situation really did feel like a date.

Suddenly, a woman approached us from behind the counter. She had long bangs that partly obscured her face, and her eyes remained closed as she moved. She looked clumsy at first glance—but the way she walked toward us carried a strange elegance. Slow, but deliberate. Graceful.

"Good evening. What would you two like?" she asked softly, her lips curved into a graceful smile.

"Ah, yes. Zeruel, what would you like?" Leon asked, turning to me with that gentle expression of his.

"Ah... um..." I stammered, lowering my eyes. "I didn't really bring any money, so..."

It was humiliating, but I had to admit it.

With everything happening... with how tight our financial situation was... something as simple as cake was a luxury I couldn't even consider.

Leon smiled kindly. "It's fine. It's all on me."

"I-Is that really okay?"

"Of course. It's only fair that the man pays for dinner, right? Especially since I'm the one who dragged you here." His voice was gentle, calm and reassuring. "Though... I don't really know your preferences, so I'd like you to choose something you like."

My heart was thudding so loudly in my chest, I was afraid he might hear it.

Ever since the duel in the Sword Festival... ever since I finally realized that I was in love with him... my heart hadn't stopped racing like this.

I quickly hid my face behind the menu, cheeks burning. It was the only way to keep him from seeing just how flustered I was.

After a few moments, I picked something.

It wasn't expensive. In fact, it was the cheapest one I could find—the only one I might've been able to afford under normal circumstances.

"Is that all?" Leon asked gently. "You can choose more if you'd like, you know."

"N-No, this is fine," I said quickly, shaking my head.

Taking more would feel... greedy. I didn't want to seem like I was taking advantage of his kindness.

Leon then made his own selection, and the woman gave us a soft smile before turning and heading to the counter to prepare our order.

Once she was gone, Leon's expression shifted.

"Now then," he began, his voice turning low and serious. "I'm going to tell you the possible cure for your mother. But... I hope you won't be appalled by it."

The sudden weight in his words made me straighten up.

It was clear from his tone, from the way his eyes didn't waver—that this wasn't something to take lightly.

This was serious.

And whatever he was about to say... I had to be prepared to hear it.

Chapter 745: Date With Zeruel...? (5)

Leon's POV

"Just so we're clear," I told her, my voice steady but firm, locking eyes with her so she could feel the weight of what I was about to say. "I'm not making this up. The foundation of this method comes directly from research—intense, rigorous work done by a whole team of researchers in the lab. They've managed to prove its effectiveness."

"I see..." she murmured, her voice soft, but laced with doubt and tension.

She seemed to pause, her mind racing. I could sense that she was struggling to grasp the depth of what I was trying to say. And to be honest, I couldn't blame her.

What I was about to reveal wasn't something easy to digest. I was stalling—yes, because this wasn't just some theoretical solution. It was real. And it was ethically... complicated.

She probably sensed that too.

I had told her it was something that shouldn't be done to a human. That alone was a huge red flag. And yet, here I was, preparing to say it out loud.

Still, no matter how bizarre or degrading it might sound, I knew—she knew—that if this could bring her mother back, she would hear me out.

She was strong. Stronger than most. And this was about someone she cared deeply for. Someone irreplaceable.

If there was even the slightest chance of waking her up... then she would be willing to do whatever it took.

"W-What is it, Leon?" she asked at last, her voice shaking ever so slightly.

There was a tremble in her tone, that subtle strain that spoke volumes. She wanted the truth—but the fear of hearing it showed in her clenched hands and the way she sat up, stiff and uncertain.

This was more than just a question—it was her desperation speaking.

A silent plea that she was ready to risk anything to save the one she loved.

"In order for her to wake up," I began, carefully choosing my words, "she needs to be infused with a large amount of life force. My life force, specifically."

She blinked, eyes wide with confusion, her mouth opening slightly as if to speak, but no sound came out.

"My life force... seems to be unnaturally potent," I continued. "Potent enough to cure someone who's been diagnosed with eternal slumber. That potency—it's been confirmed, and... well, it's most concentrated in my sperm."

There was a pause.

A long, sharp pause.

Her expression froze. I could see the realization hit her all at once—the understanding of what sperm was, and the implications that came with it.

"W-Wait, you mean...?"

Her voice cracked slightly. Her breath caught.

I could almost hear her mind connecting the dots—the act, the substance, the medical use. It was likely overwhelming.

I immediately clarified, my tone calm but firm. "If you're thinking that I plan to do something with her body—no. Absolutely not."

I watched her, letting the intensity of my words settle into her. I didn't want there to be any misunderstanding.

"I'm planning to dilute it as much as possible," I said. "The chemists at Leonamon will work to isolate the life force from the sperm. We'll refine it—refactor it—to preserve the healing properties while stripping away everything else. Ideally, it will be reduced to a liquid that can be swallowed without any

association to its source. It won't look like sperm. It won't taste like it. We'll separate the active component and embed it in something else entirely."

I sighed softly, the weight of everything I had just said sinking in again. "Even so, it is degrading. Creating a cure out of something like this... it's not exactly noble. That's why I've been looking into other methods. But nothing else has produced results. Nothing even comes close. That's why I'm asking you—if, somehow, you're willing to allow this... should we proceed?"

I looked at her, giving her space to process it.

She was silent for a long time.

But her eyes—her eyes weren't filled with disgust. Or fear. Or judgment.

No. She understood.

She saw that I wasn't saying this lightly. I wasn't being careless.

I was doing everything I could to save her mother—with whatever tools I had.

"Are you going to allow it?" I asked softly, locking eyes with her.

She stared at me, unmoving for a moment. Then, in a quiet, determined voice, she spoke.

"I'm fine with it."

My eyes widened slightly. The simplicity of her answer—the immediacy—caught me off guard.

I hadn't expected that kind of resolve. Not so quickly.

She should've taken more time to think. Most people would.

"Are you sure?" I asked again, my voice laced with uncertainty.

She nodded.

"I-I think... if she were awake, and able to speak... she'd agree to it too," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "That's just who she is. She'd do anything to come back to us. That's how deeply she loves us."

She swallowed hard, then looked me straight in the eyes.

"And you said it's not necessarily sperm anymore, right? It's something you're planning to dilute—to make it into something that's safe to swallow, without even knowing what it used to be. So... I don't think it's degrading. If anything, I think it's... kind. It's a cure. A way to bring her back."

Her words... hit me hard.

There was no judgment. Only clarity. Conviction.

She meant every word.

Leonamon was doing this for them. For her. Not for fame, not for money. And certainly not for any selfish reason.

She knew that.

And she knew she could never repay me—not in this lifetime.

When she finished, I smiled at her. A soft, genuine smile that I rarely showed anyone.

"Alright then," I said.

A moment later, the waitress—Amy—returned.

Her eyes were still closed, yet she walked with graceful precision, as if she could sense the space around her without needing sight.

"Here it is, Master," she said with her usual soft voice. "And yours too, miss."

She gently set down the plates of cake and cups of tea before us, the aroma of warm sweetness wafting through the air.

"Thank you, Amy," I said.

With that, we began to eat.

The heaviness from earlier slowly faded as the conversation shifted—casual things about the academy, about the world's current state.

Despite the earlier topic, it turned out to be a surprisingly pleasant time.

I found myself enjoying the moment.

Then, after a few bites, I said casually, "Oh, by the way, I'm going to submit my 'samples' to the chemists tomorrow."

She paused mid-sip, blinking.

"Since it's Saturday, I want to take this opportunity to learn more about the medicine they're going to try and develop using the sample. If you want, you can come with me."

"I will," she said immediately, without hesitation.

The answer came so fast it made me smile again.

She wasn't doing this out of obligation. It wasn't even just about her mother anymore.

She simply wanted to be with me.

And in that moment, I realized—no matter how strange the path, it was one we were walking together.

#### Chapter 746: Medicinal Improvements And The Development Of The Cure For Eternal Slumber (1)

The advancements in medicine had been rather unstable lately—progress was happening, yes, but the momentum was erratic, like a flame that flickers with every gust. With the rapid development of treatments across a wide spectrum of diseases, the world found itself in the midst of a new medical era. Integration efforts for these medicines were underway, and global trial runs had begun in preparation for mass production and international distribution. The ambition was big. The effort—massive.

In Leonamon, the breakthroughs were soaring sky-high. The contributions were unmatched, particularly when it came to basic, yet vital necessities—things like antibiotics, immune boosters, and other essential treatments were already rolling off production lines.

Still, not all the medicines were finished. Some were halfway there—tangled in refinement phases, awaiting perfection.

And yet, oddly enough, the most heavily produced and widely sold item wasn't something lifesaving or disease-curing.

It was aphrodisiacs.

That detail alone sparked a wave of thoughts in me—ideas that could be good for business, especially here. In this world, sex wasn't just accepted—it was glorified. Pleasure was treated as sacred, perhaps even more than health or peace. And I had no complaints about that. I loved sex just as much as anyone else. So I figured, why not craft something special that leans into that culture?

Maya stood beside me while I quietly observed the assortment of medicines laid out across the shelves and tables. There were drugs for all kinds of ailments, potent stuff designed to stop illnesses at their roots, and others that boosted vitality and stamina to an unnatural degree.

Everywhere I looked, the primary theme was health, like treatments that healed, soothed, or strengthened the body against disease. Nothing flashy. Just clean, clinical efficiency.

But today was different. I had something specific in mind.

I was preparing to submit a sample to the lab—something that would serve as a vital step in researching a cure for the Eternal Slumber Illness. This wasn't just any disease. It was deadly—silent and creeping—and not something to be taken lightly. Once it took hold of someone, the only known method to "preserve" them was through magic—by binding their life to an enchanted implement. Even then, it wasn't a cure. They wouldn't wake up. They'd just be stuck in a state between life and death.

I had said to the lab staff earlier that I should just drop my sperm into a vial and be done with it.

But they'd insisted—it needed to be fresh.

So, reluctantly, I made my way here.

Stepping into this sterile, near-white room filled with white-robed individuals gave me an odd, unsettled feeling—like I'd accidentally walked into a realm that wasn't mine. The clinical smell of alcohol and iron lingered faintly in the air, and the whisper of footsteps on tile echoed faintly with every movement.

I couldn't believe how crowded it had gotten in here compared to before. The place had practically transformed.

That was why I now found myself walking toward Trisha's lab.

Trisha, one of my women, was stationed here. She worked both as a doctor and a pharmaceutical researcher. She had always been the quiet, composed type with her being professional, sharp, and deeply passionate about her craft.

Lucky for me, she had a natural talent for this line of work. She wasn't just a healer. She was also a relentless learner, constantly evolving, adapting, and pushing her knowledge of medicine to new heights.

After weaving through a few hallways and corridors, Maya and I finally reached the room where Trisha was working.

Maya knocked gently on the door.

"Come in, please. The door is open," a calm, slightly muffled voice replied from inside.

Maya pushed the door open.

The sight that greeted us was almost overwhelming.

Stacks upon stacks of paper were everywhere—piled so high they brushed the ceiling, pinned to walls, scattered across tables, even spilling onto the floor. There was no rhyme or reason to the layout, but there was a strange kind of organized chaos to it. It was the unmistakable signature of a mind consumed by research.

Even though all the writing was in the same language I knew, none of it made sense to me. It was a flurry of medical terminology and handwritten formulas. But I figured it had something to do with pharmaceutical development.

"Oh, Master. You're here," Trisha said warmly. She turned with a graceful smile and gave a polite bow. Then she walked up to me and wrapped her arms around my torso in a soft, longing embrace. "It's been quite a while... I was starting to get frustrated."

"I know. I'm sorry," I replied, returning the hug. "You've been busy too, so it's hard to find a good time for both of us."

Come to think of it, the last time we did it must've been over a month ago.

That wasn't typical for me. I always made time to care for my girls. Usually, it never took more than a week before I'd be with them again. But this past month had been insane—between her workload and mine, romance just kept slipping further and further away.

"Well..." Trisha said, her tone dropping into something a little more sultry, "we could always just do it now."

She stepped back and smiled playfully.

"I think it would be fitting... considering what you came here for."

I was here to give her a sample—my sperm—but apparently, she had something more hands-on in mind for how that was going to happen.

Trisha turned from me and walked over to her desk, which was completely buried under paper.

Then she bent over, arching slightly as she reached into a bottom drawer on the other side of the table. Her skirt lifted just a little—but her focus remained locked on whatever she was searching for.

It took a while—probably longer than expected—but finally, she seemed to find it.

"Here," she said, pulling something out and holding it in her palm. "This looks like a good one to use. It's still in its prototype stage, but I think it'll do. Plus, testing it with you first seems appropriate."

She stepped closer and held it out toward me.

My eyes widened the second I saw it.

"Oh? You already finished it?"

It was one of the very products I had conceptualized when I learned how enthusiastic this world was about sex.

It was something made specifically for those moments—something sleek and rubbery, designed to prevent males from impregnating their partners.

It was a condom.

Chapter 747: Medicinal Improvements And The Development Of The Cure For Eternal Slumber (2)

Condoms were practically nonexistent in this world—an object as foreign as a star in the daylight.

In truth, people here didn't really follow or even acknowledge the idea of contraceptives when it came to family planning. It wasn't part of the culture, nor was it a matter up for discussion. The idea of preventing pregnancy was so alien, it might as well have been a myth whispered in the wind.

They were, in other words, a concept not even remotely considered or valued.

Still, despite that, there were plenty of individuals—especially women working in prostitution dens—who did wish for that kind of protection.

These women, who sold their bodies for a living, didn't want to risk getting pregnant with a customer's child.

That's why they often made special requests, like asking the customer to pull out before finishing, or to release inside their mouths instead, where the risk was minimal.

But, naturally, there were many men who loved the sensation of finishing deep inside, of filling a pussy to the brim and watching it drip.

That was exactly why the idea of introducing condoms here wasn't just a novelty—it had the potential to become a booming business.

And right now, that idea had become real—Trisha had managed to create a working prototype.

The condom was still sealed tightly inside a sachet, so I couldn't see it with my own eyes just yet.

But knowing that it was Amon who had crafted the design, I had little doubt they had captured the true essence of the product.

"With the use of this," Trisha said with a soft, confident smile, "we can extract your sperm pleasurable. And nothing will spill because it'll all be caught neatly by this."

That was the entire purpose of a condom—to catch the cum at the peak of sex, to trap it before it reached the womb, and in doing so, prevent the risk of impregnation.

And now, since I was here specifically to provide my semen for research—to help them develop a cure for the condition of eternal slumber—this method was perfect.

It would allow me to release safely, and at the same time... I could enjoy some intimacy with Trisha.

"Well then," she said, stepping closer, her voice lowering, "why don't I go ahead and take these clothes off you first?"

She gently bit down on the sachet of the condom, holding it between her teeth like a teasing prize as she slowly advanced on me.

Her fingers reached for the buttons of my shirt, unfastening them one by one.

There was no rush as each movement was sensual, deliberate, a silent promise of what was to come.

She began peeling the fabric away from me, exposing my skin inch by inch with a gentle, practiced touch.

Then, suddenly, her gaze flicked to the side—and there stood Maya, her serene smile still adorning her lips, as if she'd been waiting for just the right moment.

It was clear—she intended to join.

Maya stepped forward with elegance, then lowered her head slightly in respect. "Please excuse me as well, Master," she said in a calm, sultry tone.

Without another word, she joined Trisha, and together they continued undressing me.

Their fingers moved in perfect unison, brushing against my body as they worked their way down.

I didn't have to lift a finger—the feeling of being stripped so gently, so thoroughly, without any effort on my part, was unexpectedly liberating. And strangely arousing.

They moved lower, now working at the waistband of my pants.

Both women knelt before me like worshipers before an altar.

Maya's hands moved first, fingers undoing my belt with a quiet clink and slide, the metallic buckle slipping free.

Then, she slowly began tugging down my pants.

Trisha's hands joined hers at the sides, easing the fabric down, smooth and slow, until finally—my cock sprang free, hard and throbbing.

It stood proud, stiff, as if it had been waiting for this moment all along.

"Ah... Master's penis..." Trisha murmured softly, the condom sachet still clutched lightly between her teeth. Her eyes shimmered as she leaned forward, nose twitching as she inhaled deeply, sniffing the scent of my cock like it was the most addictive aroma in the world.

Maya's lips parted slightly. She licked them once, then extended her tongue to give my shaft a slow, teasing lick from base to tip.

At that moment, Trisha finally tore the sachet open with her teeth, a faint rip echoing in the air.

She pulled the condom free.

"Now then, Master," she said gently, placing the tip of the rubber at the head of my cock.

It looked like real latex—thin, stretchy, but strong. I'd seen condoms before, back in my old world, but I had never actually used one.

This... would be the first time.

Trisha pinched the little air bubble at the top, then carefully rolled the condom down my shaft in one fluid motion. It hugged me perfectly, stretching all the way to the base.

"It fits you perfectly, Master. As expected—Madam Amon knows your size very well," she said with a teasing smirk.

Apparently, Amon had already given her my measurements.

Not bad.

"Well then, I suppose we're fully prepared now," Trisha said, stepping back with a faint grin as she began to undress herself.

Maya did the same, moving with slow, elegant purpose with her hands sliding down her sides as she exposed more of her soft, flawless skin.

It felt like they wanted me to drink in every inch of their bodies before they revealed everything.

"It's time for us to give you the pleasure you need for release, Master," Trisha said, her voice low and sultry.

She stripped down until only her underwear remained—a stunning set of black lingerie that hugged every curve of her body. A garter belt sat snugly around her hips, connecting down to stockings that clung to her thighs.

Maya mirrored her almost perfectly. But her lingerie was white—pure, tight, and flawless. The garters dug slightly into her soft flesh, making her thighs look even fuller, more tempting, and more sinful.

Not just a little irresistible.

Absolutely irresistible.

"I believe I'm ready to receive you at any time, Master," Maya said, placing her hands on the table and arching her back, presenting herself shamelessly. "You don't need to do foreplay. As your maid, I get wet just from being near you... so you can just put it in, no problem."

"I'm wet too," Trisha added with a soft voice. "I've been so frustrated knowing I couldn't have sex with you... but now, you can slide right inside me, Master."

She mimicked Maya's posture—bending forward, lifting her hips, her ass on full display.

Now, two perfect asses were facing me—firm, round, and deliciously presented. Their bodies practically begged for me to act.

And I couldn't help but gulp.

#### Chapter 748: Medicinal Improvements And The Development Of The Cure For Eternal Slumber (3)

I gripped my cock firmly, wrapping my fingers around the rubber-clad shaft.

The sensation was odd... or more like foreign or artificial, like holding something familiar yet coated in a second skin.

It dulled the heat, changed the texture, but it wasn't unpleasant.

If anything, it had its own strange charm and its own kind of tension. It just felt... different.

Before me, two incredible asses jiggled invitingly with the softest movements, both of them trembling with anticipation.

Maya's ass stood out—massively so. It jutted out with a weight and shape that defied logic, her curves exaggerated and sumptuous to the point of surreal. It was so big, so decadently plush, it almost felt unnatural. Nestled at the top of her plump rear was a tiny ram's tail, swaying faintly like it was wagging for attention.

Beside her, Trisha's ass was just as tantalizing, though less extravagant. Her figure was leaner, more sculpted, but no less erotic. Her ass bounced with each subtle breath, soft and round, framed by her black lace panties and thigh-high stockings. Compared to Maya, she was more petite, but that didn't make her any less alluring. The contrast only made them more irresistible together.

I stepped toward Trisha, drawn by the subtle curves and the familiar rhythm of her breath.

Reaching out, I grabbed her ass with both hands—fingers digging into the supple flesh—and the reaction was immediate.

Her body shivered beneath my touch, a visible tremble running down her thighs.

Her ass was juicy, tender, and warm, like it had been crafted for this exact purpose.

My fingers sank into the meat with ease, the softness yielding and then bouncing back in slow waves.

Each squeeze released a subtle jiggle that rippled outward, shaking her hips ever so slightly.

She was soaked—utterly drenched.

I could see it, plain and dark, on the crotch of her panties. A wide damp patch clung to the thin fabric like it had been drenched in warm nectar.

"Ah... M-Master, your hands are so rough...~" she whispered, voice quivering between pain and pleasure.

Every time I kneaded her ass, it responded with another ripple. My brain lit up with pleasure, a spark of dopamine shooting up my spine, clouding my senses and making my blood boil.

I took hold of my cock again and raised it up, lining it with the space between her thighs. With my free hand, I tugged the crotch of her panties aside, exposing her glistening pussy to the open air.

"Ah...~"

Her lips twitched the moment I revealed them—her folds pulsing lightly in sync with her breath.

Clear strings of juice were already sliding down from her slit, dripping in steady streams and pooling onto the floor.

I guided my cock to her entrance, letting the rubber tip rest against her twitching pussy lips.

The contact was electric.

Even with the condom in place, I could still feel the faint warmth radiating from her core. The rubber muted the direct contact but preserved the sensation—the texture, the pressure, as well as the desire.

It was... genius.

Thick enough to delay climax, thin enough to deliver every bit of heat, pressure, and friction that sex was supposed to give.

A perfect balance of utility and pleasure. Designed with care.

I gripped her hips firmly, my thumbs pressing into her soft flesh as I pushed forward.

Slowly, I slid inside her.

"Ahhhhhhhh~..."

Her pussy opened up for me like melting butter, parting and hugging my cock as I slid deeper.

The friction was intense. Her walls gripped at me, rippling around the shaft even through the condom.

The heat of her insides enveloped me, like a silky furnace trying to swallow me whole.

It was almost too much.

I clenched my jaw and gritted my teeth, willing myself to endure the pleasure before I lost control too early.

"Ah... Ah, ah...~" she panted, breath catching as I bottomed out, my hips pressed tight against her round ass.

Her pussy twitched, tightened, and began squeezing my cock like a warm, wet vice. I could feel every contraction, every pulse of her needy body around me.

The condom dulled the sensitivity just enough to keep me from cumming instantly, but it didn't spare me from the intensity. If anything, it focused the sensation, magnified the heat until it burned just beneath the edge of release.

I held her hips tighter and began to move.

My thrusts started slow, methodical, but heavy. Each time I pushed forward, my hips clapped against her ass, sending another wave of ripples across her cheeks.

The slapping sounds echoed in the room, each one loud and wet.

"Ah, ahhh...~ Ahh, s-so deep... Feels good...~ Ahnn, ah, ah, ahhh... ah, ah, ah, ahhhhnnn~..."

Her voice rose in pitch, breath breaking between syllables as her body rocked in rhythm with mine.

Every time her pussy clenched, another jolt of pleasure sparked through my brain, sending waves of dopamine that short-circuited any sense of restraint. I felt high on her—on the feeling of being inside her.

Off to the side, Maya watched intently. Her gaze was fixed, eyes hazy with desire, lips parted.

I reached out, letting my hand trail toward her. I pressed my fingers gently against the front of her panties, right over her pussy.

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

She moaned with barely a touch.

The fabric was completely soaked, clinging to her skin like a second skin. The heat and wetness were impossible to ignore. As I applied more pressure, her juices leaked through the fabric with a sudden gush. Every stroke of my fingers over her panties made another wet spot appear, spreading wider.

"Ah, ahhh...~"

My hips kept slamming into Trisha as I fingered Maya, my rhythm never faltering.

Trisha's pussy began to tighten even more, walls convulsing around my cock as her orgasm neared. I could feel her whole body trembling, her legs shaking as the peak climbed.

Even through the condom, I could feel her vagina trying to milk me, the inner walls pulsating faster, and harder.

My grip on her hips became brutal. My fingers dug into her soft flesh like I was clinging to the only thing that could ground me. Meanwhile, my other hand slipped inside Maya's panties and sank into her pussy, fingers curling inside her hot, slick hole.

Her walls wrapped around me immediately—

It was tight, throbbing and eager.

"Ahh, ahh...~ Ahh, M-Master... I'm going to cum...!"

Trisha's voice cracked as the pleasure overtook her.

Knowing she was about to cum, I sped up, pounding into her faster, chasing the moment with reckless abandon.

And then—

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

Her body tensed all at once. She gritted her teeth and let the climax take over her completely.

I couldn't stop myself either.

"Ahhhhhhhh....~!!!"

My cock pulsed inside her as I came, pumping wave after wave of hot cum into the condom.

I felt it expand within her, the rubber ballooning from the sheer volume of sperm flooding it. The pressure against her womb increased with each shot, her pussy spasming from the sensation.

She moaned as the warmth filled her—even through the barrier, she could feel the stretch of it, the weight of my release buried deep.

And I didn't stop until I had emptied everything.

#### Chapter 749: Medicinal Improvements And The Development Of The Cure For Eternal Slumber (4)

I slowly pulled my cock out, and the moment I did, her pussy clamped down instinctively—so tight that the condom was forcefully dragged off with it, slipping off the tip as her folds tried to hold onto every inch of me.

"Ah... the condom got slipped out..." Trisha murmured between ragged breaths, her chest rising and falling rapidly as her face remained locked in a debauched, dazed expression—cheeks flushed, mouth parted slightly, sweat glistening on her brow.

The condom, now partially lodged at the mouth of her still-twitching cunt, sagged heavily as thick globs of cum slowly oozed out. The weight of the semen caused it to tilt downward, and the remaining dribble began to fall to the floor in long, sluggish drops.

I leaned in and gently pinched the rubber between two fingers. As I slowly pulled it free, a wet, suctioned pop echoed from deep inside her pussy, followed by a soft shudder rolling through her body.

"Ah...~"

Trisha let out a low, trembling moan, her spine briefly arching as a shiver ran down her legs, the sensation of the condom being removed visibly affecting her.

I raised the condom to eye level and examined it. Inside, the thick, milky white load swirled with weight, sagging the latex down from the sheer amount. The condom stretched slightly but held firm—strong enough to contain every drop of my cum without breaking or leaking. It was a small, clear testament to its durability.

"Ha...~ Ha...~ What do you think, Master? Do you approve of its effectiveness?" Trisha asked, looking back over her shoulder with a hazy gaze and that same lust-drunk grin spreading across her lips.

"Approve? No. This is probably already greenlit for production," I replied flatly. "With this, we might even be able to revolutionize family planning."

"I see... That's good...~" she whispered with a drawn-out, slurred tone, her speech thick with afterglow and fatigue.

Still holding the condom, I twisted the end closed to prevent any leaking. Once it was securely tied, I reached down and attached it to her panties, letting it hang there—a trophy of the session, swaying slightly with her every breath.

The dense, pearly cum inside jiggled with weight but stayed trapped, not a single drop escaping.

"Do you have more of it, Trisha?"

"Of course, Master," she answered without pause, as if she'd been prepared for more from the start.

She handed me another sachet. I tore it open with practiced fingers and rolled the new condom down the length of my cock, the tight rubber hugging me perfectly, covering me from base to tip once again.

Now, my eyes shifted, locking onto Maya's.

She had been watching, silent and expectant, and the moment she saw me looking at her, her ram tail at the base of her spine twitched once, then wiggled. Her hips gave a little shake, presenting herself with subtle eagerness.

Her ass was massive—

It was round, full, and captivating.

I stepped behind her slowly, closing the distance, then reached out with both hands and placed them onto her wide hips, letting my palms glide across her skin before digging into the supple flesh of her ass.

Just as I'd imagined, it was soft, plush, pliable beyond belief. There was probably no ass on this world, or any other, softer than hers.

She closed her eyes, breathing shallow, then gulped audibly, her body reacting to the anticipation that now hung between us like static in the air.

I stepped even closer. My cock, already fully erect and sheathed in rubber, now pressed against her backside, twitching with anticipation.

I rubbed the head slowly along her slit, dragging it over the wet folds as I adjusted my angle. The texture of the condom against her slick, dripping pussy only made it more intense—rubbery against soaked heat.

Her pussy was more than ready. She was slick with arousal from earlier fingering and burning desire.

It was wet. Dripping. Begging for me.

Slowly, deliberately, I pushed forward. The head of my cock parted her lips, the initial pressure making her tense up slightly, only to moan as I slid deeper.

"Nghhhh...~"

Maya arched her back with a sharp inhale, her body jolting as she felt me entering her. Inch by inch, I drove myself inside, her pussy tightening in response, yielding only gradually to my length.

I kept pressing on, deeper and deeper, feeling her grip the edge of the table in front of her, her fingers curled tightly, knuckles turning bone-white from how hard she held on. She was bracing for every bit of me.

Finally, my cock kissed the very back of her pussy, the head pressing firmly against the tight, sensitive ring of her cervix.

"Fuahhhhh~..."

Her moan rang out louder this time, and she arched even more—her back bending like a bow as her body trembled from the impact.

I could feel her walls spasming uncontrollably around my cock, milking me already. I gripped her ass hard, letting my fingers sink into that perfect softness, and began thrusting.

The sound of my hips colliding with her thick ass filled the room. It was wet, loud, and vulgar.

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

Maya's cries were rising in pitch and intensity, her voice trembling with every thrust. The rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh echoed across the room, syncing with her desperate moans.

It was like music—her voice and the lewd, sticky sounds of our bodies—blending into something primal.

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

Her pussy was like a vice—wet and tight, wrapped around me perfectly, dragging me into the edge of release.

Her juices were pooling deep inside, but with every hard thrust, more of it was pushed out, dripping from her stretched hole and down her inner thighs, puddling below us.

I gritted my teeth, grabbed her ass tighter, and slammed into her again, the force sending shockwaves through her ass cheeks.

The climax was right there—teasing me at the edge.

"Ahn, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ah~ Ahh, M-Master... C-Cumming...~"

Her voice was high and breathy as she looked back at me, her face flushed, lips parted in bliss. She could feel it—her orgasm approaching like a tidal wave.

Then—

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She came.

Hard.

Her pussy clenched around me with insane pressure, her thighs trembling uncontrollably as her orgasm tore through her. A powerful squirt gushed from her cunt, spraying down in a messy splash as her body quaked.

I couldn't hold back either.

I thrust forward one last time—just one millimeter deeper than before—and with a grunt, I came hard, erupting inside the condom.

My cock throbbed violently, and I felt the hot jets of cum shoot out, filling the rubber completely, stretching it tight with every pulse.

#### Chapter 750: Medicinal Improvements And The Development Of The Cure For Eternal Slumber (5)

Maya's upper body slumped forward, her soft chest flattening against the wooden table, her breath ragged and trembling as I slowly drew my cock out of her wet, throbbing hole.

Unlike with Trisha earlier, the condom didn't get snagged inside her pussy.

Instead, it clung tightly to me, following the full length of my shaft as I pulled out.

When I finally withdrew fully, I glanced down—the tip of the condom was stretched taut, bulging from the thick pressure of my cock, and through the translucent rubber, I could clearly see a generous glob of my semen pooled at the end.

I peeled the condom off slowly, watching it sag heavily with my cum. Then, with practiced ease, I tied it at the end to seal it and hooked it onto the side of Maya's panties—leaving it dangling like a filthy trophy.

Now, both Trisha and Maya had one condom each, filled to the brim with my sperm, hanging seductively at the sides of their hips.

But we weren't done—not by a long shot.

"T-Thankfully..." Trisha murmured with a deep blush spreading across her cheeks, her tone trembling slightly with arousal. "We've created multiple prototypes for this occasion..." she continued as she revealed a stash of condoms with both hands, her fingers shaking just slightly. "So you can collect sperm as much as you want from us, Master."

It felt like I was being prepped to be milked dry—and honestly, the thought didn't even sound bad. In fact, it was turning me on more.

I had the two of them lie back on the floor, arranging stacks of paper underneath to act as makeshift sheets so their skin wouldn't be directly on the cold ground. Once they were in position, they willingly spread their legs for me—pussies exposed and glistening.

Trisha's petite, delicate slit and Maya's thicker, plumper folds—both looked wet and inviting.

Even though I hadn't cum directly inside them due to the condoms, they were still leaking—dripping with their own juices, thick and sticky. The way their legs were parted wide, exposing everything to me, made my cock twitch with hunger.

"Master... come to us," Maya purred as she lifted both her legs up and held them with her arms, presenting herself shamelessly. Her thick thighs pressed inward, soft flesh spilling between her grip—she was that ridiculously busty and soft. "Take all the pleasure you want."

"Right," Trisha chimed in with a teasing grin, her breath warm, her cheeks flushed. "Come at us with everything you've got... and make sure you tie more condoms to our panties just like that," she said, raising one leg into the air just like Maya.

I didn't hesitate. I crawled forward, my eyes locked on Maya's flushed, quivering body. I hovered above her, pressing my weight onto her trembling figure, and guided my condom-clad cock toward her soaking entrance.

"Ahhhhnnnn...~"

The moment I slipped inside, Maya let out a deep, drawn-out moan, her spine arching beneath me. Her body trembled as I sank my full length into her heat. I pressed down, chest to chest, and began thrusting my hips steadily—up and down, smooth but heavy.

"Ahhn... ah... ah...~ Ahhh, ahhh...~"

Her moans spilled into the air in breathy, high-pitched gasps as her massive tits bounced beneath me, jiggling wildly with every thrust. I couldn't take my eyes off them. They were hypnotic—heavy, soft, and swinging with lewd rhythm. I grabbed one, my hand sinking deep into her warm, pliant flesh. It spilled through my fingers, soft and heavy.

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

She moaned louder, her eyes fluttering, turning glassy. That hazy look took over—her pupils began to morph into heart shapes, completely lost to the pleasure. Her breath mixed with mine, our lips only inches apart. And below, her pussy tightened more and more, squeezing my cock in delicious pulses.

The friction, the heat—it was too much.

I groaned and slammed into her one last time, unable to hold it anymore.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa~!!!"

Maya cried out at the same moment, her pussy convulsing around my cock. Her inner walls wrapped tightly around me, fluttering in sync with her orgasm. I came hard, cum gushing into the condom, ballooning it rapidly inside her.

The rubber filled quickly, stretching from the sheer volume. When I finally pulled out, the condom was swollen and sagging. I removed it, tied the end, and hooked it again onto the side of her panties, now with two condoms hanging from her hips.

But there was no pause.

I rolled another condom on my cock and immediately moved over to Trisha.

"Ahnnnnn...~!!"

She moaned the instant I penetrated her. Her legs shot up and wrapped around my waist, locking me in as I pushed my cock deeper inside her.

The sensation was unreal. Her pussy was tight, hot, and wet—and each thrust only made her squeeze tighter. My hips picked up speed naturally, driven by her gasping voice and the heat wrapping around my length.

"Ah... ahhh... S-So good...~ Ahn, ah, ahh, ahh...~ I'm gonna cum again...~ Ahhhnnn...~"

Her eyes, just like Maya's, began to melt—those hearts forming again in her pupils. Her face twisted in pure ecstasy, mouth hanging open, tongue nearly spilling out as she looked up at me like a fucked-out doll.

"Ahhh, ahhh, hhaaannn, ah, ahhh, ah, hhaaannnn...~"

I held her down firmly, thrusting harder, deeper, until I felt my own orgasm building rapidly again.

"Ahhhhhhh, c-cumminggggggggggggggggggggggggggg...~!!!"

My whole body tensed as I exploded inside her again. Her legs tightened like a vice as she came with me, her pussy clenching around my cock, milking me.

When I pulled out, the wet pop was loud, and the condom was once again stretched full—thick and heavy with cum. I removed it, tied the end, and hung it beside the other one on Trisha's panties.

Now both girls had two bulging condoms swinging from their hips.

But we weren't stopping there.

I kept fucking them—alternating between their tight, wet pussies. Every round, I filled a condom and tied it to their panties. One by one, the condoms began to multiply, hanging heavily from the sides of their hips, swaying with every movement.

I didn't hold back. I kept pounding them until their bodies were twitching, legs spread wide, and their eyes rolled so far back, only the whites remained.

When I finally ran out of space on their panties, I began laying the cum-filled condoms directly on their bodies—placing them onto their soft, sweaty stomachs, their heavy tits, even on their flushed, drooling faces.

The warm, sticky semen dripped down their skin in slow trails.

By the end of it, they were coated.

Bodies twitching, soaked in sweat and cum, eyes glazed over.

They looked like they had been thoroughly, completely fucked.