

The World 761

Chapter 761: Lights, Camera, Record!

I had no idea which woman I should pick to record a sex video with...

But then...

"Leon..." came a soft, groggy voice—Yr's voice—as she stepped sleepily into the room. She must've just woken up from the room next door, her body still carrying the warmth of sleep. "Are you finished?" she asked as she rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand, her hair slightly messy, her expression blank yet peaceful.

"Yeah," I said calmly.

Yr had a delicate, petite frame. Her entire presence exuded softness.

Her figure was quite similar to Isiliraiellyn's—slim, fragile-looking—but with less up top. Isiliraiellyn had just a bit more breast volume, but in terms of overall body structure, they shared that same slender grace.

Right now, Yr was wearing one of my shirts. Oversized and hanging loosely off her shoulders, it looked like it could swallow her whole—yet, it suited her perfectly.

In fact, she looked hot as hell in it.

The shirt barely covered the top of her thighs. She wasn't wearing anything underneath aside from a pair of panties, and the way the cloth lifted slightly as she moved gave me glimpses of her bare skin underneath. The sight of her slender thighs peeking out—completely unguarded—made my cock twitch.

Yeah... this could definitely work with her.

But then, an idea sparked.

I called Amy in as well.

She'd been flirting with me earlier. It only made sense to turn this into something more interesting. A pairing between two women who had never even shared a moment before.

Amy and Yr shared a certain slowness in their demeanor—though it manifested in completely different ways. Amy had that dreamy, airheaded aura about her. Meanwhile, Yr just seemed perpetually half-asleep, like she was always floating in a daze.

Their bodies, however, were polar opposites. Amy had gentle curves and a soft chest—not overly busty, but certainly pleasing to the eyes. Her breasts had that natural bounce to them that made them impossible to ignore. Yr, by contrast, had a far more petite form—light, slim, and almost weightless, with very little extra flesh.

Not that I minded. Whether they were curvy or petite, busty or modest, every woman in my harem had her charm. I loved each of them completely—no favoritism and no conditions as well.

Seeing the two of them standing side by side really drove that contrast home.
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"I hope you don't mind me joining," Amy said softly to Yr, her tone light but respectful.

"It's fine... Though this is going to be my first time with someone other than Tris and Nia," Yr replied, her voice calm but uncertain. "So... I hope you'll give me some pointers."

The atmosphere between them was surprisingly gentle. Polite. Considerate. It was the perfect start.

"Alright, then," I said, my voice steady. "Let's get started. Both of you—remove your clothes."

They began undressing at my command, each at her own pace.

Amy started with her skirt. She slipped her fingers around the button, popped it open, and slowly slid the fabric down past her hips. One leg, then the other. Her thighs were hugged tightly by dark nylon stockings that clung to her skin, accentuating her shape perfectly.

Next came her vest. She shrugged it off with a fluid motion, and then began unbuttoning the sleeves of her white blouse, her fingers working delicately. One button after another popped open, until finally she peeled it away, shoulder first, baring the soft skin beneath.

Now, she stood there in just her bra and stockings—the upper edge of them pressed right up against her hips. Her body had this natural, effortless sensuality.

Yr, on the other hand, was far more straightforward.

She lifted my oversized shirt over her head and pulled it off in one smooth motion. Her petite body was now exposed, dressed only in her bra and panties. There was no flair to her motion—just calm, sleepy obedience—but the simplicity of it made it all the more alluring.

As they undressed, I grabbed the camera and set it in place. It wasn't anything complex—just a simple activation and positioning. I wanted this to be a POV format. Something more intimate. More immersive.

I figured it would make for a better experience for Isiliraiellyn when she watched it later.

Then again... since she was a woman, maybe the point of view should've been flipped. Still, most of the porn I'd seen focused on the male perspective, especially in POV styles. So I figured it'd be fine.

The camera on my smartphone was high-quality, and memory wouldn't be an issue—it was enhanced with mana compression and a memory-saving enchantment. Everything would be captured clearly, efficiently, and perfectly.

With everything in place, we were ready to begin.

I turned back to the girls, both standing there now in their underwear. Honestly, I never imagined I'd see this pairing—not with how little they'd interacted before today.

"Yr," I said, laying back on the bed. "Straddle me first."

She didn't hesitate.

With fluid, steady movements, she climbed onto the bed and swung one leg over me, settling her weight down on top of my pelvis. I angled the camera toward her, holding it in one hand while I watched her from below.

Her soaked panties pressed down onto my cock as she shifted forward, dragging the wet fabric across my shaft. Her arousal smeared directly against me, her warmth spreading like fire.

I swallowed hard.

Yr looked down at me through heavy lids, her eyes half-lidded and hazy with lust. She looked incredibly seductive in that moment.

Her breasts were small, but they weren't flat. There was a subtle swell to them—a modest curve that was just enough to be irresistible. They weren't large, but they had their own quiet charm, soft and perky.

I glanced at Amy, and she met my eyes briefly—then seemed to pick up on my unspoken request.

Without a word, she moved behind Yr and wrapped her arms around her from behind, pressing her body against Yr's bare back. Her fingers reached forward, lightly brushing across Yr's chest, then pinching her hardened nipples through her bra.

"Ah!"

Yr let out a soft gasp as a shiver ran through her body.

I reached between us and used my fingers to slide aside her panties, exposing her slick, glistening pussy. The sight of her wetness made my cock throb even more.

Then, slowly, I guided the head of my cock to her entrance, pressing it right against her waiting slit.

"Lower your hips now, Yr," I said quietly.

She nodded, her breaths short and trembling.

Bit by bit, she began to sink down. Her body trembled as her wet folds parted, slowly accepting me inside.

The moment the head of my cock slipped into her tight, wet pussy, her juices gushed out around the base, dripping down onto my crotch and soaking the bed beneath us.

"Ahhh~..." she moaned breathlessly, her body arching back into Amy's chest, her hips quivering as she took me in inch by inch.

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"Nghhh~" she moaned softly, her voice trembling as my penis slowly sank deeper into her warmth, stretching her pussy inch by inch, claiming every bit of her slick, velvety tunnel.

The heat inside her was intoxicating—tight and wet—as I buried myself fully to the hilt, my cock throbbing inside her.

"Fuuaahhh~ AHhhh, hhaaa...~"

Her moan grew louder, bursting out in a needy cry that echoed softly in the room.

Her back arched in a beautiful curve, her body pressing flush against the front of Amy, trembling with every inch I filled her.

Then, without a word, Amy slid her hands up, pulled away the last piece of fabric covering her chest, and exposed her bare breasts. Her fingers gently cupped the two petite mounds on Yr's chest, lifting them slightly—touching and exploring them with care, like she was feeling something rare and delicate.

My dick throbbed harder as the soft walls of Yr's pussy gripped tighter around me, her inner flesh twitching and adjusting to my size.

"Ahhh...~ Ahh, ahh..." she whimpered breathily, her voice wavering as she shivered, body quaking beneath the pleasure that surged through her nerves. The sensation raced up her spine like a bolt of lightning, her hips twitching in rhythm as Amy continued to fondle her chest.

A soft, knowing smile curved on Amy's lips. She leaned in gently, her warm breath brushing against Yr's ear before giving her a teasing little nibble.

"Fuuaahhh~"

The moment Amy bit her, Yr moaned out loud again—instantly. Her pussy clenched down in a way that almost made me lose control. The walls tightened around my cock so fiercely, so suddenly, that my hips instinctively jolted.

Gritting my teeth, trying to stay focused, I pointed my camera up at her face. I wanted to capture that exact moment—her melting, fucked-dumb expression—and then, with a forceful upward thrust, I drove into her again.

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

Yr's moans climbed higher, her voice almost musical in its pitch. There was a sleepy, euphoric tone in her cries that made them sound sweet despite their raw lust.

"Ah, Ahhhh, ahh... ah, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

I thrust into her steadily, my hips rocking upward, driving her body upward slightly with every movement. Her body bounced gently, her thighs trembling as they struggled to keep up with the tempo.

Amy, still behind her, moved her hands in soft circles, massaging Yr's breasts. Her fingers rotated over the small mounds, caressing every inch with affectionate strokes. Her palms moved slowly, enjoying the warmth of Yr's skin, while her tongue flicked out and licked the sensitive skin of Yr's neck, leaving behind a faint trail of moisture.

Yr's chest was so small, so cute, that Amy could easily cup each one entirely in her hand.

"Ahh, ahhh... L-Leon... I-It feels... ahhhhh~!!"

Yr's voice trembled with desperation, her mouth parting wider, drool now beginning to slide down from the corner of her lips. The pleasure had taken over her body, inside and out.

Her eyes started to glaze over, rolling back slowly. Her lips slackened, her tongue slipped out slightly. Her flushed face twisted into a pure ahegao expression.

It was blissful, wild, and erotic beyond words.

"Ohhh, oh... ohhh...~ Ooohhhh... ooghhh...~"

That dazed, fucked-out look on her face was so perfect I couldn't look away. I zoomed in slightly on my camera, making sure to immortalize the moment. Yr looked completely drunk on pleasure—like nothing else in the world mattered to her except being filled.

"Ahhannnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

Her moan suddenly burst out in a raw, trembling scream. She clenched her fists tightly, her body tensed—and then—

She squirted—violently.

The stream of liquid shot upward with so much force that it splashed directly against my phone, fogging up the lens and coating it with her release. The wet sound of her climax echoed loudly.

Right after, her body gave out. She collapsed backward, breathless, with Amy catching her gently, cradling her as her body twitched.

"Did that feel good?" Amy asked softly, brushing some of Yr's hair aside.

"Y-Yes... It feels good...~" Yr replied, her voice weak, eyes half-lidded, her face still slack with pleasure.

I wiped off the camera lens, cleaned the sticky mess from the screen, then spoke clearly.

"Next is you, Amy," I said. "Turn your butt around."

"Yes," she answered without hesitation. Her tone was calm, gentle, her eyes still closed as she obeyed.

Amy shifted her position, pressing her chest gently against Yr's limp body and then turning her hips so her ass was presented to me.

Her ass was pale and round, with a softness that seemed to have grown fuller since the last time. She had become quite curvy—her figure now matched the erotic energy she gave off.

Still holding the phone steadily with one hand, I used my other hand to grab the side of her ass, feeling the plushness under my palm.

"Aim it, Amy," I told her.

"Okay..." she murmured sweetly.

Since both my hands were occupied—one with the phone, the other gripping her—she reached down herself.

She slowly guided her hand past her stomach, down to her dripping wet pussy, then reached out and wrapped her fingers around my cock. Without hesitation, she brought the tip to her entrance, gently pressing it against her folds.

Her cunt was soaked—warm and slick to the point that my cock slid in effortlessly, the entrance welcoming me without resistance.

"Ah..." she let out a soft gasp, her body shivering as the head of my cock made contact.

I gripped her waist tighter, now that she had aimed me in place, and thrust into her in one swift motion.

"Uwaaaaaaaaah...~" she moaned, arching her back sharply as I drove all the way in.

My cock pushed deep into her, reaching the very base. I was balls deep inside her, and her inner walls pulsed tightly around me—wet, clinging, and throbbing like they were alive.

I began to move, stroking in and out slowly at first, then picking up speed.

"Ah, ahhh, ahhh...~ Ahh, ahh, ahh...~" she cried out, her voice echoing through the room. Her eyes fluttered open as her face twisted into one of pure debauchery.

Sex—it was the only thing that ever changed her expression. Her usual, slow and serene face melted instantly under the waves of pleasure.

She wrapped her arms around Yr's waist, pressing her cheek gently against her stomach while I pounded her from behind.

Each thrust sent her ass jiggling, the impact causing visible ripples across her pale skin. The sound of skin slapping filled the room.

"Ahhh, ahhhnn, ahhh... ahhhnnnn~ Ahh, fuuaah, hn nn, ahhhnn, ahhh...~"

I made sure to keep filming to capture the bounce of her ass as well as the sound of her moans. Every detail was being recorded.

Then, after a few more thrusts—

"Ahhhn... ahh, ahh...~ Ahhh! Ahhhhhhhhh~! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhnnnn~!!!"

She let out a final scream as a heavy gush exploded from her pussy. The climax hit her so hard that it forced my cock out, slipping free from the intense pressure.

I couldn't hold back either.

With my free hand, I grabbed my cock and stroked it quickly—back and forth, faster and harder—

Until thick ropes of sperm burst out, shooting across her white ass, painting her skin in sticky white streaks.

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After that, I kept fucking them simultaneously, not letting the heat die down even for a second.

Their bodies pressed against me, warm and quivering.

I had both of them riding me at the same time—Yr bouncing up and down on my cock once again, her tight, slick pussy swallowing me whole with every drop of her hips, while Amy straddled my face, her soaked slit smothering my mouth with its sticky, fragrant nectar.

I asked Amy to record Tris's expression while I was licking her, and she did so obediently, keeping the camera steady even as her own body trembled from pleasure.

The lewd, wet sounds of my tongue working over her folds echoed around the room, filling the air with the shameless noise of sex.

The ripe, soft flesh of her pussy pressed down firmly against my mouth like a fruit ready to burst, and from the narrow crevice hidden beneath a thin line of delicate pubic hair, her nectar trickled freely.

A stream of sweet honey ran across my lips, the scent intoxicating.

It was Amy's juice—sticky, rich, and slightly sour with arousal—already leaking from her entrance and onto my face.

The smell paralyzed my thoughts. My brain grew fuzzy from the overwhelming aroma as I flared my nostrils and dragged my tongue absentmindedly across her private folds, savoring the taste of her.

"Ahh, ah, ah, ahhh... ah, ah, ah, ahhh~ Ahhhhn~ Ahh, ahhh...~"

Amy's breath hitched, her eyes fluttering shut, her lips parting in pleasure as she slowly rolled her hips in a teasing, circular motion over my tongue. The way she moved—syncing with the rhythm of my tongue—was like a sensual dance. She gradually spread her legs wider, offering herself fully to me without shame.

Her eyelids trembled as she continued recording Yr's face—the girl who sat on my other end, grinding down on my cock like she was trying to break it.

"Ahhh, nghghh, ahhh, ahhhnnn, ahh...~"

Yr's pussy was a soaked paradise of tight, pulsating warmth, clenching my cock greedily with every push.

Her folds, drenched and soft, molded around me with every movement, creating the perfect suction that kept pulling me deeper.

My cock was throbbing, now pressing into the farthest part of her pussy, the head knocking against her deepest walls.

"Mmm... mmm, ah, ah, ah... haa~ haaa~..."

Yr's full weight bore down on my hips, her body hot and shivering. I could feel the press of her soft palms against my chest, steadyng herself.

Using that as support, she rode me in a fierce rhythm—slamming her hips down with wet, juicy smacks that echoed alongside Amy's dripping pussy above my face.

Each movement wrapped my cock in a velvety heat, her flesh gripping me like a slick sheath, and in the nectar-filled warmth, my hardness only throbbed more.

The pressure she applied was perfect—tight enough to make me lose my breath, but not painful. It was the kind of squeeze that made every second feel like bliss.

"Ahhh, ahh...~ I-It feels good...~ It feels good~...!"

Yr's voice trembled with unrestrained pleasure.

Her tone was lewd, her words slurred.

Her expression had long since broken into pure debauchery.

Her tongue dangled out of her lips, her eyes rolled back, her cheeks stained red from heat and ecstasy.

"Ahhh, ahhh...~ Ahh, ahh...~"

Amy, still focused on filming, had started moaning as well.

Her hips moved against my tongue with shallow thrusts, her thighs tightening around my head, her breath becoming more ragged with each lick I gave her.

I pushed my tongue deeper, sinking it past her folds and into her honeypot, tasting the slippery pink flesh inside as it twitched under my touch.

"Ahhh, ahh... yes...~ Ahhh, ahh, i-it feels goood~..."

Yr's body arched as she moved faster, overwhelmed by the sensation. Her spine curved, her chest pushed forward, and her hips bucked with need.

As she slammed herself down repeatedly, my cock was drawn further into her. Her folds clung to me, curved and tight, forming ridges that squeezed and milked my shaft.

Amy, overwhelmed by the sensations as well, kept letting out soft, gasping moans, her face tilted up toward the ceiling. Her throat was exposed, mouth slightly open, breath catching in her chest as I devoured her with my tongue.

Both of them were writhing above me, each with their own rhythm. Their movements were erratic and lust-driven. My senses were drowning in their scents, in the lewd sounds of their hips, and the flood of nectar coating me.

Both of them were excited to the point of madness.

The sticky wetness around my face and groin was indescribable.

It was hot and unending.

Yr's tight pussy twisted around me, grinding and stroking my cock with exquisite friction, dragging me deeper into madness.

Soon, I could feel it—

My orgasm boiling inside, swelling uncontrollably.

The scent of sweat and sex filled the air, a mix of male musk and female heat that formed a cloud of arousal so thick it could be tasted.

"Ahh, aah, ah, ahhh, ahh... Leon... I love you...~"

"Ahh, M-Master... feels good... your tongue...~"

Both of them cried out, legs spread, hips jerking. They wanted my love. They wanted to be filled.

I clenched my jaw, trying to hold back, but Yr's hips began to slam down wildly, her entire body chasing after orgasm. Her slick walls rubbed me in a way that made my nerves explode with pleasure.

As the pleasure rushed up my spine like a bolt of lightning, I suddenly sucked hard on Amy's flower, tongue curling deep into her.

"Ahhh~! M-Master, b-bad... Amy is cumming...~ I'm cumming...~ Ahhh, ah, ahh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahhh~!!! C-Cumming... I'm cummmmmmmmmminggggggggg~!!!"

Amy screamed and trembled above me. Her whole body shook, thighs locking around my head as her orgasm overtook her.

But I had reached my limit too. And when Yr slammed her hips down again with full force, my cock exploded.

My white magma surged out in thick, hot waves—boiling, desperate, and rushing to fill her womb.

"Aaaaaaaaaah! It's so hot, it's hitting me in the back...! Ahh, ooh... oghhh... ahhh...!"

The bed groaned under us, the creaking of the frame adding to the chaos. Yr's body bent over, her back arched and trembling as the orgasm slammed into her.

I groaned through clenched teeth, writhing as I pumped rope after rope of sperm into her twitching pussy.

After that, I shifted their positions.

I placed them in a stacked pose—Amy on top and Yr beneath—with their pussies pressed tightly together in a lewd overlap.

"Ah... M-Master...~" Amy looked back over her shoulder, her expression dazed, eyes half-lidded, mouth open slightly. Her flushed cheeks and closed eyes gave her an airheaded charm. Her butt stuck out perfectly, and her pussy was lined up directly above Yr's.

Yr, from underneath, looked up at me with a fucked-silly expression, her mouth parted and her eyes still rolling slightly from the last orgasm.

"L-Leon..."

Their pussies were pressed tightly together, the juices from both of them smeared and dripping into the narrow space between. I brought my hand up and grabbed Amy's plump ass firmly, using her weight for support while the other hand stayed occupied with the phone—still recording everything.

I didn't guide it with my hand.

I didn't need to.

With a slight shift, I aligned my cock and pushed forward.

"Mmmph."

"Ahhhh~!!!"

Chapter 764: Lights, Camera, Record! (4)

Both of them moaned at the exact same moment as they felt my cock slide right between their overlapping pussies.

Their slick, heated folds pressed together around my shaft, creating a wet, tight channel of flesh that wrapped around me from both sides. My cock was caught in that soft, sticky sandwich of pussy lips, and the sensation was enough to make my head reel.

Their soaked warmth surrounded me, and the more I pushed forward, the more I could feel the pressure of their folds grinding against my shaft.

It wasn't just good—it was euphoric.

The double-layered wetness, the slippery mess created by both of their juices, made every motion smooth and utterly addicting. There was barely any friction, yet the stimulation was overwhelming.

"Ahh, ahhnnn, ahh...~ I-It's rubbing in my clitoris...~ Aahhh...~"

"Nnngh, nnn, mmm... ah, ah, ahhh... nnn~"

Their voices were trembling, filled with pleasure, their breathing erratic.

My hand held the phone steadily, recording every motion, every sound, every shiver of their bodies, as I thrust my hips forward, fucking the space between their glistening pussies again and again.

Doing two girls at the same time—physically, mentally, and visually—it was absolute sensory overload.

Their bodies were pressed so close together, legs spread, thighs twitching as I pushed between them, teasing, rubbing, and overwhelming them without even penetrating.

"Haa... haa...~"

Their clits were getting hammered with every pass of my cock.

Each time I slid forward, the tip would bump and grind over their sensitive nubs, making them shudder and gasp. I wasn't even inside them and I was just gliding between their folds but it was enough to drive all three of us insane.

Their breasts, so different in size and shape, pressed tightly together. Yr's small, perky chest was nearly swallowed by the soft, yielding curves of Amy's modestly fuller breasts. Amy's mounds pressed down, compressing both of them together, creating a soft cushion between their bodies.

Meanwhile, my hands gripped Amy's ass tightly, feeling the plush give of her cheeks under my fingers. Her ass was like silk-covered marshmallows. It was soft, smooth, and pliable to the touch.

"Ah, ahhh, haaa...~!"

"Hannn, ahhh...~"

Then, in a moment that made my chest tighten with lust, their hands found each other in the middle. Their fingers interlocked, holding on tightly—trembling together as if the only way to keep from being swept away by the pleasure was to ground themselves through that connection.

"Hnnghh... annhh, ahh...~"

"Ahh, ahh...~ Ahhh, ahh...~"

The wet, squelching sound between their thighs grew louder—it was filthier and more obscene. The friction of my shaft against their soaked folds sent a symphony of sloshes and slick noises echoing around us. They were close—so close—and I could feel it.

I kept driving my cock into the narrow space between their soaked pussies, my hips rolling smoothly and rhythmically. The soft sandwich of their trembling pussy lips pressed tighter every time I pushed through.

Tiny spurts of arousal kept squirting from both of them in rhythmic bursts, making the mess between them even wetter. It had been so many times already that their fluids were practically pouring down their thighs, soaking the bed beneath us.

Their pussies weren't just wet—they were drenched, and the heat coming from their bodies only made it worse. The contact was overwhelming, stimulating beyond logic, and even though I wasn't even inside them, it was too good. I could feel myself approaching climax from the sheer friction of it.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahhhnnn, ah, ah, ahhh...~"

"Nghhh, ahhnn, ah, ahhhnnn...~!!!"

Their bodies jerked beneath me, their voices cracking, their moans turning into cries. They were right at the edge—quivering, tensing, as well as trembling from the pressure building inside them. Just watching them, just feeling them against me, made my own orgasm inch closer.

The sight of it—the way their bodies twisted and pressed together, the way their lips parted, gasping my name—all of it was being captured by the camera. I could see it through the screen. But more than that, I could feel it, every heartbeat of pleasure synced with their moans.

"Ah, ahhh... nghhh...~ M-Masterrr...~"

"L-Leon... feels good~... R-Rub it there more...~"

Their voices cracked under the weight of their need, and I pushed harder, grinding my cock right over their clits, rubbing the head against their slick, trembling folds. The heat was unbearable, the tension inside me stretching tighter and tighter until I was almost there.

But I held back.

I wanted to cum with them—at the same time.

So I gritted my teeth, driving my hips even faster. Each movement made a lewd splash as their juices smeared along my cock and inner thighs. I could feel it—their pussy folds tightening, clenching, like they were trying to hold me in even though I wasn't inside.

The sensation was so good it made my brain feel like it was about to short-circuit.

"Ah, ahhh... L-Leon... Leon...~! Ahh, ahhh...! Ahh, ahhh!"

"Nghh, ahhh...~ Ahhh, ahhh...! Ahh, ah, ahhh... T-This is... Ahhhhhhhnnnn~!!!"

They were moaning louder now, unable to hold it back any longer. Their voices overlapped, their bodies arched against each other, and then—

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~ Aaaaah, c-cumminggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!! Ahhhhhnnn ahhh, ahhhhhh~!!"

Their orgasms hit like thunder, bodies trembling violently as they squirted together, spasming uncontrollably. Using that exact moment, I pulled my cock from the slippery press of their pussies and aimed it at Yr's entrance. With a hard thrust, I pushed deep inside her and exploded.

Thick ropes of cum shot out of me, flooding her soaked pussy, pumping her full with everything I had.

"Ahhhh, s-so hot...~ It feels good~...!"

Before I could finish, I pulled out of Yr—her walls still clenching—and slammed my cock deep into Amy, burying myself inside her just as the last waves of orgasm surged through me.

"Nghhh... Ah, ahhh...~ M-Master's hot semen... is filling me up inside...! Ahhh, ahh...!"

I squeezed out the final spurts of cum, every pulse pushing deeper into her, until there was nothing left. My breath caught in my chest as I pulled out, slowly exhaling.

And right then, their pussies—still pressed closely together—began to leak. Thick, milky cum started dripping down, oozing between their swollen lips, staining the sheets beneath with the evidence of what we'd just done.

I took another deep breath, watching the way their hips twitched and thighs trembled. Their bodies were still recovering, still dazed from the force of their climax.

I glanced down at the time on the smartphone screen.

An hour and two minutes.

That was how long I'd been fucking them.

I saved the recording immediately, setting it aside just long enough to start the next.

Now it was time for the next act.

This time, I asked them to suck my cock.

Still panting, the two of them glanced up at me, their expressions hazy but willing. Then they moved into place between my legs while I leaned back on the bed, catching my breath.

Their hands wrapped gently around my cock, stroking it together.

And then their tongues met at the tip.

They began to suck, slow and teasing, their tongues licking along the shaft, tracing every vein, circling the head. Warm saliva coated me as they worked together—lapping, sucking, and stroking.

And I recorded every second of it.

With this footage alone, I was sure Isiliraiellyn would have more than enough material... for whatever she was planning.

Chapter 765: Lights, Camera, Record! (5)

It had been quite a while, and finally, the last semester of the academic year had arrived.

One more push, and we'd be stepping into the third year.

The air around the academy was buzzing with mixed emotions—anticipation, dread, hope, and a heavy dose of anxiety.

Some students looked forward to the promotion, faces bright with excitement at the thought of progressing further.

Others, however, still wore tense expressions, haunted by the harsh truth that despite advancing in years, many of us were still stuck—firmly—in the Bronze Class.

Raymond and Duncan, in particular, were visibly bothered by that fact.

"You know," Raymond muttered through clenched teeth, his jaw shifting as he gnawed on his food, "it's hard to believe that even though we're about to enter our third year, we're still going to be stuck in the damn Bronze Class forever."

His tone carried bitterness, frustration dripping from every syllable.

Duncan let out a long groan as he stretched his arms behind his head, joints cracking softly. "Well, that was pretty much impossible to change from the start. Be thankful, Raymond. You're in the top 10 now. I'm still down at 20th."

Raymond scoffed and jabbed at his plate with his fork. "That ranking is total ass, though. I mean, we've been busting our asses trying to rise up—trying to break into Silver Class—but we're still here, stuck like bugs on the wall. And my rank? It's been the same since the second semester started. I got to 11th, then climbed to 10th, then up to 9th... and right back down to 11th. It's like I'm on a damn loop. Just circling that same spot forever."

I kept eating quietly while the two of them talked, letting their voices pass by me like a gentle breeze. But that didn't last long.

Raymond noticed my silence, looked at me, and raised a brow.

"How about you, Leon?" he asked, tone challenging. "Aren't you even trying to move up? You've been at the bottom of the rankings since our first year. Do you even care

anymore?"

I paused mid-bite, the food hovering near my lips. I slowly turned to face him.

"Well..." I said after a short moment, setting my spoon down, "I do want to move up. I have the intention. But at this point... I honestly don't know why I haven't made any progress."

There was a brief silence between the three of us. Then Duncan leaned forward, brows furrowed as he stared at me.

"Out of all of us, I think you have the intelligence and strength to move up," he said bluntly, without hesitation.

Raymond blinked at him, shocked. "Wow. Didn't think you'd actually use your brain, Duncan."

Duncan just chuckled, brushing his hair back with a proud grin. "Huhuhu~ Of course. I've been learning a lot from Estelle lately. I'm practically a genius now."

Raymond stared at him with a flat, deadpan expression. "...I see," he replied, clearly unimpressed. Jealousy tinged his voice ever so slightly—well, that made sense. He liked Estelle too.

"But anyway," Raymond turned his gaze back to me, serious now, "I agree with Duncan. You've got the brains and the strength to climb out of this class. So it is surprising that you're still stuck at the bottom. I don't get it... I wonder why?"

If I had to take a guess... it was the administration. They were likely pushing the narrative hard—that I was 'skillless' and therefore didn't deserve to advance. They weren't shy about it either.

It was the same thing they did to Shredica. She'd been stuck at the top of the Bronze Class during our first year too. But unlike me, she found her own way and she made it work and became a magic knight through alternative means. Honestly, good for her.

She had drive. She wanted it. She clawed her way up with sheer determination.

Me... I didn't really have the same burning desire to climb.

But it wasn't like I was complacent, either. I had been trying as well as showing what I could do, and making an effort. For some reason, though, no matter what I did, they kept putting me at the bottom of the rankings. No recognition. No movement. Just... static.

And then, out of nowhere—like a sudden slap to the back of my head—it happened.

"PARTNER!!!"

A loud, piercing shout exploded right next to my ear, nearly knocking the spoon from my hand.

I winced in pain and immediately clutched both sides of my head, ears ringing from the unexpected assault.

What the hell was that?! And why the fuck did she shout right in my ear?

Raymond and Duncan glanced over, and the moment they saw who it was—the silver-haired beauty and an oddball with her own right Isiliraiellyn—they both quickly picked up their plates and stood.

Without a word, they relocated to another table.

Seriously?

Did they think Isiliraiellyn was another girlfriend of mine?

They really thought that just being in her presence meant they had to back off? I appreciated the sentiment, I guess—it was polite of them not to intrude—but it wasn't like they were interrupting anything.

Now, with her loud entrance, every head in the cafeteria was turned our way. Conversations stopped. Whispers began.

"Wait... isn't that him?"

"Y-Yeah. That upperclassman... the one rumored to be dating a bunch of women at the same time—including the Princess of Bethlan and the Princess of Milham."

"I heard about that... It's crazy. He's surrounded by women of insane status. Even Sir Johanne—well, Madam Johanne now—she's with him too."

"I don't get it. They throw themselves at him. It's like he's some kind of chick magnet."

"Do you think that girl's his girlfriend too?"

"Wouldn't be surprised at this point."

"I mean... I kind of get it. He is pretty hot..."

"Please. You've got no chance. Have you seen the women he's with? They're all literal goddesses. Compared to them, you're just... average."

"Jeez, I wasn't going to confess or anything... but you're not wrong."

I sighed heavily and turned to look at Isiliraiellyn, rubbing the sore spot on my ear.

"Wait a bit," I told her calmly. "Let me finish eating, then we'll go somewhere else."

"Alright!" she replied cheerfully.

With a bright, innocent smile, she sat beside me, folding her hands and resting her elbows on the table, watching me eat.

I didn't say anything.

But the way she stared at me—completely focused and not even blinking—was... unnerving. Her gaze followed every movement as well as every bite I took. It wasn't judgmental or creepy exactly... just intense.

Odd. .

Weird.

But somehow... kind of cute in its own strange way.

Chapter 766: Lights, Camera, Record! (6)

After finishing my last bite, I stood up with a soft exhale and made my way toward a place where we could have a proper, uninterrupted conversation—

The Bronze Classroom.

The echo of our footsteps bounced against the quiet walls as we entered.

It was mostly empty and its silence was almost eerie.

The dim overhead lights cast soft shadows across the wooden floor and vacant desks.

Here, we could speak freely—without prying ears and without interruptions.

Just the way I wanted it.

We sat side by side, close enough that our knees brushed now and then. The proximity made it easy to talk without raising our voices. The air was calm. Peaceful.

Except... we weren't completely alone.

There was someone else here—only one other presence.

Zeruel.

She sat alone at one of the desks near the lower section of the classroom, quietly munching on a sandwich she held delicately in both hands.

The moment she noticed us walk in, her body tensed up. Her shoulders jumped slightly, and her face turned a fierce shade of red. She quickly averted her eyes, cheeks stuffed full as if she'd been caught doing something embarrassing.

I blinked, baffled by her sudden reaction.

I mean... sure, her shy behavior was kind of adorable—especially with her mouth full like that and her eyes darting away—but I genuinely had no idea why she was acting so flustered.

Then again, she was

dealing with a lot lately.

Her mother was still in the hospital.

They were continuing extensive testing on her—understandably so. It was the first recorded case of someone waking up from the Eternal Slumber Disease. Of course the medics and scientists from Leonamon wanted every bit of data they could possibly extract.

We'd promised Zeruel's mother that she would be able to come home soon. That she'd be reunited with her daughters. But for now, her mother had to remain under observation—for further trials, for tests, and for more evaluations.

Technically speaking, Zeruel and Selene still hadn't fully reunited with their mother yet. But at least they had the freedom to visit her back and forth whenever they wanted.

As for us, me and Isiliraiellyn climbed up the steps of the lecture hall and took our usual seats near the top, away from most of the others.

Once seated, she exhaled a small giggle and leaned toward me.

"Huhuuu... I'm pretty excited," she said, her voice light and playful.

"Well," I replied with a small grin, "for starters—here's your phone."

I handed the device back to her.

"Yes!" she cheered with bright eyes, grabbing it from me with both hands.

She didn't even give me the chance to explain that her phone had been locked when she gave it to me. Because of that, I hadn't been able to record the sex directly on her phone.

Naturally, as soon as she entered her gallery and scrolled through her albums—

"W-Where is it?! I can't find it!" she cried in panic, her tone rising.

She held the phone up inches from my face, wildly swiping through the screen to show me the absence of the video she was looking for.

In doing so, I ended up catching a few glimpses of her private photo collection.

One shot in particular stood out—her reflection in the mirror, wearing nothing but a matching bra and panty set, her face hidden behind the phone. There were also plenty of goofy photos too—silly poses, exaggerated expressions, candid laughs. It was a strange, charming mix of the lewd and the playful.

Honestly, I hadn't expected that from her.

She always gave off this refined, composed energy, but her gallery showed a side that was spontaneous, modern, even a little chaotic.

"Relax," I said with a chuckle, placing a hand on her shoulder. "You ran off without unlocking your phone first."

"S-So there's no recording?!" she asked again, this time her voice cracking a little, tears visibly welling at the corners of her eyes.

"I've got it on my phone," I reassured her calmly. "I just needed your phone to be unlocked first so I could share the file."

"I see..." she sniffled, sucking in a shaky breath as she blinked rapidly to hold back the tears that threatened to fall.

She really was like a walking comic panel sometimes.

"L-Let me see it!" she demanded, a fire reigniting in her voice.

"See it for yourself—on your own phone," I told her firmly. "But just a reminder—this video is confidential. If you so much as mention it to anyone else, or let a single person view it... then I don't think I can call you my partner anymore."

"Y-Yes, I know!" she said, her expression serious now. "This video is for my eyes only, right?"

"Exactly," I nodded. "Alright. Sending it now."

I opened the sharing feature on my phone and quickly transferred the video to her device.

As the file loaded and appeared in her gallery, her expression lit up—literally. It was like her entire face became a beacon of excitement.

"Oooooooooohhh...~" she cooed, her voice trembling with anticipation.

Just then, more footsteps began echoing down the stairways of the lecture hall. The classroom was beginning to fill with cadets taking their seats for the next lecture.

Oh, right. It was that time already.

And today... I'd be seeing Irene again.

It had been a long time—far too long since we'd last crossed paths. We hadn't seen each other even once during the winter vacation. Not even a passing glimpse.

As I looked around, my eyes eventually found her.

She was looking at me, just for a second—before she quickly turned her gaze away. But something was off about her. Something subtle. Something strange.

Hmm... maybe I should visit her office later today.

The room was steadily buzzing now, filled with the sounds of shuffling chairs, hushed conversations, and the start-of-lecture murmurs.

And then—suddenly...

"Ahhh... ahh, ah...~ M-Master... It feels good~..."

"Ahhnnghhh...~ Ahh, R-Rub it there more... ahn...~"

Lewd moaning voices—loud and unmistakable—echoed through the classroom like a slap to the face.

The entire room froze.

Heads turned in unison. Mine included.

Everyone's attention zeroed in on the source of the sound.

And there she was—Isiliraiellyn—sitting comfortably in her seat, already playing the video on her phone. Her eyes were wide, sparkling with fascination as she leaned in close—way too close—her face practically glued to the screen.

"Woah...~ So intense!" she gasped in awe. "It's even more intense than anything I've ever watched!"

She was completely absorbed. Her focus so intense, she looked like she was ready to fall into the phone at any moment.

"Ahem!" Irene cleared her throat sharply from the front of the room, clearly trying to get her attention.

But Isiliraiellyn didn't even flinch.

She kept watching.

She'd technically done what I told her—she didn't show the video to anyone.

But now... she was letting everyone hear it instead.

I brought a hand to my head and sighed, dragging my palm slowly across my face.

I should've seen this coming.

Chapter 767: Irene's Confliction (1)

I felt like I was slowly drifting—

Like my purpose was beginning to crumble beneath me.

I couldn't explain it clearly, but the weight of that emptiness had been pressing against my chest for days now.

A slow, tightening coil of uncertainty.

And if I were to give it a name... I knew deep down that it all connected to him.

Leon.

That man... that maddening man.

He had no idea just how deeply his presence had wrapped itself around my thoughts, my actions—my very being.

It was frustrating. Embarrassing. And yet, somehow... addictive.

Worse still, I could feel myself unconsciously reshaping who I was—tweaking my habits, my behavior, even the way I dressed—just to fit what I thought might be his preference.

As if, by doing so, I could twist his mind and drive him wild for me.

But even with all that effort, I knew in the pit of my stomach that it wouldn't be enough. Not really.

Because even if Leon harbored the tiniest hint of affection toward me... no matter how fragile or fleeting... there was no way he'd throw away the happiness he had now for something as uncertain as me.

That was just the reality of it.

I also knew I couldn't satisfy him on my own. I'd be lying to myself if I believed otherwise.

Leon's libido... it was monstrous. Relentless. Almost insatiable.

Even though I had a high sex drive of my own, it still paled in comparison to his.

I'd be drained after just round one—wrecked and breathless—while he'd still be burning for more.

And let's be honest.

No one wants to keep tasting the same thing over and over again.

Even the richest, most decadent flavor will eventually become dull on the tongue.

I understood that. Because I was the same.

Feed me the same dish every day, no matter how perfect it tasted at first, and I'd eventually push the plate away. Crave something new.

So I knew... I knew that applied to Leon, too.

If he kept tasting the same woman again and again, eventually... the appeal would fade.

Sure, I could try to keep things fresh. I could offer up different kinds of pleasures. I could tempt him with back hole sex, dive into roleplay fantasies, whip out the restraints and collars for BDSM. I'd even be willing to go further—to have pregnancy sex if that's what it took to keep his fire alive.

Hell, I wouldn't even mind if he got me pregnant.

Gabrielle was already carrying his child, and I was certain they'd already tried it. And if he wasn't averse to doing that with her...

Then maybe... maybe he'd be open to doing it with me, too.

Maybe. Maybe not.

It depended on a lot of things.

Later, after the lecture ended in the afternoon, I gathered my things and prepared to leave. As I made my way out of the lecture hall, my eyes instinctively scanned the crowd.

And there he was.

Leon.

Our gazes collided.

For a second—just a fleeting heartbeat—we stared at each other across the room.

I forced my face into a calm, composed expression, but my heart betrayed me. It thumped violently in my chest, each beat pounding louder than the last. A blush was threatening to rise, heat already crawling up my neck.

Before it could overtake me, I broke eye contact and looked away, spinning on my heel and marching out.

I made my way back to my office in hurried strides, ignoring the buzz in my head and the tightness in my chest. As soon as I entered the room, I shut the door firmly behind me, turned, and leaned my back against the wall.

A sigh slipped out before I could stop it. NovelBin

Heavy. Frustrated. Long.

I'd been sighing so much lately, it was becoming second nature.

"I can't... If I looked at him for more than a second just now, I would've definitely blushed and squealed like an idiot..."

"So that's why you looked away?"

"Uwahh?!" NovelBin.

I jolted—completely startled.

The voice was low, teasing—close. So close that it vibrated through the air beside my ear. A shiver shot straight down my spine.

I whipped my head toward the source, eyes wide.

Leon.

He was standing there. Right beside me. Smiling, ear to ear. That familiar face of his was just as striking as always—but now... now there was something different about him. His jawline was more defined and his expression was bolder. Taller, maybe. More mature.

Had he... gotten even more handsome?

"W-What are you doing here?!" I blurted out. "I just closed the door—I didn't see you come in!"

My hands moved on their own, frantically gesturing around the room as if trying to explain the impossibility of his sudden appearance.

"I got in before you did."

"H-How did that even happen?!"

"There's no point in worrying about that right now," he replied smoothly, stepping closer.

And then—just like that—he placed his hand firmly on the wall beside my head. His arm blocked my escape, caging me in, his body close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off of him.

"Why does it feel like you're avoiding me?"

"M-Me? Avoiding you? That's... nonsense!" I stammered, my words barely holding together.

"You're literally averting your gaze right now."

"N-No, it's just..."

I tried to keep my composure, but I couldn't look at him. My eyes slipped away on their own. If I looked him in the eyes for even a second longer, I knew I'd burst into flames.

And then... he laughed.

A rich, deep chuckle that vibrated through the air.

"Fuhahahahaha...!"

I narrowed my eyes, trying to sound annoyed despite my flaming cheeks. "W-What are you laughing at?!"

He grinned down at me, his voice soft but amused. "No, it's just... it feels like the Irene I used to know is finally back."

That threw me off.

"...What do you mean by that?"

He leaned back a little, eyes gliding over me with a nostalgic gaze.

"I mean... the way you're dressed, the way you're acting. This isn't the Irene from the past few months—the one who's been desperately trying to earn my affection. No... this feels like the Irene I slept with for the first time."

His words hit me with unexpected weight.

I blinked, confused. Disoriented.

Sure, I wasn't wearing anything special today—just my usual suit, a crisp blazer, pencil skirt, and sheer tights. I had stopped dressing more provocatively. Gone back to my professional look.

But... was he saying that made me the same person from before?

Somehow... that felt a little insulting.

"Leon..." I said quietly, a hint of sharpness in my tone. "I don't think I appreciate that. These past few years—I haven't changed. Not really."

I stepped forward, brushing past his arm as I moved toward my desk.

"So how about you come sit down—and we talk about this thing you're trying to bring up?"

Chapter 768: Irene's Confliction (2)

Leon and I walked over to the table, and once we were there, I looked him straight in the eyes and gave my instruction in a gentle but firm tone.

"Sit down, Leon," I told him, pressing my hand against his chest as I guided him down onto the chair.

He followed without question, lowering himself onto the seat and he was completely obedient. The moment he sat, my gaze dropped instinctively, and that's when I noticed it.

A bulge.

Firm and prominent, straining visibly beneath the fabric of his pants.

"What's this, Leon?" I said, raising an eyebrow as a sly smile curled at the corner of my lips. "You're already hard... You really have the biggest hots for me, don't you?"

"Well... it's been a while since I last did it with you, so..." Leon replied.

"So just a bit of distance... and you start craving me like this, huh?" I asked, my tone teasing but laced with warmth. I leaned in slightly, letting my voice lower. "But even then... that wasn't enough to make you choose me, was it?"

"I'm sorry," he said, sighing. "No matter how irresistible you are... I can't just throw away my dreams, or everything else I've worked for. But that doesn't mean I'd give up on you either. I won't stop—not until you're officially part of my harem."

"How cheeky," I said with a quiet, amused chuckle. NovelBin)

Without hesitation, my hand drifted down to his crotch, fingers pressing directly onto the thick bulge through his pants. I looked up at him with a knowing smirk, the heat in my gaze unmistakable.

I wasn't sure if acting this lewd so suddenly was the right thing to do... but judging by his reaction, it definitely was.

His cock twitched under my hand, even through the fabric. Every slow, teasing stroke I gave it made it pulse stronger, throbbing harder with each pass, as if desperate to be freed.

"Fufufu... it seems like your guy here is way too excited, don't you think?" I whispered, my breath hitching slightly as my own arousal began to surface.

I was getting just as worked up as him.

It had been far too long since the last time. We hadn't even seen each other during winter break, and the longing that had built up inside me was now crashing out like a wave.

I could feel my panties clinging tightly to my skin, soaked and heavy with arousal. They were wet enough to make me shift slightly in discomfort, but also in anticipation.

"Just relax for a bit, Leon," I murmured. "I'm going to pleasure you... Let's see if I'm still the same woman I used to be as you said earlier."

With a light giggle, I leaned forward and brought my face to his crotch. Then, using only my teeth, I carefully undid the top of his pants, pulling the zipper down with a deliberate slowness.

Once that was done, I reached in and tugged down both his pants and his boxer briefs, revealing the full length of his cock as it sprang free—

It was thick, erect, and radiating heat onto my face.

The moment it was exposed, a strong, musky scent filled my nose. It was raw and masculine. It hit me like a drug, clouding my senses as if I was being pulled under by it.

"Ha...~ ha...~" I couldn't stop my breathing from growing heavy. I was sure he could hear every trembling inhale.

Unable to resist any longer, I leaned closer, brushing my lips against the head of his cock before slowly wrapping them around the tip and beginning to take it into my mouth. NovelBin

"Mmm...~"

The sensation of it sliding into my mouth—hot and throbbing—made my entire body shiver. I let my tongue dance along the underside as I took more and more of it in, smearing saliva across every inch.

I licked up and down, coating it thoroughly, until it glistened under the dim light. I slobbered and suckled, taking it deeper with each motion until the head pressed into the back of my throat and started pushing further.

The pressure made my throat tighten, my eyes watering slightly as I resisted the urge to gag. But I didn't stop. I kept pushing it deeper, letting it fill me, feeling every pulse and throb inside my mouth.

And as I did that, I could feel it—

The undeniable wetness between my thighs growing heavier.

My pussy was leaking.

Desire boiled inside me, and I couldn't suppress it anymore. I reached down, tore open the part of my stockings covering my crotch, and shoved my panties to the side, letting the cool air hit my soaked, needy slit.

My fingers found my clit quickly, the swollen little bead twitching at the first touch. It was so sensitive already, and I couldn't help but rub it while I continued sucking him off.

Leon's hand reached behind my head, his fingers threading into my hair. He gripped it tightly, holding me steady while I bobbed my head slowly up and down on his cock, licking and stroking with my tongue.

His cock was twitching in my mouth, veins throbbing with every motion.

Then, when I finally pulled off of it, a long, sticky strand of saliva stretched from my lips to the glistening shaft—shimmering like a silver string.

"Fuahhh..." I gasped, breathless, as I stroked the base of his cock with my hand, watching the string break with a flick. "Ahh... I really want it now... We can do it, right?" I asked softly, my eyes locked onto his as I rose to my feet and straddled him on the chair.

"It seems you're the one who starts craving it when we haven't done it in a while, huh?" Leon said with a smirk, turning my words back on me.

He was teasing me—but I didn't care anymore.

At this point, I was already drowning in lust. My mind was hazy and my vision was tunneled. All I could see was him.

"Wait, let me aim it first," Leon said, grabbing his cock and carefully lining it up with the entrance of my pussy.

The second the head touched me, I shivered violently, the heat of his cock against my slick folds making me gulp.

And when he gave me the word, I didn't hesitate.

I slowly and gradually sank my hips down onto him.

Chapter 769: Irene's Confliction (3)

My vagina gradually, yet irresistibly, yielded to his cock, my soft, heated walls parting with a wet, slow stretch to accommodate him.

I could feel every agonizing inch of his thick shaft as it pushed deeper, the sheer width forcing my inner muscles to spread around him.

He was being welcomed in—not just with resistance, but with growing eagerness, as my body began to mold itself around him.

My pussy had already started to grow used to the shape of his cock—its weight as well as the way it filled me.

He was so big... so thick... and as I sank my hips further down onto him, it felt like I was going to snap in half. My body trembled just trying to take him fully.

"Ahh... hnnnaaa... hnnn~"

The pleasure was crawling through me, blanking my mind like fog.

My consciousness was starting to melt, dripping away under the heat of him inside me.

Each time he spread me wider, I found myself surrendering more and more with my body responding with a natural, needy rhythm. I'd been used to this... to him, but no matter how many times we did it, the raw feeling of him splitting me open like this was something I could never get tired of.

"Ahhhhnnnghhh~... ah, ah..." My spine arched high as the head of his cock slammed against the entrance of my womb. "Ah... haa~, haa~... your penis is so good...~"

My eyes, hazy and glimmering with lust, locked onto Leon's face.

I cupped his cheeks in both hands, pulling his gaze to mine, my expression melting into one of helpless surrender.

"Is my pussy good too...? Does my pussy feel good to you?"

"Yes," Leon said, his voice low and rich. "Your pussy's tight and dripping wet... the way it hugs my cock, making me feel every single ridge inside you... it's fucking incredible."

I could feel his cock twitching inside me, and with every pulse, my walls squeezed back, like they were clinging to him. Each vein and each throb, made my body shudder more.

With my face flushed and eyes half-lidded, I leaned in and kissed him.

Our mouths collided with heat and hunger. My lips parted for his tongue, and we tangled with each other, sloppy and unrestrained. Our spit mixed messily, trailing in thick strands from our chins. I moaned into his mouth, my voice dissolving into his tongue.

"F-Fuck me, Leon..." I begged, my forehead resting against his, panting softly.

Without a word, he looped his arms around my waist, locking me into place—and then, he thrust upward.

"Ahhh...!"

My body jolted violently, a shock coursing through my limbs as his cock slammed straight up, hammering against the mouth of my womb again. My whole being vibrated from the impact, and I felt myself light up like electricity had just shot through my spine.

Every single deep, deliberate thrust sent that same jolt tearing through me, the head of his cock kissing my womb like it belonged there.

"Ahh, ahh... ahhhnnn~ Ah, ah, ahhh...~ Ahh, L-Leon... it feels so good...~ M-More...!
Ahhhhhhhhhhnnn~!!!"

I was losing it. My mind, my control, my ability to think.

His cock drove me deeper and deeper into madness. Each thrust was like a battering wave, crashing into me, making me feel each vein, and every curve—etching the shape of his cock into my walls.

The pleasure wasn't building. It was surging.

And then it started to crest.

Something was happening. After being hit repeatedly against my cervix—my very deepest part—I knew what was coming.

"Ah...! L-Leon, I... I...!"

It was rising, crashing upward through me like a tidal wave.

The edge of climax was pulling me closer—no, dragging me. And I couldn't stop it.

"Ahhh, ah...~ Ah, ah, ahhh...~ Ahnnnnnn...~!"

My moans rose in pitch, trembling as I clung to Leon's body. My nails dug into his back, holding on for dear life as my body prepared to snap.

"Ahhh...~!"

"You don't have to hold back, Irene," he growled, his voice vibrating through my chest. "Cum for me. Cum all you like!"

His cock pounded again, right into that sensitive spot—and that was it.

"Ahh, ahh...~ I... I'm...~ Cumming...~ Cumminggggggggggggggggggg~...!"

It erupted.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

I screamed through clenched teeth, my body locking up.

The orgasm ripped through me violently, my whole body shuddering. It wasn't gentle. It wasn't slow.

It exploded.

It felt like I'd cum for the first time—like the heat had finally cracked me open. I felt myself lightheaded, floating in the aftermath of pleasure.

My thighs quivered, my hips trembled, and my expression was glazed over in pure, erotic haze.

I stared up at Leon with eyes barely focused, lips slightly parted in bliss.

"I love it when you make a face like that," Leon murmured with a smirk, his eyes drinking in the sight of me coming undone.

"Uhee...~"

The sound escaped me without thought, my tongue too loose, my mind too broken to form words. That orgasm had wrung me dry.

It was the first time I came this hard in so long—especially after being away from him.

I'd released so much... my juices soaked the chair below and even dripped down onto Leon's legs where I sat on top of him.

"But I haven't cum yet," he said.

His voice brought me back from my daze.

"I-I'll make you cum..." I said, breath catching in my throat. "Tell me what to do... What do you want me to do to make you feel even better?"

Right now, I'd give him everything. It didn't matter whether I was on top or beneath him. Either way, I knew he'd pleasure me until I couldn't take anymore. I was already reduced to a shaking mess.

"Alright then," he said, voice thick with lust. "Why don't you start by pressing your hands against the table and giving me your ass?"

I didn't hesitate. Not for a second.

I rose up, turned around, and leaned forward, placing my palms on the table's edge.

Then, I pulled my pencil skirt up to my thighs, leaving it bunched. I was still wearing stockings, though the crotch part was already ripped and exposed—clearly showing the wet, glistening slit that had been dripping down to the floor.

Leon looked at me like he was going to devour me whole.

His gaze was so intense, it felt like it could melt my legs out from under me. Lust burned in his eyes.

He stroked his cock slowly, smearing my slick and his pre-cum along the shaft while staring at my offered backside.

But what I didn't realize—what I couldn't have expected—was what he really intended to do.

He reached down and tore the already ruined part of my stockings wider, ripping it open fully.

Then, he shifted my panties to the side, exposing something more.

My back hole.

"Ah..."

I swallowed hard, heart thudding in my chest.

And then—he aimed.

Not at my pussy. Not where I thought he was going.

But at my ass.

And slowly... he pushed in.

Chapter 770: Irene's Confliction (4)

"Ah, Leon... That's—!"

The words slipped out of me in a sharp gasp, my voice trembling with alarm.

I could feel it... that his length pressing insistently against the tight ring of my rear entrance.

My entire body tensed on instinct, my breath hitching, and my spine stiffened in place.

My muscles tried to clench shut in protest to the sudden pressure.

But his presence—his warmth and his size—was undeniable, and I knew what he was trying to do.

"You told me I could do whatever I wanted... as long as it made me feel good, didn't you?" Leon's voice curled around my senses like a silk ribbon, teasing and husky. As he spoke, his hands moved to grip both sides of my hips, anchoring me in place.

His chest pressed up against my back, his weight comforting yet dominant, and his lips were so close to my ear that the breath from his whisper tickled against the sensitive skin.

"B-But the butt is..."

"Don't worry," he murmured, voice tender but determined. "I'll be gentle."

And with that quiet promise, he pushed forward with a slow, deliberate pressure from his hips.

I could feel him beginning to breach me—there, in that forbidden place.

It wasn't like before.

Unlike my pussy, that tight, hidden part of me wasn't made for this.

It resisted naturally, clenching down and was unsure. But Leon didn't rush. He eased in, carefully as well as patiently.

Somehow—shockingly—my body started to open for him.

The tight ring gave way just enough to swallow the tip, and my breath caught in my throat.

My backside stretched in a way that made me feel exposed, helpless, and yet oddly awakened.

"Ahhh...! Ahh, ahh...!"

I gasped sharply, each breath quick and uneven. I didn't know what was happening. A strange heat was rising through me—unnatural and unexpected—but impossibly good.

My legs trembled. My knees rubbed together, barely able to hold me up. A prickling, overwhelming pressure was growing in that forbidden spot, and it was starting to drive my nerves wild.

'Am I the type of woman who... actually enjoys this?' I asked myself, stunned. The head of his cock passed beyond the tight entrance, and my mind reeled from the sensation.

He was so large. I could feel everything.

"Nghhh... ahhh, ahh...~"

"Hang in there... just a bit more..."

Leon's voice steadied me.

He continued his slow invasion, his cock pushing deeper into my trembling body.

Every inch that slid inside felt like I was being reshaped around him, my insides struggling and then gradually yielding.

My vision flickered—white blurs edged with black—like sparks flashing behind my eyelids.

"Aahh... L-Leon...~"

I called his name, helpless and breathless.

Though he hadn't fully entered yet, I could already feel him filling me and stretching me to the brink. My body clung to the edge of sanity, quivering under the pressure.

I gripped the table's edge so hard my knuckles went pale. I could feel it—the moment building.

And then—

"Nghhh...~"

My inner muscles gave out all at once, loosening just enough, and Leon took that opening.

With a powerful thrust, he slid the rest of the way in, burying himself completely, balls-deep inside me.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaa...~"

I let out a moan so loud, it felt like the very air around us trembled.

The shock of it hit me like lightning—

It was hot, violent, and immediate.

A raw, sudden orgasm ripped through me, and I felt the flood gush from my other hole—liquid spraying down like a waterfall onto the floor beneath.

My thighs quaked. My breath came in ragged gasps.

"Haa...~ Ha...~ Ha...~"

I was panting, my chest heaving as my mind struggled to catch up.

"Are you okay?" he asked me gently, his words deliberately close, warm against my skin. The proximity of his voice... his lips... every breath he took made me tremble.

"I-I'm fine..." I managed to whisper between breaths. "I just... didn't expect you to use that place..."

I turned my head slightly to glance back at him over my shoulder. My expression was dazed, but not disapproving.

He chuckled softly. "Well, when you leave your butt exposed like that, how could I resist?"

His tone made my body flutter. He really knew how to fluster me with just his voice.

"Now... is it okay if I move?"

I drew in a deep breath. I could feel his cock twitch inside me, stretching me even as we stood still. My insides squeezed around him. That was an involuntary reaction.

"R-Right... go ahead," I breathed, bracing myself.

He tightened his hold on my hips—and then thrust.

My head snapped back, mouth wide open, eyes rolling up.

The force of that first full movement made it feel like my very soul had been punched out of me.

It scraped, pressed, and filled me in ways I didn't know were possible.

And unlike before, there was no womb to stop his advance. There was only endless tightness, heat, and friction.

Yet somehow, it still felt like he reached something deep inside me. It was surreal. It was intimate, overwhelming, and unreal.

"Ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahhh! Ahh, ahhH! Ahhh, ahhh...! Ahh, ahh...!"

Wet, messy sounds echoed with each thrust, obscene pops and slick slaps as his cock pushed in and pulled out. The sound of our bodies meeting again and again filled the room.

My ears rang with my own filthy moans, and I couldn't stop them.

I could feel it again—another orgasm creeping up on me. Faster this time. Harder. This wasn't supposed to happen, not from this... and yet here I was, shaking.

"Ahhh...! Ah, ah, ahhh...! Ah, ahhh...!"

Saliva dribbled from the corner of my open mouth. My vision blurred, again flashing with light as each thrust sent me into another burst of pleasure.

There was no end inside me—just depth, and he was plunging into all of it.

"Nghhh...! AH, ahhh... ahhh...! Ahhh, ahhh...!"

"Oh? You're getting tighter," he teased, voice low and amused. "Are you about to cum again?"

"Y-Yes... C-Cum... please... cum with me...!" I begged through trembling lips.

"You don't have to worry about me," he said. "Just let go. I want to see you lose it."

His hand slipped forward, reaching under me. I gasped when his fingers found my clit—already engorged and painfully sensitive. He pinched it, hard.

"Nghhhhhh! Ah, ahhh...! L-Leon, that's not fair—doing both at once...! Nghhhhhh!"

I couldn't hold it back anymore.

My whole body locked up, my breath vanished—and then...

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

I came again.

So hard it felt like my consciousness was yanked out of my body and slammed back in all at once.