

The World 771

Chapter 771: Irene's Confliction (5)

A flood of warm liquid surged out from between my legs, trailing down my thighs in a trembling wave as the aftershock of that staggering orgasm crashed through me. My entire body quaked uncontrollably—shivers traveling from the tips of my fingers to the arch of my feet—as I remained bent over, breathless, feeling every drop of it spill out as if it had torn something open deep inside me.

My chest rose and fell sharply, lungs begging for air.

"Haa...~ Ha...~" I panted, my voice uneven, shallow, every breath sounding wet and desperate. A thin string of drool slipped from the corner of my lips, trailing down my chin as my mouth hung open in shock and satisfaction.

"Are you okay, Irene?" Leon asked gently, his voice layered with a smile, yet tinged with concern.

"I-I'm fine... I'm just... trying to catch my breath for a moment," I whispered, eyes barely focused, my body still twitching from the lingering waves of pleasure echoing through my muscles.

That orgasm had been so powerful, so consuming, it left me teetering on the edge of consciousness. My vision blurred slightly, and for a moment, I wasn't even sure where I was anymore.

"Haa...~ ha...~"

Time seemed to pause as I struggled to come back to myself. After what felt like forever, I finally lifted my gaze, glancing back at him with flushed cheeks and shaky breath.

"Y-You can continue now..." I murmured, my voice barely above a whisper.

Leon's lips curled into a slow, approving smile as his hands tightened around my hips, firm and reassuring.

And then—he moved again.

"Ahhh...!" I gasped, my eyes snapping shut.

The moment he began again, the pressure returned in full—intense and unrelenting. It wasn't just physical—it was emotional, almost spiritual. The sensation slammed into me with such force I could barely hold myself upright.

I never imagined it could feel this good—this addictive.

"Ahhhn, ah, ahh... ah, ah, ahhh...~ Ahh, ahhnnnggghh~ Ah, ah, ahhh...! I-It feels good...~ Ahhh, ahh... This is... so good...~ T-The best...!"

The words spilled from my lips without thought, broken and uncontrolled.

My voice echoed around the room in rhythmic bursts, syncing with the sounds of motion, the soft slap of skin, the creak of the table I was braced against. Each thrust, each push inside, sent sparks racing up my spine and bursting like fireworks behind my eyes.

It was as if my body had surrendered completely—abandoning any resistance. I was opening up to the pleasure, losing myself to it with every second.

My breath hitched, and a soft whimper slipped out between my lips.

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

He was deep—so deep—and his size stretched me in ways that made it impossible to think straight. I could feel every shift, every inch of his length as it moved within, pushing my limits over and over again.

"Ah, ahhh...~ L-Leon... P-Please cum....! Because I'm going to cum again!!!"

The intensity was mounting again. I could feel it winding me up from the inside, like a spring pulled too tightly—ready to snap. My thoughts blurred into raw sensation. I couldn't think. I could barely breathe.

"Yes, I'm going to cum now as well...!" Leon groaned, his voice rough, deeper now—strained and feral with urgency.

He moved faster, more forceful, every motion deliberate and carnal, and yet it wasn't roughness that overwhelmed me—it was the consistency, the depth, the way he knew exactly how to make my body burn.

Each thrust was like a hammer strike against my nerves, and I couldn't stop the trembling in my knees. My hands gripped the table so tightly it felt like my knuckles would break.

It felt like he was striking something inside me with pinpoint precision—the soft flesh that separated where I was filled from where my womb pulsed just beyond. I could feel it through every beat, every thrust. It was maddening.

My mouth opened in a wordless scream.

"Nghhh~!!!"

That final wave crashed, and I came—harder than before.

It wasn't just physical. It was emotional. It stripped something from me and gave something else back—something primal.

"Kuh...!"

I heard Leon's breath hitch as well—his voice heavy with strain.

And then I felt it.

Heat.

It poured into me all at once, flooding me, filling me up from deep within. It was thick, and warm, and shocking. The sensation made my whole body lurch. I clenched around him instinctively.

It felt like fire spreading inside me—hot and powerful. Almost too much.

My vision blurred, my body arched, and I felt his release deep within.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh, ahhh...~!"

My moans echoed through the space as I trembled, every nerve in my body overcharged and frayed.

Then, Leon began to pull out.

A wet pop marked his withdrawal, and I could feel how wide I still was. The strange emptiness that followed made me shiver.

A second later, I felt it—his warmth leaking out of me. It trailed down slowly, tickling along the curves of my thighs, joining the rest of our mess pooling below. The scent of sweat and spent bodies filled the room.

My knees buckled.

I collapsed gently to the floor, barely catching myself with trembling arms on the edge of the table. My entire body sagged, legs folded beneath me.

I panted. Deep, shuddering breaths.

Then, I felt another wave build inside me—but this one was different.

"Ahhh... S-Something else is coming...~ Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh~~"

My body let go again—another release. Liquid streamed out of me, warm and golden, spreading across the already soiled floor. My thighs trembled violently from the strain of it, but I didn't stop it. I couldn't.

I was overwhelmed.

All I could do was breathe.

Leon watched silently—eyes wide, unmoving—as I emptied out everything. My gaze met his, dazed and half-lidded. I saw the awe, the fascination. My cheeks flushed deeper.

We both knew this wasn't over.

Something in me clenched involuntarily—a soft reminder of how full I'd been, and how much I still wanted him. As I clenched, another soft trickle escaped me—more warmth, more release.

More longing.

Leon's POV

Irene lay on the floor, utterly spent, her body draped against my leg like a delicate mess of silk and exhaustion. Her cheeks glowed with the aftermath of ecstasy, and her fingers clung gently to me.

I leaned back slightly, letting her rest, her lips now wrapped around me again as she gently suckled, eyes soft with dazed affection.

My cock had been inside her so many times tonight, yet the warmth of her mouth still made me twitch. My hand idly slid between her legs again, fingers slipping inside with ease. She was still wet. Still ready.

It was nightfall before we even noticed.

Eventually, I pulled back from her lips, my cock slipping free with a final twitch. She gave me a soft whimper of disappointment—but then smiled, cheeks still flushed, and opened her mouth slightly to show me the proof. There was nothing left. She'd swallowed it all.

"That's good," I told her with a smirk. "Thanks for the swallow."

We rested in the quiet for a while, until we finally started to redress, piece by piece.

"Jeez... I'm running out of tights," she muttered, fixing her skirt. "Might as well not wear them if we're going to keep doing this."

"Tights and stockings are kind of a thing for me," I replied. "I like it when you wear them."

She rolled her eyes with a laugh, but I could see the faint smirk forming.

"If that's the case, maybe start supplying them. My professor salary isn't cut out for restocking torn tights every time you lose control."

Chapter 772: Irene's Confliction (6)

If doing it with her again meant feeling that kind of bliss once more, then hell yeah—it would be good. That was the only thought echoing in my head as the air in the room lingered with heat and scent from what we just did.

While I was pulling my clothes back on, still a bit dazed from the aftermath, I noticed her.

She was watching me.

Her gaze lingered for just a second too long with her eyes tracing me, unreadable for a moment.

"What? You still want more?" I asked with a smirk, tossing a glance her way.

She quickly looked away, cheeks slightly flushed, and let out a soft breath. "Well... I'm not really against the idea, but it's already late at night, and I've got something to prepare for my lecture tomorrow... so I really don't have the time at all."

But then something shifted in her expression—her eyes widened slightly, as if a sudden realization struck her right in the middle of that sentence.

"So I guess... if I'm the only woman in your life, I really wouldn't be able to satisfy you, huh?" she said quietly, with a touch of resignation in her voice.

She must've known this deep down for a long time, but hearing it aloud—voicing it herself—seemed to make the truth hit harder. No matter how much stamina she had, no matter how much she wanted to be there for me, the reality was she just didn't have the time to keep up with me. And my libido... it only kept growing and demanding more.

"Why don't you just join my harem?" I asked her, casually but sincerely.

She paused, and then her eyes shifted, conflicted.

"Joining a harem... it's something that feels a little off-putting to me, I guess," she murmured, her voice laced with hesitation. "I mean, sure... I do love being with you. I want to be one with you—completely—no walls, no masks, and just us. But... I don't really like the idea of being in a polyamorous relationship. Because... if I do that, I'll have to share you with others. And your love... it'll be divided. I feel like... because I'm older than the rest, I'd be the first one you'd slowly push away once I lose my appeal." Her eyes dropped to the floor, her voice fading.

"That's not true at all," I replied firmly, stepping closer. "It's not that easy for me to lose interest in someone I care about. Honestly... I want you to be with me—for life."

What I meant was: I wanted her by my side forever.

Not just her, but all the women I held close to me.

The research division in Leonamon had already been making strides and trying to uncover medicine that could grant immortality. Maybe there would be a spell down the line, but if that kind of power could only be used on one person, I wasn't interested. I wanted something that all of us—my women—could take.

"R-Really?" she asked, eyes wide, staring into mine with a vulnerable intensity. "You're not just saying that because you're desperate to make me say yes to joining your harem, are you?"

I shook my head slowly. "I do want you in my harem. But I'm not just saying all this to flatter you or talk you into anything. I mean it—I truly want to live with you. Forever."

To her, maybe that sounded like some exaggerated line pulled from a cheesy romance drama, but to me, it was the truth. I didn't have better words to describe it.

She blushed at my words—her face turning a warm shade of pink—and goodness, she looked so damn cute when she blushed like that.

Honestly... I wanted to fuck her all over again.

"So? Are you going to join?" I asked, watching her carefully.

She looked away again, her voice barely audible. "L-Let me think about it."

Yeah... this wouldn't be easy.

She had always dreamed of monogamy. And being part of a polyamorous relationship like this—especially one with me already surrounded by other women—meant letting go of a belief she'd probably held for a long time.

"Well, there's no rush," I said softly. "I won't push you. Something like this... you need time to think about it."

She looked at me again, and after a brief silence, she gave me a small nod.

"A-Anyway, you should go first," she said, quickly averting her gaze again. "It wouldn't look good for both of us to leave the room together. Someone might see."

"Right," I said, adjusting my clothes.

I opened the door and stepped outside, leaving behind the warmth of her office.

The inside air was still thick—hot and heavy from all the sex we had. But the moment I stepped out, the cool night air rushed over my skin, and it felt like a cold splash of relief.

I glanced back one last time and saw her still standing there in the doorway.

She smiled softly... and gave me a little wave.

I smiled back.

And just like that, I turned and walked away from her office.

Meanwhile...

Isiliraiellyn's POV

"Ahh... L-Leon... ahhh...~ Ahhnngghh...~"

"M-Master... give me more...~ Ahhhhnnnn...~"

It was late at night, and the entire world outside had gone quiet.

But not me.

I was still awake, eyes glued to the screen as I watched a video playing in front of me—one my partner had recorded personally.

He was having sex with two women at once.

I bit my lower lip, captivated.

"Oohhh~ So even that can go in there...?" I murmured, tilting my head slightly in curiosity as I scribbled some notes on a memo pad. I was documenting every detail.

This was valuable learning material. Real-time reference.

Modern technology really was convenient. Watching footage like this made studying more engaging and more exciting.

"Oohhh~!" I gasped again, eyes widening as the angle shifted.

"So Partner reacts strongly when they lick it like that, huh?" I whispered to myself, making another note as he groaned under the attention of both women's tongues.

The way he grunted when they both wrapped around him... It clearly hit the spot.

"Hmm?"

That's when I noticed something odd.

There was a strange dampness between my legs.

Did I... pee?

I tilted my head, confused, and looked down.

But then I shrugged.

Oh well. It doesn't really matter.

I pee myself all the time anyway.

Chapter 773: Delusional Woman (1)

Leon's POV

Lately, something about Isiliraiellyn had been... off.

It wasn't just a subtle shift either. I mean, it was very clear, even if no one else seemed to notice it. There was a different glimmer in her eyes whenever she looked at me. Like a flicker of restrained excitement just beneath her calm surface, almost like she was trying to hide how much her attention had turned toward me.

But more than just that, her gaze had changed. It wasn't casual anymore... it was sharp, focused, almost intense in a way that felt like it could pierce right through me.

I could've easily written it off as a reaction to the video I sent her. That alone might've explained the odd tension in the air between us now.

And yet... she hadn't said a word about it. Not even a passing mention.

If anything, I expected her to approach me by now—especially with the way her eyes practically lit up every time they found me. That look alone screamed anticipation.

But strangely enough, she hadn't done anything remotely like that. Not even a conversation. No subtle gestures. Nothing.

Still, it didn't really matter.

She seemed like she was on the verge of falling right into my arms anyway. I figured I'd just wait it out. She'd come to me eventually—it was only a matter of time.

While I sat through a lecture, slouched in my chair and yawning as I barely clung to consciousness, I felt a faint but familiar pressure.

Someone's eyes were on me.

I shifted my gaze downward, and there it was—Zeruel.

She was staring at me, quiet and unmoving. But the moment I looked back, her eyes flinched, and she instantly turned away—pretending to be focused on scribbling lecture notes.

Like she hadn't just been watching me intently for who-knows-how-long.

I raised an eyebrow but didn't think too much of it. She'd been doing that more frequently lately. I figured it was just another strange mood swing on her end.

After what felt like forever, the lecture finally drew to a close.

"Remember to pass that before the end of the day today at my office," the instructor announced in his usual dry, lifeless tone.

He was an older man. He was bearded, slow, and dreadfully dull. The kind of person who could make even the most interesting topic sound like watching paint dry.

His words came in like a slow wave and rolled right back out again, leaving nothing behind in your mind.

If you had the misfortune of sitting through one of his lectures for even just an hour, odds were you'd fall asleep within the first ten minutes.

Five, if you were particularly sleep-deprived.

Dozing off in the academy wasn't exactly a punishable offense, but the instructors would definitely dock points from your evaluation.

And your rank would drop as a result.

The cadets near the bottom? Yeah, they slept all the time. They had nothing to lose, after all

But the ones near the top? They kept their eyes wide open no matter how boring things got. Reputation and ranking mattered more than rest.

I barely registered most of the lecture. Just more numbers and nonsense. While the teacher droned on about equations, I half-listened, half-dozed—until he finally ended with a reminder about the assignment due later.

Basic algebra formulas with added magical theory. Just a mix of spellcasting fundamentals and theoretical application.

Nothing groundbreaking, and nothing I hadn't seen before.

It was one of those hybrid lessons—less about learning magic itself, more about how math and spell mechanics intertwined.

Boring stuff, really.

After letting out one final yawn and stepping out of the classroom, I felt someone tug at me—gentle, but firm.

"Let's go and eat together with us, Leon!" Titania chirped, her voice full of warmth.

I glanced at her and smiled. The way she beamed up at me, eyes shining and cheeks slightly flushed, made it impossible to refuse.

My girlfriend was always full of energy.

"Ah...!"

A soft gasp rang out behind me.

I instinctively turned my head—and caught sight of Zeruel.

She had her hand outstretched toward me, as if about to grab my sleeve—but froze mid-motion, caught off guard.

The moment our eyes met, she pulled her hand back and abruptly turned on her heel.

She ran.

Like she'd just realized how strange she was acting.

...Did she need something from me?

"Can you go ahead without me first?" I asked Titania, keeping my tone calm.

I was going to go with her, I really was—but something about Zeruel's reaction intrigued me. There was hesitation, panic, something more than just awkwardness.

And I didn't want to miss the chance to see what she was trying to do.

Tracking her down wasn't exactly easy. The academy was massive, after all. Hallways twisted like mazes, and the buildings weren't always connected.

But thankfully, there was something I could rely on: mana.

Every person had a unique magical signature—a distinct pressure that lingered in the air if you were sensitive enough to feel it.

And Zeruel's mana was unmistakable. Delicate, light, and tinged with something... sharp.

Following that lingering trace through the halls, I eventually found her.

She was sitting alone on one of the staircases leading up to the second floor of the second-years' building.

She looked... quiet. Almost smaller than usual.

In her hands, she held a sandwich, nibbling on it in tiny, precise bites.

Beside her was a lunchbox, still half-full, the contents neat and untouched.

"So you're eating here?" I said, my voice breaking the silence.

She flinched so hard I almost heard her bones creak. Her body jolted, and her wide eyes darted straight to mine.

"L-Leon?!" she squeaked—and then immediately coughed as she swallowed wrong, choking on her bite.

I moved toward her quickly, patting her back gently as she wheezed.

It took a few moments, but she finally coughed it out, gasping for breath.

"Cough... Cough...!" she wheezed, a small tear forming at the corner of her eye from the strain. "W-Why are you here?" she asked, still catching her breath.

"I noticed earlier that you looked like you wanted to say something," I replied, voice calm and direct. "So I came here to ask what that was about."

"Ah... T-That's really nothing, honestly..." she mumbled, face flushing red.

Then, in a quieter tone, she added, "W-Well... not entirely nothing..."

She glanced down shyly, and her hand moved slowly toward the lunchbox sitting beside her.

Chapter 774: Delusional Woman (2)

Was she really planning to give me one of her sandwiches?

From the way her fingers lingered by the lunchbox and how hesitant her eyes were, it definitely looked like it. The lunchbox was packed generously—more than enough for just one person to finish. Honestly, anyone could tell it was meant for sharing.

"H-Here..." she murmured, almost in a whisper, her voice barely cutting through the quiet of the corridor.

Her hands trembled slightly as she extended one sandwich toward me.

"I-I just... made an extra today, so I wondered... maybe you could have it," she said, her eyes darting away, trying not to meet mine, cheeks tinged with a soft flush.

"You don't have any other friends to share it with?" I asked, my voice calm, but tinged with genuine curiosity.

"I-I really don't..." Zeruel answered, her voice dropping to a fragile murmur. "W-Well, I think I tried to get along with the others back in our first year, but... as the year dragged on, and even now in the second year... the situation with my mother just took so much of my time. I couldn't really make friends."

Right... her mother.

She was afflicted with Eternal Slumber, a rare, incurable illness that left her trapped in a coma-like state, which she have been cured now.

Given how much that must have weighed on her, it was no wonder she didn't have the energy or freedom to build friendships. It made perfect sense. A heavy, understandable loneliness.

In that case... maybe I was the closest thing she had to a friend right now.

I reached forward, gently took the sandwich from her, and settled myself onto the stair beside her.

"W-Why are you sitting here?" she asked, startled, her eyes widening ever so slightly.

"Well, it's kind of rude to eat while standing, right?" I replied with a slight smirk. "So I figured I might as well sit."

"N-No... that's not what I meant..." she stammered, looking flustered. "I mean, why are you sitting here with me? A-Aren't you supposed to go back to Princess Titania?"

So that's what she meant. She thought I'd leave right after taking the sandwich and that I'd return to eat with my girlfriends. She didn't expect me to stay—especially not with her.

"I mean, I could go back," I admitted with a small shrug. "But I think they'll be fine eating on their own for a little while."

"I-I see..." she whispered, shifting in place. Her shoulders tensed, and she looked down, visibly uneasy about the situation.

Still, she lifted the sandwich to her lips and took a careful nibble, chewing quietly. I followed suit, unwrapping the sandwich she gave me, lifting it slowly toward my mouth.

The moment the scent hit my nose, my stomach reacted instantly.

A warm, toasty aroma greeted me... it was egg and something sweet mixed with a slight tang that stirred my appetite instantly. The scent was sharp but comforting, laced with just enough spice to make it interesting.

I took a bite.

Immediately, flavors exploded across my tongue. The softness of the egg paired perfectly with a subtle sweetness and just the right amount of sourness. Salt and pepper danced at the edges, perfectly balanced—not too much and not too little. The bread had been lightly toasted, just enough to give a delicate crisp, and carried a gentle burnt edge that enhanced the aroma.

It was, in a word, amazing.

"This is a good one," I said genuinely, chewing thoughtfully. "You made this?"

Zeruel turned red in an instant, her cheeks blooming with color even as she still had a bite of her sandwich between her teeth.

"Y-Yes," she managed, her voice muffled. "My sister told me to make one... and she also told me I should give you one too. But... I couldn't give it to you for the past few days... for some reason."

She lowered her gaze again, her fingers fidgeting nervously on her lap.

"Well," I said, chuckling softly, "you could make a business out of this, honestly."

"Hehehe..." she laughed quietly, eyes softening. "If you put it like that... I would love to turn it into a business. But... this sandwich is really special to us. Something we only make for important days. And only for important people. So... if I sold it, it wouldn't feel special anymore."

So that's how it was.

There really were people like that.

People who believed that some things should stay meaningful and reserved only for those who mattered. Something personal and not meant to be shared with everyone.

And I respected that.

Honestly, I felt a little bad for even suggesting it could be a product.

"So... does that mean I'm a special person now, since you're giving me one?" I asked.

I wasn't teasing her. I genuinely wanted to understand what it meant.

If the sandwich was only for special occasions, only for people they held dear... then me receiving one—it meant I was part of that group. Right?

Her blush deepened instantly, and she looked away in a hurry. Her fingers tightened around the edge of her skirt, and she fumbled with her words for a moment before answering.

"W-Well... you did bring our mother back to us," she said softly. "So I guess... it's fine for us to consider you someone very special."

Her voice was barely above a whisper, and the redness on her cheeks practically glowed now.

Seeing her like that... it struck something in me. She looked genuinely adorable.

I averted my gaze, unsure of what to say, and just quietly continued eating beside her.

The silence between us wasn't uncomfortable. It felt peaceful. Serene.

Until—

"Kukuku..."

A strange, theatrical laugh suddenly echoed behind us.

Zeruel and I glanced at each other instinctively, eyebrows raised. Then, as if synchronized, we turned to look behind us.

And there she was.

Someone I absolutely didn't expect to see here right now.

"Lady Isiliraiellyn is here, Partner! And I would like to let you know that I'm...!"

She struck a dramatic pose, one foot forward, one arm bent behind her back, the other flung high into the air like some kind of self-declared magical heroine.

"Bam, bam, bam!"

With each loud exclamation, she threw out another over-the-top pose—complete with exaggerated motion, like she had her own built-in sound effects.

"I have been able to study everything down to the last detail of the video you sent me! And I'm ready for it now, Partner!"

She ended with one final flourish—legs spread wide like a battle-ready stance, one hand placed confidently on her hip while the other formed a peace sign beside her eye. Her grin stretched proudly from ear to ear, as if she had just finished performing on stage.

Chapter 775: Delusional Woman (3)

Zeruel turned to me with a puzzled expression, her eyes searching mine as if silently asking, What the hell is going on with her?

I simply shrugged back at her.

To be honest, I had no clue why Isiliraiellyn had suddenly burst into this level of theatrical nonsense.

But then... I guessed it clicked to me suddenly.

Right. I suddenly remembered what she was referring to.

"So you've finished studying the video I sent you?" I asked flatly, bracing myself for the weirdness that would surely follow.

"Yes!" she shouted, striking yet another bizarre pose, this time dramatically lifting her leg like she was mid-dance. "I've studied it down to its very core, like peeling it back layer by layer, and even diving into adjacent materials related to it! And after endless hours, I've finally completed my analysis!"

She beamed with pride, her entire body practically vibrating with excitement.

"You'll love how seriously I took it, Partner! I didn't just skim it! I dissected it. Studied it. And devoured every detail!"

I blinked. I honestly didn't understand this woman sometimes. Actually, I didn't think anyone could understand her.

Who in their right mind takes this much time to analyze a fucking porn video?

But of course, she wasn't done.

"I even filled a couple notebooks with notes!" she said brightly, swinging out two thick volumes that looked like full journals. "I think I've mastered the fundamentals now!"

She waved them in front of my face with pride. Reluctantly, I took one and flipped it open.

And instantly, I slammed it shut.

What the fuck did I just see?

That content wasn't just lewd—it was explicitly diagrammed. What the hell did she write in here? A guidebook? An erotic thesis? A visual novel scenario? It was like walking into an adult anatomy class taught by a perverted literature major.

Nope. Definitely not something that should be opened in public.

"What? Are you impressed?" she grinned smugly. "You should be! I put more effort into this than I've ever given to my real studies!"

That part, I believed. She was also one of the lowest-ranked students in the Bronze Class. And yet here she was, creating an adult content dissertation. This girl was fucking insane.

"Um, Leon... I'm really confused here," Zeruel said cautiously, watching us with a mix of concern and curiosity. "Is she... your girlfriend too?"

Isiliraiellyn snapped her head toward Zeruel and glared.

"How dare you lump me in with something so mundane?!" she barked. "Me and Leon... our bond runs deeper than mortal comprehension!"

She flared her cape—or whatever cloth she had draped over her shoulder—and raised her chin with the grace of a delusional queen.

"We go back... way back. And when I mean way back, I really meant way way wayyyyy back! Beyond the stars themselves. Before the universe had shape. Before time took its first breath. We drifted together in the primordial void, eternally entwined."

She placed a hand over her heart, her voice dropping into something dramatic and theatrical, like she was reciting a myth from an ancient tome.

"And then, we were born. Mortal forms. First breaths. And we met again, drawn to each other by fate's golden thread. And we became one once more."

Oh no.

She was spiraling.

She was about to launch into one of her full-blown chuuni speeches again. And she really didn't hold back this time.

"And of course, as all mortal stories end—we died. But then we were reborn. And died again. And reborn once more. And died again. And reborn once more. And died again. And reborn once more. Over and over and over, we lived through countless lives. Different names. Different faces. But never once did we fail to find each other. It was destiny. Eternal reincarnation."

She extended both arms like she was conjuring a divine memory, staring skyward with sparkling eyes.

"There was a time I was a humble commoner, and he... he was a noble lady. Forbidden love. We fled the chains of society. Another time, I was a servant shackled by my cruel stepmother—and he was a prince. He searched for me with only the shoe I left behind. And in yet another life... we were born into rival families, lovers doomed from the start. We died... together. Tragic. Beautiful."

I swear, she just recited every cliché fairy tale and romance story in existence that was created by Gabrielle from the fairy tale I told her from Earth.

"And now... here we are, in this life. I only just recently recovered the memories of our past selves. But I remember it all now." Her expression turned hopeful. "And now... I am ready to embrace him once again."

Zeruel just stared at her, completely speechless. Then she turned to me with a raised eyebrow, clearly waiting for a more rational explanation.

"S-So... is she your girlfriend or not?" she repeated, slower this time.

"Well..." I scratched the back of my head. "Let's just go with what she wants to call me—'Partner.' I guess that makes me her partner... sort of."

Zeruel looked between us again, processing that information. She gave a small shrug a moment later, maybe deciding she didn't have the energy to care.

"Now then, Leon!" Isiliraiellyn suddenly shouted with renewed vigor, eyes gleaming. "Let's go somewhere private—just the two of us—and do it!"

Then she yelled it.

"Sex!"

I flinched hard.

She shouted that so damn loud, I knew someone nearby had heard it.

"Ah, um..." Zeruel looked away quickly, her face pinking with embarrassment. "I-I think I should go now."

She stood up, clearly preparing to escape this nonsense. But before she could even take a step—

"Wait, you—witted woman who is always serious with lectures!" Isiliraiellyn called out, obviously not remembering Zeruel's name and just going with whatever popped into her head.

Zeruel paused, glancing back warily.

"We can't exactly proceed with just the two of us!" Isiliraiellyn exclaimed. "There were two people in the video I studied from! So how can I fully practice what I learned without the right number?!"

She placed a hand over her chest, as if this was a noble request.

"And since I have no one else to ask, and you're conveniently here—join us!"

Chapter 776: Delusional Woman (4)

Zeruel's POV

"W-W-W-What did you just say...?" I somehow managed to squeak out, my voice trembling like a leaf in a storm.

Did I... Did I really hear that right?

Was this woman—this absolutely unpredictable lunatic—actually inviting me to... to have sex? Together? With her and Leon?

W-What... What in the world was happening?!

My heart pounded like a hammer against my chest, the rhythm irregular and frantic, as though my body couldn't decide whether to pass out or keep running.

My cheeks were flushed with so much heat I felt like steam might just pour out from my ears.

Then it happened.

My brain betrayed me.

Against my will, vivid images flickered through my mind—me and Leon, together. Close. Intimate. And—oh no—I didn't hate it. No, in fact, it made something tighten deep inside my stomach. Leon had always been someone I was grateful to. The person who helped bring back our mother, someone who was there when no one else could be.

But with her too?!

With that overly dramatic, wild, and unpredictable girl?!

No, that part... that part was way too much. The embarrassment was soul-crushing.

"S-Sorry, I-I'm going to think about it for a whileeeeeeee!!!" I shouted, stumbling over my own feet as I bolted like a frightened rabbit.

I ran.

I didn't know where I was going—I just knew I had to get away. Anywhere. Anywhere but here.

My legs moved on instinct alone, fueled by sheer embarrassment and panic. I didn't stop, didn't look back, just focused on putting as much distance as I could between me and them.

But eventually... curiosity got the better of me.

I turned my head slightly—and my soul nearly left my body.

She was right behind me.

And she was closing the distance. Fast.

"Where do you think you're going?!" she shouted, her voice slicing through the wind with intensity. Her eyes... they sparkled with a terrifying glint I couldn't decipher—like a hunter who had just spotted prey.

No—no no no—I couldn't let her catch me!

I pushed my legs harder, forcing them to keep moving despite the burn. But it was no use.

She was fast—freakishly fast.

It felt like I was up against someone who had been training her whole life just for this one moment. Her footsteps came closer and closer, each one matching mine and then outpacing them.

Eventually, my strength gave out. My legs buckled. I collapsed onto the ground, gasping for breath, chest heaving and lungs burning.

Behind me, she tried to stop—but the momentum from her sprint caused her to skid violently, kicking up dust and gravel as she slipped and spun out across the dirt.

And then, as if that hadn't even fazed her, she stood up immediately.

Like some unstoppable force of nature.

"I got you...!" she said with a victorious grin, stepping closer.

"W-Wait a minute...!" I stammered, holding my hands out in front of me. "I-I'm not mentally prepared for this! C-Can't you just ask someone else?!"

"That won't do," she said firmly, crossing her arms and staring me down like a merchant evaluating a particularly stubborn piece of meat.

Wait—that look... I'd seen it before.

It was exactly like the expression my mother had whenever she was haggling over fruit at the market. That same ruthless glint in the eyes, the unshakable stance, the unrelenting tone.

"You can't run away from this," she continued. "I mean, I can't be one with my partner if I don't go through with it. And I need you

."

"I-I don't think I'm the right person," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. "I don't even have any experience..."

"Well, I don't either!" she replied, puffing out her chest like she was proud of that. "That's why I learned! Do you want to read the notes I took from the video?"

Without waiting for an answer, she shoved the notebook into my hands.

Hesitantly, I cracked it open—

—and slammed it shut the instant my eyes registered the contents.

W-Was that even legal to write down?!

The details... the vividness... I wasn't ready for any of that. My whole body tensed up. There was no way a virgin like me could even begin to process what I just saw.

"I-I'm sorry... I just... I really don't think I'm capable of doing something like this," I stammered, my face practically glowing red.

Then, finally—like divine intervention—Leon arrived.

"Isiliraiellyn," he said, walking toward us with a heavy sigh, "I don't think it's right for you to force something like this onto her. You do know that sex is usually done by two people, right?"

"Eh?" She blinked, turning toward him with a shocked expression.

"Don't tell me...You didn't know that?" Leon asked, genuinely stunned.

"I-I did know that! I mean, technically!" she replied, visibly flustered. "But in the video you sent me, you were doing it with two women! So that's what I studied! That's what I prepared for!"

Her voice trembled.

"W-Wait... does this mean... my research... all those sleepless nights... They were wasted?!"

She dropped to her knees, utterly crushed.

Her face went pale, her whole body slumped, like her very existence had just been invalidated.

"Wait," Leon said, pinching the bridge of his nose. "So you analyzed only the threesome in the video I sent you? And never thought about... just regular sex between two people?"

"I knew it was possible!" she shot back, half-tearful. "I've seen videos of that too! But you were doing it with two girls, so I focused on that! I memorized everything! Points of contact! Ways to make you feel good! Ways to make me feel good! I even practiced poses! But all of it was for three people!"

"Keep your voice down," Leon muttered, glancing around. "There might not be anyone nearby right now, but if someone hears you saying this crap out loud—well, it's already not a secret anymore thanks to you playing that damn video in the lecture hall."

"Uggghhhh... I have to restudy everything now..." she groaned, slumping over.

She looked completely and utterly defeated, like all the fire in her had just been extinguished. And somehow... I understood.

I really, truly understood that look.

I knew what it felt like to put your all into something only for it to come crashing down.

And so, even though it felt impulsive—even though I knew I might regret it—I felt like I had to say something.

Because deep down... I did want to stay beside Leon.

If I hesitated now, I might lose my chance forever.

Selene warned me. If I kept dragging my feet, he'd stop noticing me eventually.

"...Um..."

Both of them looked up.

Their eyes met mine, and I suddenly felt like my entire body had turned to fire.

"I-I'm fine with it..." I said, trembling. "...As long as I don't have to do too much physical stuff."

My voice cracked, but I pushed through it.

"I'm okay with just being there... helping Miss Isiliraiellyn with what she wants to accomplish."

It felt stupid. Rushed. Crazy.

But for some reason... it was the only mistake I didn't mind making.

Chapter 777: Delusional Woman (5)

Leon's POV

I genuinely had no idea how things escalated into something resembling a threesome.

Well—not a full-on threesome, exactly. It was more like a half-formed version of it, considering Zeruel clearly wasn't planning to get involved physically beyond what she deemed necessary.

Still, I wasn't going to complain. Hell, if anything, this whole arrangement felt like it was working in my favor. These two? They were some of the first girls I had my sights on from the beginning. One way or another, I'd been planning to conquer both of them since entering the academy.

Zeruel was a monster in combat thanks to her Blessed Sword—an ability that essentially turned her weapon into something nearly invincible. The power that radiated from it was no joke. It stood toe-to-toe with even the legendary Cursed Swords. The main difference was that while Cursed Swords were physical weapons with wills of their own, the Blessed Sword was an ability. Something innate. A direct manifestation of divine will. It was like watching holy judgment take form through steel.

And then there was Isiliraiellyn.

She had The Eye of the Demon God—an ability shrouded in myth and overwhelming mystery. It was said to grant her access to every piece of knowledge the Demon God possessed. That meant anything the Demon God knew, she could understand. From obscure philosophical theories to ancient magics, even truths buried in time... so long as the Demon God had that information, it was hers to wield.

But of course, leave it to her to completely waste something so broken.

She used it mostly on stupid gimmicks. Trivial junk. She hadn't even realized what kind of power she was sitting on because she was too much of a dumbass to take it seriously. Still... despite that idiocy, she had a charm of her own.

And now, here we were—me, Isiliraiellyn, and Zeruel—headed toward a private room. Together.

Eventually, we reached our destination—Isiliraiellyn's dorm room. The moment we stepped in, I could feel the tension spike, especially from Zeruel. She had been fidgeting nonstop, and now she looked like her nerves were starting to get the better of her. Her eyes scanned every inch of the room, unsure, hesitant, almost like she was trying to figure out how the hell she even got roped into this.

And yeah, honestly, I was kind of wondering the same.

Why her? Why would Isiliraiellyn ask Zeruel of all people to be involved? She could've just invited someone else—like Titania. That girl would've joined in with zero hesitation. Not even a blink.

But Isiliraiellyn was... different. She didn't exactly have a lot of close friends. Despite that overflowing confidence she always strutted around with, she was a loner at heart. And while she was weird as hell, there was something undeniably cute about her—quirky, offbeat, but endearing.

When we stepped inside the room, though, I had to stop.

The place was a disaster. A total mess. And the smell...

It hit me instantly.

Not unpleasant, no. In fact, it was oddly sweet—almost intoxicating. A deeply feminine scent filled the air, clinging to the sheets, the floor, even the damn walls. The kind of smell that only came from pure, raw arousal. The room practically reeked of sex and suppressed desire.

No way...

Was she...?

Was Isiliraiellyn really holed up in here day after day, masturbating non-stop while watching videos of me? Studying me? Analyzing every move and touch?

If that was true—then holy hell, that was some next-level obsession. Almost flattering, honestly.

Meanwhile, Zeruel looked like she was about to collapse from sheer discomfort. Her arms were crossed, her shoulders stiff, and her eyes kept flicking around the room like she was waiting for someone to rescue her.

"You don't have to do this, you know," I said, breaking the silence gently. "It's not like you're obligated or anything."

Her eyes widened for a moment, and then she shook her head, forcing a nervous smile.

"N-No... don't worry about it," she replied quickly. "B-Besides... I think this would be a good experience for me."

Her voice trembled slightly, but she pressed on.

"I... I know this might be a little burdening for you, and I'm really embarrassed to say this, but... actually, I..."

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes for a moment, gathering her courage.

"I like you," she said softly. "No... it's more than that. I think I like you more than I thought I would. No—I love you."

The words came out quietly, but they hit like a hammer.

Her cheeks were glowing red now, and she couldn't even meet my eyes. She turned away, flustered, like saying it aloud had physically drained her.

"I've already decided I'd give my life to you," she added, her voice more steady now. "I'll be there for you... always. That's why I want to go through with this. As a learning experience. So that... when the time comes, when I'm truly ready—I can do it without hesitation."

I watched her in silence for a moment, then nodded.

"If that's how you feel, then I respect it," I told her. "Just don't rush yourself. Take it at your own pace. When you're ready... I'll be ready too."

I turned toward Isiliraiellyn and added, "Just don't take pointers from her, alright?"

Because yeah—if she was trying to learn about relationships from Isiliraiellyn of all people, that needed to be addressed.

"Now then," Isiliraiellyn suddenly spoke, her tone overly casual as she looked at us both. "Why aren't you two stripping yet?"

She was already halfway undressed herself.

When the rest of her clothes came off, I got a good look at her body—and yeah, she was a stunner.

Her chest was on the smaller side, but it matched her frame perfectly. Her legs were slender and petite, but not in a frail way. She had softness in the right spots, the kind of curves that made your eyes trace her shape naturally.

It wasn't the same type of petite figure that Yr had. Isiliraiellyn had a little more meat on her bones as well as more definition. She curved in exactly where she was supposed to and flared out where it mattered.

Simply put—her body was undeniably good.

"Alright then," I said, and I started removing my own clothes without hesitation.

"Hgn..." Zeruel turned away again, her face even redder than before. But even as she looked away, I caught her sneaking glances from the corner of her eye. "U-Um... is it okay if I keep my clothes on?"

"Sure," I replied casually. "Since you're just assisting today, that's fine."

"Now then!" Isiliraiellyn suddenly shouted, way too loud for this thin-walled dorm. She did realize this wasn't the Gold or Silver Dorms, right? These walls were paper-thin.

"Let's do it!" she declared with too much excitement. "You, woman! Lay down next to me!"

"O-Okay..." Zeruel mumbled, flustered and awkward.

Honestly, this was shaping up to be more absurd than I had originally thought.

Still... I couldn't say I was against it.

Chapter 778: Delusional Woman (6)

Both of them lay side by side on the small bed, their soft breaths barely audible, their skin faintly glowing under the dim light.

I wasn't sure if this bed could actually fit all three of us—it was small, cramped, and clearly not meant for this—but I guess it worked out, since we weren't all going to be lying down on it simultaneously. After all, I'd be the one on top of them.

They lay close, shoulders brushing, and hips touching. The contrast between them was impossible to miss because it was strikingly clear even in this soft light.

One of them was still clothed, her uniform still clinging to her form with modesty, while the other wore nothing but her underwear—an adorably cute pair, delicate lace hugging her hips like it was meant to be seen.

Isiliraiellyn's eyes locked with mine, that same cheeky, mischievous smirk tugging at her lips. Zeruel, on the other hand, was beet red, her entire face flushed in deep crimson, clearly embarrassed but too stubborn to back out.

"For starters... why don't we lick it? You like that, right, Leon?" Isiliraiellyn said with a teasing gleam in her eye.

"L-Lick it?" Zeruel echoed, voice cracking slightly.

"During the video," Isiliraiellyn explained, almost academically, "licking and sucking it is also a form of pleasuring Partner. So it's only natural we begin with the basics first, before trying out anything more... complicated. Right?"

"I-I guess so..."

It was obvious Zeruel was uncomfortable with all of this. Her stiff posture, her stuttering voice—it all screamed hesitation. But she was the one who brought this up in the first place. She'd made the choice to go through with it. So I didn't have the right to question her decision or stop her.

"So, Leon... whip it out!" Isiliraiellyn said, her tone light but daring.

I exhaled, long and slow. I could already feel the dull throb of a headache coming on.

Still... I couldn't exactly say I wasn't on board with this.

I undid my pants, slipping them down and reaching inside to pull out my cock. As soon as it was freed, it sprang out into full view, the tension already built up making it pulse visibly in the open air.

"Uwahhh!"

"Ohhh..."

They both reacted in their own way.

Zeruel's eyes widened in disbelief, her lips slightly parted, almost trembling in surprise.

Isiliraiellyn, by contrast, leaned in closer, curiosity glimmering in her gaze.

"It's so much bigger than I thought... I mean, I saw it in the video you sent me, but seeing it up close like this is something else..." she muttered, clearly fascinated. She reached out and lightly pressed a finger against the shaft. "And it's hard... I figured since it's made of flesh, it'd be a bit softer."

Then, without warning, she flicked it.

"Hey! Don't do something like that," I said, flinching slightly. "You're gonna hurt me."

"Hm? Is flicking it like this painful?" she asked, raising a brow in innocent curiosity.

"Well, yeah. It's a sensitive thing, after all."

"Oh..." She sounded genuinely amused, her interest deepening as she looked at me again.

Then, she narrowed her eyes slightly. "Hey, Partner... why is it leaking liquid like this?"

She glanced at her fingertip, noticing the wet sheen from the pre-cum she'd just accidentally touched.

"Oh, that's because I'm getting ready to have sex," I answered casually.

"Ho..." she tilted her head, as if processing that new bit of knowledge. "So the wetness between my legs right now... it isn't pee, right?"

She spread her legs slightly, revealing a darker patch staining her underwear. Her crotch was clearly damp.

"Well, yeah. I guess that means you're horny right now, when you're in that state," I said with a half-smile.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of Zeruel subtly rubbing her thighs together.

Huh. Was she getting turned on by all of this too?

The room was definitely filled with something lewd and it was thick, invisible heat that made skin tingle and breath shorten. It wouldn't be surprising if even someone like Zeruel was getting affected by it.

I figured it was about time to move forward.

I brought my cock right in front of their faces, the heat radiating from it obvious at this range.

"Well, since you said to start with licking... then lick it."

"Okay," Isiliraiellyn responded, eyes narrowing with confidence.

She slowly extended her tongue, then leaned in and gave the side of my shaft a firm, wet lick. Her tongue glided along the surface, leaving a glossy trail behind.

Zeruel didn't move. She had agreed to this on the condition that there would be no actual sex, and technically, licking wasn't penetration—but having my cock so close to her face clearly pushed her limits. Her entire face was flushed to her ears.

Isiliraiellyn paused after a few licks and pulled away slightly. "It tastes weird... and kind of salty," she said thoughtfully. "But... I don't think I hate it. Actually, I think I feel my lower abdomen squealing... Hmm..."

She closed her eyes for a moment, as if she were trying to memorize the taste on her tongue.

Then, without hesitation, she went back in, this time with her full tongue out, lapping with enthusiasm.

I had to admit—for someone doing this for the first time, she was doing really well. Then again, she had analyzed everything from the video down to each frame.

From the side, I heard Zeruel breathing deeper than before. Her gaze was locked on my cock, and there was a dazed look in her eyes—unfocused, but very much aroused.

I pulled back from Isiliraiellyn for a moment.

"Hey!" she pouted, lips pursed like she'd been robbed of her toy.

"Here," I said as I moved my cock toward Zeruel.

"H-Huh?"

"You can start by learning how to do this."

She stared at it. Then gulped.

That gulp... it was loud. I swear the sound echoed through the entire room.

After a moment of hesitation, she slowly extended her tongue, shaky and tentative, and gently licked the underside of my cock.

Her first licks were light and unsure—but they gradually picked up pace, gaining rhythm and confidence.

I pulled away and went back to Isiliraiellyn.

She licked again.

Then, back to Zeruel.

And again, she licked—this time with less hesitation.

I kept switching between them, back and forth—letting both of their tongues slowly coat my shaft with their combined warmth and saliva.

Isiliraiellyn had clearly gotten into the mood now. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes hazy and almost dreamy. Zeruel had that same look, her lips parted and breath shaky.

They both looked... incredibly aroused.

And honestly, it felt damn good.

Their tongues, warm and wet, were gliding across my cock with growing eagerness—every motion stroking me, teasing me and soaking me.

Then, after a little while...

It was finally time.

I reached for Isiliraiellyn's panties, slipping them down carefully. I pulled them off one foot and let them dangle off the other.

Then I gently lifted her leg, adjusting my position so I could get comfortable.

"I'm going to enter you now," I told her.

"Okay," she said softly, eyes steady as she nodded.

I pressed the swollen head of my cock right up against her pussy, the heat of her folds radiating out and wrapping around me.

Then, slowly, I began to spread her flesh apart.

Chapter 779: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (1)

I entered Isiliraiellyn slowly, feeling her tight, trembling pussy resist me at first.

The slick warmth around my cock made every inch feel like it was squeezing me, clinging desperately, as if trying to keep me out and pull me in at the same time.

Her breath hitched sharply.

"Ah...! Ah, ahh...! Ahh, ah...!"

Her eyes widened, pupils trembling, and her fingers clenched the sheet beneath her like she was gripping it for dear life.

The soft rustle of the fabric under her hands mixed with the wet sounds of her pussy stretching around me.

Bit by bit, my cock pushed deeper, finally making her tender flesh yield completely.

Then—

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!" Her teeth sank into her lower lip, whole body flinching as I finally pushed through her barrier.

"Are you okay?" I asked, pausing to look at her face.

"Agghhh... ahh... agg..."

She could barely form words, gasping incoherently, her dazed eyes shimmering with a strange mix of pain and something dangerously close to bliss.

Her grip on the sheet tightened even more, arms trembling, and for a moment her eyes rolled back.

I held still, waiting for her breathing to steady.

"Are you okay?" I asked her again, voice low but gentle.

"I-I'm fine... I just didn't expect it to hurt quite this much..." she whispered, cheeks flushed and sweat already forming along her hairline.

The pain and pleasure were blending on her face with her brow furrowed, lips parted, soft whimpers slipping out uncontrollably. Meanwhile, her pussy clamped so hard around me that it almost sent a shiver up my spine, the trembling squeeze making it feel impossibly hot and tight.

"Alright then, I'm going to take my move," I told her, voice rough with restraint.

Slowly, I began to thrust, pushing in and out, each movement pulling wet sounds from between her legs, her pussy glistening and clinging to every inch of my shaft.

"Ahhn, ahhh, ahhh...~ Ah, ahhh...! W-Wait, ahhh~!!!"

Her voice broke into those helpless moans, eyelashes fluttering shut as her back arched slightly off the bed.

Her lips parted wider, drool shining at the corner, her expression melting from stiff discomfort into raw, vulnerable pleasure.

It was something else, seeing Isiliraiellyn, who usually carried herself with such strange dignity, undone and trembling under me.

"Ahhhnghhh~ Ahh, ahhh...! Ahh, no... ah...! Ah!"

Her small breasts bounced rhythmically inside the bra, nipples faintly visible beneath the fabric, and the way her flushed face twisted from each thrust made her look incredibly cute—almost fragile.

"Ahhnnn...~ Ah, ahhh... ah, ah, ahhh...~ Hnghhh~! Ahhh...!"

Her pussy grew slicker by the second, the heat and wetness wrapping around me until it felt like every thrust was dragging me closer to losing control. The walls squeezed, pulsing and squirming along my cock, and my mind grew hazy from the constant stimulation.

"Hngghhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

She moaned sharply, legs trembling violently as her back arched hard, spine curving beautifully.

"Uwaaahh... waaah... ahhh... hhaaa..."

She gasped and panted, chest heaving, sweat rolling down between her breasts as she sucked in air, her whole body shaking.

I gripped her hips, trying to keep her steady, but she arched so high that my cock slipped out, pulling wet strands of her juices along with it and leaving a glistening mess on her inner thighs and the sheets below.

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

After a moment, her breathing slowed, her back lowering back to the bed, muscles relaxing bit by bit.

"W-What was that...? I swear I just saw something... like a white light..." her voice came out in a dazed, breathless tone.

"Well, that was just you cumming," I told her, my own breath heavy.

"C-Cumming... Oh, that's when a woman reaches orgasm, right?" she asked, head tilting as her eyes blinked, unfocused, drool still at the corner of her mouth. "I-Is that what this is?"

"Yes," I confirmed, my voice low.

"I-I see..." she murmured, cheeks burning deeper. "I like it... I like it a lot. I want more..."

Her words pushed something inside me. I couldn't stop so I had to give her more. I pushed back in, hips moving faster.

"Ahhhngggghh~! Ah, ahhh...! Ahh, ahhhnnn~! Ahh, ahhh...!"

She kept moaning, voice shaky and raw, the bed creaking softly beneath us. Each thrust sent ripples across her skin, sweat-damp hair clinging to her flushed face.

At the edge of my sight, I noticed Zeruel looking over, her face bright red, lips parted in shallow breaths. She squeezed her legs tightly together, hand hovering near her crotch as though fighting an urge she couldn't admit.

"Zeruel," I called, voice rough.

"H-Huh?" she gasped, startled.

"You're fine with me not going all the way, right?" I asked, still moving inside Isiliraiellyn.

She hesitated, then swallowed, eyes flicking away.

"It seems you're having a hard time suppressing your desire... so why don't I use my finger? Just over your pants. I won't touch directly. Is that okay?"

It felt oddly less intimate, but still enough to ease her.

"W-Wha... I mean..." she stammered, her thighs pressing together tighter, then parting slightly as she looked away again. "I guess... it's fine..."

She averted her gaze, embarrassment plain on her face.

I traced my hand slowly up her thigh, feeling the tremor in her muscles, until I pressed my fingers gently against her crotch over the pants. Even through the fabric, I could feel the faint wetness soaking through.

"Mmm..."

She let out a faint moan, quickly covering her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes shut tight from shame.

I was sure the sound came more from embarrassment than pleasure—but it was still real.

Meanwhile, I kept thrusting inside Isiliraiellyn, my other hand gripping her leg. Her pussy felt almost molten now, wet sounds echoing in rhythm with my hips.

"Ahhh, ahhh... nghhh... ahh, i-it feels good~ Ahhh, it feels good...~ W-What is this...~ Ahhh, ahhh...! It feels good~..."

Her words broke into breathy whimpers, her chest rising and falling rapidly, face flushed red and wet with sweat. It was unreal, seeing this chuunibyou woman—normally lost in her fantasies—now undone, her voice trembling and body shaking from raw, real pleasure.

Right now, her expression was soft and messy, her eyelids heavy, mouth slack from moans, as I kept thrusting deep into her pussy, pushing her closer to the edge again and again.

Chapter 780: Isiliraiellyn And Zeruel (2)

I kept thrusting inside Isiliraiellyn, feeling her pussy gripping my cock tighter and tighter, almost as if it refused to let go with each clench sending waves of pleasure up my spine.

At the same time, my other hand moved rhythmically against Zeruel, fingers pressing and rubbing over the warm, damp fabric of her pants.

Even though I wasn't touching her directly, every movement made her body tense and shiver, drawing out soft, heated breaths that she tried to suppress.

"Ahh, ahhh...! Ahh, ah, ahhh... ahhh, ah, ahhh, ah! Ahhh...~ Ahh, n-no... f-feels good~... Feels good~!!!"

"Mm... mmm...~"

Isiliraiellyn's gaze grew more unfocused with every thrust, eyes half-lidded and glazed over, as if she was falling deeper into a daze she couldn't escape from.

"Ahh, f-feels good...~ Ah, no... ahhh, ah, ahhh...~ Ahhh, ahh...!"

Her voice lifted into a higher pitch, trembling and desperate, and her pussy squeezing around me so hard that I could barely keep moving forward.

"Ahhh~! Ahhh! Ah! Nghhh! Ahhhnghhhh~..."

Suddenly, her back arched sharply, and a gush of clear liquid sprayed from her pussy, splashing against my stomach and dripping onto the sheets below.

It was overwhelming her far more than I expected for her first time with her mind seemed to shatter under the pleasure, and her expression losing all composure, mouth parted and breath ragged.

Without missing a beat, I pushed my cock back inside, feeling the wet, hot walls tighten all around me like they were trying to keep me there forever.

"Mnnnn...!"

She squeezed her eyes shut, a stifled sound breaking past her lips as I parted her soaked pussy again, heat radiating off her trembling thighs.

"Ah...!"

My pace quickened, each thrust making my own orgasm build in my groin, that heavy, tightening sensation spreading through my body.

"Ahhh, P-Partner...~ Feels good...~ It feels good...~ Ahh no...! I... Ahhh, ahhh...~ Ahhh! Ahnghhh, ahh...~ Ahhh, ahh, ahhh!!!"

She was on the brink again, her voice catching between pleasure and disbelief with her words trailing off into shaky gasps.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

She couldn't hold it any longer.

Her eyes flew open, unfocused, and she came hard.

Her pussy clamped so intensely around my cock that it pushed me out of her, and a fresh spray of clear liquid burst out, soaking her thighs.

"Ahh... S-Something is... Hgnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Then, a second wave followed, but this time, it wasn't clear. A hot golden stream splashed out from her pussy, coating my crotch and dripping down onto the soaked sheets, spreading warmth everywhere it touched.

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

Her entire body trembled violently, hips lifting off the bed, back arched in a perfect curve as the golden shower kept pouring out, uncontrolled.

Her legs shook, toes curling, while her expression stayed stuck in that dazed, blissed-out state with her mouth hanging open, breath coming in uneven pants.

Slowly, the stream faded, until it stopped altogether. Her hips lowered shakily back onto the bed, but her body was still quivering.

Her eyelids fluttered, but they wouldn't open fully—like she was caught between consciousness and complete exhaustion.

She had truly passed out, face slack and flushed, her pussy still glistening and slightly twitching.

I let out a long breath, my chest rising and falling.

Well, I guess that's that.

Frustration tugged at me... I hadn't even managed to cum yet.

Just when I thought it was over, I noticed Zeruel shifting beside me, her face a bright shade of red. Her gaze darted away, then back again, as she gathered the courage to speak.

"Um... If... if you want, I can pick up the slack..."

Her voice trembled, but there was an earnestness in it that caught me off guard.

I blinked, processing what she meant. She wanted to help finish what Isiliraiellyn couldn't.

"S-Sorry, I... I overheard the others once when I shouldn't have, and they mentioned that your thing... um, wouldn't go down unless it feels good... or something like that." Her words tumbled out, her voice small. "A-And since Miss Isiliraiellyn seems to be out of commission, I thought maybe... I could help..."

"I appreciate that," I told her honestly, though I hesitated. "But didn't you say you didn't want penetration? So why...?"

"Um... you said earlier that as long as it's not penetration, right?" she murmured, glancing at me with those warm brown eyes before quickly looking away again. "S-So... I'm okay with it, as long as we don't... cross that line..."

My mouth went dry.

There was something incredibly alluring about her right then—her innocence mixed with determination, the softness in her gaze, and the faint heat behind it.

This woman—Zeruel—was someone kind, strong, and gentle, yet here she was, offering herself shyly, ready to step in just to help.

"Um... W-Would you be able to feel pleasure if I did it with my hand?" she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

It wasn't a bad thought.

Since I couldn't go further with Isiliraiellyn completely knocked out, something like that would definitely be better than just doing it by myself.

"Then, I'd love to take you up on that offer," I told her.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, muscles tense, while Zeruel settled beside me. Her breath caught in her throat as she reached out, hesitating for a moment.

She swallowed, gathering courage, and then spoke softly.

"W-Well then..."

Her delicate fingers wrapped gently around my cock, her warm palm enclosing me, and she started to move, starting with slow, unsure strokes up and down.

"D-Does this feel good?" she asked, voice shaking.

"Yes..." I admitted, breath slightly unsteady.

I couldn't lie—her hand felt incredible. Soft and warm, the subtle roughness from her callouses adding an unexpected thrill, each movement sending sparks of pleasure up my spine.

But it felt a bit too dry. It was missing something slick to help her glide along my shaft.

"Would it be okay if you spit on your hand for lubrication and then rub my penis with it?" I asked quietly, my voice low and a little husky.