

The World 821

Chapter 821: Graduation Disaster (3)

"No way..." I breathed out the moment my eyes landed on the new rankings.

The words barely even felt real on my tongue, like they got stuck somewhere in my throat.

My eyes went so wide it actually hurt, and for a second, it felt like they'd pop right out of my skull. My heart slammed so hard in my chest it felt like it might crack open my ribs.

Because right there, staring me in the face in letters and numbers that felt sharper than any blade was my name that had fallen to Silver Class.

Top one in Silver Class, sure—but it didn't feel like any victory at all. Not now. Not like this.

Rose was there too. But even she only managed to claw her way to tenth place, and she still couldn't get back into Gold Class, no matter how hard she must've tried.

Gabrielle, though... Gabrielle still stood firm at the very top, and she was untouched. Untouchable, even.

All around us, the hall felt like it split in two.

There were people laughing, shouting, crying out in relief with their faces lighting up with joy because they'd survived, they'd made it into Gold, or managed to stay. Some Silver Class cadets were actually beaming, overwhelmed that they'd finally broken through to become magic knights at last.

But for me... it felt like the whole damn world just caved in on itself and left me standing in the rubble.

And I wasn't alone.

Other Gold Class cadets who'd been demoted too... they cracked right there in front of everyone. Some broke down in loud, shuddering sobs, tears soaking their uniforms, voices shaking so badly you could barely recognize them.

Me too.

All the frustration I'd swallowed down, the nights I'd pushed through exhaustion, the hope I'd kept alive by the thinnest thread—it all boiled over, melted into something raw and painful.

And before I even realized, tears were spilling down my cheeks, burning hot lines against my skin. They blurred everything in front of me until the letters and numbers on the ranking sheet all smeared together into nothing.

Because for the very first time... I'd been cast down to Silver Class.

Four years. Four fucking years of fighting tooth and nail, of refusing to slip, of doing everything—just to have it ripped out of my hands right at the end, when it mattered the most.

If I'd been kicked down years ago, maybe it wouldn't have hurt so much. Maybe I could've taken it, gotten back up, tried again. But now? To fall on the final ranking, the one that would follow me forever, the one they'd announce at graduation... it felt like someone had ripped out my heart, and all I could do was watch it bleed.

My eyes stung so badly I could barely keep them open. Through the haze of tears, I felt something. It was a gaze that felt too heavy to ignore.

I lifted my head, blinking past the salt and blur.

Gabrielle.

She was staring straight at me, her eyes sharp, but... different.

There was something there.

It was something deep, something painful, and something I'd never seen on her face before. And before I could even figure out what it was, before I could call out to her...

She turned away.

Just like that.

Turned her back to me, like looking at me was too much to bear.

Rose and I were going to graduate as Silver Class cadets. That was our reality now, carved into stone.

When I went to see her later, she paused what she was doing and met my eyes for a long moment.

"It's really sad, huh? We couldn't even manage to stay in Gold Class," she said, voice quiet, carrying a tired kind of honesty that cut deeper than anything.

She was packing up her things, her hands moving slow, almost distracted. Soon, she'd be gone from this room that had been hers for so long.

"Are you going home now?" I asked, even though I felt like I already knew the answer.

"My father doesn't want to see my face anymore..." she said, scratching at the side of her cheek with a half-hearted little laugh.

It killed me inside to see her act so calm about it, like she'd already accepted it, like being cast out of her own family didn't even hurt anymore.

"I mean... you can come stay at my place for a while, if you want," I offered, my voice coming out softer than I meant.

"Don't worry," she shook her head, eyes still gentle. "I'm planning to go be an adventurer for a while, so I won't need a home. I'll register, save whatever money I've got left, and try to build a name for myself."

"Okay... you do you," I murmured back, the words heavy on my tongue.

"What about you? How're your parents taking it?" she asked.

"Well, they're obviously furious," I admitted, my breath catching a little. "My father wants me to go study abroad, try to become someone great over there, but... honestly, I'm just so tired. I told them I'd rather apply to be a professor at the academy. And... it looks like my fiancé's family heard about my demotion before graduation, so they called off the engagement. Honestly? That's for the best. I don't even really like Sesillian."

"Well, that's good at least," Rose said with a small, sad smile. "A professor, huh? I think you'd be really good at that."

Now that being magic knights was off the table, we had to figure out what came next.

"I think I'll try to become a martial arts instructor after I'm done with adventuring," she added, her voice a little lighter. "That way... we might still get to see each other again."

But then, out of nowhere, tears welled up in her eyes—and before she could stop them, they slipped down her cheeks.

She looked at me, confused, almost hurt by her own crying.

"E-Eh? Why am I...?"

"It's okay," I whispered, my own voice breaking. "I understand..."

And then we were hugging each other with our arms tight and faces buried against each other's shoulders.

It was the first time I'd ever seen Rose cry like this.

Somehow, it hurt worse than anything else.

Because I knew exactly how she felt—and no one else in the world could possibly know it better.

She cried, shoulders shaking, while my tears slipped free too, soaking into her hair.

All those dreams, all the years we'd spent hoping and fighting—they shattered around us.

And in the silence between us, all we could do was mourn the pieces we couldn't put back together.

Chapter 822: Graduation Disaster (4)

It was finally here... the graduation ceremony, I mean.

The culmination of four long years that had felt like an eternity of endless pressure, suffocating expectations, and the gnawing dread of promotion and demotion chasing our every breath. The fourth year had been utter chaos for everyone with sleepless nights spent on edge, training till our bodies nearly broke, and hearts beating wildly at every announcement of the new rankings being posted on the bulletin boards.

Now, I found myself standing rigid at the very front line of the Silver Class with my eyes fixed dead ahead.

Even as the excitement and restless whispers buzzed around me, my mind felt oddly empty. Maybe it was the numbness. Maybe I'd simply run out of tears. The sting had dulled over time and worn away by resignation. By the time graduation actually came, all I had left inside was this heavy acceptance.

Yeah, it sucked. Of course it did. But what else could I do? The results were carved into stone. And that was that.

Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for. They announced the one who had risen above us all, whose name now shimmered in gold at the very top of the final rankings.

It was naturally Gabrielle.

The applause that followed felt like it shook the air itself. The cheers erupted with the claps echoing off the walls and voices merging into a single deafening roar of celebration.

I watched her climb the steps to the podium, the light catching on the crisp folds of her new magic knight uniform, the emblem of our academy shining proudly on her chest. She stood tall with her chin lifted and every inch of her radiating that calm, composed confidence that had always set her apart.

Even through the haze of disappointment that clouded my heart, I felt the genuine pride in my heart.

Gabrielle had done it. Balanced being the council president and a cadet, pushed herself beyond exhaustion, and still ended up at the top. Even if Rose and I hadn't made it alongside her, she deserved every bit of what she'd achieved.

For a fleeting moment, it almost felt beautiful. Like maybe all those years of shared dreams weren't wasted.

Then her gaze swept the hall. Slowly and methodically, her eyes moved over the crowd—until they landed on me.

And for just a heartbeat, I couldn't breathe.

I'd seen that look before.

I'd seen it when I told my parents about my final ranking. When they found out I'd been demoted to Silver Class.

It was disappointment. My parents were very much disappointed in me.

Gabrielle... was disappointed in me.

And in that instant, I understood.

Well, she had wanted the three of us to stand together at the end. To see us all in the Gold Class, side by side, sharing in that victory. Instead, Rose and I had fallen, and she'd been left standing alone at the top.

Maybe it wasn't anger. Maybe it was grief, dressed up as disappointment.

The applause faded, the room settled into expectant silence, and Gabrielle stepped forward to give her speech.

She began gently with her voice smooth and strong. Words of gratitude flowed easily, thanking the instructors who had guided us, the staff who'd supported us, and the academy that had shaped who we'd become.

"For those who managed to make it into the Gold Class and who will soon officially become magic knights protecting the kingdom's integrity and people—I truly congratulate you. You earned it."

The applause rose again, softer this time.

But then, as quickly as it began, it died when Gabrielle's gaze settled back on me.

And her voice changed.

It was colder... and firmer with each word like ice pressed to the skin.

"And for those who didn't make it... I'm sorry to say, there is no do-over. There was no second chance waiting for you. I know this sounds harsh, but if you couldn't even get into the Gold Class, I can only see that as failure. Nothing more than rejects who weren't strong enough to reach the heights required."

The words slammed into me with each syllable heavier than the last.

All around me, Silver Class cadets shifted in their seats, some faces paling, others flushing with shame or anger. The sting wasn't subtle. It was raw and deliberate.

Gabrielle kept going, voice unwavering.

"If you're mad at me for saying this, then it only proves what I'm saying is true. Don't get me wrong—I don't hate you. I just pity you. Pity you for being so incompetent that even after everything, you couldn't rise above."

A staff member finally rushed forward, whispering hurriedly in her ear, trying to pull her back before the room erupted into something worse.

Gabrielle paused, eyes still sharp with her posture stiff.

Then she dipped her head slightly.

"I apologize for showing something so unsightly. That concludes my speech."

No applause came this time.

Only silence. A silence so heavy it seemed to press on my chest, making it hard to breathe.

And then, before I even fully realized what I was doing, I stood up.

My legs trembled, my breath caught in my throat, but I forced myself to rise and meet Gabrielle's gaze head-on.

One by one, eyes turned toward me. The entire hall seemed to hold its breath.

"You're... those words... they're directed at me, aren't they?" I asked, my voice cracking around the edges, each word tasting bitter on my tongue.

Gabrielle stopped in her tracks, her foot hovering just above the next step, before slowly turning her head back toward me.

For a brief moment, the space between us felt like it shrank to nothing.

"What makes you say that?" she shot back, her tone calm. It was almost too calm, in fact, like icy water sliding over stone.

I swallowed hard, the dryness in my throat scraping like sandpaper. "You've been looking me dead in the eyes the entire time you were saying all that," I said, my voice tightening. "That's why I can't help but feel those words were meant for me... that it wasn't just some general speech. It felt like you were talking to me. Only me."

Gabrielle's gaze didn't flicker and didn't soften. She just stared, eyes cold and unblinking behind those glasses that always made her look so damn composed.

"What do you even mean?" she asked, her voice slicing clean through the tension. "Did you really think you're privileged enough that I'd stand here and craft a separate speech just for you? Don't flatter yourself."

She continued. "I said those words because I truly believe them—from my heart. Anyone who didn't manage to get up there... they're failures. That's what I meant. And it wasn't aimed at just you. It was for all of you. Stop deluding yourself."

The way she said it—so casual and so goddamn unbothered—made something twist and boil inside me.

It was like she was peeling away everything we'd shared over these years and showing what lay beneath.

...the real her...

This person standing there, so proud, so unwavering, so quick to look down on those who couldn't keep up...

Was this the same Gabrielle we'd laughed with, trained beside, and dreamed alongside?

My jaw tightened so hard my teeth ached. My chest burned.

I bit down on my lip so fiercely I tasted copper.

All I could think in that moment, through the pounding in my ears and the sting in my eyes, was...

Why the hell was I ever friends with someone like this?

This person—this was her true face. Her real feelings laid bare.

And it made me feel sick to my stomach.

Chapter 823: Graduation Disaster (5)

"Why are you acting like you're so much better than us? Have you even once looked at what we had to do just to keep up with you?" I spat out, my voice trembling with anger I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Do you have any idea how many sleepless nights I've spent, how many hours I've trained until my body almost broke, just so I wouldn't slip even one rank? No—you don't, do you? You never even bothered to look. Because all you've ever done is look at yourself, thinking you're above it all, without a clue about what the rest of us were going through. And in the end, it's because you really just didn't give a damn."

Gabrielle let out a sharp scoff, the corners of her lips twitching into that familiar cold smirk.

"Well, you're right about that part," she shot back, her tone dripping with casual cruelty. "I couldn't really care less about someone who's beneath me."

"Beneath me, huh?" My voice was low, almost a growl, the words tearing out of my chest. "Then why don't we prove it right here and now without using our abilities. Just the two of us. Let's see who's really the one beneath the other."

"I don't think I even have the energy to waste going at it with someone like you," she replied, her tone flat, almost bored—but I could see something flicker in her eyes.

"What, are you scared you'll get a scratch now that you can't hide behind your ability?" My heart pounded so hard it felt like it was shaking my ribs. "All this time, you've been clinging to the Guardian, feeling safe behind that wall because no one could touch you. So why don't we do this in a way where there's nowhere to hide? Can you do that?"

"You think I'm scared of you?" Her voice turned sharp, almost amused.

"You are," I shot back without blinking.

For a moment, the air felt thick enough to choke on. We locked eyes, our glares cutting into each other like blades.

All around us, the other cadets stayed frozen, barely breathing, just watching us like they couldn't look away.

Truthfully, what I was doing right then felt so humiliating that part of me wanted to sink into the ground and never come back out. I'd probably lock myself in my room for a month—or hell, maybe a year. But right then, that embarrassment didn't even register. All I could feel was the heat of my rage boiling in my chest, blurring everything else.

"I'm not scared of you, Irene," Gabrielle sneered, her words slicing the air. "I couldn't possibly be afraid of someone so clearly beneath me."

And that was it. Something inside me snapped so fast it felt like my vision went white for a second.

What happened next turned into something people at the academy still whispered about, even years later.

Gabrielle and I lunged at each other, and it turned into a raw, ugly catfight. We slapped, clawed, grabbed handfuls of hair, our breaths coming out in ragged gasps as we scratched each other like wild animals.

It felt messy, undignified, and completely real in a way that training or sparring never could be.

It wasn't until Rose, face pale and eyes wide, finally forced herself between us that we stopped, panting, hair tangled and clothes askew.

After that, I turned and walked out of the graduation, not bothering to look back—and I never returned. It became one of the biggest embarrassments I ever brought on my family. But in that moment, I didn't regret it, not even a little.

She'd humiliated me in front of everyone, acting like even knowing me was something she was ashamed of.

And so I didn't back down. She made her choice, and I made mine. It felt like the only thing I could do.

Years passed, and I eventually came back to the academy—but this time, not as a student. I became a professor, standing on the other side of the classroom.

Honestly, I thought I'd never see Gabrielle again. She'd already become a magic knight, climbing higher than most could even dream of. I figured maybe we'd cross paths once or twice, but we'd never even bother to speak.

But sometimes, no matter how small the chance, fate still pulls its tricks.

Gabrielle came back too—this time, as a professor.

At first, it honestly left me speechless, and even Rose seemed taken aback.

Gabrielle had already reached what most people would call the pinnacle of life. She was a magic knight, respected, powerful, with her place in history already written. So why would she come back to teach?

It made no sense—until I met Leon. And then, I found out who Leon really was to Gabrielle.

And the cruelest part? We'd both fallen for the same man.

In the present...

My phone buzzed, and when I saw Rose's name light up on the screen, I felt my chest tighten in surprise.

It had been a while since I'd last heard her voice, so for her to call me out of the blue like this caught me off guard.

She said she wanted to meet up, to talk—and maybe grab a drink like we used to.

I didn't really have anything urgent besides the mountain of schedules and paperwork waiting for me, so I got myself ready.

I grabbed my keys, stepped into my car—still not completely comfortable driving, even after all this time—and started the engine.

I drove to the same bar where I'd shared drinks with Rose and Gabrielle all those years ago. Funny enough, it was also the bar where I'd met Leon... and where it led to us having sex for the first time.

Thinking about it now, I realized most of my memories in that bar were pretty terrible, weren't they?

When I finally parked, I took a deep breath and looked around, taking in how much everything had changed.

The streets felt different. The houses were sleek and modern, the storefronts brighter and more polished.

Even the bar itself—once nothing more than a wooden shell, smelled of old liquor and sawdust—now stood tall, with clean concrete walls and smooth cement floors.

It felt strange, almost surreal, to see how fast everything had transformed.

If someone had told me back then that all of this—the new roads, the smartphones in everyone's pockets, the shining cars gliding past—was thanks to one single person, I wouldn't have believed it.

But it was true.

Leon had been the one who made it all happen.

Chapter 824: Rose and Irene (1)

I spotted Rose sitting at the far end of the bar, tucked into one of those shadowed corners where the dim light barely reached.

Even though the bar had transformed over the years—shiny new walls, polished floor, with a slicker, more modern vibe—it still felt, deep down, like the same place I'd stumbled into more times than I'd ever shown up at those weekly academy meetings. The scent of old wood mixed with fresh varnish, the low hum of chatter blending with the clink of glasses—it all tugged at something stubbornly nostalgic inside me.

Funny thing, though that there weren't as many adventurers around now. Maybe they didn't like the new clean-cut design. And honestly? That suited me just fine.

Back then, this place had never been meant for gruff men reeking of sweat and blood anyway. Now that it was free of those hulking, muscle-bound drunks, it actually felt easier to breathe, like the bar could finally be what it wanted to be.

Rose saw me first. Her face lit up, and she waved me over with a warmth that felt almost too bright for this place.

But something about her tonight was different. It wasn't just the smile and more like it was like she was quietly blooming with her whole presence softer and fuller, like spring sneaking into a winter night.

"Hello there," she called out, her tone oddly formal, words rolling off her tongue just a little too carefully.

"What's with that voice? Since when do you sound so proper?" I asked, arching a brow as I crossed the floor to her.

She brushed it off with a small wave of her hand. "Nothing," she said lightly. "Anyway, sit. I'll order for us. You want the usual?"

"Yeah," I said, sinking into the chair opposite her.

"You still like that stuff, huh?" she teased, tilting her head, her hair catching the lamplight. "Haven't you gotten tired of how bitter it is?"

"It's really not that bad," I shot back, shrugging. "If you keep drinking it, you start to get used to the bite. It kind of grows on you."

She laughed softly, but there was a knowing glint in her eye. "Well, after tasting something a hundred times better, I don't think I can ever go back to anything else."

"You're talking about that Leonamon wine, right?" I said, shaking my head a little. "But that stuff is insane. Leon could probably get us a bottle or two if we asked, sure, but honestly, I wouldn't feel right asking him just so we could drink for fun. Especially now that Gabrielle is almost ready to deliver their first kid."

The words felt heavy as they left my mouth, sinking into the table between us and spreading out like ripples on water.

Gabrielle was pregnant with Leon's child, and the due date was creeping closer every day. It didn't feel right to pull Leon's attention away... well, not now, when she was so close. Out of respect, out of guilt or maybe a bit of both.

Then Rose, with a look that was way too calm, just threw her words like a stone into still water.

"How about you, Irene? Do you want to get pregnant with Leon's child?"

"Wha—!?"

The word ripped out of me before I could stop it, my body jerking up from my seat so fast my chair screeched against the polished floor.

Every head in the bar turned toward us, a wave of surprised stares crashing over me.

My face burned hot enough to hurt. I dropped back into my seat, trying to disappear into the backrest.

"W-What the hell are you even saying?" I hissed, lowering my voice but unable to hide the trembling edge.

"I said what I said." Her gaze stayed locked on mine, unwavering. "Don't you want to? Not now, obviously, but someday?"

Did I?

The question tangled itself around my thoughts, squeezing until it hurt.

Having a child with Leon... it didn't feel like some wild fantasy. It wasn't something impossible. I hated polygamy... I really did. But I was still sleeping with him and still wrapped up in him in ways that went far beyond the physical.

Would I hate it if I did get pregnant someday? Honestly... no. Leon was everything I'd ever wanted, the man I dreamed about in the quietest corners of my heart. Having his child felt like it would be the same as claiming a piece of that dream for myself.

But Leon wasn't just mine. He had so many women, and somehow, that number kept growing. Rose was one of them now, too. That Rose, who'd always been messy, unpredictable, impossible to pin down... she'd fallen for him, too.

Gabrielle was there, too. And Leon loved them all.

So, could I really see him choosing me alone? Giving up everything else to be only with me?

"So? What do you think?" Rose asked again, softer now, like she could see the storm running circles in my head.

"Well... I don't know yet," I admitted, my voice rougher than I meant it to be. "Maybe I'd need to get my shit sorted first before thinking about something that big."

"Really?" Rose murmured, almost to herself. Then she met my eyes.

"What about you, though?" I turned the question back on her.

"W-Well... having kids with the man you love... it just feels so romantic, you know?" she said, her voice catching at the end like she was embarrassed to say it out loud.

"You're hopeless," I muttered, rolling my eyes, but I couldn't stop the small laugh that bubbled up. "A romance junkie to the end."

The waiter arrived, saving us from sinking too far into that.

The food smelled richer than I remembered, and the drinks glimmered under the warm light. I poured my drink into the mug, not the old splintery wooden ones we used to drink from, but a clean, white porcelain cup that felt cold under my fingers.

I took a slow sip, the warmth of the alcohol coiling down my throat, chasing away some of the nerves.

"Rose... why'd you even agree to this arrangement?" I asked after a while, my voice softer now but weighted.

She looked at me, her expression unreadable. "What arrangement?"

"You know what I mean." I met her gaze head-on. "Being part of some man's harem. Didn't you ever want to be the only one? Just his and no one else's?"

Rose took a deep swig, her lips pressing together as if she was tasting the words before speaking. "I used to think that, yeah. But... I don't think I could ever find another man like Leon. He just... he's got something. Even if I tried to walk away, I can't get him out of my head."

A quiet laugh slipped out of me.

Yeah. I understood that way too well.

Leon had settled into every part of me including my thoughts, my heart, and even my goddamn body. At night, lying awake, lonely and restless, my mind would drift to him. And just the thought of him, would make me wet faster than I cared to admit.

That was how deep Leon had gotten inside me. And no matter how wrong it felt, I couldn't imagine wanting anyone else.

Chapter 825: Rose and Irene (2)

"It seems like it's true for you too," Rose said, her lips curling into a small, almost teasing smile. "So what's stopping you then? Is it because you prefer monogamy?"

"Well, that's part of it, I guess."

"Part?" she echoed, her brow arching slightly, curiosity glinting in her eyes.

I fell silent, my words catching somewhere in my throat, and instead lifted my glass, letting the cold rim press against my lips as if it could hide what I didn't say out loud.

"Is it because of Gabrielle?"

The second her name left Rose's mouth, it was like an invisible hand slapped me across the face. I flinched, my hand jerking slightly, and a bit of beer smeared messily across my cheek.

"I see..." Rose murmured, her gaze softening a bit. "So you're still mad at her... because of that time."

Well... it wasn't exactly something that should keep pissing me off forever. Even now, part of me knew it wasn't the kind of thing to stay mad about for years. But the memory of that day still burned hot in my chest, stubborn as ever.

"Well, it's not that easy to forget," I admitted finally, voice low. "I still remember it like it happened yesterday. I mean, how could I forget? It's only been a few years since then, so it still feels pretty fresh. Honestly, I'm surprised you managed to forgive Gabrielle after what she said to us during graduation."

"Well, I haven't really talked to Gabrielle about that day," Rose confessed, swirling her drink absentmindedly. "And honestly? I don't think I need to. Truth is, I wasn't even that offended by it, and I don't think I was ever really mad about something that happened so long ago."

Yeah... maybe that was natural. Healthier, even. It wasn't good to keep clutching hate in your chest like it was some sort of treasure.

And yet... here I was. Still dragging this bitterness around like a chain I refused to let go of. There's a saying that people should let bygones be bygones, but damn, actually doing that? It was so much harder than it sounded.

"Still... I think I kinda understand why Gabrielle said those things," Rose continued, her eyes narrowing in thought. "You probably know this, but deep down, Gabrielle's actually pretty awkward, you know? She doesn't really know how to say what she feels. And maybe all of that just built up until it finally exploded at graduation," she added, taking a long swig. "It was probably the disappointment talking."

"Yeah..." I muttered, forcing a dry, wry smile that barely felt like it reached my eyes. "The disappointment of us not making it into Gold Class... and not becoming magic knights. I know just how disappointed Gabrielle was with us back then. But, well, I can only really blame myself for not living up to what she wanted. But still... isn't it partly her fault too? That we didn't graduate and maybe let other people step forward and shine?"

The words came out rougher than I meant them to—more like venting frustration than anything else.

Rose watched me quietly for a moment before finally speaking. "No. She wasn't actually disappointed that we didn't graduate as magic knights, Irene," she said, her voice softer, almost careful. "She was disappointed that we didn't graduate with her."

The words hit harder than I expected, and I found myself looking right into Rose's eyes, trying to see if she really meant it.

Was that really what Gabrielle had felt back then? Honestly, I couldn't tell. Even though Gabrielle often seemed so easy to read on the surface, there were moments her thoughts seemed way too tangled for anyone else to guess.

"Well... I guess it's too late now. The water's already been spilled, and there's no taking it back," I muttered, staring into my half-empty glass.

"I think you should end this feud," Rose said suddenly, her voice firm, though there was something gentle underneath. "It's getting more and more ridiculous, don't you think? And it's probably what's stopping you from getting together with Leon, right? I mean, if you let it go, get with him... become one of his women... I'm sure you'd end up way happier," she added, and I noticed her cheeks flush slightly pink. "I-I mean, like last night... he made me feel so special... I was squealing, and it got so intense I had to beg him to stop for a bit, but he didn't relent and kept pounding me that hard..."

"Okay, okay, I really don't need to hear about your sex time with Leon," I interrupted quickly, waving my hand, my own cheeks warming in embarrassment.

Trying to chase away the awkwardness, I raised my drink and took another big swig, the burn helping distract me from the heat rising in my face.

"Anyway... how about we just drink till we drop and stop overthinking all this shit?"

Rose shrugged, "Alright."

With that, the two of us kept drinking, letting the alcohol wash everything away until the room felt fuzzy around the edges, and we couldn't even lift our glasses anymore because we were so damn drunk.

The next morning, I woke up slowly, my eyelids heavy and my head pounding from the hangover, like someone was banging a drum inside my skull.

Blinking past the blur, I stared up at a ceiling I don't recognize.

I shifted a bit and turned my head, only to see a man with black hair lying beside me, sleeping soundly. His breathing was slow and calm, his chest rising and falling gently.

On his other side was a green-haired woman, also completely naked, curled up against him like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Still half-dazed, I looked down at myself... and felt my heart thud painfully in my chest.

I was completely naked too. Not a scrap of fabric on me. Just skin against the cool air of the morning.

Scattered across the floor were three messy piles of clothes—two women's and one man's.

My head still felt foggy, but underneath the pounding headache, there was this strange tingling heat running through my legs, like a fading echo of what happened.

Then the memories of last night crashed back all at once.

And before I could stop myself, I bolted upright, my heart pounding so loud it felt like it echoed in my ears.

A furious blush flared across my face, burning hot.

For someone who kept telling herself she believed in monogamy, who thought she'd never get caught up in anything polygamous... I really wasn't doing a great job living up to that, huh?

Because last night... I'd had a threesome with Leon and Rose.

Chapter 826: Rose and Irene (3)

Let's go back to last night, where it all started—when everything quietly slipped out of control.

Rose was absolutely wasted, her entire upper body slumped across the scratched wooden table, a couple of empty glasses scattered around her like fallen soldiers.

"Ughh, aahh...~ S-S..."

She could barely get a single sound out, her words melting into slurred sighs that didn't even form a proper sentence.

I let out a long, tired sigh, the kind that felt like it came from somewhere deep inside my chest.

It wasn't that Rose couldn't handle her liquor—if anything, she usually held it better than most. But sometimes, for reasons only she knew, she'd push herself too far, knocking back drink after drink until she was completely out cold like this.

It honestly still amazed me she wasn't a total lightweight, considering how reckless she got.

As for me... I knew how to keep my drink down, keep it from climbing straight into my head. I knew when to slow down, when to let the burn sit quietly in my stomach instead of letting it take over.

But now, staring at her limp figure, the problem became painfully clear. What the hell was I supposed to do with her?

Driving her back to the academy crossed my mind for a second—but that idea died quickly. I wasn't exactly sober enough to trust myself behind the wheel either. My own head felt fuzzy around the edges, and I could already feel the beginning of a headache pulsing at my temples.

My plan from the start had been simple and that was to rent a small, cheap inn nearby, crash for the night, and wait until I sobered up enough to drive back.

But Rose? She hadn't even bothered to think that far ahead. She had no backup plan at all.

So, like it or not, the only choice left was to let her sleep with me at the inn.

And then, of course, came another problem.

How the fuck was I supposed to get her there?

There was no way I could carry her on my back or throw her over my shoulder. If anything, she was the one who could carry me—but obviously, she was in no condition to do that now. And trying to drag her with her arm over my shoulder wouldn't work either with her legs looking like noodles, completely useless.

My eyes drifted toward her phone lying beside her empty glass, and an idea started creeping into my head.

There was someone who could help. Someone strong enough to actually carry her...

But should I really call him?

I hesitated, staring at the phone like it was about to bite me.

Still, I didn't really have a choice, did I?

I picked it up.

Sure, I could've called him from my own phone—but somehow, using hers felt less embarrassing. At least it wouldn't show his name on my screen later.

Thankfully, she hadn't bothered locking it.

I scrolled through the contacts, and there it was. "Leon" with a little heart emoji tagged on the end. Typical Rose... though, seeing it still made something flutter uncomfortably low in my stomach.

For a moment, my thumb just hovered over the screen, my heart thudding so loud it felt stupid. Like I was about to press a detonator instead of just making a phone call.

After what felt like forever, I swallowed hard and finally tapped the call button.

The phone barely rang once before he picked up. His voice came through so quickly it startled me.

"Hello?"

"Um..." My voice caught. Damn it, why was this suddenly so hard?

"Irene? Oh, is Rose with you? She told me earlier you two were going out for drinks."

"Y-Yes... well, here's the thing... Rose is completely knocked out right now. I can't wake her up at all. Would you mind coming over to help me get her to a nearby inn? Just so she has somewhere to crash."

"Sure. I don't really have anything booked right now anyway."

"Really? Thank goodness..." Relief washed through me so fast I almost felt light-headed. "W-Well, I'll send you the address then."

"Sure thing."

And just like that, he agreed.

"Wait for me there. I'll be right over," he said, and then the call ended with a soft click.

When the line went dead, I just sat there for a moment, my phone still in hand, the reality sinking in that soon... I was going to see him again.

And for some reason, that thought made something warm and restless spread deep in my lower stomach, twisting and curling until it left me squirming a bit in my chair.

"Mrhhhhhhgg...~" Rose mumbled something incomprehensible, her head still buried against her arm.

Not long after, he showed up.

Leon always had this damn effect on me. He walked in like it was nothing, and just seeing him made my breath catch a little in my chest. Seriously, it was embarrassing how just his presence could make me feel wet.

"It looks like you two really overdid it tonight," he chuckled softly, eyes drifting over Rose's limp form. "I've never seen her this drunk before."

"W-Well... she likes to unwind more when she's with me, I guess," I stammered out, scratching awkwardly at the side of my face.

Without missing a beat, Leon stepped forward, bent down, and scooped Rose up into a princess carry as if she weighed nothing.

I couldn't stop staring. Watching how easily he did it, how steady his arms were—it honestly caught me off guard. Rose wasn't tiny, and yet he made it look effortless. But then again, Leon was Leon. Of course he could.

With Rose in his arms, we headed out of the bar.

The cold night air rushed against my flushed skin, making me shiver. It felt sobering, and for a second, everything felt sharper and clearer.

It was late—well past midnight by the look of the quiet, empty streets.

"Are you sure you didn't have anything to do tonight?" I asked, my voice softer than I meant it to be.

"Nah, nothing important," he replied with a small shrug, almost too casually.

Part of me knew he probably had a million things he could be doing, yet here he was—coming all the way out just to help. Even if it wasn't just for me, the thought still made my face heat up uncontrollably.

"W-Well, where should we head?" he asked after gently laying Rose in the back seat of his car.

"Um... I'll lead the way," I said, my voice coming out small.

So I climbed in beside him, quietly giving him directions to the nearby inn I'd planned to stay at.

It wasn't a long drive, but it felt longer somehow, every second stretching out, my heart thudding annoyingly fast.

When we got there, I went to the front desk to rent a room. Leon didn't say a word—he just picked Rose up again, still in that princess carry, like it was the most normal thing in the world.

As we walked down the dim hallway to the room, the weight of everything started pressing on me.

My heart was pounding so loud it felt like it echoed in my ears.

And I couldn't help but wonder, why the hell is my heart beating so fast?

It's not like we were going to have sex or anything... right?

Chapter 827: Rose and Irene (4)

Leon carefully laid Rose onto the bed, and she surrendered to sleep almost immediately, her body slumping heavily into the mattress. A loud, unrestrained snore burst out of her, echoing through the room, and she instinctively tugged the covers over herself, curling up tight like a cat seeking warmth.

"Ahhh~, L-Leon, if you do that, I'll cum before you do...~" she mumbled out in her sleep, voice dripping with half-formed pleasure that only dreams could craft.

Leon let out a low chuckle, his shoulders shaking slightly. "I wonder what kind of dream she's having."

It wasn't hard to guess—it was obvious, really. A naughty dream, no doubt.

"Leon," I called out, my voice softer than I'd meant it to be. "Thank you for helping me."

"It's nothing," he replied casually, his eyes warm, almost teasing. "Well then, I should go."

"Ah..." The small sound escaped me before I could even think to stop it, my lips parting on their own.

Why? What the hell was wrong with me? Why did I let that slip out so suddenly?

"What is it?" Leon turned to face me, brows raised slightly, the corners of his mouth lifting in curiosity.

"A-Are you busy?" I asked, my voice cracking slightly as my heart began to race.

Leon paused, tilting his head like he was weighing the question, then shook his head. "I don't think so."

I felt heat creep up my neck as I stepped closer, my hands slipping behind my back to hide how they were trembling. I probably looked like some shy girl confessing for the first time.

"A-Are you sure?" I asked again, my words spilling out clumsily.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Why do you ask?" His tone stayed light, almost playful, but deep down I could see it in his eyes—he knew. He definitely knew.

"Then..." I whispered, my pulse hammering so loud it almost drowned out my thoughts. When I got close enough, I reached out, grabbed the collar of his shirt, and pulled him to me, pressing my lips hard against his.

My tongue slipped inside immediately, tracing over the edge of his teeth before twisting around his tongue. The kiss was wet, hot, messy, our breath mixing together as I swallowed every taste of him I could get.

It wasn't even more than a kiss, but it was enough to make my legs feel shaky, my thighs clenching tight. Heat pooled between them, and I felt my panties turn damp, sticky with my juices.

Gosh, how could a man do this to a woman? Just being near him was enough to make me wet. Or maybe I'd trained my own body to react this way. After all those nights I'd spent with my fingers buried inside myself, moaning his name into my pillow, it felt almost inevitable. Even back at the bar earlier tonight, when I saw him for the first time in what felt like forever, my pussy had already started to ache. Really, this man was such a slut, knowing exactly how to get under a woman's skin and make her lose control. But then again, that was only natural. A man who had so many women hanging onto him would know all the buttons to push.

"You're pretty bold, Irene. Especially with Rose right there," Leon murmured when we pulled back, his lips still glistening.

"W-Well, I think she's so knocked out she couldn't wake up even if we shook the bed," I said quickly, casting a glance at Rose. She looked almost dead from how deeply she was out—but really, she was just stupidly drunk.

"What do you suggest we do, then?" he asked, his voice low, that sly smile playing at the edge of his mouth.

He knew exactly what was happening here—what I wanted—and yet he still pretended not to. Honestly, he was such an irritating asshole... and yet, damn it, I liked that about him too.

"Are you really sure you're not busy? Don't you have an appointment with one of your girls tonight? Or maybe even a few?" I teased, words coming out more breathlessly than I'd planned.

"Well, I was supposed to get some company," he admitted, calm as ever, "but then you called, so I came here instead. Maybe I can spend my time with you instead?"

"Fufufufu~ You really are hopeless," I laughed softly, my voice teasing but my chest tight with anticipation. "But I'm not saying I'm against it, you know."

That's when my eyes landed on the couch tucked away at the side of the room, half-hidden in the shadows.

An idea sparked in my mind, and I couldn't help the tiny smirk tugging at my lips.

"Leon, why don't you sit there?" I suggested, nodding toward it.

Without a word, Leon walked over and sat down, resting back casually as if waiting for my next move.

But that wasn't quite what I meant.

"No, Leon, sit on the floor," I said, my voice coming out rougher, almost commanding, and my own heart jumped at the sound of it.

"Huh?" His brow arched in surprise.

"Hurry up and do it," I pressed, my chest tight with nerves I couldn't quite explain.

Leon just shrugged, his expression amused, and lowered himself to sit on the floor in front of me.

I moved to the couch and slowly lowered myself onto it, then placed my stocking-covered feet gently onto his thighs.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked, his voice light but his eyes dark with interest.

I swallowed hard, heat crawling up my neck and over my face. My breathing had grown heavy, each inhale feeling hotter than the last.

"Why don't you unzip yourself and let me see your penis now?" I asked, the words spilling out with a mix of shame and shamelessness, my lips curling into a nervous smile.

The crotch of my stockings felt unbearably damp now, the sticky heat pressing against my skin, and every breath felt ragged and raw.

But Leon didn't move. He just met my gaze calmly.

"I don't know why you want that, but isn't the one who's actually desperate the one who should make the move?" His voice was steady, and his eyes flicked downward knowingly. "I mean, you're obviously soaking through your stockings."

"What?"

"Well, from this angle—and the way you keep spreading your legs—I can see the wet patch on your crotch. You're really perverted, you know that?"

Heat flared painfully in my face. Goodness, could he really see that?

My throat tightened, and I had to force myself to swallow.

"So if you really want it," Leon added, his voice quiet but unyielding, "you can pull it down yourself."

My pulse roared in my ears, my breathing turning rough, chest rising and falling faster. I was so horny it felt like my whole body was burning from the inside out.

So, trembling, I raised one foot and pressed it against the bulge in his pants. His cock was already hard under the fabric, its shape clear against my sole. Carefully, I curled my toes around the zipper and tugged it down, the small sound of metal scraping filling the air.

Then, using both feet, I worked at unbuttoning his pants, hooking my toes under the waistband of his underwear. With a slow, shaky pull, I dragged them down.

His cock sprang free, hard and proud, throbbing slightly in the dim light with it standing tall, shameless, as if it knew exactly what it was doing to me.

Chapter 828: Rose and Irene (5)

His cock glistened faintly under the light, a thin sheen of moisture coating it, and the sight made my throat tighten. I couldn't stop myself from swallowing, hard.

My mouth felt hot, almost watering at just looking at it.

Gosh... right now, I must've looked completely shameless—a woman starved, staring at his dick like it was a meal she'd been denied for years. The heat rising on my face twisted my features into something so unfiltered, so raw, that even I knew it was a bitch face.

But I forced my body to stay still, fighting the urge to just lean in and take him.

Leon was teasing me on purpose. It was only fair that I teased him right back.

"Now, it's your turn, Leon," I breathed out, my voice unexpectedly rough. "Lick my feet for me."

Hearing my own words made my skin prickle. I sounded so unlike myself—like someone possessed by lust, too far gone to care about shame. It was as if my mind had been pushed to the back, and something darker, rawer had taken control. My body was flushed and humming, my skin almost feverish.

Slowly, I raised one foot toward him. The stocking was still on, the black fabric faintly shiny in places, and I could see spots of dirt from earlier clinging to it. Part of me cringed at the thought of someone licking something so obviously dirty—

But fuck, the bigger part of me wanted it. I needed to see him do it.

The mix of humiliation and control made my chest tighten, breath catching in my throat.

Leon looked up at me, that crooked smile curving his lips, and his eyes glinted like he could see every filthy thought racing through my mind. Then, he seemed to notice something more—something etched right across my face.

"You've got an incredibly bitchy face right now, Irene," he said, voice low and amused.

Did I really? I couldn't see it myself.

But then my eyes caught the edge of a mirror beside me. I reached for it with shaky fingers, my pulse pounding in my ears, and lifted it to see.

The reflection staring back almost made me flinch. A woman with a twisted, hungry grin with her cheeks flushed deep crimson and her half-lidded eyes glazed with raw, aching lust. It looked vulgar—almost animalistic. And yet, undeniably, it was me.

Part of me wanted to look away and deny it. But deeper inside, it felt disturbingly natural. Like it had always been waiting to come out.

While I was still staring, trying to reconcile with the face in the glass, Leon moved—sudden and sure.

He grabbed my foot with both hands, and before I could react, his lips wrapped around it.

"Uwahhh...!"

The sound tore out of me, sharp and startled. My body jolted, heart skipping so hard it felt like it hurt.

The wet heat of his mouth spread across the stocking, soaking into the fabric, and his tongue dragged slow, deliberate lines over my sole.

I bit down on my lip so hard it almost hurt, my breath coming out ragged.

What the fuck was this? Why was my whole body shuddering just from him licking my feet?

Was I really that much of a pervert? Well... apparently, yes.

"Fuuaahh...~"

Another sound slipped out, softer, breathier, and shamefully sweet. My toes curled reflexively.

It felt like I'd discovered some secret erogenous zone I never knew existed.

My gaze dropped—and I saw his cock twitching again, pulsing with need. The sight sent a stab of heat straight between my thighs, making the dampness in my panties even worse.

After what felt like an eternity, Leon finally let my foot slip out from between his lips. His saliva clung to the stocking in messy strands that shimmered in the light before snapping apart when I lowered my leg.

Still flushed, I pressed the wet sole against his dick, sliding it along his length. The moment I did, his cock jerked, twitching eagerly at the touch.

Seeing that reaction made something dark curl in my chest—a mix of pride and raw lust that felt so damn good.

My vision felt hazy, the corners of my lips curling up into a slow, wicked smile.

It was as if I was winning—me, conquering Leon, making him lose control with nothing but my feet. The thought was intoxicating.

"Your feet are good at doing it," Leon murmured, his voice thick with pleasure.

I tried to steady my breathing. "Well, I did a lot of foot exercises back then... so I guess I'm pretty skilled with them. Didn't think I'd end up using them like this, though."

I pressed my feet together around his cock, moving them up and down in slow, deliberate strokes. My toes teased over the head, rolling and pressing, smearing pre-cum across the sticky fabric.

My own body was shaking, heat crawling up my thighs and pooling deep inside my stomach. I couldn't stop anymore.

While I kept working him with my feet, my hand slid under my skirt, pressing down over the soaked crotch of my panties. Even through the layers, the heat and wetness were overwhelming. My other hand moved up, squeezing and groping my breast through the fabric.

Every touch sent sparks crackling under my skin.

My breath was coming in ragged gasps, chest rising and falling as if I'd been running.

Leon looked up at me, his eyes dark and hungry, and it only fueled the fire licking through my veins.

"You certainly are having fun with this," he drawled, a teasing smirk on his face.

It was then it hit me—Leon hated losing. He wouldn't let me keep the upper hand forever.

"But don't forget," he said, voice dropping to something low and dangerous, "I'm not someone you could dominate."

Before I could react, Leon pushed himself up, gripping both my feet firmly in his hands.

"W-What...?!"

With my feet pressed tightly together, he shoved his cock between them, grinding forward and back, fucking the soft arch I'd made for him.

"A-Ah...! W-Wait...!"

The heat of his skin against my soles, the thick length rubbing and throbbing—it was too much.

My mind blanked, my body no longer listening to my protests. Even the humiliation of it—watching him hump my feet like an animal—made my pussy clench so hard it almost hurt.

I couldn't even think anymore.

And then—

"Irene, I'm gonna cum now...!"

His voice was rough, almost growled out through gritted teeth.

A thick spurt of hot, white cum shot out, splattering across my face, sticky and steaming.

The heavy, musky smell curled around me, making my pulse race even faster.

Before I could stop myself, I scooped a glob of it up on my finger and brought it to my lips.

Ah... really... so delicious...

Chapter 829: Rose and Irene (6)

After taking the sperm into my mouth and letting it coat my tongue, I swallowed, tasting the thick, salty heat of him as it slid down my throat. Slowly, I lifted my gaze to look at him, letting my eyes turn deliberately seductive. The way his cock twitched in response didn't escape me.

A slow, knowing smile curved across my lips.

Just like how he affected me, it seemed I had just as strong an effect on him—and somehow, that thought alone made my chest flutter with a strange, guilty happiness.

I kept my eyes locked on his, teasing and openly lewd, when suddenly, Leon reached out and grabbed my arm, pulling me roughly so I turned around and presented my ass to him.

My hands flew forward, bracing against the back of the couch, palms sinking into the soft, worn fabric as my body trembled slightly from the sudden motion. Behind me, Leon knelt down, his heavy breath ghosting over the backs of my thighs like hot wind.

Oddly enough, despite how exposed I felt, there was no trace of embarrassment twisting in my stomach. Instead, heat pooled low in my belly, spreading like wildfire, and the only thought that burned through the haze in my mind was what exactly he planned to do to me next. A shameless, dirty smile tugged at my lips before I could stop it.

I really was like a bitch in heat.

"You really smell good down here, Irene..." Leon murmured, his voice thick with something almost feral as his gaze stayed locked on my ass, the grin on his face shameless and hungry.

My breath hitched. I couldn't see what he was doing, but I felt the warmth of his palms as they cupped and kneaded my ass, the pressure making my skin tingle and my breath catch.

Then, without warning, he buried his face between my cheeks. I could hear him inhale deeply, hot air brushing against my skin, and I stiffened from the strange mix of embarrassment and raw arousal that jolted through me.

"Y-You really like sniffing my stockings, huh? You really are a pervert," I managed to tease, my voice shaky, cracking around the edges.

"Well, you really are sexy when you wear them," Leon shot back, voice low, words vibrating against my skin.

Before I could respond, a shock of sensation made me gasp—a wet heat pressed against my covered crotch as he started licking.

"Hngghhh~!"

Even though the fabric blocked him from touching me directly, every swipe of his tongue still sent shivers racing up my spine, and my toes curled so tightly it almost hurt.

The way he licked was messy and desperate—like a dog lapping up water, each movement making my whole body twitch with little jolts of pleasure. I could hear him sniffing me at the same time, the sound embarrassingly loud in the quiet room, and goosebumps prickled along my arms and legs.

"Ahhh...~ L-Leon, t-that's kinda embarrassing..." I whispered, voice trembling, breath coming in shallow gasps.

But he didn't stop. It felt like he couldn't get enough of my scent.

"Please... Leon, stop that... Just fuck me instead..." The words spilled out before I could stop them, raw and shameful, tasting of need and drunken courage.

Maybe it was the alcohol loosening my tongue, or maybe I just didn't care anymore.

"If you fuck me right now, my pussy will welcome you so much that it won't even fight you. I'm sure you'd feel so good..." I confessed, voice thick with lust and desperation.

My head was swirling, hazy and fever-hot, and my face must've looked completely fucked-out, something I'd die if anyone else ever saw.

"Irene, what the fuck are you doing?"

My eyes flew open wide, and my heart stopped. Rose stood there, staring at me, her expression frozen in shock, eyes blown wide like she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"W-Wha...?"

For a split second, my mind went completely blank. I hadn't even realized she'd been awake.

"W-When did you... wake up?" I stammered, my voice barely a whisper.

"Not too long ago," she said, her tone flat and oddly calm. "Specifically, when you said Leon likes your stockings and that he's a pervert."

Heat flooded my face in a rush of mortification. She'd heard everything—every filthy and shameless word.

"W-Wait, L-Leon, stop!! R-Rose is awake!" I blurted out, panic sharpening my voice.

But Leon didn't stop. He kept pressing his face against me, still breathing in my scent like he hadn't even noticed her standing there.

"Irene, I would've never thought you'd wear an expression like that," Rose murmured, her voice low and strangely soft. "I've gotta admit, that was surprising."

Then something in her gaze shifted—her pupils seemed to dilate, and a warm blush rose on her cheeks. I couldn't tell if she was still drunk or if it was something else, but something about her expression felt off and almost dazed.

She stepped closer, gently cupped my face with her warm hands, and then—

"Mmmph?!"

Her lips crashed into mine, hot and urgent, and my eyes flew wide open.

Rose kissed me. Her tongue pushed into my mouth, swirling and curling around mine, wet and insistent.

W-What the hell is happening? Why is Rose kissing me? Her tongue... it's moving so deeply...

Before my mind could even catch up, I felt Leon shift behind me. His fingers dug into the fabric of my stockings, and then with a sharp, rough tug, he ripped them apart.

The sound of tearing cloth echoed around the room, but all I could focus on was Rose's mouth on mine, her tongue twisting and tasting me.

Then, Leon pressed the tip of his cock against my dripping pussy.

I was soaking wet, my slick already smearing across my thighs, and my body trembled uncontrollably.

With Rose's kiss drowning my thoughts, everything else turned into white noise.

Leon's POV

Seeing Rose suddenly lean in and kiss Irene like that hit me like a punch to the chest.

I never imagined she'd do that—but watching them, so close and so shameless, something inside me snapped.

My cock was so hard it hurt, throbbing with the need to be buried inside her.

Without thinking, I grabbed the ripped edges of Irene's stockings, lined my cock up with her soaked pussy, and thrust in hard in one swift motion.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Irene's moan got swallowed by Rose's mouth, her body jerking forward from the force.

The instant I pushed inside, her pussy clenched down so tight and so wet that I nearly lost it right there, my teeth grinding together to hold back.

Her slick warmth squeezed me so perfectly, my mind nearly blanked out.

But I held on, barely, grabbing her hips and starting to pound into her, each thrust rougher than the last.

At that point, I couldn't stop even if I tried—and truth be told, I didn't want to.

Chapter 830: Rose and Irene (7)

I kept thrusting inside Irene, my hips moving on their own, driven by the raw heat that kept building with every push and pull. Her body was fucking perfect. It was exquisite in every sense. Every curve of her figure screamed lewdness, shaped into a flawless hourglass that almost seemed crafted to tempt a man into losing control.

Even if I had wanted to stop, I honestly couldn't. Not when she felt this damn good squeezing around my cock. Each thrust made my muscles tense and burn, pleasure spiking through me like small jolts of lightning.

I moved in and out of her again and again, breathing hard as Rose leaned closer, her lips claiming Irene's mouth in a deep, messy kiss.

The heat and wetness of Irene's pussy wrapped around me felt unreal. Her insides were soft, clinging, and elastic enough to pull a low groan from my throat. It was the kind of feeling that made me bite down on my lip to keep from cumming too soon.

The wet sounds of my cock sliding in and out of her mixed with the muffled gasps Irene made, all swallowed up by Rose's hungry mouth. Rose wasn't gentle about it, either with her tongue pushing deeper, swirling and tangling with Irene's, almost devouring her.

Irene tried to moan, but nothing came out except faint whimpers. Rose just wouldn't let her catch her breath, forcing her tongue deeper and deeper, until Irene's head lolled slightly from the dizziness.

Watching Irene's expression change under all that was fucking incredible. Her eyes glazed over, cheeks flushed so red they looked feverish, lips shiny with spit and trembling. The sight alone sent another spike of heat straight to my cock, making it throb inside her.

The chance to have a threesome like this, with both of them right here... fuck, there was no way in hell I could let it slip away.

I slammed my hips forward harder, each thrust making Irene's body jolt slightly, the soft flesh of her ass rippling from the impact. Her mind was already drowning in the pleasure, completely taken over by it.

The way her pussy squeezed around me was too much—it felt so hot and wet and tight I could barely keep my rhythm steady. It was like her body was begging me to keep going.

I clamped my hands around her hips, my fingers digging into the softness there until her skin turned white around my knuckles.

"Nghh... ah, ah... nnnhghghhh~ W-Wait, Rose...! W-Wait...!" Irene's voice cracked, desperation mixing with lust.

But Rose ignored her completely, pressing even closer, her tongue flicking and curling until Irene could barely think.

Then, I felt it—Irene's pussy suddenly tightening with it clamping down around me so hard it almost knocked the breath out of my chest.

Holding back after that felt impossible—stupid, even.

And really, why should I? Everything about her body was telling me to cum.

So I stopped fighting it.

I grabbed her ass tighter, pulled her hips against me, and let the orgasm hit.

"Fuahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...!"

Irene finally tore her mouth away from Rose, head snapping back as she cried out loud, back arching so high it looked painful.

Her pupils turned into little hearts, her eyes rolling up slightly from how hard she came, and the look on her face—debauched, raw and completely lost in pleasure—almost pushed me over the edge again.

I filled her pussy with my cum, thick ropes shooting deep inside, my hands still gripping her hips so hard I could feel her pulse under my palms.

She shook and trembled, convulsing as the pleasure ripped through her, until finally, her body slumped forward, collapsing against the couch cushions.

"Haa... ha..." Irene's chest heaved, sweat dripping from her chin, every breath ragged like she'd been running until her lungs burned.

Rose stepped back slightly, standing over us, her eyes heavy-lidded and glittering with something dark.

"Fufufufu... She's really knocked out, Leon. You really are such a good fucker, aren't you?"

"Wow, your language is kinda bold today, Rose. Did you eat something weird?" I shot back, still panting from the rush.

"Why do you think that?" she asked, her tone teasing, voice low and soft.

"More importantly, I didn't expect you'd kiss Irene like that," I said, still trying to catch my breath. "I thought you'd be like her—hating it when I fuck someone else. Guess I was wrong."

"Well, it's not like I hate it," Rose admitted, her gaze flickering down to Irene. "It's just... I wasn't sure if I'd feel jealous if I did it together with someone." She paused, biting her lip. "But when I kissed her... she looked so lewd, I couldn't stop myself. And seeing you fucking her... it confirmed something. I was jealous of you fucking somebody else. So..."

"So...?" I pressed, voice rough.

She stepped closer, unbuttoning her clothes slowly as she walked around to stand in front of me, her fingers shaking only slightly.

Then, she pushed me gently until I fell back onto the couch, my legs spread slightly.

"I want you to make up for it... by fucking me," she said, pulling her top off her shoulders and letting it fall in a silent heap.

Rose's body came into view.

It was strong but still graceful, lines of toned muscle running under soft skin, paired with that perfect, regal hourglass shape that could make any man's mouth go dry.

It was impossible not to stare.

"If you fuck me as hard as Irene... no, even harder... maybe then this jealousy will go away," she said, voice trembling even though her eyes were locked on mine.

She slid her pants down slowly, stepping out of them, now completely bare before me.

Her pussy was already dripping wet, slickness running down her inner thighs and leaving faint trails that glistened under the dim light, pooling slightly on the floor.

Then, she straddled me, pressing her warm thighs against my sides.

"Because if you fuck me even harder... maybe I'll be the one you want to fuck the most, right?" she whispered, her words dirty yet soft.

She reached down, grabbing my cock with it still rock hard, glistening with Irene's juices—and slowly rubbed the tip against her entrance, her hand moving deliberately, smearing herself against me until my dick felt burning hot.

I couldn't help but grin at her, breath heavy.

With a small, breathy moan, she angled my cock and sank down onto it, her pussy swallowing me inch by inch, until I was buried deep inside her heat.