

The World 86

Chapter 86: The Kidnapping Incident (5)

Lying on the bed like a cat basking in the sun, Gabrielle was completely sprawled out. My cloudy fluids overflowed from her nether regions, drenching her entire body from head to toe. I couldn't even count the number of times I'd filled her up, fucked her senseless until she lost consciousness, and then continued fucking her even in her unconscious state.

With a smirk, I couldn't help but acknowledge that I may have gone a little overboard... scratch that, I definitely went overboard. She was practically drenched in semen, as if a bucket had been dumped over her head. And it wasn't just on the surface - I'd filled all of her holes multiple times, leaving her lower belly swollen like that of a pregnant woman.

I couldn't really blame myself for going overboard. After all, I was accustomed to having sex every day, so going without for four days had driven me to madness...

Well, Gabrielle wasn't going to be mad at me for going all out like this. Even though she was unconscious, her face bore a content expression, as if I had exceeded her wildest expectations in satisfying her.

"Still, can't believe I went at it for eight hours. What time is it?" I murmured to myself, impressed by my newfound stamina. It seemed like I could now handle fucking ten women at once without needing a break. Grabbing my phone, I scrolled through the countless pictures I had taken throughout the day. There were so many.

One captured the moment I gave Gabrielle a facial, while another showed her in a two-piece pose, tongue lolling out and eyes filled with ecstasy as she spread her legs, my cum dripping down her pussy. Just the sight of it made my dick twitch, but I knew I couldn't push her further. She looked too pale now, and I worried she might suffer from cyanosis if I fucked her again.

So, I settled for masturbating while gazing at her face, still adorned with that unmistakable ahogao expression. After a while, I came all over her face, capturing the moment with another picture.

It was then that I decided to finally check the time, only to realize it was dinner time.

Just then, a knock sounded on my door.

"Leon, you awake? The professors said they'd bring dinner to our cabins since we can't go out. I grabbed yours," Johanne's voice sounded from the other side.

"Uh, just a sec," I replied, quickly moving to clean myself up. Sticky with Gabrielle's juices, I hastily put my clothes back on. Opening the door just a crack, I made sure Johanne couldn't see the mess inside my room. If he caught sight of the copious cum I'd unleashed, especially onto a professor, he'd be in for quite a shock.

As soon as he saw me, Johanne smiled, but it quickly faded as he sniffed the air. "Good evening, Leon," he said, a puzzled expression on his face. "There's a strange smell coming from your room. What's going on in there?"

"Ah, yes, well, there's nothing much to do, so I decided to train in my room," I explained.

"Train? In that tiny space?" Johanne raised an eyebrow suspiciously, but then shrugged it off, his smile returning. "Well, if that's the case, care to join me for dinner?"

"Uh, I don't think I can. Sorry," I replied.

"Fair enough," he said, still smiling. "Oh well, I guess you're busy. Here's your dinner." He handed me the food before turning to leave, likely heading back to his own room.

I closed the door and turned to see that Gabrielle had already awoken, though she remained sprawled on the bed, unable to move.

"I wish you could've taken it easy on me," she mumbled, staring up at the ceiling. "What if other professors notice my absence?"

"Don't worry about that," I reassured her. "Anyway, are you hungry? If so, here's your food."

"That's your meal, isn't it?" she remarked, eyeing the plate.

"I'm not particularly hungry since I've indulged in a far more delectable feast," I replied with a mischievous grin.

"You're such a tease..." she retorted, matching my playful expression. "However, I'm sorry I wouldn't be able to partake even if I desired. I'm completely immobile. The taste won't be the same once it cools down, so you should enjoy it while it's still warm."

"You're worrying about trivial matters," I assured her. Slowly, I guided her and propped her head up against the wall so she could at least swallow the food. I would be the one spoon-feeding her. "Here," I said as I scooped up some food on a spoon and slowly brought it to her mouth.

Gabrielle glanced at me with a deadpan look. "What exactly are you up to?"

"Is it too hot for you?" I teased. Bringing the spoon closer to my mouth, I blew on it to cool it down before bringing it back near her. "Do you want me to say 'Ahh'?"

Gabrielle rolled her eyes, seemingly exasperated with me, though a hint of blush colored her cheeks. "I'm older than you, and yet you're the one feeding me?"

"Are you opposed to it?" I asked with a playful grin.

"Actually, I find it quite endearing," she admitted, managing to lift one arm and pulling me closer to capture my lips in a passionate kiss. When we finally parted, she glanced at me with a blush. "Having your loved one feed you isn't so bad..."

"I enjoy seeing you like this, Gabrielle," I confessed, leaning in for another kiss before beginning to spoon-feed her.

It was already 10 P.M. when I woke up to the sound of someone approaching my door. Luckily, Gabrielle had already left for her own cabin, so whoever was outside wouldn't be privy to our relationship.

After a moment, the person attempted to open my door. Well, "attempted" was an understatement. They practically tried to kick it down. With a sigh, I climbed out of bed and made my way to the door, unlocking it and swinging it open. Standing before me was a woman with vibrant purple hair and matching piercing eyes, glaring as usual.

"Mr. Leon, I need to have a word with you."

"Miss Shredica..." I groaned, feeling exasperated. "Didn't we agree to stay out of each other's way during this event? So why are you..."

Before I could finish my sentence, she thrust the incriminating picture into my face.

"...Do you want to discuss this in my room?" I offered reluctantly.

"I'd rather not, but with increased surveillance since they upgraded the magic circle, I had no choice but to follow you," she admitted, putting back the phone on her pocket.

"How did you manage to evade the surveillance?" I inquired.

"The magic circle only detects those on the ground, so if you're not standing on it, they won't spot you," she explained.

I sighed, glancing downward. "So that's why you're sporting those towering high heels..."

"Not just any high heels, but anti-magic ones," she corrected, looking slightly proud. I had no clue where she got those anti-magic high heels, and I didn't care enough to ask.

"Whatever," I muttered. "Let's just go inside."

We entered the room, and without a word, Shredica plopped down on my bed. With only one bed meant for one person, I was left standing.

"So..." I started, breaking the silence. "What did you want to talk about?"

She was about to respond when she sniffed the air, her nose catching the lingering scent of sex.

"What's that smell?"

"Isn't it impolite for you to inquire about the smell of someone's room, especially when you're the one intruding?" I countered, a hint of annoyance creeping into my tone.

Ignoring my retort, she redirected her attention back to me. "Anyway, what are your thoughts on this?"

"On what?" I asked, genuinely puzzled.

"This incident," she clarified.

"Why are you asking me?" I questioned. "What makes you think I'd have an opinion on it?"

"Because you're the only one I can turn to," she explained. "What do you think happened to the missing student?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I'm just going to wait until tomorrow to find out. Surely, the staff will be able to confirm if the student is truly missing or not, right?"

"Do you think it's some sort of ploy?" she pressed.

"What do you mean?"

"It's suspicious that news of a missing student suddenly arises when they've been missing since day one. No one noticed until now, and it took four days to piece it together. Doesn't that seem fishy?"

It did seem suspicious, honestly. If I didn't know any better, it looked like the academy had orchestrated the whole thing. But I kept my thoughts to myself, not wanting to reveal too much to Shredica. I didn't want her to know that I was the one responsible for this. Sure, I didn't physically do it, but I gave the order, so I was just as responsible.