

## The World 871

### Chapter 871: Mammon and Amon (1)

I woke up with a strange warmth pressed against me, someone's head gently resting against mine. For a moment, I thought I was still dreaming. But when I slowly turned my head to the side, I froze.

Elise was there. Sleeping quietly.

Her breathing was soft, almost rhythmic, her face calm and unguarded. I blinked a few times, trying to make sense of it. We didn't fuck last night. I could've sworn she had gone to sleep in another room—on the opposite side of the house, even.

So... when the hell did she sneak into my bed?

Maybe she slipped in when I was already out cold. Maybe she just wanted to be close. Honestly, I couldn't bring myself to be against it. It wasn't uncomfortable, and if anything... it felt kind of nice.

Still, I didn't want to wake her, so I carefully shifted her head off mine, slowly easing myself out of bed. My body stretched on instinct, muscles relaxing after what had surprisingly been a damn good night's sleep.

And that in itself was crazy. I wasn't even in familiar territory—I was on foreign land, a place where one careless mistake could mean getting killed in my sleep.

I could've been assassinated while lying helpless in bed.

But none of that happened. Instead, I woke up safe, intact, and feeling oddly refreshed.

After grooming myself for a bit, I finally stepped out of the room. Immediately, I was greeted by one of the demon servants.

"Good morning, Lord Leon," she said with a polite bow.

She was just like Amon and Mammon—brown hair, brown eyes, dressed neatly in a classic maid uniform.

And of course... she was stacked. An incredibly large bust that looked like it was straining the fabric of her uniform. At this point, I couldn't help but notice a pattern. Looking around at the demon servants, it almost felt like their entire lineage was just built on having ridiculously busty proportions.

"Mistress Mammon and Lady Amon are in the garden right now. They expect you to join them after you've woken," she said in a smooth, respectful tone.

After saying that, she gracefully walked away, leaving me on my own.

I made my way toward the garden where Mammon and Amon were. The sound of gentle laughter reached me before I even got close. When I arrived, I saw them sitting together, talking like they had all the time in the world. Amon's laugh was light and graceful, while Mammon's expression carried her usual air of confidence.

"Ah, I see... so you've properly managed to hone the technique I taught you for servicing your Master," Mammon said with a knowing smile.

"Yes. Thanks to you, Master enjoys himself whenever I service him. I've practiced everything you taught me—every detail—so that he'd have the best experience. And honestly... I'm having fun with it too," Amon admitted with a smile of her own.

It didn't take long for me to realize exactly what they were talking about—Amon openly discussing her sex life with me.

Now, I wasn't against the idea of my women sharing stuff like that with each other. But hearing her talk about it with her own mother? That was... embarrassing as hell.

"Oh, Lord Leon is here," Mammon said the moment she spotted me. Both she and Amon immediately stood, bowing in perfect sync.

Seriously, these demons... the devotion they showed was insane. Even the way they bowed together looked practiced, as if they'd rehearsed it just to impress.

"Master, did you sleep well?" Amon asked.

"Slept like a baby," I answered casually.

Which was the truth. I didn't even feel like I was in someone else's home.

"I'm sorry that I wasn't beside you," she said softly.

"You don't need to apologize," I told her. "I wanted you and Mammon to have time to catch up. It was only natural you'd spend the night in her room instead of mine."

"Thank you for that, Lord Leon. Because of it, I learned a lot of lovely things about you," Mammon said, her voice dripping with amusement.

"It's fine," I replied. "As long as you two had that time together, I don't mind in the slightest."

Mammon's gaze shifted subtly then, her eyes trailing downward... and settling on my crotch. The faint, sly smile on her lips didn't fade.

I wasn't sure what it was, but that look carried something heavy.

Her MILF energy was radiating so strongly I could practically feel it pressing down on me. Was she... was she trying to flirt?

Maybe. Probably. Hell, most likely.

"Amon, give me a moment alone with Leon," Mammon said suddenly.

Without hesitation, Amon bowed deeply to her, then to me, before quietly leaving us.

"Lord Leon, would you mind sitting here with me for a bit? There's something I want to ask you," Mammon said.

"I don't mind at all," I answered.

I sat down beside her.

Mammon leaned forward slightly, resting her elbows on the table. Her fingers intertwined delicately, and she rested her chin atop them. Her eyes never left mine—steady, sharp, carrying that same knowing gleam.

"I've heard from Amon that you have many women at your side," she said. "You're building yourself a harem, aren't you?"

"...Is there a problem with that?" I asked carefully.

"No, not at all. It's natural. A powerful man will always desire many women, to surround himself with them and build a harem. That's just the way of things," she said calmly. Then, her gaze sharpened slightly. "Is Elise one of them?"

My throat tightened as I swallowed. She was implying something very direct now.

"...Is there a problem with that?" I asked again, my voice more guarded.

"Have you already conquered her?" Mammon asked plainly.

So she knew. She knew about my ability.

"Don't worry, Amon didn't say anything about it," she continued. "I knew on my own. Lilith possessed the power to gain abilities, after all. And since she split herself into five fragments, each fragment inheriting one of her powers... I can only assume you're the one who inherited Lilith's copying ability."

Her words hit dead center. She was exactly right. I honestly hadn't expected her to have that much information about Lilith.

"Do you know why I know this?" she asked, tilting her head slightly, that smile still on her face.

"I'm guessing... you once served her," I replied.

"Correct," she said smoothly. "I've served many in my time. But the only one I can confidently say was stronger than anyone else I've ever met... was none other than her."

Chapter 872: Mammon and Amon (2)

I see...

So I was right with my assumption. The weight of that realization pressed against my chest like a stone, making me let out a slow breath.

"And because I once served her," Mammon said, her voice sharp but carrying a strange heaviness, "I know for a fact that she was someone capable of destroying the world. Why do you think the seven deadly sins banded together to slay her?"

Her gaze didn't waver. It was the look of someone who had seen things no one else should have seen.

"It's because she planned to destroy the world, right?" I replied.

My words came out steady, but deep down, a part of me tightened. I had already dug into Lilith's lore from the Kingdom of Elves, and thanks to Solaris, I knew fragments of her story. But hearing it directly from someone who had served her—it hit differently.

"You're somewhat knowledgeable. That's good," Mammon said, tilting her head slightly, eyes narrowing as if measuring me. "Then you probably also know that if all of Lilith's abilities were gathered into one person, that person would become Lilith, right?"

I gave a slow nod. My throat felt dry.

"Then tell me, Lord Leon... how are you gaining these abilities?" she asked.

There was no point in lying, so I laid it out for her—how my ability worked, the exact process. As I explained, I watched her face. The more I spoke, the clearer it became to her, like puzzle pieces finally slotting into place. I had assumed she already understood everything, but no—she had only known the surface. The truth seemed to deepen her expression, her eyes reflecting the weight of what I had just confessed.

"I see..." she muttered, almost under her breath before straightening her tone. "So you have to conquer a woman by completing certain requirements for her, and only then do you gain her ability. There's also the condition—the woman needs to be interested in you. And if you copy without fully conquering them, the ability comes out as a diluted version. But if you succeed completely, then you obtain an upgraded version." She paused, her lips curling faintly. "So that's why you've surrounded yourself with a harem of women."

"I guess you could put it that way, yeah," I said with a half-smile. "But it's not like I conquer women just for the sake of the game. I'm not that kind of scum."

"You're telling me you return their feelings then?" Her voice was amused but carried a jab. "Well, you'd better. What you're doing is already scummy. Kind of reminds me of the third generation Greed. That bastard would take anything and devour it without a second thought." She smirked, but it was the kind of smile that left a faint sting.

"I am scum, sure... but I'm a gentleman," I said, holding my ground. "I'd rather call myself a scummy gentleman." I leaned forward slightly. "So tell me, why are you bringing all this up to me?"

Her expression hardened, the playfulness leaving her features. "I'm warning you. Don't ever attempt to conquer the other fragments of Lilith. If you do, you'll unleash a disaster that was prevented long ago. If

you succeed in doing that, then Lilith will return—and the moment she does, your entire existence will vanish. You're her vessel, Leon. And once her consciousness fully awakens inside you, you'll be erased. You'd cease to exist."

Her words sank into me like a blade. I had already pieced together fragments of that truth on my own, but hearing it spoken so bluntly carried a weight I couldn't ignore.

I knew I was Lilith's vessel for resurrection. It made sense that conquering her fragments would only reassemble her powers, creating the exact conditions for her return.

"At least you're not completely ignorant of it," Mammon said, her tone easing slightly. Then her eyes sharpened again. "Tell me... how far have you gone with Elise? Considering how close you are, it's safe for me to assume you two are already having sex, right?"

Her words hit me bluntly, and I didn't even bother trying to deny it. "Yeah. I won't lie. I am having sex with her."

"I'm not telling you to stop," Mammon replied, shrugging lightly. "Having one of Lilith's abilities inside the vessel won't bring her back. She needs all five. That's the only condition for her resurrection. So go ahead—have sex with her, and with whoever else you want. But..." her voice dropped, her tone turning sharp, "don't copy their abilities. That's the line. Do that, and you'll be the one who brings back the harbinger of doom."

She looked down for a moment, her expression darkening with something I couldn't quite name—fear, maybe, or bitter memory. "I know this for a fact because I once served her. Lilith was terrifying. She wasn't just a great one—she was the great one. With her power, she could reduce this entire world to dust with nothing more than a flick of her fingers. She was only brought down because the current generation of the seven deadly sins united against her. If not for them... this world would already be gone."

The way she spoke left no room for doubt. Lilith wasn't just dangerous—she was apocalyptic.

Her power alone was enough to clash against the seven deadly sins, something I could hardly even wrap my head around.

I already knew great ones were powerful—beings capable of blanketing the entire world in darkness. But Lilith? She wasn't just powerful; she was beyond comprehension.

Still, I needed to know more. I wanted to know exactly what kind of being had essentially created me into existence.

"How powerful was she, really?" I asked, my voice lower than before.

Mammon's eyes narrowed. Her answer was simple, but it hit harder than any elaborate description could. "Powerful enough to destroy worlds."

The air seemed to grow heavier after those words. Even though I'd suspected it already, hearing it said so directly... it was like the final nail hammered into the coffin of my doubts.

Right now, one thing was clear.

I had to make sure Lilith never resurrected.

I didn't know what the future would bring, or what choices I'd be forced to make. But one thing was absolute: I didn't want to lose the life I had now.

And above all... I couldn't allow Lilith to take my body for her own.

### Chapter 873: Mammon and Amon (3)

"Alright, let's change the topic for a bit," Mammon said, her voice carrying that lazy drawl, the kind of tone that sounded playful yet dangerous. "Amon told me you're very proficient in sex. Well, considering how many women you keep around you, and the fact that you're considered Lilith's offspring, I guess it's only natural you'd be very skilled at it."

I leaned back, listening to her words, and for a second, I thought of brushing it off. But in all honesty... she wasn't wrong. I wasn't going to brag, but I knew exactly what I was capable of. I had the stamina of a hundred horses, could keep going long after others collapsed. I could make five women cum at the same

time, make them claw the sheets, breathless, trembling, completely undone—while I didn't even break a sweat.

Yeah... that definitely sounded like bragging when I thought it like that.

"Well, sure. I can call myself proficient at sex," I told her with a shrug, trying not to make it sound like I was flaunting it.

"Mm... well, okay then," she said, her lips curling into a sly smile. "I already had that idea when Amon told me about her sex life with you. But I'm curious. Really curious. I want to know for myself how capable you are."

Her eyes were locked on mine as she spoke, and before I even had the chance to react, I suddenly felt something—her foot brushing against my leg under the table. It was such a small, subtle touch, but fuck... it sent a jolt straight through me, like sparks running up my body.

"Are you saying you want to test me?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at her.

"Amon actually asked me to serve you last night," she said smoothly. "I was surprised, you know? I never thought she'd suggest something like that—that we should serve the same man. You must be really incredible for her to suddenly say it."

So Amon told her that? Damn. If she was willing to say that to Mammon, then I guess she didn't see any problem with me hooking up with her.

"Well... if you want, you can find out," I said, letting my own foot slide up her leg in return.

She looked at me with that playful smile again, like a predator enjoying the little game.

"Fufufu... sounds like you're a very impatient man. I don't like impatient men, you know?"

"I'm not impatient," I said, meeting her gaze head on. "But maybe right now, I am. I mean, how could I not be? A body as hot as yours wanting to fuck me? Yeah... I might be impatient in this moment."

The tension between us grew heavy. Her eyes were sharp but teasing, and I stared back with the same hunger.

The air around her felt different, almost thick—like she was pouring pheromones into the room. It hit me hard, clouding my thoughts with nothing but heat and arousal.

She really was like Amon in that way. Both of them knew exactly how to twist desire and use it to their advantage.

"Fufufu... then I guess I'll have to get ready," she said softly. "If you want me, I'll wait for you in my room."

She rose gracefully from her chair, her movements smooth and confident, every step deliberate, hips swaying as if she owned the entire space. Then she walked away, leaving only her scent and that lingering temptation behind.

Goddamn. She was so graceful and gorgeous, it was almost unfair. She had the kind of aura that commanded eyes, that made people stop whatever they were doing just to watch her. Maybe that's what made her such a good demon servant—beautiful, dangerous, impossible to ignore.

Now then... should I follow her?

I wanted to. Every instinct in my body screamed at me to go after her, but part of me still hesitated.

I was pretty sure she didn't have any hidden motives... but you never really knew with demons.

And I wasn't going to just think with my dick. For all I knew, she could slit my throat right after the deed.

Still, should I really pass up that ass? Wouldn't it be worth the risk?

Fuck. Now I really was thinking only with my dick.

Considering I hadn't had any action last night, it wasn't surprising I was this wound up. For me, going without sex even for a day was enough to make me feel backed up. My stamina and energy were practically limitless, and lust just poured out of me—it was like a fire always burning.

I stood and made my way toward Amon.

"You planned this, didn't you?" I said, looking her dead in the eye.

"I want her to be happy," Amon said calmly, smiling at me. "And nothing makes her happier than serving you, Master."

I honestly hadn't expected her to think like that.

So this was all her doing. She was the one who set it up, who kept talking about how good I was, how proficient I was in bed, until Mammon couldn't resist her curiosity anymore.

Mammon was older, a woman who hadn't had sex in what looked like years. She probably needed this, craved it even, and Amon knew it.

That's why she put this whole thing together.

She really was a keeper. I couldn't lie about that.

Having her by my side... yeah, it was pretty damn awesome.

"Well then... I guess I'll be preoccupied for a while," I told her.

"Yes, Master. Fuck her brains out," Amon said with a grin.

She didn't even try to hold back. This was her mother she was talking about, and she was still saying it without hesitation.

Well... I guess I would.

With that, I headed in the direction Mammon had gone.

When I reached her door, I knocked.

"Come in," she said, her voice smooth, dripping with seduction.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Immediately, a heavy scent hit me—musky, intoxicating, sweet but strong enough to make my head feel light.

My eyes scanned the room. The whole place glowed with the soft flicker of candlelight, shadows dancing along the walls. The atmosphere was thick, intimate—definitely set up for what was about to happen.

And then I saw her.

Mammon stood there in lingerie. A bra that barely contained her, matching panties, sheer pantyhose with a garter belt holding them snug against her thighs. The sight of her like that hit me like a damn punch to the gut—it was so fucking arousing.

It hit me then—Amon always wore this exact combination whenever she was with me, whenever we had sex.

Did she... tell Mammon I had a fetish for this kind of thing?

"Lord Leon," Mammon said softly as she lit the last candles, her voice almost purring. "Come inside. Let me service you."

For the first time in a while, I was so hard it actually hurt. My cock was straining against my pants, practically ready to burst out. Just standing there, looking at her, had me more turned on than I had been in a long time.

Chapter 874: Mammon and Amon (4)

I stepped into the room.

The moment I did, I was hit with the scent—candles, sweet and intoxicating, their fragrance wrapping around me like invisible hands tugging me deeper inside.

My brain felt like it was melting into a puddle of heat and desire.

I closed the door behind me.

"Lord Leon," she whispered, approaching me slowly, every step deliberate, like she was putting me under a spell. She reached out and began undressing me with graceful movements. "As I thought... such an incredible physique. And that energy... it's like it's overflowing out of you. Maybe it's because you haven't even reached the cusp of your life yet, and that's why your vitality feels endless."

She slid off my suit, her fingers never fumbling, then folded it neatly. She moved quickly, but with this elegance that made it look almost effortless, efficient yet beautiful.

"Are you sure you want to do it with an old lady like me? I might look like this, but I'm actually five hundred and five years old," she said, her smirk sharp and mocking, as if daring me to flinch. "And I've birthed a child as well. I'm practically used goods."

"Well, I don't think not being a virgin makes someone used goods," I said firmly. "I don't believe that at all. More than that—if you are what you call used goods, then I don't mind using it again."

"Fufufufu... you're smooth. Very smooth," she said, her voice rich with amusement.

Then, with steady hands, she pulled down my pants and underwear in one swift move.

"Oh my..." Her voice was laced with awe as her eyes landed on my cock. "Amon wasn't joking about your proficiency. With this size, you could make any woman squeal."

My dick was already rock hard, throbbing, standing tall like it was glaring back at her with its single eye, daring her to take it.

"This is probably the largest appendage I've ever seen in my life," she whispered.

That carried weight, considering she had just admitted to living for five centuries.

"Thanks for the compliment," I said, a grin tugging at my lips.

She stood back up with a graceful ease, still smiling, and neatly folded the pants like she had done with my suit. Quick, efficient, and precise—like every movement of hers had meaning.

"Now then, Lord Leon... would you please go to the bed first?" she asked, her tone soft but commanding.

I did as she asked and lay down on the bed.

Meanwhile, she went over to a cabinet, her movements fluid, and pulled something out.

I couldn't tell what it was until I heard it—a glass bottle being uncorked with a faint pop, the sound of liquid shifting inside.

She lifted it to her lips and drank.

Then she looked at me, her eyes playful.

"Do you want... some succubus's urine as well?"

Succubus's urine? What the hell was that?

"Fufufufu. Don't worry. It's diluted enough that it isn't really urine anymore," she explained. "Think of it more like an aphrodisiac. Completely harmless."

"I see..."

So it was an aphrodisiac, huh? Actually, that made sense. If my semen held enough life force to wake someone from eternal sleep, then succubus urine being turned into an aphrodisiac wasn't far-fetched at all.

"Well, do you want some?" she asked, tilting the bottle.

She was definitely preparing herself if she was drinking that. But I wasn't about to complain—this was just her way of spicing things up. And honestly? I was more than ready to play along.

"Alright," I told her.

She handed me the bottle, and I drank it down.

The moment the liquid hit my stomach, it was unlike anything I'd ever consumed before.

It was potent—so strong I instantly felt like my blood was boiling in my veins. It was even stronger than mermaid's blood.

It was so intense that I honestly felt like if I entered her right now, I'd cum on the spot.

"Fufufufu... it's good, isn't it? Your body feels like it's burning alive, doesn't it?"

She was right. That was exactly what it felt like—like fire was raging inside me.

"Now then..." she whispered. "Would you caress me?"

She leaned against me, offering her body completely.

My hands immediately roamed her curves, fingers memorizing every inch, while my lips went straight to her shoulder, kissing and licking her smooth skin.

One of my hands moved up to her breast, squeezing and kneading it gently, while the other slid down to her thighs, massaging her soft skin in slow circles.

"You're pretty good..." she moaned softly, her breath hot against my ear. "As expected of the man Amon chose."

She tilted her head, her lips brushing mine, before closing the distance.

Our mouths locked together, tongues tangling, swirling, fighting for control as we kissed deeply.

My mind felt light, almost spinning, and my cock pressed hard against her back, throbbing violently, precum leaking from the tip.

The heat rushing through me was unbearable.

"Now then, it's my turn to service you," she said huskily.

She guided me onto my back, straddling me, her body shifting until she was facing the opposite direction.

Her eyes locked on my twitching cock, veins bulging, precum dripping as her hot breath ghosted over it.

Meanwhile, my eyes were on her pussy—her panties already soaked through, juices leaking so much they dripped down her thighs and landed on my face.

Then, with a slow, teasing motion, she leaned down, dragged her tongue along my shaft, and wrapped her lips around my cock, taking it into her mouth.

She sucked my dick—slow, steady, deliberate—and goddamn, I felt like my whole body was about to melt into her mouth.

What the hell was this tongue movement? Even the most seasoned prostitutes I'd ever heard about couldn't possibly compare to this level of skill. It was insane.

She wasn't doing much—barely any big movements—but that was the thing. That minimal motion, those subtle, calculated strokes of her tongue, made every nerve on my cock stand on edge. It was like she knew exactly where the sensitivity piled up, and she pressed on it with just enough pressure to make it unbearable in the best way. The roughness of her tongue traced against my skin, and it made me twitch harder with every pass.

And the suction... fuck. The way she sucked was something else entirely.

Her lips locked around my cock, sealing me in with that warm, wet heaven, and at the same time she gave those gentle, rhythmical sucks—slow pulls, like she was drawing every bit of strength out of me—while sliding her tongue underneath and around the head. It was the kind of perfect blowjob that made you think: yeah, this is what perfection feels like.

From where I was, my eyes wandered down her body, and fuck, the sight was even filthier than the feeling. Her pussy was dripping wet—so wet her panties looked weighed down, heavy with her juices. The darkened fabric clung to her skin, and I could see the way her slickness had already soaked through.

It was spilling out, completely uncontained, and the liquid was running down in slow trails, dripping toward my face.

I couldn't resist. I pushed aside the crotch part of her panties, and her soaked slit glistened right in front of me. Without hesitation, I leaned in and pressed my tongue flat against her pussy, licking long and deep. Her taste immediately filled my mouth—sweet, musky, intoxicating.

"Mmm...~ fuahhhh, y-you have such a good tongue, Lord Leon..." she moaned, her voice breaking with each lick. "It feels like... my own tongue movements are inadequate compared to yours."

"You're incredible already," I told her between licks. "You don't need to worry about that."

And I meant it. I had no idea if she was being genuinely humble or just teasing, but one thing was for sure—her tongue movements were far beyond just "good." They were dangerously addictive.

"I see... that makes me happy," she whispered breathlessly. "Even an old lady like me can still make you feel good."

"Old lady"... she called herself that, but fuck, her body said otherwise. For someone who had lived for five hundred and five years, her figure was smoking hot. Tight curves, supple skin, and the kind of experience that made every touch, every motion, feel intentional and perfect. She was a walking contradiction—timeless age paired with a body that could easily put any younger woman to shame.

"Fuahhhh... mnnn... mmghhh..."

Her muffled moans vibrated around my cock as she kept sucking me deeper, and at the same time, I buried my face into her dripping cunt, lapping at her like I was starving. The sounds of our tongues and mouths filled the room—slurps, moans, wet smacks echoing with every movement.

We were locked together in that sixty-nine position, devouring each other without restraint, every lick and suck sending waves of heat crawling up our spines. Our bodies trembled, our breathing grew ragged, and the pleasure mounted higher and higher, drowning out everything else. It was raw, messy, and perfect.

## Chapter 875: Mammon and Amon (5)

After a long while, she finally pulled her mouth off my cock, her lips parting slowly with a wet pop. Thick strings of saliva stretched and clung stubbornly between us, drooling down and sticking to the shaft, glistening in the light as if refusing to let go. It looked filthy and obscene, and yet... so fucking erotic.

"Fufufufu... Now, it seems you're more than ready. My vagina is also wet enough to take you in, Lord Leon," she whispered, her voice dripping with lust.

She wasn't lying.

Her pussy was soaking—no, it was absolutely drenched. It wasn't just wet, it was gushing so much that it almost felt like it was raining straight down on me. Her juices were dripping endlessly, splashing against my face, sliding across my skin, covering me with her scent and stickiness. My face was practically coated with her nectar, so much so that every breath I took carried her intoxicating, musky sweetness.

Her body shifted slowly, fluidly, with that kind of practiced grace only a woman who had lived and fucked for centuries could have. She slid herself forward, switching positions—moving from being opposite me to straddling me face to face.

And then she kissed me.

Her lips pressed hard against mine, soft yet firm, tasting faintly of herself. Her tongue slipped into my mouth, teasing, curling around mine, moving with a confidence that made my body shiver. The kiss wasn't just passion—it was pure dominance and seduction.

She smelled divine... like her whole body radiated the essence of sex itself.

At the same time, I felt the heat of her thighs closing in, pressing my cock snugly between them. The warmth, the pressure of that flesh wrapping around me—it was almost too perfect.

Her thighs were heavenly. Smooth, soft, and impossibly tight. It was like her entire body had been designed to bring nothing but pleasure.

Of course, I already knew this because of Amon. But still, experiencing it here again, with her—it was like reliving a memory in a completely different way. They were so alike, it was impossible not to compare.

Her lips kept working against mine, devouring me, while her hips started rocking slowly. My cock slid along the slick, hot space between her thighs as she rubbed left and right, grinding me rhythmically. Each motion made my body twitch with desire. Then she shifted slightly, pulling her lips away, moving just enough so that one of her hands trailed down to my thigh.

Her palm pressed against it, and the weight of her touch sank into my skin. It wasn't heavy—it was warm, commanding. My muscles trembled under that pressure. I felt like I was going to melt right there.

This was insane.

And then, she shifted again.

Her full breasts pressed down against me, her soft flesh spreading over my chest like heated silk. My body tensed instantly at the sensation—it was almost unbearable, the way pleasure rushed up my nerves all at once.

This was too much.

Her every move was flawless. This wasn't just sex—it was five hundred years of sexual experience condensed into one woman's body, and she was unleashing all of it on me.

It was so good I almost hated it. It was dangerous—pleasure this intense made me feel like I was going to lose myself completely, like I could fly away and never come back.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, she lifted her legs slightly and pressed her feet on either side of my cock, trapping me while her breasts still crushed down against me.

She was literally using every single part of her body to overwhelm me with ecstasy.

"Is my body good, Lord Leon?" she asked, her voice sultry and teasing.

"It's... it's so good..." I groaned out, my head spinning. "So good that it feels like it's melting my brain. Is this... is this the power of age?"

"Fufufufu... It might be," she replied, smirking wickedly. "But I'm curious—why aren't you moving yet? Aren't you the kind of man who dominates? That's what Amon told me, after all."

"So Amon told you that much about me," I said, smirking back even through the haze of pleasure. "Well, she wasn't lying. I enjoy dominating women rather than being the one dominated. That's who I am. That's my ability."

"Then... you can have your way with me, you know?" she said, her tone turning into a soft purr. She guided my hand upward until it pressed against her enormous breast. The softness filled my palm, hot and heavy, her nipple hard against my skin. "Hehehe... though it feels like you're testing me, evaluating my service. But I should be the one serving you, right? Just leave everything to me for now."

She slid downward, her breasts closing in tightly around my shaft.

"However... you're always free to push me down whenever you feel like it, okay?" she added with a playful smile.

Her tits engulfed me. They were unreal, like soft marshmallows, but with weight and heat that made them even more addictive.

It was like slipping inside her pussy. Her breasts were so good, her flesh so perfect, that every part of her body felt like it was built to fuck.

She squeezed her tits around my cock, pressing and sliding, giving me a paizuri while staring straight into my eyes with a lewd, knowing look.

I clenched my jaw, teeth gritting as the pressure and friction made me tremble.

It was so fucking soft. Too fucking soft.

Her movements were deliberate, her breasts pressing and rubbing, the tightness crushing against me. The friction was out of this world—smooth, slick, and hot in ways that made my whole body shudder.

I couldn't hold back anymore.

I came hard, spurting thick loads of cum right between her tits.

"Oh my... how lively," she said with a delighted smile, watching my cock erupt white all over her chest.  
"How wonderful... it's so thick... and I love the smell too."

She dragged a finger through the mess coating her breasts, then brought it to her lips and sucked it clean with a lewd moan.

"Lord Leon... your semen... it turns me on so much..."

Her eyes glazed with lust as she scooped up even more, using her whole hand this time. She lifted it to her mouth and drank it greedily, licking her palm clean.

"So... how was Amon? Is she tasty? Since it was her first time with you, I bet you're the one who made her good at sex, weren't you?"

"Well, technically, my first time was with her too," I admitted, still breathing heavily.

I guess you could say we both grew together, shaping ourselves into what we were now.

"Fufufufu... I didn't know that," she said with a grin. "Amon seems to have gotten skilled. I honestly thought she wouldn't be able to use what I taught her, but I guess she managed. Still... I've got her beat."

With that, she rose to her feet. Her fingers hooked the string of her underwear and tugged lightly. The fabric slipped down her legs and fell to the floor.

And there it was—her pussy in full, glorious view.

It was drenched, dripping uncontrollably, her juices falling in thick streams like goo, almost as if she was leaking on purpose.

She was insanely horny.

Without hesitation, she straddled me again, her body hot and heavy over mine. Then, slowly but surely, she lowered her hips.

My cock slid inside her wet, tight pussy, swallowed whole in one smooth motion.

Chapter 876: Mammon and Amon (6)

"Haaaaahhhh...~!"

Her voice trembled, spilling out in a moan that shook through the room, heavy with heat and lust.

"K-Kuh..." I grunted, clenching my jaw so hard it ached.

Her pussy was... fucking unreal. The perfect balance of tightness and stickiness, almost as if her body was molded just to devour my cock. Every time her insides gripped me, I felt my entire body shiver, like a violent electric surge shooting from my cock straight to the base of my spine.

It was the kind of pussy that could break a man if he wasn't careful—wet, hot, and greedy enough to force you to cum before you were ready.

Luckily for me, I had already cum once earlier, and that small advantage was the only reason I could hold on right now.

But even then, the sensitivity was beyond anything I thought I could endure. The way her insides squeezed and coiled around me—it was insane. Each contraction made me grit my teeth harder, the overwhelming pleasure clawing up my tailbone until it felt like my whole body might snap from the intensity.

Her insides were so soft, yet so elastic. They welcomed me, clung to me, milked me. It was intoxicating. My face slackened without me even realizing, my expression betraying just how much I was drowning in it.

"It's been a hundred and fifty years since the last time I did this," she said, her smile calm, almost wicked. "So I might feel like a virgin again, and maybe my movements are sloppy... but tell me, are you feeling good?"

"It is..." I managed to say, though my voice was strained, ragged, as if the words were being pulled straight out of my chest.

"Fufufufu... so even an old lady like me still cuts it, huh? Tell me, have you ever done it with someone as old as me?" she teased, her tone dripping with amusement.

"Well, I guess," I admitted.

Solaris flashed in my mind. She was easily centuries old, maybe even millennia.

"Fufufu... then you do have experience," Mammon chuckled. "Well then, allow me to service you properly, Lord Leon."

And with that, she started moving her hips—slow at first, then faster, her rhythm gaining confidence as she slid up and down my cock.

"Ahhh... ahh... ahhh... hfff... hff, hfff... ahnnn... ah, ah, ahhh~ Ahhh, yes... it feels so good...~ I've never felt anything like this..." she gasped, her voice trembling between each bounce of her hips. "You really are something, Lord Leon... Amon wasn't exaggerating when she told me about you..."

Her words, her breathy moans, her body moving above me—it was sticky, wet, and so goddamn good that it nearly broke my composure.

I was holding on with everything I had, grinding my teeth, locking my body tight, trying not to cum too fast. But it was fucking impossible to stay calm when her pussy was swallowing me so eagerly.

Not even Solaris, despite all her years, could measure up to this. Solaris was skilled in other ways, sure, but with men... she was untouched. A virgin when it came to cock.

Mammon, though... even with her centuries of life, she felt like she was rediscovering this pleasure all over again—and that made her reactions even more explosive.

She kept moving, her hips rolling and slamming down against me, and all the while, she looked straight at me with that smile.

"Hehehehe... I like your face, Lord Leon," she said softly, but her voice carried a heat that tightened in my chest. "Now I see why you've gained so many women. I can feel it too... I'm taking more and more of a liking to you."

A liking, huh...

Her hips didn't stop for even a second. She raised her bra slowly, pulling it over her chest, and then finally freed her breasts.

They were massive. Bigger than Amon's. Firm and perky, but soft-looking, like perfect mounds sculpted to tempt me.

Two heavenly globes, swaying with every bounce of her body, begging me to grab and squeeze.

"It feels really good, doesn't it?" she whispered, her voice laced with pride.

I couldn't resist anymore. My body leaned up on its own, pressing my chest against hers, closing the space between us.

"Our bodies... they're moving on their own, aren't they? Searching for the best position," she whispered, her breath hot against my ear. "Doesn't that mean we're perfectly compatible?"

Her huge breasts crushed against me as I shifted, thrusting upward in sync with her downward grind. The rhythm was perfect, each movement pulling me deeper and deeper.

I wrapped my arms around her supple body while she locked her arms around my neck, and our lips crashed together. Her hips never stopped moving as her tongue tangled with mine.

The heat was unbearable. My hips felt like they were melting into hers.

Then, it hit me—something building, something urgent.

"Ah... can you feel that, Lord Leon?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Yes... your insides are convulsing..." I groaned.

"My vagina... it's really feeling it... and your penis, it's throbbing so hard inside me..."

It was obvious. We were both reaching the same peak.

"Let's go together," she whispered, before kissing me again.

"Okay..." I muttered into her lips.

I flipped her down gently onto the bed, sliding into missionary, and immediately started thrusting.

Her body... gods, she was soft.

It was like fucking a marshmallow—plush, warm, and yielding perfectly to me.

"Hnnghhh...! Ahhh, ahh, ahhh~ ahhh...! Yes... yes, fuck me...~ Pour it all inside me... Let's lose ourselves together... Hnnn... hnnnnn~ Hnnghhh... ahhh...~"

Her cries filled the room, each one pulling me closer to the edge.

My hips pounded against hers, my cock buried deep, her legs locking around my waist like shackles. She wasn't letting me go.

Everything about her was soft—her breasts, her thighs, her stomach. Every single inch of her body begged me to use it.

I could rub myself anywhere on her and I'd still drown in pleasure.

I couldn't hold back any longer. The pressure coiled inside me, and her pussy clenched tighter and tighter, milking me, dragging me to the edge.

She was close. I was close.

And then—

"Ahhhh... ahhhhnngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her moan tore through the air as her whole body arched, her neck snapping back in ecstasy.

At the same moment, my body tensed, my ass cheeks clenching as I exploded deep inside her, filling her with thick ropes of semen.

It was overwhelming. Even though this was my second time cumming, I felt completely emptied, drained to the bone. My body melted into the bed, as if my stamina had been sucked away entirely.

Was this... what it felt like to be wrung dry?

"Ahhh... T-That's it..." she panted, her body trembling under me.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her soaked pussy.

"Fufufufufu... That was amazing," she said, her smile curling slyly. "And as expected... you're not the type to be satisfied with just once, are you?" She licked her lips. "Well then..."

She turned, crawling forward onto all fours, her ass swaying invitingly.

But before I could make my move, a sharp knock echoed at the door.

"It's me."

It was Amon's voice.

"Come in," Mammon said casually, as if she had been expecting this.

The door creaked open, and Amon stepped inside. Her eyes fell on us immediately—on me, on Mammon, on the scene of our sweat-soaked bodies tangled together.

And she smiled.

That smile told me everything.

This wasn't just Mammon's doing.

From the very beginning, it was both of them. An oyakodon. The mother and the daughter.

A plan... set in motion together.

Chapter 877: Mammon and Amon (7)

Elise's POV

I slowly walked out of the room, my bare feet padding against the cold floor.

When I woke up, Leon wasn't beside me in bed. The sheets on his side were already cold, and it made me wonder where he had gone so early. A strange heaviness lingered in my chest when I realized I was alone.

As I stepped outside, blinking against the soft glow of the hall, I noticed a maid standing there, waiting patiently as if she had been expecting me all along.

"We would like to serve you in any way we can, Lady Elise. So please, follow us," she said with a polite bow.

Serve me...

Her words echoed in my mind, stirring something familiar.

"I will make you feel good, if you allow us," she added, her tone sweet but laced with a kind of quiet confidence that sent a shiver through me.

The service.

That was something I always looked forward to whenever I came here. It was almost like a guilty pleasure—something that made my whole body shudder and my bones feel icky and tingly, but in a way I secretly enjoyed. The thought of it made my chest tighten with anticipation.

I wanted it. I really, really wanted it.

Without hesitation, I followed them deeper into the hall.

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"Nghhh... Ahhh... So good...~"

The words escaped my lips before I could stop them.

The service they were giving me felt too good, so good that I couldn't keep quiet. My voice trembled, echoing in the chamber as my body melted beneath their touch.

Not that kind of service, of course.

Demon servants weren't just for those things. They were trained for so much more. They could serve meals with elegance, pour drinks with precision, care for you, pamper you, and even work your body until all the stress melted away.

And right now... their massages, their touch, their skill—it was beyond anything a normal human servant could hope to give.

All of it was top tier.

"We are still newbies, Lady Elise, so please, guide us," they had said shyly at the start.

But nothing about them felt like beginners. Their hands glided with a confidence that betrayed their words. The way they pressed into my muscles, kneading along the knots in my back, sliding down to my legs and calves—it was so precise, so utterly perfect, that I couldn't hold back the soft moans escaping my lips.

Their palms moved slowly, deliberately, coating me in warm oil, the slick sensation trailing along my skin like liquid fire. And then came the ointment—cool, almost icy at first—that spread across my body in waves. The sudden shift from heat to cold sent a rush straight through me, making me arch slightly under their hands.

"Ahhh, yes... That's it... that feels really good..." I whispered, almost slurring the words as my mind slipped.

Every press as well as very motion, felt like they were pulling me deeper into a haze.

My thoughts became heavy and sluggish. And before long, the weight of pleasure carried me into Dreamland.

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Leon's POV

The door opened quietly, and Amon entered.

Without a word, she reached for the sash on her uniform, and with one simple tug, the fabric loosened instantly. The top of her maid outfit slipped apart, falling down in a fluid motion that almost seemed intentional and practiced, as though designed to tempt.

She revealed herself, dressed the same way Mammon had been, and the sight alone made my body tense.

She was stunning. Her curves were elegant with her skin flawless. Her breasts, though not quite as large as Mammon's, were still full and enticing—enough to fill my hands easily. Perhaps it was an age difference that made her appear less endowed, but that didn't matter.

She was more than busty enough in her own right.

"Now then," Mammon purred, her voice dripping with sultry confidence, "why don't we serve Lord Leon together, my dear daughter?"

"Yes, Mother," Amon replied softly, her voice carrying a quiet but eager resolve.

With that, they both climbed onto me.

Mammon was the first to straddle me. She reached down without hesitation, wrapping her hand around my cock and guiding it slowly into her waiting pussy. The moment the tip slipped inside, her walls clenched around me, and in one smooth movement, she swallowed me whole.

The heat. The stickiness. It was overwhelming.

My cum must have still been lingering inside her from earlier, coating her insides and turning her slick. The sensation made me grit my teeth and gulp hard as I tried to steady myself.

And then—she started moving.

Her hips rose and fell in a steady rhythm, her cunt milking me with an expertise that could put even the most seasoned prostitutes to shame. Each thrust down sent jolts of pleasure through my entire body, and I could tell immediately—she was a veteran at this.

"Ahnn, ahh... L-Lord Leon's penis is filling me up completely... not even a gap left inside me... I feel like we really are compatible..." Mammon moaned, her voice trembling.

Meanwhile, Amon moved above me, climbing gracefully until she hovered over my face. Her pussy was already glistening, dripping with arousal. Slowly, deliberately, she spread herself open, revealing the twitching pink flesh inside.

"I want you to have a taste of me as well," she said, her voice low and teasing.

The moment she opened herself, the sight nearly made my head spin. Her insides pulsed faintly, glistening, the constant drip of her juices making thin trails down her thighs. The scent hit me next—it was sweet and intoxicating—and I felt myself losing control.

"Don't press too hard, or you'll suffocate him," Mammon cautioned.

"I understand," Amon replied.

With a slow descent, she lowered herself onto my face, pressing her pussy against my lips.

Without hesitation, I devoured her. My tongue traced every fold, lapping up the juices spilling from her. The taste was raw and sweet, the sensation overwhelming.

"Mmmphhh... Ahhh... It feels so good...~" she moaned, her body shivering against me.

Mammon riding me. Amon smothering me with her wetness. Both the mother and the daughter. A literal oyakodon.

I couldn't believe this was happening. After Artemis and Solaris, I never thought I'd experience this kind of mother and daughter combo again.

This wasn't something I could ever take for granted. This was something to burn into memory, to cherish, even if it left me completely drained by the end.

"Nghhh...! Ahhh, ahhhnnn, ahhh... S-So good... such a good penis... Lord Leon is captivating me..." Mammon moaned, bouncing harder.

"Ahhh, ahhhnghhh, ahhh... I-I told you so..." Amon gasped above me, her voice trembling as waves of pleasure overtook her.

Their hips moved in rhythm—one riding me from below, the other pressing against me from above—as I pleasured them both at once.

The musky scent filled the air, heavy and intoxicating, invading my senses until I felt like I was drowning in it.

"I-It really is such a good penis...~ it's inside me... and it's getting harder and harder...~ yes...!" Mammon cried out, her voice breaking with each thrust.

Amon could barely form words now, lost in the waves crashing through her body.

And then—

Both of them came together, their voices echoing in perfect harmony, their bodies trembling with release.

"Fufufufu... Lord Leon, you are... simply amazing..." Mammon purred through heavy breaths.

"Master is very capable... He can do anything..." Amon whispered, still shuddering above me.

"You haven't cum yet, have you?" Mammon teased, her eyes glinting. "Why don't you take control now? Choose the position you want us to take."

Her words sent a rush straight to my head.

If they were giving me the choice, then of course I'd pick one of my favorites.

"Then..." I swallowed hard, my throat dry. "Mammon, lie down. And Amon—climb on top of her."

#### Chapter 878: Mammon and Amon (8)

"Fufufufu... This is Master's favorite position," Amon said.

"Oh my... Is that so?" Mammon tilted her head, her eyes narrowing with curiosity while her lips curved into a playful, sultry smile. "To be honest, I've never been in a threesome before, so I'm honestly not that great with anything related to it." Her tone carried both nervousness and excitement. "So can you tell me... why is this your favorite position, Lord Leon?"

I smirked, dragging my tongue briefly across my lips as I looked at both of them. "Well, the reason's actually simple. For one, since I only have one dick, I can't fuck both of you at the same time no matter how much I want to. And two... this way, I can angle myself better, so I can alternate between you both however I please." I paused, pressing my cock slowly between their thighs so they could feel the heat radiating off it. "And more than anything else, I just love sliding my cock in between such wet, moistened pussies."

Mammon's cheeks flushed slightly, her expression twisting between admiration and lust. "I see... As expected of Lord Leon, to come up with such a brilliant idea," she said, her voice husky now, dripping with respect and need.

"With that said..." I whispered, my hand gripping my shaft as I aimed it directly at their pussies.

First, I nudged it against Amon's slick folds, her breath instantly hitching at the contact. Then I slid it toward Mammon's soaked entrance, dragging the tip across her lips.

Both women shuddered the moment my cock grazed their dripping pussies, their thighs trembling from the teasing friction.

But I didn't enter them. No, I dragged it slowly, deliberately, letting it slide and trail along, pressing against their clits just enough to make them gasp before pulling away again. I kept doing it, letting the anticipation build, savoring the way their hips twitched, begging unconsciously for me to thrust inside.

"Ahhh... L-Lord Leon, stop teasing me already..." Mammon whimpered, her nails digging lightly into the sheets.

"M-Master..." Amon echoed, her voice breathless, her chest heaving as her swollen breasts brushed against Mammon's breast.

They were both staring at me now, eyes locked on mine, filled with lust and desperation. They wanted me to move, to act.

But I only smirked, enjoying the sight of them writhing under my control. The boiling heat in my chest spread through me, urging me to drag it out longer.

I wanted to savor this moment.

I wanted to enjoy every second of their frustration and desire.

And then... with a slow, deliberate push, I slid my cock right in between their hot, dripping pussies.

"Ah!"

"Fuuaahhh!"

Their moans rose in unison as my cock was enveloped between their folds, their juices slicking the length immediately.

I gritted my teeth, the sheer pleasure overwhelming me. Even though I hadn't actually entered them, the heat and wetness pressing against both sides of my shaft made it feel like I had.

Both of their pussies were unbelievably hot. Having two wet cunts squeezing and rubbing against me at the same time was enough to make my vision blur for a moment.

"Ahhh, t-they're rubbing... ahhh! It feels so good...~ this feels so good...~" Mammon moaned, her voice high-pitched, almost breaking as she shifted her hips to increase the friction.

The sensation of their sticky, slick warmth smearing all over my cock made my body shiver. It was so good that I honestly thought I might cum just from this alone.

But I pulled my cock away from their tight, wet folds before I lost control, and without hesitation, I drove it deep into Amon's pussy.

"Uwaaahhh~!"

Her scream filled the room, sharp and needy, as her walls immediately clamped down on me. The girth of my cock spread her tight flesh wide, sliding all the way inside until my tip crashed into her cervix.

Her body responded instantly, her womb lowering itself as if it were already preparing to take in my seed.

I gripped her slender hips tightly, using them as handles as I began to pound her mercilessly.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhh, nghhh, ahhh! I-It feels so good...! Nghhh, ahhh, ahhnn, ahhh, ahnnn, ah, ah, nghhh~!"

Her moans came out in broken cries, high-pitched and desperate, every thrust rocking her body forward against Mammon's curvy frame.

Mammon, watching her closely, licked her lips and let out a soft groan.

"Nghhh... Ahh, ahhh, ahhh!"

Her breasts pressed against Amon's as she whispered, "Ahh... Amon is so cute while being fucked by Lord Leon... She really shone with all her might in the time she had with you, Lord Leon." Her voice dropped even lower. "I feel... a little jealous..."

"Jealous?" I asked between thrusts, my hips slamming forward. "Well, you could always make up for the time you lost with her, right?"

Mammon shook her head, her long hair falling over her face as she smiled with a lustful sadness. "No... I'm not jealous because you made her shine instead of me. I'm jealous... because I didn't get to meet you sooner."

That line hit me differently. Hearing it in her mature, seductive voice made her seem even more lewd and more irresistible.

This MILF...

I pulled out of Amon with a wet slap, only to shove myself right back into Mammon again without warning.

"Ahhhnghhh! S-So sudden!?" she yelped, her back arching.

"I can't help it when you're practically begging for it," I growled, thrusting deeper.

With my hands still locked on Amon's hips, I used them as leverage to pull her onto me harder while at the same time fucking to Mammon's sticky folds. I pushed into her, her pussy already so wet it welcomed me instantly, her cervix pressing low to greet my tip like it was begging me to release inside.

It felt like the two of them were teaming up, their bodies working together just to milk me.

It was a literal mother-daughter combo...!

I wasn't going to complain.

This was pure bliss.

"Ahnnghhh, ahhh, ahhnghhh! L-Lord Leon... Amazing...! Ahhnghhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!" Mammon's voice cracked as she screamed, her moans tearing through the room without restraint.

This woman, this MILF who had so much experience, who had served countless men before...

I wanted her as mine. I wanted her in my harem. Who gave a fuck if she wasn't a virgin? Virgins were great, but a woman like her—a real MILF—was something I had to claim.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.

I continued thrusting, switching between them, pounding into one tight pussy then the other, mixing their juices across my shaft as their moans overlapped again and again.

"Ahnnn, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhhnnn~!"

"Nghhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!"

Their pussies grew wetter, sloppier, needier, dripping with arousal as I fucked them relentlessly, their voices echoing like music in my ears.

After a while, the heat in my core surged, too much to hold back.

"I'm going to burst first inside Amon..." I growled, my thrusts becoming ragged.

"I... I understand..." Amon moaned, her eyes fluttering, her body trembling violently.

"C-Cum inside her, Lord Leon!" Mammon screamed, her thighs clenching as she convulsed in climax.  
"Nghhh! Ahnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnghhhhhhhhh~~~!!!"

My body tensed, my teeth grinding hard as I pulled out of Mammon right as she came, her juices splattering against my thighs. In the same instant, I shoved myself deep into Amon's pussy and exploded inside her womb.

Her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites as she cried out in ecstasy.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Hot, thick ropes of semen gushed into her, flooding her insides until I could feel her walls twitching desperately around me, sucking me in deeper.

When I finally pulled out, a loud pop echoed as her pussy gaped wide open, cum spilling out in heavy, messy streams down her thighs.

Both Amon and Mammon looked up at me again, flushed, sweaty, their faces glowing with lust, their eyes seductively clouded with desire.

This wasn't over.

Not by a long shot.

And I was ready for every second of it.

Chapter 879: Mammon And Amon (9)

"Ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhnn, ah, ahhh...!"

"Nghha, ah, ahn, ahnn, ahh, ah, ah, ahh, ah, ahhh...!"

Their moans spilled out nonstop, voices overlapping with each thrust I drove into Mammon while my fingers plunged deep inside Amon. The two of them lay side by side, bodies pressed so close their breasts rubbed against each other, tongues tangled together in a desperate kiss.

Watching them like this—two women I was fucking at the same time, kissing, moaning, and clinging to each other—it sent a surge of raw electricity through me. It was that primal thrill, that undeniable rush of domination flooding through my system, making my cock twitch inside Mammon’s slippery walls as my fingers worked faster inside Amon’s soaked pussy.

"Ahnnghh, nghhh... Ahnnnn!"

"Hhng, ah... Ahh... ahhnn..."

Their voices cracked, trembling, and breaking into higher pitches every time my hips slammed forward. Their pussies had grown sloppy, juices gushing and mixing with my cum, each thrust stirring up a wet, messy symphony that echoed through the room.

By now, I’d already lost count, but I knew that I had already orgasmed at least fifteen times into each of them. Their wombs were already brimming with my semen, yet somehow, impossibly, my body wasn’t done.

Even after painting their insides white again and again, I still felt that hunger gnawing at me. Their pussies clung tighter, stickier with every thrust, as if greedily sucking more out of me. The heat, the sound, the mess—it was driving me to the edge of madness.

I pounded Mammon harder, hips slapping flesh in sharp, wet echoes, while my fingers curled inside Amon, rubbing against her walls mercilessly. Both of them writhed, their voices rising until—

"Nghhh! Ahnnghhh!"

"Hnghhh, hnnnggh~...!"

They climaxed together, their bodies shaking violently as their juices poured out, and at that exact moment I erupted inside Mammon again, filling her to the brim once more.

My entire body trembled. A heavy wave of sluggishness hit me. I had just shattered my own limit—my record of orgasms in one session—and my cock was still twitching, pumping out the last drops of semen into her dripping pussy.

Exhaustion crept in. My chest heaved, sweat dripping down my face. I turned my gaze toward the two of them.

Even their expressions as they came—mouths open, eyes rolling back with their faces twisted in pure ecstasy—looked almost identical. As expected of them. It was natural, I supposed, since both of them are mother and daughter.

Pulling out of Mammon, I watched as a thick string of cum stretched before breaking with a wet pop. The sound echoed in the room, lewd and raw, and I couldn't help but sigh deeply.

Even with stamina that could put horses to shame, this was unreal. I had gone beyond my own record, my cock trembling on the brink of collapse. It was halfway flaccid now—still thick and still as heavy as always—but not nearly hard enough to continue.

"Let me rest a bit," I muttered, voice hoarse.

That was a first for me. Normally, I could keep going until my partners were left unconscious from the sheer intensity of it. But right now, I couldn't even knock them out.

Was it... because of the succubus's urine earlier?

"Fufufufu... You don't have to worry, Lord Leon. Come. Get on all fours," Mammon said, her tone sly and playful.

I didn't even question it. Something inside me told me to just go along, to ride the wave of whatever they were planning. So I moved onto all fours, my body heavy.

In an instant, Mammon slid behind me.

"Urk...!"

Her tongue darted out, pressing against my rim. A jolt ran through me, my body twitching as she licked me there, shameless and relentless.

Her tongue swirled, probing deeper while her hand wrapped firmly around my cock, stroking it with deliberate, skillful movements. At the same time, Amon leaned forward, taking the tip of my cock into her mouth, her lips sealing around the head while leaving the shaft exposed for Mammon's hand.

The combination was devastating.

In seconds, blood surged back into me. My cock throbbed violently, harder than it had been even at the start. The sudden rush of heat made me groan, my body betraying my earlier exhaustion.

"And... we are back," Mammon whispered.

Amon slowly pulled her lips away, a glistening string of saliva stretching between her mouth and my cock before breaking, sliding down the shaft in a wet trail.

"Now then... what should you do next, Lord Leon?" Mammon asked, her eyes shimmering with hunger.

For a moment, I thought I had already exhausted every position possible. But then it struck me that I hadn't taken Mammon in doggy style yet. Amon had already felt it earlier, but I wanted to feel Mammon that way too.

"Go on all fours," I ordered.

"Understood," she replied softly, obeying without hesitation.

As she moved, I caught the perfect view.

Her folds glistened a deep salmon pink, twitching with every pulse of arousal. Her asshole, tight and small, was right above her dripping pussy. And then, her ass—perfectly round, full, and smooth—presented itself like the finest reward.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, could compare to this sight.

I positioned myself, my cock pressing against her entrance, and gripped her hips with one hand.

Her skin was impossibly soft, so much so that my fingers sank into her flesh immediately.

Then, I pushed forward. My cock slid into her hot, wet sheath, inch by inch, until I was buried inside.

"Nghhaha, s-so good...~" she moaned, her voice trembling with ecstasy.

The overwhelming heat and tightness almost made me cum right there, but I clenched my jaw, forcing myself to hold back.

Gripping both sides of her hips firmly, I began pounding into her.

"Hngghh, ahhh, nnnhghh, nghhaha, nhghhaha, hghhaha, haaauuuu, aaaannghhh~~~...!"

Her cries filled the air as my hips slapped against her ass, the sound echoing wet and sharp.

My mind melted into pure bliss, every thought drowned out by the sheer ecstasy of it. At that moment, I didn't care about anything else—only this as well the pleasure.

The rhythm of my thrusts sent the room alive with lewd music of the slap of flesh on flesh, the wet squelch of her pussy swallowing me whole, and the bounce of her ass as it rippled beautifully with every strike.

Her body was heaven itself. And I wanted to lose myself in it forever.

#### Chapter 880: Mammon And Amon (10)

I kept pounding into Mammon, my hips slamming against her ass with a steady rhythm, feeling her pussy clenching down on me tighter and tighter with every thrust.

"Ahhh, L-Lord Leon...! S-So good... It feels so fucking good... Hanghhghhhh!"

Her lewd cries rang in my ears, raw and shameless, and it made my head go light. My mind was going numb just listening to her, and yet I couldn't stop moving my hips.

It wasn't just the feeling of her pussy swallowing my cock that was overwhelming—it was everything. The sight of her body trembling beneath me, her flushed face twisting in ecstasy, her voice breaking apart with every moan... all of it crashed into my senses at once. My ears, my eyes, my body—every part of me was drowning in stimulation.

"Ahhhnghhh, ahhh, ahhh, a... A-Ahh, I-I think I'm going to fall for you, Lord Leon...! P-Please, make me your woman too... Ahhhnghhh?!"

Her words struck something inside me. The desperation, the way her moans melted into her pleas—it was intoxicating. I raised my hand, almost without thinking, and brought it down hard on her ass.

Smack!

The sharp sound echoed through the room. Her ass jiggled from the impact, soft flesh bouncing before my eyes, and a vivid red mark bloomed instantly where my palm had landed. She let out another scream-like moan, body arching from the shock, and the way her ass trembled against my hips made my cock twitch violently inside her.

God, it felt good.

I was going to make her mine. Not because I had to, but because I needed to. At this point, it wasn't even a question anymore.

I kept slamming into her, her pussy tightening with each thrust as if it was trying to pull me in deeper. The sensation of being squeezed and pressed from every angle was almost unbearable. It felt like her insides were molded perfectly for my cock, and the more I moved, the closer I got to breaking.

It wasn't long before I felt the telltale heat rise, the build-up at the base of my cock that screamed I was about to explode. My body had become so sensitive from cumming so many times already, and now even the friction alone made it feel like I was seconds from bursting.

"This is the last...!" I growled at her through clenched teeth.

"Y-Yes...! Burst it inside me...! Fill me up again and again until you've got nothing left!" she screamed.

Her words drove me wild. I grabbed onto her wide, bouncing ass with both hands, my fingers sinking deep into the yielding flesh, gripping it like I never wanted to let go. I pushed myself harder, faster, my hips snapping against her until my entire body felt like it was going to shatter.

My jaw ached from how hard I was gritting my teeth. My chest burned. My muscles trembled.

And then—

"Urk...!"

I couldn't hold it back anymore.

"Fuaaa... Haaaaaaaaanghhggghhhhhhh~!!!"

Mammon's scream tore through the air as her body convulsed violently. Her back arched so hard it looked like it might snap, and her eyes rolled back until only the whites showed. She was gone—completely lost to pleasure—while I held her hips like I was afraid she'd vanish if I let go, forcing myself as deep inside her as I could while pouring every last drop of semen I had left into her pussy.

It felt like my very soul was being drained into her womb, like she was sucking me dry from the inside out.

When I finally pulled out, gasping for air, Amon was already there—waiting and anticipating. Without hesitation, she leaned in and wrapped her lips around my cock, sealing me in her mouth.

Her tongue worked eagerly, sucking out the last streaks of semen from my urethra. My cock, still too sensitive from cumming over and over, twitched hard, but I didn't push her away. Instead, I placed a hand firmly at the back of her head, keeping her there, letting her drain me completely while I shuddered from the overstimulation.

By the time she pulled away, I was done. My entire body collapsed from exhaustion, muscles screaming, chest heaving.

This was... without question... one hell of an experience.

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When I opened my eyes again, my whole lower body throbbed with soreness—a soreness so pleasant it almost felt like satisfaction carved into my bones. My crotch ached, every nerve reminding me of what I had just been through.

Well, of course. I did just fuck two bombshells into unconsciousness. And now, those very same two women were lying beside me, naked, pressed against me with serene, angelic faces as they slept.

"That was some good sex," I muttered to myself, half-smiling.

"...What is?"

The sound of that voice froze me instantly.

A chill raced down my spine, sharp and cold, and the air around me suddenly grew heavy. My body stiffened, and the hairs at the back of my neck rose straight up.

That wasn't just a shiver. That was dread.

Slowly, I turned my head, and there she was.

Standing by the side of the bed, watching me with unblinking eyes, was Elise.

The room was dark, but her crimson eyes pierced through the shadows, glowing like embers. Whether that glow was natural, or whether it was pure hatred and madness radiating out of her, I couldn't even tell.

"Leon," her voice was cold, sharp, terrifying, "would you care to explain this to me?"

She must have been standing there for some time already. If she hadn't, I wouldn't have woken up. Not with these two busty demons wrapped around me like that.

"I was looking for you all day, you know...?" Elise's tone dripped with venom, though her expression didn't change. "I started to notice something was off when the demon servants kept distracting me. Massages, pampering, everything they could throw at me to keep me away. It almost worked. But unfortunately for them, I managed to slip away. And then..."

Her eyes narrowed, her glare deepening.

"...I found you. Here. Of all places."

Her nose flared slightly.

"The smell of sex in this room is so thick, Leon, I could track it from a mile away. It's not just smell—I can practically see it in the air, spilling out through the cracks of the door. So tell me again... how the hell did you end up having sex with both of them?"

I swallowed hard, but there was nothing I could say—no excuse in the world that would make this situation better. All I could do was give her a weak, wry smile.

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"Fufufufu... You're so cute when you're jealous, Elise." Mammon's voice was playful, sultry, as if nothing had happened. She stretched lazily, her tone light. "But you don't have to worry. I don't intend to steal him from you. I'd just appreciate it if you share him with me instead."

Elise's glare sharpened again. "I'm not jealous. I'm angry. Angry that you fucked him behind my back. Angry that you hid it from me completely. How could you...?"

"Aww, don't pout," Mammon cooed, her lips curling into a teasing smile. "I only wanted to experience him together with Amon. That's all."

"...If you say it like that," Elise muttered, her shoulders dropping slightly, "then I guess I can somewhat forgive you."

That was... fast. Faster than I expected. They'd already patched it up?

"Well," Mammon continued, her grin widening, "we could always do it again—another time. With the two of us together."

Elise turned her eyes on me immediately, glaring daggers. "Leon looks a little too happy hearing that."

"...But fine. That doesn't sound bad. We'll do it another time."

Another time.

The thought of it already made my cock twitch, though I knew the truth that if that really happened, I'd probably get drained so badly that by the end, I wouldn't even be able to get it up anymore.

But still... if I said I wasn't looking forward to it, I'd be lying.