

62: Standing in the Group

“Incredible,” Olivia uttered weakly as she wiped away sweat and cum off her forehead. She laid on the fresh, summer moss, next to Beatrice, both of the girls were covered in each other’s semen.

“Don’t you feel silly now, that you could have slept through your entire life without experiencing something like this?” Beatrice asked Olivia while gently caressing her giant, cum-stained breasts.

“I... I would like to do this again... After...” Olivia searched for words as she came to grips with herself, the possibilities before her, as well as responsibilities.

“I understand,” Beatrice said, seeing how the ninja girl struggled. The succubus then rolled and gave Olivia a soft, gentle kiss on the lips.

After their lips parted, still connected by a thin strand of saliva, Beatrice said, “We both have a lot of things to do. But now, even if you never get a chance to do something like that again, at least you have something to feel good about.”

“Y-yeah... Thank you,” Olivia said with a tint of melancholy.

As the heat of the moment passed, and both girls calmed down, having each fulfilled their pent-up sexual frustrations, the light around them grew brighter—Ember approached them from just beyond the trees, with an illuminating flame in her hand. As she walked closer, the flame grew dimmer. Ember only kept the bare minimum amount of light necessary for the girls to conduct their business. She made sure they could not be seen from the walls through the thick greenery of the Shadow Woods.

“Here,” Ember said and handed the two girls a couple of pieces of clean cloth with her free hand.

Olivia jumped up from the shock, having completely forgotten about Beatrice’s bodyguard’s presence nearby this entire time. After all—where did the light come from in the dead of night?

Olivia grabbed the cloth and hurried to cover herself from Ember’s belittling gaze and annoyingly white teeth that showed through the redhead’s grin.

Post-sex cleanup was never glamorous, especially not for someone who produced as much cum as this horny futanari succubus did. However, even as Beatrice cleaned the cum off her otherwise near-silky skin, Beatrice did not feel the slightest hint of guilt or shame. Neither for how she acted, how she enjoyed getting filled with cock in both mouth and pussy, getting covered with the sticky reward that came with climaxing, nor for how she acted toward Olivia, neither for the fact that Ember saw their entire depraved, lust-filled intercourse.

Beatrice and Olivia simply had a good time in the best way they saw fit. They gave in to their desires and they enjoyed themselves without holding back anything. What would they have to be ashamed about? What would they have to hide? If someone even tried to shame either of them for it, it would only show their ignorance and jealousy. Beatrice would know. In her past life, she might have labeled such behavior as ‘risqué’ or outright ‘slutty’. What nonsense! Never again!

This is my time! Beatrice declared with a confident smile as she put on her panties.

However, the succubus noticed that Olivia did not have as easy of a time getting rid of all her insecurities.

“Did you enjoy the show, Ember?” Beatrice asked with a smile.

“It was entertaining, I must admit,” Ember replied with a similar smile.

“Why didn’t you join us?”

“I wasn’t invited.”

“Well, you certainly missed out,” Beatrice said. “Not only was the sex incredible, but we also both discovered something new about ourselves, didn’t we, Olivia?”

“Ah? Y-yes,” Olivia muttered as she hurried to get dressed.

“And what did you discover, Olivia?” Ember asked in a mocking tone. “Your place as our Savior’s new little sex toy?”

Beatrice noticed tears form in Olivia’s eyes, before the ninja her face in silence and shame.

“Apologize!” Beatrice ordered.

“H-huh?” Ember raised an eyebrow and turned her head toward Beatrice, slightly confused. “Me?”

“Yes, you,” Beatrice said.

“For what?” Ember asked, clearly unhappy. “Do I need to remind you that she tried to kill you, and then lied repeatedly just to save her skin? It’s fine to have fun with her if you wish to do so, but as far as I’m concerned, her standing with us is far below the masochistic mage!”

“And what is your standing with us?” Beatrice asked.

“I-I...” Ember stuttered. The redhead was clearly taken aback by the change in Beatrice’s behavior, but she quickly recovered.

“I am your faithful bodyguard and loyal servant of course!” Ember said and bowed.

“It is also your duty to always be by my side to satisfy my every need,” Beatrice reminded Ember.

For a split moment, Beatrice thought she noticed Ember tense up.

“Yes of course! Whatever is your wish, I will carry out my duties in whatever way the Savior sees fit!” Ember said with conviction. “And should you require to test out your capabilities, please do not hold back in experimenting on me!”

She even recited that little instruction from Lucarad, Beatrice thought. So what was that? Did she simply get carried away by mistake? Is she scared Lucarad might find out?

How about a little test? Beatrice thought and approached Ember.

The succubus checked her current stamina.

Stamina Points	60/80 (+0.2/sec)
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Heh, time flies by fast when you're having fun, Beatrice thought, marveling at how quickly her Stamina regenerated. *12 Points per minute*. And unlike Arousal Points, there were no downsides to this regeneration.

Thus, when Beatrice placed the palms of her hands on Ember's soft cheeks and leaned in for a kiss on the lips, she had more than enough Stamina Points to cast [Arousing Touch].