

A long bath had been just what Byleth needed to strengthen her resolve. She sunk lower into the tub, submerged to just beneath her nose, eyes half-lidded with a dull expression on her suitably blank face. A soft sigh escaped her flared nostrils, shutting out the world around her for just a moment. Something inside of her yearned. She couldn't sell Dorothea down the same river she'd just been tossed into, she had a duty to protect her students. A strong sense of obligation had blossomed inside of her, and she hadn't even taught a single class yet. So why was she so adamant on protecting her? Was it really so bad? She ached. Legs shifted and stirred the water with gentle little waves, of course it was that bad. She hadn't consented to a damn thing they did to her. She'd been thoroughly violated by the fat cocks of a gang of boys who branded her as a traitor to their own houses before she had even gotten to know them, forced to atone for a sin she didn't know she had committed until it was too late.

So why did such a negative experience make her heart race like this? The calm of the bath buzzed in her head. She shot up, splashing water from the tub. She was restless. She snatched up her towel and delicately stepped out, droplets rolling along the bare flesh of her supple bosom and beading down her toned belly, quick to wrap herself tight in that cotton gown that so suggestively clung to the curve of her luxurious body with a less-than-modest showcase of her large, inviting chest. She clutched the hem, fiddling with it as she headed towards the door. No, she couldn't do that to someone else... Could she? What would happen if she didn't? There was a pause as the door in front of her creaked open, and as if fate itself had reared its ugly head - Edelgard and one other emerged. They stopped as well, before smiling cheerily and waving back at their new instructor. Byleth looked on blankly, but lifted her hand in greeting as well. Right, this was a communal bath. She'd somehow almost forgotten, lost so deep in thought.

"Hey professor! Excited for our first class together!" Exclaimed the brunette who she recognized as Dorothea, the very same she was agonizing over. A smile cracked upon her pink lips before she began to speak. Dorothea's expression was muddled into one of confusion. "Huh? At the sauna later?" She repeated back Byleth's request curiously, arching a finely shaped brow. Edelgard looked similarly perplexed, but chuckled.

"Seems like she just wants to get to know her students better," she offered up, patting Dorothea on the shoulder. The tension immediately dispelled, though Byleth was still on edge. She'd really gone through with it, still fidgeting with the towel wrapped around her bust anxiously. Say no, say no, say no. She pleaded with Dorothea with her eyes, wanting to absolved of responsibility. Any punishment that she'd receive by their hands would be worth sparing the girl. Her heart sank as Dorothea's gave a cheerful nod in response, however, knowing that she'd just doomed the poor girl to the same fate as her.

"Sure thing, then! We're about the same age so it's not too weird, I guess," she laughed and clapped her hands together excitedly. Byleth reluctantly nodded back with a melancholic smile in response and promptly excused herself, not wanting to engage any longer. No sooner than the door shutting behind her did she slump down and sigh, her heart heavy with regret.

Dorothea was sure to meet the same fate as her, so why was it that it wasn't the girl she was mourning over? The word punishment popped up into her mind again. Had she been curious to see what would happen to her if she refused their demands? How rough they'd handle her body to compensate for the lack of a second set of holes to abuse, how perverted they could be with possibly even more eager cocks crowded around her than before... She let out an audible gasp, an admission of her own base instinct, sweat beading down her cleavage as it heaved with each deep, unwinding breath. She clasped a hand over her mouth in realization and let out a longing sigh, pulling herself to her feet and slipping out of the towel. In a hurry she donned the cloak she'd arrived in and shuffled back towards her dorm, not wanting to linger long enough to have to look Dorothea in the eyes again.

Unfortunately not so soon after did night fall and the designated time arrived. There was little chance to relax in her bed, despite her exhaustion, as Byleth prepared an hour in advance. A dark-green lipstick, mascara, an easy to remove outfit... This was the most feminine she had looked in awhile, but it suited her nicely she thought. The outcome would be the same regardless, maybe she could spare Dorothea some attention if she did her best to impress and divert some of their focus onto her. Yes... That would be what she would do. She embraced this new resolution to do everything in her power to compete, in a sense, anything she could to get them to fixate on her instead. A noble sacrifice, she thought, as she pushed through the door to her living quarters and set out for the designated meeting place.

The sauna was a relatively new addition to the school as she understood it, an interesting tidbit to chew on as she slipped out of her loose clothes. The bikini she had donned underneath was revealed, a tight, black two-piece that her breasts filled out nicely. A little red tassel seemed to particularly draw attention towards them, that bountiful display of cleavage maybe a little too erotic for such a setting. Something like this would surely aid her in protecting her student, she prayed, stepping inside to find that Dorothea was already inside - clad in a bikini that could've been considered similarly revealing. Byleth stiffened, acknowledging how fierce the competition had just become. Her eyes were drawn to the girl's bosom, rivaling in size with her own, that reddish-pink and black bikini top a bit more modest but suitable to size of her own rack.

"Hm? Oh, there you are!" Dorothea giggled and waved, inviting Byleth inside. "Sorry, I got here a bit early. I guess I got a little excited, but I really love this place. All this sweating is what gives my skin its healthy glow," she cheerfully remarked, beckoning her professor to come sit next to her. Byleth did so, calmly taking a seat and leaning back. Her eyes shut, a sigh escaping, attempting to let her tension escape her. What was she so nervous about? Maybe they weren't even going to come meet up for... "That". The sauna was coed after all, maybe they just wanted to relax and hang out. Maybe they wanted to come get to know some of the students from the house they had been so quick to condemn.

Yet, of course, then why hadn't they asked for her to invite more than just Dorothea? The door swung open. With Claude at the head of the crowd of distinctly male faces Byleth found her attempts at self-reassurance a bit foolish by now. Especially when it was all the same faces as

last time, plus a few new ones. There wasn't time for a headcount, however, as Claude pulled her attention towards him.

"Hello, ladies," he greeted. The lot of them took seats around the two girls, a little too close for comfort she would note mentally Dimitri practically hip to hip with her. It was by no mistake, either, his hand all too casually resting on her bare, smooth thigh and giving it a tender squeeze. She made eye contact with his striking blue pupils as he smirked.

"Uh, do you guys mind?" Dorothea chuckled, oblivious to the palpable sexual tension in the atmosphere. "We were here first?" She laughed. Claude stood before the two girls and ran a hand through his hair, a rather confident, boyish smile across his face.

"We don't mind at all, actually," he remarked, choosing the most lighthearted response he could possibly think to in this situation. "In fact, we find your presence quite agreeable, if I'm honest." He smoothly remarked, leaning in to gently caress Dorothea's chin with his index finger. She slapped his hand away and rolled her eyes.

"Claude, you're so ridiculous," she scoffed. "Can't you be serious for once in your life?" She asked, crossing her arms under that impressive bust of hers and furrowing her brow. His gentle demeanor gradually shifted into a much more serious, somewhat sinister look, taking a step back to collect himself.

"Be serious, hm?" Claude echoed back at her, glancing down her body. His eyes settled on her chest. "I suppose I could." He took a step forward and hooked a finger into her bikini - yanking down harshly on it until those large, perky breasts of hers bounced free and exposed those pink teats of hers. She gasped, leaping out of her seat to slap him across the face. He caught her arm and gently pushed her back down into her seat. A pair of hands from behind took her by the arms. It was around this time that Dimitri had similarly began pawing at Byleth's chest, his firm hands kneading digging into the squishy flesh of those plump mounds of hers. She held her silence, reserved about reacting to this crude action when she was as guilty as they for this very moment. She was resigned to her fate, though Dorothea squirmed and tried to yank her arms free from the hardened hands of the two boys behind her. Claude let out a laugh and cupped her cheeks in his hand, making a display of his power over her in this instant.

"What the hell is the deal? This better not be one of your sick pranks, Claude! This is too far, even for you!" She struggled, gritting her teeth at him. Claude solemnly shook his head and gently patted her in the cheek, adjusting his posture and reaching for the hem of his trousers. Dimitri stood, one foot raised on the bench with his crotch just next to Byleth's head, as he prepared a similar stance. They were certainly eager, Byleth internally scoffed.

"Not a prank, no," he reassured her. His pants dropped, letting that fat, half-erect cock of his spring free and slap across Dorothea's perplexed visage. She squealed in shock as he took it by the base and held it against her cheek, the other reaching down to gently grasp her by the jaw to hold her face steady. "We've just decided that we need to take Black Eagle down a few pegs

is all, and the professor here has agreed to help us out a bit. So how about you keep quiet and open those pretty lips of yours wide for me, hm? It'll be over before you know it." He stroked and slapped that thick length across her face a few times, his thumb toying with her soft, pink lips playfully in an attempt to get her to spread them for him.

Dimitri, on the other hand, was far less careful with Byleth. She watched as he grasped the back of her head tight with one hand, the other letting his fat, pale cock smack across her face and rest across her lips. She panted softly, forced to inhale scent of that thin sheen of sweat lingering across the surface of that vascular manhood. She was helpless to his advances, bouncing it against her mouth a few times with heavy, meaty slaps a few times before drawing back and shoving it into her waiting lips. She was far more pliable this time, he would find, hips bucking against the side of her face, dragging that girthy dick across her tongue and stretching her cheek as he manhandled her face as he pleased. Her eyes fluttered slightly, submitting to his forceful whims all too easily while watching Dorothea's situation out the corner of her eyes.

Claude was having no such luck so far, attempting still to pry her lips open for the waiting tip mashing itself against her soft, wet lips. She was more steadfast in her resistance than Byleth had been, even in the encounter prior, firm in putting up a resistance against his crude assault. It was futile, however, as her attempts at wriggling from the boys grappling with her from behind had full control of her body. One already greedily paw her chest with his large palm, massaging that orb of pillowy flesh without resistance, the other working at undoing her top and letting it carelessly drop into her lap. There came a point where she did eventually falter, possibly even having her jaw pried open by that pesky thumb of his, and Claude wasted no time in jamming the crown of his shaft into her mouth - coaxing a gasp and an aggressive yelp from the brunette, who desperately looked towards Byleth for aid. The professor, however, was in no such position to help, with her face being buried repeatedly against Dimitri's crotch, her lips kissing the hilt of the length pounding itself down her throat, those heavy balls slapping off of her chin already glistening with spit as she had her stretched windpipe used for the leader of the Blue Lions to jerk off with.

In this moment they were both claimed as property for the other two houses, boys from each flocking around the two women like a pack of dogs to a prime rib. Byleth was spared her bikini for now, the boy in front of her seeming to fancy the way it hugged those fat jugs of hers together, shoving his own aching hard-on deep into the sweaty cleavage of his superior and starting to slowly hump away at it with eager little pumps of his hips. She could feel it deep within her bosom, spreading her slick flesh around its thick girth as it snugly embraced it in return, pulsating and already drooling pre-cum onto her flawless skin. She looked up at the two set of eyes peering down at her with a face devoid of expression, eyes oddly seductive in their blank, nearly doll-like gaze, the only discrepancy being the blush flooding her cheeks as she felt her body naturally heating up with the perverse attention drawn to her sensitive chest. His hands openly palmed those plump, milky-white breasts of hers, tugging the bikini aside just enough to expose her erect teats and twiddling them under his thumbs. She let out a soft, admittedly dull, moan in response, a stark contrast to the sharper and more defined grunts and groans from her neighbor.

Dorothea continued to helplessly jerk her shoulders, hands gripped behind her back firmly by the lap she had been pulled into. The majority had flocked to her, the fresh meat for them to indulge in, two erect cocks jabbing her in the face and chest, slowly being stroked at her, while another pushed up between her thighs and idly took its time enjoying the feel of her long, smooth legs rubbing and squeezing against it. Hands caressed her arms and thighs, exploring her body with a sensual, eager touch, her face a blazing red as she was exploited for their enjoyment. Claude's most of all, of course, as he held the top of her head steady so that he could slam his thick manhood straight down her tight throat without interruption. A steady rhythm of the thwaps of her face enduring his hammering thrusts filled the echo chamber that was the sauna, accompanied by the groans and glk's that interrupted the drumming of hips pounding into the aching jaws of the two victims - or at least one and an arguable one-half victim, with Byleth's thoughts muddled by the stirring emotion of a very deeply seated lust permeating her loins.

"Your throat feels great, even for someone resisting so fiercely..." Claude huffed softly, his eyes fixated on her peach-colored lips sealed snug around his spit-glistening shaft as they were dragged back and forth with every tug of his cock from her clenched throat. Dorothea's eyes widened, a jolt of surprise at this somewhat jarring praise for her in such a hush, sultry tone. In this moment of surprise he pulled back, dislodging his twitching dick from her panting mouth and leaving her to catch her breath. Another shortly took its place, giving little room to breath and even less to protest. Byleth watched on with concern taking root in her stomach. She was just as guilty as the greedy, perverted boys swarming them, after all. Surely she could help, at least a little, so for now she would do what she could. She reached over and tapped on the nearest boy crowded around her student, catching his attention, and almost as soon as he'd turned to face her she'd already grabbed his cock and began guiding him over towards her. It was something, at least, one less burden on the girl she was directly responsible for.

There was a groove she slowly worked her way into, matching the tempo of Dimitri's crotch colliding with her lips and tediously drawing itself back just to follow through with the same motion again and again. She held that girth in a death-grip in her soft, slender fingers, drawing a pleased grunt from its owner, working it base to tip with those firm jerks of that long, pulsating shaft. It was a mindless motion, though, Byleth's attention drawn almost entirely on the sight of the girl beside her. The numbers were even at three boys each, but Dorothea was still having a harsher time dealing with her opposition. By now her thighs had been split apart by force, the massive manhood jutting up from the lap she sat in resting across the pink entrance to her tight slit, her cunt being all too casually penetrated and toyed with by two large, curious digits sliding in and out. His other hand grasped her by the waist, holding it steady, while his hips wiggled and adjusted to align that swollen tip with her defenseless folds. Byleth let out a muffled gasp, watching as Dorothea braced for penetration with a squeal around the girth stretching her jaw, but all that did was prompt a gentle slap from Dimitri.

"Oy," he coldly spoke down at her. Her eyes shot back up at him, meeting his icy, blue gaze. His pelvis drew back, freeing that spit-coated cock from her relieved throat and letting it smack

across the professor's face. She gazed down that shaft with deadpan eyes, examining its lipstick-streaked surface intently, a deep ring of her makeup smeared around the very hilt as evidence of her submission here today. "Are we boring you over here? Jealous, even?" He chuckled. There was a soft snickering from the others as well, and though it didn't feel malicious it was hard to not be unsettled by their motives. She was grasped by the forearms and dragged to her feet, staggering a bit as she fell into Dimitri's arms - who forcefully grabbed her waist and turned her on the spot. Bent forward she found her face buried in the beach she'd just been sitting in, looking up just in time to catch a glimpse of Dorothea being slammed down onto the towering dick between her legs. She let out a sharp, stifled groan as she was violated, Claude providing no mercy in hammering himself straight down her airway and distorting the melodic pitch of her conflicted moaning with gags and grunts of desperation. Byleth watched on helplessly as he jack-hammered off of her glistening chin, spit rolling from the frothing saliva bubbled around her luscious lips and dripping onto her chest.

"Maybe this'll get your attention," Dimitri remarked from behind. She felt the head of his dick prodding at her virgin-tight pucker, her head snapping around to gaze on in something like horror at the anticipation. No, dread wasn't that antsy feeling in her gut. Excitement...? There was no time to think as he raised a leg and mounted her ass from behind, slamming his hips down in display of his mightiest effort to make her forget all about her helpless student nearby. A shuddering gasp escaped her dark-green colored lips, bracing herself against the slab of wood beneath her. It was big, a bit of discomfort as even fully lubricated as it stretched and slammed into her thick, doughy cheeks. Each smack from behind caused those mounds of pale ass-meat to wobbly beneath his aggressive thrusts, hands grasping Byleth by the shoulder and pinning her beneath him - at his total mercy. All she could do was look on, focusing her eyes on Dorothea; at least, until, another cock was shoved in her face. The faceless student took her head in his hands, shoving her throat down onto his shaft and obscuring her view of the girl just a few feet away.

She could still hear her though. Dorothea's moans grew louder with each upwards pump of those hips into her crotch from below, loud, echoing claps of those balls bouncing off of her wet lower lips. She was a noisy one, even with Claude's dick ramming itself straight down her gullet, though her cries that were once distinctly terrified had begun to fizzle out into something more like... Bliss. It was hard to tell for certain what was going through her head; but her writhing had ceased, replaced instead by a rolling of her broad hips back into the lap of the boy underneath her. She no longer protested when one cock pulled itself from her lips, using those few precious seconds instead to take a gasp of air and prepare for the next to promptly shove itself straight back to the base into her warm, wet mouth. Her hands clutched the wrists of the arms that were lifting and bouncing her slender frame by the waist, using them to keep herself secure and steady, eyes fluttering shut as she was swept up in the moment. There came a point, though it was hard to pinpoint when, that Claude had stopped dragging her face along his shaft at all, the bobbing of her head of her own free will. It was almost like a hunger, the three boys clamoring over her with gentle praise for how well she was taking their dicks like the slut she was.

"What a good whore you are after all, hm?" Claude remarked. Dorothea's eyes slowly opened to stare back up at him, expressionless. He held her face buried against him, nose mashing against his shaven crotch, balls pressed against her messy chin. He smirked, fingers stroking through her hair lovingly, pulling back to unburden her throat and letting that sticky shaft of his smack across her outstretched tongue. She panted and sputtered, vocal moans escaping her parted lips clearly and well-defined to be no more complex than thoughtless pleasure at the girth scraping her walls from below. A similar gasp of ecstasy from Byleth's side of the room drew her attention towards the professor, her gaze followed the motions of Dimitri's hips barreling down into those large, supple cheeks from above, that sea of creamy flesh starting to redden from his violent pounding and the occasional swat of his palm - but Claude reached down to gently cup her cheek and pull her focus back towards him.

"What, wishing to join her?" Claude purred, gently stroking her chin. She stammered in response, unsure of what to say next. A yelp escaped her lips as a harsh spank made contact with her ass, prompting Claude to let out an amused little laugh. "Actually, that doesn't sound like too bad of an idea..." He mused over for a moment, glancing past Dorothea to gesture to the boy sitting under her. He nodded, the slowing bucks of his hips grinding to a halt before he hoisted her up and jerked back his hips to unsheathe that wet cock from her folds. She gasped at his ability to pick her up oh-so easily, laying her back on the bench. The opportunist fucking Byleth's throat courteously stepped back, resigning to jerking his aching length to the site of the two nude, squirming women, as Byleth and Dorothea were reunited - now just inches away.

Byleth's lust-stricken gaze met the flustered expression of her student directly beneath her own, sharing a brief, oddly intimate moment in silence. There was no longer any remorse in Byleth's dull eyes, only a stoic pleasure that somehow managed to convey pleasure beyond compare. Dorothea was... Certainly cute when she was this worked up, was the only thought Byleth managed to get in edgewise - before suddenly a cock presented itself directly between their two faces. The two girls shared a look up at him before he grabbed Byleth by the head and nudged her lips down towards it, those fat, swollen balls of his resting atop Dorothea's own mouth. Byleth dutifully began to place soft smooches across the shaft, caught up in the moment, while Dorothea whined slightly despite following her teacher's example. In tandem they began to pamper him with the gentle caressing of their tongue and tender kisses all over. It wasn't like they had a choice, being smothered in his crotch and pinned beneath the other boys, their nostrils invaded by the perverse scent of his sweat and traces sex.

Dorothea let out a low groan, shifting slightly on the bench as another mounted her torso and began humping at her bare cleavage. The tip jabbed against her chin from below, hips colliding at a steady rhythm with her under-boob, but it was a trivial distraction when compared to the abrupt presence of a pair of hips sliding between her thighs and spreading her legs around his waist. There was no hesitation in his cock slamming balls-deep in her waiting cunt, Dorothea whining gently beneath the plump sack filling her lips. She diligently began to suck, distracting herself from the sensation of Claude's slippery shaft plowing her clenched walls, slobbering a bit too keenly on those bloated balls. Byleth did well to keep up, however, taking that swollen, pre-cum drooling tip between her own cock-suckers and bobbing her head back and forth just a

few inches along, pleasuring the all-too sensitive glans of the boy's length by dragging her tongue back and forth over them - flicking at the ridge of that pink, mushroom-shaped tip, smothering it in her attention. He gasped and groaned, perhaps a bit too inexperienced to handle their teamwork, fingers tightening and feverishly attempting to shove Byleth's face deeper along his shaft.

"Fuck!" He roared. It was too much. He yanked himself back and began to furiously stroke over their somewhat pleased faces, promptly showering them with hot, sticky ropes of his off-white spunk. There was no warning or even care to take proper aim, coating their faces in streaks of his seed without much attention to detail. The two girls, nearly synchronized, panted and moaned in their simple response to this act, Byleth's tongue outstretched to catch what she could of his reward - while Dorothea meekly flinched and squinted her eyes. He didn't even have the chance to finish blowing his load before the boy seated on the next bench up took control in a sudden surge to action, grabbing Byleth firmly by the back of her head and shoving her face down to meet Dorothea's. Their lips met, forced to mash together in the dominant hand clutching the professor snug - using his free hand all the while to jerk his quivering length just mere inches away.

"Mmh? Profethor?" Dorothea softly gasped into her teacher's mouth. A passionate moan slipped loose from one of the girls, and their surprise faded into something like acceptance of their circumstance. Byleth could only wonder if this was just all part of an act for the sake of the crowd's amusement, but she found herself intertwining her hands with her submitting student's own. She invaded Dorothea's mouth, swept up in the moment, the smacking of their lips and the gentle suckling of tongue pulling the second boy to his limit. Another warm load, this time to the other side of their face, his sticky seed staining their hair and plastering their cheeks with every intent to leave at least this temporary mark on these two girls. They seemed to pay little mind to him, though, one of Byleth's hands moving to hold Dorothea's face and gingerly starting to caress her cheek. There was something more to this than she thought, a certain exhilaration stirring up inside of her in this very moment. She'd never thought much of other girls before, though. Was it the very act of betrayal itself that had excited her? Dragging her eager, trusting student into the clutches of such a crude bunch of young men looking to use and fuck as much of her as they could? This was a dangerous train thought of thought she was stumbling down.

Thankfully a harsh slap to her ass was enough to drag her mind back to the present. Dimitri had reached forward and taken a tuft of her green locks in hand, yanking back and breaking her embrace with Dorothea, re-establishing his dominance. One final downward swing of his hips clapped his sack off of her aching, wet cunt, flooding her tingling asshole with a torrent of his thick, white spunk. She gasped, her hand clasping Dorothea's own tightly as she threw her head back and whined in bliss. He chuckled arrogantly, another firm smack to her thick ass before pulling back and smacking his sticky, still-pulsating cock across her sore cheeks. She sighed and panted, limbs trembling and toes curled, her thighs grinding together in anticipation of more. She needed more, though she fought to suppress that longing - but her quivering slit desperately craved the attention now. She was almost envious, watching the way Dorothea's

expression twisted and her lips trembled from the furious pounding of Claude's cock impaling her cunt again and again.

"Ahn!" Two cries in near unison had erupted. Byleth watched as the girl's lips pursed, eyes fluttering in a stunned daze, Claude's grunting and the furious clapping of his hips bouncing off of her pelvis undoubtedly the mark of a deep, thoroughly filling creampie. His fingers dug harshly into her thighs, pulling them tight around his flanks, her legs curling and clinging to him for dear life as her brain evidently began to go blank with the rolling of her eyes back into her skull. She panted and moaned, bosom heaving around the cock still pounding away at her fat tits, Byleth only able to slightly grin at the adorable face of the very girl she'd betrayed.

There was a pause as Claude pulled his cock from the overflowing folds of the brunette, disengaging from the girl's embrace and taking a step back to collect himself. He wiped the sweat from his brow, admiring his handiwork with a soft chuckle.

"I dare to say that's the face of a slut well-bred, hm?" He taunted with a light, cheery tone, stepping around to gaze upon Dorothea's slack-jawed expression. Even now she continued to sigh and moan, if only from the stimulation of getting her chest fondled and used to jerk off with. Claude stepped forward again and reached out to tickle her chin, drawing her gaze towards him. "Not too shabby if I say so myself..." His eyes trailed over to Byleth - who now had her attention ripped away by Dimitri settling his face into the crook of her neck, setting upon that bare skin with eager kissing and nibbling as his slowly stiffening cock nudged itself between her cheeks again. "Say, professor. Now that you've proven your loyalty, I think we can trust you to bring us the real catch. Dorothea's cute and all, but she's hardly who we're really gunning after." Byleth looked up, a soft gasp escaping as Dimitri slid his sticky shaft into her cunt for round two. She was truly at their whims now, any and all resolve she would have to muster in order to decline this undoubtedly devious request melting away in an instant. Claude leaned in closer, looming confidently over her.

"Tomorrow night. Bring Edelgard to the training grounds. And... Ask her to wear her uniform. That ought to knock her down a few pegs, hm?" Byleth's eyes widened as he made his request, deigning to even wait for a reply before excusing himself from the situation entirely, leaving the two girls to the pack of horny boys eager to indulge in more of this depraved behavior. They had to make sure Dorothea wouldn't be speaking up about this anytime soon, after all - not before Edelgard got hers, at any rate.