Corrupted Heroes Chapter 36

.....

In the daze of her transformation reverting, Wang Yuyan inexplicably glanced around, feeling a strange chill in her chest and lower body...

"...Huh?!...I...I'm..."

Memories began to surface. Arriving at the photography club's activity room, she noticed a faint light at the doorway, and then...

'I...I wasn't trying to confirm if Ying Ni was a criminal involved in naked loans...It was over on campus...Where is this place?...And what's with this really strange feeling in my mouth and lower abdomen...a really strong fishy smell...Chaoyang probably didn't use squid for dinner...'

The fishy smell seemed to be regurgitating from her stomach, so strong that even the usually composed Wang Yuyan let out a muffled burp...

"...Hiccup...a little nauseous...?...But...this smell...why...is making my body feel so hot..."

Wang Yuyan subconsciously glanced down at her lower abdomen. Her clothes had changed back to the white short-sleeved school uniform shirt, along with a navy blue tie, a blue and white checkered pleated skirt, and knee-high stockings.

Her outfit was exactly the same as when she left the house. She felt something was off, but couldn't pinpoint any physical change.

"Oh my? This is truly rare! What are you doing here, President Yuyan?"

Ying Ni's frivolous voice came from behind her. Startled, Wang Yuyan jumped back two steps before she could see who it was.

"Ying Ni?!...Why are you here?!...Could it be...?"

Upon recognizing the person, Wang Yuyan inexplicably felt a sense of relief, reverting to her usual cool and serious demeanor, and asked in return.

"...? Are you kidding me? Student council president, this is the entrance to the boys' dormitory, and it's 2 AM..."

Ying Ni, dressed in casual pajamas and banana-shaped slippers, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, looked at Wang Yuyan with an expression as if she were an idiot.

"Huh? Two o'clock..."

Even with her aloof and ethereal demeanor, Wang Yuyan was momentarily confused. She carefully examined the sign above the main entrance; it was indeed the first floor of the boys' dormitory.

'This...? I remember I was just in front of the school's activity room...'

To avoid embarrassment, Wang Yuyan quickly realized what was happening and coughed softly.

"Cough...looks like...I'm still awake too late and went to the wrong dorm...I'll leave right away..."

Wang Yuyan then glanced at Ying Ni, who was smoking a cigarette and staring at her with a mocking expression, her mind still preoccupied with the mastermind behind the naked loan incident.

'It seems my judgment was wrong; the perpetrator in the naked loan incident wasn't Ying Ni...'

Judging from the other person's appearance, they didn't seem to know why he was there tonight, which meant that the person who had been causing trouble in the photography department's activity room was likely framing Ying Ni.

Using someone else to do the dirty work...?

Wang Yuyan's eyes narrowed slightly, a hint of displeasure emanating from her feeling of being used...

"If you're planning a sneak attack, I suggest you dress more uniquely; this school uniform play style is a bit too bland."

Ying Ni revealed a wicked smile, seemingly taking Wang Yuyan's presence there as some kind of lewd implication.

"Tsk, you bastard who can't say anything nice...! No... but I really did go the wrong way this time. I apologize... I won't do it again."

Wang Yuyan blushed at the other person's vulgar and crude words, but strangely, she first began to reflect on her own behavior.

'...This bastard humiliated me like this...how can I...not feel angry at all...'

Wang Yuyan, who used to feel disgusted by Ying Ni, no longer feels that deep-seated aversion.

"Sigh~ Since you've said that, I'll keep tonight's events a secret... Goodnight... President ❤ Hehehe~"

Ying Ni shrugged, seemingly bored that his teasing hadn't yielded the desired result, and turned to go back to his room to rest.

"Ah... um... well, see you tomorrow..."

Wang Yuyan was slightly taken aback, realizing that this guy didn't seem so difficult to get along with. She watched Ying Ni's figure gradually disappear into the darkness, then left the place on her own...

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Inside the underground laboratory...

"What did you say? She has zero feelings for me?! But she has ninety for that good-for-nothing?!"

Ying Ni grabbed the collar of the hooded researcher from the 'New Generation' organization in front of him and roared.

The latter unconsciously swallowed, and with trembling hands presented Ying Ni with a tablet containing his heart rate during his conversation with Wang Yuyan and the heart rate when Wang Yuyan arrived home.

This stark contrast in lines left Ying Ni speechless for a moment.

"...Just how much did you hate me before...you wild horse? It took you three hours to get this stat back to normal."

Ying Ni couldn't help but laugh, then waved his hand.

"Forget it, get lost. Look at you, you coward!" Ying Ni disdainfully tossed the other person a long way away, and the other person even had to kowtow and thank him.

"...Heh, whatever...it's a kind of fun to watch the other person fall into depravity little by little...and...once I've implanted the knowledge of those erotic comics and games...next time I can try it in the photography club...hehehe."

Realizing that the photography club hadn't expanded since he took over, Ying Ni felt it was time to reorganize... Wouldn't it be great to have his little leopard and that big mare join them?

.....

The afternoon at St. Francis School was stiflingly hot. Cicadas screech desperately in the treetops, as if venting some kind of excess desire.

Inside the underground training ground, the air conditioning was blasting, but Wang Chaoyang felt unbearably hot.

Wang Chaoyang sat on a bench in the rest area, the bottle of mineral water in his hand crumpled and deformed.

His eyes were bloodshot, his gaze shifting back and forth between the phone screen and the figure not far away, like an appraiser making a difficult comparison, or a voyeur driven to despair and frenzy.

On the phone screen was a blurry screenshot.

That was footage from a previous live stream — the female streamer, known as "The Tamed Female Leopard," was turning back and contemptuously giving the camera the middle finger.

The scene was incredibly lewd, but Wang Chaoyang's focus was on the woman's hand.

That hand was painted with nail polish as black as ink.

"No...it must just be a coincidence..."

Wang Chaoyang muttered to himself, trying to convince himself.

However, reality struck him like a heavy hammer, slamming down on his reason.

Not far away, Dongfang Yuying had just finished a set of high-intensity leg kicks. Today, she looked breathtakingly beautiful.

She wore a tight-fitting bright yellow sports vest, which constricted her legendary E-cup breasts, yet they remained stubbornly erect. With each breath, the two large mounds of soft flesh created a deep, breathtaking cleavage.

Sweat trickled down her long, slender neck, gathering in the cleavage below, glistening and radiating an alluring sheen.

But what truly captivated Wang Chaoyang was her lower body.

Yuying, who usually wears loose-fitting athletic pants or knee pads during training, was wearing super short hot pants today, and on her muscular, powerful thighs, she was wearing a pair of high-quality black tights.

Those are definitely not cheap. The stockings are made of a fine, water-like material with just the right amount of sheerness, probably around 30D, which covers skin imperfections while allowing a glimpse of the rosy flesh beneath.

Under the bright lights of the training ground, those silk-stockinged legs gleamed with a faint sheen, the unique luster of top-quality velvet, exuding nobility and elegance, yet also revealing an indescribable eroticism because they encased such a sensual body.

"Phew..."

Yu Ying stopped what she was doing, turned around, and seemed to notice Wang Chaoyang's lecherous gaze.

Unlike before, she didn't greet him proactively, nor did she try to hide anything. Instead, the corners of her mouth slightly turned up, forming a meaningful smile.

She raised her hand and gently wiped the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand.

In that instant, Wang Chaoyang's pupils contracted sharply.

Black.

The jet-black nail polish stood out starkly against her slender, pale fingers.

Exactly the same as in the screenshot.

"Thump, thump, thump."

Wang Chaoyang's heart began to pound violently, as if it were about to burst out of his chest.

Yuying strode over towards the rest area.

Her steps were steady, but upon closer inspection, one would notice that her hips swayed much more dramatically than usual; each step seemed like a deliberate twist of her waist, causing her plump, stocking-clad buttocks to trace erotic arcs in the air.

Only Yuying herself knew that this wasn't entirely intentional.

The metal anal plug, inserted deep into the anus, had no connecting wires and was completely submerged in the tight opening.

With each step she took, the cold metal beads slid and bumped against the inner wall of her intestines, rubbing against her sensitive rectal mucosa.

'Ah...ha...so deep...the bead rolled inside...'

Yu Ying suppressed the tingling pleasure emanating from her rear, maintaining her haughty expression. As she drew closer, a unique fragrance wafted towards him.

It was the scent of expensive perfume, mixed with the sweat of a young girl after exercise. But beneath this seemingly normal fragrance, there appeared to be something deeper, more primal.

That was... a kind of pungent, acrid smell that got the blood pumping. Like... the smell of some kind of male bodily fluid fermenting in a confined space.

Actually, these seemingly expensive and exquisite high-end stockings had been used by Ying Ni as a masturbation tool before she wore them.

The crotch and soles of the stockings were already soaked with Ying Ni's semen and saliva, but it wasn't visible after it dried.

Now, warmed by Yuying's body heat and sweat, that scent faintly wafted out, like a pheromone that only its kind could detect.

"What are you staring at? Your eyes are practically glued to the screen."

Yu Ying walked up to Wang Chaoyang, but instead of sitting down, she raised one leg and placed it on the bench next to him. This action was extremely bold.

Those long legs, clad in high-quality black stockings, instantly magnified before Wang Chaoyang's eyes.

The stockings clung tightly to the soft flesh at the base of her thighs, leaving a maddening gash.

As she lifted her leg, the hem of her hot pants rode up, vaguely revealing the edge of black lace panties and the outline of her plump, swollen vulva, tightly encased in stockings.

"Gulp."

Wang Chaoyang swallowed hard, his gaze involuntarily following the texture of the stockings upwards.

"Yuying...your...your nails today..."

His voice was hoarse as he pointed to her hand. Yuying followed his gaze to her hand, then very naturally spread her fingers and waved them in front of him.

"Is it pretty? This is the trendy 'midnight black' color all the time."

Her tone was relaxed and natural, showing no sign of panic at being exposed; instead, it carried a hint of mockery.

"What? This color... looks familiar to you?"

She emphasized the words "familiar," her eyes flashing with a dangerous light.

Wang Chaoyang was startled. Was she implying something? Or was she testing him?

"No...no...it just feels...not quite like your style..."

Wang Chaoyang guiltily looked away, but couldn't help glancing out of the corner of his eye at the pair of beautiful, stockinged legs so close to his face.

"Style? Hmph, what do you know about style?"

Yu Ying gave a soft hum and suddenly leaned down.

Her E-cup breasts, with each movement, pressed down heavily like two ripe fruits about to fall, almost touching Wang Chaoyang's face.

In that instant, the complex scent of perfume, sweat, and semen completely enveloped Wang Chaoyang.

"Brother Chaoyang, lately... have you been watching something you shouldn't be watching?"

Her voice was low and husky, with a hint of seductive huskiness, just like the tone of the "female leopard" during her courtship in last night's live stream.

Wang Chaoyang's mind went completely blank.

"I...I didn't..."

"Really?"

Yuying stretched out her fingers, painted with black nail polish, and gently twirled a stray strand of hair around her face, curling it into a circle.

'Hehe...this silly dog is trembling with fear.'

Yu Ying laughed inwardly. She could feel Wang Chaoyang's stiff body and smell the sour, pungent odor emanating from him, a mixture of fear and excitement.

"...Ah, this is so exciting. If he knew that these seemingly elegant stockings of mine are actually dripping with vaginal fluid, and my master's toy is stuffed in my anus, would he go completely insane?"

Thinking of this, Yuying felt the magnetic clamp inside her vagina tighten suddenly, and a surge of heat uncontrollably flowed out, instantly soaking the crotch of her stockings.

"Hmm..."

She couldn't help but let out an extremely seductive moan.

To Wang Chaoyang, the sound was like a thunderclap.

"Yuying...are you alright? Your face is so red..."

"Shut up! I'm just hot!"

Yu Ying glared at him, embarrassed and angry, but her eyes and brows betrayed a hint of undisguised spring in her gaze.

She pulled her leg back from the chair and sat down.

Right next to Wang Chaoyang.

Their thighs were pressed tightly together.

That was the friction between top-quality stockings and rough sweatpants.

Smooth, warm, and elastic.

Wang Chaoyang could clearly feel the astonishing plumpness of Yu Ying's thighs, a product of the perfect combination of muscles honed through years of exercise and the unique fat characteristic of women.

"Hey, Chaoyang."

Yuying suddenly spoke, her tone becoming somewhat languid.

"Help me take off my shoes. My feet are a little sore."

"Huh? Here?"

Wang Chaoyang was stunned.

"Nonsense! Who else is here besides you? Hurry up, stop dawdling."

Yu Ying urged impatiently, while simultaneously sticking out one foot and rubbing it against his calf.

Wang Chaoyang reached out, his hand trembling, and grasped the small foot wearing a sneaker.

The moment he untied his shoelaces and took off his shoes.

A rich aroma was released instantly.

Although these stockings were high-end and very breathable, the intense training, combined with the "overnight semen" hidden in the fibers, made the smell almost overwhelmingly strong.

It was a jade-like foot perfectly encased in black stockings.

Her toes were slightly curled up, constricted by the stockings, the instep arched in an elegant curve, and the soles of her feet were a faint pink from increased blood flow.

The fabric texture of the stockings was clearly visible, and you could even see the slightly dark shadows between the toes caused by sweat.

Wang Chaoyang held the foot as if it were a priceless treasure. He lowered his head and, almost unconsciously... took a deep breath.

"Hiss—"

The smell shot straight to the top of his head. Sour, salty, fishy, fragrant... it was the smell of decadence, the smell of a sow, and also the smell of a goddess.

"Pervert."

Yu Ying's cold voice came from above.

Wang Chaoyang was startled and was about to look up to explain when he realized that Yuying hadn't pulled her foot back.

Instead, she was looking at him with the disdainful gaze one might give trash, a cruel smile playing on her lips.

"You actually smelled my feet...you really are a horny, stinking pig."

She spoke dismissively, but her toes, through her stockings, deftly tickled his palm.

"How is it? Does it smell good? Is it more fragrant than the women in your porn movies?"

Wang Chaoyang's face flushed a deep liver color, but he couldn't deny it. This taste... was truly addictive.

"Yuying...I..."

"Shhh."

Yuying interrupted him again.

She suddenly leaned down, close to his ear, and said in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Chaoyang, it's okay. Don't all guys have these weird, inexplicable fetishes? But your fetish... it really fits your lukewarm, cowardly, and inferior masculine personality."

Wang Chaoyang abruptly looked up at her, horrified, but beneath the fear lay a more frenzied excitement!

Yu Ying merely blinked, her black-nailed finger lightly touching her smiling lips.

After speaking, she let out a string of silvery laughter, clear and melodious, yet it sent a chill down Wang Chaoyang's spine and... caused an uncontrollable erection.

Seeing Wang Chaoyang's expression — a mixture of pain and excitement, a struggle on the verge of collapse — Yuying felt herself reach an orgasm.

The anal beads seemed to have slid even deeper, and the vaginal fluids had completely soaked through the expensive stockings, leaving a small damp patch on the bench.

'Ah...Master...did you see that? This stupid dog is completely under my thumb...Am I your best bitch? Tonight...please reward me handsomely...rip these stockings...to shred them completely...'

She prayed fervently in her heart, yet maintained her unapproachable queenly demeanor, reveling in the ultimate pleasure of trampling her childhood sweetheart underfoot (both physically and psychologically).

Corrupted Heroes Chapter 37

When Dongfang Yuying returned to Ying Ni's residence, he was sitting by the window, engrossed in reading a high school history book, seemingly unaware of her return.

A handsome man sat by the window, holding a book with a serene and solemn expression. Dressed in a white shirt, his hair as black as ink, he appeared almost ethereal, a celestial being descended to earth. His captivating eyes held a mesmerizing allure, a smile that held a hint of aloofness and coldness that kept people at a distance. Just by looking at him, one could imagine a proud and solitary hero, dedicated to the people, showing no interest in a stunningly beautiful woman.

So handsome...

Dongfang Yuying had seen handsome men before, but this was definitely the first time she'd seen one this handsome.

"Hmph~"

When the other party ignored her, Dongfang Yuying gave a spoiled, light snort. Instead of jumping into his arms, she went to the dressing mirror opposite Ying Ni, knelt on the chair with her back to him, and began to meticulously apply her makeup.

Her small, alluring feet playfully exposed their heels, the bright red heels, encased in stockings, peeking slightly out of her leather shoes. The shoes then hung halfway down her feet, swaying gently...

Just as Ying Ni had finished writing down his summary of the nearly three-hundred-year history of superhuman development, he heard the sound of leather shoes hitting the ground.

Dongfang Yuying remained focused on drawing a thin line on her eyeliner, but her orange-yellow, beast-like eyes inadvertently glanced at the man behind her through the mirror, a slight smile playing on her lips...

Her slender, jade-white toes restlessly pushed the stockings over her feet slightly outwards, revealing five adorable, fair and rosy toes peeking out from beneath the black stockings.

"Hiss..."

The massive erection beneath Ying Ni's lower abdomen instantly affirmed his own power, its gaze fixed on Ying Ni's waistband, forcing him to adjust his posture to avoid the discomfort of the pressure.

"You little slut..."

Ying Ni tossed the book he was holding onto the bed, a slight smile playing on his lips as he muttered a curse, and swiftly scooped the other person up from behind.

"...Oh, hahaha. Master~ Master~! Stop fooling around, I'm putting on makeup~ Wait a minute."

Seeing that she had successfully exposed the cold, aloof man's facade and transformed him back into a lustful demon, Dongfang Yuying playfully tapped his chest twice, signaling him to put her back in her original position.

"But what if I can't wait any longer?"

Ying Ni's large hand roamed restlessly over Dongfang Yuying's round, full thighs, the legs of the track and field team's star player, feeling the tightness and friction of the stockings.

"No~❤"

Dongfang Yuying playfully gestured to him.

Beneath her plump, alluring buttocks, two black-stockinged feet, made even more seductive by track and field training, stretched taut, forming a small opening. The slightly curled, glistening toes twitched back and forth, seemingly inviting Ying Ni's favor.

"Ha~ Are you sure you'd still have the energy to do a good makeup look after that?"

Ying Ni, without any hesitation, stroked the woman's black-stockinged, delicate feet with both hands, then gently breathed into her slightly pink earlobe and asked.

"This is... a gift for Master, okay? ❤ I know ❤ Master loves stockings and beautiful feet the most ❤ Mmm~❤"

She stiffened her neck, her voice unconsciously becoming seductive, but her hands didn't stop moving as she finished applying the purplish-pink eyeshadow.

"You guessed right, you're a slutty little leopard, but..." Ying Ni said, pulling down his pants, one hand holding his hard, hot penis against his smooth, black-stockinged foot, the other hand gently pinching the adorable, wheat-colored neck of the woman in his arms: "I am... I like anything that feels erotic!"

Ying Ni thrust his hips, inserting his penis into the slightly sweaty, lubricated foot acupoint...

"Wow, it's so big..."

Dongfang Yuying subconsciously closed one eye. Her body, modified by Ying Ni to only feel lust for him, began to unleash overwhelming desire through her feet, which had become like a vaginal opening, flooding her mind.

"...So intense❤ Does my foot massage really excite you that much?"

She gently turned her head and gave Ying Ni's arm a suggestive kiss, leaving a lipstick mark from her freshly applied light purple lipstick.

"Dongfang Yuying, you're supposed to be the young lady of the Dongfang family in a southern city, how can you be so thirsty? I've only been fucking your foot acupoint for a few minutes, and you're already leaking so much fluid? What kind of righteous superhero are you? In the end, you're nothing more than a bitch for me to fuck."

Ying Ni excitedly tightened his grip on the other's slender neck, savoring the intense erotic pleasure transmitted through her silk-clad feet.

"...Ugh, breathing. Master~ You're so mean~ You called me so lowly❤"

Waves of vaginal fluid gushed from Dongfang Yuying's little hole, a rotten smell filling the air. She began to actively sway her beautiful feet back and forth, in sync with Ying Ni's unrestrained thrusting.

Her seductive toes began to slightly open the stockings, completely enveloping Ying Ni's entire penis within her foot sockets.

"You slut..."

Ying Ni grinned wickedly, forcibly tilting Dongfang Yuying's head back and roughly taking her full, pale pink lips into his mouth.

"Whoosh❤...Oh hohoo...❤"

Dongfang Yuying obediently and proactively responded to Ying Ni's rough kiss, grabbing his shoulders with both hands...

The alluring, feminine scent instantly filled Ying Ni's entire mouth. Her smooth, delicate tongue, glistening with seductive saliva, continuously conveyed her longing and fascination for a superior male to the domineering man.

"Pfft, pfft, gurgle, gurgle"

The liquid clung to Yu Ying's smooth skin, mingling with the sounds of Ying Ni's throbbing penis, igniting the hormones between them.

Dongfang Yuying's eyes were glazed over, and she stopped what she was doing. She slowly turned around, her eyes filled with an overwhelming, pinkish desire.

She took the lipstick from the table and lightly applied it to her lips, then kissed Ying Ni's lips again, but this time there was no passionate French kiss like before.

Instead, it left a clear hickey on his own mischievous lips.

Next came the cheek, the neck, and finally, the muscular chest revealed after one hand unbuttoned Ying Ni's school uniform shirt. Dark brown areolas, powerfully defined abs...

Each time, she would give a gentle, deep kiss, then apply faded lipstick, leaving Ying Ni covered in clear, unique hickeys.

Finally, she knelt before Ying Ni's crotch, staring intently at the lewd, engorged penis pressed against her nose, constantly oozing foul-smelling fluid with excitement.

Her wheat-colored cheeks seemed to be bleeding. They were covered in a faint mingled scent of her own sweat and the original smell of Ying Ni's penis, yet the more she savored this aroma, the more obsessed she became.

She meticulously applied light purple lipstick once more, then aimed a deep kiss at the lewd, pungent glans.

"Honey~❤ Slurp~❤ Slurp~~ Slurp~~~~❤"

Her eyes involuntarily turned into a ridiculous cross-eyed look, and Ying Ni went too far by slightly tightening his waist, stretching her pretty face, which was still agape from gulping air, into a vulgar, horse-like expression.

But her lips remained firmly pressed against Ying Ni's glans, her small tongue constantly drawing the gushing prostatic fluid into her mouth.

She only released the glans head when she became dizzy from lack of oxygen, continuously exhaling substantial white vapor from her mouth.

"Okay, the rich scent of Master is wonderful! I love it!"

She began to kiss Ying Ni's penis incessantly — the glans, the shaft, the tip, and even his full testicles.

The hickeys, from various angles and in various shapes, made Ying Ni's penis even harder.

Finally, Yuying looked up at her master, gave him a fawning smile, and took most of his penis into her mouth.

"Hiss?! What? These past few days I've been disciplining your sister Yuyan, and your little good-for-nothing Chaoyang hasn't been able to satisfy your filthy little slut?"

Yu Ying gave her master a charming glare: "Ugh~ Ugh❤ Master is so mean, that kind of... uh um❤ how can that kind of useless male deserve the service of a female dog~❤ Only Master... ugh oh, only Master can enjoy my kind of❤... ugh hoo❤ my top-notch deep throat oral sex~ oh hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo~!❤❤"

Ying Ni smiled contentedly: "You little slut, your mouth feels so good~~~~~ Squeezing your semen is truly exceptional."

Ying Ni stroked the back of Yu Ying's head with his other hand, then, with a slight thrust of his hips, inserted his entire penis into her warm throat.

"Gulp~ Ugh❤ Mmm...ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh!~❤"

The sudden feeling of suffocation made Dongfang Yuying instinctively tighten the ligaments in her throat, but this gave Ying Ni an unexpected pleasure. She herself, because of this blatant trampling on her like a sex toy, unconsciously reached a small climax.

Yu Ying sat limply on the ground, her eyes rolling upwards in a comical, absurd expression.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! You slutty bitch, I'm going to fuck your slutty mouth for the rest of my life!!!! I'm coming!!!"

Watching Dongfang Yuying, originally a super beast warrior, become completely lost in her lewd and obscene state after being thoroughly fucked by him, Ying Ni's vile desire for conquest was greatly satisfied, which then coalesced into an extreme pleasure that surged up his spine and into his brain.

The movements of the waist became even more vigorous.

"Slightly gurgling~~~~❤"

Dongfang Yuying felt the savage passion unique to this man, her tongue excitedly entwining around Ying Ni's penis. She greedily and eagerly watched as he prepared to release all his desire into her throat, sucking hard on his shaft, providing Ying Ni with an even more unique stimulation.

Immediately... a large amount of thick, jelly-like semen, like a pent-up water pipe... began to gush out.

"Ugh~❤ Glug glug❤ Ugh~ Glug hoo❤ Ugh glug~~~ Glug hoo❤"

Her slender throat opened and closed repeatedly, Yu Ying's face flushed an unnatural red, the whites of her eyes almost completely replacing her eyeballs, and a mixture of semen and saliva kept gushing out of her nostrils and the corners of her mouth.

Ying Ni chuckled twice, slowly withdrawing his erect penis from Yu Ying's mouth, leaving her beautiful lips in a comically stretched octopus-like shape.

"Ugh~ Ouch❤ Huff huff huff~ Mmm huff huff huff❤ Burp～～～～～～～～～～～～!❤"

Dongfang Yuying, her face glistening with tears and sweat, opened her slightly dislocated jaw and let out a super erotic and super long burp.

With Ying Ni's enormous penis dangling over the left side of her face, she weakly supported herself with her hands on the ground, as if gazing up at the penis on her face, gazing up at its owner.

Her hazy eyes were half-closed by sweat and tears, yet she remained feverish and obsessed. Her nostrils were filled with the disgusting stench of male semen and the lewd scent of a penis, but Dongfang Yuying continued to breathe heavily.

Her little tongue unconsciously curled slightly around the shaft, which was marked with rings of her lipstick, gently licking the semen on it.

"...Waaaaah❤...Thank you for the payment❤, Master."

Ying Ni, still unsatisfied, rubbed his penis against the soft flesh of her face.

"It's not over yet, little kitty! The atmosphere is just starting to get lively!"

Dongfang Yuying slowly regained her senses, pressed the tip of her nose against the base of the penis, tilted her head back, and gave it a seductive kiss.

She unbuttoned her white shirt, which was splattered with semen and saliva, revealing her exaggeratedly large breasts. Countless fluids slid down her greasy skin and into her milky cleavage.

"Please, Master, enjoy your lowly female with even greater intensity...❤"

Dongfang Yuying lewdly squeezed out the remaining semen from Ying Ni's penis, shooting it onto her head. She then extended her small tongue and large lips to savor the aroused masculine scent, before cleaning the penis thoroughly.

A few stray pubic hairs clung to the corner of her mouth. One hand loosely grasped the sensitive spot of the glans, rubbing it back and forth, while the other hand gently stroked the glistening shaft...

Corrupted Heroes Chapter 38

On a weekend morning, the first rays of sunlight pierced through the gaps in the heavy curtains, casting a long, thin golden ribbon of light into the air.

Chen Shiyin was fast asleep, nestled in the soft bed.

The pressure of dealing with the frequent occurrence of strange individuals and funding issues in recent days had left her exhausted, and only the rare tranquility of the weekend offered her a moment's respite.

The dream was a blurry, warm hue, as if she had returned to when her daughter, Shuyi, was still a child. She held that tiny hand, walking along a park path lined with cherry blossoms, the sunlight warm and the breeze gentle.

However, this tranquility was soon shattered by an unusual tactile sensation.

"Hmm..."

An unconscious, nasal groan escaped her lips.

Something... was moving under the hem of her nightgown.

The touch was cool and slippery, like a snake, or like a hand coated in lubricant.

It slowly moved upwards along her calves, encased in flesh-colored stockings, gently and tentatively tracing the sensitive hollow behind her knees.

Chen Shiyin's body jolted, her sleepiness largely dissipating. However, her consciousness remained in a hazy, half-awake state, her brain unable to immediately process this sudden stimulus.

The "hand" didn't stop; instead, it became even bolder.

It continued its ascent up the most delicate skin of the inner thigh, each touch of its cool fingertips sending a shiver down the spine.

'Who...who is it? Chaoyang? No...impossible...'

Her body, heightened by the side effects of her transformation, became abnormally sensitive. Under this deliberate teasing, a shameful heat rose uncontrollably from her lower abdomen, quickly spreading to her limbs and bones.

The icy touch contrasted sharply with the rising heat within her, filling her with both fear and longing.

Finally, the hand reached its ultimate destination: the mysterious triangle area, covered by silk panties and already moistened with its owner's passion.

Through the thin fabric, her fingertips pressed precisely on the clitoris, which was already slightly erect from arousal, circling it gently.

"So sweet! ❤"

As if electrocuted, Chen Shiyin's body arched violently, her eyes snapping open. A suppressed scream, filled with lust and terror, pierced the quiet bedroom.

She sat bolt upright, yanked back the covers, and looked down at herself in horror.

There were no snakes, and no men.

Only one woman, dressed in a black, tight leather outfit and sporting a striking short silver hairstyle, was kneeling beside her bed, a smug, mischievous grin on her face.

The woman maintained her "mischievous" pose with one hand, while making a "V" sign with the other towards Chen Shiyin, her narrow, phoenix-shaped eyes curving into crescent shapes.

"Hey, my Commander Shiyin, you're awake? Looks like your 'sleep quality' has been really good lately, judging by your strong physical reaction."

The woman's voice was clear and melodious, tinged with a cynical and teasing tone.

"N-Shiranui?! You...when did you get back?!"

Upon seeing who it was, Chen Shiyin's heart, which had been in her throat, finally settled. Immediately afterwards, a wave of embarrassment and annoyance at being tricked washed over her, making her mature and alluring face instantly flush as red as a ripe apple.

The woman before her was none other than her best friend and most trusted comrade-in-arms, the strongest anti-demon ninja in Japan, the S-class hero codenamed "Onikiri," Mizuki Shiranui.

"I just got off the plane and came straight here." Mizuki Shiranui stood up, elegantly stretching, her well-tailored black leather outfit perfectly highlighting her curvaceous and powerful figure.

Unlike Chen Shiyin's voluptuous and mature figure, Shiranui's physique is one of leanness and agility honed through years of combat, with every inch of her muscle exuding power.

She walked to the window, pulled back the curtains, and let the morning sunlight flood the room.

"Tsk tsk, look at you." Shiranui turned around, leaned against the windowsill, crossed her arms, and looked at Chen Shiyin, who was disheveled on the bed, with amusement. "Your nightgown is all wrinkled, and you're sleeping in stockings... Shiyin, are you sexually frustrated again? Want me to help you out?"

"What nonsense are you spouting!" Chen Shiyin was both embarrassed and angry, grabbing a pillow and throwing it at her. "Who's like you, whose mind is filled with nothing but fighting and lewd nonsense!"

Shiranui easily dodged the pillow by turning to the side, her smile widening.

"I'm doing this for your own good. Look at you, your face is all red, and you were screaming so loudly just now, you must be soaking wet down there, right?" She walked back to the bedside, leaned close to Chen Shiyin suggestively, and breathed into her ear, "How about it? Want to try my 'five-finger girl' again? My technique is professionally trained, you know."

"Get out!"

Chen Shiyin blushed and pushed her away, pulling the blanket over herself tightly, leaving only her embarrassed and indignant eyes peeking out as she glared at her unserious best friend.

Although she was cursing, seeing her friend return safely, the weight that had been hanging over her heart finally lifted.

"Alright, alright, I won't tease you anymore." Seeing that she was genuinely annoyed, Shiranui decided to stop while she was ahead. She plopped down on the edge of the bed and casually picked up the water glass from Chen Shiyin's bedside table, taking a sip.

"Honestly, Shiyin, this trip to the West for the conference was incredibly boring."

Chen Shiyin composed herself, got out of bed, and went into the dressing room to change. As she changed into a beige loungewear dress, she listened to Shiranui's complaints.

"What's wrong? Didn't you say you met many of the world's top heroes?"

"Top-tier, yes, but they're all incredibly boring," Shiranui complained, her face showing undisguised disdain. "You know what? In the West these days, LGBTQ is politically correct. I finally see a few handsome, well-built male heroes, but when I get closer and ask, they're either gay, transgender, or some weirdo who calls themselves 'asexual fluid people'!"

She made an exaggerated vomiting face.

"It completely drained my energy the whole time; I didn't even have the desire to compete with them. Tell me, if all the men are going after other men, what are we women who like men supposed to do? Are we really going to have to settle things internally?" She said, giving Chen Shiyin a meaningful glance.

Chen Shiyin emerged from the dressing room, having regained her usual gentle and dignified demeanor. She gave Shiranui a helpless glare.

"Can't you think about anything serious?"

"I'm being very serious! Finding a high-quality man to reproduce is a matter of life and death for humanity!" Shiranui declared emphatically.

The two chatted idly as they walked downstairs. In the living room, Chen Shuyi had already prepared a simple breakfast. Seeing Shiranui, she paused for a moment, then greeted her respectfully.

"Shiranui-senpai, you're back."

"Oh, isn't this our little Shuyi?" Shiranui looked Chen Shuyi up and down, then nodded. "Hmm, you look even more well-behaved than before. I really wish you were my daughter."

These words made Chen Shuyi blush shyly.

During breakfast, Shiranui brought up the meeting again.

"Oh, by the way, I actually met the legendary 'Best Seven' this time." She took a sip of milk, her tone becoming slightly more serious.

"The best seven?" Chen Shuyi asked curiously.

"Yes, they're the seven strongest superheroes on Earth, as currently recognized," Shiranui explained. "Five men and two women. They're all monsters. Dark Knight, Speedster, Mr. Mighty... the names are all incredibly dramatic. But they're really strong. I exchanged a couple of blows with that Amazonian princess called 'Warrior Girl,' and I almost got sent flying."

She paused, a hint of regret in her voice, "What a pity. We only met twice before they got caught up in some alien war and all flew into space. Now only that female warrior is left on Earth. Otherwise, I really wanted to have a good fight with that guy who calls himself 'Mr. Mighty.' I heard he can withstand a nuclear bomb with his bare hands."

Listening to these seemingly mythical stories, Chen Shuyi looked on with longing, while Chen Shiyin's heart sank.

"Shiranui..."

After Chen Shuyi left for school, leaving only the two of them in the living room, Chen Shiyin finally spoke, her voice filled with weariness and worry.

"What's wrong, my Commander?" Shiranui noticed the change in her mood and dropped her joking expression.

Chen Shiyin retrieved the warning report about the "Lustful Demon King" and handed it to Shiranui. She then recounted in detail the recent events, including Ying Ni's appearance, his suspicious behavior, and her own suspicions about him.

Shiranui's expression grew increasingly grave as she listened. When she saw Ying Ni's information and photo, a chilling killing intent flashed in her narrow, phoenix-shaped eyes.

"It's that kind of trash again... garbage who gains power by manipulating women."

"What worries me is, if he really is a lustful demon, then the children... especially Shuyi and the others, are in too much danger." Chen Shiyin's voice was filled with worry. "Moreover, that school board member, Qian Zuzhang, has been pressuring me lately under the pretext of funding, subtly implying that I should... curry favor with Ying Ni."

"What?!" Shiranui abruptly stood up, unleashing a terrifying S-rank aura that seemed to freeze the surrounding air.

"That damned eunuch! He dares!"

"Don't get agitated," Chen Shiyin said, pressing her hand and shaking her head. "We don't have any evidence right now. Ying Ni's background is clean; we can't find any problems. And Qian Zuzhang is one of the academy's largest shareholders; we can't touch him."

"What can we do then? Just stand by and watch that scumbag run rampant in the academy?" Shiranui frowned.

"So, I need your help." Chen Shiyin looked at her, her eyes sincere and solemn. "I want to ask you... to infiltrate the academy, under a completely new identity, to help me monitor Ying Ni. You are an S-rank, and your mental resistance is stronger than ours. Only you have the possibility of uncovering his true colors without alerting him."

Looking at her friend, who was mired in the mire yet still stubbornly persevering, Mizuki Shiranui felt a pang of heartache.

She withdrew all her murderous intent and oppressive aura, sat down again, and took Chen Shiyin's cold hand in hers.

"Shiyin, we're friends. Your business is my business." Her tone was unwavering. "Don't think it's just about monitoring a scumbag; even if it means raiding the Demon King's lair, I'll be with you."

Hearing this, Chen Shiyin's nerves, which had been tense for days, finally relaxed, her eyes welled up, and she almost burst into tears.

"Thank you... Shiranui..."

"What are you thanking me for? But what role are you planning to assign me?" Shiranui raised an eyebrow, her playful expression returning. "Don't give me some boring role like a librarian; I can't stand that."

Chen Shiyin thought for a moment, then gave a slightly apologetic smile.

"Maybe... even more boring than being a librarian."

"Hmm?"

"St. Francis College's infirmary happens to be short of a school doctor. I've already spoken to the school administration," Chen Shiyin said. "This identity is the least likely to arouse suspicion, and it also gives you ample opportunity to contact all the students, including... Ying Ni."

"School doctor?" Mizuki Shiranui's expression instantly turned somewhat strange, but she quickly accepted the situation.

"Fine. Being the school doctor means I can legitimately 'examine' those disobedient brats. If that Ying Ni dares to come to the infirmary... hmph, I can give him a 'full-body deep examination'."

As she spoke, she stuck out her tongue and licked her full, luscious lips, painted with cherry-red lipstick — a gesture brimming with dangerous allure.

Seeing her friend's "witch-like" expression, Chen Shiyin finally couldn't help but burst out laughing.

The dark clouds hanging over her heart seemed to have temporarily dissipated with the arrival of this top-tier foreign player.

Corrupted Heroes Chapter 39

The arrival of Mizuki Shiranui was like a pebble thrown into a calm lake, creating ripples across St. Francis Academy, especially among the testosterone-fueled male students.

In just one week, the legend of the new school doctor had replaced all other campus gossip, becoming the absolute topic of conversation in the boys' dormitories at night.

"Hey, did you hear? That new teacher at the infirmary is absolutely incredible!"

"She's more than just stunning! She's practically a fairy! I pretended to have a stomachache yesterday to take a look, and oh my god, that figure, that face... I got an erection on the spot!"

"I saw her! She was wearing a white lab coat, but underneath she was wearing a black, tight-fitting leather outfit! She swayed her hips as she walked, and those legs, wow, so long and straight, and she was wearing black stockings!"

"It's not just her figure! Did you notice her aura? That languid yet dangerous feeling, like a well-fed cat ready to pounce. I made eye contact with her, and I felt like my soul was sucked away..."

The rumors grew increasingly exaggerated, and Mizuki Shiranui even acquired an unofficial nickname: "The Black Widow of the Infirmary."

Countless boys tried every means to loiter outside the infirmary, or to sneak in under various lame excuses, just to catch a glimpse of her.

The sun was shining brightly on a weekend afternoon.

In the infirmary, the "Black Widow" who had caused a stir throughout the school was casually lounging in her comfortable office chair, legs crossed, engrossed in a brightly colored shoujo manga.

Today, instead of her signature black leather jacket, she wore a loose white doctor's coat, but the neckline of her black lace camisole underneath was quite low. As she turned the pages of her book, her deep cleavage was subtly revealed, exuding a contradictory allure of restraint and debauchery.

"Knock, knock, knock."

A knock came at the door.

"Please come in." Shiranui didn't even raise her head, responding lazily.

The door was pushed open, and Chen Shiyin walked in with the entire Super Beast Team.

"Yo, everyone's here." Shiranui put down her manga, a familiar, carefree smile spreading across her face.

She stood up, her white coat slipping down with her movement to reveal a muscular physique exuding a wild, untamed beauty.

"Aunt Shiranui!" Dongfang Yuying was the first to rush forward, giving Shiranui a big hug like a little leopard. "Wow, you look so cool in your white coat! You have this aura of a restrained, queen-like beauty!"

"Little Yuying still has such a sweet tongue." Shiranui smiled and pinched her cheek, her gaze lingering on her for a second longer.

'This girl... seems a bit more 'familiar' than when we last met.' She keenly noticed that the girlish naiveté on Dongfang Yuying had faded considerably, replaced by a... sweet, mature woman's aura, as if nourished by rain and dew.

"Hello, Aunt Shiranui," Chen Shuyi greeted timidly, her face showing a mixture of shyness and admiration for an elder.

"Shuyi is still so well-behaved." Shiranui smiled and patted her head. "If you have any trouble at school in the future, just come to me anytime."

Wang Yuyan nodded slightly, "Senior Shiranui." Her expression remained aloof, but her eyes held respect for the powerful.

However, when her gaze met Shiranui's phoenix eyes, which seemed to see right through people, her heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively looked away.

'Her eyes...were so intimidating.'

Shiranui watched Wang Yuyan with great interest. This girl was like a block of ancient ice, but Shiranui could sense that beneath that icy surface, something chaotic and intensely passionate was suppressed.

Cassia simply leaned lazily against the doorframe, raising an eyebrow at Shiranui as a greeting.

In her arms, Lulu clung tightly to her clothes like a frightened little rabbit, only daring to peek at this powerful woman through the gap in her clothes.

"Aunt Shiranui," Wang Chaoyang greeted respectfully.

"Hmm, little messenger." Shiranui's gaze swept over Wang Chaoyang, finally landing on Chen Shiyin behind him. "Shiyin, you're really not being fair. Your own daughter knows such a handsome young man, but you didn't even introduce him to me. If you hadn't come back this time, I wouldn't have known you had this 'childhood sweetheart' hidden away."

Upon hearing this, Chen Shuyi and Wang Chaoyang's faces flushed bright red.

"Shiranui! Don't talk nonsense!" Chen Shiyin glared at her, both embarrassed and angry. "The children are all here!"

The infirmary was instantly filled with a cheerful atmosphere. Dongfang Yuying laughed so hard she almost fell over, and Cassia, unusually, also wore a smile of anticipation.

In the midst of this harmonious atmosphere, an untimely voice suddenly rang out.

"Excuse me... is Professor Mizuki here?"

A figure stood backlit at the doorway.

The laughter in the infirmary stopped abruptly.

Win against the odds.

Today he was dressed in a well-tailored casual suit, with a gentle, harmless smile on his face, looking like a polite, high-achieving student.

But those dark eyes, like the forked tongue of a venomous snake, slid over the curves of every woman's body in the room.

When he saw Mizuki Shiranui, his eyes flashed with undisguised amazement and possessiveness.

"I'm here to pick up my medical report. I heard the new school doctor is very skilled and kind, so I came to pay her a visit."

His excuse sounded flawless, but Chen Shiyin instantly realized he was after Shiranui. This man's intuition was sharper than a hunting dog's.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the room became tense and confrontational.

Wang Chaoyang reacted the fastest.

Almost instinctively, he took a step forward, slightly turning his body to block Ying Ni's view of Chen Shuyi with his shoulder.

His expression was tense, his eyes filled with undisguised hostility and vigilance, like a young animal guarding its food.

Chen Shuyi's body stiffened instantly.

Ying Ni's appearance was like flipping a terrifying switch, reminding her of the fear she felt when she was verbally harassed at the school gate that day.

She instinctively grabbed Wang Chaoyang's sleeve, her beautiful almond-shaped eyes filled with fear and dependence. She shrank back slightly, as if trying to hide herself in Wang Chaoyang's shadow.

Wang Yuyan's reaction was even more subtle.

Her brows furrowed the moment she saw Ying Ni, her icy blue eyes filled with unmistakable disgust and wariness.

But unlike last time, this time her body didn't immediately enter combat mode.

Her gaze lingered on Ying Ni's smiling face for a full two seconds before she abruptly looked away as if she'd been burned.

Those hands were clenched into fists, the nails almost digging into the palms.

She was resisting, not only the man before her, but also her own distorted and uncontrollable subconscious.

'Why...why does my heart race when I see him? Disgusting...I should feel disgusted...' she screamed inwardly.

Dongfang Yuying's performance was nothing short of perfect.

The smile vanished instantly, replaced by an exaggerated, undisguised disgust.

She crossed her arms, chin held high, and glanced at Ying Ni with the look of utter contempt, as if he were a bedbug.

"Oh, isn't this our college's 'photography master'? What, you didn't bring your camera today to take pictures of girls' thighs?" Her voice was sharp and sarcastic, full of aggression.

But only she knew the lewd changes taking place within her body beneath this repulsive facade.

When Ying Ni's gaze swept over her, a familiar, chilling feeling of being watched by her "master" instantly coursed through her body.

She could feel her nipples hardening and erect uncontrollably from the friction of her sports bra.

The most sensitive area at the base of her thighs began to uncontrollably secrete a slippery fluid, soaking the lace panties she had specially worn to please Ying Ni into a muddy mess.

She had to exert all her strength to control the trembling of her legs, lest her body, yearning for her master's embrace, be embarrassed on the spot.

Cassia's reaction was the most direct. She didn't even bother with words to feign anything.

The moment Ying Ni appeared, her scarlet snake eyes instantly narrowed, and a chilling killing intent spread out as if it were tangible.

She shielded the trembling Lulu behind her, one hand seemingly casually resting on Lulu's shoulder, but in reality, she was ready to attack at any moment.

Her lips were pressed into a straight line, and she didn't utter a word, but her eyes said it all: 'Take one more step closer, and you're dead.'

Lulu was completely terrified. Like a hamster targeted by a predator, she buried herself in Cassia's arms, trembling like a leaf in autumn, her breathing becoming faint.

As for the two at the center of the storm, Chen Shiyin and Mizuki Shiranui, they displayed a composure befitting their age.

Although the smile faded from Chen Shiyin's face, she still maintained the composure befitting a commander. She stepped forward, subtly placing herself between Ying Ni and her teammates, forming an invisible barrier.

"Ying Ni, is this your medical report? Please wait a moment." Her voice was calm and emotionless, but her eyes, as she looked at Ying Ni, held a scrutinizing and cold distance.

Mizuki Shiranui remained leaning against her desk, her languid smile unchanged.

She watched with keen interest the man before her, the man who had aroused everyone's suspicion; her narrow, phoenix-shaped eyes, like X-rays, scanned him from head to toe.

"You're Ying Ni?" she spoke, her voice carrying a unique, husky magnetism, like a cat slightly tipsy in the afternoon sun. "The medical report... let me think, it's here."

She slowly and methodically pulled one document from a pile, but instead of handing it to him immediately, she held it in her hand and gently tapped the paper with her fingertips painted with bright red nail polish.

"Ying Ni, 18 years old, 184 cm tall, 75 kg... Hmm, the data is quite standard." Her gaze shifted from the report to Ying Ni's face, her smile becoming somewhat meaningful. "However, data is just data. Some 'internal' issues can't be detected in a medical report. For example..."

She paused, leaning slightly forward, her full breasts, encased in black lace, barely concealed beneath her white lab coat.

"...Isn't your hormone level a little too high? Young man, too much heat in your body can be harmful."

Corrupted Heroes Chapter 40

As Mizuki Shiranui finished speaking, the air in the infirmary seemed to have been sucked out.

That question, "Isn't your hormone level a little too high?", was like a honey-coated poison needle, lightly piercing Ying Ni.

Ying Ni's smile froze for a fleeting moment, but then melted away like ice and snow, only the melted water carried a chilling cold.

He looked at the woman before him, dressed in a white lab coat, more alluring and sexy than any model, his dark eyes gleaming with even greater interest.

"Teacher, you're joking." He took a step forward, his aggressive masculine aura instantly drawing closer, making Chen Shiyin, standing before him, feel slightly uncomfortable. "I'm just a law-abiding student, healthy and energetic, isn't that normal? It's Teacher Mizuki who's more..."

His gaze roamed unabashedly over Mizuki Shiranui's full breasts and slender waist, encased in a black lace camisole, finally settling on her plump lips painted with bright red lipstick.

"...Aren't you the embodiment of hormones? Standing in front of you, I can feel my heart racing. Teacher, is this...a sexual innuendo to an underage male student?"

A brilliant counterattack.

He not only threw the question back at Shiranui, but also accused her of "harassing students."

Upon hearing this, Mizuki Shiranui, far from being angry, instead let out a series of soft, bell-like laughs.

She laughed so hard her body trembled, her ample breasts, encased in lace, heaving and rippling, creating breathtaking waves of flesh.

"Oh my, boys these days are really something, their imaginations are so vivid." She picked up the medical report, lightly tapping her chin with the edge of the paper, a languid and alluring movement. "However, Ying Ni, there are many reasons why your heart might race. For example, seeing someone you like can make your heart race. Or..."

Her voice was low, and her narrow, phoenix-shaped eyes narrowed slightly, gleaming with a dangerous light, like a fox eyeing its prey.

"...When you've done something wrong and are afraid of being exposed, your heart will also race."

She handed the report forward, her fingertips seemingly unintentionally tracing the back of Ying Ni's hand.

The texture was cool and smooth, like snake scales.

Ying Ni took the report, his fingertips briefly touching the cool surface before separating.

His smile remained unchanged, but a sinister glint flashed deep in his eyes.

This woman...is more troublesome than he imagined.

She is not a "saintly" like Chen Shiyin who needs to consider the bigger picture, nor a "righteous fanatic" like Wang Yuyan who can be easily distorted by "common sense," nor a "beast" like Dongfang Yuying who is easily controlled by desire.

She was one of their own kind. A beautiful venomous snake disguised as a doctor.

Their gazes met in mid-air, sparks flying. Everyone around could feel the tense, terrifying aura emanating from them.

"Hey! You piece of trash! Who are we to Aunt Shiranui? Who are you to spout such sarcastic and malicious slander?!"

A loud shout shattered the deathly silence.

It's Dongfang Yuying.

She could no longer tolerate her "master" being so "provoked" by another woman, nor could she bear that Ying Ni's attention was completely elsewhere.

That feeling of being neglected caused the "licentious witch" blood within her to boil.

She suddenly burst out from behind Chen Shiyin, like an enraged mother leopard, standing directly between Ying Ni and Shiranui, hands on her hips, her E-cup breasts almost touching Ying Ni's chest.

"Take your lousy report and get out of here! Don't get in our way and pollute the air in our infirmary!"

Her voice was shrill and piercing, her face displaying undisguised contempt and anger.

However, only she knew the profound changes taking place within her body as she approached Ying Ni and smelled that familiar, masculine scent mixed with tobacco and musk.

'Ah... Master's scent... so fragrant...'

Her breathing quickened instantly, and her heart pounded wildly.

Her vulva, encased in lace panties, gushed out like a burst faucet, instantly soaking her panties and athletic shorts into a muddy mess.

She could even feel the sticky liquid slowly flowing down her inner thighs, into her black stockings.

The cold metal anal plug inside her anus seemed to sense its owner's presence, beginning to warm slightly and rolling restlessly within her intestines.

'Master...Master is looking at me...He must have seen me...saw me aroused for him...'

She used all her strength to stop herself from kneeling down and sticking out her tongue to lick Ying Ni's leather shoes.

She could only mask her impending climax with more exaggerated anger and more vicious words.

Ying Ni looked at the flustered little leopard before him, a smile flickering in his eyes. He knew exactly what she was thinking; he could even smell the increasingly intense, sweet, and slightly sensual scent emanating from her.

But he ignored her, instead turning his gaze to Wang Yuyan behind her, who had maintained an icy demeanor throughout.

"President Wang," Ying Ni's voice wasn't loud, but it carried clearly to everyone's ears, "it seems your subordinates need some discipline. Making loud noises in public and verbally abusing classmates — isn't that against student council rules?"

Wang Yuyan, whose name was called, trembled violently.

Her expression remained icy, as if she hadn't heard Ying Ni's words. But her hands, clenched into fists at her sides, betrayed the turmoil within her.

When Ying Ni's gaze fell upon her, she felt as if an invisible hand was gripping her heart.

A strange emotion, a mixture of shame, anger, and... a morbid expectation, welled up inside her.

'He's looking at me... Is he talking to me?'

That "common sense" implanted in the subconscious began to take hold.

[The 'common sense' spoken of by the lustful demon king Ying Ni is the most universal and unquestionable correct 'common sense' in this world.]

'He's right... Yuying was indeed very rude... As the student council president, I should... I should step in and stop her...'

But reason and the bonds of camaraderie were screaming for change.

'No! Ying Ni is the enemy! He's scum! How can I speak up for him?!'

This intense inner conflict left her mind in complete chaos.

She could only bite her lower lip hard, using the pain to stay awake, her icy blue eyes fixed on the ground, unable to meet anyone's gaze.

She was afraid, afraid that her gaze would betray that inexplicable "identification" with Ying Ni, a feeling she herself couldn't comprehend.

"Hmm... Yuying was a bit... excessive. I apologize on her behalf..."

Chen Shiyin keenly noticed Wang Yuyan's unusual behavior.

'Yuyan looks...something's wrong. She's usually strict, but she would never speak up for a man like this at a time like this. Why is her face so pale?'

An ominous premonition rose in her heart.

Ying Ni seemed quite satisfied with Wang Yuyan's reaction. He knew that the seed had sprouted.

"Alright, now that I have the medical report, I won't disturb your 'sisterly affection' any longer." He waved the report in his hand, as if showing off his spoils.

"Mr. Mizuki, I will remember your 'reminder.' I also hope... you can enjoy your life at St. Francis Academy."

He deliberately emphasized the word "enjoy," his gaze sweeping back and forth between Mizuki Shiranui and Chen Shiyin, the underlying threat unmistakable.

Having said that, he didn't linger and turned to walk towards the door.

As he passed Cassia, he even paused for a moment, giving the red-haired woman, who exuded murderous intent from beginning to end, a provocative smile and silently mouthing two words.

"Cake."

"Boom!"

The air around Cassia seemed to ignite instantly. If looks could kill, Ying Ni would have been torn to pieces a thousand times over by now.

But Ying Ni merely shrugged, whistled, and leisurely left the infirmary, as if everything that had just happened was nothing more than a harmless joke.

Only after his figure completely disappeared did the taut string in the infirmary snap.

"Huff...huff..." Dongfang Yuying's legs went weak, and she almost knelt down, but fortunately, Chen Shuyi beside her caught her in time.

"Yuying! Are you alright? Your face is so hot!" Chen Shuyi asked with concern.

"N-nothing... I was just so angry at that scumbag..." Dongfang Yuying gasped for breath, feeling like she almost vomited in front of everyone.

Her lower body was completely soaked, and the sticky feeling made her restless.

'Master...Master is gone...I want to chase after him...I want him to pin me against the wall and fuck me hard...'

She pinched her thigh hard to keep the lewd thoughts from slipping out of her mouth.

Wang Yuyan remained standing there, head bowed, motionless, like an ice sculpture. But no one saw that her clenched fists were so tightly knit that her nails dug deep into her flesh, drawing blood.

'Why did I hesitate just now? Why did I think Ying Ni was right? What...is wrong with me?'

The venomous snake of self-doubt began to gnaw at her heart. She shook her head, suppressing the unease.

"Everyone, calm down."

Chen Shiyin took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. She walked to Shiranui's side, her voice extremely low.

"How is it?"

"He's a master." The smile on Mizuki Shiranui's face had vanished, replaced by an unprecedented solemnity. "His mental strength is extremely strong, and... that scent on him, though faint, I can't be mistaken. It's the scent of pure, highly concentrated 'desire.' Exactly the same as the aura of the Lust Demon King's authority described in the report."

She paused, glancing towards the doorway, her phoenix eyes flashing with murderous intent.

"Shiyin, this time... you've probably really caught a big fish."