

The end of Byleth's quill wiggled back and forth, but he did not set any letters down on the parchment in front of him. His office was almost quiet and he hoped that nothing would disturb the peace he was trying to find. The lean and muscular male breathed steadily and the quill's feathery tip simply danced through the air. Upon realizing that if he could do that, he could very well try to finish handling the document in front of him. The Professor's blue eyes glanced back over the document set in front of him. Boring and dry reading, it would have been hard to concentrate on during the best of circumstances. His lips moved and let out a small sigh.

'This is a requisition order for new horses to be sent to the scouts. It *is* important, or at least more important than that earlier form,'

Some noble (in all their 'wisdom') seemed positively determined to make a change to the buttons on the dress uniforms. Byleth's quill had almost ravaged the paper with angry ink strokes when he'd realized the nature of the request. More than that, the seasoned commander wanted to punish the fool who had wasted so much time and effort on such a frivolous request

'Some nobles do not deserve their station...'

New buttons and cosmetics would not win battles. Byleth suddenly blinked and the quill went still while his other hand flexed on the desk. It was a shameful thing, especially for a commander, to get both distracted and frustrated so easily. His eyes fluttered again and his entire body tensed up before his shoulders relaxed.

'Maybe this was a mistake. I have so many duties. And the risk...'

The quill in his hand wiggled and stopped. He had to put an end to this. But...

'She'll be disappointed, but it is far from how either of us should act. No matter how good it feels. And it feels *really* good,'

Slowly, he slid his chair back and heard a quiet, disappointed gasp. "You know we haven't gotten to the finale yet. Hehehe. Mrmmm. It has been so long since I enjoyed a standing ovation. It seems a little rude for me to not see your *solo*, Professor,"

Dororthea chuckled again. Her lips closed and she began breathing softer than she had been just a few moments ago. The taste of her handsome Professors' cock remained on her tongue, but now he seemed intent on risking her ability to sate the naughty cravings drumming within her sex. She hated being left unsatisfied.

Bringing her mind back to the present, the actress cleared her throat and crossed her arms onto the Professor's legs, exposing her luscious lips and full, dark curls to Byleth.

"Is everything alright, Professor? Hmmm. You look a little tongue-tied. Was my performance *that* impressive? Mmm. Of course, it was, hehehe!" She laughed cheerfully. Even if she thought

Byleth was a cut above the rest of the men she was 'courting' at the monastery, that didn't mean that she couldn't have a little fun playing games with him.

Byleth himself almost laughed with her. The singer was as bold as she was bawdy. When she came into his office and ended up offering to relieve him while he went about his letters and documents, Byleth had naturally assumed that the scrumptious brunette was only making a joke. He knew that Dorothea was looking for a husband but he'd figured she was just testing his response.

'Perhaps she still is,'

He found Dorothea waiting for him to reply. Her charming green eyes shined like two big emeralds.

"I appreciate your 'care' Dorothea, but I can't help but feel concerned. My work was already flagging before you took my cock in your mouth,"

Instead of just nodding in understanding and moving out from beneath the long desk, the woman wearing a black hat leaned in and nuzzled Byleth's naked thighs. Dorothea even went so far as to bring her cheek and lips nice and close to the tasty, thick member. Her nostrils feasted on his scent and it continued keeping her pussy in a state of desperate, wet arousal. Dorothea did not want to stop sucking on his magnificent manliness.

She didn't feel as if she was in competition with Petra to gain Byleth's sole affection, but she did feel the need to play catch-up. Bold as the Princess from Brigid could be, Dorothea did not believe the tanned goddess was open-minded enough to give the Professor such special attention in his office. But it wasn't just about acting slutty towards Byleth, the singer wanted to 'explore' things with him. Ever since he'd mentioned that he wouldn't mind taking care of her, she had been a little stumped as to how to respond. Her inclination to take the lead played a role in bringing her attractive form to the Professor's office and beyond.

"I won't force you. And I won't tease you, Professor. If you want me to leave, you only need to say so," Once again, she gave him that perfect, flirty giggle. When he said nothing and just licked his lips, she continued pursuing her target.

"You should know... that I am very comfortable right here. I'm not as used to being on my knees as Mercedes is, but I seem to be handling my audience well, hehehe,"

Byleth almost fumed at the woman's insistence. She knew he had work to do and that if anyone saw what she was doing, or even just saw her kneeling beneath his desk, it would cause a great scandal that would ring out across the countries. That knowledge did not stop her work. Dorothea seemed to know every button to press with him. Even after whispering her ultimatum with a voice as sweet as an apple that couldn't quite hide its sultry overture, the brunette had taken to teasing her nose against the Professor's thick crown. When she wasn't doing that, she

alternated between licking the slit on his center to enjoy more of his precum, or simply letting her mouth open to warm his throbbing meat with her excited breathing.

'We've come this far. To give in to fear would be... unacceptable.'

Accepting the risks, and the rewards, Byleth stood up from his chair, his hand balling into a fist. Then he struck back against the seductress beneath his desk. Leaning his body over his desk, he positioned himself in a way that his hips could still swing forward. Dorothea was there, not quite as submissive as Bernadetta would be, but still ready and willing to receive every thick inch of his cock. He couldn't see her face, but the singer's skilled lips conveyed her lust to him, slurping and sucking all over his cock as he moved his body forward and back.

"Mrlwaap... Grllrrrup... Shlrrrp!" The sounds were as far from lady-like as could be, but that wasn't what he wanted in a girl like Dorothea. Her mouth, so well trained by solos, choruses, and lines, had incredible strength and finesse to it. It became a struggle for the Professor. He wanted to punish her, to throttle his hips forward and push every inch of his throbbing length deep down her throat. The wet, warm suction of his companion's lips was so pleasant though. They were doing a dance and Byleth felt like it would be a crime to just take the lead and dominate her completely. The times he gave in, Dorothea's eyes would light up. Then she would begin sliding her head side to side, bobbing and weaving so that her lips and tongue might focus on Byleth's massive member from a different angle.

'Mmm... Professor is a man, and a gentleman at that,' Dorothea had known a few of the other officers-in-training who would have preferred charging headlong into a unit of enemy spearmen rather than let a lady take even the smallest amount of a lead. But her Professor was different and confident enough in himself not to immediately give into fear like others. It just made her want to bring his hard erection into her theater all the more, and so she worked her best to close her eyes and deepthroat his cock without him even swinging his hips forward.

Her work paid off very quickly. Great spurts of his precum slid down her throat. Byleth's load was so full that some of his jizz sputtered out of her lips, turning her makeup into a sordid mess. Naturally, it also made it easier for Dorothea to brush her nose up against the base of Byleth's thickness.

'His cock tastes so good!' Dorothea's mind went wild with all the possibilities. Of course, the singer just wanted him to fuck her, but she also wouldn't have minded having him fuck her in front of Petra. She didn't wish to make the girl jealous... just to play with her a little. Very quickly, all thoughts of the future faded away when her sex began begging for attention. While she drew her body forward and back to lavish Byleth's length, Dorothea's hand slipped down and dipped beneath her skirt. She moved her fingers against her panties and began judiciously stroking and playing with her pussy through the thin fabric.

"Mmrwaarmph... Glrrruph... Vlrrrupp..."

Teasing her pussy through the material only kept her urges backstage for so long. With the thick cock pumping into her lips and the pleasure swelling in her body each time Byleth throbbed, Dorothea couldn't just be satisfied with a little light petting. Careful not to tear or ruin her underwear beyond repair, she shuffled on her knees and then lowered her panties to the ground and started fingering her pussy with reckless abandon.

'Yes. It feels so good. My pussy is going to make a mess at the Professor's feet. He's going to have to be careful where he steps!'

The brunette's body began to surge. Her juices splashed out over her fingers and Dorothea's mouth and tongue shivered with orgasmic delight. Before the pleasure overwhelmed her mind, the sultry singer imagined her lips making Byleth feel even better. Delirious from cumming, she still managed to suck and slurp on his massive member.

When the buzzing of her lips faded, Dorothea took a deep breath. She frowned slightly at the incredible specimen in front of her, all of her tricks and sucking hadn't made the Professor cum yet. The talented singer wasn't about to give up and just call it a night.

'The show must go on,' She thought doggedly. Before she could grip his balls and send the Professor into a lake of euphoria, Dorothea heard the door to his office swing open.

Byleth, on the cusp of exploding and sending a thick load of sticky semen shooting down Dorothea's throat, suddenly found himself looking at Edelgard. The pale-skinned woman with hair as white as virgin snow came waltzing right up to his desk after closing the door.

"Professor, I must talk with you. Some bandits have been attacking our supply lines!"

"I see... uh... the maps. Show me where they're coming from. We'll build a strategy together,"

Dorothea's eyes were still wide with fear as she heard the desk above her creek as Lady Edelgard set the documents down on the surface. Even though she was scared, she wasn't quite surprised. Of all the people in the monastery, there were but a few who would swing open the door without even a proper announcement.

'I'm no noble, but even I have a little grace when entering someone's chambers,' Dorothea fumed. The more that the Professor exchanged words with Edelgard, the more that the singer's fear waned. She realized that this was just a new battle, and while the professor's cock was relaxing slightly as his attention turned to strategy, the woman who fancied herself as a rose among the various other officers, decided to use a slightly under-handed tactic.

'I know you'll forgive me, Professor,'

And just like that, Dorothea began having fun once again. Since her own lust had been sated for the moment, nothing made her waver from giving the Professor the complete treatment of her

adoring lips. Not even the presence of Lady Edelgard standing less than three feet behind the half-naked woman lewdly licking on the Professor's massive dick.

"Hahaha. Consider this the twist in the final act, Professor. If you had not wasted so much time, you surely wouldn't be in this situation!"

Byleth was a very stoic man, even during the most devastating of times. At the moment, however, he was being put to one of his greatest tests yet. It was unthinkable, and yet Dorothea was slobbering and drooling on his cock like a warhorse on a saltlick. His fingers pressed harder against the desk, and he found himself losing focus on the matter at hand, while his heart raced and his manhood rose to its full stature once again. He glanced at the woman standing across from him. As focused and resolved as Edelgard always was, even she wouldn't fail to notice that something was up if he were to cum right in front of her!

"Ahem... Uh... You... YOU should take Ferdinand and Casper and... sweep the area. If you find the trail of the bandits, report back,"

"Of course. I'll have your horse prepared, my Professor," Edelgard nodded to her teacher respectfully.

"Niaaah... I mean NO! I mean, you've been wishing to prove yourself. This is your chance,"

Edelgard's pale purple eyes regarded the tall man for a moment. Then she pursed her lips and gave him a sharp and determined look. "Of course, Professor. A leader should never shy away from a challenge. I will report back with victory!"

Edelgard left just before Byleth's will crumbled. He groaned and his entire body surged as a spear of unadulterated lust and pleasure slammed into his mind. It became a struggle not to just slump forward on his desk and send the documents and maps flying off the surface. The taboo of being sucked off by a student while he spoke to another student had superheated his orgasm. When he was finally done coating Dorothea's skilled throat with his jizz, it took him several minutes just to wrangle his breathing.

'I... must never do that again,' Of course, the solemn oath would start... after he finished his current encounter. Saying nothing, he went over to his door and locked it securely. Then, he moved swiftly back to his desk and dragged Dorothea out from her hidden vantage point. Even after being slammed down on her back and looking up at her Professor to see the menacing look in his blue eyes, Dorothea remained fearless while her wet pussy practically winked up at him.

"You would make such a terrible wife, Dorothea," Byleth professed, even as sparks of flames began rising up within his loins once more.

The singer, still beautiful despite the mess of her lipstick and mascara, simply smiled up at him. "Yes... unless I had a big strong husband to punish me, maybe set down some rules..."

Byleth chuckled. He knew that Dorothea wasn't exactly the type of woman who behaved by anyone's rules but her own. But it was very hard to worry about the future when he had such an attractive beauty set out in front of him. When she saw her paramour returning her grin, Dorothea licked her lips, running her hands down her half-naked body, and spread her pussy open.

"Please Professor... punish your bad student. Make me sing for you while you give me a *private* lesson..."

Dorothea moaned out as Byleth brought his hands down to meet hers and pinned her to the desk with one powerful thrust...