

## The Noble 181

Chapter 181: Eira (3)(r18)

The hatred for him resurfaced with more intensity. She didn't care about anything that had happened, in this place and time she would destroy him.

Why was she so angry? Because he was dating her sister and her mother? Or was it something else?, Did it bother her that her mother was dating that idiot too? Where did that anger come from? She didn't know. She didn't understand exactly what she was feeling or thinking.

Was she angry because the common sense that said mother and daughter shouldn't date the same person had been broken? Or because she herself repudiated the idea? It was all chaos in her mind, but what was clear to her was that she wanted to kill him.

She didn't know why, but she wanted to cry too. However, with tenacity, she swallowed those tears and attacked him with murderous intent.

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Finally, things she never thought would happen, happened, leading them to this situation.

Eira, somehow, wanted to make her annoying mother pay. why? Because she was right, and it frustrated her.

It was hard for her to admit it, but it was true. She wasn't calling her "old hag" for nothing. She was right about the whole situation, and it led them to this situation, if something like this hadn't happened, realizing so many things would have taken a long time or maybe it never would have happened.

Eira came to the conclusion that all those chaotic feelings she didn't understand were affection, even love, for Chris. But she had never experienced anything like that, so she didn't understand them or know how to handle them.

As her mother used to say, she loved him, but she didn't understand. For Eira, it all boiled down to frustration, anger and jealousy, because that was the only thing she knew how to interpret.

The "old witch" who did not believe in love had discovered, long before her, what her real problem was, perhaps from the beginning, it was not Chis or Selene who needed her mother's intervention, it was herself: a feeling that even she did not want to accept.

She didn't know at what point her anger, frustration or real hatred had transformed into these new feelings. She didn't even know if they had been there from the beginning or if they appeared at some point without her noticing.

Maybe these chaotic feelings had always been affection, or maybe they were born of something different that changed before she could notice.

Now, even, she couldn't deny that her physical fights with Chris could be a misunderstood form of affection. Even she wasn't sure about that, but accepting his feelings made her question all of his actions and the reasons behind them.

While she did know that sometimes he made her really angry, she was also beginning to wonder how much of that anger was real and how much was a disguise for what she really felt.

She looked at the idiot in front of her. She couldn't deny it: she liked him more than she was willing to admit. He had his arms around her neck now, and the closeness was something that, while no longer a surprise, she didn't dislike at all. In fact, what she was feeling was beyond anything she had imagined.

Thinking about it all embarrassed her so much that she felt the need to externalize it, to get it out somehow.

Finally, Eira pulled away a little, her face still flushed, and looked him straight in the eye. For the first time, there was no confusion in her gaze, only decision. The words were out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

"I love you~♥...you piece of shit~♣."

"you still...mhunm"

Yes, his body and mind were not as aligned as she thought, or at least it seems his tongue did not agree with them, and she put out unnecessary words on his own.

Mwah-mwah-mwah

Embarrassed, she brought her lips back together with Chris's. Although she felt she had said words too much, the feeling of true release was so intense that her body began to act on its own, at least in this her tongue was honest as she thrust it inside Chris's mouth preventing him from giving any response.

"Mhnnhm?..."

At that moment, Chris, confused and not understanding what was going on, with Eira suddenly saying something he didn't understand, voluntarily initiated an intense kiss and suddenly felt an intense sensation in the place of his connection with Eira that squeezed him tightly.

The pressure and the events took him by surprise, pushing him to his limit faster than he thought, he finally couldn't take it anymore.

With his mind slightly dizzy from the intense kiss, he went blank. Then, he began to release a great amount of seed deep inside Eira.

"!!!hmmmhnnnm~♥□♥□♥"

Eira At that moment, she was having different sensations, everything she had been thinking became clearer and once again confirmed that she was not wrong in her thoughts.

When she felt Chris filling her completely, releasing that warm and hot feeling of euphoria and pleasure were genuine, there was no feeling of rejection and she wanted to have him as close as possible, without stopping kissing him and while he kept filling her, she embraced him with her hands and legs without letting him go.

She accepted that great feeling, even looked forward to it. She intensified the kiss as her body responded to Chris's, accepting it without any hesitation. She never broke the contact between their lips.

"Hhunmmhn!!~❤️❤️❤️"

Again, she felt that overwhelming and abundant heat filling her completely. Her body reacted positively, becoming one of her favorite experiences.

She felt so free, so good, that she lost control of herself. However, in Chris's arms, she felt safe. She continued to let herself be carried away by that feeling until, finally, it all came flooding out.

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"Haaah~ damn."

"Haaah....you still want to try to fight at this point?"

Chris, who finally came to his senses after hearing a faint "I like you," tried to concentrate again. But the sensations kept distracting him and his mind went blank for a few moments.

When he regained his composure, he responded with the words that had been stalled by Eira's sudden kiss came out, a little out of context, he couldn't help but feel a little incredulous at the situation.

He thought for a moment that Leyla had been right, but in the end it was just Eira hurling an insult as if she was looking for a fight, even at this point in the situation.

That was so typical of her that Chris had no doubt, that what Leyla said at the end hadn't worked.

'I guess I will indeed have to fake my death.... Haa... Well, I'll have to explain to Astrid and Leyla, who have no idea, and then start again with Lys and the others.... Will it be too late? Well, if I die, at least it will be epic. Hmm...'

Chris was thinking a lot of things, his ideas were a bit off the mark, maybe he was still confused and not yet processing what Eira's actions entailed, but it is also because of the prejudice and his knowledge of Eira that he put more emphasis on the last part of what he said.

"Why the hell is your first thought after I tell you my feelings is to pick a fight?"

"... And you're still asking? Who the hell says 'piece of shit' after you say you love her? What is that if not a provocation to fight?"

"...Damn it, it just comes out. Okay!, I just love you and that's it, okay? If that's all...you bastard who raped me, I hope you take responsibility or I'll kill you."

"...? Huh? " Chris took a moment to process what Eira said and couldn't believe it, "R-really?Did what Leyla said work? Are you fucking kidding me?" he stared Eira in the eyes and realized that Eira wasn't kidding.

He activated his resonance and began to sense her current emotions and intentions. Unlike yesterday, when he didn't even understand why on earth she was confessing something to him, he felt something different now.

At the time, he thought it was only because of her power, but now he sensed a unique feeling and he understood it, because, sometimes, when he activated the resonance being with Selene, those same feelings seemed to be directed towards him, but now from Eira.

Still, Chris couldn't quite believe it. It was too unreal. He acted following what Leyla had said and, in part, also his own desires. Well, at some point it was more out of his own desire than anything else.

The possibility that Leyla really was right was slim and only one among many, but he tried another approach that occurred to him: if Eira really was serious, then....

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Name

: Eiravella

Race: Semi-human (Felis)

Rank: Intermediate Transformation

Gender: Female

Stats:

Strength: 34

Mana: 178

Agility: 44

Defense: 29

Vitality: 42

Skills:

Frost Resilience ( $\Omega$ )

Resonance (B)

Affinity for Ice (A)

Flexibility (C)

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"...."

Chapter 182: Eira (4)

"...."

Chris could now see Eira's condition. If this wasn't definitive proof, at least he felt that Eira wasn't entirely lying.

Chris couldn't believe that what Leyla had told him would happen had actually happened. He thought about the possibility of things like Stockholm syndrome, but he knew that Eira didn't have a mindset that would make her susceptible to something like that.

Eira would not create positive feelings from a negative event. She was so tenacious that he was sure that, if it had not happened as Leyla said, she would still try to resist or look for a way to escape, even at this point she would try somehow to kill him, not for nothing that fingishing his death was the only viable option if she failed.

This led him to a curious conclusion. Leyla, though she had no logical basis to support her prediction, had been right.

Chris swore to himself not to categorize people as fictional characters, but he was going to make an exception here. From that day forward, he would assign Leyla the attribute of "animopotent mother," similar to those fictional mothers who always know what their children want, even when they don't know it themselves.

Chris thought that such parents did not exist in reality. In his past life, when he went through difficult times and felt depressed, his parents saw his problems as insignificant, things not even worth mentioning.

To them, it seemed like he was simply drowning in a glass of water and they were just excuses from someone who didn't understand how difficult life was, and now that he thinks about it, maybe they were right, but it doesn't change the fact that they hardly understood how he felt.

Not to mention that even in this life, being Seraphina, though he had more parents who loved him, none were perceptive enough to notice that he had possessed Seraphina's body. They loved her, yes, but none noticed this change, no matter how much love they gave her.

Well, it was partly Seraphina's fault, too, for having such an unpredictable and erratic personality. It was hard for even the best parent to know what was going on with her.

This, however, proved convenient, for, although this change should arouse the doubts of others, no one questioned it. In fact, her behavior had improved, and no one wanted to ruin that.

Now leaving his parents of two lives and the ones he had known so far. For his part, although he had only known Eira for a few months, he thought he could more or less understand her. Adding this life and the inherited memories, to some extent I could say that I knew her.

For Chris, if Eira liked someone, she had to act like a tsundere, more or less. And if she hated someone, she had to act like she did towards him.

Although as he thought before, the perception of her alternative self could be biased with prejudices and her way of seeing things, it does not change that in general she should act more or less like that.

He had not seen her personally in love since it seems that she still does not like William, she behaved towards him, exactly as she did with her alternative self, she had pure hatred and raw annoyance for him, even worse and more persistent.

So while I wouldn't say he was dense, because being dense would be too much, you could say that he wasn't insightful enough either, to understand this Eira thing, but the thing is, it didn't seem that simple and Leyla was the anomaly.

He never thought that everything would really change as Leyla had said, who seemed almost certain that it would turn out that way.

So Chris decided not to doubt her anymore and to give her the adjective "animopotent mother,". Not even the gods could come to that conclusion by studying Eira's mind and memories.

Chris thought so because, even with resonance, which in a way allowed him to sense many things about people, he failed to get any clues.

He wasn't dense; in fact, density was something he swore to destroy. But Eira didn't even know what was going on, what she felt, and Chris, much less so. For Chris, this worked without any rationale to back it up beyond 'maternal instincts'.

Which, at first glance, Leyla didn't even seem to have at all, but it proved that appearances can be deceiving. That's why Leyla seemed so amazing to him.

Thinking this far, Chris, out of instinct to follow, sat up holding Eira without separating. They both remained in a lotus position as he took in the situation. Then, Eira returned a question at his earlier comment.

"haaa~...no, wait what did that old hag tell you...? , don't tell me she told you that I...am going to murder her!"

"Hey! You should stop saying that you're going to kill people, let alone your mother, besides she's was right!".

"What the fuck! You're taking her side."

"Sure, Lily's my girlfriend."

"Damn it! You still dare to blatantly mention it? Haaa, fuck, whatever. You have to be on my side too I'm in your fucking harem now too. You've got the whole family already, are you happy?"

"W-well, I'm not going to deny it. Besides, don't say it like that; it sounds like you also have the marquis included."

'although I heard he had two more wives, that would be... no!, let's not think about that, outside of my intrusive thoughts of fetishes I definitely don't have (NTR).'

"How the hell...haaa, Yeah well, even if you don't like it, I'm in now and you can't do anything. You already used me and did with me what you wanted.... or do you still refuse, you fucker?"

"No... well, obviously not. I'm not going to deny someone as pretty and cute as you being here. Besides, it's not that I don't like you, but there were circumstances... and I thought you hated me."

"Th-th-that means you like me, right?"

"Well, in a way, you could say yes, in a way. After all, I approached you at the time because I thought you were so cute, and leaving a lot of things still aside....I guess I do I love you."

"E-eh, t-that's... yeah, like that. G-good... you'd better get that straight, dummy!"

Eira, was trying to keep her tough attitude, but she couldn't help blushing when she heard that he liked her . Feeling a sudden happiness, she moved closer to Chris, burying her face in his chest to hide the embarrassment she felt.

On the other hand, Chris watched the scene with a complicated face. He wondered if, like Eira, deep down he liked her in some way, liked her more than he wanted to admit.

After all, if he really hated her, it wouldn't matter how pretty she was; he would have resisted doing anything with her, right?..... . Well, Chris being Chris as he is, he most likely would not have resisted, and would have taken advantage of the situation thinking it was for the greater good.

But anyway now that Eira's attitude took a 180° turn somehow all the bitterness and stuff went away easily as if it had never existed, even though the two of them were always fighting, whether over nothing or everything and a sworn enemy relationship is how Chris would describe it, exaggerating a little. but it didn't seem to be as simple as that.

This could be seen by how he could get along with her, with her true identity, it was a bit complicated even for him to understand how he truly felt.

But now it was definitely not as negative as he thought and in fact the fact that he easily came out with a "I love you" that he was always reserved for his girls said a lot about his honest feelings.

'I can't really blame her but it seems I was the same way too'.

Chris thought as he realized that he might be in the same situation as Eira, and he had hidden that interest, somewhere because he thought it would never work out anyway, it was all complicated to understand about Eira's change and his own.

'haaah, whatever it is, I can't do anything anyway'.

In the end Chris gave up, the affairs of the heart were incomprehensible, as incomprehensible as Eira's current abrupt changes were, and since he had only recently accepted that he was love throughout his two lives, it was useless to think about it any longer.

Watching her act rough, while her ears and tail showed her honesty, gave him a sweet taste.

Eira's ears and tail, which always seemed to be in line with her fighting attitude, were now behaving in the opposite way as usual. Chris, who had closely studied Selene's reactions for some time, understood what this movement meant, at that moment, Eira was very happy.

It was shocking and complicated, as, somehow, that made him feel extremely happy as well. He didn't want to act like a tsundere, but he felt that, somehow, he still didn't understand until now completely her feelings towards Eira.

For some reason, the image of an annoying Eira was fading, replaced by a softer, more vulnerable side he hadn't noticed before. Her alternate self hadn't called her a tsundere for nothing—her facade was finally cracking in his eyes.

Now, with what he considered a growing acceptance of his feelings, that hidden side of her was becoming clearer and harder to ignore

In fact, Chris had noticed that, when something bad happened and Eira noticed it, his aggression would retrocede and he would emit sincere concern although they were rare, the more he thought about it Eira always had her good sides only that they were overshadowed by their constant cycle of hatred that they had, although of course he noticed them clearly when he was seraphina.

With a new warmth rising in his heart, he hugged Eira tighter. Eira, who was in his arms, felt it, and her heart began to beat faster. She lifted her face, intensely flushed, as her heart pounded. both began to slowly approach the face of the other and...

Mmmmua-chu-mua

and they began to kiss, forgetting everything that surrounded them and entering their own world.

Chapter 183: Jealous

They kissed for a while until, for some reason, Eira began to feel a little awkward, as if she had forgotten something. It was after repeating the intense kiss several times without tiring that, finally, a thought came to her mind, filling her with panic.

"Puhah!"

She broke away from the kiss and looked around, realizing that she had completely forgotten about Selene, who was also in the room. He prayed she was gone, or at least tired of seeing them and had gone to sleep.

But when he looked over to where Selene was, he found her staring at them.

Selene was completely naked, watching them intently. , showing an expression of satisfaction that was hard to ignore.

Chris also followed Eira's gaze and remembered that Selene was with them. Selene was looking at them happily.

"Oh, Selene, I'm sorry. I got so focused on Eira that..."

Chris apologized for ignoring Selene all this time, but Selene didn't mind. Her face clearly showed joy as she said:

"Uhm, never mind. Mother said it would happen."

"Huh? What do you mean, what did Lily tell you?"

"Mother said I had to wait until they were done giving each other love for my turn."

"That old hag... Does she have the ability to see the future? I swear I'll make her pay..."

"Come on, don't be so hard on Lily. Anyway, things turned out well, didn't they?"

"And that's what bothers me the most. She'll pay for it later."

"W-well, I shouldn't get into that, should I? Anyway, Selene, come closer. It's your turn now."

"Y-you can still keep doing... You're a fucking monster!"

"Fuck, you're going to call me a monster too? But what do you want me to do? You don't seem to be able to take it anymore, do you? And having such cute twins, I can't stop."

"D-don't call me cute out of the blue. And who said I can't take any more? I-I can another ten more laps."

"Oh, big words! But, still, it's Selene's turn. Then we can go on."

"But I still can! No, dammit... To begin with, you have the guts to do it with my sister in front of me. Can't you do it later? After all, she's already done it many times."

"Huh? What do you mean, why wouldn't I, I have no qualms about doing it? And, well, you wouldn't happen to be a jealous big sister, would you?"

"Damn... Whatever,,, do whatever you want."

Eira said, a bit angrily, as she stretched out her arms, as if asking Chris for something.

"What?"

"Get me up. I can't feel my legs. Fuck, why do you have it so big, how come you could even get it in, look I've got a fucking Bump in my stomach."

'yeah, now I'm feeling a little guilty'.

Using shenlog prime with Eira now was starting to weigh on he a bit, but Eira doesn't seem to have much trouble with that even though vitality wasn't her strong suit, plus the fact that she can't feel her legs, well no use crying over spilt milk, he try to be gentler next time.

"Sister, does it hurt a lot?"

"Huh? Why do you ask? You should know, shouldn't you?"

"No?"

"Or did I forget to say that Selene has integrity. I'm a responsible boyfriend who didn't try anything until my mother-in-law gave me permission."

More like he couldn't without Selene's permission, although if he'd wanted to he could have stuck her in since he'd had the opportunity more times than he could count

"....."

"So technically you did it first before Selene."

"is Seriously, you didn't touch my sister,"

"well, I wouldn't say .... well I mean technically you became a full-fledged adult before she did."

"hummp!!! that doesn't make me happy at all, hump."

"Fuck, Eira, stop acting like a cliché tsundere, or I'll be forced to think like that."

"'zum-dere'? What's that?. no, Well that doesn't matter, Selene, don't worry it hurts a little at first, and then it feels good...."

"ehem!!o(\*~\*~\*)o"

"Hey, don't make that arrogant face, just because I said it felt good."

"..."

Yes, Eira is not totally honest, even so, her emotionally contradictory behavior towards the person she likes was starting to come out more and more.

But for Chris, it was obvious what she was really thinking. After all, he's not a dense fool who takes at face value what conflicted people (tsunderes) say

well in this case and Silvia's case they are so bad and or rather good that Chris knows exactly what they mean. And I notice that Eira even though there was jealousy in her, she decided to be cooperative.

On the other hand Eira's thoughts were still a bit in disarray at all the things that happened but when she discovered that, although there was certainly real concern for her sister, in all her actions against Chris, much of it was more out of a kind of jealousy.

So she decided to be more understanding and mature, even if she didn't really like the idea of him doing it in front of her.

But after all, Selene had been first, and she realized that she couldn't act childish when she was the one who got in over her head.

In a way, she was happy and unhappy about it, but she wouldn't say so. Sure, Chris immediately noticed that, but hey, it's not like it mattered who had been before whom. For Chris, as long as there was no outright rejection, everything was fine.

"haa~!"

He grabbed Eira and gently took her off his lap, pulling her out of the large Shenlong prime. He thought it would be too much for Selene, so he went back to the standard size and even when he thought about it it was still too much and made it a little smaller.

He thought that once Selene got used to it, he would begin to gradually enlarge it to its original size. But Eira, who was standing to the side, saw this happening and ....

"What the hell, how did you do that...?"

"Well, it's a one in a hundred man ability, isn't it amazing?"

"Fuck me, you think I'm dumb?"

" just kidding. Well, now that you're in, I have a lot of things to tell you, besides introducing you to the rest of the girls."

"...fuck, I knew it, I knew it wasn't just Selene and my mother...,"

", let's leave that aside for later, I'll introduce you to them properly."

"Haaa~, well I expected that, I can already think of who they are"

"oh, well I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

"Remember what you said, I have a lot of questions."

"Yes, yes, let's talk later, okay now....mi angel, come, I'm going to show you a whole new world."

Chris said as he pulled Selene to him and still sitting on the bed and brought her into alignment with his Shenlong.

Mmmmua-chu-mua

Gently he began to kiss her, though she seem to be in much of a mood as she was wet enough.

Chris wondered if her action with Eira was the cause, but putting that aside, gently, as they kissed, Chris grabbed her by the waist and gently pulled her down.

Finally, the wet cave made contact and slowly beginning to devour his Shenlong. Chris had felt this before ; he always stretched as far as he could with Selene, and only went so far, but today would be different.

He touched some parts of Selene's body, he didn't want her to be in pain in the least, if he could. So he did it so that the pain would be felt to a minimum.

So, with one last push, and due to Selene's weight, the last and chaste barrier was broken through, finally reaching the last base with Selene.

"ahamnh!~-❤️"

Although it was a more subdued version of Shenlong, it was still enough to stimulate Selene greatly, who moaned softly, but her moans were drowned out due to the kiss.

A small trickle of blood trickled out of the union and stained the sheet. Chris, without detaching himself from Selene, began to move her gently in his lap until he got used to it.

He felt Selene and, from experience, she knew it was feeling good. she was finally past the painful part, but he had to make sure.

"Selene, are you okay, does it hurt, do you want to stop?"

Chris had always coddled Selene since they started dating and was worried that it would hurt, although he had reduced his sense of pain and was concerned about her.

"No, it feels... Humm, well, it's weird, but it feels good."

"Oh, I'm glad, don't worry, it's your first time, so I'll be gentle."

"Hey, isn't the difference in treatment too much?"

Eira, who stood to the side watching, felt ignored and, most of all, felt injustice, remembering how rude and inconsiderate he was. He didn't even give her time for anything, just shoved it in roughly, not to mention that the size was much bigger.

"Oh, what is this? I hear jealousy in that tone."

"Shut up!, who's jealous, it's just, it bothers me somehow!!."

"That's what it means to be jealous. Selene is it okay for Eira to join us right?"

"uhmm!"

"O-hey, wait! I told you I wasn't... Humm, Selene, stop.... Hummm..."

At that moment, Chris grabbed Eira, who was standing next to him to begin with, and pulled her close to them. Selene, taking the initiative before Chris kissed her taking him by surprise, Chris didn't want to lose, and as soon as Eira broke away from Selene, he started his.

Eira went into confusion again, and Chris kept doing it with both sisters until it was afternoon.

Considering they came early in the morning, they did it for many hours.

Chapter 184: Memories

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"Sorry, dear ones, Mommy is tired, I can't play with you today. Forgive me, okay?"

Eira had heard those words more times than she could count. Her mother always apologized when she couldn't spend the day with them.

Eira, at five years old, didn't understand why, but she noticed the weariness in her mother's eyes, eyes that always held love but at the same time seemed empty, as if something had been stolen from inside her.

Still, Eira trusted her mother's smile, the one she wore even when it barely existed, like a fragile mask.

They lived in a place they shared with many "aunts," women who cared for them as if they were their own flesh and blood.

Despite this, Eira and her sister always preferred to be with their mother. They knew that when she took them out of her room, they had to obey without asking questions.

Some nights, their mother would return with wounds on her body and silent tears falling like rain in a corner of the room. But even then, if she noticed she was being watched, her smile would return, forced and broken, like a mask hiding her pain.

Eira, even at such a young age, noticed these things. Even though her mother tried to hide it, sometimes she would find her crying. And although those tears made her little heart break, she soon understood that crying would only hurt her mother more.

From that tender age, she promised herself that she would take care of her sister, as an older sister should. And, when she grew up, she would also protect her mother from those bad men who hurt her.

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"Mommy, I'm hungry..."

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. You know Mommy hasn't been doing well lately. But... here, eat this."

Eira watched as her mother gave Selene a portion of her meager ration. Now eight years old, both she and her sister were beginning to feel the growing need for food. Their beast-woman bodies were asking for more, an instinct they could not control.

Eira was no longer a naive child. She had grown up enough to understand many things. She knew the kind of work her mother did, the hardships she faced and the sacrifices she carried on her shoulders. But there was nothing she could do.

She was too young, and her mother always insisted that they not leave the house unless accompanied by one of her aunts.

The business for which her mother worked and which was run by her "Grandma" or as her mother called her, and the other aunts, was going through difficult times. There were fewer and fewer customers and income was scarce, those were difficult years.

The aunts helped as best they could, but they also faced problems. Many also had children, with whom they sometimes played. But lately, the games were less frequent and the laughter, more muted, were difficult times, which taught Eira many more things.

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"Grrr..."

" auch!...oh, sorry, little kitty."

Eira felt a growing hatred for grown men. For as long as she could remember, they were the source of her mother's suffering. That night, luck was not on her side.

Her mother had asked them to stay with one of her aunts while she worked, but they also seemed busy and the room where they usually took refuge for cases like these was locked.

With no other option, Eira and Selene waited in the corner of the dark corridors, an uncomfortable place full of threatening shadows, it was a cold night but being together Eira believed that everything would be fine.

Unfortunately, a drunken man, perhaps lost, found them and staggered up to them with an unpleasant smile and a glazed look.

He had an unkempt appearance and his breath was disgustingly impregnated with alcohol, he was much bigger than them and his presence alone overwhelmed them when he saw them he extended his hand towards Selene, eira didn't know what his intentions were, but before he could do it, Eira reacted without caring about the size difference.

With an instinctive movement, she swatted his hand and scratched him with her small claws, placing herself in front of her sister like a protective wall.

Luckily, the man didn't mind the attack and continued on his way after apologizing, as if he didn't care what happened, but Eira didn't let her guard down. Her fierce gaze did not stray to the hallway, if one could make it this far more could come all the men were a possible threat.

Exhaustion, however, was stronger. Finally, her young and exhausted body gave way, and Eira fell asleep with Selene cuddled against her side.

When she awoke, she was no longer in the corner. She was in her room. One of her aunts had picked her up while she slept and carried her into the room.

"I'm sorry sweetie, mommy committed a horror, mommy promises it won't happen again."

Eira said nothing, but that night was etched in her memory. As she looked at her mother, who was stroking her hair with a tired smile and apologetic look, she felt the hatred for those men growing inside her.

Eira promised herself, once again, that one day she would protect her mother and sister, even if she had to face the whole world to do so.

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Life in the brothel had continued its usual course, albeit under a growing air of tension. The aunts and mothers were on their guard; hard times always brought dangers, and the presence of strange men in the vicinity had put more than one on her guard.

Eira had noticed the change in the atmosphere, though she didn't quite understand it. At eight years old, she only knew that she had to protect Selene. The little girl did not seem aware of the danger, but she trusted her older sister blindly.

That night, their mother took them to the empty room where they used to wait with the other children. "Stay here, don't go out for anything. Mommy will be back soon, okay?" she told them with a smile that failed to hide her concern.

From that night on Leyla made sure her daughters were always, safe before doing anything.

Eira nodded, hugging her sister as she watched her mother leave the room with hurried steps.

Eira looked at the rest of the children in the room and they both joined in, and began to play, since there was nothing else to do.

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The first signs came as a distant, almost imperceptible murmur. Eira heard a strange noise, like a thud on the first floor, followed by a muffled scream.

Selene looked at her with eyes full of uncertainty, but Eira did not let fear paralyze her. She approached the door, trying to listen.

Chaos soon erupted. Heart-rending screams filled the brothel, mingling with the sound of shattering glass and toppling furniture. Eira understood that something terrible was happening. "Selene, hide behind the bed!" she ordered, pointing to a dark corner. The little girl obeyed immediately.

Before Eira could join her, the door burst open. An unknown man, with a cruel expression and eyes full of greed, entered the room. Eira lunged at him, clawing and biting as best she could, but the man was too strong. He held her arm easily, immobilizing her movements.

"Calm down little girl,, I like your energy. And where we are going, it will be very useful.," he murmured in a harsh, malicious voice.

"Let go of me! Leave us alone!" cried Eira, her legs kicking in desperation as she tried to break free from the grip of the man holding her. Her voice echoed in the small room, but there was no one there to help her.

Her terrified gaze searched for Selene, who was looking at her instead of hiding as she told her to, watching with eyes filled with tears and paralyzing fear.

Finally, Selene came out of hiding, driven by the instinct to protect her older sister. Her body trembled, but her little fist clenched decisively. She did not get far. Another man rushed in, grabbed her by the arm and lifted her as if she weighed nothing.

"Let her go!" cried Eira in a snarl, kicking as the man dragged her towards the door.

In the far corner of the room, other children watched in complete silence, motionless with sheer dread. Not one dared to move, not even to breathe harder.

Eira, the eldest of the group, had always been their protector. If she couldn't fight them, what could the others do?

The attack was brutal and without warning.

The brothel, a refuge where the women and children had learned to survive despite the odds, was now a field of ruins. The rooms, where only a short time before there had been feigned laughter and discreet conversations between the women and their clients, were filled with cries for help and cries of terror.

The men had arrived as regular customers, entering in a relaxed manner and separating themselves by the different areas.

No one suspected anything until it was too late. They attacked in unison, disarming and subduing the women with calculated violence.

Some tried to resist, but the aggressors were strong. One by one, they were beaten or wounded. Others managed to hide in the chaos, but could not prevent the men from taking what they really wanted: the children.

Dragged through the corridors, stuffed into sacks or pushed by force, the little ones were taken away from their mothers. The women's pierced voices echoed throughout the building.

Eira and Selene were taken along with the others, their small voices disappearing in the din of the attack.

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Leyla moments before, she was in one of the rooms when it all started. At first, she thought the noise was just typical arguments between customers. But when the screaming increased to a disturbing degree, she sensed that something was not right.

Unfortunately for her, when she began to doubt whether or not to go check it out, a shadow appeared behind her... And finally everything began to fade away.

"tsk.. it's a pity, but the boss will be angry if I delay, well what we came for, with the money I'll buy better prostitutes later."

Leyla barely heard that before she fell completely unconscious.

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## Chapter 185: Memories (2)

"haaa!!..what happened...no wait, my daughters!"

Leyla woke up suddenly agitated, she did not know what had happened, she did not remember why she was lying on the floor, but she did not even think about it and immediately her mind focused on her daughters, her instinct told her that she had to see where her daughters were immediately, she left the room and advanced through the corridors full of overturned furniture and blood stains.

As she went on, her heart pounded harder and harder, her fear and fear grew greater as she quickened her pace. Finally she entered the room where she had left her daughters and all she found was a cold emptiness.

"Eira? Selene?" he murmured, at first in disbelief. "Eira! Selene!" she shouted, desperately searching every corner of the room but it was useless, Leyla came out of the room and began to look for them outside and finally the truth of the situation hit her.

The same with the rest of the women who, just like Leyla, were looking for their children, just like Leyla and through the testimony of those who saw it, began to understand the situation.

The corridors were filled with wounded women, crying and calling for their children. Leyla could barely breathe. Her body moved as if she were an automaton, driven only by terror, going into denial and carrying out a fruitless search.

"Leyla!" The broken voice of a companion brought her out of her trance.

"Where are my daughters?" she cried, clutching her by the shoulders.

"They took them away... the children... all of them..." the woman replied through tears, pointing toward the front door.

She could not deny it but when the truth was spoken directly in front of her, Leyla's world stopped. The words echoed like an echo in her mind. "They were taken."

Her body slumped to her knees, and the pain in her chest was unbearable.

It wasn't just her pain. It was that of all the mothers and aunts in the brothel. The women who had tried to defend them and had been cut down were now hugging each other in sobs.

Some were pounding the floor in rage. Others simply stared into the void, as if their souls had been snuffed out.

"Where is Grandma?" someone asked in tears.

Grandmother was the pillar of the brothel. A lion woman-beast, with a scar across her face and the rest of her body, the fruit of years of defending her own. She had always been there to protect them, to make sure that no client crossed the limits.

She was the only woman in the place who had gone through metamorphosis and in fact had two, with her at the helm it was a respected business in the surrounding area and never had an incident of this level ever happened.

"I'm here..." Grandma's low, husky voice sounded from a corner. She was leaning against a wall, a bloody rag covering what was left of her hand.

the dead women ran to her worried about the state she was in.

"Grandma! What have they done to you?"

"That doesn't matter now..." the old woman replied, panting from exertion. "Those bastards... they pretended to be clients.... I should have foreseen it... they're the same strangers who lately, roamed the area, I didn't think they'd attack like this."

"Grandma' But you... you always know what to do. You always stop them..."

Grandma shook her head in frustration. "They were smarter. Coordinated. They went in like it was nothing... They waited for the right moment and attacked. I should have thought of that when that guy asked me to be his escort."

"....."

"he tricked me to the end, waited for us to finish, because I was at my most vulnerable moment he caught me off guard...My fault for not seeing it coming,h aaah.. I just wanted to feel young again".

Tears streamed down the girls' cheeks as they listened. Their grandmother had always been unwavering. Seeing her now, broken and bleeding, made everything even more unbearable.

"We're going to find them..." the old woman murmured. "I have contacts... but you know how things are.... If we don't find them fast..."

Leyla could barely hear her. The pain of losing her daughters consumed her the very thought of never seeing her daughters consumed her they were all she had left her pillar and only reason for living.

The emptiness in her chest was so great that she felt as if the air itself was unable to fill it. Her legs could no longer support her, and breathing became increasingly difficult. The world faded around her, until only the words remained in her mind: 'They have taken them away... my daughters...'

These thoughts swirled around in her head and consumed her and unbeknownst to her something unknown began to gather strength within her.

Her breathing became erratic. Her eyesight began to tinge red. A severe headache hit her, and her skin began to burn as if something was trying to break free.

"leyla, calm down, don't panic..."

One of the women who saw Leyla's state as she clutched her chest wanted to reassure her, thought she had a panic attack, but Leyla does not listen.

Fear and despair, which had always been her burden, became something else. A latent strength she had never known was awakening inside her.

"L-Leyla?"

The woman who tried to help her began to hesitate as Leyla was emitting a dangerous aura, which told her that it was dangerous for her to approach....

"grandma there's something wrong wi... hey wait Leyla!!!"

before he could ask for help to his abula to calm Leyla who was the youngest of them all and was like the younger sister of the brothel, he saw her running out the door he saw her running but could not catch her leya moved very fast, and when she went out to the street she was nowhere to be found.

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Eira could barely breathe. The wagon moved forward with a monotonous rattle that echoed like a sentence. The children around her were silent, the kind of silence born not of calm, but of fear. Selene clung to her sister as if to let go would mean falling into an abyss.

The air inside the wagon was thick, and the smell of rotting wood and dampness filled their lungs. Eira tried to keep her mind clear, but the choked sobs of the children distracted her, piercing her soul.

"Why did this happen to us?"

she thought as she stroked Selene's hair with trembling fingers. Somehow she felt strong enough to carry on thanks to the mysterious connection she always shared with her twin sister.

It wasn't much but she always felt stronger and braver when she did, even before when they were going to be kidnapped, but unfortunately it hadn't been enough, still Eira tried to regain her courage in this hopeless situation.

The weight of being the eldest, of being the one to protect them, was sinking on her shoulders like a slab. She gritted her teeth, hating her weakness, hating herself for not having been able to do anything.

Selene looked up at her, her eyes large and full of tears. "Sister... I'm afraid."

Eira swallowed saliva, forcing herself to smile. "It's okay, Selene. I'm going to get us out of here. I promise." But even as she said it, she knew her words were empty.

One of the men on horseback, riding alongside the wagon, turned toward them. "Quiet back there!" he growled, his voice raspy and laden with mockery. The children shrank back even more, their small bodies.

This went on for some time, and even the children and Eira, though small, understood that the longer the situation went on, the worse it would become, the more and more they would lose hope.

The wagon stopped suddenly, throwing them forward. Eira held Selene before she hit, and listened as the men argued outside, their voices strained.

"What was that?"

"Probably an animal..."

"idiots we're in the middle of a city what big animal would be around here, it was probably a drunken bagabond that ran by."

"But that shadow looked like a..."

"shut up!, let's keep moving, the guard I bribe, can change his shift, if we take longer".

"but boss, you were the one who took the longest with that old lady, and that's why we're leaving late, I even had to restrain myself with that beautiful tigress."

"I told you to shut up!!, that old lady had a technique that took me..ehm I mean it was stronger than I thought ...move forward...."

But they did not advance, after that word everyone, including the man, felt a sensation that forced them to stop, none of them understood what it was or where it came from, but the closest thing their instincts told them was that they were being watched by a predator.

Inside the carriage they noticed this change as they all had sharp ears. There was no laughter, no footsteps, no creaking of wheels, the oppression at such silence came to them as well.

For Eira the only sound was the unrestrained beating of her heart as she felt a strange sensation racing her heart.

The children began to cry again, their wails low and laden with hopelessness.

"Enough!" Eira suddenly exploded, her voice cracking. The children stopped, startled, but the tears were still falling. Selene looked at her, confused.

"We can't stay here crying." Eira felt the heat of anger burn inside her, mixed with the chill of despair. "If we don't do something, we'll never get out of here."

But Selene snuggled closer against her, trembling. "sis... we can't, they're dangerous, mommy said when..."

"but mommy's not here, there's no one else" Eira muttered, her fists clenched she was just as scared as the rest, but she had to be strong

The wagon began to move again, even though the sensation persisted in the end nothing happened, so they cautiously decided to move on.