

The World 105

Chapter 105: Epilogue 2 - A Month Later (1)

A month had passed since all that chaos unfolded.

During this time, our wine and smartphone business had skyrocketed, turning us into the main economic powerhouse of the Kingdom of Milham. Merchants flocked to us to buy our products, which they then distributed worldwide, spreading the name of our company like wildfire across the globe.

Additionally, the idol group trained by Amon was on the brink of making their debut on stage. In just two months, they would finally step onto the big stage. Their song, "Stardust Melody," had already been circulating on smartphones, building anticipation for their live performance. We were gearing up for their grand entrance two months from now.

Erica, the woman I hooked up with the other day, was now the leader of the idol group. She was chosen because she exuded the most leader-like aura among them, and Amon said she had the ability to lead.

As for Shredica, who got poisoned during the battle at the Black Market, she managed to recover after a week. She'd been absent from the academy for that time, and when she finally returned, she looked as gloomy as ever. Unfortunately, her absence caused her rankings on the bronze leaderboard to plummet. She went from 20th place to 56th.

It made sense, though, considering she just disappeared without any explanation. If she'd mentioned needing rest to recover from the Black Market brawl, the school might've bought it. But she kept quiet about it.

Speaking of rankings, the current number 1 in the bronze class was Hereon. Surprisingly, he wasn't flaunting it like I thought he would. Back in the day, he would've boasted about it and probably bullied a bunch of people in the bronze class. Thankfully, he'd been on his best behavior lately. It seemed like getting a beating from Shredica had straightened him out.

But here's the juicy part—I noticed something interesting about Hereon. When Shredica was absent, he seemed all down in the dumps. But as soon as she came back, his usual energy returned. It got me thinking—maybe Hereon had a little crush on Shredica. I couldn't figure out how or why he developed feelings for her, though. Their only interaction involved her bloodying him up with punches.

Was that the moment he fell in love? Love at first punch?

As for me, I found myself back in last place. Well, that's life, I guess.

Currently, I was pushing someone in a wheelchair through the halls of Leonamon's. The woman seated in the wheelchair glanced back at me and apologized.

"I'm sorry you have to do this, especially when you're busy," she said, her hair a vibrant shade of blue.

"It's all good," I replied. "I'm not in a rush to finish anything anyway."

As you might have guessed, this is Martha. Bringing her back from the dead worked like a charm, and now she's alive again, breathing and warm. Well, her brother Norman kicked the bucket in the process. But hey, Norman was a total piece of shit, so there's no reason to shed tears for him.

But it's not all sunshine and rainbows. Martha's back among the living, but she's lost all her memories. Plus, she's now crippled and can't walk. I reckon it's because she was stiff as a board for about a week in rigor mortis. But even though she can't remember squat about why, who, when, or where, her personality's still intact.

Maybe her memories will come back eventually, but that's just wishful thinking. Ain't no use dwelling on the negatives, though, so who gives a damn.

Oh, and there's been a change in her domination requirements...

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You've captured the interest of Martha. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Martha

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Martha:

1. ???

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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Her last name, Amarathea, was gone from her name now, but Martha was still there. Her first requirement was marked as ???, which was a total mystery to me. It was the first time I'd seen something like this, probably a result of her memory loss. I wasn't keen on dominating Martha in this state, so I figured that was fine.

After pushing her for a while, we finally reached her destination—her room. I lifted her out of the wheelchair and settled her onto the bed.

"Thanks, Leon," she murmured.

"No problem. Just get some rest. Who knows, maybe your memories will come back," I suggested.

"I highly doubt it'll be that easy, but I'll rest anyway. Thanks," she replied.

With that, I left her room.

Moving forward from Martha's situation, Ayane emerged as the face of Leonamon, taking on the role of the brand's main ambassador. Initially uncertain, she gradually acclimated to her newfound position. Over time, she shed her traditional kimono attire in favor of contemporary, fashionable garments. Sporting a stylish cap and striking poses like a seasoned model, she exuded confidence and allure.

Witnessing this modern transformation amidst a world that had yet to fully embrace modernity was undeniably exhilarating. It hinted at a broader evolution spurred by Leonamon's burgeoning influence.

As for Ayane's domination requirements, there's been some noteworthy progress.

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You've captured the interest of Ayane Kitsune. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Ayane Kitsune

Race: Beastskin

Requirements to dominate Ayane:

1. Save Ayane from becoming a prostitute (Completed)
2. Persuade Ayane to permit you to caress her tails nine times (0/9)
3. Unlock
4. Unlock

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It seemed like Ayane had finally come to terms with the fact that I saved her from a life of prostitution. That was a relief.

Oh, and there's something very important I forgot to mention.

It was the week after the joint training session.

Titania and I found ourselves in the garden on the rooftop of the Academy. We stood facing each other, close enough to reach out and embrace.

"Titania," I began.

"Yeah?" Titania tilted her head, seemingly unaware of the significance of our location. Normally, one would've put two and two together and realized this was a confession. It seemed Titania hadn't caught on yet.

But hold on. Confession, you say? That's the crux of it. Here I stand, about to pour my heart out. Last time I bared my soul to someone, it ended in rejection. Not Zeruel, mind you; this was back in my own world.

I know the sting of pouring your heart out and receiving nothing in return.

Titania had confessed to me, unintentionally perhaps, but it was still a confession nonetheless. Poured her heart out, took that leap of faith. And what did I do? I kept her hanging, a whole week of silence. I could see the anxiety clawing at her, wondering if I'd shoot her down. So today, I'm laying it on the line.

"If I confess to you my darkest secrets, will you still stand by me?" I questioned, my voice heavy with emotion.

Titania's eyes widened, a mix of surprise and concern swirling within them. "What's brought this on all of a sudden?" she asked, her voice soft yet filled with curiosity.

"If I confess that my intentions weren't pure when I approached you, that I didn't want to help you become student council president, but that I wanted to dominate you, would you still love me?" I laid it bare.

"H-Huh? D-Dominate?" Titania stammered.

"And if I admit that I've been lying about not having any skills, that I've got a harem of women under my thumb, and that I'm a wanted fugitive, would you still love me?" I pressed on.

"W-What? W-Wait, Leon, what are you saying?" Titania's confusion was palpable.

Titania had fallen head over heels for me, but she didn't know the real me. If she did, maybe she'd fall out of love, but I couldn't keep up the facade. I had to come clean, to make sure she knew who I really was, even if it meant she might not love me anymore.

I realized that mere words wouldn't suffice, so I opted for a more visceral approach. Actions speak louder than words, after all.

"See for yourself."

With that, I activated Guardian. It was better to show her a skill she's familiar with, so it would be more believable.

"T-That's... Professor Gabrielle's Guardian," Titania stammered. "How did you...?"

"I'm not exactly skillless," I confessed, my tone somber yet resolute. "I possess a unique ability known as the Goddess of Succubus's Heir. It grants me the power to emulate the skills of women I've dominated and engaged in intimate acts with."

Titania stood there, her mind reeling as she processed the revelation. The gravity of the situation began to sink in as she connected the dots. "So, if you have Professor Gabrielle's Guardian now, then that means..."

"Yes," I affirmed, my tone unwavering. "I've claimed dominance over Professor Gabrielle and another woman. And I intend to assert my control over many more in the future. That includes you, Titania."

I expressed my desire to acquire her skill, Butterfly Effect, which allowed even the smallest action to snowball into a more dangerous outcome. As I revealed this, Titania lowered her head, her bangs obscuring her face. I couldn't discern her exact expression. What would her response be?

