

The World 111

Chapter 111: My Older Sister And I (4)

We entered the theater just as the play, "The Legendary Arthur," was coming to an end. Among the actors, I easily recognized the young performer Erick Diller as Arthur. And playing the role of the heroine, Saint Jeanne, was none other than Celia Song. I knew Celia Song well; she was an up-and-coming prodigy actress. Despite being only eighteen, she was already incredibly famous.

Not only was her acting exceptional, but her singing skills were top-notch as well. Even renowned singers looked at her with awe.

The next play was something Rose was really looking forward to, oddly enough—or perhaps surprisingly enough, I guess.

I've known Rose for as long as I can remember, but I never expected her to be this enthusiastic about it.

Finally, we found our seats. Mine happened to be next to the couple who had just watched the last play. Were they planning to watch the next one too? Seemed likely.

"Are you certain it's wise for us to indulge in this while we're actively on the case?" I voiced my concern to Rose.

But Rose, her attention wholly consumed by the stage, didn't even spare me a glance. "Eh? I'm sure it's fine. As long as we accomplish our mission, time is of no consequence," she replied, her voice filled with unwavering determination.

"I don't know about that... It feels like we're swimming in deep waters here, and there's no room for anything but the case," I mused silently. Yet, if Rose deemed it acceptable, then perhaps it wouldn't hurt to dip our toes in this diversion. Maybe immersing myself in this play would serve as a temporary respite from the relentless grip of thoughts about Student Leon.

"I'm practically buzzing for this next one!" the woman seated beside the man next to me suddenly exclaimed, her excitement practically radiating off her. "I've been itching to catch this show! I even devoured the novel version of the story. It's a gut-wrenching tale, full of tragedy and heartache. Normally, I'm not one for stories without happy endings, but this one..."

it feels like it's meant to tug at your heartstrings from the very beginning. And the ending? It'll leave you breathless, catching you completely off-guard! It's hands down the most captivating piece of fiction I've ever stumbled upon!"

"Really? What's the name of this play, by the way? I didn't catch it on the list of plays today," the man interjected, his voice oddly familiar for some reason.

"It's called 'Romea and Julieto'! Authored by Gabrielleon! They're a renowned writer, famous for their countless works of fiction! How could you not know?" the woman replied, incredulous.

"'Romea and Julieto,' huh? And Gabrielleon... I feel like I've heard that name before. In fact, they might even be someone I know."

"If that's the case, could you introduce me to them? I'd love to get an autograph!"

"...Alright."

"Hehe, that's why I love you, Leon!" the woman exclaimed.

My eyes widened in that moment, and I felt my heart sink. Leon. That was the name of the young man who had been on my mind lately, the one I had lost my virginity to. I could try to dismiss it as just a coincidence, her saying the same name, but the man's voice and his way of speaking were identical to the man who took my virginity.

I turned to glance at the man seated beside me. At the same moment, he turned to meet my gaze.

"...Oh? Professor Irene," he said in a calm tone, as if my presence didn't bother him at all, despite catching him on a date with another woman. Dating was perfectly fine for Milham students; the only activities prohibited were prostitution, purchasing services from prostitutes, or engaging in sexual relationships with fellow students.

In other words, as long as you didn't cross those lines, you were good.

So his calm demeanor was perfectly natural; he wasn't doing anything wrong. After all, I hadn't caught him doing anything prohibited.

"You're here for the play too?" he asked. "This piece must be really good if even you're taking time out of your break to see it, huh?"

His nonchalant attitude felt like a million daggers piercing my heart. Had he forgotten what happened between us? Well, I did tell him to forget about it, but something like that was impossible to erase from memory, right? I certainly hadn't forgotten...

"Uh, y-yeah..." I mumbled, tearing my gaze away from him.

"Who's she?" the woman beside him asked.

"She's one of my professors at the academy," he replied.

A professor. That's all I was to him, nothing more, nothing less. I repeated that to myself over and over, trying to push away any forbidden thoughts of Leon because he was my student. But no matter how hard I tried, I still found myself wondering what if we were the same age.

"Oh? Should I introduce myself to her?" the woman asked.

I quickly stood up from my seat and walked away from them.

"Hey, where are you going?" Rose called after me, noticing my departure.

"I'm changing seats," I replied tersely.

"Why? These seats offer the best view of the show. Why would you want to change seats?"

I didn't answer. I was holding back tears so hard that I felt like if I spoke, I might burst into tears. So instead, I just walked away without saying anything.

Leon's POV

The unexpected presence of Professor Irene sent a jolt of surprise through me. Why was she here? And why was she with Professor Rose? But those questions were pushed aside as something else seized my attention—a troubling mystery. Elise had ingested my essence, yet she hadn't transformed into her succubus form. It was perplexing, almost unsettling.

I probed Elise about how she felt after consuming my seed, but her response offered no clarity. She claimed to be unaffected. Was it because she was only partially succubus? I think that might be the case, but I'll have to look into it more. Who knows, maybe delving into this could lead to a breakthrough for me to finally fuck her.

We watched the play together. It was honestly a good story, and the actors delivered solid performances. Yet, amidst the performance, one actress shone brighter than the rest. The portrayal of the heroine, Romea, was simply mesmerizing.

Her acting flowed effortlessly, casting a spell over the audience and overshadowing her fellow cast members. Although, I couldn't help but feel that the actress who played the heroine, Jeanne, in the previous play was even better.

After the show, Elise suggested we grab a bite to eat at a nearby restaurant. The food wasn't to my taste, so I merely chewed it without really savoring the flavor before swallowing. Elise seemed to enjoy it, though, so I kept my thoughts to myself.

After dinner, we headed to Lala Land.

Irene's POV

"Brightspear, what's wrong?" Rose inquired. My back was turned to her, so she couldn't see my face. If she could, she'd probably laugh at me, so I didn't turn around or respond. I feared she'd hear the crack in my voice, threatening to unleash the tears I'd been holding back since earlier.

"Slow down, will ya?" Rose's footsteps hastened to catch up with mine. "I get it. You're pissed I dragged you into that play, and now you're on the verge of tears because of how goddamn heartbreakingly gut-wrenching that ending was. Hell, I shed a few tears myself. I won't poke fun at you for having a face soaked with tears right now. So, can you please just stop for a moment?"

"I-I'm not crying, really," I stammered, my voice trembling with the effort of holding back tears.

"Don't lie. I can hear the crack in your voice," Rose shot back, her concern evident as she finally caught up to me, her steps hurried. With gentle insistence, she turned me around to face her, her eyes widening in alarm at the sight of my tear-streaked cheeks. "...These tears don't look like they're from the play," she observed, her voice softening with empathy. "Brightspear, what's really going on?"

I hesitated, grappling with the turmoil inside me, but eventually, I offered a feeble explanation. "Nothing, really. Just got too emotional because of the ending," I murmured, hoping to deflect her concern.

"Really? It feels like there's more to it," Rose insisted, her voice tinged with a mix of worry and suspicion. Then, with an ill-timed jest, she added, "What, did some asshole fuck you and then vanish into thin air?"

The words hit me like a sledgehammer, shattering the fragile facade I had desperately clung to. Fresh tears cascaded down my cheeks, each drop a testament to the pain I had tried to bury.

"Eh? S-Seriously?" Rose exclaimed, her voice echoing with disbelief, her eyes widening in shock as she absorbed my reaction. "Good grief, Brightspear, I never imagined you'd be so vulnerable, letting a man just toy with you like that without even bothering to check if he's trustworthy or not! So that's why you reeked of alcohol this morning.

You drowned your sorrows over that asshole and tried to numb the pain, didn't you?! The nerve of that man. Tell me his name, and I'll deal with that bastard. I'll hunt him down and make him pay for what he did to you!"

Chapter 112: My Older Sister And I (5)

Rose's POV

Irene and I decided to drown her sorrows in alcohol at a nearby bar. My solace. In times like these, the remedy for a shattered heart was the familiar embrace of booze. Or so they say. I, however, had never experienced heartbreak firsthand, so I couldn't be certain. Nevertheless, it seemed like the logical course of action.

"I really thought our chemistry was incredible! And he's everything I've ever wanted in a man!" Irene lamented, her voice slurred from the copious amount of alcohol she had consumed. "But then, when he took me to bed, he was so irresistible... I couldn't resist!"

"W-Wait, so this jerk was just some random guy who happened to rescue you from a harasser, and then you went off and slept with him, even though you barely knew him?" I exclaimed, incredulous. "Are you out of your mind, Irene? He's not even worthy of being called your boyfriend; he's just a man who had a one-night stand with you."

I pressed a hand to my forehead, feeling a pang of exasperation as I watched this woman knock back drinks like a parched sailor, her sobs uncontrollable. I hadn't expected her to be this vulnerable. She used to be one of the most remarkable women in our academy year, right up there with Gabrielle at the top. But now, seeing her like this, I couldn't help but doubt if she was still the same woman.

"With me being deflowered, I fear I'll never find another man to marry..." she choked out between sobs, her tears staining the table beneath her trembling hands.

I let out a heavy sigh. If she was going to torment herself like this, she should've thought twice before letting that man have his way with her. "Look, what's done is done. You can't undo the fact that you've been deflowered. But dwelling on it won't change anything. What you need to do now is muster your courage, rise above this, and forge a new path for yourself.

Find someone who truly deserves you, someone who can make you forget about that one-night stand."

She fell silent at my words, her gaze dropping to the table.

"Irene?"

"Uh..." she hesitated, her lips parting as if she were on the brink of revealing her inner turmoil. But then, as quickly as the words formed, she seemed to retract, a veil of uncertainty descending over her features. Eventually, she found her voice, her words barely above a whisper. "I don't think... it'll be that easy."

"Why's that?" I asked, raising the glass to my lips for another gulp of alcohol.

Irene's fingers nervously traced the rim of her glass, her gaze flickering with uncertainty. "B-Because I don't think I can find someone better than him."

I nearly choked on my drink, the liquid burning down my throat as her words registered in my mind. My eyes widened in disbelief, my grip tightening around the glass. She was blushing furiously, and it wasn't solely from the alcohol. In that moment, a sinking feeling settled in the pit of my stomach, a realization dawning on me that this woman may be beyond rescue...

Leon's POV

We found ourselves on an observation wheel, or as it's often called in my world, a Ferris wheel. It was a pleasant surprise to discover this kind of amusement ride in this world, but I was grateful for its existence, especially since Elise and I were in a good mood.

The ride had just started a minute ago, and now, both of us were touching each other intimately. Why were we in this situation, you might wonder? Simply because we felt like it. And we were incredibly turned on by each other. I suppose it was due to our succubus blood, stirring up a lustful desire between us.

Our arousal had started to build while we were watching the fair, where jesters were performing tricks. It was adorable when Elise tugged at my sleeve and whispered, with a blush, that she wanted us to find a secluded spot to be alone together.

I couldn't help but think that an inn nearby would be the perfect place for us to get down and dirty. But then, we stumbled upon this Ferris wheel, and a mischievous idea popped into my head. When I suggested that it would be the perfect spot for some fun, Elise was totally on board, flashing me a bold smile with a blush on her face.

As soon as we stepped into our cabin and the ride started to fill up with people, we indulged in a passionate kiss. Our hands began to explore each other's bodies, sending waves of arousal coursing through me. I was practically on the brink of exploding with desire.

"Nnnn..."

I felt her nipples hardening beneath her clothes as I fondled her breasts, while she teased my dick through the fabric of my pants. It was agonizing not being able to fuck her right then and there, but I supposed this was enough to satisfy us for the moment.

The kiss finally broke, but our hands continued their exploration, as if they had a mind of their own.

As I pressed my fingers against her, her breasts seemed to respond eagerly, pushing back against my touch with a soft, yielding warmth that felt intoxicating, even through the fabric of her clothes.

"Ah, nnn, ahh, anhh... oh, t-that part is sensitive," she moaned, her voice trembling with arousal, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. It was clear that her breasts were her most sensitive spot, her erogenous zone.

Intrigued by her reaction, I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if I unleashed my full attention upon her breasts, bypassing the barrier of fabric that separated us.

"Can you show me your breasts?" I murmured, my voice thick with desire, eager to explore her further.

She looked at me with a hint of embarrassment before complying with my request. However, she did it in a way that took me completely by surprise. Instead of lifting her clothes to reveal her breasts, she simply pulled the string at the front of her garment, causing it to loosen and fall away from her body. With her clothes no longer tight, she slid down her sleeves, baring her breasts to me.

What lay before me was a pair of stunning breasts, shaped like delicate bells, crowned with bright pink cherries at their peaks.

It was a visually captivating sight, one that stirred arousal within me.

Without hesitation, I captured one of her nipples in my mouth, while my fingers danced over her other already hardened and puckered nipple.

"Hnnn...~" Elise moaned, the sound both piercing and sweet, as her body responded to my touch. Her teeth clenched, and her back arched, her form contorting with pleasure like a bow being drawn to its limit.

Watching her reaction, I flicked my tongue over her hardened nipple, eliciting another shudder of pleasure from her.

"Ahh, ah, ahh, t-this is...!" she gasped, her fingers clawing at the air as if driven by an insatiable need. Her moans grew more desperate with each passing moment.

I alternated between sucking on her nipples, each one drawing forth a symphony of moans from her lips, and squeezed the one I wasn't sucking with my hand, as if coaxing out every last drop of pleasure from her. With each touch, her back arched even further, her body tensing like a bow on the brink of snapping if drawn any tighter.

"Ahhh...! T-This is...! This is weird, Leon! I feel like I'm going to fly!" she exclaimed, her hands clutching at my head as if to anchor herself down. But I wanted to send her soaring, to make her fly with pleasure. So, I didn't relent in my assault.

"Ahhh! N-No! S-Something's weird! Something's coming! I-I'm flying! AhhhhHHhnnnn!~!" she cried out, her voice a mixture of ecstasy and disbelief as pleasure consumed her.

After indulging in her breasts for a while longer...

"C-Cumming...! AhhhhhhHhhnnnnNnnNnNN~!!!" she screamed, her body convulsing as waves of pleasure crashed over her.

She climaxed. I had been confident in my ability to bring a woman to climax through breast play or even just kissing, but I hadn't expected such an intense response from Elise. Perhaps her body was exceptionally sensitive, or maybe it was simply unaccustomed to such sensations. Whatever the reason, it was clear that she had thoroughly enjoyed herself.

And now, it was time for us to move on to the next round of pleasure.

"Can you stand?" I asked, my voice laced with anticipation.

"Y-Yes... I guess so," she replied.

"Then, can you stand over there and show me your ass?" I requested, my gaze fixed on her enticing figure.

She blinked at me, her eyes wide with apprehension. "Are you sure it's okay? You're not going to die if you do it with me?" she asked, her concern palpable.

I wasn't about to gamble my life by diving into full-on intercourse with her, so I flashed her a confident smile, trying to reassure her. "Don't worry," I said, my voice steady despite the rush of excitement coursing through me. "We should be safe, as long as it's intercrural."

As the words left my lips, Elise shot me a lewd smile, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. She rose from her seat, turning to present her ass to me, clad in the stockings I had insisted she wear earlier. If I wanted to enjoy some fun with Elise without risking my life, I figured getting her to give me a thighjob was the perfect solution.

After ogling her ass for a moment, I decided to make my move.

With anticipation coursing through me, I unzipped my pants, freeing my already throbbing dick. My gaze lingered on her stockings-clad thighs, eagerly awaiting what was to come.

Slowly, I positioned myself between her meaty thighs, relishing the softness of her stockings against my skin. With a steady hand, I guided my shaft between them, feeling a surge of pleasure as I slid into the warm, welcoming space between her legs.

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The sensation of her thighs enveloping my dick felt different from the warm, wet embrace of a vagina or mouth, which is what made the thigh job so exhilarating. It was a new kind of stimulation, and the texture of her stockings only added to the excitement. This was my first time experiencing a thigh job, and it was unlike anything I'd felt before.

As I slid my dick between her thighs, I felt her legs shiver, causing a delightful vibration to ripple through my member.

"...L-Leon, what is this... A-Are we...?"

"That's right," I whispered, leaning in to cover her back and bringing my mouth close to her ear. "With this, we can fuck without actually penetrating you."

With this method, we could engage in intercourse safely, without risking her draining me like a succubus. And as long as we stuck to this, her succubus nature wouldn't manifest either. Or so I hoped. I wasn't entirely sure what could trigger her transformation, but since her consuming my semen earlier hadn't caused any issues, I doubted that alone was the trigger.

"...Hng!"

As I started thrusting my hips and slapping them against her ample buttocks, her lips trembled, unable to stifle a moan as my pulsating dick moved back and forth between her thighs. The sound echoed in the cabin, filling the air with our shared pleasure. With each movement, I could feel something sticky building up within her thighs. She was getting wet from our friction.

The only barrier between my dick and her pussy was the thin layer of stockings. Earlier, I had instructed her to wear them and forbidden her from wearing underwear. This way, she could feel the full sensation of my dick brushing against her core.

"Hnnn...! Ahh, ahhh, L-Leon... Ah, it feels so good!" she moaned.

And it felt good for me too. Even though I wasn't penetrating her directly, the texture of the stockings was enough to push me to the edge of ecstasy.

I intensified the rhythm of my thrusts, each movement causing her supple buttocks to undulate in enticing waves that captivated my gaze. Elise was completely at my mercy, lost in a haze of pleasure that engulfed her from head to toe. The ecstasy welling up inside her surpassed any sensation she had ever known, leaving her utterly spellbound.

"Ahhh, ahhh! Ahhh, L-Leoon~! Ahhnnn~!"

With each forceful thrust, her cries grew louder, echoing throughout the cabin as our fervent movements caused the very structure to groan in protest. Steam rose from her breath, fogging up the cabin windows, while sweat cascaded from our bodies.

"Fyaaaa! Ahhh, ahhh! T-This is amazing, Leon! Ahhh, even though you're not inside, it still feels incredible!"

The stockings, now soaked through with her arousal, could no longer contain the flood of liquid cascading from her core, allowing it to trickle freely between us. My throbbing member glided effortlessly between her slick thighs, the tip tantalizingly poking out on the other side with each passionate thrust.

Elise did something daring then. She reached out and grabbed the tip of my dick with her fingers, stimulating it with a boldness that sent a shiver down my spine.

"Ahhhh, ahh... I'm cumming, Leon! C-Cum together with me!"

"I will...!" I gasped, quickening my thrusts.

Before long, we both reached the peak of ecstasy.

She arched her back like a bridge and then squirted, while I shot ropes of semen, splattering them against the wall of the cabin.

"Haaa~, haa~, haaa~"

We both panted, catching our breath after reaching climax. Our eyes remained locked on each other's reflections in the window of the cabin, still filled with lust that hadn't faded yet. Without needing to say a word, we both knew what we wanted, and so, without hesitation, we continued.

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But obviously, we couldn't keep going inside the Ferris wheel's cabin. The ride was almost over, and we were already nearing the bottom after our first round of intercrural sex. So, before the ride ended, we

straightened out our clothes. However, we didn't bother cleaning ourselves up, knowing we'd just get messy again. There was no point in cleaning now.

We also left the cabin as it was, stained with our fluids.

As we emerged, the scent of sex clung to us like a potent perfume, wafting around us with undeniable intensity. The ride operator's eyes narrowed in suspicion, his gaze lingering on us a moment too long. Yet, as his eyes swept over our enticing figures, a primal desire seemed to flicker in his gaze, betraying his thoughts.

In a sudden move, he hunched over, crossing his legs and instinctively covering his crotch. No doubt he thought we'd been getting it on in the cabin, probably got a boner just thinking about it.

The next move was to find a more suitable spot to continue our escapades. And what better place than a luxurious inn? So, we headed to one of the finest establishments in Pleasure City, rented a room for the night, and made a beeline for our quarters. Unable to keep our hands off each other, we pushed and kissed fervently as we made our way to the room.

I pressed my lips firmly against Elise's, my tongue sliding into her mouth with a hunger that matched my desire. With my left hand, I pulled her close, feeling the curves of her waist beneath my fingertips, drawing her body tightly against mine. Meanwhile, my right hand eagerly sought out the softness of her breast, fingers dancing over the sensitive flesh with a fervor that mirrored my passion.

"Nnn, Leon... Nchuru, nfu... kchu... Aaah... Haaa..."

Elise's moans filled the air, a symphony of pleasure as she surrendered herself to the sensations coursing through her. Her hips twisted and turned with delight, her arms wrapped around my neck, pulling me closer, urging me on. And I didn't hold back.

With my left hand, I explored further, trailing down the curve of her waist until I reached the firm roundness of her butt, teasing and caressing, stoking the fire of our desire to greater heights.

While we were walking, a young woman, who appeared to be a cleaner for the inn, caught sight of us. She froze in place, cleaning tools in hand, staring at us speechless.

Elise paused momentarily, her lips halting their movements, and addressed the transfixed woman with casual indifference. "Hey, could you hurry it up and let us through? You're blocking our path."

The woman simply shifted to the left, allowing us to pass without a word. And so, we continued on our way, lost in our passionate embrace, kissing fervently as we moved forward. Eventually, our arousal reached its peak, and we could no longer resist. With a swift motion, I scooped Elise up into a princess carry and carried on our way.

Finally, we reached our room. Elise inserted the key and turned the door handle, allowing us to enter. Without bothering to even close the door behind us, I tossed Elise onto the bed. She lay there, looking absolutely erotic, making it hard to believe she was about to share the bed with me. Though we weren't going to fuck just yet, the anticipation was almost too good to be true.

Stretching out her arms towards me, Elise beckoned seductively, her lips curled in a tempting smile. "Come here, Leon... Let me spoil you rotten today."

With that invitation, I climbed onto the bed, and we began to undress each other. Stripping Elise was a breeze—I simply gave a playful tug to undo the knots of her clothing, turning her dress into a simple bundle of fabric. As the dress fell away, revealing her beautiful figure, I couldn't help but admire her.

She was clad in black bra, her stockings still clinging to her legs, adding to her allure. My excitement surged even further at the sight of her figure. Elise, in the midst of undoing my belt to remove my pants, quickly noticed the change in me.

"You're already so excited for me..."

Her eyes met mine, filled with a hunger that mirrored my own.

"...I'm very happy."

After discarding my pants, Elise cupped her breasts with both hands, a gesture that seemed almost instinctual. With a knowing look, she beckoned me closer. Understanding her desire, I slid my member between her breasts. With a firm grip, she trapped my swollen member deep between her breasts, rubbing them together in a tantalizing motion, up and down, left and right.

As she worked her magic between her breasts, my hand ventured towards her crotch, eager to explore further. With gentle yet firm movements, I began to caress her pussy through the fabric of her stockings.

"Hnnngg~!"

She moaned in response, her arousal evident in the way her body responded to my touch. Encouraged by her reaction, I slipped two fingers inside her, the fabric of the stockings adding an extra layer of sensation as it rubbed against her moistened folds.

"Ahh, L-Leon... Please, turn me, your big sister, into your naughty girl," she pleaded, before engulfing the head of my dick in her mouth, using her tongue to coat it with her saliva, making my member throb with anticipation.

Her typically reserved expression was now replaced with one of pure lewdness, a sight I couldn't have imagined from her cold demeanor.

"I'd love nothing more than to turn you into my naughty little vixen, my dear big sister," I replied with a grin.

Chapter 114: My Older Sister And I (7)

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

Name: Elise Eclair

Race: Demon-Dragon-Human Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Elise:

1. Make Elise realize herself that you are her long-lost brother

2. Allow Elise to do sisterly things to you 10 times (9/10)

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

....

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"Nchuu... Nnn... fuhaa... lick..."

Elise used her tongue to thoroughly lick the head of my dick while simultaneously giving me a boob job, pressing her breasts together to sandwich my shaft between them. Meanwhile, I fingered her through her stocking, causing the fabric to stretch and slide inside her pussy. The material of her stockings grew damp from the stimulation.

Seeing a woman like her, who initially wore a cold expression, melt into a sisterly demeanor as she got to know me, now displaying such unabashed debauchery, sent waves of excitement coursing through me.

"Mnnn~... Ahh, chuu... haaa... nnn..."

Suddenly, she intensified her licking and began using her breasts roughly on my throbbing cock. It was a clear indication that she was on the brink of orgasm herself.

"NnnnnnnnnnnNnnnNnnnnHhhh~!!!"

After a while of this intense stimulation, I unleashed my hot load of cum onto her heaving breasts. Simultaneously, she squirted and arched her back in ecstasy.

Elise felt a fiery pulsation emanate from me between her breasts as I released a vigorous stream of cum, staining her breasts white. After recovering from her orgasmic high, she carefully used her tongue to clean my cock, savoring the taste of my semen.

"Chu... Chumm, Nfuu... Chupu... It's very clean now," she murmured, her mouth releasing my now-listening member.

As she pulled away, my cock, coated in shiny saliva, throbbed eagerly once more. In my eyes, as I looked down at her, she appeared incredibly lewd.

"You're quite the eager one, Leon... follow me," she said, giving me a flirtatious smile as she squeezed my cock with wet sounds. I obediently got off the bed, pulled along by her hand, as we made our way towards the wall. Her hand pressed against the wall, she glanced back at me and said, "This time, let's use this spot..."

She arched her back, tempting me with her upturned butt, while her free hand swiftly tore apart the stocking she was wearing. The fabric ripped away, revealing the delicate flower that had been previously obscured by the sheer material. It was a fleshy pink fold, trembling slightly, with transparent liquid glistening as it flowed.

I couldn't help but gulp. Never before had I felt this aroused by a woman. Sure, I'd been turned on by Gabrielle, Amon, and countless others, but this was on another level. Maybe I really was a siscon at heart.

"Doing it inside these stocking sounds good, right?" she purred in a lewd tone, her expression matching her words perfectly.

As long as we didn't break the barrier, I figured I'd be safe. As long as I kept it on the outside, there was no risk. So, sliding my dick inside the hole she'd created in the stocking, where she'd torn it, and brushing against her pussy directly sounded damn good and wouldn't harm me.

"Come to the inside of my stocking, from behind me..." she whispered seductively.

Upon hearing her words, I moved behind her as if pulled by a magnet. In the dim candlelight of the room, Elise's body was illuminated in a warm orange glow, making her appear like a goddess. Where she'd ripped the stocking was her pussy, overflowing with sweet nectar, giving her inner thighs a shimmer under the candlelight. That place... was undoubtedly her secret garden, waiting for me to enter.

Of course, I wanted to enter, but I couldn't rush it. I didn't want to end up dead. So, I steadied her hips with my left hand and adjusted my dick's position with my right, slowly inching myself towards that kinky gap.

Though it was narrow inside, once the head slipped past, I could slide in smoothly. Straightening my back, I pushed further, feeling her hot, wet slit tightly rubbing against my shaft. My dick now grazed her pussy directly, the tip hitting her clit.

Amidst the sensation that sapped my strength, my continued movement naturally brought me into contact with her butt.

"Ah... Haaaahhh..."

At that moment, she cried out lewdly, overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through her.

"Ku... Ahhh!"

With my entire dick now inside the stocking, I grabbed her waist with both hands and started grinding.

"Haaah! Nn! ...L-Leon... Ah! Haaa.... Fuahhhh!"

Elise responded sensitively, throwing back her loose waist-length black hair and releasing a womanly cry of pleasure. Eager to hear more of her moans, I thrust forward again, causing ripples to form on her body from the impact against her voluptuous white butt. We both went wild, our bodies colliding and producing white foam at the point of contact, accompanied by loud, wet sounds.

"Yaaah! Ahh...! L-Leon, your... dick is sliding against it...!"

Elise's entire body blushed with ecstasy, her skin tinged a rosy hue that seemed to radiate warmth.

"Ahhh! Le... Ahhh... Ya! Fuaaahhhhhhhh!!"

In an instant, Elise convulsed violently, her scream echoing off the walls as her body was engulfed in an overwhelming climax. Simultaneously, a scorching liquid drenched the stocking, cascading down to the floor in a shimmering cascade of gold. It was a lascivious golden shower.

Her flushed skin intensified to a deeper cherry-pink, the flickering candlelight casting mesmerizing shadows across her trembling form as she reached the peak of pleasure.

"! ...Ah... ahhh... Haaa, Nn... Ah...! W-What is that...?"

I feel like I saw the light somehow," she gasped, her voice trembling with the aftershocks of her powerful climax.

The overwhelming intensity of her orgasm left her in a state of blissful disarray, saliva dribbling from her parted lips as her limbs succumbed to the weight of pleasure, sliding down against the wall in a haze of ecstasy. My hands, anchored at her waist, trailed upward along her quivering belly, finding purchase on her heaving breasts as I held her upright.

"Haaaaah!"

As the lingering waves of pleasure subsided, she was overtaken by a secondary climax, the sensation of her breasts being grasped reigniting the flames of ecstasy within her.

This was making me hornier and hornier.

With her breasts overflowing from my fingers, I began kneading them roughly and resumed my grinding.

"Yaaaahh! ...Leon, don't... be rough... Aaaaaah!"

Her pleasure peaked again for the third time, yet I continued to ravish her relentlessly. The sight of her experiencing unimaginable climaxes every time I delved into her core was incredibly arousing, fueling my desire to send her to the peak again and again.

Hence, I lost count of how many times we reached climax together. All I knew was that she had become accustomed to the ecstasy, matching her movements to mine and shamelessly gyrating her hips.

"Haaah... L-Leon... Leon...!"

Any misstep in our movements could lead to peril, but I paid no mind. If my dick accidentally found its way into her pussy amidst our chaotic motions, I welcomed the risk, even if it meant facing death.

Amidst the intoxicating haze of our lust-filled aura enveloping us, I vaguely recalled Elise experiencing countless mind-blowing climaxes, her squirting golden showers mingling with my ejaculated semen.

As our fervent coupling reached its climax, a transformation overtook Elise. Two imposing horns sprouted from her head, while a tail, its tip shaped like a heart, materialized on her upper buttocks.

Driven by instinct, I seized the tail.

In that moment, she unleashed a climax of such magnitude that she crumpled to the floor, awash in a sea of our mingled fluids and ejaculate.

Afterward, she gazed at me with a lascivious grin.

"Oh, dear brother..." she purred. "That was amazing."

Her voice had undergone a transformation. No longer did it carry the familiar tone of cold but caring, but instead, it dripped with the sultry allure of a seductress. This was her succubus form.

But as quickly as the transformation had come, it faded away. She slumped to the floor, unconscious and motionless. With her loss of consciousness came the disappearance of her horns and tail. It was as if her succubus form had been nothing more than a fleeting dream, though I knew it was all too real.

Gently lifting her in a princess carry and laying her on the bed, I heard a metallic chime resound in my mind.

--

2. Allow Elise to do sisterly things to you 10 times

Completed!

--

The third requirement had been unlocked.

3. Find The Third

--

"Third...? What the heck is the third...?" I muttered, utterly perplexed by the mysterious requirement.

As I stared at the third task with a furrowed brow, the door suddenly burst open.

I turned towards the door and was met with the sight of three women. The two ladies... were probably the ones I sensed in the adjacent room, I figured, likely in the midst of some steamy action before our voices interrupted them. They appeared to be in their middle ages, clad only in sheer negligees. Given their interrupted activity, presumably engaged in scissoring, they were likely a lesbian couple.

The third woman was the young lady Elise and I encountered on our way to the room.

"What? Do you want to have some fun too?" I grinned at the trio. Since I wasn't satisfied yet with Elise, their unexpected arrival was perfect. Who knows, I might even gain a skill if I'm lucky.

With that invitation, the three of them entered the room.

Chapter 115: Two Busty MILF and A Room Attendant Share A Same Man In A 4P (1)

Since I'd rented a room with a particularly big bed, it could easily accommodate three people. But with Elise currently sleeping there, I could only fit two. Unless the three decided to take turns or stack on top

of each other, this bed would work just fine for all of us. I glanced at the three of them, staring at my dick in awe, mouths hanging open with drool dribbling down their chins.

"Susan... This young man's dick is huge. Have you ever seen anything like it?" the busty woman, looking like a seasoned MILF, exclaimed to her shocked friend.

"I-I haven't... Not even my husband's comes close..." the other woman, also busty and likely a MILF, replied.

"Mine either..." the other woman replied, her voice filled with awe.

Wait, they both had husbands? Judging by their curves, they probably had kids too.

So, they were sleeping with each other behind their husbands' backs... Interesting.

The young woman, dressed in a room attendant's uniform, gazed at my still rock-hard dick with wide eyes, her expression a mix of shock and fascination.

"My ex-boyfriend's looks like a miniature one compared to this..." she murmured to herself, her words tinged with disbelief. So, she wasn't a virgin anymore, huh? Well, that was fine by me. I wasn't planning on conquering her anyway.

While they were all entranced by the sight of my member, I seized the opportunity to utilize my Hair Growing skill. With a subtle exertion of power, my hair began to lengthen, cascading down my back in waves. It was a small alteration, but it would be enough to ensure they wouldn't recognize me if we happened to meet again in the future.

"Ladies," I addressed them, drawing their focus back to me. My hair cascaded down my shoulders now, transforming my appearance into that of a youthful man in his mid-20s. "Shall we begin our little adventure, starting with you?" I gestured towards the youngest woman, a glint of anticipation in my eyes.

"Me? But..." she faltered, her gaze darting nervously between the two older women.

"Do you both approve?" I turned to the older women, seeking their consent.

They exchanged a conspiratorial smile. "Not at all. As long as you possess the vigor to... satiate our desires," one of them replied, her brown locks flowing like silk down her back.

"Don't worry," I reassured them. "I'll ensure that each of you experiences ecstasy beyond your wildest dreams."

Both of them grinned with lustful anticipation. "Is that so? Well, you two go ahead. Us old ladies will just amuse ourselves over here while you're at it," one of the older women remarked, her tone playful.

The young woman still looked uncertain.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Huh? Uh, I'm Gladys," she replied nervously.

"Well, then Gladys. How about you take the lead while I lie back here on the bed? That way, it won't be as intimidating, right?" I suggested, reclining on the bed with my dick standing proudly at attention. Letting the woman take charge while the man lay back was often the best way to ease her nerves.

Gladys tentatively approached me, her steps filled with trepidation. Her gaze lingered on my dick, still glistening with Elise's pussy juice, and she gulped nervously. The older women gave her a gentle push, causing her to stumble and fall on top of me.

"Uh..." she gasped, her eyes wide with shock as she stared at me. Judging by her youthful face, she's in her mid-twenties. She didn't have a particularly curvaceous figure, and her breasts were on the smaller side. Her appearance was rather average, lacking in standout beauty or cuteness. She quickly composed herself. "Um, is this going to...

fit inside me?" she asked, her voice trembling with fear.

"Don't worry. Someone even smaller than you could handle it," I reassured her. Well, I hadn't had sex with Marie yet, but I figured she could manage, considering her age.

Taking my word for it, Gladys grabbed the shaft of my dick with one hand and aimed it towards her crotch. With her only wearing underwear beneath her white skirt, she simply shifted the fabric aside with her other hand. Then, slowly, she lowered herself onto me.

My dick was slowly engulfed by the heat of her flesh, her labia gradually swallowing every inch of my throbbing member.

"Nnnfuaahhhhhh...! Ahhh...! Ahhh, th-this dick is stretching me out so much, ahhh...!" Gladys moaned, her voice filled with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort.

The older women watched with impressed expressions as they witnessed my dick plunging deep into Gladys, all the way to the hilt.

"Oh my, I wonder how it would feel to have that massive dick inside me?" one woman mused, her eyes glinting with desire.

"I'm sure it would feel incredible," the other woman replied, her voice laced with anticipation, as they both observed my dick buried deep within Gladys's quivering pussy.

"Well, why don't we indulge ourselves while the younger ones have their fun, Susan?" the brown haired woman proposed, her voice dripping with temptation. I could tell her name was Ada from the earlier exchange. The other woman, with darker brown hair, must be Susan.

With a mischievous glint in her eyes, Ada produced a double-ended dildo, teasingly licking one of the tips to make it glisten seductively. Her lips curled into a suggestive smile as she cast a meaningful glance at Susan.

Both women sauntered to the edge of the bed, where Susan reclined on the floor. Ada, with a sultry smile playing on her lips, coated the double-ended dildo with more saliva, her movements deliberate and enticing.

"Nnn..."

As she eased the slick toy into her pussy, a soft moan escaped her lips. With half of the dildo buried inside her, Ada approached Susan, her movements fluid and seductive. Crouching down, she positioned the other end of the dildo at Susan's eager pussy, the anticipation palpable in the air.

With a breathless gasp, Susan welcomed the intrusion, her body responding eagerly to the shared pleasure. "Nnnhh... Ahh, goodness," she moaned. "Even this dildo doesn't hold a candle to how inept my husband is in bed..."

Ada chuckled softly, her laughter brimming with mischief and desire. "Well, I suppose that's why we're here, isn't it? To fulfill each other's cravings," she purred.

"Well, even though a dildo isn't quite the same as a dick, it'll have to suffice since it can give me the pleasure my husband never could," Susan remarked.

Ada's response came in a breathless moan, her hips gyrating with increasing fervor as she drove the dildo deeper into Susan's hungry pussy. "Don't forget, the reason you're feeling this ecstasy is because you're with me, Susan... Nnnh..." she murmured, her words punctuated by gasps of pleasure.

Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, each thrust of the dildo accompanied by a symphony of moans and sighs. Susan's fingers tangled in Ada's hair, pulling her closer as their lips met in a passionate kiss. The room was filled with the heady scent of arousal, mingling with the sounds of their impassioned lovemaking.

As I watched the scene unfold before me, my own arousal surged to new heights. The sight of two mature women lost in the throes of passion ignited a fire within me, causing my dick to twitch eagerly inside Gladys's tight pussy.

"Hnn... Y-Your dick is throbbing inside me...! Just as I thought, this dick is huge... Nnn..." Gladys gasped, her hands grasping my chest for support as she began to undulate her hips, riding me with increasing fervor.

"Ah, yes... yes... This is what I've always craved... Ahn!"

With each rhythmic bounce, her velvety walls tightened around my dick, squeezing it with fervor. While her technique wasn't flawless, it was clear she possessed the skills of someone well-versed in the art of sex. She skillfully manipulated my dick, aiming to stimulate her deepest pleasure spots. After a while, she found what she was looking for, and she came undone.

"NnnnnNN~!! Ahh, haaa, that's the first time a man has ever hit my sensitive spot...! None of my previous partners had ever come close to reaching it because it was so deeply hidden... haaa... This dick is truly remarkable...!"

After her declaration, she resumed grinding her hips against mine, her movements growing increasingly fervent. Meanwhile, the two women on the floor engaged in passionate sex, their moans mingling with

the sounds of their bodies slapping together as they squirted and climaxed all over the floor. Gladys reveled in the ecstasy for a while before eventually passing out from the overwhelming pleasure.

And despite cumming inside Gladys, I received no notification indicating that I could now replicate her skill. It seemed she was skillless.

Gently, I moved her to the bed and let her rest beside Elise, who appeared to still be asleep. Despite the cacophony of moans filling the room and the constant motion of the bed, I was surprised Elise remained undisturbed. Was she truly sleeping, or was she simply feigning slumber? The thought of turning this encounter into a fivesome crossed my mind, but I quickly dismissed it.

If Elise were to assume her succubus form, it could have unforeseen consequences on these women, and I didn't want to risk it.

Glancing at the two women on the floor beside the bed, I pondered what to do next.

The two women gazed at me with smoldering eyes, their expressions dripping with seduction.

"Now, it's time for you to satisfy both of us..." Ada's voice was a sultry purr.

"I wonder if you can handle the both of us just fine?" Susan's smirk was downright wicked.

"Well, how about we find out?" I replied, a thrill of anticipation coursing through me.

With that, both of them gracefully rose from the floor, and Ada straddled me.

"I'm going first," she announced, her voice laced with desire. Slowly, she lowered her hips, and my dick eagerly entered yet another hot, welcoming fleshy hole.

Chapter 116: Two Busty MILF and A Room Attendant Share A Same Man In A 4P (2)

"Ahhh, t-there it is! A real dick! And a big one at that! Ahhn~, i-it's stretching me so much! I feel like I'm about to cum just inserting it!" Ada's voice trembled with excitement as my dick plunged into her well-used pussy, which had already brought forth life. Despite her seasoned experience, her tightness around my dick was undeniable.

It seemed my size was a factor, stretching her in ways she hadn't anticipated. As she moaned and writhed above me, praising the sensation of being filled by my cock, a sense of satisfaction washed over me, knowing I was able to please even the most experienced woman.

"Don't cum yet, Ada," Susan's voice cut through the heated atmosphere, her tone commanding as she stood behind Ada, holding the other end of the double-ended dildo firmly inside her own pussy. "We're going to use this other end to explore that tight back hole of yours."

Ada glanced back over her shoulder, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she smiled seductively. "I've never done that before, so I'd like to give it a try."

Was she suggesting a double penetration, taking us both in her vagina and her ass? The thought sent a thrill through me. This was shaping up to be an unforgettable experience.

Ada leaned forward, pressing her breasts against my chest to give Susan better access to her ass. Susan approached, her hand guiding the dildo that protruded from her pussy. With precision, she aimed the tip of the dildo at Ada's tight ass and slowly began to insert it. Thanks to the coating of vaginal fluid, the penetration was smooth and effortless.

"Nghhh...!"

After a moment of pushing, Susan succeeded in burying the dildo deep into Ada's anus. As she did, I felt Ada's pussy grip my dick even tighter.

"Ahhh, ahhh...!"

The sensation of my penis and the dildo rubbing against each other inside Ada's tight cavity sent waves of pleasure coursing through us all. Susan glanced at me, silently urging me to start moving. With her encouragement, I...

"Mmm, ah, ah, yes, that's it. It feels so good... mmm.... Ahhh! I haven't felt this liberated since before I got married!" Ada moaned, her voice filled with ecstasy.

Both Susan and I synchronized our movements, our dicks plunging in and out of Ada's quivering flesh. The room was filled with the rhythmic symphony of our thrusts, echoing off the walls with each powerful stroke. With every thrust, we drove Ada closer to the edge of ecstasy, our dicks penetrating her with relentless intensity.

Susan's and Ada's expertise in pleasuring me while pleasuring themselves was evident in every motion, heightening the pleasure for all involved.

"Ahhh, it's so good!" Susan's voice was filled with euphoria. "Fucking Ada feels amazing!"

"Aaaaaah! Ahhhh! M-My ass is... shaking...!"

As the dildo penetrated her tight rear entrance, my throbbing dick was electrified from within, while her contracting pussy squeezed me with a growing intensity.

While Susan thrust into her ass, she also seized Ada's ample breasts, drawing her closer with a possessive grip.

"Ahhh...!"

In that moment, it felt as if the two of them were locked in their own world of carnal pleasure.

"Ada... ahnn~! Ahhh... fuahhh... Ahhh...! H-Hey, your tongue...

Give me your tongue too...!" Susan demanded eagerly.

Susan rested her chin on Ada's shoulder, playfully sticking out her tongue. Ada turned her head, meeting Susan's tongue with her own, and they began to passionately explore each other's mouths. Meanwhile, we took turns pleasuring Ada in every way imaginable.

Susan squeezed and molded Ada's breasts like pliable flesh while fucking her from behind, while I held Ada's arms crossed over her chest as I thrust into her from below.

Ada climaxed countless times, her juices drenching me as she writhed in ecstasy. Susan was cumming relentlessly too, her pleasure evident in the way her body trembled against Ada's.

At one point, Susan's eyes rolled back in her head, her tongue hanging loosely from her mouth in a state of blissful abandon.

"...This is my first time seeing Ada like this...!" Susan exclaimed, her voice laced with excitement. "She looks so erotic!" With that, Susan tilted Ada's head, capturing her lips in a passionate kiss. As their mouths melded together, Ada's already debauched expression intensified into a sultry display of pure lust.

While locked in a passionate kiss with Ada, Susan shot me a sultry glance, silently urging me to join in. I eagerly complied, sitting up to capture the erotic sight of their tongues dancing together, and added my own tongue to the mix.

After a while, the overwhelming pleasure became too much to bear, and I couldn't hold back any longer. With a primal groan, I erupted, releasing my seed deep into Ada's eager pussy.

"NnnnnnnnNnNnNNnnnNnNnhHhhhhH~!!!"

Simultaneously, Ada reached her peak, her cries of ecstasy muffled by Susan's lips. Unfortunately, despite cumming inside Ada, I didn't receive any notification indicating that I could now copy her skill. It seemed that, like Gladys, she was also without any skills.

Following my climax, it was Susan's turn. This time, she straddled me, impaling herself on my hardened member with a moan of pleasure.

"Ahhhh...! This dick is stretching me so fucking wide...!" Susan moaned, arching her back as waves of pleasure washed over her.

Meanwhile, Ada prepared herself, the anticipation coursing through her veins as she slowly eased the double-ended dildo into her awaiting ass. With each inch that disappeared inside her, she let out a soft gasp, feeling herself stretch to accommodate its girth. Once fully inserted, she turned around, positioning herself on all fours, the dildo's other end protruding tantalizingly from her rear.

With deliberate movements, she crawled backward, a shiver of excitement running down her spine as she approached Susan.

As Susan's lips met mine in a heated kiss, her hand trailed down to the dildo, guiding it towards her own waiting back entrance. With a soft moan, she began to ease it inside, the sensation of being filled from both ends sending shivers of pleasure coursing through her body.

"Nhhh...! I've never experienced anything like this before, but seeing how much Ada's enjoying it, it must be fucking amazing," Susan remarked breathlessly, her voice tinged with excitement and anticipation.

"It's only because I'm here with the two of you that she experienced that level of pleasure, Madam," I added with a smirk.

"You cheeky boy..." she said with a grin of her own. "...If you were just 20 years older, I might have already left my husband to be with you."

"That's too bad, then," I replied.

Susan and Ada intertwined their hands, their connection adding to the intensity of the moment. As Ada began to move her ass back and forth, pounding into Susan's eager rear, Susan's cries of pleasure filled the air.

"NnnHhhHhHH~!! Ahhh, ahhhh, ahhh~!"

Meanwhile, as I thrust into her pussy, a dildo worked its way in and out of her ass. The sensation of a woman's vagina being double penetrated was incredibly tight, as if it were trying to drain me dry with each thrust.

And just like that, Ada and I took turns fucking Susan this time. As Susan kissed me passionately, Ada worked the double-ended dildo into Susan's ass, their bodies intertwined in a sensual dance of pleasure. It was a completely new experience for me, and I found myself reveling in the eroticism of the moment.

After reaching climax inside Ada and discovering her skill called Glowing Arms, I decided not to copy it. It seemed rather underwhelming, just making her arms glow without any practical use. I preferred to stick with Fireball as my go-to skill. Besides, I didn't want my own arms to glow – it just felt weird.

But the foursome didn't end there. We continued to pleasure each other, indulging in the carnal pleasure of our desires. Despite not acquiring any new skills, I found myself thoroughly enjoying the experience. Both Ada and Susan were incredibly sexy, and the room attendant's plush figure was a delight to hold onto. It was like heaven, indulging in the pleasure of fucking women I didn't even know.

After a while, I decided to bring our wild session to a climax by filling Gladys with my cum while pleasuring the two MILFs with my fingers. I fucked Gladys in mercenary with unrestrained passion, while simultaneously fingering Susan and Ada as they lay on their backs. As I pounded into Gladys, Susan and Ada eagerly sucked at her breasts.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh...! N-No...! I'm cumminggggggggg~!!! Ngggghhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Oh dear... I'm cumming from just fingers...! Ahhh...! Ah, no... Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"This young man's a beast...! Ahhh...! I've never felt this dominated before...! Ahhh!"

Their cries of pleasure filled the room as all three of them reached the peak of ecstasy. Sensing their impending orgasms, I intensified my hip movements, eager to join them in climaxing together.

After a while, the three of them squirted in unison, their bodies trembling with pleasure. After pouring two shots of cum inside Gladys, I withdrew my dick from her pussy and coated their bodies with my hot, sticky sperm, marking the end of the foursome.

After that, I suddenly noticed Elise staring at me with a shocked expression. When had she woken up?

I raised my hand and greeted her with a wry smile, "Yo..."

Chapter 117: Preparation For The King's Game (1)

Waking up the next morning was a bit of a struggle, thanks to the warmth enveloping me. Three women were draped over my body like marshmallows. Last night... it was wild. I felt like I'd achieved some kind of sex guru status, going at it with three women simultaneously.

And then there was Elise. She left during the night, not because she was angry about me banging three other women right next to her while she slept. No, she looked downright proud.

"As expected of my dear brother!" she exclaimed after I'd coated the three women's bodies in my cum. Then, sitting up on the bed, her breasts bouncing enticingly, she grabbed my face and planted a deep kiss on my lips. "I'm sorry I can't stick around longer," she said with a hint of solemnity. "But I promise I'll make it up to you next time we meet," she added with a seductive grin.

Whatever she had in mind for making it up to me, I knew it was going to be good. So I eagerly told her I couldn't wait to see her again.

After that, Elise put on her usual leather jacket and exited the room, leaving behind the stocking and the clothes I'd given her. As she departed, I heard a familiar chime from my phone. I grabbed it eagerly, curious about the message waiting for me. It was from Elise herself.

Despite the messy typos and grammatical errors, the essence of her message was crystal clear: "I forgot the clothes you gave me. Keep them close for when you miss me. Smell them while you think of me, jerking off."

It was kind of sweet of her to do that.

But back to the present. It was already 5 A.M., and I had to head to the academy later, so I needed to get ready soon. With that in mind, I slipped out of bed slowly, careful not to wake the three women.

"Mmm... Lord Mephisto..." Gladys mumbled in her sleep, my name lingering on her lips like a sweet memory from the night before. It seemed I had made quite an impression on her, etching myself into her dreams for the foreseeable future. And I had no doubt that Ada and Susan would remember my name just as vividly.

Stepping into the bathroom, I turned on the shower, letting the warm water cascade over me as Stardust Melody played softly in the background. The soothing melody accompanied me as I lathered up, washing away the remnants of the night's escapades.

Emerging from the shower, I decided to cut my hair short. With practiced hands, I carefully cut my hair, taking my time to ensure a precise and flawless result. As I examined myself in the mirror, I was satisfied with the outcome. My hair was neatly trimmed, devoid of any imperfections.

After dressing myself, I quietly left the room without saying goodbye to the women who had shared my bed. There was no need for farewells; our time together had come to an end, and I had places to be.

That afternoon, I received a message from Gabrielle.

"Come to my office. Discreetly, if possible."

The text was very business-like, typical of Gabrielle. As I pondered this, I informed Titania that I wouldn't be able to join her for lunch due to some errands. She didn't protest and instead bid me farewell with a smile. With that settled, I made my way to Gabrielle's office.

Upon entering, I found Gabrielle seated at her desk, engrossed in documents. She didn't acknowledge my presence until a few moments later.

"Come here," she beckoned, motioning for me to approach. I complied, closing the distance between us. When I reached her, she handed me a ticket.

"What's this?"

"What do you mean, 'what's this'? Didn't you ask me to arrange your participation in the King's Game?" she replied sharply.

"Oh, right. So this is...?"

"A ticket for the game," she said bluntly. "I got it from a friend of mine. But listen up, that ticket alone won't guarantee your entry. You'll need to get permission from the administration. And sorry, but that's something you'll have to handle yourself."

"Why do I need permission for this?" I inquired.

"Because you're a student here, that's why. What you do outside of the academy is your business, but when it comes to something as big as the King's Game, the administration wants to make sure it reflects well on them. It's a bit of a twisted tactic by the administration, if you ask me. Though, I wouldn't get your hopes up too much."

They probably won't have much faith in you, especially considering you're not exactly the most skilled."

The academy's administration didn't exactly have a soft spot for skillless folks. In fact, they openly looked down on them. They were still struggling to accept that skillless individuals like them had made it into their prestigious institution, known for producing the most powerful magic knights. I doubted they'd ever view them favorably in the future either.

"Still, how am I supposed to ask for permission?" I pondered aloud, not expecting an answer, but Gabrielle provided some insight.

"Try asking Galdea," she suggested. "She's the most reasonable one among the administrators. Well, I hope she is... She's the youngest of the bunch, after all."

Galdea Sharm Lumond, a member of the administration and the youngest among them. She was the daughter of the late Harold Sharm Lumond, the former duke of the Lumond. Among his children, Galdea was the only one who managed to become a magic knight. I think she's two years older than Gabrielle.

"Well, I'll try just that," I said, determined to seek Galdea's assistance. It was fortunate that I knew her, considering she was among the women I wanted to dominate.

After concluding my conversation with Gabrielle and promising her a reward later, I exited her office. As I walked, I heard a metallic chime ring from my pocket. Retrieving my phone, I checked the sender. Upon seeing who it was, I let out a sigh.

"Looks like she's in trouble," I muttered to myself.

"I don't have a ticket yet," Shredica said to me after I waited for her for three hours near the fountain in the academy. She looked as sullen as ever, with a deep frown etched on her face. It was hard to tell if this was her usual expression or if she was genuinely troubled. "You need to help me."

"...That's a little complicated," I replied. "I don't think we'll be able to get a ticket so easily."

The ticket Gabrielle gave me was from a friend of hers. If I wasn't mistaken, that friend was a magic knight or someone close to the royal family. Gabrielle obtained the ticket through her connections, and I got it because of my association with her.

However, Shredica didn't have any connections. Just one look at her face and you could tell she wasn't exactly approachable. I doubted anyone would befriend her or form a genuine connection with her.

"You can help me," she insisted. "You're dating the Princess of Bethlan, right?"

"What does that have to do with anything?" I countered, though I already had a suspicion of what she was getting at. Still, I needed to be sure.

"You ask her," she replied, her tone firm.

Her audacity was striking. "I can't do that," I retorted. "If I did, I'd look like a gold digger."

"You aren't?"

Her question caught me off guard. "You think I'm a gold digger?" I exclaimed, incredulous.

"I hear whispers swirling around that the only reason you've got Princess Titania wrapped around your finger is because of her riches," she stated bluntly, her face devoid of emotion as she dropped the bombshell. "Folks in our class even say you're a gold digger, that you're not in it for love, but for the chance to dip your dicks in her cash and pussies."

Who the fuck spreads rumors like that?

"For the record, I only said what I heard from them," she added.

"That sounds more like slavery than an actual relationship," I retorted, incredulity dripping from my words. "And let me set the record straight: none of it's true. I genuinely love Titania. As for your request, it's out of the question. I can't just stroll up to my girlfriend and ask for a ticket to the game, only to hand it over to another woman. I've got more integrity than that."

Shredica sighed deeply, her breath heavy with resignation, as she fished her phone from her pocket. With practiced ease, she composed a message, her fingers dancing across the screen. "Can I implore you to assist me in acquiring a ticket for the King's Game, Princess?" she typed out, her gaze fixed on the screen, awaiting a response.

After sending the message, a reply flashed on her screen. She showed me the message.

"Sure."

My jaw dropped.

"Let's go," she said decisively. "If we linger here, we'll only keep your girlfriend waiting."

With that, we made our way to Titania's location.

Chapter 118: Preparation For The King's Game (2)

Titania, Shredica, and I were on the rooftop, discussing Shredica's request. We sat around a circular stone table, Titania and I on one side, and Shredica on the other.

"So, you wanna join this year's King's Game, huh?" Titania remarked. "But you don't have a participation ticket. That's tough luck. You do realize that by the time those tickets are handed out, the game's already started, right?"

Shredica nodded in understanding. There were only a hundred participation tickets available, distributed randomly to lucky individuals. That marked the start of the King's Game. Anyone who wanted in had to either persuade or coerce ticket holders to hand them over. The game was limited to a hundred participants, but anyone could try to get in.

"I don't think I'll be much help, to be honest. I haven't scored a ticket myself. How about you, Leon?" Titania asked.

"I did," I replied, producing the ticket for her to see.

"You're planning to jump in the fray too, right?" she inquired, already aware of my intentions.

"Yeah, that's the plan," I confirmed. "Which is why I can't hand it over to Shredica."

Shredica had been the one to invite me into the game in the first place.

"Hmm... This is tricky," Titania muttered, her brow furrowed in thought. Then, suddenly, her face lit up.
"I've got it! I know someone who has a ticket!"

Shredica and I exchanged puzzled glances. As far as we knew, Titania wasn't particularly close to anyone. So who could this mystery person be?

The person Titania mentioned turned out to be Zeruel, who was seated alone in the cafeteria, voraciously stuffing her mouth with food. It was quite a contrast from her usual graceful demeanor during duels. Seeing her like this, hunched over at a table tucked under the stairs leading up to the second floor, filled me with a sense of melancholy.

As she shoveled food into her mouth, Zeruel suddenly caught sight of us and her eyes widened in alarm. Hastily, she tried to finish her meal quicker, hoping to avoid our approach. However, she still had a second plate to contend with.

When we finally reached her table, Zeruel slumped her shoulders in defeat, still chewing on the food she had crammed into her mouth.

"That's a lot," I whispered, eyeing the towering stack of ten plates she had devoured.

Zeruel shot me a glare at my comment. Oops. I hadn't anticipated her being sensitive about it.

"What do you want?" she grumbled, avoiding my gaze.

Titania slammed her hands on the table. "You've got a ticket, right?!"

Zeruel regarded her with suspicion. "How did you know?"

"That's not important right now," Titania retorted. "Mind if we buy the ticket off you?"

Zeruel seemed to choke on her food momentarily after Titania's request, pounding her chest to dislodge the stuck morsel from her throat. Finally managing to clear it, she gulped it down and turned her attention to Titania. "Y-You want to buy the ticket? Why?"

"Shreddy here wants to join the King's Game, but she doesn't have a ticket, so we're trying to find someone who does and negotiate for it," Titania explained.

"I told you not to call me that..." Shredica muttered to Titania, who ignored her. When had these two started getting along? Probably since that study group we had.

Zeruel set down her spoon and looked at us apologetically. "I'm sorry," she said. "I need the ticket. I plan to join the game myself."

It was only natural for Zeruel to covet the ticket. Winning the King's Game meant she could pay off her mother's sanatorium bills or lift her family out of poverty. The game granted a request to the King of Milham himself, a reward too valuable to pass up. I couldn't blame her for wanting it, not when faced with such dire circumstances.

"Is that so?" Titania responded, showing understanding in her expression. She didn't push the idea any further. "Oh well. If you say so," she conceded, motioning for us to leave.

"Are you sure that's the best course of action? We could just strong-arm her, you know? Even though she's top two, I could handle her just fine," Shredica suggested as we returned to the rooftop.

Titania looked at her sternly. "We can't resort to that, Shreddy! We can't force someone to hand over their ticket, no matter what. And I doubt Zeruel would give it up no matter how hard we try. Besides, with the game's prize, it could change her life for the better."

Shredica must have been aware of Zeruel's financial struggles, which perhaps tempered her suggestion of resorting to more drastic measures. However, it was clear she still had reservations. After a moment of contemplation, she finally voiced her thoughts. "It's not like she'll actually win and get the reward, right? If she ends up losing, then that ticket will just go to waste."

Winning the King's Game was the only way to claim the reward. Those who lost received nothing. Entering the game meant risking one's life, as there were rare instances where participants succumbed to severe injuries that even magical healing couldn't mend, or fell victim to devastating attacks that bypassed healing magic entirely.

This meant Zeruel was not only entering a high-risk, high-reward tournament but also potentially leaving her family behind if she met an untimely demise.

I'm sure Zeruel wouldn't want that outcome.

"Well, I'm sure Zeruel is giving it some serious thought right now, but fighting her for it isn't the best approach, Shreddy," said Titania.

Shredica shot her a glare. "Don't call me that."

After our discussion, the bell signaling the start of afternoon classes rang, prompting us to head to our respective classrooms.

After class, I informed Titania that I wouldn't be joining her back to the dorms because I had something to attend to. She bid me farewell with a smile. My destination was the sanatorium where Zeruel's mother was confined. Her mother suffered from the mysterious Deep Sleep Syndrome, a condition where mana circulation ceased, causing the person to fall into a coma from which they might never awaken.

The only thing keeping them alive was magical intervention to maintain mana circulation throughout their body.

This, however, wasn't cheap, so Zeruel's sanatorium bill might be reaching a point where she couldn't afford it.

Upon arriving, I spotted a girl sitting on a bench, her face clouded with melancholy. Her resemblance to Zeruel was uncanny, from her features to her hair. It wasn't hard to guess that this girl was Zeruel's little sister.

"Hmm..." I pondered for a moment before heading to Leonamon's cake shop. I ordered a tart there before returning.

When I came back, I found the girl curled up into a ball, her head resting on her arms, which were folded over her knees. She was crying.

I approached her cautiously. "Are you alright?" I inquired softly. As she heard my voice, she looked up, her face streaked with snot and tears staining her cheeks. Embarrassed, she immediately covered her face.

"I-I'm okay..." she mumbled, though her shaky voice betrayed her true feelings.

"Did something happen to the person in the sanatorium that made you cry like this?" I probed gently.

The girl fell silent for a moment, then hesitantly replied, "My sister told me not to talk to strangers."

"Okay..." I nodded understandingly. "Mind if I sit beside you then? I won't talk to you. I'm just here because someone I know is also admitted there," I fibbed.

"It's fine," she murmured. "As long as you won't talk."

I settled down beside her, and a heavy silence enveloped us. Neither of us spoke, and I began to feel increasingly awkward about the situation. What was I even doing here, intruding on this girl's private moment?

Then, she spoke up suddenly. "My mother..."

"Your mother...?" I prompted gently.

"Yes," she nodded, her voice trembling slightly. "My mother is the one who's admitted in the sanatorium. She was the only one taking care of us because our father cheated on her. Despite her poor health, she worked tirelessly for us. But eventually, her health deteriorated to the point where she collapsed. And she never woke up again."

That's right. I recalled that Zeruel's mother collapsed two months after she was admitted to the academy. It was the same day I had confessed to her, hoping to gain her interest. Perhaps that's why she had lashed out at me so harshly and turned me down in such a cold manner.

She likely didn't mean to be so cruel, but the shock of her mother's collapse had shattered her composure, causing her to react that way. I couldn't help but feel guilty for adding to her distress during such a vulnerable time.

"Our family is poor. So poor that we can't even afford proper clothes," she continued, her voice tinged with sadness. "That's why we can't pay the bills at the sanatorium. But we can't bear to give up on our mother. So my sister and I have been working tirelessly to try to cover the costs. However, despite our efforts, we've only been able to scrape together a fraction of what we owe.

And our debt just keeps growing. The doctors at the sanatorium told us that if we can't settle the bills by the end of this week, they'll have no choice but to remove the magical intervention keeping our mother alive. But if they do that, she'll die. That's why my sister is planning to do something... something desperate."

"Something desperate?" I prodded gently.

"She's going to sell her body," she whispered, her voice filled with despair.

Chapter 119: Preparation For The King's Game (3)

It wasn't all that surprising that Zeruel would resort to that, so I wasn't caught off guard. Being plunged into the depths of the ocean without a chance to take a breath would make anyone panic underwater, grasping for anything to reach the surface and gulp down some air. I was surprised she hadn't reached that point yet. Well, I wasn't about to let her get there.

While pondering this, the girl began crying loudly. It seemed she couldn't hold it in anymore after pouring out her feelings to me. I gently rubbed her hair. She trembled slightly at first, but then she allowed me to continue.

"What's your name, Mister?" she asked once her crying had subsided.

"Leon," I replied, offering her a smile.

"Leon..." she blushed. "Um, I'm sorry you had to see me crying like that. It must have been quite a sight. I apologize for showing you that." She bowed her head, displaying manners her mother must have taught her.

"No worries," I assured her. "Oh, and here, if you want." I handed her the box of cake.

"What's this...?" she asked, tilting her head cutely.

"It's a cake," I replied.

"Cake?" she repeated, her eyes lighting up. "Something to eat?"

"Exactly," I confirmed, rising to my feet. "Oh, would you look at the time." I glanced at my phone to check. "I've got someone waiting for me inside," I lied. Truth be told, I had no one to meet, but I needed an excuse to start our conversation and get her to open up a bit. I wasn't planning on going inside the sanatorium. "Well then, I should be off.

Hopefully, we'll meet again."

"Uh, o-okay. I hope so too... And thank you for this," she said softly.

With that, I bid her farewell and departed.

Zeruel's POV

When school ended, I made a quick stop at the dorms to grab the money I'd saved up. Then, without delay, I headed straight to Milham's Sanatorium. The cash I'd scraped together from selling newspapers on the streets and working as a waitress was meager at best.

I doubted Selene had much more than I did, and together, our funds probably didn't even amount to ten percent of what we owed for the bills at the sanatorium.

As I walked through the familiar streets toward the sanatorium, a nagging thought gnawed at me: "Is there really no other choice?"

The doctors at the sanatorium delivered a harsh ultimatum: if we couldn't cough up the cash, they'd cut off the magical treatment keeping my mother alive and kick us to the curb. Once that magic lifeline was severed, my mother's time would be up.

The magical intervention came with a hefty price tag of one gold coin per day. That alone would have me slaving away for a month straight. But my mother had been relying on it for over two months now. That meant we owed the sanatorium sixty-plus gold coins. Crunching the numbers, it meant I'd need to grind for sixty-plus months to settle the debt.

But the doctors gave us only a week. Where on earth could I rustle up sixty gold coins in that time? It seemed like an impossible feat. Currently, I only had three gold coins on me. Maybe if I begged for more time and promised to enter the King's Game, vowing to pay up if I won... But let's be real here.

The doctors weren't idiots. They wouldn't put their faith in someone like me, and frankly, I doubted my own abilities to come out on top. The King's Game was no joke; it drew adventurers, mercenaries, warriors from distant lands, and magic knights. A mere student like me stood no chance against them. Even if I possessed a powerful skill, it wouldn't be enough to take on dozens of seasoned fighters.

So what then? What other choice did I have?

When I arrived at the sanatorium, I made a beeline for my mother's room. There she lay, peacefully slumbering as if she were merely taking a nap with no complications whatsoever. Tubes snaked from her body, connected to the magical intervention device—a large green gem that emitted a soft glow. It was this magic intervention that kept the mana flowing through her, sustaining her life.

Taking a seat in the chair beside her bed, I gazed at her serene expression as she rested. She looked so peaceful, as if she were simply asleep.

As I stared at her, the door to her room creaked open. I assumed it was Selene, coming to check on our mother, but to my surprise, it was Doctor Natalia.

"Doctor Natalia...!" I exclaimed, jumping up from the chair and rushing towards her. I reached into my pocket, retrieved the three gold coins, and pressed them into her hand. "I... I know this isn't nearly

enough, and I feel like a total beggar for even asking, but with my mother's life hanging in the balance, I'll do anything...! C-Can you extend the deadline for just two weeks, or even one? I...

I don't think I can scrape together 60 gold coins in such a short time...! These coins... They're not payment, but a plea for an extension... Please...!" Tears welled in my eyes as I pleaded with her.

Doctor Natalia regarded me with sympathy. She'd been kind to us during our time here at the sanatorium. "I'm sorry, Zeruel. As much as I wish I could help, this is beyond my control," she said gently, pushing the coins back towards me.

I was fully aware of that fact, of course. Doctor Natalia and the others weren't the ones eager to toss us out on the streets. It was the heartless owner of the sanatorium who held all the power, not them. But I still had to try something... So I dropped to my knees and prostrated myself, pressing my forehead against the cold, hard wooden floor.

"Please, Doctor... Please... I can't bear to lose my mother..." I pleaded.

"Zeruel..."

I sobbed on the floor, feeling the desperation creeping in. This was the same tactic my mother used to employ with the owner of the tenement we once lived in, begging for just one more month's stay, promising to scrape together the rent by then. Sometimes, when pleading failed, she'd resort to offering her body as payment.

That's why now, I found myself pleading...

If this didn't work, then I...

The doctor pulled me up from the floor, her expression sympathetic. "All the doctors here managed to scrape together 30 gold coins for you, but that's the best we can do. We don't exactly have hefty salaries, you know?" she explained, handing me a bag filled with coins. "Even with this, I'm afraid it won't be enough to keep you and your mother here for long..."

Your bill will keep mounting until it becomes unmanageable, not just for you, but for the staff here who are trying to help you. You have to understand, Zeruel..."

"Uhm, th-thank you... sob... uuu... sob... sob... T-This is more than enough help..."

"Thank you, doctor," I sobbed gratefully. The doctor hugged me and began to pat my back soothingly.

Receiving 30 gold coins was a tremendous relief... But I still needed to find the rest... I highly doubted the sanatorium owner would be generous enough to grant me an extension. The King's Game was just a week away, but waiting until then would be too late for my mother. She wouldn't survive until then. So what should I do...?

That night, I remained in my mother's room. Selene was also here, curled up in a corner, fast asleep. It was her birthday today, and she had just turned sixteen. But there was no celebration, not with our

current circumstances. I glanced sadly at her, wishing we could have done something special. Yet, Mom wasn't well enough to mark the occasion.

Or perhaps, it was more accurate to say we couldn't afford any festivities. My gaze drifted to the table beside Mom's bed, where I noticed something peculiar. It was a small plate with what appeared to be a piece of bread on it. Curious, I approached the table and examined it. There was a letter accompanying the plate, written by Selene.

Given her lack of formal education, her writing wasn't the best, and her grammar left much to be desired. Nevertheless, I could make out the message.

The note said, "Eat this, sister. It's called cake, and it's good."

As I savored the cake, its deliciousness overwhelmed me to the point of tears. It was a taste unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. Sure, the cafeteria food was decent, but this was on a whole other level. Even the academy's fare, which we received for free as top-ten students, couldn't compare. I could only imagine how much this cake must have cost. Where had Selene managed to find it?

Pushing aside my curiosity, I returned to my seat beside my mother's bed. Gently, I took her hand in mine and pressed it against my forehead. "Mother," I murmured, seeking strength from her touch, "Please give me the strength to endure..."

Chapter 120: Preparation For The King's Game (4)

Much later, I found myself in the city of Pleasure, adorned in my finest attire—a simple garment my mother had gifted me, purchased with her hard-earned coin when I first gained admission to the academy. Despite its modest cost, I couldn't shake the guilt of potentially tarnishing such a cherished gift by using it for less than honorable purposes.

But necessity drove me forward; I needed to earn a living, even if it meant selling my very soul.

Eventually, I arrived at a brothel where I sought employment. Entering the office, I presented the paper containing my information to the proprietor—a stern-looking old woman with heavily lined features, her lips painted with thick red lipstick.

"Zeruel, huh? Yeah, I don't like your name..." she remarked, squinting at the paper. "It's too boyish. Men won't be eager to fuck a woman with a name like that. Let's change it to something more appealing, like Catelyn," she declared.

Well, that's fine with me. Actually, it's even better. I wouldn't want to be sleeping with different men every night while they call me by my real name. That wouldn't sit right with me. Plus, I don't want anyone from the academy finding out either. If word got out that a prostitute named Zeruel was on the scene, they'd start digging, and if they discovered it was me, I'd be kicked out of the academy.

I can't have that.

"And you're a virgin, with no dating history... Hmm... Alright. Your manners could use some work to be a proper prostitute, but I'll list you anyway. Your virginity will go for 5 gold coins, with one coin going to us and the remaining four to you. But let me ask, are you absolutely sure about this?

None of the girls who've done this have had a bright future. Some even ended up in despair. You still look pretty young. There must be something driving you to this as a last resort, but I have to ask, are you sure you want to go through with it?"

Was I really sure about this? No, truth be told, I wasn't. Like any other woman out there, I yearned for a proper romance. Selling my body like this would only push that dream further away. But with my mother's life hanging in the balance, I had no choice but to grit my teeth and bear it.

After a moment of hesitation, I replied, "I'm sure. I'm absolutely going through with it."

Seeing the determination in my eyes, the old woman sighed. "Alright, if that's what you want. Let's get you started then. From today onward, you're a part of Midnight Passion's lineup. You'll be working here every night as one of our products. Just wait here for a moment," she instructed before rising from her chair and heading to the door.

"Karina!" she called out, and someone quickly responded.

"Yes?" came the prompt reply.

"Help Catelyn get dressed. She'll be starting work tonight," the old woman ordered.

"Yes, ma'am!" Karina replied enthusiastically. She then guided me to where the dresses were kept. When I laid eyes on them, my jaw dropped. The dresses were crafted from luxurious silk, and even though I wasn't affluent, I could tell they were pricey. But what truly shocked me was their revealing nature. They were designed to showcase a lot of skin.

"Choose whichever dress you like," Karina instructed. "But remember, you can't take them home. They belong to the brothel."

"Y-Yes..." I stammered. Approaching the rack of dresses, I tentatively reached for one. My hand settled on a maroon-colored dress, so thin and skimpy it might as well have been a negligee.

"Nice choice!" Karina exclaimed, clapping her hands with approval. "I made that dress myself!"

Sure, it was impressive that Karina had made the dress herself, but was it really necessary for it to be so revealing? Well, I supposed it was only natural. After all, these dresses were meant for prostitutes. After a brief internal debate, I resolved to put on the dress. Delaying now would be no different than hesitating to save my mother.

Karina stepped out of the dressing room to give me some privacy, and I slipped into the dress. As expected, it was incredibly thin, almost like wearing nothing but a negligee. It felt uncomfortable, barely covering my body and leaving little to the imagination. Clearly, it was designed to show off as much skin as possible.

After stepping out of the dressing room, Karina's face lit up with excitement as she beheld me in the dress she had crafted. After scrutinizing me from every angle, she exclaimed, "Okay! Let's get you dolled up with some makeup!" She eagerly brandished a makeup kit she had on hand.

As she applied the makeup, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was making a mistake. No, it was more than a feeling—it was a certainty. But what other choice did I have?

Leon's POV

At the Midnight Passion brothel, I was with Martha. We had visited multiple times hoping she might remember something, but she couldn't recall a thing, even though we were in the very place where she used to work as a manager.

Amon explained that Martha's health wasn't deteriorating physically; it was her memories that were missing. Fortunately, she hadn't turned into a shell of herself, devoid of memories and emotions. Martha still retained her emotions, even though she couldn't walk and relied on a wheelchair.

When the old lady who taught etiquette to the trainee prostitutes saw Martha in her wheelchair, completely devoid of memory, she broke down in tears.

I confided in her that Norman was responsible for Martha's condition. I assured her that Norman was no longer a threat and wouldn't be able to harm them anymore. When I mentioned that I had taken care of Norman, the old lady was momentarily at a loss for words, but she quickly expressed profuse gratitude for my actions. However, I could sense a tinge of sadness in her demeanor.

It wasn't hard to guess why. This old lady was likely Martha's and Norman's grandmother. Despite Norman's despicable nature, she still saw him as her grandson, which explained her mixed emotions.

I apologized to her for my actions, but she reassured me that it was fine. In fact, she expressed gratitude that Martha was safe and alive, despite her lost memories. It seemed that even without her memories, Martha still interacted with her grandmother as if nothing had changed. Perhaps it was the familial bond that allowed them to connect so effortlessly.

Whenever I had free time, we would visit the brothel together so they could spend time together. However, this time, I had another agenda in mind.

I discussed my plan with the old lady, whose name turned out to be Ville Amarathea. When I explained my intentions, she hesitated, expressing her reservations. "Honestly, I don't think I can bring myself to put that girl on the shelf. I understand why she wants to do it, but I don't believe it's a wise decision. My conscience wouldn't allow me to put her into prostitution.

"I'm relieved that you're stepping in to help her," she admitted.

"Well, she's in the same year at the academy, and we have a bit of history together. I believe she'll regret this decision someday, so I've come to offer my assistance," I explained.

"Thank you, really. Well then, I'll let her know she's accompanying a man tonight who's paid in advance," she said before standing up and leaving the room.

After a while, a timid woman entered. She wore a thin fabric dress, her face heavily made up, and her hair tied in a ponytail with a flower-patterned hair tie. As she entered, she instinctively covered her body with her arms, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

However, as soon as she saw who was inside, her eyes widened, and the color drained from her face, leaving her pale.

"W-What are you doing here?!" she exclaimed, her voice a mix of confusion and shock.

The woman who entered was Zeruel.

As far as she was concerned, those in the academy weren't allowed to step foot in establishments like this or indulge in the services offered here. Doing so could lead to expulsion from the academy.

I responded matter-of-factly, as if her presence didn't faze me. "What do you mean, what am I doing here? I came to have some fun for the night. What else?"

"F-Fun? W-Wait, aren't you dating Princess Titania already? So why are..."

"Titania said I can do whatever I want," I interjected. "More importantly, are you the girl who'll be accompanying me? If so, what are you doing just standing there? Come here."

"You..." she growled at me. "And here I thought you were somewhat of a good guy. I can't believe I'm considering apologizing for what I said back then when you said those things to me."

She was referring to my confession back then. So she was considering that, huh? That's probably the reason why she was always looking my way.

While she stood there, not approaching me, I activated the skill I copied from Gabrielle, "Guardian."