

The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1141: Epilogue

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Chapter 1141: Epilogue 21 - The United Republic Of Viritoginy (6)

I was looking at her quietly, just letting the moment stretch, when a question I had buried deep inside myself suddenly floated back to the surface. It was something that had been sitting in the back of my mind ever since I came to this place. I'd meant to ask it sooner, but so many things had happened—one disaster after another—that it had been pushed aside, forgotten under the weight of survival and confusion.

Still, now that things were calm, even for just a moment, it refused to stay silent.

"Princess, can I ask you something?" I said at last, my voice breaking the stillness.

"What is it?" she replied, turning to look at me. There was a faint pause in her movement, like she was trying to read my expression. She probably found it strange that I'd suddenly shifted the topic so abruptly.

I hesitated for half a second, then forced the words out. "Do you think... we'll be able to go back home?"

For a brief moment, her eyes widened, clearly caught off guard by the question. It wasn't anger or annoyance—just surprise, pure and simple. Then she smiled, soft and composed, as if she had already thought about this before.

"Well, if you ask me," she said, "I think you all will. My lover and I will cooperate to find your world and send you all back home—if that's truly what you want."

The way she said it carried an almost unreasonable level of confidence. There was no doubt in her tone, no hesitation. And when she mentioned her lover, something subtle but unmistakable changed about her. Her posture relaxed, her voice warmed, and there was even a slight flush on her cheeks.

Now that I thought about it, she had been talking about him a lot lately. Every time his name or role came up, she spoke with absolute certainty, like his existence alone was enough to reassure her that everything would work out in the end.

"You... really love your boyfriend, huh?" I said, a crooked smile tugging at my lips.

"He's the best in the world," she replied immediately. "I don't think any man could ever compare to him."

There wasn't even a second of hesitation. No embarrassment. No second-guessing. The words flowed out of her naturally, as if they were facts carved into her heart.

She had to be deeply in love to say something like that so easily. So openly. The depth of her feelings was almost overwhelming, to the point where it felt unreal—almost ridiculous in how pure it sounded.

"I wish someone could love me like that..."

The moment the words left my mouth, I realized I hadn't meant to say them out loud. They slipped out raw and exposed, like something torn straight from my chest. I hadn't planned it, hadn't thought it through—it was just an unfiltered emotion escaping before I could stop it.

"I'm sorry, Princess," I added quickly. "That was... kind of weird to say."

"It's fine," she said calmly. "You must have been holding that in for a long time if it came out so unconsciously."

Her words hit closer to the truth than I expected.

"Well, to be honest," I said slowly, "I think I was loved unconditionally at some point. Or at least... it felt that way back then. But before I really understood it, it was already too late. And little by little, I started realizing that I might never experience that kind of love again..."

"Didn't you experience that with your lover?" she asked, her voice gentle but curious.

Did I?

Had I ever experienced that kind of love with Shindo-kun?

If I thought about it carefully, the answer wasn't a simple no. At some point, maybe I did. He had been kind to me. Attentive. He played the role of a boyfriend well enough that I never questioned it. I never felt like something was obviously wrong.

But somewhere along the way, something changed.

At first, it was subtle—just a faint sense of unease. Then regret crept in, slow and quiet. I started feeling like I was losing something important, though I couldn't tell what it was at the time. I had taken it for granted, convinced it would always be there, that it would never leave me.

Because of that, I never truly thought about the consequences of my choices. I didn't consider how fragile emotions could be, or how easily something precious could slip away if you treated it like it was guaranteed.

Eventually, my love for Shindo-kun began to fade. That spark I felt when I first saw him—when my heart raced just from looking at him—was gone. And when I finally looked back honestly, I realized something painful.

My love for him had been shallow from the start.

It was love at first sight, based on appearances alone. On surface-level attraction. Because my feelings were so shallow, I never took the time to understand my own heart properly. And by the time I realized my mistake, it was already too late.

So no, I couldn't say with certainty that I had been loved deeply by him.

It was around then that another realization hit me—one that hurt far more. Someone else had always been there. Someone who watched over me quietly. Someone who accepted all my flaws without ever asking me to change. Someone who loved me silently, patiently, without demanding anything in return.

And I never noticed.

By the time I did, they were already gone. And with them, that warmth—the feeling of being loved without conditions—disappeared forever.

"Well... I guess so," I finally said. "But not from Shindo-k—I mean, Amakawa-kun. It wasn't him."

I lowered my gaze, my voice growing softer. "It was from someone else. From someone who was always beside me. From someone who loved me, flaws and all. From someone... I can't see anymore."

The Princess didn't respond right away. The silence stretched, heavy but not uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry," she said at last. "I didn't mean to make you bring that up."

"No, it's okay," I replied, shaking my head. "Talking about it actually helps. It helps me deal with losing someone important. I think... keeping all of this bottled up has been stressing me out more than I realized."

And that was the truth. If I had kept all these thoughts buried inside, I would've eventually broken under the weight of them. Letting it out—even just a little—made it easier to breathe.

"Well, that's good then," she said, offering a small smile. "Now, break time is over. Stand up."

"Ugh..." I groaned as I pushed myself up.

As I stood there, reality finally settled in. Not just for me, but probably for all my classmates who had been dragged into this world alongside me. This wasn't some temporary detour. This wasn't an ending.

It was a beginning.

The beginning of a saga I never could have imagined being part of. A story filled with danger, loss, and battles we never asked for. A journey where lives would be lost, yet we would still keep fighting.

All for one reason.

To go back home.

Chapter 1142: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy(1)

Leon's POV

I finally wrapped up my business in the Great Forest, and even as I stepped away from it, the place still clung to me like the cold. Snow, towering trees, endless white silence—those were the things that defined that stretch of time. Still, despite everything being technically "done," there were lingering issues I couldn't just ignore. Mishaps, small but potentially dangerous ones. The biggest problem was the probability—no, the inevitability—that some of the leaders would start clashing with each other sooner rather than later. Getting them to unify in name was one thing. Getting them to actually think and move on the same wavelength was a completely different beast.

Considering how bad their relationships were before the unification, it honestly wouldn't bode well if I wasn't there to keep things from falling apart. Old grudges didn't disappear overnight. Old pride didn't magically vanish just because someone shook hands and smiled for the sake of appearances. If I wasn't present to keep them grounded, to remind them why they even agreed to unify in the first place, things could spiral fast. And once that happened, it wouldn't just be petty arguments anymore—it would be blood, betrayal, and chaos.

For now, though, it was decided that there wouldn't be an official leader yet. They were still "figuring things out," as they liked to say. That phrase alone made me tired. Even so, they were already looking at me as the de facto leader. More than that, they were openly honoring me, speaking as if it were already decided that I would become the president of the newly established republic.

I wasn't exactly against the idea of being crowned president. Hell, I'd be lying if I said it didn't come with a certain sense of satisfaction. Still, I could feel it in the air—some of their people didn't trust me completely. They smiled, bowed, and showed respect, but there was hesitation behind their eyes. Doubt. Wariness. And that was dangerous.

If I wanted to officially become president, I couldn't just rely on goodwill or reputation. I had to make sure everyone was truly aligned with me, moving forward in the same direction. If I failed at that, the risks were obvious: insurgencies, coup de tat attempts, and possible assassination. Any one of those happening would already be bad. If more than one occurred? That would be a clear sign that the country itself was fundamentally broken.

For now, though, I had to shelve those thoughts.

Winter break was over.

With it came my third semester as a third-year cadet at the academy. The familiar rhythm of academy life crept back in—the schedules, the halls, the constant hum of students talking, training, arguing, laughing. It was strange how easily I slipped back into it after everything that had happened in the Great Forest.

At the same time, Princess Myrcella was deep in her own battles. She was working tirelessly to secure more votes from the academy's administrators, all in an effort to finally implement her vision: graduating *all* cadets as magic knights, not just those in the Bronze Class. Out of the nine administrators currently overseeing the academy, three had finally come around and agreed with her. It still wasn't enough to form a majority, but compared to where she started, it was progress.

Slow, frustrating progress—but progress nonetheless.

The problem was time.

This was Myrcella's final year at the academy. One semester left. That was all she had. After that, she'd be graduating, and whatever influence she still held within these walls would vanish. Despite the massive improvements in her leadership and the undeniable progress she'd made, it still wasn't enough to earn her true credibility in their eyes. The administrators were cautious, conservative, and stubborn. Change scared them, especially when it came from someone young.

I offered her my help. More than once.

She refused.

She told me she could handle her own matters and that I should focus on mine first. It was her way of saying, *This isn't your fight*. She did it politely, gracefully, without offense. It wasn't that she didn't want my help—she just knew how much I already had on my plate. She wasn't willing to burden me with something that was, ultimately, her responsibility.

"Hello, Leon. Good morning," Trill said.

Her voice pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Looks like all of you had a good time last night. I was completely wiped out, so I didn't make it, but... good for the four of you, I suppose."

Her eyes flicked down to my arms.

Both of them were occupied—no, claimed—by four girls clinging to me without shame. Titania, Yr, Johanne, and Zeruel were pressed against my sides, their bodies warm, familiar, unapologetically close. They rubbed themselves against me as if it were the most natural thing in the world, staking their presence with lazy, satisfied confidence.

The five of us had shared a fivesome last night.

After everything I'd gone through in the Great Forest—weeks of cold, exhaustion, and sleeping surrounded by nothing but trees and snow—it had been an experience I didn't even try to downplay. Being able to fuck in a proper, comfortable bed again felt almost unreal. No frozen ground. No stiff muscles from the cold. Just warmth, softness, and bodies tangled together.

Right now, we were still basking in the afterglow of the sex. The air felt lighter. My body felt loose, relaxed in a way it hadn't been in a long time.

Trill, unfortunately, hadn't been able to join us. She'd gone straight to sleep the moment her head hit the pillow.

"You don't have to worry," I said to her. "I'll make sure to give you plenty of loving today too."

"That's a given," she replied, planting her hands on her hips and puffing out her cheeks like an annoyed pufferfish. "It's been a while since you last did it with me, after all."

She looked absurdly cute when she was mad like that. Almost dangerously so. It made me want to tease her even more.

"More importantly," she continued, her tone shifting, "have you heard the rumors going around? Apparently, heroes from another world have been summoned."

"That's right," Titania added, pressing closer to me. "I forgot to tell you earlier because I was too horny to think about anything else, but I heard from Myrcella that people from another world were summoned to act as heroes for this world."

I already knew.

Myrcella had told me herself.

Still, hearing it again made the weight of it settle deeper.

"I see..." was all I said.

"That's it?" Trill asked, narrowing her eyes. "You're not surprised?"

"Well," I replied, shrugging slightly, "now that I know other worlds exist, it's not really shocking anymore. Zes, Chloe, and Zoey are all from another world. Even the Republic of Andras is being controlled by a military force from another world. Compared to all that, heroes being summoned doesn't feel that out of place."

What mattered wasn't *that* they came from another world.

It was *which* world.

If they came from the same world I originally came from... everything would change. That possibility alone made my chest tighten.

After all, that had always been my goal.

To return to my old world.

And to exact vengeance on the people who wronged my sister.

Chapter 1143: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy (2)

After wandering around the academy grounds for a while, letting time slip by without really thinking about where my feet were taking me, I suddenly felt it—that familiar prickling sensation on the back of my neck. The kind that told you someone had their eyes locked onto you for longer than what could be considered normal.

I slowed down and turned my head toward the source of that stare.

Charlotte.

She was standing there, not even bothering to hide the fact that she was watching me. Her eyes were fixed on me with an intensity that made it obvious she hadn't just noticed me by accident. It had been a long time since I last saw her. Even longer since the last time we actually slept together. Because of that, my first thought was simple and honestly kind of crude.

She must've been pent up. Frustrated. Probably wanting sex just like the other girls had been lately.

The way she started walking toward me only reinforced that assumption. Her pace was fast, purposeful, almost desperate.

But the closer she got, the more I realized something was off.

Her expression wasn't filled with desire. It wasn't annoyance either. Her eyes were glossy, red around the edges, and her lips trembled slightly as if she was trying—and failing—to hold something back.

She looked like she was about to cry.

No... not about to.

She was crying.

"Uh... hi?" I said, instinctively scratching the back of my head. "Long time no see?"

The moment those words left my mouth, it was like a fuse burned down to nothing inside her.

She suddenly rushed forward and slammed her fist into my chest.

Thud.

There was real force behind it. Enough that, if I were just some normal guy, I would've staggered or at least felt the sting of it. But I wasn't. The impact barely registered, more like someone bumping into me by accident.

"You..." she choked out, tears streaming freely now, no longer bothering to hide them. "You say that so casually? After not responding to any of my calls? Not even once? You didn't call me back, you didn't text me back, you didn't reply to *any* of my messages for the entire winter break!"

Her voice cracked, each word hitting harder than her punch ever could.

"I thought..." she swallowed hard, pressing her lips together before continuing. "I thought you finally grew tired of me. That you were abandoning me."

As soon as she said that, she leaned forward and pressed her head against my chest. Her fists landed against me again and again, but this time there was no strength behind them. Just weak, shaking hits filled with frustration and fear rather than anger.

She really had been worried. Terrified, even.

To be fair, the reception back in the Great Forest was absolute trash. Bad enough that I couldn't even receive messages properly, let alone send any. Even when something did come through, it was delayed or incomplete. Communication was basically impossible.

Still, that explanation only went so far.

I *should* have replied the moment I got reception back. But the instant I returned, Titania and the others swarmed me like I'd disappeared for years instead of weeks. That chaos spiraled into a fivesome last night, and before I knew it, time had slipped away again.

Excuses or not, I could tell she had suffered because of it.

"Have you grown tired of me?" she whispered, her voice small and fragile. "Please... don't do that. I-I will... I'll do anything you want. Just... please don't abandon me."

There it was.

That fear.

She had abandonment issues—bad ones. And it wasn't hard to guess why. Being sold off by her parents to another noble as a sex slave would do that to anyone. So would falling for someone, only to find out they never liked you to begin with. All those experiences probably carved that fear deep into her.

As she clung to me like this, crying into my chest, something inside me softened.

...And yet, my hands moved on their own.

I grabbed both of her buttcheeks.

"Ah...!"

Her breath hitched as I squeezed firmly, my fingers digging into the soft flesh. It was impossible not to notice—it felt fuller than before, rounder, more responsive under my grip. Whether that was my imagination or not didn't really matter.

"L-Leon..." she protested weakly, lifting her head just enough to look at me. "That's—can't you see I'm having a moment here?" She sniffed. "You really have no tact at all, do you?"

I couldn't help but grin.

"Well," I said lightly, "isn't this proof enough that I'm not leaving you?"

She stared at me for a second, clearly torn between being annoyed and relieved.

"You really have no tact at all," she repeated, but this time there was no bite to it.

The tears in her eyes finally stopped falling. She exhaled slowly, then stepped closer, rising onto her tiptoes before pressing her lips against mine.

The kiss was sudden, but not unwelcome.

Her lips tasted salty, likely from the tears that hadn't fully dried yet. I didn't mind it in the slightest. If anything, I leaned into it, deepening the kiss, letting my lips and tongue move against hers without restraint.

"Mnnnghh... chuu, nnghhh, nnn...~"

The kiss quickly turned messy. Our tongues tangled together, wet and needy, breaths mixing as if neither of us wanted to pull away first. My hands stayed on her butt, kneading and massaging it slowly, feeling how easily it yielded under my touch.

She melted into me, her body relaxing, her earlier tension draining away with each passing second.

Eventually, my hands moved upward, sliding from her hips to her chest.

The moment I touched her breasts, her eyes flew open in surprise.

But she didn't stop me.

She didn't push me away.

Instead, she kept kissing me, as if none of it mattered, as if this closeness was exactly what she needed right now.

I shifted closer, letting my hardened, erect cock press against her.

"L-Leon..." she murmured, finally pulling back just enough to look at me. "H-Here?"

She clearly understood what that meant. And she clearly thought I was planning to fuck her right here in public.

Honestly, I wouldn't have minded. We'd done it in public plenty of times before. Discreetly, sure—but still public. The only time we ever got caught was when Ella was stalking me, and aside from that, we'd always gotten away with it.

I didn't answer her right away. I just looked at her.

That silence was enough.

She swallowed nervously, then turned and placed her hands against the wall beside us. Her hesitation faded, replaced by quiet acceptance. Maybe even anticipation.

She didn't seem to mind anymore.

I reached for her again, grabbing her butt, taking my time feeling its elasticity beneath my fingers. The warmth of her body seeped into my hands as I slowly lifted her skirt, exposing what lay beneath.

She shivered at the touch, but didn't resist.

Not even a little.

Chapter 1144: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy (3)

Charlotte looked at me with an embarrassed expression, her cheeks faintly flushed and her eyes unable to stay still. She tried to look away, but it was obvious she knew exactly what was happening and what I was doing. Even so, that shy, conflicted look didn't stop my hands from roaming lower, settling firmly on her ass.

Her butt had definitely grown fuller. It wasn't something I had consciously noticed before, but now that my hands were on her, it was impossible to ignore. It filled my palms in a way it hadn't before, soft yet firm, and for a moment I genuinely wondered when the hell that even happened. Not that I was complaining. If anything, the change was more than welcome.

"Leon... haaah..."

Her voice slipped out softly at first, breathy and strained, as she reacted to my hands kneading her butt.

"Stop that... please... I can't take it anymore...~"

She said it while squirming beneath my arms, her body pressing back into me despite her words. The contradiction was obvious, and honestly, it was adorable. The way she sounded like she was begging while still pretending she wanted me to stop made my chest tighten with heat. Seeing her like that—caught between embarrassment and desire—was way more arousing than it had any right to be.

I didn't hesitate.

I tore into her stockings, shredding them apart without much care. The fabric gave way easily, and once it did, there was nothing left to hide what I saw underneath. Her vagina was already moist—no, more than moist. It was wet enough that it practically glistened, the dampness unmistakable even at a glance.

It looked like she'd been wet long before this even started. The proof was there, soaked through her stockings and panties, the fabric clinging to her skin. I slid the crotch of her panties aside, exposing her fully, letting the air hit her bare skin.

Her vagina's lips twitched slightly, reacting to the exposure. Love juice pooled and spilled freely, running from her pussy, trailing down her inner thighs, and dripping to the ground. There was no hiding how badly her body wanted this, no matter what her mouth said earlier.

"You're incredibly wet, huh?"

I said it with a smirk, unable to resist teasing her just a little more.

"Don't tell me the reason you came at me like this is because you're really horny... and not because you thought I was going to abandon you."

She shook her head slightly, looking up at me with eyes that were already hazy.

"No, I don't—" she started, then paused, her voice wavering. "It's just... it's been so long for me. When you started grabbing my butt, something just... turned on."

She swallowed, her voice dropping into something softer, needier.

"Please... don't tease me anymore. I want it now...~"

As if to emphasize her words, she wiggled her butt, the movement slow but deliberate.

At that point, there was really no turning back.

If she wanted it that badly, then I wasn't about to deny her.

I straightened myself, giving her just enough space to feel the absence, and began unbuckling my pants. The sound of the buckle clicking felt louder than it should have been in the quiet. I pulled my dick out, already hard, and aimed it toward her soaked vagina.

Just pressing the tip against her lips made it feel like I was already halfway inside. I wasn't even pushing, not really. She was just that wet, her body practically inviting me in on its own.

I grabbed her hips firmly, my fingers digging in just enough to let her feel how serious I was.

Then I thrust.

I slammed my hips forward, and my cock slid in effortlessly, reaching her cervix almost immediately. There was no resistance, no friction—just smooth, wet heat swallowing me whole.

"Nghhh...~! Ahhhhhhhhh! It went so deep...~!!!"

She cried out, her back arching sharply as her head tilted back, her neck fully exposed.

I tightened my grip on her hips, holding her in place as her flesh spilled between my fingers. She felt warm, soft, and real beneath my hands.

I began moving my hips, pulling my cock out and driving it back in again, over and over. Her honeypot was soppy and incredibly hot, and every time I pulled out, the brief chill that touched my cock disappeared the instant I slid back inside her. It felt like her pussy was made of heated honey, wrapping around me and refusing to let go.

"Aaahhnghh, aahh, ah, ah, ahh, ah, ah, ahhhnghh, ahhnnn...~!"

Her moans spilled out freely now, unrestrained and raw, echoing slightly around us. There was no mistaking how good it felt for her. Every sound she made sent another wave of excitement through me.

"Nghhh, aahhngh, ahh...~ Ahh, L-Leon... it feels good...~ Nghh, aahhngh...!"

I didn't slow down. I kept fucking her, my thrusts steady and deep, feeling her vagina yield completely around my cock. Every time I pulled out, I could feel her insides cling to me, dragged along before snapping back when I pushed in again. It felt intense, almost overwhelming, like I was turning her inside out with every movement.

"Naaaaahhhhhnnn...~ Ahhh, ahhh, aaahhh...!"

The sound of my hips slapping against her ass echoed through the area, loud enough that a part of me registered the risk. Someone could hear. Someone might come check.

But I didn't stop.

I watched her butt ripple with each slap, the movement hypnotizing. The sight alone was enough to drive me crazy, and the fact that we were doing this out in the open only made it more arousing.

I kept slamming my cock into her, faster and harder, until I felt it—the unmistakable pull of ejaculation building at the base of my cock, rushing upward, tightening everything.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaa...~
AhhhhhhhhnnnNNnnNnnNnnnghHhHnnnHnHhnnnn~!!"

Her voice shot up in volume, and instinctively, I covered her mouth with my hand to keep anyone from hearing. At the same time, I thrust even deeper, pressing the tip of my cock firmly against her cervix as I started cumming.

My semen spilled inside her, filling her up with my cum, heat flooding her from the inside.

She felt it—every pulse, every surge. Her eyes rolled back so far that only the whites showed, her body trembling uncontrollably. Her legs shook so badly that she rose up onto her tiptoes, barely able to support herself.

For a brief moment, everything else faded.

Luckily, no one was there to see us like that.

Still, once it was over and reality settled back in, we both knew better. Next time, we decided, we'd do it in my dorm room—somewhere with a door, walls, and at least a little more privacy.

Chapter 1145: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy (4)

Right now, Charlotte and I were in my room. The air itself felt heavy, thick with heat and the lingering scent of sex that hadn't faded since earlier. I was fingering her, my hand moving slowly but deliberately, and I could feel her insides beginning to tighten around my fingers, pulsing softly as if reacting on instinct alone. It wasn't forced. It wasn't rushed. Her body was responding naturally, welcoming me without hesitation.

Four of my fingers slid inside her without the slightest sign of resistance. There was no stiffness. No tension. It was as if her pussy had already decided that anything I gave it was acceptable, as long as it was mine. Everything slipped in so easily that it almost surprised me, like her body was guiding my hand in rather than the other way around.

We were kissing while I continued, our lips pressing together, separating, then meeting again in slow, hungry motions. Her breath was warm against my face, uneven and soft and at the same time, her hands were wrapped around my dick, stroking it with practiced confidence. Every time her hand moved, every time her fingers dragged along my still-wet shaft, my body reacted instantly. I could feel myself shiver, sharp jolts of pleasure running straight up my spine.

My dick was still slick from the moisture she had left on it earlier, from when we were fucking before. That wetness made every stroke more intense, almost overwhelming. Each pass of her hand felt exaggerated, amplified, like my nerves were exposed and sensitive to everything she did.

"Ah, Leon... your penis is twitching...~"

Her voice pulled me back into focus. She looked down as she spoke, her eyes following the way my penis visibly moved and twitched in her grasp. The way she said it wasn't teasing, exactly. It sounded more like an observation mixed with quiet satisfaction, as if she liked seeing how strongly my body reacted to her.

She was unbelievably wet. It wasn't subtle. It wasn't something I had to imagine. Her vagina was literally dripping, the liquid running down her thighs and falling to the floor

beneath her. The faint sound of it hitting the surface below was obscene in its own way. Just seeing that alone made my cock throb harder. My body felt like it was being overridden by pleasure, like my reactions were happening faster than I could think.

The shivers weren't just in one place anymore. They spread through me completely, making my legs tense, my shoulders tighten, my breath come out shallow and uneven. It felt like pleasure was vibrating through my entire body instead of staying where it usually did.

Then she moved.

Charlotte lowered herself down in front of me, kneeling between my legs. Her movement was unhurried, deliberate, like she wanted me to see every second of it. She wrapped her hand around my cock again and lifted it slightly, bringing it right in front of her face. She stared at it, close enough that I could see the way her eyes focused, the faint curve of her lips as she took it in.

My cock was leaking freely now, natural lubrication seeping out without restraint. It really did look like a faucet that hadn't been shut all the way, a slow but constant drip that betrayed how close I already was.

"You like getting service like this, aren't you, Leon?"

Her tone was playful, but there was confidence behind it. She already knew the answer. She didn't wait for me to respond.

She stuck out her tongue and immediately slobbered all over my cock, not caring about being neat. It was messy, wet, and unapologetic. The feeling of her saliva coating me sent another sharp wave of sensation through my body. Her tongue moved along my shaft, working with intent rather than hesitation.

As she continued, she brought her arms up and pressed her breasts together around my cock, sandwiching it between them. She held them firmly from both sides, increasing the pressure just enough to make my breath hitch. To make it smoother, she added more spit, letting it run down so there was barely any friction at all.

She started moving her breasts up and down in slow, controlled motions while sucking at the tip of my cock at the same time. The combined sensation was almost too much. My toes curled involuntarily, my fingers digging into the edge of the bed as I tried to steady myself. It really felt like she had gotten better at this, like she knew exactly what she was doing now, exactly how to push me closer without tipping me over the edge too soon.

But eventually, the pleasure became frustrating in the way only good sex can be. My body wanted more. Needed more.

I reached out and grabbed the back of her head, my fingers tangling in her hair. Without thinking too much about it, I started guiding her movements myself, pushing her in and out along my cock. The pace became faster, rougher, making the slobbering messier and louder.

Her eyes widened for a moment, surprised by the sudden force. But that surprise didn't last. Almost immediately, her expression softened again, her gaze turning unfocused and dazed with pleasure. She didn't resist. She allowed me to move her like that, trusting me completely.

At some point, I simply couldn't hold it anymore.

The tension that had been building snapped, and I ejaculated straight into her mouth. My sperm filled her mouth rapidly, too much to contain, overflowing even though her lips were sealed around my cock. Cum spilled out anyway, running down the corners of her mouth in thick trails.

She reacted quickly, sealing her mouth tighter and swallowing everything in one gulp. Afterward, she pulled back slightly and licked the sides of her lips, gathering up the cum that clung there. For the spots her tongue couldn't reach, she used her fingers, swiping them clean and bringing them back to her lips without hesitation.

Once she was done, she stood up and walked over to the bed. She placed her hands firmly on the sheets, her movements confident and unashamed. She lifted her knees and pressed them down as well, settling herself into position.

She rolled into her back and looked at me, a slow, seductive smile spreading across her face.

"Leon...~"

She said my name softly, the sound alone enough to make my cock stir again despite everything.

Reaching behind her thighs, she pressed her fingers against the lips of her vagina and spread them apart. She showed me the inside of her pink flesh openly, without embarrassment. A glob of clear white liquid flowed out, sliding down and reaching her ass before finally dripping onto the sheets below.

Chapter 1146: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy (5)

That sight alone was seductive—almost obscene in how effortlessly simple it was. There was no grand gesture behind it, no deliberate attempt to make it dramatic, and yet that was exactly what made it so dangerous. It didn't try to overwhelm me. It didn't need to. It just existed, bare and honest, and that honesty dug straight under my skin.

My eyes lingered longer than they should have, my mind already spiraling before I could stop it.

But more than the sight itself, it was the way she looked at me while doing it that truly broke me. Her gaze didn't waver. It didn't flick away in embarrassment or soften with uncertainty. It stayed right on me, steady and open, filled with an unmistakable invitation. There was desire there. It was raw, unfiltered, and unashamed. It wasn't playful teasing or half-hearted seduction. It was intent. It was the kind of look that made it clear she knew exactly what she was doing to me and didn't feel the slightest bit sorry for it.

That look alone erased any thought of resistance. There was no inner debate, no moral hesitation, no last-second attempt to slow myself down. The decision had already been made, even if I hadn't consciously acknowledged it yet.

My body moved before my thoughts could catch up. I climbed onto the bed, the mattress shifting beneath my weight, the space between us shrinking until there was nothing left but heat and breath. I positioned myself over her, hovering there for a brief moment that felt heavier than it should have. I lifted my cock and pressed it against her vagina, testing the contact, feeling her reaction through that single point of touch.

She was already so moist that it caught me off guard. The instant I touched her, it felt like my cock was already sinking in, like her body was actively pulling me inside. There was no resistance, no hesitation from her at all. It was as if she had been waiting for that exact moment, her body already prepared and eager.

That was the last thread of restraint snapping.

She looked up at me again, those big eyes meeting mine, and the moment our gazes locked like that, it was over. Whatever hesitation I might have had was gone completely. There was nothing left to question.

I slammed my hips forward.

My cock slid inside her instantly, smooth and deep, burying itself to the hilt in one decisive movement. There was no friction, no delay—just heat and pressure swallowing me whole.

The sound tore out of her the second I entered her, sharp and unrestrained. She bit her lip hard, her body reacting on instinct, arching slightly beneath me. I didn't slow down. I didn't even think about slowing down. My body took over completely as I started pounding into her, each thrust driven by raw instinct rather than thought.

She felt unbelievably soft, almost unreal, like her body was made to give way beneath me. The way her expression changed—the way her face melted under the sensation of my cock stretching her from the inside—was intoxicating to watch. Despite how wet she was, despite how easily I slid inside her, she was still incredibly tight. The contrast made it even harder to think straight. At the same time, it felt like her body was devouring me, pulling me in deeper, refusing to let go no matter how hard I moved.

I grabbed both of her legs and lifted them, folding her into a deep mating press. The position left her completely exposed beneath me, pinned in place with nowhere to escape even if she wanted to. With her like that, I slammed my hips into her again and again, not holding back, letting everything build without restraint.

It felt like I was being dragged forward by momentum I couldn't stop. I couldn't stop thrusting. Even if I wanted to, my body wouldn't listen. I kept moving against her, feeling her tightness wrapped all around my cock, feeling every bead along her walls clamping down on me like they were trying to drain me dry.

"Aaahhh, haaah, aaah, hhhhnnn, aaahhh, ah, ah, ah, ahhnghhh, ah, ahhhnnnn~!!"

Her moans spilled freely from her mouth, filling the room, crashing into my ears again and again until they stopped sounding like noise and started feeling like sensation. Each sound sank deeper, worming its way into my head, rattling around in my brain until it was impossible to think about anything else. I held her tightly, gripping her like I needed the contact just to stay grounded. She felt too good—so good that even though I had already come earlier, my body reacted like it was ready to cum all over again.

I forced myself to cling to what little control I had left, holding myself back through sheer willpower. My breathing grew heavier, uneven, my muscles tense as I fought against the urge to lose it right there.

"Nghhh, aahhnghhh, aahh, Leon...~ L-Leonnnnn~ nNghhhhhh nnnnnnghhh aahnghhh, aaaaahhnnnn...~!"

Hearing my name like that sent another sharp jolt through me. The tip of my cockhead kept pressing against her cervix, knocking into it over and over with every deep thrust. The sensation was intense, almost overwhelming, but it only drove me further.

Her eyes rolled back as the pleasure overtook her, her body gradually slackening beneath me as she melted into it. Watching her like that—so undone, so overwhelmed—was strangely captivating. Almost cute, in a way. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth as she tried to ride out the sensation, her body trembling as she struggled to come back down from it.

But even that wasn't enough for me. I wanted more. I wanted deeper.

I lifted one of her legs higher, pushing it back until she was practically split open beneath me. With the angle changed, I pushed in again, and my cock sank even deeper inside her. It felt like her cervix itself had lowered, like her body was adjusting just to take me in further.

"Aah... aaahhh...~!"

Her voice shifted, confusion bleeding into the sound as if she didn't fully understand what was happening to her body. Still, it was obvious she could feel it—that I was going deeper than ever before, deeper than anywhere I had gone inside her.

"Nghhh, aaah... nnnn... ahhh? Aaahnnggg...~"

Then I slammed my hips forward again, forcing myself even deeper, refusing to slow down.

Chapter 1147: Chapter 174 - Back To Normalcy (6)

"Haauuuuu...~ Urrkkk, nnggggg, nnnn...~!"

Her voice cracked and trembled, the sound torn straight from her chest as she grit her teeth. Her eyes flew open, wide and glassy, the sheer depth overwhelming her senses all at once. Whatever thoughts she had left vanished completely. Words failed her. Her mind went blank, short-circuited by the sensation as my hips kept moving—sloppy, relentless, unyielding—driving my cock deeper and deeper into her pussy with every thrust.

It wasn't just the motion. It was the rhythm. The way it refused to slow down, refused to give her even a second to breathe.

"Nnnnhaaa... hyaaaa!!! Ahhhh?! Waiittt...~ Aahhh, don't...~ Aaahh?! Leonnnnn!!! Ahhh, hnnnnnnnggggg~!!!"

Her voice pitched higher, breaking apart into fragments as her body reacted faster than her thoughts could catch up. I leaned down without hesitation and kissed her, cutting her cries off mid-sound as my lips pressed firmly against hers. Even then, I didn't stop. Not for a second. My hips continued to move, fucking her steadily, relentlessly, as if stopping wasn't even a possibility anymore.

"Mnnnnn~ Mmmbbhhh, mmmmnnnn...~!!! Mmmmbbb, uhhhwww...~"

Her muffled sounds pressed into my mouth, vibrating against my lips as her body responded instinctively. Eventually, I pulled my cock out of her, the sudden emptiness making her entire body shudder like she'd been exposed to cold air. She gasped sharply, her muscles tightening as if trying to pull me back in on reflex.

I paused—not long, just long enough to really look at her.

Her hair was a mess, strands clinging to her skin. Her expression was dazed, unfocused, like she hadn't fully caught up with what had just happened. Her chest rose and fell unevenly, breath shaky and shallow. The sight alone was enough to make my chest tighten.

Then I turned her around, repositioning her, guiding her down and propping her ass up, giving myself a better angle, better access.

I lined my cock up with her again and slammed it inside her in one clean, powerful motion.

"Ohhh...!"

The sound tore out of her immediately, raw and unfiltered. Using my hands, I pulled her back toward me while pushing her forward onto my cock, guiding her movements as my hips met them. The rhythm that followed was rough, demanding, leaving no space for hesitation or thought.

Honestly... how could she be this sexy?

She always had been. That was never in question. But this—this was something else. Something deeper. Something that felt like it had crossed a line into territory that couldn't be undone. It wasn't just physical anymore. It felt heavier than that, more intense in a way that sat in my chest instead of just my body.

I held her hips firmly and kept slapping my own hips against her. Every time they met her ass, the way her flesh rippled was almost hypnotizing. It pulled my focus entirely, like my brain had locked onto that single image and refused to let go.

I couldn't restrain myself anymore. I grabbed her arms, pulling her in toward me while slamming my hips forward at the same time.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~~~!!! Aaaaahhngnghhh...!"

Her body reacted instantly. She clamped down hard around me as she orgasmed from that thrust alone, the sensation sharp and overwhelming.

The orgasm hit her so hard her knees gave out completely. The arch I had forced into her disappeared as her strength failed, and she ended up lying flat on her stomach on the bed. Even then, I didn't stop. My hips kept moving, continuous and relentless, my crotch slamming into her ass over and over.

"Hnghhh, aaaaaaaaaahhh, aaah, aah, aaaahnnnn, aaahhnghhh, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ahhhnnnn...!"

My cock drove straight in, the pressure intense enough to leave her trembling. Her body reacted on its own, adjusting, yielding. I was barely thinking anymore, using her ass almost mechanically, like it was the only thing grounding me.

"Aaaaaaaaaahnghhh, aaah, s-so deeppp...~ Nnghhh, nnnnn...! Ahh, no, noooo... aaahn... I'm cumming, I'm cumminggg, I'm cumminggggggggggg...~!!!"

I grabbed both of her hands and pinned her down completely. She couldn't move, couldn't do anything as my penis continued to ravish her hole, the motion refusing to slow.

The pressure built fast—too fast. The pleasure surged up hard, unstoppable now. Holding it back would've been pointless. Cumming was the finish line, and I had already crossed the point of no return.

There was no reason to stop.

I came inside her, filling her up completely.

Her back arched sharply, knees bending, toes curling in ways that looked almost painful, her body reacting violently as I kept pumping my semen inside her. My mind went blank as the sensation shot up my spine, leaving my legs weak, barely holding me up.

"Aaaahh, aaaah...~"

When it was finally over, she looked like she'd been completely wrecked—her face still caught in the aftershocks of an intense orgasm, her eyes dazed and unfocused, almost dreamy.

I pulled my cock out of her pussy and watched as the semen I'd shot inside her leaked back out naturally. I took a deep breath, steadying myself, before taking a picture of the sight with my phone.

* * *

"I know I've said this before, but please don't keep ignoring me," she said quietly. "I really hate it when you don't respond to my messages or calls. It makes me feel like you're going to abandon me."

She was already putting her clothes back on. The way she pulled her panties up while my semen was still dripping from her pussy was undeniably hot, but the weight of her words sat heavier than the visual.

"You don't have to worry," I replied. "I won't abandon you. Winter break was just... bad. I barely had time to function, let alone talk properly. And honestly, this doesn't even compare to when I disappeared for months after getting stuck in another world."

"Well... okay," she said after a moment. "Just... keep your promise."

As she headed for the door, I noticed something off.

"Wait," I said. "Why are you taking my underwear?"

She'd stuffed it into her pocket—used, unwashed, the one I'd just been wearing.

"Your payment," she replied casually. "A souvenir. You didn't give me one, right? I'll use it when you don't have time for me. Girl stuff. You don't need to know."

"...Oh. Okay then."

I didn't say it out loud, but I knew exactly what she meant.

She was probably going to use it as a masturbating tool—most likely smelling it while she masturbated.

"Goodbye," she said softly.

And then she left my room.

Chapter 1148: Chapter 175 - Leonamon's Mercenary Group (1)

Charlotte's POV

It genuinely felt like I was floating—like my feet barely touched the ground and the world itself had softened just for me. If someone had told me I was walking around with my head in the clouds, I wouldn't have argued. I was that light, that happy.

The feeling of Leon coming back to me, of him loving me again, made my chest feel so full it almost hurt. I caught myself practically bouncing as I walked, my steps a little too quick, my energy impossible to hide. The memory of his skin pressed against mine lingered in my mind, vivid and warm, like my body refused to let it fade. And his words—those mattered even more. Hearing him say that he loved me, that he wouldn't even consider leaving me behind despite all my doubts and insecurities... it hit me right in the heart.

Every step I took felt lighter than the last, like I might actually start skipping if I wasn't careful.

"Leon really loves me, huh?" I murmured to myself, a smile tugging at my lips so hard my face almost felt sore. I could feel my expression going slack, stupid even, but I didn't care. I was too happy to care how I looked.

The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became. Leon really was in love with me. There was honesty in his eyes when he spoke, a firmness in his voice that didn't waver. When he said he wouldn't leave me, I believed him. Completely. And because of that, I decided to trust him—no half-measures, no lingering "what ifs" clawing at the back of my mind.

I was sure he wouldn't break that trust so easily. He promised me he wouldn't do anything like that, and Leon wasn't the kind of person who threw promises around lightly. So yes, I trusted him. Fully. Utterly.

Still... I didn't know what I would do if he ever did break it.

Just thinking about that possibility made my chest tighten, so I shoved the thought away.

To be honest, knowing that Leon loves me makes me want him all to myself. The feeling is selfish, I know that. Greedy. But it's there, and I can't pretend otherwise. At the same time, I know it's unrealistic. That kind of wish is far out of reach, something I couldn't grab no matter how hard I stretched my hand.

Dreaming beyond what I was supposed to be doing felt dangerous—like stepping too far past my place. Even for me, it felt like overreaching.

Deep down, I didn't feel worthy of his love. Not really. There was always this quiet voice in my head telling me I wasn't good enough, that I didn't deserve someone like Leon. That I was lacking, somehow. Smaller. Lesser.

But I wasn't going to let that stop me.

If I wasn't worthy now, then I would become worthy. I would work my way up, step by step, until I could stand beside him without constantly feeling like I was looking up at him from far below. I wanted to stand straight at his side, without doubt gnawing at my heart.

That was when the idea really solidified in my mind.

I was going to build a mercenary group.

Yes. A mercenary group.

Even thinking about it sounded strange. Random, even. But the more I considered it, the more it made sense. I wasn't cut out to be a magic knight. I knew that much about

myself. The rigid structure, the constant fighting—it just wasn't me. So instead, I chose a different path.

I would open a business.

Fighting head-on was never really my style anyway. Planning, organizing, supporting—that was where I excelled.

By now, I had already placed flyers all over town. On walls, notice boards, shop entrances—anywhere people might stop and look. The flyers asked for recruits and clearly laid out what they could expect. I listed the typical earnings for mercenary missions, making sure not to undersell or exaggerate. I also made it clear that I cared about their well-being, not just the results they brought in.

I detailed the benefits too. If someone died during a mission, their family would receive compensation. If they retired, they wouldn't be left with nothing. Security, stability—things most mercenaries never got. That was how I advertised it. Honest, straightforward, and fair.

At the moment, my base of operations was a small cabin I'd bought with my own money. It wasn't impressive. The walls were plain, the space limited, and the furniture sparse. But it was mine. And more importantly, it was a start.

I believed it would grow. Slowly, maybe painfully, but it would. I had no doubt about that.

Leon had offered to help. More than once, actually. He even suggested sponsoring me, providing funds so I could expand faster. But I refused.

If I accepted his help, I wouldn't be able to call myself someone worthy of standing beside him. It would feel like I was leaning on him instead of walking on my own two feet. After all the confidence and bravado I'd put up, asking for his help felt... cheap.

But more than pride, it was about something deeper.

I needed to prove—to myself, more than anyone else—that I could do this on my own.

"It seems... like no one is coming again..." I thought, my gaze drifting toward the cabin door. It stayed stubbornly closed. Silent. Empty. There was no one here but me.

"Am I really that much of a failure?"

The question echoed in my head, heavy and uncomfortable.

Honestly, I felt like I'd done everything right. I advertised properly. I laid out the benefits clearly. I even prepared stacks of flyers so that if someone walked in, I could immediately brief them, explain everything they'd gain by joining my mercenary group.

I was ready.

But readiness didn't seem to matter if no one showed up.

As I sat there, sinking deeper into my thoughts, a realization hit me. If I didn't do anything to change this situation—if I just sat here waiting—I'd stay stuck forever.

Nothing would change on its own.

"Do I need to improve the marketing?" I asked myself quietly, tapping my fingers against the desk.

And then, suddenly, it clicked.

"That's it," I said out loud, my voice sharper, more certain. "That's going to work. That's absolutely going to work!"

The heaviness in my chest lifted just a little as excitement rushed in to replace it.

I didn't hesitate. I grabbed my phone immediately and called the person I knew would be perfect for this.

Chapter 1149: Chapter 175 - Leonamon's Mercenary Group (2)

The person I called was someone I had known for a long time. Long enough that the silence between us didn't feel awkward, even when it lingered for a few seconds too long.

Ella.

She stood there when she arrived, hands clasped together in front of her, shoulders slightly stiff like she wasn't sure whether she should relax or brace herself. Her eyes flicked toward me, then away, then back again.

"Um... why did you call me?" she asked.

Her voice was cautious, but familiar. The kind of voice that reminded me of quieter days, back when everything felt simpler and nobody really expected much from anyone.

I looked at her for a moment longer than necessary, not because I was trying to make things awkward, but because the thought hit me again—clear and undeniable.

She really was perfect for this.

Lately, Ella had been getting attention from boys. Not in a loud, dramatic way, but in subtle glances, whispered comments, and heads turning just a second too late to

pretend it wasn't happening. It still surprised me. Back then, she was painfully ordinary. The kind of girl who blended so seamlessly into the background that people forgot she was even there. Teachers would skip over her during roll call, classmates would walk past her without noticing, and she never seemed to mind.

Or maybe she did, but she never said anything.

Now, though, something had shifted.

It wasn't drastic. No sudden makeover, no dramatic change in personality. Just... growth. Confidence, maybe. Or the way she carried herself now, like she didn't shrink into her own shadow anymore. She was becoming popular, little by little, and honestly, it felt inevitable in hindsight.

What made it even more amusing—almost cruelly ironic—was Kayla's reaction to it.

Kayla was furious.

So furious that she had started bullying Ella even more openly than before. No subtle jabs, no fake smiles. Just sharp words, public humiliation, and that unmistakable look of resentment every time Ella was near.

Unfortunately for Kayla, that kind of behavior wasn't going to slide anymore.

I had made my stance painfully clear.

I stayed close to Ella whenever I could. Walked with her. Sat near her. Made sure Kayla saw it. And when Kayla pushed too far, I didn't mince words. I told her straight up that if she wanted the entire Leonamon breathing down her neck and biting her ass, she was welcome to keep going. Otherwise, she'd stop.

She stopped.

And now, here I was, standing in front of Ella with something entirely different on my mind.

I was about to ask her for help. Not just a favor—but something that could change everything.

"Well," I said, breaking the quiet, "for starters, I don't think this is going to work out well if I beat around the bush."

She stiffened slightly.

"So I'll just say it," I continued. "Would you like to be the advertisement girl for the Mercenary Group?"

"What?!"

Her reaction was immediate and explosive. I barely had time to register it before she was already staring at me like I had just spoken in another language.

I explained what I had in mind, laying it out as simply as possible, but the shock didn't fade. If anything, it intensified. Her eyes widened so much they looked like they might pop out of her face, and her mouth hung open, completely unguarded.

She looked stunned. Completely and utterly stunned.

Ignoring her overreaction, I asked her again.

"Would you like to be the advertisement girl for the Mercenary Group?"

"I heard you the first time," she said quickly, her tone sharp with disbelief. She looked genuinely appalled that I had repeated myself. "B-But... this is really sudden. I didn't think you were going to recruit me for something like that. I mean—what am I even supposed to do? I don't even know what an advertisement girl does."

She wasn't wrong.

Advertisement girls were Leon's specialty. He used them to make sure whatever he was selling actually sold. Lady Ayane, the Starry Knights—beautiful, charismatic girls who drew attention just by existing. People listened when they spoke. People watched when they smiled.

They were walking, talking magnets.

And it worked.

If I did something similar, even on a smaller scale, maybe people would start paying attention. Maybe they'd look at the Mercenary Group and see something worth joining.

"You just have to do something similar to what Lady Ayane does," I told her. "That's all. You'll be fine."

"But..." She hesitated, fingers tightening around her sleeves. "I'm not that beautiful. I-I don't think I'd be enough."

There it was. That familiar self-doubt.

"You don't have to worry about that," I said firmly. "We're already fourth years in the academy. And you don't even know where you're going after graduation, right? You probably won't graduate as a magic knight."

She flinched slightly, but didn't interrupt.

"And even if the Princess manages to convince the administrators to let all of us graduate as magic knights despite being in the Silver Class," I continued, "I don't think you even like the idea of constant fighting. Am I wrong?"

"W-Well..." She exhaled softly. "I don't really dream of becoming a magic knight in the first place. I only wanted to graduate so I could get a job. Something stable. Something that would support me financially for the rest of my life."

That was it. That was her dream.

It sounded boring. Plain. Predictable.

And yet... it was so undeniably her that I couldn't help but smile.

"Then isn't this the way forward?" I asked. "You probably don't realize it, but you've been getting popular lately. Maybe it's because of how confident you've been holding yourself. Haven't you noticed?"

"I-I have?" she asked, genuinely confused.

She looked like she was searching her own memories, trying to find proof that what I was saying was real.

"Yes," I said. "You have. And you're getting cuter too. Honestly, I think you even have a chance to compete with the Starry Knights."

She stared at me for a long moment, eyes unreadable. Doubt lingered there, thick and stubborn, but it wasn't alone anymore. There was curiosity now. Maybe even a hint of hope.

Eventually, she nodded.

"I guess... I'll do it."

"Yes!" I shouted without thinking. "You won't regret this!"

"I'm already starting to doubt that," she replied flatly.

That made me laugh.

She was thinking it through, weighing the risks like she always did. But to me, this was simple. A transaction. Mutual benefit.

And I was confident it would work.

"Yup. This isn't going to work."

That was my verdict after taking the picture.

I lowered the device and sighed, staring at the result. I had told Ella to stand there and hold the poster that said we were recruiting for the mercenary group. Simple. Straightforward.

Too straightforward.

Every photo came out bland. Flat. Lifeless.

She stood stiffly, holding the poster with both hands, posture rigid and expression neutral. It wasn't bad—but it wasn't good either. There was no spark. No pull. Nothing that made someone stop and look twice.

Just... ordinary.

And the worst part?

I didn't even know what to tell her to do differently.

I had no experience with this. No idea how to pose someone for an advertisement, no clue how to bring out whatever made people *look*. All I could do was stare at the screen and realize one uncomfortable truth.

This was going to be harder than I thought.

Chapter 1150: Chapter 175 - Leonamon's Mercenary Group (3)

I sat there quietly, comparing my failed attempt to the photographs that featured Lady Ayane, lining them up side by side as if the answers might magically reveal themselves if I stared long enough. The difference was immediate—painfully obvious. It wasn't subtle. It wasn't something you needed a trained eye to see. The gap between my work and hers screamed at me the moment my eyes settled on the screen.

"Hmm..." I let out a low hum without realizing it, my brows knitting together as I leaned closer. Ella was beside me, equally focused, her gaze flicking between the images the same way mine was. She wasn't saying anything at first, but I could tell she was doing her own mental comparison, probably spotting flaws before I even voiced them.

"There's no way I could pull off something like that," she finally said, her voice subdued. "I don't think I could manage it even if I tried using a similar pose."

"I don't know... maybe," I replied, though the words came out uncertain. I genuinely didn't know if we even had a chance of reaching Lady Ayane's level. Just looking at her photo made that clear. Her body was covered almost completely. There was no exposed skin, nothing overt as well as nothing blatant. And yet, somehow, the image radiated suggestiveness. It was in the way she carried herself, the invisible pressure she exerted through posture alone. It made me wonder what kind of presence she had, what kind of experience or confidence allowed her to do something like that without even trying.

Compared to that, Ella didn't stand a chance—or at least, that's what it felt like in that moment. I expected there to be a gap, sure, but this? This was borderline ridiculous.

"Ella," I said suddenly.

"Y-Yes?" She stiffened immediately, her shoulders tensing like she was bracing herself. The way she looked at me made it obvious she thought I was about to suggest something absurd—or worse, something completely outside her comfort zone.

I stood up and placed my hands gently on her shoulders, steadyng her before meeting her gaze directly. I made sure she was looking at me, not at the floor, not at the photos.

"It's time," I said slowly, deliberately, "to put on the lingerie."

"Wha—?!" Her reaction was instant and explosive. "I can't do something like that!"

Well... fair. That was definitely too much. Asking her to wear something openly suggestive while I took photos of her crossed a line—one I hadn't really thought through before saying it out loud. I didn't want to push her into something that would make her uncomfortable, especially not like that.

Truth be told, I wasn't even confident I'd do a good job if we went down that route. Relying on blatant suggestiveness felt cheap, and worse, it felt like admitting defeat. So I pulled back, stepping away from that idea entirely.

"...Yeah," I muttered, rubbing the back of my neck. "Forget that."

I took a breath, forcing myself to think more carefully.

"There has to be another way," I said, more to myself than to her. "Hmm... maybe we should change the angle instead."

The more I thought about it, the clearer it became. The problem wasn't Ella. It wasn't even the pose itself. It was the way I was capturing it. Everything I'd taken so far was too straightforward and too safe. Flat. Boring. If I changed the perspective—tilted it, twisted it, made it less predictable—maybe I could inject some life into the shot.

"Just stay like that, Ella," I said, already moving. I stood up, repositioned myself, and adjusted the angle so I wasn't facing her head-on anymore. From there, I took the photo while she remained seated on the floor, her posture unchanged.

The result was immediate.

"Oh," I murmured.

It was infinitely better than anything I'd taken before. The depth, the framing, the way her figure fit into the composition—it all worked. For a moment, I felt a spark of satisfaction.

But even then, something still felt off.

"...There's still something missing," I said quietly.

Ella looked at me expectantly, waiting.

"Can you try looking cute toward me?" I asked.

"What?" She blinked. "I don't know how to do that."

I sighed softly. "Just look at me the same way you look at Leon. That should do it."

"W-What?!" Her reaction was immediate, her face flushing as she stiffened again. She looked genuinely shocked, like she'd been caught red-handed.

"Why are you yelling?" I said, raising an eyebrow. "Are you really that surprised I know you have a crush on Leon?" I shrugged casually. "You're not exactly subtle. Anyone paying attention would notice."

"B-But..."

"I'm not judging you," I interrupted. "I was the same way, you know. It's natural."

She hesitated, then looked away.

"You don't need to worry anyway," I continued. "You don't seem to realize it yet, but he already has a secret harem. And I don't just mean the girls and princesses at the Academy. There are way more than that."

"I-I already know," she said quietly. "I even know he's secretly the father of Professor Gabrielle's, Professor Irene's, and Professor Rose's children."

I blinked once, then sighed. "Yeah. That's obvious."

It really was. The Academy wasn't stupid as well. Professors didn't just get pregnant out of nowhere without anyone noticing a partner. Everyone knew it was the same man—they just pretended not to. And I knew exactly who that man was.

It was Leon.

Bold didn't even begin to describe it. Impregnating professors like that, without a shred of shame? It was ridiculous. Infuriating. Admirable, in its own twisted way.

And... attractive.

That shamelessness was part of why I loved him.

One day, I planned to carry his child too. Just not yet. Not until I proved that I deserved to stand beside him.

"Well," I said after a moment, "I don't think Leon would reject you if you confessed."

She looked back at me, uncertain.

"Why don't you practice?" I suggested. "Use me. Pretend I'm Leon. Think of it as preparation."

"I-I don't know..." she said hesitantly. "I don't want to act on these feelings. I was just going to keep them to myself."

I crossed my arms, unimpressed.

"That's not going to work for me, Ella," I said flatly. "You either take steps to join Leon's harem yourself, or I tell him and push you into it."

Her eyes widened.

"S-So I'm going to be part of his harem either way?!"

I smiled faintly.