

The World 131

Chapter 131: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 1 (3)

The smug expression on her face was undeniably enticing, almost intoxicating. The thought of how it might change into one of ecstasy if I fucked her crossed my mind, but I had to resist. Even if this hag seemed eager to have sex with me, I couldn't be sure if she was trustworthy. Her true intentions remained a mystery, and she hadn't shown any genuine interest in me yet.

It had been a month since she arrived, and still, her motives eluded me. I couldn't understand why she had come here, why she chose to stay, and why she was now demanding sex from me. I needed to tread carefully and gauge her true intentions.

The last thing I wanted was to engage in sex with someone who might betray me, whether by stabbing me in the back or resorting to even more nefarious means, like poisoning me through her pussy.

I've seen enough hentai to know that kind of scenario could happen.

But even if I were to have sex with this woman and nothing sinister occurred, I doubt it would be the happiest moment of my life. I need to first pique her interest in me and ascertain her requirements for domination before I even consider getting intimate with her. It seems that to capture her attention, I'll need to do something out of the ordinary.

Or perhaps, if I fucked her, that might spark her interest in me? Hmm. I should probably think this through carefully.

"Come on, Leon, darling. If you're up for it, you can have your way with this little body of mine," she purred, her seductive tone laced with anticipation. "I bet it'll be real tight."

She was pulling out all the stops to seduce me, despite being an older woman. Her skills were impressive, rivaling even those of the finest brothel workers.

"It'll be my first time, though, so you'll have to go easy on me," she added, a smug grin playing on her lips. With a teasing flick, she revealed her modest yet perky breasts, topped with erect little cherries.

"I'm swamped today, Marie, so I won't be able to entertain you," I replied, trying to maintain my composure. Despite my usual preference for larger breasts, I couldn't help but find her smaller ones surprisingly appealing. I guess I was discovering new things about myself every day.

"You're such a cheapskate, Leon," she pouted, but her grin quickly returned. "Well, if you're not going to make a move, then I'll have to ramp up my seduction game, starting now."

I had a feeling she was about to get even more aggressive in her attempts to seduce me, but for now, I managed to keep myself in check.

I had a sneaking suspicion that she might try to pin me down in bed one of these days. After she returned from her massage, I finally managed to break away from her. Thankfully, despite my raging libido always craving action, my dick didn't get hard even through her seductive antics. So, as I left Leonamon's company, nobody noticed any bulge in my pants.

With that, I picked up some souvenirs and headed to the Holy City, where I planned to visit the village I grew up in.

Traveling from the Capital to the Holy City was a breeze. I simply soared through the air using Levitation Magic, a spell I'd crafted myself through Spell Creation, along with a bit of wind magic. It wasn't quite as elegant as using a skill like Flight, but it was the quickest method I could concoct to reach the Holy City in no time.

The Holy City lay before me, standing out from all the other cities. It was the epitome of purity, filled with devout individuals who wore their religious beliefs on their sleeves. You could spot them by their attire, the religious relics hanging from their necks, and the abundance of priests and nuns strolling through the streets as if it were second nature.

From a distance, the academy, resembling a school for the religious, was unmistakable, with many students dressed in habits and priestly garb. The purity of it all was almost blinding, and I had to shield my eyes from the overwhelming aura. Stepping into one of the churches here felt like it might incinerate me on the spot.

However, beneath its facade of purity, I knew the Church harbored its fair share of secrets. They may preach purity, but behind closed doors, they had some shady dealings. Just recently, word got out that one of the priests had raped a nun. It was common knowledge that priests in this world were allowed to have sex and even marry, but nuns were off-limits.

Despite this, some priests couldn't resist the temptation of the flesh, craving the untouched vaginas of the nuns despite their supposed purity.

"...Can't really blame that priest for giving in to temptation. I might attempt the same thing myself, after all. I mean, these nuns, devout as they are, don't exactly dress the part," I mused, feeling a twinge of desire stirring within me.

Nuns here weren't like those on Earth. They had an air of purity, sure, but their attire didn't exactly scream innocence. Their sleeveless, skin-tight habits accentuated their curves, while the long skirts, slit on either side, revealed tantalizing glimpses of their meaty thighs and luscious legs.

Some even wore stockings that reached up to garter belts, a sight that ignited my fetish for lingerie and all things sensual. And if you dared to peek under their skirts, you'd find the upper part of their habit resembled a leotard, adding to the allure.

"I wonder if Sister Lily will be thrilled to see me," I pondered aloud. Sister Lily had been like a real sister to me, raising me with care throughout the years. She reminded me of my sister back on Earth, with her nurturing personality. "I'm going to surprise her. I hope they like my souvenirs."

I had brought along plenty of cakes and some fruits, along with other delectable only found in the Capital. I couldn't wait to see their reactions.

After traveling for a while, I finally reached the village: Flui Village. It looked much the same as I remembered, with only a few new additions here and there. There wasn't a playground the last time I visited. Oh, and that tree had grown taller now.

After walking for a while, I finally reached the orphanage. Two girls playing hopscotch looked up at me, freezing in place.

"Hey," I greeted them.

Instantly, their faces lit up with beams as they rushed towards me, "Big brother Leon!" they exclaimed, wrapping their arms around me in a tight hug.

I chuckled and tousled their hair, "I'm back," I announced. "Here, take these and share them with everyone. And go fetch Sister Lily and Alice for me."

Handing them the souvenirs I bought, I explained, "They're sweets. I'm sure you'll all love them."

"Yay!" Both of them snatched the gifts I handed them and darted off toward the orphanage. I could hear the excitement in the voices of the children as they surged toward the door, followed by a loud clamor as it swung open. Out stepped a golden-haired, blue-eyed, busty girl around my age, followed by a nun in her early thirties with a similar mane of golden locks.

As the girl laid eyes on me, she scrutinized me from head to toe, as if sizing me up to see if I was the real deal.

"Leon, is that you?" she asked.

"What, forgot this handsome face of mine? Come on, Alice, that stings a bit. But a little hug after all this time will surely make up for it," I replied with a grin.

At that cocky reply, tears suddenly welled up in the corners of her eyes, transforming her expression into one of happiness. She then bolted toward me.

"Leon!" she shouted as she rushed. "Do you have any idea how worried we were when you didn't visit us for four straight months?" she exclaimed, then aimed her fist at my stomach. "You ungrateful bastard!" With a powerful punch, she struck me right in the solar plexus. Her fist packed such a wallop that the Guardian even warned me that another blow like that could knock me out cold.

Doubled over, I clutched my stomach. "You're as rowdy as ever, Alice. And you still want to become a priestess?"

"I can still make it to become a priestess without changing." she declared, her fist still clenched. "And what about you? You look like you haven't changed a bit. You're still a douchebag, just like back then."

She sounded sweet in her letters, but now she was acting like a cavewoman. Though, I knew her true feelings. Beneath this tough facade, she really missed me. What a tsundere...

"Now, now. Don't fight in front of the other children," said Sister Lily. Then, she looked at me. "Welcome back, Leon."

With that, I finally straightened myself and replied, "I'm back."

Chapter 132: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 1 (4)

Since it was already almost night when I returned to the orphanage, we went straight to dinner after Alice healed me with her magic. While eating, I shared my adventures at the academy with the children. It wasn't anything grand, just tales of my experiences, duels, and sparring sessions. Though not particularly thrilling, the children found my stories quite exciting.

It wasn't every day they heard tales from beyond our little village of Flui, after all.

While eating, I discreetly glanced at Sister Lily's and Alice's domination requirements.

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

Name: Lily

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Lily:

1. Donate anonymously to the orphanage (Completed!)
2. Visit the orphanage once a week for eight times (1/8)

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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

Name: Alice

Race: Human-Vampire Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Alice:

1. Make Alice say her true feelings three times (0/3)

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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My progress with Sister Lily had advanced slightly. And it was my first time seeing Alice's requirement list, revealing her as a half-vampire. So she's a half-vampire, huh? I wasn't sure how primordial vampires differed from half-vampires, but I assumed half-vampires weren't weakened by sunlight, considering Alice spent most of her time outdoors.

After dinner, we headed straight to bed. Despite the late hour, the children still gathered in my room eagerly, eager to hear stories about life beyond the village. Their excitement was contagious, and it warmed my heart to see them so enthusiastic. It made me imagine what it would be like to have children of my own someday.

However, their excitement was short-lived as Alice strode into the room, her hand on her hip.

"Alright, kids, it's late. Time to head back to your own rooms and get some sleep," she instructed firmly.

"Ehhh~ But we want to hear more stories from Big Bro!" the children protested.

"Sorry, but your Big Bro Leon has school tomorrow. He needs his rest," Alice explained. "If you want him to have more stories to share, you'll let him get some sleep."

"Okay..."

With disappointed expressions, the children reluctantly bid me goodnight and returned to their own rooms.

Alice watched as the children obediently returned to their rooms, and after a moment of silence, she sighed in exasperation. "These kids really know how to make a fuss just because you're back..."

"It's only natural," I replied. "But I'm surprised to see them following your orders so readily."

"Well, ever since Sister Eli passed away, there hasn't been anyone to keep them in line and maintain order. So, I took on her role."

Sister Eli was the elderly woman who used to run the orphanage. When I turned fifteen, she passed away from natural causes. She was the one who kept us all in check, even resorting to spanking

misbehaving kids. I wasn't immune to her discipline either; I got my fair share of spankings. Ah, those were the days. Maybe I'll visit her grave tomorrow before school.

"You sounded like their mother for a second there," I remarked to her.

"You messing with me?" she retorted, her hand still on her hip as she glared at me.

"No, I meant it as a compliment," I replied earnestly.

With that settled, she eased herself down onto my bed beside me. The moonlight streamed through the window, casting a romantic glow over us. It felt surreal to have her here, alone with me in my bed. This was perhaps the first time we had been alone together in a room.

Alice was different from the woman I once knew as my childhood friend. My past life had left me with deep-seated trauma, causing me to avoid anything related to childhood friends. I was wary, fearing that she too might betray me someday. That's why, initially, I didn't give her the time of day.

Now, though, I was grateful that I had saved her that day. Alice had actually been kidnapped and nearly sold to some sicko who had a thing for children. Thankfully, I managed to rescue her. Despite the trauma she had endured, she couldn't recall a thing. It was like her brain had shielded her from experiencing PTSD. That's when we grew so close.

Alice was nothing like that woman. She wouldn't betray me like she did. Well, she didn't really betray me. It was just how I felt, but she didn't actually betray me. Still, the trauma from that experience lingered, and I dreaded going through it again. Nowadays, though, the memories I had tried so hard to bury were resurfacing, dredging up painful emotions I'd hoped to forget.

While I remained silent, Alice promptly rested her head on my shoulder, catching me off guard. It was a rare display of affection from her. Alice had never been one to show such tenderness. She was always more likely to berate, punch, or shout at me. A real spitfire, she was. I often jokingly referred to her as a cavewoman who hadn't quite grasped the concept of acting like a lady.

As a kid, she'd been a tomboy through and through, and it seemed not much had changed. Now, she was a stunning beauty with curves in all the right places, like an hourglass. Her ample bosom and shapely thighs were hard to ignore, even though her personality remained the same.

But I didn't mind. There was something refreshing about her, in my opinion.

As she nestled closer, I caught a whiff of soap on her skin. Had she showered before coming here?

"Hey," she spoke up, breaking the silence.

"Yeah?" I responded.

"Do you already... have a lover?" she asked, sounding somewhat nervous.

Honestly, I could have just lied and told her I didn't have a lover. But then, I couldn't shake the feeling that it would only lead to trouble down the line. What if she found out I was lying? She'd feel betrayed, just like I did back then.

I also asked the same thing from my childhood friend back on Earth. By that time, I had already spilled my guts to her, confessing my feelings and making it crystal clear that if she was already hooked up with someone else, I'd step aside without any fuss. But then, she fed me a line, claiming she and the guy she was into weren't an item yet. It was a load of crap.

The very next day, I found out the truth: she and her crush were already an item, keeping it a secret from everyone at school, including me. The only reason they finally came clean was because my childhood friend couldn't bear to keep lying to me. The betrayal hit me like a ton of bricks, filling me with seething anger. All I could do was stand there and watch her cozy up to the guy she'd fallen for.

She picked him, and I got left in the dust.

But it still cuts deep that she had to lie to my face like that.

After feeling betrayed, it was like the world around me started spinning faster and faster. Before I knew it, I had transformed into someone unrecognizable. I became the kind of guy who picked fights on the streets, got into brawls left and right. I even picked up smoking cigarettes. I started dating women, having sex with them, then ditching them once I got what I wanted.

I had numerous flings with women who were only interested in a good time in bed and nothing more. The betrayal had changed me so much that everyone could see it.

Despite my childhood friend's attempts to reach out to me, her words fell on deaf ears. To me, everything she said felt like a lie, so I chose to shut her out.

The only person who had any chance of turning me back was my sister. She saw the drastic change in me and tried to steer me back on track. But before she could succeed, she tragically took her own life by hanging. Her death shattered me to my core. After her funeral, I sought vengeance on those who had wronged her, but before I could finish, I met my end in a fatal traffic accident.

I got reincarnated here, then...

If I told Alice that I don't have someone yet, it could lead to complications down the line. I didn't want that. So, I decided to be honest with her.

"I have," I finally admitted after a long silence.

She withdrew her head from my shoulder and muttered, "I see..." She then got up from the bed. "Well, that's to be expected. I mean, you're very handsome, Leon..." she began to walk towards the door. But I grabbed her hand, pulling her back to me, and embraced her from behind.

At that moment, she finally broke into loud sobs. It was the first time I had heard her cry like that.

"It's so unfair, Leon..." she choked out between sobs. "You're so unfair... Without me even realizing it, you've grown into an adult... so unfair..."

I could only hold her tightly from behind and listen to her crying.

Chapter 133: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 1 (5)

For a while, Alice just cried as I held her tightly from behind. She didn't speak, only silently wept. Maybe it would have been better for her if I let her go, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. If I released her, I feared I might lose her forever, and I couldn't bear the thought of that.

Even to this day, I had no clue what Alice's skill was. She had mentioned in one of her letters that her skill had finally awakened, and it was related to healing, but she never provided specific details. Healing skills weren't uncommon, but those with unique abilities beyond simple healing were rare. I recalled someone from the academy with a healing skill called Wound Transferal.

It allowed them to heal others by transferring their wounds onto themselves, or even onto their enemies. It was a skill with a dangerous twist, capable of turning the tables on opponents by inflicting self-harm.

After a while, her tears subsided, and she spoke softly, "You've changed a lot, Leon. I've noticed how much you've matured in the past four months since I last saw you. Actually, maybe you started changing even before then. It's like something shifted the moment you left the village. I couldn't help but wonder if it was because you found love in the capital."

We were both seated back on the bed now.

"I did entertain that thought at one point, that perhaps you stopped coming because of that," she confessed. "I told myself that if that were true, I would let you go. But when you appeared here after all this time, I couldn't bring myself to do it. That's when I realized..."

I'm in love with you." She paused, then added, "I can't pinpoint exactly when it happened, but if I had to guess, it was when you saved me."

"So you remembered?" I inquired, surprised. I had assumed she might have blocked out the memory due to its traumatic nature.

"Yeah," she replied softly, her gaze drifting up to the ceiling as she released a heavy sigh. "The memory of that day, it all came rushing back to me eventually. It hit me like a ton of bricks when you left the village, Leon. I was consumed by fear, unable to sleep, my thoughts consumed by the horrors of that moment. The only thing that kept me tethered to sanity was fixating on thoughts of you.

It was a strange solace, really. Whenever a wave of panic threatened to overwhelm me, the mere thought of you would wash over me like a calming tide, soothing my frayed nerves. And when I finally pieced together the fragments of memory, I realized... I was in love with you. At first, I denied it, couldn't fathom the idea of falling for you.

But then again, considering you rescued me from the brink of becoming a sex slave, perhaps it wasn't so surprising after all. As the days passed without your visits, I found myself gazing in the direction you had departed, towards the capital. Slowly, it dawned on me that perhaps you had ceased your visits because you had found love there, had no time to spare for our humble village.

I was prepared to let you go, to resign myself to the ache of unrequited feelings. But I couldn't ignore the longing in my heart, the yearning to see you once more. And so, I took a chance, I sent that letter."

After a moment, she lowered her gaze, her voice tinged with sadness. "When I first laid eyes on you upon your return, I couldn't shake the feeling that you had changed. Perhaps you had found yourself a lover while you were away. Call it woman's intuition, but I couldn't ignore the nagging suspicion in my gut. I needed to hear it from you personally.

And when you confirmed my fears, it felt like a dagger through my heart. The pain was so intense, I thought my knees would give out right then and there."

Raising her eyes to meet mine, she continued, "Thank you, Leon."

I blinked in confusion. "For what?"

"For not deceiving me," she replied, a bittersweet smile gracing her lips. Suddenly, I heard a faint, metallic chime in my mind. She then shifted her gaze away from me, leaning back against the bed with her hands supporting her weight as she stared up at the ceiling. Another sigh escaped her lips, but this one carried a sense of relief. "With this, I can finally let go of my feelings for you."

I can focus on pursuing my dream of becoming a priestess. And if that doesn't work out, well, maybe nunhood isn't such a bad alternative now that my love for you has ended."

As she spoke, I glanced at her domination requirements and realized that the first condition had been fulfilled.

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

Name: Alice

Race: Human-Vampire Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Alice:

1. Make Alice say her true feelings three times (3/3) (Completed!)

2. Kiss Alice and push her onto the bed (Deadline - 1 hr)

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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The second requirement appeared, and it sounded rather demanding. It was as if the skill itself was urging me to do something to Alice, or else she would lose her affection for me. I had a one-hour deadline to fulfill it. I recalled when Gabrielle had a requirement like this too. Back then, I failed to meet it, and as a result, I had to wait for 10 days before I could try again.

However, I didn't believe the 10-day cooldown for failing to fulfill the requirement within the deadline was a set-in-stone punishment. I suspected the consequences might vary from woman to woman.

But did it have to come down to this requirement? I couldn't shake the feeling that she might despise me if I went through with it. Taking advantage of her vulnerability felt like the lowest of lows, something that would undoubtedly brand me as scum in her eyes.

Yet, the thought lingered: if I didn't comply, would she ever return to me? It echoed the haunting pattern of my past life, where my childhood friend drifted away from me forever.

"Alice," I called out to her.

"What?" she responded, turning her head to meet my gaze. Seizing the moment, I acted swiftly, leaning in to capture her lips. "Hmmp?!" Her eyes widened in surprise at the sudden kiss.

After that, she attempted to pull back.

"W-What are you...! Hmp?!"

But I refused to let go, pressing on with the kiss. Despite her efforts to break free, my grip remained firm. Even with her gorilla-like strength, she couldn't break away. I couldn't allow it. Gradually, she ceased struggling and surrendered to my embrace. It was then that I ended the kiss, our eyes locking in a silent exchange.

Her eyes... seemed unusually redder tonight. Was it the dim lighting of the room, illuminated only by the moon's glow, that made them appear to shimmer? I doubted it. If it were merely a trick of the light, I wouldn't be so captivated.

Drawing closer once again, I pressed my lips against hers. This time, she didn't resist, though she didn't actively participate either. It was evident that this was her first experience with such intimacy.

I gently pushed her onto the bed, our lips still locked in a passionate embrace. Amidst our kiss, a metallic chime echoed in my head, but I ignored it, consumed by the moment. This was the closest I'd ever been to Alice, and I wasn't about to let anything interrupt.

As we continued, my hands found their way to her breasts, caressing them tenderly.

"No!"

It was then that realization dawned on her, and with all her strength, she pushed me away.

"...Y-You already have a lover, and yet you'd go this far with me?" she accused, tears brimming in her eyes as she crossed her arms protectively over her chest. "Leon, I never thought you could sink this low. You're the worst." With those words, she rose from the bed and stormed out of my room.

Her words stabbed at my heart, leaving a bitter ache in its wake. Despite my lack of motivation, I knew I had to check her domination requirements.

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

Name: Alice

Race: Human-Vampire Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Alice:

1. Make Alice say her true feelings three times (3/3) (Completed!)
2. Kiss Alice and push her onto the bed (Completed!)
3. Apologize to Alice
4. Unlock

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After seeing that, I reassured myself that it was acceptable. As long as Alice remained mine and didn't seek out other guys, even if she viewed me as scum, I could tolerate it. Even if she spoke of becoming a nun, there was no guarantee she wouldn't abandon that path for another man if she fell in love again. The thought disgusted me.

So, even if my actions were despicable, I convinced myself it was acceptable.

In that moment, a voice echoed in my mind, a voice from my buried memories of my past life.

"...You've become a scum."

I clenched my teeth, banishing those words from my thoughts.

Chapter 134: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (1)

The following morning.

I found myself in the cemetery, surrounded by countless gravestones. This was the final resting place of many villagers, including the woman who had cared for me like a mother in this world - Sister Eli. She was an elderly woman who had discovered me on the doorstep of the orphanage. It was my clearest memory, the moment of my reincarnation into this world.

Sister Eli was the first person I laid eyes on, not my birth mother, nor my sister Elise.

Sister Eli passed away at the age of 75, a peaceful death from natural causes. Sister Lily recounted finding her peacefully sleeping, her breath stilled forever.

I clasped my hands together and offered a prayer to the unknown. Whether there was a god or heaven in this realm remained uncertain, but I felt compelled to send my thoughts to her nonetheless.

I felt a presence behind me, and Sister Lily joined me, offering her prayers silently. After a few moments of solemnity, we finished our prayers together.

Turning to me, Sister Lily remarked, "You're up unusually early. I was expecting you to sleep in."

"Well, I've got classes today, so I had to rise with the sun," I replied.

"Ah, right. You still have class on the sixth day of the week, huh? But are you going to be alright? You know the Holy City is quite a journey from the Academy City. It takes three days by normal means. Won't you be terribly late?" she inquired with concern.

"I'll be fine," I assured her, though I didn't elaborate on why.

"Is that so?" she responded, clearly sensing that I was holding something back, but she didn't press me further. "Anyway, I couldn't help but notice Alice seemed upset. Did you do something to her? Again?"

Alice and I were no strangers to conflict, but this felt different. It ran deeper than our usual squabbles. Truth be told, even after all these years, I still struggled to understand the complexities of a woman's heart. Despite my skill, which could decipher what it took to win a woman over, I remained clueless about what truly lay within their hearts or minds.

It seemed that old adage about a woman's heart being a mystery wasn't too far off the mark.

"I did something to her, and it wasn't our usual clash of egos. It was worse," I confessed vaguely to Sister Lily. I couldn't bring myself to disclose the specifics, fearing her reaction would mirror Alice's anger.

"Is that so?" Sister Lily responded, seemingly understanding my reluctance to delve deeper. She didn't press me further. "Well, if you've wronged her, the least you can do is apologize. Sister Eli always stressed the importance of owning up to our mistakes."

"I suppose you're right," I conceded.

"Good. If you understand, then don't waste any time. Apologize to her and make amends," she advised.

I nodded in agreement and made my way back to the orphanage to face Alice.

Upon reaching her room, I knocked softly, but there was no response, only silence.

"Alice, if you're there, it's okay if you don't respond," I spoke softly. "I just need you to hear me out. Even if you don't forgive me, that's okay. I just want you to listen."

Taking a deep breath, I continued, my voice filled with sincerity, "I know I've done something terrible to you, and I fully understand the extent of my wrongdoing. I'm deeply sorry." With a humble bow in front of her door, I expressed my remorse. "I truly mean it. I'm really sorry." With that, I turned away and left.

As I walked away from her room, a faint sound reached my ears, but Alice remained silent behind her closed door.

Several hours later, I departed from the village without having the chance to speak to Alice further, returning to the Academy City.

Meanwhile...

Julius's POV

From atop one of the tallest buildings in the Capital City of Milham, I gazed down upon the sprawling metropolis below. Drawing in a deep breath, I focused my mana, forming a fiery orb in the palm of my hand. With a flick of my wrist, I unleashed the destructive power within.

"Inferno."

The fireball hurtled toward the ground, igniting upon impact with a deafening explosion. Flames erupted in all directions, engulfing everything in their path. The force of the blast sent bodies flying and seared flesh upon contact.

As the inferno raged on, I watched with cold indifference. To me, these people were nothing but insignificant ants, unworthy of mercy. They deserved to burn for their sins.

And burn they did, as my flames consumed them without remorse.

As chaos and screams reverberated below, I stood atop the towering edifice, my laughter ringing out like a macabre symphony. I knew the magic knights would eventually arrive, but they were powerless against me. No matter the extent of my atrocities—be it demanding women, perpetrating genocide, or wreaking havoc—I remained untouchable. I was a prince, and they were mere magic knights.

I was their superior in every way.

"You seem to relish in this chaos, Prince Julius," remarked the man standing by my side. He had been confined to a wheelchair, his body swathed in bandages, with one of his arms and legs missing, when I first met him. But now, miraculously, he stood before me with both arms and legs intact. He must have sought out someone with a healing skill capable of regenerating lost limbs.

"Of course I am," I replied, my smirk bordering on insanity. "Why wouldn't I? If only I hadn't been so blind and foolish all these years, I would have unleashed this madness long ago."

"It's all well and good to indulge your killing spree, but don't forget the King's Game is fast approaching. If you exhaust yourself too much now, you'll be sluggish when it counts," he cautioned.

"What do you mean? There's no way I'd lose in that competition. I'm the strongest. No one can stand in my way," I retorted confidently. "Don't underestimate my strength. Even if the other competitors are renowned fighters and mages, I'll rise to the top.

I'll be the victor."

"Your half-sister is entering as well, along with her trusty knight. And among the first years, there's trouble brewing. Especially with that woman," he added.

"Pfft," I scoffed, hacking and spitting disdainfully. "You really think some skillless woman stands a chance against me? Did you see how she cowered when she faced me? Pathetic."

"Well, if you're that confident. Just heed my warning though. There's something about her that feels... different. If you find yourself in a fight with her and realize you're outmatched, it might be wise to throw in the towel or hightail it out of there," he advised.

His words grated on my nerves, igniting a simmering irritation within me. There was no way in hell I'd let some woman, or anyone else for that matter, best me in combat. My determination burned like an inferno, fueled by arrogance and pride. "I don't fucking need your advice. I'll do whatever the hell I please."

"Fine," he conceded with a heavy sigh, a sense of resignation evident in his tone. "But for the love of all that's holy, be cautious. The last thing you want is to end up decapitated. You're still destined to rule this kingdom, and by extension, this whole world, Prince Julius."

"I know," I replied with icy coolness, my voice oozing with confidence and defiance. Raising my hand in a brazen gesture, I channeled mana into my palm, conjuring yet another fireball with a wicked grin. "I'll seize victory in the King's Game and demand my father relinquish his title to me."

In truth, the King's Game didn't typically bestow prestigious titles like king or duke upon commoners. For those of humble birth, the most one could hope for was a fief and the title of knight. However, for a prince like myself, the stakes were much higher. Winning the King's Game meant I could claim the throne itself. Of course, there was no guarantee my father would willingly abdicate.

After all, he had sat upon that throne for so long, ruling with an iron fist. He wouldn't simply hand it over to someone who had merely won a contest.

Well, If he resisted, I'd have no qualms about forcibly seizing his crown—by any means necessary.

"And once I ascend the throne of Milham, I'll command the most formidable group of knights in the world—the magic knights—to conquer this realm. We'll start with... ah, what was the name of that faltering kingdom again?" I inquired, a predatory gleam in my eyes.

"Kingdom of Bethlan," he declared with a steely resolve.

The moment the name left his lips, I unleashed another searing fireball, igniting a cataclysmic explosion that reverberated through the air. The cacophony of screams below only fueled my elation, their terror a symphony of victory.

"We'll start with that kingdom," I proclaimed, my voice ringing with conviction. With a swift movement, we vanished from our perch, leaving behind only echoes of destruction and the promise of conquest.

Chapter 135: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (2)

"Ngah!"

I woke up with a less-than-ladylike groan, well into the day, just two days before the King's Game. I forced my bleary eyes open and rubbed them groggily before dragging myself out of bed. Heading to the bathroom, I caught sight of a disheveled woman in her underwear staring back at me in the mirror, and a bedhead so wild it could qualify as a natural disaster. Needless to say, it was me.

I wasn't exactly the epitome of ladylike behavior even in my own world, but ever since finding myself transported to this unfamiliar realm for reasons unknown, my unrefined nature seemed to have been amplified.

"Well, no point in pretending to be a lady now. Too late for that," I muttered, examining my reflection with a resigned sigh. My face wore its usual sullen expression, not because I was particularly downcast, but because that's just how it looked by default.

I didn't mind, though. In fact, I found it preferable. Back in my world, when I was young, many men considered me cute, which often led them to underestimate me and sometimes even attempt to sexually assault me. I made sure to put down anyone who dared to try, rendering their hands useless in the process. But now, in my adult form, no one dared to bother me. And that suited me just fine.

After showering, brushing my teeth, and tidying my hair, I slipped into my uniform, ensuring it was neat and presentable. With everything in place, I headed towards the door leading to the hallway of the bronze class's dormitory. Just as I reached for the handle, a thought crossed my mind.

I retraced my steps back to my room and retrieved my gun, a constant companion since birth, before finally stepping out of the dormitory room. And so, another mundane day at the academy began.

As I entered the bronze class's classroom, I sensed a heavy atmosphere weighing down the air. It felt off, like something was amiss. The usual chatter and noise were conspicuously absent, replaced by an eerie silence. And to add to the strangeness, Professor Irene was nowhere to be seen, which was highly unusual considering her punctuality.

I couldn't help but wonder what was going on as I made my way to my seat. Along the aisle, I noticed Mr. Leon's seat remained empty. Was he running late too?

With Mr. Leon's absence, my curiosity about the strange atmosphere remained unsatisfied. Reluctantly, I took my seat, attempting to ignore the oppressive atmosphere, but it gnawed at me relentlessly.

However, the odd vibe wasn't the only thing catching my attention. Some of the students, particularly those with smartphones, were glued to their screens.

Curious, I unlocked my smartphone and glanced at the screen, noticing something odd—a strange panel displayed prominently with the words "NOTIFICATION!" emblazoned at the top in bold letters.

Intrigued, I tapped on it, and instantly, I was taken to what appeared to be a newspaper. At the top of the screen flashed the words "BREAKING NEWS!"

It was the latest news, fresh off the press. According to the report, a terrorist attack had rocked the Capital City, leaving a significant portion of it in ruins from a massive explosion. The casualties were devastating—men, women, children, adults, all fell victim to the tragedy. Many lost their lives in the blast, while others suffered injuries, some of which were severe and life-threatening.

The attack came out of nowhere, catching civilians off guard without a chance to react. It was doubtful they even realized they were dying in that explosion. The identity of the terrorist group behind this act of genocide and their motives remained shrouded in mystery. The Magic Knights suspected the perpetrators hailed from the Black Market, but they lacked concrete evidence.

Despite their investigative prowess, they were hitting dead ends. The uncertainty surrounding the situation left students feeling restless and anxious. With a terrorist group on the loose and even the Magic Knights struggling to uncover the truth, it was no wonder tensions ran high.

While I was engrossed in the news, Mr. Leon finally sauntered in, looking as disinterested as ever. He strolled over to his chair, his sling bag hanging lazily over his shoulder, and let out a bored yawn. As he settled into his seat, he greeted me with a nonchalant "Sup," seemingly oblivious to the tense atmosphere.

Letting out a sigh, I rose from my seat and approached Mr. Leon. With a swift kick to the leg of his chair, I jolted his attention towards me. He lifted his head, shooting me a questioning glance tinged with irritation. "What?" he asked gruffly.

"Have you not noticed anything yet?"

"What?" Leon responded, appearing oblivious or simply uninterested.

"Haven't you felt something strange today?" I pressed.

"The only thing odd is you talking to me this early," he retorted casually.

"That's not it," I snapped. "Can't you sense the atmosphere? Something feels off."

Finally, Leon glanced around. "Looks like everyone's glued to their phones," he observed.

Rolling my eyes, I placed a hand on my hip, growing increasingly irritated by his nonchalant attitude. "Have you checked your phone?"

"Nope, haven't bothered," he admitted casually.

"You're way too laid-back. It's like you have no sense of danger," I remarked, shooting him a pointed look. "You strike me as the type who'd sleep through a typhoon or an earthquake."

"I'm not that nonchalant," he replied with a casual yawn. "What good would panicking do in the face of a natural disaster like that? You should know better than anyone, Miss Shredica."

Ignoring his nonchalant response, I pressed on. "My point is," I continued, finally addressing the matter at hand, "did you hear about the terrorist attack this morning?"

"...Yeah, I heard," he responded in an indifferent tone. "Can't say I'm surprised though. Milham's been a mess for a while now. It was only a matter of time before it got hit by terrorists or revolutionaries."

"You sure don't hold back, do you?" I retorted. "Despite living in this kingdom, you speak so casually about its troubles. But I suppose you're right. It was bound to happen sooner or later."

As we conversed, someone forcefully kicked Mr. Leon's chair, causing him to lurch forward from the impact. It was the current number one of the bronze class, though his name eluded me at the moment. He glared fiercely at Mr. Leon.

"Shut the fuck up already! Can't you keep your mouths shut this early in the fucking morning?! It's fucking annoying listening to you skillless losers babble!" he spat out angrily.

I shot him a glare of my own. "And who do you think you are, ordering us around like that?"

But when my gaze met his, he merely clicked his tongue and averted his eyes. I cocked my head in confusion. Was he not going to say anything else? I expected a retort, but he remained silent.

Meanwhile, Leon shook his head with a subtle click of his tongue, muttering something under his breath. "Poor guy. It's a shame he thought you were worth falling for..." he muttered, though I couldn't make out his words.

"Did you say something, Mr. Leon?" I inquired.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he replied. "But I suppose there's no harm in telling you."

"What is it?" I pressed, curious.

Leon rose from his seat, patting me on the shoulder. "I guess both of us suck at understanding the opposite gender," he remarked.

With that, he sauntered out of the room, hands in his pockets. I furrowed my brow, puzzled by his cryptic comment.

Leon's POV

To be honest, I was completely clueless about what was going on. I had no inkling of the terrorist attack that had occurred in the kingdom. I unlocked my phone and noticed a notification. It wasn't your typical internet news, though. Instead, it was something the tech department at Leonamon had integrated into our smartphones – a digital newspaper of sorts.

It didn't rely on internet connection like on Earth. Instead, they'd implemented a system akin to Bluetooth, allowing all smartphones to share this digital news.

As I read through the news, my brow furrowed. Fire, explosions, widespread destruction – it wasn't just a simple bomb. If it was, it was definitely no ordinary one. From what I knew, the military technology in this world was still relatively primitive. Sure, they had firearms and grenades, but the designs were outdated, nowhere near modern standards.

What could possibly cause such devastation? As soon as I read about the fire and explosion, one person immediately came to mind. The skill "Inferno" – a terrifying ability that amplifies the power of fire-related magic. It's an incredibly overpowered skill, capable of rivaling even a nuclear explosion if wielded proficiently.

And there's only one person I know who possesses that skill.

"Prince Julius."

Prince Julius, the young man who once shared a close bond with Charlotte Sierra, seemed to have his heart shattered when he witnessed her embracing Professor Sesillian.

I could empathize with that feeling.

"I might really hate Charlotte now..." I muttered to myself.

Chapter 136: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (3)

While strolling down the hallway of the first-year building, making my way towards Gabrielle's office, I slipped my phone back into my pocket and muttered a name, "Bernadette."

Instantly, a figure materialized beside me.

"Yes, Master?" she responded, her voice obedient.

It was Bernadette, a woman with black hair tied up in an upward ponytail. She donned a ninja-like garb, with daggers holstered on each side of her hips. Bernadette was one of my Shadows.

The Shadows were a group of women who acted as my silent guardians, always at my side and ready to carry out any orders I gave them. Currently, there were five members: Sandra, Bernadette, Krista, Isabelle, and Juliette, with Sandra serving as their leader.

Bernadette possessed a skill called Cryptic Coloration, enabling her skin and attire, along with any objects she carried, to blend seamlessly into her surroundings. It was a form of camouflage, granting her invisibility. However, the skill extended beyond just herself; she could also apply it to someone she was touching.

Unlike true invisibility, though, her presence still left a slight ripple in the surroundings. Nonetheless, it was an invaluable skill, one I coveted for myself.

If memory serves me right, Bernadette was once part of an assassin clan renowned for their blade skills and expertise in silent assassination. She told me that the clan was decimated by another rival assassin group, leaving her as one of the few survivors. After narrowly escaping death herself, she fell into the hands of slavers during the chaos of the clan war.

Despite her training as a killer, she was unable to fend off the slavers and ended up being kidnapped and sold into prostitution under Norman's control. That's where our paths crossed.

After I intervened to prevent her from being forced into prostitution, Bernadette chose to place her trust in me. It was genuinely heartening to see her willingness to do so. Admittedly, my initial motives for rescuing her weren't entirely noble, but regardless, since she was offering her trust, I welcomed it with open arms.

Bernadette mentioned that she was more than willing to lay down her life for me if the need arose, or even perform harakiri if I commanded it. Of course, I wouldn't ask her to do that. I prefer dominating her.

Honestly, the idea of having bodyguards does have its appeal. Although I don't really need them for protection - I can handle myself just fine - Amon explained that even powerful men can be taken by surprise and killed. That's why the Shadow was created. They serve as my bodyguards, handling tasks like gathering information, espionage, and much more that benefits me.

"Could you look into what's happening in the Capital City? Also, tell Sandra to check on the state of affairs at the Black Market," I instructed.

"I'll do my best, Master," she replied.

"Good girl," I praised, patting her head gently. A blush spread across her cheeks as I did so.

--

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

Name: Bernadette Yorbrade

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Lily:

1. Pat Bernadette on the head and commend her for being a good girl twenty times (4/20)

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

....

--

After patting her on the head, she vanished instantly, like a ninja. I continued on to Gabrielle's office.

As I approached, I overheard voices inside. Apart from Gabrielle's, there was another.

"I know you've stepped down from being a Magic Knight, but can't you at least try to help us? We're really struggling here, and your expertise could make a difference."

"I'm sorry, but I have my own responsibilities to attend to. If that's all you came here to say, Angelica, then you should return to your duties."

"...You've become rather dull, Gabrielle. I thought you had potential to become the next Magic Knight commander..."

"I guess your expectations of me were misplaced, and I've failed to live up to them."

It sounded like she was having a fight with someone inside. I heard the name Angelica, so that meant the person in there with her was Angelica Arleto, a magic knight who graduated and became a magic knight the same year as Gabrielle. So this might be Gabrielle's old comrade and friend. I once met her when I was in the process of dominating Gabrielle.

Although I doubt she'd remember me, since I was rocking a different persona back then.

"You know, Gabrielle, ever since you quit, I've been pondering over why you abandoned your position as a magic knight, especially after all the effort you put into earning that title since our first year at the academy. It doesn't seem like it was for love, considering you don't appear to have a lover. Thus, I'm quite perplexed. Since I'm here now, I feel compelled to ask: Why did you quit?"

I heard Gabrielle sigh from the other side of the room. "It's because I had a reality check."

"Reality check?"

"I believed that holding the title of a magic knight signified righteousness and justice, but upon assuming the role, I discovered the fallacy in that belief. Instead of witnessing noble intentions, I saw corruption. The royalty manipulated us, exploiting our powers for their own nefarious ends while disregarding the suffering of the people."

They sat upon their thrones, indifferent to the plight of their subjects. I had envisioned the role of a magic knight as safeguarding peace, yet in reality, I found myself merely safeguarding the interests of the royalty. I failed to protect the populace as I had hoped. It's quite remarkable that you've remained committed to this cause, despite witnessing such injustices firsthand."

"You quit... because of that? I had thought you were a more patient individual, but it appears I misjudged that aspect of your character as well. Perhaps your aspirations were extinguished by the realities of dealing with the royalty, leading you to seek employment in a more mundane role such as an instructor. I must admit, I never saw this coming from you."

"Well, people do change. Even a rebellious youth can evolve into a respectable figure, given the right circumstances. Don't you agree?"

"."

"In any case, have you found the answers you were seeking? If so, I would appreciate it if you could leave now. I still have some work to attend to."

At that moment, silence fell before I heard footsteps approaching the door. Quickly, I ceased eavesdropping and stepped back, putting some distance between myself and the entrance. As the door swung open, a woman with ample assets clad in a magic knight uniform stormed out, her expression fraught with anger. She appeared on the verge of explosion.

After observing her departure from the first-year building, I entered the room. Gabrielle seemed unsurprised by my presence.

"Did you overhear that?"

"Well, yes," I replied. "It appears those you left behind in the magic knights are rather upset about your departure."

"Who is to blame for that?" she responded with a sly smile.

"I suppose I am at fault, given that I was the one who lured you away from the magic knights."

She smiled at me and gestured for me to close and lock the door. Following her instruction, I secured the door before approaching her. She then embraced me, inhaling deeply.

"I'm honestly grateful that you took control of me, because if you hadn't, I might still be with them even now," she confessed as she continued to sniff me.

"Did you despise your tenure there?" I inquired.

"To be honest, I'm somewhat indifferent about it, and I don't particularly detest working as a magic knight. It has always been my dream to attain that position. However, upon entering, I was taken aback by the extent of the corruption within the system. Nevertheless, I fulfilled my duties as a magic knight.

At one point, I even attempted to reform the system to align with the ideal image of the magic knights I had cherished since childhood. But just as I was about to embark on that endeavor, you entered my life.

From that moment, my trajectory was altered, my life got derailed, but I revel in the deviation. Especially in being 'railed' by you," she concluded with a playful grin.

My hands instinctively found their way to her voluptuous curves, eagerly kneading her firm buttocks. With a mischievous grin, Gabrielle responded by initiating a sensual dance, her hips gyrating against mine, igniting a fiery desire within me that caused my throbbing member to stiffen with anticipation.

"You're getting horny," I chuckled, unable to contain my arousal.

"It's been far too long," she admitted huskily, her voice laced with desire. "I need you to fuck me."

I couldn't help but marvel at her raw sensuality, the way her body moved against mine in a tantalizing rhythm. "But we just fucked a week ago," I reminded her.

"I think my libido is at its peak," she confessed, her eyes smoldering with lust. "Lately, even after you've fucked me until I could barely stand, the hunger for your cock has consumed me. Thoughts of you send shivers down my spine, driving me to desperate measures. I've been sneaking off to this room to relieve the ache between my thighs, but it's not enough."

With you being so occupied lately, I've had to suppress my desires. However, knowing you'll be gone to the King's Game in two days, and gone for at least three... I don't think I can resist much longer."

She was clearly horny if she was saying something like that... I remember hearing somewhere that a woman's sex drive peaks in her mid to late twenties. I guess there's some truth to that.

Well, if she wanted to be fucked before I headed off to the King's Game, I was more than willing to oblige.

Chapter 137: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (4)

I instructed Gabrielle to place her hands on the desk and turned her ass towards me. She was dressed in her usual black slacks and black turtleneck, with her lab coat still on. I knew plenty of guys had their eyes on her, practically treating her like a celebrity. I felt lucky to be the one she chose.

Kneeling behind her, I lifted her white lab coat to reveal her ass still covered by the slacks, and began to sniff it. Her scent sent shivers down my spine. Every curve of her body, her face, and her aroma were all incredibly arousing. She was like a goddess in human form. It wouldn't surprise me if she were worshipped as one.

"Ahh... Don't sniff..." she protested, though her ass continued to wiggle enticingly, contradicting her words.

"You might say that, but your body seems to enjoy it," I remarked. "Your libido must be so high that even though your mind says no, your body says yes."

"It's embarrassing to be sniffed there like that..."

Ignoring her protests, I gripped the sides of her slacks and pulled them down. As they slid down, I revealed her black underwear adorned with floral patterns. With anticipation coursing through me, I pulled aside the crotch of her panties to expose her glistening vagina. I wasted no time in licking away the shimmering juices that adorned her folds.

"Ahn...!" she moaned in pleasure. I had never found love juices repulsive; in fact, I found their taste rather appealing. Perhaps my extensive experiences in this world had molded me into a more depraved individual, but I saw no harm in that.

I rose to my full height, enveloping her back with my body as I reached for her breasts. Cupping them firmly in my hands, I molded them as if they were pliable clay, reveling in their softness. As I began to grind my hips against hers, I made sure she could feel how hard I was.

Pressing my body against hers, I continued to massage her breasts while gyrating my hips against hers. Her eyes smoldered with lust as she gazed back at me, her desire evident. With a hungry urgency, she seized my lips with her own.

Our kiss deepened as I explored her mouth, my hands never leaving her breasts. The sensation of her warm, supple flesh against mine caused my cock to throb inside its confines, desperate for release.

Feeling the hardness of my cock, she intensified her grinding against my crotch. After a few minutes, we broke our kiss, and she turned around to press her lips against mine once more, her hands now rubbing my dick through my pants.

"Nnnchu... nmmm~..."

While she pleasured me, I wasted no time in undressing her. I started by pulling off her lab gown. Although I could have left it on for some spicy role play, I was eager to engage in naked intimacy today. Plus, it was still too early in the morning to risk getting our clothes dirty from sex. Once the lab gown was removed, I moved on to her black turtleneck, swiftly pulling it over her head.

Next, I unclasped her bra, allowing it to fall away and revealing her beautiful, round globes.

They jiggled lightly as they swayed side to side, captivating me with their natural bounce. With a mischievous glint in her eyes, she proceeded to unzip my pants. As the zipper descended halfway, she paused, her gaze fixated on the bulge beneath the fabric.

"It's been a while since I last saw it, so I'm kind of... relishing this anticipation," she murmured to herself.

"Gabrielle, you naughty girl," I teased.

She giggled before resuming her task, pulling the zipper all the way down. With swift movements, she then tugged my underwear down, revealing my erect cock in all its glory. A loud gasp escaped her lips as she beheld its size, standing proudly like a spear, its tip already glistening with precum. Her eyes remained fixed on it, entranced by its sight.

"You're already hard for me..." she exclaimed with a delighted tone. "Fufufu, are you eager for this as much as I am?"

"If I wasn't, my dick wouldn't be standing at attention like that," I quipped.

Gabrielle grinned bashfully as she squeezed my length, her touch both firm and gentle, just the way I liked it. She then dropped to her knees and began stroking my cock with her hand, sending waves of warmth radiating through me. It was as if her touch ignited a flame within me, filling me with desire and anticipation.

With a flick of her tongue across her dry lips, she slowly brought her mouth closer to my cock.

However, before she could proceed, I halted her.

"Wait, Gabrielle," I interjected.

She appeared disappointed that I had interrupted her. She was mere inches away from tasting my dick again, but it seemed I had inadvertently cockblocked her. However, I was simply asking her to wait; we would still proceed. I just felt it necessary to address something with Gabrielle before we resumed. I had a hunch that she might be out cold afterward, so it was best to have this conversation now.

"What is it?" she inquired, her gaze flickering with a mixture of curiosity and anticipation as she looked up at me, her hand still wrapped firmly around my throbbing shaft.

"This won't take long, I promise," I assured her, my voice low and reassuring. "We'll have plenty of time for pleasure later. But for now, indulge me. What transpired during your conversation with Angelica?"

"Why do you want to know that?"

"Because it seems like something interesting is going down, and I wanna be in on it," I said. Feels like someone from the Black Market's cooking up something, and they're using Prince Julius for it. If I had to guess, it's because Julius is the one stirring up all this chaos, and the Magic Knights can't do jack about it.

They probably suspect he's being manipulated somehow, but without solid evidence, they're just grasping at straws. That's why they're after Gabrielle; they know she's a whiz at gathering intel. She's not just a skilled Magic Knight, but she's also a pro at collecting info. That's why she's always on the lookout for me.

"I think your curiosity is a bit of a flaw in you, Master," she said. "Oh well, I love every bit of you, good and bad, so whatever. Anyway, you wanna know what Angelica and I talked about, right? You probably have an idea since you've been eavesdropping on us, but I'll spill anyway, since it seems you won't give me what I want unless I give you a satisfying response.

Angelica came here to ask me to rejoin the Magic Knights and help them stop a threat from a revolutionary army called the Silver Blades, as well as put a stop to Prince Julius throwing a tantrum."

"Silver Blades, huh?"

"Haven't you heard about them? I think I mentioned them in one of my reports too. The Silver Blades are a group of revolutionaries hell-bent on bringing down the Milham royalty and dismantling the kingdom's system to establish a republic."

I'm familiar with the Silver Blades, of course. I wasn't just tuning Gabrielle out when she gave me info. I was always paying attention.

I also know that the leader of the Silver Blades is a woman named Eris, who was the red-headed woman I saw when I attacked Norman. That's when I realized that Shredica is a member of the Silver Blades as well.

"Also, you've probably already heard, but did you know there was a terrorist attack this morning in the capital?"

"I do."

"Well, actually, it wasn't a terrorist attack. They only told the public that as a cover-up, but in reality, it was Prince Julius himself who attacked the capital."

Looks like I was spot on... "So the royalty and Magic Knights are hiding that fact by labeling it as a terrorist attack, huh?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm not supposed to have that information, since I'm no longer a Magic Knight, but Angelica couldn't keep it to herself and had to spill."

"I guess she's not the best at keeping secrets," I said. "But I'm kinda puzzled why she came all the way here just to ask you to rejoin the Magic Knights, and then gave up on it when she couldn't sway you."

"Well, actually, I wasn't the reason she came here. She had another agenda besides me," Gabrielle said. "She just dropped by to see me since she was already here, but the real reason she came was to talk to Irene."

"Irene?" I said, a bit confused. Well, it wasn't really that surprising if Angelica wanted to meet Irene, considering they graduated in the same year as her and Gabrielle. But I had to ask, "Why?"

"Because Irene is the only one who could possibly stop Prince Julius's power."

Chapter 138: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (5)

That wasn't exactly surprising. Irene and Prince Julius had elemental skills that were directly opposed to each other. Their abilities weren't just mere magic; they were forces of nature, fire and water, Inferno and Atlantis, locked in an eternal clash of power.

These weren't your ordinary fireballs or water blasts; their magic had the potential to wreak havoc on a monumental scale, capable of laying waste to entire nations with a mere flick of their fingers.

The Magic Knights were likely at their wit's end because they couldn't do anything against the prince, hence why they came to the academy.

So Irene not being in the classroom meant she was talking with the Magic Knights.

"Did I answer your questions?" Gabrielle asked.

I grinned and took her hand to help her up, then turned her around and pushed her onto the desk. Her ass was now facing me, along with that pink flower and her pinkish little hole. They were mine and mine alone. Feeling an overwhelming sense of conquest, I couldn't contain myself and began licking her pussy again while stimulating her swollen clit.

"Haaah~ nnhh, ahhh, aang... hah~ fuaahhh~!"

After lavishing her with my tongue for a while, she reached a delicate climax, her legs trembling with pleasure.

"Ahhhh... Enough... Please... Haa... Haa.... Put it in already, M-Master..."

I rose to my feet, my cock throbbing with anticipation as I nestled it between her supple ass cheeks. But just as I was about to enter her...

We were abruptly interrupted by a knocking on the door. Both of us froze, our eyes snapping towards the source of the disturbance.

"Professor Gabrielle, are you there? Hello? Um, I have something to ask of you. Can I please come in?"

"Isn't that... Princess Myrcella?" I muttered.

Gabrielle glanced back at me.

"You locked the door, right?"

"I did," I admitted. "But I think I might not have done it properly."

"You what?"

A mischievous grin spread across my face. "My bad," I confessed.

"You don't look sorry at all!" she exclaimed, her tone tinged with irritation.

"Professor Gabrielle? I'm coming in, okay?" came the voice from the other side of the door.

Myrcella's POV

As I opened the door, I saw Professor Gabrielle sitting behind her desk, her head resting on the surface. Ah, she must have been asleep. I felt a twinge of guilt for disturbing her slumber, but I needed her guidance.

"Uhm, excuse me, professor? Are you awake?"

"Heh? Uh, Y-Yes, I'm awake. Ah, Princess Myrcella, do you need me for something?"

"Ah, yes," I replied. Then, I noticed something was off about Professor Gabrielle. As a former Magic Knight, she was always composed and poised, a woman I admired greatly. It saddened me when she left the order, but I was grateful to see her again, even if only as a professor. However, her demeanor now was anything but composed. She looked flushed, her breathing uneven, and she was sweating profusely.

Something seemed amiss.

"Do you have a fever, Professor? Your face looks kind of red..." My concern deepened as I observed her flushed complexion.

"Oh... Ah, I just feel hot because I was sorting something out until a few moments ago. Anyway, what do you want with me?" Her voice seemed strained, and beads of sweat dotted her forehead.

"Oh, about that," I began.

"Hng?!" A sudden, unexpected cry escaped from the professor's lips, startling us both. She quickly covered her mouth, her eyes widening with embarrassment.

"A-Are you really okay, Professor?" I asked, my worry growing.

"I'm fine. I just stubbed my toe on the desk," she replied hastily, though her voice betrayed a hint of discomfort.

"I-Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all," she insisted, though her hurried demeanor suggested otherwise. "Anyway, what is it you want again?"

"Oh, um, I'm seeking your advice, Professor Gabrielle. Is that alright?"

"Y-Yes... Please, go ahead, Princess."

"Actually..." I began, choosing to confide in Professor Gabrielle about my worries.

Gabrielle's POV

"Actually, my half-brother, Julius, has been avoiding returning home lately, engaging in constant conflicts with our father and his own mother. I'm perplexed as to why he's become this kind of person, and witnessing his newfound behavior leaves me deeply unsettled. Furthermore, rumors have circulated in the royal castle that he's plotting to overthrow our father's reign and seize power for himself."

Despite Father's efforts to thwart Julius's ambitions thus far, I can't shake the feeling that Julius may eventually succeed. What are your thoughts on this, Professor Gabrielle?"

It was tough to focus on what Princess Myrcella was saying, what with Master starting to lick me down there. I felt kind of guilty that she seemed serious about her concerns, while I was getting my pussy licked without her knowing. I had to stifle my moans while she was talking. Honestly, I had no clue what she was going on about, couldn't concentrate at all.

But it seemed like it was something to do with the royal family's issues.

"Princess Myrcella, are you certain... ohhh... certain it's wise to confide in me like this? I'm no longer part of the Magic Knights, remember?"

"Well, you're the only one I feel I can turn to, Professor," she replied. "Among the Magic Knights, you're the only one I trust, even though you're no longer among their ranks."

My guilt surged as Princess Myrcella placed her trust in me, but paradoxically, I found myself growing more aroused by the situation. I never knew I had such perverse tendencies within me. If I could go back and tell my former self, the one who hadn't even explored masturbation until meeting Master, she would be utterly shocked, questioning if we were even the same person.

Yet, deep down, she would know, because I was her. And now, here I was, finding pleasure while someone sought advice from me.

"Hng... I'm not sure I can offer much help or be the one advising you on family matters, Princess Myrcella. However, if you believe... Ahh?!"

A loud moan ripped through my lips, betraying my struggle to maintain composure.

"Professor? Are you really okay?" asked Princess Myrcella.

"Y-Yes... I'm fine," I said, trying to mask the turmoil raging within me.

I discreetly glanced down at Master, who was now plunging three fingers in and out of my pussy. What are you up to, Master? Are you enjoying this? Of course, he would be. Master is a sadist, but he underestimates his own sadistic tendencies. I find it oddly appealing, though.

Yet, couldn't he refrain from intentionally making me moan like this? What if Princess Myrcella caught on?

"What I'm trying to say is, if you truly believe that my advice can help you, then I'll tell you. But for now, tread cautiously. Keep an eye on things, but refrain from diving in headfirst. Timing is crucial. If you sense it's time to intervene, then by all means, go for it. But until then, patience is key.

Do you understand?"

It was a clumsy piece of advice, no doubt about it, but it was the only thing that came to mind, especially since my thoughts were all over the place thanks to the fingering happening under this table.

"Is that really the best course of action?" she asked, her uncertainty palpable. "Just sitting back and watching?"

"Nnn... W-Well, yes, for now," I struggled to respond, my focus shattered by the relentless stimulation. "You can't stop a storm from brewing, but you can at least try to predict when it'll hit."

"I see," she said, her voice tinged with understanding. "I think I understand now. Thank you for the advice, Professor Gabrielle."

"You're... hng... w-welcome, Princess," I managed to reply, the words slipping out amidst the waves of pleasure. "If you ever need guidance, don't hesitate to come to me. Even though I'm no longer a Magic Knight or your personal magic instructor like before, I'm still your professor here at the academy. It's my duty to offer advice to my students..."

hng~ when they're struggling."

"I'll keep that in mind," Princess Myrcella said. "Well then, I'll take my leave now. Sorry for disturbing you, Professor."

As Princess Myrcella finally departed from my office, the floodgates holding back my moans collapsed.

"Ahhh, ahhhnn~ ahhh..."

"Good job suppressing your moans, Gabrielle," Master commended. "But I couldn't help but notice how tightly your pussy clenched around my fingers the entire time. Is the thrill of getting fingered while doling out advice that arousing to you?"

"Yes... Ahhh... It's incredibly arousing. I crave it... Ahhh!"

"Well, if the opportunity presents itself," Master said with a wicked grin. "I won't be able to hold back any longer. I'm going to ravish you mercilessly, starting now, Gabrielle. Are you prepared for it?"

He gazed up at me, and I met his gaze. Given his statement, the proper response was clear.

"Yes, Master. Pound my holes with your cock and fill them with your hot white cum," I eagerly declared.

And with that, Master began fucking me relentlessly.

Chapter 139: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (6)

Leon's POV

I settled into the chair, positioning Gabrielle atop me with my cock aimed at her dripping pussy. Gripping her hands firmly in mine, I pulled her down and thrust my dick into her in one swift motion. Her pussy clenched around me so tightly it felt like my dick might be torn off.

"NghhhhhhhHHhhhHhhHHhHHHhhHHhHhHH~!!!"

Immediately, lascivious juices gushed from her pussy, spilling onto the floor like a fountain.

Though she had put her turtleneck back on, underneath she wore nothing. I didn't mind leaving it there as I pulled the turtleneck up, revealing her chest, and began kneading her breasts in my hands.

"Ahhh, ahhh, hnnng, ahhh~!"

Gabrielle's hips descended as I thrust upward, our movements creating a symphony of pleasure that echoed throughout her office.

"Ahhh, so deep~! Y-You're hitting so deep~!"

I relentlessly targeted her favorite spot, driving her to climax repeatedly. By now, I knew every inch of Gabrielle's body with crystal clarity. Every mole, every erogenous zone, even her g-spot—I had committed it all to memory. And I had a comprehensive understanding of how to bring her to climax again and again.

"Ahhh, c-cumming~!" she screamed loudly, arching her neck and pressing her back against me. Eventually, her body tensed and shuddered violently as her vaginal walls tightened around me.

But even as she was climaxing like crazy, I kept pounding her relentlessly. While she was cumming, I pounded her harder and harder. I pressed her legs together to get even deeper into her pussy. As I did, I felt her cervix stretching to its limit with every thrust of my glans.

"Guh...! S-So deep! Y-You're hitting my...!"

I kept pressing her against me, ensuring she couldn't escape. Her moans grew louder and more lascivious, echoing throughout the room as her juices soaked the floor.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhh, noo! D-Don't! Ahhh, I'm cumming!"

I relentlessly pounded her ass, our bodies pressed together as we both stood upright. With a firm grip on her hands, I pulled her towards me, driving myself deeper into her. As the intensity escalated, I released her hands, allowing mine to roam over her supple breasts. Meanwhile, she leaned on the desk for support, her body trembling with each forceful thrust.

"Ahhh, ahhh, fuaaaahn~! Ahhhhn~! Yes! Ahhh~! I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumminggggggggg!!!"

A torrent of her lascivious essence overflowed from her pussy, saturating the floor in her intoxicating juices. With pent-up desire consuming me, I unleashed my cloudy, scalding, white liquid deep within her, and she eagerly accepted every drop.

"Ahhh... Ugh...."

As my essence flooded her womb, Gabrielle's body shuddered in an earth-shattering climax.

Without granting her a moment's respite, I withdrew my throbbing member, allowing the viscous semen to trickle from her pussy in rivulets. Swiftly, I spun her around, seizing her firm buttocks and drawing her nearer to me. Positioning my engorged cock between her supple thighs, I captured her lips in a fervent kiss.

"Nnn... mnnn... nchuuu... chu... fuah..."

Our tongues tangled fervently as I slid my cock back and forth between her thighs.

After indulging in our intimate endeavors for a while, I delicately lifted one of her legs and guided her towards the desk, her compliance evident as she settled herself upon its surface. With a gentle touch, I raised her other leg, parting them to create space.

I positioned myself at her entrance and inquired, "Professor, do you not have any classes scheduled for today?"

"A-Actually, I do have a small seminar later, at 11 A.M..." she replied.

"It's still early, barely a quarter past nine. That leaves us with plenty of time, correct?"

"Yes... Well, technically, I do have a lecture at nine, but..." She paused momentarily before flashing a mischievous grin. "Occasionally skipping a class won't do any harm, will it?"

She even spread her pussy for me, emphasizing her eagerness. This woman truly is quite daring.

"Should a professor be sharing such intimate details with a student?" I questioned.

"Why not?" she countered, a mischievous grin playing on her lips.

Seizing both of her legs, I thrust my dick inside her. She was so wet that my member slid in effortlessly, like a hot knife through butter.

"Nhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!" she moaned in pleasure.

I gripped her legs firmly, the pressure enough to possibly leave bruises, yet she showed no concern. Gabrielle, with her penchant for pain and exhibitionism, welcomed the intensity. What I was doing wasn't abuse; it was simply fulfilling her desires. After all, what kind of man would neglect to satisfy his partner?

"Yes! Ahhh, M-Master! Ahhh, ahhh, yes! Yes! Ahhhn~!" she cried out in ecstasy.

My thrusts grew more fervent as I pounded her vigorously, my grip on her legs tightening as I penetrated her sweet, tight pussy.

"Haah.... HaahhH! Oh god~! Your cock feels amazing, Master! Ahhhn~!"

Each time I thrust into her, her pussy walls clenched around my dick, creating an incredible sensation. I found myself completely lost in the moment, consumed by desire. The lewd sounds of our coupling filled the office, fueling my arousal beyond measure.

With every movement, her vaginal walls and flesh rubbed tantalizingly against my penis, igniting an overwhelming impatience that consumed my thoughts.

"Ah, yes, yes, oh!"

Her voice echoed with each thrust, her body responding eagerly to my every movement. I watched with intensity as her expression transformed, signaling her ascent towards climax. And then, in a crescendo of ecstasy, her eyes rolled back, her tongue slipping past her lips.

Gabrielle's proclamation filled the room, reverberating with the raw intensity of her pleasure. Waves of euphoria surged through her, each shudder of ecstasy palpable. Her fingers, still gripping her legs to maintain the spread of her vagina, dug into the flesh as she arched beneath me, every muscle quivering with delight.

The sight of her flushed, contorted face consumed me, driving me to the brink of release. With a primal grunt, I surrendered, filling her womb with my warm, pulsating cum.

"...I'm cumming!"

With a primal grunt, I unleashed streams of white semen deep within her, each eruption sending ripples of pleasure coursing through her body. With her pussy already filled with my essence, I decided to adorn her body with my release instead. Pulling out from her warmth, I directed the final spurts of my essence onto her quivering stomach.

Suddenly, as if in a whirlwind, the door swung open, and a woman with scarlet hair stormed into the room.

"Excuse me, I know I don't belong here, and I hadn't meant to intrude on your sanctum, but I have an urgent matter to discuss, something I'd rather not do but have no choice," she spoke rapidly, seemingly oblivious to the scene unfolding before her. It wasn't until her gaze fell upon us that realization dawned, freezing her in shock.

"Huh...?" Her eyes widened in disbelief as she took in the scene unfolding before her. First, her gaze locked onto me, my naked form laid bare, my dick still proudly erect, traces of semen glistening on the glans. Then, she turned her attention to Gabrielle's body, now adorned with streaks of my essence.

A gasp escaped her lips as she instinctively clamped her hands over her mouth, attempting to suppress any outburst of shock.

"W-What... Student L-Leon? And G-Gabrielle? What are you doing? No, what have you done?" Irene's voice trembled with disbelief.

Gabrielle turned her gaze towards the direction of the door, visibly startled by the sight of Irene standing there. Her expression quickly shifted to a glare directed at me, as if questioning whether this was another one of my schemes. Truthfully, it wasn't. When I left the door unlocked, my intention was merely to add a hint of excitement, not to invite unexpected interruptions.

Even without a lock, I assumed a knock would precede any entry, granting us ample time to compose ourselves. However, I hadn't anticipated Irene's abrupt intrusion, especially without so much as a knock.

Feeling the inadequacy of my excuse, I chose to avoid eye contact with Gabrielle. She continued to glare at me for a moment before rising from the desk, taking a moment to tidy herself and adjust her clothing. As she dressed, she addressed Irene, who still stood shocked in the doorway, without bothering to meet her gaze.

"What brings you here, Irene?" Gabrielle inquired.

"Don't attempt to brush this off and ask me in such a nonchalant manner! I demand to know what you and Student Leon were doing together just now."

"We were engaging in sexual activity," Gabrielle responded calmly and composedly, as if unfazed by Irene's discovery. "Is that problematic?"

"It most certainly is! I mean, Leon is a student! You shouldn't be engaging in sexual relations with a student!"

With her pants now secured, Gabrielle scoffed, "As if you're any better, Irene."

At this, Irene visibly widened her eyes, "Huh? W-What do you mean?"

"You've slept with Leon too, haven't you?" Gabrielle accused.

Chapter 140: Three Days Before The King's Game, Day 2 (7)

"W-W-What do you mean?" stammered Irene, her words stumbling. "I-I have no idea what you're talking about."

Her gaze repeatedly met mine, silently questioning whether I had disclosed anything to Gabrielle. I had promised her confidentiality, and I hadn't betrayed that trust. Well, perhaps in a roundabout way I had, but since Gabrielle discovered it independently, it didn't really constitute a breach, did it?

"Don't play the fool, Irene. I'm aware of your actions," Gabrielle asserted. "Don't fret. Leon didn't divulge anything to me. I uncovered it on my own."

"H-How?" inquired Irene.

"Well, even though we drifted apart after that graduation incident, I'm well acquainted with your habits, Irene," Gabrielle remarked. "When you arrived at work that day, I noticed your peculiar crab-like walk. And ever since, your gaze seems fixated on Leon. Did you think I wouldn't catch on to that?"

"W-Well, alright, we did engage in that act, I confess. But it was merely a drunken error. It happened unintentionally, and that's the extent of it," Irene explained. "I acknowledge that I've committed an irreversible mistake. That's why I've resolved to bury it and move on. But what about you?"

You're actively engaging in it with him!"

"And is that an issue?"

"Eh?"

"Is that an issue?" Gabrielle reiterated.

"W-Well, it is! Leon is your student! You're his professor!" said Irene. "You can't willingly engage in sexual relations with a student!"

At that, Gabrielle simply sighed. "What? That's hardly a concern," she dismissed.

"W-What?"

"I mean, even before I became his professor, I was already his," she declared boldly, wrapping her arms around my neck and drawing me closer.

"Wha...? What do you mean?" Irene appeared somewhat perturbed by Gabrielle's embrace, but she composed herself.

"I am his possession," she stated firmly. "You could call me his receptacle for cum, or a sex slave, and I take pride in being one for him. Even if you were to divulge to others about my intimate involvement with a student, I wouldn't be fazed. After all, the reason I relinquished my role as a magic knight and transitioned into a professor was at his command."

"W-What...? What does that mean...?" Irene finally turned her gaze towards me. She must have been shocked to learn that I was the catalyst behind Gabrielle's decision to abandon her role as a magic knight because of our relationship. I remained silent, offering no response. Silence might as well have been an admission; by staying quiet, I essentially confirmed Gabrielle's assertions.

"H-How long has this been going on...? I mean... what?"

"You need not concern yourself with matters that do not involve you, Irene," Gabrielle remarked. "Why don't you just state your purpose for being here?"

Upon hearing this, Irene glanced at both of us, then hesitated before opening her mouth again. Eventually, she closed her mouth, reopened it, as if she had finally gathered her thoughts. "I apologize. It's nothing. Sorry for intruding," she said. I could see tears welling up in the corners of her eyes as she turned away, exiting the room and closing the door behind her.

Gabrielle and I were left in silence. I turned to look at her.

"Well, it seems this isn't the atmosphere conducive to resuming our activities, is it?"

"I suppose you're right," Gabrielle sighed. "I can't believe I got cockblocked by her. Seriously, does that woman even know how to knock?"

Gabrielle appeared genuinely angry at Irene. I still had no clue why they were at odds with each other. I'd heard they were close friends during their academy years. It was puzzling how they'd grown so distant, treating each other like mortal enemies.

Gabrielle often regarded Irene with a level of hostility one might reserve for a family murderer, while Irene seemed to recoil at the mere mention of Gabrielle's name. Gabrielle did allude to some incident during their graduation, but I'm clueless as to what transpired.

"Anyway, Master. I suppose our secret isn't so secret anymore, is it? Are you angry with me for revealing everything to Irene?" Despite wearing an expression akin to a child awaiting a scolding, Gabrielle's lips curled into a smile.

"It's a slight deviation from our original plan, but I believe this might actually work to my advantage. Instead of being upset, I think rewarding you would be more fitting," I replied.

"In that case, for my reward, can you indulge me with some anal next time?" she suggested with a lascivious flick of her tongue across her lips.

"I'll take you in every way imaginable," I promised. "Anticipate it."

"I certainly will," she responded eagerly.

Before I could forgot why I came by, I leaned in and said to Gabrielle, "Oh, and Gabrielle, I need you to look into someone for me."

She straightened up, her expression turning serious as she pushed the middle of her glasses up, the lenses ominously lit by the light. "I'm all ears."

"I want you to dig into Charlotte Sierra," I stated firmly. "And if she ever crosses paths with Professor Sesillian, I need you to intervene if things start heating up. I won't stand by and let that woman have her way. She's not getting what she wants, not on my watch."

If she thought she could just waltz through life after what she did to the Prince, she had another thing coming. I was determined to put a stop to her getting everything handed to her on a silver platter. Women like her, thinking they're entitled to everything, made my blood boil. Maybe I was a bit bitter from a similar experience the Prince had, but who cares? And that professor?

Whatever shady business he was up to, I was shutting it down.

"So, you're basically asking me to cockblock her? Well, I suppose I can manage that," Gabrielle replied with a smirk.

"Good," I nodded. "I'll make sure to sweeten the deal after the King's Game."

"That's something to look forward to," she said, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

After the chat with Gabrielle, I headed back to the classroom. When I got there, Shredica filled me in that Professor Irene had canned the lecture and said we should hustle to our next class. On our way there, I couldn't shake the feeling that Hereon was shooting daggers at me the whole time. Was he jealous because I was strolling alongside Shredica?

Totally possible, considering he had a thing for her. Should I back off from Shredica, then? Nah, sticking close to her might lead to some juicy drama, so I stuck with her.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Leon," Shredica suddenly piped up.

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Did you manage to rope in Mr. I-don't-know-his-name to join us?"

Looks like you've got a lot of ground to cover, Hereon, if she can't even remember your name.

"I thought I told you it ain't a piece of cake getting someone to join us," I retorted.

"You're utterly useless," she spat, her irritation palpable. Man, this chick was seriously getting on my nerves. After calling me useless, she stormed off, putting some distance between us. The other classmates who were tagging along with us to the next class shot me disgusted looks, whispering among themselves about whether I was already fooling around.

I wouldn't dare cheat on Titania with someone like Shredica, but trying to defend myself felt like a futile effort, so I just kept quiet. Plus, Titania would never buy into the idea that I'd cheat on her with Shredica. It was downright absurd.

After a while, we finally made it to our next class, where we were taught the basics of swordsmanship. Just the usual stuff, like how to grip a sword properly and some basic arithmetic. After the lesson, they announced that the class was getting axed because the staff had some pressing business to attend to.

No need for an explanation; we all figured it had something to do with the terrorist attack at the capital.

And just like that, the class two days before the King's Game came to an end.

Robyn's POV

When Captain Angelica returned to the desolate classroom where she'd left me, her face was twisted in fury. I nearly bolted, thinking it was aimed at me, but it wasn't. Instead, she took it out on a rickety shelf, snapping it clean in half.

"That damn bitch," she growled through clenched teeth. "Looks like that woman's changed, huh?"

"Um," I managed to squeak out, "did the chat with former Captain Gabrielle not go well?"

"What else did you expect?" she snapped back, shooting me a glare. "Well, at least our main objective still stands. Irene's on board to help us. That's all well and good, at least. Our main reason for being here at the academy is to recruit Irene's help. She's got the skills to counter the Prince," the Captain remarked.

"Any word from the investigation unit on Prince Julius' whereabouts?"

"Nope," I replied. "They're still coming up empty-handed. Doesn't seem like he's been spotted at the Black Market either."

"Well, it's fine if they haven't found anything yet," she reassured. "Just pass along a message from me."

"What's that?" I asked, detecting the seriousness in her tone.

"Tell them not to dig too deep. I've got a feeling that man's involved in this mess," she instructed.