

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 16: Chapter 3 - In The Dead Of The Night (3)

The woman before me radiated menace, and I could feel her strength deep in my bones. Watching her effortlessly handle those guys with minimal movement confirmed my suspicion that she was incredibly powerful. And her skills... they were something I was determined to acquire, no matter what.

It was the dead of night when I arrived in the Pleasure City, a haven of entertainment where pleasure knew no bounds. I planned to visit one of the brothels to copy the skills of the prostitutes, aiming to bolster my strength since I only possessed two copied skills at the moment. Additional skills were crucial for my growth. I harbored no intention to dominate the prostitutes; my sole focus was on acquiring their skills. Once I had fucked them and copied their skills instantly, I couldn't care less about them. My sole focus was on the swift extraction and replication of their abilities, dismissing them from my thoughts thereafter.

On my way to the brothel, however, I encountered a familiar face. Despite the bandages obscuring his features, the aura was unmistakable. I immediately recognized him as the man who had fought me the last time.

I observed his interaction with the woman, catching snippets of their conversation before a sudden battle erupted. The clash unfolded swiftly, and the woman displayed impressive skills.

If the man's claim proved accurate, that she ranked just below him, then she likely held the title of the second-strongest in the underground society. After all, he had emphasized his position as the top dog in the underground when we clashed three months ago.

Fueled by a burning desire to conquer this formidable woman, I called out to her. We were on the brink of engaging in a fierce battle when a metallic chime resonated in my head.

"Hmm?"

A luminous blue panel materialized right before me.

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

Name: Elise Eclair

Race: Demon-Dragon-Human Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Elise:

1. Make Elise realize herself that you are her long-lost brother
2. Unlock
3. Unlock
4. Unlock

....

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"Huh... What..."

Stunned by the revelation that she embodied a rare hybrid of demon, human, and dragon race — an existence so scarce that merely a hundred of them were believed to exist (information courtesy of Amon, a demon, just for your knowledge)—I found myself initially taken aback. However, as my eyes traversed the details, they widened even further, particularly upon absorbing the gravity of the first requirement.

"What?!"

What the hell?! A long-lost brother?! I had no inkling that I still had relatives in this world. I had assumed they were long gone, as my first memory was waking up in a church, cradled by a nun.

The idea of having a sister, and one this attractive, caught me completely off guard. Now that the requirements for domination were unlocked, did that mean... I could dominate her too? The prospect excited me in a way I hadn't anticipated; the notion of engaging in incestuous activities with someone so enticing stirred a forbidden thrill within me.

But still, how the heck am I supposed to make her realize that I'm her brother?

"You..." she mumbled, her words audible despite the hushed tone. Then, she shut her lips, tightening them as if holding back tears. It was at that moment another metallic chime resonated.

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

Completed!

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The second requirement had been unlocked.

2. Allow Elise to do sisterly things to you 10 times (0/10)

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'*So fast?!*' I almost recoiled at the simplicity of it, finding it hard to believe I completed the first requirement so easily and quickly. If I played my cards right, dominating her seemed within easy reach.

As I contemplated this, my newfound sister from this world looked at me, her eyes welling with tears as she dropped to her knees. However, she swiftly rose again, fixing me with a serious gaze, though tears still lingered.

With graceful movements, she employed her silk threads to ascend the building, reaching the rooftop where I stood. Our eyes locked, and she broke the silence.

"You seem to have let your guard down," her words hung in the air, laden with both challenge and curiosity. "Are you so confident in defeating me that you've chosen to drop your guard? Oh, and since it seems you have no idea who I am, allow me to introduce myself. I'm Elise Eclair, semi-leader of an organization primarily comprised of assassins. While my profession might have been evident from my movements, I believed it was in your best interest to be informed."

"Is that so? Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Eclair."

"Elise is fine."

"Miss Elise, then?"

"Drop the miss. Just Elise is fine."

"Am I genuinely allowed to get that casual?"

"We're about to engage in a battle to understand each other, right? Keeping it casual might make the exchange more genuine."

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

Honestly, I had no inkling if that was a coherent line of reasoning, but I decided to ride the wave of her perspective.

"And what's your name?" she inquired.

"I'm sorry. Actually, my name is shrouded in secrecy. I can't just unveil it that easily."

"Is that so?" Her gaze held a spark of curiosity as she studied me. In that moment, a subtle shift occurred—she eased her guard, gracefully retracting her skill. The air crackled with anticipation. "I might be onto something here. Your name... is it, perhaps, Leon?"

Approaching me with a mesmerizing grace, her stilettos created a rhythmic tac-tac-tac on the solid concrete rooftop. I made no move to defend or reposition; I stood my ground, watchful and unwavering.

"Am I right?"

A smile played on my lips. "You've hit the bullseye. How did you come to that conclusion?"

Her smile mirrored mine. "Are you intent on continuing this charade? By now, you must have grasped the truth, haven't you? The reason for your relaxed guard is that you've finally realized who I am, right?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I said with a teasing smile.

"Come on now. I know you've felt it too. The electrifying sense of connection. That's why I knew instantly it was you, you know? I've got this uncanny intuition, and all my guesses land at a solid 90% accuracy. The only 10% where I fail is in gambling. This might be a gamble about whether you really are the person I'm searching for, but this time, I'm absolutely certain you're the one," she said.

I'm sorry, but I didn't feel this so-called sense of connection because I only discovered that you were my sister through my skill. I figured I shouldn't say that, though.

"You're my brother," she declared. "You... You're the one I left in that church." Tears shimmered in the corners of her eyes, but she valiantly held them back, determined not to let them cascade down. She displayed incredible strength to hold back her tears in this poignant reunion. While I was touched, I couldn't summon much emotion since I had no recollection of her.

"I see. So that's the deal," I said. As my eyes rested on her, the striking resemblance between us became undeniable. Despite her somewhat masculine features, she exuded a captivating beauty. Her face bore a harsh expression, and she has mature body, featuring ample curves. From her pale skin to her black hair and red eyes, we were almost identical. The only differences that stood out were her voluptuous breasts, sexy ass, and enticing hips—a contrast to my own form.

"I... I never intended to leave you at the church. But I had to, to shield and conceal you from them."

Ohh. Wow, it seems like I might uncover some lore about my own backstory. Intriguing.

"Hide from who, exactly?"

"The seven princesses of hell."

Seven princesses of hell? Did I hear that right? Those mythical demons I've read so much about or encountered in games (though, in games, they were typically cute females)? But hold on a second. Elise mentioned princesses, not princes, right? Does that mean they're women, just like the fierce, captivating characters I've faced in those games?

"Allow me to clarify something," I said.

"O-Okay. Ask away," she stammered.

"You mentioned princesses, right? Are we talking about women here?"

She took a deep breath before revealing, "Yeah, they're women. Demonic rulers, each holding dominion over their own circle of hell. They're insanely powerful, and I had to make a brutal choice to keep you safe."

Intrigued, I leaned in, eager for more details. "So, lay it on me. What's the deal with these hellish princesses? Why were they gunning for me?"

Elise hesitated, her red eyes reflecting a mix of regret and determination. "You, my dear brother, possess a unique power—a power that could disrupt the delicate balance in hell. They came after you to either control or obliterate that threat. I had to stash you away to protect you. And I had to confront the threats they sent to find you. I'm sorry for leaving you alone, but you have to understand it was all to ensure your safety."

Well, this is getting more and more interesting. Never thought hell had princesses trying to get their hands on me. And my power—the ability to copy the skills of the women I've fucked. I think I know why they're wary of my power. Because, well, they're women.

"So, you did all of this to keep me safe, huh?" I said, feeling a surge of emotion. I moved closer to my sister, wrapping her in a tight embrace. Through the leather of her bike suit, I could feel the warmth emanating from her. "Thanks," I whispered, the gratitude heavy in my voice.

After a beat, Elise, my sister who had dedicated herself to tirelessly protecting me, reciprocated the embrace.

"Y-You're welcome."

Chapter 17: Chapter 3 - In The Dead Of The Night (4)

Elise and I talked about how I've been managing since I left the church to become independent. She mentioned that she had been searching for me for five years, but with no clue about my whereabouts and me not spilling the beans to the nuns, she was on a blind quest.

Elise shared how she trained rigorously, honing her skills to become powerful enough to join one of the most formidable underground organizations—a group of assassins adept at gathering information. Thanks to her strength, she became the semi-leader of the organization.

It was touching that she went through all this for me. Currently, Elise and I found ourselves in an inn, having rented it for the entire night. Nothing lewd was happening; we were just discussing our life experiences, catching each other up on what we've been through. I was sitting, and she was behind me, hugging and massaging my body. It felt like she might devour me.

Her body, warm and inviting, her big, firm breasts pressed against my back, and her enticing scent filled my senses.

The atmosphere was so seductive and naughty that it felt almost wrong not to have an erection. Truth be told, I was sporting one right now. Although, it seemed like Elise hadn't noticed it.

"So, you're attending the academy for magic knights, huh? Are you aiming to become a magic knight?"

I chuckled, "Nah, not really. I just joined on a whim, you know, to pass the time."

"Do you have enough money for your school life there? I can give you some, you know?"

Initially, I was about to decline her offer, but then again, money is handy, and since she was offering it like a sister should to her sibling, accepting might just speed up my conquest.

"To be honest, I'm a bit strapped for cash. I'll gladly take you up on that offer," I replied with a sly smile. It felt a tad shady, but if it's a necessary move in the game of winning her over, I'd play along.

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2. Allow Elise to perform sisterly deeds on you 10 times (2/10)

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I've already let her do sisterly things to me twice. Just eight more times, and this requirement will be in the bag.

"Give me a minute."

When I agreed to take her offer, she let go of our hug, stood up, and reached into the middle of her breasts to grab something hidden there. As she dug deeper, her breasts jiggled with every enticing movement.

I couldn't help but stare, my gaze ravenous. The thought of sliding my dick between her ample cleavage crossed my mind, igniting a fiery desire. I bet it would be one hell of a pleasure.

She must have caught on to my unwavering gaze fixed on her breasts, and a playful smile played on her lips.

"Do you want to feel your sister's breasts? If it's you, I might just allow it, you know."

"Really?" I said, genuine surprise in my voice.

"Huh? Oh, y-yes. Of course, you can. Here, indulge yourself," she replied. What she initially threw out as a tease seemed to catch her off guard, as she hadn't expected me to take her up on the offer. Nonetheless, she presented me with her breasts.

I reached my hands to caress those luscious melons.

"Hnn~" she moaned a little. It wasn't a moan of pleasure; I was sure it came from surprise and embarrassment.

As my hands explored the curves of her breasts, I couldn't help but marvel at their texture. They weren't just soft; they were a perfect blend of firmness and yielding warmth. It was a sensation akin to grasping huge, delectable marshmallows in the palm of my hands.

At some point, her breathing became heavier, and mine followed suit.

"Oh?"

Suddenly, Elise became aware of the tent forming in my pants.

"You're getting hard?" she stammered, her eyes widening in surprise.

"Who wouldn't when you're this damn sexy...?" I replied, a mischievous grin playing on my lips.

"I never thought my brother could be this naughty. Did the nuns teach you all of these sinful pleasures?" she asked, a teasing glint in her eyes.

"The nuns in that church were incredibly devoted to the Goddess of Wisdom," I explained with a wicked smirk, "so, as much as I would've loved to engage in some sinful activities with them, I never got the chance."

"You thinking of doing that to those nuns is just the definition that you've grown into a naughty young man," she purred, her sultry voice sending shivers down my spine. I could feel her hot breath, like a forbidden promise, caressing my skin, intensifying the lewd sensations. My dick responded eagerly, swelling even more with desire.

Seeing my heightened arousal, she took charge, gently guiding me down onto the bed. With an alluring grace, she undid the zipper of her leather suit, revealing her luscious breasts, their contours highlighted by the dim, sensual lighting.

"Well, I can't just leave my brother in this state now, can I?" she teased, a playful glint in her eyes. As she climbed onto the bed, her generous breasts danced provocatively, drawing my gaze.

With a seductive smile, she knelt before me, deftly unzipping my pants and pulling them down to my thighs. Upon seeing my impressive member, she appeared momentarily shocked but quickly transformed her surprise into a captivating smile. Lowering herself toward my throbbing erection, she cradled it between her breasts. Using her hands, she pressed her breasts together, creating a delightful squeeze around my throbbing member. Ah, it felt damn good.

"I'm going to take very good care of you," she whispered, her sultry voice sending a thrill through me. I could feel the heat of her breath teasing the tip of my dick. She had already wrapped my shaft, but even with her ample breasts, my dick wasn't fully engulfed yet.

With her hips provocatively arched behind her, she braced herself on elegant legs, providing an intoxicating visual spectacle that fueled the desire building within me.

"It's very hard..." she purred, her hot breath playing over the sensitive tip of my dick. A soft, arousing moan escaped her as she took the tip into her mouth, sending an electrifying shock of pleasure through me.

"You're very good, sister..." I gasped.

She released my tip, saying, "Call me Elise. It's not exactly fitting for you to call me sister in a situation like this, is it?" Then, with a seductive smile, she once again enveloped the tip.

"Elise it is, then..." I exhaled. Her mouth worked wonders, the pleasure nearly as intense as the enticing sounds she made while sucking my dick, lowering her mouth to take in more and more.

"Mmff... yes... I never thought I'd be doing this to my brother so soon after meeting him... And it's so big... feels so good to have my mouth filled like this."

Her words were muffled by the fullness of her mouth, sending another thrilling sensation through me. She continued to move her tongue, swirling it around the shaft as she sucked. Her breasts slid along the sensitive skin with each rhythmic movement, pressing even tighter against me.

As the motions became more rhythmic, a wave of pleasure steadily built.

"*lick* Are you.... mff... enjoying... mm...*slurp* this?" Her whispered question sent vibrations around my cock, and she barely paused her movements to ask.

"Y-You're damn good at this," my voice came out husky. She met my gaze with burning desire in hers. I wasn't lying; she was skilled, perhaps even more so than Gabrielle. For a moment, a twinge of disappointment crossed my mind at the thought that she might not be a virgin anymore, but I pushed that concern aside. The confirmation of that probability could wait for another day.

Seeing me reveling in the moment, she intensified the pace, emitting a muffled sigh of pleasure as she expertly bobbed her head up and down. With unrestrained enthusiasm, she licked and sucked greedily, treating my cock as a delectable feast she wanted to savor for as long as possible.

The groans of pleasure escaping me seemed to fuel her determination, and she eagerly increased her efforts, taking me in as far as she could.

"*lick* Ahh... The taste of my brother... *slurp* Let me take all of you, mmm..."

The pleasure was overwhelming, beyond belief.

"I'm close," I warned through gritted teeth. In response, she redoubled her efforts, her gaze locked onto mine, silently conveying that I could release it all in her mouth.

The sensation of flying consumed me, and I erupted, painting her mouth with a generous load of cum that left her lips swollen, like a satisfied squirrel. Simultaneously, warm love juices splashed across my legs, evidence that pleasuring me had brought her to orgasm as well.

"Mmm... mmmmmff! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!... *gulp gulp*."

She eagerly consumed my cloudy liquid, my dick vibrating with every gulp down her throat. The way my dick remained lodged in her mouth while she drank my cum was incredibly sexy, causing my member to twitch again in her warm mouth.

The sheer volume of my release led to some spillage from her mouth, creating a visually intoxicating scene. After consuming a generous amount of my cum, she glanced at me with a sultry smile.

"Oh my," she purred, her words a low, sensuous melody that sent delicious shivers through me. "I seem to have made a mess of you," she observed, eyeing my cum-covered dick. "Allow me to take care of that for you."

Once again, she lowered her head. Her tongue darted out, this time licking softly, gently, as she meticulously cleaned away the aftermath, swallowing it with each pass. Her gaze met mine every time, and soon, I felt myself getting hard again, prompting a sly smile from her.

"D-Do you want more so soon?" she teased.

It felt wrong to deny my desire, so I nodded. Seeing my response, she giggled, the sound seductive in its own right. It was almost surreal that this was really my sister.

"Well, I wouldn't say no to another taste myself."

Elise positioned herself over me once more, a glint of anticipation in her eyes as she resumed her intimate ministrations. In that moment, I couldn't help but feel grateful for finally reuniting with my sister.

Chapter 18: Chapter 3 - In The Dead Of The Night (5)

Elise and I had been at it for about two hours now. Our activities mainly revolved around blowjobs, hand jobs, and mutual masturbations, but we hadn't crossed the line into full-on sex yet. It just didn't feel like the right time.

"Mmm... Ahh... *lick* Such a strong taste... *slurp* Ahh... Mmmm... Mmm..."

Currently, we found ourselves in a sixty-nine position, pleasuring each other. I could feel Elise's hot breath on my still-raging boner, which hadn't subsided even though I had ejaculated four times by now. She abruptly stopped licking and slowly took it into her warm mouth, her tongue welcoming it.

As she lowered her head, I felt her two melons pressed against my stomach, accompanied by her two erect nipples teasingly poking me. Her swaying, sexy, and plump ass in front of me seemed to be playfully tempting me to engage with it. In response to her taking my cock in her mouth, I reciprocated. I started by spreading her

pussy wide open, gazing at it in the hope of finding a barrier, but unfortunately, there was none. As I suspected, she was no longer a virgin.

But honestly, that didn't matter, did it?

I decided to assert my dominance over her, making her think only about me and ensuring she wouldn't engage in sex with anyone but me. It surprised me, realizing how possessive I could be, even with my own blood and flesh sister.

With my determination to make her mine strengthening, I extended my tongue and gently caressed her soft pink flesh.

"Mmmmm... Ah... Mmm."

Elise slightly jumped in surprise as she felt my tongue on her pussy. It was sweet and lightly tangy, a delicious taste, to say the least.

"Ahh... Y-Your tongue is so lively. That's it... Lick me more... ahh..."

Every time I licked her, I could feel her seductive body quiver on top of me. Elise bobbed her head up and down, using her lips to squeeze at me. The experience was truly intoxicating, and I couldn't help but worry that I might get addicted to her. Our rhythm became more synchronized, and we used our tongues to push each other towards the peak of ecstasy. I gripped her firm and sizable ass harder, pushing my tongue deeper into her delicious slit.

"Mmmmmmm!! S-Something is about to come soon! Mmm! Mmmn! Mhh! Mmm!!"

I intensified my licks, encouraging her impending climax. I wanted my sister to cum. I craved for this sensual sister of mine to reach the peak of pleasure. I wanted to claim her as mine, wholly and exclusively. No other men would be allowed to touch her. She is my sister, and I would never permit anyone else to have her. I was ready to go to extreme lengths to have her.

As I tasted more of her delicious juices, a sign that a dam was about to burst, I couldn't contain my desire.

I paused my licking to say, "Let's cum together, Elise."

Elise didn't cease her movements. She sucked my dick even harder, as if attempting to drain me using my dick as her personal straw. Her mouth tightened, clamping down firmly on my cock.

And then, suddenly, I felt a rush of pleasure spread through my whole body. For a moment, I held it back, wanting to synchronize our climaxes and make her cum together with me. I licked her powerfully.

"I'm cumming too~! Mmmmmmph! Mmmmmn!!"

Elise's body slightly quivered with my cock in her mouth, and a huge squirt shot out of her urethra. I found myself covered in her lewd smell. Simultaneously, my thick, cloudy semen erupted from my dick, filling her mouth to the brim. The overflow puffed around her lips, reaching a point where containment seemed impossible. Undeterred, she forced herself to drink it all in one voracious gulp.

After the satisfying gulp, she released my cock, a thread of saliva still connected from the head of my dick to her glistening lips.

"Hehehe... I made you feel good, didn't I? You came so much that you can't deny I made you feel good, right?"

I took a peek and saw her erotic face covered with my white semen. Some had splattered all over her face, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she appeared to love it.

"Yeah. That really felt good," I breathed out.

Elise began to lick my dick again, cleaning off the semen from all of it. She sucked it all into her mouth and swallowed, as if savoring a delicious white sauce found in a French cuisine.

"I cleaned it for you. Hehehe."

I couldn't help but feel jealous that some random man might have seen this beautiful lewd face before. However, I forced the jealousy down. Such feelings were normal, but they weren't important right now.

While casting my gaze once more upon her enticing pussy, a peculiar sight caught my attention. A purple glow emanated near her crotch, forcing me to squint my eyes to shield them from the potentially blinding light. After a fleeting moment, the radiance subsided, revealing a small pink heart tattoo just above her crotch. It was a motif frequently seen in hentai, particularly when the girl in question was a succubus. Could this mean Elise was a succubus herself? And what about me? Did I have succubus blood too?

As I contemplated these thoughts, Elise fixed her gaze on me, her pupils now shaped like hearts. She licked her lips in a lewd manner and then positioned herself so that her head was aligned with mine. Straddling me, she spoke with a bright, lewd grin on her face.

"Ahh~ I want to fuck!" she exclaimed with an unapologetically lewd grin. "I want to fuck you, brother. I want to drain you dry!"

My mind raced, trying to comprehend the surreal turn of events. As she seized my throbbing dick, ready to forcefully introduce it into her awaiting pussy, my Guardian skill, copied from Gabrielle, abruptly surged to life. It acted as an unseen force, forcibly pushing Elise away from me.

"Kyaah!"

I had no clue why the Guardian skill had intervened, but I knew its purpose – to protect me from potential harm or death. Did this mean Elise was trying to kill me?

"You're resisting, I see," she declared, regaining her balance with a seductive grin on her face. "Don't you want to fuck your sister, too, Leon? I've yearned for you to fuck me. Can you fathom how long I've awaited this moment?"

My mind raced, struggling to comprehend the bizarre situation. With caution in my eyes, I stood up from the bed, creating a slow but deliberate distance between us. The atmosphere crackled with an unpredictable tension, and I felt a surge of adrenaline.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Elise, but for now, just calm down." My voice carried a blend of confusion and concern. I needed to tread carefully until I could make sense of this strange episode.

"I can't calm down. Not until you fuck me!" With a desperate leap, she lunged toward me, hand outstretched. In a nimble maneuver, I skillfully dodged her advances.

After that, she sprung at me once more, a desperate, lustful gleam in her eyes. My nimble evasion only seemed to fuel her ardor. The air crackled with a charged tension as she exhibited a demeanor reminiscent of a wild creature in heat.

"Why are you dodging?!"

"You're scaring me, you know."

"Don't be scared. I promise your big sister will take very, very good care of you!"

I maintained a cautious distance, studying Elise's unpredictable behavior. Her eyes radiated an unsettling desire, transforming the atmosphere into an intense blend of curiosity and unease.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, Elise, but this isn't normal," I said, my voice laden with genuine concern.

She pouted, attempting an innocent facade amidst the lewd aura enveloping her. "But I just want to have some fun with my dear brother. Why are you being so mean?"

"As much as I would love to as well, I don't know what will happen to me if we did."

That's right. The Guardian skill was warning me that if I fucked Elise, I would be put in harm's way. I had no idea what that harm entailed, so I exercised caution. Dying prematurely wasn't part of my plan; there were still things I wanted to accomplish.

If my assumptions weren't off the mark, Elise might indeed be a succubus. Engaging in intercourse with her could lead to the draining of my soul or something equally ominous. I'd seen enough hentai to recognize where this could be heading...

I couldn't allow that to happen.

Swiftly, I darted behind Elise, her lewd smile still lingering, and delivered a precise hand chop to the nape of her neck. Almost instantly, she slumped into unconsciousness, and I caught her before she hit the ground.

Lifting her in a princess carry, I noticed that the tattoo above her crotch had vanished. Could that have been the reason for her berserk behavior? For now, I decided to lay her down on the bed.

Carefully placing Elise on the bed, I observed her peaceful slumber. She looked pretty cute, lying there so peacefully. Having never had a big or little sister in my previous world, this was a new experience for me. However, I wasn't sure how to act like a brother, especially considering I might not have been her brother all along. I was a reincarnation, just awakened in this body, and who knows if this body truly belonged to me?

Opening my quest panel, I saw:

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2. Allow Elise to perform sisterly deeds on you 10 times (4/10)

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The count had increased by two. I had no idea when she performed sisterly deeds for me. Well, if we considered pleasuring me, I supposed she did. I shrugged it off and looked at her peacefully slumbering. Her bare breasts gently rose and fell with each serene breath. After a while, she stirred, opening her eyes to gaze at the ceiling momentarily. When her eyes met mine, a subtle tension filled the air, replaced by a fleeting twinge of fear in her gaze.

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She burst out with an apology, flinging herself onto the bed. Her half-naked allure, a blend of submission and remorse, sent an electrifying jolt through me. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to... I mean, it felt like I had zero control. My bad for making you uncomfortable like that."

Honestly, watching a half-naked woman bowing like that was dangerously tempting. I was afraid another kink might just decide to join the party.

"Don't worry about it," I reassured, my eyes leisurely tracing the contours of her revealed skin.

"Aren't you freaked out, though?"

"Nah, not really. If I knew what would go down if we crossed that line, I'd be down to explore those desires with you."

What could possibly happen to you?" she asked, shifting herself into a seiza position.

"I have no clue, but worst-case scenario, I might be staring death in the face."

"Death? Seriously?"

She sounded let down, and I shared the same feeling. I was itching to dive into the moment with her right then and there. If it weren't for the looming specter of death, I'd have gladly ravished her without a second thought.

"Do you have any idea what triggered that?" I asked.

She shook her head, looking up at me with tear-streaked and snotty cheeks. Strangely, the sight stirred some unusual arousal in me, but I quickly pushed those thoughts aside. "But I think," she said, pulling me away from my thoughts. "I think it was your semen that set it off."

"My semen?"

"Y-Yeah. When I drank it, I felt this... sudden power surging through me. And then, my body just started moving on its own. It was like I wasn't myself anymore. Like something just woke me up. It's a weird feeling..."

"Power, huh? Has this ever happened before?"

"Nope. This is my first time trying semen, so..."

That caught me off guard. "First time?"

"Y-yeah. Is that bad?"

"Nah, not at all," I assured her. In fact, I couldn't help but feel a bit proud to be her first for a semen-drinking experience.

"That's a relief. I was worried you might think an inexperienced woman like me would be a hassle. I've heard many guys prefer someone with experience since it makes things easier when it comes to just having some fun in bed."

Personally, I don't find a woman without sexual experience bothersome. I actually prefer my women to be virgins. That doesn't mean I'm not into women who aren't virgins, though. I mean, I'd love to have some fun with a mother-daughter duo in the future. And you know, unsatisfied married women are like a delicious meal for me.

But having a woman who's a virgin is the best, you know? It means you're the one and only person who gets to taste her. Personally, I find the excitement and pleasure of breaking a virgin's hymen pretty thrilling. The look of pain on their face the moment it happens is just the best.

That's not to say I wouldn't welcome a non-virgin into my harem. As I've said, I'm definitely looking forward to getting with some MILFs someday too.

As I was pondering all this, I suddenly interrupted my thoughts, "Elise, did you just say you're inexperienced?"

"Huh? Eh, is that bad?"

"W-Wait, so you're saying you're still a virgin?"

"Y-Yes," she blushed, feeling embarrassed. Why was she ashamed? There was nothing to be ashamed of, at least not to me.

Suddenly, my jealousy over some random man who might have deflowered my sister disappeared. I mean, there was no random man to be jealous of. Elise was still a virgin. So then, why, you might wonder, was there no hymen in her pussy? There's a simple explanation, honestly, one that I never even considered. Elise mentioned that she trained hard to enter an assassin organization. Rigorous workouts could lead to your hymen slowly tearing apart. That just meant her hymen wasn't taken, but tore away due to her training. So then, why was she skilled at sucking dick? Well, why else? That must be because of her nature as a succubus. They are natural-born dick suckers and cum vacuums. Or, well, that's how my world portrayed them.

While I remained silent here, attempting to conceal a grin spreading across my face but failing miserably as the corner of my mouth formed into a sly smile, Elise looked at me with concern. "T-Tell me, Leon. Is that bad? Do you not want someone who isn't experienced like me?"

I pulled her into a tight hug. "Nah, it's not bad," I reassured her. I said it firmly, partly because I was afraid she might go off and get some experience with other guys, losing her innocence along the way. The thought pissed me off. "Actually, I'm kinda glad I'll be your one and only."

"R-Really?" she stammered.

"Hell yeah," I replied, squeezing even harder in our embrace. She hugged me back. "Anyway, this is a bit of a surprise. I honestly thought you were experienced, considering how amazing your tongue-work is."

"Was... Was I really good?"

"Yeah, and the way you talk dirty to me is pretty damn lewd too. Can't believe you're still a virgin."

Blushing, she lowered her head. "W-Well, I am... saving it for you."

I released her from the embrace and locked eyes with her. "That's a pretty unsisterly thing to say, but hey, I'm not complaining. I love having a woman like you by my side, so all's good."

With that, I gently lifted her chin and knelt down in front of her, bringing us to eye level. Our gazes locked, and it felt like we were staring into a red abyss before our lips met in a passionate kiss.

I stirred from a measly hour of shut-eye, my eyes fixating on the ceiling momentarily. A languid reach brought my hand to the phone resting on the bedside table. Unlocking the device, I scrutinized the time. The rhythm of time mirrored Earth's, offering a standard 24 hours in a day. Right then, it was 3:39 AM.

'Still had some time for a brothel detour.'

Swinging my legs off the bed, I glanced to my side. Elise was there, peacefully breathing under the blanket that covered most of her. No late-night gymnastics last night, but weirdly, it still felt like a good night.

Glancing through my phone gallery, a new addition caught my eye. A snapshot of me and Elise, both looking like we just stepped out of an awkward family photo. She had this peace-sign-and-smile combo, while my grin was more of the "I don't know what to do with my face" variety.

"Let's send this to Gabrielle and tell her I found my long-lost sister," I suggested, smirking.

After hitting send, a reply popped up. All it said was "?!". I could practically picture Gabrielle, just woken up by the chime of her phone, rubbing her eyes and reading my message in a sleepy haze. I bet her face went from drowsy to pure shock as soon as she saw the picture.

I got up from the bed, grabbing my clothes from the floor. I slid them back on, relishing the feel of fabric against my skin, and decided to stretch a bit.

"Mm~"

Mid-stretch, I caught the sound of Elise moaning in her sleep. Was she dreaming about us going at it? Definitely a possibility. Man, I wished I could dive into some fun right now, but my schedule had other plans.

Noticing the blanket had slipped down, exposing half of her body, I got a tempting view of her ample tits. Memories of their softness from last night made my dick twitch involuntarily. Quickly reigning in my arousal, I approached her to cover her back with the fallen blanket.

"If only time was on our side today," I mumbled to myself, stealing one last lingering glance at those tempting curves before reluctantly tearing myself away.

Just as I was about to turn, she stirred, catching on to my departure.

"Leaving already?" she pouted, sitting up in bed and clutching the covers to her chest. Her eyes held a hint of sadness as she took in my dressed-up state, clearly wishing I'd linger a bit longer.

As much as I wanted to stay, reality had other plans. "Yeah, sis, got some things to take care of," I explained, approaching her and planting a kiss on her forehead. "But I'll see you soon."

"Tell me where you're headed," she demanded, a tone of curiosity and concern in her voice.

"Why?" I replied, my gaze locking with hers.

"Because I don't want to search blindly like last time," she insisted, a hint of vulnerability surfacing.

"Is that really necessary? I'm just crashing at the academy dormitory. You know where that is, right?" My words held a casual reassurance, but I sensed a deeper worry in her eyes.

"I know, but... are you planning to set up camp there for the long haul? What about after graduation? Sticking around or joining the magic knights? If it's the latter, where's your post-graduation crib? Or are you eyeing the adventurer route?"

"You're thinking way ahead," I chuckled.

Suspecting that my sister might turn into a bit of a sleuth without some information on my whereabouts or future plans, I decided to hand her a smartphone. I had a stash of five on me right now—originally six, but I'd already tossed one Gabrielle's way. Figured if I wanted to stay connected with my sister, giving her one was the way to go. Maybe I should throw in a request for some occasional nude pics too.

"What's this?" she asked, her eyes widening as she inspected the item I handed her.

"It's a smartphone. You can use it to call and message me."

"How does this thing work?"

Just as I'd previously walked Gabrielle through the smartphone ropes, I found myself in a similar tech tutorial with Elise. Her face wore a consistent look of bewilderment, and it consumed a solid two hours to etch the workings of the device into her mind. Elise's intellectual prowess didn't quite match Gabrielle's, and the slow progress was somewhat expected. However, the extended tutorial thwarted my plans to hit the brothel. Those establishments typically shut down by sunrise, and although the first light hadn't graced the horizon yet, I doubted they'd be in the mood for any latecomers.

"I'm sorry it took so much time," she apologized, her expression a tantalizing mix of guilt and sincerity. It held an allure, sparking a surge of desire in me. Regrettably, the lingering fear of her succubus tendencies potentially bringing about my untimely demise kept me in check. I needed to uncover a way to fuck her without playing a high-stakes game with my life.

"It's fine," I reassured her. "My connection with my sister is more important than my plan," I added, trying to underscore my priorities.

Her face lit up at my words, resembling a contented dog receiving praise from its master. I kissed her on the lips before leaving our room in the inn. As I stepped out, she chimed in with a sweet *'Take care~'*. It felt oddly domestic, like we were a married couple. Despite the appearance, we were still siblings...

Chapter 20: Chapter 4 - Ayane, The Spirit Fox (1)

I strolled briskly toward the area where the brothels were supposed to be. Pleasure City, the ultimate haven of entertainment. It boasted a variety of amusements like circuses, something resembling a theme park, and, of course, the good ol' brothels.

The city streets were lined with establishments, each one flaunting promises of pleasure behind its walls. So, I went through them one by one, checking if any of them were still up for taking me in. But no luck. Every place gave me the same spiel, *'Sorry, we're not taking any more customers.'* It was seriously getting on my nerves. I'm throwing heaps of money, and they still reject me. Ungrateful bastards. Ugh, now I'm speaking Titania's language.

In the midst of my disheartening journey, an intoxicating scent seized my senses. It beckoned from a particular building, illuminated by a neon sign that proudly proclaimed 'Midnight Passion.' A brothel, no doubt.

I swaggered into the building and stepped up to the receptionist. Initially, she shot me a puzzled look, but that confusion quickly morphed into a polished, professional smile.

A metallic chime echoed, indicating that I'd caught her attention, but I couldn't be bothered with conquering this one. She seemed like a waste of my time.

"Sorry, sir, but we're not taking customers right now. Come back at midnight," she said, lips adorned with thick red lipstick, a smile playing on her face.

I casually dropped a small sack of gold coins on the counter. "Please, let me spend the rest of the night here with your best woman. If this money falls short, don't hesitate to ask for more. But keep in mind, if the woman you provide me with isn't worth the money I'm handing over, be ready to lose a finger or two. Got it?"

Initially, she just stared at the money in shock. When I mentioned asking for more if necessary, she began to open her mouth, likely to ask for more. However, the moment my tone turned threatening, she backed away, fear etched across her face.

She gulped, stammering, "T-This is enough!" She opened the door behind her, walking backward through it, her eyes never leaving me, before closing it shut.

I waited, my eyes scanning the entire establishment. Suddenly, my gaze dropped to the floor beneath me. There it was—the source of that intoxicating scent. I couldn't explain why it drew me in, like I was a firefly irresistibly drawn to a lamp's glow.

After a brief wait, the woman finally emerged, accompanied by a lineup of prostitutes. Clad in scanty, almost transparent clothing, their nipples teased through the thin fabric. But where was the owner of that captivating scent? Not among these women.

"Mind if I take a closer look inside there?" I asked, gesturing toward the room they had just exited.

The receptionist appeared shocked. "Eh? Uhm."

Without waiting for her response, I dropped another sack of gold coins on the counter.

"I..." she stammered, reaching for the sack, but her other hand halted it. "I can't. I'm sorry. It's not allowed to go in there."

"Why not?" I questioned, placing another sack beside the first.

Her eyes glistened at the sight of two filled sacks of gold coins. The prostitutes eyed the riches with interest, but despite their intrigue, none dared to take them.

Seeing their silence, I shrugged and dropped another sack on the counter.

The receptionist finally spoke up, "I'm sorry, but I really can't," she insisted.

I added another sack, and then another.

"I really can't."

"We really can't," echoed the prostitutes in unison with the receptionist.

Letting out a sigh, I realized my gold coin reserves were tapped out. They were stubborn about letting me through. While I could have barged in, I opted for a more civilized approach. I reached into my pocket to pull out my phone, intending to call Gabrielle and Amon for more money. The moment the women caught sight of my phone, their expressions shifted to a mix of shock and interest.

I grinned at their reaction. "Know what this is?" I waved the device at them, their eyes following its motion.

"T-That's... That's the Leonamon's Smartphone, right? The device that costs 99 gold coins."

"That's right."

So, it was priced at 99 gold coins? This was news to me, but it seemed Amon had a shrewd business mindset. She was employing what was known in my world as 'charm prices.' It's a strategy to make items appear cheaper than they really are. Since 100 might seem a bit steep, especially as a triple-digit figure, setting it at 99 gives the impression of affordability. Smart move. I was glad to have her by my side.

"You know, I'm friends with the owner of the business myself. If you let me through, I can call her and get each of you one."

Gulps echoed around the room. The allure of owning a smartphone clearly intrigued them. They exchanged glances, then reluctantly opened a path for me. I smirked and entered the room, finding it to be a typical space with red couches scattered about. Seemed like a spot for the prostitutes to unwind and chat when they weren't with clients. The scent I'd been chasing grew stronger in here. It emanated from the double doors ahead, leading seemingly to a lower level—possibly a basement. I walked towards them.

"Hey, you're not allowed there," someone declared. The voice was distinct from the receptionist's. Glancing back, I spotted another woman, not dressed in the typical

prostitute attire. Her regal outfit hinted that she might be the owner of the brothel.
"That's as far as you can go."

"Why? What's in there that you won't let me see?" I countered.

"There's no reason for you to know," she retorted.

"I'm willing to pay."

"Even your money can't afford what's behind those doors."

"Are you challenging me?"

She seemed skeptical of my wealth. I looked the part of a noble's child, and she likely assumed I was leveraging my parents' influence. Little did she know, I had amassed my own riches. During my childhood training, I took down bandits and robbers and even relieved corrupt nobles of their ill-gotten gains.

"If you can cough up a thousand gold coins, then you're welcome to venture beyond. And don't forget, that's just the fee for access. You still have to gift these ladies with that device."

"Absolutely," I replied. "I'm a man of my word. Also, if I find something there that piques my interest, can I acquire it?"

"Sorry, lad. Not allowed."

"I'll pay you for it as well."

The woman eyed me skeptically. It seemed she thought I was bluffing. Well, I wasn't. I wasn't the kind of guy to back down when something intrigued me. I'd throw as much money as needed to get what I wanted.

Gazing into my determined eyes, she sighed and relented, "Another thousand. You can go in and grab what you want. But remember, you're only allowed to take one. Got it?"

"Okay," I agreed. I then opened my phone and asked Gabrielle to send me money at this location. When I sent the request, she replied with "Y?"—probably a shortcut for "why?". I simply responded with a message telling her to bring it here. Again, she asked with a "Y?". Ignoring the questioning, I told her to just bring it here. After a couple more exchanges, she replied with a "Fibe." I had no idea what that meant, but then she corrected herself with a follow-up message that simply said "Fine."

Moving on, I messaged Amon, requesting eight smartphones. There were six prostitutes and the receptionist, and even though the woman in front of me didn't ask for one, I thought it wouldn't hurt to give her one. Amon responded promptly with a simple

"Understood," displaying her loyalty and obedience. I made a mental note to reward her with a good fuck the next time we met. As for Gabrielle, for not being as obedient, I planned to treat her to her favorite—an asshole fuck. Not until I have her parading around the campus naked, with me walking her on a leash, of course. That's a fitting punishment for a disobedient pet.

While I was busy texting them, the chimes kept ringing in my head. It seemed flaunting my wealth was piquing the interest of the prostitutes around me. However, I had no interest in any of them, so I didn't bother checking their requirements. Although, the woman right in front of me seemed different, so I took a look at her conquest requirements.

--

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

Name: Martha Amarathea

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Martha:

1. Pay Martha's debt
2. Unlock
3. Unlock
4. Unlock

....

--

I had no clue about her skill, but since I considered that skills alone wouldn't be my sole basis for conquering a woman, I decided to add her to my 'I'll dominate her, not just for the skill' list. She became my first entry, as I had spontaneously come up with the list just now. Conquering her seemed like a good move. Even without a flashy skill, I believed she would still be valuable. I needed a woman with personal skills, akin to how Amon excelled in business. Martha appeared adept at managing things, judging by the obedient behavior of the prostitutes.

As I stared at her, I grinned and suggested, "I'll wait for my money, so for now, how about we talk, uhm... miss?"

"Martha," she replied. "If you want to talk, let's go to my office."