

The World 181

Chapter 181: Summer Vacation (1)

Irene's POV

"Student Leon," I addressed the young man standing right in front of me. "I've noticed you've been dozing off in my class. Do you have any idea that sleeping in my class, especially in mine, warrants punishment?"

Leon was seated on a chair while I perched myself on the table. One of my stiletto-clad feet pressed against his groin, rubbing his dick teasingly.

"Sorry, Professor. It won't happen again," Leon groaned.

"Here we go again with the 'it won't happen again'," I teased with a smirk. With a flick, I kicked off my stiletto heel and began rubbing his cock through his pants with my stocking-clad feet. Using my toes, I deftly unzipped his pants and tugged down his underwear, freeing his impressive cock. "What's this? Seems like a different beast from last time.

Does the texture of these stockings really feel that good?"

I started stroking his dick with my feet, watching as pre-cum began to dribble out.

"Just look at this. My feet are getting all wet from your juices."

"Professor...!" Leon gritted his teeth, the pleasure undoubtedly intense.

"Does this feel good, Student Leon? No, from now on I'll start calling you Leon, so I'll allow you to call me Irene from now on," I teased, my toes and feet continuing to work their magic on his cock. The texture of the stockings heightened his pleasure, causing him to ooze juices from the tip. The slickness allowed my feet to glide smoothly over his dick.

"Leon, address me as Irene. Say my name. Show me your vulnerable side," I demanded, picking up the pace of my movements. "I'll accept it all."

Suddenly, Leon trembled and then...

"I-Irene...!"

He ejaculated onto my feet, some of it even reaching up to my thighs.

"Ah... I never realized semen could be this hot."

I withdrew my cum-soaked feet from his still-erect cock, rubbing them together to spread the warm cum over them. I relished the sensation of the cum coating my feet.

"It doesn't shrink after just one shot, huh? Why don't we keep going?"

I reclined on the table, spreading my legs wide to give him a clear view underneath my skirt. With a swift motion, I tore apart the stockings between my legs, granting him access.

"Now, everything's ready," I announced. "You can start whenever you want."

Leon rose from his seat and positioned himself between my legs. He began by rubbing the tip of his cock against my panties.

"I'm giving you permission," I whispered, urging him on.

Leon slid my panties aside and aimed his cock at my pussy. Slowly, he brought the tip to my entrance... and then I heard the blaring sound of my alarm clock.

My eyes flew open, and I stared at the ceiling for a moment.

"A dream...?"

Yes, it was just a dream. A dream about Leon and me about to start having sex. The realization made my face flush red with embarrassment. Why did I dream about something like that? Ugh.

As I brooded in embarrassment, I noticed that the area between my legs was soaked... I wished it was just sweat.

Today marked the end of the first semester, and the academy was gearing up for summer break. Students gathered in the courtyard for the closing ceremony. Artemis, the student council president, took the stage to address her peers. Her speech mainly urged everyone to stay disciplined during the break. With a month and a half off, she knew students would be up to all sorts of mischief and debaucheries.

Speaking of debaucheries, news about several nobles involved in prostitution, kidnapping, human trafficking, rape, and other unspeakable acts hit the headlines like a laundry list of sins aired out for all to see. The main figure in the scandal was none other than Duke Sierra, the most powerful man among them.

The duke hadn't made any statement yet, even though the news broke a week ago. His daughter and wife remained holed up in their house, refusing to come out. The revelation of his debaucheries had ignited anger among the people he ruled, and civil unrest was brewing in the kingdom. It seemed like only a matter of time before the citizens erupted into full-blown revolution.

Meanwhile, summer vacation had finally arrived. Unfortunately for us instructors, there was no break during the summer. Plus, some students who didn't pass this semester would have to attend summer classes.

"You're late," Rose remarked, already in line with the other instructors.

"I overslept," I confessed.

"Overslept? That's rare for you."

"Yeah. I had a fantastic dream."

"Fantastic, huh?" Rose raised an eyebrow. "Anyway, I heard that the winner of the King's Game is going to make a request to the king next week. Any guesses on what she'll ask for?"

Rose was referring to Student Shredica. I had a hunch about what she wanted from the king, but I kept it to myself.

"I don't know. Maybe money or something?"

"Money? Why would she ask the king for money? Sure, money's important, but isn't it a waste to squander the opportunity to ask for anything from the king? You could become a noble with that," Rose pondered aloud.

"I don't think being a noble is all it's cracked up to be, Rose," I replied.

"Oh... You're right."

Nobles were currently facing backlash. The citizens were pushing to dismantle the ducal system, or even the monarchy itself, in favor of a democratic government. However, the civilians wouldn't simply get their way, and the monarchy wouldn't be abolished just because they demanded it.

"On a different note, Irene," Rose began, "do you want to come with me to a concert?"

"A concert?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, the Leonamon's Starlights are performing live. I really want to see them!"

"Don't you have faculty work to do?"

"Nah, I can do it later," she shrugged. Rose was as unpredictable as the wind—here one moment, gone the next. "Why don't you take a break and enjoy life for once, Irene? And forget about that jerk who took your virginity."

"Shh!" I quickly covered her mouth with my hand. "We're in public, Rose! What if someone overhears you?"

Rose withdrew my hand from her mouth, her expression filled with a mix of concern and curiosity. "Oh, shush," she chided gently. "If you had just confided in me about that jerk, maybe you wouldn't be going through all this heartache right now. Hmm. It's not Sesillian, is it? I seem to recall you being engaged to him at some point."

"That's just what my parents arranged for me," I sighed. "And that engagement fizzled out once I didn't make it into the gold class and only graduated in silver."

At that juncture in our lives, my feelings toward Sesillian were lukewarm at best. We'd been on a few dates, but they felt more like fading memories, tucked away like forgotten books on a high shelf. They were easily forgettable. Sesillian hadn't seemed all that interested in me either, so calling off our engagement was probably the best outcome for both of us.

And you know what? I think Sesillian wears a different mask than the one he shows to the world. A wolf disguised as a sheep, if you ask me. As for Leon... Well, he's another wolf in sheep's clothing. Rumors swirl that he's currently dating the Princess of Bethlan.

And let's not forget Gabrielle's steamy affair with him. If that's not a wolf in sheep's clothing, I don't know what is. But compared to Sesillian, Leon is charming. And more handsome... And more...

"You're losing it again, Irene."

"Gah..."

It seemed like I had really fallen hard for Leon, to the point where I daydreamed about him even in the midst of everything, imagining him fucking me. Forgetting him wasn't even an option. I decided to embrace these feelings and somehow find a way to tell him that I'd grown to love him. .

I glanced over at where he stood in line. His hair was a bit longer now, and he seemed taller. He stood with confidence, a stark contrast to when he first entered the academy. Back then, he lacked that self-assurance, but now it practically radiated from him.

"Think about what I said, Irene," Rose urged. "Maybe some of their songs will resonate with you, and you'll grow attached to their music. Just like they did with me."

"I'm not sure if that's really the case, but I guess I should really think about it," I replied.

After a while, the closing ceremony came to an end.

Leon's POV

Titania and I were finally going on a date, now that we had a break from all the academic stuff. She was really excited about it, practically glowing with enthusiasm when I mentioned it to her.

"I wanna go to Lala Land, Leon!"

My girlfriend was positively beaming. Her radiance practically blinded me with its intensity. Titania and I had been dating for two months now, but we hadn't done anything particularly romantic yet, like going on a proper date or even sharing a kiss. My schedule had been crazy busy before, but now that I was finally free, I felt it was time to spend some quality time with Titania.

This time, I'm gonna do right by her.

Chapter 182: Summer Vacation (2)

Artemis had summoned me to the library, so I figured I'd humor her. When I arrived, I was greeted by a woman who seemed to be scowling at me. Why did the vice president of the student council always glare at me? I suspected it had something to do with Artemis.

If memory served, her name was Anya von Estus, a noble from another country with the unique ability to control hair. While I wasn't particularly eager to acquire her skill, I couldn't deny its potential usefulness. Perhaps after I was done dominating the women I had my eye on in the academy, I'd consider approaching her next. But for now, she wasn't a priority.

Anya led me to the office where the librarian usually resided. Upon arrival, she opened the door for me, and I stepped inside. Artemis was seated nearby, sipping tea at a small round table. As I entered, she set down her cup and greeted me with a smile.

"You're here," she said, then turned to Anya. "You can leave now, Anya."

"But..." Anya protested, shooting me a scowl. Clearly, she wasn't my biggest fan.

"Don't worry," Artemis reassured her. "Leon here isn't the type to attack me. Besides, what could a bronze-class student like him do against me?"

Those words weren't meant to insult me; they were simply meant to reassure Anya that I posed no threat to Artemis. Still, it grated on my ears a bit to hear it. Nonetheless, it seemed to have the desired effect, as Anya promptly closed the door.

Artemis smiled at me. "Sorry about Anya. She's a bit overprotective," she explained. "Take a seat."

I accepted her offer and then asked, "Was she crushing on you or something? She looked like she wanted to murder me."

Artemis chuckled. "She confessed to me a few months after I took my position on the student council," she revealed. "I turned her down though. I told her I wasn't ready for a relationship."

"Oh... So that's it," I mused. It made sense now why Anya had been glaring at me like I was some kind of rival. To her, I was like a bee trying to suck the pollen from her precious flower. Still, I wished she could tone it down a bit.

"Now then," Artemis began. "The reason I summoned you here is because I want you to accompany me to the Kingdom of Elves."

I remained silent for a moment as Artemis continued.

"My mother wants to meet you."

In that instant, a vision of a threesome with Artemis and her mother flashed through my mind, and I immediately had my answer.

"Count me in."

Artemis blinked several times.

"You're answering so quickly. Don't you have any reservations or complaints about this? You do realize you're not just going on a field trip, but to the Kingdom of Elves, right?"

"I don't see why I should have reservations," I replied. "Getting to visit the Kingdom of Elves is like a dream come true for me. Plus, I'm eager to learn new magic from them. It's an opportunity I can't just brush off."

"Is that really how you feel?" Artemis raised an eyebrow. "You're not just accepting it so readily because it's one of my requirements for you to dominate me, are you?"

Looks like she caught on. "Well, something like that, I guess," I admitted.

"Just for clarification, and out of curiosity, what is the next requirement?" Artemis inquired.

"I'm sure you don't want to hear it," I replied.

It was best if she didn't know that her next requirement involved me deflowering her right in front of her mother. The shock would be too much for her to handle. Despite her curious personality, I couldn't risk revealing this detail.

"When are we going to go there?" I finally asked.

"The week before the end of summer vacation," she replied. "Is that fine for you?"

I thought about it. I didn't have anything else planned for that time. I'd likely just be staying in Leonamon, having sex with my women.

"It's fine with me," I confirmed.

"Great," she said. "Let's meet back here at that time."

With that, our conversation came to an end.

Many students were leaving the academy in their casual clothes, eager for the month and a half of freedom ahead. Excitement filled the air, but for some, like Duncan, there was only disappointment. They'd failed the semester and were stuck spending the rest of summer vacation at the academy.

While students weren't forbidden from leaving the dorms for an extended period, they were advised not to engage in activities that would tarnish the academy's reputation further. The recent incident in the King's Game, where a student died, had put the academy under scrutiny.

There was a petition circulating to ban students from participating in such dangerous activities, but the academy hadn't made any official statement yet. Regardless, the academy was facing its own set of challenges and uncertainties.

Meanwhile, Shredica was basking in the attention she received after winning the game. It was only the second time a student had emerged victorious, but unlike the first winner, Shredica lacked any special skills. While some students were impressed, most were simply jealous of her success.

As for claiming her reward from the King, that was scheduled for next week. Shredica had been granted a special audience with the King, during which she could ask for anything within his power to grant. However, there were limitations; the King couldn't bestow noble titles like dukedom, but he could make her a knight of a noble house, albeit without the full privileges of nobility.

Lost in thought, I strolled along the path toward the academy gates. There, I spotted Titania, dressed casually and leaning against one of the pillars. She was engrossed in fixing her hair and practicing her smiles in a pocket mirror. Her presence drew the attention of those exiting the academy; it was clear to anyone that she was waiting to meet her boyfriend.

And that boyfriend was me. Just the idea sent my heart flutter.

"Hey there," I greeted her with a smile. "Sorry if I'm late."

Titania shook her head, her beautiful golden hair swaying along with her movement, "You're just on time."

'That sounded like something a couple would say,' I mused inwardly, even though the situation felt somewhat reversed...

"Well," I said, extending my hand toward her. "Shall we?"

Titania eagerly took my hand in hers.

"Let's go!"

And with that, our date began.

Arianne's POV

The atmosphere among the members of the Silver Blades was palpably tense, as if you could slice through it with a knife. There had been significant changes within the group: members no longer listened to the Leader, and there was a growing distrust towards Shredica, who hadn't returned to the lair in quite some time.

Today, I was returning to the lair per the Leader's orders. I knocked on the door and uttered the secret password, prompting Claire, our doorkeeper, to open the entrance for me.

"Welcome back, Arianne," she greeted, emerging halfway from the wall. Her naked form left little to the imagination, with her breasts fully exposed.

"Is the leader here?" I asked Claire.

"Oh, yeah. She is. She just came back from somewhere," Claire replied.

After chatting with Claire for a bit, I headed toward where the leader was supposed to be. As I entered, I found her completely smashed. It seemed she'd been drinking heavily the night before and hadn't stopped until morning. She was slouched in her chair, reeking of alcohol.

"Leader, are you okay?!" I exclaimed, rushing over to her and trying to assist her. "You can't do this in the base, Leader. You know someone might take advantage of you in your sleep, especially with the traitor among us. You can't feel safe in a place where there might be an enemy."

"It's fine every once in a while, right?" she slurred. "It's not like they can actually do something to me. I'm invincible."

"Still, you can't let your guard down. What if someone stabbed you in your sleep, or what if someone tried to assassinate you and because you're drunk, you can't defend yourself?" I insisted.

"It's fine, I say," she dismissed, waving a hand dismissively.

There was no way it was fine...

I think I know why the Leader was acting like this. Last time, she had a conversation with someone who seemed to be a subordinate of Mephisto. The Leader wanted to talk to Mephisto, but in order to do so, she needed to have sex with him first.

For someone like the Leader, that was hard to deal with. She has trauma from that kind of thing. But she accepted it, just for a chance to speak with Mephisto. So that she could have a chance of stopping Moriarty from doing what he wants. The Leader was willing to pay with her body in order to achieve it.

Chapter 183: Summer Vacation (3)

Leon's POV

Titania and I were on our way to Pleasure City, holding hands and flirting the whole time in the carriage. It was hard to believe that this amazing woman was my girlfriend. If I told my past self, he'd probably just raise an eyebrow and give me a sad, self-deprecating smile.

"You know," Titania said after a while of flirting, "I'm starting to get jealous of your other girls, Leon. They've been pretty intimate with you, right? But we haven't reached that level yet, even though we're a couple. We haven't done any couple-y things."

It seemed like Titania was feeling a bit envious that I'd been intimate with other women while we hadn't really done anything couple-y yet, even though she was my girlfriend. Well, I'd promised to treat her right, and I was determined to make sure she never felt lonely or left out again. I'd be her perfect boyfriend, just like I said.

When we stepped out of the carriage, we found ourselves in Pleasure City, a place always buzzing with activity. Kids were running around, playing games to win prizes, and couples were indulging in all sorts of romantic activities. It was the perfect atmosphere for a date.

"Let's go," I said to Titania, taking her hand. She squirmed with glee the moment I touched her, her whole body blushing profusely. It seemed like I was doing the right thing. Up until now, I'd never really been on a proper date, so this was a first for me.

Our first stop? Boats. There was nothing more romantic than a boat ride with your partner.

As we were about to board the boat, Titania started trembling.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"It's actually my first time in a boat, so I'm kinda scared. What if it flips over while we're on it? And I can't swim either, so..."

Sometimes, despite Titania's maturity, she showed a childlike side. It was kinda cute.

"Don't worry. I'll be right here with you. And even if the boat does flip, I'll save you."

At that, Titania blushed and smiled at me. "You can be pretty romantic, Leon. Is this how you've won over so many hearts?"

Her words sounded reproachful, but her tone was teasing and playful.

I held her hand and guided her onto the boat. Once we were on board, the boatman started to row. As we moved along, Titania gradually calmed down and began to enjoy the ride. She was truly gleeful the entire time.

We earned a few glares from the boatman for getting a little too carried away with our excitement—there were a couple of close calls where the boat almost flipped over—but overall, it was a blast.

After the boat ride, we headed to Lala Land. We rode the Ferris Wheel, played fun games, and even ventured into their version of a haunted house. Well, it was more like a monster house than a haunted one, but it was still a lot of fun.

I'd never experienced this much fun back on Earth. I used to wish for moments like these, to have fun with my childhood friend, but it never happened. But dwelling on the past wouldn't do me any good now.

Currently, we were buying sweets from a vendor. They weren't like the sweets you'd find on Earth, but they were damn good, I had to admit.

"Yum. This is delicious, Leon. Don't you think so?" Titania asked between bites.

"It really is," I agreed. "I've never tasted anything like this before."

"Same here!" she chimed in.

Sharing new experiences with my girlfriend felt like weaving our lives together in beautiful tapestry. Moments like these, where we ventured into uncharted territory together, were the essence of our connection—learning, growing, and exploring side by side.

"So, what's our next adventure?" Titania's voice bubbled with excitement.

"Hmm..." I mull it over for a sec. This date wasn't some big plan I'd been scheming for days; it was more of a spur-of-the-moment thing. No elaborate schemes here—just going with the flow. "Oh. How about we hit up Leonamon for some cake? Ever been there?"

"Oh yeah, I heard they were good, so I gave 'em a try, and damn, they were amazing! The sweetness just spreads in your mouth and melts away!"

With that, we headed into Leonamon as well. But I never expected to see someone I knew there. As we stepped into the cake shop, I spotted her. It was a surprise to see her here, stuffing cake into her mouth like she'd just come out of a long battle and was starving for food. It wasn't the amount of cake she was eating that surprised me, but rather the fact that she was here.

And there she was, meeting with that professor.

It was Charlotte Sierra, whose father had been in hot water lately due to a scandal involving kidnapping, human trafficking, and more. She was wearing a very long hood that completely covered her face. I wasn't sure if she was trying to lay low, but that hood definitely made her stand out.

The professor she was meeting was Sesillian. He was dressed casually unlike her, but he was in a great disguise unlike her. If you didn't focus on him, you wouldn't know it was him.

What was going on here? Did Gabrielle abandon her role of cockblocking them? Or maybe she had some kind of agenda why she didn't prevent the two of them from meeting. For now, though, it seemed like nothing sexual was going to happen. I hoped it wouldn't go in that direction either.

"Leon?"

"Ah, right. Let's grab some seats," I replied. For now, I had a date with Titania, and my focus should be solely on her. I promised to make this date perfect for her.

Sesillian and Charlotte meeting wasn't a concern. If Gabrielle had stopped playing cockblock, there had to be a reason for it. At least Charlotte's chastity wasn't in jeopardy.

I was curious about what they were discussing, though. Eventually, they left. I wanted to follow them, but not right now.

Titania's pout caught my attention as she felt neglected. I swiftly shifted gears, showering her with sweetness and feeding her cake from my own spoon. Gradually, her mood improved, and her gleeful laughter filled the air. She truly was a delight. .

After indulging in cake, Titania surprised me by pressing her breasts against my shoulders, her joyful sounds echoing around us. With her radiant presence, my concerns about Charlotte dissolved. What did I care for that woman? My interest in her was solely for her skill. Titania was my priority, and I couldn't bear the thought of her unhappiness.

As the evening unfolded, we immersed ourselves in a whirlwind of activities, from entrancing theater performances to savoring gourmet delights in an opulent restaurant. Eventually, as the night drew to a close, we decided to wind down and call it a day.

"But wait!" Titania suddenly exclaimed, her face alight with a mischievous smile. "I want to spend the entire night with you, Leon."

"What, like spend the night together?" I queried.

"Exactly," she confirmed, her voice laced with anticipation. "I want you to pamper me until I drift into sweet slumber."

"Where will we sleep though?"

Titania's lips curved into a mischievous smirk. "I don't know, but this is Pleasure City, after all. We can find something. Like that," she said, pointing to the building next to us.

I glanced at the sign—it read "Night Cabin's Inn." A night there would only cost one gold coin, and it promised all the perks: soundproof walls, a spacious bed, and even a luxurious bath. It was the fanciest inn I'd ever seen in this world.

"Well, why don't you lead the way, then?" I replied, mirroring her mischievous smirk.

Titania eagerly led me to the inn, and we paid for a night there before heading to our room. It was even more spacious than I had expected, with a bed big enough to fit five people comfortably. It was clearly a love motel.

Titania kicked off her shoes and immediately dove onto the bed.

"So soft!" she exclaimed. "It's even softer than my bed at the dorm! Ahhh, I wish I could take this bed with me!"

"If you did, the owner of the inn would surely come looking for you to return it," I teased.

"Come on now, I was obviously joking," she chuckled.

Titania buried herself in the bed, clearly relishing its embrace. She emitted happy sounds as she rolled around, enjoying every moment. Eventually, she sat up and patted the bed.

"Come 'ere, Leon!" she beckoned. "Feel how soft it is!"

I kicked off my shoes and joined her. She was right—the bed was incredibly soft. It was the kind that would lull you to sleep in an instant.

"Hehehe..." Titania giggled. "I'm in bed with my darling again. I'm so happy!" She reached out to hug my arm, pressing her ample breasts against me. "Are you happy too, Leon?"

The word "happy" didn't even begin to cover what I was feeling. I was overflowing with joy to the point where "happy" felt inadequate. How could I convey this to her? How could I express the depth of my emotions?

With no words sufficient to describe it, I opted for action instead. I gently pushed her down onto the bed and kissed her passionately.

Chapter 184: Summer Vacation (4)

Titania didn't push back against my kiss; instead, she pulled me in even closer. Our bodies were so close that it felt like we might meld into one another, becoming inseparable.

Her fingers dug into my flesh, urging me to press tighter against her. My hand slid beneath her clothes, running from her belly to her chest, slipping under her bra to touch her breasts directly. But Titania didn't stop me; in fact, she seemed to want me to go further. And I did. I wanted to push past this boundary, and it seemed she did too.

After what felt like an eternity of kissing, we finally parted our lips. A thin strand of saliva still connected us before snapping between us. We gazed into each other's eyes, locked in a mesmerizing trance, as if we were being drawn into a vortex of desire. Without hesitation, our lips met once more.

"Ahh... Leon..."

I nibbled on her neck, leaving a mark, while she began unbuttoning my shirt, releasing each button one by one until it hung open.

I leaned back and stripped off my clothes, revealing my body to Titania.

She blushed as she looked at me, covering her face with her hands but peeking through the gaps between her fingers.

"G-Goodness, Leon... You don't look that ripped when you're wearing clothes..." she said.

"Are you sure you don't want to stop me?" I asked her, knowing that once we crossed this line, there was no turning back. Our relationship would enter a new phase.

"I..." she hesitated before finally speaking up. "I want this, Leon. I don't want to be left behind like those other women. I want to experience what you do with them. Make love to me."

I kissed her repeatedly, trailing my tongue down her neck and along her collarbone as I slowly removed her clothes. She lifted herself to help, allowing me to strip her down until she was only in her underwear—a stunning pair of black lingerie that seemed almost too perfect for the occasion. It was as if she had been anticipating this moment all along.

"Um, try not to stare too much," she cautioned.

"I'm sorry, but you're just... stunning," I confessed. And it was true. She was incredibly beautiful. Her skin was smooth and milky white, her untied hair cascading around her in a captivating manner. Despite her toned physique from sword training, she had curves in all the right places.

Her breasts were ample, but it wasn't just about being sexy—it was more like a regal elegance that defined her. If a single word could capture her essence, it would be majestic.

She blushed at my words, and I heard her gulp before she spoke up. "It's your turn now."

For a moment, I wasn't sure what she meant, but then it clicked. She wanted me to take off my pants too. I began to stand up to do it myself, but she stopped me.

"Let me do it myself," she insisted.

With determination in her eyes, I acquiesced and let her take charge. She placed her hands on either side of my pants, slowly pulling them down until my dick was finally freed.

"W-Woah!" she exclaimed as my dick sprang out in front of her eyes.

My dick cast a shadow over her face as she looked up at it, a mix of awe and a hint of terror in her eyes.

"Is this what's going to go inside me?" she asked nervously.

"Are you scared?" I inquired.

"A little," she admitted.

It was understandable that she'd feel scared. This was Titania's first time seeing it, after all, and that meant it would be her first experience with it too. And even by abnormal standards, mine was exceptionally large. Many women had trembled at the sight of it before.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked her once more.

I didn't want to leave her scarred. Titania believed she was falling behind the other women in my harem, but that wasn't the case. She was my girlfriend, cherished and adored. Yet, despite my reassurances, she yearned for a deeper connection. She sought to cement our bond, to be more than just a girlfriend in name.

She wanted to feel the intimacy we shared, to join the ranks of those who had felt my touch.

But emotions, they could be a double-edged sword. They could drive you to heights of ecstasy or plunge you into depths of despair. I couldn't bear the thought of Titania being consumed by doubt and insecurity. I couldn't bear the thought of her experiencing the same pain I had once endured.

So, I treaded carefully, mindful of her fragile heart. I wanted to fulfill her desires without causing her harm, to bridge the gap between us without leaving scars. For Titania, I would do anything.

Against my expectations, Titania gazed at me with unwavering resolve.

"I'm sure," she affirmed. "I want to be one with you tonight, Leon."

Her determination struck me deeply. If she truly desired this, then I knew my course of action.

"Titania..." I whispered, drawing her close for another kiss. This wasn't the usual passionate, carnal exchange I shared with my partners or submissives. No, this kiss held a different kind of intensity—it was tender, affectionate.

As our lips met, I allowed my hands to explore her body, slipping under her bra to cup her breasts. The sensation of her nipples hardening beneath my touch sent a shiver down my spine, a clear indication of her arousal.

"Nnnn..."

I was certain that moan wasn't born of pleasure, but rather embarrassment. Titania was flushed with embarrassment, but I pressed on undeterred. My hands continued to explore her breasts, tracing the curves with gentle caresses. After a moment, I trailed my hands down her belly, reaching for the waistband of her sexy underwear.

With deliberate slowness, I peeled it down, allowing it to slip off one foot and dangle at her ankle.

Releasing her from our kiss, I was met with a surprisingly cute expression on her face, one I hadn't seen before.

Enthralled by her adorableness, I positioned my dick at her entrance.

But then...

"Titania?"

She suddenly closed her eyes, and then blood trickled from her nose.

"T-Titania?" I called out once more, but she remained unconscious.

Grabbing a nearby towel, I gently wiped the blood from her nose before dressing her in sleeping clothes. Carefully, I laid her down on the bed, watching over her as she rested.

"You shouldn't have pushed yourself so hard. You know it's too much for you," I murmured, running my fingers through her hair with a soft smile.

Titania had lost consciousness, unable to handle the intensity of the moment, her nose bleeding as a result. I wasn't sure if it was too much for her or if she simply felt overwhelmed by me. Regardless, I decided to let her rest for now. We could try again when she was ready.

However, I had another problem to deal with—my persistent erection. I couldn't bring myself to take advantage of Titania's vulnerability, so I excused myself to the bathroom to take care of it myself. As I pleased myself, I couldn't help but think of her.

After releasing my tension, I took a quick shower and got dressed.

However, instead of exiting through the door, I chose to slip out of the bathroom window. I sensed someone lurking on the other side of that door, radiating an intense bloodlust that would suffocate any ordinary human. Sensing the danger, I climbed up to the rooftop, where I realized it wasn't just one person waiting for me—it was multiple.

As I scanned my surroundings, I felt a sudden threat at the back of my neck. Instinctively, I ducked just in time to avoid being hit, though a few strands of my hair were sliced off. Seizing the moment, I tumbled away from my assailant, but soon found myself dodging projectiles aimed at me. With quick thinking, I focused my mana to create a blade and deftly sliced through the incoming attacks.

But then, the assailant who had just attacked me with a blade dashed towards me as I deflected the incoming projectiles. I quickly conjured another mana blade in my free hand to block the attacker's advance from behind while still fending off the projectiles.

With a powerful swing, the attacker unleashed a massive impact that I countered with a swing of my own. The resulting explosion sent shockwaves of wind rippling outwards, enveloping us both in its force. As the dust settled, we stood facing each other.

It was then that I finally got a clear look at my adversary—a blonde man with piercing blue eyes, clad in what appeared to be royal knight's armor. However, this wasn't the typical armor of Milham's royal knights, which gleamed with silver, gold, and black. Instead, this armor bore hues of blue, silver, and gold—distinctive of the Bethlan Kingdom.

It dawned on me that this man was a royal knight of Bethlan.

"Who the fuck are you?" I snarled, my voice laced with anger.

The man's eyes narrowed, a feral growl escaping his lips. "By the verdict of the royal knights protecting the Princess," he declared in a voice heavy with authority, "you are to be executed for violating our sacred laws. It is decreed that no one shall dare lay a hand on the Princess in any sexual manner. Leon, without a last name, you stand condemned to death!"

Chapter 185: Summer Vacation (5)

As I suspected, this man was one of Titania's royal guards. It seemed they had a strict law regarding anyone who dared to touch Titania inappropriately—a law that meant signing your own death warrant. Whether this law applied to everyone or just them, I wasn't sure.

As we stood locked in a tense standoff, bullets came hurtling towards me. I managed to block them with ease, but the man wasted no time in launching another assault. Despite my efforts to defend myself, the relentless barrage of attacks from all sides was beginning to overwhelm me. I needed to rethink my strategy.

The man in front of me was relentless, his skill and power evident with each strike. And it wasn't just him—everyone around me seemed to possess formidable abilities. It felt like I was the target of an assassination plot, with enemies closing in from all directions.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to defend myself without resorting to my own skills. Though I could easily summon my Guardian to aid me, I didn't want to reveal my abilities just yet. Instead, I put my trust in Lady Luck to intervene on my behalf.

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Utilizing the first aspect of Lady Luck, I allowed one of the bullets to graze me. However, thanks to my imperceptibility to deadly situations three times, the bullet harmlessly ricocheted off the concrete beneath our feet.

As the skirmish continued between the Bethlan's Royal Knights and myself, I sensed imminent danger. Someone was preparing to unleash their skill against me. Should I block it? With only two instances of

Lady Luck left, perhaps I should conserve them. But something felt off about this particular skill—a sensation akin to being forbidden from utilizing my own abilities.

Glancing down at the ground beneath me, I noticed a large circle drawn there.

A circle that nullified skills completely? That was certainly unexpected. Someone possessed the ability to neutralize skills within a large radius of 100 units. Anyone caught within that circle couldn't rely on their skills at all—they were rendered entirely ineffective. With that limitation in place, I had to face this situation without relying on my own skills.

Dodging seemed to be my only option for now. Though I could attempt to escape the circle, I was surrounded on all sides. Even if I managed to break free, the user could simply create another circle, trapping me once more.

But the man before me, swinging his sword with fierce determination, didn't seem bothered by the circle. That wasn't due to immunity; rather, he lacked any skills to begin with. Yet, his strikes were remarkably potent, capable of shattering a normal person's defense. His proficiency in mana control was evident—much like mine, it was precise and focused.

He was using his wind magic to enhance the speed and impact of his sword strikes. It was a surprising revelation. Someone else possessed such precise mana control, a skill that rivaled my own. Had he realized the incredible potential of mana in this world, just like I had? It wasn't certain yet, as he seemed to be operating within his current limits.

"Leon?"

A voice called out my name, drawing my attention. I turned to see Titania, her expression one of shock. Her wide blue eyes were fixed on me—or rather, on the intense battle unfolding before her.

"Leon!"

Titania's voice cut through the chaos, her eyes wide with alarm as she rushed toward us, her arms outstretched as if to shield me from the attacker.

"P-Princess, what are you doing here?!" The knight's eyes widened in shock. "Seize the attack! The Princess is here!"

At Titania's intervention, the bloodlust surrounding us seemed to lessen, though it didn't completely dissipate. I could still feel the lingering animosity directed towards me. I understood their sentiments to some extent. To them, Titania was a cherished flower, one they were duty-bound to protect. Her purity and beauty were unparalleled, like a pristine white blossom.

And here I was, perceived as a threat, a mere interloper poised to trample upon their prized possession. If I were in their shoes, I'd likely feel the same animosity towards an intruder.

However, they were barking up the wrong tree. As far as I was concerned, neither Titania nor I had done anything wrong. It was their meddling that had stirred up this mess.

Titania shot the knight a fierce glare, her arms still outstretched as if to physically separate him from me. "What exactly do you think you're doing to Leon?"

"I'm protecting you from him, Princess," the knight replied, his sword still poised for action. He seemed ready to pounce on me at the slightest provocation.

"Protecting me? All you're doing is trying to cut off my boyfriend! What in the hell do you all think you're doing?! Do you want my father to hear about this?!"

"Princess, the King has already issued the decree that anyone who engages in anything sexual with you should be swiftly executed. This man has violated that decree, and so we have been tasked with eliminating him," the knight explained.

So, it was the King himself who had enacted that law. It seemed to be a national statute, not just a rule of the Bethlan Knights.

"You were watching?!" Titania screamed in outrage. "How dare you do this to me?! Do you want Father to find out about this?!"

"D-Don't fret, Princess. I didn't peek. I know full well that your Father, the King, would have me swinging from the gallows along with three generations of my kin. It's a law that no one should lay eyes on the Princess's magnificent form! But this scoundrel not only saw, but also engaged in lewd acts. So, Princess, step aside.

"I'll swiftly end his suffering with a clean cut to the neck."

"Are you suggesting my Father's behind this? If so, then I command you to stand down! This man is my lover!"

The knight clicked his tongue and glared at me as if I were his mortal enemy. "This man is just a worthless bastard who's not fit to even look at you, Princess. I'll never acknowledge that he's the one who gets to be by your side," he spat. There was madness in his eyes, but I could also see traces of jealousy. Maybe he was in love with Titania himself, but those stupid laws kept him from confessing.

Or perhaps he thought he wasn't good enough for her? Either way, a man fueled by jealousy towards another who won the heart of the woman would be one tough opponent... I knew that firsthand, because I'd been that guy before.

"Leon is the only man who's right for me," Titania declared. "I won't even glance at another guy. Even if Father opposes it, I'll do whatever it takes to make this love story happen. And if Father, or any of you, try to harm Leon, well, I'll have no choice but to end my own life."

The knight's eyes widened in shock. "Y-You can't be serious, Princess. You're the sole heir to the throne. If you take your own life, then—"

"Then the Bethlan Kingdom would crumble and vanish from the map," Titania interrupted. "Isn't that right?"

"J-Just for a man, you're willing to sacrifice the future of the Kingdom, Princess?" the knight asked, his voice trembling.

"Leon means more to me than the throne," Titania asserted. "So, if you don't sheathe that sword," she continued, pulling out a dagger and aiming it at her neck, "I'll end it right here."

The knight looked shocked, and without hesitation, he sheathed his sword. "...We're sorry for this, Princess. We promise not to harm this man again. I'll also relay your message to His Highness," he said before glaring at me, then turning around and jumping off the roof. The tension dissipated as he left.

Titania let out a heavy sigh, lowering the dagger from her throat and spinning it with her fingers before sheathing it at her side.

"Sorry about that, Leon," Titania said. "Are you hurt?"

I felt my heart race as I witnessed that turn of events. Titania had just defended me from her own knights, who were supposed to be protecting her. Not only that, but she was also willing to sacrifice the future of her kingdom just for me. Just for me. She was incredibly cool. It was enough to make my heart flutter.

Overflowing with love, I grabbed her cheeks and pulled her in for a kiss. After our lips parted, we gazed into each other's eyes.

"I love you, Leon," she said. "I think I love you now more than anything in the world."

"I feel the same way, Titania," I replied.

"Call me Nia," she said.

"What...?"

"That's what my parents call me," she explained. "Nia."

Nia. It was a name perfect for her. Nia, meaning bright.

"I love you too, Nia," I said. And with that, we kissed again. Under the dark sky, we shared our love for each other.

Chapter 186: Summer Vacation (6)

Titania's POV

I woke up to find myself under an unfamiliar ceiling. The bed was incredibly soft, unlike my own. I realized I was in an inn, where I had spent the night with my darling.

Beside me, he was awake, his eyes fixed on my face with a smirk. He looked particularly radiant this morning, which made me blush under his gaze.

"Good morning, Nia," he greeted. "How did you sleep?"

"G-Good," I stuttered in response.

"Are you hungry? Want me to fetch some food for you?" he inquired.

"S-Sure," I replied, feeling a strange warmth at his concern.

What was this sensation? It felt oddly intimate, like the words of a devoted husband to his wife. Though I hadn't experienced marriage firsthand, there was an inexplicable familiarity to his care.

Leon rose from the bed, his naked form a commanding presence. His impressive member stood proudly, demanding attention.

Beneath the covers, I discovered I was equally unclothed. The drowsiness that had clouded my mind evaporated, replaced by a sudden awareness of a pleasant soreness between my legs.

I covered half of my face with the covers.

We did it. We actually did it. We had... s-s-s-sex...

If you're all wondering how it escalated to us doing the deed, then let's rewind a few hours.

After I told my knights that if they ever laid a hand on my Leon, I'd kill myself, we kissed on that rooftop under the stars. Leon's emotions were running high, as were mine, and I could tell immediately that he wanted intimacy.

I was left worried about that, remembering how I lost consciousness and had a nosebleed when we tried to get intimate earlier. Can you blame me, though? I never expected Leon to be so hot. When we first met, he seemed like a trembling rabbit, but when I saw him naked for the first time, I was in for a surprise. He was incredibly muscular and ripped underneath his clothes.

And when we kissed, his tongue was so good, I nearly passed out. I was fighting the urge to scream in delight while simultaneously struggling to stay conscious. Is this how a man who's been with many women kisses? I couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy that I wasn't his first kiss.

I mean, of course, I wasn't really bothered or upset by the fact that he'd been with other women besides me. Men with incredible power, whether physical, magical, mental, or political, often have many women in their lives. But it did sting a bit to know I wasn't his first for everything, especially when he was my first for everything.

And he'd be the last man too—I was confident no one could handle me like Leon.

Anyway, that wasn't the main concern right now. Leon was swirling his tongue inside my mouth, and I was doing my best to keep up, despite my inexperience. I twirled my tongue around his, intertwining them and sharing my saliva with him.

His hands found their way to my butt, squeezing each cheek firmly. I shivered at his touch, feeling something hard pressing against my thighs.

"Um," I stammered as we pulled away from each other. "Let's go back to the bedroom."

Leon looked at me, concern evident in his eyes. "Are you sure?" he asked. "You don't have to push yourself, you know? I'm not in a rush to do it with you, and you shouldn't feel pressured either." .

"But you want to, right?" I insisted.

Leon looked away, his cheeks turning pink in embarrassment. Despite his hot exterior, he could be cute sometimes. "I do, of course," he admitted. "I mean, you left me hanging earlier. But hey, I can take care of it myself. You don't owe me sex."

"I want to, Leon," I said firmly. "I want to have sex with you."

"But what if those knights of yours are still watching?"

"We'll just have to make sure our room is completely covered so not even a crack of light can escape," I replied with a suggestive smile. Then, feeling bold, I reached for his bulge and rubbed it through his pants. "Besides, it seems like this thing really wants it."

I felt really embarrassed doing this, but my mother always said that if I wanted to please a man, I had to use my lower lips and upper lips. So, I decided to follow her advice. Mother, I hope you're watching from heaven. I'm doing what you told me to do. You must be proud, right? Or maybe not.

It seemed to work on Leon, as he looked at me like I was a piece of meat. Maybe his rationality snapped, and he was finally going to take me. Well, that was the goal, so I welcomed it. With that, Leon carried me back to the bed, where he ravished me like a wolf.

He sucked on my neck, leaving hickeys behind. His kisses were intense, his tongue swirling around mine. I felt like I was melting, but I didn't stop him. I just let him continue. He stripped off his clothes, then did the same to me. Seeing his naked body again sent heat coursing through mine.

I thought I might pass out or have another nosebleed, but I forced myself to stay conscious. I needed to see this through. Eventually, we found ourselves back where we left off earlier—where he was about to enter me.

"Are you ready?" he asked me.

"Y-Yes," I replied.

With that, Leon began to push his thing inside me. I could feel my insides parting, a sharp pain tearing through me as if I was being ripped apart. I shut my eyes tightly, gritting my teeth, and wrapped my arms around his back, digging my nails in with force.

"Ahhhh!"

Some strange, almost primal sound escaped from my lips. Was that really me? It felt foreign, out of place in this moment of supposed innocence. Why was my voice carrying such a sultry tone when this was meant to be my first time?

As his dick encountered resistance, I couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and fear. This was the physical proof of my virginity, a barrier waiting to be broken. Once it was breached, I would belong to him completely.

With tears shimmering in my eyes, I gazed at him with a mixture of vulnerability and desire. "Come on. Break me," I whispered, my voice barely above a breath.

Leon's eyes widened in response, a mixture of emotions flickering across his face before he closed his eyes and murmured my name. "Nia..."

Then, with a determined resolve, he pushed forward, his dick tearing through the last remnants of my innocence.

"Nnnnnhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!"

The sound that escaped me was a mixture of pain and pleasure, echoing through the room as the barrier was finally shattered.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his eyes filled with concern.

I took a moment to gather myself. That had been really painful, unlike anything I'd experienced before. Strangely enough, there was a hint of pleasure mixed in with the pain.

With tears still in my eyes, I looked at him. "I'm okay," I reassured him. "It hurts, but I can handle it. Especially with you here."

I glanced down, and he leaned back, allowing me to see where his dick had entered.

"We're connected now. That makes me happy," I said.

"Yeah," he replied, ruffling my hair. "Me too."

He waited patiently for me to adjust to the pain, showing his gentle side once again. Leon was a true gentleman. He could have taken what he wanted without hesitation, but instead, he waited for me to become more comfortable. Was this how he treated all his women? Was this how he deflowered them? Perhaps his experience in such matters made him skilled at putting women at ease.

But he didn't need to do that to me. I didn't want to have sex with him just to experience pleasure. I wanted a genuine connection with him, to pleasure him as much as he pleased me. That's why I finally said, "You can move now, Leon."

"Are you sure?" he asked once more.

"You don't have to worry about me. You can move however you want. I can handle the pain. After all, you're the one giving it," I assured him.

Leon smiled at me, his touch gentle as he ruffled my hair. Then, leaning in, he kissed me softly before slowly beginning to sway his hips.

"Nnnn... mnnnh... nh... nggg!" I moaned in response to his movements.

It was definitely painful, but he was surprisingly gentle. The pain wasn't as intense as I had anticipated. I could still feel it, but it wasn't unbearable.

"Nnn... chu...~ Leon... ah..."

My body swayed slightly as he kissed me and moved his hips. His thing seemed to reach deeper inside me than I had imagined possible, almost knocking on my womb. Slowly but surely, I began to feel pleasure creeping in.

Chapter 187: Summer Vacation (7)

"Nnnhh... ahh, ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahnn~"

My voice, once mixed with pain, was now pure debauchery. Originally, I hadn't sought pleasure for myself, only aiming to please Leon, but now, I was indulging in it too. My pussy was being stretched by a massive object thrusting in and out of me. It felt so good that my eyes threatened to roll back into my head.

"Does that feel good?" he asked.

It was an unfair question. He could already tell from my expression, undoubtedly debauched, that I was enjoying myself. But he asked anyway, and I answered truthfully.

"Ish... feels good! Ahhh...!"

"It feels good to me too," he replied, his thrusts growing more intense as he drove deeper into me.

I was glad to bring him pleasure, but it was undeniable that the pleasure he was giving me far outweighed what I could offer him. I felt a twinge of guilt, but what could I do? Less than an hour ago, I was an inexperienced woman thrust into this situation. In the heat of the moment, all I could focus on was the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me, leaving little room for anything else.

"Ahhh, ahh, L-Leon... Ah, I... Ahn~"

Leon relentlessly targeted my most sensitive spots, from my breasts down to the depths of my vagina. But he didn't stop there. He must have sensed that those areas weren't enough to fully arouse me, so he searched for more. More sensitive spots than my breasts and vagina.

After a few moments, he finally found it.

"Hyaaaan~!!!" .

The sound that escaped my mouth was so uncharacteristic of me that it surprised even myself. Leon smirked when he heard it.

"So this is where..." he said.

He lifted my arm, exposing the tender flesh of my armpit. As his tongue traced over the sensitive skin, a jolt of pleasure shot through me, causing my vagina to clench involuntarily around him. The sensation was overwhelming, sending shivers down my spine.

Despite the embarrassment of my reaction, Leon's delight was evident as he continued to explore and exploit my newfound sensitivity, his tongue dancing over my armpit with purposeful precision.

"Ahhh, n-no. L-Leon, that's dirty!" I protested, attempting to pull away, but he persisted with his licking. "I didn't shower yet, so that must smell of sweat!" I protested further.

"Nonsense," he dismissed. "You smell delicious to me. There's nothing dirty about you."

Despite my protests, he continued to lick my armpit, his actions defying my attempts to resist.

I clenched my eyes and mouth shut, trying to resist the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. But eventually, I succumbed, my voice becoming unrestrained and more debauched than before.

"Ahhh, ahhh, hyaaan~! Fuaaaahhh~ Nnnh, ahhh, ahh, ahhn~!"

His hips suddenly accelerated, his thrusts growing more powerful.

"Ahh, ahh, hyaan~! Nnnh, ahhh, ahh, Leon! Aah, aah, aah, aah!"

With each change in the movement of his hips, the pleasure surged rapidly. Leon's hand gripped my waist tightly, anchoring me to the bed, while his other hand held my wrist firmly. His tongue continued its relentless assault on my armpit, sending shivers down my spine. Meanwhile, his dick plunged deep inside me, reaching the very depths and brushing against my womb with each thrust.

The sensation was overwhelming, sending waves of pleasure coursing through me and leaving my head spinning as if my spine were being directly stimulated.

"Ah, Leon... Ahh, nnh, aah... Haa~, nnnn... It feels so good, it feels so good...!"

Every thrust of his dick sent ripples of pleasure coursing through me, igniting every nerve ending and leaving me gasping for more.

"Ah! Aaah! Ah, ah! Nnah, hahhn, fuuuuuuunnn!"

My body contorted with pleasure as I writhed and screamed, completely consumed by the intense sensations overwhelming me. With each thrust, Leon drove deeper, his determination evident in the force of his movements. The sensation of his glans brushing against my cervix sent shivers down my spine, leaving me lost in a haze of pure ecstasy.

My mind was blank, devoid of coherent thought, as I surrendered to the overwhelming pleasure. I couldn't resist it any longer... I couldn't focus on anything else.

The sounds of his hips slapping against me, the wet sound of his tongue ravishing my armpit, and the dry sound of flesh colliding with flesh echoed through the room. Initially, I was embarrassed, but now, I felt no shame whatsoever. After a while, however, I felt it—the incredible sensation of flying overtaking me. I knew what this feeling was. I was about to climax.

I felt Leon's dick twitching inside me, a sign that he was on the edge of climax. His focus shifted from licking my armpit to thrusting with intense urgency.

"Ahh, ahhh! Ahhn! Ahhh, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ah, haannn~!!! HnnnnAaaaaAaaaannnnN~!!!"

As the wave of pleasure surged through me, I could sense the impending release building within me. The sensation of flying overwhelmed my senses, and I let out a primal, guttural scream of ecstasy that echoed through the room, mingling with the sounds of our passionate union.

Simultaneously, I sensed a scorching heat erupting deep within me, flooding the furthest reaches of my body. Instantly, I saw the light flicker before me as I felt the rage surge within.

"NnnnnnnNNnnNnnnnNnnhhhHhhh~!!!"

I arched my back and screamed through gritted teeth, my hands clawing at Leon's back, nails digging into his flesh. Sensation surged through me, reaching the peak of sensuality. I could feel his cock throbbing inside me, pulsing constantly as it filled my insides with his thick liquid. And then, as it was done, my eyes fluttered shut.

And that's how it happened. I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that we'd actually crossed that line—had sex, I mean. And it was mind-blowing. In the beginning, I struggled to keep up with Leon's pace, but as we progressed, it was like we found this incredible rhythm together. It was more than good; it was mind-blowing. Leon was beyond amazing.

It was a feeling I'd never experienced before. And to top it all off, our first time together was nothing short of incredible. My first time was unforgettable.

As the memories from last night flooded back, I couldn't help but feel a rush of emotions. I wanted to clutch a pillow to my chest, roll around, kick my legs and relive every moment, basking in the mix of embarrassment and pure bliss.

But as I replayed the scenes in my mind, delighting in the squeals and happy noises, I couldn't ignore the sight of blood on the bedsheet.

This was proof that last night wasn't just a dream—we had really done it. For some reason, I felt a strong desire to keep this evidence forever. I made a mental note to ask the inn owner if I could buy the sheets from him.

While I was lost in thought, staring at the blood-stained sheet, I noticed Leon starting to pull down his shirt. Before he could fully cover up, I spotted marks on his back. Without hesitation, I approached him and pulled up his shirt to get a better look.

"What's wrong, Nia?" he asked.

"Does that hurt you, Leon?" I asked, my gaze fixated on the four long, thin welts etched across one side of his back, curiosity piqued.

"Oh, those? Nah, they didn't," he replied nonchalantly. "You're the one who left them on me last night. I consider them more of a badge of honor than a wound," he explained, his eyes lingering on me, specifically on my chest area.

I glanced downward and realized with a jolt that the blanket had slipped away, leaving my bare breasts exposed for him to see.

While I didn't mind him ogling them, it was still embarrassing. I couldn't handle too much embarrassment all at once. Another nosebleed was the last thing I needed. Hastily, I grabbed the blanket and pulled it up to conceal my body.

"Leon, you pervert," I teased.

Leon chuckled, "Guilty as charged."

With that, Leon and I entered the next stage of our relationship.

Leon's POV

I stepped out of our room and encountered a woman in the hallway whom I knew—Gladys. She was the room attendant I'd previously had a wild time with, along with the two MILFs. We made our way to her usual sleeping spot, where I proceeded to fuck her.

"Ahhhn... ah, ahh, you're so good. You're so fucking good...!"

"If you feel it, then tell me what happened in the room across from ours last night," I said. "They didn't do anything, did they?"

"Ahhh...! Th-They didn't do anything... Ah~! The man left after the woman fell asleep!"

With each thrust, I drove my dick deeper inside her, her words spurring me on as she recounted the events from the room next door. It was where Professor Sesillian and Charlotte had stayed, and I had tasked this woman with keeping me informed and intervening if they were about to engage in any sexual activity. Essentially, I was playing the role of a cockblocker.

And as a reward for her diligence, I promised her a round of fucking. Doggy-style.

"Is that really true?"

"Y-Yes, ahhh! I knew they hadn't had sex because there was no scent lingering in the room when I cleaned it. I'm well acquainted with the aroma of sex, so I'd definitely notice if anything had gone down in there. Hiyaannn~!!!"

If that was the case, then what the hell was Sesillian trying to do with Charlotte? It didn't seem like he was trying to get her into bed. Did this mean that Gabrielle stopped watching Charlotte because she knew Sesillian wouldn't make a move? Did she know something?

I'd have to ask her about it later.

"Good job," I praised Gladys. "As a reward, I'll give you what you've earned."

"Ahhh...! Cumming!"

As I released inside her, waves of pleasure washed over her. With a satisfied sigh, I let go of her, and she slumped down, spent. Zipping up my pants, I headed to the kitchen to get some food for Titania, my mind still swirling with unanswered questions.

Chapter 188: Game's Reward (1)

Shredica's POV

"Chihara-san"

It felt like someone was calling out a name, pulling me out of a nap. But it wasn't just any name—it felt like mine, even though I'd never heard it before. It was familiar, so much so that it felt like it belonged to me.

I lifted my eyelids and found myself in a place vastly different from the worlds I knew. Wherever this place was, it was unlike any I'd ever seen. I had no memories of it, yet it felt oddly familiar—as if I'd lived here once before.

Slowly, my hazy vision began to clear. I saw billowing white curtains, a silver window frame, and old, faded glass. Outside, leaves rustled in the breeze, the sky painted with the hues of a setting sun, jet streams trailing lazily across the sky.

I sat up, inhaling dusty air, and noticed the back of someone in what looked like a uniform standing before a dark-green chalkboard. An eraser slid across its surface, wiping away the white chalk words.

"Chihara-san."

The mention of that name once again drew my attention to the face of a boy standing over me, looking like he wanted something.

"What is it?" My mouth moved almost automatically.

"You have a good relationship with Ichinose-kun, correct?" he inquired. "Could you possibly engage in a conversation with him?"

"Why? It's not as though we're particularly close."

"Ah, well, you see, Ichinose-kun has been absent from school for quite some time now. As the class representative, it's my responsibility to facilitate his return. However, every attempt to visit his apartment has proven fruitless. It seems he's always one step ahead of me. Given that you reside in the same complex, I thought perhaps you could lend your influence."

I had no clue who Ichinose was, but somehow, I found myself speaking up.

"Why not talk to Asada-san first? They're childhood friends, right?"

"Well, I've already spoken to Asada-san, and she mentioned trying to reach out to him. But Ichinose-kun doesn't seem interested in hearing from her," the boy explained. "Please, Chihara-san. Could you ask him to come back?"

"I doubt it'll be that simple. And honestly, even if I did try, I'm not sure I'd have any luck. We're not exactly close."

"Besides Asada-san, you're the only one he's speaking to," he pointed out.

"That's because we're seatmates," my mouth blurted out, though I hadn't meant to speak. "I'm sorry, Kashiwagi-kun. I can't help you bring Ichinose-kun back," I said, turning my gaze away.

The boy lingered for a moment before saying, "I'm sorry to bother you then," and walking away.

The scene shifted abruptly, and now I found myself standing in the rain, walking with my bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

Then I saw him. He was in the midst of a brawl with a group of thugs, the kind you'd typically find in the rough streets and dark alleys. They were fighting in the narrow alley leading to the apartment complex where I lived. Despite being outnumbered, he was holding his own, taking down each thug with impressive skill until he was the last man standing.

After catching his breath and wiping the blood from his mouth, he glanced in my direction, and our eyes met. I stood there, a mix of emotions swirling inside me, unable to fully describe what I was feeling. He looked away, preparing to leave.

"Ichinose-kun," I called out to him.

He paused.

"Do you mind if we talk?"

The only sound between us was the heavy rain pouring down.

The scene shifted again, and now Ichinose-kun and I were somewhere unfamiliar, yet oddly familiar.

"You're not planning to go to school?" I asked.

Ichinose-kun remained silent.

"Kashiwagi-kun asked me to bring you back, but I figured it would be pointless, so I declined to help him. Still, I need to know—are you planning on going to school or not?"

Once again, he didn't reply.

"I don't blame you for skipping school, but you can't keep bottling things up like this. If you do, you'll be stuck in that cycle forever. I'm sure that's not what Kana-san, your sister, would want for you either."

I noticed Ichinose-kun gripping the railing tightly out of the corner of my eye.

"You don't know anything," he said, turning away from me. "Now, if you're done, I'm leaving. And I hope this is our last conversation. I plan to go to school tomorrow to submit my withdrawal letter. I won't be coming back."

He didn't look back at me as he walked away.

"...You've become a scum," I said to him.

Ichinose-kun just let out a low chuckle. "Yeah. I guess you're right."

My eyes slowly blinked open, greeted by the familiar sight of my dorm room's ceiling in the academy. For a lingering moment, I remained still, letting the remnants of the dream fade away like mist in the morning sun, before finally pushing myself up from the comfort of my bed.

"Another one..." I murmured softly to myself.

These dreams had been occurring frequently lately. They weren't repetitive, but they always featured the same person: Ichinose-kun. There was something about him that felt important, something I needed to understand. He seemed to hold a significant role in these dreams, although I couldn't quite grasp why.

But enough dwelling on dreams for now. It was time to prepare. Today was the day I would visit the royal castle and finally receive my reward.

I felt an unusual excitement coursing through me, even though it was only 6 A.M. and my meeting with the King wasn't until 3 in the afternoon. It was out of character for me, but I embraced it nonetheless. Heading straight to the bathroom, I couldn't help but grimace at my disheveled appearance in the mirror.

After fixing my bed head and wiping away the drool from my face, I stepped into the shower, ready to freshen up for the day ahead.

After showering, I dried my hair with a towel and headed to my closet. Grabbing a pair of underwear, I slipped them on and examined myself in the mirror. Despite wearing them, there was no denying my lack of femininity. I lacked curves and my chest was far from ample. It made me wonder why some men found me desirable.

I wasn't conventionally beautiful, nor was I cute—my demeanor was far too fierce for that.

As I delved deeper into my closet, I pondered the age-old question: what does one wear when meeting a king? It seemed to be the greatest dilemma of the day.

I rummaged through my closet, finding only trousers and the clothes I wore on missions with the Silver Blades. There was nothing suitable for meeting a king. What was I going to do?

After a moment of contemplation, I reluctantly decided to call her.

When she arrived and entered my room, I immediately noticed something different about her. She was usually full of energy, but this was on a whole other level. She was literally glowing.

"Did something happen?" I inquired, studying her expression closely.

"Oh?" she responded, her wide grin never faltering. "Whatever could you mean, Shreddy?"

Her calling me "Shreddy" grated on my nerves, but I pushed the irritation aside. "You seem unusually radiant today. More so than I've ever seen from you. That's why I couldn't help but ask if something remarkable occurred."

"Oh, it's nothing," she dismissed with a casual shrug, though her happy smirk remained firmly in place. "I'm just delighted you reached out to me. It's the first time you've sought my company for something, after all."

That couldn't be all there was to it. I could see that something super good happened to her. I looked at her suspiciously.

"Okay. Fine," she said, her cheeks ablaze with a vivid crimson that threatened to consume her entire face. "Me and Leon... Um... how should I put it? Let's just say we've reached the pinnacle of our relationship."

"Is that so?" I replied, arching an eyebrow as I observed her flushed complexion. "Well then, why don't you assist me in selecting a dress suitable for my royal audience? After all, with your noble lineage, you should possess a keen eye for regal attire."

Despite Titania's radiant glow, my interest in her romantic escapades swiftly waned. Matters of the heart held little allure for me, especially when there were more pressing concerns to address.

"Ugh! Aren't you gonna ask for some juicy details or something?" she prodded. "Like how it happened, who made the first move, who set the mood... You know, all the stuff the girls in my class chatter about when they reach the pinnacle with their boyfriends. I thought you'd be interested in that too, Shreddy."

"Well, I'm not exactly your average girl," I retorted.

"Ah, come on now, Shreddy," she insisted, her expression softening. "Don't talk like that. There's no such thing as a 'normal' girl. Everyone's unique in their own way. If we're going by that standard, you're as 'normal' as they come."

Her words struck a chord within me, but I couldn't shake the feeling of being out of place. Even if she was right about everyone being unique, I couldn't shake the fact that I didn't belong in this world. Someone not from here couldn't be considered 'normal', no matter how you looked at it.

Chapter 189: Game's Reward (2)

"Leon was amazing. He made sure I was comfortable and gentle all the way through. It was such an incredible sensation, you know? Being so close to the person you love, skin to skin, flesh to flesh. It just felt really good. And Leon, he was incredible too.

I was scared at first, you know, because it was my first time. But when we actually did it, I felt amazing afterward. And after a while, we were totally in sync. It was like, whoa, this must be what it feels like to make love with someone. I was gushing the whole way. And also, also..."

Titania was practically overflowing with every detail of her night with Mr. Leon, like she was a dreamy princess swept off her feet by her charming prince. I didn't quite grasp everything she was saying, though—it all just seemed to blur together.

"Please focus on the task at hand," I reminded her.

"Oh, right," she replied.

Titania started searching for clothes for me, but eventually gave up.

"Ahhh~" she moaned. "You don't have anything decent, Shreddy. I'm not even sure if your clothes can be considered suitable for women. Honestly, you don't even have a skirt."

"I have my uniform skirt," I replied. "I think it's best if I go to the castle in my uniform."

"No!" Titania's voice rang out with urgency. "Are you alright, Shreddy? You can't just stroll into the royal castle wearing nothing but your uniform. While it's important to maintain your student status, you need to leave a lasting impression on the King. If you can do that, he'll be more inclined to listen to your requests, no matter how challenging they may seem. Impression is everything, Shreddy."

"But I don't have anything suitable to wear," I confessed.

"Don't fret. Leave it to me," she reassured, determination shining in her eyes.

Leonamon.

It felt strange to see a mall in this almost medieval world. While the mall wasn't drastically different from the other buildings, it closely resembled what you'd find in my world. Our malls had long been destroyed by wars, but if they hadn't been, I imagine they would look similar to this, albeit more modern.

"Why are we here?" I inquired of Titania.

"What else? To find you some clothes!" she replied.

"I didn't bring much money with me," I noted.

"It's fine. I am royalty. Buying clothes is nothing for my pocket," she assured me.

Sometimes, I forget that she's a princess. I wonder why she ended up in this kingdom, though? I heard from the Leader that Bethlan was going through some kind of civil war, and some of the nobles were trying to overthrow the king of Bethlan. I wonder if Titania is really okay here.

After strolling for a bit, we finally arrived at the clothing store.

"Wow! These look amazing. Who's the designer behind these?" Titania exclaimed as she admired the clothes.

Did they really look good? I'm no fashion expert, so I couldn't really judge.

"Huh? This is a new one. I didn't know there was a designer with this name. Maybe they're just starting out. But to come up with such great designs as a beginner, they must be really talented."

Titania seemed really intrigued. I didn't quite understand what she was so excited about, but I glanced at the designer's name on the clothes. It read Karina. They must be fairly new to the scene, considering even Titania didn't recognize the name.

"Check this out! Doesn't this look like something a high-powered executive would wear? And this one! It's totally secretary chic, and these dresses are fit for royalty. Man, Leonamon really has a knack for bringing out the best in fashion, huh? And look at these lingerie sets!

They're a bit on the skimpy side, but damn, they're sexy. Some of them are surprisingly comfy too!"

It was difficult to reconcile her regal status with her casual demeanor. But then again, if she acted all high and mighty, I'd probably despise her to the point of avoiding her altogether.

"Can we please focus on the task at hand? I have a meeting with the king at 3 P.M. and it's already 10 A.M.. I can't afford to miss it."

"Don't worry, Shreddy. I've got your back," she said with a smirk.

Titania and I put a lot of effort into finding something that would suit me, like a frilly dress. But when I tried it on, it just didn't click. Showing it to her, she remarked, "The dress doesn't quite match your face." Frilly dresses are usually reserved for those with cute, smiling faces. I wasn't cute, and my smile was far from convincing. Frills and I just didn't mix.

Next up was something more akin to what secretaries or executives wear. It was similar to what Professor Irene always had on: a tight pencil skirt, stockings, and a crisp white blouse. "This one suits you," Titania said. "But let's keep looking for something even better. This one's a bit too formal and stiff."

She was spot on. Even I could sense that the outfit was a bit too rigid. It might work for someone like Professor Irene, who exudes a stern vibe, but for me, it wasn't the right choice for a meeting, especially with a king.

"Oh, then how about this?" she suggested, holding up another option.

What she had was a more modest dress. It wasn't overly frilly, nor was it too stiff. It struck a nice balance between formal and casual. I slipped it on and showed her.

Titania smiled approvingly, "That's perfect. You look fantastic in it, Shreddy. As expected, you're stunning."

Her compliment caught me off guard. Was I really beautiful? In this outfit? Well, if she said so, then I'll trust her judgment.

After a bit more shopping, we finally returned to my dorm room. It was already 1 P.M. by then.

"Now that we're done with that, let's get you dolled up, Shreddy!" Titania suddenly exclaimed.

"What? You mean you're going to put makeup on me? I don't need that," I said.

Titania looked at me earnestly. "Listen, Shreddy. If you want to make a great impression, you need to look your best. And by 'your best,' I mean really, really polished. I don't think we can fix that scowl on your face, but we can certainly improve it with a little makeover."

"I don't really think it's necessary," I replied.

"As I said, Shreddy, you need to look your best! Come on, I brought my makeup kit with me, and you can see how good I am at it by how pretty I look today, right?"

I sighed, resigned. "Fine. You can have your way with me."

"Yes!"

With that, Titania unpacked her makeup kit and began instructing me to present my face for beautification. The brush gliding over my skin, the sensation of lipstick against my lips, the delicate touch of mascara on my eyelashes, the transformation of my skin into softness—these were all entirely new experiences for me. I had never felt anything like it before, not in my world.

In my former world, I was merely a tool for killing, a weapon wielded at the command of others. I was born and bred for combat, trained to be a natural-born killer. I had seen countless battles, fought in wars, even played a part in liberating occupied territories. My hands were stained with the blood of many.

That's why I struggled to fit in, to be normal. But as Titania applied those cosmetics, I couldn't help but feel drawn into this world, even though I resisted.

No. I couldn't form attachments to the people in this world, not to Titania, and not to Mr. Leon either. My sole focus should be finding a way back home. That's all there is to it. And then, maybe then...

"It's done, Shreddy," she announced. Holding up a mirror to my face, I hesitantly looked at my reflection. Was this really me? The transformation was startling. That same fierce scowl remained, but now it seemed somehow fitting. I looked truly beautiful.

"See how good I am? You look very pretty, Shreddy!" she exclaimed. "Now, the only thing you need to work on is your smile. That way, maybe you can catch someone's eye. A man, perhaps?" She grinned mischievously.

There was no man around to impress, and I had no interest in dolling up just to catch a man's eye, so I simply gave her my icy stare.

"Come on, Shreddy. Smile. Smile!" Titania urged.

I attempted to curl my lips upward, but Titania's expression twisted into horror.

"Okay, it seems like smiling isn't going to happen for you yet. But maybe we can work on practicing your smile from now on," Titania suggested.

I stole a glance at Titania. Perhaps if I befriended her, I could uncover the truth behind my recurring dreams. Maybe I could finally understand why they haunted me. But I reminded myself not to form attachments. Getting too close to anyone would only make it harder for me to escape this world. My hope of returning home was within reach.

There's a chance I might find the answer on how to return home from the king himself, after all.

Chapter 190: Game's Reward (3)

"You've finally arrived," exclaimed Professor Irene as Titania and I emerged from the academy gates. Her eyes widened slightly behind her glasses as she scrutinized me. "Wait, is that truly you, Shredica?"

"What do you mean by that?" I questioned, shooting her a stern look.

Professor Irene glanced at Titania, who was grinning beside me. With a subtle "Ah, I understand," she murmured before continuing, "Well, since you're appropriately attired for the occasion, I suppose we should depart immediately."

Titania turned to me, her expression thoughtful. "Now that you're departing, I presume this is where we part ways. Please do remember to reach out to me once your meeting concludes, and do share with me your discussions with the King."

I wasn't keen on divulging my intentions to Titania regarding what I planned to ask the King, but I certainly intended to contact her once the meeting was over. Titania had been immensely helpful; not only did she assist me in selecting an appropriate dress for meeting royalty, but she also aided in enhancing my appearance.

While I wasn't entirely convinced of the necessity of cosmetics for this meeting, her assistance was appreciated nonetheless.

As I assured her of my call after the meeting, Titania made her way back to the academy grounds, glancing back and waving at me. I couldn't help but notice her risky behavior; she seemed dangerously close to tripping with each backward glance.

Sure enough, moments later, she stumbled over her own feet without any apparent obstacle in her path. I inadvertently caught a glimpse of her underwear as she fell headfirst. Yet, with surprising agility, she quickly regained her footing, turned back with a mischievous grin, and waved once more.

Following her stumble, blood began to trickle from Titania's nose, prompting her to hastily conceal it with her hand. Upon realizing our continued gaze, she flashed another grin and waved once more before disappearing back into the academy grounds.

"Princess Titania is quite amusing, Shredica," remarked Professor Irene. "I'm pleased to see you forming friendships at last."

Though I wanted to deny any close association with Titania, I found myself strangely unable to speak.

"In any case, let us proceed. I'm certain you wouldn't want to keep the king waiting," Professor Irene urged, gesturing for us to continue on our way.

It took us a mere 30 minutes to reach the heart of the kingdom, where the royal castle stood proudly. The rhythmic clapping of the horses' hooves against the smoothly paved roads beneath us echoed in the carriage.

"It appears the kingdom is embracing modernization quite earnestly. These well-paved roads certainly make travel much smoother for our equine companions," remarked Professor Irene as she peered out

the carriage window. "With Leonamon leading the charge in innovation, the world is undeniably progressing towards modernity.

And if it's benefiting the populace, then perhaps it's not such a bad thing after all."

I've heard that Leonamon has swiftly risen to the forefront of modernization, surpassing all other companies worldwide. In less than a year, they've developed groundbreaking devices and crafted unparalleled wines. Not stopping there, they've also made significant strides in both medical and engineering fields.

Rumor has it that they're even behind the engineering of these remarkable roads and are delving into creating new modes of transportation. It's truly astonishing how much Leonamon has accomplished in such a short span of time, reshaping this world.

I found myself increasingly curious about the mastermind behind Leonamon's transformative impact on this world. Part of my intrigue stemmed from the profound modernization they've spearheaded, but another part arose from the uncanny resemblance between Leonamon's creations and items from my own world.

It seemed plausible that the individual orchestrating these advancements hailed from a similar reality as mine, perhaps even finding themselves in a comparable predicament.

"Here we are," announced Professor Irene, drawing my attention to the window.

As I peered out, I beheld the castle for the first time in my life. Though I had imagined what a castle might look like, the reality surpassed my expectations. Its exterior was truly breathtaking. How could someone conceive of and construct such a colossal structure?

It seemed almost impossible, yet the intricately detailed sculptures adorning its halls spoke volumes of the creator's unparalleled skill.

We entered the castle, and as anticipated, the interior was just as stunning as I had imagined. Luxurious carpets adorned with golden embroidery graced the floors, while painted walls and expensive pottery adorned the corridors.

Accompanied by knights clad in gleaming golden armor, we made our way through the halls. Among them, one knight stood out, donning a distinctive suit of magical armor that set her apart from the others. I recognized her immediately.

"It's you," she remarked, fixing her gaze on me. "So, you're the one who emerged victorious in the game."

"You're the one in that..."

"I half-expected that boy to win, but I suppose it's alright that it was you instead. I'm not disappointed," she remarked before striding ahead of us, leading the way.

Professor Irene leaned in close and whispered in my ear, "It's quite rare for Miss Veronica Eclair to engage with someone, so I'm rather surprised. Do you two know each other?"

"To be honest, I don't really know her. We've only met once, that's all," I replied softly.

The only time we met was during that arson incident.

"This is the audience chamber."

After leading us down a lengthy corridor, Miss Veronica halted by the door at the end, where dragons were painted on either side. The door itself was sturdy, adorned with silver and gold. Miss Veronica rapped three times on the thick door, and it swung open from the other side.

Upon the opening of the door, we were greeted by a vast chamber, comparable in size to the training courtyard of the academy. A red carpet adorned with golden embroideries stretched across the expanse, leading directly to the throne. Flanking the carpet were royal knights and magic knights, standing tall and resolute.

Seated upon the throne, crafted from rare and opulent materials, was the King himself, an elderly man appearing to be in his seventies. Beside him stood a woman exuding elegance, seemingly in her thirties.

Veronica continued her stride, and I followed suit. Meanwhile, Professor Irene positioned herself at the rear of the rows of knights, aligning herself with them. As I approached the throne, Veronica bowed.

"I have brought the winner of the King's Game before you, Your Highness," she announced.

"Umu. Well done, Veronica," acknowledged the King. Despite his royal status, there was a distinct lack of regality about him. While he exuded an air of authority, it seemed to be the extent of his kingly demeanor. Nonetheless, I deemed it appropriate to kneel before him. Regardless of his worthiness to be a king, he still held the title.

Veronica then took her place at the forefront of the knights, evidently holding a high rank among the magic knights.

"State your name," the King commanded.

"Shredica, Your Highness," I replied.

"Shredica, hmm?" The King regarded me with a gaze that seemed to look down upon me. His eyes bore into mine with an imposing intensity. "Very well, you may rise."

I obeyed his command and stood upright.

"I have observed the game through a magical device, allowing me to witness the events on the island remotely. I witnessed your perseverance in overcoming the challenges and emerging victorious. As a reward for your triumph, I offer you a wish, provided it is within my power to grant," declared the King.

His delivery seemed practiced, and I couldn't shake the feeling that he hadn't actually watched the game firsthand. It was evident he had no inkling of my struggles or the circumstances that led to my victory.

Nonetheless, I decided to seize this opportunity to fulfill my own desires. Meeting the King's gaze, I held his eyes.

In that moment, I noticed a subtle hint of desire flickering in his gaze as he scanned me from head to toe.

"Oh, you're quite stunning. While you may lack ample bosom, your beauty is more than sufficient," remarked the King crudely. "Would you consider becoming one of my concubines? Although my royal member may no longer function due to age, I can still produce semen to father a child with you. What say you?"

The King's vulgarity nearly caused me to recoil in disgust, but I managed to conceal my revulsion.

"As tempting as that offer may be, I must respectfully decline. That is not the purpose of my visit here," I replied calmly.

The King appeared disappointed by my refusal to become his concubine.

"What is it that you desire, then?" inquired the King, leaning his elbow on the armrest of his throne and propping his fist against his cheek.

There was only one thing I truly desired: to return home to my old world. It was the driving force behind all my efforts. My answer was resolute.

"I seek knowledge of the magic used to summon heroes from other worlds," I stated firmly.