

The World 201

Chapter 201: The New Recruit (1)

Natasha's POV

The walls of this establishment gleamed with an almost ethereal white, immaculate and flourishing. At first glance, it resembled a sanitarium, but in reality, this was the Leonamon Company—a powerhouse of modernization and innovation.

Leonamon was at the forefront of progress, flooding the market with cutting-edge items like smartphones, constructing sleek highways and advanced railways, crafting mouthwatering foods, setting new trends in fashion, and churning out chart-topping songs with their mesmerizing idols.

The reason I ended up here was because, after the sanatorium I worked for burned down, I couldn't find another job in my field. I considered opening a clinic, but without sufficient funds, it wasn't feasible. Fortunately, Leonamon was recruiting doctors for their soon-to-be-established hospital.

I jumped at the opportunity, knowing Leonamon's stellar reputation and expecting the pay to be substantial—not that I became a doctor for the money, of course.

For now, Leonamon advised me to serve as one of their official company doctors. Until the hospital is built, I'll be stationed here, allowing them to utilize my medical expertise. The company's gleaming white walls and innovative atmosphere promise a future full of possibilities, and I can't help but feel a thrill of excitement at being part of something so groundbreaking.

Currently, there were two doctors here. One was Dr. Trisha, an incredibly young and talented physician. Actually, all the employees here, even the workers, seemed to be women. The Vice President of Leonamon, Amon, was also a woman. It struck me as odd, but since there hadn't been any issues during my time here, I shrugged it off, thinking it might just be a coincidence.

I finally reached my destination and knocked on the door. A woman's voice called out from behind, inviting me in. As I opened the door, I was greeted by a room dominated by a massive, intricate magical apparatus, its tubes winding around a woman lying in the bed.

Two girls I was familiar with were sitting nearby.

"Hello, Zeruel and Selene," I greeted them warmly. They both stood up and bowed their heads in respect.

"Hello, Doctor Natasha," Zeruel responded. "Have you come to check up on our mother?"

"Yes," I replied, stepping closer to the bed. "I'm here to monitor her health statistics and ensure everything is stable."

"Oh, I've been so worried. Doctor Trisha hasn't shown up, and my mom hasn't been checked," she fretted, her brow furrowing with concern.

"Lucky for you, I'm here," I reassured her with a smile, moving to examine her mother.

After completing my examination, I informed them, "Well, she seems fine. No abnormalities, all her stats are normal. Breathing's steady. Honestly, she looks like she's just peacefully asleep," I mused, my mind swirling with thoughts. "I wonder what kind of illness this could be, really?"

They said this disease was like a living death. Without a magic implement supplying life energy, anyone afflicted would already be dead. Even with the magic, there's no escaping it entirely.

"Well, in any case, your mom is perfectly healthy otherwise," I said, noting the steady rise and fall of her chest. "There are no visible abnormalities. Though I can't say for sure yet, I believe if Leonamon finds a cure for this condition, your mother could recover." I offered a hopeful smile.

"Thank you, Doctor," Zeruel said, a hint of relief in her voice. "By the way, Vice President Amon stopped by earlier. She mentioned that if we saw you, we should tell you to go to her office. She needs to discuss something important with you."

"Is that so?" I replied, curiosity piqued and mind racing with possibilities. What could Vice President Amon want from me? Well, there's only one way to find out.

I knocked on the door to the Vice President's office, the sound echoing slightly in the hallway.

"Vice President, this is Natasha. I heard you needed to see me?"

"Oh, Doctor Natasha, you're here at last," came the reply, her voice smooth and authoritative. "Come in."

"Excuse me," I said, pushing the door open and stepping inside.

The room was bathed in soft light, with sleek furniture and a large desk dominating the space. As I entered, I noticed two other people in the room.

"And that's the report from the tech department for now," one of them said.

"So now, four noble families have fallen due to their scandals and filth being exposed for all to see. That's excellent news. I'll be sure to relay this to Master. Who knows, maybe you two, the only ones in the tech department, will receive a reward from Master for doing such a great job."

The two of them blushed at the prospect.

"You may return to your positions now."

"Yes, Vice President," they responded in unison, bowing before turning to leave. As they walked past me, I could feel their excitement, and the door closed behind them with a soft click.

I was now alone with Vice President Amon. As usual, she wore her maid uniform, a peculiar choice for someone of her status. The contrast between her authoritative position and the servant's attire only added to her enigmatic allure. I couldn't help but wonder why she chose to dress this way, but I figured it was simply a matter of personal taste.

"Take a seat," she instructed.

"Oh, sure," I replied, settling into the chair she gestured to.

"Do you have any idea why I summoned you?" she inquired.

I felt a flutter of apprehension. "D-Did I mess up?"

"No, not at all," she quickly reassured me, her tone gentle. "Don't worry. The reason I asked you here is for something more... wholesome."

"Wholesome?" I echoed, intrigued by her choice of words.

"Yes, a very wholesome thing," she remarked. "Have you ever met the President and the owner of Leonamon?"

"N-No, but I figured he must be a great person if everyone in this company is so devoted to him," I admitted. And it was the truth. Though I hadn't met him, the way he commanded such loyalty from the employees, and the help he provided to Zeruel, spoke volumes about his character. I could sense that he was truly someone remarkable.

"Master, ehem, I mean the President, is truly exceptional. Without him, Leonamon wouldn't be flourishing as it is now," she confessed, her voice filled with admiration. With a tender touch, she reached for a picture frame on her desk, caressing it lovingly. Though I couldn't see the image, I knew it must be of the President.

"The reason I called you here is because the idols are set to debut in three days, and Master is concerned about their performance. He doesn't want them to falter on their grand debut. Master always emphasizes the importance of making a good first impression. Unfortunately, Doctor Trisha isn't available today as she's busy with chemical engineering tasks. That's why I've turned to you, Doctor Natasha.

Can I entrust this job to you?"

"You want me to check on them?" I sought clarification.

"Yes," she affirmed. "Head to the designated room I'll specify. If there's no response after you knock, just go in," she instructed.

Was that really okay? Wouldn't it be rude to barge into someone's room without even knocking? Especially if it's the owner of the company's room?

"You don't have to worry. The President is quite gullible, magnanimous, and understanding. You can go in without bothering to knock. Sometimes, he doesn't even hear the knocking because he's too focused on listening to his women moan, as he savors it," the Vice President said casually.

"Um, excuse me?"

"Now then, you should head over now, Doctor Natasha. The President is waiting for you," she said, handing me a piece of paper before pushing me out of the room.

After pondering the Vice President's words for a moment, I shrugged them off and made my way to the room indicated on the paper.

Upon arrival, I was greeted by imposing double doors, a sight to behold. Was this what rich people's doors looked like?

I knocked on the door, my heart pounding with anticipation as I waited for a response. Yet, silence hung heavy in the air. Remembering the Vice President's instructions, I hesitated before mustering the courage to knock again, my voice trembling as I called out, "H-Hello, President. I'm here as per the Vice President's orders to check on the idols."

Still met with eerie silence, I steeled myself and pushed open the door. An overpowering stench, a blend of humidity and something sour, assaulted my senses, causing me to gag. My eyes widened in horror as I

beheld the scene before me—five women lying motionless on the bed, their forms coated in a viscous white liquid. Bloodstains marred the pristine sheets, a stark contrast against the pale fabric.

I gasped in horror, my hand instinctively covering my mouth. What was happening here? Had they been violated?

"Oh, you're here," a man's voice greeted. I turned toward the sound and saw a man standing before me, completely naked. He was incredibly handsome, with piercing red eyes and jet-black hair. His physique was impeccable, with muscles that exuded power and strength without being overly bulky. But my eyes couldn't help but be drawn to the impressive member standing proudly between his legs.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!" I screamed in shock, unable to contain my surprise and horror at the sight.

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The man clamped his hands over his ears, wincing at the intensity of my scream, but I didn't care. Fueled by rage, I immediately cast an earth spell, launching a massive boulder at him.

"Woah!"

He quickly conjured a sturdy barrier, the boulder shattering against it. Undeterred, I summoned another earth spell, hurling it with even more force. Again, his barrier held firm, blocking the attack effortlessly.

"What are you doing?" he asked, clearly confused.

"You rapist! Don't come closer!" I screamed, my voice trembling with fury.

"Rapist? Hey, that's rude. I never do that kind of thing," he replied, his tone disturbingly calm.

"Yeah, right!" I shouted, my anger boiling over. "Then explain what the hell is going on here?! Why are those women lying there unconscious w-w-with semen on them? And judging by the bloodstains on the sheets, they were virgins until you had your way with them, weren't they? You scum!"

"Hey, don't twist the truth like that so easily," he said, his expression unchanging. "That's not what happened. Sure, I deflowered them, but they wanted to become mine. I didn't force them into it."

"You liar! Who would willingly become yours?" I exclaimed. "I'm summoning the magic knights and reporting you!"

"What's all the fuss about?" one of the women on the bed groaned, her voice muddled. She lay there naked, coated in sperm. It was a horrifying sight.

I hurried to her, shielding her body with mine. "Don't let him see any more," I murmured. "You poor souls. Your purity tainted by his vile actions. Let's go and report him. In this kingdom, rape is punished severely – he'll hang for what he's done."

"E-Eh? M-Master, what's this woman saying?" the woman said.

"Eh? Master?" I exclaimed, my eyes narrowing as I glared at the man. "You despicable bastard! Forcing them to call you that! How could you sink so low?!" I turned to the women, noting their awakening amidst the chaos. "You don't have to address him as Master anymore!"

I'll free you from his clutches! I'll summon the magic knights to apprehend him for what he's done to you!"

"Why don't you calm down first? You're clearly misunderstanding something," the man interjected.

"Calm down? After witnessing your repulsive deeds? There's no misunderstanding here! It's painfully evident what you've done! You deserve the harshest punishment!"

"Uuuh..." a voice came from behind me. "Doctor Natasha? Is that you?"

"Huh?" I spun around to see Bella, a woman I'd treated before.

So this scumbag had also taken advantage of Bella? That revelation ignited a fiery rage within me.

"You despicable bastard, how dare you?!" I bellowed, my teeth clenched in fury. I was seething, absolutely furious. "Don't you dare tell me you're helping Zeruel just so you can have your way with her too?! I won't allow it!"

"Ugh. This is getting annoying," the man sighed, his frustration evident in his tone. He still hadn't bothered to cover himself, his naked form brazenly on display. My eyes kept drifting, unwillingly captivated by the sight of his t-thing dangling between his legs—it was the first time I'd seen anything like that up close.

Now that I could see his face more clearly, I had to admit, he was strikingly handsome, with sharp features and piercing eyes. But I quickly shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts. No matter how he looked, he was still a rapist. "Look, just calm down for a bit, alright?" he said, his voice trying to soothe but failing.

"I know this sounds bad, but the reason I called you here is to check on the idols. I just deflowered them and need to make sure there aren't any complications from it."

I snapped, "Why would I do that?! You're making me an accomplice to your vile actions!"

"C-Calm down, Doctor Natasha," Bella said, clutching my shoulder as if to anchor me from lunging at the man in front of me. "M-Master didn't do anything to us. As a matter of fact, rather than doing anything bad, he did something... good for us," she blushed, her cheeks aflame with a mix of embarrassment and something I couldn't quite grasp.

"What are you saying, Bella?" I gasped, incredulous that she could find anything positive in this situation. "This man just... he just violated you! How could you say that's anything but awful?!"

"M-Master didn't do anything bad to us, I swear! We went to his bed willingly," Bella insisted again.

"Why don't you calm down first, girl? You're clearly misunderstanding something," said another woman.

"No. It's very clear what's happening here. He has something on all of you, that's why you're acting like this. If not, then maybe he's brainwashed you," I retorted.

"Hey, now that's going too far. I would never brainwash anyone," the man protested.

"Shut up, you lowlife! And could you get your clothes on already?" I snapped, my voice crackling with frustration.

"You sure are demanding..." the man sighed, his tone laden with resignation. "Look, can you please listen to what we have to say before you judge me? Look at them. Do you really think they're victims of rape? Can you honestly tell me they've been brainwashed into having sex with me?"

I turned my gaze to the women. They were staring back at me, their eyes burning with intensity. It wasn't fear that gripped them; it was a seething anger. And it wasn't aimed at the man. It was directed squarely at me.

"Clearly, you can see they aren't victims, right?" the man said, his tone dripping with condescension. "Why do you think I asked a doctor to come here? I want you to check on them, to make sure they're okay and can perform well in their debut. If something happens to any of them because you keep accusing me of raping them, then it will be your responsibility if they can't go on with their debut."

"W-What...?" I stammered, caught off guard by his words.

"You're only making things more complicated," one of the women interjected, her voice laced with frustration. "You're clearly painting a bad picture of Master without even knowing the true story, and now you're accusing him of being a rapist? Come on, ignorance isn't an excuse."

"Right. As someone who's a doctor, accusing someone of being a rapist is really unbecoming," another woman added, her voice dripping with disdain.

"Doctor Natasha," Bella began, her eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that made me flinch. "I'm grateful you fixed my ankle when I tripped during dance practice, but accusing Master like this is unforgivable. Do you know how much we owe him? Even our bodies aren't enough to fully repay our gratitude," she continued, her words laden with a mix of reverence and indignation.

"Master is a great man. Forcing someone to mate with him isn't his style at all!" the beast woman chimed in, her voice brimming with certainty and defiance. Her ears twitched, and her eyes flashed with a fierce loyalty that was impossible to ignore.

"I am honestly impressed that you're saying that to Master, considering his handsome face. Aren't you just as enamored with him? I mean, you keep staring at his member," one of the women remarked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

My face flushed a deep crimson. W-What is this? Could they be telling the truth? Did nothing really happen to them? Did this man not rape them at all? Had I falsely accused him?

The realization hit me like a punch to the gut. This was beyond embarrassing; it was mortifying!

I bowed my head to him, grateful that he was now fully clothed, sparing me the sight of his thing swinging freely between his legs. Yet, the image was seared into my mind, refusing to fade. It lingered there, a persistent reminder of what had transpired. But now wasn't the time to dwell on such thoughts.

"I'm really sorry, President," I said, my voice laden with genuine remorse. "I didn't mean to falsely accuse you like that. I've cared for women who've endured that kind of trauma in the sanatorium I worked at before. I know firsthand how devastating it is to be a rape victim. That's why when I saw them, I immediately jumped to conclusions, assuming you were responsible.

I promise I'll resign as soon as possible because of this egregious mistake of mine."

It felt inevitable that I had to resign. After all, I'd been shockingly rude to the President of the company himself, and I'd even accused him of raping women. It was clear I needed to pack up and leave immediately.

"You don't have to worry about it. I kinda get why you reacted that way. So, I accept your apology. Also, I don't think you need to resign."

"W-Why?" I asked, genuinely taken aback. "I mean, I did something awful to you. The least I could do to make up for it is to resign."

"I'm not some kind of tyrant who'd fire an employee over a mistake. Mistakes just make us human," he said with a reassuring smile. "You can continue working here, and you can start by checking on them. I've got something to attend to, so I'm heading out now. If there are any problems, talk to Amon. She knows how to contact me.

Well, until next time. And you three, I hope you have good luck on your debut. I'll be watching and cheering for you."

The room filled with the joyous sound of the women's giggles as the weight of tension lifted with the President's departure. Now, I stood alone with the five women.

"Uhhh, I-ladies, can you please spread your legs for me?" I stammered. They complied without hesitation, parting their thighs obediently. Then, a torrent of sperm, a copious amount, gushed out from their pussies, pooling on the floor below.

This was not what I expected. This was not wholesome at all. How could Vice President Amon have described it that way?

What part of this was wholesome?!

Chapter 203: The Downfall of Duke Sierra (1)

Charlotte's POV

My father sat restlessly on the sofa, nervously biting his finger while my mother and I watched. His anxiety stemmed from the news that someone from the royal castle was soon to visit. The reason behind this visit was clear: we had heard rumors that noble families, facing circumstances similar to ours, were being stripped of their titles and facing hefty penalties for the kingdom's incurred damages.

"What on earth should I do?!" my father exclaimed, his hands grasping at his hair as he spoke. "The verdict of my title-stripping is imminent! I can't bear the thought of losing it!"

My father was on the brink of being stripped of his status due to various misdeeds he had committed. To say "some" might be an understatement; all of his transgressions, which even I found repulsive, had been exposed. It was like his dirty laundry had been aired for everyone to see. My father had always been secretive, and even I had no idea about these hidden aspects of his life.

It was astonishing that someone had managed to uncover his secrets. He had always been so careful, so I couldn't help but wonder who had done this.

Well, it didn't matter anymore. Now that everything was out in the open, the outcome was inevitable. My mother remained remarkably calm. I had no idea what was going through her mind, but I was pretty sure she was contemplating divorce. I distinctly remembered hearing an argument about it the other night.

I felt trapped, suffocating in the uncertainty of my fate. If my father lost his title, I was doomed. He might sell me to a brothel as collateral, or he might face beheading if he couldn't pay for the damage he'd caused to the kingdom. Women from fallen noble families always faced such grim destinies. I could sense my father had already decided to sell me if it came to that.

I was trying to brace myself, but the pain of this harsh reality still cut deep.

My mother, on the other hand, would offer no help. She wasn't my real mother, after all. She'd likely prioritize her own survival over someone she had no blood ties to. The coldness in her eyes told me she wouldn't hesitate to abandon me if things went south.

"This is insufferable, Gordon," my mother spat, her voice seething with fury. "How could you let your secrets get out? Our title is doomed!"

"I've hidden them so meticulously that no one could possibly unearth them!" my father shouted, his face pale with panic. "There was no way this could happen!"

"Maybe you just got careless," she retorted, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Believe me, even if I had been careless, no one should have been able to discover them," my father groaned, clutching his head in despair, his voice breaking. "Now what am I going to do? Even if I manage to pay for the repercussions of this scandal, my title will still be revoked! I don't want my generation to be the one where our house falls! That would be an unbearable embarrassment!"

My father had always been fiercely proud of our title. The founder of our house had built it from nothing, rising to nobility through sheer determination and valor. He fought for our kingdom, went to war for it, and was granted the title of noble. Each subsequent generation elevated our status further until we achieved the rank of duke.

Now, the legacy that had been painstakingly built over many generations was on the brink of collapse, and it was my father's actions that were bringing it down. For what he had done, you could say he was reaping what he sowed.

"Well, whatever. Our marriage is doomed anyway, and I won't have any connection to your house anymore, or whatever you've done," my mother spat, her voice dripping with venom. "You're on your own now."

My mother was resolute in her decision to divorce him. She had only married my father for his status and their shared interests. Now that his title was gone, she saw no reason to stay. It seemed cold-hearted to me. We had been a family for almost 18 years, but one mistake had shattered it all, and she was ready to abandon ship without a second thought.

I couldn't help but feel a pang of betrayal, even though I understood her reasoning.

"You heartless bitch," my father growled, his voice laced with fury. "After everything I've done for your family, you're going to treat me like this? Shameless!"

"You're the one who had the guts to pull off this kind of stunt in the first place. You made your bed, so you get to lie in it. Don't drag me down with you," my mother spat, her words dripping with disdain as she rose from her seat and walked away. I watched her retreating figure, feeling a mix of hurt and anger.

Meanwhile, my father remained seated, his head buried in his hands, the weight of his actions evident in his posture. He looked up at me, his eyes filled with anguish. "I'm sorry, Charlotte. I hate that you had to witness all of this, that you had to be caught up in my scandal," he murmured, his voice heavy with regret.

"And I'm sorry that I'm about to involve you in something terrible, something no father should ever do to their daughter. But you understand that I'm in danger if I don't, right?"

"It's okay, Father. I understand," I replied, though my heart ached at the thought of what was to come.

My father was now in conversation with the official sent by the King. The official wasted no time getting down to business.

"His Highness has issued an official verdict on your punishment, Lord Sierra," the official declared solemnly. "He states in this letter that you have not only damaged your own position, but also tarnished the reputation of the kingdom. As a consequence of this transgression, you are to be stripped of your title and must bear the repercussions."

My father collapsed to his knees, overcome with sobs, his fists pounding the floor in despair. He pleaded, promising to do anything to rectify the situation, but the official informed him that the King's final verdict was absolute and could not be altered. With that, his status, our status, was irrevocably lost.

My mother divorced him the very next day. It was a quick process. They just signed some papers, and that was it. She was no longer part of our family, which meant she wasn't my mother anymore.

My father settled his repercussions by forfeiting all of his properties. Now, we were left with nothing but the clothes on our backs. But even after selling everything, the amount he had to pay was still huge. He needed to come up with 1000 gold coins to settle the debt.

That's why the very next day after selling off his properties, he sought refuge with another noble family, one that had connections to ours.

"I gotta say, Gordon, your downfall came outta nowhere. How'd this happen?" A fat old man, his teeth yellowed and his neck obscured by folds of flesh, towered over my father. This man was Teliu Graid, an Earl. Back in the day, he used to look up to my father, but now the tables had turned.

"Honestly, I have no clue. I woke up one morning, and the next thing I knew, everyone knew everything I'd done," my father muttered through gritted teeth.

"You look like you've been through the wringer," Earl Teliu observed. "So, what brings you here now? You got something tasty to offer me on a plate to buy?" He glanced at me, his yellowed teeth gleaming as he licked his lips. I shrank back in fear. This guy always had his eyes on me, and whenever I encountered him, he couldn't stop ogling. It was downright terrifying to have him anywhere near me.

"Y-Yeah," my father stuttered. "Are you interested in buying Charlotte?"

I shuddered at that.

"Oh, now this is intriguing. You want me to buy Charlotte? Am I correct in assuming you want me to buy her as a sex slave?" Earl Teliu's eyes gleamed with malicious intent.

"Y-Yes. You can do anything you want with her. Once you've bought her, she'll be your property," my father confirmed.

"That's quite the tempting offer. I've had my eye on your daughter for a while, you know? Ever since I laid eyes on her, I've been itching to get my hands on that sweet flesh of hers. Surprised I managed to hold back for so long, to be honest. But now that you're out of the picture, well, the playing field's wide open. Let me ask you something, though."

"W-What is it? I'll answer whatever you want."

Earl Teliu leaned back, propping his chin on his hand with a smirk. "Is she still a virgin?"

Chapter 204: The Downfall of Duke Sierra (2)

"Is she still a virgin?"

The gleam in Earl Teliu's eyes was terrifying, sending a chill down my spine and making me want to run. But I couldn't.

My father looked at me, silently demanding confirmation.

I was still a virgin, of course. I had been saving myself for someone I loved. That's why I'd stayed a virgin.

But when I discovered that our house was falling apart, I decided to give my virginity to Professor Sesillian. I messaged him, asking him to meet me. We went to an inn, where I offered myself to him, trying everything to seduce him. But nothing worked.

"You should value your body more," he had said softly, wrapping his strong arms around me as he gently helped me put my clothes back on. His words cut deep. Of course, it made sense—I should value my body more. But what was the point if it was going to be sold anyway? Despite my desperation, no matter how hard I tried, Professor Sesillian wouldn't touch me.

When my father noticed I wasn't going to answer, he turned back to Earl Teliu and said, "She's still a virgin. I'm sure this will increase her price."

Earl Teliu licked his yellowed teeth again, a greedy glint in his eyes. "Well, that will surely increase her price. Even undeflowered prostitutes are sold at higher prices in brothels compared to those with experience. And slaves, especially virgins, fetch even higher prices. However, as much as I don't want to doubt you, I can't be sure that what you're saying is the truth."

"What will it take for you to believe me then?" my father asked, his voice steady.

The Earl's smirk widened, revealing his yellow teeth glinting greedily in the dim light. "Why don't I check for myself? If she really is a virgin, I'll pay the sum you desire."

Without hesitation, my father agreed. "Go ahead," he said.

My knees trembled as dread washed over me. There was really no turning back now.

Gabrielle's POV

I was sitting in an inn near the manor of the Earldom of Graid, having tea with a smartphone on the table. Beside me was Isabelle, a member of the Shadow. We were eavesdropping on a conversation happening in the manor between the former Duke Sierra and Earl Graid, using the smartphone as our listening device.

Earl Graid owned a smartphone, and we were using it to transmit his voice to our device on the table.

The conversation revolved around Duke Sierra planning to sell his own daughter, Charlotte Sierra, as a sex slave to Earl Graid.

"What do we do, Madam Gabrielle?" Isabelle asked, her voice edged with urgency. She was one of the elite members of the Shadow, the Master's secret army. Isabelle possessed a skill known as Hawk Eye, which granted her extraordinary long-distance vision and incredibly keen eyesight. However, it wasn't quite on par with Maya's Perfect Eyesight.

Maya's ability allowed her to see with crystal clarity even through mist or heavy rain, though it couldn't pierce through darkness. Isabelle's Hawk Eye enabled her to observe and analyze situations from afar with remarkable detail and precision, making her invaluable in our covert operations.

If Master dominated both of them, his vision would likely become unbelievably overpowered.

"Let's hold off for now," I whispered to her. Judging by the sinister tone of their conversation, it seemed Earl Graid was eagerly plotting something vile against Charlotte. I could vividly imagine him, his yellowed teeth glistening, eyeing Charlotte with a lecherous gaze. I opted to wait, sensing no immediate need to intervene.

"Is that really a good idea? I mean, she could be eaten by him anytime soon," Isabelle voiced her concern. She understood I was protecting Charlotte from being deflowered, per Master's orders, so she worried Charlotte might face that fate here.

Of course, I wouldn't let that.

The very thought of someone as repulsive as Graid touching Master's prey turned my stomach. And the idea of any leftover from that vile man becoming Master's meal was utterly revolting.

The reason I was waiting was to strike at the opportune moment.

"I'm certain this is the right move," I replied confidently.

We listened intently to the conversation on the phone.

"Now then, let's get her in my room. I want to savor every inch, thoroughly," Graid's voice oozed through the device. I could practically envision him licking his teeth and smacking his lips with anticipation.

"I can see them moving through the hallway," Isabelle reported. "The ex-duke strolls alongside them with an air of indifference, as if he doesn't give a damn about her fate. Meanwhile, the earl is rubbing his hands together, chuckling to himself like a twisted puppet master reveling in his wicked plans. The lady wears a terrified expression, cowering and shaking in fear, her eyes wide with horror."

Isabelle's reports were impressively detailed, painting vivid pictures of the scene as if she were an author crafting a novel.

I couldn't shake the memory of her mentioning she was a bookworm and a die-hard fan of Gabrielleon. Should I reveal that Gabrielleon was my pen name? Perhaps I'd give her an autograph another time.

"Heh heh heh. Damn, Charlotte, you've got some killer long legs. Those thighs look so thick and juicy, I just wanna sink my teeth into 'em. Ever been told how good those legs look? Bet they'd look even hotter wrapped up in stockings."

"They're finally heading into a room," Isabelle reported eagerly. "Now, they're opening the door."

"Take a look at this room. This is where you're gonna experience being my sex slave for the first time."

"N-No..."

Charlotte's voice trembled on the other end, barely audible but unmistakably pleading.

"What was that?" Graid's voice echoed with cruel amusement. "It seems she doesn't want to, Gordon. You said she was ready?"

"Well, whether she's ready or not, I don't care," Sierra replied with chilling indifference. "You can do her all you like, whether she does it willingly or you force her."

"F-Father?" Charlotte's voice trembled, barely more than a whisper.

"Your father's going to be killed if you keep stalling, Charlotte," Sierra said coldly. "Do you really want that to happen? Do you want to see me hanged, mocked by commoners, and pelted with stones?"

"I-I don't, but..."

"Then bear with it," Sierra snapped, his voice dripping with menace. "Be thankful it's only one man you'll be sleeping with. If I'd sold you to a brothel, you'd be fucked by countless random men every night. That's a far crueler fate. You should be grateful I'm sparing you from that and subjecting you to this instead."

Whatever was happening on the other side sounded incredibly cruel. I couldn't believe a father could be this heartless to his own daughter.

"Fuhahahaha!"

"The fat, ugly bastard laughed, clutching his big belly as he guffawed," reported Isabelle.

"You certainly know how to entertain me, Gordon. You know how much I love fucking women when they desperately resist. For that, I'll give you extra for bringing me such a pleasurable treat."

"Kyaaah!"

"The earl grabbed the lady by the wrist and forcefully pushed her into the room. The space littered with various items like cuffs and torture tools. The lady trembled uncontrollably as she surveyed the array, her eyes widening with terror," reported Isabelle.

"Ahhh, it's been so long since I fucked a noble's daughter," the fat man reminisced, his voice dripping with sinister delight. "Remember the last one? She was the daughter of that old bastard baron, Fritz. Oooh, that was a real treat indeed. I remember how she cried. And then, due to my carelessness, I accidentally choked her to death, which was a shame, really.

Her pussy was so tight, always gripping me like a vise," he chuckled darkly, reliving his past conquests with a twisted sense of pleasure.

"Don't dredge up shit like that," Sierra snapped. "Losing my title was all because of that crap in the first place. And you better watch your back too. Someone might unearth those skeletons and air them out like dirty laundry for everyone to see."

"Come on, Gordon. You know I'm too damn careful for anyone to dig that shit up. I mean, who could, if the evidence is buried deep?"

"I hope you won't get so worked up that you end up killing my daughter," Sierra cautioned.

"Oh, I'll be careful. I want to corrupt this girl to the point where she's helpless, where all she can think about is me and my dick," Graid chuckled sinisterly.

I could hear the sound of clothes being stripped.

"The ugly fat bastard is now stripping, Madam," Isabelle's report was matter-of-fact.

"Now then, shall we start?" The Earl's voice oozed through the phone, accompanied by the sound of him smacking his lips in anticipation.

Isabelle averted her gaze. "I'm sorry, Madam. But that's as far as I can go. I can't bear to look at a member that isn't Master's."

"Don't worry, Isabelle," I reassured her, my voice firm with determination. "Because I've got what I needed."

With a surge of resolve, I prepared to make my move. It was time to strike, to bring that Earl crashing down as well.

Chapter 205: The Downfall of Duke Sierra (3)

Charlotte's POV

Earl Teliu's eyes bore into me like a hawk about to strike its prey, sharp and unrelenting. His massive, misshapen body and bulging belly were a horrifying sight. But that lecherous grin of his? It was the most

disturbing thing I had ever seen. Yet, even that wasn't as bad as what dangled between his legs. His member.

I'd never seen one before, but I could instantly tell it was far from average. You couldn't even say it was below average—it was almost hidden beneath the rolls of fat. The sight of it, barely visible, was utterly terrifying, nonetheless.

I trembled at the sight, fear gripping me.

"I love women who tremble like this. It makes me want to fuck them even more," Earl Teliu said, his voice oozing with malicious delight. "Gordon, why don't you join in and taste your own daughter? How does that sound?" He glanced at my father with a wicked smirk.

"Don't joke around," My father replied, his voice firm. "Even I have the moral capacity not to go that far."

"Moral capacity?" the Earl snorted, his voice dripping with contempt. "Is that something you can eat?"

"I'm not surprised you don't know, considering you don't have any," Gordon shot back, his eyes hard. "Anyway, this has gone on long enough. Why don't you get started already?"

"Okay, okay. Man, you're boring now," the Earl sneered. "Well then, let's get to it, Charlotte." He grabbed my wrist with a firm, almost painful grip, pulling me closer with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

"Eek!"

The force with which he grabbed me was so intense that I winced in pain. His overpowering strength dragged me effortlessly, and within seconds, he had shoved me roughly onto the bed. The roughness of it nearly brought me to tears.

"Kekeke," Earl Teliu laughed, a sinister sound. "I've longed to fuck someone like you, you know? Those healthy-looking, long thighs, and that beautiful face. It was hard enough to control myself. I've got to thank Gordon for having a child as beautiful as you. Given that your real mother was a beauty herself, I expected you'd be quite the looker too.

Too bad she died giving birth to you."

His lecherous eyes roamed over me, making my skin crawl. The predatory gleam in his gaze made my stomach churn as he prepared to fulfill his vile intentions.

"Enough about that, Teliu," Gordon interrupted, his voice tense.

"Sorry, sorry. I see you're still bitter about her death," Earl Teliu said, his eyes never leaving me. His gaze was predatory, filled with twisted delight. "Now then..."

His fat, grubby hand reached out and grabbed my thighs, squeezing them roughly.

"Eek!"

"Kekeke. Now that's a nice sound," he said, licking his lips with a grotesque smile.

"P-Please, no..." I whimpered, my voice trembling as fear surged through me.

"No, she said," Earl Teliu snorted, mocking my plea. "You know, even if you beg me, I wouldn't stop. That kind of thing only arouses me more."

His hands crept up from my thighs, his fingers crawling like spiders until they reached the sides of my underwear. With a brutal yank, he pulled them down, his fingers digging painfully into my skin. I tried to resist by pressing my thighs together, but it only made his grin stretch wider, turning his face into a grotesque mask of lust.

"Keke, you surely know how to excite me," he said, his voice dripping with sadistic pleasure. He grabbed my legs with a vice-like grip and forcefully spread them apart, leaving me feeling exposed and helpless.

"Nnnnn! Nooo, please!"

"Resist more! Yes, that's more like it!" Earl Teliu's voice dripped with sadistic pleasure.

He tore off my panties as if they were nothing, the fabric ripping easily in his hands. The violent motion made it clear that something terrible was about to happen. Desperation filled me as I pleaded with my

father, who watched the scene with a chilling coldness in his eyes, completely indifferent to my suffering.

"F-Father! H-Help me! Please, Fatherrrrr!" I screamed, desperation thick in my voice.

He just stared coldly at me, his eyes devoid of any emotion. My pleas seemed to bounce off him, unheard. Somehow, his indifference felt like a deeper betrayal than when Mother divorced him.

"No one's going to save you, Charlotte," Earl Teliu sneered. "No matter how hard you struggle or how loud you scream, no one's coming to save you."

"P-Please, no. Don't do it, please..." I begged, tears streaming hot and fast down my cheeks, my voice cracking with fear.

The sight of my tears only seemed to fuel his sadistic pleasure, his grin stretching even wider, becoming more grotesque and terrifying.

"Kuhahaha! This is going to be a nice meal," he laughed, aiming his thing at my thing as he grabbed my wrists. I struggled desperately.

"Noooooooo, please, don't!"

I kicked and squirmed, trying to free myself, but the Earl was massive and far stronger than me. I attempted to use my skill, but he countered with his own, preventing me from escaping. His sheer power and the malicious grin on his face made my efforts feel futile.

"Resisting is futile, but I love it when you resist. So keep struggling!"

"Please, nooo...! I-I have someone that I love!" I cried out, desperation lacing my voice.

"Oh, so you have someone special, huh? Too bad he's not here to witness this," he said heartlessly. With that, he readied himself again, poised to penetrate me.

However, before he could push, we heard chiming. It echoed from the Earl's clothes strewn across the floor. But it wasn't just there. The chime resonated from my father's presence too, and even from the breast pocket of my own clothes. The sound synchronized so perfectly, it seemed to emanate from a single source, yet it was scattered across many.

"What the fuck is that? Why is that sound happening now, of all times?" grumbled the Earl, his frustration palpable.

My father reached into his pocket and pulled out his smartphone. He unlocked it, and then...

"...What?"

My father made a noise of surprise so genuine, it was hard to believe that whatever he saw on his smartphone was good news.

"What? What is it?" demanded the Earl.

"You should take a look yourself."

"Now? Can't you see I'm about to fuck her?"

"Yeah, but can you really afford that in this situation?"

Earl clicked his tongue in annoyance and climbed out of bed, causing it to groan and creak loudly under his weight. It felt like a brief moment of relief, but I knew it was only a temporary reprieve.

The Earl stormed over to my father, his movements swift and purposeful. With a swift motion, he snatched the phone from my father's hands. The moment his eyes fell upon the screen, his expression shifted from arrogance to disbelief. His knees gave out beneath him, and he collapsed to the floor with a heavy thud, the phone clutched tightly in his trembling hand.

"...What?" he stammered, his voice betraying his shock as he stared at the screen. His eyes, wide with disbelief, seemed unable to comprehend the sight before him.

Intrigued by his reaction, I reached for my phone in my breast pocket and unlocked it, eager to see what had caused such a profound reaction.

The screen lit up, its brightness almost blinding. Was it because of the tears in my eyes, or did it feel like some sort of salvation? The light emanating from the screen seemed unusually bright. But no, those weren't the reasons. The true cause was the glaring white notification that flashed across the screen, stark and attention-grabbing.

"[JUST IN]," it proclaimed boldly, the words standing out against the black background like a beacon.

I tapped on it, and then...

"W-What the fuck is this...?" the Earl exclaimed, his voice quivering with disbelief. Even I was taken aback by what I saw on the screen.

It says, "[Earl Teliu Graid, known for his farm-loving ways and admired by many, has confessed to his own sins]."

There wasn't much else written on it, except for that headline. But there was proof that the headline was true. Beneath it was a link that said "[CLICK HERE]."

Earl clicked on it, and then his voice emanated from the phone.

"Ahhh, it's been so long since I fucked a noble's daughter. Remember the last one? She was the daughter of that old bastard baron, Fritz. Oooh, that was a real treat indeed. I remember how she cried. And then, due to my carelessness, I accidentally choked her to death, which was a shame, really.

Her pussy was so tight, always gripping me like a vise."

That was his voice, unmistakably echoing the very words he had uttered just moments ago. It sent a shiver down my spine, leaving me utterly dumbfounded. How could someone capture such a thing when the words had only just escaped his lips mere minutes ago?

"What kind of sorcery is this?!" screamed the Earl, his voice dripping with disbelief and fear, as if confronting some dark magic.

It was a bewildering moment, leaving me utterly perplexed. Yet, in the midst of this strange occurrence, it felt like a sudden twist of fate had just spared me from an unthinkable fate.

Chapter 206: The Downfall of Duke Sierra (4)

Gabrielle's POV

After posting that explosive headline about the Earl's unsavory deeds and bizarre proclivities, he quickly earned the ire of many, including those he had wronged, like Baron Fritz and numerous others. It turned out that the Earl had countless victims, his grubby hands having violated many, yet he faced no consequences due to his high status.

The Earl had meticulously crafted a reputation for being kind-hearted, revered as a noble due to his love of farming and camaraderie with his farmers. This carefully maintained facade ensured no one

suspected the truth: that the seemingly benevolent Earl was actually a twisted rapist who murdered the women he had assaulted.

The revelation of his heinous acts sent shockwaves through the community, shattering the illusion of his nobility.

It was challenging to bring the Earl down, given his sterling reputation. Earl Teliu Graid was considered a good-natured man by many, leaving me with no dirt to exploit. I needed concrete proof—absolute, undeniable evidence, preferably an admission from the Earl himself.

The moment that headline was published, Earl Graid's life, career, and position crumbled. The power of the smartphone was undeniable. People with smartphones had instant access to headlines, and immediately, everyone knew about it. The internet access that our tech department had implemented played a crucial role in making news and information spread quickly and widely.

I did a good job bringing the nobles down from their glory, if I do say so myself. Once I get back to Leonamon, I'll have Master reward me for a job well done. I want it in my ass this time. Ahh, just thinking about it makes me wet.

As I entertained that thought, I laughed out loud. Isabelle, who was beside me, looked confused at my sudden outburst. I ignored her. The reason I was laughing was the thrill of throwing these corrupt nobles to the wolves. It was honestly surprising how much I'd changed into such a devilish woman.

I used to crave civility more than anything, the type to scold someone for even the smallest litter on the road.

Now, I was the kind of woman who concocted plans to bring down nobles who would be a stain in Master's eyes once he took over this kingdom.

It's not that I didn't want this change in me. In fact, I was thrilled by it. I've got to thank Master for turning me into this.

"Now then..." I said with a smirk. "Who should I play with next?"

There was a long list of nobles I wanted to take down. Master had also given me names of nobles he wanted crushed. However, he left one noble house untouched, even though the head deserved to fall. He said he wanted the wife to rule the house. I have no idea why, but if Master wants it, then that's how it will be.

Because of this incident, the former Duke would face immense difficulty finding another buyer for his daughter. None of the other nobles, save for his depraved associates like Earl Graid, would dare to associate with him again. They knew that doing so would invite the kingdom's wrath.

I gave him a sly tip, though. I whispered, via anonymous message, that Leonamon was willing to buy his daughter—as a sex slave. Just imagining her haughty demeanor crumbling before Master made me shiver with excitement. This move would not only further degrade the Duke but also aid Master in conquering that little bitch.

Leon's POV

There have been many significant changes in the company, and the most noticeable is the massive increase in staff. The production department (PRD), responsible for churning out smartphones and cutting-edge gadgets, now boasts 300 dedicated workers. Leading this department is a former prostitute-in-training I bought from Martha, who has proven to be a natural leader.

The snacks and brewery services (SBS) department has also expanded significantly, now employing 230 people. This bustling department is managed by Amy and another former prostitute-in-training, both of whom have adapted incredibly well to their new roles.

Our company now has a plethora of specialized departments, including the medicinal field department (MDP), architectural and engineering department (AED), agricultural department (AGD), economic department (ECOD), tech department (TECH), and even a military department (LMD). The combined workforce has grown to around 5,000 employees, each contributing to the empire we're building.

Without a doubt, the flagship branch in the Capital City wasn't the solitary outpost of our company anymore. We've expanded, establishing branches in the Holy City and beyond borders, with one under construction in Bethlan, as per the latest update from AED.

Moreover, AGD secured land for farming, a testament to our surging economy—ECOD proudly announced our monthly revenue had skyrocketed to ten digits, making land acquisition a breeze.

Intriguingly, the TECH department, though small in size with only two individuals at the helm, wields significant power. They specialize in surveillance, possessing the capability to track individuals and gather information. Their abilities extend to location tracking and data collection, provided the targets have smartphones on their persons.

Surprisingly, or rather interestingly, all the employees appointed were women. To apply for a job, people had to provide necessary information and pass through Amon's approval process. Essentially, it was like a job interview. However, it was rigged, as Amon only selected women and immediately rejected men.

They didn't even get a chance for the interview; as soon as Amon saw they were male, she tossed their applications in the trash. Poor guys. Well, I didn't want rowdy, sweaty guys in my harem, so it wasn't a big deal. Still, how could I even handle all these women?

Well, enough about that...

There was a huge commotion unfolding in the office. Though I wasn't physically present, I watched it all unfold on the monitor inside the Love Nest, while I gripped Maya's ass firmly as she sucked my dick.

"Somebody told me that you're buying sex slaves. Is that true?" the man's voice dripped with arrogance as he glared down at Amon. His demeanor reeked of entitlement, as if he still believed he held the rank of Duke. Oblivious to his fall from grace, he remained blind to the reality that he had been reduced to nothing more than filth.

"That's right," said Amon, ever the calmest. Despite being stared down, she remained unfazed. Instead, she replied calmly. However, what she said wasn't entirely truthful. Leonamon wasn't actually buying sex slaves. Amon only said it was true because she knew the woman the man was trying to sell.

It was none other than Charlotte Sierra, whom I wanted to dominate because of her combat-based skill. However, due to her resemblance to a woman I once loved, I grew to hate her and avoided her.

Maybe it's time for me to confront her.

"Then, buy her," he commanded, his finger aimed squarely at Charlotte. She trembled under his gaze, a mixture of fear and uncertainty swirling in her eyes.

"Very well," Amon responded, her agreement coming surprisingly easily. It was almost unsettling how quickly she yielded. "And what's the price for this beauty?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the man declared, "100,000 gold coins."

Amon's smile widened, a hint of anticipation in her eyes. "Very well," she declared once more, her readiness evident.

Normally, one would hesitate at such a price. We were talking about 100,000 gold coins here, the most coveted currency in the world. To put it in perspective, in my previous world, 1 gold coin would likely be equated to 1 million yen. Converted to dollars, that's over \$6,000. So, Duke Sierra was essentially asking for around \$6 billion.

That was an astronomical sum, enough to build an entire manor from scratch.

The man's eyes widened at the figure, his greed palpable in the air. With a nervous gulp, he stammered, "N-No, how about we make it 120,000 gold coins? No, 150,000 gold coins?" He was shameless enough to ask for even more.

"I'm sorry, but that's the limit. Anything beyond 100,000 gold coins is off the table," Amon declared firmly, refusing to indulge the man's shameless antics.

The Duke clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Fine then, if 100,000 gold coins is all you'll agree to, so be it," he grumbled.

With the realization that further negotiation was futile, he begrudgingly acquiesced.

"Very well, I'll make arrangements for the payment for this woman. Follow me," Amon announced, rising from her seat and motioning for them to leave the room. I watched intently on the monitor as they exited, the door closing behind them, leaving the office eerily quiet once more.

As pleasure surged through me, I released my load into Maya's mouth. She withdrew my dick and opened her mouth to display the cum, then closed it again and swallowed it down. Opening her mouth once more, she showed me it was all gone.

"Great job," I praised, patting her head. Her adorable ram tail wagged happily. "Let's take a break and wait for Amon to finish preparing Charlotte before we move on to the next round," I suggested.

With this, I would begin to assert my dominance over Charlotte's body. I would introduce her to pleasure and pain alike.

Chapter 207: The Fall To Debauchery (1)

Charlotte's POV

My father and I were being guided by a woman in a maid uniform, her movements incredibly graceful, almost surreal. She glided across the floor with such elegance that it was hard to believe she was just a maid. Her figure was stunning, with curves that drew the eye, and her face was extraordinarily beautiful. Even as a woman, I couldn't help but feel an attraction to her.

It was clear that she was more than she appeared to be.

My father seemed to share my feelings, his gaze fixed on her butt. It was embarrassing to see him staring so openly. He must have reached his limit because he reached out to touch her. My father was a perverted noble, so I wasn't surprised, but couldn't he be a bit more discreet?

"That's not something you're supposed to touch," the maid said, sternly. "Nor the products here. If you continue to behave this way, I can cancel our arrangement and kick you out of Leonamon."

My father retracted his hand and clicked his tongue. It seemed he was willing to back down if it meant getting paid. I couldn't share his feelings, though. At the moment, I was being sold, and he had no remorse about it.

After a while, we arrived at a room adorned with grand double doors, their intricate designs hinting at the opulence within. With a flourish, the maid swung the doors open, revealing a vast expanse beyond. Inside, a line of women stood, each radiating beauty like knights ready for battle.

Their beauty paled in comparison to the maid's, but they all possessed an undeniable allure. As she entered, the women bowed gracefully in reverence. Yet, what truly captured my attention was the sight of a massive cart overflowing with glimmering gold coins, their brilliance casting a mesmerizing glow that danced across our faces.

This was the first time I'd seen such an immense display of wealth in one place. The sheer magnitude of it was staggering. So, this is what it looks like when fortunes are amassed together? It dwarfed anything we had back then. The fact that this company could casually offer such a sum spoke volumes about its vast riches and incredible earnings.

"100,000 gold coins," the maid announced. "Not one less, not one more. Exactly 100,000 gold coins. Feel free to count if you like."

My father's eyes were practically glittering with greed, his desire for the gold palpable as he stared at the gleaming pile.

"No, I don't need to count it. Who do you think I am? I used to have piles of money too, so I can tell that's exactly 100,000 gold coins."

"That's very fortunate," the maid said. "Would you like us to deliver this pile to your current residence?"

"No, no need," my father replied. "I don't want anyone but me near this pile. I do request a carriage to take me back, though."

"I can arrange that."

The maid quickly organized transportation for my father to return to our residence, which was, incidentally, just an apartment complex he was renting for one silver per month. He left shortly after the arrangement was made.

And so, I officially became property of the Leonamon company.

I was currently sitting in the office where we first met the maid. She looked at me with a warm smile, but her eyes betrayed her true intentions—they were cold and calculating.

"Now then, Charlotte," she began, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "Now that you are officially property of Leonamon, you must work hard for the company. You will live here as a slave and serve as a source of pleasure for our Master."

"M-Master?" I stammered, my voice trembling.

"Yes," the maid confirmed, her voice steady. It was only now that I learned she was actually the Vice President of the company, despite wearing a maid uniform. I suspected it was a preference of her lover that made her dress this way, though it was just a guess.

"So, by 'pleasure,' you mean... sexual pleasure?" I asked, my voice shaking.

"That is correct," the maid replied without a moment's hesitation. "The Master here is the owner of the company. I handle the tasks he doesn't need to attend to personally. As you might have noticed, there are no men in the company—all the workers are female. That's because all the women here are Master's property. You will become his property as well."

My heart pounded as the reality of my situation sank in. The room seemed to close in around me, the weight of the maid's words pressing down like a physical force. Her cold eyes bore into mine, a stark contrast to her warm smile, making it clear that resistance was futile. The power dynamics were unmistakable, and I realized with a sinking feeling just how deep I was in.

I trembled. I had no idea who this Master was, but the power he held over the workers, including this woman with cold eyes, was undeniable. It was clear he wielded immense influence.

Suddenly, a smartphone rang, breaking the tense silence. The maid reached into her cleavage to retrieve it and answered the call.

"Yes, what is it? Ah, I see. Understood. Alright, I'll take care of it," the maid said before hanging up. I couldn't decipher the conversation, but the seriousness in her expression made it clear it was important.

"Tell me, Charlotte. Do you not want to become our property? Did your seller force you into this?" she asked, her gaze piercing.

Feeling the weight of her scrutiny, I answered truthfully, "...Yes."

"I see. This is a problem, then."

"H-How so?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"Master doesn't want to coerce anyone into having sex with him, but we can't simply retract the payment your seller received for selling you. If we did, your seller might blackmail our company for buying sex slaves," the maid explained. "So, I have a good news for you. You can be free."

"R-Really?"

"Yes, but you have to pay back the entire amount your seller received."

"W-What? But there's no way I can repay that much, even in a lifetime!"

It amounted to 100,000 gold coins. In my former position, perhaps I could have managed, but now I'm reduced to a mere commoner, with nothing but the clothes on my back. Even if I resorted to selling myself, it would take an eternity to settle that debt.

"That's why I'm suggesting this. Prostitute yourself to Master," the maid said, her eyes glinting ominously as she steepled her fingers, resting her chin on them.

"What...?"

"If you're to prostitute yourself to Master willingly, then it's not exactly forcing, is it? It's consensual, right?"

"But... But that doesn't mean I'm okay with it, does it?"

"A prostitute doesn't get to choose. Even if she's not okay with it, she has to do it. It's about survival. But unlike regular prostitutes, you have freedom. You can go outside, attend the academy, and nobody will know you're a prostitute. Plus, unlike those unfortunate souls who have to service many men, you only have to be with one, and that's my Master.

That's surely preferable."

It was certainly a better option than having to sample various men's saliva. There were instances when a sex worker ended up conceiving during their nightly encounters. That would mean surrendering my virginity to a stranger and potentially carrying their child. Surely, this was a far more appealing prospect. But still...

How could I even contemplate attending the academy if I were engaged in sex work? How could I face Professor Sesillian?

"There are some conditions," the maid explained. "First and foremost, you must never let any man lay a hand on you while you're under the Master's ownership. If you break this rule, I'll have to take drastic measures you can't even fathom. Secondly, if you attempt to flee, we'll hunt you down, along with whoever sold you.

Our company has a top-notch intelligence team skilled at tracking people, so there's no escaping us. If you do try to run, though, we'll cut out your tongue. And thirdly, never breathe a word about the Master's identity to anyone. We keep that secret tightly guarded, so if you meet him, you better keep your lips sealed. Otherwise, like with the second rule, we'll silence you permanently."

I trembled. W-What... What was this? Why was this happening to me? If I tried to escape because I didn't want anyone touching me except Professor, they would silence me?

"You don't have to look that scared," the maid said with a smirk. "You only need to sex the Master ten times. Ah, but take note, when I say 'sex,' I don't mean the number of rounds he fucks you. It means the number of times he takes you to bed. Basically, he can have many rounds with you in one session, but that just counts as one. Make sure you understand that."

I gulped.

"Also, are you a virgin?"

"Ah, y-yes..." I stammered, trembling.

"I see. That's good news for you then. Since you're going to be prostituting yourself, it means you'll get paid per service. But virgins fetch a higher price because men love to be the first. So, you'll only have to fuck the Master six times. Your rate is supposed to be 10,000 gold coins per service, making it ten services to pay off your debt.

But since you're a virgin, your first time will cost around 50,000 gold coins, and 10,000 thereafter for the next five sessions. It's too bad, though. I'm sure you'll get addicted to the Master's dick from the first round, so only needing to do it six times is really a shame."

I had no idea what she was thinking, but even though the number of times was reduced, it didn't change the fact that I would lose my virginity, which I had saved for Professor.

'Professor, save me...!' I screamed silently in my mind.

Chapter 208: The Fall To Debauchery (2)

"The Master is currently being serviced by one of his maids, but no one can handle his insatiable appetite alone. She needs help. Charlotte, go to the dressing room to the left and put on something from there. I want you to look presentable for the Master," the maid instructed.

"Is there really no other choice?" I asked, my voice trembling with desperation.

"There is, but this is the better option," she replied, her tone softening just a touch, though her eyes remained cold. "You don't want to end up pregnant by some random guy you don't even know, do you? Better to endure this and keep some control over your fate."

So the other option was still to prostitute myself, huh? It was either being used by one man or multiple men. Either way, I still had to sell my body. In this case, the former seemed like the lesser evil, but...

"Don't worry," said the maid. "The Master is gentle your first time."

I felt a firm yet gentle push, urging me out of the office.

"Oh, and since you'll be servicing him, call him Master," she added. "No prostitute calls their clients by name. It's always Master, dear customer, or something along those lines. After you change in the dressing room, go to the door seven rooms down from here. You'll see a double door with a label that says 'Love Nest.' If no one responds when you knock, just go in.

I'm sure the Master will be too occupied with the sounds of pleasure to notice anything else."

After that, she closed the door. My knees sank to the floor, and a few seconds later, I slumped forward, my head resting against the door. This was a nightmare. Why did I have to go through this?

Before I knew it, I was in the dressing room where the maid had ordered me to go. The room was filled with... maid outfits? There were only maid uniforms here. Was this the fetish of the so-called Master? For now, though, I had to put one on.

Whether I liked it or not, I had no choice.

I walked through the halls, finally reaching a room with a label that read "Love Nest." This was the room the maid had told me to go to. I was now wearing a maid uniform. Unexpectedly, it was made from high-quality fabric that felt very comfortable against my skin.

Despite the comfort of the fabric, the reality of the situation kept my nerves on edge. I took a deep breath, steeling myself for what was to come.

I knocked on the door, the sound echoing in the silence of the corridor. No response greeted me. Should I retreat now? No, the maid's instructions were clear. If no one answered, I should enter. With hesitant fingers, I grasped the doorknob and slowly turned it, the anticipation tightening my chest.

As the door creaked open, even the slight gap released a pungent aroma, a mixture of sweat and something primal, lingering in the air. Though unfamiliar with such scents, I could only assume it was the essence of sex itself. And as the door revealed a sliver of the scene within, my suspicions were confirmed—the unmistakable sounds of pleasure filled the room.

"Ahhh, ahhn, ahhh, M-Master, r-right there! Ahh, ahh, ahh, I'm cumming again! C-Cum together! L-Let's cum togetherrr!"

Despite myself, I couldn't resist stealing a glance through the slightest gap in the door. Instantly, I was struck speechless, my hand flying to cover my gaping mouth in shock. What I witnessed beyond that threshold was pure, unadulterated primal passion. A man, his hips pounding into a woman clad in a maid uniform like mine, from behind.

He gripped the horns attached to her head, using them for leverage as he drove into her with relentless force. She faced my direction, her expression a mix of ecstasy and abandon.

Her eyes were rolled back, her tongue lolling out of her mouth, as tears and snot streamed down her flushed face. Her moans were wild and primal, echoing in the room. Despite being captivated by her expression of raw ecstasy, my attention was irresistibly drawn to the man behind her.

He was muscular yet slim, his body perfectly balanced with defined muscles and a lean frame. His black hair framed a handsome face, and his crimson eyes burned with intensity. I recognized him immediately. Just months ago, we had promised to go on a date together. I had no reason to refuse back then, still confused about my own feelings. So, I had accepted.

We had promised to go on a date together, but that promise remained unfulfilled.

That's right. The man having sex with the maid was Leon, the very one who had saved me from being kidnapped back then.

Now, here he was, having sex with this woman with an almost animalistic fervor, her cries of "I'm cumming again!" blending with his guttural groans. The scene was both shocking and mesmerizing, and it took all my strength not to gasp aloud.

Then, with a loud groan, Leon tightened his grasp on the woman's horns, pulling her closer as he drove himself deeper into her. The maid's eyes rolled back in ecstasy, her mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh~!!!"

The woman's mouth opened wide in a silent scream. After that, she slumped, like all her energy had been drained. In contrast, Leon wasn't even breathing heavily. So this was what the maid meant when she said one woman wasn't enough for him.

That meant I was next. I trembled at the thought. But then, an idea struck me—maybe Leon could help me get out of this unfavorable situation. He was an acquaintance, after all. If I just talked to him and explained my predicament, maybe he could help me.

With that thought swirling in my mind, I summoned the courage to push the door open fully and step into the room. As I entered, Leon's gaze immediately locked onto me.

"Oh, as I thought, it's you, Charlotte," he remarked.

"L-Long time no see," I stuttered, my voice barely above a whisper amidst the charged atmosphere.

"Yeah. It's been months since the last time we saw each other. Well, I actually see you every time, but this is the first time again that we talk," he said.

It was incredibly difficult to maintain a conversation with him, especially with him standing there, naked, his thing proudly on display. "C-Can you put on some clothes first?"

"Why?"

"Why...? I-I mean..." He remained unclothed, his demeanor unchanged, so I shifted the topic. "A-Anyway, I need to ask you for a favor. C-Can I do that?"

"Sure."

Summoning my courage, I took a deep breath. Here goes... "Uhm, I'm assuming you're the owner of the company. The maid said this room is where the owner stays. I-It's surprising that it's you."

"Yeah," he nodded. "I'm the owner of Leonamon, though I don't handle the business myself. I just supervise and oversee our income data, that's all."

"I-It's really surprising. I didn't expect someone as young as you to build a company empire like this. And especially not you, Leon."

"Well, I've got some incredibly talented people who've helped me get this far," he replied. "Without them, Leonamon might not have existed at all."

Surely, he was just being modest, but I assumed that even with those talented people, without him, this company might not exist at all.

"And so? What is your favor?" he asked, his eyes narrowing slightly.

I gulped, feeling a knot tighten in my stomach. His voice seemed to take on a darker edge, even though it hadn't changed.

"C-Can you help me with the situation I find myself in? Y-You see, my father sold me to your company, but I don't really want to be sold," I stammered, my voice trembling. "Um, I wonder if you could help me with that."

Leon pondered for a moment, then hummed thoughtfully. "Hmm? So what you're essentially saying is that you don't want to have sex with me? Is that it?"

"Y-Yes," I replied, my voice shaky. I tried to be a little calculating by slightly peeking at him, but my eyes betrayed me and drifted to his crotch.

"Heh." Leon smirked. "You really are something, Charlotte. Let me guess, you don't want to do this because you don't want someone other than your beloved Professor Sesillian to take your virginity, am I right?"

"H-Huh?"

His voice had changed completely, now edged with a dark undertone. I could feel in my veins that this was Leon's true nature. More than that, how did he know I was in love with Professor and saving my chastity for him? I was sure I hadn't told anyone about that, not even my closest friends.

No. Maybe he just guessed and didn't really know. Yes, that had to be it. Why would he know otherwise?

"W-What are you saying? I have no idea what you're talking about."

I was pretty sure I tried my hardest to keep my voice composed. But, apparently, Leon had caught the slight tremble in it.

"Do you really think you can lie, Charlotte? If you truly have no idea what I'm talking about, then what is this?"

He held up his phone, the screen casting a cold light on my face. The moment my eyes focused on the image, I felt the blood drain from my veins, leaving me cold and numb.

There, in stark detail, was a photo of me stripping in front of Professor Sesillian. The vulnerability, the raw exposure of the moment captured forever in that single frame.

Chapter 209: The Fall To Debauchery (3)

Leon's POV

I had some weird dreams just before this. In that dream, I was back in my former self. No, more than a dream—it felt more like a vivid memory. Right, a memory of what had just been. A memory of my past life.

In it, I was walking with my childhood friend. Our homes were just a few blocks away from our school, so we usually walked there together. Almost every day, since kindergarten, we had walked this path side by side. It was our usual routine, a comforting familiarity.

The morning air was crisp, and the streets were bathed in the soft, golden light of the rising sun. We could hear the distant sounds of the city waking up—the hum of cars, the chatter of early risers, and the occasional bark of a dog. The scent of fresh bread from a nearby bakery wafted through the air, mingling with the fragrance of blooming flowers from neighborhood gardens.

"You know, Tsubasa," Kaori, my childhood friend, said, breaking the comfortable silence, "now that we're in our third year of high school, do you think we should start thinking about which university to attend and what courses to choose?"

"You still haven't picked one, Kaori?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You already chose one?!" she exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise.

"Uh, yeah. Didn't I tell you? I'm planning to go to X University," I said. "That's why I've been busting my ass studying so hard to get a scholarship there."

"X University?! Uuuu, do I have the smarts to get in there?!" she whined, clutching her head in distress.

"Based on my observations over the last 15 years, I can honestly say you don't."

"You're so mean!" she shot back, pouting and crossing her arms, her cheeks flushing with frustration.

"If you just study, then you might have a chance."

Despite my reassurance, she still pouted. "There's no way I can pass the exam there. I'm not smart like you," she said, her voice tinged with frustration as she looked up at me with those big, pleading puppy eyes.

"So, you're saying you want me to teach you?"

"Exactly!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up with hope. "I knew you'd get it. That's why you're my best friend in the world." She threw her arms around mine, pressing her soft breasts against me. The familiar warmth and pressure were something I had grown used to, so I kept my composure, not giving in to any awkward reactions. "Hmm? I wonder which university Amakawa-kun will be going to?"

Oh, speak of the devil!"

As soon as she spotted him, she let go of my arm and darted towards the young man surrounded by a group of people. Her excitement was almost tangible as she sprinted, her ponytail bouncing with each step.

"Amakawa-kun!" she called out, her voice carrying over the chatter. She waved enthusiastically as she closed the distance.

When she reached him, slightly out of breath, she beamed up at him. "Good morning!"

"Ah. Good morning to you too, Asada-san," Amakawa replied, his voice calm and polite amidst the bustling crowd.

"Hehe..." she giggled, a blush spreading across her cheeks.

The way she blushed hit me with a sudden realization, a feeling I quickly shoved to the back of my mind. I had a habit of escaping reality back then.

I slowly made my way over to them, trying not to draw too much attention.

Amakawa noticed me approaching and waved, his smile as warm as ever. "Good morning to you too, Ichinose-kun."

"Yes, good morning, Amakawa," I replied, my voice steady.

"Are you both heading to the room now? If so, can I join you?"

"Sure," said Kaori with a radiant smile. I could tell right away that this smile wasn't like the ones she usually gave me. It resembled the ones she gave to many people, yet this one was distinctly different. It was warm, inviting, and directed solely at him.

A sharp pang of pain struck my chest. This was jealousy. I could feel my heart darkening with the emotion, like black ink spilling across a pristine white page. The sensation was overwhelming and deeply unpleasant, a mix of bitterness and longing that gnawed at me from the inside.

Kaori was a liar. Yes.

She was a damn liar. She swore she wanted to join me at the same university. So, I busted my ass teaching her, thinking we'd be in this together, passing exams, maybe scoring scholarships. But when she caught wind that Amakawa was heading elsewhere, she did a complete one-eighty and decided to chase after him. She never disclosed her change of heart.

And I kept on teaching her, fool that I was, convinced she wanted to stick with me, not him. Turns out, it was all just a big fat lie.

I learned from a woman named Chihara Akane that Kaori harbored the desire to attend the same university as him. It wasn't Kaori who confided in me, but someone else's revelation. If only Kaori had been forthright, maybe the pain wouldn't have cut so deep. But she kept her intentions hidden, and it was someone else who spilled the beans.

That moment crystallized the realization that Kaori had been using me, leveraging my knowledge to boost her own chances of getting close to Amakawa at the same university.

And now, standing before me, this woman was a mirror of Kaori. A liar. Why was I so certain, even though Charlotte and I weren't particularly close? Because she echoed Kaori in every way. The way they talked, the way they lied through their teeth, the way they tried to manipulate you with their beauty. Just like how they both batted their eyelashes, trying to play cute to get what they wanted.

That's why I couldn't help but chuckle when she tried pulling the same old trick on me. It was like a worn-out page from the playbook. That was the final nail in the coffin.

I didn't harbor any desire for revenge against Kaori, despite her deceiving me all the way through our third year of high school. I didn't hold any grudges, and I had no inclination to retaliate. The past was the past, after all. But I couldn't deny that I still felt bitter about it.

Now, I found myself confronted with her again, this time in the guise of Charlotte. If I hadn't been so adamant in denying the possibility, I might have even entertained the notion that she was Kaori reincarnated. The resemblance was uncanny, almost eerie. But she wasn't Kaori. That was the undeniable truth. Yet, her presence stirred up memories and emotions that I had long tried to bury.

To banish the lingering essence of Kaori from my mind, I knew I had to take action with Charlotte. I couldn't let Kaori's ghost continue to haunt me. I needed to face this head-on.

That's right. I would make Charlotte submit entirely to me, erasing any remnants of the woman I once knew. I would dominate her, leading her into a realm of pleasure where only I held control. That's how I would rid myself of Kaori's memory once and for all.

I held up my phone, its bright screen casting an intense glow that seemed to sear into her eyes. In that moment, her gaze was transfixed on the image reflected in the screen.

It was a snapshot captured by Gladys, the room attendant at the inn where Titania and I had spent the night. But Gladys was more than just a hotel staff member; she was also one of the women I'd engaged in wild sex with, along with the two MILFs, after indulging in intercrural pleasure with Elise.

Before Titania and I went to our room that we rented, she approached me and whispered. She had requested me to fuck her the morning following my night with Titania, and so I obliged, but not without a bargain. I desired her to keep a watchful eye for any action between Professor Sesillian and Charlotte, should they ever end up in bed together.

She obediently consented, and the next morning, as I fucked her, she relayed her findings. She disclosed that Charlotte and the Professor had indeed shared a bed. Fortunately, their rendezvous remained platonic. Charlotte attempted to seduce Sesillian, but he didn't take the bait. Two possible reasons lingered as to why he resisted, and I was privy to both.

Though they were more like educated guesses, given that Gabrielle had ceased her cockblocking and allowed them their space, it seemed my suspicions held some merit.

Well, it could be quite entertaining if those turned out to be true. Imagine Charlotte stumbling upon them herself. She'd be in for one hell of a shock.

After our session, Gladys handed me some photos. They depicted Charlotte and Sesillian together, with Charlotte starting to undress in front of him. It seemed like a waste not to use them, so I decided to take a page out of Shredica's playbook and leverage this against her.

Using them as blackmail, essentially. So that I could get what I wanted from her.

Chapter 210: The Fall To Debauchery (4)

"H-How did you...?" Charlotte trembled as she stared at the image before her, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Some little bird found this for me," I said, a smug grin playing on my lips. "And let me tell you, it's quite the scandalous discovery."

"W-What are you planning to do with that?" Her words were shaky, betraying her nerves.

"I wonder," I teased, enjoying the power I held over her.

I could practically sense her trembling as she processed the revelation. It was like a cold splash of reality washing over her. Strangely, a surge of satisfaction washed over me. Was it my sadistic side coming alive? I always claimed to detest coercion, but this didn't feel like forcing—it was a willing act, albeit done for blackmail.

I was feeling downright sinister today. What was fueling that fire? Maybe it was my pent-up desire to settle the score with Charlotte once and for all. She's the one who turned the Prince into a villain, and she's blissfully oblivious to it all. I doubt she even gives a damn about the Prince. It's all about herself and her cozy relationship with the Professor.

Well, it's payback time. I'm not just going to break their relationship—I'm going to obliterate it, leaving nothing but shattered remnants behind. And I won't stop there. I'll ensure Charlotte can never again indulge in her affections for the Professor, or for anyone else for that matter. That's how I'll bring her down.

"Let's see... how about I spread this juicy gossip all over the internet and watch the fireworks? A professor and a student getting cozy. Just imagine the scandalous outrage it would ignite. While the student might skate by relatively unscathed, the professor? Oh, they could face some serious consequences, like getting the boot from their job or being cast out by society."

When I uttered those words, she visibly trembled, her eyes widening in sheer terror.

"N-No, please don't do that," she pleaded, her voice quivering with fear. "I'll do anything. Just please, don't go through with it."

"Oh? So you're not keen on being the reason the professor might end up out of a job, huh?" I taunted, a cruel smirk playing on my lips. "You're ready to do whatever it takes?"

She hesitated, uncertainty flickering in her eyes as she nervously chewed on her lip. Eventually, with a conflicted expression, she nodded, her resolve wavering but ultimately giving in to my demands.

Yes, that's right. Do whatever it takes, no matter how unreasonable, to protect your secret. If it got out, your precious professor would surely fall.

"Okay, then," I said. "To kick things off, why don't you go and introduce yourself?"

"I-Introduce myself? But you already know me, don't you?" she stuttered, her nerves palpable.

"Prostitutes usually introduce themselves before they service their customer," I stated matter-of-factly.
"You can go by a different name if you want, but it's pointless because I already know who you are."

"Uh, o-okay..."

"And while you're at it, lift your skirt," I commanded, my voice dripping with authority.

"W-What?"

"You heard me. Lift your skirt," I repeated, this time more insistent.

Her hands, trembling with hesitation, slowly moved to the hem of her skirt. The sheer desperation in her eyes was almost intoxicating. She was really willing to degrade herself this much just to save her beloved professor.

Her determination was both admirable and despicable at the same time.

With her eyes shut tight, she lifted her skirt. Beneath the fabric, a pair of innocent white panties came into view, hugging her long, shiny thighs. Charlotte's legs were impressive, long enough that she could easily pass as a model.

"I-I am... I am Charlotte Sierra," she stammered. "And I am today's M-Master's... Master's property."

"Oh, you get it, huh?" I said, amused. Amon must have coached her on how to act.

I stepped closer, reaching out to touch her legs. She trembled at my touch, instinctively starting to lower her skirt. Sensing her hesitation, I warned, "If you stop lifting your skirt, I will post the picture."

She froze, her grip tightening on the hem of her skirt as she held it in place, clearly torn between shame and desperation.

I gripped her legs, feeling the elastic texture beneath my fingers.

"Ngh...!"

The sound she made was a mix of humiliation and embarrassment. It oddly excited me. It wasn't every day you could touch such magnificent legs. Charlotte might be a bit lacking in the breast department, but for those into thighs, she was a jackpot. These drumsticks were thick and enticing.

"A noble lifting her skirt—now that has a certain value," I remarked, savoring the moment. "And your skin is so smooth. As expected from someone of noble lineage, you take great care of yourself."

She trembled under my touch, the weight of the situation pressing down on her. Her face was flushed, eyes still shut tight, but she didn't lower her skirt.

"I-I never thought you were like this, Leon. This is your true nature, isn't it?" Charlotte said, her voice trembling.

"You don't know me well enough to make that judgment, Charlotte," I replied, my tone cold. "You're so fixated on the professor that you fail to see anyone else around you."

"You're the worst!" she spat, glaring at me with defiance, though her skirt remained lifted.

"If we're talking about who's the worst, aren't you worse than both of us?" I retorted. "Think about it. Have you ever considered the Prince or what he's been going through? Or are you too obsessed with your precious professor to notice anyone else?"

"Huh? Wh-Why are you bringing up Prince Julius all of a sudden?" Charlotte stammered, confusion mixing with her fear.

"I see. You haven't thought about him at all," I replied. "Your mind is always on the professor, so I suppose it's only natural. Still, I can't believe you're heartless enough not to think about him at all, especially since it's your fault he ended up in prison."

"Eh? Prison?" Her eyes widened in shock.

"Oh, you have no idea, do you?" I said, my hands still caressing her legs. "You don't know what he's been through because you didn't choose him. You were too busy chasing after your professor to notice the consequences of your actions."

"What do you mean?" Charlotte's voice trembled, her eyes wide with a mix of confusion and fear.

"The kingdom may have hidden it, but the real culprit behind the arson at the sanatorium and the sections of the Capital City that burned down is none other than the Prince," I said, my voice dripping with a cold, twisted satisfaction.

Charlotte's whole body shook, her eyes widening in horror. "N-No way. Julius could never do that. He's not the type to kill anyone."

"Oh, really? Maybe you're just hiding from reality," I sneered, gripping her trembling legs a bit tighter. "Deep down, you already had an inkling who was behind it, didn't you? You knew it was the Prince."

Her face paled, her legs quivering under my touch. The shock and disbelief were clear as day, but there was also a flicker of recognition. She had known, or at least suspected, but had buried it deep within her mind, just like she was trying to bury her guilt now. The revelation was like a cold, hard slap to her face, leaving her reeling and vulnerable.

It was only natural for her to think so. After all, the Prince's skill was fire-based. And being close to the Prince, Charlotte was well aware of that. But instead of speaking up, she kept it to herself.

I rose from my squatting position and leaned in closer, my breath hot against her ear. "Face it, Charlotte. You turned a blind eye to the truth because it was easier than dealing with the reality of what the Prince is capable of. Just like you're willing to do anything now to protect your precious professor."

My hands trailed up from her smooth legs toward her core.

"Ngh! N-No, d-don't touch that...!" She protested, her voice trembling with fear and anticipation.

"Why? You keeping it for the Professor?" I jeered. "Too bad. You can't give anything to anyone because I'll snatch it all away."

"I never pegged you for such a scumbag!" Charlotte shot back.

I let out a dark laugh, then seized her chin, forcing my lips onto hers. Initially, she resisted, pounding her fists against my chest. But as she realized her efforts were futile, her resistance waned, her fists falling limp. After a moment, I broke the kiss.

"T-That was... my first kiss!" she glared at me, tears brimming in her eyes.

"Exactly," I smirked. "I'm taking everything, just like I promised."

I seized both of her shoulders and spun her around to face the mirror.

"Eh?"

"Lift your skirt again. Do it, or I'll post it."

"Ngh...!"

Reluctantly, she obeyed, raising her skirt once more. Now, she stared at her reflection, her hands holding up her skirt.

Then, my hand slipped down to her underwear, teasing her pussy through the fabric.