

The World 291

Chapter 291: A Date With Charlotte, Part 1 (1)

Sunday, or as we called it in this world, the 7th day of the week.

I stood outside the Leonamon cake shop, the sweet aroma of freshly baked goods wafting through the air. The shop was managed by one of my women, Amy. Though she had always been a bit slow, she was dependable and tackled her tasks with dedication. After she positioned the "Open" sign with a practiced hand, she turned and greeted me with a beaming smile.

The cake shop had been thriving, its sales blossoming under the diligent efforts of its staff. While it didn't rake in the kind of profits some of my other ventures did, it was far from struggling. In fact, its steady success had led to the opening of several new branches across the kingdom.

The Leonamon cake shop might have been the underdog in terms of revenue, but it was carving out its own niche, and that was something to be proud of.

After what felt like an eternity of waiting, the person I was waiting finally appeared. Her floral dress clung to her curves, the white fabric fluttering around her legs as she walked. She looked stunning, her beauty only amplified by the casual elegance of her attire. Her hair was styled in the familiar twintails she always wore, giving her an air of youthful defiance.

The moment she spotted me, her expression darkened into a scowl. It was clear that breaking her spirit and completely dominating her would take time. But that was expected. After what I'd done to her, there was no way she'd warm up to me quickly. Well, that's fine. I'd just have to make sure she became addicted to the feeling of my dick, so she wouldn't stay so hostile.

It had been a while since I'd deflowered her, and I hadn't tasted her again since.

Today, however, I was planning to have my way with her again.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," she said, her voice dripping with sweetness, as if she were trying to sugarcoat the situation.

It was probably because this was supposed to be a date—one of the dates she'd promised after I rescued her from those kidnappers. Now, I was finally going to cash in on that promise. But despite her sugary tone, her eyes were filled with scorn, glaring at me with pure hostility.

Her name is Charlotte Sierra. She's the daughter of a fallen duke, sold to me as a prostitute. To earn her freedom, she had to have sex with me multiple times—an arrangement she agreed to in order to avoid becoming my lifelong sex slave. This was her only path to escape my grasp.

Charlotte had lost her noble title, and with it, her place in the social hierarchy crumbled. Once the proud daughter of a duke, she had plummeted from the heights of privilege, leaving those who once flocked to her side out of loyalty to her status to vanish like rats from a sinking ship. Now, she was a loner—a woman with no one left to stand by her.

Even the prince, her childhood friend, had been thrown in jail because of her. The irony was delicious, though no one at the academy knew this little secret except for me.

She had become invisible, ignored by all, as if she no longer existed. Her fall from grace had been swift and brutal, taking her from the top straight to rock bottom. It didn't stop there. Those who were now higher in status, especially the sons and daughters of barons, took to bullying her without mercy.

They whispered behind her back about the shame of having a father who had disgraced the kingdom, saying that the daughter of such a man should be put to death, her head displayed on a stake for all to see. Watching her downfall was nothing short of entertaining.

I watched as Charlotte's facade slowly shattered. Much like Kaori, my childhood friend back on Earth, Charlotte thrived on attention. Without it, she was vulnerable, and it showed.

Since I had barred her from contacting her cherished Professor Sesillian, she had been left in total isolation.

The only person she had left was me. I exploited her need for attention to bend her to my will. I texted her, arranging a date despite the fact that she despised me. Her isolation had driven her to accept, despite her loathing.

"That's a lovely dress," I said. "You look cute."

Offering a compliment was just a basic part of gentlemanly etiquette when going on a date. It was expected, and so I did it.

Charlotte shot me a withering glare when I complimented her. "I don't want your praise. I'm only wearing this because you told me to."

She was right. I'd chosen that dress specifically because it complemented her so well. It was a piece from Leonamon's latest collection, and I knew it would probably be one of our top sellers this month. It was designed perfectly for a date.

"Well, let's step inside, shall we? I've arranged a VIP area just for you," I said with a knowing smile.

As we entered the shop, the enticing aroma of freshly baked pastries, bread, and cakes enveloped us, a warm, comforting scent that filled the air. Amy was at the counter, looking as detached and preoccupied as ever, her mind clearly elsewhere.

Slowly, Amy turned her head toward me, her gaze lingering as she tilted her head to one side. It took her a moment, but she eventually remembered her role and led us to our reserved spot.

"This way, Master," she said, addressing me with a casual "Master" that she apparently forgot was a bit too informal for public. I'd already told her to refer to me as "customer" when we were in the shop, just like she did with everyone else. But it looked like she hadn't quite caught on.

She led me to our reserved spot—a spacious area, fittingly lavish given its VIP status.

I pulled out a chair for Charlotte, gesturing for her to sit, before taking my own seat.

Amy went off to get our orders, leaving us alone.

"Why all this fancy treatment?" Charlotte asked, her tone edged with skepticism.

"Because it's only right when I'm on a date with a beautiful woman like you," I replied.

"Cut the jokes," she said, rolling her eyes. "I know you don't really mean that."

"I do mean it," I assured her.

She clicked her tongue, a clear sign of her disgust, as if she couldn't stomach the fact that I was laying it on so thick. "Alright, just cut to the chase. You want to have sex with me again, don't you? So why are you dragging this out with a date?"

Her tone had the bitter edge of someone who's used to the transactional nature of compensated dating.

"Well, I prefer not to rush things," I said smoothly. "I've only got five times left with you, remember? I want to savor every moment."

"You're trying to make this sound romantic," she retorted sharply. "Even though you're nothing more than a rapist."

"Didn't you agree that it's mutual consent, since you accepted the conditions?"

She fell silent after that.

As we waited for our order, I slowly removed my foot from my shoe and slid it deliberately between her legs. She tried to close them instinctively, but I stopped her with a firm command.

"Keep them open. Let's have a bit of fun before our order arrives," I said.

She shot me a look of shock, her teeth clenched as she hissed, "Pervert..."

Despite her words, she hesitantly spread her legs, allowing my foot to press against her. With a subtle, teasing motion, I used my toe to trace over her vagina through the thin fabric of her underwear.

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The crack instantly grew slick as I teased the entrance of her pussy through her underwear.

"Nnn..."

Charlotte bit her lips, trying desperately to keep from making any noise, but a soft moan slipped out despite her effort to keep it silent. She glared at me, her eyes burning with a mix of frustration and arousal as I continued to brush her pussy with my toe.

"You might say you dislike me, but look at this. You're absolutely soaked, just from my toe. Is it really that good?"

"You really are the worst," she said through gritted teeth, a tear glistening at the corner of her eye.

I found her expression fascinating. It wasn't sweet, but it was undeniably intense and satisfying to watch.

She gripped the fabric of her clothes tightly as my toes brushed against her entrance, her panties becoming increasingly slick and wet. She clenched her teeth, desperately trying to suppress any sounds.

Suddenly, the door to our room swung open, and a group of staff entered, carrying our order.

"H-Heh?" Charlotte's eyes widened in panic. She shot me a desperate look, silently pleading for me to stop what I was doing under the table. Instead of backing off, I pressed my toe harder against her entrance. "Fhnnnnnn~!"

The staff glanced around, trying to pinpoint the strange sound that had just emerged. When they concluded it must have been their imagination, they shrugged it off and continued setting our order on the table.

Charlotte shot me a fierce glare, but despite her intense look, I kept teasing her pussy. My toes relentlessly stroked her, sometimes pushing into her entrance, making her panties increasingly soaked. The air was tinged with a subtle scent of citric juice, though none of the staff seemed to catch on.

Eventually, the staff finished their rounds and left the VIP room, having delivered everything, including the Leonamon wine. However, we weren't focused on the food. Instead of hunger, a thicker, more palpable tension filled the room, overshadowing the meal with a different kind of heat.

"Haaa... Haa... Haaa..."

Charlotte's heavy breathing echoed through the room, each exhale thick with mounting desire. Her once fierce glare had softened into a look of unmistakable arousal. The heat of the moment was almost tangible, pressing down on her. Her grip on her clothes tightened to a desperate, knotted clutch as her breathing grew more ragged, punctuated by increasingly urgent moans.

"Aaah... Haaa, hnnn~ Haaa..."

The air was heavy with an electric tension as I continued to caress her pussy through her panties with my toes. I pinched her clitoris with deliberate precision, rolling it with the base of my foot. The pleasure was clear on her face, every trace of hostility replaced by an intense, unabashed arousal.

"Aaah... ahhh... I'm..."

Her voice trembled, filled with desperate need as she hovered on the brink of cumming. Her moans grew louder, more frantic, and the way she clutched at the fabric of her clothes, fingers digging in, made it clear just how close she was.

I couldn't help but grin, savoring the power I had over her. Then, without a hint of mercy, I withdrew my foot from between her legs, sliding it back into my shoe.

"Eh?" She looked up at me, her eyes wide, shock and disbelief written all over her flushed face.

"The orders are going to get cold if we don't eat them now," I said, my tone cool and nonchalant, as if I hadn't just brought her to the edge and yanked it away.

"Wha...?" Her voice wavered, disappointment flooding her expression. The frustration of being denied at the last moment was clear, the way her body trembled with unfulfilled need. But that was exactly how I wanted her—teetering on the edge, desperate, and unsatisfied. I planned to savor this moment, to savor her, piece by piece, until she couldn't take it anymore.

I couldn't hide the grin that was sneaking into my face. My sadistic side was coming out in full force.

Charlotte's eyes were locked onto me, her frustration palpable as she hesitated to touch her food. The irritation of being denied release was clear on her face, and her fingers hovered over her plate with little enthusiasm. Eventually, she started eating, but her disinterest was obvious—her appetite had been ruined by the blue balls I'd left her with. That was precisely my intention.

Today, I had no plans to make this session enjoyable for her. My goal was to savor my own pleasure while leaving her unsatisfied.

I was going to savor every moment, making sure she didn't enjoy it. With each cruel twist, her resistance would crumble, her will breaking under the weight of my control.

Charlotte's POV

It wasn't fair. He was so cruel. I couldn't believe it.

How could he stop right when I was at the edge of release? It felt like he was deliberately teasing me, playing with my desperation.

Admitting that I was getting off on it would only give him the satisfaction of knowing he was having an effect on me. I didn't want him to see that I was enjoying it. I didn't... I didn't want to like it with him.

But it was so unfair, cutting me off right when I was on the edge. I was so close, practically there, and then he just stopped. He left me hanging, dangling by a thread.

This man... this man right in front of me was so cruel.

Was this truly the same guy who'd saved me from those kidnappers, the one everyone labeled as skillless at the academy? Was this really that person? It was hard to reconcile the gentle hero from that past with the sadistic prick before me.

Maybe this was his true self, hidden beneath a façade. I could feel it now—this was the real him, and he had me caught in his snare. I had no choice but to comply and do whatever he demanded, just to free myself from his twisted game.

The food was very good, to be honest, but I couldn't enjoy a single bite. Not with him around.

"Why are you glaring at me?" he asked, casually taking a bite of his cake while I shot him a look that could melt steel.

How could he even ask that after what he just put me through? This guy was really intent on tormenting me, trying to break me down under his thumb. Of course, I wasn't going to give in. I wasn't about to fall for his mind games.

I turned my head away and said, "Nothing at all. Just enjoying the food."

"Yeah? Well, this is Leonamon," he replied with a smirk. "Of course, it's going to be good."

Right. This guy owns even this cake shop. I couldn't help but wonder just how powerful he truly was. Considering how much he already controlled, it wouldn't be surprising if he could take over the world without anyone even realizing it. The thought of him ruling everything from the shadows was... absolutely terrifying.

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Leon's POV

I uncorked the wine with a satisfying pop, the cork flying off with a sharp, sudden burst. I poured the dark, rich liquid into Charlotte's glass, the crimson flow catching the light, then filled my own.

"You really are quite the gentleman," Charlotte said, her eyes narrowing with disdain. "If that was your true persona, I might actually think about dating you. But it's not. You might play the part of a gentleman, but deep down, you're just a scum who takes advantage of others."

I took a long swig of my wine, savoring the smooth taste before meeting her gaze with an amused glint in my eyes. "You really don't hold back, do you? No filters at all," I said, my smile widening. "But don't forget, there are scummier people out there than me. If I were truly the scum you think I am, I wouldn't have let you go in the first place."

"I can't really think of anyone else who's as much of a scum, other than you," she told me.

I swirled the wine in my glass, watching as it spiraled into a mini whirlpool. "Really? Maybe you just can't see anyone worse because you're not looking hard enough. Or maybe you're blinded by familiarity, so close to someone that you fail to recognize their true nature as scum."

Her eyes hardened, clearly intrigued and taking the bait.

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it," I said smoothly. "Have you ever considered that you might be scum yourself?"

"What? No! I'm not scum!" she snapped, her face flushed with surprise and a hint of defensive anger.

I chuckled softly, the sound rich with dark amusement. "See, I told you," I said, my smirk widening. "A scum will never see themselves as scum."

"W-What do you mean? I'm not scum!" she shot back, her voice trembling with indignation.

"Yes, you are, Charlotte," I said firmly, my tone unyielding. "Have you ever wondered why you're left all alone now? Why your followers scattered the moment you fell from grace? Or why the sons and daughters of minor barons, people beneath you in every way, are now ganging up on you? Have you thought about it?"

"W-What...?" she stammered, her face a mask of shock and confusion.

The shift in her expression made it clear she'd never considered these questions before.

"You're as scummy as they come," I said, my smile vanishing into a hard, unforgiving line. "You've been so blinded by your high status that you thought you could do anything without consequence. You laughed at those below you, fixated solely on your own pleasure. You abandoned the Prince in his time of need, ignored his feelings, and fed him lie after lie.

You're infinitely scummier than I could ever be."

"T-Take that back! I'm not scum!" she roared, pushing herself aggressively against the table, her eyes flashing with fury.

I met her fierce glare head-on, my expression unshaken. Nothing she did would make me flinch; she was nothing more than a discarded plaything to me now.

When she realized she was losing to me, her face twisted with frustration as she snapped, "I'm going to the bathroom," before storming out of the VIP room.

I watched her retreat, her heels clicking sharply against the floor as she headed for the restroom. Now, it was time for phase two of this date.

Charlotte's POV

I splashed cold water on my face, hoping the chill would numb the sting of the tears forming in my eyes. How dare he talk to me like that? Despite his own scummy behavior, he had the audacity to call me scum. I knew I wasn't like that. I knew I wasn't.

I didn't mock those beneath me out of spite. It was simply what my followers—those who clung to me because of my lofty status—expected. It wasn't that I took pleasure in ridiculing commoners or belittling Leon for his lack of skill. I didn't laugh because I found it enjoyable or satisfying. I did it because I needed to keep my supporters from abandoning me.

As for Prince Julius, I didn't neglect his feelings intentionally. I was prepared to face his emotions head-on and reject him properly since my heart had already chosen someone else. I didn't lie to him out of malice or ignore him out of indifference. The truth is, I didn't want to hurt him, which is why I lied. I thought he was okay—hadn't heard otherwise, so I figured he was fine.

I never meant to forget him or leave him hanging in his time of need.

I wasn't scum. I knew I wasn't.

"It looks like I've pushed things too far," a voice suddenly sliced through the silence behind me. "I didn't expect you to be so hurt that you'd end up crying like this. I'm really sorry."

Leon's voice was laced with genuine remorse. His apologetic expression was clear as day.

I shot him a glare, but words failed me. I couldn't find the strength to ask him to retract his harsh words about me being scum. My mouth stayed firmly shut.

"I'm sorry for calling you scum," he said.

I bit my lip, and finally, the tears broke free. As I sobbed, he wrapped his arms around me, gently rubbing the back of my head. I couldn't see his expression through the embrace, but in that moment, I didn't care. All I could focus on was the comfort of his touch, as my sobs came in ragged, shuddering bursts.

Leon's POV

I let her sob into my shoulder, feeling the wetness of her tears seep through my shirt, while I rubbed her back with a soothing motion. My reflection in the mirror showed a face as cold and unfeeling as ice. The apology I'd given was nothing but a facade—I still considered her scum. But to break through her defenses and get what I wanted, I needed to see her vulnerable, crying.

I planned to use the advantage of her lowered guard to infiltrate her heart.

As she continued to weep, I took full advantage of her emotional state. With a calculated move, I gripped her ass firmly with both hands, my fingers kneading and squeezing her cheeks with an insistent pressure. She didn't resist; she merely squirmed slightly, her body betraying a mix of confusion and subdued response.

"L-Leon...?"

It was the first time she had called me by my name today. That single word signified that I had finally broken through to her heart, and now, I had the power to do whatever I wanted with her.

I looked into her eyes, and then closed the distance between us, capturing her lips with mine.

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I pulled away from the kiss after a moment, and she looked at me with a flushed face, her gaze quickly averting.

"W-What are you doing? Let me go..." she stammered, trying to wriggle free from my grasp. But I had already burrowed deep into her heart. She couldn't push me away, nor could she stay angry with me. At that moment, I was the only thing on her mind.

I captured her lips again, this time pressing my tongue into her mouth. Her lips initially resisted, a clear sign she was reluctant to embrace the kiss. But soon, her mouth surrendered. Her tongue attempted to dance around mine, but I overpowered it with my own. As the kiss deepened, Charlotte's resolve melted, and she became entirely lost in the sensation.

As I continued to kiss her, my hands stayed busy, kneading both of her ass cheeks. The sensation was nothing short of incredible—her ass was the perfect balance of firmness and softness. The elasticity, the way her cheeks pressed back against my hands, and how my fingers sank into her flesh, almost overwhelmed by it, was pure ecstasy.

"N-No..."

She whimpered, trying to pull away, but the resistance was half-hearted at best. The dress she wore, a one-piece that clung to her curves, made it all too easy for me to slide my hands beneath the fabric. With just a simple motion, I could have had my way with her, fingers teasing and exploring, but I held back.

Instead, I simply savored the feel of her ass, letting my hands indulge in the perfection beneath them.

After the kiss, I pulled back and studied her face. It was a beautiful mess—tears streaked down her flushed cheeks, smudging her makeup into a chaotic blur. The sight of her like this, stripped of her usual cheeky confidence, made her look even more vulnerable and alluring.

"I want to do it."

Her eyes widened, panic flashing in them as she stammered, "H-H-Here?"

Her reaction was one of stunned disbelief, as if I'd lost my mind. Despite owning the cake shop, the bathroom was still a public setting. The idea of having sex here, in a space with so little privacy, was dangerous. But that danger? It was intoxicating. The thrill of getting caught only heightened the excitement for me.

"You want to be rid of me as soon as possible, don't you?" I said, my voice low and commanding. "To get that freedom, all you need to do is prostitute yourself to me five more times. Then you can be with your precious professor again."

My hands roamed over her ass, squeezing it with possessive force, while my hardened cock pressed insistently against her crotch. She looked down, her breath hitching, her arms trembling as they rested against my chest. With a hesitant nod, she whispered, "O-Okay..."

We slipped into one of the tight bathroom cubicles. In that confined space, she placed her hands firmly against the wall and lifted her skirt up to her waist. Her white butt was barely concealed by a pair of pristine white underwear. The sight was almost sacrosanct, but it was about to be defiled. The pure white fabric was poised to be tainted.

I slid her panties to the side, revealing her wet, twitching pink lips to my eager eyes. Her exposed vagina glistened, every delicate fold on full display.

"D-Don't..." she stammered, her voice trembling with embarrassment as she caught me staring.

Ignoring her plea, I teased her folds with my fingers, feeling the heat radiating from her. The warmth was intoxicating, pulling me deeper into the moment.

"Hnnn... Hnngg~"

After I coated my fingers in her slick warmth, I straightened up and slowly unzipped my pants, letting my meat stick spring free. Her eyes widened, and she swallowed hard as she saw it. This would be the first time since our initial encounter.

With my rock-hard cock, I guided it to her drenched entrance. A rush of wetness erupted as my rod slid into her slick, inviting pussy.

"Hnnnng...!"

Her pussy felt snug and incredibly inviting, drenched with arousal, making every thrust smooth and intoxicating. The tightness of her grip was deliciously welcoming.

I started thrusting, my hips driving forward as I held her hips firmly.

"Aah... Ahhh, hnngg... Hnnn..." she tried to muffle her moans with her hand, her effort to stay quiet evident in her strained voice.

The cubicle was saturated with the sounds of muffled moans, the squelching of wetness, and the rhythmic slap of flesh meeting flesh.

"Aaah, no, ahh... Ahhh..."

She was teetering on the edge of cumming, so I pulled out abruptly.

"Eh?"

"What?" I asked, trying to read her.

She gritted her teeth, her face flushed and strained. "N-Nothing."

After a brief pause, I plunged back into her slick, throbbing pussy, feeling her heat envelop me once more.

"Hnnnnnnnggg~!"

I kept pounding her relentlessly, pulling out just as she was about to cum. Over and over, I repeated this until I could sense she was on the brink of breaking. After all, she had cried earlier, revealing a vulnerability that made her breaking point close at hand.

"Aah, no, aah~ Ahhnngg~ Aaah...!"

I tightened my grip on her hips, their softness a testament to their perfect shape, and thrust my cock in and out with relentless force. Each time my tip brushed her cervix, her pussy clamped down and opened again, making her moans grow louder. Charlotte's hand was pressed tightly over her mouth, her eyes squeezed shut.

From my perspective, seeing her in that white one-piece dress—a stark contrast to the primal act taking place—was incredibly arousing. The sensation of domination surged through me, making it impossible not to grin.

"Aaah, n-nooo... aaah! C-Cumming...!"

She was on the brink of cumming again when I pulled back, halting my movements.

"Eh?" Her eyes, wide with shock and desperation, darted to me over her shoulder. She couldn't believe I was deliberately stopping her right at the edge. But that was exactly what I intended.

"What? Do you really need to cum that badly?" I taunted. "Remember who you are, Charlotte. Right now, you're nothing more than a prostitute. Your job is to pleasure me, not to find your own release." Leaning in, I let my lips hover near her ear, my breath hot against her skin. My grin widened as I whispered, "But if you want to cum so badly," I teased, "you can always beg for it."

Tears began to shimmer in her eyes, glistening like droplets of anguish. 'That's right. You still cling to your pride, don't you? Even though you're now a fallen noble, you were once the daughter of a duke.'

Yet, pride can be easily eclipsed by the overpowering wave of pleasure.

"P-Please..." she whimpered, her voice quaking with desperation. Then, she raised it, her words bursting with need. "Please make me cum! Make a mess out of me! I can't take it anymore! You always stop just when I'm about to cum!"

You're so mean!" Her voice broke with raw emotion. "So... that's why... I'm begging... I beg you...! Please make me cum!"

I grinned wickedly, my face twisted into a devilish smirk.

"Roger that," I purred, my tone dark and commanding. My hands slid from her trembling hips up to her hair, seizing each of her twin tails with a firm grip. I yanked her by those twin tails, pulling her closer with a rough, sudden motion.

"Nnna?! S-So suddenlyyyyyyyyy~!" she gasped, her voice a high-pitched wail as the orgasm she'd been desperately craving finally burst forth, her body writhing in uncontrollable pleasure.

But this wasn't the end. There was still more to come.

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I yanked her twin tails hard, pulling her back against me as I slammed my hips into hers. I used them as makeshift horns, fucking her relentlessly. Each time my dick drove deep inside her, her vagina clamped down, squeezing me tightly.

"Aaah, i-it feels so good...! Aaah, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahh, fuuaah, hnnn~! Aaaaaaah!"

Her body reacted eagerly to my intense thrusts. I hammered my hips into her ass from behind, the sharp sound of our bodies meeting echoing off the walls.

"Aaah! Ah! Ah! Ah, ah, ah, hii ah!"

I thrust deeper, my dick sliding all the way in.

"Higu! Hiiii!"

The sounds she was making were loud and undeniably explicit. I was certain that even those outside, indulging in cakes and pastries, could hear the noises coming from the bathroom. Except this wasn't just any bathroom, nor was it an ordinary cake shop. This bathroom was completely soundproof, designed to keep any noise contained within its walls.

Charlotte, of course, was unaware of this—I hadn't told her. It was better that way.

Charlotte, unaware that her moans couldn't escape this soundproof sanctuary, was desperately trying to keep her voice down. Believing that any sound might be overheard outside, she clenched her teeth to stifle her cries, shaking her head and tensing up in a futile effort to control herself. Her mouth was filled with drool, which dripped steadily onto the floor.

"Aaah, nooo! P-Please, be a little gentler! Someone might hear...! Aaaaah!"

Instead of easing up, I decided to be even rougher. I moved my hips faster, thrusting in a relentless rhythm—pulling out and slamming back in, over and over.

"W-What...?! Aaaah, aaah, hiiii! Aaaah, fuaaaah! N-No...! I... I..."

Someone might hear us...!"

I tightened my grip on her twin tails as I pounded into her with such force that her ass turned bright red.

"Hiiiii! Aaah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhhhhhhh!"

I could feel her pussy clamping down on my dick, tightening like a vise. The sensation drove me wild, and I decided to finish this round with a bang, making sure we'd both cum at the same time. The pressure built up, my balls tightening as the pain of holding back my cum reached the perineum.

I thrust one final, brutal blow deep into her pussy, aiming straight for her womb with the intention of filling her with my cum.

"Hiiiiiiiiii?!"

I rammed into her with all my might, my cock piercing her womb. Charlotte screamed, her eyes wide open as her tongue lolled out, her body shuddering from the overwhelming pleasure.

At that moment, the white, muddy liquid erupted from me, spilling over her womb in a gush.

"Aaaaah, i-it's coming outttt, ahhh, aaah! I'm cumminggggggg~!" Charlotte's voice echoed through the cubicle as she arched her back, her entire body trembling with the force of her orgasm. She was past the point of caring, her moans spilling out freely.

With a final, deep thrust, I emptied every last drop of cum into her, the heat of release washing over us both. As I pulled out, Charlotte collapsed forward, her body spent. A steady stream of white liquid trickled down her inner thighs, leaving a slick trail in its wake.

Charlotte's POV

"Sit down on it," Leon commanded.

I stared at his dick, still standing tall and proud, its tip flushed and pulsing, as if demanding attention. It glistened with the mix of my juices and his, a slick sheen that made it seem even more imposing. The memory of how it had ravaged me earlier sent a wave of heat through my body, making my thighs quiver.

I took a shaky breath, swallowing my nerves, and turned away from him. With my back to Leon, I straddled him, feeling the heat radiating off his body. My hand trembled slightly as I reached down, grasping his thick cock. My fingers slid easily over its slick surface as I guided it towards my pussy, still dripping with his cum.

Slowly, I began to lower myself, feeling the firm tip of his dick press against my entrance.

I felt my flesh tremble at the contact.

I lowered myself further, and his dick pushed inside me.

"Fuuaah, haaa..." I moaned, feeling my insides stretch around the thick shaft. The sensation was intense, my pussy straining to accommodate him as he filled me completely. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, I sank all the way down, my ass settling onto his thighs.

"Aaaaah, haaa..." The feeling of being stuffed so fully made me gasp, my body shivering as I took a moment to adjust.

After catching my breath, I slowly lifted my hips, feeling his cock slide almost all the way out, only to sink back down onto him.

"Haaa, hnnn..."

My hips rocked up and down, riding his cock with a rhythm I controlled. This time, I was the one driving the pleasure, but I couldn't shake the disappointment. Despite my efforts, the pleasure felt muted, elusive. I couldn't pinpoint the exact spots that made me feel good, and it left me feeling a bit let down.

I glanced over my shoulder, catching Leon's smirk. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the situation, which only fueled my irritation.

"Fuuaah, aaah, hnnn, ahhh..."

I was trying to find that sweet spot that made me feel good, but then I realized that I was the one doing all the moving. It was embarrassingly obvious that I was in control of the situation. While there was a certain pleasure in it, it was also mortifying. It felt like I was admitting that I was enjoying this, like a pervert, which I wasn't.

But I wasn't here for enjoyment. I was just his prostitute, nothing more. After four more sessions like this, our contract would be over, and I'd be free from him.

"Aaaah, hhnn, aaaah, fuahhnn~ Aaaah, aaah, haaaaa~"

My hips began to move faster, the wet, slick sound of flesh slapping against flesh filling the cubicle.

I could feel the pleasure intensifying with every thrust.

Suddenly, Leon began to move in sync with me, hitting all the spots that drove me wild.

"Aaaah, aaah, ahhh, fuaah, aaaah, hiii, hnnnnn~!"

His powerful thrusts pounded into me right where it felt the best.

My eyes rolled back, my head tilted, and I found myself biting my lip to stifle my moans.

The wave of pleasure was building up, a huge surge about to crash over me.

But just as I neared that peak, the door to the cubicle swung open unexpectedly.

"Mm?"

"Eh?"

In the doorway stood a woman with her eyes closed, her head tilted to one side. She was the cashier—perhaps the manager—of this cake shop. Her demeanor was sluggish, and she had a somewhat dazed expression.

As her eyes gradually fluttered open, her previous smile melted into a puzzled frown. The shift in her demeanor was almost comical, like she was operating on a different rhythm than us. With a deliberate, unhurried movement, her head turned to look behind me, her gaze slow and filled with a mix of curiosity and confusion.

"Oh."

She gasped, her eyes widening as if she had just pieced everything together.

"W-Wait, Leon! Stop right now! She's...!" I cried out, my voice frantic and panicked.

"Amy," Leon said calmly. Without warning, he grabbed both of my legs and lifted me effortlessly.

"Huh?!"

He hoisted me up with ease, leaving my legs spread wide open. My exposed pussy was now on full display for the woman to see.

"Eeek! W-What are you doing, Leon?! Put me down! C-Can't you see she's caught us?!" I protested desperately, squirming and trying to cover myself.

That didn't deter him in the slightest. Leon turned to the woman with a commanding tone. "Amy, get on your knees and lick the connection."

The woman's smile returned, soft and warm, as if the situation was perfectly normal.

"Wha...?"

Before I could even process what was happening, she dropped to her knees with a languid grace, like she was moving in slow motion.

Her hands gently parted my inner thighs, revealing my dripping pussy to her. Slowly, she leaned in, her warm breath caressing my sensitive skin. Her tongue extended and made contact with the connection, tracing it with deliberate, teasing licks.

Chapter 296: A Date With Charlotte, Part 1 (6)

Leon's POV

"W-Wait...! Aaah, yaaahn, aaaah!"

Amy's tongue worked slowly, deliberately, as she licked along the connection between Charlotte and me. She traced her way from the base of my cock and over my balls, right up to the entrance of Charlotte's soaked pussy. Her pace was lazy, but that was just Amy's way—slow and steady.

"L-Leon, stop hrrrrr! Yaaaahn~!" Charlotte begged, her voice trembling.

It seemed like the slower Amy went, though, the more Charlotte felt every single lick.

But I wasn't about to stop. Instead of responding, I thrust my dick upward.

"Fuhiiiiiiiiiiii?!"

Amy's tongue traced Charlotte's trembling folds with a slow, deliberate rhythm, each stroke adding fuel to the fire as I thrust my dick upward, the force making her body jerk with every plunge. Charlotte's dress, once pristine, now clung to her skin, drenched by the sheer volume of fluids that coated her thighs and dripped down in sticky rivulets.

"Aaaaah, aaaah, n-nooo, aaah, ahhh, ahhhhh~!"

I didn't let up, driving my dick deeper into her, feeling the tight ring of muscle inside her quiver the moment the tip of my cock touched it. The sensation was intense, like the elastic muscle was stretching to its limit, almost as if I was tearing something apart.

"Aaah, n-nooo...! T-Too deep...! I can't...! You're ripping me...!"

As much as she wanted to resist, her body refused to comply. She frowned, trying to fight back, but her struggles were in vain as I kept thrusting my dick upward. The wet slickness of her pussy only intensified with each thrust, her juices spilling out more and more as I continued to fuck her relentlessly.

"I-It hurts... You're hurting me, Leon...!" she whimpered.

But I knew Charlotte too well. Deep down, she had a masochistic streak, and this pain would soon blur into pleasure for her. The situation dragged on, and then, just as I expected, her tone began to shift.

"Aaah, hoo, heee...~" she moaned, her resistance melting away.

Her eyes rolled upward, and her expression twisted into an unmistakable O-face. Her beautiful features contorted into a deliciously lewd mess—her tongue hung limply from her mouth, and her eyes took on that perfect, slutty glaze that only pure ecstasy could bring.

"Aaaah, haaa, heeehoo..." she gasped, her voice trembling with a depraved need as my cock relentlessly slid in and out, rubbing her insides with a friction that sent shockwaves through her entire body.

I kept driving my dick into her, each thrust sending shockwaves through her trembling body. Each upward thrust made her body bounce in rhythm. Her pussy, already tight, clenched even harder around me—she was cumming.

"Aaaah, n-nooo, aaah, ahh, Ahm humming...! Ahm humming...!" she gasped, her voice quivering with the overwhelming sensation, her tongue lolling out in a lewd display of ecstasy.

I felt her inner walls tighten with an almost unbearable grip, a telltale sign that she was about to explode. With a final, deep thrust, something inside her gave way.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaah, ahhh, humming, aaaaaah, humming, humming, hummmmmmmmmmmminggggggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Her body convulsed, and a powerful gush erupted from her pussy, drenching everything in its path. Amy, caught in the line of fire, was the first to be showered by the deluge of fluids that burst from Charlotte's overwhelmed body, the intensity of her orgasm splashing across the scene in a messy, uncontrollable flood.

After that, her head fell back, her body going limp against me as if every ounce of strength had been drained. I glanced down at her, noticing the glazed look in her eyes—she was completely unconscious.

"And I wasn't even done yet," I muttered. "What a useless prostitute."

As I shifted my gaze to Amy, she responded with a slow, deliberate movement, parting her lips to reveal the soft pink interior of her mouth. Her tongue slid out slightly, teasing the air as she pointed a finger at it, inviting me in.

She didn't need to say anything; the message was clear. She was offering to let me finish inside her mouth.

I placed the unconscious Charlotte on the toilet bowl, positioning her to sit there, her body slumped and lifeless. Then, without hesitation, I grabbed the back of Amy's head and guided her toward my cock. Her mouth eagerly enveloped me, sliding down my length until I was buried deep in her throat. I could feel the tight squeeze as I reached the entrance to her esophagus.

The sounds of deepthroating filled the small cubicle—the wet, desperate choking, and the constant drip of saliva hitting the floor. I kept thrusting, fucking her throat relentlessly, until I finally unleashed all the pent-up semen from fucking Charlotte earlier.

As I pulled out, Amy immediately opened her mouth to show me the aftermath. Her throat was completely empty—she had swallowed every drop of cum.

Charlotte's POV

I woke up in a room that was unmistakably my dorm room at the academy. Everything was in its place, but the room felt emptier than I remembered. I'd been forced to sell off much of my stuff; once, my space had been filled with the trappings of prestige and comfort, but now, it was stark and reduced.

One thing caught my eye that shouldn't have been there: the white one-piece dress Leon had insisted I wear for our date. It hung on a hanger by the drawer, its delicate fabric swaying slightly. I looked down at myself and saw that I wasn't naked, as I'd feared. Instead, I was dressed in a new set of clothes—a present from my father on my 18th birthday, given to me the moment I received my skill.

"He must have changed me," I muttered to myself. There wasn't much embarrassment in the thought; after all, he had seen every inch of my body and done whatever he pleased with it. At this point, feeling embarrassed seemed pointless.

My eyes drifted to something new in the room—a stool placed deliberately near the bed, with a letter resting on top. I swung my legs out of bed, but the moment my feet touched the floor, my legs quivered. He'd been rough with me earlier, so much so that my legs were still trembling from the intensity.

Despite the unsteady feeling, I pushed forward, taking slow, tentative steps across the room. My legs shook with every movement, but I finally made it to the stool. With a deep breath, I reached out and picked up the letter.

I unfolded the letter and began to read. As the words sank in, a frown creased my face.

"Your service today was mediocre at best. But it did feel good to me, so I won't rate you too harshly this time. However, next time, I expect you not to fall unconscious while you're servicing me."

"This man..." I growled, crumpling the letter tightly in my hand, the paper bending under my grip.

Next to it was a receipt indicating that there were still four more sessions I had to endure with him.

I hoped that by the time these sessions ended, I wouldn't be swayed by his dominance.

Chapter 297: Irene's Trouble (1)

Rose's POV

Cars are probably the most incredible marvel humanity has ever created. Sure, the internet and smartphones are impressive in their own right, but nothing quite compares to the sheer brilliance of a car. These machines not only offer rapid, seamless travel but also boast remarkable efficiency. It's astounding to think about how long it took humanity to develop such a transformative invention.

Cars are nothing short of a modern wonder.

As I drove mine toward the academy, the roads felt almost serene. With only a handful of people owning cars, the streets—engineered for smooth, effortless driving—were mostly deserted. Occasionally, a car would pass by, just a fleeting shadow in my peripheral vision every ten or thirty minutes.

Cars are expensive, and only those with deep pockets can afford them.

The academy had also invested in a new parking lot specifically for professors who drove, thanks to a lucrative partnership with Leonamon. This collaboration not only funded the construction of the parking area but also spurred Leonamon to build a variety of new facilities.

These upgrades were designed to enhance the working conditions for professors, faculty, and staff, and to create a more conducive learning environment for students.

Leonamon's rise to prominence in the industry is nothing short of remarkable. Their innovative products and ambitious projects have cemented their status as a leading global company. The name Leonamon is now so well-known that even those with no background in the industry recognize its significance.

I arrived at the academy and parked my car in the lot, which was packed with vehicles. Every faculty member seemed to own a car now—well, everyone except one person.

"Irene."

I spotted her walking into the academy, looking as haggard as ever, maybe even more so than usual. She must have drunk herself senseless last night.

"Oh, Rose..." she muttered, her voice heavy with depression. I already had a pretty good idea of why she was like this.

"You drowned yourself in alcohol last night, didn't you? Though, the smell alone gives it away," I said

She breathed into her hand, sniffing it cautiously. Her expression soured instantly. "I don't think I smell that much like alcohol."

"Your face screams hangover. Are you sure you're up for teaching in this state?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I mean, I've done it before. I think I can manage."

"Is it because you've been ghosted that you're doing this to yourself?"

The moment I said that, she flinched, her reaction telling me everything I needed to know.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Look, I get it—or at least, I'm trying to. Maybe I can't fully grasp what you're going through, but it's clear as day that your heart's shattered. You got played, left in bed like a used toy, and now you're haunted by his ghost. But why are you still holding on to him? He's ghosted you, vanished without a trace.

That guy has probably—no, definitely—moved on and forgotten all about you. You should do the same. Let go of that dead weight and find someone else who actually deserves you." I leaned in closer, my voice softening but still firm. "You being not a virgin anymore doesn't change the fact that you're a damn good woman. Anyone would be lucky to have you.

Don't you think the best revenge on that asshole who disappeared from your life is to show him how happy you are now, even after he fucked you over? That's the real victory—proving you're better off without him."

"T-That's not really... I mean, I know I should do that, but I just can't. Yesterday..."

"What about yesterday?"

"Uh, nothing."

Her mouth slipped, and I caught it instantly. She mentioned "yesterday," which meant the person who ghosted her wasn't just a memory but someone she had seen recently. My mind started to churn, piecing together the clues. If she saw him yesterday, then it had to be someone close by—someone from this school.

My thoughts narrowed down the possibilities, boiling it all down to the most likely scenario: it had to be someone from the faculty.

"I'm going to track down that bastard for you, Irene," I said firmly.

"Y-You don't need to do that. I mean, you don't even know who he is."

"I'm excellent at investigating. I can find him in no time."

Irene's face turned anxious, her eyes darting around. She clearly didn't want me to find out who it was. Her panic only made it more obvious that she was trying to keep something hidden. But no matter how much she tried to conceal it, nothing could stay hidden from me.

I checked every male faculty member at the academy. None of them seemed to match Irene's description. Even those who seemed like they could fit her type were unlikely candidates. Sesillian was ruled out as well. The only possibility left was someone older, but that seemed unlikely. Still, it couldn't be completely dismissed.

There was a whisper of gossip about a faculty member in his sixties who had been caught cheating. Such rumors rarely spread without some kernel of truth. Where there's smoke, there's usually a fire burning somewhere. Could this old professor be the one who had been with Irene? It was a possibility worth considering.

However, my investigation soon led to the revelation that the man in question was indeed cheating, but not with Irene. His affair was with another woman in her forties.

"There's no chance it's a woman," I muttered, my voice barely a whisper. "Irene definitely doesn't swing that way."

Irene had never had a boyfriend, but I was certain she wasn't interested in women. Her history—or lack thereof—made that clear.

As I mulled this over, my smartphone buzzed insistently. The caller ID read "Partner." I had saved the number under this name since we had become partners.

I stared at the screen, my mind flashing back to that night. The night I had awkwardly asked if he wanted to have sex. The memory made my face burn with embarrassment. I couldn't believe I had actually blurted that out.

After a brief pause, I picked up the call.

"Ahem. Hello, Leon?"

"Professor Rose, I have some valuable information about Eclipse," Leon's voice came through clearly. "I'd prefer to discuss it in person rather than over the phone, if you're not too busy. Would that be alright?"

Eclipse was the cult I'd been digging into, and any new intel could be a game-changer. Given our arrangement to cooperate, I didn't waste a moment in my reply.

"I'm on my way."

I set aside the search for the man who had left Irene in the lurch for now.

Chapter 298: Irene's Trouble (2)

I arrived at the meeting spot and parked my car in a nearby lot. Stepping out, I made my way to the meeting place—it was Leonamon's Cake Shop.

As soon as I walked in, the metal chimes rang out, and the rich scent of pastries filled the air. The place was packed with customers, so much so that every table was taken. It was no surprise; after all, this was Leonamon's cake shop.

A woman with closed eyes approached me slowly. She gave off an airheaded vibe, as if she was lost in thought about something, even though she should have been focused on her task right now.

She glided over to me and said, "Hello, welcome to Leonamon's Cake Shop. How may I assist you today?"

Despite her deliberate movements, she was surprisingly adept at her job. I told her I had a reservation for a room. She asked for my name, then paused, her eyes unfocused as if searching through her mental archives. After a moment, she seemed to snap back to reality and directed me to follow her.

I followed her through the bustling shop, past the aroma of freshly baked pastries that wafted through the air, until we reached a door marked for VIPs. The VIP room was a secluded haven designed for those who wanted to enjoy their treats without interruption or noise. It was an exclusive retreat, costing a hefty 5 gold coins to reserve.

I couldn't help but wonder how Leon had managed to book this room and where he'd come up with the 5 gold coins.

When I stepped into the room, I found Leon already seated at the table. The door clicked shut behind me, leaving just the two of us in the cozy space.

"Good evening, Professor," he greeted me with a nod. "Please, take a seat."

I settled into the plush chair, my gaze drifting eagerly to the table. It was overflowing with an assortment of pastries, each one more decadent than the last, their sweet aroma mingling in the air.

"Don't worry," Leon said, catching my eye. "I ordered enough for both of us."

"I'm going to pay you," I said, feeling a twinge of discomfort. I was a working adult now, with a car of my own. It would be downright embarrassing if I let an academy student pick up the tab for my food.

"No, it's fine," Leon said with a dismissive wave, a confident smile on his face. "I did this because I wanted to."

"But do you even have the funds for all this?" I asked, taking in the lavish spread. "It's quite a lot."

"I told you it's fine," Leon repeated, his tone firm. "Besides, if this is going to be a date, then it's only natural for the person who invited you to cover the cost."

A warm flush surged up to my cheeks, and I quickly turned away, hiding my face. How could he say something so utterly embarrassing? Was this kind of smooth talk just second nature to him? He really knew how to get under my skin, how to play the seducer without breaking a sweat. But I wasn't about to let him see me flustered.

I drew in a steady breath, forcing myself to regain composure, and then turned my gaze back to him.

"Thank you for your consideration," I said, my voice steady as I picked up my fork and began to eat.

As we dug into the assortment of pastries, our discussion turned to the Eclipse and the findings Leon had uncovered.

"I found something interesting from an information broker," Leon said, leaning in slightly. "There's some shady stuff going on at the pier in the Kingdom, near the fishing village. I got a tip-off about illegal activities—something like human trafficking from neighboring villages. It's likely a case of kidnapping. Have you heard about the missing daughters in other countries?"

I think this might be connected."

"Virgin sacrifices, huh?" I mused, recalling a grim conversation with an ex-member of the Eclipse before his execution—a blow to the head that ended his life. He'd mentioned something about virgin sacrifices needed to summon... something, though the details remained elusive.

"You might be jumping to conclusions," Leon said, his tone cautious but thoughtful.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confusion lacing my voice as I tried to grasp his point.

Leon leaned back slightly, his gaze steady and intense. "I don't think they're specifically targeting virgins this time around," he said. "From the intel I've gathered, some of the kidnapped girls were sold into prostitution. They weren't virgins anymore by the time they ended up there. And remember, I mentioned that Charlotte Sierra is being targeted directly."

That suggests these other girls might not be Eclipse-related at all. They could belong to a different group or agenda. But it's also possible they still need to meet certain criteria for what's happening."

His reasoning made a disturbing kind of sense. The trafficking of these girls could indeed be part of a more mundane human trafficking operation. And his point about Charlotte Sierra being a specific target of the Eclipse was compelling. But the lack of concrete evidence left us with too many unanswered questions, and the puzzle remained frustratingly incomplete.

"The winter vacation is just around the corner, right?" Leon suggested, his eyes glinting with resolve. "Why don't we take advantage of the break to investigate? There could be something there that reveals the true objective of the Eclipse."

I raised an eyebrow, studying him closely. "You're still a student at the academy, Leon. It's too dangerous for you to get involved in something like this. I'll handle it on my own."

Without warning, Leon's hand shot out, his grip firm and assertive as he seized mine. The sheer strength in his grasp made my heart pound and my cheeks flush with a hot blush. "W-What?" I stammered, the intensity of his touch sending shivers down my spine. Just how powerful was his grip?

"You can't face something this dangerous alone, Professor," he said, his voice edged with determination and concern. His serious gaze sent a strange, unsettling thrill through my groin. "I won't let you."

I forced myself to push down the fluttering sensation in my groin and shook my head. "But I've got more experience," I told him firmly. "I'm alone, but I can handle myself."

Leon's grip on my hand tightened, a steady pressure that felt almost like a warning. "I can handle myself too," he said. "I may be younger, but I'm no slouch."

His touch sent a pounding sensation through my chest, an unsettling mix of anxiety and something more primal. If he didn't release me soon, I felt like something bad might happen.

"O-Okay..." I managed to say, trying to keep my voice steady. "But promise me you won't get yourself killed, and we'll proceed with caution."

With that, he finally let go of my hand. I sighed in relief, trying to steady my racing heart.

Chapter 299: Irene's Trouble (3)

After our discussion about the Eclipse wrapped up, we naturally drifted to the romance genre. It was as if talking about it was second nature for us both. He mentioned that he'd read the novel I'd recommended, which was a nice surprise.

I decided to steer the conversation in a new direction.

"Can I ask you something else? Something completely unrelated to romance or the Eclipse?"

"Sure thing," he responded.

"I don't want to air issues about someone who isn't here and hasn't given their consent for their problems to be discussed, but her situation is getting pretty messy."

"Okay, so what's this person's problem?" he asked.

"I'm not quite sure how to put this..." I said, then met his gaze. "You're currently in a relationship with someone, right? I've heard you're dating the Princess of the Bethlan Kingdom."

"That's right," he confirmed with a nod.

"I haven't been in any relationships myself, so I'm not sure how to navigate this. Just to clarify, I'm not talking about my own problems. This is actually about my best friend's situation. Since you're in a relationship, I thought you might have some useful advice."

"So, it's a relationship issue," he mused thoughtfully.

"Exactly," I confirmed. "Like me, my best friend has never been in a relationship before. She opened up to me about her struggles with a guy who disappeared on her after... well, after they had sex. She's feeling pretty messed up about it."

"Hm. That definitely sounds like a serious issue," he said thoughtfully. "It seems like she's been ghosted."

"And the worst part is, my best friend is still running after him..." I said, gripping my hair in frustration as if it were a lifeline. "I'm worried she'll end up hopeless. Is there anything I can do to help her?"

Leon shook his head slowly. "I'm not sure if there's much either of us can do. It's really up to her to decide if she's going to keep chasing him. It's best to wait and see if she goes too far before stepping in. For now, it's better not to do anything reckless and just keep an eye on her."

"Is that really the best way to handle it?"

"As far as I can tell, we have no real business interfering," he said with a thoughtful expression. "At least, that's my take on it. Besides, these emotions might be the push your friend needs. A wound can be a sign of growing strength. But, of course, it depends on whether she can pull herself out of this mess or not."

That actually made sense, but I couldn't shake the gnawing discomfort about leaving Irene to deal with this alone. Was it truly the best way to handle it? For now, I guess I'll have to trust Leon's judgment.

"Your car looks absolutely stunning," Leon said, his eyes roving over my vehicle with genuine admiration.

I couldn't help but smile wide at his praise. It felt like someone was complimenting my beloved baby. After all, my car was practically an extension of myself, so that feeling was only natural.

"Of course, this beauty is my pride and joy," I said, running my hand along the sleek roof of the car. "With this baby, I don't need anyone else to make me happy."

Leon chuckled, his gaze still fixed on the car. "You really are a picture of independence," he said, sliding into the passenger seat while I settled into the driver's.

"Before I drive you back to the academy, would you like to make a detour somewhere? Although, considering it's curfew time, it might be best to head straight back, huh?"

"It's fine. Breaking curfew isn't a big deal," Leon said with a casual shrug. "Besides, I doubt it'll have much impact on my standing at the academy."

I let out a chuckle.

"Well, buckle up then," I replied with a grin.

With that, I eased the car into motion.

I rolled down the window, letting the wind whip through the cabin, making it feel exhilarating. The rush of air was intoxicating, blending perfectly with the smooth hum of the road beneath us. The tires seemed to glide effortlessly, making it feel like we were floating instead of driving.

"Driving at night really is the best!" I shouted over the rush of the wind, exhilarated by the freedom of the road. "Ugh, I could really use a drink right now. I've got some chilled alcohol in the trunk, but..."

"Don't drink and drive," Leon reminded me. "Isn't that what they teach you in Leonamon?"

"Yeah, I know," I said with a sigh. The instructors had drilled into me the dangers of drinking while driving. It could lead to accidents, and I'd rather not risk my life—or my car. My baby deserved better than to be wrecked because of a stupid mistake. I'd sooner crash anything else before I'd let something happen to my precious baby.

"Where are we headed, Professor?" Leon asked, curiosity clear in his voice.

"Somewhere I go when I need to unwind at night," I said. "This spot is where I release the stress from my job. Teaching can be a real pain sometimes."

"Teaching really can be tough, can't it?" he remarked, his tone understanding.

"You have no idea," I said.

After a while on the road, we finally reached our destination—a cliff overlooking the road. I parked the car and we made our way to the edge. The moon shone brightly above, casting a serene glow over the landscape. The view was breathtaking, with the moonlight shimmering across the dark, open sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" I said, letting the stunning view sink in. The moonlight cast a silver sheen over the landscape, enhancing the tranquil beauty of the night.

"It really is," Leon replied.

I clasped my hands near my mouth and shouted into the night, "Fuck the Administrators for dumping so much work on me, and fuck my father too!"

The weight of my stress—crushing work demands, relentless teaching duties, and the constant strain of being an agent—was all coming out now. These assholes were responsible for the overload.

"Aaaah! I could really use a drink right now!" I cried out, the frustration evident in my voice. I strode over to the trunk, grabbed the chilled bottles of alcohol, and brought it back to the edge of the cliff. The cool bottles felt satisfying against my hand.

"You want some alcohol?" I asked, holding up the bottle. "This one's the best, you know."

Leon gave me a sidelong glance, then took the bottle from my hand. "I guess it's fine," he said.

Chapter 300: Rose's Troubles (1)

Leon's POV

Professor Rose was guzzling down an entire bottle of alcohol like it was water. She'd already drained three bottles, while I was still nursing the first one she'd handed me, barely halfway through.

The stench of booze clung to her, thick and pungent, like it was seeping from her very pores.

"Being an adult is a fucking pain in the ass," she slurred, her words heavy with drunken frustration. "I barely get any sleep, my back's always killing me, and when I wake up, I'm still tired as hell. I can count the hours I sleep on one hand—maybe two fingers if I'm lucky. And then, you gotta slap on a presentable face, make everyone think you've got your shit together. But it's all bullshit."

I miss how things used to feel when I was younger," she mumbled through hiccups, her voice thick and sloppy with the alcohol that had her completely wrecked.

I gazed up at the shimmering stars and the sprawling night sky as I took a deep gulp from the bottle. "It really does seem like a fucking pain in the ass," I said. "Sometimes, I wish I could stay young forever. No responsibilities, just endless opportunities."

"It's that intoxicating sense of freedom that makes you think like that," she slurred, her voice thick with the effects of the alcohol. "Once you're older, you're shackled by work and barely have any time for yourself. Sometimes, I escape by getting plastered and shouting into the abyss from this cliff."

Her words echoed memories of what my sister used to say. After our parents died, she had to shoulder everything alone. She'd always insist I needed to savor my youth, to seize every chance and live fully without regrets. She wanted me to pursue what I desired because she didn't want me to face the same burdens she did. She was my anchor, always reaching out to keep me grounded when I was at my lowest.

"I wanted to go back in time and do it all over again," she said. "Back then, I dreamed of having a grand house all to myself, and maybe even having a prince charming sweep me off my feet, so we could start a family. It all feels so childish now, but our minds back then were driven by different fantasies than we have now. Who would have thought someone like me would have such fantastical dreams?"

"It isn't that hard to believe, honestly," I replied.

"Eh?"

"I mean, everyone has their own wild fantasies. Like me, wanting to conquer the world and hold it in the palm of my hand."

She let out a soft chuckle, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "That's a pretty ambitious and fantastical dream," she said with a playful grin.

"I know," I said, letting the words linger in the cool night air as I took another slow sip, the taste of the drink grounding me. "But yours, it feels more real. It's not just some fantasy; it's the kind of dream a normal girl has when she's thinking about her love life."

She let out a soft, almost bitter laugh, the sound carrying a trace of something deeper. "You think I'm a normal girl?" Her chuckle was laced with a hint of self-mockery. "You should've seen me back then. I had my hair chopped short, and I was a wild beast. I racked up more fight records in the academy than any of the boys. My mother, she gave up on trying to make me into a lady.

Didn't see the point."

I glanced at her. "You look like any other lady to me," I said. It was a simple statement, but I knew it was more than that. Most women would've taken offense, hearing they were just like any other girl. But for her, who had always struggled to fit into the mold of a conventional woman, it was a genuine compliment.

She, who had never felt like a true woman, might finally see herself as one through my eyes.

Her face turned a deep shade of red, the flush either from the alcohol or my unexpected compliment. She stammered, "T-Thank you for that... I guess..." and quickly tried to hide her embarrassment. She took a shaky breath and continued, "Phew. I'd probably regret it if I could go back in time. I mean, if I did, I wouldn't have had the chance to meet you, Partner."

"Well, I think I was still pretty young back then," I said. "But if we were the same age and you were still the same as you were then, I'd definitely marry you."

Her drinking came to a sudden halt as she fixed me with a scrutinizing gaze, her eyes narrowing with a mix of suspicion and amusement. "Are you trying to seduce me now, Leon? You can stop that. It won't work on me. Besides, you've got a girlfriend, right? I don't want her getting the wrong idea.

She's a princess from another kingdom. If she catches wind of this, you might find yourself in a lot of trouble, you know?"

"I'm not trying to seduce you or anything like that," I said. "I'm just talking about a hypothetical scenario. Honestly, I'm stunned that guys your age can't see you in a different light. You'd make a hell of a wife. And I genuinely mean that as a compliment."

Her face flushed slightly, or maybe it was just the alcohol making her cheeks red. "If you're not trying to seduce me with those words, then you must have a knack for it without even realizing," she said. "I might really land in hot water if you keep this up."

"Keep what up?"

"That... You saying things like this to me. I don't want to get caught in a mess. I despise trouble, and my job is already a fucking mess. I don't want to find myself tangled in a complicated situation."

"If you really need to let it all out, you can always shout it here," I said, my voice low and steady. "This place has a way of helping you release everything, right? That's why you keep coming back here when things get rough."

She let out a shaky breath, her voice quivering with emotion. "I'm serious, Partner. I don't want to get into trouble, so please, don't say any more of those strange things to me."

Professor Rose's heart was breaking at a pace I hadn't realized was possible. If I pushed any further, her emotions might spiral out of control, leading her to do exactly what she wanted to avoid.

I reached out and gently touched one of her hands resting on the ground for support.

Her hand twitched for a moment before she turned her head toward me. Our eyes locked, and I saw the conflict within her.

"I don't... really want to get in trouble..."

"If you really want to do it, then it's okay to get in trouble every now and then," I said softly. "Just like what we're doing right now. I mean, I'm definitely breaking curfew by being here, but I'm doing it because I want to be with you, Professor."

In that moment, I saw something shift in those deep green eyes. Without another word, she let go of the glass bottle. Her hand moved to my cheek as she leaned in, closing the distance between us.

Her lips met mine.

The beer splashed as the bottle hit the ground.