

The World 301

Chapter 301: Rose's Troubles (2)

The kiss was clumsy and awkward, our teeth knocking together and sending a jolt of pain through me. But despite its roughness, that awkward kiss was the sweetest thing ever. Professor Rose even closed her eyes as she pressed her lips against mine.

I didn't push her away. This had always been my plan from the beginning—to make her heart feel me, to let me seep into her.

Everything I said to her was genuine; I meant every word. There might have been a bit of manipulation in my words, but she didn't need to know that.

Her hand, which had been holding a bottle of beer earlier, was still cold and sent a slight chill against my cheek. It wasn't unpleasant, though. In fact, it felt surprisingly good.

After a moment, she suddenly pushed me away, her face a mask of shock, as if she couldn't fathom why she had acted that way.

"I-I'm sorry. I shouldn't...!"

I seized her collar and yanked her back to me, capturing her lips once more. She struggled briefly, but then her eyes fluttered shut. Her mouth pressed against mine awkwardly, but I guided it gently, trying to make her more accustomed to the kiss.

"N-No... don't..." she whispered, her voice trembling as she pushed me away again. Her face was turned away, flushed deep red, extending all the way to her ears. Her hands, which had been forcefully pushing me away, now seemed weak and limp.

I felt like I had crossed a line. Maybe I had pushed too hard. Was it because my skills in seducing women had made me overconfident? That could be it.

"Sorry," I muttered as I stood up.

Before I could fully straighten, I felt a gentle pinch at the hem of my shirt.

"Car..." she mumbled, her voice barely audible, before adding, "Let's go to the car."

I had never understood the appeal of making out in a car before. It seemed like a guaranteed way for a couple to get caught in the act. But now, as I found myself in that very scenario, I had to admit—I finally got it.

Rose was perched on top of me, her hands firmly grasping the back of my head as she thrust her tongue deep inside my mouth. The way her tongue moved was chaotic and clumsy, but it sent waves of pleasure through me. Her unique scent mingled with the sharp tang of alcohol and the creamy aroma of milky soap, creating a heady, intoxicating blend that left me lightheaded.

I could feel my dick growing hard and pressing uncomfortably against the fabric of my pants. The urge to rip them off was overwhelming, but I wanted to savor every moment of this intense, fiery connection.

The car we were in was far from shock-resistant. As one of the first models in this world, it was expected to be a bit flimsy. As a result, every movement we made, even just her kissing me, caused the car to shift and shake slightly.

Thankfully, no one was around to witness the car rocking.

After a while, we finally pulled away from each other, our mouths still connected by a glistening strand of saliva. Her eyes were misty and captivating, her cheeks flushed a deep red. Her green hair was disheveled, some strands sticking to her damp, sweaty face, making her look even more enticing.

This professor, usually known for her bad mood and headstrong demeanor, was now straddling me with a fiery intensity, her lips having thoroughly ravaged mine. I had a strong feeling that tonight, we were going to explore much more than just kissing.

"I think I like you, Leon," she confessed, her voice quivering as she spoke. "But you have a girlfriend, so I'm trying to push my feelings aside. I don't want to cause any trouble or do something that would disrespect her. She's a princess from another kingdom, and if she found out about this affair, we could face severe consequences—possibly execution—for betraying her.

I really don't want to deal with that kind of trouble. I told you before that I don't like trouble, didn't I? When Gabrielle and Irene were at odds? I stayed out of it completely. That's just how I am. But now, here I am, tangled up in this mess with you, and I feel like such a dumbass.

I can't help it, though. When I asked you earlier if you were in a relationship, a sharp pang of pain shot through my chest. It hurt so badly that I couldn't even enjoy those delicious pastries. I brushed it off, thinking it might be some strange illness and planned to see a doctor. But after kissing you, I realized my feelings for you are something else entirely.

My heart is pounding so fast right now, it's overwhelming."

Tears began to spill from her eyes.

"I'm sorry, but we need to stop," she said, her voice trembling as if every word was a struggle. "I can't do this... I'll just end up feeling guilty. The fact that I'm falling for you is already a mess, considering I'm a professor and you're a student. It's a complication I can't afford. My family would cut me off if they found out.

That's why..."

I reached out, gently touching her flushed cheek. My fingers traced the damp strands of her green hair, which clung to her sweat-slicked skin. The warmth from her flushed face seeped into my palm, making my touch feel like a fiery contrast to her icy distress.

"Please, don't... It's not fair..." she mumbled, her eyes welling up with tears.

"You don't have to worry about any of that," I murmured, my voice a soft caress. My hand, which had been gently stroking her cheek, slowly descended, grazing her nape and neck before finding its way to her collarbone. It lingered there for a moment before continuing its journey to one of her breasts.

The moment my fingers made contact, I felt the weight and firmness of her breast, its softness yielding to my touch, perfectly balanced between giving and holding firm.

She didn't flinch or pull away; instead, she fixed her gaze on me, her eyes wide with a mix of uncertainty and desire.

I continued, my tone soothing and firm. "Forget about me having a girlfriend. Don't worry about what society will say or your family's potential judgment. For tonight, be selfish. Let go of all your reservations. Imagine I'm the cliff where you can release all those pent-up feelings.

Scream them out, let them all come spilling over."

She swallowed hard.

"For tonight, just be selfish," I urged her again.

She responded by pressing her lips against mine with renewed intensity. Our kiss was a desperate, almost frantic dance of tongues and lips. As the heat between us grew, our clothes started coming off in a clumsy yet fervent scramble.

With each garment shed, our desire became more apparent. My shirt was soon discarded, followed by hers, leaving her in just a lacy dark green bra. I slid my hand beneath it, directly feeling the soft, warm curve of her breast, its firmness pressing against my palm.

I could feel her shiver as my hand made contact with her bare skin. Eventually, my fingers found their mark, brushing over her erect nipple, the hard nub responding to my touch.

She placed her hand over mine and whispered, "Touch me more than just that, Partner. Tonight, I'll be selfish, so you be too."

The car rocked violently that night.

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Rose pressed her tongue deep into my mouth, her hips undulating sensually against me through her pants. Her hands were desperate, fumbling with my belt as she tried to get it undone. The buckle clicked open with a satisfying snap, and I pulled her closer, kissing her with a fierce, unrestrained passion. She eagerly returned the kiss, her hands working urgently to free my belt.

In no time, she had unfastened it, letting it drop to the floor of the car. Rose lifted herself slightly, giving me the chance to unbutton and unzip her pants. The fabric slid down smoothly, revealing her dark green lacy underwear that perfectly matched her bra.

She tossed her pants onto the backseat with a carefree toss, then returned to straddling my thighs, her body pressing against me as our kissing grew more intense.

I shifted slightly, tugging down my pants and tossing them aside, followed by my underwear. As I freed my aching cock from its restrictive confinement, it made contact with Rose's trembling thighs, causing her to shudder.

"W-What...?" she stammered, her eyes widening as she took in the sight. "T-This is..." She gulped, her face flushed.

"Now then, why don't you show me yours?" I urged, my voice a low, husky murmur. While I was eager to fuck her in those tantalizingly lacy panties and bra, I wanted to keep that particular kink a secret for now. I'd save that discussion for another time. For the moment, I wanted to see her fully exposed.

"Um," she whispered, her voice trembling as she hugged herself tightly. With a deep breath, she reached behind and unclasped her bra. The delicate fabric fell away, revealing her full, voluptuous breasts. Her skin was a smooth, creamy white, sharply contrasting with her slightly tanned body. Her nipples were erect and a soft pinkish-brown, standing out against the lighter skin of her breasts.

After tossing her bra onto the backseat, she wrapped her arms around her chest, trying to hide her exposed curves. Her face was flushed. "...I'm embarrassed," she murmured, her eyes darting away.

"It's beautiful," I assured her, my gaze fixed on her with genuine admiration. "You don't have to be."

When I told her that, she swallowed hard, her fingers trembling as she gripped the waistband of her panties. With a mix of hesitation and resolve, she began to pull them down slowly. The fabric inched over her thighs, sliding sensually down to her calves, and finally, to her ankles. Each movement was deliberate, heightening the anticipation.

She lifted one leg, slipping the panties off with a soft rustle, then the other, finally discarding them to the floor.

Now, I could see her fully. My Perfect Eyesight allowed me to appreciate every detail even in the dim light. Her skin was pristine, almost glowing in its clarity, contrasting sharply with the tan lines that marked her athletic body. Her hips were still pale, untouched by the sun, while her legs were a warm bronze, hinting at hours spent outdoors.

The vivid lines and layers of her tan accentuated her natural, sun-kissed beauty, making her all the more enticing.

She had an athletic body with minimal fat, every muscle in her defined and sculpted. Her abdomen boasted a set of abs, and her legs were toned and powerful. Even with such a muscular build, she exuded a raw, undeniable sexiness.

The hair down there was a rich, vibrant green, mirroring the lushness of her head, as if a hidden garden had sprung up in that intimate place.

"As I thought, you're incredibly beautiful, Professor," I said, my voice low and full of admiration. She blushed fiercely, her cheeks flushing a deep, rosy red as she averted her eyes, overcome with embarrassment.

I then adjusted the car seat, pushing it back to create the perfect space for her to straddle me.

Without uttering a single word, she mounted me with deliberate, languid movements. She guided the tip of my dick to her entrance, which was already slick and eager. Despite her stern reputation as a terror professor, she exuded an unexpected eroticism, her tall, curvaceous frame amplifying her allure.

She descended slowly, the head of my dick parting her wet folds with a smooth, almost effortless glide. There was no resistance, no barrier; just the seamless warmth of her pussy enveloping me.

"Hnnnnnn~! Aaaah, hafu...! Haaa, aaah, haaaa, haaaa..." Her eyes were glazed with pleasure as she looked at me, her breaths coming in ragged gasps. "It's inside..."

"Yeah," I said, "and it feels good."

My hand wandered to her breast, kneading it gently.

"Mmmnn~!" She responded with a shiver.

"Fuaaaah!" she gasped.

Her breasts were astounding—full, thick, with a solid, double-layered structure that melded her chest muscle with the softness of her breasts.

I lowered my head and licked her erect nipple.

"Hafu...! T-That's...!" she moaned, her voice trembling.

I wrapped my lips around her sensitive nipple, sucking gently as I began to thrust up into her.

"Aaaah, nnnnn~!"

Rose's eyes locked onto me as I continued to play with her nipple, each thrust of my hips causing the car to rock violently.

"Aaaaah, aaaah, aaaaa, aaaaa, aaaaaau! Hagu, hnnngg~!" Her cries were a mix of pleasure and desperation.

Warm, slick liquid dripped from deep inside her, coating my dick with her wetness. I drove into her relentlessly, each thrust harder and more intense.

"Aaaaah, kyaaaaaaaaau! Haauuu, aaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Her breaths came in ragged gasps, her body glistening with sweat. Her eyes were glassy, wandering wildly as her face contorted in pleasure. Sweat sprayed off her skin with every thrust, the car windows fogging up from the heat we generated inside. The

"Aaaah, it feels good...! Aaaah, ah, ahhh, aaaah, ahh, ah, ah, aaaah...!"

Rose's moans grew louder and more desperate, filling the confined space of the car. Each cry of pleasure was a blend of high-pitched whimpers and deep, throaty groans that reverberated through the air.

I grabbed her ass firmly from behind, my hands kneading and squeezing as I used her hips to push my dick deeper inside her. The intensity of our movements rocked the car.

"Aaaah, nooo! W-What is this? What is this?! It feels so fucking good...! Oh my god, it feels so incredible! So deep, aaaah, nooo!"

Hyaaaaaaaaan~!"

Her cries were a mix of confusion and ecstasy, her face contorting into a lewd expression I hadn't imagined from the so-called terror professor. Her transformation into a vessel of pure pleasure made me swell with pride.

"Wait, wait, wait! L-Leon! Time out! Let's take a break!" she gasped, her breath ragged and her voice desperate.

"If we stop now, the fire burning in us will just die out," I growled, maintaining my relentless thrusts as the car's interior fogged up with our heat.

I needed to be relentless, thrusting hard and fast, determined to push us both to the edge without giving her a moment's reprieve.

"W-Wait! Aaaaaaaaau! Aaaaaahhaaaaa! S-Something's coming!!"

I felt her pussy tighten around my dick, the intense pressure signaling her impending climax.

"Aaaaaaaa, uhaaaa, kuuuuuu! Auuuuuuuu!"

Her body arched in an exquisite, convulsing wave.

"Something's coming! I'm flying! It's bursting! Aaaaaaaaah!" Her screams grew more frantic as her climax surged through her. "Something's coming...!"

Then, she finally let go, her body convulsing violently as she reached her peak.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu, kugyuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

Her love nectar exploded from her, splattering like spring water. She collapsed against my chest, utterly spent.

"Haaa, haaa, haaa, haaaa."

She panted heavily, her entire body drenched in sweat. Her green hair clung to her sweaty face and body. With each labored breath, her chest heaved and expanded.

"Haaa, haa..."

After a moment, she turned her gaze towards me.

"Was it good? Did I make you feel good?"

"Yes," I replied. "But we're not finished yet. I haven't cum yet."

She looked away, blushing deeply. "W-Well, use me as you need to, to get yourself off."

Chapter 303: Rose's Troubles (4)

After she said that, I immediately thrust upward, driving into her with force. Her breasts bounced with the motion, jiggling wildly with each powerful movement I made.

"Fuaaaah, aaaaaah, aah, aaah, aaah...!"

I didn't relent, just kept fucking her with my hips thrusting upward, each powerful movement sending shivers of pleasure through me. My grip on her ass tightened with every thrust, squeezing harder and harder, the surge of ecstasy pulsing up through me.

"Aaaaah, aaah, aaah, ah, ahh, ahh, ahhh...!"

After several intense strokes, her womb, impaled by my throbbing, muscular spear, had already descended. The waves of pleasure spread through her internal organs, making her seductive voice strain from deep within her throat.

"Aaaaah, hhaaaa~, it's going in, it's going in so deep~!"

Her pussy was an absolute delight, incredibly slick and wet. Every thrust in and out was a pure, delicious sensation. With her tall frame, firm, tight hips, and the fact that it was her first time, her vagina was snug and perfectly enveloping. Her full, heavy breasts bounced rhythmically with each movement, their enticing sway almost hypnotizing.

I grabbed one of her tits, letting my hand caress and squeeze it as I took her nipple into my mouth. I sucked on it eagerly, my tongue swirling around the areola.

"Fuaaaaah!" she arched her back, completely overwhelmed by the pleasure, and grabbed the back of my head, pulling me desperately closer.

I continued to thrust, and she matched my rhythm, moving her hips up and down while holding my head against her bouncing breasts. My cock, fully erect and aching to cum, slid in and out of her slick, throbbing pussy with smooth, deliberate motions. Each pull-out was followed by her tight honey pot gripping me again, the relentless repetition sending waves of furious pleasure through both of us.

Suddenly, I thrust my hips upward with a forceful drive. A shock of intense pleasure exploded at the base of her skull, and her tongue lolled out in pure, unrestrained bliss.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...! Aaaaah, nooo~! I'm getting wrecked! W-What is this?! It's stabbing me... It's stabbing me...!"

Your cock is stabbing... my baby's room...!"

She was nearly knocked unconscious by the jolt of her spine being electrified from the relentless thrusts pounding into her cervix, which had just started to drop. She threw her head back, her hair a chaotic mess, and began shaking her hips more wildly.

My hardness plunged deep into her soft folds, and her pink pussy lips were stretched open with each thrust. Her greedy, pulsating vagina eagerly clung to my cock, practically drooling with pleasure and begging for more.

"Aaaaaah, noo.. It feels good...! Aaaaah, aaah, ah, ah, huaaa, haaaa, aaah...!"

I pulled my mouth away from her nipple and gazed at her, captivated by the sight. Her face was flushed, a deep, radiant crimson of intense pleasure. She pressed her lips to mine, her eyes locking onto mine

with a gaze that burned with raw, unrestrained ecstasy. Her pupils had transformed into heart shapes, a clear sign of her desperate need to cum.

My cock, having stretched her womb open, surged with a gurgling, swollen intensity. I increased the pace of my thrusts, driving into her with a brutal, electrifying force that made her entire body shudder.

"Hiiii, aaaah, hyaaaa! Aaaah, aaaah!"

With each savage thrust, her entire body seemed to boil, reacting violently against my relentless assault on her uterus. Every wet, rhythmic push sent bubbles of her love juices splashing and scraping against her frenulum.

"Aaaaah, something is coming again...! I'm feeling it again...! The sensation of... flying...!"

Her pupils dilated, and tears streamed relentlessly down her flushed cheeks. Tiny earthquakes of pleasure shook her, one small orgasm after another, overwhelming her senses.

"I feel like I'm going to cum too..." I growled, voice thick with desire. "Is it okay if I cum inside?"

Without a moment's pause, she gasped, "Y-You can...! Aaaah, aaaaah! Come inside me...!"

She might have misunderstood my intention, but it was a clear signal. I gripped her ass firmly and released the cum I had been holding back. In the next moment, deep within her, my glans swelled to its full size, filling her completely.

"Aaaah, aaaah! S-Something's spraying inside me...! It feels so incredible...! What is this?! It feels so goooood!"

As the hot semen surged into her uterus, she was overwhelmed, panting and moaning uncontrollably in ecstasy.

Suddenly, she was hit with an intense wave of pleasure, and to keep herself upright, she pressed her hand against the fogged-up window. Her strength faltered, and her hand slid down the glass, leaving a mark where it had dragged through the mist, tracing a path of her desperate, shaking fingers.

Rose's POV

I slumped in my car, parked in the academy lot, looking completely drained yet oddly refreshed. Last night was a mess—a fucking disaster. I wished I could erase it all, chalking it up to being too drunk, and if any memory crept back, I'd just pretend it was a shitty dream. But every detail from that wild night was flashing in my mind with brutal clarity.

"What the fuck have I done?!" I slammed my forehead against the steering wheel, and the horn blared loudly. Nearby students, heading towards the academy gates, turned their heads in surprise.

I could only blame myself for what went down last night. I was the one who took charge and kissed him. After that, things spiraled—this happened and that happened—and then I passed out. The next thing I knew, I woke up next to him, and we'd slept together.

The drive back to his dorm was suffused with a heavy, awkward silence. We exchanged awkward goodbyes before I went home. Once I got back, I pounded my head against the wall a few times before dragging myself into the shower, desperately trying to shake off the chaos and get ready for the academy.

"How the fuck am I supposed to face him now?" I groaned, my forehead pressed hard against the steering wheel. "Seriously, how can I? I went after him even though he's already in a relationship, and on top of that, he's a fucking student! How the hell am I supposed to face one of our students as a professor when I've slept with him? How can I?!"

In frustration, I yanked at my hair.

Suddenly, a sharp knock on my window jolted me. I looked up to see Irene standing there, her glasses flashing in the morning light. I rolled down the window.

"You're making the students jump with all that noise," she said, her voice tinged with annoyance. "Why don't you just step outside instead of causing a scene like this?"

"Yeah, I'll do that now." I said, then climbed out of the car.

Irene, surprisingly, wasn't as drunk today, even though she had been plastered yesterday. Me, on the other hand...

"Did something happen?" she asked as we walked toward the academy.

"As far as I'm concerned, nothing happened," I replied, struggling to keep my voice steady. I didn't want to lie, but I sure as hell wasn't ready to admit that last night's fuck-up was something I couldn't undo. "Why do you ask? Is it my face that's giving me away?"

I knew my face must look a mess right now. I hadn't had a chance to fix it this morning, what with all the fucked-up thoughts swirling in my head.

"No, it's not just your face. Though that's part of it," Irene said. "Actually, you're glowing today."

"Wait, really?" I asked, taken aback.

"Yeah. You're not your usual grumpy self. But the reason I asked..." she said, then turned around and pointed at my car window. "...is that."

There it was—a smudged handprint on the window

Chapter 304: Guilt And Repayment (1)

??? POV's

The entire place, resembling the eerie interior of a cave, was filled with figures cloaked in dark hoods, their faces hidden in shadow. Massive torches blazed, casting wild, flickering light that danced across the stone walls. Along the sides, cages lined the cavern, each imprisoning women draped in white cloth.

Their eyes were blindfolded, their mouths gagged with cloth, silencing their voices and stripping them of sight.

Suddenly, a ripple of noise stirred the gathered crowd as one of the hooded figures ascended to the stage. On the ground, a massive circle was etched into the stone, marked with an ominous symbol that seemed to pulse with dark energy.

The figure raised their arms high, their voice echoing through the cavern. "In the shadows, we find truth, and in the darkness, we are reborn. The world will bow to our will, for we are the harbingers of the Eclipse, where light meets its end and our power begins."

"In the shadows, we find truth, and in the darkness, we are reborn. The world will bow to our will, for we are the harbingers of the Eclipse, where light meets its end and our power begins."

The hooded figures around me chanted in unison, their voices rising in a chilling harmony. I joined in, swept up in the dark energy of the moment.

"Tonight will be the night we achieve our long-awaited dreams. We will revive our lord!" the leader roared. "We will break free from this oppressive world and restore our true ruler to his rightful throne! Let's reclaim the world for our lord!"

The crowd erupted in a frenzied roar, arms thrust skyward in defiant unity. I raised my arm alongside them.

"Our lord, Lord Xyroskhaal, will rise again!" the man shouted, his voice echoing through the cavernous space with fiery intensity.

The men beside the leader moved with a chilling purpose toward the cages, their footsteps echoing ominously against the stone floor. With a metallic creak, the cage doors swung open, and they seized the women inside. The captives struggled, their muffled cries and desperate thrashes betraying their fear, but the men were unyielding, their grip like iron.

The women, bound tightly and nearly immobilized, could do little more than writhe against their captors' strength.

Without warning, the cave rumbled, a deep, guttural growl reverberating through the chamber. The floor, etched with the ominous symbol, began to pulse with an eerie, almost malevolent light. The darkness within the circle seemed to come alive, twisting and swirling before it split open like the gaping maw of a monstrous, unseen entity.

One by one, the women were hurled into the abyss. Their bodies plunged into the void, swallowed whole by the darkness without so much as a scream, their silence only amplifying the horror.

"Throw them all in!" the leader's voice boomed, filled with manic glee. "With this final act, our preparations will be complete! The Eclipse will blanket this world in darkness once more, and Lord Xyroskhaal will finally bless us with his return!"

The chamber erupted in a thunderous roar of approval.

Leon's POV

I heard some incredible news today, so after school, I bolted to the Leonamon Hospital. This place was renowned for its accessibility: it provided check-ups, operations, and medicines even to those who couldn't scrape together enough to afford healthcare. Commoners were welcome, and sometimes treatments were offered for free.

I descended to the basement, which looked like a cutting-edge laboratory. The space was alive with activity as researchers bustled about, engrossed in drug production and other experiments. The room was cluttered with a mix of high-tech devices and magical apparatuses, all designed to aid in patient recovery and enhance the healing process.

As I made my way through the bustling lab, I passed by researchers and scientists who greeted me with respectful bows. Every employee at Leonamon knew who I was, and they had sworn to keep my identity a secret. They treated me with warm smiles and deference as I walked toward my destination.

Notably, every worker here was female; Amon had ensured that only women could work in this facility and across all Leonamon departments.

I finally reached my destination: the office of one of the premier doctors, Trisha. Trisha herself was a breathtaking young woman, renowned for her exceptional skills despite her youth. She was one of the women I had been intimate with before. Once a trainee prostitute, I had saved her by purchasing her freedom from Martha, and she had since become a celebrated figure in her field.

There was another exceptional doctor, Natasha, who wasn't present at the moment. The room had a professional yet inviting atmosphere, and as I entered, Trisha greeted me with a warm and slightly nervous smile.

"Good evening, Master. Sorry for calling you when you're so busy," she said, her voice carrying a hint of concern.

"I'm not that swamped," I replied smoothly. "Besides, I can hardly ignore a call from one of my women."

At my words, a delicate blush spread across her cheeks, adding a touch of color to her already radiant face.

"So, what do your findings entail?" I asked.

"Right," she said, tapping on her tablet with a deft touch before turning it toward me. "We've been diving deep into Miss Melina's illness, and we've stumbled upon something that might actually help improve her condition."

"Really?" I asked, leaning in, my curiosity sharpening.

This was huge news. Melina, Zeruel's mother, had been grappling with an illness so intractable that conventional treatments seemed futile. The disease defied all known remedies, leaving her reliant on a magical apparatus to stay alive. This device didn't cure her; it merely suspended her in a state of eternal sleep. It kept her breathing but couldn't heal her.

The bleak reality was that, without significant intervention, recovery was beyond reach. Any potential breakthrough was a flicker of hope in a sea of despair.

Which is why hearing that Trisha and her team had made such a breakthrough was nothing short of incredible.

Trisha presented me with detailed data and reports that illuminated the potential for real recovery. The figures and charts showed a promising path forward. It no longer seemed impossible that Zeruel's mother could awaken from her eternal slumber.

Chapter 305: Guilt And Repayment (2)

Selene's jaw dropped when I told her that her mother might actually recover from her illness. Her eyes were wide, and she didn't bother hiding the shock on her face.

Zeruel, on the other hand, was so stunned that she collapsed onto her knees.

"Is that really true?" she stammered, her face a mask of disbelief. She seemed unable to fully grasp the news.

"Well, there's a lot of data suggesting it might be true," I said. "But there's no guarantee that it will lead to a full recovery for your mother. While it's not a certainty, it also isn't completely out of the question."

Tears welled up in Zeruel's eyes, and she started sobbing, "T-Thank goodness..." She cried as she wiped away the tears that fell in steady streams. "Thank you, Leon..."

Selene expressed her gratitude with heartfelt thanks as she joined Zeruel, wrapping her arms around her sobbing sister. Both of them cried openly in front of me. Watching the two sisters like this tugged at my heartstrings. It felt good, and the warmth I felt had nothing to do with sex.

However, the method to ensure her mother's recovery was still something I couldn't reveal to them. I knew Zeruel wouldn't accept it. So, for now, I kept that part of the truth hidden.

I returned to my dorm that day, relieved to find that Yr was no longer staying here. One of my Shadows had managed to locate her dorm key, so I returned it to her. Now, all I had was some peace and quiet.

Lately, my days at the academy had become monotonous. I couldn't quite figure out why, but something felt off, like a crucial piece was missing from my daily routine. Sure, there were still enjoyable moments and days that were pretty good.

One of those highlights was getting to sleep with Professor Rose and maybe even getting a bit closer to Yr.

But other than that, nothing stood out as truly amazing.

"Maybe it's because Shredica isn't around anymore..."

Those words spilled out of my mouth before I could stop them. I had no clue why I said them. Maybe they were my real feelings coming to the surface... But hold on, does that mean I'm actually missing Shredica? Of all people? No fucking way.

I didn't want to miss that woman. So why did those words escape me without warning? Was it because, deep down, I wanted to be ordered around by her and feel the weight of her intense glares? Well, not really. I wasn't a masochist. So then...

I should just let it go. If I kept analyzing this, I'd be stuck in a never-ending cycle of overthinking. So, I decided to lay back in bed and try to get some rest.

But just as I was about to sink into sleep, a knock on my door interrupted the quiet

"Who could it be at this hour?"

Don't tell me it's Shredica? Nah, that's just dumb. We'd already said our goodbyes, and there was a high chance we'd never see each other again.

I dragged myself to the door. When I opened it, the dim light from the hallway revealed a brown-haired woman standing there. Zeruel.

"What are you doing here? Isn't your dorm in the Gold Dormitory?" I asked her.

There was something off about her tonight. For one, a distinct citrusy scent clung to her—cheap perfume, the kind you'd find in Market City. It was the same smell that cheap prostitutes wore in rundown brothels. Even though I usually couldn't stand it, somehow, on Zeruel, it weirdly fit.

Zeruel was usually clad in her academy uniform, even when there wasn't a single class scheduled. But tonight, she wore something entirely different. A one-piece dress, thin as a whisper, more like a negligee than a proper outfit. The fabric, though beautiful in its simplicity, screamed of being on the cheaper side.

With my Perfect Eyesight, I could make out every curve, every detail beneath that flimsy cloth—there was nothing underneath, no bra, no panties. The negligee was so sheer that her nipples pressed visibly against the fabric, teasingly outlined in the dim light.

"Can... Can I come inside?" she asked, her voice carrying a delicate tremor, almost as if she were unsure of what she was about to do.

"I guess you may," I replied, pushing the door open wider and letting her step in. The citrus perfume she wore wafted through the room, a pungent assault on my senses that lingered in the air.

"May I sit?" she asked, her eyes glancing toward the bed.

"You can," I said, and she elegantly settled onto the edge of my bed.

"I want you to sit beside me," she said, patting the spot next to her on the bed with a hint of urgency. "Can you?"

I moved over and took my place beside her. There was no real reason to refuse, so I did as she asked.

I had a pretty good idea why Zeruel was acting this way. It had to be because of the weight that had been lifted off her shoulders—she was finally free of the burden that had been dragging her down. Her current behavior seemed to reflect that newfound relief. now she was left with a different kind of pressure—perhaps a compulsion to repay the relief she had been given.

She nervously fidgeted with her thumbs, her eyes downcast, avoiding mine. The light in the room now revealed everything—I could see that she wasn't wearing a bra, her nipples slightly visible beneath the thin fabric of her dress. The rapid, almost frantic rhythm of her heartbeat was audible, betraying her nerves. It was becoming increasingly clear why she'd come here.

The way she was acting, it seemed like she was here to repay me somehow—likely with her body, judging by the situation.

"L-Leon, I..." Zeruel began, her voice trembling. I interrupted her before she could continue.

"I think I know why you're here, Zeruel," I said, trying to offer some comfort. "But you don't need to go through with this."

Her eyes widened in shock and confusion.

I stood up and grabbed a blanket, wrapping it around her gently. The soft fabric brushed against her skin, and I could sense the tension in her body relax just a bit.

"I'm not looking for repayment in that way," I told her, my tone firm yet soothing.

Her eyes fell to the floor, and she whispered, "I guess... my body isn't enough after all."

"It's not like that," I reassured her. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't tempted, considering how vulnerable you are right now and that we're alone in this room."

I didn't sugarcoat what I said. It was an honest-to-goodness fact that I had a strong desire to fuck Zeruel, even back when I confessed to her. Back then, I was driven by the need to gain her skill, Blessed Sword, and dominate her to claim it. But now, things were different. Now, I wanted to touch her because, in this moment, she was simply adorable.

If someone comes to your room in the dead of night, wearing something skimpy and laced with perfume, who wouldn't be tempted? Even a saint would crack.

But what really got to me was the effort she put into all of this—for me. Zeruel wasn't exactly rolling in money. When she couldn't afford to save her mother, she was ready to throw herself into a brothel, selling her body just to scrape together some cash. Luckily, I intervened before it came to that. Yet, despite her struggles, she still came here, wearing that cheap perfume and that flimsy dress.

Those little touches might go unnoticed by others, but I saw them. I appreciated them. She was doing all of this for me, after all.

But I couldn't just accept that kind of repayment—not right now, at least. Besides, there was no way she'd be offering herself like this if she knew what the so-called "cure" for her mother's illness was. If she ever found out, she wouldn't just be disappointed—she'd hate me for it.

Because the only way to wake her mother from that coma... was to make her drink my semen.

Chapter 306: Guilt And Repayment (3)

Trisha mentioned that my semen was something extraordinary. Out of curiosity, during one of our fucking sessions, she decided to scoop up some of it from her pussy and do a little research. She discovered that my cum had magical properties, with an unusually high life potency. Maybe it was because I was a creation of the Great Red, a.k.a. Lilith, that my sperm had potential powers.

While it might be an exaggeration to say it could bring someone back from the dead, it was definitely possible to create a life-saving medicine from it.

Trisha could have made a medicine from my cum and had Melina drink it, which would have been a lot easier than taking it straight. But it was still semen, and Zeruel couldn't possibly stomach the idea of making Melina drink something like that.

Besides, there was no guarantee it would actually help her.

"I'm really sorry for bothering you," Zeruel said, her head bowed and her hands clutching the blanket around her. "I want to repay you somehow, but I can only think of one way. I hear men like a woman's body and want to have sex, so I've prepared myself for that. I'm sorry, but I can only buy things within my budget," she continued, her voice trembling.

"My mother always said that if someone helped me, I should repay them threefold. I can't think of any other way to repay you except with my... body."

"I understand your motivation," I said. "But there's still no guarantee that the medicine will work on your mother, and the chances of it succeeding are pretty slim. I don't deserve to be paid, especially since I haven't even cured her yet."

"You've helped me in more ways than you realize," she responded. "You've kept my mother alive without asking for anything in return. At first, I honestly thought you might have some ulterior motive, like wanting my body as payment. I was ready to give it to you if you'd just asked, so I waited, thinking it was only a matter of time."

But even after all this time, you never asked for anything, so I decided to take matters into my own hands. I guess now I know why you didn't ask. My body just isn't appealing to you, huh? And it turns out my assumption that you had some kind of hidden agenda was completely wrong."

"Saying your body isn't appealing to me is far from the truth," I said, my voice firm. "If that were the case, I wouldn't have even confessed to you, remember?"

She lowered her head, unable to respond.

"Sorry for... wasting your time, Leon," she murmured, standing up from the edge of my bed. "And thank you for everything you've done for us. I really, truly appreciate it."

She walked toward the door and opened it.

"Don't worry about anything," I said, my tone reassuring. "I might not be completely trustworthy, but I promise you, I'll use every ounce of my power to save your mother. You'll be able to be with her again."

I genuinely meant what I said. I knew all too well the pain of feeling powerless, of not being able to make a difference until it was too late. My parents were gone before I had the chance to help them, and I didn't want Zeruel to experience that kind of loss.

She turned back toward me and walked slowly in my direction. With a tender touch, she cupped my cheeks and gently pulled me towards her. She pressed a soft kiss to my forehead.

"You might not want my body as repayment, but I wanted to give you something as a token of my gratitude," she said, her cheeks flushed with a warm blush. "You're more amazing than anyone gives you credit for. I can feel your kindness, and it doesn't go unnoticed. I promise I will repay you for everything you've done for me."

With a final, soft smile, she turned towards the door, waved goodbye, and stepped out, closing the door behind her.

The citrus scent lingered in the air, a reminder of her presence even after she was gone. It felt like she was leaving a part of herself behind.

Zeruel's POV

I think I finally understood it now. There was this murky, dark, and disgusting feeling lurking in my chest that I hadn't realized before.

Every time I saw him with another woman, that feeling would flare up. Why was I feeling this way? I kept asking myself. It irritated me, but I couldn't figure out why. It's not like I had any reason to be upset, yet there was this nagging sensation that wouldn't go away, no matter how much I tried to ignore it. It felt like my heart was mocking me.

Every day, I'd replay that moment in my head. The day he confessed to me. What if I had responded differently? What if I had accepted it? Would I be happy now? But there's no point in dwelling on what-ifs.

I can't go back in time and change what I did. I rejected him, and I did it harshly. There's no undoing the guilt that weighs on me for how I treated him back then.

What was this feeling? Guilt? No, that wasn't quite it. Guilt was a fragment of it, but it didn't capture the whole essence.

Leon... He was a man shrouded in mystery. Supposedly the weakest among the first-year students at the academy, always stuck at the bottom of the rankings—not just in the bronze class or the entire first year, but in the whole academy. Yet, despite that, his presence felt immense. Far, far bigger than anyone could imagine.

When did I start seeing him like that? Was it because he helped me with my troubles with my mother? Yeah, that must've been it. He stepped in to help preserve her life when no one else could. My mother, suffering from a disease with no known cure, no medicine, no treatment that could save her—she was surviving only through magical apparatuses. He had no reason to help, no benefit to gain, yet he did.

I thought he must have had some ulterior motive. I mean, who in this world helps on that scale without expecting something in return? But Leon did. He helped me, without asking for anything in return.

The dark, murky feeling in my chest began to coalesce at that moment.

Initially, it was nothing but shame. The way I had rejected him, the way I had yelled and embarrassed him in front of everyone—it was unforgivable. That shame soon gave way to guilt, a heavy, gnawing guilt that twisted and morphed into something darker. It was an unsettling, almost toxic feeling that seemed to flare up whenever I see him with the Princess of Bethlan, which was a classmate of mine.

I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was.

The emotion lingered and festered, even now. Despite his offer to help recover my mother from her incurable disease, the feeling persisted. It was compounded by my guilt for not repaying him in any way. This overwhelming mix of emotions led me to the decision to offer my body as a form of repayment.

I knew my body wasn't worth much. It wasn't stunning or beautiful; I wasn't even pretty or cute. I had a boyish figure. But I hoped that despite that, he'd accept me. After all, I still had a woman's body. I even dressed in the most expensive outfit I owned and splashed on the cheap perfume I could afford from the market.

Maybe he'd appreciate my body and find it desirable, even if my face wasn't exactly memorable.

But when I offered myself, he declined. He said he didn't want any repayment and didn't feel he deserved it.

He deserved every bit of it, of course. But I understood then that even if a man might like a woman's body, it didn't mean he'd use it if the woman wasn't appealing. He assured me that wasn't the case at all. He told me he wouldn't have confessed to me if he hadn't found me appealing.

Just as I was about to leave, he told me he'd do whatever it took to save my mother—my mother, who had no connection to him at all. He genuinely wanted to help her.

A warmth spread through my heart, like a gentle tickle. My body moved on its own, and before I knew it, my lips pressed a tender kiss to his forehead. It was a gesture my mother used to give me, a sign of her affection. I wanted to share that same feeling with him.

That's what it was—affection. The feelings I had for him were rooted in affection.

Before I understood this feeling, I was lost in gloom. But the moment I recognized it, everything fell into place.

I was in love with Leon.

Chapter 307: Charlotte And Sesillian (1)

Charlotte's POV

I hit the ground hard, landing on my butt as the slap rang out, echoing off the walls of the alley beside one of the academy buildings.

"You're nothing now, so why the hell are you still strutting around like you're all high and mighty?" one of the girls demanded, her face twisted with contempt as she towered over me. "Why don't you just slink into a corner and keep your face hidden, like the trash you've become?"

"She's still clinging to the illusion of power and status that she no longer has," another girl scoffed, her voice dripping with disdain. "Just look at her. She still can't grasp that she's a useless nobody now."

"She's right. And she's still running to Professor Sesillian for help, like she's some fucking damsel in distress. Still trying to play the princess she no longer is. I can't believe her audacity," another one sneered, her words dripping with venom.

These three were the same girls who had clung to me throughout my first year at the academy, back when my family's name still commanded respect. They were the daughters of viscounts who had sworn allegiance to my father when he was a Duke. But the tides turned, and their families abandoned mine. And with that, their loyalty to me crumbled too.

I always knew they were only with me because of my status, but I figured it was fine since their own ranks made them useful allies. What I hadn't considered was what would happen if I lost that status. And now, here we were—me on the ground, with them standing over me.

Now, I was nothing but a pitiful figure lying beneath them.

"Do yourself a favor and stay out of our sight from now on. I can't believe I actually touched the face of a commoner," the girl who slapped me said with a scornful look, her voice dripping with disdain as she turned and strutted away.

"We can't do much else but push her around. I mean, we can't slap her if we don't, right? Besides, it's the only way to show her how much she's fallen," one of the others chimed in, her voice cold as they all walked off together.

Once they were gone, the dam finally broke. My tears erupted, fat drops spilling down my cheeks and splattering on the grass. I clutched at the earth with desperate hands, my sobs wracking through me as the raw, stinging pain of my humiliation and despair washed over me.

I couldn't believe how far I had fallen. My life wasn't supposed to end up like this.

I fished out my smartphone—the only thing of value I had left—and scrolled through my contacts. My fingers moved with a mix of desperation and hope until I found the name I needed.

It was Leon. But just as I was about to hit call, my phone buzzed with an incoming call.

The caller ID showed Professor Sesillian.

I didn't hesitate and answered the call immediately.

"Hello, Professor?" I said, struggling to keep my voice steady and hide the fact that I had been crying.

"...Is something wrong?" he asked, concern evident in his tone.

I knew I had failed.

"N-No, nothing's wrong," I managed to say.

"You sound like you've been crying. Where are you right now?"

"Um, I'm still at the academy," I told him. "A-Are you coming to get me?"

"You sound like you need help," he said. "I'm on my way to find you."

"O-Okay..." I said, my emotions crashing back over me as I sniffled.

I gave him my location.

I was huddled in the corner, waiting for Professor Sesillian. I hugged my knees tightly, burying my face in them and sniffing uncontrollably.

After a while, I heard footsteps approaching. I looked up and saw Professor Sesillian. His face was etched with concern, his eyes scanning me with a depth of worry that cut through my distress.

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"Charlotte," he said softly.

Seeing him again overwhelmed me with emotions I couldn't contain. His silver hair, his glasses, the way his eyes, sharp with intelligence, took in my misery—it all brought a rush of longing and relief.

I stood up and threw my arms around him, letting all my pent-up feelings pour out. I cried fiercely, soaking his chest with my tears. Professor Sesillian simply rubbed my back, offering quiet comfort as I wept into his clothes.

"It's okay. Just let it all out. It must have been so hard for you," he murmured, his voice steady and soothing.

"It was really hard, Professor! I...!" My words were lost in the torrent of my sobs.

I continued to cry, each tear a painful reminder of everything I'd endured. My world had shattered—my family's prestige was gone, my parents had fallen apart, I was sold into a life of sex slavery, forced to submit to someone's will, and then my father had died. It all felt like a nightmare I couldn't escape, each betrayal cutting deeper than the last.

Friends who once seemed loyal had turned their backs on me, leaving me to grapple with the crushing weight of isolation.

"You're the only one I have left, Professor... Please don't leave me too," I pleaded, my voice breaking as I clung to him.

Professor Sesillian continued to rub my back gently, his touch a balm against the storm of my emotions. "Yes, I promise I won't leave you," he said.

The emotions I felt for him, the love I harbored, were blooming uncontrollably. At this moment, I couldn't hold back any longer. Even if I had to face the consequences of my actions, right now, all I

wanted was to feel his love. I wanted to be touched by him, to be enveloped in his scent, to be filled by him.

I looked up at him, my tears streaking down my face, making it a mess. I knew I didn't look beautiful right now, but surely, he would still accept me, right?

"Professor, I want to sleep with you," I said.

Chapter 308: Charlotte And Sesillian (2)

Professor Sesillian drove me to the place he wanted to go. When I suggested sleeping with him, he didn't respond. Instead, he just said he wanted to take me somewhere, then led me to his car and drove off from the academy.

I'd never been in a car before, and I'd thought I never would. The experience was incredible—smooth and refined, far superior to the jostling of carriages and other vehicles. This car, however, was built by the company that also owned me. That meant Leon and his people had designed these vehicles, modernizing not just the cars but the entire road infrastructure.

He was gradually transforming this world, and the changes were sweeping through it.

"Professor, where are we going?" I asked, my curiosity piqued as we sped along the unfamiliar road, the scenery slipping by in a blur.

I hadn't bothered to ask before, but with the road feeling so new and the destination shrouded in mystery, I decided it was time to inquire.

"Ah, it's a place that means a lot to me," he said, his lips curving into a soft, nostalgic smile. "Somewhere special I've wanted to share with you."

I was surprised to learn the Professor had such a place. But then again, everyone has a spot that's special to them.

The quiet of the drive was oddly comforting, and his words only made me feel more at ease. I wondered... what could this special place be?

We finally arrived at what he called his special place. It was a small manor, though it looked like it had been left to rot. The building was overrun with vines, which clung desperately to the walls. The paint was a ghostly, peeling shade of gray, barely clinging to the weather-beaten wood.

The roof was just as neglected, with cracks running through the faded shingles and broken windows letting in the elements. Inside, I could only imagine the extent of the decay; it looked like time had ravaged every corner.

"This is a place I often visit," he said softly, almost as if speaking to himself. "It belonged to someone lost to history, a magician from another country who built this house and created a family here. His contributions were immense, and he's been a profound inspiration for why I became a faculty member at the academy."

The way Professor Sesillian gazed at the manor, his eyes softened with a mix of reverence and nostalgia, made it clear that its former owner had profoundly inspired him.

"I understand," I said softly, my voice barely above a whisper. "I can see why this person meant so much to you, especially since they're part of why you've become someone I care about." I leaned in, my hand gently resting on his arm, trying to share in his moment of reflection.

"Yes, I'm sure you'll come to appreciate them too," he said, his smile growing. "Would you like to go inside?"

"Is that okay?" I asked hesitantly. The manor seemed so deeply tied to his past; I wondered if stepping inside might somehow tarnish its significance. More pressingly, was it even safe to enter this place that looked so dilapidated?

"It's perfectly fine," he assured me, his voice warm. "The man who owned this manor was my great-great-grandfather."

So, the owner was his relative. Given that, I figured it was probably okay to explore, since it was part of his family's legacy.

We stepped into what remained of the manor's garden. The grass was so overgrown it nearly reached my waist, and the fountain was stagnant and filthy, its water murky and green with neglect. The double doors to the manor were completely wrecked, one door hanging off its hinges. The once-red carpet was now covered in grime and dirt, stained with mysterious, unidentifiable splotches.

Every corner was cloaked in cobwebs, hanging like ghostly drapes, and an overpowering, rank smell lingered in the air, a nauseating mix that was hard to identify.

"It looks pretty dilapidated now," Professor Sesillian said, his voice carrying a blend of regret and nostalgia. "The place has been abandoned and neglected for over 15 years. I used to take care of it when I was younger, but my father forbade me from coming here and warned me to stay away. That's why it's fallen into such disrepair. I wanted to clean it up, but I realized it's impossible now.

I don't want to renovate it either. All the history and knowledge my grandfather built here would be lost if I did. It's better to leave it as it is."

He was right. It was hard to imagine how this place could ever be cleaned up without a complete overhaul. But Professor Sesillian was adamant that renovation was out of the question. I couldn't fully grasp his reasoning, but it was clear he was intent on preserving the manor's historical essence.

Renovating it would wipe away the significant history embedded in its decaying walls, leaving behind only the echoes of what once was.

"This is a place where I learned a value that's profoundly important," he said, his voice laden with gravitas. "A value where darkness plays a crucial role. That's why those with the power to conceal the light must sometimes do so."

"Darkness?" I repeated, trying to grasp his meaning.

"Yes, darkness," he affirmed. "Without darkness, you wouldn't truly appreciate the joy that light brings. Darkness embodies suffering and tough times—elements that forge your strength. It teaches you to

handle crises. Simply thinking positively doesn't prepare you for life's emergencies. So, Charlotte, the darkness surrounding you now isn't something to fear.

It will make you a better, stronger person. Embracing the darkness within you is essential. Just as light holds importance, so does darkness."

I felt like I was starting to understand. Yes, the darkness I was experiencing now was painful, but there was solace in it. My light, the light I brought into my life, was Professor Sesillian. He was the one shining through the darkness.

He wrapped his arms around me and pressed a tender kiss to my forehead. "You just need to be brave for now. Eternal darkness will come soon, and its embrace will warm you, just as I warm you with my hug right now."

I could feel his warmth seeping through, enveloping me.

In that moment, I felt like the happiest person alive. But, at the same time, I had no idea what Professor Sesillian's expression looked like.

Chapter 309: Charlotte And Sesillian (3)

Sesillian's POV

As a child, I often wandered through this manor, back when the caretaker was still alive and keeping it in order for our family. Even then, I couldn't shake the eerie sensation that someone, or something, was leading me deeper into its shadows.

The portrait of my great-great-grandfather always seemed to follow me, his piercing eyes locked onto mine. It was like he was watching my every move, silently observing. My sister Sara used to whisper that there was something deeply wrong with this place. Back then, she wasn't as far gone as she is now. But whatever she saw, whatever she shouldn't have, it shattered her mind.

Over time, Sara's sanity began to slip away. She'd sit alone, talking to herself in hushed, frantic tones. She started doing twisted things to her dolls—ripping off their limbs and heads, leaving them in pieces. I'll never forget the way she laughed while doing it, a manic, chilling sound that echoed through the halls.

Her eyes had turned cold, almost inhuman, like she was possessed by something dark and uncaring. But I wasn't scared; I just thought maybe she was always like that. After all, her eyes—and mine—bore an unsettling resemblance to our great-great-grandfather's.

Yes, those eyes. They seemed to pull me in, like a vortex, drawing me deeper into their dark abyss.

When I was alone, I finally dared to examine the portrait more closely. I gingerly lifted it, peering behind it. That's when I saw it—a dark symbol etched into the wall, a mark of shadows encroaching upon the light. The symbol was broad and complex, but I understood its significance instantly. Maybe this was what had driven Sara to madness. I hadn't grasped it before, but now it was clear.

This symbol had the power to drive anyone insane.

I uncovered that my great-great-grandfather had led a malevolent organization called Eclipse. This dark force had nearly subdued the world, controlling it from the shadows while everyone remained blissfully unaware. Their power stemmed from an ancient dark lord, a primordial dragon known as the Great Dark.

Lord Xyroskhaal, born in the earliest epochs of the world, possessed a strength that rivaled even the Great Red and other ancient dragons. Lord Xyroskhaal was the embodiment of darkness itself.

I became completely enthralled by him, like I had unearthed a long-lost lover buried deep within the annals of history. That initial fascination quickly spiraled into something darker—an obsession that consumed me. I loved every twisted bit of it. This had to be why my great-great-grandfather had worshiped the Great Dark so fervently.

Now, I could feel the same pull, as if I'd stumbled upon the ultimate truth, the answers to every question that ever plagued my mind. My purpose had been revealed, and I was... ecstatic.

Ahhh, how I craved to meet my Lord! To be part of him, to be devoured by his darkness! I wanted him to claim me, to consume me until I was nothing but his! I wanted to be one with him, to feel his power coursing through my veins!

Reflecting on it now, maybe that's why I became the person I am today.

I dove headfirst into researching Lord Xyroskhaal, poring over every book I could find, and it became clear that the Great Dark had a particular taste—a hunger for women. Specifically, for their blood. But not just any blood; he desired the blood of women who had never been touched, who had never experienced the carnal act of sex. But Lord Xyroskhaal also had a taste for those tainted by corruption.

I discovered that summoning Lord Xyroskhaal required a specific ritual involving sacrifices. This was detailed in my great-great-grandfather's journal, which I found during my research. The ritual demanded the blood of both virgin and non-virgin women. The final step required a sacrifice of someone with "precious blood," ideally of royal descent.

That last part would be the most challenging, but the first two were straightforward. I only needed to gather and spill as much women blood as I could.

My first target was my sister. I lured her under the pretense of wanting to play. She followed me without hesitation. Once we were in the right place, I slashed her palm, letting her blood flow onto the symbol I had drawn on the floor. Each drop of her blood transformed into black smoke as soon as it touched the symbol.

It was working, or so I thought, as I let out a twisted, euphoric laugh that echoed through the room. My sister, Sara, didn't even flinch when I slit her palm open. Instead, she joined in, her laughter mirroring mine in a way that sent chills down my spine. Yes, that's right, Sara. You're going to die for me. But the blood dripping from her wound wasn't enough.

I needed to drain every last drop to summon my Lord.

Just as I was about to finish the ritual, our parents barged in, their faces twisted in horror as they yanked me away from her. They thought we'd been possessed by some malevolent force from the manor, terrified of what they'd walked in on.

I had to think fast. I put on the mask of the innocent son they believed I still was, manipulating their fear and convincing them that I hadn't changed. Meanwhile, Sara's mind unraveled, spiraling into madness that would never be undone. But I kept my dark desires in check, burying the burning need to be with my Lord deep inside. And it worked.

Years passed, and I accumulated a legion of followers through cunning payment schemes, calculated betrayals, and elaborate scams. I amassed a crowd, manipulating them with the power of my voice. My skill, Charm, allowed me to bend people to my will, seducing them with nothing but my words.

Although it was a relatively weak skill, only effective on those already enchanted by my appearance, it served me well.

Finally, after waiting patiently, I found the last piece of the puzzle I needed. I had initially planned to target the actual princess of Milham, but her constant surveillance by royal knights made that impossible. Then, she appeared—Charlotte. Though not the princess herself, Charlotte was of royal blood. Her mother, a former princess of Milham, had died giving birth to her.

With her royal lineage, she was the perfect candidate. I wasted no time in seducing her, knowing she was crucial to completing my plans.

I had managed to seduce her, feeling her affection for me overflow. But even though I was eager to slit her throat and let her blood flow for our lord's dark pleasure, the time wasn't right yet. I needed her to remain pure, or the ritual wouldn't succeed. So, I had to be patient and keep my hands off her until the moment was perfect.

As I held her close, my expression was likely sinister, though she couldn't see it. My face must have been twisted with malice, but as soon as we parted, I shifted back to my charming, gentle demeanor.

"It's getting late, Charlotte," I said, my voice soft and reassuring. "Why don't we head back to the Academy City?"

She looked a little disappointed.

But I reassured her, "Don't worry, Charlotte. Once I'm ready to take you, I'll make sure we share a night together. For now, just take care of yourself and don't let anyone else's words bring you down."

Her smile returned, brightening her face. "Yes, Professor."

That's right. The time wasn't right yet. There were still many more women whose blood I needed for this ritual. But wait for me, Charlotte—your turn will come soon enough.

Chapter 310: Charlotte And Sesillian (4)

Leon's POV

Listening to their conversation through smartphones confirmed something for me about Sesillian. First, he was keeping Charlotte's virginity intact for some reason. I knew why—or at least, I'd pieced together enough to have a good idea.

A ritual through sacrifice. That's what the guy Rose had interrogated had said. He also mentioned that the sacrifice had to be a virgin. That was the main reason, based on everything I'd gathered about Sesillian so far.

It was the easiest and most obvious conclusion, given the information I had.

The other thing I confirmed was that Sesillian was related to a historical figure who had vanished from the history books but somehow managed to make a significant impact in this world. This relative was the creator, or at least the introducer, of firearms.

It was supposed to be impossible here, yet somehow, the concept of firearms was brought into this world with the same design and principles as on Earth. It felt like this man, Sesillian's ancestor, had essentially copied the technology.

How did I find this out? Thanks to the TECH department and the use of smartphones, I traced the history of a house that had fallen into disrepair. It turned out that this house was originally built by the very man who had introduced the concept of guns and firearms into this world.

So if this guy had copied the design and concept of firearms and introduced them to this world, how the did he get an original? The only explanation that made sense was that he somehow managed to get his hands on a gun from Earth, or at least tracked one down somewhere, though I had no idea where.

Guns had been some of the most crucial weapons against demons back in the day. I'd been on a relentless quest to uncover the origins of these weapons and figure out how they ended up here. For years, I came up empty-handed. I found out the name of the inventor, but his name wasn't listed in any history books, making it a real bitch to find him.

Thankfully, with Sesillian and Charlotte bringing their smartphones along, I finally managed to track him down and gather some crucial info.

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"Eclipse... and the reason why guns exist here," I murmured, a dark smirk curling at the corners of my lips. The thought alone made my pulse quicken with anticipation. "If I can unravel that mystery, my odds of finding a way back to Earth will shoot up.

And then, I'll have the chance to finally make those bastards who've wronged my sister pay. I know what my next move has to be: bring Eclipse down and drag them through the fucking mud."

Now that I'd managed to mess up their plans by deflowering Charlotte, Sesillian would have no choice but to rethink how to make his ritual succeed. He'd have to find another sacrifice that fits his fucked-up requirements.

"But before he gets a chance to do that, I'll make sure to ruin him socially," I said to myself.

Currently, on the video feed from the TECH department, a man with silver hair was sprawled out on the bed, surrounded by three other men. Each of these men was stunning in their own right—handsome, built like hunks. The silver-haired man, Sesillian, was the focus of their attention as they took turns on him.

This scene played out right after he'd dropped Charlotte back at the academy and rushed to his house, where one of my Shadows had planted spying devices. What I saw now was a sight I had to shield the TECH girls from—it was far from pleasant. In fact, I felt my stomach churn. I'd read BL mangas back on Earth, thanks to Kaori's recommendations, and enjoyed them.

But watching it live like this, involving someone I knew, was a whole different level of disturbing.

"I guess my assumption about him being gay was right after all," I murmured to myself, my voice tinged with disbelief. I was alone in the dimly lit room where the TECH department was working, deliberately keeping them away from this abhorrent scene. "And three men at once, no less. It's shocking to think that someone as renowned among women as him is actually gay.

It seems those women never saw his true nature. He must have been hiding it so well that they never noticed. This could be why he avoided sleeping with Charlotte, besides his initial motive to keep her pure."

Unable to stomach the depravity any longer, I hit save on the recording and made my way out of the room.

"But before I expose this to the public, I need to ensure someone sees it first," I said with a steely resolve.

That's right. Someone has to see it first, so her delusions will shatter and her will to resist will crumble like dust. Then, dominating her will be as easy as pie. I need to crush her completely, making sure she belongs to me and never lets herself be with another man again.

"I wonder how she'll fall apart when she sees that the Professor she's so passionately in love with doesn't actually give a damn about her and is into the same sex as him?"

The thought thrilled me. I couldn't help but smirk. But this video I have now—it has to be saved for the grand finale. After our last sex session, I'll show her this, and she'll never want to go back to him, even after we're done.

"For now, I need to slowly dominate her," I said to myself, my voice cold and calculated.

Everything was falling into place, one piece at a time. Even if the process was painstakingly slow, each element was slotting into place perfectly.

I dialed Charlotte's number, my fingers moving with a deliberate calm, and pressed the call button.

"Y-Yes? What do you want?" she answered.

Her voice wavered, trembling slightly. She knew full well that I was always watching—everywhere she went, everything she did, I'd find out. She'd told Sesillian earlier that she wanted to sleep with him, and that was a direct breach of our contract. According to the agreement, no one was supposed to touch her before the contract ended.

She was still mine for at least four more sessions, and her actions were a blatant violation.

"Would you mind coming to the student council room? I just want to discuss something with you."

And that was why I was planning a punishment she wouldn't soon forget.