

The World 371

Chapter 371: Reward, Concubine/Bride (2)

Anna stood there, her body barely covered by a white towel that clung tightly to her curves. The fabric pressed against her skin, her cleavage spilling out at the top, pushed up by the pressure of the towel wrapping around her. Her breasts looked soft, full, almost begging to be touched.

Her hourglass figure was nothing short of incredible—perfectly proportioned despite her body looking like she never worked out. She had that kind of figure that you just knew would feel amazing to hold, to press against, skin to skin.

"I-I'm going to wash you up..." she said softly, her voice shaky, a little unsure. "Um... can I call you Darling?"

Darling? The word hit me with a surprising sweetness. It rolled off her tongue so naturally, and I couldn't deny it felt good. Real good.

While I was caught up in that thought, the silence must've gotten to her. She shifted nervously, thinking she'd overstepped. "I-I'm sorry. I know I'm only supposed to be your concubine, and I'm getting ahead of myself," she said, bowing her head like she was embarrassed.

"No, it's not that," I told her, my eyes still on the way the towel hugged her body. "It's just... someone calling me Darling like that, it's... soothing. It's like hearing something I didn't know I needed. So, I was just thinking—are you only going to call me that now, or is it forever?"

Her face turned a deeper shade of red as she nervously licked her lips. "I... I'm definitely going to call you that forever," she said in a whisper. Then, she added, her voice a little stronger this time, "Darling."

A grin tugged at my lips. The way she said it, the way she looked at me—it was perfect. "Well, are you going to start now?"

"Oh, y-yes. Um... Well then, Darling. I'll start with your back first."

"Please do..."

I settled onto the stool, my back to her. Behind me, the soft sound of liquid being squeezed from a bottle broke the silence—it had to be soap. Then, after a brief pause...

"...Sorry to keep you waiting. I'll begin now."

But instead of feeling her hands on my back like I expected, they slipped around my sides. Huh? She was supposed to wash my back, right? Before I could question it further, I felt her press against me, her full breasts squishing against my back as she hugged me from behind, applying just enough pressure to make her intent clear.

She was using her tits to wash me. I could feel her nipples, firm and brushing against my skin, rubbing as her soft breasts slid up and down my back. Anna moved like this was completely natural, like pressing her bare breasts against me was part of her plan all along.

"Your back is so rough..." she whispered, her hot breath grazing my skin, sending a small shiver down my spine. The way her tits felt—so soft, springy, and warm—pressing into me, bouncing slightly with each stroke... it was impossible not to notice the way every movement made her nipples dig in just a little more. The sensation was... pleasant.

"Darling, does it feel good?" Her voice was trembling, soft but drenched in anticipation.

"It does," I replied, feeling her breath catch at my response.

The moment I said it, her movements changed. She was no longer just sliding her breasts up and down against my back in a rhythmic motion. Now, she was moving them with purpose, swirling them in teasing patterns, pressing harder in certain areas, then lightly grazing others.

The sensation was maddening—her soft breasts kneading into me, her nipples stiff against my skin, leaving a trail of soap and heat behind with every stroke.

"My body's getting hotter..." she mumbled, her words barely audible, thick with desire. Her breath was warm against my skin, her arousal seeping into the air between us. I could feel the heat radiating from her body, her excitement becoming more tangible by the second.

Her breasts, slick with soap, moved even more smoothly, her grip tightening around me as she leaned in closer, as if she couldn't help but press into me further.

Suddenly, she pulled back and stood up, leaving a brief coldness where her warmth had been.

"The back's covered in bubbles now, so... I think I'll move on to the next one. The next part is..."

Before I could react, she grabbed my arm and pulled it between her legs, boldly straddling it. Her thighs squeezed tightly around my arm, trapping it against her crotch, and I could immediately feel her heat, the slickness of her arousal soaking through and spreading across my skin.

"W-Well... this might be a little embarrassing," she stammered, her face flushed as she looked down at me. But her body betrayed her words—her thighs clenched harder, pressing my arm more firmly into her, as if she couldn't stop herself.

The heat from her slit was intense, burning against my arm. The wetness only made it hotter, and it felt like my skin might ignite from the sheer temperature of her arousal.

"I'm going... to start now..." Her voice was shaky, her breath catching in her throat as she started to move.

She began to rub the foam onto my arm, but her hips were doing more than just spreading soap. She was grinding against me, sliding her wet slit back and forth along my arm, her movements slow and deliberate, her breathing growing heavier with each thrust.

"Nnn, aaah, aaah, fuh, aah, aaah... does it feel good?" she gasped.

"Yes, it does," I told her, my eyes locked on the way her body moved, the way her hips rolled and bucked against me. Even though it was just supposed to be scrubbing, I could feel every part of her—her soft, wet pubic flesh pressing against my skin, the heat from her excitement burning into me.

My gaze drifted down to her body. The curve of her navel, tracing downward to her slightly rounded lower belly, caught my eye. There was something undeniably alluring about the softness of her form, her body just a little looser, a little fuller in all the right places. It made her seem more human, more desirable—her imperfections only enhancing her beauty.

"Auh, D-Darling, ah, aaah, aaah... does it feel good?" she moaned again, her voice higher, almost pleading now.

"Yes, it does," I repeated, watching as her face contorted with pleasure, her body trembling with each slow, grinding stroke.

"Ehe... aaah, aah, nnng, aaah..."

She kept going, her movements becoming more erratic, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she lost herself in the moment. Then, finally, she slowed, her hips stilling as she looked at me, her eyes wide and full of longing.

"Darling... I feel like kissing you. Is it okay?" she asked, her voice small.

Chapter 372: Reward, Concubine/Bride (3)

As soon as I gave her the go-ahead, she immediately let go of my hand and threw her arms around me from the front. Her lips lightly brushed against mine, and as her sweet breath and soft, wet lips drew me in, I pressed my lips to hers, like I was biting into something delicious.

Our tongues tangled together, and I slid mine deep into her mouth, savoring every bit of her. I licked along her gums and the roof of her mouth, tasting her even more intimately.

"Fuha... D-Darling, my houth ish melting... nnn," she whimpered, her tongue lazily slipping from her lips, barely able to form the words.

I smothered her moans with another deep kiss, my lips silencing her as I slid my hands down her soapy back. My fingers traced the curve of her spine, trailing lower as I pulled her closer against me, her skin slick and slippery beneath my touch.

"Hyah, hyaah, aaah, aaah..." she gasped, her hips bouncing slightly, her embarrassment clear. But I held her in place, gripping her ass firmly, my fingers sinking into the soft flesh, enjoying the way her round cheeks molded and bounced under my palms. The warmth of her body, combined with the smooth, wet softness of her skin, sent a thrill through me as I stroked and squeezed her.

After what felt like an eternity, our lips parted. She pulled away, her breath shaky, her eyes filled with longing as they locked onto mine.

"It's finished..." she breathed, a slow smile curling her lips.

She stood up, her body glistening under the dim light, and I followed. Stepping off the stool, I grabbed the wooden dipper and poured the water over my body, rinsing away the lingering bubbles. Without a word, I slipped into the bathtub, the heat wrapping around me. She watched me for a moment, smiling, before rinsing the bubbles off herself and sliding into the tub beside me.

The bathtub was surprisingly large—well, not exactly a bathtub but a wooden tub, round in shape, with water filling it to the brim. It was spacious enough to fit both of us comfortably, and it felt nice to have a bath where I could stretch out my legs. I leaned back against the edge, using it as a cushion, while Anna snuggled in close, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Ah..."

She let out a soft, surprised sound when she noticed my dick standing tall, just barely peeking out of the water. Her gaze was locked onto it, her face completely entranced.

"Is this the first time you've ever seen one like this?" I teased, noticing her enraptured expression.

"Y-Yes..." she stammered, her cheeks flushing. "D-Does it really look that big?"

"Mine's a little different... explains the size," I replied with a smirk. "Go ahead, why don't you touch it?"

"T-Touch it? Um... okay," she murmured, her hands trembling slightly as she reached out. Her fingers finally made contact, gently wrapping around the shaft. "It's so big... and hard," she whispered, her voice filled with awe.

"Um... I'm supposed to stroke it, right?" she asked, uncertainty lacing her tone.

"Yes," I told her.

She started to move her hand, slowly, hesitantly. Her soft fingers wrapped around my dick, sliding along the length in a deliberate, almost teasing manner. The slow pace heightened the sensation, every careful stroke making my body more sensitive to her touch.

Each subtle movement sent waves of pleasure through me, her innocent yet focused attention making it feel even more intense than if she'd been fast. The way she handled it, so unsure but determined, drove me crazy.

I suddenly stopped her and stood up, moving to sit on the edge of the tub, which brought my dick right at her eye level.

"Could you suck it?" I asked.

"Ah..." she gasped softly but then nodded. "Yes."

She placed her hands on my knees, leaning forward, bringing her face closer to my crotch. At first, she hesitated, but soon, she parted her lips, letting her tongue slide out as she cautiously tried to taste it. She started by wetting the tip, her warm breath brushing against me, before her soft lips made contact with the glans.

Slowly, she wrapped her lips around it, gradually bringing her mouth closer until her lips fully enveloped the head of my dick. With her eyes closed, she began to work her tongue, swirling it around the sensitive glans, feeling her way through the act.

She wasn't experienced yet, but she had a natural talent for blowjobs—or for sex in general, for that matter. Her body was fit, toned in all the right ways, but not too muscular; she still had that softness where it counted. The kind of body that was a pleasure to hold—soft and responsive.

Girls like her were easy to train in the pleasures of sex, and I had every intention of molding her into the perfect cum-sucking woman, the type who would be cumming the moment I entered her. With enough time, I'd have her there.

After a while, she started to push further, taking more than just the glans into her mouth. She began working her way down the shaft, inch by inch, her lips stretching as she took more of me inside. The quiet sound of water dripping echoed softly around us—it was her saliva, dripping from her mouth and splashing into the tub below.

The subtle plop of the droplets was surprisingly pleasant to hear, and the wet, slurping sounds of her mouth working on my dick added to the erotic atmosphere.

My hand instinctively went to the back of her head, fingers tangling in her hair, gripping hard as the pleasure intensified. Her movements were still clumsy, but it didn't matter—the sensation was overwhelming. I could feel the tension building in my balls, that familiar tightening, coiling up through my shaft and toward the tip.

I couldn't hold back any longer. With a groan, I released, shooting my cum deep into her mouth.

"Mnnnnnn?!"

Her eyes widened in shock as she felt the hot spurts of cum filling her mouth. But instead of pulling away or spitting it out, she surprised me. With my dick still in her mouth, she swallowed, her throat working as she drank it down, every last drop.

Chapter 373: Reward, Concubine/Bride (4)

After that, we sank into the warm bath, the steam rising around us. Her head rested on my shoulder, her fingers lightly tracing the muscles on my chest, teasing me with each slow stroke.

"You're really built... like one of those adventurers," she said, her voice soft but filled with admiration, her fingers sending sparks of heat along my skin.

"I'm not an adventurer," I murmured, the warmth of the water and her touch making my voice come out lower than usual. "But I plan to be one."

"My dad's an adventurer—A-rank, actually," she said, her fingers now drifting down my arm, the water rippling with every movement. "If you don't know how to get started, he could teach you."

I hadn't realized Erick was an adventurer. But, thinking about his body—his build, his strength—it made sense.

"My mom was an adventurer too," she added, her voice growing softer. "They met on one of their quests... ended up working together."

"Can I ask you something?" I said, feeling her body shift closer, her soft skin pressing up against mine. She let out a quiet, contented sound, snuggling into my chest like she belonged there.

"Go ahead," she whispered, her breath hot against my skin.

"Does your dad ever talk about your mom?" I asked.

"Mmm... yeah," she sighed, "He says she was a good person. Really kind. And he always tells me I look just like her."

Interesting. Pieces were starting to fall into place. Could her mother have been someone of high status? Anna's face had that noble look to it, the kind of beauty that didn't seem to fit in a village like this.

If I thought about it, that was definitely a possibility. Her mom being an adventurer could have been her way of escaping some arranged marriage, not wanting to be someone's bride. She probably ran off to chase freedom and adventure, eventually crossing paths with Erick.

As those thoughts circled in my head, I stood up from the tub, the water cascading down my body in slow, heavy drips.

"Alright then, shall we move to the next part?" I asked.

She glanced up at me, her face going red as she caught the sight of my bare back and ass, completely exposed to her. She quickly turned her head away, only to steal another glance before nodding and shyly saying, "Y-Yeah."

The moment we left the bathroom, words weren't needed. We went straight into kissing, our lips crashing together like it was the only thing we wanted.

But then, Anna suddenly pushed me back, pulling away from the kiss.

"M-My dad... this room isn't exactly soundproof, you know?" she whispered, her tone full of nerves. "H-He might be able to hear us." She shifted awkwardly, biting her lip. "It's not like I don't want to do it... it's just... thinking my dad might hear us... it's kind of embarrassing."

I chuckled softly and reassured her, "Don't worry." With a flick of my hand, I activated the Guardian. The room seemed to hum faintly, the air shifting as the invisible barrier formed. "This should block most of the noise. But it won't catch everything, so you'll have to control yourself."

Her breath hitched as she mumbled, "...Is this your skill? Wow... You really are... my Master... my Darling..." Her voice trailed off, her eyes glazed with a mix of awe and desire.

I glanced down at her, taking in the view that lay before me. Her body, with its soft, inviting curves, radiated a seductive warmth. The slight fullness she carried only added to her allure, every inch of her begging to be touched. Her breasts—massive, round, and perfectly shaped—rose and fell with each breath, the skin taut and smooth.

Her nipples were a bright, inviting pink, and the way they pointed upward was mesmerizing. My eyes drifted to her navel, a beautiful focal point against her soft stomach. She didn't have defined abs, but the sight was more than enough to stir me.

Her slender neckline, so delicate and fragile, looked as though it might break if I gripped it too tightly. Her golden hair cascaded down her shoulders, swaying with every subtle movement she made. The flush spreading across her cheeks deepened as I stared at her, her skin glowing under the light. Her body twitched slightly in response to my gaze, her breasts heaving with each quickened breath.

Her shame made her even more irresistible.

I watched as she turned her head, her golden hair brushing against her soft, pale skin, highlighting the curve of her neck and the inviting slope of her back. The sight of her bare skin, smooth and creamy white, was intoxicating. She was an irresistible combination of softness and sensuality, her body plump and supple, perfect to hold.

I couldn't take it anymore. Without hesitation, I pushed her down onto the bed, her body sinking into the sheets as I loomed over her. I didn't waste a second. Leaning in, I captured her lips, kissing her harder than before. My mouth dominated hers, saliva mingling as I violated her lips, devouring them with a fierce, hungry intensity.

I slid my hand up her body, stroking her silky, pale skin as our lips stayed locked. Her limbs were soft to the touch, with a pleasant bounce in response to every caress, thanks to the slight extra weight. It was like her flesh melted into my palm. Slowly, I moved my hand from her side to her chest. Even while lying down, her breasts stayed firm, standing tall without sagging.

They were natural, and they were perfect.

I ran my fingers over her breasts, squeezing them gently, feeling their fullness as they pressed together beneath my hand.

"Nnnn?!"

Her eyes flew open, a sharp gasp escaping her. It seemed I found her weak spot. I kept kissing her, deepening it, while my fingers continued their exploration, teasing her breasts even more.

"Nnnn, Nnnnnn, haaa~, Puhaa... Nnnnnnn..."

Her nipples stiffened under my touch as I rubbed and pinched them between my fingertips. She was definitely feeling it, her breathing becoming more ragged with each movement. I didn't stop, continuing to pinch and roll her nipples, enjoying the way her body reacted to my every move.

"Fuuu~... Nnnn, nmu, fuuu~... Nnnn...!"

Her muffled moans slipped out between her lips as her body began to tremble, her breasts bouncing slightly with every breath. As I kissed her deeper, my hand remained on her chest, playing with her, while my other hand slowly slid down to her lower body.

I stroked her thighs, feeling the slick sweat that covered her skin. She was heating up, her body getting more excited by the second. My fingers traced the curve of her thighs until they reached her crotch, and I gently tugged at her pubic hair, teasing her. She jolted in surprise at the sensation.

As I continued to graze her labia with my fingertips, her eyes shot wide open.

"Hmmmm?!"

She let out a muffled cry of surprise, her voice trembling even as our lips remained locked in a deep kiss.

Chapter 374: Reward, Concubine/Bride (5)

I kept tracing her labia, my fingertips dancing along the slick, soft skin, teasing their way to her vulva. When I pressed my finger against the entrance of her pussy, the wetness was unmistakable, hot and slick, as if she'd been aching for this the whole time.

I pulled my fingers back, love juice glistening on them, holding them up close to her face after we broke the kiss. Her eyes widened in shock, and her cheeks turned a deep shade of red, her embarrassment pouring through her body like a fever.

"D-Don't tease me like that..." she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. "It's embarrassing..."

Her sweet, innocent reaction only made me want her more. I stood up, gripping her thighs and spreading them wide open, watching as her pussy lips parted, revealing the soft, pink flesh inside, drenched with her arousal.

"Aaaah... D-Don't stare at it..."

Her hands flew up to cover her face, her palms pressing against her flushed cheeks, too shy to handle my gaze. But the more she told me not to look, the more it drove me wild. It's just in my nature to want to stare even more. Her pussy glistened in the low light, wet with her juices, and when I ran my fingers along her slit, her flesh twitched under the touch, almost as if it were begging for more.

Without hesitation, I leaned down, pressing my lips to her crotch and slipping my tongue between the warm folds of her pussy.

"Nnnhhiii?!"

Her hips bucked off the bed suddenly.

"D-Don't lick me there!" she gasped, her body shuddering.

"Why?" I asked, my lips brushing against her sensitive flesh.

"I-It's dirty..." she whimpered.

"You don't have to worry. We just took a bath, didn't we?" I said.

Ignoring her weak protests, I dove back in, letting my tongue glide between her folds, licking and sucking her pussy like I couldn't get enough. I found her clit, my tongue circling it before giving it a slow,

deliberate lick, making her body shake and her breath hitch as her hips moved instinctively against my mouth.

"Aaaah, hiiii? W-Why does it feel so strong...? Aaaahhh..."

Her voice trembled with confusion, her body overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of the pleasure. But there was no way I was letting up now. I watched her, her body writhing, completely taken over by sensation.

I plunged my tongue deeper into her pussy, feeling the warm, slick walls of her flesh clamp down on me. The tightness, the way her insides responded to every movement of my tongue, only fueled my hunger for her. I licked her thoroughly, dragging my tongue along the velvety heat of her insides.

"Aaa-aaah... nnnn! D-Darling..."

Her hips bucked instinctively, pressing against my mouth, her body rubbing against the sheets. The sound of her slick pussy and the rustling of the fabric echoed in the room, blending with her breathless moans. Her love juices began to flow, dripping from her slit, coating my tongue with that intoxicating mix of salty and sweet.

The scent alone was enough to make my dick ache, hard and throbbing, desperate to fuck her.

I locked my lips around her clit, sucking hard, the wet noises filling the room as I devoured her. I knew she was close, and I wasn't going to stop until I made her cum.

"Aaaah, nnnnn! Ahhh! Ah, ah, ah!"

She let out a sharp cry, her body jerking violently as her back arched high off the bed. Her fingers gripped the sheets tight, knuckles turning white, her legs trembling. She couldn't handle it anymore. Her thighs slammed shut, trapping my head between them as she lost control.

She was right on the edge, her body shaking, her pussy clenching around nothing. I knew she was about to break. I sped up the rhythm of my tongue, flicking it against her clit faster and faster, determined to push her into that final, overwhelming wave of pleasure. I wanted to feel her cum, every second of it.

"No! Ah, ah, ahhh, I can't take it anymore, nnnn! Aaaaaaaaaah!"

Her hips jerked uncontrollably, her body no longer able to fight the mounting pleasure. The love juices flowing from her pussy had grown thicker, slicker, coating my lips and chin as I continued to work her with my mouth. Finally, the tension in her body built to its peak.

Her entire body shuddered violently, her hips pressing together as she reached her climax. Her back arched high off the bed, forming a perfect curve like a bridge.

The tight, velvety walls of her pussy clenched and spasmed in response, squeezing around nothing, as if her body was craving more. Her love juices gushed out, flowing freely, filling the air with the heady,

intoxicating scent of her arousal. The thick musk clung to my senses, pushing me deeper into the moment.

After a few intense tremors, she collapsed back onto the bed, her body going limp and spent, sinking into the sheets.

"Haaa... ha... w-what was that?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper, still panting from the intensity.

"You just came," I said, my lips curling into a smirk as I wiped her juices off my face. "Haven't you ever felt that before? Never played with yourself to make yourself cum?"

"I... To be honest, I'm always masturbating... but the feeling of orgasmming with you is so different. What I felt now... it was like something completely new. It's like my vision's flickering, my body's trembling, and I can barely breathe.

But I get it now... this is how it feels to truly be yours, Darling. I don't know why, but I'm so happy. It's like my heart is overflowing with love for you. Oh no... I love you, Darling.

I love you... I love youuu..."

Her voice quivered with emotion as the words slipped out, and then I heard it—soft, melodic chimes echoing inside my mind. The familiar signal telling me I had completed one of her requirements. But the sound didn't stop there—it rang out again, and then a third time. Three requirements fulfilled at once. I didn't think that was possible, but somehow, everything was falling perfectly into place.

"Um..." Her eyes widened as they trailed down, fixing on my dick, rock-hard and straining, swollen to the point it looked like it could burst. The sight of it made her cheeks flush. My cock throbbed, craving her, and she knew it too. "Are we... about to do something about that?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Are you ready?"

"Y-Yes..." she responded, her voice soft but certain, and with that, she willingly spread her legs for me.

Seeing her open up so beautifully for me, all innocent and ready, I couldn't hold back any longer.

Chapter 375: Reward, Concubine/Bride (6)

I propped myself up, gripping my dick firmly, the swollen tip brushing against the slick heat of her slit. Her pussy was wet, but still, there was resistance as I pressed forward, her tightness making it difficult to enter.

"Nnnnn...!" she whimpered, her body tensing.

"Relax a bit," I whispered, voice low and breathless.

"O-Okay... Nnnnn...!" she moaned.

I pressed down, my weight sinking into her, and pushed harder, forcing my cock past the tight entrance. Her body clenched around me as I finally broke through.

"NnnnnnnnnnnNnnnn!" Anna's voice cracked, her moan muffled as her teeth bit down, the pain of being stretched hitting her all at once. My thick cock sank deeper, her warm pussy wrapping around me, slick and gripping, but incredibly tight. It was a struggle to push further, but there was no turning back now. Every inch I gained felt like I was splitting her open, my cock prying her tight hole wider.

"Nnnnn, aaaah, aaah, aaah, kuh...!"

Her pussy clenched, so tight it almost hurt, squeezing down on my cock like a vice. I could feel her body trembling beneath me as I pushed deeper, finally reaching the thin barrier of her innocence. With a steady thrust, I broke through, her pussy giving way as I sank in fully.

"Fghhh?!"

The sharp sensation of her virginity tearing was palpable, her body jerking as her hands clawed at the air, helpless. Her brows furrowed, tears glistening in her eyes as she tried to handle the pain.

But she looked up at me, her eyes filled with pain, but silently begging me to go on. I loved seeing a woman like that—pushing through the pain, wanting more. I didn't bother asking if she was okay or if I should stop. Her eyes were all the answer I needed. She wanted this.

So, without hesitation, I started moving my hips, pulling her body close and fucking her hot, tight pussy with my cock.

"Aaah, nnn, aaaah, aaah, ahhh, ahhh, ahh, ahhh!"

I didn't waste time thinking about positioning or technique. I just thrust into her desperately, feeling her slick folds grip my dick as I drove deeper. My glans rubbed against her soft, warm insides, hitting her deepest spots with each push.

"I-It's poking deep, my dear...! Aaaaaaaaaah...!" she gasped, her voice quivering as her body shuddered beneath me.

Her trembling made me want her even more. I reached for her breasts, grabbing them both, pressing them together as I leaned down and sucked on her nipples, flicking them with my tongue. I switched between them, one hand playing with her soft flesh while my mouth worked the other. Anna's body was pure eroticism, every part of her making me crave more.

Her pussy clenched around my cock, her muscles working me over, bringing me pleasure with every thrust.

She felt perfect in my hands. Her thick thighs were soft and plush as I gripped them, pounding into her, her hips bouncing against me with each push. Her breasts were the perfect mix of soft and firm, bouncing under my touch as I grabbed and sucked. She was incredible to hold. Her pussy was tight, wet, and gripping me like a vice.

It was pure heaven wrapped around my cock, and I couldn't get enough of her.

"Aaah! Ahhh! Ah, ah....!"

Her body trembled, arching as she pulled my head tight against her chest, her breasts pressing against my face while I ravaged them with my mouth. The heat from her pussy was unbearable, her slick folds gripping my cock like they were trying to swallow me whole. Each pulse of her walls twisted around my length, a fiery vice clenching me tighter, making it harder to pull away.

The sensation burned, every thrust feeling like I was pushing into molten heat.

I started thrusting faster, my hips pounding into hers as the bed creaked violently beneath us. Each thrust sank me deeper into her tight, slippery pussy, the wet slaps of our bodies echoing through the room.

"Hnnn, nnnn, hnnn, fuuaahhh, aaah, aaah, aaah, aaaaaah, aaaaaaaah!"

We clung to each other, lips crashing together in a desperate kiss, tongues tangling wildly. She wrapped her legs around my waist, locking me in place, her body urging me deeper. Her legs tightened, pulling me closer as my cock pushed into her wet heat, and the folds of her pussy gripped me even tighter.

"Nnnnnaaa, aaaaah, aaaaah, aaaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaah!"

That familiar pressure built deep inside me, my cock twitching as her pussy milked me with every thrust. I could feel it—the tight, slick heat of her walls driving me to the edge, making it impossible to hold back.

"I'm gonna cum inside you!" I growled through gritted teeth, feeling my cock swell. "That's fine, right?!"

"It's fine! Fill me! Make me yours completely! Make me submit! Aaaah, aaaaah, aaaaaaah!"

My cock throbbed, swelling as I slammed into her with everything I had. Each thrust was harder, deeper, until my glans smashed against her cervix, the wet slap growing louder and louder. Her pussy tightened around me, squeezing my dick so hard I could barely move.

"I'm cumming...!" I gasped, my hands gripping her hips as she locked her legs tighter around my waist.

The tension snapped, and I came hard, my cock pulsing as hot, thick cum poured from the tip, flooding her tight pussy.

"Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnggggggggggggh~!!! Ah, s-so hotttt! Amazing...! I'm drowning...! Ah, aaah, nnnnnnn!"

Anna's body shuddered violently as she came at the same time as me, her moans high and breathless, her entire frame tensing as her orgasm washed over her. My cock throbbed relentlessly inside her, pumping out a thick load of cum that surged into her soaked pussy. Her body stiffened, fingers clutching the sheets as her brow furrowed in pleasure and pain.

I watched her shake beneath me as my cock pulsed, filling her completely. As I finally pulled out, my dick still rock hard, the pressure released, and a flood of semen spilled from her swollen, stretched pussy. It dripped out slowly, tinged with red—the undeniable sign I had just taken her virginity.

Anna, spent and overwhelmed by her orgasm, drifted off into unconsciousness, her breaths coming out soft and peaceful as she slept. Her body was relaxed now, the tension melted away from the ecstasy we shared.

Outside, I could sense Erick lurking, trying to eavesdrop. But he couldn't hear a thing; I had used Guardian to block him. It wasn't a perfect soundproof barrier, but it muffled most of Anna's moans. She had done her best to stifle them anyway.

Chapter 376: Angelica (1)

The next morning, I woke up with Anna nestled against me, her body warm and soft in my arms. She was still sleeping soundly, her head resting on my shoulder like she belonged there. She looked almost angelic, her golden hair splayed out, with one stray strand stuck in her mouth. I reached out slowly, carefully lifting her head and setting it down on the bed as I slid out.

As I moved, she mumbled in her sleep, her voice soft and sweet. "Mmm... I love you, Darling..."

I chuckled quietly, unable to resist running my fingers through her hair one last time before I got dressed. After pulling on my clothes, I stepped outside. Erick was already there, stirring something over a fire, and the smell of food hit me immediately.

"Oh? So, did you have a good night?" he asked with that shit-eating grin plastered on his face. He knew I'd spent the night with Anna, and he was enjoying it far too much.

"Yeah," I said with a small smirk. "Slept pretty well, actually."

And it was true. Anna's body had a way of making everything feel easy—warm, soft, comforting. Of course, I'd had plenty of "pleasant" nights with my other women, but it wasn't like I was about to start comparing. That'd be rude as hell.

"Haha, yeah? That's good to hear! Well, how about we grab some lunch? Can you wake her up for me?" he asked, still grinning like an idiot.

I shrugged. No reason to say no, but there was something I needed to handle first.

"I'll check on the woman," I told him.

His grin dropped instantly, his face tightening. "That woman..." he muttered darkly. "She's tougher than she looks. She tried biting through the power dampener, and she even went as far as twisting her limbs, trying to break free."

That sounded insane, no doubt about it. But knowing what the Eclipse was capable of and the lengths they'd go to achieve their goals, it wasn't surprising. That woman seemed to be cut from the same cloth.

"Can I get some food? I want to feed her."

"Sure," Erick said, handing me a plate of food.

"Be careful when you go in there," he said, flashing me a grin. "Not that you can't beat her ass again if she tries anything."

I waved him off and headed toward the barn. The old wooden door creaked as I pushed it open, the smell of dust and hay filling the air as I stepped inside. There she was—slumped against the wall, wrists raw and bloody. She'd clearly been at it all night, trying to twist and tear herself free.

I'd healed her bones before, after she'd blown them apart using her skill, but seeing her now, bloodied and broken, I had no intention of healing her again. She made her bed; now she could lie in it.

Her eyes snapped open as soon as she sensed me, the fury in her gaze sharp enough to cut. She glared at me with every ounce of hate she could muster.

"I brought you some food," I said, kneeling down to her level, my voice steady. "You didn't eat last night, so I'm guessing you're starving by now."

I scooped up some of the food with the spoon and held it near her lips. The steam rose between us, the warmth of it brushing against her face. "Careful, it's hot."

She turned her head away, stubborn as ever, like she had no interest in eating or letting me feed her. But then her stomach growled loudly.

"You might not want to eat, but your body's betraying you," I said. "So, what's it gonna be? Take a bite? Or do you want me to eat it first to make sure I didn't poison your food?"

She kept her silence, her eyes stubbornly avoiding mine, locking onto anything but me. It was obvious she didn't want to talk. Had I really shattered her pride? Probably. I had just beaten her at what she held most dear—her skill, her confidence, her power. That had to sting.

With a sigh, I placed the spoon back on the plate and lowered it to the ground, watching her closely. She was tough, but she wasn't invincible.

"If you don't want to eat, fine. But you're going to tell me... where's your hideout?" I asked, my voice dropping low, adding weight to the question.

This was the one piece of intel that even the Shadows couldn't crack. The Eclipse hideout. We didn't know if there was just one or if there were multiple, but they were impossible to track down. Clues? Sure, we had those. But every lead we followed ended up at a dead end, over and over again.

"Why would I tell you that?" she spat, venom dripping from her words.

"Because you don't have a choice."

She laughed—low, bitter, full of venom. "I'm dead either way. So go ahead. Do it. I'd rather die loyal to my Lord than betray him. You want to kill me?

Do your worst."

Her words cut, but I wasn't fazed. She wasn't backing down, even in the face of death. I had to admit, there was something impressive about her stubborn defiance, the way she stared down her own demise without a single flinch. It was almost admirable. Almost.

But that didn't stop the frustration boiling up inside me. She had the kind of strength and grit I could respect, and yet here she was, wasted on an organization like the Eclipse. That loyalty, that fierce will, all chained to their twisted goals. It pissed me off. The fact that a woman like her belonged to them made me sick.

"I'm still wondering how the fuck you ended up with the Eclipse," I said. "Doesn't it bother you? Women being raped, kidnapped, taken to God knows where? Especially as a woman yourself?"

She met my gaze with a cold, dead expression, her eyes devoid of any empathy. "I don't feel anything," she said, her voice as hollow as her stare. "As far as I'm concerned, those who don't serve our Lord or our cause are nothing but scraps. Tools. Their only worth is to help bring our dreams to life. That's all they are." She spoke without a flicker of hesitation.

"A woman is worthless unless the Lord has tasted her. I was nothing before Him. But now? Now I've been blessed by Him, chosen to serve Him. I'm His warrior, tasked with slaying those who have strayed from His vision. You're one of them—you deserve to die."

Her twisted logic hit like a punch to the gut. I couldn't wrap my head around how warped she was. It was like she had drowned in her own insanity, fully embracing this fucked-up doctrine.

I leaned forward, my eyes narrowing, trying to find some crack in her devotion. "Who is this Lord of yours?" I asked, more curious now about the depth of her madness.

For the first time, her gaze snapped to mine, and something dark and fierce flickered behind her eyes. "The Great Darkness," she whispered, her voice dripping with a kind of fanatical reverence that sent a chill down my spine.

Chapter 377 Angelica (2)

The Great Darkness.

As far as I was concerned, there was no mention of the Great Darkness in any history book I'd ever come across. The Great Ones—those ancient, godlike beings that roamed this world before it was even fit for life—never mentioned it. I was sure it didn't exist. Yet, somehow, that name kept creeping into my mind, gnawing at me like some forgotten truth.

Maybe I should ask Lilith. But how? There was no easy way to contact her. Hell, I didn't even know how to contact her. The only thing I could think of was dominating a woman—maybe that would bring me close enough to reach her. But then again, what were the chances I'd find a woman I could dominate today?

I couldn't just walk up to someone, bend her to my will, and demand a conversation with Lilith. Things like that doesn't just happen on command.

So who was this Great Darkness?

I shoved the thoughts aside for now and pulled out my phone, dialing Gabrielle's number. If anyone knew anything, it'd be her. I remembered her complaining about being burnt out from school and all the professor stuff, so she'd gone on vacation. Still, she'd pick up the phone—she always did, right?

The phone rang, and almost instantly, the call connected.

"Master?"

"You busy?"

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"No, not really. Just resting. I hit the beach yesterday, but today I'm holed up in the inn. Why? Do you need something?"

"I've got a question."

"Sure, what is it?"

"You know about the Great Ones, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, those ancient dragons who shaped the world as it is now. Why?"

"Ever heard of the Great Darkness?"

There was a heavy silence before Gabrielle finally spoke. "There's no such thing as the Great Darkness."

"Right?" I said. "But I came across a woman—she's part of the Eclipse—who claims their entire faith is centered around something called the Great Darkness."

"Someone pretending to be one of the Great Ones and becoming the center of a cult's devotion? And not just any cult, but one of the largest out there?" she replied, now clearly intrigued. I could almost see her through the phone—standing tall with one hand resting on her hip, her brow raised in that curious way she had when something caught her interest. Seemed I'd hooked her.

"Where are you right now?"

"I'm in the village next to Rakkan," I said. "Though, calling it a village is a stretch. There's barely forty or fifty people living here."

"Got it. I know the place. I'll be there soon."

"Wait, you're actually coming?" I asked.

"I want to find out what these Eclipse fanatics are worshipping," she said, her voice carrying a sharpened edge of curiosity. "To see what's got them so devoted."

"Alright," I replied. "How soon can I expect you?"

"Luckily, you're not far. I'll be there by this afternoon. Oh, and I came across someone... someone I think you'll be very interested in dominating. Trust me, you're going to want her."

Gabrielle wasn't one to throw recommendations lightly, especially when it came to someone I could dominate. If she was this confident, I was already getting excited. Hell, she had my attention before I'd even laid eyes on this woman.

"Okay, just get here fast," I told her.

With that, I ended the call.

I dozed off for a bit in Anna's room. Without me even asking, Anna just slid into bed beside me, curling up and falling asleep too. Village women might be the sweetest and most accommodating thing I've ever laid claim to. That bet with Erick was definitely worth it.

After a while, I felt Gabrielle's presence approaching. It was hard to miss. I woke up, and Anna stirred beside me, waking up as well. We both got up from the bed and headed outside. A crowd had gathered around a car that had just arrived. Gabrielle stepped out, looking as menacing and pissed off as usual.

She stood there, arms crossed under her huge breasts, the tight white blouse she wore straining against them. Her pencil skirt hugged her hips and curves, while her legs were clad in sleek stockings. She looked every bit the seductive powerhouse in that outfit.

Erick was there too, holding a weapon in his hand, probably assuming Gabrielle was some kind of threat.

"Why are you here? And what's that... thing? What exactly is it?" Erick asked, eyeing the car suspiciously.

"This?" she said, rubbing the roof the car. "It's a car. Ever heard of one? Though, considering how primitive these villages are, I doubt any news from the outside world has reached your ears." Then, she fixed her gaze back on Erick, her expression sharpening. "And didn't I already tell you? I'm here to meet my Master."

"I doubt you. I can't allow you inside the village," Erick said, his voice hardening as he gripped his weapon tighter. "Get out of here! Or I might just slash you..."

Things were about to get ugly if I didn't step in, so I moved closer.

"She's with me," I told him calmly.

Erick turned to me, eyes wide. "Leon...? She's with you?"

"Yeah, I'm the 'Master' she's talking about. She's also one of my women," I said, without hesitation.

"S-She's...?" Erick stammered, clearly shocked. "W-Well, damn... I didn't think you'd have a woman like her. And she's older than you, too... and calling you Master?"

The moment I said she was mine, the whole crowd seemed to freeze in place, their faces painted with disbelief. Of course, they had no idea Gabrielle was one of mine. The six-year age gap between us only added to the shock.

Anna, standing beside me, processed my words, her eyes flicking over to Gabrielle's body—the full, seductive curves, the toned hourglass figure that practically oozed sex appeal—and then back to her own, comparing.

"W-Why is she calling you Master, if you don't mind me asking?" Anna asked, her voice shaky. She had sighed in defeat after seeing Gabrielle, one of my women, standing there in all her glory.

"Because I'm his property," Gabrielle answered bluntly, without even flinching. The way she said it—so casually—was enough to make everyone around us tense up. "And Master also owns the largest company in the world. The same company that made this." She pointed at the car with a small smirk.

The crowd's shock hit all over again, their jaws practically hitting the floor. The air was thick with disbelief as they processed the fact that not only was she mine, but I also held control over the biggest company on the planet.

"You know, I never pictured you as a big shot, running a massive company. I figured you'd be some kind of adventurer," Erick said, his voice casual but with a hint of admiration.

Gabrielle was in the bathroom, changing clothes. If she walked out still wearing that tight, sexy outfit, every eye in the village would be glued to her. Even Anna couldn't help but sneak glances at her own body, comparing herself to Gabrielle's curvy, seductive figure. Her eyes would flick back and forth, and the faintest crease formed between her brows.

She was being too adorable, though, and I almost told her not to worry. But I held back, just enjoying her quiet insecurity.

"Well, I've just been lucky, I guess. It's not like I built it all by myself," I said, thinking back to when I was practically nothing. Amon and Gabrielle had been the real driving force behind it all, laying the foundation when I had barely started.

"But none of it would've happened without you," Erick said, his tone more serious now. "Your leadership made it all possible. The company you own is proof of that. Honestly, it makes me feel more at ease, knowing Anna's with you."

He said it with such confidence, like he didn't even care that I had a harem of women. The fact that he was still fine with giving his daughter to me, even after learning I wasn't exactly monogamous, was surprising. I guess it was a difference in beliefs. Having multiple women wasn't as big of a deal here as I thought.

"Master, I'm ready," Gabrielle said, stepping out in an entirely different outfit. The kind of outfit that clung just enough to show off her figure but still let her move freely. It was practical, built for the heat of this village, with fabric that would breathe even when she started sweating.

Yet, even in something so simple, she looked near perfect—every curve still noticeable, her body radiating confidence.

Anna, on the other hand, couldn't take her eyes off Gabrielle's chest and hips. She stood there, staring, her own hands unconsciously brushing over her body as she compared herself. Gabrielle's frame was toned, seductive in a way that drew eyes. Anna's body was softer, rounder, with a bit more plushness, and it was clear she felt a little intimidated by the comparison.

But honestly, I loved Anna just the way she was. That softness? It made her perfect to hold.

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Knowing she needed reassurance, I spoke up. "It's fine, Anna. You don't need to change anything."

"W-What...? B-But..." Her eyes flicked again to Gabrielle's full breasts, then back down at her own, self-doubt creeping into her expression.

"I told you, it's fine. I'm not bothered by it. Not at all." I walked over and wrapped her in my arms, pulling her close. The moment I did, I was enveloped in warmth, her soft body pressing into mine. She was like a cushion of heat and comfort, and I wasn't about to let her feel insecure, not about her body or anything else. To me, every one of my women was perfect.

"Are you okay now?" I whispered.

"Y-Yeah," she muttered, her cheeks turning a soft pink. It didn't take much—just a little reassurance to calm the worry in her heart. Then, she bit her lip and closed her eyes, her face tilted up toward mine.

I leaned in and kissed her, her lips soft and warm, a perfect fit against mine.

Off to the side, Erick let out a little laugh, practically bouncing on his feet. I swear, he was the most supportive father I'd ever seen, getting all excited like this.

After that, Gabrielle and I headed over to where the woman was tied up, but before we did, she led me to her car.

"I told you earlier, didn't I? That I was going to introduce you to someone," Gabrielle said, her tone carrying a hint of mystery.

She opened the back door, and there, lying in the seat, was a woman, fast asleep.

"Oh..."

I recognized her right away—or at least, I'd seen her a couple of days ago. She was the one who had been scoping out Rose's car when we were still at Rakkan's inn. Her metallic arms glinted in the dim light, making her look like she belonged in some other realm entirely. She was definitely intriguing.

At first, I thought she might be another one of those Chuunibyou types, like Isiliraiellyn, but no... she had a certain air of legitimacy. This woman was the real deal, probably a full-on cyborg or someone with metallic limbs. If I was remembering correctly, her name was...

"Isn't she Scarlet Alekseev?" I asked, glancing at Gabrielle.

"Oh? So you've already met her?"

"Yeah. I ran into her a couple of days ago and gave her directions to the Holy City."

"I actually saw her in the Holy City. She was roughing up a few thugs," Gabrielle said, with a smirk. "But they weren't your run-of-the-mill street trash."

She pulled out her phone and showed me a photo. The men in the image were bound in thick green vines, their faces contorted in agony. I noticed a symbol on their wrists.

It was the Eclipse symbol.

"Have you found anything useful from them?" I asked.

Gabrielle shrugged. "Not really. I've only uncovered their unshakable devotion to their faith, but beyond that? Nothing." She sighed. "Which is why I'm curious. What kind of faith could make them blindly believe like that?"

I want to know what drives them, what makes them so fanatical."

I raised an eyebrow. "So, what's the connection between Scarlet and the Eclipse? And why'd you bring her here? I assume you didn't bring her just for me to dominate her, right?"

Gabrielle chuckled darkly. "No, Master, not just for that. I came across some information from one of the villages in the Empire. Apparently, a woman—deemed a hero—was protecting the entire village. The description fits. She had metallic arms and was incredibly skilled in combat."

She singlehandedly fought off several members of the Eclipse." Gabrielle's eyes gleamed with interest. "In other words, she might be useful to you down the line, Master."

Chapter 379 Angelica (4)

I decided not to disturb Scarlet while she slept, so I quietly made my way to where the woman was being kept. The barn door creaked as I opened it, revealing her slumped in the corner. She wasn't even glancing at the food I had brought earlier. Instead, a string of saliva hung from her lips, her stomach growling like a beast trapped inside her.

She had been so defiant before, telling me she'd rather die than talk. But now? Her hunger had shattered that pride, leaving her utterly defeated by the mere presence of food. The sight was almost pitiful, if not a little amusing.

While I was thinking about how comical the situation was, I suddenly heard Gabrielle gasp in surprise.

"Angelica?"

I froze. Angelica... Of course. Now that I was really looking at her, she did resemble the magic knight who had disappeared. She was assumed dead, fallen in battle. She'd been attacked by Prince Julius during the King's Game, along with Robyn. This was Robyn's captain, the one in charge.

"She's really her?" I muttered.

"I'm not sure," Gabrielle whispered. "But I've known her since she joined the magic knights. She's only a year younger than me. Back then, she was in my unit. I never thought... never thought she'd end up as one of the Eclipse."

I shook my head. "She might've been brainwashed beyond repair. I don't think we can save her unless we figure out how to reverse whatever they did to her. And even then, her head could literally blow up if we try to undo it."

"I can't believe this. She never got what she wanted, and when she needed me the most... I left her."

Gabrielle's eyes lingered on Angelica, filled with a sorrow so deep it was almost palpable. The way she looked at her, it was like she was staring at a sister who had been lost long ago. Maybe it was the years they spent together that made her grow so attached, or maybe she had always seen Angelica as something more than just a fellow knight.

"Do you want me to give you a minute alone with her?" I asked quietly.

"No," she said, her voice steady, though there was a crack just beneath the surface. "It's fine. I cut off all my ties to that unit long before I left. I'm happy with where I am now. Still, seeing Angelica like this... it's sad, in a way."

I didn't know Angelica well enough to grasp who she really was, and we hadn't even met properly. So, I couldn't fully understand why Gabrielle was showing this rare bit of sympathy.

I have no idea who Angelica was as a person, and we didn't even met properly to know things, so I couldn't understand why Gabrielle was showing such rare occurrence of sympathy towards someone.

We stepped closer to Angelica, and the moment she sensed us, her eyes flicked up, burning with a cold glare. There was no flicker of recognition as she looked at Gabrielle, no trace of the woman she once was. It was like she was staring at strangers.

"Do you even remember me?" Gabrielle asked, her voice low but sharp.

Angelica's response was nothing but a feral growl, more animal than human.

"I can't believe you let yourself get brainwashed like this. And you had the nerve to call yourself a captain of a magic knight unit?"

Angelica couldn't possibly understand the weight of Gabrielle's words, but that didn't stop Gabrielle from spitting them out, like she needed to get it off her chest. It wasn't sympathy—it was more like a harsh reminder of what Angelica had become, almost mocking her.

"Who is this woman?" Angelica growled, her cold gaze shifting to me, as though I had the answers.

"She's with me," I replied, my tone even. "Now, how about we get to the point?"

We had tried grilling her about this so-called Great Darkness, but in the end, it was like talking to a wall. She was too far gone, lost in whatever twisted beliefs had been drilled into her mind. She clung to that shit so tightly, completely unaware that she'd been brainwashed. She didn't even know who she was anymore, just a hollow shell of her former self.

Eventually, we had to give up—it was pointless. Night had already draped its cloak over the sky by then.

"Nothing useful came out of her mouth," Gabrielle spat.

"It doesn't seem like she's trying to deceive us," I said. "It's like the idea of this Great Darkness is beyond even her grasp. She's so far gone, she can't even explain it."

That's how brainwashing works. They plant an idea so deep into someone's head that reality twists and bends around it. The people we've been interrogating weren't lying—they were just spitting out the garbage that had been fed into their minds. Each one saying the same thing over and over. It was frustrating as hell, and it was making this whole process a nightmare.

"I never gave a thought about cults," Gabrielle continued. "But I've got to admit, what Sesillian's pulled off is way scarier than I thought."

Sesillian had built the largest, darkest cult this world had ever seen—one that just kept spreading like a plague. And as its numbers grew, so did the threat it posed.

"Most people don't want to admit there's something wrong," I said. "Facing the truth scares them. It's easier to close their eyes and pretend the danger isn't real. No one wants to worry, so they just ignore it."

People were always turning a blind eye to reality. They didn't want to face the cold, hard truth—that this world was darker than they could ever imagine. Reality isn't some fairy tale. It's far worse. And that's exactly what the Eclipse wanted—this world drowning in shadow, swallowed whole by the darkness.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed with a call. It was Maya. Wait... there were a ton of missed calls—so many that the count had reached three digits.

"It's probably because the reception's terrible here," Gabrielle said. "That's why you weren't getting any of those calls."

Right. The signal in this village was terrible. So bad that it was nearly impossible to send or receive anything. But somehow, I must've stumbled into a spot where at least one bar of signal came through. And just like that, a call finally got through.

I answered it immediately.

"Master, it's an emergency!"

Chapter 380 Rage (1)

One of the Leonamon branches had been hit—a suicide bombing, they said. The second I heard the news, I bolted to the scene.

Amon was already there, standing stiff while talking to a magic knight, her face serious as she reported the situation. In the distance, I could see medics scrambling, tending to the injured, and amidst the chaos, Natalia stood out, directing them.

The moment Amon spotted me, her expression softened, and she rushed over. "Master!" she cried, throwing her arms around me. Her big breasts slammed into my chest, their warmth and softness pressing hard against me, her breath brushing against my neck. Normally, that would've done something to me, but now... I wasn't feeling any of that.

"Amon," I muttered, hugging her back, my mind far from the feel of her tits. "How bad is the damage?"

I didn't give a fuck about the property loss, but it felt like the easiest place to start, to ground myself.

"A hundred thousand gold in damage, give or take," she said.

"...And the casualties?" My voice came out harder than I meant it to.

Amon hesitated. "...Seven."

Seven lives lost. Seven Leonamon employees dead because of this attack. The second that number left her lips, I felt a hot surge of rage flare up inside me. It boiled in my chest, spreading through my veins like wildfire, making my fists clench tight. Fuck.

"Miss Marie said she couldn't bring the dead back," Amon added. "Especially since some of the bodies were beyond saving."

Marie's ability wasn't some miracle. She could manipulate a soul, tweak it, but full-on resurrection? No, if the body was too mangled, too messed up, there was nothing she could do to reconnect the soul with what was left of them.

Around us, there were people crying, holding onto their injuries, their lives hanging by a thread.

Who the hell did this? No. From what Amon told me, the attackers had tattoos on their wrists. It wasn't hard to figure out—they were Eclipse members. This was Sesillian's doing.

I couldn't contain the burning rage coursing through me, and before I knew it, my bloodlust slipped out. Amon and Gabrielle didn't flinch, but everyone else around us got spooked, eyes wide with fear, though none of them could figure out exactly where the bloodlust was coming from. The only exception was the magic knight, who instinctively raised her weapon at me.

She kept it aimed for a second before lowering it, realizing I wasn't about to attack.

Sesillian. There was no one else who could have done this. That bastard was behind it, and he was going to pay. Not just pay... He would suffer for this three or four times over. I'd make damn sure of it.

Rose's POV

Grace had been hollow ever since the incident with Philip and those Eclipse bastards. It was like she wasn't even here anymore, her eyes empty, staring off into some abyss only she could see. With her out of it, Hana was left uncared for, which meant I had to step in and take care of her. Grace wasn't in any state to do it.

I was still in shock myself, trying to process the fact that my colleague, someone I had trusted and worked alongside, was the leader of that fucking cult. I'd always known him as a good guy—helpful, dedicated, never causing any trouble. But now? The image I'd held of him was shattered, crumbling to pieces in front of me.

I stepped outside, approaching the tree where I knew someone was hiding, my voice low. "When exactly is Leon coming back?"

A woman emerged, half her body still fused with the tree's trunk, her expression calm as ever.

"There's an emergency Master is dealing with right now," she explained smoothly. "He's busy handling that situation at the moment."

"Emergency? What kind of emergency does he have on his plate that's more important than this?" I snapped, unable to hide my irritation.

"Every bit of it," she replied calmly. "Right now, Master is furious."

"Furious?" I repeated, stunned. That was the last word I'd ever associate with Leon. Leon? Angry?

"He's going to destroy whoever's responsible for this," she said with a dark smile, the kind that sent chills down your spine. "And when he does, it'll be merciless. That's how Master handles things—ruthless to the core."

I wasn't sure if she was joking or not, but the way her eyes gleamed with amusement sent a shiver down my spine. Leon... I was starting to see that maybe he wasn't too different from the man behind the Eclipse after all. A force to be feared.

And these women, powerful as they were, worshipped him for it.

Leon's POV

Marie walked beside me in the cold, sterile underground halls of Leonamon's headquarters. The silence was thick, broken only by the echo of our footsteps as we moved deeper into the facility. The dim lights flickered above us, casting long, eerie shadows that danced along the walls. We were heading to where I had Angelica detained—locked away like a ticking time bomb.

We reached the stark white room where she was being held, her body tightly restrained in a custom-made straitjacket. It wasn't just any straitjacket. This one was embedded with power-dampening threads, designed to suppress any abilities, making sure she couldn't pull anything dangerous while she was confined.

She looked utterly helpless, bound by the unyielding fabric, her eyes burning with a fury that matched the cold steel of the room.

I was with Marie for a reason—I needed her to do something specific. She walked beside me, barely reaching my chest. It was almost comical, like she could be mistaken for my kid, even though she was way older than me.

"It's not exactly a problem I can solve just by tweaking her soul to erase the hypnotism," she explained, her tone casual, like she'd done this a hundred times. "As you can see, even the power dampener doesn't change or erase the brainwashing. It's still intact."

"I still want you to try," I told her.

She shrugged, her shoulders rising as if to say, Sure, I'll give it a shot.

Angelica was going to tell me everything, one way or another—even if I had to break her to make it happen.