

## The World 381

### Chapter 381 Rage (2)

I knelt down beside her, the cold stone floor pressing against my knees as I stared down at Angelica. Her eyes were locked on mine, blazing with fury, even though she couldn't say a word through the gag strapped tight across her mouth. Her breaths came out hard and heavy through her nose. Without saying a word, I reached down and yanked the gag away, watching her lips curl into a snarl as it fell.

"Your members killed innocent people today," I said, my voice low, calm, and deadly. "Your cult—The Eclipse."

Her eyes never wavered, still burning with that same anger, like she didn't even care.

"Do you have any idea how many people you've murdered?" I asked, my voice sharper now. "Seven."

The faces of the women flashed in my mind—people I knew. They had families to care for, children waiting at home, depending on them. They worked hard, not because they had to, but because they wanted to keep their families afloat. And now, they were gone. Not just numbers. Not just bodies. Lives, taken away by the hands of her fucked-up cult. Amon might've wanted me to dominate them for their skills, but I saw them for what they were—human beings. I couldn't stand to let their deaths be brushed aside as mere wasted potential. That's not who I am.

I clenched my fists, nails biting into my palms. I knew deep down that I wasn't human anymore. Not fully. But the moral code from my previous life? It kept me tethered, kept me grounded. My sister's words, from long ago, still echoed inside me, reminding me what it meant to be human in a world that had forgotten.

And that's why the slaughter of innocents turned my stomach in disgust.

"Those seven women were working to provide for their families. Because of your stupid fucking cult, those families are now broken, left without their mothers or sisters. Do you have anything to say for yourself, as a so-called Guardian of the Great Darkness?"

Angelica's lips twitched, but her eyes stayed cold, her expression unchanged. She didn't speak, didn't even flinch. Just stared back at me, still scowling. The fact that she could look like that after everything—after I told her what her faith and her precious cult had done—boiled my blood. It was damning.

"Marie," I called. "Can you use your skill even with the power dampener on?"

"Soul Manipulation needs physical contact," she replied. "But as long as I touch some skin, like the forehead, it'll work just fine."

Marie knelt down beside me and pressed her fingers to Angelica's forehead. We were about to try and free her from the brainwashing that tied her to the Eclipse. If we could break that hold, make her feel the weight of her actions, the guilt would destroy her from the inside. Guilt—it's the easiest and most devastating form of revenge.

There's nothing more crippling than forcing someone to face the damage they've done, to feel it tearing at them from the inside. Once guilt eats away at someone, you've already won.

Marie's fingers glowed faintly as she activated her skill, and within seconds, Angelica's body went slack, her head drooping as if all the fight had drained out of her.

\*\*\*

### Marie's POV

The inside of a person's soul always felt like a still ocean. Calm, empty, stretching out into an endless horizon of blue. It was the same when I entered Angelica's soul. An expanse of tranquil water as far as my eyes could see, with no wind, no waves—just silence. My feet moved over the surface of that ocean, and though I was walking on water, I didn't sink.

I kept walking, knowing I needed to find the source of the brainwashing, the seed of whatever idea had been implanted in her mind. As I moved across the water, ripples spread beneath my feet with every step I took, disturbing the otherwise perfect stillness.

Normally, if there was something wrong with someone's soul, you'd see an obvious inconsistency—something off. And right now, I could see it clearly. There it was: the anomaly.

"This is...?"

There was something there, lurking beneath the surface. It was dark, so dark I couldn't make out what it was exactly, but I knew it didn't belong. It lay there, like it was sleeping, undisturbed.

"Is this the idea?" I muttered to myself.

Brainwashing works by planting an idea into someone's mind, forcing them to accept it without question. To make it stick, the brainwasher has to hammer that idea in, over and over again, until it becomes the truth. I'd never broken someone free from brainwashing before, but I'd dealt with people who were braindead. I hadn't been able to heal them, and I had a strong feeling I never would. Braindead wasn't the same as this—it was irreversible.

The woman Leon told me to bring back to life was a rare case. Her body had been in perfect condition, so when I restored her soul, she came back like she'd never died. If her body hadn't been intact, bringing back her soul would've been useless. All it would've done was turn her into some kind of undead—just a shell, with nothing real left inside.

This was different. She wasn't braindead, nor was she someone I needed to bring back from the dead. Angelica was just brainwashed, but that came with its own set of complications. I couldn't tamper too much with someone's soul when the root of the problem was mental. That's why Martha, the woman Leon had me revive, never regained her memories. Some things can't be fixed by just healing the soul.

The idea that had taken root in Angelica was pure darkness. That was it—darkness itself.

I reached out and touched it. And then... immediately, I saw it.

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.

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.

This was the idea. This was the darkness that had consumed her mind.

It was swallowing everything—blinding, yet somehow calm. The end of suffering, the end of everything, killing everything in its path, but doing it so peacefully. It wasn't violent; it felt more like slipping into an endless sleep. The darkness erased pain, erased suffering, erased all the weakness that made people human. And then I saw him... a man, sitting on a throne, with a massive dark dragon looming behind him.

"Marie!"

Someone shook me hard, snapping me out of it. The soul manipulation broke, and I was thrown back into reality, back outside Angelica's soul.

"What did you saw?" asked Leon.

"Great Darkness..." I muttered, more to myself than to Leon. "It's real."

### Chapter 382 Rage (3)

#### Leon's POV

Marie claimed the Great Darkness was real, but for all I knew, that could just be another idea Sesillian had planted in Angelica's mind. That's why I couldn't bring myself to trust it completely. My gut told me something was off.

"I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help," Marie said softly. I locked eyes with her. Those eyes—so wide, pure, and innocent, like she had no idea what was really going on. It was natural, I suppose, since she looked like a child right now, though there was something subtly mischievous about her appearance. That grin of hers... It never left her face. It wasn't quite a full grin—more like a delicate, graceful smile—but to me, it looked like mockery, like she was silently laughing at me.

"Alright," I muttered. "You can go."

Without a word, she turned and slipped out of the room where Angelica was confined. I stared at the door as it shut with a quiet click.

If Marie thought she was fooling me, she was dead wrong. I knew from day one the real reason I couldn't get her to be interested in me—it was because of that damn artifact she had on under all those layers of clothing. That thing was a power dampener, making her immune to any skills used on her. And even while wearing it, she could still use her own abilities without a hitch. I knew she was hiding something from me, but she was useful, so I let her stay around. But the second she stepped out of line, I'd tame her and wreck her. Even if she was almost a century old.

I shifted my gaze to Angelica. She glared at me, her eyes burning with anger. The hatred in that stare almost made me want to break her, to make her feel the same terror and pain she'd inflicted on the people she killed. But something held me back. Deep down, I knew it wasn't her fault. She didn't do it willingly—she wasn't in control. And if Gabrielle had looked at her with such sadness earlier, there had to be some goodness in her, buried deep beneath the surface.

So all the anger I felt... I was going to direct it at the Eclipse. At Sesillian.

I'd make sure his plan failed.

\*\*\*

I left the confinement room where Angelica was held and dragged myself to the Love Room. The moment I stepped inside, I collapsed onto the bed, the softness of the mattress swallowing me whole. My body felt heavy, weighed down by the swirl of emotions that had wrecked me all day. Frustration, confusion, and anger gnawed at me, leaving me utterly drained.

I stared blankly at the ceiling, my mind racing but unfocused. Just when I thought I'd finally have a moment of peace, the creak of the door broke the silence.

I turned my head, spotting two figures standing at the threshold—Gabrielle and Amon.

"What are you two doing here?" I asked, my voice carrying a mix of irritation and exhaustion.

"We thought since you're going to be alone tonight, and it's freezing with winter and all, we'd join you," Amon said.

"A body's heat can cure the coldest nights," Gabrielle chimed in. "We're freezing too, so why not share some heat with you?"

I had made it clear earlier that I wanted to be alone tonight, to have space to process everything, but looking at them now, there was no real reason to turn them away. Besides, part of me craved the distraction.

"Fine," I muttered, sitting up at the edge of the bed. "Come in."

They didn't hesitate. Gabrielle and Amon stepped inside, moving gracefully as they slid onto the bed, one on each side of me. Their shoulders pressed against mine, warm and soft, their body heat already creeping through my clothes.

They both shifted, turning slightly, their eyes fixed on me as they wrapped their arms around my body, pulling me into their warmth. Gabrielle's delicate hand found the back of my head, her fingers weaving through my hair with a soothing, almost hypnotic touch.

"It's okay, Master," she whispered, her voice soft and comforting, yet laced with a certain rawness. Her fingers moved gently, rubbing the tension from my scalp. "What happened isn't your fault. Those people... they were just caught in the flames. You can grieve for them, but don't take on the weight of their deaths."

Amon, on the other hand, pulled me even closer, cradling my head against her chest. The plush warmth of her breasts pressed against my face, the heat from her skin seeping into me. I could hear her heart, its quiet but forceful rhythm echoing in my ears, each beat syncing with my own.

"It's sad that they're gone," Amon murmured, her voice low, almost mournful. "I'm grieving too, not because they were just workers, but because I'd started seeing them as friends. Watching them die like that... it hurts."

The steady thud of her heartbeat against my face and her soft, vulnerable words clawed at something inside me. Sad? Was I sad? Is that why I felt so off, like something inside was breaking apart?

"That's why we're here," Gabrielle's voice broke through my thoughts, steady and reassuring. "For us to lean on you, and for you to lean on us. We lift each other up, push through the sadness, and grow stronger together."

Amon's voice, sultry and intoxicating, cut in again. "Let us carry the weight with you, Master," she whispered, her warm breath brushing over my neck, sending a shiver straight down my spine. Her soft exhale mixed with the scent of her skin was messing with my head, making it harder to think. Every breath she took against my skin, every gentle stroke of her hand, made me feel like I could lose myself in her arms, like I could just forget everything and let the pain slip away.

Gabrielle's comforting hand made me feel so at peace, it was almost impossible to believe how angry I had been earlier. Now, all that was left was this overwhelming calm, the steady presence of her touch pulling me away from the rage that had been eating at me.

How much more peace, how much safer would I feel if I let myself get even closer to them? If I gave in to the desire to feel their bodies pressed against mine? The thought flickered in my mind, and the need to feel them was undeniable.

Without a second thought, I stood up and grabbed both of them, pushing them onto the bed. And then... I let my instincts take over. I went savage on them.

#### Chapter 383 Rage (4)

I tore through Gabrielle's clothes with reckless abandon, ripping her white blouse apart, sending buttons scattering across the room like bullets. Her black bra was no match either—I yanked it up, exposing her soft, supple breasts. Without a second thought, I pressed my face into her chest, giving in completely to the hunger gnawing inside me. I sucked on her nipples hard, my tongue swirling around the stiff peaks, savoring the taste of her skin as if I couldn't get enough.

"Hnnnn...!"

I could feel her body shudder beneath me as my tongue worked her nipples, swirling over the sensitive flesh. I didn't care if I was rough, if my lips were too greedy, if I sucked so hard it hurt. I slid her pencil skirt down her thighs, forcing it past her knees until it bunched around her calves. My knee pressed hard into her crotch, drawing out louder, desperate moans.

"Hnnnn...! Fuaaaaaaah!"

My lips trailed up her body, licking her smooth skin, tasting every inch from her chest to her neck, before finally claiming her mouth. I thrust my tongue between her lips, slurping her tongue, tasting the faint sweetness of cherries as our saliva mixed. I sucked on her tongue greedily, as if it was the last thing keeping me grounded in reality.

Then, without a word, I turned my attention to Amon. Her maid uniform didn't stand a chance. I tore it apart with the same violent passion, shredding the fabric until it fell away, leaving her in just her green

bra. That, too, was pulled away without hesitation. I latched onto her breasts, sucking hungrily on her nipples while my hand kneaded the other, rougher than before. My knee pressed against her crotch, just like I had done with Gabrielle, grinding into her, feeling her body arch and tense beneath me.

"Hnnnngg?! Hnnnn, ah, ah, fuaaaaah, huaa..."

I moved up, capturing her mouth in a deep, forceful kiss, my tongue invading her, tasting the heat of her breath. By the time I pulled away, Amon's eyes were glassy, tears gathering at the corners as she gasped for air, her lips swollen and wet.

"That's it, Master," she whispered, her voice barely a breath, yet dripping with seduction. "Pour all your frustrations into me. Into us."

I crashed my lips against Amon's again, my mouth devouring hers with desperate hunger. My hands moved under her massive maid skirt, fingers gliding over her silky thighs, feeling the warmth of her skin before I reached the thin edge of her panties. Without a second thought, I ripped them down to her thighs, exposing her wetness. My cock strained painfully against my pants, desperate for release. My hands fumbled, clumsy with lust as I tried to pull it free.

"Master, let me help you," Gabrielle's sultry voice whispered from behind, her warm breath sending a shiver down my spine. She gently reached around me, freeing my throbbing cock from my pants, the cool air hitting the heated flesh as she stroked it with deliberate care. "There, now it's all good," she murmured, her lips brushing my ear, her voice making my blood surge.

Something snapped inside me. I grabbed her arm, pulling her forward, tossing her on top of Amon. Their bodies collided, soft gasps escaping their lips as they lay entangled, waiting for what was coming next.

"Ah..."

"Ah..."

Their voices were a soft melody, a breathless harmony of anticipation. I barely registered it, too focused on the throbbing desire pulsing through me. I positioned myself, my cock pressing against Amon's slick, soaked entrance. She was drenched—so wet that when I pushed forward, I slid inside her tight pussy in one smooth, deep stroke. My cock buried itself to the hilt, the sensation of her hot, clenching walls making me growl.

My free hand reached for Gabrielle. Her black lace panties barely covered her dripping pussy. I yanked the fabric aside, exposing her glistening lips, and slid three fingers deep inside her with no resistance. Her pussy was soaked, practically swallowing my fingers as they thrust into her.

"NgggggggggggnNnNnn~!"

I started fucking Amon while my fingers plunged deep into Gabrielle, my frustration boiling over as I let everything out on them. The burning anger that had no other outlet now had them to absorb it. They wanted me to use that rage, to channel it into them, and that's exactly what I did.

"Aaaah, aaah, aah, aah, aaaaaah, aaah!"

"Hnnn, ahhh, aaaah, ahhh, aaah, aaaaaah!"

The feeling of their bodies underneath me, the heat, the tightness, was overwhelming. I had no idea how many times I had cum inside them, how much frustration I had unloaded into their trembling forms, but we didn't stop. We fucked hard, desperately, for hours, until the night bled into morning. It was a primal release—no words, no thoughts—just raw desire and the need to burn everything away.

\*\*\*

By the next morning, I found myself at Grace's house again. Rose was there, holding a peacefully sleeping Hana in her arms, while Grace was nowhere in sight.

The moment Rose caught sight of me, she gently laid Hana down in her crib, taking care not to disturb her, before rushing towards me.

"Where have you been? Why are you only coming now?" Rose asked.

"I had to take care of something," I replied, keeping it vague.

She gave me a confused look, her curiosity getting the better of her. "Are you angry?"

I shook my head, though it wasn't entirely true. "No, not at all."

The truth was, I had been angry—furious, even—but Amon and Gabrielle had helped ease that rage. Without them, I probably would've exploded at Rose right now. They had taken the edge off, leaving me calm enough to talk without snapping.

"Anyway, I found something," Rose said, her tone shifting as if she had important news. "I know who the leader of the Eclipse is."

"I already know," I said, cutting her off.

Her eyes widened in shock. "What?"

"It's Professor Sesillian," I told her, watching her face go pale as the name sank in.

"H-How did you know?"

"I've suspected for a while, but I couldn't be sure," I lied smoothly. In reality, I'd known from the start that Sesillian was behind Eclipse, but telling Rose that would've been a bad move. She needed to believe I had only suspicions, not full certainty. "It's all because of his connection with Charlotte Sierra," I added, giving just enough to keep her on my side without revealing too much.

Her stunned expression told me she was buying it.

#### Chapter 384 Third Semester (1)

The third semester had kicked off, and, like always, the school started with a ceremony. Winter still had its icy grip on everything, the sky dark and brooding, heavy clouds swirling above, dumping the cold down onto us like they were punishing the earth.

Each breath I took sent a misty cloud into the air, the cold biting into my lungs. I was bundled up in my winter uniform, standing by the gates, my eyes scanning the horizon as I waited for Titania.

Finally, after what felt like forever, I spotted her. She came running toward me, her face lighting up with that familiar, heart-stopping smile. She looked stunning, even in the freezing weather. Same winter uniform as me, but her lower half was just her skirt, her long, white socks hugging her thighs, leaving the skin in between teasingly bare. Her scarf was wrapped snugly around her neck, protecting her from the cold. As she ran, her breath came out in quick white puffs, the cold air catching it, and when she reached me, she bent over, hands on her knees, trying to catch her breath.

"Sorry, I'm kinda late, huh?" she gasped between breaths, her chest rising and falling in rhythm.

She was only about 15 minutes late, nothing worth stressing over.

"It's fine," I said, shrugging it off. "Ready?" I reached out and took her hand, the thick glove between us barely stopping the cold. Together, we walked toward the academy, fingers entwined, the winter wind swirling around us.

Everyone at the academy already knew about us. The idea of keeping my relationship with a princess under wraps had been thrown out the window a long time ago. Sure, being discreet might've been smarter, given our different standings, but honestly, it wasn't too bad. I didn't love all the eyes on us, but when she was this sweet and affectionate in public? Yeah, that was something I could live with. No regrets at all.

"It's already our third semester. Just a few more months, and we'll be second years," she said, her face lighting up with that infectious smile.

Time had flown by, almost too quickly. One year at the academy was nearly over, and before we knew it, we'd be standing at graduation. Would I miss this place? Doubt it. It never felt like home to me.

"Ugh, but it's freezing," she said, hugging herself with one arm as if that would fight off the biting cold.

I glanced at her outfit, shaking my head. "You wouldn't be so cold if you weren't flashing so much skin. Seriously, what were you thinking?"

Wearing just her skirt and thigh-high socks was practically begging for trouble in this weather. I knew she looked hot, but the cold didn't care.

"Yeah, but it's not like I have much of a choice. These regulations force us to wear this. You're lucky, Leon. Being a guy has its perks," she said with a playful pout, the wind nipping at her exposed legs. I reached out and messed with her hair, my fingers ruffling it just a bit. She giggled softly, the sound warming the air around us more than the gloves on our hands.

"Anyway," she continued, straightening up, "the election's coming up in a few months. You think I'm ready?"

I shrugged. "I dunno. You've got a decent following, but it's nowhere near what Princess Myrcella has."

The election for student council president was looming, and Titania had thrown her hat into the ring. I'd promised her my support, but taking down Myrcella? That was another beast entirely. Myrcella wasn't just some popular student—she was the princess of this kingdom, with power and influence that practically oozed out of her every step. Sure, Titania was a princess too, but everyone knew she wasn't playing in the same league.

"But you beat me," she growled again. "How the hell can a skillless loser defeat me?"

As we walked, I noticed someone keeping pace with us on the other side of the walkway. She was wearing the same academy uniform, and by any standard, she was cute. Today, though, she looked different—her usual twintails were gone. Instead, her hair hung loosely down her back, like she didn't care enough to style it. She didn't even look like the Charlotte Sierra I once knew.

Titania glanced in her direction. "I feel kind of bad for her," she said softly. "She's lost everything—her status, her father died, and her mother took off. But she still shows up at school every day."

"Yeah, I guess," I muttered.

In truth, I didn't feel a thing for Charlotte. She'd made her own bed. As far as I was concerned, everything that happened was her own doing. I wasn't about to start feeling sorry for someone who caused her own downfall. Sympathy? Nah, not for her.

"Come on, we're gonna be late for the ceremony," I said, shifting the topic.

Titania and I walked off together, hand in hand, leaving Charlotte behind us.

\*\*\*

The ceremony finally wrapped up, marking the official start of the third semester. Most students would slip back into their usual routines. At least, that's what I thought—until Trill suddenly yanked me aside and shoved me against a wall. The next thing I knew, her hand slammed down next to my head in a loud thud—a classic kabedon. Seriously? A kabedon? I never imagined I'd be on the receiving end of one, especially not like this.

"Tell me," she snarled, her eyes narrowed, "what the hell did you do to beat me? Did you use some hidden skill out there?"

"I don't have a skill," I replied calmly. "I'm skillless, remember?"

"But you beat me," she growled again. "How the hell can a skillless loser defeat me?"

I shrugged. "Just because I'm skillless doesn't mean I'm weak. Skills are nothing more than special abilities some people are born with. But being skillless doesn't mean I can't walk, run, or fight just like the ones who do have them."

Skills or not, strength wasn't just about some flashy ability. The only real difference between the skillless and those with skills was that people with skills enjoyed a privilege.

### Chapter 385 Third Semester (2)

Trill finally stopped slamming me against the wall, but her body remained dangerously close, her sharp eyes boring into me. The usual playful gyaru vibe she had was gone—replaced by something fiercer, more intense. It was like she had completely transformed. I could practically feel her anger radiating off her, though I had no clue what I'd done wrong. Didn't I just fulfill her wish of finding a perfect mate by beating her in a fight? That was her criteria, wasn't it?

"I don't accept the result," she hissed. "That's why I need to know if you really defeated me fair and square. I need to know if I was truly beaten."

Her eyes narrowed, burning with a mix of frustration and something I couldn't quite place. I swallowed hard. "Uh... okay? But how?"

"I want you to fight me again," she said.

Fight her? She wanted another duel. My mind raced. What the hell was her deal? Wasn't the fight during the physical exam enough to settle this? Apparently not. Trill's pride was in her blood—her clan was famous for being kings of the jungle, rulers of the beastkins. And she was their princess, after all.

It must've been the fact that she lost to me—the weakest of all the students—that she couldn't stand. It probably gnawed at her, bitter as hell, and that's why she wanted a rematch. She had to know if I really deserved that win, if I'd truly fought her fair and square.

"What's in it for me?" I asked.

As far as I could see, there was nothing for me here. This was all about her. Not only would I be wasting my time, but I'd also be signing up for another chance to get hurt if I agreed to this without something in it for me.

She looked away the moment I asked, and her cheeks flushed a deep, fiery red.

"T-Then... I'll be your mate," she stammered.

"Mate?" I asked again, pretending not to have heard her right. I knew exactly what she said, loud and clear, but I wanted to make sure.

"Ugh! Didn't you hear me the first time?!" she snapped, her voice rising as she grabbed my collar, yanking me up off the ground effortlessly. I hadn't put up any resistance, so it was easy for her. "Listen when I talk! I'm not repeating myself!"

"O-Okay, okay! I'm sorry! I should've listened the first time," I said quickly, hands raised in surrender.

She turned her head again, clearly embarrassed, her mouth pouting and cheeks burning even brighter as she mumbled under her breath. I couldn't catch it, though.

"I-I said I'll be your mate..." she whispered, almost too low to hear.

"Uh, sorry, I can't hear you unless you say it loud and clear."

Her eyes flashed with anger. "I said I'll be your goddamn mate!" she yelled, glaring at me. But the moment she realized how loud she'd been, she quickly looked away, her face turning an even deeper shade of red.

"Mate?" I repeated "Wait, does that mean you're gonna be... mine? Sorry, I don't really get beastkin culture."

She groaned in frustration. "Ugh! You know what I mean! Mate! Make babies! You humans call it a sex partner, right?! That's what I mean!" Her face was practically glowing at this point, redder than ever, and honestly... she was kinda adorable.

She finally let me down, releasing her grip as I landed back on my feet.

"But that's only if you defeat me again," she said. "So, how about it? Don't you think this is a good opportunity to have me? I know you, Leo. I can smell the scent of different women clinging to you every day. I know you're having sexual relationships with three of the professors here, and I've seen your eyes land on me more than once. You're planning to add me to your little collection, right? Men in our clan have many women, so I don't think it's an issue if you want to add me to the bunch."

She was serious—laying all my dirty laundry out right in front of me like that. I couldn't even argue with her. The way she confidently put it all on display told me she wasn't messing around. I guess I had no

choice but to accept her challenge. Besides, her offer was something I couldn't just walk away from. This was an opportunity I couldn't pass up.

"Alright then," I said, meeting her gaze. "I accept the challenge."

"Deal." She extended her hand, and I took it.

We sealed the deal right then—another duel was on.

"We'll do it in the gymnasium after class. Don't be late," she said.

"Got it," I replied, watching as she turned and walked back toward the classroom.

I stayed there for a moment longer, leaning my back against the wall as I processed everything. A small chuckle escaped me.

"What do you want?" I said, my voice echoing down the empty corridor. I couldn't see her, but I knew she was there, keeping tabs on me from the other side. She'd been spying on us the entire time, peeking and trying to eavesdrop like she wasn't obvious.

She didn't respond. Instead, I heard the faint sound of footsteps running away. I wasn't about to let her get away that easily, though. I bolted down my corridor, turned a corner, then cut through another one until I reached her. She didn't even realize I'd outmaneuvered her until it was too late.

"Why are you running?" I asked, blocking her path.

"Eek!" Her eyes went wide, pure shock plastered across her face. It was the same girl who had been tailing me before. I didn't know what she wanted, but she clearly had an agenda.

"W-What are you talking about?" she stammered, trying to play dumb, but it wasn't convincing at all.

I pulled out my phone, showing her a picture. "While I was talking to Trill earlier, I noticed someone sticking their head out, watching us. So, I snapped a picture for fun." I smirked, holding the phone up so she could see the photo of her caught mid-spy.

Her whole body started trembling when she saw it—no more hiding now.

"So, why'd you run?" I asked again.

Chapter 386 Third Semester (3)

"I-I really have no idea what you're talking about," she stammered. "I-I was just running late, that's why I'm rushing."

Even after I showed her proof that she had been peeking and trying to eavesdrop on the conversation, she kept denying it. She was trembling, but it looked like she was going to keep lying through her teeth.

Right now, she looked terrified. Completely freaked out. She must've realized that I wasn't someone to mess with. She knew me as the powerless, skillless loser, the weakest in the entire school—hell, weaker than even her. Before I got here, she was considered the weakest, being last in rank as a second-year, and not ranking up even once since the previous year. She hadn't ranked up even once. But I had. And I didn't even have a skill.

She had no clue how I was pulling it off, or if my "skillless" status was just a front I was keeping up.

"Is that really all it is?" I pressed her again. "You're the one who was following me before, weren't you? Why the hell are you following me?"

"N-No, I don't know what you're talking about! A-Anyway, I'm going to be late for class, so I'm leaving. Please, get out of my way," she said, her voice shaky.

I finally stepped aside and let her pass. She glanced back at me once as she walked away, but after that, she kept her head down and didn't look back again. I had no idea what her deal was, or why she'd been tailing me, but something about the whole thing felt off. There was definitely more going on under the surface. I needed to keep an eye on her.

\*\*\*

The lecture dragged on, dull as ever. Professor Irene had her moments where she spiced things up, but history? It just didn't do it for me. Yeah, I was learning about this world and how things ended up the way they are, but honestly, who cares about a bunch of people long dead?

What really had my attention was Irene herself. She kept glancing at me, her eyes practically burning holes through me, trying to draw me in with every seductive move she had. It was like she was trying to fuck with my head, or maybe just fuck me. I knew exactly what she was doing—hell, everyone in the class could see it.

"D-Did she just lick her lips at me?" one of the guys whispered.

"No way, man, she did that to me. I'm the one she's after," another shot back.

The guys in class were practically ready to fight over who she was trying to seduce, but I knew who her real target was. Me. I just stared at her while she worked her sexy little games. Not gonna lie, it was working. Even the girls were mesmerized by her looks when she pulled that move. Maybe I should have a word with her later. About history, of course. I was curious if she knew anything about the Great Darkness.

But that would have to wait until after my rematch with Trill.

When afternoon came around, I grabbed lunch with my buddies, Raymond and Duncan. Raymond, the bespectacled nerd, didn't have much going for him physically, but his mind? Dude was sharp, probably one of the smartest in the academy. Duncan, on the other hand, was just a meathead.

Titania mentioned she'd be having lunch with her friends. Oh, right—her first requirement only had one step left before it was finished. Meaning, I just had to make her one more friend, and then I'd be moving on to the next part of her demands. It took longer than expected, but at least I was making progress.

"You know, I heard something interesting," Raymond chimed in, his voice breaking the steady hum of the cafeteria.

"What is it?" Duncan asked, barely paying attention as he ripped into the meat he'd just bought, juices dripping from his mouth.

"One of the Leonamon branches was attacked," Raymond said, adjusting his glasses. His tone was heavy, like he was dropping some major news. "Have you heard about it, Leon?"

"Yeah," I replied, keeping it casual even though my mind was already spinning. "It's all over the news."

Of course, I knew. I was the owner of Leonamon, so how could I not?

Raymond leaned forward, eyes sharp. "What do you think the motive was?"

I shrugged. "Honestly? I don't know. Doesn't feel like it's out of revenge or anything personal. If I had to guess, it's probably competition. Leonamon's been growing fast, so it makes sense."

But truth be told, I didn't know why Eclipse attacked. Sesillian was moving toward something, and I wasn't sure what.

"Yeah, I don't get it either," Raymond said, shaking his head. "But whoever did it has to be sick in the head. Killing innocent people like that? Unforgivable."

He wasn't wrong. In this world, killing someone deemed bad was one thing—people could stomach that—but killing innocent people? That was a line most weren't willing to cross, no matter what.

"Also, I heard there's some cult that's been growing lately. You heard anything about that?" Raymond asked, leaning in slightly as if he was about to drop some serious news.

"The Eclipse?" Duncan chimed in for the first time. "Yeah, I know about them. It's all over the news, too. There's a rumor they're the ones behind the attack."

"It's weird, right?" Raymond continued. "A huge cult like that existing under the radar for who knows how long, and we only find out when they surface like this. I can't believe the authorities are letting this kind of shit happen in the kingdom."

The reason even Duncan knew about the Eclipse was because Leonamon had spread the information. We wanted people to know just how dangerous this cult was and what kind of threat they posed to the public.

This wasn't just some minor skirmish. This was war between me and the Eclipse, and I wasn't holding back.

Chapter 387 Third Semester (4)

Class had finally ended for the day. Trill gave me a quick glance before she headed out of the classroom. I lingered behind for a bit, then grabbed my bag and stood up to leave. But just as I was about to step out, Irene blocked my way.

"Don't you wanna meet up tonight?" she whispered, her hot breath grazing my cheek. She was really laying it on thick, going all out to seduce me, and I could feel it.

"Where?" I asked.

"At a bar... then back to my place for some fun," she teased with a grin.

"Alright, I'll meet you later." I agreed, already falling into her trap, but getting me to be hers and hers alone? That was a whole other challenge.

"Good. See you later," she said with a sly smile before walking away.

After that, I made my way to the gymnasium. Trill was waiting for me there, and we were about to duel again. There wasn't much detail on the terms, but she had basically put herself on the line for this fight. If I won, she would be mine.

When I arrived, she was already on the floor, doing push-ups to warm up. Every time she lowered herself, her breasts flattened against the floor, but when she pushed up, they barely moved. Her form was perfect, not a single unnecessary motion. The only thing "wrong" was the fact that her tits were so big, they couldn't help but press into the ground with each rep. When I arrived, her ear twitched, a subtle sign she sensed me. She stood up in one smooth motion, clapped her hands together to brush off the dust, and said, "I've been waiting."

Her tone made it sound like she'd been standing there for hours. But I swear, I got here just moments after her.

"So, what are the conditions?" I asked.

"Same as last time in the physical examination—no abilities, just pure combat skills. Any weapon is allowed, and you can use magic too. Whoever gives up or gets knocked out loses, and the winner is declared. But..." she paused, her eyes narrowing slightly, "...I want to add one more condition."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"If you lose, you'll become my lackey," she said.

She wanted to make me her servant? I couldn't care less—I wasn't planning on losing anyway.

"Alright." I told her without hesitation.

We took our positions, standing roughly five meters apart.

Trill, as usual, didn't pick up any weapon. She was planning to fight with her claws—sharp, deadly, and ready to tear through flesh. I, on the other hand, chose a sword again. It was the same one I used in the physical exam—a cheap, plain blade with no special features. But it had served me well before, and I intended to use it against her once more.

Trill, as usual, didn't pick up any weapon. She was planning to fight with her claws—sharp, deadly, and ready to tear through flesh. I, on the other hand, chose a sword again. It was the same one I used in the physical exam—a cheap, plain blade with no special features. But it had served me well before, and I intended to use it against her once more.

"The duel begins when this bronze coin hits the ground," she said, her eyes locking onto mine. "Are you ready?"

I nodded.

She flicked the coin high into the air. Immediately, she dropped into her fighting stance, her body taut like a spring ready to snap. The coin hadn't even started to fall, and she was already poised to strike. I shifted into my own stance, the basic one I'd used before—nothing fancy, just solid and reliable. My eyes followed the coin as it spun lazily in the air. Time seemed to stretch as I waited for it to drop.

When the coin finally hit the floor with a dull clink, I tensed, expecting her to rush at me. But Trill didn't move. She just stood there, eyes glued to me.

\*\*\*

Trill's POV

I didn't make the first move, just like last time. Now, I was watching him closely—every tiny twitch, every small shift he made. Leon wasn't some skill-less idiot, and I knew that for a fact. What he'd shown me before wasn't something someone without talent could pull off. That's why I was on high alert, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

The stakes of this duel? Either I'd become his, or he'd become mine.

Honestly, I didn't mind if I lost. It would just prove I wasn't on his level yet, that he really was strong. And I wanted a strong man—a man who could fight with skill, not just rely on his powers. That's the kind of guy I want. I don't need a man who'd be dead weight, good for nothing but making babies.

I had to see if his victory over me last time was legitimate. I had to know if he truly beat me fair and square. Only then could I feel comfortable giving myself to him. If he was that strong, I wouldn't mind being his woman.

But first, he'd have to defeat me.

"You're not coming?" he asked, his tone casual, almost taunting.

"I don't plan on losing," I replied, my eyes locked on him. "That's why I'm going to take my time—study you—and see if you really have what it takes."

"Don't you think you're messing up again? This'll just make you lose anyway," he taunted

I wasn't sure what he meant by that. It felt like he was mocking me, like I was some idiot. Sure, I wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed, but I wasn't dumb either.

"I'll ask one more time. Are you coming, or what?" he pressed.

I didn't budge. I stood my ground, watching him, waiting for him to make the first move.

"Like I said, you're making the same mistake again," he said, and in a blink, he vanished right in front of me.

"What the—?!"

I hadn't taken my eyes off him for even a second, yet somehow, he disappeared. How the hell did I lose sight of him? Me, of all people?

"I warned you, didn't I?" I heard his voice behind me. My body froze. Cold steel pressed against my neck before I could even react. "You're making the same mistake."

Chapter 388 Third Semester (5)

"If you're just focusing on me and staring at me like that, you're leaving yourself wide open to attacks from behind. In a war, you'd already be injured or dead," Leo said.

What he said made sense, but this wasn't a war. This was just a duel between me and him.

"Again," he commanded, suddenly not behind me anymore but now standing far away. Even though he'd been so close before, now it felt like there was an unbridgeable distance between us. Looking at him, it was like facing an insurmountable wall. It didn't make sense. Normally, I could sense someone's limits, but with him? He had no ceiling. It was like he hadn't even reached his full potential yet, and still, he was toying with me. How much more powerful could he get? How far could he go?

Even though I wasn't the one being talked about, I felt a thrill. Yeah... he had every right to be my mate. I'd surrender myself to him, no question.

But I wasn't giving up just yet. That's why, with a grin on my face, I lunged at him, claws out.

\*\*\*

Leon's POV

The duel ended with her defeat, unsurprisingly. She attacked me relentlessly, that grin plastered on her face the whole time. I didn't even bother attacking or retaliating—I just blocked and dodged everything she threw at me. And then, like her energy was a balloon that popped, she collapsed flat on her back, all worn out. It was actually pretty comical how she went from full of energy to completely spent like that.

"Haaa... haa..." she panted, staring at the ceiling, her hand covering her eyes. Her hot breath misted in the cold air.

"You okay?" I asked.

"That was fun," she replied, her lips curling into a grin. "I never thought fighting like that could be fun. And losing? That was a thrill too. I've never felt anything like it."

Then, as if the energy had flooded back into her, she sprang to her feet in one fluid motion, eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Alright, as promised, I'm your mate now!" she announced, her voice bright and full of pride. "So, are you keeping from your girlfriend that you've got other women, or are you being honest?"

"I'm not hiding anything," I said.

"Knew it. Royals don't give a damn about monogamy, do they? Same with my clan," she muttered, a knowing smirk tugging at her lips. Then she looked up at me with a gleam in her eye. "Guess that means I'll get to be lovey-dovey with you in public too!"

"Uh, I don't think that's such a good idea," I said.

"Why not?" she tilted her head.

"Well, Nia claimed me at the academy. She made it clear that I'm hers alone when we're on academy grounds. That's her exclusive time," I explained.

"But you two aren't in the same class, right?" she asked. "I am your classmate. So, it's totally fine if I take that time to be lovey-dovey with you, right?"

She had a point. Titania and I weren't in the same class, so technically, there wasn't any overlap. And besides, Titania had made it clear—how many women I had just showed how powerful I was. She didn't mind if I pursued other relationships.

"Alright," I finally agreed.

Before I could even blink, Trill launched herself at me, her arms and legs wrapping around me tightly like she was never going to let go. Her body pressed against mine, warm and eager, as she clung to me with a satisfied smile.

"Yay!" she squealed, her face lighting up with joy.

And just like that, Trill was mine.

\*\*\*

Trill and I made our way back to the dorms, her hand gripping mine tightly, making sure it was wedged right between her soft, warm breasts. Luckily, we were both in the same dorm. She clung to me the whole way, making sure my hand was firmly pressed between her breasts. Her actions reminded me a lot of how Titania would do the same thing.

"When can I meet you again?" she asked

"Tomorrow's good. Maybe after class?" I replied.

"Alright then," she said with a wink before she slipped inside the dormitory ahead of me. "See you tomorrow," she added, disappearing into the hallway, leaving me standing there alone.

I stayed outside for a bit, the cold air biting at my skin as I exhaled, watching my breath turn to mist. I could feel eyes on me again. She'd gotten better at hiding. I couldn't see her anymore, but I knew she was there. She'd been following me for a while now.

Deciding to ignore her for now, I headed inside the dorm. After a quick stop at my room, I went out to the window and made my way to the pub where I first met Irene outside of academy grounds.

The moment I stepped in, I could see her. Irene stood out like a goddess in the center of the room, drawing eyes from every direction. Her outfit tonight was nowhere near as modest as last time—it clung to her curves, practically begging for attention. And she got it. People outside were pressing their faces against the windows, just trying to catch a glimpse of her.

I pushed through the crowd, ignoring the stares and whispers, making my way toward her. I could hear the men surrounding her, their voices dripping with desperation as they tried—and failed—to get her attention. Irene wasn't having any of it, though. She didn't say a word, didn't even acknowledge them, her expression cold as ice as she sat there.

"Hey, whore, don't ignore us!"

One of the guys, clearly pissed off at being brushed aside, grabbed Irene by the wrist and tried to yank her up. But...

"Don't touch me, please." Her voice was calm, almost too calm for the situation.

And then, just like that, he went flying. I didn't even catch how it happened, but knowing she had the Atlantis, it was likely she used that. The dude crashed into a table, groaning in pain.

"I've got a date tonight. I don't want anyone ruining it." Her voice was cool, collected, like she wasn't even phased by what just happened.

The crowd around her scattered like they were being repelled by some invisible force. No one dared to mess with her after that. And then, her eyes found mine.

"Ah, Leon!" she said, her face lighting up as she got up from her chair and practically glided toward me. Her gaze flicked up and down my body before a seductive smile curled at the corners of her lips. "You're late."

Chapter 389 A Night With Irene (1)

People kept staring, their eyes burning into us while we sat at our table, waiting for our order. The atmosphere felt suffocating, thick with a tension I couldn't quite decipher. Was it curiosity? Jealousy? Maybe something caught between the two. Whatever it was, it hung heavy in the air. Some people, the

ones who just wanted to enjoy their drinks in peace, shifted uncomfortably. The awkwardness must have been unbearable because a few got up and left, muttering they couldn't handle it anymore.

But the others? The ones whose eyes never left us? They stayed, glued to the spectacle we'd become. The waiter, helpless, kept glancing over, but he couldn't do shit. These men, with their thick, greasy muscles, were paying customers too. So the staff could only watch in defeat, while the regulars—real customers—shrank back, fear painted across their faces, intimidated by the sight of these hulking men in what was supposed to be a warm, cozy pub.

And the reason for all this silent chaos? She didn't give a damn. Even though it was obvious she knew exactly what was going on, she acted like it didn't bother her at all. She was six years older than me, and no lie—she was absolutely stunning. Calling her gorgeous almost felt like an insult because she was something more, something untouchable, like a goddess that had descended from above. That was my raw, honest opinion.

Her long, flowing purple hair framed her face like it was sculpted by the gods themselves. Her glasses perched perfectly on her nose, adding this mysterious edge to her already flawless look. Normally, she dressed sharp—always in a suit with a crisp white blouse underneath, paired with a pencil skirt and black tights that clung to her legs in just the right way.

The first time I saw her here, she'd toned it down, wearing something modest, like she was trying not to stand out. But now? She was showing off, full-on owning every bit of attention she got. If I were just some average guy, I'd probably be drooling over her right now.

"So, how's my look?" she asked

"Well, you certainly outdid yourself this time," I said, eyeing her from head to toe. She looked unreal, every detail of her outfit and demeanor screaming elegance and seduction.

"Well, of course," she replied smoothly, her lips curling into a teasing smirk. "It is a special occasion, after all."

I had no idea why she thought meeting me here was a special occasion, but I didn't bother to question it. There was no point in trying to make sense of it.

Soon enough, our food arrived. The waiter carefully placed each dish on the table, his hands trembling slightly. Irene looked up at him and said, "Thank you."

Something about the way she said those two simple words—soft, almost like a purr—was intoxicating. It was so naturally seductive that it sent a shiver down my spine. Was she doing this on purpose? Given the scene she was already creating, I wouldn't be surprised. The poor waiter didn't stand a chance. He stumbled back, trying to play it cool, but the way he hunched over made it obvious. He probably had a raging hard-on just from hearing her voice.

He retreated, still bent over, trying to save what little dignity he had left. But Irene? She didn't care. She didn't even glance at him again. All of her attention was locked on me now, and the intensity in her gaze was undeniable.

"Aren't you lucky," she purred, leaning forward slightly, "to be on a date with a fine lady like me, Leon?" Her smile was pure seduction, her eyes daring me to look anywhere else.

"No one who calls themselves a fine lady is actually a fine lady," I shot back. "But yeah, I'll admit—I'm pretty lucky."

And it wasn't just luck. How often do you get a gorgeous, sexy woman like her? Not to mention she was my professor. There was something unbelievably hot about it. It was the kind of situation most guys could only fantasize about.

"Well," she continued, her voice dropping lower, dripping with lust, "I'm lucky too, to have someone as handsome as you tonight."

She was turning the dial all the way up, going from seduction to straight-up flattery. And damn, it was working. I could feel my heart starting to pound in my chest, my blood heating up.

Around us, the tension in the pub was thick enough to choke on. The guys who had been staring couldn't hide their reactions any longer. Their faces flushed with desire, and a few of them bent over in their seats, obviously trying to hide the bulges in their pants. I couldn't blame them. Irene was making all the right moves, and everyone around us was getting caught in her web.

"Well, let's dig in before it gets cold," she said, picking up her fork.

I followed her lead. For a while, the only sound between us was the soft clanking of utensils against plates. My eyes kept drifting to her, and the way her throat moved whenever she swallowed had me entranced. Each movement seemed to spark something primal inside me. I wanted to fuck her. And judging by the way every other guy in here was looking at her, I wasn't the only one. But none of them could—only I could.

She caught me staring, and her lips curved into a seductive smile. Then, I heard a faint sound from beneath the table, like a shoe slipping off. My heart started pounding when I felt something press against my crotch. The table was draped in a thick linen cloth, concealing everything beneath it, but I

could already guess what was happening. Slowly, I glanced under the cloth and saw her foot sliding against me.

Her eyes stayed locked on mine, her smile widening as she pressed her foot harder against my groin. I swallowed hard. This was risky as hell, especially with everyone in the pub already watching us. It felt like too much, even for me.

But fuck it—I decided to roll with it.

With my heart racing, I discreetly unzipped my pants and let my dick out. A moment later, I felt the soft, delicate pressure of her foot against it, rubbing me under the table.

Chapter 390 A Night With Irene (2)

I felt the smooth sole of her foot press against my throbbing dick, sending a wave of heat through me. Every movement was deliberate, her soft flesh sliding up and down the full length, teasing me with just enough pressure to make my body tense up. The friction was perfect—her foot gliding over my cock in a way that had me gripping the edge of my seat. A shiver ran down my spine as she continued, her smooth sole working my length like she knew exactly how to push my buttons.

I glanced up at her. She was giving me that sultry, seductive look, her eyes heavy with desire, but still playing it cool—popping food into her mouth like nothing was happening. Under the table, though, her foot was busy. She was good at this. I didn't stop her. I just let it happen, feeling her foot stroke me up and down, the slickness of pre-cum starting to coat her skin, adding more wetness to the rhythm of her movements. Each stroke felt like a tease, and it had me aching for more.

But then she stopped. Just like that. The absence of her touch left my dick pulsing with need. She bent down, pretending to grab something under the table, the tension in the air thick and erotic. The way she took her time, dragging it out, only made it worse. I could still feel the lingering heat from her touch, making my cock twitch in anticipation.

When she straightened up, she fake coughed, placing one hand balled up on the table, like she was hiding something. Then she slowly extended her hand toward me, her eyes locked on mine with that same seductive smile. I glanced down, catching sight of the maroon fabric, and immediately knew. She was handing me her panties.

"Take it," she whispered, her voice like a low purr, dripping with sinful temptation.

I grabbed them, and the moment I touched the crotch, I felt the wetness. Warm, slick. Her pussy had soaked through them, and now, they were in my hand. I shoved them into my pocket, my fingers still damp from her arousal.

"So," she murmured, leaning closer, her voice low and teasing, "aren't I the best? If you pick me, I'll be this kind of woman just for you. Only for you, Leon."

Her words were like poison, seductive and dangerous. It was like the devil whispering in my ear, promising me everything. But no matter how tempting it sounded, I wasn't giving in.

"I can't just throw away all the hard work I've put in and choose you, Irene," I said.

"You're calling Gabrielle just hard work? Oh, Leon, you bad boy," she teased, her lips curling into a wicked grin, eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Well, if you think that's what I mean, then you're hard work too," I shot back, watching her carefully, expecting some kind of reaction.

But instead of being offended, Irene just smirked. Without missing a beat, she lifted her foot and pressed it against my dick again, the firmness of it making me twitch. The heat between us was building all over again, and my cock pulsed under the pressure.

"Well, if you call me that, I guess all this effort is paying off," she said with a smug smirk, her foot starting to glide up and down my length again, each stroke slow and deliberate. The friction was sending sparks of pleasure up my spine, making me clench my jaw just to keep my composure. But she didn't stop there. One of her hands slipped under the table, and I could tell from the way her breathing changed that she was touching herself.

I watched her closely, seeing her expression twist in pleasure. Her eyelids fluttered, and her lips parted slightly, as if she were about to let out a moan—but every time she got close, she covered it with a fake cough. Seeing her like this, her face contorting in barely concealed ecstasy, made it feel like I was already fucking her right here, right now. It was driving me insane, the way she was making it look so easy to fall apart right in front of me.

I could feel myself slipping, the pressure in my dick building with every slow stroke of her foot. My thoughts were getting hazy, and all I wanted in that moment was to be inside her, to fuck her until there was nothing left but pure, raw pleasure.

"You look like you're struggling, Leon. Having a hard time?" she asked, her voice thick with amusement, her breath coming in shallow.

"No, I'm fine," I managed to say.

"Do you want a taste?" she asked.

Before I could respond, she pulled her hand out from under the table. Her fingers were slick, glistening with her own wetness.

She leaned in, her lips almost brushing against mine, and slowly dragged her wet fingers across my mouth. The slickness from her fingers spread over my lips, and as I tasted it, the familiar flavor of her arousal hit me. But this time, it was different—almost sweeter, like her desire was laced with something more intoxicating.

Then, in a whisper so low that no one else could hear, she said, "If you tell me you want me right now, I'll let you. Whatever you want, Leon... I'll do it for you."

My brain short-circuited. I couldn't think, couldn't process anything but her words and the heat between us.

Without thinking, the words tumbled out of my mouth.

"I want you right now."

Her lips curled into a sly smirk, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "Fufufu... Let's finish eating first, then we'll head back to my place. We can have all the fun you want there."

My appetite for food disappeared in an instant. All that remained was the burning hunger for her, a need that was growing by the second. My body was aching for her, and the thought of getting her alone, stripping her bare, and fucking her until neither of us could take it anymore was the only thing on my mind.

I couldn't wait to get her home.