

The World 411

Chapter 411 - The Noble Party (4)

"Why are you with this man?"

I stayed quiet, locking eyes with him, refusing to give in to his demand. The tension was thick in the air, but when I saw he wasn't about to let it slide without an answer, I finally gave in.

"Someone I know," I said, my voice sharp and indifferent.

My father's gaze raked over Leon, slow and condescending, before he let out a disgusted scoff. "Look at you now, mingling with commoners. It seems all the effort I put into your education was a waste after all."

"Knowing someone who doesn't fit your shallow preferences isn't a failure of my education," I shot back. "It's the result of you trying to mold me into something I never wanted to be."

"Rose has really hit rock bottom if she's willing to defend a commoner," my older sister spat, standing right beside him.

"I can't for the life of me understand Rose's reasoning for being acquainted with someone like that," my mother added, her voice dripping with disdain as she looked Leon up and down like he was filth.

Leon, ever calm, gave a slight bow. "Ah, greetings, madams and sir. Christopher Faust, at your service. I may be a commoner, but I am also a businessman," he said, his voice smooth and composed, the smile never leaving his face.

"A businessman?" my father sneered, his lips curling with contempt. "How appropriate for a man like you. The only way you people survive is by groveling in the dirt for whatever scraps you can get. Businessmen are nothing more than pathetic bootlickers, kissing the feet of those above them."

I remember a merchant who tried that once, licking my boots just to get a few coins for his miserable little trade. He wasted it all, of course, and I had him hanged for fraud. I smell the same stink on you."

Leon's smile didn't falter.

"Well, it looks like Rose has a thing for those types," my sister chimed in with a mocking smirk. "She does seem like the type to grovel herself."

"You..." I growled, my teeth grinding together as I glared at her, fury boiling inside me. No, she wasn't my sister anymore. That connection had been severed long ago. The only person I considered family now was Grace, who was resting safely in the Leonamon.

My father's cold eyes swept over me before settling on Leon. His lip curled in disgust. "You're wearing something expensive, but I doubt you could ever afford it. You probably stole it from the rightful owner and came here to scam even more people, didn't you?"

"Scam? No way. I'm an honest-to-goodness businessperson." Leon's smile didn't waver for a second. "And this? I may not look like it, but I own the company that makes this line, you know?"

"The clothing line? There's no chance," my mother scoffed, her nose wrinkling in disgust. "How could a commoner like you afford fine clothing, let alone establish a brand?"

"Well, let's just say... determination goes a long way."

Leon's tone was light, almost playful, but it was clear he wasn't being serious. Of course, they took it as a joke, and all of them burst into mocking laughter.

"A businessman isn't going to survive on just determination," my father sneered, his voice dripping with condescension. "I'm sure you heard about this noble gathering and came here with the sole purpose of scamming people. But too bad for you, I'm here, and I'll make sure the knights drag you out in chains."

"What?"

"And you, Rose," he turned his icy gaze on me, his tone hard, "you're nothing but an accomplice to this... this filth. I had expectations for you, but you threw them away the moment you showed up here, dressed like a fool, with him. Knights, arrest them both!"

The knights, loyal to my former family, rushed toward us. But in an instant, the atmosphere changed. It was as if the temperature dropped, the very air around us turning icy and oppressive.

"Guh!"

"Hng?!"

The knights froze in place, their movements stilled by the sudden presence of shadowy figures. Women, dressed in sleek black, appeared as if from nowhere, their blades glinting in the dim light, resting dangerously against the knights' necks.

"W-What... Who are these people?!" My mother's voice trembled, her confident demeanor shattered as she took in the scene before her. The knights, powerless and outmatched, stood frozen, their eyes wide in terror.

"Hostility toward the Master is unforgivable," one of the women in black stated coldly, her blade pressing lightly against a knight's throat. "Anyone who dares to lay a finger on him, or even direct a hostile gaze, will be punished."

"What are these people doing?! Where the hell did they even come from?! You... you're behind this, aren't you?!" My father's voice was thick with both rage and panic, the veins in his neck bulging as he spat his accusation at Leon, eyes wide in disbelief.

"Relax, girls. I'm not in any danger." Leon's voice was steady, almost soothing. As if on command, the women in black melted away into the shadows, their sharp blades leaving the knights gasping for air. The men, stripped of their pride, collapsed to their knees, struggling to catch their breath, some coughing like they'd just been punched in the gut.

"You... barbarian!" My father bellowed, his voice cracking. "You brought assassins in here?!"

"They're not assassins, they're my bodyguards," Leon corrected, his lips still curved in that unsettlingly calm smile. "They're trained for moments like these." He gave a casual shrug, like the whole ordeal was just a minor inconvenience.

"I can't believe this—" My father tried to regain control of the situation, but Leon cut him off smoothly.

"You're the one who threatened violence first," Leon said, his eyes narrowing slightly, though the smile remained. "And if you give me any more trouble, next time, it won't just be their necks that are in danger. Yours will be right there with them, flying through the air."

The words came out playful, but the weight behind them was undeniable. A dark promise lurked just beneath the surface, cold as ice. Every syllable dripped with menace. It wasn't just a warning—it was a guarantee.

My father... trembled. I had never seen him like this before. His legs quivered, the color drained from his face, and for the first time in my life, this domineering man who had always stood tall, always in control, was shaking like a leaf.

"You fool!" he choked out, barely able to steady his voice. "I will have you executed for this!"

"Stop your babbling, you foolish old man." The voice cut through the air like a whip, silencing the room. The tension snapped as all eyes turned toward the man who had just walked in. It was Duke Merca—the host of this grand party. He strolled in with an air of authority that demanded attention.

He was no ordinary noble; Duke Merca was one of the most powerful and influential figures in the entire kingdom, the highest official in the castle.

"D-Duke...?" My father stuttered. His trembling only worsened. "W-Who... who is this man?"

Duke Merca's gaze fell on Leon, then back to my father. "He's the owner of the Leonamon," the Duke stated.

The moment the words left his mouth, my father's face went ghostly white. The trembling became uncontrollable now, like a man staring death in the face. My mother's mouth dropped open in shock, her eyes wide with disbelief. And my sister... she looked like she'd been slapped in the face, her jaw nearly hitting the floor.

The realization hit them all at once. My father had just fucked up—big time.

Chapter 412 - The Noble Party (5)

Leon's/Christopher Faust's POV

Everyone around me locked their eyes on me, staring from every direction. I could practically see the shock on their faces when they realized I was the owner of Leonamon.

Even Rose looked stunned. I had never told her I owned Leonamon, and now, she was staring at me like everyone else, her eyes practically demanding an explanation. And, of course, I'd give it to her later. It wasn't like I was trying to keep it a secret from her in the first place.

"Duke Merca, it's been a while," I greeted the man approaching me. I'd known him for only about two months. He was a patron of the cake shop, and he ended up offering me a piece of land to expand the business. Not that he personally liked the cakes—it was his daughter. He doted on her so much that he called me in to discuss a partnership.

In return for a monthly supply of cakes, he gave me the land to boost production.

"It has, Mr. Faust. It seems like your reception here... isn't as warm as I expected. My apologies for the delay in introducing you. There was a bit of traffic on the way from my other estate back to the manor," he said.

"It's fine," I replied. It wasn't like I cared about these arrogant nobles acting like they were better than me. What bothered me more was how Rose's family acted like she didn't belong here. "Actually, I appreciate the invitation and this opportunity."

"As my partner, of course you're invited," Duke Merca replied, smiling broadly. Out of all the dukes in the country, he was the only one who wasn't completely slimy. It'd be a lie to say he was entirely good—he was a scheming Duke, always manipulating things to his advantage—but at least most of his manipulation came with good intentions, more or less.

"Well, I'll officially start the party now. Please, enjoy yourselves," Duke Merca announced with a broad smile.

"Of course," I replied, my tone steady as he nodded and walked away, leaving me standing there.

I turned to Rose, who seemed to finally pull herself out of her thoughts. Her eyes locked on mine, and for a moment, they were filled with a mix of curiosity and frustration. "Do you mind if we talk? Just for a bit?" she asked, her voice low but clear.

"Well, I guess," I said, shrugging, though I knew this conversation was coming.

I was about to follow her when a voice interrupted from behind, slicing through the air like an unwanted gust of wind.

"I never thought you'd be the owner of Leonamon! What a surprise!"

I turned around, and there he was—Rose's father. Just earlier, the same man had been belittling me, treating me like some commoner trash, and even trying to have me arrested under the bullshit accusation that I was here to scam people. But now, after realizing I owned Leonamon, his attitude did a complete 180. The sheer absurdity of it almost made me laugh.

"Well, I get why it's hard to believe," I said, keeping my voice casual. "Considering I'm just a commoner."

"W-Well, I suppose perseverance and determination have a lot to do with it, right, hon?" He stammered, his sudden friendliness so forced it was almost physically painful to watch.

"Y-Yes! People who persevere, no matter what their background is, they're obviously going to succeed, right?" Rose's mother chimed in, her smile so fake it looked like it might crack at any second.

It was almost too much. Watching them switch sides and agree with every word coming out of my mouth after all the shit they'd said earlier was pure comedy. I wanted to laugh out loud, to tell them just how ridiculous they looked, but I had to keep my cool. This wasn't the place to lose it. Gotta stay composed, no matter how much I wanted to laugh my ass off.

"You two are such scumbags," Rose muttered, her voice low but sharp enough to cut through the air like a knife, loud enough for those around her to catch it.

"D-Dear? What did you just say?" her mother asked, her voice trembling slightly, trying to maintain some composure.

"I said you're scumbags," Rose repeated, her tone biting, her words echoing in the silence that followed. "You both were just trashing him earlier, calling him a commoner and accusing him of trying to scam people. But now, the moment you find out he owns Leonamon, you've switched up like nothing happened. You're all standing there trying to kiss his ass like he's suddenly worth your time.

Earlier, you called him a bootlicker. Now tell me, how the fuck is that not scumbag behavior? It couldn't be clearer."

"R-Rose, dearest, what are you saying?" her mother stammered, the cracks in her composure widening by the second, her voice shaky and desperate.

Oh, no. She pulled the "Rose dearest" card, trying to smooth this disaster over. I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing out loud. This situation was pure gold. Watching them squirm like this? Absolutely priceless.

"Yeah, right," Rose's voice sliced through the air like a whip. "Weren't you the one who told me I didn't deserve to be called your daughter anymore because I left? No, actually, because you kicked me out?" Her eyes were blazing, filled with a mix of fury and disgust. "And now, just because you know I'm connected to Le—Mr. Faust—you're pulling that 'dearest' crap?

Don't fuck with me." She leaned forward, spitting the words like venom. "Sure, you carried me in your womb and raised me in your stomach, but that doesn't make you my mother. And as for you," she sneered at her father, "you sure as hell aren't my father."

The tension in the room thickened, like a wire stretched to the point of snapping. Rose's parents looked like they were trying to swallow razor blades, their faces contorted in shock. Her sister, sensing the explosion, tried to step in.

"R-Rose! What are you saying to our parents?!"

But the second Rose's eyes—those fierce, unforgiving eyes—locked onto her, the sister visibly recoiled. Her face drained of color, lips trembling as if she knew she'd just stepped into a minefield.

"And you," Rose hissed. "You're even worse. You're fucking scum, lower than either of them could ever be."

Her words hung in the air, sharp as a blade, before she spun on her heel and stormed off. Not once did she look back, not even for a second.

I followed her, fighting back the grin threatening to split my face. My lips twitched, the corners barely held in place.

Chapter 413 - Cowgirl Sandra (1)

Sandra's body was perfectly sculpted, like an hourglass, each curve and muscle begging to be admired. Her intense workouts had sharpened her already toned figure into something even more breathtaking. Four distinct abs peeked through the smooth skin of her tight stomach, flexing slightly with each breath she took.

She wasn't bulky; she was fit, sleek, and irresistibly sexy, the kind that made your mouth go dry just from looking.

My heartbeat pounded in my chest, each thud echoing louder as I drank in the sight of her. It had been too long since I last felt her warmth around me, and now, with that damn aphrodisiac still coursing through my veins—thanks to Sesillian—I was more wound up than ever. My dick strained painfully against the fabric of my pants, throbbing with each rapid beat of my pulse, aching for release.

"Master, I'm going to pull your pants down now," Sandra said, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. Her hands moved slowly, teasingly, as she peeled my pants down, then reached up to grab my briefs. With one fluid motion, she tugged them down too. My dick sprang free, the cool air brushing over it like a caress as it slapped against my lower stomach.

Sandra's eyes widened, staring at it like she was seeing something sacred. A shudder ran through her as she leaned in closer, inhaling deeply. "Ahhh~, Master's smell. I'm about to cum just from smelling your penis..."

She lingered for a moment, savoring the scent, then finally parted her lips, sliding the tip of my cock past her warm, wet mouth. Her tongue swirled around the sensitive head, each lick sending jolts of pleasure shooting through my body. She sank lower, slowly engulfing my length, her throat tightening as she took me all the way in.

The tight, pulsing heat around my cock was overwhelming, squeezing me so snugly that I nearly lost control right then. My body burned from the inside, every nerve raw with the aphrodisiac's heat, heightening every sensation.

"I'm cumming, Sandra. Take it all in!" I growled, my voice ragged as I grabbed the back of her head, forcing her down further. My cock pushed deeper into her throat, until the head pressed into the tight confines of her esophagus, her lips sealed tightly around the base.

Sandra's eyes locked onto mine, her pupils dilating as they rolled back slightly from the force of my thrusts. Her throat clenched, struggling to adjust, but she didn't pull back. With a final, desperate thrust, I released, thick ropes of cum shooting down her throat. My fingers dug into her hair, holding her in place as I emptied myself inside her.

She choked, the pressure forcing some of the cum to spill from the corners of her mouth, dribbling down her chin. A few strands even escaped from her nose, mixing with the beads of sweat on her flushed skin.

After a while of shooting ropes, I finally let go of my hold on her head, and then she pulled her head back to allow my cock to slip out of her mouth. When she did, my cock was still filled with semen, and her saliva. She licked it all up like she was licking an icecream.

After cleaning up, Sandra stood up, her body glistening slightly, then climbed onto the bed with a fluid motion, straddling my waist. Her fingers slid down to her crotch, parting the slick folds of her pussy, revealing the glistening pink depths that twitched with need.

As she spread herself open, a thick strand of her love juice clung to her lips before stretching out, dripping down onto my cock, leaving a warm, wet smear across its length.

"I'm going to make you feel good, Master," Sandra breathed, her voice turning husky, her eyes wide and dark with lust, like she'd become someone who lived for the pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Do it, Sandra," I growled back, desire roughening my tone.

She wrapped her hand around my cock, angling it toward her entrance, which was still dripping wet. With a slow, deliberate motion, she began to sink her hips down, letting my cock tease the edge of her warmth. Her slick lips parted as she pushed further down, her breath catching as the head of my cock brushed against her heated folds.

"Nnn..." Sandra moaned, the sound vibrating through the air, her voice trembling with barely contained need. But she kept pushing down, her pussy walls clenching around me as they stretched to take me in deeper, her wetness coating every inch.

"HhnnNnnnnnnnnnnnggg!"

The moment my cock reached halfway inside her, a flood of her juices poured out, soaking both of us as her back arched sharply, her body straining like a taut bow. Her mouth fell open, her voice breaking into breathless gasps. It was obvious she'd already come, the sudden surge leaving her legs shaking around me.

"Y-Your penis is so big... as expected of Master..." she mumbled, her voice barely a whisper, eyes glazed with the overwhelming rush, her breaths coming in short, ragged bursts.

"I'm still only halfway in. You need to take it all," I growled, my voice rough with the need to push deeper.

"Y-Yes~..." she whimpered, her lips quivering with desire.

With a determined moan, she sank her hips down further, my cock pushing past her tight walls until it pressed firmly against her deepest spot. I could feel the soft, hot ring of her cervix pressing against the tip of my cock, a snug barrier that pulsed around me.

"Aaaaah~, you're so deeeeep!" she cried out, her voice turning into a desperate wail as she threw her head back, arching her neck and pressing her chest forward, surrendering fully to the intense pressure building inside her.

"I-I'm going to pleasure you now..." Sandra moaned, her voice trembling with need. She started grinding her hips down onto me, riding my cock with slow, deliberate movements, her hands pressing firmly against my thighs for balance. Her hips rolled in a hypnotic rhythm, each downward thrust pushing my cock deeper inside her slick heat. "Aaaahn, aaah, aaah...!"

The wet, rhythmic sound of her ass slapping against my waist filled the room, each impact sending a shudder through her body.

Chapter 414 - Cowgirl Sandra (2)

The noise echoed off the walls, mixing with her desperate cries, and the intensity of it all only made my blood run hotter. Luckily, the room was soundproof, and I had already checked with the Shadows for any hidden recording devices, so we were free to be as loud and wild as we wanted while fucking.

"Fuaaaah! Aaaah, it feels good, it feels gooood!"

Sandra's voice pitched higher with every thrust, her breath catching as pleasure overwhelmed her senses.

Her breasts bounced with each movement, those full, round curves swaying and jiggling with the force of her thrusts. I couldn't resist reaching out, my hands grabbing onto those soft, heavy mounds, squeezing them firmly. Her nipples were hard under my palms, adding to the heat building between us, and I relished the feeling of her breasts filling my hands.

They were so damn bouncy, molding perfectly in my grip as my hands sunk into the soft, supple flesh, overflowing between my fingers. It felt like holding pure, living warmth. Her body was incredible, every curve driving me over the edge.

"Aaaaaaaaaah, yaaaahnn~ Ahhhh, ahhh, hhhhaaaa~!"

Her moans filled the room, each one spilling out in rhythm with the desperate clenching of her walls.

Her meaty pussy gripped my dick like a vice, squeezing so tightly that it sent waves of pleasure straight through me. Her earlier desire to make me feel good had melted away, now entirely overwhelmed by her own need. She was riding the edge of madness, her body moving instinctively to seek out more, to take more.

I wasn't about to complain—every movement, every clench around me sent sparks through my body, her molten heat burning my cock from the inside out.

"Aaaah, yaaaahnn~ aaaaaah, ahhh, fuaaaahhhHhhh~!" Her voice grew higher, more desperate with each thrust.

The buildup was intense, like a pressure cooker about to explode. Sweat sprayed from our bodies, mingling in the air as the bed creaked and groaned beneath us. My climax was coming fast, my breaths ragged as I felt the tingling rush surge through me. But before I let myself go, I seized her legs, adjusting my hold, and began pounding into her from below with renewed force.

"Aaaaah! N-Nooo! S-So goood! It feels so goooooood~!!! Ahhh, ahhhhh, aaaaaaaaaah!!!"

Her cries came out in broken gasps, her entire body trembling from the relentless assault.

I thrust into her harder, my hips bucking upward as I slammed my cock into her dripping wet pussy. Each thrust sent waves of heat rippling through her body, her insides twisting and churning around me, desperate for release. Her warmth coiled tighter, and I could feel her right on the edge, just like me.

"I'm cumming!" I growled, pushing deeper until my tip pressed against the entrance to her womb. A deep shudder wracked through me as I let go, pumping hot, thick streams of cum deep inside her.

"Fuaaaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaah, so hotttt! It feels good! It feels so goooood!"

Sandra's eyes rolled back, her body jerking as she felt the rush of hot semen flooding her womb, filling her up until she couldn't take any more. The intense, pulsing waves of pleasure made it feel like my very soul was being drained out along with each spurt of cum.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Aah, ah, ahhhhh!" Her voice cracked as her head snapped back, her back arching sharply, mouth hanging open in a breathless, ragged cry. Her throat stretched, her neck straining with every shudder as she was completely consumed by the sensation.

Even though my release had been intense, I couldn't stop. The fire still raged inside me, burning hotter than ever. One of my weaknesses, the kind that left me powerless—if I was spiked with aphrodisiacs, I was a slave to the sensation of a pussy. And let's be honest, what man could resist? Pussy was a weakness for every man.

Sandra seemed to sense that I wasn't done yet. She took a breath, steadyng herself as she kept moving.

"Nnnnghhh... Ah, ah, ahh... it feels... so good!"

An hour later, we were still tangled together, bodies glistening with sweat. Her womb seemed to have calmed, and her movements had slowed, hips grinding lazily as she panted heavily. A line of drool ran from the corner of her mouth, catching the light as it dripped onto her chest. She stared up at the ceiling, eyes glazed with a dazed, intoxicated look.

After a brief pause, Sandra began to sway her hips again, her ass bouncing against me. Wet, squelching sounds echoed through the room as her soaked pussy clung tightly to my cock.

Her inner walls were undulating wildly, rippling along my length, as if her body sought to consume every inch of me. My dick slid back and forth through her slick heat, matching the rhythm of her desperate thrusts. Where our bodies joined, wet, sticky sounds filled the air, as our mixed fluids bubbled up and matted into her golden pubic hair, glistening under the dim light.

"Ah, nnnn, ahhh! It's so good, it's so gooood!"

She slammed her hips down, grinding in deep circles, forcing my cock to drag directly against her cervix. Each grind sent a sharp, electric jolt through us, making my breath hitch as I gritted my teeth.

Her pussy grew even tighter, clamping down with a relentless grip, the snug pressure around my swollen shaft driving me toward the brink. It was an agonizing, perfect pleasure, her every squeeze making my blood run hotter. Sweat dripped down her face, her hair flying wild, as she moved with a frenzied urgency.

Her breasts bounced with the force of her movements, the flushed, peach-colored tips taut and begging to be touched. Watching her lose herself in the heat of the moment, her body writhing and arching, was intoxicating. And as she rode me harder, her dripping wet pussy seemed to swell, pushing back against the overwhelming tightness.

Sandra suddenly dropped her hips with a heavy thud, my cock ramming into her deepest parts with enough force to make her body jolt. The impact made her let out a choked gasp, her mouth hanging open as her back arched. The shock of it left my mind blank for a heartbeat, the pleasure so blinding that I could barely think.

My muscles gave out, and the hot surge I'd been holding back burst free, racing up my shaft with a desperate need.

A loud, messy squelch echoed from where our bodies met as my cum exploded inside her. Thick, hot ropes of semen shot deep into her, flooding her womb until I could feel the pressure of it pushing back. The heat of my release filled her completely, spreading a burning warmth through her belly.

"Hyaaaaaaaaaa, it's so hot, it's sho hwottt! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" Sandra's voice cracked, turning into a raw, broken scream as her orgasm ripped through her. Her face twisted with pleasure, her expression becoming slack and mindless.

Her pussy clenched hard around my cock, milking every last drop, squeezing me with a relentless force from her entrance to her deepest core. As her spasms slowly subsided, thick, white cum leaked from the tight seal between us, dripping down onto the sheets below.

Spent and trembling, Sandra collapsed against my chest, her breath coming in short, shaky gasps, her whole body shivering from the aftershocks, with my cock still buried deep inside her tight, quivering heat.

Chapter 415 - Plain To Beautiful (1)

After cleaning up with Sandra, I swung open the door to the room, letting a rush of cool air hit my face. There, in the hallway, stood the two Shadow members—Isabelle and Juliette. Their chests heaved with every breath, their faces flushed red, a sheen of sweat glistening on their skin. Even with the supposed soundproofing, it looked like they'd caught every bit of what went down inside.

Their eyes darted away quickly, but the heat in their cheeks betrayed them.

Across the hallway, my gaze landed on three more women—Maya, Amon, and a newcomer who immediately drew attention. She was mesmerizing, her beauty radiating like a pulse. The dress she wore clung to her body in just the right way, flowing like water and sparkling under the light, as if it had been crafted for royalty.

Her posture was regal, with an elegance that made it seem like she had been born for a throne. One glance at her, and you'd think she was a princess.

But in reality, just like me, she was only a commoner.

This was my way of striking back at that woman, Kayla—the one who constantly set Ella on my trail, trying to pry into my relationship with Charlotte. But there was more to it than that. I was going to shatter the pride of those arrogant nobles, make them swallow the fact that even commoners could rise above them. I could already imagine the bitter taste in their mouths.

It would be hilarious to see their reactions, and I couldn't wait.

Kayla's POV

Sirches still wasn't picking up my calls, the silence stretching longer and longer. He was so late that the party had already been in full swing for what felt like an eternity.

"I can't believe this..." I hissed under my breath, clicking my tongue sharply. Why the fuck couldn't he hurry up? He's got a car, doesn't he? So why wasn't he here yet? "Sirches, I swear, if you keep me waiting any longer, we're done..."

But the moment the words left my lips, I swallowed hard, knowing I couldn't afford to follow through. I needed Sirches to maintain my status. My brother was set to inherit everything—the title, the wealth—while I'd be left with nothing but the clothes on my back. But Sirches? He was the heir to a viscount, and marrying him meant I'd keep my title and become a viscountess.

So, for now, I had to put up with him.

But God, did I wish I could have found a better man. Someone like the owner of Leonamon. Not only did he have money, but he had a face that could make you forget to breathe. Sure, he came from a commoner background, but he was still rich enough to make up for it. And with the way he carried himself, practically radiating sex appeal, I bet he'd be incredible in bed.

Anyone who got to experience that, I'd definitely be jealous.

Oh, speak of the devil—there he was now, striding down the hallway with a few women on either side. The two clinging to one side of him were absolutely breathtaking. I didn't think women like that even existed outside of fantasies. Even the princess wouldn't be able to hold a candle next to them. No, it wasn't just about how beautiful they were—because the princess had that too. But these two?

They exuded an intoxicating, sultry energy, dripping with an erotic aura that demanded attention. The princess? She was like a pale imitation, a mere shadow in comparison.

On his other side was a woman wearing a dress that looked like something straight out of a storybook. The fabric shimmered with every step she took, and the makeup accentuated her features to near perfection. She couldn't quite match the raw sensuality of the other two, but her elegance made her stand out just as much.

There wasn't a hint of sexual allure coming off her, but she had this magnetic pull that made it impossible not to look her way.

And on his other side... was a woman dressed in a gown that looked like it had been spun from dreams, the fabric shimmering like liquid silver under the soft lights. It was the kind of dress that whispered of fairytales and royalty. She didn't have the raw, almost predatory allure of the two clinging to him, but the elegance of her dress and the perfection of her makeup demanded attention.

There wasn't an ounce of sexual energy radiating from her, yet there was a magnetic pull, like she was made to be watched, admired, envied.

"Who is she?" one voice muttered, barely containing their awe.

"Who knows? Might be some foreign princess or something," another voice mused, just as captivated.

"That dress is breathtaking. How much would that even cost?" someone else asked.

"More than anything I've ever seen, that's for sure," came the reply.

From the way everyone stared, they all had the same thought—this woman could only be royalty.

But I saw something no one else did. From the moment she walked into the room, it hit me like a slap in the face.

"Kayla, isn't she stunning? I'm jealous, honestly. Wish I had a rich guy like that with me..." one of my companions murmured, her voice barely hiding her longing.

"Yeah, even my boyfriend, and he's got money, couldn't make me look like that," the other added, a note of bitterness creeping in.

I turned to both of them, my irritation bubbling hot under the surface.

"Have you two seriously not noticed?" I asked.

They looked at me, confusion clear in their expressions.

"Noticed what?" one of them asked, genuinely clueless.

"That's Ella," I hissed.

Their eyes widened, shock rippling across their faces.

"Really?!"

"Yes!" I snapped.

I knew it. Even though she looked completely different now, it was her—Ella. I had bullied her enough to have her face etched permanently in my mind. There was no way I'd mistake her for anyone else. It was definitely her.

But what the fuck was she doing with the owner of Leonamon?

Ella's eyes flicked in our direction, locking onto mine for a moment. My breath caught in my chest, but she quickly turned away, dismissing me as if I was nothing. What the hell was that about? The way she carried herself now... It was like she wasn't even the same Ella I remembered. What the fuck happened to her?

Chapter 416 - Plain To Beautiful (2)

Two days ago...

Ella's POV

I finally went back to school after being absent for two days. I'd received a letter warning me that any more absences could lead to repercussions, and I really didn't want to find out what those were. That's why I decided to show up, even though I was still scared of going outside.

Even though the thought of running into Mr. Leon terrified me, I convinced myself to step out. He was only a first-year, so I figured the chances of running into him were slim since the first-year and second-year buildings were pretty far apart. But thinking like that? Yeah, that was just the naive part of me.

I moved cautiously, hugging the walls, my eyes darting around corners and peeking down the corridors, trying to ensure I wouldn't accidentally cross paths with him.

"Why are you hiding?"

"Eeeeek!"

I jumped, my heart slamming against my ribcage. He was right behind me?! I hadn't even heard him. How did he always know where I was? I could silence my footsteps thanks to my skill, Stalker, and my presence was practically a whisper in the wind. It's a mystery how he always managed to find me.

"W-What are you doing here? T-This is the second-year building..." I stammered, the words tumbling out clumsily.

"What? It's not like first-years aren't allowed here, right?" he replied casually.

Of course, he was right. There wasn't any rule against students going into other year's buildings. But with my nerves on edge, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind, desperate to keep some distance between us.

"Why are you hiding there?" he asked.

I wanted to tell him the truth—that I was hiding from him. But the words caught in my throat, swallowed by my fear. I didn't have the guts to admit it.

"I heard from Charlotte that you've been bullied into stalking me by a woman named Kayla. Is that true?"

Miss Charlotte told him that? Of course, she would, considering whatever relationship she had with Mr. Leon. I swallowed hard and nodded, feeling like my secrets had been stripped bare.

"I see. That must have been hard for you, huh..." Mr. Leon murmured, and there was a strange softness in his eyes, like he was actually trying to understand me. Those eyes, so gentle, had a pull that made it hard to look away.

"Y-Yeah..." I mumbled, my voice barely a whisper as I stared down at the floor.

"Do you want to get back at them?" he asked, and I felt a shiver run through me.

I swallowed, feeling my mouth go dry. "R-Revenge?"

"Nah, it's not as simple as revenge. It's more like making them realize their mistakes, making them understand that bullying someone like you is wrong," he explained.

"W-What do you mean?" I asked, but before he could answer, the bell rang, its shrill sound cutting through the tension between us.

"We'll talk about this later. In the student council office. If you want to do this, come. If not, then don't. The choice is yours."

With that, Mr. Leon turned his back to me and walked away, leaving me with more questions than answers.

Revenge? No, it wasn't about revenge. He wanted to make the bullies stop because they'd realize it was wrong to target me. But how could he pull that off? How would he get Miss Kayla to let go of her control over me? A part of me doubted him, yet curiosity and desperation gnawed at my insides.

And that's how I found myself standing in front of the student council office door, my pulse quickening.

I hovered outside, my hand trembling as it hung over the door. I couldn't even understand why I'd come, why I was even considering letting him into my mess. Because deep down, I still didn't trust him. But since I'd dragged myself here, maybe it wouldn't hurt to at least hear him out. Maybe this would be the first step to breaking free from Kayla's hold.

Yet, just as I was about to knock, an icy doubt froze me in place. What if Mr. Leon was just looking to wrap another chain around my neck? What if I just ended up becoming another puppet, dancing to someone else's tune? Would I spend my whole life being someone's submissive little pet? The thought made me sick.

How could I ever break free from this?

My hand dropped to my side, heavy with hesitation. This was pointless. There was no breaking the cycle. I'd just end up as Mr. Leon's lackey—or maybe even worse. Yet, even as my thoughts screamed no, a wave of regret washed over me, deep and bitter.

It felt like I was standing at the edge of something, some kind of escape. Even though my mind was rejecting it, my hand still raised, almost on its own, and I knocked on the door.

Knock, knock, knock.

The sound echoed through the empty corridor, bouncing back at me like a taunt. Footsteps approached from the other side, and the door swung open.

"Yes?"

Standing there was the Student Council President, Miss Artemis. Her long blonde hair shimmered, and her green eyes seemed to pierce right through me. She was gorgeous, effortlessly radiant. Unlike me.

"Uh, um..." My voice wavered as I struggled to speak.

Why was the President here? Where was Mr. Leon? Had I walked right into some kind of trap?

"N-Nothing. I'm sorry," I stammered, my resolve crumbling as I turned to leave.

"Wait. You're Ella, right?" said the President, her voice softening. "We've been expecting you. Come on in."

She grabbed my wrist and pulled me inside. And there, waiting in the room, were three other women—Princess Titania of Bethlan, Princess Trill of the Beast Race, and Professor Gabrielle. All of them were stunning, poised, and way out of my league. What were they doing here?

"Now then, shall we begin?" Miss Titania's voice was cool, her eyes scanning me like I was some sort of experiment laid out before her.

Chapter 417 - Plain To Beautiful (3)

"Your transformation," Miss Trill added, her tone just as direct.

Transformation? What the hell were they talking about?

"T-Transformation into what?" I stammered, my confusion evident.

"Oh, you silly thing," Miss Titania chuckled softly, a hint of condescension in her smile. "Leon told you to come here, didn't he? He asked us to help you."

"B-But..." I fumbled for words, still unsure what any of this meant.

"Don't worry, Ella," a familiar voice cut through my thoughts, smooth and firm. I spun around to find Mr. Leon standing there, leaning casually against the doorframe. "It's not like we're going to hurt you or anything. We're just going to turn you into what you came here to be."

"I..." My gaze dropped, my hands gripping the edge of my skirt. I couldn't control the trembling in my fingers.

"That's quite ungraceful," Professor Gabrielle's voice snapped like a whip. "Stop fiddling with your skirt like that."

Her words carried an authority that I couldn't defy, and I released the fabric immediately, my hands hanging limp at my sides. This was my curse, my weakness—to crumble before those who held power over me.

"And don't flinch every time I speak," she continued sharply. "It makes you look like an easy target for bullies."

Her criticism cut deep, but I had no clue why they were talking like this, why they were treating me this way. My gaze drifted back to Mr. Leon, searching for some kind of explanation.

"Bullying often comes down to perception," Mr. Leon began, his voice taking on a more serious tone. "If you look weak, you become a target. Many get bullied because they look like pushovers, and those with a superiority complex latch onto that. They put a chain around your neck and drag you down."

"You're weak, Ella," Professor Gabrielle chimed in coldly. "But sometimes, weak people don't get bullied."

"And that's when," Miss Trill leaned forward, a hint of a smirk playing on her lips, "they start looking like the opposite of what they really are."

Their words swirled around me, each one sinking deeper than the last. I felt like I was almost grasping their point, yet it kept slipping away. What did they want from me, exactly?

"It means just be confident, and you'll be fine," Miss Titania said simply, as if it were that easy.

I sucked in a shaky breath. Confidence? That was a joke. I didn't have any. How could I? Deep down, I knew I'd never be able to pull off whatever they were suggesting.

"You want to put Kayla in her place, don't you?" Mr. Leon's voice cut through my doubts like a knife. "This will shatter her ego, believe me."

"B-But how can I...!" I barely managed to get the words out.

"In two days, there's a noble party. I'm invited, and so is Kayla. She'll be there with those two girls who enjoy bullying you," Mr. Leon explained. "Now, if they see you there, the same girl they've been tormenting, standing beside someone with real power, they'll be burning with jealousy. Their pride will take a hit, realizing that someone they looked down on is now above them.

And once that happens, their bullying will stop. But for that, you need to believe in yourself."

"B-But... in two days? I can't!" Panic clawed at me. It sounded impossible.

"Don't worry, I'll handle it." Professor Gabrielle pushed her glasses up, the lenses glinting in the light. "It might sound like a lot, but I've whipped brats into proper nobles before. In just a few days, even. I can drill the necessary etiquette into you in four hours, and you'll pick it up faster than you think."

My jaw nearly hit the floor. Four hours? That sounded insane, no matter how you looked at it. Was she some kind of drill sergeant? But then again, I'd never seen her act like one. In class, she always seemed bored, like she had better things to do.

"Believe it or not, Gabrielle is great with manners," Mr. Leon added with a smirk. "She was top of her class back in her academy days, and she's a former magic knight who's attended more formal events than you can imagine."

"What's that supposed to mean, 'believe it or not'?" Professor Gabrielle shot Mr. Leon a glare, her eyes flashing. "Anyway, I can transform you in two days, but you have to put in the work."

"And I can teach you grace and poise," Miss Titania said, a confident grin on her lips. "You might forget sometimes because I don't play the part often, but I am a princess, and I can be as regal as needed."

"I might not be as graceful, but I've got an eye for fashion," Miss Trill added. "I'll make sure you're dressed to impress."

"And I'll help you with the seduction part," the Student Council President chimed in, her tone teasing.

"S-Seduction?" I squeaked, feeling my face flush. "I'm not going to... I mean...!"

"Relax," she laughed softly. "It's not as scandalous as it sounds. It's more about making people notice you, drawing attention in a way that makes you stand out. It's about exuding an aura that makes you... well, attractive. It's not about seducing someone, just making them want to look at you."

O-Oh, so that's what she meant... But still, is this okay? It felt like I was treading dangerous ground... I mean, I didn't want any more trouble, but I did want Kayla off my back... Could I really trust their help?

"After this, I promise I won't interfere with you anymore," Mr. Leon said, his tone earnest as he stepped closer. "I just want to help you. And honestly, I've got my own reasons for dealing with Kayla. I don't want her sticking her nose into my business either."

His sincerity caught me off guard, and I swallowed hard. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Maybe... just maybe, this could actually work.

"Now then, for the final question," the President's voice turned sly, a playful edge to her words. "Are you a virgin?"

Chapter 418 - Plain To Beautiful (4)

"W-Why are you asking that?" I stammered, my voice barely a whisper, as I glanced sideways at Leon, hoping for some sort of explanation or reassurance.

It was painfully obvious that I had no experience with things like this. Men had always been terrifying to me, making my heart race for all the wrong reasons. Whenever I encountered them, I would either freeze up or bolt. And when they weren't scary, they'd avoid me like I carried some kind of curse.

My luck with men? It was about as good as my luck with people in general. Which meant it was... nonexistent.

But why would they ask me something like this? My thoughts spiraled. Could it be that they... wanted something from me? My chest tightened at the possibility.

"You don't need to keep looking at Leon like that," the President's voice cut through my thoughts, smooth but with an underlying firmness. "It's not like I'm asking because we plan to do anything to you. I just need to know.

Being a virgin means you can't naturally exude an erotic aura, but with the right guidance, even a virgin can learn to draw eyes—to make people see them as beautiful and sexy, even if they haven't experienced it themselves."

I blinked, completely lost in what she was saying. My face burned with confusion.

"Professor Gabrielle, could you please demonstrate?" the President asked, her tone carrying a hint of amusement, as if she enjoyed seeing me squirm.

"Very well," Professor Gabrielle responded. "But I'm not exactly the best example. I am not a virgin, after all."

"Well, we're all here except for Ella, but you're excellent at exuding an erotic aura, so I want you to show her."

Professor Gabrielle slid her glasses off with a slow, deliberate motion, letting them rest in her lap. Then she ran her fingers through her hair, tousling it just enough to add a hint of wildness. She shifted her posture, leaning in slightly, and then her eyes—sharp and intense—locked onto mine. A shiver ran down my spine, my breath hitching.

She was exuding... raw, magnetic sex appeal. It was like a wave of heat rolling off her, enveloping me. My heart pounded against my ribs as I found it impossible to look away. All she'd done was take off her glasses and rough up her hair, yet the transformation was so powerful, so visceral, that I could barely believe she was the same professor I listened to in class every day.

"Professor Gabrielle is using her erotic aura right now. Can you see it?" the President asked, her eyes watching my every reaction with a sharp focus.

"I-I do..." My voice came out strained, my throat suddenly dry.

"Do you think you could do that too?" she asked.

"I don't."

I couldn't lie, even if I wanted to. There was no way I could ever be like that—so effortlessly sexy and beautiful. The thought made my stomach twist.

"Well, we can work on that, even if you're inexperienced. We only have two days, but with all of us in this lineup, I'm sure we can transform you," the President said, her voice dripping with determination.

Professor Gabrielle, Miss Trill, Miss Titania, and President Artemis all turned their gazes on me, making me feel like I was being stripped bare under their scrutiny.

"We're going to turn you from plain to beautiful."

The hum of the car engine filled the silence as I sat inside the vehicle, wedged between Miss Artemis and Miss Trill in the back seat, with President Artemis on the front. Up front, Professor Gabrielle drove with a practiced ease. I had no idea where they were taking me, but President Artemis said it was a place where my 'transformation' would happen.

"I still can't believe stuff like this exists now!" Miss Titania's voice broke the quiet, her tone almost childishly excited. "This is incredible!"

"And to think Leon is the owner of the company that made all this! How amazing is our boyfriend, Nia?" Trill replied, her voice brimming with pride.

"Right, Trill?!"

Their energy was so giddy and bright that I couldn't help but feel like an outsider. They seemed to be Leon's girlfriends... but just how many girlfriends did he have? Professor Gabrielle seemed to be in on it too, and even President Artemis. It made my head spin.

"I-Is... Mr. Leon really the owner of Leonamon?" I asked, my voice trembling as I forced the words out, feeling like I was walking on eggshells.

Even I, who had never been wealthy, knew what Leonamon was. The brand was everywhere, their products changing the world—cars, smartphones, you name it. Recently, they'd announced plans to launch even more groundbreaking products.

And they weren't just tech-focused—they dabbled in pastries, clothing, music, entertainment. Leonamon was the company everyone talked about, dominating every industry it touched.

Earlier, Mr. Leon mentioned that we should all head to the Leonamon headquarters. I assumed it was to buy me some clothes, and I insisted that I didn't deserve such luxuries. But then, Miss Titania casually revealed that Leon owned Leonamon. Miss Trill's eyes had widened, and she demanded why Leon hadn't told her sooner. Meanwhile, my mind went completely blank from the shock.

"It's true," Professor Gabrielle confirmed, her voice calm and steady. "In the beginning, it was a small company with just three people. Amon, his first woman, helped him create the first smartphone. I handled the marketing to get the product the attention it needed."

"M-Master..." I whispered, the way Professor Gabrielle called Leon echoing in my head. "U-Um, may I ask something?"

"You may," Professor Gabrielle replied, her gaze fixed firmly on the road ahead.

"A-Are you all... Mr. Leon's girlfriends?"

"We are his girlfriends!" Miss Titania's voice was like a cheerful announcement, and she pulled Trill into a tight hug, giggling.

"I am his future wife and the mother of his child, I suppose," President Artemis added, her tone playful yet serious.

"I am his woman, someone he can do anything with," Professor Gabrielle said without a hint of shame.

My head spun faster, my thoughts swirling like a whirlpool. What was even happening? Miss Titania and Miss Trill were his girlfriends, Artemis was his future wife, and Professor Gabrielle was his... woman? And there was this mysterious first woman, Amon... and Miss Charlotte?

My brain struggled to keep up with all these revelations.

Chapter 419 - Plain To Beautiful (5)

"You're so shocked," President Artemis said with a soft, teasing laugh, glancing at me in the rearview mirror.

"You'll be even more shocked when you find out just how many women he has," Professor Gabrielle added.

"I don't know the exact number, but he mentioned it was a lot when we started dating," Miss Artemis mused, her lips curling thoughtfully.

"Well, I know he has plenty of women—his scent gives it away—but I still want to be surprised by just how many," Miss Titania said with a knowing smirk, her eyes glinting with mischief.

I felt like my mind was spinning out of control. There was too much to process, too many things to understand. Just how many women did he have? And where exactly did I fit into all of this? The questions swirled in my mind, making my head feel heavy. I could barely keep myself from fainting right there in the car.

We finally arrived at Leonamon headquarters, and the sight before me left me breathless. It was the biggest structure I'd ever laid eyes on in my 19 years of life—an imposing skyscraper that dominated the entire metropolitan skyline of Capital City. Its sheer scale made me feel like an ant, my confidence dwindling under its shadow, slowly eroding away until I felt like I might crumble where I stood.

"Come," President Artemis commanded.

I took a deep breath, steeling myself, and followed her inside. If the exterior was intimidating, the interior was absolutely overwhelming—luxurious beyond imagination, with high ceilings and gilded walls that seemed to swallow me whole. My knees shook with every step I took on the polished marble floors.

"I-Is it okay for me to even be here?" I stammered, my voice barely a whisper.

"Leon invited you here himself. Of course, it's okay," President Artemis reassured me, her tone leaving no room for doubt.

"Good afternoon, Madams," greeted two maids, their presence almost otherworldly. They carried an air of elegance and refinement, like they were from a bygone era. Their beauty was mesmerizing, almost unreal, as they moved gracefully. "Shall we escort you to the Master's room while you await his return?"

"Yes, Amon," Gabrielle replied with a nod. "Where is he, at the moment?"

Mr. Leon had gone ahead earlier, arriving long before we did, but now he was nowhere to be found. A knot of unease tightened in my chest. Being around these intimidatingly poised women only made me feel more out of place.

"He's currently in his Love Room, giving semen to the idol girls."

My mind froze, the words echoing in my head. Idol girls? Giving semen? What the actual—

"So, he ditched us for other girls. Leon, you damn womanizer," Miss Trill snarled, irritation flashing in her eyes.

"Don't be so jealous, Miss Trill. You know the more women Leon has, the stronger he gets, right?" Miss Titania teased, her lips curling into a playful grin.

"Yeah, you're right. But still, how could he go off to other women instead of being with us? I mean, we've been dating for months, and he hasn't even touched me yet."

"Oh, don't worry, he'll get to you soon enough. And when he does, trust me, you'll be left breathless," Titania replied with a smirk, a knowing glint in her eyes.

I had no idea how to process this conversation. It was like something out of a twisted fantasy, watching these women calmly discuss sharing a man. They weren't fighting over him; instead, they seemed genuinely thrilled about him adding more women to his life. Growing up in a monogamous society, this kind of talk was downright surreal.

It felt like I'd stepped into a world where the rules had been completely rewritten, and I was struggling to keep up.

"Keep your back straight and don't let those books fall off your head. Don't even think about using your hands to balance them—focus on your feet. That's how you'll correct your gait," Professor Gabrielle barked, her voice stern and unyielding.

She had me doing posture training, trying to fix my habit of slouching. My whole body ached as I stumbled through the exercises, struggling to keep up. This was my tenth attempt, but Professor Gabrielle had no intention of letting me rest until I got it right.

Five books were stacked on my head, and I had to keep them balanced as I walked across the room. If even one fell, she'd make me start over, with no breaks. My jaw clenched as I forced myself to keep my movements steady.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, I managed to make it to the other side without dropping a single book.

"Alright," Professor Gabrielle said, a hint of approval slipping into her tone. "Lady Titania, add more stacks to her head."

"Will do," Miss Titania replied, a sly smile on her lips.

"Eh? W-Wait, I'm not done yet?!" I protested, panic rising in my chest.

"Of course not. If you want to finish this transformation in two days, we have to push hard. You really think balancing a few books is enough to change your gait? We'll keep adding more stacks each time you complete a round," Professor Gabrielle declared, her eyes cold and determined.

My legs buckled beneath me, sending the books tumbling to the floor in a noisy cascade.

By the end of the day, I was completely drained. I thought being Miss Kayla's lackey had been tough, but this training was on a whole different level. My entire body throbbed with exhaustion.

Yet, even as my muscles screamed for rest, I couldn't sleep. The bed beneath me was so unbelievably soft that it threw me off. I had never experienced this kind of comfort, and instead of helping, it kept me wide awake.

"Ella," a voice whispered beside me, cutting through the darkness. "Over here! Let's go."

"E-Eh? Miss Titania?" I murmured, turning to see her standing next to my bed with Miss Trill.

"We're going to check something out," Miss Titania said, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

I had no idea what they wanted from me, but saying no wasn't an option. These were princesses, after all. Reluctantly, I followed them out of my room, trying to keep my nervousness in check.

"W-Where are we going, exactly?" I asked, my voice trembling as we walked through the dimly lit hallways.

Miss Trill and Miss Titania exchanged a secretive look before turning back to me, their smiles widening into identical, playful grins.

"It's a secret."

Chapter 420 - Plain To Beautiful (6)

After a while, we came to a halt in front of a certain door, the tension in the air thick enough to cut with a knife.

"This is it, right?" Miss Titania whispered, her voice barely more than a breath, like she was savoring the anticipation.

"Yeah, this is the place. I can smell him from here," Miss Trill replied, her voice a low purr. "And... he's with five women."

"F-Five? Leon... is with all of them at once?"

"I can smell Leon's huge libido radiating through the air. It's no surprise he needs more women to satisfy it. But still, I can't believe he'd do this while we're right here, just a few steps away," Miss Trill muttered, a hint of hurt cutting through her tone.

"That's because you're still a virgin, Trill," Miss Titania giggled softly, the sound teasing. "I'm sure he wants to keep your first time special, take it slow, and make it romantic—like he did with me."

"I-I'm not jealous or anything, but... how was it?" Trill asked, trying to sound casual, but I could hear the curiosity bleeding through.

"It was absolutely amazing! Trust me, you'll love it when it's your turn!" Miss Titania's voice was giddy, dripping with satisfaction, like she was reliving every moment of it in her mind.

My head was spinning, caught in the whirlwind of their conversation. Their words hit me like a sledgehammer, pounding against my thoughts.

"W-Wait, what are we even doing here again?" I managed to ask, trying to steer my mind back to the present.

"What else? We're going to take a peek!" Miss Titania said, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

My brain fried at her words, the heat in my cheeks practically scalding. It felt like steam was pouring out of my ears, my thoughts scrambling for sanity.

"W-Wait, what do you mean, peek?! Y-You're actually going to spy on them?!"

"Well, I'm kind of curious about how Leon handles multiple women at once. Normally, it's just me and him when we fuck. But now, the idea of doing it with others... it sounds more thrilling, more intense," Miss Titania admitted, her eyes gleaming with a wild excitement.

"Besides, I want to see Leon's other women for myself," Miss Trill added, determination hardening her voice. "My sense of smell might tell me a lot, but seeing them with my own eyes... it's different."

"W-Wait, are you two seriously going through with this?" I asked, my voice cracking with desperation. "Won't Mr. Leon get pissed at you for peeking... I mean..."

"You don't have to worry. Leon's pretty laid-back about stuff like this. Or, at least, that's what Professor Gabrielle told us. She even encouraged us to join," Miss Titania replied, her tone matter-of-fact.

"I... I don't think I'm brave enough for that, but if Leon asked me to join, I'd do it," Miss Trill admitted, her cheeks flushing pink, embarrassment painting her face as she fidgeted nervously.

"W-What if he wants some space? I mean... is it really okay to intrude on him like this?" I pressed, my voice dropping, hoping to knock some sense into them.

"It's fine, seriously. You don't have to worry," Miss Titania insisted, waving off my concern like it was nothing.

No, this was exactly why I was worried. I could feel a dull throb in my temple, my mind spinning out of control. How the hell did I get caught up in this?

"W-Why am I even here?" I muttered, more to myself than to them.

"Hmm? Isn't it obvious?" Miss Titania turned to me, that teasing smile still on her lips. "You're here because you might end up becoming one of us."

My heart skipped a beat. I had no idea what she was getting at.

"Uh, joining you?"

"Yep. Becoming one of us—Leon's women," Miss Titania said with a knowing smirk.

At first, the meaning of her words didn't register, but then, like a slap to the face, realization crashed over me. My cheeks flushed red-hot, and I swore I could feel the heat radiating off of me.

"Heh?! N-No, I'm not!" I stammered, backing away slightly.

"You can say that, but I can see right through you, senior Ella," Trill teased, a sly grin spreading across her lips. "You think he's attractive, don't you?"

"I-I mean, y-yes, I admit he's attractive, but I don't think I c-can join his harem!"

And I meant it. I had no intention of becoming another girl in Mr. Leon's harem. Sure, I was here because I needed his help dealing with Miss Kayla, but my feelings weren't like that. I couldn't imagine fitting in with these stunning, confident women he had wrapped around his finger. It just wasn't me.

"Well, I think he wants you, though," Miss Titania teased, her words laced with a sly smirk.

Blood surged into my face, heating my cheeks until they burned. My heart pounded in my ears, almost drowning out her voice. H-He wants me in his collection? What could he possibly see in me that made him want me like that?

"Well, anyway, let's go have a peek!" Miss Titania urged, her excitement barely contained.

I stood frozen, too stunned and conflicted to move, let alone stop her. She pushed the door open just a crack, and in an instant, a wave of moans and the unmistakable sounds of sex spilled into the hallway. The air turned thick with a heavy, sweet scent that clung to my senses—sweat, lust, and something raw that made my head spin, almost dizzy.

"Aaaah, aaaah, aaaah!"

"Aaaah, aaah, aaaaaah!"

"Faaaah, aaah...!"

Through the small opening that Miss Titania had created, the scene inside struck me like a physical blow, making my breath hitch. Leon lay sprawled beneath a woman who rode him with wild abandon, her hips grinding against him, the wet slap of skin filling the air each time she bounced on his lap.

Behind him, two other women pressed their bodies close, swapping his lips between them, their tongues intertwining with his in heated, messy kisses, each vying for his attention.