

The World 481

Chapter 481 - Titania's Campaign (1)

Now that the third semester was in full swing, the air in the academy buzzed with tension as the student council election loomed ever closer. Campaign posters were slapped across walls, announcements blared through enchanted speakers, and the candidates' voices filled the halls as they pitched themselves to the students. While some students didn't seem to give a shit, plenty of others were throwing their support behind their preferred candidates. All in all, the election buzz was heating up fast.

There were ten candidates in total vying for the title of president, but only two had the entire academy's attention. Mainly, Princess Myrcella and Princess Titania.

For a while, Princess Myrcella had held a commanding lead. She was polished, regal, and exuded the kind of authority that made you want to kneel without being asked. But Titania was quickly catching up, her sudden transformation lighting up the academy like wildfire. The once arrogant princess who had strutted around like she owned the place now carried herself with charisma and purpose. Gone was the stuck-up brat who demanded everyone bow and scrape in her presence. In her place stood a driven, inspiring leader who had the students rallying behind her in droves. Watching her flourish this way sent a swell of pride through me—this was my girlfriend stepping into her greatness and proving everyone wrong.

Meanwhile, the outgoing president, Artemis, was preparing for her departure from the council.

I was sitting with her in the council room, the soft light from the enchanted crystal overhead casting a faint glow over the well-worn desk she leaned against.

"It's a strange feeling," Artemis admitted, her voice tinged with melancholy. Her fingertips traced the grain of the wood, a ghost of a smile tugging at her lips. "This desk, this office—it's been my world for three years. Now I'm leaving it all behind."

"You've been president for two years and vice president for one," I said, my tone curious. "Doesn't it feel satisfying, knowing you've accomplished so much?"

"Oh, absolutely," she replied with a small chuckle. "I've poured my heart into this place, making it better however I could. It's fulfilling, no doubt about that. But it's still hard to let go of something that's been such a big part of my life."

Artemis was in her fourth year now, her graduation looming on the horizon like the final chapter of a long and winding book.

"You're set on becoming a magic knight, right?" I asked, tilting my head as I watched her. "That's why you came here in the first place, isn't it? To graduate from the gold class and make your mark?"

She rested her palm flat against the desk. "I don't know anymore," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I used to think it was my goal for coming to this place. Becoming a magic knight would mean having the resources, the connections, the network to find the others—the elves who've been trafficked, forced into prostitution, stripped of their dignity." Her voice trembled for just a moment before she steadied herself. "But now... I'm not sure it's worth it. I've built credibility here. I've made a difference. I don't think becoming a knight will give me more than I already have."

Her reason for wanting to join the knights had always been noble. But now, it seemed like the weight of her experiences had shifted her priorities, her once-clear vision clouded by new perspectives.

"In fact," she continued, turning her gaze to me, her expression softening, "I think I'd rather stay by your side, Leon."

"Stay with me?" I echoed.

She nodded. "I want to work for you. Just like Professor Gabrielle and Miss Amon. I want to be your ally, your support. I mean, our marriage hasn't happened yet, but let's be honest—you're already my husband in everything but name. And as your wife, it's only natural for me to stand by your side and help you in any way I can."

The way she said that was honestly kind of sweet.

"Besides," she purred, her voice teasing yet firm, "working for Leonamon is leagues better than dealing with the bullshit of corrupt higher-ups or becoming a magic knight. The flow of information in Leonamon, the network you've built—it's everything I could use to find the others. But..." She tilted her head, her sly grin widening. "If you don't want me sticking around and would rather use me to get dirt on the magic knights, I could just apply there instead. Your call."

I let out a low chuckle, shaking my head at her boldness. "I'm not about to force you into anything you don't want, Artemis. You only wanted to be a magic knight to track down the elves who were taken, to use their massive network to find them. But with Leonamon, you can achieve the same goal without jumping through hoops. And you already know I'll do whatever it takes to help you with that."

I stood and stepped closer to her, lifting her chin with my fingers as her emerald green eyes locked onto mine. "If you want to stay by my side forever, then who am I to deny you that?"

I leaned in and kissed her deeply, feeling her lips soften against mine.

"Have I ever told you that this office is soundproof?" she asked, pulling back slightly with a wicked smile curling her lips.

"No, I don't think you have," I said, my brow arching.

"Well," she said, biting her lower lip with a sultry gleam in her eye, "do you want to test just how much sound it can contain?"

I smirked. "Yeah, I do."

"Then make me."

Her words were a dare, and I wasn't about to back down. She turned around, placing her hands flat on the desk, her top half pressing against the polished wood. Her firm ass was raised, teasing me as she looked back over her shoulder, her gaze heated. Grabbing the waistband of her pants and panties, I yanked them down in one swift motion, the fabric sliding off to reveal her bare, flawless skin. The fabric pooled around her ankles.

I unbuckled my belt, freeing my cock, which was already throbbing with need. Gripping her hips, I aligned myself and pushed into her in one smooth thrust. There was no need for foreplay. Her pussy was dripping wet, welcoming me with no resistance as my cock sank all the way to the hilt.

"Hnnnnaaaaaaaaa!"

Her body arched, her back curving beautifully as she cried out. Her pussy clenched around me, impossibly tight even though I'd just entered her.

"You're already this wet," I murmured, leaning down to whisper in her ear. "And just from one thrust, it looks like you've cum a little already."

"I-It's only natural," she managed to gasp, her voice trembling. "It's been so long since you've been inside me."

I gripped her lean ass firmly and began slamming my cock into her without holding back. Her butt wasn't as plump as her mother's—Solaris was a walking definition of voluptuousness—but it fit perfectly into my hands. Maybe it was because she was an elf, her slender figure lending her a different kind of allure. I couldn't help but wonder if her body would ever mature into the same busty shape as Solaris's. Would it happen after she started having children? That seemed like the natural progression.

"Hnnn, haaa, ahhh, aaah, haaa~"

Her pussy hugged my cock like a molten vice, its slick, velvety heat wrapping around me with an intensity that made my head spin. The tightness was insane, and the way her juices coated my length made every thrust feel like I was plunging into something forbidden and divine. Her back arched with every movement, her lean body trembling under the sheer force of my thrusts.

The sight of her giving in so completely, her body and voice dripping with lust, made my blood boil. My hips moved like a beast possessed, slamming into her over and over with an unrelenting hunger. The sound of my cock slapping into her pussy was loud and obscene, each thrust punctuated by the creak of the desk under her weight.

"Haaa, haaaa, haaaaa!"

Her moans echoed loudly, completely unrestrained, as the soundproof room swallowed every noise. No one outside would hear the symphony of pleasure we were creating.

Seeing her so completely undone sent a rush of exhilaration through me, fueling my movements.

"Haaaa, haaa, uhh, hii... hii! Aaaaaaaah, aah, haaaa~"

Her pussy gripped me tighter with every thrust, the slick walls parting and clenching as my cock drove in deep. Each pull sent a fresh wave of her juices splattering against my thighs and the desk.

Artemis's body was aflame, her skin glowing with heat as her breathing came in erratic gasps. Her face was pure debauchery—her tongue hanging from her parted lips, her eyes glazed with overwhelming pleasure. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, the tightness driving me closer to the edge.

"Hnnnnaaaaaaaa~, I'm going to cum, Leon...! Please, cum with me...!"

My grip on her hips tightened, and her body shook violently as her orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clamped down around my cock, milking me with a desperate intensity. I felt the heat surging up from deep within me, and with a final, powerful thrust, I erupted.

A scalding torrent of cum burst from me, spilling into her with an almost violent force.

"Aaaaaaaaaah, aaaaaaaah...! I-It's coming out...! The white hot stuff is pouring inside me...!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!"

Her voice cracked with pleasure as she took everything I had to give, her pussy twitching as it tried to hold onto every last drop. When I finally pulled out, the thick streams of cum began leaking from her, spilling over her thighs and dripping onto the floor.

"Ah... It's going to leak..."

She reached down, cupping her hand between her legs in a futile attempt to stop the flow. Her eyes met mine, hazy with satisfaction, her lips parted as she let out shallow, heated breaths.

"Ha... That was amazing..." she whispered.

Chapter 482 - Titania's Campaign (2)

After finishing with Artemis, I headed down to the first floor, where the sound of campaign speeches filled the air. The candidates vying for the next president of the academy were in full swing. A modest crowd surrounded them, though it was nothing compared to the academy's entire population. In truth, this gathering barely made up a fraction of the student body.

On the other hand, the two frontrunners had the entire academy split in half. Though one held a slightly larger lead, the difference was negligible—they were neck and neck. Never in Milham Academy's history had there been an election with two candidates dividing the student body so evenly. That is, until Titania and Myrcella stepped into the fray.

Both were princesses in their own right, each radiating a level of charisma that captivated everyone around them. It was no wonder they had the academy at a standstill.

When I got back to my dorm room, Titania was already there, perched on my couch. She looked a little miffed, her legs tucked beneath her while she focused intently on her phone. Her usual regal air was tinged with frustration, a rare sight.

"I figured you'd be out campaigning like the rest, Nia," I said casually, leaning against the doorway.
"What brings you here instead?"

"I don't know," she replied with a sigh, her eyes still glued to her screen. "Maybe because I've never had this much attention on me before."

"That's not surprising," I said with a smirk. "Given your old personality, this must feel pretty alien to you."

Titania had never been one for mingling—though it wasn't entirely by choice. Back then, people avoided her because of her haughty demeanor, always telling others they should feel privileged by her presence. That attitude had pushed people away. Now, with the crowd flocking to her, it seemed even Titania could feel a little burnt out.

"Are you teasing me, Leon?" she asked, puffing her cheeks like an annoyed pufferfish, her pout exaggerated and childlike.

I stepped closer, reaching out to pinch her cheek. "Of course I am. You're irresistibly cute when you're all worked up like this."

"Hmph!" she huffed, turning her face away, though the blush blooming on her ears betrayed her. "You're such a womanizer," she muttered, her lips barely able to suppress a smile.

I couldn't help but laugh softly at her attempt to sulk.

We spent the next hour together, nothing intense, just enjoying each other's company like a normal couple. There was no sex this time, just simple moments of affection and connection that felt refreshingly lighthearted. Later, we decided to go for a walk. By then, night had draped its serene veil over the academy, replacing the earlier chaos with a peaceful stillness.

"I can't believe we're almost second-years already. It feels like just yesterday we were first-years," Titania said, her voice soft, almost wistful as she gazed at the tranquil surroundings.

"Time flies when you're having fun," I replied, watching her carefully. "Feeling like that just means you've been enjoying your time here."

"Maybe," she murmured, tilting her head to look up at the sky. The moonlight caught the faint gleam in her eyes. "But it feels like it's slipping by too fast. I never imagined I'd stay at the academy this long. I

thought I'd be back in Bethlan after just half a year. But now..." She paused, her gaze drifting to me. "Now I have friends. And I've found love." Her voice softened as she smiled. "I almost wish time would slow down. I don't want these four years to vanish in a blink."

I knew why Titania had come to Milham. Her homeland, Bethlan, was on shaky ground, its political state teetering. Her father, the King, had sent her here not just for education but to keep her out of harm's way. A calculated move to protect his daughter while shielding her from the storm brewing in their kingdom.

"We still have three years," I told her, my tone calm but firm, like I was anchoring her to the present. "Soak up these remaining years, savor every bit. Even after our academic days are done, I promise we'll still find ways to enjoy life together."

"I don't want things to change," she said, her voice soft as her gaze fixed on the moonlit sky. "I want to savor these moments. I hate the thought of growing old, you know?"

"Aging's just a part of the deal," I replied, shrugging slightly. "We can't dodge it, no matter how much we wish we could. The best we can do is cherish what we have while it lasts."

We walked in companionable silence until she suddenly stopped, her expression unusually serious.

"Hey, Leon," she murmured, her tone almost hesitant.

I turned to her, curiosity tingling in the air. "What's up?"

"If my father ever asks me to come back," she said, "will you come to Bethlan with me?"

The weight of her question pressed against me, but my answer was instant and unwavering. "Sure."

If her father summoned her back to Bethlan, it would mean the kingdom's situation had become dire—too dangerous to face alone. There wasn't a chance in hell I'd let someone I loved walk into a storm without me. If Titania had to go, I'd follow her without hesitation.

The single word seemed to light up her entire face, her smile brighter than any star in the sky.

"You really love me, don't you?" she teased, her tone playful, but her eyes held something deeper.

"Of course."

"You're supposed to stutter and squirm like some dumb womanizer," she said, puffing her cheeks in mock indignation, though the blush coloring her ears betrayed her amusement.

Despite her playful jab, I could feel the bond between us deepening. Every moment we spent together felt like peeling back another layer of who she truly was.

The next day, I woke up and headed straight to class, but something felt off the moment I entered. The air was heavy, tense—almost suffocating. My classmates shifted uncomfortably in their seats, their unease palpable.

Trill quickly approached me, her usual calm demeanor replaced with urgency.

"You're late, Leon," she said.

"What's going on? The atmosphere feels... thicker than usual." Thick air wasn't new to the Bronze Class, but this was on another level entirely.

"A group of armed soldiers arrived on campus earlier," Trill explained. Her expression darkened. "They came for Nia."

"For Nia? Why?" My brows furrowed as alarm coursed through me.

"They claimed they were here to inform her that the Empire has officially declared war on Bethlan. They're planning to start their continental expansion with her kingdom."

The Empire targeting Bethlan first? That made no sense. Strategically, Milham was the logical starting point. Its placement on the continent made it the most defensible and valuable kingdom, which was why neither Bethlan nor Milham had ever dared to invade the other. The treacherous terrain separating them alone made such campaigns unfeasible.

It didn't add up. Was this a ploy to weaken Milham by cutting off its ally first? It sounded reckless, a gamble with stakes higher than I could imagine. Whatever their reasoning, one thing was painfully clear. The war wasn't just coming—it had already begun.

Titania was lounging on my bed that afternoon, her legs tucked beneath her as she casually swiped at her phone. Her focus on the screen was so intense it was like nothing else existed in the world. The faint sound effects from the game she was playing filled the room, completely at odds with the gravity of the news we'd received earlier.

"Oh, Leon! And Trill! You're both here!" she chirped, flashing a bright smile, as though everything was perfectly normal.

Her carefree attitude was jarring. A war was looming over her kingdom, and yet here she was, as calm as a summer breeze, her fingers still tapping away at the game.

"I heard soldiers from Bethlan came earlier and informed you that the Empire has officially declared war on your kingdom and plans to start their expansion there," I said.

"Oh, that?" she replied nonchalantly, waving her hand as if brushing away a trivial matter. "Yeah, they told me all about it this morning in the student council office. Oh, look! I just beat your high score, Trill!" she added, flashing her phone in triumph.

"Nia," Trill said, "aren't you even a little worried that your hometown is in danger of being completely invaded?"

Trill wasn't overreacting. Her concerns made perfect sense. Bethlan had always been safe because of its terrain—a nightmare for any invading force. But the Empire wasn't just sitting on its hands. Their relentless advancements in technology had started breaking through those natural barriers.

Bethlan wasn't exactly in a position to hold its ground against a major invasion. Unlike Milham, which was fortified by Magic Knights who protected the entire kingdom in times of crisis, as well as royal knights guarding the castle, Bethlan relied on regular soldiers. Sure, they had a few skilled fighters—like the ones I faced before—and they coordinated well enough. But would that be enough to repel the Empire?

I highly doubted it.

Against an Empire of this magnitude, Bethlan's odds were grim. It was like watching a single candle flicker against the impending storm.

Chapter 483 - Titania's Campaign (3)

Titania stopped scrolling through her phone and let out an exaggerated sigh. "Look, I get it. The crisis back home sounds serious, but nothing's going to change if I rush back there. Besides, the kingdom isn't about to crumble overnight. You might think Bethlan is just some lousy backwater, but we're noble and brave, you know? As long as it's being protected by people with the same blood as me, nothing's going to go wrong. And do you really think my father would let the Empire invade without putting up a fight?"

Her confidence in Bethlan's resilience was almost palpable, making Trill's worries feel less pressing by the second. She had a point—Bethlan wasn't known for its overwhelming strength, but they were capable defenders. Their survival wasn't just luck; it was built on preparation and resolve.

"Besides," Titania continued, her voice sharpening as she leaned back, "the election's in a few days. I need to focus on making my campaign count if I want to have even a shot at beating Princess Myrcella."

The election was closing in fast. With Princess Myrcella leading the race, Titania had her work cut out for her. Winning wasn't just about speeches. It was about promises and strategy. She had to convince the student body to see her vision, and that wasn't easy when her opponent was practically royalty here. Still, Titania was a princess too, and with Trill on her side, she had the beast race firmly in her corner. If she won, she'd be the one picking officers—and it wasn't hard to guess she'd choose Trill. Maybe she'd pick me too, but I already knew I'd have to turn her down when the time came.

"I've heard Princess Myrcella's speeches plenty of times," I said. "Honestly, it's going to be tough to top her."

Princess Myrcella wasn't playing around. She was a master strategist, using every tool at her disposal—media, events, campaigns, even grassroots movements—to solidify her lead. Titania was holding her own, though, with tactics like live streaming, and I was helping her as much as I could using the influence of Leonamon. But as good as her efforts were, they hadn't yet tipped the scale completely in her favor.

"It's not easy going against her on her home turf," Trill admitted. "But you're not doing bad, Nia. Not bad at all."

Despite Princess Myrcella commanding half the student body's support, Titania was closing the gap—a feat none of the other competitors had even come close to. Most of them were so far behind, it was almost embarrassing.

"I actually think Princess Myrcella deserves to win," Titania said suddenly, her tone quiet but resolute.

"Huh? What are you saying, Nia?"

Trill turned to me, her face a mix of confusion and concern. I didn't have an answer either, so I just shrugged.

"My reasons for running aren't noble like hers," Titania admitted. "They're selfish. Just wish-fulfillment, really. I'm not doing this for the people or the academy—I'm doing it for me. That's not the kind of reasoning that should win an election, let alone justify running in the first place." She sprawled out on my bed, picking up her phone again with a careless wave of her hand. Her voice dropped to a murmur as she continued, "Honestly, I don't care if I lose. Being president doesn't seem worth all the trouble anyway."

She sounded like she was on the verge of giving up.

Trill shot me a glance, her expression a mix of concern and confusion. I just shrugged. Honestly, I had no clue what was running through Titania's mind.

"Don't worry," she said, breaking the silence. Her tone was calm, almost reassuring. "It's not because of the news I got earlier today. I truly believe my father will do whatever it takes to stop the invasion. I said those things because I feel like I've already achieved the reason I wanted to run in the first place."

She turned to look at both of us, her lips curling into a warm, genuine smile.

That's right. Titania wasn't in this for glory or power. Deep down, all she wanted was something more meaningful—connections, real friendships. Her relationships with others had always been rocky, partly thanks to her high-and-mighty personality. But seeing Artemis surrounded by a crowd of people who genuinely cared about her had lit a fire in Titania. That was the real reason she'd started this journey. Now, with friends standing beside her and even a boyfriend in the picture, she felt like she'd already won in her own way.

"I'm sorry if I worried you," she said softly, her smile growing brighter, almost radiant. "Of course, I won't back out now. I've committed to this, and I'll give it everything I have. Whether I win or lose, I'll be satisfied."

Her smile wasn't just brighter—it was different, glowing with an authenticity that almost felt like it could pierce through doubt.

I stepped forward, resting my hand on her shoulder. "It's fine. What matters is that you're seeing this through. Whatever you need, I'm with you every step of the way."

If she was determined to finish this, even after feeling like her personal mission was already complete, there was no way I wouldn't stand by her.

"I have no idea what you're even talking about," Trill said, resting a hand on her hip, her lips curving into a sly grin. "But, I guess I'm in. What are friends for, right?"

The banter between them was lighthearted, but it carried the weight of how far they'd come. From strangers who have the same feelings on a same person, they'd somehow turned into the closest of friends.

The next day, at lunch, we borrowed the student council office. This was where Titania would broadcast her speech.

"I'm... kinda nervous," she admitted, scratching her cheek with a sheepish laugh.

"Come on, Nia! You've got this! You've been nailing it so far, right?"

She took a deep breath, her gaze settling on the camera set up before her. This livestream was critical. If she wanted to secure votes, this was her shot.

I didn't know what she'd prepared, but after what she'd said yesterday—about being content even if she didn't win—it was clear that whatever she'd written came from a place that mattered deeply to her. That meant whatever speech she'd prepared had come straight from the heart.

Honestly, I couldn't wait to hear what she had to say.

"Before we start, can I say something first? These words are just for the two of you," Titania said, her voice carrying a weight that demanded attention.

Trill and I exchanged looks, curiosity flickering between us, before focusing on her.

"I honestly don't think I'm going to win this battle," she admitted, her words slow and deliberate, as though each syllable carried the weight of her doubts. Her eyes darted between us, searching for something—understanding, perhaps. "But, on the off chance that I do, I have a request. Trill, I want you to be my vice president. And Leon, I'd like you to take the position of secretary."

So, this was where we were heading. It wasn't shocking that she'd pick Trill as her vice president. It made sense given their bond. But why me as secretary? The reasoning behind it eluded me, though it didn't really matter. I already knew what I had to say.

"As much as I'd like to support you on your journey as president, I'm afraid I have to decline."

Those words didn't come from me, but rather from Trill. Her response caught me off guard. I hadn't expected her to outright refuse.

Trill exhaled deeply, crossing her arms as she explained herself. "In the Feliann family, we hold a tradition—one that's deeply ingrained in our bloodline. The women of our clan don't bow to anyone except their husband. It's a belief that's been passed down for generations. I can't just abandon that for this."

Huh. I'd heard whispers about certain beast clans having a fierce sense of pride, their customs bordering on unyielding. But hearing it straight from her lips made it feel... more than just a rumor.

"That's fine. I understand," Titania said with a calmness that surprised me. Not even a flicker of disappointment crossed her face. Instead, she turned her gaze toward me, her eyes steady. "I assume it's the same for you, right, Leon?"

I nodded slightly, my lips curling into a faint, apologetic smile. "As much as I'd like to be a pillar of support for you, I can't commit to being part of the council. I'm sorry."

"You don't need to apologize," Titania said, her voice soft but resolute. "It's fine. Honestly, I think it's better this way. I don't want to bind either of you to something you don't truly care about."

Her understanding hit harder than any reprimand could. There wasn't a shred of anger in her words, not even a hint of disappointment. She accepted our refusals with a grace that only deepened my respect for her.

With a deep inhale, Titania straightened her shoulders, a flicker of determination sparking in her eyes. "Well then, let's get to it," she said, her voice steady and full of purpose.

And with those words, the livestream for her speech began.

Chapter 484 - Titania's Campaign (4)

Titania looked straight at the camera. Trill raised her hand and began counting down with her fingers. Three. Two. One.

And just like that, the livestream began.

In less than a heartbeat, the viewer count began climbing, numbers flickering like a heartbeat in overdrive. Within mere seconds, over a thousand people had tuned in, and the count showed no signs of slowing down.

"Oh, wow," Titania murmured, her cheeks flushing lightly. "This sudden spike in viewers... it's overwhelming. Honestly, seeing this much support, it's heartwarming, but it's also kind of embarrassing." She exhaled softly, her tone growing more sincere. "Still, I can't thank you enough. Knowing that so many of you are standing behind me fills my heart completely."

The chat was alive, brimming with rapid-fire messages of love and encouragement. People poured in their support, declaring their loyalty and admiration for her. It was surprising—no, almost unbelievable—considering she was openly challenging Princess Myrcella, a figure practically worshipped in the kingdom. Most students here were devoted citizens of this kingdom, yet here they were, rallying behind Titania.

"I'm sure you're all wondering why I decided to do this livestream," Titania began, her voice calm yet carrying an undercurrent of vulnerability. "Maybe you're expecting me to spout another half-hearted speech about my plans or my vision for the academy and the cadets. But this time, I want to take a different approach."

She leaned forward slightly, her face closer to the camera. "I'm here to tell you the truth. My real feelings. The reason I'm running for president. And I'll admit... it's selfish, even scummy. But I'm asking you—please, hear me out."

Her lips curled into a small, fragile smile, one that felt personal, as if directed at each individual watching. The chat exploded, hearts and encouraging words flooding the screen faster than they could be read.

"My reason for running for president," Titania said, her voice dipping with emotion, "is purely selfish. Unlike Princess Myrcella, who has a clear vision and genuine goals, I don't. I'm running because of my own desires, my own wish fulfillment. That's the truth." She paused, her throat tightening for a moment. "I don't think I deserve your support. And to be honest, I'm terrified that I'll end up disappointing all of you."

Her confession seemed to hang in the air, heavy and unflinching. It was a stark contrast to the polished speeches of her rival. Titania wasn't pretending to be noble—she was baring her flawed, vulnerable self for all to see.

"But even so," she continued, her tone gaining strength, "because you've shown me this overwhelming support, I'm determined to give you everything I have. If you still believe in me, despite knowing how selfish my reasons are, then please—stay with me until the very end. Help me make this a reality."

She lowered her head slightly, offering a humble bow. While it wasn't deep, the gesture was shocking in its symbolism. A princess bowing was unthinkable—just as Trill could only kneel before her husband, Titania's act defied tradition and carried profound meaning.

"Let me reaffirm my stance," Titania said, her voice steady as she straightened. Her gaze was firm now, her earlier nerves giving way to quiet determination. "I believe in preserving the academy's current routines, but I also want to improve them step by step. Issues like the cafeteria's conduct and other concerns need to be addressed. I'm committed to fixing those problems."

She stood tall, her presence commanding yet sincere. "If I become president, it won't be about tearing everything down or making drastic changes. It'll be about refining what's already here—fixing the cracks, building on what works, and introducing new initiatives to better the lives of every student. I also plan to enhance training in both swords and magic through new programs I hope to implement."

Her words resonated with honesty, a blend of humility and resolve. The chat erupted again, overflowing with messages of encouragement, her supporters firmly at her side as she opened her heart to them.

"If elected, I plan to implement practical changes that directly benefit every student. For starters, I want to create a system where cadets can access advanced magical tools and resources without unnecessary restrictions. This will ensure that those who want to push their skills further have the support they need to succeed. In addition, I'm looking into expanding the training schedules for both combat and non-combat disciplines. Everyone deserves the opportunity to refine their talents at their own pace, without feeling pressured to fit into a one-size-fits-all system. Whether it's swordsmanship, magic, or even intellectual pursuits, there should be tailored options available for everyone. Another key focus will be improving the quality of life here at the academy. Complaints about the cafeteria's conduct, for example, are just the tip of the iceberg. I want to ensure that not only is the food quality up to par, but that the staff and management are held accountable for creating a respectful, efficient environment. No one should feel neglected or mistreated, and that extends beyond the cafeteria to every service here I aim to establish as well a mentorship program where senior cadets can guide newcomers. This academy is full of potential, and pairing experienced students with those who are still finding their way will strengthen the bonds within our community while fostering growth for everyone involved."

She continued, "I also want to implement an upgraded system for requesting resources, whether it's for academic projects, personal training, or even extracurricular activities. Far too often, cadets are left waiting weeks or even months for approvals that should take days. Streamlining this process will allow everyone to focus on what matters most—learning, growing, and excelling. To address the concerns about housing and accommodations, I propose renovating the dormitories. More comfortable living conditions can significantly impact a cadet's performance and morale. This means better maintenance, improved facilities, and perhaps even more recreational areas where students can relax and recharge after their grueling training sessions. Another key point is the inclusion of modernized equipment in the training grounds. The current tools and magical wards are functional but outdated. By integrating newer, more efficient designs, cadets will be able to practice with the same level of sophistication they'll face in real-world scenarios. This will not only prepare us better but also ensure safety during rigorous exercises. Finally, I'd like to create an open forum where cadets can voice their ideas, suggestions, and concerns directly to the administration. Too many decisions are made without input from the people who are most affected—us, the cadets. By establishing regular town hall-style meetings, I hope to give every student a platform to speak and contribute to the academy's future."

She paused, drawing in a deep breath that seemed to steady her resolve before her eyes locked onto the camera. Her tone softened, but the intensity in her words didn't waver.

"As I stand here spilling everything, I need to be honest with you. Leadership isn't about titles, power, or playing politics. It's about responsibility, trust, and the guts to shoulder the struggles of the people counting on you. I didn't start this with the purest intentions—I'm not going to lie about that. But your belief in me has changed something inside. It's lit a fire to prove I can rise above selfish desires and become someone worth believing in. Each of you is important. Every single cadet here is part of something bigger—a shared vision for what this academy and our futures can be. I'm not going to promise perfection. I'm far from it. But I can promise dedication. I'll put in the work to make sure your trust in me isn't misplaced. I'll listen, even when your voices feel small, and I'll push to create an academy where every cadet feels seen, heard, and valued.

"If you're still unsure about me, I get it. Doubt is normal, especially when someone like me stands here, admitting flaws. But I hope my honesty speaks to you. I want to prove that even someone who starts selfishly can step up and lead with heart. This isn't just about me—it's about us. Together, we can create a future where this academy isn't just a stepping stone but a foundation for greatness. And I'm asking, from the bottom of my heart, for your trust and support as we make that future happen."

The chat exploded, messages flooding in faster than anyone could read them. Affirmations, cheers, and declarations of support scrolled endlessly, each one building the energy in the room. Titania's lips curved into a soft, shy smile, her cheeks glowing as the outpouring of love and belief in her wrapped around her like armor.

"So," she said, her voice clear and steady, "if you believe in me—if you believe in what we can do together—then let's make it happen. Let's show everyone that change doesn't come from being perfect. It comes from passion, determination, and having the balls to do what's right."

Her smile lingered as she stood tall, radiating an energy that seemed to pulse through the screen. "Thank you for listening. Thank you for standing with me. Let's move forward together, one step at a time."

The chat exploded again, an unstoppable wave of energy that matched the fire in her words.

Chapter 485 - Titania's Campaign (5)

Due to the speech she gave during the livestream, Titania had gained admiration from a surprising number of people—not because of the policies she wanted to implement, but because of her raw confession. She openly admitted that her reason for running for the presidency stemmed from nothing but a selfish, wish-fulfillment dream. A reason that, by her own admission, didn't deserve widespread support. Yet, that very honesty had made her even more beloved, precisely because she was real enough to admit it.

I could understand the appeal. No one becomes somebody without a reason, and most of the time, those reasons aren't as selfless as they claim. People often have hidden motives driving their actions, and Titania's admission of hers made her feel more human—flawed, relatable, and genuine. It was no wonder she'd earned such an outpouring of praise and affection from her supporters.

With the election just days away, the competition between Titania and Myrcella was tighter than ever. The race was neck and neck, a fierce battle between two equally determined forces.

"Leon," Trill said, clutching my arm and pressing her soft breasts against me as we walked. "Do you think Nia has a chance of winning?"

Her concern wasn't misplaced. Myrcella was a formidable opponent, after all. It was natural for her to worry, but honestly, it wasn't something we should stress about.

"Nia said she'd be satisfied with whatever the outcome is, right?" I reminded her. "I think the question isn't whether she has a chance of winning but just wishing her the best, no matter what happens."

Titania had made it clear that regardless of the results, she would accept them. Winning or losing didn't change the fact that she'd poured everything into this effort.

As we continued walking toward class, someone suddenly called out to me.

"Leon."

I turned to see Johanne standing a short distance away.

"Johanne," I acknowledged. "What's up?"

His eyes flicked briefly to Trill, who was still latched onto my arm, and for a moment, his expression shifted to something I couldn't quite place. But just as quickly, he composed himself and gave me a smile.

"Can I borrow you for a moment? There's something I need to talk to you about."

I glanced at Trill, silently signaling her with my eyes. She shrugged, releasing her grip on my arm, and walked ahead toward the classroom without me.

"What's it about?" I asked Johanne.

"The Princess wants to talk to you."

I raised an eyebrow. "The Princess? Why? Not Titania"

"It's not Princess Titania," he clarified, shaking his head. "She specifically asked for you."

I had no idea why the Princess would need to speak with me, but considering the current situation, it was probably about the election.

With no reason to refuse—and with plenty of time left before class officially started—I decided to see what this was about.

"Sure," I said.

"Follow me," Johanne instructed, leading the way.

The Gold Dormitory was a whole different world compared to the others. The Bronze Dormitory, where I lived, was cramped and basic. The Silver Dormitory had decent-sized rooms, nothing fancy but

comfortable enough. But the Gold Dormitory? It was pure luxury. Every detail was elegant and refined, making it easy to see why so many aspired to reach the Gold Class. Living here would mean basking in extravagance every single day.

Even with that, the Princess's room was on another level entirely. It was perched at the very top of the dormitory, complete with its own balcony garden. She sat there now, at a round table, sipping tea with an air of elegance that only she could pull off.

The room itself was grand, with towering pillars connecting the floor to the high ceiling. A chandelier hung above, casting a warm glow across the space. The bed was massive, practically fit for royalty, and off to the side, I spotted what looked like a full-sized walk-in closet.

"Here he is, Princess," said Johanne as he bowed deeply to her.

I stepped closer, watching as Johanne quietly exited the balcony like a proper royal knight, leaving me alone with her.

"Mr. Leon, you came. I'm glad," Princess Myrcella said, lowering her teacup onto its saucer. Her voice was warm, and her elegant smile radiated a practiced charm that could make anyone feel at ease—or lower their guard.

"It's hard to refuse an invitation, especially from a beautiful princess like you, Princess Myrcella," I replied, keeping my tone light.

A soft blush crept up her flawless cheeks, her expression momentarily sweetened by the compliment. "Such a charmer," she said with a small laugh. Then, with a tilt of her head, she added, "But don't you

think such words are better suited for your girlfriends? Or..." Her gaze turned sharper, a teasing edge laced in her voice. "Do you want me as well?"

The teasing lilt in her voice was deliberate, her words dripping with subtle seduction. I didn't answer immediately, unsure of her intent. Princess Myrcella may have looked angelic, but I knew better. Behind that divine exterior lay a cunning and calculating mind. With her charisma and status as the kingdom's princess, it was only natural to tread cautiously around her.

Finally, I broke the silence, choosing my words carefully. "I already have two flowers in my hand. Adding another might be too difficult for me to handle. And if I ever tried, I'd risk destroying their beauty. Flowers are incredibly fragile, after all."

Her smile widened, growing warmer, but there was a glint of something unreadable in her eyes. She gestured toward the empty chair across from her, her movements graceful yet commanding.

"Why don't you take a seat before we dive into such delicate matters?" she said.

I nodded and took the seat she offered, feeling the weight of her gaze settle on me as I did.

Once I was seated, Myrcella rested her elbows on the table and leaned forward, propping her chin delicately on her intertwined fingers. Her intense stare was unsettling, her expression slightly off—more enigmatic than usual.

"Princess Titania made quite the impression with her speech," Myrcella began, her tone soft yet deliberate. "It's no wonder she's garnered so much support. Even I was moved—imagine that. My heart

pounded at the words of someone on the rival side. It caught me off guard, I'll admit. She's changed so much in such a short time. It's remarkable."

I met her gaze, unflinching. "I wouldn't say Nia has changed that much," I replied. "She's always been cute, and she still is. If anything, I think she's just fixed what needed fixing instead of changing completely."

"Fixing rather than changing..." Myrcella repeated, her lips curving into a thoughtful smile. "That's an intriguing perspective. It's true—fixing what's already there is often wiser. Change can introduce uncertainty, and there's no telling if it'll even work. Sometimes, it's better to refine than to reinvent." Her eyes softened for a moment. "That's why her speech resonated with me. It felt genuine—grounded in something real."

At this moment, she genuinely looked like the princess she was born to be.

"I admire her perspective too," she began, her voice a seductive mix of admiration and apprehension. "Instead of dismantling what's already established, she refines it, polishes it. She manages to do things differently while keeping them the same. It's clever—too clever. Honestly, I'm afraid of her now. Her capability makes me feel like I might actually lose this election."

Her words carried a faint trace of resignation, but her eyes betrayed her resolve. Princess Myrcella wasn't the type to give up easily, not without a fight.

"But you don't want to lose to her, right?" I asked.

"Of course not," she replied, her voice firm and unwavering. "I need to become the President, no matter the cost. You know the perks that come with the position, don't you? Especially for someone with political ambitions. The political clout alone is invaluable. Most of the previous presidents ended up in prominent political roles, some even landing prestigious jobs. A few became captains of the Magic Knights just a year after graduation. For me..." She paused, her gaze sharpening as it locked onto mine. "You probably already know why."

I did. She didn't have to say it outright. Myrcella was a royal, and in the game of thrones, her siblings were her rivals. If she wanted to secure the crown, she needed credibility—achievements that would rally the people to her side.

"No one becomes somebody without a reason," I said, leaning back slightly. "And more often than not, those reasons aren't as noble as they seem. People hide their true motives, and honestly? That's what makes them human."

"Exactly," she said, her lips curling into a knowing smile. "No one does something monumental without a deeper, selfish agenda. Unless, of course, they're a saint. But no human is a saint. Saints are saints, and humans... well, we're something else entirely."

Her words hung in the air, the weight of them undeniable. I stayed silent, studying her. Her determination to ascend the throne was unmistakable. Even now, long before the royal game truly began, she was already laying the groundwork for her victory.

"I don't want Princess Titania to lose," she continued, her voice softening for a moment, "but I can't let her win either." Her gaze turned sharper, more focused. "That's why I'll be holding back nothing. And that's why I asked you to come here—so I could tell you that."

I blinked, caught off guard. "I'm confused. Why don't you just tell Nia this yourself?"

Her response was a smile—powerful, radiant, and calculated. It wasn't just any smile. It was the kind of smile that could topple kingdoms and sway hearts.

"Because," she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper, "I wanted to see you, Mr. Leon."

Chapter 486 - Idol Concert (1)

Two days before the election.

The idol group, Starry Knights, was set to perform in the Capital City—the same location ravaged by the Eclipse Occupation of the Plaza incident. The tragedy had left deep scars on its people, both physically and emotionally. To help them begin to heal, Leonamon proposed this concert as a way to offer some semblance of solace. A temporary escape, something to remind them that life still held moments of joy, however fleeting.

I sat in my Christopher Faust persona, my long white hair falling around my shoulders, commanding the air of authority expected from the boss of Leonamon. Outside the window, the stage loomed over the plaza, its grand structure a stark contrast to the destruction that had once plagued the area. The streets were now alive with anticipation. The once-haunted faces of the crowd carried glimmers of excitement.

"Leon," came a sharp voice from behind me.

I turned to see her: Rose. Her long green hair framed a scowling face, and her piercing gaze was locked onto me. Rose was one of the academy's professors, primarily teaching cadets martial arts and self-defense. Despite her current irritation, her presence here wasn't a surprise. She had been trying to contact me ever since the incident, calling multiple times, but I ignored every attempt. Annoyed by my

silence, she had tracked me down. When she learned of the Starry Knights' concert, she seized the opportunity to confront me, telling Amon to help her secure a meeting. I'd agreed without hesitation.

Now, we were seated on the balcony of the room prepared for me, overlooking the venue. The Starry Knights were in their own room, preparing for the performance.

"What is it?" I asked, my tone neutral.

"What the hell are you trying to pull, hosting an event here of all places, and so soon after that attack?" she demanded, her voice sharp with barely-contained anger.

Her reaction wasn't surprising. Rose had been a direct witness to the devastation caused by Sesillian. She had seen the plaza bathed in blood and chaos, and the memories clearly hadn't left her.

"It's simple," I replied, leaning forward slightly. "The people of this city are drowning in trauma. The memories of that day haunt them, suffocating every moment of their lives. Sometimes, the only way to push past something like that is with a distraction—something to make them feel alive, even for just a moment. This concert is their reprieve."

I leaned back, letting my words sink in. A distraction couldn't erase what haunted them, but it could offer a moment of peace—just enough to help them breathe again.

I gestured toward the window, where the gathering crowd buzzed with anticipation. "It won't erase what happened, but it can help them breathe again, even if it's only temporary."

"And you're using this concert to give them that?"

"I've already discussed this with Duke Merca. He spoke to the King, who approved it without hesitation," I explained. "Duke Merca wants the citizens of the capital to have something to hold onto—a brief escape from the shadows of that day. And while I won't deny that I'll benefit from this event in some ways, my intentions are genuine. I won't use this for anything beyond that."

Rose shook her head, exhaling sharply. "You're unbelievable. Sometimes, Leon, you're a real piece of work. No, actually, you are a piece of work."

Her expression softened slightly as she looked at me. "But I'm glad you made it out alive."

I recalled one of the messages she'd sent me after the incident, asking if I was okay—if I was still in one piece. While she hadn't seen my fight with the dragon Sesillian summoned, she had witnessed its descent, which was enough to make her worry. Even though she had once said she didn't want anything to do with me anymore, her concern now betrayed her true feelings.

It was kind of sweet, really.

"Well then, I only came here to see what you've been up to and to check if you're still in one piece. Now that I know, I'll take my leave," Rose said, her voice calm but laced with finality as she rose from her seat. She brushed her coat lightly, her fingers lingering on the fabric as though it gave her something to focus on.

"You don't want to stay?" I asked, leaning back slightly, my gaze fixed on her. "From here, you've got the best view of the whole venue. You could watch the festivities from the perfect spot before they kick off."

For a moment, she hesitated, her eyes flickering downward. Something in her stance wavered, like she wanted to stay but couldn't bring herself to. I couldn't tell what held her back, but a part of me hoped it wasn't tied to the lingering shadows of the Eclipse incident.

"I can't. I'm sorry, Leon, but I have to go. Thank you for everything," she said softly, her voice dipping with an almost imperceptible tremor before she turned and walked away without another word.

That was the last I saw of her that day. Later, I learned that Rose had quit her job as a professor and disappeared entirely. It would be a while before I uncovered the reasons behind her sudden departure.

Before the concert began, I headed to the Starry Knights' dressing room. The space was alive with activity—costumes hung neatly on racks, mirrors surrounded by glowing lights reflected scattered makeup kits, and the group's upbeat music echoed through the air, filling the room with its infectious energy.

As I stepped inside, all five members—Erica, Varvara, Latifa, Tia, and Bella—looked up. The moment their gazes landed on me, their eyes lit up like fireworks.

"Master!"

Their voices rang out in perfect unison, bright and brimming with excitement. Without hesitation, they bolted from their chairs, makeup and mirrors forgotten, and rushed toward me like an unstoppable wave. Their arms wrapped around me in a flurry of movement, their giggles filling the room as they pressed close.

"How have you girls been?" I asked, smiling down at them as their energy radiated around me. It had been far too long since I'd seen them last. Between my overwhelming workload and their whirlwind tour across the kingdom, it felt like ages since we'd had a moment together.

"We've been amazing!" Varvara said, her voice practically glowing. "But we've missed you so much, Master!"

"We've been longing for your presence, Master!" Bella added, her tone soft yet heavy with emotion.

"I missed your smell, Master!" Latifa chimed in, her fluffy tail swishing wildly behind her as she leaned in close, inhaling deeply like she was trying to capture my scent and bottle it.

"Oh, Master!" Tia clasped her hands together like she was in prayer, her wide eyes glistening with adoration as she gazed up at me.

They all looked vibrant, their smiles dazzling. Seeing them in such high spirits was a relief.

"I'm sorry you had to come all the way here in the middle of your tour," I said.

The Starry Knights were deep into their kingdom-wide tour, spreading their fame far and wide. While they were already household names in Milham, this tour was meant to cement their legacy even further. For now, they were sticking to performances within the kingdom, but it wouldn't be long before their talents reached audiences overseas.

"It's no problem, Master!" Erica replied, her cheeks dusted with a faint blush. "Helping the victims of the incident is more than enough of a reason for us to be here. And..." She hesitated, her gaze softening as a gentle smile spread across her lips. "It's worth it just to see you again."

Love surged through my chest at her words, igniting a primal need I couldn't suppress. My hands moved instinctively, cupping her soft cheeks and pulling her into a deep, consuming kiss. My tongue slid into her mouth, dominating hers as I tasted her fully, rolling and tangling until she surrendered completely. Saliva pooled between us, and I let it flow into her mouth deliberately, forcing her to swallow it. The sound of her swallowing sent a thrill through me, and I deepened the kiss, claiming every inch of her.

When I finally pulled away, a shimmering string of saliva hung between our lips, stretching as I leaned back before snapping. Her face was flushed, her eyes glazed over in a dazed, blissful haze, her lips slightly parted as if begging for more. She looked utterly ruined, and it stirred something dark and possessive inside me.

I dragged my tongue across my lips, savoring the taste of her as I looked around. The other members of the Starry Knights stood motionless, their faces flushed a deep crimson, their wide, pleading eyes locked on me. Their longing was unmistakable, and I couldn't ignore it. It had been a while since I last fucked them, and their gazes made it clear they craved me as much as I craved them.

A twinge of guilt pricked at me for delaying things for the victims. But the thought of filling these girls' wombs with my cum and then watching them dance and sing with my seed inside them only made the idea more arousing.

When I voiced my plan, the girls didn't hesitate for even a second. Their eager nods and flushed faces betrayed just how much they wanted this. Wasting no time, I guided them to bend over the shelf, their toned bodies arching beautifully as their round asses were presented to me.

Chapter 487 - Idol Concert (2)

I stared at their asses, starting with Erica's. Her ass was just as good as I remembered. I'd had my hands on those cheeks plenty of times, but it had been a while since I last fucked her, and the thought of feeling her under my palms again had me itching to get started.

I stepped up to her, watching as she swallowed nervously, her throat bobbing with each gulp. My hands moved to her ass, squeezing her through the fabric of her skirt. Her cheeks were soft but firm—lean, not overly plush, but perfectly shaped. Her hips curved nicely, giving her ass that added pop. I slid her skirt up, exposing her ass clad in a pair of tight gym shorts—bloomers.

The bloomers were something I'd insisted on, wanting to keep prying eyes from catching glimpses of their panties with the short skirts they wore. But now, looking at her ass framed by those snug bloomers, I kind of regretted it. Her ass looked downright delicious in them. Bloomers were sexier than I gave them credit for.

Dropping to my knees, I pushed her skirt up further, taking in the view from below. I pressed my face against her, inhaling deeply. She smelled amazing—fresh from a bath, with the faint scent of soap still clinging to her skin. Just that scent was enough to send my head spinning. My cock throbbed painfully, and I felt like I might explode from the sheer anticipation.

Standing back up, I grabbed her hips, positioning her ass against me. Her body felt incredible, and in that tight idol outfit, she looked insanely hot.

"I don't want to dirty your outfit, so I'm going to cum it all inside you," I whispered, my voice thick with lust.

"Y-Yes, Master. Fill me up," she responded breathlessly, her cheeks flushed red, the blush creeping all the way to her ears.

I hooked my fingers under the waistband of her bloomers and tugged them down to her thighs. My cock, already straining against my pants, sprang free the moment I pulled it out. I lined myself up with her dripping pussy, the head pressing against her entrance before I pushed in slowly.

Her tight walls stretched around my cock, gripping me as I sank deeper. The heat was insane, like plunging into molten butter, and every inch I claimed sent waves of pleasure shooting through me. Her pussy hugged me so tightly it felt like she was made just for me.

"Aaaaah... nnn..." she moaned, her voice shaky and soft.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Varvara and Bella watching, their expressions filled with envy. I shot them a look, silently telling them to come closer. They obeyed immediately, pressing their bodies against me.

Varvara's hands were on me first, tugging at my clothes, while Bella wasted no time capturing my lips, her tongue slipping into my mouth in a heated kiss. Tia and Latifa hung back, looking a little left out, but I silently promised I'd give them the same attention soon enough.

Varvara stripped me down, then pressed herself against me even harder, her mouth finding my nipples as she licked and sucked. Bella continued her assault on my mouth, her tongue swirling and tangling with mine.

Meanwhile, I tightened my grip on Erica's ass, setting a steady rhythm as I fucked her wet pussy, each thrust drawing out more of her slick heat.

"Aaaah, aaah, aaah, hyaaan, aaah, nnn, nnnna, aaaahn~"

Sweet moans spilled from Erica's lips as I pounded into her, each thrust in the doggy style position making her ass ripple beneath my grip. Varvara's tongue danced over my nipples, flicking and swirling, sending sharp jolts of pleasure through my chest, while Bella's lips grazed my neck, leaving wet kisses that trailed down to my collarbone.

"Aaaahn! Master! It feels so good! I'm going to...! I'm going to...!!!" Erica's voice cracked, rising in desperation as her pussy tightened like a vice around my cock, squeezing and throbbing with each thrust.

"Yeah. Cum for me," I growled, my voice low and steady as I kneaded her ass, my fingers digging deep into her soft, pliant flesh. The heat from her body radiated against my palms as I molded and shaped her cheeks, feeling them give way under my grip.

"Uwaaaaaaaaah!!" Erica cried out, her entire body convulsing violently.

I caught sight of her reflection in the mirror—her teeth clenched, biting down hard on her lip, her eyes wide and glassy as she fought to hold back the wave crashing over her. The tension in her body broke all at once.

The other girls watched with envy, their gazes locked on Erica's writhing form. Their hungry expressions fueled me, and I knew they were eager to feel the same. But for now, I focused on Erica, driving deep into her wet folds, feeling the tight heat gripping my cock.

"Master..." Erica's voice was hoarse, breathless. "Cum inside me."

"Okay," I smirked, leaning forward and grinding my hips against her, my cock throbbing with need. The tip pressed into her soaked entrance again, pushing past the tight ring of muscle. Despite how many times I'd fucked her, she was still snug, her walls clenching around me like she never wanted to let go.

"Yesss... fuck meeeeeeee!!!" Erica moaned, her voice breaking into a guttural grunt.

I slammed in deeper, filling her completely, the friction sending sparks of pleasure up my spine. Her insides were scorching, velvety walls squeezing me, milking every inch.

"AaaaaaaaaahnNnnnnnNnnnnnnnnnn~!!!!!" Erica's scream pierced the room as my cock twitched inside her, releasing thick ropes of cum. Each spurt hit deep, flooding her womb. The thick, hot load hit her cervix, coating her walls. Even as I pulled out, her pussy remained gaping, leaking my cum in thick

streams. Steam seemed to rise from her flushed skin, her face slack with ecstasy. Her tongue lolled out, her cheeks stained red, savoring the sensation of being filled.

Varvara and Bella, still pressed against me, immediately dropped to their knees. Their tongues darted out, licking and sucking my cock clean, savoring every drop that still lingered. They worked together, their mouths warm and eager, draining the last of my release.

I hadn't realized how much cum I had left, but three days without sex had left me pent up. They swallowed every bit, their eyes glinting with satisfaction as they cleaned me thoroughly.

Once Erica slumped to the floor, still shaking from her orgasm, I turned my attention to Varvara. Grabbing her head firmly, I thrust my cock into her mouth, plunging deep into her throat.

"Nghhhh!" Varvara gagged, her throat constricting around my shaft as she choked. Her eyes watered, but she didn't pull away—instead, she leaned into it, letting me use her throat.

Varvara loved being throat-fucked, and I gave her exactly what she craved, my cock pistoning in and out of her mouth. I could feel her throat muscles spasming, trying to adjust to my girth.

After a few more deep thrusts, I pulled out, a slick string of saliva connecting us.

"I can't let you mess up your uniform," I said, my voice rough with lust. "Turn around. I'll fuck your pussy instead."

Without hesitation, Varvara obeyed, dropping to her hands and knees. I grabbed her ass, squeezing hard, feeling the firmness of her cheeks under my fingers. Like Erica, she wore bloomers, but they didn't stay up for long. I yanked them down to her thighs, exposing her bare skin. Her ass was perfect—round, soft, and begging to be claimed. I dug my fingers into the supple skin, watching it bounce slightly under the pressure.

I lined my cock up with Varvara's soaked, quivering pussy, the head already slick with her juices. Without hesitation, I shoved my cock deep inside her, the tight, wet heat swallowing me whole in one brutal thrust.

"Nhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!"

Her scream tore through the air, high-pitched and desperate, her back arching violently as her body instinctively tried to retreat. But I held her firmly in place, my grip strong and unyielding as I pummeled her pussy with relentless, savage thrusts.

Her walls clamped down hard, gripping my shaft like a vice, and despite the brutal pace, her pussy was already leaking, juices streaming down her thighs. I grabbed her waist tighter, my fingers digging into her soft flesh as I drove in deeper, each thrust more punishing than the last.

"Aaaahn, nhhhaaa, aaaah! I-It feels so good... Aaaah, nooo...! I'm going to cum, Master...! I'm going to cum...!" Varvara gasped.

"I'm going to cum too!" I growled through clenched teeth.

The pressure in my groin coiled tighter, my balls drawing up as I felt the familiar surge rushing to the surface. Every thrust sent a shockwave of pleasure up my spine, driving me closer to release.

"Mmmphhh! Mmm... Yesss... C-Cum... Cum inside me, Master...! P-Pleas...! T-Together...!" Varvara's voice trembled.

With a final, brutal thrust, I slammed into her, burying my cock as deep as it could go. My vision blurred as a wave of ecstasy crashed over me, hot, thick ropes of cum exploding from my cock, flooding her womb.

The sheer force of it was overwhelming, my cum spilling out, mixing with her juices, and dripping down between her thighs. My cock twitched violently, every spurt sending another jolt of pleasure through me as I emptied myself inside her.

Varvara convulsed beneath me, her pussy spasming around my cock, milking every drop of cum as she came, her body wracked with uncontrollable tremors.

"Nnaa... haaa..."

Her voice broke into a series of breathless gasps and whimpers, completely lost in the pleasure.

Chapter 488 - Idol Concert (3)

I didn't hesitate and went to the next one. I thrust my cock deep into Bella's soaking pussy, slamming into her like a piston. She braced herself against the table, hands trembling, breath coming in hot, shallow pants like a dog desperate for relief. Her bloomers hung loosely around her thighs, leaving her wide open. With her fingers spreading her glistening labia apart, she presented herself without shame.

Grabbing the fleshy ass, I lifted her hips higher, angling her body so I could sink even deeper. Her folds, already drenched, parted eagerly around my swollen cock. Her entrance was slick, hot, and inviting—overflowing with nectar that dripped down her thighs as I thrust forward in one smooth, merciless motion.

"Nguh,aaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Her whole body spasmed, her spine arching violently as though struck by a live wire.

Her pussy clenched around me, the tight, velvety walls pulling me in deeper, wrapping around my cock like a vice. Each movement sent shockwaves of pleasure through both of us, her inner muscles fluttering with every thrust.

"Aaah, hnnn, hnnn, aaah, hhaaan, haaaaahn, aaahn~"

Her cunt was impossibly soft, her walls plush and yielding, molding perfectly around my length. It felt like being buried in something warm and pillow, the sensation heightened by the constant friction.

Bella's face, once poised and beautiful, was now twisted into an obscene mask of pleasure. Her eyes were glazed, lips parted as she gasped for breath. The sheer filthiness of it only spurred me on. I fucked her harder, hammering into her relentlessly, each thrust drawing louder, more desperate cries from her lips.

"Aaaaaah, aaaaaaaahhh, aaahhhh, aaaaaaahhhh!!!"

She was trembling uncontrollably now, her entire body convulsing as waves of pleasure overtook her. Her stomach, soft and fleshy, jiggled with each impact. Her hips and thighs were thick, giving me something substantial to grip onto as I drove myself deeper. The way her body yielded under my hands was intoxicating.

My fingers dug into her love handles, squeezing the pliant flesh. It felt incredible—like molding warm clay that conformed to my touch. Bella's entire body was a feast for my senses, and I took full advantage, gripping and kneading every inch of her.

Her pussy was a masterpiece—tight, wet, and unbelievably sensitive. Every thrust sent her into a frenzy, her juices flooding my cock, dripping down onto the floor in a slick, messy puddle.

"You're still as sensitive as ever, aren't you?" I growled, pounding into her harder.

"Aaaah! M-Master made me so sensitive! When Master fills me with his cock... I-I can't control myself anymoreeeeeee!"

Her large, bell-shaped breasts bounced wildly with each thrust, straining against her uniform. I reached up, grabbing them through the fabric, feeling their weight and softness. Even clothed, they were a perfect fit in my hands, warm and pliant beneath my touch.

"Hyaaaah, aaah, aaaaah, oh, it's thrusting all the way in! M-Master's dick... A-Amazing...!"

Without warning, I yanked my cock out and drove it back in, hard. The sudden intrusion made her arch her back, her legs giving out as she crumpled forward. I caught her, holding her steady, forcing her to take every inch. Her ass rippled with each thrust, the flesh jiggling satisfactorily under my relentless pounding.

The sight was too much. I raised my hand and slapped her ass, the sound echoing sharply through the room.

"Aaaaah!? Aahhhhh! Ah, ah, ahhh!"

She cried out, her voice rising in pitch, her body trembling like a leaf in the wind. Bent over, bracing herself on shaky arms, she looked like a mare being broken in—wild, untamed, and completely at my mercy. Every slap and thrust sent her spiraling deeper into pleasure, her moans turning into a chorus of unrestrained bliss as I fucked her from behind.

"Hyiiii?! Ah, ahhh, I'm being spanked...! Ahhh, thank you very much!"

I drove my cock into her like a jockey urging his horse toward the finish line, each thrust a desperate, powerful spurt.

"Hyaaaa! It feels good! I-It feels gooood, ahhh, ah, Masterrr, Masterrrr, I'm cumming... I'm cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmming!? Aaaaaah! Aaaaaaaaaah!"

Bella's screams tore through the room, her voice shrill and wild. Her mouth emitted long, ragged cries that hit my ears like a blaring alarm. Her hips quivered uncontrollably, trembling as though they had lost all strength to keep up.

"Uwaaaaah... M-Master... it's great, so greattt... Aaaaah, aaaah, aaaah..."

I could feel my own release creeping up fast. With my limit approaching, I hammered into her with everything I had, each thrust a powerful, piston-like stroke. The sound of my palms smacking against her ass echoed in tandem with the wet slaps of our bodies colliding. A rhythmic popping noise accompanied every impact, each smack leaving her plump ass glowing red. The flesh rippled with every hit, soft yet resilient under my assault.

Then, after what felt like dozens of punishing thrusts...

"Aaaah!? Aaaah?! C-Cumming! Cummmmmmmmmming!!!"

Bella's body went rigid, locking in place as she came hard, her pussy squeezing my cock like a vise. I felt her walls pulse around me, milking me for every drop. I couldn't hold back any longer, and with a final thrust, I spilled thick ropes of cum deep inside her, filling her completely.

Her legs buckled, trembling as though they could no longer support her weight, but I held her firmly, keeping her upright. Slowly, I pulled out, watching as the sticky white semen oozed from her swollen pussy, dripping messily down her thighs.

My gaze shifted to Tia, and I didn't need to say a word. My eyes alone told her what I wanted. Latifa let out a disappointed whine, pouting because I hadn't chosen her next, but I shot her a reassuring look. She'd have her turn, and it would be worth the wait.

Tia knelt without hesitation, her mouth wrapping around my cock to clean me up. She sucked greedily, drawing out every last drop of semen still trapped in my shaft. After pulling back, she opened her mouth wide, showing me the cum pooled on her tongue before swallowing it with a deliberate gulp. Her throat bobbed visibly as she drank, the sight leaving no doubt she enjoyed every second.

"Now then, get in position like the others did," I ordered.

Tia's eyes widened slightly, her brows furrowing as if caught off guard. Still, she complied, turning around and presenting herself. She pushed her hips out, offering herself up.

In response, I raised my hand and brought it down sharply on her ass. The loud crack echoed through the room, followed by a soft gasp.

"Aaah!"

Her back arched with each slap, trembling under the force of my hand. I hit her again and again, each smack leaving a vivid red imprint on her smooth, plump cheeks. Sliding her bloomers down, I laid into her bare flesh, the soft skin rippling deliciously with every blow.

Like a bitch in heat, she spread her legs wider, pushing her hips back even further. Her wet folds glistened, a bright salmon-pink hue peeking through the parted cheeks of her ass.

"Uh, ah..."

I slipped my fingers into her slick slit, spreading her open. Her juices clung to my fingers, trailing behind like silken threads. The wet squelch that followed was obscene, the sound of her arousal unmistakable. Her pussy was already drenched, the inner walls hot and slick to the touch.

I pressed the head of my cock against her entrance, teasing the swollen lips. Slowly, I pushed in just the tip, letting her feel it without giving her everything.

"Ah... uhhh..."

I didn't thrust fully, instead opting for shallow, deliberate movements. Each teasing stroke stirred her entrance, the shallow waters rippling under my control.

"Mm, ah... n-nuuuh..."

Her hips jerked in frustration, the need evident in the way she writhed beneath me. She wanted more, but I wasn't ready to give it. Instead, I let her squirm, savoring the way her body tried to chase the pleasure, wriggling to take in as much of my cock as possible.

As time went on, her hips grew more shameless, thrusting back in a desperate rhythm. She wasn't waiting anymore—she was seeking it, craving it. Seeing her like that, I finally grabbed her waist and slammed my cock into her with unrelenting force.

"Unnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!!"

Her scream tore through the air, loud and guttural, as I drove deep, hitting the very entrance of her womb. Her back arched violently, every muscle in her body tensing as that cry burst out of her throat.

"Aaaah, aaaah... it feels... goood... aaaah, hu... hi... ahhh!"

Her voice quivered with each word, broken up by the relentless pounding. Without mercy, I pushed deeper, grinding into her most sensitive depths. She clawed at the wooden surface of the table, her fingers scrambling for any kind of grip. Finding none, she pressed her forehead against it, her body trembling.

"Hiiii... aaah, aaah, unnn, ah, ah, only deep, only deep, aaah..."

I picked up the pace, my hips accelerating as I thrust into her. Each push sent her sliding further up the makeup table, her reflection in the mirror catching every twitch and shudder of her body.

"Nooo... ah, ahhh, too intense... too much, ah, ahhh, ahhh, unnn, kuhiiii!"

Her voice pitched higher, jumping with every thrust. The desperation in her cries was palpable. Gripping her hips tighter, I drove into her harder, my cock slamming into her with the force of a whip cracking against flesh.

"Aaah, ahhh, ahh, ahhhnn! Aaaah! Aaahhhhh!"

Her entire body tensed as if fighting back the urge to cum, trembling with every deep stroke. But I didn't let up, hammering into her relentlessly. Each thrust echoed through the room with a loud, wet slap, the sound of skin against skin filling the air. The force of my movements pushed her forward, her body leaning into the table as she struggled to keep up.

Finally, I felt it building—the undeniable rush surging up from deep within me.

A low, guttural groan escaped my throat as the heat in my hips exploded, rushing up through my cock. The pressure built until it finally burst, thick, white cum shooting deep inside her. The heat of it seemed to ignite her from within, and she let out a scream, her voice raw and high-pitched.

"I-I'm... I'm cumming! Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!"

Her body shuddered violently, convulsing as the orgasm overtook her. She collapsed forward, her head hitting the table with a dull thud. I kept going, emptying every last drop into her womb before slowly pulling out.

She didn't move, her body limp and motionless, completely spent. Her hips, however, stayed raised, still inviting despite the fact she was out cold. From her swollen, gaping pussy, a long string of thick, white cum oozed out, trailing down her inner thighs in sticky rivulets.

Chapter 489 - Idol Concert (4)

As soon as I finished with Tia, Latifa wasted no time. She jumped onto my back, clinging to me like a desperate dog in heat, her arms wrapped tightly around my chest, legs hooked around my waist. Her tail swished frantically, brushing against me in a rhythm that matched her panting breaths.

"Me next, Master! Me next! Please, please!" she begged, her voice high-pitched with excitement. The way her body pressed into mine, soft and trembling, made her intentions obvious. This needy dog girl was practically vibrating with anticipation. I had no choice but to indulge her now.

"Alright, Latifa," I said with a smirk. "Place your hands on the makeup table and stick that ass out for me."

"Yes, Master!" she replied eagerly, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

She didn't hesitate. Her palms flattened against the table's surface, and she arched her back, presenting herself to me. Her tail wagged wildly, the constant motion hypnotic. The slit in her skirt, designed with a hole to accommodate her tail, exposed her rear perfectly, and as I lifted the fabric, my eyes were drawn to the sight beneath. Her bloomers were soaked through, the crotch dark with wetness, clinging to her folds. The scent that hit me was overwhelming—sweet, sharp, and utterly intoxicating, making my dick twitch in response.

"Erica," I called out, my gaze never leaving Latifa's form. "Fetch the red thing from the closet. And bring the strap-on while you're at it."

I'd planned something special for this naughty little pup. A dog like her needed to be leashed properly. Anal beads would've been fun, but with that tail of hers, it wasn't necessary. I had something even better in mind.

Erica returned swiftly, handing me a red collar with an attached leash and the strap-on. The black toy mirrored my own size perfectly, custom-made for times when I wanted to double-penetrate. After all, I couldn't just grow another dick unless I was in the same dimension as Lilith, where I'd once sprouted a second one for such purposes.

"M-Master?" Latifa's voice wavered, thick with curiosity and need.

I didn't answer right away. My fingers traced the smooth leather of the collar, feeling the cool weight of the chain. Her tail wagged faster, her whole body trembling with anticipation.

"You've been a very good girl, Latifa," I murmured, my tone low and commanding. "Now it's time for your reward. But you'll have to be on your best behavior."

Her breathing hitched, a shuddering gasp escaping her lips. "O-Okay..." she panted, her tongue flicking out to wet her lips as her body quivered in place.

"Erica, strap it on me," I ordered, my eyes locked on Latifa's flushed face.

"Understood," Erica responded smoothly, stepping behind me.

While Erica fastened the harness around my waist, I leaned forward and snapped the collar around Latifa's neck. She didn't resist—her head tilted back, offering herself willingly. The sight of her collared, panting like an eager pet, was enough to make my blood boil. Her tail wagged even more frantically, brushing against my thighs as her breaths came in short, needy gasps.

A perfect, naughty dog waiting to be claimed.

"Hurry, Master! Please take me now~" Latifa begged, her voice trembling with urgency as she spread her legs, exposing her dripping entrance, glistening in anticipation.

"I told you to behave," I growled, grabbing her hips roughly. "Now, you're going to get punished." Without warning, my hand came down hard on her ass, the sharp slap echoing through the room.

"Hnnn!" she whimpered, her body jolting forward. The moment the sting of the slap registered, her thighs quivered, and a slick gush coated my hand. She'd cum from just that—this desperate little bitch had been craving it that badly.

I positioned myself behind her, pressing the head of my cock against her swollen clit, dragging it teasingly along her soaked folds.

"Kunnn~" she whimpered again, her breath hitching as her tail wagged in helpless excitement.

Smirking, I grabbed the strap-on and pressed its tip against the pink petals of her asshole. The moment it made contact, she gasped, her back arching sharply like she'd been shocked.

"Nnnnghhh!" she cried out, her eyes wide. "W-Wha...? M-Master, that's—!"

"You thought I'd let you off easy?" I taunted, leaning down until my breath tickled her ear. "Naughty girls need to be disciplined."

"Uuuun..." she whimpered, her voice breaking as she trembled beneath me.

Taking my time, I plunged my cock into her tight pussy, feeling her walls clamp down, squeezing me like a vice. The strap-on stayed at her ass, adding to the tension as I pressed it firmly between her cheeks.

"Hnnnn aaaaaaaaaaaah!" Latifa howled, her voice cracking as I buried myself to the hilt, my tip grinding against her cervix.

Her body shook violently, her thighs snapping shut as her pussy gripped my length tighter, pulsing around my cock like a needy vise.

"Haaaa... hnnnn, aaaaah..." she moaned, her breaths coming in ragged, desperate pants.

Pulling back slightly, I lined the strap-on up again, this time pressing harder against her asshole. Without hesitation, I drove both cocks in, stretching her wide.

"Hiiiiiiiiiiiiii!?" she yelped, her voice breaking into a scream. "Aaaah, M-Master's stuffing both of my holes!" she gasped, her words slurring as pleasure overwhelmed her.

Her pussy clenched greedily around my cock, while her asshole gripped the strap-on with equal desperation. The heat and tightness were maddening, her entire body writhing as she adjusted to the dual intrusion.

"Aaaaaah~! So full...! I'm stuffed with Master's cocks!" she moaned, her voice high-pitched and broken.

I didn't hold back. My hips snapped forward, driving into her relentlessly. Each thrust shoved both cocks deep, forcing her body to take everything I gave.

"T-Take me, Master~! Aaaaaah, yaaaan, aaaaa~" Latifa screamed, her back arching further as she pressed herself against me, her ass bouncing off my pelvis.

"Aaaaaaa... Aoooo... Aaaaaah!"

The wet, obscene sounds of our bodies colliding filled the air. Grabbing her tail, I gave it a harsh yank, using it as leverage to pound her harder.

"Ah! M-Master, that's—!"

Beastfolk were notoriously sensitive about their tails. The second I pulled it, her body jerked violently, a strangled moan tearing from her throat.

"Aaaah, nooo! C-Cumming...!"

Her body convulsed as she squirted hard, soaking everything beneath her. I pulled back slightly, letting her release gush out, leaving a slick mess across my thighs.

"Haaa... haaa..." she gasped, barely able to breathe. "M-Master... No more..."

"I'm not done yet," I snarled, yanking on her leash and tail simultaneously. Without pause, I slammed both cocks back into her, stretching her beyond reason.

"Wraaaaaaaaaa!?" she howled, her voice a raw, guttural growl.

Her leash tightened around her neck, choking out whimpers as I continued to fuck her ruthlessly. Latifa yelped and trembled, her body giving in completely to the onslaught.

"Annnhhhgg~ Aaaah, aaaah, haaaaa...!!!"

Her moans became incoherent cries, every thrust sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. Her body convulsed uncontrollably, lost to wave after wave of orgasmic bliss. Her juices poured down my thighs, mixing with the sweat slicking our skin.

I pounded her harder, my balls slapping against her ass as I claimed her like the needy bitch she was. Every thrust, every pull of her leash, every yank of her tail drove her deeper into the haze of pleasure, her body shaking violently as she came over and over.

After several seconds, Latifa's body tensed, her muscles tightening like a coiled spring. Then, just as suddenly, she went limp, her form relaxing completely. She had cum again, but this time, she didn't release a sound. No moan, no cry—just a silent, shuddering orgasm. I took full advantage of her dazed state, leaning over her trembling back and pressing gentle kisses along her shoulder blades.

"Kuuunnn~" she whimpered softly, her voice barely audible. Weakly, she turned her head, her eyes glazed with satisfaction. An exhausted smile played across her flushed face. When I captured her lips, she sighed softly, surrendering herself to the kiss. Our tongues met, swirling and tangling in a slow, intimate dance, savoring each other's taste.

Breaking the kiss, I wrapped my hands firmly around her waist and flipped her over. I placed her on the makeup table, her plump ass resting on the cool surface. Even though her body was still reeling from her orgasm, she instinctively reached up, wrapping her arms around my neck to pull me close. Her lips sought mine again, and I obliged, diving into another deep kiss.

In this position, I could fuck her face-to-face. But instead of driving my cock into her pussy, I aimed the strap-on there. My own dick was destined for her tight, well-used ass. While kissing her hungrily, I spread her legs wide, aligning both cocks at her slick entrances. Then, with a single thrust, I pushed both lengths inside her.

"Mmmnnnnnnnn!?" Her eyes shot open in shock, pupils dilating as her body stiffened. The sudden fullness overwhelmed her, and a low, guttural moan escaped her throat.

I could feel the makeup table creaking beneath her weight and knew it wouldn't hold up for long under the pressure of our movements. So, I took control. Gripping her thick thighs tightly, I lifted her up, keeping both cocks buried deep within her. The new angle drove them even further inside, eliciting an otherworldly moan from Latifa.

With her legs dangling and her body suspended in my arms, I began pounding into her, both cocks thrusting relentlessly into her stretched holes. Her head lolled against my shoulder, her lips brushing my ear as she let out desperate, breathless moans.

"Uiiaaaaa, aaaaaahn, aaaaah, d-deeppp! Aaaaaaaaaahnnnn!" she wailed, her nails digging into my back as the pleasure overwhelmed her.

The sensation was too much to hold back any longer. My grip tightened as I buried myself to the hilt one final time, my cock twitching violently as I unleashed thick ropes of cum deep into her ass.

"Uaaahhhhhhhh!!!" Latifa screamed, her voice echoing through the room. Her body convulsed in my arms, and her pussy clamped down hard on the strap-on as she squirted violently. Her back arched, and her eyes rolled back, her entire body succumbing to the intense climax.

The warm flood of cum spilled out of her stretched asshole as I pulled both cocks free, leaving her gaping and trembling. The thick, white fluid dripped slowly from her abused hole, pooling beneath her.

Without needing further instruction, I ordered the other idols nearby. "Crawl and catch every drop of it," I commanded.

Eager to please, they obeyed immediately, crawling forward on hands and knees. One after another, they pressed their eager mouths to Latifa's twitching asshole, lapping up the cum with their tongues. Their soft moans and wet sounds filled the room as they devoured every bit, each taking their turn at worshipping her used body.

Chapter 490 - The Current State Of The Milham Kingdom (1)

After fucking the idols, I returned to the balcony, the perfect vantage point to oversee the entire venue. Just ahead, the stage stood illuminated, waiting for the idols to perform under its bright lights. I took a slow sip of the tea Amon had meticulously prepared. The warmth slid down my throat, a contrast to the cool evening air. She stood silently behind me, her presence calm yet dutiful, embodying the role of a perfect maid. I told her to sit, to relax and enjoy the show that was about to unfold, but she insisted that a maid like her shouldn't sit. So, she remained standing, ever obedient.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed something unusual. Among the sea of eager faces turned toward the stage, one person stood out. They weren't watching the stage like everyone else. No, their eyes were locked on me. A deliberate, unwavering gaze aimed straight at the balcony.

I didn't need long to figure out who it was. Princess Myrcella and her ever-loyal knight, Johanne. Both were dressed down, their usual regalia swapped for simple, casual attire. It wasn't hard to guess why—they were here undercover. Myrcella's presence in a place like this would cause a stir if anyone recognized her.

Mmm... I suppose I should let them up.

I instructed Amon to fetch them, and without hesitation, she disappeared into the crowd. It wasn't long before she returned, escorting the pair behind her. With a respectful bow, Amon quietly exited, leaving the balcony to us. Myrcella glanced at Johanne, her eyes sharp yet calm.

"You may leave now, Johanne," she said, her voice steady but firm.

"I'm sorry, Princess, but I cannot. It's not safe for you to be here alone," Johanne replied, his tone laced with concern.

Huh. Worried about her being alone with me? It made sense, given that I currently wore the face of Christopher Faust, Leonamon's owner. Still, it was amusing. Yesterday, Johanne had left us alone without a second thought when Myrcella called for me. I suppose I'd earned his trust as Leon. Now, thanks to the illusion magic masking my true identity, I was just another stranger.

"Oh, Johanne," Myrcella said, her voice soft but teasing. "You worry too much. There's no need." She turned her gaze to me, her smile warm, almost conspiratorial. "This gentleman would never hurt me."

Her confidence was unwavering, even without solid proof. Not that she was wrong—I had no intention of harming her.

"B-But..." Johanne hesitated.

"Are you defying my order?" Myrcella's voice dropped, the sudden chill in her tone sharp enough to cut.

"I-I'm sorry, Princess..." Johanne finally yielded, though his reluctant steps out of the room were accompanied by suspicious glances my way. Even as he left, he seemed to expect me to try something. I ignored him completely.

"Apologies for my knight's behavior," Myrcella said once we were alone, her tone returning to its usual warmth.

"There's no need. He's only doing his duty," I rose from my seat, pulling out a chair for her. "Please, have a seat."

"Thank you."

She lowered herself gracefully, and I gently pushed the chair in before returning to mine.

"You're quite the gentleman," she remarked, her eyes gleaming with a mix of amusement and admiration. "Exactly what I'd expect from the owner of Leonamon Enterprises."

"It's only natural that I'd do something so gentlemanly," I drawled. "Especially for a beautiful princess like you."

"Fufufu..." Her soft, melodic laughter filled the air, light but with a teasing edge. "Those words remind me of someone. He told me the same thing—that I'm a beautiful princess who deserves to be treated right."

I'd said something like that yesterday, as Leon, of course. It seemed she hadn't pieced together that Leon and Christopher were one and the same. Fine by me. I wasn't about to hand her that revelation just yet. If she figured it out on her own, so be it.

"So, what brings you here?" I asked, arching a brow. "It's not every day a princess shows up in a place like this. I'm guessing it's not just for the concert, right?"

"You're straight to the point, I see," she said with a small smile, her eyes glinting with amusement. "You're right. I'm here for one reason: to gather allies—strong, influential ones."

For someone who claimed I was direct, she didn't mince words either. Her bluntness was unexpected, catching me off guard for a moment. I'd expected a little more dancing around the subject.

"Let me guess," I said, leaning forward slightly, resting my elbows on the table. "You're hoping to rope me into your plans. What's the play? A war of succession? A coup d'état? You wouldn't need allies unless you were preparing for something big. My money's on you planning to usurp the throne, force your siblings into a corner, and make them your enemies. Am I wrong?"

Her lips curled into a small smile. "I'm impressed. Does recruiting powerful allies always make you think of rebellion?"

"I can't think of any other reason." I shrugged, the nonchalance in my voice masking my intrigue.

It wasn't exactly a leap of logic. Myrcella wasn't far from being a top contender for the throne, but her older brother was the frontrunner. He'd already secured alliances, garnered support from neighboring countries, and expanded his influence. Once their father stepped down, it wouldn't be a surprise if he took the crown.

"Maybe you're right," she said, her gaze drifting toward the stage. The lights flickered in her eyes, giving her an almost ethereal glow. "Sir Faust, tell me—what do you think of Milham's current state? Good? Bad?"

She wanted my opinion? Interesting. Sharing a thought or two wouldn't cost me anything. Besides, I was curious about where this conversation was headed.

"I honestly think this Kingdom is on a downward spiral," I said. "With all the scandals and cases cropping up—like those high-ranking officials getting caught neck-deep in illegal shit—it's hard to believe things are as good as they once were. Corruption runs rampant. Only a small fraction of the officials actually do their jobs without sucking the life out of what should belong to the people. And let's not even get started on the economy—it's tanking."

The forced labor system was a major part of the problem. Those in power milked the lower classes dry, enforcing brutal, borderline inhumane policies. People were pushed to their limits, forced to work for the benefit of a greedy few. Minimal compensation. Zero appreciation. It was no wonder morale was shot. People stopped giving a fuck about working hard. Why bother when there's no reward? The exploitation bled them dry, leaving frustration and a sense of hopelessness in its wake.

"You sure don't hold back, do you?" The Princess smiled, amused. Her eyes sparkled with something between approval and curiosity. "But you're right. Everything you said is true. In fact, it's worse than you think."

I raised an eyebrow. "Worse than I thought, huh?" Worse than I thought? Great. So, the Kingdom isn't just circling the drain—it's halfway down the pipe.

She nodded, her gaze flicking toward the stage, her tone turning more serious. "The Kingdom is suffering from incompetence, like you said, but there's also a deeper issue: a complete lack of

motivation to push forward. And I say this as the daughter of the current ruler—the King is utterly useless. He doesn't lift a finger unless it benefits him directly. He was never fit to rule in the first place. Even my mother saw it, which is why she had to step in and try to fix things he couldn't or wouldn't do."

I was taken aback by how openly she spoke about her father like that. But then again, I could tell she wasn't some naive princess. She had grown up under his rule, and it seemed like it was enough to make her see him for what he really was.

"Because of his poor leadership, the Kingdom isn't just in decline—it's crashing. Fast. He won't step down from the throne willingly. Why would he? As long as he's King, he gets everything he wants: money, women, pleasures of all kinds. The title alone keeps him drowning in luxuries."

Her eyes darkened, voice hardening. "The only thing keeping this Kingdom afloat is the Leonamon. The trade monopoly brings in massive cash flow. Cars, smartphones, everything new and valuable—it all funnels through Milham. The Kingdom controls it, hoarding the benefits. But none of that wealth trickles down. It's all pocketed by the people at the top."

The Leonamon—the source of everything new in this world. Cars, smartphones, all the technology no one else had, and all of it was controlled by Leonamon. It boosted the economy in a way that was almost unimaginable for Milham.

"But that won't last forever," she said, a grim smile playing on her lips. "Leonamon won't stay confined to Milham. Once they expand, once they build elsewhere, this Kingdom will crumble. And when that happens... Milham will fall."