

The World 501

Chapter 501 - Election Day (6)

The candidates began delivering their speeches one by one, each taking their turn under the spotlight.

Their visions weren't bad at all, honestly. One candidate proposed revamping the uniform policy to accommodate students with less financial privilege. Their idea wasn't about scrapping uniforms altogether—no, they insisted on keeping a formal dress code, stressing that the academy deserved nothing less. Still, making it more accessible? That hit a chord, and the murmurs among the crowd showed it resonated with plenty of students.

Another candidate came out swinging with the idea of banning smartphones in classrooms, claiming it would help students focus better. I couldn't help but smirk at that. As much as I hated to admit it, they weren't wrong. I had to admit, despite owning the only company that sold smartphones, this idea hit home. They weren't wrong at all. Smartphones were becoming increasingly common among younger demographics because of how user-friendly and convenient they were. This was especially true for students who spent their time scrolling instead of actually learning, their attention spans probably shot to hell.

Then there was the candidate pushing for more merit-based policies, focusing heavily on training. Milham was an academy for magic knights, after all, and they argued that rigorous training should be the top priority. While the academy already rewarded merit to an extent—you could see the clear divide between the bronze, silver, and gold classes—they wanted to sweeten the deal with additional rewards for hard work. It wasn't a bad pitch, especially if it got students off their asses and into action.

Each of them had solid ideas to improve the academy, but realistically, with the student body split between two major candidates, most of these visions wouldn't see the light of day. At least, not right away. Unless, of course, the winning candidate was smart enough to pull their rivals onto the council. It'd be a strategic move—more hands to help push those visions forward.

The real question was, who the hell was going to win this thing? With the two frontrunners locked in such a close race, it felt like the whole school was holding its breath.

Finally, the tension in the gymnasium thickened as the first of the top two contenders made her entrance. Princess Myrcella, in all her regal glory, strode toward the podium with a commanding grace that silenced the room. Her every step was calculated, her expression calm yet purposeful, as if she knew exactly how to captivate an audience without even trying.

When she reached the podium, she placed her delicate hands on either side and leaned into the device where she could amplify her voice to be loud enough for her voice to reach all throughout the gymnasium.

"Hello, everyone," she began, her lips curving into a soft smile that felt almost intimate, like she was speaking to each person individually. The sheer charisma in her tone struck like a chord, and the gym seemed to vibrate with the energy of her presence. "I am Myrcella, and I'm running for the presidency of the student council."

She started her speech by simply introducing herself, but even with just that, she managed to seize the crowd's full attention. It was like every word she spoke carried a weight that demanded to be heard. Her charisma right now was through the roof, commanding the room with an effortless presence.

"I stand before you today," she said, her tone unwavering and brimming with confidence, "not as the Princess of this kingdom, but as a fellow student—someone just like you—who wants to lead this academy. I'm not asking for your votes because of my title. This school doesn't care about what you are outside its walls. In here, we're equals. No matter where you come from or what your status is, this academy treats everyone the same. Out there, I may be a princess, but in here, I'm just another student. And like all of you, I want what's best for this academy. That's why I'm here now, asking you to hear me out. You don't have to vote for me. Choose whoever you think deserves to lead us forward."

She paused, closing her eyes and taking a slow, deliberate breath. Even that small gesture was enough to make the entire room hold their breath with her, the tension thick in the air.

"My vision for this academy," she continued, her voice softer but no less powerful, "isn't grand or revolutionary. Honestly, some of the ideas shared earlier are more impressive and worth your attention."

She swept her gaze across the audience, her sharp yet warm eyes seeming to connect with each person individually. It felt like she was silently testing if they were truly paying attention—not that she needed to, considering how utterly captivated everyone already was.

"All I want is something simple," she said, her tone steady but resolute. "I want this academy to become a place where anyone with the dream of becoming a magic knight has the chance to achieve it."

The room fell silent, her words landing like a bolt from the blue. Shock rippled through the audience, their faces frozen in disbelief. Even I was stunned, my mind scrambling to process what she had just said. Beside me, Johanne looked equally baffled.

Milham Academy was designed to nurture cadets, shaping them into magic knights. But only those who reached and graduated from the gold class could claim the title of magic knight. Silver-class graduates often ended up in other professions, like Irene and Rose, who had both taken professorial paths after leaving the academy. Bronze-class graduates? Their options were even more limited, leaving them to scrape together careers far removed from the prestige of magic knighthood.

Gold-class graduates, on the other hand, not only had the option to become magic knights but also found doors opening to high-profile professions that could bolster any résumé. Princess Myrcella, however, was essentially proposing to tear down that system. Her vision was bold—radical, even. She

wanted to make it so that no matter what class you belonged to, bronze or gold, every student who graduated from Milham could become a magic knight.

"I know this is some kind of impossible vision," she admitted. And she wasn't wrong. It was near impossible. If she even tried to pull it off, there was no way the administrators would allow it.

"But I will try," she continued, her voice firm. "That's the reason so many people have visions, isn't it? Because they at least want to leave something behind to be remembered for. Essentially, they want to create a mark in history. I don't plan on anything that grand, but all I want is for students here to have equal opportunities. Those who want different professions should be free to aim for any class they want, and those who dream of becoming magic knights should be able to do the same, no matter their starting point."

She paused, her words sinking in, the silence almost deafening. Her next words came with a resolute conviction that hung heavy in the air. "It's ambitious, I know. It could take years—decades even—but I plan to get it done."

Her tone was unshakable, her expression resolute as if daring anyone to call her bluff.

She was right. It was ambitious—hell, more than that. It was outright ridiculous. There was no way she could pull this off in the academy's rigid system. Even if she could, it would take years of painstaking effort. Yet, as she scanned the crowd, locking eyes with us, there was something in her gaze—unwavering determination—that made it hard to dismiss her outright.

"That's why," she continued, her voice cutting through the murmurs, "for the entirety of my student life here, I plan to stay as president."

Two years. That was all the time she had left in this academy. She was planning to accomplish this monumental goal within that short span. The notion was absurd, practically undoable. Naturally, many were skeptical. Sure, the students struggling to rise to the top wanted it to happen. But the sheer impossibility of her promise made even them hesitate to believe her.

"Of course," she said, her tone softening but no less resolute, "if you think my vision is foolish, if you believe it's impossible, you're free to vote for someone else with a more realistic plan. And if I do get elected and fail to make progress this year, I won't stop you from voting me out in the next election—or even petitioning the academy staff to strip me of my position. All I ask is that you give me a chance. That's all I have to say."

If I were honest, a part of me wanted to support her. But what about the third-year students? Would they believe she could achieve any of this before they graduated? And what about the gold-class students who had clawed their way to the top through relentless effort? The entire idea was absurd. Yet, at the same time... something was stirring within the crowd, an unmistakable energy flickering to life.

"I think I'm changing my vote for her," someone murmured nearby.

"Me too. It'd be good for more students to have a shot at becoming magic knights."

"There's no harm in believing her. I think she could be a capable leader."

Her voice had reached them. It was incredible, really. It wasn't just her charisma that had them hooked. Her words carried weight, a raw sincerity that struck a chord deep inside. And as she stepped back from the podium, the gymnasium erupted into applause, the thunderous sound rattling the walls and shaking the floor beneath us. Her impact was undeniable.

Chapter 502 - Election Day (7)

The Princess's speech was so commanding that it left the next candidate completely frozen, her lips trembling as if the words had physically lodged themselves in her throat. She stood there, paralyzed, unable to do more than clutch the edges of the podium like it was the only thing keeping her upright. The crowd's attention waned immediately, whispers rippling through the room as people barely tried to hide their disinterest. It was brutal to watch, and for some reason, I felt a twinge of pity. Having to follow up after Myrcella's speech was like being thrown into a pit of wolves without even a stick to defend yourself.

The one after her fared no better, stammering through their turn like a fish gasping for air. The Princess had carved out such a dominant space in the room with her presence alone that no one else could hope to match her. Her voice still seemed to echo, lingering in the air like a challenge no one was ready to face. The outcome felt sealed, her victory etched into the expressions of everyone present.

Then it was Titania's turn.

Unlike the others, she didn't falter. As she ascended the podium, there was a calmness to her steps—a measured poise that made her appear taller, stronger. She placed her hand firmly on the polished wood, her fingers steady as they curled over the edge. There was tension—hell, even some nervous glances from the audience—but she locked eyes with them, radiating determination. It was her moment now, and she knew it.

Titania's POV

I've always been told I'm special. Born into royalty, destined for greatness—those words have followed me like a shadow since the day I was born. But if you strip all of that away—the titles, the jewels, the gowns—I'm just a girl. An ordinary girl. Or at least, that's what I tell myself when I lie awake at night, staring at the ceiling of my grand, gilded bedroom.

But ordinary? That's not my reality.

I'm a princess. My kingdom may not be as grand or powerful as others, but it's ours. A place of rolling green hills, ancient forests, and traditions that breathe life into the land. We pride ourselves on independence, on the trust we've built with one another. It's a kingdom that stands firm, not because of riches, but because of heart. And I am its princess.

My life has been a dream for others—silken dresses that shimmer in candlelight, horses bred for speed and elegance, feasts that stretch late into the night. Private tutors who drilled swordsmanship into me as easily as court etiquette. Every luxury a girl could imagine, handed to me on a silver platter.

And yet, for all that, I yearn for the simplest things.

Friends, real ones—not servants who bow at my every word. A lover, not a pawn in a political game.

But I know better. People don't see me for who I am. To them, I'm a title, a prize, a pawn to be played in their endless schemes. Friends? They'd only stay close for the privileges my name brings. A lover? Just another calculated move on the political chessboard.

So, I stopped hoping.

What is "normal," anyway? The word feels foreign, something I can't grasp no matter how much I stretch for it. Maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe I was never meant to be normal. Instead, I leaned into the role I was born into. If I can't have normal, then I'll take power. I let the weight of my title shape me, hardening my desires into steel.

That's how I became what I am—arrogant, demanding, untouchable. My presence alone demands respect. When I walk into a room, heads bow, and knees bend.

But deep down, I knew better. What I truly wanted... was to feel normal.

When the kingdom was thrown into chaos, with whispers of civil unrest and rebellion spreading like wildfire, my father decided to send me away. The excuse? "Studying abroad." The real reason? Keeping me safe. Some ambitious fools were plotting to usurp the throne, and he didn't want me caught in the crossfire. That's how I ended up here, in the neighboring kingdom of Milham, attending the prestigious Milham Academy for Magic Knights.

I should've been upset. Being sent away was practically a royal exile, after all. But instead, I felt excitement bubbling up inside me. Finally, I thought. I can live like everyone else. An ordinary girl at last. Milham Academy boasted that everyone was equal here—titles and status didn't matter.

Or so they claimed.

The illusion shattered when I was placed in the Gold Class. It didn't take a genius to figure out the system was rigged. Almost all in the Gold Class came from privilege—people like me who'd had life handed to them on a silver platter. Meanwhile, the Silver Class and Bronze Class was full of students less

fortunate, the ones who didn't fit the academy's lofty image. Was I strong? Yes. Strong enough to deserve Gold? Doubtful. My royal title probably did most of the work.

Still, I clung to hope. Maybe, just maybe, I'd finally make some friends.

But of course, my stupid, bratty personality got in the way. On the very first day of class, I sauntered in, tossed my hair over my shoulder, and declared, "Hello~ peasants! I am Princess Titania Bethlan! Rejoice, for you have the honor of basking in my presence! Ufufu~ you should be grateful I've graced you with it!"

What the actual hell was I thinking? It was cringe as hell. Everyone immediately decided I wasn't worth their time, and honestly, I couldn't even blame them. My chances of making friends? Gone. Dead in the water.

I let out a dramatic sigh, slumping in my seat.

The days dragged on, each one lonelier than the last. My dream of being surrounded by laughter, friends, and companionship faded into the distance. The academy, once so full of promise, became nothing more than a gilded cage.

And then I saw her.

She was magnetic. A shining beacon in the dull monotony of academy life. She stood at the center of a crowd, her golden hair catching the sunlight like strands of pure light. She tossed it over her shoulder with a graceful flick, the motion so fluid it almost seemed rehearsed. The people around her weren't just standing there—they were captivated, drawn to her like moths to a flame.

I couldn't tear my eyes away.

I want to be her, I thought, my chest tightening with envy.

It didn't take long to learn her name. Miss Artemis. The student council president.

She was everything I wasn't. Loved, respected, admired. People followed her willingly, their smiles genuine, their admiration unforced. I wanted to be like her. To command that kind of presence. To have people surround me, not because they had to, but because they wanted to.

But how? How could I become someone like her?

I considered imitating her—copying her style, her mannerisms, her fashion. But no. That would be creepy and beneath me. I wasn't about to become some weird person.

No, the only path was to follow her example. If I wanted to be like her, I had to become the student council president.

That's why I started campaigning, even though the election wasn't until the third semester. I poured my energy into it, plastering on my most dazzling smile, giving speeches, trying to win people over. But no one cared. They didn't even look at me.

And why would they? My so-called "visions" were shallow and half-assed. Deep down, I wasn't running for president because I wanted to make the academy a better place. I just wanted to feel less alone. I just wanted friends.

It was hopeless.

But then, just when I thought all hope was lost, he appeared. My one and only follower back then—the person who helped me when no one else even gave me a glance.

Leon.

At first, I thought he was pathetic. How could I not? He was the bottom of the rankings, the absolute weakest. Everything about him screamed loser, from his clumsy movements to his awkward, almost submissive mannerisms. It was hard not to look down on him.

But the more time I spent with him, the more I realized how wrong I was. Beneath that unassuming exterior, Leon was strong. Not just physically—though he had that too—but in a way that made me feel like I could lean on him, trust him. And then, without even realizing it, I started seeing him in a different light.

It was slow at first, just a tiny flutter in my chest whenever I caught him smiling or heard his laugh. But those flutters grew stronger, day by day, until they took over entirely. Before I knew it, I was infatuated. Every time I thought about him, my heart raced like it was about to burst.

But even as my feelings for him deepened, doubt gnawed at me. Would he even accept me if I confessed? My personality was trash, and everyone knew it. No one liked me because of how I acted—why would Leon be any different? Maybe he was just helping me out of pity.

And yet... I couldn't stop myself. I needed him to know.

So, one day, I confessed. I poured my heart out to him, trembling with fear, expecting rejection. But instead, Leon told me he loved me too.

I thought I might actually explode from joy. My heart felt like it was soaring higher than I ever thought possible.

Being with him—being his girlfriend—was like stepping into a dream. The more time I spent by his side, the more I learned about him, and every little thing I discovered only made me fall harder. He wasn't just strong. He was everything I'd ever wanted in a man. He was kind, supportive, dependable—and, honestly, so hot.

Leon was everything I could've ever asked for. He was my everything.

Chapter 503 - Election Day (8)

It was then I realized... do I really need to run for president to get what I came here for? After meeting Leon, my life changed. I met so many people and actually became friends with them. I met Shreddy, I met Trill, and I even got close to the woman I admire most—Miss Artemis. Funny thing is, every single one of them turned out to be part of Leon's harem—save for Shreddy, I guess. That man is such a lady's boy, and honestly, it's no surprise. Considering his strength and charisma, having a harem just seemed... natural.

And no, I didn't feel a shred of jealousy. Where I come from, polygamy is normal. The King—my father—might stick to just one woman, but most of the knights, high ministers, and court nobles have multiple wives. I was raised knowing that having many women wasn't just a status thing—it was a testament to a man's power. My father always told me that a strong man shows his strength by how harmonious his household is, even with multiple wives. So, the idea of my boyfriend having other girlfriends doesn't bother me. In fact, I embrace it because it shows how strong and capable he is.

But still... did I really need to become president? I'd already made so many friends and found someone to love. The main reason I wanted to run in the first place was because I felt lonely and wanted to connect with people. Now, it felt pointless.

Still, backing out now would feel cowardly, wouldn't it? Even though it seemed like the goal no longer mattered, I couldn't just stop halfway. My father always said, "If you start something, see it through, or you'll just make a mess of things."

And so, here I was—standing in front of thousands of students, ready to deliver my speech. My nerves were creeping up on me, coiling around my throat and threatening to choke the words before they even left my mouth. I scanned the crowd, locking eyes with a few students. And then, there he was—Leon, watching me with that calm, steady gaze.

Leon had been my anchor, my guiding light. He pulled me out of that suffocating loneliness. Without him, I'd still be running for president just to fill the void. Without him, I'd still be the stuck-up little princess demanding everyone bow to my whims.

He's the man I love with all my heart.

And just knowing he was watching gave me the strength to push that crushing nervousness aside.

Finally, I forced myself to speak.

"I am... Titania of Bethlan," I began, my voice ringing out through the hushed gymnasium. "And I'm standing here today to say... sorry."

The gym went dead silent. You could hear a pin drop. It wasn't surprising—this was supposed to be my big speech, and I'd started with an apology no one expected.

"I've already shared my vision for the academy," I continued, my tone calm but carrying a hint of that natural grace. "I'm not going to bore you by repeating it all here. Instead, I'm going to tell you why I really want to run for president.

I paused, letting the weight of my words settle over the room.

"Yes, I said it was a selfish reason, but I didn't tell you exactly what that reason was."

That's right. The reason I wanted to become president was selfish—so selfish that I even said as much during my livestream speech. But back then, I didn't say what that reason was. Now, it was time to tell them.

"Being a princess of a kingdom doesn't mean living a dream life. Sure, it sounds glamorous, but it's not all it's cracked up to be. Sometimes, you still crave the simple things—companionship, a normal lover. But when you're in a household like mine, that's easier said than done. Most of the people who approach me aren't real. The friends I make are usually after my status or trying to gain some

connection to the royal family. And as for having a normal relationship? Forget about it. A royal connection is the strongest currency there is, and I know my future marriage will probably be decided for political reasons."

That's just the reality of royal families. Sometimes, you don't marry for love—you marry for alliances. My father loves me deeply, and he hasn't pushed me into anything like that yet. But if it came down to the kingdom's safety, I know he'd do what he had to.

"But underneath all that royal stuff, I'm just a normal girl," I said, my voice steady but tinged with a hint of vulnerability. "I want to have friends, experience real romance, do all those little things that make life feel meaningful. So when I got here, I made up my mind to chase after that.

"Problem was, I had this stuck-up personality, you know? The kind of vibe that makes people keep their distance. It wasn't just hard for me to make friends—it was hard for anyone to even approach me. So, for the longest time, I had no one. But then..."

I glanced at Leon, a soft smile breaking across my face. He smiled back, and for a moment, it felt like the whole gym faded away.

"Then I found someone," I said.

There was a beat of silence before I continued.

"Honestly, all I ever wanted was to have friends. Maybe fall for someone. That's it. That's the big reason. I ran for president because I thought it would make people notice me, follow me, and maybe I'd make some real friendships along the way. I know it sounds stupid—it sounds stupid to me too. But for

someone like me, who's never really known what it's like to have a true friend, I was willing to grab at any lifeline I could to make it happen."

The gym was as quiet as the surface of a still ocean. My words echoed softly off the walls, filling the heavy silence.

"But now..." I took a deep breath. "Now that I've got genuine friendships, and a lover I can count on, someone I love more than anything in the world..." My eyes drifted back to Leon as warmth spread through my chest. "I don't really want to be president anymore."

"I mean, what's the point? I've already got everything I wanted."

What's the point of me even trying to run for president anymore? Why was I still standing here, pouring my heart into this speech, trying to explain my reasons for running? Why would I still cling to this idea when I'd already gotten what I wanted?

"But even though I've already gotten what I wanted," I began, my voice steady yet soft, "there's still something I wish for."

I paused, letting the anticipation build before continuing. "I want everyone here to live the most comfortable life they can. I want to improve your learning experience with better teaching methods, a proper syllabus that works for everyone, and adjustments to the dormitories. Oh, and the cafeteria too. And most of all..."

I let my gaze sweep over the crowd, smiling warmly at their attentive faces. "I want all of you to have fun in this academy. I want you to experience the joy I've felt since coming here. It hasn't been that long

for me—almost a year—but I've had a blast. And honestly, it's all thanks to someone who helped me along the way. That's why I want to do the same for all of you, to make sure you feel the way I do."

I let out a small, self-deprecating laugh, my smile softening. "I don't think I really deserve your support. If you want to switch your votes to someone else, I completely understand. I'll still be happy no matter what happens."

I bowed my head slightly. "That's all I have to say. Thank you for listening."

The room was silent for a beat before the sound of clapping broke through. It was Trill and Leon, starting a slow clap that quickly grew into a wave of applause. Soon, the entire gymnasium was filled with cheers, whistles, and thunderous clapping.

"We'll vote for you no matter what your reason is, Princess Titania!"

"You've got my support all the way!"

Hearing their words, my chest tightened, and I could feel tears threatening to spill. For the first time, I truly felt seen.

It was overwhelming.

Leon's POV

After Titania's heartfelt speech, it was time to cast our votes.

The process was simple. You only have to write the name of the candidate you supported and drop the voting paper into the ballot box. The boxes were enchanted with magic tools that would read what you wrote and automatically tally the results—kind of like Earth's voting machines.

The crowd was clearly divided between Titania and Princess Myrcella. Sure, some votes went to the other candidates, but it was obvious that the majority of people were choosing between the two of them.

As for me? It wasn't even a question.

I wrote down Titania's name without hesitation. She was my girlfriend, and I believed in her, plain and simple.

Walking up to the ballot box, I slipped my paper in and watched the faint glow of magic confirm my vote had been registered. With that done, I figured I'd kill some time while waiting for the results.

It would take about two hours to count the votes, so I decided to head back to my dorm for now.

Chapter 504 Epilogue 9 - Result, Tears, and Love (1)

After waiting for hours, the results were finally in. I dragged myself back to the gym after crashing for two hours post-voting. Lately, I'd been feeling like I could sleep forever. Maybe it was the lack of proper rest. Between work at the Leonamon and trying to piece together the Empire's movements, sleep had become more of a luxury than a necessity.

The gym was buzzing with activity. People crowded around the results board, their expressions a mix of excitement and tension. I caught a glimpse of the board from where I stood, but the second I saw the numbers, I turned away and went looking for Titania.

I didn't need to think twice about where she'd be.

The voting had played out exactly as expected. The top two were Princess Myrcella and Titania, with an enormous gap separating them from the rest. The other candidates might as well not have bothered. But this wasn't just about being in the top two—only one of them could win.

"There you are. Figured as much," I said when I found her.

Titania was on the rooftop, gazing out at the sprawling academy below, her silhouette outlined by the setting sun.

"Oh, Leon," she greeted me, turning with that trademark graceful air, her voice carrying a certain nonchalance.

"The results are in," I said, stepping closer. "Have you seen them yet?"

"I have," she replied with a soft smile. "I lost."

She said it like it didn't matter, like it was no big deal. The truth, though, was hard to ignore. She'd lost to Princess Myrcella by just seven votes. Seven votes—that was the razor-thin margin that separated winner from loser. Titania hadn't relied on sweet-talking or shallow promises to gain support. She was upfront about her reasons for running, and yet she'd still managed to capture the hearts of so many people. If it hadn't been Princess Myrcella she was up against, Titania would've won in a landslide.

"Haaa... It's finally over. Thank goodness," she sighed, leaning against the railing.

"You're not sad?" I asked, studying her face.

"Hmm? Why would I be?" She tilted her head slightly, her expression calm. "Didn't I tell you? Whether I won or lost, I'd be happy with the results."

She had said that before. But still, it felt strange. Someone who worked so hard for something wouldn't just brush off a loss like it didn't matter.

"Honestly, I'm glad I didn't win," she continued, her voice light yet sincere. "If I had, I think I'd feel like I didn't deserve it. You know what I mean?"

"You're wrong," I said, stepping closer. "You worked hard for this. If you'd won, you would've deserved every bit of it."

She laughed softly, a sound as airy as the breeze brushing past us. "Fufufu... Maybe you're right. I did work hard, didn't I?"

Without thinking, I reached out and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into a hug.

"Yes, you did," I said firmly. "You did great. You should be proud."

And just like that, the composure she'd been holding onto crumbled.

She broke into sobs, clutching at me as if the weight of everything she'd been holding back had finally become too much.

"I... I worked so hard, Leon...!" she cried, her voice cracking. "I did everything I could... and... and still... Uwaaaaaaaaah!"

Even though she'd told herself she'd be okay no matter the outcome, losing still stung. She was happy for Myrcella, sure, but the pain of falling short after giving it her all was bubbling over, raw and unfiltered.

"It's okay," I whispered, holding her tighter. "You did everything you could. That's what matters."

That's all I could really say to her. I mean, what else was there to do? Maybe I could've said something more, but for now, comforting her was the best I could manage.

After a while, she finally stopped crying. Sitting beside me on one of the benches up on the rooftop, she wiped her tears, sniffled a little, then let out a nervous laugh.

"Hahaha, geez, sorry for bawling like that. Ugh, how embarrassing," she said, her cheeks still a little flushed.

"I don't know," I replied with a small smirk. "You're actually kind of cute when you cry like that."

She tilted her head at me, her lips curling into a faint pout. "Oh, stop teasing me."

"I'm serious." I gave her a look, leaning back slightly. "That's the first time I've ever seen you let your guard down like that."

It really was. Titania, always so composed and confident, had never shown me a vulnerable side before. And now that she had, there was something endearing about it. Her pouty, slightly swollen eyes just added to her charm. Not that I didn't take her tears seriously—I did—but seeing her like this was unexpectedly adorable.

"You're such a tease, Leon," she said with a soft smile, then rested her head on my shoulder. Her voice turned quieter, more reflective. "You know, as much as I hate to admit it, I am kinda bitter about losing."

Not because Myrcella won—I sorta expected that. She's a princess, after all. I'm just... bitter because it was so close."

I nodded silently, letting her vent. That slight margin of seven votes would've stung for anyone. Losing by that little was almost worse than losing by a landslide. It made you wonder if there was something—anything—you could've done differently.

"It's not like I'm upset with her or her victory," Titania continued, her tone steady despite the emotions simmering underneath. "She put in the effort just like I did. Maybe even more. And honestly? She earned it fair and square. But still... that gap. Ugh."

Yeah, I got it. No one liked being second place. First place was celebrated, and third could still feel proud they made it that far, but second? Second was where the 'what-ifs' lived, gnawing away at you.

"I mean," she went on, "even if my reasons for running were kinda shallow at first, I did want to make this academy better. I wasn't lying about that, y'know?"

"I know," I said, nodding. "You were genuine about that."

She smiled faintly. "Guess my efforts just weren't enough in the end. I tried my best, but... yeah."

The sun was setting now, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink. The warm rays kissed our skin, adding a quiet, serene backdrop to her words. Despite everything, she looked at peace—or at least like she was trying to be.

"I'm happy with how far I came," she said softly, her voice laced with acceptance. "But part of me keeps wondering... if I'd just tried a little harder, would it have been enough? Would I have won? Maybe, maybe not."

"Are you satisfied with the results?" I asked after a moment, glancing down at her.

She giggled lightly, her usual confidence creeping back into her voice. "Fufufu... yeah, I think I am."

Even though she lost, Titania seemed ready to move forward. Sure, it still stung, but she was handling it with grace. And to her credit, Princess Myrcella had fought clean—no dirty tricks or underhanded tactics—and still managed to edge out a win. Just seven votes. That was all it came down to.

"I'm really thankful for everything, Leon. For what you've done for me," she said softly, her voice carrying both warmth and sincerity. "I wouldn't have come this far if not for you. I wouldn't have gotten that many votes without you by my side."

"I didn't do anything," I replied. "You're the one who did it all. I was just watching from the sidelines."

"Hehehe..." She giggled, a sweet, melodic sound. "I knew you'd say that, but just having you on the sidelines helped me, you know? And... I'm happy you came into my life. Without you, I'd still be that stuck-up little princess who looked down on people. Without you, I'd still be the lonely Princess with no one by her side."

"I'm glad you came into my life too, Nia," I told her. "I love you."

"I love you too, Leon," she whispered, her voice trembling just slightly.

Our faces inched closer, and then our lips met. We kissed under the setting sun, a kiss that was slow, tender, and filled with all the emotions words couldn't express. When she finally pulled away, her face was mere inches from mine, her cheeks flushed with a soft pink that caught the sunlight just right. In that moment, she looked radiant—blushing, glowing, and utterly breathtaking.

It was the most beautiful face I'd ever seen.

"Leon," she said, her voice low and intimate.

"Yes?"

"Will you make love to me tonight?" Her words were direct yet full of vulnerability. "I want to feel you inside me."

It wasn't just lust driving her. I could feel it in her voice, in the way her eyes searched mine. She wasn't asking for sex—she was asking for comfort, for love. She wanted to feel close to me, to have my love fill her, body and soul. And who was I to deny her that?

I leaned in and kissed her again, deeper this time, letting my answer pour into that kiss. When we parted, I smiled and said, "Yeah. Let's make love tonight."

With that, hand in hand, we headed to my dorm room.

Chapter 505: Epilogue 9 - Result, Tears, and Love (2)

The moment we stepped into my dorm room, our lips collided. The kiss started out clumsy, almost shy, but it didn't take long for it to heat up into something wild and desperate. Her tongue slipped into my mouth, gliding over my gums and teeth, tangling with mine like we couldn't get enough of each other. Wet, sloppy sounds filled the air as we kissed like our lives depended on it, and it felt like we were melting into one another.

Before long, we made it to the bed, where the intensity only grew. I was on top of her, pressing my body so tightly against hers that it felt like we were fusing into one. Even though we were already as close as we could physically get, it wasn't enough. The hunger we felt for each other was almost unbearable, an aching need that left us both desperate.

Finally, we broke apart, gasping for air. A thin strand of saliva connected our lips, and the sight of it made my heart pound harder. Titania's eyes were glassy with desire, her lashes wet as if she'd been holding back tears. The soft vulnerability in her expression made her look so damn cute that I couldn't help but fall for her all over again.

"Um, Leon... I want to be on top," she murmured, her voice slightly shaky but still carrying a note of determination.

"Oh... sure, but why all of a sudden?" I asked, tilting my head.

"Um, because, you know..." She averted her gaze, a faint blush dusting her cheeks. "Ugh, do I really have to spell it out for you?" she grumbled, biting her lip. "You're so dense sometimes, Leon, I hate that about you."

Wow. That was the first time she'd ever said she hated anything about me. I thought she loved every weird, messy part of me, but I guess even in romance, there are moments like this, huh?

She sighed and looked at me again, this time more serious. "It's just... every time we do it, you're always in charge, always making me feel good. And I love that, I do, but today..." Her voice softened, and she fidgeted with her fingers. "I want to make you feel good for a change."

Hearing that sent a strange warmth through my chest. There was something so endearing about her wanting to step out of her comfort zone just to make me happy. It was sweet in a way that made my heart swell.

"Alright, then," I said with a smile. I shifted off of her and lay back on the bed, watching as she hesitated for a second before crawling over me. Slowly, she placed one knee on either side of my hips, straddling me. Her movements were careful, deliberate, and damn, it was sexy. Even though we were both still fully clothed, I was already itching for more.

"I'm gonna... take it out now," Titania said, her voice barely above a whisper but dripping with sensuality. Her delicate fingers reached for my zipper, pulling it down at an agonizingly slow pace. My throat went dry as I watched her, and I couldn't help but gulp. Right now, she was the very definition of sexy, and the way she moved only drew me in deeper.

Finally, she freed my cock, and it sprang up, smacking her lightly on the face. Her eyes widened, and a small, surprised gasp escaped her lips.

"W-Wow..." she whispered, staring at it in awe. Her expression was a mix of shock and curiosity, and it made her look even cuter. "I've seen it before, but this is the first time I've really... looked at it, you know? From this angle, it's... kind of scary." Her voice softened to a shy murmur as her fingers brushed along its length. "I can't believe this... thing has already been inside me... both holes..."

Her blush deepened as she admitted that, and I couldn't help but smirk a little. Well, it wasn't the first time I'd heard something like that. The prostitutes and experienced women I'd been with before all said the same thing—that it was the biggest cock they'd ever taken.

"Haaa... I want to taste it..." Titania whispered, her voice dripping with desire.

Her lips pressed a soft kiss against the tip of my cock, sending a shiver racing through me. Then, her tongue began trailing along its length, slow and deliberate, like she wanted to savor every inch of it. After a few moments, she took the whole thing into her mouth, but it didn't feel like she was trying to make me cum. No, it seemed more like she was wetting it, preparing me for what was about to come.

When she finally pulled her mouth off with a wet pop, her eyes locked onto mine, brimming with affection and lust. Slowly, she repositioned herself, lowering her hips until I could feel her soaked panties pressing against my shaft. The heat and wetness radiating from her made my cock twitch in anticipation. Without breaking eye contact, she reached behind her, sliding her panties to the side to guide me into her.

We were doing this with our uniforms still on. That... was undeniably hot.

"I love you, Leon. More than anything," Titania said, her voice steady but laced with emotion. "I would give my kingdom for you and help you conquer everything in this world. That's how much you mean to me. My body is yours now, but I have so much more to give. So promise me one thing..." Her voice

softened as she slowly lowered herself onto my cock, her inner walls parting inch by inch to take me in. "...Don't ever stop loving me."

The way she said it—it felt more like a demand than a plea. Her devotion was overwhelming, almost suffocating, but in the best way possible. Titania was willing to lay everything she had at my feet, just to make me happy. It was both strange and awe-inspiring to see how deeply she loved me, especially since I hadn't even fully dominated her yet. There were still parts of her heart and soul I hadn't claimed, yet she was already this devoted.

"What you're asking for is impossible," I replied, a soft smile tugging at my lips. "I couldn't stop loving you even if I tried."

Her face lit up, her radiant smile returning in full force. "Good," she said, her voice teasing yet tender. "Now, I'm going to make you feel amazing."

"Alright," I said, relaxing beneath her as she took control.

She spread her legs into an M-shape, planting her hands behind her on my thighs for support. My cock stretched her open, forcing her legs apart as her cunt made wet, squishing sounds with every movement. Her narrow walls gripped me tightly, her body struggling but succeeding in taking me in fully. Slowly, she began rocking her hips up and down, moving with a rhythm that sent shockwaves of pleasure through us both.

"Haaa... haaah... aaah..." Titania moaned, arching her back as the sensation overwhelmed her.

"Ahh... ahhh... Leon... I love you... I love you so much...!"

Her hips ground against mine as she stared down at me, her eyes filled with unrestrained love. I reached up, my hands sliding over her uniform-covered chest until I found her breasts. Gently, I began kneading them through the fabric, feeling her body respond to my touch.

Unable to resist, I undid the buttons of her military jacket and pulled it open. Then, I slid her bra up, exposing her beautiful breasts. They bounced slightly with her movements, and I couldn't help but admire how stunning she looked—uniform still partially on, her face flushed with pleasure, and her love for me written all over her expression.

"Haaaa... ahn, ahn... haaa... I love you... hnnn... I love... you..."

Her breathless moans filled the room, each word dripping with affection and lust. I ran my fingertips over both of her nipples, rubbing them in slow, teasing circles like I was playing an instrument meant only for her. A slick, oozy wetness spread from where we were joined, radiating out with every movement of her hips. Her thrusts grew more frantic, her rhythm rough and desperate. Each time her hips slammed down, it created a loud, wet splatter that echoed around us.

"Aaaaaah... aaaaaaah... aaaaaah... haaaaaaaah...!" she cried out, her body trembling. "It feels so goooood... Even though I said I'd make you feel good, it ended up with me feeling good again... I'm sorry, Leon... I just... I!"

Her voice was shaky, filled with both pleasure and apology.

"Don't worry about it. Cum," I told her firmly, my voice steady as I met her teary gaze.

Her lips trembled, her eyes glistening as the overwhelming pleasure consumed her. Her face contorted, her body tensing, and then the dam finally broke.

"Hnnnnnghhh! Aaaaaaaaaahnnnnnnnnn!"

Her scream was raw and unrestrained as she came hard. Her back arched like a bow, and for a moment, her eyes rolled back, leaving only the whites visible. Her entire body shook before she collapsed forward, her chest pressing against mine as she gasped for air.

"Haaa... I'm sorry, Leon... for cumming on my own..."

"It's fine," I reassured her, running a hand gently along her back. "I actually feel really good too."

She let out a soft laugh, her tone playful and teasing. "Fufufu... You're so smooth with your words. Is it because you're such a good womanizer, Leon?"

I smirked, leaning my head back lazily. "Well, I can't deny that."

Her smile widened, lighting up her face with a mix of amusement and lingering lust. She straightened herself up, her hands sliding up my chest for balance as her eyes locked onto mine.

"This time..." she said, "I'm going to make sure you feel good."

Chapter 506: Epilogue 9 - Result, Tears, and Love (3)

Titania's hips swayed on me like a pendulum, moving back and forth in an almost hypnotic rhythm. She wasn't just good—she was incredible. Her body, toned and refined from years of sword training, moved with precision. Her breasts were firm, resisting the pull of gravity even as she thrust her hips down onto me.

"Aaaah, haaaa, aaaah, aaaaah... it feels so good..." she moaned, her voice sweet and sultry.

Her pussy was tight, gripping me with a warmth that was almost overwhelming. The way her walls squirmed and clung to my cock felt like she'd been perfectly trained for this moment. My dick slid in and out with ease, and each thrust had my tip grazing her cervix.

"Haaa... Do you like this? Do you like my body?" she asked, her voice laced with desire but still carrying a graceful tone.

"Yes, Nia," I said. "I love every inch of you."

As soon as the words left my mouth, her pussy clenched tighter around me.

"Haaa... I love yours too," she whispered, her cheeks tinged with a soft pink. "Your body... It's so strong, so perfect. You're the man of my dreams..."

Her hands found their way to my chest, sliding over my muscles as if she was trying to memorize every curve and dip. Her hips continued their rhythmic movements, and her full, round breasts swayed slightly with each motion.

I couldn't resist any longer. I reached up and grabbed those luscious mounds, squeezing them in my hands. Her skin was smooth and warm, and the feeling of her slippery pussy tightening around me, combined with her juices coating my cock, had me losing myself.

"Ahhh... your hands on my boobs feel so good..." she moaned, her voice breaking with pleasure.

Her hips didn't falter, and I couldn't stop myself from bucking upward into her.

"Hyaaah~ Leon..." she cried out, her voice shaking. "Didn't I say I'd do all the work?"

"And I said I like taking charge too. Why don't we just focus on pleasuring each other instead?" I teased.

Her movements stopped abruptly, and the creaking of the bed silenced. She looked down at me, her face flushed and her lips curling into a shy yet seductive smile. "Then... would you like to take me from behind?"

I nodded, my throat dry with anticipation. She repositioned herself on the bed, lying forward with her ass raised high in the air. Her back arched beautifully, and her hips jutted out, presenting herself in a way that had my cock throbbing just from the sight.

It was a side of her I hadn't expected to see, but then again, she'd been watching me with the others. Maybe she had picked up a few things—or perhaps Amon's lessons had paid off after all.

"In this position..." she said, her voice soft but teasingly confident, "you can use both of my holes however you like."

Her words sent a jolt through me. Both of her entrances were completely exposed, glistening with anticipation. We'd done anal before, so I knew she was prepared, but hearing her say it so openly was a whole new level of arousing.

"I'll take you up on that offer," I said, gripping her ass firmly with both hands.

Her skin was soft, her ass pliable like clay under my fingers. As I spread her cheeks apart, I caught a glimpse of her most intimate places—her delicate sakura-pink petals and her tight back entrance. Both looked so inviting, so ready for me.

"Don't... don't stare so much..." she murmured, her voice a mix of embarrassment and desire. "It's so... embarrassing..."

Her words only made me want her more.

Her pussy was already soaking wet, her clit swollen and peeking out from its hood, trembling in anticipation. I lined up my cock against her dripping entrance, my rock-hard erection throbbing with the need to take her. With a steady push, I plunged into her hot, tight pussy.

"Nhhh! Ah... ahhhh, y-yes..."

Her body quivered with pure joy as my cock spread her slick folds apart, her love juices coating every inch of me. I leaned in closer from behind, and she turned her head to meet my lips. Her tongue darted out, and we locked in a heated, messy kiss, our tongues sliding against each other in a dance of lust.

I began thrusting with my hips, feeling her pussy grip me like it never wanted to let go. Her walls undulated, clenching and massaging my cock, making it feel like I could melt inside her. I wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her up slightly, and reached for her luscious breasts. My hands molded around them, squeezing and kneading as I fucked her from behind.

Her moans filled the room, her voice high and breathy. The wet, sticky sounds of her pussy echoed in rhythm with the thrusting of my cock.

"Aaaaaaaahn, aaaaah, hhaaaa, feels so good... so hot... hnnn, aaaaah, aaaaaah, hhhnnnnn, aaaaaaaahn, aaaaaaaaaaahnnn! Ah... ahhhhhhhh!"

Her cries hit a higher pitch, her body convulsing as her climax overtook her. The sensation pushed me over the edge, and I buried myself deep, releasing a thick load of hot cum inside her. She arched her back, trembling in ecstasy, before collapsing limply onto the bed.

But neither of us was ready to stop.

"We're not done yet, right?" she asked, her voice a mix of desire and teasing as she glanced back at me with those lust-filled eyes.

I pulled out my cock, watching as my cum oozed out of her well-fucked pussy, dripping onto the sheets.

"Ah... such a waste..." she murmured, pouting slightly, her tone a blend of playful and sultry.

"Don't worry. I'll fill you back up again," I said with a smirk, stroking my slick cock. "In both holes."

I positioned myself behind her, aiming at her twitching back entrance. Slowly, I pressed the tip of my cock against her tight asshole, letting her juices from earlier help me slide in. I pushed in, inch by inch, until I was buried deep.

"Haaaaaaaan...!"

"Did it hurt?" I asked, pausing to gauge her reaction.

"A bit... I'm not used to it yet," she admitted with a slight gasp, "but it's fine. Keep going, Leon. Use my body however you want. Make yourself feel good..."

Her words ignited a fire in me. I grabbed her hips, pulling her firmly against me as I began to thrust. Her ass was impossibly tight, gripping me like a vice as I fucked her.

"Aaaaaah, aaaaaah, haaaaaa, haaaa, haaaaaaaan, m-my butt's on fire, but it feels so good...!"

"Do you like being fucked in the ass, Princess?" I teased, pounding her harder.

"You're teasing me again... but yes, I love it! I love feeling your big cock stretching me back there... Please, Leon, mark me with your shape. This body is yours now..."

Her words spurred me on, and I started fucking her ass with abandon. The loud, wet slapping of our bodies echoed through the room, mingling with her unrestrained moans. I switched back and forth between her pussy and her ass, filling both holes with my cum over and over again. Each time I pulled out, my seed spilled from her, only to be replaced by another thick load.

She was insatiable, crying out things like, "You're driving me crazy!" and "I'm cumming!" while I continued pounding into her. Her womb was overflowing with my sperm, her pussy so stuffed that it dripped onto the bed. The sheets were soaked with her juices and my cum, the scent of sex heavy in the air.

At some point, I realized the walls of the bronze-class dorms weren't thick enough to keep our sounds private. Someone next door banged on the wall, while another seemed to be breathing heavily on the other side, clearly getting off to the noise.

I couldn't bring myself to care.

I just fucked her like that.

After a while, we were finally done. Titania was resting her head on my shoulder, giggling softly to herself, her cheeks flushed and her body still trembling faintly from the aftershocks.

"I don't know... how many times we did it... Were you counting?" she asked, her voice laced with lazy satisfaction.

"I wasn't." My only thought had been fucking her, nothing else.

"Fufufu..." She giggled again, her slender fingers tracing random patterns over my chest. Her soft lips parted slightly as she whispered, "I don't think I'd be able to live without you, Leon. If my father ever decides to marry me off to one of the Emperor's princes to spare the kingdom, I think... I'd rather bite my tongue off than let another man have his way with me."

Her words sent a chill down my spine, not from fear, but from the weight of her resolve. I looped my arm around her shoulder, pulling her closer as she used it as her pillow.

"Don't ever do that," I said firmly, my voice edged with an intensity that left no room for doubt. "If that ever happens, I'll make sure the empire falls by my hands. I'll take their emperor's head if it means keeping you safe. I don't want anyone else to touch you, but I sure as hell don't want you to die either. So if your father ever calls you back to Bethlan, tell me. I'll go with you, and I'll slay anything standing in my way for you."

She snuggled closer, her warm body pressing against mine as she smiled up at me, her gaze teasing yet soft. "Is that so? You'd really fight the entire empire for me, Leon?" Her voice had a playful lilt, but I could see the seriousness in her eyes, a quiet hope lingering behind her teasing tone.

The empire was a conqueror's nation—a monstrous force that had swallowed countless kingdoms whole. Its vast lands were practically an entire continent. Meanwhile, I had been conquering in the shadows, one step at a time, not by brute force like them. A confrontation with the empire wasn't in my plans... yet. But if they declared themselves my enemies? I wouldn't hesitate to bring them to their knees.

"I will," I said simply, my resolve unshakable. I cupped her face in my hand, tilting her chin up, and kissed her deeply. Her lips were soft and tasted of sweet surrender. "And when we return to Bethlan, let's get married."

Her eyes widened, surprise flickering across her face before it melted into a radiant smile. Her cheeks flushed a deeper red as she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion, "Yes, my King."

Chapter 507: Epilogue 9 - Result, Tears, and Love (4)

King Bethlan's POV

I stared at the letter laid out before me, the words of my ambassador burning into my mind. The Empire had officially declared their intent to invade my kingdom. I pressed a hand to my temple, exhaling a slow, heavy sigh. The civil unrest within our borders wasn't even quelled yet, and now this—a new international threat looming on the horizon, one I had no immediate solution for.

I was seated at the far end of the dining table, the grand hall filled with members of my royal court. Their concerned faces surrounded me, though none dared to speak out of turn.

"What course of action shall we take, Your Majesty?" asked my advisor, his voice thick with unease. He was a man of formidable stature, with a protruding belly and a beard so long it dragged along the floor. Bald as the day he was born, he once told me he grew the beard out to compensate for his lack of hair.

"The Kingdom of Bethlan isn't merely in a stalemate," he continued. "We are cornered, Your Majesty, trapped between two insurmountable walls. If we fail to act decisively, the Kingdom will surely fall."

I clenched my jaw, my gaze flicking back to the letter. The Empire of Rodonia hammering at our gates, while the insurgents gnawed at our foundations from within. Headache after headache, yet no relief in sight. We'd been making progress rooting out the insurrection, but now the Empire's declaration was a slap across the face, sent with the mockery of formality.

"It's generous of them to send a letter," I muttered, before tossing it into the furnace, watching as the flames eagerly consumed it.

"A rare show of honesty from the Rodonians," my King of Arms quipped. He was my younger brother, ever the sharp-tongued cynic. "It's almost laughable."

I allowed myself a short laugh, though it held no real humor. "Laughable indeed. Those fools think themselves conquerors, yet their tactics are as transparent as glass. They only target nations with weaker militaries—easy prey. They can't stomach a real fight."

The Empire of Rodonia, a kingdom of fools ruled by the biggest fool of them all. Their emperor was a coward, a man who had never set foot on a battlefield, content to let others fight and die for his ambitions.

"And that spineless bastard dares to call himself a conqueror?" I snorted in disdain. "The man is still suckling from his mother's tit."

"Your Majesty," my counselor interrupted, his tone sharp but respectful. "Might I remind you to temper your words? As a king, it would do well to uphold a sense of decorum."

I waved a dismissive hand, leaning back in my chair. "I speak only the truth, Counselor. If the so-called emperor had even half a man's courage, he'd lead his own armies into battle instead of sending others to die in his place."

The current emperor was nothing compared to his predecessors. In truth, he wasn't even a legitimate ruler—just a snake who usurped the throne, murdering his way to power. Now, he abused that stolen authority to prey on the weak, a vulture circling over dying nations.

"He declares war on us because he sees us as weak," I said, my voice laced with venom. My hand reached for the dagger at my side, and with a swift motion, I drove it into the table. The wooden surface bore countless scars from my frustrations, evidence of my ire over the years.

"I'd relish the chance to slit his throat myself," I growled, my voice low and deadly. "To parade his severed head through the streets for all to see."

My brother laughed, a hearty, deep sound that filled the room. "That's what I like to hear, my brother! I'll march to war by your side and bathe in the blood of our enemies. Let them try us!"

The counselor, ever cautious, cleared his throat. "Your Majesty, you are a king now. There is no need for you to take up arms. You're not a warmonger, nor some barbaric conqueror seeking to plunder nations. You are the just and beloved King of Bethlan. The people look to you for wisdom, not swords."

I met his gaze, my expression hard. "Do not mistake my crown for a shield, Counselor. Before I became king, I was but a knight, sworn to serve and protect. I was not born to this station, nor did I inherit it through some divine bloodline. I rose because I married the Queen."

My fingers drummed against the edge of the table as I continued, my voice laced with both pain and resolve. "The king before me entrusted me with his daughter—his treasure—and his kingdom. I swore an oath to guard them both with my life. But I failed."

The room fell silent, the weight of my words pressing down on everyone.

"I failed to save her from death," I said, my voice quieter now, yet no less fierce. "She gave her life to bring our daughter into this world. How could I curse her for it? My daughter is the only piece of her I have left. Now that my Queen is gone, it is my duty to ensure this kingdom survives—for her, for our daughter. I will rip the heads from the shoulders of any who threaten her safety, be they insurgents or imperial dogs."

My hand clenched into a fist. "So do not tell me I have no reason to fight, Counselor. I have every reason in the world."

The counselor bowed his head low, his voice filled with contrition. "Forgive me, Your Majesty. I spoke out of turn."

"There is nothing to forgive," I said with a dismissive wave. "What matters now is strategy. The Empire won't reach us easily—not for the next three or four years, at least. Our terrain is too treacherous, and their forces lack the mobility to traverse it. Even if they mimic our methods, they'll need vast resources and time to succeed. For now, we must focus on eliminating the insurgents within our walls. These traitors are the true threat."

The members of the royal court murmured their agreement, nodding in unison.

"And yet," I added, my voice softening, though no less determined, "I long for this to be over. I want my daughter to come home."

My gaze lingered on the distant window, the sky beyond offering no solace. Because of the betrayals in this very court, I had no choice but to send her away—to another country, to safety. She is studying there, far from the chaos we endure. But every day, I miss her more than words can express. I would bleed, sweat, and kill as many as it takes to secure her future and this kingdom's survival. Nothing else matters to me but that.

I clenched my fists again, the longing for my daughter fueling the fire in my chest. Soon, I promised myself. Soon, I'll bring her back where she belongs.

Chapter 508 - Two Professors (1)

Leon's POV

It was almost a month before the end of the school year.

Most of the students were eagerly looking forward to spring since next month marked the start of spring vacation.

Raymond and Duncan were no exception, buzzing with excitement.

"I can't believe we're finally going to be second-years next school year. Only three more years, and we'll graduate," Duncan said, grinning.

"Are you an idiot?" Raymond shot back, clearly irritated. "We're still stuck in the bronze class, and you're happy about moving to second year? In case you haven't figured it out yet, the longer we stay in bronze class, the slimmer our chances of making it to gold class. Time's running out, dumbass."

"But didn't Princess Myrcella say she'd do something about it? Even though we're in bronze class, she said there's a chance we can still become magic knights, right?"

"You really are fucking stupid," Raymond sighed exasperatedly. "Be realistic for once. Do you honestly think Princess Myrcella can pull that off? You think she's going to destroy decades of tradition and rules in such a short time? That's why I voted for Princess Titania instead. Her vision actually makes sense."

"I voted for Princess Titania too," Duncan admitted, "but I still think Princess Myrcella can do it."

"What about you, Leon? You think she can pull it off?" Raymond turned to me, looking for answers.

"I don't really know," I replied, shrugging. "It's too early to judge her, considering she won't even take office until next school year. But I do think she'll try her hardest to change the academy's vision—to give

lower-class students a chance to become magic knights. She seems really determined to make it happen."

Of course, saying Princess Myrcella would succeed was a stretch. She was essentially trying to tear down the academy's long-standing traditions, and even I had my doubts she could pull it off.

But I had an idea why she was pushing for this. War was coming. Not yet, but soon—maybe four or five years from now. Kingdoms would clash, kings would fall, and blood would spill. If Princess Myrcella wanted to rule by usurping her own father, she'd need all the support she could muster when that time came. She couldn't rely on just the hundred or so magic knights the academy graduated each year. She needed thousands—an army ready to fight for her. If she succeeded, the academy would coronate not a hundred, but over a thousand magic knights every year.

"By the way, did you hear?" Raymond suddenly changed the subject. "Professor Rose quit her job."

That was old news to me, but it seemed like the rumor was only now making its rounds.

"Why do you think she quit, Leon?"

"I don't know," I said, shrugging my shoulders. Truthfully, I had no clue what prompted Rose to up and leave like that. Maybe she got tired of working as a puppet for the administrators. Whatever it was, she didn't seem like the type to quit without a good reason.

I still had no clue why she left, even during our last meeting.

For some reason, though, I wanted to see her again.

"There are two professors who've left the academy now. I wonder if they'll be replaced soon?" Raymond asked aloud, breaking the silence.

The academy didn't seem understaffed, but losing two good professors—Professor Rose and Professor Sesillian—wasn't a small thing. It wouldn't be surprising if they brought in a fresh batch of replacements soon.

"Well, no use worrying about it right now. That's something for next year," Duncan said, brushing it off. "I still can't believe it's almost been a year since we started here. Time really flies."

"And time flying by while we're still rotting in bronze class is bad, Duncan," Raymond said pointedly.

"We can only hope the Princess manages to pull off what she's aiming for. Then maybe we'll graduate as magic knights after all."

"Yeah, let's hope," Raymond muttered, though his skeptical tone made it clear he didn't believe it for a second.

As for me, whether or not Princess Myrcella succeeded didn't matter much. I had no plans to become a magic knight to begin with. My only real concern was whether she'd survive long enough to claim the throne. Her ambitious reforms made her a target, and the road to the throne wasn't paved with mercy.

Gabrielle's POV

The workload of being a professor at Milham Academy just kept piling up. With the academy understaffed, especially for the second-year curriculum, I had to take on classes left behind by the professors who quit.

Because of that, I hadn't had any time to spend with Master. It tore me up inside. I wanted to quit my job and dedicate myself to him entirely, to stay by his side forever. But for now, my duties held me here. Maybe by Master's third year, I'd finally be able to leave, but dreams for the future always felt uncertain the further away they were.

As I left my office, I ran into someone I least wanted to see: Irene.

I sighed inwardly and prepared to ignore her, but...

"How have you been, Gabrielle?" she said, her voice laced with a sweetness that felt anything but genuine.

I stopped, turning to meet her gaze. She wore a smile, the kind that dripped with scheming intentions.

"Why are you asking?" I replied flatly.

"Hmm. No particular reason," she said, brushing off the question with a shrug. "I mean, since it's just the two of us left from the same batch of professors, I figured I should check in. See how you're holding up."

"You've never asked that before," I said, my tone sharp.

"Well, you and I do have a bit of bad blood," she admitted, her smile widening into something more sinister. "Honestly, I'd rather avoid you entirely, but my eyes keep being drawn to you. Maybe it's the scent of Leon still clinging to you that makes it hard to look away. But lately..." She leaned in slightly, her voice dropping, "...it feels like I don't smell him on you anymore. So naturally, I started wondering. Is he still watering you down there?"

"Master is busy, and so am I," I said, keeping my tone even.

"Oh, really?" Irene smirked, leaning closer. "Then why did he have time to fuck the Princess of Titania?"

"How do you know that? Don't tell me you're stalking Master now."

"Stalking?" She tilted her head with feigned innocence before her lips curled into a sly grin. "I suppose you could call it that, in a way. On Election Day, I asked him to come to my place, but he never did. So, I went back to the academy and—oh, imagine my surprise—found out he was in his dorm, fucking Princess Titania after the election. You can't begin to understand how heartbroken I was."

"You've turned into something I don't even recognize," I said, shaking my head. "You used to be a little more... graceful. Now, you've become a stalker. What would Master think of you? Do you honestly believe he'd give up all the women in his life for someone like that?"

Irene laughed softly, but it wasn't mocking. It had an edge, as if she found the entire situation amusing—or maybe she just didn't care. Her eyes, devoid of warmth, locked onto mine.

"I fully intend to make him choose me over all of you," she said confidently. "I mean, it's obvious he's interested in my body. Every time we're in the lecture hall, his eyes never leave me. Don't tell me you haven't noticed. The way he looks at me—it's like he's screaming that he wants me, that he's dying to taste me again. Of course, he is."

The pride in her gaze was unmistakable. She wasn't lying. She truly believed every word she said.

"A body that's out of reach will always be more tempting than one that's freely available," Irene continued, her voice tinged with condescension. "It's like that saying among adventurers, right? The men who sleep with prostitutes always talk about how they crave what they can't easily have, even if they've got wives waiting at home. That's how it works. The forbidden is irresistible."

"Master isn't some adventurer," I snapped.

"But he is a man," she countered smoothly. "And like I've told you before, Gabrielle, I will steal Leon away from you. I'll make myself the only woman in his life."

She turned to leave, but not before throwing a smirk over her shoulder. "You seem fine, so I won't bother worrying about you anymore. But you... you should start worrying about your Master being taken away from you."

I watched her walk away, my gaze hard and unflinching.

"I won't allow it," I said under my breath, my voice firm with resolve.

There was no way I'd let her take the man I loved with every fiber of my being. If Irene wanted a fight, I'd give her one. Whatever challenge she threw at me, I'd take it head-on and prove who deserved to stand by his side.

Chapter 509 - Two Professors (2)

It was well into the afternoon class, nearing the end of the school day, and Professor Irene was teaching her usual subject. Most of the students, as always, looked incredibly bored. They were trying so hard not to fall asleep, stifling yawns as they struggled to stay awake.

I, on the other hand, had my eyes fixed on Irene. Her outfit today was... different. She wasn't wearing her usual suit over her crisp white blouse. Instead, she'd ditched the jacket, making her figure impossible to ignore. Her blouse hugged her bust in a way that was way too obvious to be accidental. And her pencil skirt? Yeah, that, paired with her stockings, made her thighs look downright sinful. The soft outline of her legs was practically taunting me.

Was it just me, or was she trying to seduce me again? Her attempts at subtlety had been on a steep decline, and this? This wasn't subtle. This was blatant, shameless seduction.

I didn't want to notice, but it felt like someone dragging their nutsack across my face—of course I'd notice. How could I not? It was impossible to ignore when it was being shoved right in front of me.

After the class ended, I had plans to slip out of the lecture room as quickly as possible. But, of course, Irene wasn't going to let that happen.

"Student Leon, would you help me carry these papers back to my office?" she asked, her voice smooth as silk as she sat perched on the desk, a stack of papers in front of her.

I glanced over at Raymond and Duncan, hoping for backup, but those bastards just clapped me on the shoulders. Their eyes practically screamed, Good luck, buddy. You're on your own. Some friends they were.

With no other choice, I sighed and walked over, grabbing a stack of papers while she took another. Together, we started heading toward her office.

"Good boy," she purred, her tone dripping with amusement. "If you do a good job, I might just give you a little reward."

"I'm not exactly dying of curiosity here," I replied flatly. "But I guess it depends on what kind of reward you're talking about."

"Fufufu... Still as much of a joker as ever," she teased, her voice playful yet dangerous. Then, her tone shifted slightly. "You know, I still haven't forgiven you for leaving me hanging like that, Leon."

Ah, so she was still salty about that. She was referring to the night after the election, where she'd told me to meet her at her house. Instead, I'd stayed in the dorm with Titania—and, well, spent the night fucking her instead.

"I'm sorry about that," I said with a shrug, "but you can't exactly blame me. Unlike you, Nia is my woman. I've gotta do right by her."

"That's a hurtful thing to hear," she said with a mock pout. "But I get it. You care about your women. So much so that you won't leave them, even for me. But..." She leaned in slightly, her voice dropping to a sultry whisper. "Every once in a while, couldn't you sneak away for a little fun? Just a fling?"

"Well, I do think every once in a while wouldn't kill me."

After a while, we finally reached her office and set the stacks of paper down on her desk.

"Well then, if you'll excuse me, Professor," I said.

"Wait, Leon. Don't you want your reward?"

She sat herself on the desk, crossing her legs in a deliberate motion. Her hand rested on the table, and with her other, she started unbuttoning her crisp white blouse, one button at a time. Her eyes stayed locked on mine, gleaming behind her glasses.

"It's been so long since you've tasted me," she purred. "Why don't you indulge again? I'll offer myself to you however you want. Whatever you want. Any way. Every inch of me..." She leaned forward slightly, her voice dripping with seduction. "Conquer my body however you like."

I stepped closer, unable to resist the magnetism of her words.

"You really want me that badly, huh?" I asked.

"It's your fault for seducing me," she shot back with a sly grin.

As I approached, she hooked one of her legs around my hips and tugged me closer, spreading her legs just enough so that my hips pressed against her. Her crotch met mine, and the way she smiled at me through her glasses made it clear she knew exactly what she was doing.

"I want you to do me right, Leon," she said, her voice husky. "Anything you want, I'll give it to you."

Her hand slid behind my head, pulling me toward her for a kiss. But just before our lips could meet—

"Irene!"

The sudden shout and the door slamming open broke the moment. Irene and I both turned, and standing in the doorway was a woman whose glare could pierce through steel. Her sharp eyes, framed by glasses, locked on us with pure fury.

"Oh, Gabrielle," Irene said, an almost smug smile curling her lips. "Always showing up to cockblock, aren't you?"

"What exactly are you doing with my Master?" Gabrielle demanded.

Irene chuckled. "Oh, nothing that concerns you."

The air, which had been thick with lust just moments ago, shifted into something far more charged—tension, anger, and something unspoken hung in the room. These two clearly had history, and whatever it was, it was spilling out now.

"Master, get away from that stalker of a woman," Gabrielle snapped, her words sharp and cutting. "She's dangerous. Women like her should be kept at arm's length."

Irene let out a low laugh, unfazed by the jab. "Still the same, I see. Always thinking you're better than me, Gabrielle. You were always the prodigy, the one with all the talent. Me? I wasn't as gifted. You have the Guardian everyone adored. I... slacked off. I didn't see the point of trying because I felt like I'd never measure up. That's why I didn't make it as a magic knight. We didn't achieve that dream you had of us joining together."

"But look at you now," Irene continued, a sharp edge creeping into her voice. "You quit being a magic knight and became a professor. And yet, you still act like you're better than me, even though we're in the same position now."

Irene smiled at Gabrielle, even though Gabrielle's eyes burned with a dangerous glare.

"And now," Irene began with a sly tone, "I bet I'm even better than you as a woman. If Leon hasn't bothered touching you much anymore because he's too busy for you and instead comes to me with the lust he has for a real woman, then doesn't that make me better than you?"

What the hell was she saying? I didn't think I'd been neglecting Gabrielle. Just last week, we'd fucked until morning trying to get her pregnant. Sure, I had been a lot busier lately compared to before, when I used to fuck her at least once every three days, but still...

Gabrielle growled low, the sound feral, before stepping closer to us. Her eyes locked onto mine, and then, without a word, she leaned in and kissed me hard. I wasn't expecting it—it was rare for Gabrielle to get this provoked. But now? Now she was throwing herself into it, pushing her tongue into my mouth and swirling it like she wanted to stake her claim.

When she finally pulled back, she shot Irene a sharp glare.

"Bold of you to make that claim," Gabrielle spat. "If you really were a better woman than me—or anyone Master has been with—he would've chosen you already and left us. But Master knows what he has. He keeps us because he values us, not because he wants you."

"Oh? Is that so?" Irene replied with a mocking smile. "Then let's hear it from Leon himself. Who's better between the two of us?"

"He doesn't need to tell me," Gabrielle shot back confidently. "I already know I'm better than you at everything, Irene."

"I want to hear him say it," Irene countered, her voice dripping with challenge. She grabbed my hand and placed it on her hips, letting me feel her curves. Gabrielle immediately yanked my hand away.

"I can't say for sure," I said with a teasing shrug. "I haven't tasted both of you at the same time to know."

Both women froze, their expressions shifting instantly.

"I don't like the idea of a threesome with Irene, Master. Pair me with anyone else, but not her," Gabrielle said coldly.

"I don't like it either," Irene retorted. "I've told you before, Leon—I want you all to myself. A threesome goes against that, especially with someone I despise. So, just say it now—say it's me, and I might give you something that's more than worth your time." She leaned in and kissed me, her lips soft but her intent sharp.

"Kuh... You dirty woman..." Gabrielle growled. But then, to my surprise, she suddenly dropped to her knees. Her hands worked fast, pulling her hair into a makeshift ponytail as she unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants.

"I'll give you far more than she ever could, Master. Don't waste your time with that woman," she said, her voice sultry and possessive. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she freed my cock and started licking it, her tongue running along my length with slow, deliberate movements.

They claimed to hate each other too much to share me, but wasn't this already turning into a threesome?

Chapter 510 - Two Professors (3)

I leaned back on the table, both hands braced against the surface for support, as Irene kissed me deeply, her tongue exploring my mouth, all while Gabrielle's lips were wrapped tightly around my cock, sucking with dedication.

They seemed so absorbed in what they were doing, utterly immersed, as if nothing else existed.

Irene glanced down mid-kiss and noticed Gabrielle diligently licking and sucking me. She chuckled softly, a teasing, mocking sound, before shifting her gaze to me with seductive, half-lidded eyes. Without hesitation, she dropped to her knees.

"Move, Gabrielle. Let me show you how it's really done," Irene said, her voice dripping with confidence.

Gabrielle looked up at Irene, glaring for a moment, but reluctantly released my cock, her lips leaving a wet, glistening trail behind. She handed it over, though her annoyance was evident.

Irene wrapped her fingers around my shaft, gripping it firmly, and began stroking me. It was like she was wiping away Gabrielle's saliva, almost making a show of it. Then she leaned in, pressing her lips to the tip, licking it in slow, deliberate circles before taking it into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the head, exploring every inch, and her eyes stayed locked on mine the entire time.

She was clearly studying my reactions, trying to figure out what made me twitch or moan, honing in on those sensitive spots so she could hit them over and over.

Gabrielle scoffed. "You call that making Master feel good?" she asked incredulously. "Your actions are amateurish. And you think you're better than me? Please. There are women in Master's harem who could put you to shame without even trying."

Irene pulled back, my cock slipping from her lips with a wet pop, a trail of saliva connecting her mouth to the tip before it snapped.

"Oh? If that's the case, then show me," Irene challenged with a smirk.

Gabrielle didn't respond immediately. Instead, she turned her eyes to me and opened her mouth wide, letting me see everything—her tongue, teeth, gums, uvula, tonsils, all the way down her throat. The gesture was unmistakable.

Irene frowned in confusion until I grabbed the back of Gabrielle's head and, without hesitation, pushed her down in one swift, deliberate motion. My cock slid past her lips and plunged deep into her throat, her mouth taking me entirely without even the hint of a gag.

Irene's eyes widened in shock.

Gabrielle looked up at me, her expression calm despite my dick lodged firmly in her throat. The feeling of her soft, constricting throat around me was incredible, entirely different from the tightness of a pussy.

"E-Eh? Isn't that—" Irene stammered.

Gabrielle didn't even look at her, keeping her focus on me as I began thrusting into her mouth. The slick, wet tightness of her throat enveloped me with every stroke, and I could feel her swallowing instinctively, adding to the pleasure. Her neck bulged slightly, the outline of my cock visible with each deep thrust.

The sensation was indescribable—different from fucking someone vaginally or anally. Each had its own allure, but the wet, tight constriction of her throat was uniquely intense.

I felt the familiar buildup in my groin, and as my cock started to throb inside her throat, I grabbed a fistful of her hair, forcing her head down to take me as deep as possible. With one final push, I buried myself completely, letting my cock pulse and release a hot load straight into her esophagus.

Irene's eyes went wide as she watched Gabrielle handle it effortlessly, not even gagging once. She took every drop with perfect grace, her throat working to swallow every last bit.

Gabrielle pulled her head back from my cock, now glistening not with cum but with her saliva, before opening her mouth to show me the inside. Not a single drop had been wasted—she'd swallowed every bit.

She turned her attention to Irene, a smirk playing on her lips. "If you're planning to keep Master all to yourself, you'd better learn to give blowjobs this good."

Irene finally snapped out of her stunned silence after witnessing that display. "D-Don't underestimate me! I can do that too! M-Maybe... after a little bit of practice."

Gabrielle chuckled darkly. "By the time you've mastered it, we'll already be miles ahead of you. How do you plan to steal Master from us? We've been with him far longer, and we're far more experienced. Surely, Master wouldn't choose someone who timidly drags their tongue along his length, thinking that's enough to please him."

"Leon will choose me," Irene growled, her voice steady with determination. "And I'll make sure of it."

With that, she turned her gaze back to me and rose to her feet. Leaning in, she captured my lips in a deep kiss. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Gabrielle glaring daggers at her, looking as if she might explode in rage.

Breaking the kiss, Irene reached down and unfastened the side button of her pencil skirt, slowly sliding it off one leg and then the other before tossing it aside. Then, with a sharp motion, she tore apart the crotch of her stockings.

"Leon, would you lie down on the floor for me?" Irene asked, her confidence seemingly reignited. "I'm going to pleasure you so thoroughly that Gabrielle will eat her words."

I looked at Gabrielle, who was still fuming, and gave her a small shrug. I wasn't doing this just to have sex with Irene while Gabrielle watched. I was more interested in seeing how deep their rivalry ran and what the real story behind their hatred for each other was.

Obliging Irene, I lowered myself onto the floor. It wasn't the most comfortable surface, but I'd done this enough times to know that the discomfort would fade once we got started.

Irene straddled me, her movements deliberate and provocative. Reaching between her legs, she slid her panties to the side, revealing her pink, wet pussy glistening with arousal. Gabrielle's teeth clenched in frustration as she watched.

"I'm going to give you a pleasure no one else ever has, Leon," Irene said with a seductive smirk. "Just stay on your back like a good boy, okay?"

She lowered her hips slowly, one hand guiding my cock to her entrance. Her drenched pussy swallowed me inch by inch, her slick walls parting around me, almost as if I were tearing through her.

"Haaaa... It's been so long since you've been inside me, Leon," she moaned, her voice trembling with a mix of pleasure and nostalgia. "Does it feel as good for you as it does for me?"

It felt incredible. Her walls were slick, warm, and alive, undulating around me like they had a mind of their own. It was like my dick was cradled on a bed of marshmallows, her pussy clinging to every inch of me with maddening tightness.

Gabrielle, seeing Irene's bold move, started removing her black slacks. She slid them off along with her underwear, one foot out, then the other, before stepping closer to me.

"Master, I'd like to challenge Irene," Gabrielle said, her tone steady but sharp. "She seems like she's trying to provoke me into this anyway."

Challenge? What kind of challenge was she even talking about?

"I challenge you, Irene, to a battle of sex. Whichever pussy Master cums into wins." Gabrielle's words came out with a fiery confidence as she straddled me too. Unlike Irene, who was facing me, Gabrielle turned her back to me, positioning herself on my hips.

"Oh? Aren't you worried that the tightness of mine might make him cum inside me instead?" Irene teased, trying to mask the tension with a mocking grin.

Gabrielle didn't dignify that with a reply. Instead, she looked back at me. "Master, please come inside me," she whispered.

Then, without warning, Gabrielle leaned forward and wrapped her arms around Irene.

"Wha—! Huh?!" Irene gasped, clearly caught off guard by the unexpected hug.

But she quickly realized Gabrielle's real intention. This wasn't a gesture of affection—it was strategy. Gabrielle's embrace lifted Irene just enough to slide her off me, creating space to guide my cock out.

"G-Gabrielle! This is cheating! What are you doing?!" Irene protested, glaring down at her rival.

"I'm just giving Master the chance to choose between us," Gabrielle replied coolly. "If you want to challenge me to see who can pleasure him better, then this is the only way to do it fairly, right?"

"B-But... this is turning into a threesome! Don't you realize that?!"

Both of them despised each other too much to entertain the thought of sharing me in a threesome. Irene's tone was almost incredulous, as though Gabrielle had completely lost her mind.

"T-This isn't a threesome!" Gabrielle stammered, clearly flustered. "I don't like the idea of it being one!" She shook her head vehemently. "T-This is just a challenge to see whose pussy can make Master cum. If I win, you'll leave him alone and find someone else. But if you win..." She hesitated before finishing, "...I can't promise anything about the others, but I'll leave Master."

Her words carried a sense of resolve, a determination to see this through no matter the outcome.

"I can't let you leave, Gabrielle," I said firmly, my tone leaving no room for argument.

"So please, cum inside me," Gabrielle insisted, her voice softening but her conviction unwavering.

She was serious about this. One way or another, this was spiraling into something I couldn't control—and it wasn't going to end well for me.