

The World 521

Chapter 521 - The Invitation (2)

"Sir Leon, I'm really grateful you made me the official designer for Leonamon's clothing," Krista said with a warm smile. "I never imagined my life would change so much after you took me in. The girls are also thankful—you've given them a chance to live with dignity as women, not stuck in a profession that left them without any at all."

"I'm just as thankful for their work," I replied. "I've heard the branch there is bringing in more profit than any other location."

Krista nodded, her expression a mix of pride and reflection. "That's because they've maintained connections with many of their former customers from back when they were prostitutes. Naturally, those bonds turned into valuable relationships for our current business. Even though that life was a nightmare for some of them, many did form special connections. There were moments they actually enjoyed, and some of their customers were genuinely grateful. Most of them were adventurers or mercenaries who sought comfort before heading into battle—or relief after surviving one. The girls helped them alleviate their fears, and in return, those customers have become loyal supporters of the shop now."

"I see..."

I couldn't say I condoned prostitution or saw it as something good, but I couldn't ignore the effort these women put into providing comfort to men who needed it. Sometimes, men just needed to escape their fears, and nothing could replace the warmth of a woman in those moments. I'd read plenty of novels that romanticized the idea of brothels being a remedy for battle-worn soldiers. Back then, there weren't therapists or mental health professionals to ensure people's well-being. In many ways, prostitutes acted as informal therapists, helping relieve the mental stress of the men they served.

"Miss Martha is doing better—much better than we initially expected," Krista continued, her gaze shifting toward the young woman. "After everything she's been through, it's no surprise she turned reclusive for a while."

The way Krista looked at Martha, who was speaking softly to one of the ex-prostitutes in training who I bought from her when we first met, carried a tinge of pity. It wasn't misplaced, and I shared her sentiment. Witnessing something so horrific, especially after enduring her own trauma, would naturally leave scars.

Krista had told me about the incident herself. Back when Leonamon's pastry shop was still operating as a brothel, one of the prostitutes hanged herself. Martha had stumbled upon the scene and started screaming uncontrollably. When I heard about it, I immediately wanted to check on her, but her grandmother insisted she needed time to recover. That was months ago, and now, this was the first time I'd seen her since.

"I'm really glad she's doing okay now," I said, a soft smile tugging at my lips.

"Actually, the reason she's here is because she wanted to meet you," Krista replied, her own smile warm and genuine. "She heard you've been trying to reach out to her, but she just didn't have the chance to see you and thank you all these days. When she heard you wanted me to come, she said she wanted to join me, and that's why we're both here now."

"I see..."

It was a relief to know she was doing well, but seeing her in person was so much better. For some reason, I couldn't stop myself from staring at her. She reminded me so much of my sister from my past life—her demeanor, her soft smile, everything. If there was even the slightest chance she could be my

sister, somehow reincarnated here as Martha, what would I feel? Would I be happy? Would I cry? I probably would. No, I definitely would. But the chances of that were so slim it was almost laughable.

Before those thoughts could completely consume me, I shook my head, forcing myself back to the present.

While Krista busied herself crafting clothes for me, I decided to head over to the Leonamon hospital. What had once been just an underground facility had grown into a full-fledged building, standing tall and proud.

The hospital could house up to 5,000 patients, with enough rooms and staff to handle the crowd. As I walked through the halls, I saw the bustle of staff tending to the sick and injured, their dedication evident in every step they took.

Eventually, I made my way to Zeruel's mother's room. Knocking lightly on the door, I waited. Almost immediately, I heard hurried footsteps from the other side. The door swung open to reveal a beautiful young woman with brown hair and a bright smile.

"Brother Leon!" she exclaimed.

We weren't related by blood, but Selene insisted on calling me her brother. Not that I minded—it felt kind of nice, actually. Having someone as cute as her calling me "brother" was something I welcomed wholeheartedly.

"Selene," I greeted, ruffling her hair with a smirk.

She giggled, her laughter soft and sweet, leaning into my touch. "Hehehe..."

"Is your sister here?" I asked after a moment.

Her expression shifted into a pout as she crossed her arms. "Did you only come here to look for my sister, Brother Leon?"

"I came to see you, of course," I said, chuckling. "And to check on your mother as well."

I wasn't lying. I genuinely wanted to see how their mother was doing. But at the same time, guilt nagged at me. After all, the night before, Zeruel had caught me in the middle of a threesome with Trill and Titania in the hot spring. She'd been so shocked she ran off, probably back to her room. None of us had realized she'd also been staying in the Gold Dormitory that night. Thankfully, Zeruel wasn't the type to snitch—or at least, I hoped not.

"My mother's fine," Selene replied, her voice quieter now. "Doctor Natasha said there's no change, but she hasn't shown any signs of waking up yet."

I stepped into the room with her, walking to the bedside of the patient. Zeruel's mother lay there, her eyes closed as if she were in a peaceful sleep. At first glance, she looked like she was just resting, but the tubes and magic implements surrounding her told a different story.

She was in a coma, her life sustained only by the magic apparatus wrapped around her body. It was a disease with no known cure, a condition that kept her trapped in this state. Recently, I'd learned of a potential cure, but the method was risky—degrading, rather, especially for someone in a comatose state. I hadn't acted on it yet—I needed to talk to Zeruel first. If she thought it was wrong, I'd search for another solution, no matter how long it took, even if it meant years—or centuries.

"I wonder... when she's going to wake up..."

Even Selene couldn't hide her worry.

"Don't worry," I told her, my voice firm yet gentle. "I promise I'll do whatever it takes to help your mother."

After reassuring her, I requested the doctors to show me some of the test results they had conducted on Zeruel's mother. From what I saw, there wasn't anything physically or medically wrong with her. It was as though she was simply sleeping, trapped in a state that defied reason. I could only hope she would recover soon.

After my visit, I decided to check on Martha, who was currently with the Shadows.

"Is that so? Thank goodness..."

Most of the Shadows had once been prostitutes in training under Martha's management. After I bought them from her, I gave them the freedom to leave if they wished, but they all chose to stay with me. Over time, some became idols, others took on management roles, and a few became the Shadows, a team working in the shadows—figuratively and literally.

Martha was catching up with them, listening as they told her how much they missed her and how they worried about the mental scars she had carried. Seeing her now, standing strong and saying she was okay, filled Bernadette and the others with relief. Martha had been like an older sister to them, always looking out for their well-being.

As I watched from a distance, Martha's gaze met mine. After saying her goodbyes to Bernadette and the others, she approached me.

"I see you're standing on your own two feet now," I said, a hint of a smile playing on my lips.

"Well, I've been doing rehabilitation to get my legs working again," she replied with a soft laugh. "I'm really grateful for that. If it weren't for you, I'd probably still be stuck in a wheelchair."

I'd been involved in her recovery, working alongside the doctors from the Leonamon hospital to help her regain her mobility. It wasn't just out of obligation—I genuinely wanted to help her.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" she asked, but then quickly added, "Oh, wait. You're probably busy. I shouldn't be asking when you've got so much going on."

"It's fine," I assured her. "I've got plenty of time before the wedding, so spending it catching up with you sounds like a good idea."

Her smile widened, and for a moment, I was struck again by how much it resembled my sister's.

Chapter 522 - The Invitation (3)

Martha and I walked side by side through the garden at the Leonamon. It was a private retreat, created for those rare occasions when a prominent figure might want to meet with me. Thankfully, I'd never really needed to use it for that purpose.

"I like the flowers in this garden," Martha said softly as we strolled along. "They somehow calm me down."

"Really?" I replied, glancing at her.

"Yes." She nodded with a faint smile. "The atmosphere here is so calm and gentle. It doesn't even feel like it's part of your company."

"I see... That actually makes me happy to hear. My sister loved flowers, so I made this garden with her in mind."

Martha looked at me with a hint of surprise. "I never thought you had a sister."

I was referring to my sister from my past life, but I couldn't exactly explain that she was gone now. Luckily, I had a sister in this world too.

"I have many, apparently."

"Apparently?" she laughed softly. "Why do you say it like you're not even sure?"

I shrugged. I was certain I had other sisters besides Elise, though I hadn't met them yet.

"Oh? What's this? Is this supposed to be a swing?" she asked, pointing ahead.

"Yes," I said. "Though it's not just any swing—it can hold four people at once."

It was a canopy swing, sturdy and spacious, nothing like the flimsy ones meant for just a single person.

"Can I sit on it? It's not going to break, is it?" she asked, a little hesitant.

"It's perfectly safe. Don't worry," I assured her.

With that, Martha eased herself onto the swing.

"Whoa... It's so balanced! This is amazing. Can it really hold more people?"

"Yes," I replied. "It's built for that."

"Then come here and sit with me," she said, patting the seat beside her.

Like a bee drawn to nectar, I moved closer and sat down next to her.

"It really is balanced," she said with a soft giggle.

Hearing her laugh like that warmed my heart. It reassured me that she was okay now—or at least, I hoped she was. There didn't seem to be anything wrong, but I couldn't shake the fear that she might just be hiding it well. My sister had been like that too. I never noticed anything was off until she took her own life.

"Leon," Martha's voice pulled me out of my thoughts. "I've heard you've been supporting me all this time. Thank you."

"I just don't want you to suffer," I said honestly. "I want to help you as much as I can because... you're special to me."

"O-Oh, really?" she stammered, her cheeks turning a soft pink. "I never thought you'd see me as someone special."

I hadn't expected to use that word either, but considering how much she reminded me of my sister from my past life, I couldn't help it. Still, it wasn't just that. Saying she was special only because of that would be unfair. Martha was special simply because she was Martha.

"Leon..." her voice broke through my thoughts again, and I realized she was closer now, her face mere inches from mine. Her eyes were filled with worry.

"I'm fine," I said quickly, trying to reassure her.

"Are you sure? You don't seem fine. You've been lost in thought this whole time," she said softly. "Oh, right... You must be so busy. I guess I've been adding more to your plate than I realized. I'm sorry. If you want, you can leave me now."

She seemed to notice I was completely out of it. The reason? Like I'd said many times before, she really did resemble my sister. Even this action—leaning in to check on me, her face so close to mine—was something Kana-nee used to do. If Martha pressed her forehead against mine, I wasn't sure if I'd be able to hold it together.

And then, just like that, she did it.

Her forehead gently touched mine.

"It's fine, you know. I can handle myself."

My brain short-circuited. Something inside me snapped, like a dam breaking. My vision blurred, and then, as if I'd been pulled through time, I found myself in the past. Kana-nee stood before me, her forehead pressed against mine just as Martha's was now.

"Tsubasa? Are you alright? You seem out of it," she asked, her eyes filled with concern.

"Kana-nee..." I whispered.

We were standing in the small front hall of our cramped apartment. It was a simple place, just two rooms.

"Are you okay?" she asked again.

"What...? Oh, I'm fine. I just feel like I've been dreaming for a long time. I must've dozed off standing here."

Kana-nee blinked, then smiled, a mix of shock and amusement playing on her face. "You fell asleep standing? Fufufu, Tsubasa, you're such a dunce. Why would you sleep there? And while standing, no less..."

"I must've been really tired after school," I mumbled.

"Is that so? Well, I've already heated up your dinner. Eat well, alright?"

Her voice was so warm, so caring. I noticed she was in her office uniform. She must've just gotten ready for work.

After a while, she left for the night shift. I sat at our small dinner table, staring at the food she'd prepared. This was our routine—me eating alone in silence, while she worked tirelessly through the night.

She always smiled. She smiled so much, I never realized anything was wrong.

That night was the last time I saw her alive.

The next day, when I came home, I found her lifeless body. She'd taken her own life.

"Leon?"

"Kana-nee..." I murmured. Without thinking, I hugged her.

But this wasn't Kana-nee.

I was back in the present. This was the world I lived in now, and the person in my arms wasn't my sister. It was Martha.

I clung to her tightly, tears spilling down my face. No matter how much time had passed, the memory of that day still haunted me—the silhouette of her body swinging like a pendulum burned into my mind. It was a pain that never dulled. And now, faced with someone who so deeply resembled her, I couldn't stop myself from breaking down.

"Leon...?" Martha whispered. She didn't know why I was crying, but she didn't let me go. Her hand gently rubbed the back of my head, soothing me.

Even the way she comforted me was just like Kana-nee.

I didn't want to hope, but I couldn't help it. Some part of me couldn't shake the thought that she might be the reincarnation of my sister.

After a while, I pulled myself away from her.

"I'm sorry for breaking down like that. It must've been weird, right?" I said.

"It's fine," Martha replied with a gentle smile. "Honestly, I'm grateful you showed me such a vulnerable side. I always thought of you as someone so strong, Leon, so it's kind of shocking to see you break down like that. Not that breaking down is a good thing, but... I'm glad you trust me enough to let me see you like this."

"Now that I've let it all out, I feel so embarrassed," I muttered, rubbing the back of my neck.

This was the first time I'd cried in this world. I hadn't even shed tears when I was a baby here. Somehow, all the sadness that had been bottled up inside me had poured out in that moment.

"Leon, if you're ever having a hard time, come to me. I'll always offer my shoulder," Martha said, her tone warm and comforting. "Keeping it all bottled up will only make you explode eventually."

I chuckled lightly. "Alright," I said. "But the same goes for you. Don't keep things to yourself or do anything drastic, okay? You can lean on me too. I might not look it, but I'm pretty reliable, you know?"

If she ever felt hopeless, if she ever considered taking her life, I wanted her to remember that I was always here. I'd be by her side, no matter what.

"Okay," she said softly, her smile glowing with trust. "I'm counting on you."

I was fully dressed for the wedding. My suit looked fantastic—not overly extravagant, but sharp enough to stand out. It was something a middle-class guy could afford, yet it fit me perfectly. I stood in front of the mirror, taking in the reflection. Damn, I looked good.

"Fufufu! I've done a great job, haven't I?" Krista said, beaming with pride.

"You've done an amazing job," I said, admiring her handiwork.

"If that's the case, can I get a reward for all my hard work?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Of course," I said with a grin. "What do you want as your reward?"

Her smile widened, practically stretching from ear to ear. "I'll have to think about it for a bit, but you better be ready to deliver, alright?"

I had no idea what she'd come up with that needed so much thought, but whatever it was, I'd make sure to give it to her.

"Sure," I replied.

With that, the preparations for the wedding were complete, and it was finally time to head to the venue.

Chapter 523 - The Invitation (4)

I arrived at the venue. The place was absolutely packed with people, and it was hard to believe this was just a regular wedding. Then again, considering the bride and groom came from influential families, it wasn't all that surprising.

Everyone was dressed to the nines, and I noticed quite a few high-profile individuals in the crowd. It was honestly a bit overwhelming. Even Princess Myrcella was here.

"Well, I guess that makes sense—he's her knight, after all..."

Johanne was Princess Myrcella's knight, so her attendance was expected. What wasn't surprising was the security around her. Being a princess, she was always a high-value target, and the likelihood of an assassination attempt was never zero.

As I looked closer, I spotted someone near her who looked oddly familiar. It was Angelica. The very same Angelica who'd once been brainwashed by the cult, Eclipse—the one I'd crushed not too long ago. Seeing her here, working directly under Princess Myrcella, was the last thing I expected. I would've never guessed that Angelica would end up in her service.

Shaking off the surprise, I headed toward the entrance of the venue, only to be blocked by a guard.

"We don't allow civilians in here," he barked, his chest puffed up with misplaced pride. The way he stood there screamed self-importance, as though this job was the highlight of his life.

I pulled out the invitation Johanne and Tris had given me and held it up for him to see. His eyes narrowed as he glanced at it, widening slightly before suspicion crept back into his expression.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, his tone sharp and accusatory.

"From the couple getting married, obviously," I replied dryly.

The guard's brows furrowed. He didn't seem convinced, and his irritation was palpable as he reached out, trying to snatch the letter from me.

I stepped back quickly, holding it out of his reach. "Whoa, easy there."

"Give me that," he snapped.

"What, so you can rip it apart? Not a chance," I shot back. "I need someone competent to verify this and let me in."

"You're suspicious," he growled, clearly offended. "I can't let you in."

"Even though I have an invitation?"

"It's possible you stole that or forged it. You could be trying to sneak in to pull something shady. With all the high-profile people here, we can't take chances. Look at you—you don't exactly scream 'VIP.'"

"Fair enough, I guess," I sighed, though his condescending tone was grating.

Reluctantly, I unfolded the letter and handed it to him. "Look at the damn thing. My name's Leon. It's written right there, clear as day."

The invitation had my name on it, signed by both the bride and groom. But instead of reading it properly, the guard barely glanced at it before balling it up in his hand.

"Suspicious," he repeated, tossing the crumpled letter to the ground and stomping on it.

I stared at him, incredulous. "Are you serious?"

"I told you, you're not getting in," he said smugly, puffing his chest out like he'd just stopped a major crime. In reality, he was just proving how bad he was at his job.

The people around started to notice the commotion, whispering amongst themselves as their suspicious gazes landed on me. I guess the bastard had done a fine job of making me look like the villain here, huh?

I sighed again, fixing my gaze on the smirking guard. He clearly thought he had me beat, his arrogance practically oozing off him. The guy was bigger than me, after all. That alone seemed to inflate his ego.

"Well, I never thought the Sword Saint would hire someone as incompetent as you," I said, my tone dripping with sarcasm. Then, without waiting for a response, I turned to walk away.

"What'd you just say?" he growled, his voice taut with anger.

Looks like I hit a nerve. Good. He was pissing me off anyway. The way he carried himself—so confident, self-assured, and absolutely full of himself—he didn't even stop to consider the possibility that he might be wrong.

"You heard me," I said, waving a dismissive hand as I walked away. "You suck at your job, dude. I hope they fire your ass and hire someone better."

I raised my middle finger for good measure.

That was all it took to send him over the edge. "You...!"

With a loud snarl, he charged at me, sword in hand, aiming to skewer me right in the back. I felt the rush of air as the blade neared, but just before it could touch me, I leapt backward—so high that I cleared his full height with ease. In one smooth motion, I landed on my feet behind him, perfectly balanced.

The guard froze for a moment, looking utterly bewildered as he turned to face me. Meanwhile, I resumed walking toward the entrance, cool as ever. I had an invitation, after all. It was my right to be here, regardless of this idiot's tantrums.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?!" the guard roared.

He lunged again, swinging his sword in another desperate attempt to stab me. This time, I turned, pushing the flat of his blade aside with a flick of my wrist. The momentum threw him off balance, and I took the opportunity to deliver a solid kick to his side, sending him sprawling to the ground.

I didn't feel the least bit bad for him. Now, everyone at the venue was staring at him, watching him flail around like the fool he was. The proud peacock from earlier now looked utterly pathetic, his humiliation on full display.

"Grr..."

His face twisted in fury, his teeth grinding audibly. Being seen like this by the very people he'd tried to impress must've been eating him alive. Meanwhile, I calmly adjusted the cuffs of my sleeve and turned back toward the entrance.

But, of course, he wasn't done. He scrambled to his feet, gripping his sword tightly, and raised it again, preparing to swing it down at me in one last desperate act.

"What's going on here?"

A deep, commanding voice cut through the tension like a blade. The murmuring crowd immediately fell silent, parting to make way for the speaker.

Through the sea of people, a man emerged. He looked to be in his late forties, his body muscular and well-built for his age. His eyes gleamed with a sharp, almost predatory glint, and his presence alone was enough to make the air feel heavier.

The way he carried himself was remarkable—calm, controlled, and utterly assured. Even the way he handled the cane in his hand hinted at his power. The cane wasn't for support; there was nothing wrong with his legs. It was more like an extension of himself, a subtle testament to his mastery.

This man... he had to be the Sword Saint—the most powerful swordsman known to man, or at least within the entirety of the Milham Kingdom.

When the Sword Saint reached us, he didn't spare me a glance at first, focusing instead on the guard who had nearly cleaved me in two.

"Sir Sword Saint," the guard said, bowing deeply. Then he threw me a venomous glare. "This man attempted to bypass me using a forged letter of invitation to Lord Johanne's wedding. I tried to stop him, but he forced his way through with violence. I was just about to cut him down, my lord, but you arrived just in time. Should I finish the job now?"

Finally, the Sword Saint turned his gaze to me. His hawk-like eyes were piercing, brimming with the weight of countless battles. A man like this had seen everything and couldn't be fooled easily. Despite the intensity of his stare, I refused to look away.

"Cleave him? Right here?" the Sword Saint sighed, his tone heavy with exasperation. "You're fired."

"W-What...?" The guard's mouth flapped open like a fish gasping for air. "What do you mean, Sir Sword Saint?"

"You heard me," the Sword Saint said flatly. "You're fired."

"But why...?"

"This is a celebration, not a battlefield. Killing someone in the middle of such an event is not only prohibited—it's outright disgraceful. Anyone who thinks such an act is acceptable has no place in this role. Now, leave my sight."

"Sir Sword Saint, but...! That man is trying to—"

"This guy doesn't even do his job properly," I interjected, cutting the guard off as I addressed the Sword Saint. "It's wise that you're firing him."

The Sword Saint raised an eyebrow, his interest piqued. "Hmmm. And why do you think that?"

I bent down and picked up the crumpled letter the guard had stomped on earlier. Straightening it out as best I could, I held it up for the Sword Saint to see.

"Your son invited me to his wedding, Sir," I said firmly. "This guy decided to play the hero, using me as a scapegoat to make himself look good in front of the crowd. He branded me a fraud because I wasn't dressed extravagantly enough for his taste. If that doesn't scream incompetence, I don't know what does. Firing him is the least of what he deserves, wouldn't you agree?"

The Sword Saint studied me, and I caught the faintest glimmer of amusement in his eyes. Then, he shifted his attention to the letter in my hand.

"This is, indeed, my son's handwriting and signature," he said after a moment. His tone turned sharp as he addressed the guard. "Not only are you incompetent, but you're also incapable of fulfilling even the simplest of your duties."

"S-Sir...!"

"Are you going to leave my sight willingly, or shall I take your fingers as payment for this disgrace?" the Sword Saint asked, his voice cold and cutting.

"G-Guh...!"

Faced with that threat, the guard finally caved. Tucking his metaphorical tail between his legs, he glared at me one last time before fleeing, his head hanging low in shame.

Serves him right.

Chapter 524 - Johanne's Wedding (1)

"Now, who might you be?" the Sword Saint asked, his sharp gaze fixed on me as soon as the guard departed.

"I'm Leon, Sir," I replied, bowing modestly. It wasn't a grand gesture, just the kind of bow any capable man could muster. "Just Leon. I don't have a surname."

"Really?" His eyes narrowed slightly as he studied me. "It's rather unusual for someone without a family name to bow like that. Most of your station wouldn't even know the faintest hint of etiquette, yet you do."

Apparently, my modest bow carried enough grace to make him wonder if I was the son of some noble.

"I just learned from the academy, Sir," I said evenly.

"The Academy does teach etiquette. Seems you're taking your lessons well enough," he mused before his tone shifted slightly. "What's your class? Since you're a friend of Johanne's, I'd imagine you'd at least be in the Gold Class."

"No, Sir," I answered honestly. "I'm actually in the Bronze Class. I'm skillless, you see."

His eyes widened ever so slightly at my admission, a reaction that didn't escape my notice. The others who had been listening in were visibly shocked. A Bronze Class student with no unique abilities—just a worthless nobody in their eyes.

"My son has a keen eye for strength," the Sword Saint remarked. "So I assume that even without a skill, you must possess some talent with the sword."

"I can use a sword well enough, Sir," I admitted. Denying it would serve no purpose.

"I see..."

Before the conversation could continue, a voice rang out.

"Leon!"

A man, about my age, emerged from the crowd, his face lighting up when he saw me. Though he presented as male, I knew the truth. She was a woman—changed by the very man in front of me, the Sword Saint, likely to fulfill his desire for a male heir. Even Johanne, unaware of her true gender, believed herself to have been born this way.

"You're finally here! I'm glad you made it," Johanne said, her smile genuine.

"Yes, thank you for inviting me, Johanne," I replied warmly.

Johanne's gaze shifted to her father, still smiling. "Father, this is—"

"We've already introduced ourselves," the Sword Saint interrupted. "Though I haven't introduced myself yet. I assume you already know who I am, but for formality's sake, I'm Duke Carl Fior Whitlock. I am the Duke of Whitlock Duchy and, as many call me, the Sword Saint."

"Ah, thank you for introducing yourself, Sir," I said with a polite nod.

Duke Carl turned his attention back to Johanne, his expression sharp. "Your friend here mentioned he's a Bronze Class student—and skillless at that. Care to explain why you invited him to your wedding?"

"There's nothing to explain, Father," Johanne replied firmly. "Leon is my friend. I simply wanted a friend at my wedding."

The Duke's eyes narrowed, hawk-like and probing. "I don't think that's the only reason," he said, his tone carrying an unmistakable edge.

It was painfully clear the Duke didn't like the idea of someone weak being friends with his son—or, well, daughter, in this case.

"Tell me exactly what you've seen in this young man to warrant an invitation to your wedding," the Duke demanded, his narrowed eyes brimming with suspicion.

Johanne had already told him I was just a friend, so why was he still acting so distrustful? Maybe it was because Johanne was originally female, and he suspected there was something deeper—like Johanne

secretly being in love with me. The Duke looked like he was doing everything he could to avoid drawing attention to the fact that Johanne was biologically a woman.

"I've told you already, Father. Leon is a friend. Nothing more, nothing less. Can't I invite one of my friends to my own wedding?" Johanne's tone was firm, but there was an undertone of exasperation.

The Duke's hawk-like gaze remained fixed on Johanne, his expression unchanging, until someone else entered the scene. That someone was accompanied by a guard. That guard stopped in her tracks, her eyes locking on me in surprise. Though we'd only met briefly, her expression made it clear she recognized me.

"If I may interrupt you three gentlemen for a moment," said Princess Myrcella, her voice cutting cleanly through the tension. "I'm also acquainted with Leon. That alone should dispel the need for further questioning, Duke Whitlock."

The Duke shifted his focus to the Princess, then back to me. "I never would've guessed that someone of his station is acquainted with the Princess," he said, his voice laced with skepticism. "Are you certain he's not manipulating you to climb the social ladder? After all, it's a viable tactic for someone in his position, considering both you and my son hold titles of the highest degree. Johanne is my heir, the son of a Duke and the next Sword Saint, while you are a Princess. Naturally, I'm inclined to doubt his intentions. However, I'll extend him the benefit of the doubt—for now—assuming his friendship with you is genuine."

The Duke's words made it clear he had serious trust issues, but at least he was willing to let it slide for the moment. Not that I had any complaints about that.

"If you'll excuse me, Princess, I have other guests to attend to," the Duke said, his tone curt as he turned and walked away. His exit was just as intense as his presence—like a hurricane sweeping out of the room.

The tension immediately eased once he was gone.

"I'm sorry about that, Leon," Johanne said with a sheepish smile. "My father can be... stiff at times."

"It's fine," I replied, shrugging it off. "I wasn't offended. Though, I do wish I'd worn something more suitable. Maybe then I wouldn't have seemed so out of place in his eyes." Of course, I'd deliberately dressed modestly to avoid unnecessary attention—not that it had worked.

"Your clothes are perfectly fine," Johanne reassured me with a warm smile.

As we spoke, Princess Myrcella approached us.

"I never expected to see you here, Leon," she said, her voice carrying a lightness that matched her graceful demeanor. "I assume Johanne invited you? I didn't know he planned on having you here."

"Well, I wanted a trusted friend to attend my special day," Johanne said, glancing at me with a smile.

"Fufufu," the Princess chuckled softly. "I never would've thought the two of you had grown so close. It seems your friendship blossomed without my knowing."

Johanne nodded, his smile widening. "We've been talking a lot lately, and after the King's Game, I can confidently say Leon is my best friend now."

It was honestly sweet of Johanne to say that. I'd never thought he'd consider me a friend, let alone his best friend.

"Now then, I shall check on the bride. If you'll excuse me, Johanne and Leon," Myrcella said with a polite bow before walking away.

Angelica stood off to the side, her wary gaze fixed on me. Of course, she was suspicious. She knew me as the one who not only defeated her in combat but also brought down the Eclipse. If that wasn't enough, she might have seen me take down the dragon summoned by Sesillian. Even so, she wasn't making a move to fight me. She knew it'd be pointless, and judging by the exchange I'd just had with the Princess, Angelica likely realized I wasn't here to harm anyone. That didn't mean she'd let go of her suspicion.

"I'm really thankful you came, Leon," Johanne said, his tone genuinely warm.

"Well, my best friend invited me. How could I not come?" I replied, giving him a grin.

Johanne smiled back, his expression so infectious it pulled a smile from me too.

Angelica's POV

I wasn't wrong.

That man... He was the owner of Leonamon. The one who destroyed the Eclipse—a powerful cult I'd once been brainwashed and forced to serve. It was him. The man who utterly defeated me, making me taste the bitter humiliation of true defeat for the first time. He brought me to my knees without breaking a sweat and made me eat dirt like it was my place.

And now, Her Highness the Princess was speaking with that same man.

I couldn't feel any malice radiating from him earlier, and though it was clear he recognized me, he didn't seem inclined to attack. Still, it was impossible for someone like him to be entirely without malice, wasn't it? I couldn't be certain he wouldn't harm the Princess.

I had to warn her.

"Princess," I said, my voice low but firm. "I don't think you should trust that man so easily."

"And why is that, Angelica?"

"I know him," I said, keeping my tone steady. "He's the one who took down the Eclipse. I refuse to believe he's some meager, skillless nobody. I know he's a powerful man—and also the owner of Leonamon. He's dangerous. I strongly advise you to keep your distance from him as much as possible."

Chapter 525 - Johanne's Wedding (2)

"I see..." Princess Myrcella said with a calm smile. "But you don't have to worry about Leon. He's not going to hurt me."

"H-How can you be so sure about that?" I asked, my voice tinged with doubt.

I had already told her how dangerous he was—someone capable of taking down powerful beings, even those not of this world. Not to mention, he owned the largest corporation on the planet, with people under him who might be leagues stronger than I could ever hope to be.

"I just don't think Leon would do anything like that to me," she replied, her smile unfaltering.

Her confidence in that man was baffling.

"You don't have to worry," she continued. "We're bound to keep each other alive. After all, we both stand to gain from one another. It's only natural Leon wouldn't harm me." She paused, giving me a knowing look. "But if you're so worried, I want you to protect me as much as you can. You can do that, can't you?"

I swallowed hard, lowering my gaze. "I don't think I could even defeat him if it came to that..." I admitted.

"Oh? So, you've already faced him and lost?"

"Yes," I muttered. "It's practically impossible for someone like me to win against him. Even sending soldiers wouldn't be enough."

"And yet, you're thinking of giving up just like that?" she said, her voice cutting deep.

Her words struck a chord, and I shook my head.

"No. I won't give up," I said firmly. "Even if it's just me standing between you and a monster like him, I'll do everything in my power to protect you. I won't let you down."

Her smile softened, and she nodded approvingly. "That's the spirit."

With that, she turned and began to walk away, leaving me to wonder what made her so certain that man wouldn't harm her. But for now, I had one job—to keep her safe.

Leon's POV

The event was extravagant, overflowing with indulgence. Food and drink were in abundance, and the guests looked like they had bathed in luxury their whole lives. It was the epitome of excess. Not that it surprised me—this was, after all, a wedding.

Though, calling it a "wedding" might've been a stretch. There was no church, no priest presiding over vows. But, then again, this wasn't Earth. Here, a marriage was little more than an agreement between two families. Once the union was acknowledged, the couple exchanged vows, and boom—they were officially husband and wife.

I swirled the wine in my glass as I scanned the venue. The gathering of elites here was staggering. This wasn't just a wedding—it was a spectacle. It had to be. When the families involved included one of the most powerful in Milham and the legendary Sword Saint's bloodline, you'd expect nothing less. Even a commoner with no clue about nobility would recognize the gravity of this union.

Taking another sip, I couldn't help but wonder how much of this was genuine celebration and how much was calculated politics. Either way, it was just another day for people of their stature.

Johanne wasn't by my side now, as he was preparing for his marriage. The ceremony was almost about to begin, after all.

I waited for a bit, and soon enough, the event officially started.

The chatter among the guests died down as everyone turned their attention toward the front of the Whitlock Manor. The couple emerged, their presence commanding the gaze of every attendee. Johanne

and Tristina stepped out together. Johanne looked dashing in the black suit he'd been wearing earlier, his slick white hair styled to perfection, exuding a graceful and gentlemanly aura.

Tristina, on the other hand, wore a black wedding dress—a choice I hadn't expected. Back in my world, black dresses at weddings were seen as bad luck. Brides typically wore white, but this wasn't my world, and I needed to stop comparing its customs to Earth's. Despite the unusual choice of color, Tristina looked stunning. I hadn't interacted much with her before, but there was no denying her beauty.

I'd heard from Johanne that she was a fujoshi, and her usual casual attire reflected that quirky personality. But seeing her in her wedding dress felt like looking at a completely different person. It was a reminder that the right outfit could transform anyone, bringing out their best.

As the couple stood before the crowd, everyone erupted into applause. I joined in, even though I didn't fully understand how marriage ceremonies worked in this world. I figured it was safest to just follow the lead of the people around me.

But then, the atmosphere shifted. A figure stepped forward, commanding instant attention. It was the Sword Saint, Duke Whitlock. The clapping ceased as soon as he appeared.

"We are gathered here tonight to witness the union of two families," he began, his voice deep and authoritative. "These two families have shared a bond of friendship for many years. Tonight, that bond will solidify as their heirs unite in marriage."

The crowd fell into a reverent silence, his words hanging heavily in the air. Even when he stopped speaking, the echo of his voice seemed to linger.

"I want to thank everyone who has come here tonight to bear witness to this union," the Duke continued.

For some reason, his gaze landed on me. He stared for a brief moment before moving on, sweeping his eyes over the rest of the attendees. Was that his way of excluding me from his gratitude? Typical. The man valued status above all else, and I clearly didn't measure up in his eyes.

"Now," the Duke said, turning to the man beside him, who I assumed was Tristina's father, "before the couple exchanges their vows, is there anything you would like to add?"

Tristina's father offered a warm smile. "Yes, of course. I'm grateful for this opportunity, not only for our family but for yours as well. This union is a blessing, and while I know challenges will arise, I trust that our families will work together to overcome them."

The Duke returned his smile. "Indeed, there will be challenges. But united as one, we will face them with strength. Now, shall we proceed with the exchanging of vows?"

The crowd leaned in with anticipation as Johanne and Tristina faced each other, their hands gently clasped together. The tension in the air was palpable, the kind that comes when two lives are about to intertwine forever. The Duke stepped back slightly, allowing the couple to take center stage.

With a subtle nod from the officiant, they began speaking in unison, their voices harmonizing perfectly.

"Before the eyes of our families and all gathered here, I vow to honor you, cherish you, and stand beside you, no matter the trials we may face. In moments of joy and in times of sorrow, I promise to be your partner, your confidant, and your unwavering support. I give you my trust, my loyalty, and my heart, as

we walk this path together, not as two, but as one. May this bond bring strength to our families and unity to our lives. Together, we will face the future with courage, love, and hope, forging a legacy that will stand the test of time."

Their voices, clear and steady, carried the weight of their commitment, resonating with everyone present. As they finished, the crowd erupted into applause once more, the sound of their cheers echoing through the Whitlock Manor.

The married couple brought their faces together and kissed. In that moment, Johanne and Tristina were officially husband and wife.

Johanne's POV

I was seated at a round table alongside Tris. Across from us, our family members were gathered, including my father and Tris's father.

"Congratulations on your marriage, Triss. And you too, Johanne," Tris's brother greeted us warmly, a smile on his face.

"You're the one who should be here, brother," Tris replied with a teasing smile. Then, as if some wild fantasy was unfolding in her mind, her breathing quickened. "I mean, two hot guys like you and Johanne getting married? That would've been a sight for me! Honestly, I think it'd be much better than me being here." Her face flushed a deep red, and a strange, almost delirious smile spread across her lips as she practically panted.

Her brother ignored her antics and turned to me. "Now that you're married, I want you to take care of her for me. Though she's... well, like that," he gestured toward Tris, who was still lost in her thoughts, "she deserves to be happy. Even if I think she doesn't deserve someone as upstanding as you."

I glanced at Tris, who was clearly in her own world, then smiled back at him. "You don't need to worry about that. I plan to cherish my marriage with Tris and make her happy. Though I know I'm not perfect, and I might not be enough to satisfy her completely, I'll give it my all."

"You don't have to give it your all," he said with a chuckle. "Just be yourself. And don't forget—I'm your older brother now. If you ever have problems with her, or anything else, you can come to me."

With that, her brother left, his smile still warm and reassuring.

Soon after, people began approaching to congratulate us. It was an entirely new experience for me, this kind of life, but I found myself looking forward to it—looking forward to a marriage that would last forever.

However, my gaze drifted to Leon, who stood off to the side. He smiled at me, raising his drink in a silent toast. My own smile faltered, and a sharp pang spread through my chest.

Chapter 526 - Johanne's Wedding (3)

I'd realized this some time ago, but whenever Leon was nearby, my eyes always seemed to find him. I wasn't sure if it was because he was my best friend and I wanted to call him out for something, or if it was for some other reason entirely. All I knew was that I kept looking for him, consciously or not.

At first, I didn't understand it, and it left me feeling confused. Even now, that confusion lingered. I didn't know why I had asked him to come to my wedding, especially knowing how furious my father would be about it. Yet, despite that, I'd still invited him. Even I was surprised by myself.

"Well, it looks like you're officially married now."

It was Leon's turn to offer his congratulations. He had waited until last, probably out of deference to the others with higher status than him.

"Thank you for attending, Leon. I really appreciate it," I said, my voice steady despite the emotions swirling inside me.

He turned to Tris then, bowing gracefully. "Congratulations on your wedding, Lady Tris."

"Thank you," Tris replied warmly. "And you don't have to call me 'Lady.' If you're Johanne's friend, then you're my friend too." She smiled brightly, then added with a mischievous glint in her eye, "Although, Johanne could've told me he was friends with someone like you, Leon."

"Someone like me?" Leon raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued.

"Oh, I just mean I never thought Johanne could be paired with anyone other than my brother." Her smile turned into that peculiar, playful smirk she wore when she was about to say something outrageous. "You see, I love watching handsome men get it on with each other. Honestly, I think anyone

who finds that weird is the real weirdo. I mean, what's not manly about two men kissing? It's probably the manliest thing ever!"

Leon's expression shifted to one of mild concern, clearly unsure how to respond to her bold proclamation.

I couldn't help but chuckle lightly. "Don't mind her, Leon. She's always been—"

"Hm. I wouldn't say two men kissing is particularly manly," Leon interjected, surprising both of us, "but I can understand the appeal."

"Really!?" Tris practically leapt from her seat, her chair clattering to the floor behind her. She grabbed Leon by the shoulders, her excitement palpable as she huffed and puffed like an overeager dog. "You understand?! You really understand?!"

"O-Of course," Leon replied with a strained smile. "It's... fascinating to imagine how two muscular, manly bodies could, uh, press against each other like that. Although I wouldn't do it myself, I get why some people might enjoy it."

"So you do understand!"

"Ahem!" I coughed loudly, trying to cut through the escalating scene.

Both of our families had started to stare, their expressions ranging from disapproval to thinly veiled glares. They were familiar with Tris's quirks, but that didn't mean they were particularly accepting of them.

"Tris," I said firmly, "it's fine to be excited about... things like that, but maybe keep it private? Especially in a setting like this."

Realizing her mistake, Tris flushed slightly but still couldn't stop herself from grinning. "Leon, I need to talk to you about the wonders of men falling in love with each other. You'd love it!"

"I'll pass," Leon said with a polite smile, brushing her off gently.

"Why?!" Tris exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

Leon just shrugged, letting the question hang as he turned back to me. "Anyway, like I said, congratulations on your wedding. I wish you and Tris a happy married life. I'm sorry I couldn't bring a proper gift, but I'm glad I could be here."

He smiled warmly.

That smile... Something about it made my heart race. I didn't know why, but every time I saw Leon smile like that, I couldn't help the strange fluttering in my chest. It was confusing, frustrating even, but I couldn't stop myself from feeling this way.

And with that, Leon left.

By the time the night wore on, most of the guests who had come to congratulate us and attend the wedding had already gone. Even Leon was probably long gone by now. The Princess, whom I had been serving since I was a child, had offered her final congratulations before bidding me farewell, wishing me the best with a soft smile before she, too, departed.

Now, the only people left were my family and Tris's family.

"I am truly happy about this union, Carl," said Tris's father. Like my father, he was also a Duke. "I never thought our families would be joined like this. After years of friendship and alliance, this is the first time we've been united in such a meaningful way."

"It is an honor," my father replied, his tone filled with pride. "This union opens doors for many opportunities to come. And with our children now married, it's only natural for the future of our houses to take root, wouldn't you agree?"

"A wedding, after all, wouldn't be complete without stained sheets tonight," Tris's father added with a smirk, his words making their intentions clear.

I, of course, knew exactly what they were talking about. It was an unspoken expectation that a newlywed couple consummate their marriage on the very night of their wedding. The tradition ensured that efforts to produce an heir began immediately. Personally, I thought it should wait until after we graduated from the academy, but both families had made it clear that a child from this union was essential to solidify the bond between our houses.

"So, the both of you," Tris's father said, his voice commanding, "get to work—and fast. I want to see my grandchild as soon as possible."

Tris and I exchanged glances. Her expression was unreadable, as it often was. I wasn't sure what she truly thought about this wedding, about me, or about the expectations placed on us. She rarely spoke about anything other than her usual topics, those odd things she loved to obsess over.

I couldn't deny that we had grown closer over time. I felt that, given the chance, I could come to love her as a husband should love his wife. But whether she wanted this union or not, I couldn't say. Maybe I didn't really know anything at all.

Still, our parents were right. This was our duty now—to fulfill the expectations placed upon us and create an heir. Whether we wanted it or not, this was the life we had been given.

With that, we headed to the bedroom.

"Johanne, it's only proper for the husband to carry his wife to the bedroom," Tris's father said, his voice tinged with amusement.

I glanced at Tris, who was smiling at me, her hand extended. Without hesitation, I took her hand, then moved behind her, bending slightly. My other arm slipped beneath her knees, lifting her into a princess carry.

She didn't resist, her weight surprisingly light as I carried her. I wasn't sure if she felt awkward about this, but I kept walking toward the room, determined to see it through.

While I walked, her fingers wandered, brushing against my bicep.

"Guhehehe..." she chuckled strangely, her voice teasing. "You know, Johanne, this would've been more fitting if the real heir—my brother—had married you instead."

I couldn't help but laugh at her joke. "I don't think your brother would like me much."

"Really? I think you two would make a great pair," she teased, her grin widening. "Or maybe you and Leon would hit it off better. Your chemistry earlier was pretty on point."

"Well, Leon's a good friend," I said, shrugging. "Maybe that's why it seemed that way."

"Could be," she mused. Then her tone shifted, softer, almost wistful. "Huh... I guess none of us can really escape fate. My parents are determined to control my life, and I don't think I'll ever reach my dream because of it. Do you have a dream, Johanne?"

"I do," I admitted. "I want to become a Sword Saint."

"That's an incredible dream," she said, her tone genuinely impressed. "Far more ambitious than mine."

"And what's yours?" I asked.

"I want to be an author," she said, her voice lighting up. "I want to write a story where..." She paused, her breathing deepening as her face lit up with a peculiar excitement. "Two guys fall in love. But I wouldn't just stop there! I'd make it a push-and-pull dynamic—two characters from vastly different worlds, struggling with their differences. Over time, they'd come together, overcoming it all to live happily ever after! Isn't that a fantastic story idea?"

I was... unsure how I would respond to that. "I'm sure someone will love it," I said finally.

By then, we'd reached the bedroom. I gently set her down on the bed, her form sinking slightly into the plush mattress. She sat at the edge, gesturing for me to sit beside her.

"Johanne," she said. "You don't need to worry about anything. We just have to do what we need to do and make our parents happy with the result."

Before I could respond, she suddenly pulled me forward. I lost my balance, stumbling onto the bed as she pushed me down.

In the blink of an eye, Tris was on top of me.

Chapter 527 - Johanne's Wedding (5)

"You don't have to worry about anything, Johanne," Tris said, her tone calm but resolute. "We only have to do this once, and if we manage to conceive, well, we won't need to do it again."

I understood what she meant. She was talking about having sex. This was a one-time thing, a single moment to fulfill a duty. If we managed to conceive a child during that single encounter, it would make our parents happy, and we wouldn't need to go through this again. Still, I wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do.

"Are you really ready for this?" I asked, my voice betraying my hesitation.

"Of course. I was taught for this moment," she replied confidently. To emphasize her point, her fingers deftly unbuttoned my long-sleeved shirt, one button at a time. Once undone, she spread the fabric apart, exposing my chest. "My mother taught me about sex—every detail. At first, I didn't understand why I needed to learn it, but apparently, as someone destined to marry a prince, it was necessary. I know what to do, even though I haven't experienced it myself. I'm ready."

With that, she began undressing herself, her movements deliberate and graceful.

"I don't know what the future holds for us," she continued, her voice softer now, "but I believe, over time, I'll grow fond of you. I might even come to love you. For now, though, let's fulfill the duty we've been given."

She leaned in, her hand gently cupping my chin, and brought her lips to mine. Her kiss was deep and warm, her tongue slipping into my mouth with practiced ease. As she kissed me, her hand trailed from my chest down to my stomach, her fingers tracing the lines of my abs. Then her hand slid lower, slipping beneath the waistband of my pants, until she wrapped it around my genital.

She began stroking it, her touch firm yet careful, all while her lips pressed against mine. But even with all her efforts, my penis refused to respond. She noticed almost immediately and pulled back, breaking the kiss.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "My body... it's not good enough, is it?"

"N-No, it's not that," I replied quickly, shaking my head. "This is more about me than you. Your body is perfect—believe me."

I didn't know what was wrong with me. This body of mine felt... off, like it wasn't entirely my own. I'd never felt arousal before—not once. I thought maybe that was normal, but I'd heard that a woman's touch alone was enough to get most men hard. Yet even with Tris touching me, I felt nothing.

"Let's try again," I suggested, trying to sound reassuring. "This time, can I be the one on top?"

"Sure," she said with a small smile.

I'd also heard that touching a woman could be arousing. Maybe this was something I needed to experience for myself.

Tris lay down on the bed, her movements slow and elegant, and I climbed on top of her. My hand reached for her thigh, my palm gliding over her smooth, soft skin. It was impossible not to feel a pang of jealousy at how perfect her skin felt. It made me wonder—how could she be the same species as me? Women must be some entirely different kind of creature.

Before my thoughts could spiral any further, I forced myself to focus on her, on this moment, and tried to let the rest fall away.

I pressed my lips against hers, initiating the kiss this time. My tongue slipped between her soft lips, parting them gently before delving inside. My hand moved upward from her thigh, grazing her skin until it reached her breasts. As I groped her, the sensation of their bounciness spread through my palm and fingertips, warm and pliant under my touch.

But no matter how much I tried to stir my body into action, it wasn't working. No amount of kissing, touching, or pressing myself against her was enough to make it rise. We tried everything we could think of, yet my penis refused to respond. Eventually, we had no choice but to give up.

"Maybe it'll work if I put it in my mouth?" Tris suggested, tilting her head in thought. "My mother said men feel pleasure when a woman does that."

"No, it's fine," I replied quickly, shaking my head. "You don't have to do that. I think... something's seriously wrong with me." I sighed, leaning back. "For some reason, I can't get hard. Honestly, I've never even had an erection before."

"Hmm... that's strange," she murmured, her brows furrowing slightly. "I'm sorry, but I don't know enough about men to figure out why this is happening. How about we just sleep for now and think about it tomorrow? Maybe we can come up with a hypothesis."

"But what do we do?" I asked. "Our parents expect us to be... well, you know, having sex right now."

The thought of them finding out we hadn't done anything sent a wave of anxiety through me. But maybe we could pretend? If we faked it, we might be able to get away with it.

"Let's see..." Tris mused, tapping her chin. "Do girls really bleed when they have sex for the first time?"

"I have no idea," I admitted with a shrug. "I'm not a girl. Maybe Leon would know?" Leon had two girlfriends, after all. It was possible he'd already had sex with them. If anyone could answer that question, it'd be him.

For some reason, though, just thinking about Leon having sex with those two made my chest ache. It was an unfamiliar, painful pang, and I didn't like it. I didn't want to feel this way, but I couldn't seem to stop myself. What the hell was wrong with me?

"You have Leon's number, right?" Tris asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"I do," I said. "Do you want me to call him?"

"Actually, I'd like to talk to him myself," she said, her tone casual. "Can I use your phone for it?"

"Oh... okay."

I pulled my phone from my pocket, unlocked it, and dialed Leon's number. When it started ringing, I handed it to her.

"I'd like some privacy while I talk to him," she said, standing up and gathering her clothes.

"O-Okay," I stammered, nodding.

She walked toward the bathroom, still in her underwear, with the phone pressed to her ear. Just before she closed the door, I heard the faint sound of Leon answering the call. The soft click of the door closing followed, leaving me alone in the room.

I stared at the closed door, my thoughts racing. What were those two going to talk about?

When I returned to Leonamon, I found Charlotte waiting for me, her petite figure perched on the sofa like she owned the place.

"Hello, Leon!" she chirped, bounding over to me and wrapping her arms around my neck. Her scent tonight was intoxicating, sweeter than usual, and I couldn't ignore the way it stirred something in me.

"Why are you here?" I asked, arching a brow.

"Well, I got lonely in the Silver Dorm," she pouted. "Almost everyone's left for spring vacation to visit their families. The ones who stayed behind? I don't really know them, and I'm not close to them. So, I thought... why not stay in your company for a while? That's okay, right?"

Her voice turned sugary, and she looked up at me with wide, innocent puppy-dog eyes that felt calculated.

"It doesn't hurt me if you stay," I said with a shrug.

"Yay~!" She jumped up, her excitement infectious. Then her gaze softened again, her eyes locking onto mine in that deliberately coy way. "Um... if it's possible, can I sleep with you tonight? I don't even mean for sex—though I wouldn't mind. I just... miss your body."

"What if I don't want to?"

"Then I'll pound on your door all night and make sure you don't sleep until you let me in," she threatened, her bottom lip jutting out in a pout. "This is kind of your fault, you know? My body's this way because of you. You need to take responsibility."

I sighed. "I was actually planning to have sex with Maya tonight. It's been a while since we've done it, and Amon's joining in too. My body's already booked."

"Then I'll join," she said without hesitation. "That's fine, right?"

A foursome with Maya, Amon, and Charlotte? Not the wildest idea I'd entertained. Hell, I'd had crazier combinations before, like Gabrielle and Irene at the same time. Nobody thought I'd pull that off, but here I was. This would be just another unique memory to add to the collection.

"I guess that's fine," I said finally. "But I want you to wear something specific for me. Is that okay?"

"Okay," she agreed easily, not even bothering to ask what it was I had in mind.

"Good. Go to the room down the hall. Amon and Maya are already there getting ready. You should prepare too."

Charlotte nodded and disappeared in the direction I'd indicated. Once she was out of sight, I headed to my Love Room and settled in to wait for them.

As I lounged on the plush bed, my phone suddenly vibrated. I glanced at the screen. It was Johanne's number.

Answering the call, I held the phone to my ear. "Hello, Leon."

The voice on the other end wasn't Johanne's. It was his wife, Tris.

Chapter 528 - The Experienced

"Tris?" I asked, arching a brow even though she couldn't see it. "Why are you calling? It's already the middle of the night."

Knowing Tris and Johanne, they'd probably already done the deed by now. After all, they'd just gotten married tonight, so it wouldn't be surprising if they had already taken things to the next level. Still, I couldn't ignore the fact that Johanne was, in reality, a woman. Her gender had been altered to male,

though I had no clue why. My best guess? Her father, the Sword Saint, didn't want a female heir and used someone's ability to switch her gender.

"I need to ask you something," Tris said from the other end of the line, her tone oddly serious. "Do you mind? You're not busy right now, are you?"

"I'm not," I replied, leaning back. "Not yet, anyway. Why are you calling?"

"There's a problem," she admitted. "Do you mind hearing me out?"

I frowned. This better not be her saying she wanted to back out of the marriage. But no, Tris didn't seem like the type to pull that kind of stunt. Whatever the issue was, it had to be something else.

"What's the problem?" I asked.

For a moment, silence hung heavy over the line. I checked to make sure the call was still connected—it was. Tris must have been hesitating to spill the issue, which wasn't like her at all.

"Johanne... he's not well," she finally said. "He can't perform."

Ah, I see. That was bound to happen. When she said "can't perform," she probably meant Johanne couldn't get hard. It made sense, really. Even though her body had been changed into a man's, it didn't

mean her biology was entirely male. A woman wouldn't naturally know how to achieve an erection, and even with a dick, Johanne's original biology might be getting in the way.

"I see..." I said, keeping my voice neutral.

"If you came over here, maybe he'd get hard for you, Leon."

Her words caught me off guard. I knew she was a fujoshi, but damn, her jokes always managed to hit me in ways I didn't expect.

"Come on, don't mess around like that," I told her.

"Fufufu... Fine, I'll stop teasing you," she said, though her tone still carried a playful edge. "But seriously, can you help us? My parents are expecting us to... you know, have sex tonight. But Johanne just can't get it up. Do you think you can do anything about this?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I've never had a problem getting an erection before."

"Oh? So you're saying you're experienced, huh?" she teased. "Well, you do have two girlfriends, and they're both cute and sexy. I bet you're doing whatever you want with them."

"That's private," I replied curtly.

"So secretive~" she cooed, clearly enjoying herself.

As we talked, something had been nagging at me, so I decided to ask. "Can I ask you something? I hope it doesn't come off as rude."

"Sure, go ahead," Tris said, sounding genuinely curious.

"Do you love Johanne?"

I knew their marriage was nothing more than a product of their parents' arrangements. Still, they seemed willing to make it work. The fact that Tris was calling me for help, despite us barely having interacted before, showed how serious she was about figuring this out.

"Hmm... Do I love Johanne?" she repeated, her tone thoughtful. "Honestly, I don't really know what love is. I think I understand the feeling, but grasping it completely? That's where I struggle. Still, while I know I don't fully get what love means, I can tell you for sure that I don't hate Johanne. In fact, I like him."

"I see..."

There are plenty of people in this world who feel that way. People who like someone, even if it's not romantic love, or even if that other person only sees them as a friend. I'd been friend-zoned before, so I understood the sting of it. But their situation wasn't like that. They were already married now. This wasn't just about liking someone; they had to build a life together, maybe even a family.

"Do you think your feelings for him could grow into love?"

"Oh, yes, I think they can," she replied confidently. "Johanne and I have been together since we were kids. Even though he was always by his princess's side and could've fallen for her instead, he stayed loyal to me. I like him, I really do. It's only natural that this 'like' I have for him could turn into something deeper, right?"

"That does sound natural," I agreed.

Sure, their marriage might have been arranged by their parents, but plenty of people in arranged marriages end up falling in love. There's no reason they couldn't, too.

"Johanne told me the same thing," I said.

"Did he?" She chuckled softly. "Well, I guess Johanne really is a gentleman through and through. Honestly, if it weren't Johanne I was paired with, I probably wouldn't have agreed to this. Though, I'd like him even more if he were paired with my brother instead, but I guess that's just my wishful thinking."

"Hey now..." I sighed. Her fujoshi tendencies were peeking through again. Then I asked, "Have you tried everything you could to, you know, help Johanne... get hard?"

"My mother taught me how to please a man since I'd be a wife to an heir, but none of the things she showed me worked," she admitted. "I was even considering giving him a fellatio, but just thinking about it doesn't seem to do anything for him."

"I see..." I mused. "It's not like you're not his type either."

"Well, I think his type is you, Leon."

"Let's stop with that joke," I said flatly.

"Okay~" she replied, clearly amused.

I'd known my fair share of fujoshis in my past life, but Tris was on another level entirely. Her devotion to her fantasies was unmatched.

"Like I said," I continued, "I don't think you're not his type. And if you've already tried everything to get him hard, well... I'm honestly out of ideas. Maybe an aphrodisiac would work."

"Oh, right, an aphrodisiac!" she exclaimed, her tone lighting up.

Aphrodisiacs could work wonders, even for someone dealing with erectile dysfunction.

"But we don't have any of those," she said, disappointment creeping into her voice.

"Well, lucky for you, I do," I replied casually.

Plenty of them, actually. I didn't even use them much anymore, preferring to turn women on with just me rather than relying on some liquid to do the work.

"I'll give you a bottle of aphrodisiac. It's top-notch, the kind that'll make a man go wild and not stop even after ten rounds. Are you sure you want this to be your first time? It's going to be rough for you—especially since it's your first."

Using an aphrodisiac wasn't something I'd recommend for two virgins. If a man used one, the woman on the receiving end would feel far more pain than pleasure. Sure, a woman could take it too, to heighten her arousal, but it still wouldn't dull the pain entirely.

"Well, I wouldn't ask for it if I wasn't ready," Tris said firmly. "My mother already told me how painful it can be. Though, she didn't mention anything about bleeding. The girls in my class said they bled their first time. Is that true?"

"It varies from woman to woman," I explained. "Some feel pain when they're deflowered, some find pleasure in that pain, and some don't feel much of anything because their hymen's already gone. It depends on your body. You might bleed, or you might not."

"Our parents might be expecting a bloodstained sheet tomorrow," she muttered. "We were planning to hold off, but now... What should we do?"

Some parents really do have strange fixations, don't they?

"Well," I suggested, "you could fake it. Pretend you've got wobbly legs or something. Like I said, not all women bleed their first time—it's different for everyone."

She went quiet on the other end for a moment.

"You're really experienced, aren't you?" she finally asked. "How many women have you bedded so far?"

"That's private," I replied curtly.

"So secretive~" she teased. "Well, I guess I can fake it. But our parents will probably still check the bed for proof. Maybe I should cut my palm and let the blood drip onto the sheet."

"I wouldn't advise hurting yourself," I said quickly. "Instead, try telling her this."

I gave her a detailed explanation about sex—how it felt for both men and women, what could happen during a first time, and why it might not go as she expected. It was the kind of thing no parent would ever share with their kid, but it was necessary if she wanted to handle their parents.

"That's... very descriptive," Tris said, sounding both shocked and impressed.

"Well, if you're going to lie, you need to be convincing," I told her.

"Alright, I'll take your advice," she said.

After that, we exchanged thanks and goodbyes before hanging up. At the same time, the door to the Love Room burst open, and three women in maid uniforms walked in.

Chapter 529 - Foursome With The Maids (1)

"Master, we have come to service you tonight," Amon said, lifting her skirt to show a tantalizing glimpse of skin before lowering it in a graceful curtsy.

Beside her, Maya mirrored the action, moving in perfect sync with Amon.

The third maid, however, hesitated. She glanced at the other two, realizing she was lagging behind, and hurriedly followed suit.

"I never thought I'd wear something like this," she grumbled while awkwardly holding up her skirt. "Is this some kind of fetish, Leon?"

It was none other than Charlotte, whom I had specifically asked to wear a maid outfit. After all, it'd feel off if she were the only one not dressed like the others. Amon and Maya were my maids, so naturally, they'd wear uniforms while serving me. Charlotte, being part of tonight's plans, had no excuse.

"I wouldn't call it a fetish," I said casually. "It's more about taste. All men like maids. If they don't, they've got no taste at all. Besides, since you're joining the two of them tonight, it only makes sense for you to wear the uniform too. Right?"

"You know, you really are a scumbag," she shot back.

"But you've fallen for this scumbag," I replied with a smirk.

"Hmph! It's not like I had a choice," she retorted. "You did whatever you wanted with my body, and now you'll have to take responsibility. No one else will want me as a bride, considering everything I saved for my future husband has already been claimed by you."

"So, you're saying you had no choice?" I asked, my smirk widening.

"Exactly. I had no choice," she muttered, pouting as she turned her face away.

"Well, since you're stuck with me, come here," I said, beckoning her over.

Despite her sulking, Charlotte didn't hesitate as she stepped closer. Her eagerness betrayed her defiance.

She knelt in front of me, tying her hair back into a neat ponytail.

"You've changed how you tie your hair," I noted. "What happened to the twintails?"

"They're childish," she replied flatly.

"I think they're cute," I said.

"That's exactly why I said they're childish," she quipped, looking up at me with an arched brow.

I suppose "cute" equates to "childish" for her.

"Or... are you saying you don't like me when I try something more mature?" she teased with a cheeky grin. Her hands moved toward the bathrobe I was wearing, ready to pull my cock free, but I stopped her.

Grasping her chin, I tilted her face up to meet my gaze. My thumb brushed her lips before slipping inside. She instinctively licked and sucked on it, her eyes fixed on mine.

"Come, you can have my lips instead," I said softly.

Charlotte smiled, rising from her knees and sitting beside me on the edge of the bed.

"Amon, Maya, you can serve me over there," I told the other two.

They were more than happy to oblige.

The two maids moved between my legs with a practiced grace, their hands deftly untying the string of my bathrobe. A teasing smirk danced across their faces as they parted the fabric, fully exposing my already throbbing dick. The swollen length twitched under their hungry gazes, the reddened tip glistening faintly in the soft light of the room.

Their breaths hitched at the sight, a shared chuckle escaping their lips as they leaned in unison. Without hesitation, their warm tongues darted out, tracing slow, deliberate paths along my shaft. Each lick was precise, their synchronization flawless from the countless times they had serviced me together. Their tongues slid from the sensitive tip down to the base, leaving a slick trail of saliva that gleamed tantalizingly.

I groaned deeply, the raw pleasure shooting through my cock making my muscles tense. The urge to arch my back was almost unbearable as their relentless tongues teased every nerve ending.

"Leon..."

Charlotte's voice, soft yet tinged with a yearning edge, broke through the haze of ecstasy. Her eyes locked onto mine, silently pleading for attention. Without hesitation, I reached out, my hand tangling in her hair as I pulled her into a fervent kiss. Her lips parted willingly, allowing my tongue to plunge into her mouth and explore with unrestrained fervor.

As we kissed, my other hand ventured under her skirt, gliding over the smooth skin of her thighs. Her breath hitched when my fingers slipped beneath the thin fabric of her underwear, finding her already slick pussy. The warmth and wetness greeted me as I began to stroke her folds, my fingers moving with a slow yet deliberate rhythm.

"Mnnnn~"

Meanwhile, the maids at my cock intensified their efforts. Amon focused on the sensitive head, her lips wrapping around it as she sucked with deliberate pressure, her tongue swirling against the tip. Maya, on the other hand, worked the shaft, her tongue pressing firmly against the thick vein running along its underside. They moved in perfect harmony, switching roles seamlessly to keep every sensation fresh.

Once the length of my cock was thoroughly slick with their saliva, they turned their attention to my balls. Their soft mouths latched onto them, suckling with tender care that sent jolts of pleasure straight to my core. Amon's hand wrapped around my spit-slick cock, stroking it in slow, deliberate motions that made my hips buck instinctively.

The room was filled with the wet sounds of my fingers thrusting into Charlotte's pussy, her arousal creating an unmistakable rhythm.

"Mmmnnnn, mmmm~ mmmm..."

Breaking the kiss, I moved my lips to her neck, trailing hot kisses along her delicate skin before focusing on the nape.

"Ahhhhnnnn~ ahhh..."

Her uniform offered little resistance as I tugged the top down, freeing her breasts. They spilled out, bouncing lightly as they were liberated from confinement. My hands immediately found them, the soft, warm flesh molding perfectly to my palms. I kneaded them firmly, rolling her hardened nipples between my fingers while my mouth continued its assault on her neck.

"Ahhhh, hnnn... ahhhnnnn~ ahhh..."

Her moans grew louder, her body arching into my touch as her neck tilted, offering more access. Smirking against her skin, I leaned up to her ear, biting her earlobe gently before sucking on it.

"Ahhhhhh!"

Her cry was sharp, her body trembling as the pleasure overwhelmed her.

The maids, still devoted to my cock, were relentless. Their tongues, lips, and hands moved in perfect unison, the sensations pushing me closer to the edge.

Eventually, I ordered them to stop, needing more. They obeyed immediately, shedding their panties and lifting their skirts to reveal their glistening, aroused pussies. Climbing onto the bed, I positioned myself against the headboard, reclining as I watched them crawl toward me.

Maya straddled me first, her back arched as she pressed her soft, round ass against my length. The warm, pillowy flesh enveloped my cock, her movements deliberate as she slid it between her cheeks. Amon followed, positioning herself just above my shaft and pressing her slick pussy against it. Their bodies moved in tandem, grinding against me with slow, calculated motions designed to drive me insane.

"Leon, what about me?" Charlotte's voice broke through, her tone filled with anticipation and need.

"For now, why don't you sit on my face?" I replied with a smirk, my voice laced with mischief.

"S-Seat on your face?" she stammered, her cheeks flushing as the words sank in.

"Yes," I told her with a smirk.

Even though Charlotte looked hesitant, she eventually followed my command, positioning herself above me before lowering onto my face. The moment her warm pussy pressed against me, her sweet and slightly tangy scent filled my nostrils, intoxicating and irresistible. Sliding her panties' crotch aside to expose her glistening folds, she revealed herself fully to me. Without wasting a second, I extended my tongue, running it along her soft, wet pussy.

Amon and Maya, meanwhile, continued their rhythmic grinding. Maya's soft, round ass cheeks enveloped my cock between them, the warmth and pressure driving me wild. Amon's slick pussy glided

over the length of my shaft, the wetness leaving trails that made every glide feel dangerously close to the real thing. Even though I wasn't buried inside either of them, the sensation was maddeningly good, almost too much to handle.

"Ahhh...! Ahhhhhnnn! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah~!"

Charlotte's moans grew louder as I worked her pussy with my tongue, savoring every drop of her arousal. I gently bit at her folds, coaxing deeper, more desperate cries from her lips. My tongue pushed inside her, exploring her depths, tasting her essence as it flowed freely. Each time I withdrew, a sticky string of her love juices clung to my tongue, and I eagerly pushed it back into her.

"Ah...! L-Leon...! Your tongue... feels so good...!"

Her voice trembled, rising into higher octaves as her body quivered against me. She was close—so close. I could feel her walls tightening under my tongue, her body on the edge of release. Spurred on, I lapped at her pussy with renewed vigor, my lips and tongue relentless in their assault.

At the same time, the familiar tingling pressure began building in my groin. The sensation traveled up my shaft, threatening to spill over. Maya and Amon's movements didn't help; their teasing grind, the way Maya's ass hugged my cock and Amon's pussy slid along its length, only pushed me closer to the edge.

The room was filled with the lewd symphony of heavy breathing, wet, sloppy sounds, and the rising cries of pleasure. Charlotte's voice echoed, blending with the breathless moans spilling from Amon, Maya, and myself.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhoooooooooooo~!!!"

Charlotte's climax hit like a storm, her pussy trembling violently as a flood of her juices spilled onto my face. The warm, sticky liquid coated my lips and chin, dripping down as she rode out her orgasm.

At the same time, my cock erupted between Maya and Amon. A thick burst of semen shot out, spurting several inches into the air before splattering against Amon's stomach and Maya's back.

Even as my orgasm subsided, my cock refused to go soft. It throbbed with need, cum still oozing from the tip in sticky, pearly beads. My body ached for more, the pleasure from moments ago only stoking the fire for what was yet to come.

This night was far from over.

Chapter 530 - Foursome With The Maids (2)

I had Amon and Maya lay on top of each other, their soft bodies pressed together as my cock slid between their slick pussies. The sensation of their warm, wet folds rubbing against me was maddening. My hands gripped Amon, who was on top, holding her steady as I thrust between the two overlapping pussies, their clits brushing against my shaft with every motion. At the same time, my lips were locked with Charlotte's, devouring her mouth with unrelenting passion.

"Ah, ah, ahhhh, ahhnnn~! Ah!"

"Ahh, hnnn, ahhh... ahhh~!"

The feeling of having two pussies pressed so tightly together as I pushed and pulled in between them was different from fucking the real thing, but the sensation was so damn good that I couldn't stop myself from bucking my hips harder. Charlotte's taste and the way her tongue danced with mine only added fuel to the fire, making it feel like my brain was burning out, every circuit shorting from sheer ecstasy. The slickness of their pussies grew with each thrust, the wet sounds mixing with their whimpers and moans, making the moment even hotter and more intoxicating.

My eyes stayed glued to Amon and Maya, their faces twisting in pleasure as my cock worked between their soaked folds. Their bodies writhed against each other, the friction of my thrusts sending waves of pleasure through them while I kissed Charlotte deeply, our tongues tangling in a dance of lust.

"Ahhh... ahhnnnn~!"

"Ahhh, fuaaaa~ Ahhhhh!"

The heat in my groin built to an unbearable peak, and my cock trembled between their pussies. I couldn't hold back anymore. With a groan, I came, my cum spurting out in thick streams, painting their stomachs white. The warm, sticky ropes of cum splattered up to their chests, and their bodies shuddered as they let out soft cries, trembling from the light orgasms my release triggered in them.

I slowly pulled my cock from between their slick, glistening folds, watching as a thick string of sperm dangled from the tip, connecting me to their drenched bodies. My cock throbbed, still red and sensitive, as I turned my attention back to Charlotte. Breaking our kiss, I whispered huskily, "Clean my cock."

Charlotte's eyes widened slightly before she gulped and slid down to kneel before me. Her lips parted as she stuck out her tongue, running it slowly along the tip of my cock, licking up the glistening remnants of my cum. Then, with deliberate care, she took the head into her warm mouth, sucking gently to draw out the last drops still lingering in my urethra. She pulled back, her lips forming a seal as she showed me her

tongue, now pooled with my seed, before swallowing it all in one gulp. She opened her mouth again, revealing it was empty, her cheeks flushed.

"Charlotte," I said, my voice firm yet teasing, "lay on the bed. Opposite to how Amon and Maya are lying."

She hesitated for a moment but obeyed, shifting to lay on her back, her head resting at the foot of the bed. Her flushed face turned to me as I climbed onto the bed, positioning myself above her, my cock hovering near her mouth while my head lowered between her spread legs.

"L-Leon...?" she stammered, her voice shaky and her cheeks burning red. "W-What are you going to do?"

Instead of answering, I leaned down and pressed my face between her thighs, my tongue immediately darting out to lap at her dripping pussy. Her sweet, tangy nectar coated my tongue as I pushed deeper, savoring every drop. My hands spread her lips apart, giving me better access as I delved into her folds, licking and sucking with unrestrained hunger.

"Ahhhhh!"

Charlotte's back arched as a loud moan escaped her lips, her legs trembling as I worked her pussy. My tongue slid inside her, twisting and curling as if I were trying to drink every last drop of her essence. Despite my efforts, her love juices kept flowing, soaking my face as her cries grew louder.

"Ahhh, ahhh! Ahhh...! Y-Your tongue... it's...! AhhhhH!"

Her voice was high-pitched and breathless, her body squirming beneath me as waves of pleasure washed over her. Meanwhile, I shifted slightly, angling my cock toward her lips. When it brushed against them, she hesitated for only a moment before opening her mouth to take me in. Her soft lips wrapped around my shaft, and she began sucking eagerly, matching the rhythm of my tongue as I devoured her pussy.

I slipped two fingers deep into her drenched pussy, feeling the velvety heat clench around them as I curled and pumped my digits rhythmically. My tongue worked in tandem, swirling and flicking over her swollen clit, savoring the taste of her arousal as it coated my lips and chin. Her moans were like music, the kind that begged me to keep going, to push her higher.

Behind me, Amon and Maya had recovered from their earlier orgasms, their movements deliberate and hungry. They prowled toward the foot of the bed, where Charlotte's head rested. Without hesitation, Amon's mouth descended on my balls, her tongue wrapping and massaging them with a practiced ease that made my knees threaten to buckle. At the same time, Maya pressed her lips to my ass, her warm, wet tongue flicking against my rim in slow, tantalizing circles.

The sensations hit me like a tidal wave. My cock throbbed, twitching inside Charlotte's mouth as her tongue teased the sensitive underside, her soft lips gliding over every inch with unrelenting devotion. My balls, slick with Amon's saliva, tightened as waves of pleasure radiated from her touch. Maya's rimjob sent sparks shooting through my spine, the contrast between her hot tongue and my clenched, sensitive flesh driving me wild.

"Ahhhhnnnn...! Hnnnnnn! Mmmnnn~!"

Charlotte's muffled moans vibrated against my cock, her body trembling as she edged closer to her release. The wet, obscene sounds of my fingers plunging into her soaked pussy filled the room, each thrust producing a squelch that mixed with the heavy breathing and muffled cries.

I leaned in harder, lapping at her clit while curling my fingers to rub against that sweet, sensitive spot inside her. Her thighs quivered violently, and moments later, I erupted, spilling my cum deep into her throat. Charlotte's lips stayed sealed around me, her tongue milking me for every drop as she swallowed greedily.

The three maids were on all fours, their asses raised high, their slick pussies glistening in the low light. I shifted between them, slamming my cock into their dripping holes, savoring the tight, wet heat that squeezed me each time.

"Ahhh! Ahhhhhnnn~! Ahhhh! Ahhhh~! Ah, ah, ahhhh~!"

Charlotte's pale ass was a delicious shade of red, jiggling with every punishing thrust of my hips. Her cries of pleasure were loud and shameless, a raw, unfiltered melody that only spurred me on. Amon and Maya flanked her, their bodies writhing as my fingers plunged into their soaked pussies.

Their walls clenched and pulsed around my fingers, the slick heat coating my hands in their love nectar. The sheets beneath them were already soaked, the scent of sex hanging thick in the air.

"Ahhh...! M-Master, aaahhh...! I'm cummingggg~!!!"

Maya screamed, her body convulsing as I pulled my fingers free just in time to let her squirt. A clear, warm stream erupted from her pussy, splashing onto the bed and soaking the already ruined sheets.

Not long after, Amon's cries reached a fever pitch.

"Ahhhhhhhhnnnn~! Ahhh! C-Cumming...! I'm cumming~!!!"

Her back arched dramatically, her head thrown back as she gripped the sheets with white-knuckled hands. Her pussy clenched around my fingers, a rush of hot fluid gushing out and spilling down her thighs in a glorious, messy spray.

The bed was drenched now, the sheets sticking to our bodies, but I wasn't done.

With both hands now free, I gripped Charlotte's plush, reddened ass with bruising force, plunging my cock deeper into her tight, welcoming pussy.

"Ahhhnnn~! Ahh, L-Leon...! Ahhh...! It's—! Ahhhhhhhhhnnnnn~!!!"

Her walls clenched around me, rippling with every thrust as she screamed my name. Her juices coated my cock, slick and hot, making every movement feel impossibly good. I pounded her harder, chasing that blissful release, as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the room like a drumbeat of raw desire.

And then, finally...!

"Ahhnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

Charlotte's voice tore through the air as her body tensed and quivered. I pulled my cock out just in time to let her release a powerful squirt, the clear fluid splashing onto the bed, soaking the sheets once again. Her body shuddered violently before collapsing limply, joining the other two who had already surrendered to the overwhelming pleasure.

Panting heavily, I grabbed my cock, feeling the throbbing ache as my need surged. My hand wrapped firmly around the slick shaft, stroking it with deliberate, hungry motions. I couldn't tear my gaze away from their sweat-slicked bodies—glistening, flushed, and utterly spent.

The sight was too much. The tight knot in my core snapped, and I let out a guttural groan as my cock erupted, thick ropes of cum shooting onto their glistening skin. The white streaks splattered across their bodies, mixing with the sheen of sweat. My vision swam as stars danced in my head, the release so intense I nearly lost my balance, even though I was already kneeling on the bed.

Moments later, the three began to stir, recovering from their blissful haze. Their movements were slow and sensual as they crawled toward me, their eyes half-lidded with lingering desire. My cock, still hard and dripping with the remnants of cum, caught their attention immediately.

Without hesitation, they leaned in, their tongues flicking out to lap at every inch. Charlotte focused on the sensitive tip, her warm, wet tongue swirling and teasing as she sucked gently, making me twitch from the stimulation. Meanwhile, Maya and Amon positioned themselves on either side, their mouths exploring my balls and the underside of my cock.