

The World 58

Chapter 58: Irene (5)

Leonamon. The first time I laid eyes on the grandeur of Leonamon's building, I felt like my knees might give way, my eyes wide open, and jaw almost hitting the floor. Before I could fully comprehend it, I found myself inside. It was as if my brain took a brief vacation because when I snapped back to reality, I was in what looked like a majestic restaurant fit for royalty.

Seated at a table adorned with candles, three large plates were spread around it, accompanied by smaller plates in front of each of us and a dainty bread basket.

A maid, clad in a uniform, approached us to pour wine into the empty glasses on our table. When our eyes met, she gave me a warm smile.

"...Taste it," Student Leon said.

Initially puzzled, I raised the wine glass, timidly bringing it close to my lips. First, I took in the aroma. It wafted with fruity notes, enticing me to take a sip immediately. However, I resisted the urge. I wouldn't judge its worth based solely on the scent. I needed to ensure it was safe to drink, devoid of any lurking sleeping drugs.

Even if this young man was my student, caution was paramount.

"Are you entertaining the idea that maybe I slipped something into that drink? Come on, Professor. Do you honestly believe Leonamon would resort to such tricks?"

"...I'm just being cautious," I maintained.

"You're overly cautious, you know."

"I've always known men are beasts, willing to do anything to satisfy their desires. Can't fault me for being cautious."

"Well, that's a fair point," Student Leon acknowledged. "But I assure you, I didn't tamper with that drink. Relax, give it a try. I promise it'll be worth your while."

With that reassurance, I supposed it wouldn't hurt to explore the taste of this aromatic drink. Bringing the glass to my lips, I took a sip. The moment the wine touched my tongue, a burst of complex and contradictory flavors erupted, widening my eyes instantly. What was this? I had never experienced a wine like this before.

It carried the perfect blend of sweetness, fruitiness, saltiness, acidity, bitterness, and alcohol. It was a taste fit for royalty, and I couldn't believe I was fortunate enough to savor such a delightful concoction.

"Delicious, right?" Student Leon propped his elbow on the table, his gaze fixed on me.

"Table manners, Student Leon," I reprimanded. "...But I'll admit, this is the most delectable wine I've ever tasted. Where did you get this?"

He flashed a smile, "That's the newest creation from Leonamon," he revealed, "Leonamon's wine. Although it's not on the shelves yet; we're still in the taste-testing stage."

The maid beside us joined the conversation, "The owner of Leonamon wants 100 people to taste it and share their thoughts before putting it on the shelves. So far, including you, 63 people have given it a try."

"We value your opinion," Student Leon added. "It'll greatly assist Leonamon."

Ah, so Student Leon was involved with Leonamon. That was unexpected. Well, if he needed my input, then I supposed I should provide an honest review. I shared my genuine thoughts, a somewhat clumsy review as it was my first time assessing something. Nevertheless, both the maid and Student Leon seemed pleased with my contribution.

I couldn't walk straight anymore, so I let Student Leon support me as he walked me home. It was already midnight, and our drinking session had come to an end. The entire bottle of wine was now an empty memory, and I was too wasted to think clearly.

"Don't you think it's cruel? Everyone around me is... hic... getting married except me!"

"Are you worried about becoming an old maid?" Student Leon remarked. "No need to fret, Professor Irene. You're beautiful enough to catch anyone's attention. I'm sure someone will sweep you off your feet soon."

"That's just sophistry," I responded. "Ahhh... I want to meet someone... hic... and get married too..."

Before long, we finally made it to my house. It was a small residence, suitable for a modest family of five, yet I was its sole inhabitant.

"Pull yourself together, Professor. We're here. I did warn you not to indulge too much if you can't handle your liquor..."

"You can't blame me, Student Leon... It's... hic... your fault for introducing me to that mind-blowing wine in the first place."

As I approached the doorway, the world swirled around me. Clumsily, I fumbled with my pocket for the keys, and as I finally pulled them out, they slipped from my grasp. "Oh, clumsy me."

"I'll fetch it. For now, just find a spot to settle."

Gently, Student Leon lowered me to the floor.

"Ugh... I feel like I'm going to puke."

"This is your place, so do whatever."

The bitter bile surged up to my mouth, and with a guttural retch, I expelled it all. It splattered grotesquely onto the concrete floor of the balcony. As I heaved, someone soothingly rubbed my back.

"Did you get it all out?"

"Yeah..."

"Feel better now?"

"I think so. Not as bad as before."

"If that's the case, let's get you inside. The door is already open."

"Okay..."

He effortlessly looped my arm around his shoulder, lifting me up with a surprising ease. Slowly, he guided me into the sanctuary of my home. It felt too uncomplicated to let a man stride into my living

space, but my foggy mind hardly had the capacity for discernment. I could still perceive my surroundings, yet making coherent decisions was a formidable task.

"Just so you know, if you're entertaining any thoughts of engaging in naughty escapades with me, you better erase that notion. I'm not one to fall into bed easily. A dinner date is a prerequisite before you even get a faint chance."

"I'm not exactly contemplating that."

"Liar. Men like you are primal beasts. Offer them the slightest opening, and they'll pounce."

"I won't," Student Leon declared. "I don't want to have sex with a woman who isn't willing. I certainly don't indulge in forcing anyone."

"Hmm..." I hummed. "Is that so? You're more chivalrous than I thought..."

I mused that what he said mirrored something my ideal man would utter.

"Anyway, where is your room?" inquired Student Leon.

"Over there," I gestured, pointing at the door.

Student Leon effortlessly cradled me in his arms and swung open the door. The room greeted us with chaos—a sprawl of clothes and undergarments strewn across every available surface. A lone panty even dangled provocatively from the doorknob of the bathroom. Living alone, I'd neglected the state of my room until it reached a tipping point that screamed for attention.

I felt a twinge of embarrassment, exposing this chaotic scene to someone, especially a man. Yet, the waves of shame were subdued by the intoxication. Besides, Student Leon appeared unfazed.

"Let's get you to the bed," he suggested. Gently, he settled me on the bed. I lay there, the room spinning around me, an urge to retch threatening to resurface. However, when I gazed at his face, my vision oddly sharpened.

"I'll do something about your drunkenness. For now, keep your head propped up like this."

He strategically placed two pillows under my head, elevating it. Then, with purpose, he stepped away.

After a few minutes, he reappeared, cradling a basin in his hands. Placing it gently on the bed, he immersed a towel in it, letting it soak. With deliberate motions, he began to wipe my forehead, the coolness of the damp cloth soothing against my heated skin.

"Can I get you out of those clothes?" he inquired, his tone gentle and reassuring. "I'm not thinking anything. It's just better for your whole body."

"O-Okay..." I stammered, a mix of vulnerability and acceptance in my voice.

With a nod, he initiated the process by carefully removing my glasses, setting them aside. His fingers moved with a certain tenderness, as if handling something fragile yet precious.

"We should have started with this. This is what's making you more dizzy," he observed, his eyes meeting mine with understanding.

"I'm sorry," I chuckled weakly. "But I can't quite see without it."

"You don't need it right now, do you?" he suggested, his gaze lingering on mine, a subtle reassurance in his demeanor.

"Well, I guess you're right," I admitted.

After that, he began undoing my clothes. With a gentle touch, he pulled away my top garment and then gracefully lowered my long skirt. Once that was done, I found myself in nothing but my underwear.

"Even though you're wearing such innocent clothes, your underwear sure is sexy," he teased, his tone lighthearted.

"Is there something wrong with that?" I replied with a playful grin.

With our banter momentarily lightening the atmosphere, he proceeded to wipe my skin with the damp towel. Starting with my arms, his touch was tender, sending a subtle shiver down my spine. Fearing that I might inadvertently make a peculiar sound, I tightly clamped my mouth shut.

Moving methodically, he wiped my ankles, then progressed to my calves, knees, and up to my thighs.

"Nhh..."

An involuntary sound escaped my tightly clamped mouth. I glanced at him, only to find that his eyes had been fixed on me the entire time. Feeling a bit self-conscious, I averted my gaze. Unperturbed, he continued wiping my thighs.

Before I knew it, the towel had reached the upper part of my stomach.

"Ahh..."

Another moan escaped my lips.

The towel descended, reaching my navel, and then glided down to the upper part of my crotch, lingering just above the edge of my underwear.

"Ahhh..."

The cool dampness of the towel elicited an involuntary shiver, and a louder moan slipped past my lips. Glancing at him, I found his gaze still fixed on me. In that moment, a surge of desire seemed to take control of my body, and I instinctively reached for the back of his head, pulling him toward me for an impulsive kiss.