

## The World 581

### Chapter 581 - Crossing Paths (1)

After a while, they came to a halt.

"This is the end. This is where we stopped last time," Raymond said, his voice carrying a weight of familiarity as he surveyed the dungeon.

The atmosphere was thick with an eerie silence. There were no monsters, no distant echoes of movement—just an unsettling stillness that made the space feel abandoned yet alive at the same time. The air itself felt heavy, as if something unseen was watching from the shadows.

Yet, the unease I felt wasn't something as simple as fear. It was deeper. Something was lurking beyond this point, far beneath the surface, just out of reach.

"Aww~..." Estelle pouted, rocking on her heels. "Can't we go just a little deeper?"

"I'm afraid not," Raymond replied, shaking his head. "That area is off-limits, even for us. Even though we're officially adventurers now, we still can't enter."

"You're officially adventurers?" I raised a brow, crossing my arms. "I thought you two were just doing manual labor. And wait—are you saying you two are actually a team now?"

"Judging by your reaction, I take it that sounds bad for us?" Raymond said, scratching his cheek with a finger, his expression awkward.

"Why would it be bad?" Estelle asked, tilting her head, her crimson eyes glinting with curiosity.

"Well, it's not exactly bad, but the academy doesn't really like cadets becoming adventurers," I explained, letting out a small sigh. "The whole reason the academy was founded was to keep people from having to resort to adventuring as a lifelong profession."

The academy didn't outright despise adventurers—after all, one of its founders had been an adventurer himself. But that very same founder had been the one to issue the decree against it. He knew better than anyone just how perilous the life of an adventurer was. He wanted people to have stable, respectable professions, ones where they didn't have to gamble their lives just to earn a living.

"Well, as long as we don't get caught, I think we'll be fine," Raymond said with a casual shrug. "Now then, shall we head back? We were actually on our way to grab some food in one of the nearby villages when we ran into you two. How about we all eat together?"

"Oh? Food? I want food! Let's go! Count me in!" Estelle's eyes practically sparkled at the mention of food. She didn't waste a single moment before jumping at the opportunity. Duncan and Raymond exchanged pleased looks, clearly thrilled that she had agreed so easily.

"Well, I guess I'll come too," I said.

"Great," Raymond grinned. Though he still looked pleased, there was a noticeable difference in his reaction compared to when Estelle had spoken. His enthusiasm wasn't quite as strong. It didn't take a genius to see that he was utterly captivated by her.

I still had no idea what to make of Estelle. She had told me she was here because Lilith wanted her to meet me, but I couldn't shake my doubts. While my initial suspicions had weakened over time, they hadn't vanished entirely. And now, she wasn't just seducing one of my friends—she was charming two.

Still, there was no point in being overly paranoid. For now, keeping an eye on her was the best course of action. Besides, I didn't get the sense that she was the type to cause me any direct trouble.

After walking for some time, we finally arrived at the village Raymond had mentioned.

And the moment I laid eyes on it, a strange feeling washed over me.

"Oh..."

It was as if I had stepped into an entirely different world. The air was different, the colors were different—it didn't feel like Cohona at all.

The country of Cohona was plagued by drought, a land where poverty stretched as far as the eye could see. Dry, cracked earth and struggling settlements painted a picture of hardship. Yet, this village—while by no means wealthy—stood miles ahead of the capital in terms of livability.

"I figured you'd say that," Raymond said, a faint smile on his lips. "Actually, this isn't so much a village as it is a settlement built by adventurers wanting to be closer to the dungeon. The country of Cohona still imposes taxes on the people here, but considering they earn far more than what's taken, it's not really an issue."

"I see."

That explained it. Rather than a traditional village, this place functioned as a hub, allowing adventurers to remain as close to the dungeon as possible. Over time, it had taken on the appearance of a proper settlement, complete with shops, homes, and even a sense of community.

"Wow..." Even Estelle's eyes sparkled with fascination.

"I'm glad you like it," Raymond chuckled. "Now then, I know someone here who's a great cook. Their food is really something else."

With that, we followed Raymond as he led the way. Soon, we arrived at a small establishment. Calling it a restaurant would be a stretch—it was more like a humble diner. No, perhaps a bar would be a more fitting description, given the nature of this place and its inhabitants.

The moment we stepped inside, the lively atmosphere hit us like a wave. As expected, this was less of a dining area and more of a gathering spot for adventurers. Instead of quiet meals and polite conversation, the room was filled with boisterous laughter, the clinking of tankards, and the unmistakable sounds of arm-wrestling matches. Some were celebrating victories, others cheering on their companions, while the scent of food and ale thickened the air. It was a chaotic yet fitting scene for a village built entirely by adventurers.

"Thankfully, there's a table over there. Let's go," Raymond said.

The four of us strode toward an empty table tucked away in the far corner. Once we sat down, a woman in an apron approached us. She looked to be a waitress, her posture relaxed yet efficient.

Her striking orange hair caught my attention.

Hmm... I mused inwardly. There was something familiar about her.

"What's your order?" she asked, her voice steady and businesslike.

Raymond glanced at the menu before pointing to a few items. "Uh, some of this. And this. As well as this one." Then, he turned to Duncan. "You want the usual, right?"

Duncan gave a silent nod.

"Alright, we'll add this one too. Leon, how about you?"

I picked up the menu, scanning over it without much expectation. The selection looked fairly standard, nothing particularly eye-catching. But who knew? Maybe the taste would prove otherwise. Raymond did seem confident in his recommendation, after all.

Estelle, on the other hand, had already made her choice and relayed it to the waitress with enthusiasm. The woman jotted it down with ease.

Then, as her gaze shifted toward me, something in her expression changed.

Her eyes widened slightly, betraying a flicker of recognition.

I knew that reaction. She had realized who I was.

And in that instant, I remembered her too.

She was the waitress from the restaurant Titania used to frequent.

However, instead of acknowledging the recognition between us, she must have chosen to play it off. She simply smiled at me, her expression composed and professional. Well, I supposed it made sense—there was never anything between us, not even a passing acquaintance. The only times I saw her were during my visits to the restaurant where she used to work, always alongside Titania. That restaurant had since closed down for reasons unknown to me, and now, here she was. I also knew she had some connection to Shredica, though the extent of it remained unclear.

"This one," I said, pointing to an item on the menu. "And maybe a drink too."

With a nod, she jotted down my order before addressing us with a polite tone. "I'll be back in a few minutes to prepare your meals. Please wait for a while. In the meantime, there are complimentary chips here that you can enjoy." She bowed slightly before turning away, heading towards what I assumed was the kitchen.

However, before she could take more than a few steps, a man suddenly moved behind her, his hand reaching out.

A sharp smack echoed through the air as he grabbed her ass.

"You've got a fine ass, girl," the adventurer said with a grin, his voice oozing arrogance. "Say, why don't we have some fun?"

The men around him erupted into laughter, their jeers filling the room.

Despite the clear violation, the waitress remained composed, offering the man a practiced, professional smile. "I'm sorry, but I'm incredibly busy right now," she replied smoothly. "There are still many customers who haven't received their orders yet."

"Hey now, you can forget about that for a while," the man said, stepping closer. "Just come with me. I'll make sure you get compensated more than what you'd earn here in ten years. Just one night. One night with me. And I promise, I'll make you the mother of my children."

I never thought I'd hear something so vile spoken so casually. But then again, these were adventurers—men hardened by battle, their words often as rough and ragged as their appearances.

At that moment, I saw a subtle but chilling shift in her expression.

She was still smiling. But that smile...

It was terrifying.

A vein pulsed on her forehead, betraying her barely restrained fury. The air around her seemed to grow heavy, thick with an ominous pressure. Though her lips curled in a seemingly warm and pleasant manner, there was something deeply unsettling about it. A smile like that—so deceptively kind yet radiating pure menace—I never imagined I'd witness something so unnerving in person.

Even I felt a cold shiver creep down my spine. The hairs on my arms stood on end.

Something told me that fool had just made a grave mistake.

Chapter 582 - Crossing Paths (2)

"Mister, with all due respect, please leave the establishment. We do not tolerate such behavior here," the waitress said, her tone unwavering as she stood firm against the figure before her.



The adventurer leaned back in his chair, a smug grin stretching across his unshaven face. The sunlight spilling through the windows flickered over his rugged features, casting jagged shadows that only emphasized his arrogance.

"Oh? Alright, I'll leave... but only if you come with me." His eyes gleamed with something vile, predatory. "I've been itching since yesterday—I haven't had a single bitch in over a week, ever since my party and I returned from that damn dungeon excavation." His fingers tapped lazily against the wooden table, the rhythmic sound filling the tense silence.

"We're in dire need of some... soothing," he continued, his voice dropping to a sickly, honeyed drawl. "But tonight, I'm not in the mood for some common prostitute. No, no... The moment I saw you, I knew I had to have you. So how about it, sweetheart? Just give it to me."

The tension in the air thickened like a storm cloud ready to burst. Conversations around the tavern had dulled, all eyes discreetly shifting to the unfolding scene.

The waitress, however, remained unfazed. She crossed her arms, her gaze sharper than a drawn dagger.

"I am not a prostitute, and this establishment does not tolerate such behavior." Her voice was steady, but there was a weight to it now—a warning, a blade hidden beneath silk. "If you refuse to leave, I will remove you myself."

For a moment, the adventurer simply stared at her, as if trying to process the audacity of the words spoken to him. Then, he threw his head back and laughed—a deep, guttural sound that grated against the ears like rusted iron.

"Oh?" His grin widened, teeth yellowed from too much drink. "You really think you can take me on, little girl? Just so you know, my party is A-rank. We've fought tooth and nail against monsters that would make these weaklings here piss themselves!"

He spread his arms theatrically, as if expecting the world to bow before his so-called glory.

"I've stared death in the face and spat at it! Haven't you heard of the name Death Spitter? That's me! I've been spitting on death since the day I picked up a sword! Hell, death itself doesn't even dare come near me anymore unless I go looking for it myself!"

A heavy silence followed his proclamation.

I had never heard of the name Death Spitter before. Judging from the sea of blank expressions in the tavern, neither had anyone else.

"If you wish to bask in the glory of the great Death Spitter," he continued, leaning forward with a disgusting leer, "then why don't you become my concubine? I promise I'll provide for you. No more wasting away in this dump. Your only job will be to spread your legs for me, bear my children, cook my meals, and massage me whenever I need it." His voice turned mocking. "Much easier than working in this measly restaurant, don't you think?"

To drive his point home, he grabbed his mug and tipped it over, letting the golden ale spill onto the wooden floor. The liquid splattered over his boots, but he didn't care. He was basking in his own self-importance.

The waitress exhaled slowly, rubbing her temples as if she were dealing with a particularly stubborn child. Then, she straightened, her fingers flexing at her sides.

"I had hoped it wouldn't come to this..."

The moment those words left her lips, she moved.

A sharp crack echoed through the tavern as her foot struck the legs of the adventurer's chair. The old wood splintered instantly, snapping apart like brittle twigs beneath her strength. With a startled yelp, the adventurer was ripped from his seat, his body tilting backward as gravity took hold.

Before his back could even hit the ground—before his stunned mind could process what had happened—her body twisted with an elegance that spoke of deadly precision.

Then came the second kick.

Her foot smashed into his face with a sickening thud, his head snapping back as blood and saliva sprayed into the air. His body flew backward, slamming against the floor with a force that rattled the entire tavern.

Silence.

Stillness.

The so-called Death Spitter lay motionless, his arms splayed out, his jaw hanging slack. Unconscious.

So much for that grand name. He hadn't even reacted.

The other adventurers at his table scrambled to their feet, hands hovering over their weapons, but they hesitated. Their gazes flickered toward the waitress—the woman who had just obliterated their leader in two swift movements.

Their hesitation deepened when a slow, deliberate sound sliced through the thick air.

Shing.

The unmistakable whisper of steel leaving its scabbard.

A deadly chill crept through the room as the adventurers turned their heads. Around them, the other patrons—men who had been drinking and laughing just moments ago—were now gripping the hilts of their weapons. The sunlight gleamed off polished blades, the metal glinting like predatory eyes in the dim room.

No words were spoken.

The message was clear.

Try something foolish, and you die here.

A cold sweat dripped down the backs of the adventurers. Then, with stiff, careful movements, they reached for their fallen comrade—not to avenge him, but to retrieve him. Their hands shook slightly as they dragged his limp form toward the exit, not daring to meet anyone's gaze.

The moment they crossed the threshold and disappeared into the night, the silence shattered.

Laughter—deep, booming, victorious—erupted from the patrons, shaking the very foundation of the tavern. Mugs clashed together in celebration, raucous cheers filling the air. The echoes of their amusement roared through the establishment, a resounding fuck you to the fool who had dared to think himself above the rest.

The Death Spitter had spat on death one too many times. And death had finally spat back.

"Death Spitter, my ass! He didn't even manage to dodge!"

"Well, I suppose he can avoid death, but he sure as hell couldn't dodge Arianne's boot!"

"I was trying to hold back my laughter, but I can't! I can't believe someone actually had the audacity to ask Arianne for sex! The nerve of him!"

The adventurers erupted into hearty laughter, their voices filling the tavern with a lively energy. To them, the scene they had just witnessed was nothing short of comical. Honestly, I couldn't deny that it was amusing as well. Seeing them so entertained by the misfortune of their fellow adventurers, I could only assume that such incidents were a common occurrence in this establishment.

The waitress—whose name, apparently, was Arianne—sighed softly, brushing down the apron over her blouse with practiced ease. As she did, her gaze briefly flickered toward me. However, the moment our eyes met, she averted her gaze, turning away as if nothing had happened.

Without another word, she bent down to retrieve the fallen tankard the adventurer had so rudely knocked over. She then grabbed a cloth and wiped away the spilled ale with smooth, efficient movements.

I had no idea why a woman like her was working in a place like this. Not that it was any of my concern. And yet, I found myself curious.

Before I could dwell on it further, the rich aroma of freshly prepared food wafted through the air, its tantalizing scent curling into my senses like an intoxicating spell. It was warm, inviting—the kind of scent that made one's stomach tighten in anticipation.

Arianne placed the dishes before us, her voice carrying a note of professionalism.

"Please, enjoy the food."

With that, we dug in.

The moment the first bite touched my tongue, I was taken aback. The flavor was exceptional. Far beyond what I had expected from a small tavern in an adventurer's village. Each bite was rich, the ingredients well-balanced, the textures perfect. It was the kind of meal that could make a man forget his troubles, even if only for a little while.

Now I understood why Raymond had recommended this place. It wasn't just good—it was incredible.

We ate in contentment, savoring every bite while exchanging words of praise about the food. Time seemed to slow as we filled ourselves, indulging in the unexpected delight of a truly satisfying meal.

Eventually, we finished, our plates emptied and our hunger thoroughly sated.

The bill arrived shortly after. While the price leaned toward the expensive side, it was far from unreasonable. Considering the quality of the food, it was well worth it.

"Thank you for your patronage," Arianne said, bowing politely as we settled our payment.

With that, we turned to leave, making our way toward the tavern's entrance.

But just as we reached the door, it was suddenly pushed open from the outside.

A woman stepped in.

Tall—for a woman, at least. Her emerald-green hair cascaded past her shoulders, matching the sharp intensity of her verdant eyes. Though she wasn't particularly bulky, her physique was well-defined, muscles visible beneath the fabric of her attire. And her expression... pissed.

Yet, as our paths crossed and our eyes met, something in her hardened demeanor shifted.

She stopped.

Her piercing gaze softened, widening slightly in surprise.

"Leon...?"

It was Rose.

Chapter 583 - Crossing Paths (3)

"Leon...?"



The moment our eyes met, her emerald gaze widened, reflecting nothing but sheer disbelief. It was as if the very sight of me had shaken her to her core, as though I was the last person she ever expected to see in this place. A sharp intake of breath hitched in her throat, her body tensing, frozen in place for a split second.

Then, without a word, she turned on her heel and walked away.

No hesitation. No explanation. Just a swift departure.

Her sudden retreat left the air heavy with unspoken emotions, and the other two were visibly confused.

"Uh, Leon..." Raymond muttered, his brows knitting together. "Did something happen between you and Professor Rose for her to act like that?"

"To be honest, I don't know," I replied, keeping my tone even.

That was a lie. I knew exactly why she had reacted that way, but there was no point in telling them. If they found out about my history with her... explaining it would be nothing short of a nightmare. There were some things better left unsaid.

Beside me, Estelle was grinning, her sharp eyes gleaming with amusement. She had already put the pieces together—at least, in her own way. Whether she was right or not didn't matter; she was convinced that Rose was just another woman in my life. And judging by that expression, she was likely

assuming—just as she did with my other relationships—that it had been a passionate one, complete with love and sex.

Her smirk only deepened, as if she found the entire situation highly entertaining.

"Hm... I wonder why she ran off like that," Raymond mused, rubbing his chin in thought. Unlike Estelle, he hadn't even considered the possibility of a romantic connection. He probably assumed I lacked the courage—or perhaps the audacity—to have been involved with a former professor. "Well, it doesn't really matter, does it? Why don't we just head out?"

"I'm sorry, but I have something to take care of," I said, my voice firm. "Would you three mind waiting for me outside the city gate?"

Raymond shrugged. "Sure."

He didn't even question it. If anything, he seemed pleased—probably because it meant fewer men lingering around Estelle. A convenient turn of events for him.

He didn't care where I was going, nor did he seem particularly interested in why Rose had reacted the way she did. His focus was elsewhere. Estelle, however, kept her eyes on me, that sly grin never fading.

I ignored her.

Right now, I needed to find Rose.

\*\*\*

I didn't have to search for long.

The moment I slipped through the back door of the restaurant, I saw her.

She stood there, her back to me, her posture rigid yet composed. The breezy afternoon air rustled through the alleyway, causing strands of her green hair to sway slightly. She wasn't pacing. She wasn't fidgeting.

She was waiting.

As if she had known I would come.

"Long time no see," I said, breaking the silence.

"Yes," she murmured, turning to face me. "It has been a long time."

The soft glow of the sun illuminated her features, casting delicate shadows over her face. She was still just as breathtaking—fiercely beautiful in a way that demanded both admiration and caution.

Hers was a beauty edged with steel. The kind that made one hesitate to stare for too long, not because it wasn't mesmerizing, but because her piercing gaze carried a weight that could crush the weak-hearted.

And yet, despite that intimidating presence, there was something fragile beneath it all.

"Why are you here, Leon?" she asked. Her voice was steady, controlled, but there was a slight strain beneath her words. "I assume you didn't come here for me."

A careful choice of words. A test, perhaps.

Yet, there was the faintest tremor in her tone. A quiet waver that betrayed something deeper—something unspoken.

Hope.

Deep down, she might have hoped I had come for her.

"I came looking for my two friends," I told her. "Well, partially. But my main reason for coming here..." I let my words linger, my gaze locking onto hers. "I heard the Green-Haired Demon was seen around these parts."

It was an indirect way of saying I had come for her.

Silence stretched between us.

Her head dipped slightly, strands of green falling forward to veil her face, but I caught the subtle movement—the way her ears turned red, betraying her composed exterior.

She could try to be tough. She could pretend all she wanted.

But I knew her.

And no matter how much time had passed, no matter how much distance had grown between us...

She was still just as adorable as ever.

"Kuh... I never thought I'd run into you here—of all places—when I came here just to get away from you. The gods really don't bother hiding the fact that they're toying with me."

Her voice, though quiet, carried a sharp edge, her words slipping through clenched teeth. It was as if she hadn't meant to say it out loud, but I caught every syllable. The frustration, the bitterness—it was thick in the air, as tangible as the tension crackling between us. But since she clearly hadn't intended for me to hear, I decided to act as if I hadn't.

Then, she took a slow breath, straightened her posture, and turned her full attention toward me.

She really was beautiful. But hers was not a beauty that invited admiration—it was the kind of beauty that burned, the kind you wouldn't dare stare at for too long. Her sharp, piercing emerald eyes could cut through anyone foolish enough to linger. She was fierce, untamed, and utterly captivating in a way that made her all the more dangerous.

And right now, that gaze was locked onto me.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked, her voice steady but laced with something unspoken.

I raised a brow. "Doing what?"

"This! This whole... thing!" She made a vague, frustrated motion with her hands, exasperation radiating from every inch of her. "I wanted to forget you! Do you understand that? You're a scumbag. A womanizer. I can't believe I ever—" She stopped, inhaling sharply before continuing. "I can't believe I ever considered being with you. Do you know how messed up it is that I actually thought about quitting my job as a professor just to stay by your side?"

Her fingers curled into fists at her sides.

"And what's worse? It's pathetic how I still went through with it—how I slept with you while knowing full well that you were already involved with someone. I knew it, and I still—" She cut herself off, exhaling sharply.

I said nothing.

Because, honestly? She was right. It was messed up.

Still, I met her gaze evenly. "Titania doesn't really mind, honestly."

The moment those words left my mouth, a blur of movement cut through the air.

I barely had time to react.

A fist shot toward my face with terrifying speed, slicing through the air like a blade. I tilted my head just in time, the punch missing me by mere inches. The force of it was enough to generate a sharp gust, the heat of it searing against my cheek. If I had been even a fraction of a second slower, I'd be sporting a swollen, blackened eye for the next week.

"You really are a scumbag," she growled, her teeth clenched, fury burning in her emerald eyes. Her breath was heavy, her chest rising and falling in barely contained anger. "You don't get it, do you? This

isn't just about whether your girlfriend minds or not. You might have twisted her emotions, made her think she's okay with it—whether you meant to or not. Or maybe, because of her upbringing, she's just used to accepting things as they are. But I do mind. I don't want to be part of some harem or a polyamorous relationship. I never did."

Her voice wavered, just for a second. But she steadied herself, her expression hardening once more.

"And I imagine Irene feels the same."

That part made me pause.

Irene had said she hated the idea at first... but she was slowly warming up to it. If she truly despised it, she wouldn't have joined me and Gabrielle that day in a threesome.

Well, they called it a competition, but still...

But that was the last thing Rose wanted to hear right now.

I took a deep breath, steadying myself. "Actually, I have a reason for coming here to talk to you." Finally, I got around to what I really needed to say.

She exhaled sharply, her expression hardening. "I don't care anymore."



Her voice was cold, resolute. She was done.

"I'm leaving. I'm going to another country—somewhere far away, somewhere you'll never reach me. Coming here was a mistake. I thought being near the Kingdom would be fine, that I'd moved on enough, but clearly, I was wrong. So I'll go somewhere you can't follow. Somewhere far enough that I can finally forget you."

Her emerald eyes burned with determination, but I could see it—the pain lurking beneath her fury, the sorrow hidden behind her fierce resolve. She had convinced herself this was the only way.

And yet... I wasn't done.

I had already wasted enough of her time, and she was ready to walk away. But I still hadn't told her the real reason I came here.

"There's more to the Eclipse than you think."

Her steps faltered. She stopped mid-stride.

That got her attention.

I pressed on. "Sesillian is only a small piece of the puzzle. Someone bigger is pulling the strings from the shadows."

#### Chapter 584 - Crossing Paths (4)

Rose froze.

The moment those words left my mouth, it was as if an unseen force had slammed into her, locking her in place. The mere mention of Eclipse and Sesillian seemed to chain her to the ground, her body tensing as though shackled by something unseen.

Slowly, deliberately, she turned her head toward me, her expression caught somewhere between disbelief and dread.

"What did you just say...?"

Her voice was quiet, but it carried weight. A demand. A plea. A warning.

I met her gaze without flinching.

"I'm telling you—Sesillian is just a cog in a much bigger machine. Something far greater is pulling the strings, and he's nothing more than their puppet."

The silence between us stretched, thick and suffocating.

Shock flickered through her eyes, barely concealed beneath a veil of composure. I could see it—the war inside her mind. The struggle between rationality and the sheer impossibility of what I was saying.

Sesillian was powerful. Too powerful. He had built Eclipse into an empire, a cult whose influence stretched across continents. His vision had been grand enough to blot out the very sun, to shroud the world in darkness with the Great Darkness.

And yet, I was telling her that he was just a pawn.

She wanted to deny it. But she wasn't stupid. She had spent years chasing shadows, unraveling truths. If there was anyone who could recognize the sheer weight of what I was saying, it was her.

Even I struggled to believe it sometimes.

Rose studied me for a long, agonizing moment. Then, she exhaled slowly, as if forcing herself to let go of something.

"Look, I'm not involved with the administrators anymore. I'm no longer an agent. Anything that would benefit them is no longer my concern."

Her tone was flat. Distant. Final.

I had expected as much. It was natural for her to be disinterested. But I also knew the truth—whether she liked it or not, she wanted to know more. She needed to.

She just didn't want to deal with me.

Without another word, she turned, ready to leave.

And then—

A suffocating wave of bloodlust crashed down on us.

It was instant. Sudden.

One moment, the air was still. The next, it was as though the very atmosphere had been poisoned, thickened with an overwhelming, suffocating malice.

It wasn't just something I felt—I could see it, dark and oppressive, seeping into the air like an invisible fog. My instincts roared in warning, every nerve in my body snapping into high alert.

But this wasn't the bloodlust of an assassin preparing to strike.

No.

This was a warning.

Then—she appeared.

A woman materialized from thin air, as if the very shadows had birthed her into existence.

Long, flowing red hair cascaded down her back, a hue so deep and vivid it seemed to burn like embers in the light. Yet it was nothing compared to her presence—towering, suffocating, predatory.

She was tall.

Taller than Rose, and exuding an authority that felt almost unnatural. Her very presence warped the space around her, making her feel larger than she was, more dangerous than she had any right to be.

Her face was sharp, refined—but it was her eyes that drew me in. Or rather, the one visible eye. The other was concealed beneath a dark eyepatch, adding to the eerie, almost spectral aura she carried.

I hadn't even seen her arrive.

One second, she wasn't there. The next, she was.

Then—

A gleam of silver.

In a movement so swift it barely registered, she was behind Rose, pressing a dagger against her throat.

The blade kissed her skin, a hair's breadth away from slicing into her flesh.

"Hey, you two."

The woman's voice was light, almost playful—but it carried a razor-sharp edge, laced with something dark, something lethal.

"It's not exactly polite to have a conversation like this outside the pub, you know? Didn't you realize these kinds of transactions are prohibited?"

As she spoke, she pressed the dagger just a fraction deeper.

Not enough to cut.

Just enough to remind Rose that it could.

I didn't move.

Not a single muscle twitched.

Because I knew.

The moment my body so much as hinted at aggression, the blade would bite into Rose's throat without hesitation.

So I remained still.

The red-haired woman smirked, tilting her head ever so slightly.

"Hmm. Smart choice, kid. You're young, but you've got a good head on your shoulders."

She had noticed.

The way I didn't react. The way I controlled my breathing, kept my body unnaturally still.

One wrong move.

One misstep.

And Rose would die before I could even blink.

"Now then, I just overheard a rather intriguing conversation."

The red-haired woman's voice carried an eerie amusement, yet beneath that casual tone lurked something dangerous—something lethal. Her blade remained pressed against Rose's throat, the edge so close that the slightest misstep could end her life in an instant. The dim light glinted off the metal, a cruel, gleaming promise of what would happen should I make a wrong move.

"You two were discussing Eclipse... Tell me, what business do you have with that dead cult?"

My eyes narrowed.



She wasn't just aware of Eclipse—she spoke of it with familiarity, as though she knew exactly what had become of them. That alone sent alarms ringing in my mind.

This woman—she was no ordinary attacker.

That speed, the seamless way she had materialized behind Rose, her movements honed to perfection—she wasn't just skilled. She was something else entirely.

Underworld? Assassin? Enforcer?

There was an unsettling grace in the way she carried herself, an aura that reeked of bloodshed and shadows. Her presence alone set every instinct in my body on high alert.

But more than that—she had chosen Rose as her hostage instead of me.

That meant she had assessed us within seconds.

She knew that between the two of us, Rose was the easier target. Not because Rose was weak, but because I wasn't someone she could afford to take lightly. That single realization told me everything.

This woman had the instincts of a survivor. She didn't pick fights she wasn't sure she could win.

And yet, she had made a mistake.

"Put the blade down from Rose's throat. Then, I'll talk," I said, my voice measured and calm.

She let out a dry chuckle.

"Talk right where you are. And don't even try to bullshit me." Her grip on the blade tightened slightly. "You're speaking while my knife is at her throat. You don't get to make demands. This is a hostage situation. I take her, you talk. Simple."

I exhaled slowly.

And then—I moved.

The shift was so sudden, so precise, that she barely had time to register it.

Her instinct kicked in, her wrist twisting as she attempted to slit Rose's throat in a reflexive motion—

But she wasn't fast enough.

Before the blade could carve into Rose's skin, my hand shot forward, gripping her wrist in a vice-like hold. The force of my grip made her fingers tremble slightly, the deadly arc of her knife completely halted.

Her eye widened.

"Wha—?!"

Without hesitation, I swept Rose's legs from beneath her, catching her mid-fall in a flawless, effortless princess carry.

For a moment, Rose simply stared at me, her mouth slightly parted in shock. Then, realization dawned—our close proximity, the way she was cradled in my arms—and in an instant, color flooded her cheeks.

She averted her gaze, visibly flustered.

I ignored her reaction, my focus locked onto the woman in front of me.

She hadn't moved.

She stood there, momentarily stunned, her expression frozen in disbelief.

I could see it in her eye. She wasn't just shocked—she was processing. Trying to understand how I had done it.

She had executed her attack with flawless precision. A move that should have been impossible to counter.

And yet, I had countered it effortlessly.

Her expression shifted.

The disbelief vanished. What replaced it was something sharper—a new assessment.

She straightened, her stance shifting ever so slightly.

She wasn't retreating.

She was preparing for a fight.

I sighed. So be it.

With a flick of my wrist, I called forth Ayuru.

A suffocating presence filled the air as the Cursed Sword materialized in my grip. The moment it appeared, the surrounding temperature seemed to drop, a dark, pulsating energy emanating from the blade like a living entity. The ground beneath me cracked slightly from the sheer force radiating off of it.

The woman's reaction was immediate.

Her visible eye widened in recognition.

"A Cursed Sword!?"

Shock, followed by swift calculation.

I could see the shift in her demeanor—the moment she realized exactly what she was dealing with.

But she was quick to recover.

Her gaze flickered toward Rose.

She was planning to go for her again.

Not a chance.

She lunged.

I intercepted.

The moment she struck, her blade became a blur, slicing through the air in rapid, precise bursts. Each movement was like a flash of lightning—sharp, unpredictable, deadly.

But I was already moving.

My body responded before my mind even processed the attacks, weaving through the storm of blades with unnatural ease. Each slash came within inches of my skin, but none landed. I twisted, sidestepped, countered her movements like I had seen them before they happened.

Her speed was insane.

But mine was greater.

"Kuh...!"

Frustration crept into her expression.

She came at me again, this time with everything she had.

Her strikes grew heavier, more violent. Every swing carried a force that sent tremors up my arms upon impact.

But pain never came.

Instead, something else stirred inside me.

Excitement.

My blood roared. My muscles burned with exhilaration.

My lips curled into a smirk as I met her attacks head-on, blocking, countering, pushing her back with relentless precision. Every time our blades clashed, the air itself shuddered from the sheer force behind our strikes.

And then—

She stopped.

Her breathing remained steady, but I saw it in her eye.

Realization.

The moment she knew—

She couldn't defeat me.

For the first time since she appeared, her voice carried something different.

Not mockery. Not arrogance.



Curiosity.

"Who... are you?"

That was the only question she could ask.

Chapter 585 - Crossing Paths (5)

I didn't grant her the luxury of a response—only a silent, unwavering gaze that cut through the tense air between us.

If my instincts weren't betraying me, then this woman was none other than Eris—a name whispered in the shadows, a legend in the underworld. She was the leader of the Silver Blades, an organization hell-bent on dismantling monarchies. A ghost of rebellion. A blade honed for a single purpose.

Yet, despite her reputation, I hadn't expected to come face-to-face with her here of all places.

I took a slow step forward, my voice calm, yet laced with quiet authority.

"Now then, why exactly are you so eager to know about the Eclipse?" I asked. My words weren't a mere question—they were a probe, a challenge. "You didn't seek us out, draw your blade, and demand answers about them without already knowing something. Perhaps you even share a connection with them. So tell me—what led you to this moment?"

Her expression hardened instantly.

"Kuh..." A sharp click of her tongue broke the silence, her eyes narrowing into slits.

She wasn't going to give me anything freely. That much was obvious. She was too seasoned, too disciplined to spill her motives at a mere provocation. But that reluctance only confirmed my suspicions—she was hiding something.

"Tell me," I continued, my voice like steel, "you aren't one of them, are you?"

A flicker of something dangerous flashed across her face.

Then—fury.

Not just anger. This was raw, unfiltered rage, erupting like a sudden storm.

"I'm not!" she snapped, her voice laced with venom. "Don't you dare lump me in with those bastards!"

Her reaction told me more than any confession could. Whatever connection she had to them, it wasn't allegiance—it was hatred.

"Then let me return the question," she countered, her voice low, like the growl of a beast before it lunged. "Are you one of them?"

I held her gaze, unflinching.

"I'm not. We aren't." My voice was steady, resolute. "Or did it not occur to you that we might have our own reasons to despise them? That we could be after them just as much as you are?"

For the first time, her eyes wavered.

It wasn't hesitation—it was assessment. Weighing the truth in my words.

Slowly, the suffocating pressure of her bloodlust began to recede, like a tide pulling back from the shore. But it didn't vanish completely. She was still on edge, still poised for battle.

I, however, took the first step toward de-escalation. With a slow, deliberate movement, I lowered my blade, letting Ayuru dissolve from my grip into nothingness.

Her gaze flicked to my empty hands before snapping back to my face.

"Who are you?" she asked at last.

"I am..."

For a moment, I turned toward Rose, who stood just behind me. Her usual calm expression remained intact, but there was something in her eyes—an unspoken concern.

I couldn't risk using my real name. Not now.

"Christopher Faust."

The moment those words left my lips, her eyes widened.

Recognition.

"You're...?"

A second of silence stretched between us before her expression darkened once more.

"Why is the owner of the Leonamon here?" she asked, suspicion lacing every syllable.

I glanced at the blade she still held in a death grip, exhaling a quiet sigh.

"Would you kindly lower that first before I answer?" I suggested, my voice as calm as ever.

"This stays in my hand," she retorted coldly. "To make sure you don't do anything reckless."

I held my ground.

"It's evident by now that we have no ties to the ones behind the Eclipse," I stated. "So tell me—why are you still treating us as enemies?"

"I don't trust you."

A sharp statement. Firm. Unyielding.

"Fair enough, I suppose." My voice remained even, my expression unreadable.

It was expected. No one in their right mind would completely lower their guard around a stranger, especially after a confrontation like that. If the situation were reversed, I wouldn't trust me either.

Then, suddenly—

Creak.

Before the silence could stretch any further, the door at the back of the pub suddenly swung open with a sharp creak. A woman with fiery orange hair stepped through, her apron still tied around her waist—Arianne.

But what caught my attention wasn't her presence.

It was the rifle in her hands.

Click.

The cold, metallic sound of the safety being switched off echoed through the air as she aimed it straight at me.

I stared at it.

Firearms. In this world.

I had encountered many things since arriving here, but firearms were something I still found baffling. The mere fact that rifles existed in a place like this was almost surreal. Then again, if they had existed somewhere outside this world and knowledge of it was carried here through means I still have no idea about, it only made sense that someone had preserved the knowledge and made them into a product

Honestly, I couldn't blame them.

I was doing the exact same thing.

Using knowledge from a past life to forge something that shouldn't exist here.

"Drop your weapon, if you don't want a bullet in your skull." Arianne's voice was cold, unwavering. The kind of voice that didn't tolerate hesitation.

I let out a slow breath.

"I don't have a weapon on me."

Her eyes narrowed, her grip on the rifle tightening. "Huh? But I saw—"

"Well, no matter," I cut her off smoothly. "I have no interest in fighting either of you. This is a misunderstanding. I only came here to pass on some information to Rose. She's a former agent—perhaps she could make sense of what I found."

A tense silence stretched between us.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, Arianne finally lowered her gun.

A quiet exhale slipped from Eris's lips, as though the situation itself had given her a headache. With a flick of her wrist, she twirled her dagger around her fingers in a perfect rotation before sliding it back into its sheath. The movement was almost hypnotic—elegant, precise, effortless.

Apparently, even the art of sheathing a weapon required finesse in this world.

"So, the two of you are really just after James Moriarty?" she finally asked, her gaze steady, searching.

The name hung in the air.

James Moriarty.

I had already suspected as much, but hearing Eris confirm it made everything feel far too real.



"James Moriarty is the one pulling the strings behind the Eclipse," she continued, her tone sharper now, like a blade being drawn from its scabbard. "He manipulated a professor from Milham Academy, bending him to his will. That professor was the one who created the Eclipse in the first place."

"Wait, Leader!"

Arianne's voice cut through the tension like a knife, her movements sudden.

In the next instant, the rifle was raised again.

Her body had tensed, as though suddenly realizing she had made a mistake by letting her guard down. "I don't think it's wise to tell them that! That man—he's a student at the academy! And I know this woman, too!"

Her eyes snapped to Rose, suspicion flaring behind them. "That green hair of hers stands out anywhere. People call her the Green-Haired Demon. She was once a professor at Milham Academy too. For all we know, they could be affiliated with the very man James Moriarty manipulated!"

I turned my head slightly, my gaze locking onto her.

So much for keeping a low profile.

It seemed that introducing myself as Christopher Faust had been unnecessary—Arianne already knew exactly who I was.

Her eyes narrowed as she scrutinized me. "You... You were a classmate of Shredica. And you had ties to Princess Titania as well." Her voice wavered slightly. "Are you really not affiliated with the Eclipse?"

A soft chuckle escaped my lips.

"Are you seriously still doubting me?" I asked, tilting my head slightly. "Even after I fought off so many of their members to protect Charlotte? You were there, weren't you? Watching me from afar."

Arianne visibly stiffened.

Her grip on the rifle faltered.

"W-Wait... You knew I was watching?"

A flicker of a memory surfaced.

Last year.

Charlotte had been kidnapped by members of the Eclipse. I had intervened before they could take her away. And Arianne had been there. Hiding. Watching from the shadows.

"Yes." I met her eyes, my voice laced with quiet amusement. "You weren't very discreet."

She had used an ability to conceal her presence, blending into the surroundings like a phantom. Yet, despite her best efforts, I could still feel her. That faint, almost imperceptible presence—like a ripple in still water—had been impossible to ignore.

And yet, she still doubted me.

Even after everything.

"I... I still don't trust you." Arianne's voice wavered slightly, but her stance remained firm. "Your name is Leon, right? Then why are you calling yourself by the name of the owner of the Leonamon Company?"

Ah.

So, she had overheard my introduction to Eris.

I let out a slow breath, unfazed. Before I could respond, another voice cut through the tension.

"I can confirm that this man and the man who owns Leonamon are one and the same."

Rose.

Her tone was calm, confident—absolute.

"You don't have to worry about me lying. I'm telling you the truth." Her gaze flickered between Arianne and Eris, unwavering. "Although, I have no proof to show you... but I know Leon far better than either of you."

Chapter 586 - Crossing Paths (6)

We all came to the same conclusion—this conversation couldn't happen here. Too many ears. Too many risks.

This was the kind of discussion that could change everything, and speaking about it in the open was an invitation to disaster.

Rose had made her stance clear from the start—she wanted no part of this. But despite that, she was still here. She hadn't walked away. She couldn't.

Because no matter how much she tried to pretend otherwise, she was already too deeply entangled.

Once we found a secluded place, I finally broke the silence.

"Before anything else, I have a question."

I turned to Eris, my gaze sharp and unyielding.

"Who exactly is James Moriarty?"

The name had been gnawing at me. It was too familiar—too specific to be a coincidence. A name ripped straight from fiction, yet somehow woven into reality. The name James Moriarty was actually the rival of Sherlock Holmes.

I also met that man once—during our fight.

I had every intention of killing him that day. But I failed.

Even after I unleashed everything I had, he survived.

That alone told me everything I needed to know.

He was far stronger than I had first believed.

And far, far more dangerous.

If a man like that had orchestrated the creation of the Eclipse simply by planting ideas into Sesillian's mind, then his intellect wasn't just formidable—it was terrifying.

Eris's expression darkened, shadows flickering in her eyes.

"He's an anomaly," she said, voice tight with resentment. "An evil one."

Her hands curled into fists.

"At first, he was nobody. Then, little by little, he carved a path through the underworld, building his influence, securing connections with the most dangerous people alive."

Her jaw clenched. "Not just working with them—controlling them."

She let out a sharp breath, as if forcing herself to stay composed. "He has his hands in everything. Every dark deal, every atrocity. And yet, for all I know about him..."

She hesitated.

For the first time, her confidence wavered.

Then, after a slow inhale, she spoke.

"I don't even know what he looks like."

My eyes narrowed. "And why is that?"

She pressed her lips into a thin line. "Because every time we see him—he has a different face."

A shapeshifter?

I didn't doubt it. Not in this world.

There were abilities that could swap gender—altering one's face wouldn't be a stretch. Hell, I could also change my appearance as well.

"I don't have much more information beyond that," she admitted, frustration simmering beneath her words. "But this much I do know—his reach is everywhere. His influence is insidious. He even planted one of his own in our ranks."

A bitter smile ghosted across her lips. "We were betrayed. Sold out to the authorities."

Then, her fingers tightened—knuckles turning white as she slammed her fist against the table.

"We barely escaped."

She exhaled, her shoulders trembling slightly.

"But many weren't as lucky."

Her eyes darkened.

"Arianne's father was one of them."

Silence settled between us—thick and suffocating.



After a moment, she forced herself to continue. "I saved Arianne just before they could kill her too."

The air felt heavier now.

I remained quiet. Not because I didn't care—but because I didn't know what to say.

Rose was the one to break the silence.

"So this man... he's behind everything?"

I nodded. "Yes. He's the one who created the Eclipse. I've fought him personally, actually."

Eris's reaction was immediate.

Her head snapped toward me. "You... fought him?"

Her pupils dilated, her breath hitching.

"W-Wait..." Her voice wavered. "You're not... the one who defeated him, are you?"

I didn't answer.

I didn't need to.

Her expression shifted—realization creeping in like a slow-burning fire.

Arianne sucked in a sharp breath, her body going rigid. "T-Then, you're..."

She swallowed hard, as if forcing herself to say it aloud.

"You're the Faceless Playwright. The one who took down Norman Amarathea that night."

Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"And the one who gravely injured James Moriarty. That was you..."

Her disbelief clung to the air.

I suppose my name had made its rounds in the underworld after all.

Eris's fists clenched at her sides, her teeth grinding together.

"Now it makes sense..." she muttered, her voice dripping with something venomous.

Her gaze bore into me, filled with an emotion I couldn't quite place.

"Why you could do what you did earlier."

Her fingers twitched.

Then, through gritted teeth, she spat—

"You're that asshole."

I hadn't done anything to warrant that from her.

But, well—whatever.

"W-Wait, what? Are you telling me that you, Leon, have actually fought this James Moriarty?"

Rose's voice quivered slightly, a mix of shock and disbelief evident in her widened eyes.

I met her gaze, my expression unreadable. "It was a battle that, in hindsight, I barely even considered significant. I've been in countless fights, long before I ever stepped foot in the academy. At the time, I simply assumed he was just another opponent." I exhaled slowly. "But clearly... I was wrong."

There were too many pieces of this puzzle that refused to align. More than anything, James Moriarty was an enigma cloaked in darkness, an evil entity whose reach extended far beyond what I had initially perceived. His name alone gnawed at me. Was it mere coincidence? Or was he, like me, someone from Earth?

I clenched my jaw. If their ultimate goal was to create a bridge between worlds, then was it possible... that they were searching for a way home?

The thought struck a nerve. I wanted that too. But unlike them, I knew that such a method was far from achievable. It was an ambition I had long since buried beneath more pressing matters. For now, my path remained unchanged—my goal was to conquer this world.

But if this revelation held any truth, then I needed to dig deeper. I needed to know more about James Moriarty and his true intentions. Perhaps, in uncovering the depths of his schemes, I would finally have a chance to exact my revenge—revenge for my sister, who had been so cruelly wronged in her workplace.

A sudden movement caught my attention.

Eris abruptly pushed back her chair and stood, her presence towering over me. The air around her grew heavy, thick with something unspoken yet potent. Her sharp gaze bore down on me like a predator sizing up its prey. She was taller than me—by a fair bit, actually—forcing me to tilt my head just to meet her eyes.

"I don't like this," she declared, her voice low and controlled, yet brimming with hostility. "I don't know you, and I feel like I can't trust you. I don't want anything to do with people like you."

Then, she took a deep breath, exhaling sharply through her nose. "However..." Her fingers curled into a fist at her side. "I believe that our chances of taking down James... and Claire... are far greater if we work together."

Claire.

So that's the name of the traitor. The mole who had infiltrated the Silver Blades, only to betray them to authorities and sell them out. It made sense why Eris would want vengeance.

She extended her hand toward me, offering a deal.

"I think it would be in both our interests to join forces. What do you say?"

I didn't move. I simply stared at her outstretched hand, my expression devoid of emotion.

"And what, exactly, would I gain from this alliance?" I asked, my voice calm, yet sharp enough to cut through the tension.

Eris's brow twitched. "Huh?"

"I fail to see any real benefit in accepting this proposal." My gaze darkened. "If anything, it feels as though I would be giving up far more than I would gain. I already have the resources, the manpower, and the strength to confront them. I have no need for you."

Silence.

Eris's expression wavered, her lips parting slightly as if she had misheard me.

"S-Say what?"

She blinked, stunned. It was almost amusing—her sheer disbelief at the fact that her offer had been rejected.

"B-But I have strength too!" she protested, her voice a mix of frustration and confusion.

I let out a small, almost dismissive sigh. "If all you bring to the table is strength, then I've no use for you." My eyes flickered with something unreadable. "As I said, I already possess it in abundance. Furthermore, I have several women under me who surpass either of you in proficiency. There is nothing that particularly sets you apart."

I tilted my head slightly, a small smirk tugging at the corner of my lips. "However, if you are willing to offer me something in return—something of actual value—then I might consider your proposition."

A heavy silence filled the room.

And then—

"L-Leon, you're disgusting," Rose suddenly interjected, her voice dripping with disdain.

I frowned. "What? What exactly did I say wrong?"

Her expression twisted in disgust. "Are you seriously implying that if they want to join, they need to offer their bodies to you?"

I blinked. Wait. What?

I exhaled through my nose, pinching the bridge of it slightly. "That is not what I meant."

"Oh, please. You're always thinking about women, Leon. I know exactly what was going through your mind," Rose shot back, arms crossed tightly over her chest.

Eris's expression darkened even further, her lips curling in sheer contempt. "You're repulsive."

...Well.

It seemed I had unintentionally gotten myself into a rather unfortunate misunderstanding.

Chapter 587 - Rose's Downfall (1)

What I asked for in exchange for my cooperation was simple—yet far more valuable than anything else they could offer.

"All I need is greater access to the underworld," I stated firmly, my voice cutting through the tension in the room like a blade. "You're probably aware of this, but the underground society operates beyond our usual reach. Information about it, as well as the flow of knowledge within it, is scarce. I want a direct line to that world."

Eris crossed her arms, her crimson eyes narrowing as she assessed my words.

I leaned forward, my expression unwavering. "I'm not going to demand sex from you in return for my cooperation. And besides—" I let out a short, dry chuckle. "I don't think I could put my dick inside crazy."



Her brows twitched, and her lips parted slightly, as if contemplating whether to be offended. "You're calling me crazy?"

"That's beside the point." I waved a hand dismissively. "So, how about it? I want you to keep me informed about the movements in the underworld—every whisper, every shift in power. In exchange, you'll have my full cooperation. It's a fair deal."

For a moment, the air between us grew heavy. Eris remained silent, staring at me, her gaze unreadable. Then, without a word, she lifted her hand, hesitated briefly, and finally placed it in mine.

Her grip was firm, her fingers cool against my skin.

"Alright." Her voice was quiet, yet resolute. "That's a useful deal to have."

And just like that, an alliance was forged between us—one that would soon shape the tides of the underworld.

\*\*\*

The road back to Milham stretched before me, the distant glow of the city flickering like embers in the night. I wasn't entirely sure why, but I had the distinct feeling that Rose wanted something from me.

Her presence trailed behind me like a lingering shadow. She hadn't spoken, but the way she kept following me made it clear—she had something to say.

"Leon."

Her voice finally broke the silence, hesitant yet firm.

I turned my head slightly, catching the flicker of uncertainty in her emerald eyes.

"I honestly can't make sense of all of this—of you coming here for me, of you getting yourself entangled in things I can't even begin to understand." Her voice was quiet, laced with a vulnerability she rarely showed. "I'm just... I'm still in shock over the fact that you're here for me."

She exhaled slowly, as if trying to gather her thoughts.

"You said you came to inform me about the establishment of the Eclipse and the one truly behind it... But that's just a front, isn't it?"

A pause.

Then, she met my gaze, her expression unguarded.

"The truth is, you just wanted to see me."

I remained silent.

Because she was right.

I hadn't come all this way for information about Eclipse or its mastermind. That was nothing more than an excuse. The real reason I was here—the only reason—was because I wanted to see her again.

"Leon, I..."

She faltered.

Something flickered in her eyes—something raw, unspoken. I had never seen this expression on her before. It was a mix of hesitation, longing... and something deeper.

But then, just as suddenly, she lowered her gaze.

"Nothing... I'm sorry for wasting your time. You can go now."

She turned away.

A sharp pang shot through my chest. Before I could stop myself, I reached out, my fingers wrapping around her wrist, pulling her back before she could slip away.

Her breath hitched.

"You're planning to leave this country after this, aren't you?" My grip on her hand tightened. "You don't intend to see me again."

She didn't resist, but she didn't turn to face me either.

"Yes..." Her voice was barely above a whisper. "I really... I mean, I don't want to be involved with you any longer. It feels like I'm just being played with, so... I decided to end it here."

Her fingers trembled slightly in my grasp.

"However..."

She finally lifted her head, and when our eyes met, my breath caught.

There was something in her gaze—something unshakable, something defiant.

"I don't think I'll be able to go through with it." Her voice quivered ever so slightly. "What exactly have you done to me...? I hate you."

Then, without warning—

She stepped forward, grabbed my collar, and crushed her lips against mine.

A sudden warmth exploded between us.

Her tongue invaded my mouth, demanding, desperate. My heart pounded, the heat of her body pressing against mine as her hands clung to my clothes.

I didn't hesitate.

My arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer as I deepened the kiss. Our tongues tangled, our breaths mingling, the taste of her overwhelming every sense. Her fingers dug into my back, as if afraid that letting go would shatter this moment.

I didn't care if someone saw us.

I didn't care if the world around us continued to move.

All that mattered was this.

Her.

The way she fit perfectly in my arms, the way her lips trembled against mine, the way her body pressed into me like she never wanted to let go.

This moment belonged to us—and I wasn't going to let it slip away.

As if something inside her had snapped, she shoved me away with trembling hands, her emerald eyes flashing with turmoil.

Then, without a word, she turned and ran.

The sound of her hurried footsteps echoed against the quiet night, the crisp air carrying the soft rustling of her clothes. The way she moved—the desperation in her stride—told me everything.

She was trying to escape.

To leave me behind.

But I wasn't going to let that happen.

At this moment, there were only two choices—to let her go forever or to chase after her.

"Just let me go, Leon!"

Her voice cracked, filled with something raw—something painful. But I didn't stop.

"I can't do that!" I shouted, my heartbeat pounding against my ribs as I surged forward.

"Why!?" she screamed, her breath ragged from both exhaustion and emotion. "You already have so many women, don't you?! So why are you still after me!? I'm practically an old lady already!"

"I like it when my woman is mature! Why do you think I have Gabrielle with me!?"

A bitter laugh escaped her lips, but it lacked amusement. It was hollow.

"I'm not as ladylike as Gabrielle! You don't deserve me!"

"You're more ladylike than you give yourself credit for!"

I had no idea why we were screaming at each other in the night, my voice reverberating into the darkness as I chased her. But somehow, this moment—this chaos—felt like it carried the weight of everything left unspoken between us.

If this were some kind of dramatic love story, the skies would have opened up, rain pouring down on us in a cinematic downpour. But no—this wasn't a soap opera.

So I did the only thing I could.

I laid everything bare.

"I love you, Rose! Please, be my woman!"

The words struck like lightning.

She stopped.



Her entire body stiffened, shoulders rising and falling as she breathed heavily. Then, slowly, hesitantly, she turned around.

Her emerald eyes were wide—disbelieving, vulnerable.

"You... love me?"

Her voice wavered, as if she wasn't sure she had heard me correctly.

Then, she let out a broken, breathless laugh, shaking her head.

"You're not being fair, you know, Leon?" she whispered. "I was trying to forget you. I was trying to move on. And yet you..."

Her fingers clenched into fists at her sides, her entire body trembling.

"How could I... How could I say no when you say something like that?"

Tears pooled in her eyes, shimmering under the moonlight.

"You knew, didn't you? You knew that I loved you."

She bit her lip, a single tear slipping down her cheek before she wiped it away with a frustrated swipe.

"Ugh, I hate this... Why did I become like this? Why did I turn into some pathetic, infatuated schoolgirl—one who still loves her boyfriend despite knowing he cheats on her?"

Her voice broke at the end, and she looked up at me, her gaze a storm of emotions.

"What exactly have you done to me?"

I didn't answer.

Because deep down, I already knew.

It was my ability—the one I had used to claim the women I desired.

And I had used it on Rose as well.

That alone had undoubtedly twisted her emotions, tangled them into something even she couldn't fully understand.

I wanted to say something.

To explain.

But the words never came.

Yet there was one truth I knew with certainty.

I stepped forward, my gaze never leaving hers.

"I love you."

It wasn't a lie.

It wasn't manipulation.

It was the undeniable truth.

And when I said those words, something flickered in her eyes.

\*\*\*

Gabrielle's POV

The night stretched on, the chill in the air creeping into my skin.

Master was late.

Too late.

The people he had been searching for had already gathered. Even the woman he had arrived with was accounted for.

Yet he was nowhere to be seen.

I wasn't the type to worry.

I knew exactly what he was capable of.

And yet—despite knowing that—there was a small, irritating tug of unease in my chest.

"Leon sure is taking his time," his bespectacled friend muttered, adjusting his glasses as he peered at the time.

"He's probably taking a dump," the girl beside him said casually, arms crossed as she leaned back.

I glanced at her.

Something about her... reminded me of Master.

I sighed, pushing the car door open. "I'm stepping out for a bit," I said before walking away.

The air here was sharper, colder than in Milham.

I inhaled deeply, filling my lungs with the crisp night air.

This place... It was close to where I had grown up.

An old, almost forgotten part of me ached to visit someone I once knew.

But she hadn't been home.

I wondered where that woman was now...

Chapter 588 - Rose's Downfall (2)

After taking a deep breath of the crisp night air, I returned to my car. The cold had settled into my skin, but the chill was nothing compared to the unease brewing in my chest.

"Uh, Professor Gabrielle," Master's bespectacled friend called out as I slipped into the driver's seat, his voice hesitant. "I think Leon is telling us to go ahead. He just texted me, saying he might be late and will probably spend the night at an inn here. Here, take a look."

He turned his phone toward me, the glow of the screen casting faint shadows on his face. I scanned the message, instantly recognizing Master's ID.

There was no mistaking it.

"An inn?" My brow arched, suspicion flickering in my tone. "Why is Ma— I mean, why is Student Leon staying behind? Did he run into someone along the way?"

"Well..." The bespectacled friend scratched the back of his head. "We found Professor Rose here. She's working as an adventurer now, and, uh... yeah."

My grip on the steering wheel tightened instinctively.

So that was it.

Master intended to take Rose with him.

I had already expected this outcome—it was inevitable. And yet...

I still couldn't suppress the strange, burning sensation coiling in my chest.

There was nothing I could do.

Master had already set his sights on Rose. On Irene. On me.

Despite the complicated, tangled emotions between the three of us, his will remained absolute.

And I—no, we—were powerless against it.

"Alright," I said, forcing my voice into something calm and composed. "We should leave then."

With that, I started the car, the engine humming low beneath my fingertips as we left the Principality of Cohona behind.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile...

Leon's POV

Her lips were soft, warm, addictive.

I was kissing Rose again—and this time, she wasn't pulling away.

On the contrary, she clung to me desperately, arms winding around my neck as if she feared I'd disappear if she let go. Her body was pressed so tightly against mine that I could feel every subtle curve, every tremble, every ragged breath against my skin.



The air between us crackled with heat.

And when we finally parted, a thin strand of saliva connected our lips—a physical reminder of our passion—before it snapped away.

I glanced around.

The streets were deserted, bathed in the quiet hush of the night.

Still, as much as I wanted to, I couldn't just take her right here.

"Come with me."

I grabbed her hand, fingers tightening around hers as I led her into the shadows of a secluded alleyway.

"L-Leon, here?" she stammered, her voice trembling. "W-Wait, we should at least get a room..."

Her cheeks were flushed, the redness creeping all the way to the tips of her ears.

Adorable.

No matter how composed she usually seemed—no matter how sharp her words were, how strong she carried herself—when she blushed like this, she was irresistible.

I leaned in again.

This time, I didn't hesitate.

My lips captured hers with force, pressing her back against the cold stone wall. She let out a muffled gasp, her hands instinctively pressing against my chest in weak resistance.

But that resistance... didn't last.

The moment my tongue slipped past her lips, her body betrayed her.

The hands that had been pushing against me faltered—then, slowly, they slid up my back, fingers curling into my shirt as she pulled me closer.

She had stopped resisting.

She had surrendered.

The heat between us grew unbearable, our bodies molding together, the tension wrapping around us like an unbreakable chain.

I needed more.

My hands trailed beneath her shirt, slipping over the soft, heated skin of her waist before moving upward—palming the fullness of her breasts through the thin fabric of her bra.

"L-Leon..."

Her voice was barely a breath.

"N-No... I'm... Please, let's go somewhere else... And I'm sweaty... I don't think I smell good right now..."

As if I cared.

Without another word, I lifted her shirt over her head, discarding it in an instant. Her smooth skin was illuminated by the dim light, her curves accentuated by the lacy bra that barely contained her.

She shot me a glare, trying to mask her embarrassment with anger.

"Leon..." she warned, voice tight. "Wait, what are you—!?"

Before she could finish, I lifted one of her arms, exposing the delicate curve of her underarm.

Then, without hesitation—

I ran my tongue along her heated skin.

"Ngh!?"

Her body jerked violently at the unexpected sensation.

Her breath hitched, eyes going wide in shock.

"W-What... What do you think you're doing!?" she stammered, her voice unsteady, her entire body betraying her.

"I don't really mind you being sweaty," I murmured, my voice husky with desire.

"Ngh..." She bit down on her lower lip, her face flushed a deep crimson. "But... licking there is no good..."

Her narrowed eyes held a mixture of embarrassment and frustration, but I could see past it—the way her body quivered, how her breath hitched every time my tongue met her skin. That reaction was too addictive to ignore.

So, I leaned in again, my tongue trailing against the delicate, sensitive flesh of her armpit.

"Ah, Leon! Stop! Aaah!"

Her voice cracked with pleasure, a sharp contrast to the way her thighs clenched in response. She was incredibly sensitive here—far more than I had anticipated. Every time I dragged my tongue along the damp warmth of her armpit, her entire body twitched, as if waves of pleasure coursed through her nerves, leaving her helpless against the sensation.

Her breathing grew uneven, her chest rising and falling in quick, shallow gasps. I felt her body tense, her fingers instinctively grabbing onto my shirt, yet she didn't push me away.

I smirked.

My free hand traced a path downward, slipping past the waistband of her pants, gliding further until I reached the damp heat beneath her underwear. My fingers met her slick entrance, feeling the feverish warmth radiating from her core.

"Hnn... Ahhh, n-not there as well! Aaah!"

Her reaction was instant. A deep tremor ran through her, her body tightening around my touch. The wetness coating my fingers made it clear—she wanted this just as much as I did.

Yet, I didn't stop.

While my tongue continued its slow, teasing assault against her armpit, my fingers began their work below, stroking her tender folds with deliberate care. The way her pussy pulsed against my fingertips, clenching and fluttering as if trying to pull me in, was maddening.

"Hhhnnn...! Ahh, no... I'm cumming!"

Her entire body convulsed, her grip on my shirt tightening with such force that I thought she might rip it apart. Her back arched, pressing herself harder against the cold wall behind her, her hips jerking forward as if seeking more.

And then—

A rush of wetness gushed from between her thighs, soaking through the fabric of her pants in an undeniable display of her climax.

"Hngggggggghhhh~!!!"

A sharp cry tore from her lips as her body trembled violently, the pleasure overwhelming her. Her release left a dark stain spreading across the crotch of her pants, the evidence of her orgasm undeniable.

She sagged against the wall, her breath coming in heavy pants. "Haa... Ha..."

Even in the aftermath, her eyes found mine again, filled with something between lingering heat and playful defiance.

She glared at me, but it only made her look even more tempting. That expression of hers—flushed, vulnerable, yet stubbornly fierce—made my blood run hot.

I couldn't resist.

I captured her lips in a deep, claiming kiss, swallowing the last of her moans. This time, she didn't resist. She let me have her—let me take everything I wanted.

But my hunger only grew.

My cock throbbed, aching with unbearable need. The friction of my clothes against my hardened shaft was torture, and I could no longer hold back. I ground my length against the softness of her inner thighs, relishing the warmth pressing against me.

Breaking away from the kiss, she whispered, her breath hot against my lips, "Are you really serious? Right here? What if we get caught? Are you going to take responsibility if that happens?"

"Yes," I answered without hesitation. "I'll take responsibility for you. Always."

She hesitated, searching my face for any sign of deception. "...You're not joking, are you?"

"I'm not," I murmured, my hands tightening around her waist. "Besides, I want to fuck you so badly. It's been too long since I've been inside you."

She swallowed hard, her lips parting slightly as if she wanted to protest, but no words came out.

"I-It has been so long for me, but not for you..." she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper. "You have so many women to take care of you... but I only have you."

"And you'll only have me for the rest of your life, Rose." I pressed my forehead against hers, our breaths mingling. "You're mine. And I won't let anyone else have you. You belong to me, and me alone."



She exhaled slowly, a mixture of surrender and frustration flickering across her expression. "...But I can't have you all to myself, huh?" Her voice held a note of resignation. "It's really unfair..."

A beat passed, then she sighed. "But... I don't know... I guess I can live with it. Although... I do mind doing it here..."

"Don't worry," I reassured her, my voice dropping to a teasing murmur. "As long as you stay quiet, no one will notice."

Her cheeks burned red, but in the end, she relented.

With hesitant hands, she pushed her pants and panties down just enough, keeping them around her thighs.

And there it was.

Her pussy—wet, inviting, glistening under the dim light—completely bared before me. The delicate green hair framing her entrance made my breath hitch. It had been too long since I last had her like this.

"T-This is okay, right?" she mumbled, her voice laced with embarrassment. "I'll leave them like this... so I can pull them up immediately if we need to..."

"It's perfect," I murmured, my gaze fixed on her exposed heat.

Her body trembled under my touch, the anticipation thick between us. My fingers trailed over her soft skin, savoring the warmth of her thighs before reaching for my belt.

With a swift motion, I unfastened my pants, freeing my aching cock.

The moment my cockhead pressed against her drenched entrance, I didn't hesitate.

I thrust inside her in one smooth, deep motion.

"Hnnngggggg!"

Chapter 589 Rose's Downfall (3)

Her pussy clenched around me the instant I forced my cock inside her, a vice-like grip that sent a shudder rolling down my spine. She was so impossibly tight that I had to grit my teeth to keep from losing control. The overwhelming heat wrapped around me, her insides pulsating, squeezing me as if refusing to let go.

And then—

"Ah, no... Hnnnnnn, hnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

Her body jerked, a violent tremor racking through her frame. She spasmed uncontrollably, her walls convulsing around my cock. Had she just cum already?

"You came, didn't you?" I murmured, my voice tinged with amusement as I watched her body twitch beneath me.

"I-It's been so long for me..." she gasped, her breath hitching between words. "And it's so huge... Was it always this large, Leon?"

"I haven't changed anything," I told her, my grip tightening on her waist. "It's still the same."

"It feels bigger," she whimpered. "And because it's been so long since we last did it... I feel like I'm still a virgin..."

So that was why she was gripping me so tightly, her body desperately trying to adjust to my intrusion.

"I'm going to move now," I warned, my voice low and firm.

And then I did—thrusting into her with slow, deliberate strokes, dragging my cock along her tight, clinging walls before plunging back inside. The wet, obscene squelching of our bodies echoed in the narrow alley, mingling with her shaky, uncontrolled moans.

"Ah, aah, nn, aah, ahhn, ah, aaahn, ahh! Mmmn! Mmm!"

Her voice quivered, each cry laced with mounting pleasure. But when she realized how loudly she was moaning, she bit down on her lower lip, her face twisting in embarrassment. The action only made her pussy tighten around me even more, clamping down as if begging me to fuck her harder.

I reached forward, yanking down her bra to expose her full, supple breasts. Without hesitation, I seized one in my hand, squeezing the soft mound before pulling her hardened nipple into my mouth.

"Hyaaaaan~!"

She gasped, her body jolting as I sucked at her sensitive peak. Her lips parted in a desperate cry, but the second she realized what she had done, she immediately slapped both hands over her mouth, trying to muffle her sounds.

"Mmnn, mnnn, mnnnn... Mnnnn~!"

She was growing impossibly tight, her pussy trembling around me, milking me as if she was on the verge of another orgasm.

"Mnnnn, m, mnnnn, mmmmmh!"

I could feel it—she was close. Her thighs trembled, her breath came in shallow gasps, and the way she clenched down on me told me she was ready to cum again.

But before either of us could reach our climax, I pulled out.

"Mmm?"

She turned to look at me, confusion flashing in her lust-dazed eyes before frustration took over.

"Turn around," I ordered, my tone leaving no room for argument.

She hesitated for a moment, her hands still clasped over her mouth, as if silently cursing me for denying her release. But in the end, she obeyed, shifting onto her hands and knees, offering me a perfect view of her round, beautifully shaped ass.

It was mesmerizing—smooth, firm, and inviting. I wanted to savor it, to worship every inch of that perfect curve. But my cock was already throbbing with unbearable need, aching for release.

Without wasting another second, I grabbed her hips, lined myself up with her entrance, and thrust into her again.

"Hnnnghhhh~!!"

A muffled moan ripped from her throat as her back arched, her pussy spasming around me the instant I filled her. She pressed her mouth harder against her hand, trying to stifle her voice, but the pleasure was too much—her body betrayed her, trembling violently under my relentless thrusts.

I leaned over her, my chest pressing flush against her back as my hands slid over her soft, supple curves. My fingers found her breasts once more, squeezing, kneading, teasing, rolling her hardened nipples between my fingertips as I fucked her from behind.

"Fnmm, mnnn, hmmm, mnnnnn!?"

Her moans were barely suppressed, her body responding to every touch, every movement, every inch of me buried inside her. The sound of my hips slamming against her ass filled the alley, a sharp, rhythmic clapping that only grew louder as I increased my pace.

"Mnnn, too... too intense... Leon... Be gentle... Hnnnnnggggg!?"

But even as she begged, her walls only tightened around me, betraying her true desire.

I didn't hold back. I drove into her harder, faster, deeper—forcing her body to submit completely to the overwhelming pleasure.

"Mnnnghhh, mnnghhh, mmmmmh!!!!"

Her thighs trembled, her nails scraped against the wall, and her breath hitched as she reached the peak of her pleasure.

She couldn't hold back any longer.

Her body convulsed around me, a sharp, violent tremor running through her as she came—hard. Her pussy clenched down on my cock with a desperate grip, milking me for all I had.

And I couldn't hold back either.

The moment her orgasm hit, I slammed deep inside her and released everything.

"Mmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Thick, hot cum erupted from my cock, shooting deep into her womb, filling her completely. I groaned, my fingers digging into her soft flesh as I poured every last drop inside her, my body trembling with the force of my release.

Her walls continued to pulse and squeeze around me, milking me dry, as if trying to take in every bit of my cum.

For a long moment, we remained locked together, panting, our bodies still trembling from the intensity of our climax.

Slowly, I leaned in, pressing my lips against her shoulder, savoring the lingering heat of her body.

"Let's find an inn... Leon..." Rose murmured, her breath hitching between words, her flushed face glistening under the dim glow of the street lamps.

Her body still trembled slightly, remnants of our earlier passion lingering in the way her fingers clung to my sleeve, desperate yet restrained. Her usually sharp gaze had softened, replaced by a haze of longing.

With her voice laced in both urgency and vulnerability, I knew there was no delaying this any further.

\*\*\*

The inn we stumbled upon was nothing extraordinary—aged wooden beams lined the walls, and the dim lighting gave the place a dreary atmosphere. However, we didn't have the luxury to be picky. At this point, finding a bed was all that mattered.

The inns in this country were notorious for their poor accommodations, barely scraping by with what I assumed would be abysmal one- or two-star ratings if such things existed here. But the one we stood before was slightly better—perhaps a modest three-star establishment. Mediocre at best, but at least not outright intolerable.



The moment we stepped inside, the innkeeper's eyes widened in shock, his gaze darting between Rose and me. The way we barged in—our bodies still damp with sweat, our breathing uneven—left little to the imagination.

Rose, still leaning against me for support, finally spoke up, her voice sultry yet composed.

"P-Preferably... a room where no noise escapes outside," she requested, her tone carrying a distinct implication.

The young innkeeper stiffened at her words, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. His flustered expression was painfully obvious, his thoughts laid bare in the way his gaze lingered on Rose.

She was breathtaking—her normally composed demeanor shattered, replaced with an undeniable sensuality. Her disheveled hair framed her flushed face, and the way her chest rose and fell so delicately beneath her attire only added to her intoxicating presence.

The poor bastard was utterly entranced.

I could see it in his eyes—that dazed, almost reverent admiration, the silent acknowledgment of Rose's beauty, now untamed by her usual reserved nature.

But as amusing as it was to watch him stumble over his thoughts, I had no intention of letting him ogle her any longer.

I shot him a glare, sharp and possessive.

Instantly, he averted his gaze, coughing into his fist to regain his composure.

"U-Upstairs. The last room at the very end," he stammered, hastily handing me the key with trembling fingers.

Rose, still caught in the lingering haze of desire, managed a breathy, "T-Thank you," though her attention was already elsewhere.

As soon as we turned away from the counter, I acted on impulse. Without warning, I swept her off her feet, cradling her effortlessly in a princess carry.

"Ah! H-Hey, wait—!" she gasped, her fingers gripping onto my shoulders for support as I held her against me.

I smirked, reveling in the startled yet flustered expression that crossed her face.

The wooden staircase creaked beneath my measured steps as I carried her upward, each stride deliberate, savoring the weight of her in my arms.

From below, I felt the innkeeper's lingering gaze.

"Holy shit... that's the Green-Haired Demon..." he muttered under his breath, still in shock. "I can't believe it... She's so fucking hot..."

It seemed Rose was quite well-known here.

She must have heard him too, because she turned away, avoiding my gaze.

"Don't look at me like that," she murmured, voice tinged with embarrassment.

"Why not?" I teased, my grip tightening around her. "It's a fitting nickname. Actually suits you."

She clicked her tongue but said nothing more, pressing her face against my shoulder in a feeble attempt to hide her flustered state.

With that, we continued toward our room.

The night ahead promised no respite.

Chapter 590 - Rose's Downfall (4)

The moment we burst into the room, I didn't hesitate—I crushed my lips against hers, claiming her in a deep, searing kiss while still holding her in a princess carry.

Our tongues immediately intertwined, swirling and sliding against each other as we exchanged breathy moans. Her fingers pressed against my chest, feeling the taut muscles beneath my shirt, her touch hesitant yet filled with hunger. Her breath came in short, heated gasps through her nose, her body melting into mine.

Without breaking the kiss, I tugged at the upper part of her shirt, slipping it down to expose her heaving chest. My lips trailed downward before capturing one of her hardened nipples between them.

"Hyaaaaan~! Ahhh!"

Her back arched against me, her body reacting instinctively to my touch. I swirled my tongue around her sensitive bud, teasing it before sucking with a slow, deliberate rhythm. The soft flesh molded perfectly against my tongue, filling my mouth with warmth and a faint, intoxicating sweetness.

After savoring her for a moment, I set her down. Her legs trembled beneath her, wobbling unsteadily before I caught her by the waist, steadying her with a firm grip.

My gaze dropped to her bountiful chest, which rose and fell with each shuddering breath. They were undeniably large—an H-cup at least. Comparing them to Gabrielle's I-cup, hers were only slightly smaller, but still magnificently full and perky, defying gravity despite their sheer size.

A wicked smirk played on my lips as I leaned in, capturing her lips once more. This time, there was no hesitation—our tongues danced feverishly, twining together as if desperate to taste every inch of each

other. The heat between us intensified, our bodies pressing so tightly together that I could feel the quickening thrum of her heartbeat against my own.

When we finally pulled back, a thin, glistening strand of saliva stretched between our parted lips, shimmering in the dim light before snapping.

With her face flushed and her eyes hazy with desire, she moved toward the bed, sinking onto the mattress with a soft whimper.

"Uuuu..." she whimpered, shifting slightly as I loomed over her, drinking in the sight of her sprawled beneath me.

"You're beautiful, Rose," I murmured, my voice low and husky.

She opened her mouth as if to respond, but I silenced her with another kiss. Our tongues met in a slow, sensual dance, entwining, tasting, devouring one another as heat pooled between us.

My hand slid beneath her shirt, fingertips grazing the smooth expanse of her stomach before traveling upward, cupping her bare breast directly.

Her body jolted at the contact, a sharp gasp escaping her lips.

Her breasts were a perfect contradiction—soft and pliant, yet firm and bouncy. My fingers molded into the warm, supple flesh, feeling the way they yielded yet resisted under my grip.

"Hnnn!" She moaned, biting her lip, her breath hitching as I kneaded her.

"Your nipples are already so hard... You must have been looking forward to the second round," I teased, rolling the stiffened peak between my fingers.

"I-I don't need to hear that...!" she stammered, her blush deepening as she shot me a flustered glare.

Smirking, I grasped the hem of her shirt and lifted it higher, exposing her heaving breasts, with one of it still constrained by the straining fabric of her bra. With a slow, deliberate motion, I slid the garment upward, freeing it entirely.

Her bare breasts were breathtaking—majestic, full, and impossibly tempting. My breath hitched at the sheer beauty of them, the way they stood so perfectly even without support, her nipples already hardened to stiff peaks.

I couldn't resist.

Leaning in, I took one of the aching buds into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it before sucking greedily.

"Hnnn! Ahhh..." she moaned, her hands flying to my head, fingers tangling in my hair as she arched into my touch.

I flicked my gaze upward, locking eyes with her as I continued to suck, watching every reaction play across her flushed face.

Her emerald eyes, heavy with desire, met mine, dark and smoldering with something deep and unreadable.

"Y-You really like breasts, huh?" she murmured breathlessly.

I pulled back just enough to answer. "Yes." My voice was husky, thick with want. "Yours are particularly juicy."

She pouted, her expression turning slightly sulky. "How many women have you said that to?"

I tilted my head, pretending to think. Honestly, I couldn't remember.

"Well... if you really love mine, then..." she trailed off, shifting before suddenly pushing herself up.

Her gaze held a newfound determination as she stood before me.

"Sit at the edge of the bed," she commanded.

I didn't question it—I already knew what she was planning. With a smirk, I obeyed, positioning myself at the edge of the mattress.

"Ugh... I can't believe I'm actually going to do this..."

Her fingers trembled slightly as she reached for the last piece of clothing still clinging to her body.

Then, in one swift motion, she stripped herself completely bare.

Her discarded clothes fell carelessly to the floor, forgotten.

And there she stood, utterly naked before me.

The dim light cast soft shadows across her smooth, porcelain skin, accentuating every delicate curve of her breathtaking body. My eyes roamed over her—her full, round breasts, her toned stomach, the soft dip of her waist.

I swallowed hard.



Her breasts were perfect. Even as she moved, they remained firm and impossibly perky, barely jiggling despite their generous size.

I was entranced, utterly unable to look away.

Then, she stepped between my legs, lowering herself until she was kneeling before me.

She gazed up at me, her emerald eyes glowing with both nervousness and something far deeper.

And in that moment, with her bare body exposed, her lips parted ever so slightly, and her eyes locked onto mine...

She looked utterly mesmerizing

I swallowed hard once more, my Adam's apple bobbing as Rose hesitated for a brief moment before leaning in closer. Then, with slow, deliberate movements, she nestled my cock between the plush valley of her ample breasts.

A guttural groan rumbled deep in my chest as the sensation crashed over me—warm, pillowy softness engulfing my throbbing length. My cock throbbed violently between her mounds, the heat of her skin sending a wave of pleasure that curled around my spine like fire.

"L-Like this...?" she murmured, her breath ghosting over my skin as she tried to navigate the act.

She squeezed her breasts together, her delicate fingers sinking into the pillowy flesh, pressing them tightly around my cock. I gritted my teeth, barely able to contain the raw pleasure ripping through me. The slick head of my cock peeked out from the top of her cleavage, glistening with precum, twitching with every subtle movement of her body.

"You should use some lubricant," I rasped, my voice hoarse with lust. "It'll make it slide easier."

Her face turned a deep shade of crimson. "I-I know that..." she stammered, her hands trembling slightly against her own skin.

Then, without hesitation, she parted her lips and extended her tongue, allowing a thick strand of saliva to drip from her mouth. The warm liquid dribbled down, slipping between her breasts and trickling over my length, coating me in a glistening sheen of wetness.

A shudder wracked my body as the heat of her spit seeped into my skin, sending an electric jolt straight to my core. My cock twitched violently, reacting instinctively to the slippery warmth.

Then, she moved.

Her breasts, soft and pliant, pressed and molded around my shaft as she began to glide them along my length. The friction was exquisite—silken, smooth, and utterly consuming. Each rise and fall of her supple flesh sent a fresh surge of bliss pulsing through my veins.

"Does this feel good...?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly as she gazed up at me through her long lashes, emerald eyes glistening.

Instead of answering, I reached forward, cupping her chin and tilting her face toward mine. Without a second thought, I leaned down and captured her lips in a deep, fervent kiss.

She melted into me instantly, her tongue slipping past my lips and tangling with mine. She kissed me with hunger, swirling her wet muscle against my own, tasting me as she continued to slide her breasts up and down my cock.

The combination was intoxicating—the slick heat of her tongue, the supple pressure of her breasts, the warm wetness of her saliva seeping between them. My entire body burned with need.

I finally pulled back, a thin strand of saliva stretching between our lips before snapping. My breath came in ragged pants as I watched her gather more spit in her mouth, letting it spill down over her breasts, ensuring my cock was drenched in its slick warmth.

Then, her gaze lowered.

Her emerald eyes fixated on the thick, pulsing head of my cock as it peeked through her cleavage. Without breaking eye contact, she leaned forward and sealed her lips around it.

A sharp hiss escaped me, my fingers tightening into the sheets as I felt the wet heat of her mouth engulf the tip.

Her lips wrapped around me, her tongue swirling against the sensitive underside as she hollowed her cheeks and sucked with slow, steady pressure.

At the same time, her breasts continued their rhythmic motion, gliding smoothly along my shaft, massaging me between their pillowy softness while she bobbed her head up and down.

It was like being sucked into a black hole—her mouth an irresistible force, warm and wet and utterly consuming.

She gazed up at me again, those deep emerald eyes filled with something I couldn't quite place, her lips stretched around my cock as she continued to suck me deeper into her mouth.

The sight alone had me spiraling over the edge.

"Ah... Fuck—I'm cumming...!" I groaned, my voice rough, guttural, desperate.

My entire body locked up as pleasure crashed over me like a violent storm.

"Mmmghhh!?"

Rose's eyes widened as my cock erupted inside her mouth, thick ropes of cum flooding her cheeks in hot, heavy spurts.

Her throat worked desperately as she tried to swallow everything, her lips sealed tightly around me, her fingers gripping my thighs for support.

Her cheeks bulged from the sheer volume, and I could feel her struggling to take it all in.

It felt like my very soul had just been ejaculated into her.