

The World 641

Chapter 641 - To The Holy City (6)

I thrust my hips upward slowly, and the thick head of my cock began to spread her glistening pussy lips apart, inch by inch.

"Mnnn...!" A muffled, trembling moan escaped from her gagged mouth, the sound vibrating with a blend of pain and pleasure as my cock steadily forced its way deeper inside her.

Grasping her delicate, slender hips tightly, I began to move—slow at first, but with deliberate strength. From this angle, I could bury the entire length of my cock inside her with ease, each thrust driving forward until the tip pressed directly against her cervix, making her body shudder.

"Mmnnn! Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmmnnn...!"

Her moans, though gagged, trembled through the room like small waves of restrained ecstasy. The way her pussy hugged me was unreal—it was like her insides were being split open and molded around my cock with every push. With her arms bound and her eyes blindfolded, the intensity she must have been feeling would be overwhelming—she had no control, no way to anticipate, just raw sensation.

Her pussy was molten hot, like dipping into steaming butter. The silky wetness was irresistible, and I could feel the tight, rhythmic contractions of her inner walls stroking my cock all over. Each thrust scraped across the soft ridges of her insides, lighting up nerves I didn't even realize I had. The pressure, the heat, the way she clamped down—it sent little sparks of electric pleasure up my spine and into my skull, making my vision blur for a split second with every slow grind.

"Mnnn...! Mmm...!"

Her gag soaked with drool as she moaned uncontrollably, the spit foaming at the edges and dripping freely down her chin. Her mouth hung slightly open, tongue twitching against the ball gag as her body quivered beneath me.

Watching this elegant princess reduced to this state—bound, blindfolded, and trembling with pleasure—only stirred something darker inside me. That sense of dominance, that primal instinct to conquer, surged in my chest and took over.

Switching my rhythm, I rolled my hips in slow, grinding circles inside her instead of thrusting straight. The sensation of her pussy stretching and adjusting to the motion was indescribable—each circle tugged and twisted her inner walls in new angles, and my cockhead kissed her cervix again and again, pushing and pressing like it was trying to reshape her from within.

Every time I rolled my hips that way, she trembled even harder, unable to brace herself or resist. Her moans grew more desperate, her whole body arching and shaking like I was turning her inside out bit by bit.

Soon, her pussy clenched down so tightly it felt like I was being swallowed whole—like my cock was being slowly crushed inside an iron vice wrapped in silk.

And then she broke.

"Mnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~...!"

She came hard. Her pussy spasmed wildly, locking me inside her and squeezing until it almost hurt. I quickly pulled out just in time, and a violent gush of clear liquid squirted from her twitching pussy lips. She shook violently, her body arching like a bow as wave after wave of release crashed through her.

The clear stream splattered down onto the floor below, forming a wet, glistening puddle between her legs. Watching it drip down, trailing along her trembling thighs, made my mouth water with hunger.

"Now then... let me see what you look like under there," I said, voice low and breathless.

I reached forward, gently pulling off the blindfold covering her eyes. Then I unfastened the gag from her mouth, letting it fall away with a slick pop of wet suction.

The moment I saw her face, my breath caught in my throat.

Titania's eyes were half-lidded, glazed with the afterglow of her orgasm, and her mouth hung open slightly as she gasped for breath. But this wasn't the usual ahegao expression she had made before.

This was something else.

She looked absolutely wrecked—flushed, dazed, and utterly satisfied. It was raw. Real. Sexy in a way that hit deeper than just lust. It was the face of a woman who had completely, shamelessly surrendered to being fucked senseless... and loved every second of it.

I turned my eyes toward Trill next, moving behind her. My hands slid over her ass, still bearing the faint marks of earlier pain. The skin was sensitive to the touch—just the brush of my fingers made her body jolt and twitch involuntarily.

I pressed the tip of my cock against her soaked pussy lips, aligning myself carefully.

Then, slowly, deliberately, I pushed forward—forcing my way inside her tight, hot cunt.

"Mnnnghhhh!?"

The reaction was immediate. She arched her back with a violent jerk, her whole body spasming as I buried myself deep inside her, the tip of my cock tapping against her uterus in one smooth stroke. Her pussy wrapped around me like velvet soaked in oil—warm, tight, with just the right amount of resistance in all the perfect places.

Gripping her hips with force, I started thrusting hard. The sharp, wet sound of my hips slamming into her ass filled the room, echoing rhythmically. Her thick butt jiggled with every impact, and her tail wagged wildly beneath my grip.

I reached down and grabbed her tail firmly by the base—then pulled.

"Mnnnnnnnhhhhhh?!"

She nearly screamed, her gag muffling it into a long, drawn-out moan. The sensitivity caused by her sensory deprivation was clearly peaking—pulling her tail like this must have doubled the stimulation, because her pussy immediately clamped down hard, milking my cock like a vice.

"Mnnn, mnnn, mnnnn, mnnnn, mnnn...!"

Her moans came in quick, rhythmic pulses, filled with raw pleasure. The gush of her love juices poured out endlessly, coating my cock and thighs, letting me slide in and out effortlessly.

And then, without a word, I lifted my hand and brought it down with a sharp, deliberate smack onto her ass.

"Mnnnngggghhh!?"

Her moan pierced through the silence, stifled by the gag strapped around her mouth. The moment my palm connected with her soft flesh, the crisp sound echoed in the room like a clap of thunder. A bright red handprint bloomed vividly across her pale cheek, the sting spreading outwards beneath her skin in a warm flush. I watched the skin quiver and tremble, the aftermath of my strike lingering as if the heat itself refused to fade.

But something else happened. The second my hand slapped her, I felt her pussy tighten around my cock, clenching so hard it sent a pulse through my body. Her insides wiggled and throbbed, squirming around my length with a need that was too raw to be hidden. It wasn't a flinch of pain. It was a hungry, needy squeeze.

A slow grin pulled at the corner of my mouth. I wasn't imagining it—Trill was enjoying this. No... she was craving it. The way her body reacted so shamelessly, it screamed of a masochistic streak she likely didn't even realize she had.

I couldn't stop myself. I lifted my hand again, then again. Each time, it came down harder, sharper, striking her with firm, rhythmic slaps. The sound of flesh meeting flesh bounced off the walls, harsh and crisp. Her body jolted with each hit, her hips twitching forward only to be pulled back by my grip.

Yet... there was no pain in her voice.

Only muffled moans.

Only trembling pleasure.

Her hips moved in rhythm, as if inviting the next slap, and the next. Each impact painted her ass a deeper shade of crimson, yet her body only grew hotter and slicker. Her moans rolled from her throat like music.

And then, her control finally shattered.

"Mnnn... mnnnghhnnnuu... Mnnnnnn!"

Her back arched violently, the curve of her spine pressing her chest forward as her tail shot out straight again, stiff with tension. Her entire body tensed, vibrating with barely-contained release. I could feel the sudden tightness in her pussy... like it was clenching in panic, trying to hold something back. My cock was being shoved outward, forced by the pressure building inside her, and I knew she was right at the edge.

I quickly pulled out.

The very instant I did, her body jerked as if freed from a leash, and the release exploded.

"Mnnnghghhhhh!?"

A gorgeous arc of fluid shot out from between her legs, clear and violent, sparkling in the air as it caught the light before splashing messily onto the floor. Her ass jiggled furiously from the force, cheeks trembling like ripples on a pond. Her thighs buckled beneath her, knees giving out as her legs spasmed uncontrollably.

The scent hit me instantly. It was warm, heady, unmistakably thick with the perfume of her arousal. My brain buzzed from it, my thoughts hazing over with the intoxicating smell of her cum.

My body was ready. I could feel my climax boiling inside me, rising with an urgency I could no longer contain.

I grabbed her hips firmly and didn't give her time to recover.

I thrust my cock back into her soaked pussy.

"Mnnnghh!? Mnnn, mnnn, mnnnn, mmmm~!"

Her gagged cries were sharp and frantic, her body trembling beneath mine. Having just squirted, her sensitivity must have been off the charts—every movement of my cock inside her turning into an unbearable surge of stimulation. Her body thrashed beneath me, but not to escape—no, she was riding it. Embracing it. Drowning in the madness of it.

I kept thrusting. Her pussy was a soaked mess, drenching everything it touched. Every time I pushed in, it squelched loudly, echoing in the air alongside her gagged cries.

And then—

"Mnnnhhghhhhh...! Nnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!"

Her back arched once more, even more violently than before. I held onto her hips and rammed my cock as deep as I could, burying myself until the very tip of my cock stretched against her cervix. Her inner walls spasmed, convulsing wildly—and I couldn't hold back anymore.

My cock throbbed deep inside her and exploded.

Hot jets of cum burst out of me, thick and relentless, coating her womb in molten white. Shot after shot of sperm erupted, painting her insides until I felt her tighten again—her body greedily sucking me in. Every pulse made her legs tremble, her thighs squeezing and twitching as her pussy tried to milk every last drop from me.

And when there was nothing left, I slowly pulled out.

The moment I did, a second wave of squirts gushed out of her, dripping in a messy cascade between her thighs. Then came the thick, white glob of cum I had just filled her with, spilling out and landing with a wet splat on the floor below.

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I decided to give the rest of the erotic furniture a thorough try.

The first one I went for was the love chair. Visually, it resembled a miniature version of a bunk bed, compact yet purposefully constructed. It was designed to accommodate two people simultaneously—one seated at the top and another at the bottom. It wasn't just a regular chair however, as it was engineered for threesomes. Or rather, it was a tool crafted to turn once-impossible sex positions into reality.

The possibilities with a love chair were limitless, only bound by imagination. I had Trill seated gracefully at the top, her legs spread open invitingly, while Titania positioned herself obediently at the bottom, already moaning in anticipation.

I thrust deep into Titania, the slick warmth of her pussy welcoming my cock, while my upper body leaned forward to stimulate Trill. My tongue danced around her swollen clit, circling and flicking, and my fingers joined in, sliding in precise motions to amplify her pleasure. Her thighs trembled each time my tongue grazed that sensitive nub.

The love chair made this possible. It allowed me to rail Titania with full strength while still lapping at Trill's soaked slit above. Its structure supported all three of us, holding our bodies perfectly in place so I could indulge them both without compromise.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahh, hnngg, ahhh, aahhh, ahhhnn, ahhh~...!"

"Hnnn... Hhhnnn... Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahnnn, ahhhnnn, ahhh~...!"

Their moans tangled in the air, echoing across the room in a chorus of lust.

I didn't stop. I kept my rhythm steady, teasing Trill's pussy until I felt her thighs clench tight and her back arch—her climax bursting free with a choked cry. Then, with a rough snap of my hips, I slammed into Titania with full force, timing our orgasms together. Her inner walls milked me greedily as I filled her pussy with a hot, thick load of semen.

Afterward, I made my way to the sex sofa—more elegantly known as the tantra chair.

Unlike the love chair, the tantra chair had a sleek, continuous curve, a graceful arc meant to support the body in ways a flat surface never could. It was built not just for sex, but to elevate it—especially for those interested in exploring the Kama Sutra's more creative positions. It gave full access, precise support, and the ability to adjust pelvic angles with ease. Sure, you could use it for lounging... but let's be honest. That wasn't what it was made for.

And I knew that well. I'd used it before—back in my previous world.

Right now, I had Titania sprawled across it, her body draped along the curve, stomach down, her hips naturally raised. Her ass was lifted perfectly, her cheeks spread apart to welcome me.

I drove my cock deep into her asshole, the tightness sending shivers through me, while I reached up to finger Trill, who stood beside us. My fingers slid effortlessly into her soaked pussy as she leaned into me, offering her breasts to my mouth. I latched on, suckling on her nipples, feeling her pulse beneath my tongue.

"Ahhh, ahh...! It's so deep up in my ass...! Ahhh, ahh, ahhh, ahhnn, ahhh!"

Titania's voice was trembling, her back arching as my thrusts rocked her body. The way the chair curved her hips upward made every movement deeper, every stroke more intense. Her legs twitched as I picked up speed, and her fists clenched tightly into the cushion.

Then I came—hard—filling her ass with wave after wave of thick cum. Her body convulsed, her legs lifting reflexively as I spilled every drop into her, painting her insides white.

And then came the ropes.

"Uuh... This is really quite complicated, huh? But I'm more amazed at how you tied it so intricately," Trill said, eyes wide as she looked over the setup.

"I would've never expected that ropes could be used like this... And this position... it's really embarrassing. My legs are so widely opened," Titania added, her cheeks flushed red.

They were both suspended in midair—completely bound by ropes.

Titania was in partial suspension, her body supported with one foot still barely touching the ground for balance. One of her legs had been pulled out horizontally, rendering her helpless to close them. She was exposed, her pussy vulnerable and on display, her body trembling in the restraints.

Trill, in contrast, was fully suspended—her entire body floating above the floor. She hung horizontally in the air, her limbs bound and stretched, every inch of her skin taut and on full display.

Setting all of that up had taken a lot of careful preparation. Suspension bondage wasn't something to be done carelessly—it was far riskier than traditional restraints. I made sure every knot was secure but not cutting off circulation, every tension adjusted just right. Even Rose had to lend a hand.

"I can't believe I just helped you with that..." she muttered under her breath, clearly annoyed, as she walked back to the bed and sat at the edge with a scowl.

Yr, despite all the noise, was somehow still sound asleep. The loud moans, the creaking of rope, even Rose's irritated muttering—none of it stirred her. It was genuinely impressive she was still asleep even with all that.

"Now then..." I said, letting my voice drop to a low murmur, savoring the moment. My eyes locked onto Trill's, the anticipation thick in the air. "I'm going to give myself a fellatio using you, Trill. Open your mouth wide."

"Oh... okay," she responded softly, her voice barely more than a whisper. Then, with obedient clarity, she parted her lips, stretching her jaw open with a slight tremble, revealing the glistening interior of her mouth.

Because she was suspended horizontally in midair—her body tilted sideways, perfectly aligned with my hips—it offered me the ideal angle. Her mouth and pussy were both easily within my reach, level with my cock. I could slide into either hole at any time.

Trill kept her mouth wide open, and without hesitation, I guided the thick head of my cock between her lips. The second it entered her, her tongue moved with eager intention. It swirled and wrapped around the contours, caressing every ridge, every throbbing vein with curious hunger. The heat was intense—different from the warmth of a pussy, yes—but still overwhelming in its own right. No. Not just different. It was similar... but incomparable in sensation.

My hand tightened around the rope suspending her, and with one controlled pull, I pushed my cock deeper inside. The moment the rope shifted, her throat reacted—soft tissues parting, stretching, opening to accommodate the full girth of my length as it slid down into her throat like it belonged there.

I glanced down at her face, framed by strands of hair, her mouth stretched obscenely wide around me.

"Nnghh..." she let out a low, muffled noise.

It didn't look like she was in pain. In fact, her throat relaxed more, inviting me to plunge even deeper. I started thrusting slowly, sliding in and out of her mouth with deliberate strokes. Her face remained calm, accepting and willing.

Her smooth, pale neck bulged with every thrust. My cock made the outline of her throat stretch visibly, a thick tube forcing its way inside, yet she didn't gag. Not once. Her body simply adjusted. I could feel the warm wetness of her saliva pooling and coating me, dripping and mixing with each movement. It made every motion slicker, wetter, and more fluid than before.

When I finally withdrew, pulling out of her throat in a slow, wet motion, she gasped sharply. Her mouth opened as she coughed, her breath coming out in heavy pants. Strings of saliva clung to my shaft, stretching like translucent webs. They connected to her lips and tongue in glistening strands, thick and sticky, refusing to break—until I stepped back, and they snapped, recoiling and splattering lightly.

She inhaled deeply, her chest heaving, her eyes half-lidded and dazed as she looked up at me, her lips wet and glossy.

Without wasting time, I walked to her other end. My cock, still slick from her mouth, now pressed against her pussy lips. I positioned myself, aligned perfectly, and with both hands, I grabbed her firm, round ass. Then, with a hard pull, I slammed my cock deep inside her.

"Hnnghhhh!?"

Her body convulsed, and a loud moan erupted from her lips. She arched her back sharply despite being tightly bound, the restraints digging into her skin as her entire body trembled from the sudden intrusion.

Instead of moving my hips, I moved her—swinging her helpless, suspended body back and forth, using her like a toy. I let her body become the one to thrust, to grind, to be dragged across my cock again and again.

The sensation was intense. I could feel every tight ridge of her vaginal walls gripping me, clinging to my cock like it didn't want to let go. I scraped along every fold, every tender groove, pushing against the entrance to her cervix. I could feel the tension there—so thin, so tight—being tested, stretched by the relentless pounding.

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh... Ahhh, ahh, ahh! I'm cumming...!"

Her cries echoed through the room, breathy and uncontrollable. And soon, neither of us could hold back any longer. My cock twitched deep inside her, and I released, flooding her womb with hot, thick cum. Her body arched even harder, trembling violently as her pussy clamped down and her orgasm exploded at the same time as mine.

"Nnnnnnnnnhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her teeth clenched. Her eyes rolled back, leaving only the whites visible, her face twisted in an expression of raw, overwhelming ecstasy.

I slowly pulled out of her, my shaft slick and glistening with cum as it slipped free. Her pussy twitched in the aftermath, and streams of my cum dripped out of her, splattering onto the floor below.

Then, I turned my gaze toward Titania.

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Titania's body quivered faintly the moment our eyes locked. A delicate shiver ran down her spine as her breath hitched, her body involuntarily reacting to the unfiltered lust in my gaze. With one of her legs lifted and restrained by the bindings, she was in no position to close her thighs or conceal the slick, growing dampness clinging to her crotch. Her folds, glistening and swollen, were fully exposed—vulnerable in a way that made her look utterly defenseless, yet undeniably aroused.

She swallowed hard, her throat moving visibly, betraying her anticipation.

Even after cumming several times, my cock remained painfully hard—veins bulging, tip glistening with a mixture of precum and residual heat. It twitched with need, stiff and unyielding. The sheer vigor of my erection was impressive even to myself. My recovery rate when it came to sex was clearly exceptional—maybe even unnatural.

With quiet steps, I approached her—my shadow looming over her restrained form. Her breath quickened as I reached out and wrapped my hands around her waist. Her skin was soft—so fucking soft—like silk beneath my fingers. I pulled her closer, our bodies brushing, her warmth teasing mine.

In this vulnerable position, she was practically immobilized. Her limbs were helpless, her body surrendered entirely to my whims. Without a shred of hesitation, I leaned forward and pressed my lips against hers—claiming her mouth with an eager, consuming kiss. My tongue pushed into her lips, sliding past her defenses and exploring the heat of her mouth. She responded instinctively, her own tongue dancing and swirling against mine, our saliva mixing in a lewd, wet rhythm that echoed faintly in the room.

Slowly, I withdrew from the kiss, a thin string of saliva still connecting our tongues for a moment. I lowered my gaze and guided the head of my cock to her dripping entrance. I pressed the tip against her slick folds, teasing her with slow, deliberate strokes—rubbing, nudging, smearing my precum onto her aching slit. And then, without waiting, I thrust forward—parting her entrance with ease as her tight, wet pussy swallowed me inch by inch.

"Aaaaaahhhh...! S-So deep...!"

Her voice cracked into a moan, her back arching beautifully as she took my cock all the way to the base. Her insides clung to me with a heat that sent shivers down my spine. I could feel her walls pulsing, twitching, welcoming every inch with hunger.

I had reached the end of her tunnel, the tip of my cock now pressed firmly against her cervix. I held her hips tightly—fingers digging into her flesh—and used her restrained position to my advantage. Rather than thrusting with my own body, I began to use her, pulling and pushing her hips to meet my cock with each motion. The bindings made her body rock helplessly with every shove—each movement filling her entirely.

After a few moments, I started to move my own hips in rhythm, grinding into her and amplifying the force of every thrust.

"Ahnn, ahh, ahhh, ahh...! Ahh, haaannn, ahhh, yaannn, ahh, ah, aahhh, ah, hnnn, ahhhnnn, ahhh...!"

Her voice spilled out in a long, broken chorus of moans. Her breaths came out in gasps, her words dissolving into raw, primal sounds. Her face was slowly twisting into something sinful—eyes fluttering, mouth agape. Her flushed cheeks glistened with sweat as her large, heaving breasts bounced in sync with my hips, droplets rolling down and pooling between them.

"Ahhh, ahhnn, ahh...! Ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahhh...!"

She was unraveling. Her pupils shrunk, her gaze distant and unfocused. Each stroke sent jolts of pleasure through her, flooding her brain with dopamine. The look on her face... it was pure, unadulterated lust. She had lost all sense of control. Her pride, her poise, her dignity—all of it was being fucked away by me.

The sensation of domination, of complete and utter control, swelled in my chest. It was overwhelming. The power I held in that moment was intoxicating—so strong, so deep, it was like I was drowning in it. I wouldn't say I enjoyed the idea of breaking women while bound and helpless, but this... this sense of absolute conquest... it was so intense, it might just melt my fucking brain.

"Ahhh, ahhh, yaannn, ahhh, ahhh, ahh, ahh, ahh... Ahhh, I'm cumming... Cumming... Cumming~...!
Cumminnggggggggggggggg~!!!"

Titania let out a scream that echoed through the room as her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave. Her pussy clamped down around me, spasming violently. It was as if her walls were trying to milk me dry—tight and wet and unbelievably hot.

I groaned through gritted teeth as I came inside her, flooding her womb with thick, hot jets of cum. My cock pulsed with each release, filling her until it began to overflow and leak around my base.

"Ahnnnn, ahhh...! L-Leon's semen... It's so hot..." she mumbled, her voice soft and hazy, her eyes glazed over.

Her body collapsed, limp and used. Carefully, I released the restraints, pulling the bindings off Titania's and Trill's limbs one by one. Their bodies bore the vivid red marks of the ropes—deep lines etched into their skins, standing out against the flushed tone of their flesh. They looked raw, noticeable, but they'd fade soon enough. Nothing to be concerned about.

I let out a long breath and stretched my sore arms and legs. That... that was probably the best sex I had ever experienced. A part of me wanted to dismiss it as just another indulgence—but something about that sense of overpowering control, that raw carnal pleasure, made me feel something dangerously addictive.

Meanwhile, Rose—sweet, desperate Rose—looked like she was standing at the edge of a cliff. I'd caught her earlier, subtly trying to rub her pussy, her fingers slipping down her thighs. But each time, the moment I looked her way, she'd quickly yank her hand back as though scolding herself—fighting a battle inside her head.

But it was clear.

She was at her absolute limit. Her thighs were quivering. Her body was twitching with need. Her pussy was visibly wet. One more second, one more denied touch, and she'd explode from the overwhelming, pent-up arousal surging through her.

"Rose."

I called her name softly, and her eyes instantly found mine. The moment our gazes met, her cheeks flushed with a deep, rosy hue, and she quickly turned away in embarrassment. But by the time she realized what was happening, I was already standing right in front of her, close enough for her to feel the heat radiating from my skin.

Even after cumming multiple times, my cock was still throbbing with need. It was still stiff, twitching, and pulsing with a relentless drive. It was as if my body didn't recognize the concept of exhaustion. This sex drive I had... it truly bordered on something supernatural.

"Rose..." I murmured again, more intimately this time, reaching forward to cup her delicate chin between my fingers. I tilted her head back, gently yet firmly, and made her meet my eyes. Her gaze softened into a smoldering, sultry look, and she subtly shifted her posture, trying to project a seductive charm as she avoided looking flustered.

I leaned in slowly, close enough to feel her breath hitch, and when our lips met, she didn't shy away. Instead, she responded eagerly, her tongue slipping past my lips almost instantly in a passionate exchange. I welcomed it without hesitation, and our tongues entwined in a dance of hunger and heat, gliding and pressing against each other with wet, feverish need.

Without breaking the rhythm, I gently laid her down on the bed. Her body yielded to mine, relaxed and trusting. She didn't fight back—not even a little.

I pulled back just a bit, and as our mouths separated, a strand of saliva clung between our lips stretching and trembling in the air before it snapped and fell.

"Ah... Haa..."

Her breath trembled against my face, hot and desperate, and her eyes were glassy with anticipation. Her entire face was painted in vivid red, so flushed she looked almost feverish. In that moment, she was unbearably adorable... radiant with shyness and desire all at once.

"Can I tie you?" I asked gently, my voice low and resonating with subtle authority.

She hesitated for a brief moment, her blush deepening even more. Then, slowly turning her face away, she gave a barely perceptible nod.

"Okay..." she whispered, her voice small and sweet, barely audible.

I began by binding her arms behind her back, wrapping the coarse rope snugly around her wrists. I guided the tied limbs upward, securing the ropes to an anchor point above, forcing her arms into an elevated position that made her body lean forward. The restraint arched her spine gracefully, leaving her in a beautifully vulnerable pose.

To add to the restraint, I incorporated crotch ropes that pressed snugly against her folds and framed her glistening sex with perfect tension. I then wrapped ropes around her breasts, squeezing them tightly so that they bulged and trembled with every breath she took. Her mouth was sealed with a gag, muffling her voice and heightening the sense of helplessness. Lastly, I attached a spreader bar to her ankles, forcing her legs wide open and completely exposing everything to me.

She closed her eyes as the ropes tightened around her, embracing the restraint in silence. Her expression was so pure—submissive and fragile—that I couldn't help but think she looked absolutely precious like this. The way her body trembled slightly, the way she accepted each knot... it was enough to make my chest tighten with a strange tenderness.

Wanting to give her something extra—something special—I reached for a pair of nipple clamps. With her breasts hanging downward due to her bent posture, her nipples were perfectly exposed. I affixed the clamps onto them, ensuring the grip was firm and precise.

"Mnnnn...!"

A muffled cry escaped her the moment the cold metal bit into her sensitive flesh. Her body jolted in reaction, instinctively trying to pull away from the sudden pain.

But with her arms securely tied behind her and her body held in place, she had no means to resist. The clamps tugged downward with their own weight, pulling on her nipples and sending constant jolts of painful pleasure through her chest.

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Looking at her now, I could barely believe my eyes. Rose—the Rose—was in this state. This helpless, fragile, bound form. It didn't seem real. She had always carried herself with that unshakable coolness, the kind of woman who made others look twice without even trying. Her style was effortlessly sharp, with that unmistakable tomboyish vibe that somehow made her even more attractive. Confident, sharp-tongued, distant—she had it all. And yet, here she was... completely restrained and trembling beneath me.

This version of her was vulnerable, exposed... mine.

There was a distinct, indescribable satisfaction blooming in my chest—a primal sense of conquest. Not just physical dominance, but something deeper. She had accepted it. Accepted me. Accepted that she now belonged to me. Even if there were still flickers of hesitation dancing behind her eyes, she hadn't resisted. She had surrendered.

Right now, her arms and legs were bound tightly, her body displayed so provocatively that resisting the temptation was impossible. The ropes pulled her into the perfect position, and the way her ass raised and her thighs spread—it was like she had been sculpted into this pose.

And that sight... it was driving me insane.

My eyes trailed down to her crotch, where the rope was pressed taut between her legs, digging tightly into the cleft of her pussy. The fabric had already turned darker with wetness, soaking up her arousal as it clung against her skin. Each second that passed, it glistened a little more.

I reached down and gave the rope a hard tug.

"Mnnnnn...!"

Her voice escaped instantly, muffled and raw. Her back arched hard against the restraints, the pull of the rope causing it to press even deeper into her folds. I could feel the pressure it must've exerted on her clit and slit—grinding into her soft, sensitive flesh. The reaction was immediate. She squirmed under the tension, her muscles twitching with overstimulation. That moan was proof of how good it felt.

Then, slowly, I took the soaked rope and moved it aside, letting her pussy breathe. The moment her slit was freed, a warm, intoxicating scent hit me. A sharp, sweet aroma, like citrus in the summer heat. It made my head spin. The scent of her arousal overwhelmed my senses and stirred something deep inside me.

I leaned closer, bringing my face near her exposed skin, and started to trace my tongue along the side of her crotch. Not directly over her pussy—but deliberately to the side. The teasing edge of my tongue

moved slowly, gliding across the warm skin just near enough to make her go mad, but never quite touching her entrance.

"Mnnn...! Mmm... Mmm..."

She tried to speak, her muffled moans breaking through the gag. I could already guess what she wanted. She was begging—pleading without words—for me to finally give her what she craved.

I couldn't help but smirk and play along. "What is that? What are you trying to say?"

"Mnnn...! Mmm, mmm...!"

Her hips bucked upward, her body trying to speak for her in ways her voice couldn't. She was practically presenting herself, begging to be taken.

"I see... Well, if that's the case," I murmured with a low, deliberate tone, "then I suppose I have no choice... I must punish this horny bitch."

I positioned myself behind her, guiding my cock to her entrance. Her pussy was glistening with arousal, practically calling out to me. I let the tip of my cock swirl gently against her wet lips, teasing the entrance, letting her feel the presence of it—making her ache even more—before I finally pushed inside.

"Hnnnn!!!"

Her cry was sharp and loud, a mix of surprise and bliss. Her pussy clenched around me, hot and tight, welcoming me in with a desperation that felt as if she had been waiting for this for far too long.

I gripped her waist firmly, pulling her hips back as I began to thrust. My movements were smooth at first, but quickly grew more aggressive. The sound of my hips slapping against her thick, jiggling ass echoed loudly through the room, the rhythm deep and intoxicating.

Her pussy was so wet—each thrust was met with a messy squelch as her love juices coated my cock, slick and warm. The moment I pushed in fully, I could feel her arousal leaking out from the edges, trickling down the length of my shaft and pooling at the base.

"Mnnn, mmm, mmm...! Mnnn, mmm, mm...!"

Rose was trembling beneath me, shaking uncontrollably with every stroke. Her moans stuttered with rhythm, matching the pounding pace of my hips. I could feel her inner walls tightening more and more, desperately trying to milk me, cling to me. That overwhelming sense of control—of absolute ownership—was flooding through me.

Her ass bounced beautifully with every impact. I was hypnotized by the way her body reacted. Each push, each stroke, made her jiggle in just the right way—it was impossible to look away.

Rose's body was incredible. Fucking her like this was pure ecstasy.

"Mnnn, mmm...! Mmm....!!"

Her gagged voice grew louder, her moans higher-pitched. I could feel the pulsing around my cock. She was close. And so was I.

"Cum, Rose. Cum with my dick inside you!" I roared, voice hoarse and deep with lust. "I'm going to cum as well!"

I snapped my hips faster now, pounding her relentlessly. Her pussy became sloppy, drenched with the mix of our fluids. I aimed for her sweet spot inside, hitting it again and again with brutal precision. Her legs trembled violently in the ropes.

She came hard. Her whole body convulsed in waves of pleasure, and at that same moment, I buried myself deep and erupted inside her. My cum shot straight into her, thick and hot, filling her completely.

* * *

That night, Rose and I fucked each other.

I wasn't exactly sure if Rose had always been a masochist, but she certainly embraced every moment of it like it was second nature. The way she reacted with her body shivering with every lash of stimulation,

the glint of hunger in her eyes, the way her moans deepened every time she was bound tighter, there was no doubt that she loved being restrained and absolutely dominated by me.

I had her on the erotic furniture again and again—twisting her limbs into new angles, pushing her limits, and using every inch of her body without mercy. I didn't let her rest for even a second, and in turn, she returned the favor, pulling me back in with her legs or biting her lip to provoke me again.

Now, we had made our way back to the bed, but the fucking hadn't slowed down—it had only grown more passionate, more desperate, and more intoxicating. Just like Trill and Titania, her skin was a beautiful canvas of red, where the tight ropes had left their mark. Those rope burns traced her curves like sacred tattoos of submission, glowing against the sheen of sweat covering her skin. In this state, she looked impossibly erotic—like a goddess reduced to a trembling, bound woman who had surrendered everything.

"Aaah, ahh... ahhh, ahh, ahh... I'm losing my mind... It feels so good~! It feels so gooooood~!!!"

Her voice—light, melodic, yet cracked from overuse—echoed into the room like a lustful hymn. Her moans poured from her lips in shaky rhythm, unfiltered and raw, like she was losing grip of reality. Her eyes had glazed over, rolling back and unfocused. Her body trembled as I came inside her again, not holding back in the slightest. It felt like my cock had only one purpose—to cum inside her, to breed her until her body couldn't take anymore.

Her soft stomach was a mess—slathered in thick, sticky white cum. It trickled down her sides and dripped onto the bedsheets, while her pussy was so utterly stuffed with semen that her lower belly was beginning to swell slightly from how much I had pushed into her.

"Ahhh, ahh, ahh...! Ahhh! Ahhhhhh~!!!"

Her moans grew louder and higher in pitch, losing any sense of restraint. Her hips rocked into me, desperate for one more thrust, one more wave. I could feel her tightening around me again. I growled, pushing my hips faster, grinding deeper, slamming into the sweet spot I knew made her fall apart every time.

"Aaaaahnnnnnggg~!!! Cumminggggggggg~!!!"

She screamed in a euphoric tremor, her fingers digging into the sheets, her back arched like a bow drawn to its limit. Her body convulsed as another orgasm ripped through her, leaving her breathless and trembling beneath me.

I groaned deeply and released another thick load inside her, but this time, her pussy couldn't hold any more. The moment I pulled out, semen gushed from her gaping hole, overflowing. With a low grunt, I rubbed my cock, still hard and throbbing, and released the rest of my cum all over her exposed stomach. It splashed warmly across her skin, while she continued to shiver from the aftershocks of climax.

Yr's POV

I slowly blinked awake, still buried in sleepiness.

Even though I was barely conscious, I could already hear the soft shuffling of clothes and quiet murmurs in the room. Leon, Trill, Titania, and Rose were already getting ready.

"Oh, good morning, Yr. It looks like you're still quite sleepy," Trill greeted me with a warm chuckle.

I let out a long breath, sat up slightly, raised my arms into a stretch, and released a quiet yawn. My whole body felt heavy, yet light—refreshed and exhausted all at once. My muscles begged me to lie back down, and so, without thinking, I gave in and dropped flat onto the bed again.

"Come on, sleepyhead. We're about to leave," Nia said in a lightly scolding tone as she approached.

"Five more minutes..."

"That 'five minutes' will turn into five hours if we let you be. Come now, Yr. We're going to Leon's hometown, remember?"

With a sigh, I finally gave in and sat up on the edge of the bed, blinking the sleep away from my eyes. But then something caught my attention.

Across from me, red markings glowed softly against skin.

They weren't just on Titania. I saw them on Trill too... and even on Professor Rose.

I tilted my head to the side, puzzled by what I was seeing.

Chapter 645 - Connection (1)

Leon's POV

Our journey stretched on as we pushed forward toward the Holy City, and after what felt like an endless stream of roads and ever-changing landscapes, the silhouette of towering spires finally appeared in the distance. The tension in the air subtly shifted. It wasn't just the end of a long trip—it felt like we were entering an entirely different world.

Even before setting foot in the city proper, the atmosphere changed. The very air around the Holy City seemed thicker with solemnity, like the wind itself whispered prayers. The roads were cleaner, the people more orderly, and the sheer aura of the place radiated sanctity. This wasn't like any city I'd ever seen within the kingdom's borders. It was... divine, in a way that made your skin prickle without understanding why.

The first thing that caught the eye was the people. Every man and woman walking its cobbled paths wore flowing habits and the distinct robes of clergy. Their eyes held a serene devotion, and they moved with purpose, like they were constantly in silent service to something greater than themselves. Nuns and priests—devotees of the Goddess of War and Wisdom, Jeanne.

The tale of Jeanne was one every citizen knew. A revered figure who had once taken up arms in a time of despair—leading humanity in a war that had ravaged the continent centuries ago. Her strategic mind and iron will had turned the tide, pulling people from the brink of annihilation to triumphant survival. For that, she wasn't just remembered. She was worshipped. Her legacy forged a religion, and from that, an entire culture bloomed here in the Holy City.

Buildings stood tall and proud, shaped with the reverence of cathedral-like architecture. Arched windows of stained glass caught sunlight and fractured it into kaleidoscopic beams across the stone-paved streets. Bell towers pierced the sky, casting long shadows like watchful guardians.

Among the grandeur, one structure stood out—a sprawling academy, clearly designated for those training in priesthood and nunhood.

I recalled Alice saying she was enrolled in one of these academies. She always said she wanted to become a priestess.

Luckily for her, and for me, it was summer vacation now. No academy sessions to attend and no rigid schedules. Just a brief moment of freedom from the weight of expectations.

Eventually, after passing the heart of the Holy City, we arrived at the edge of the Holy Kingdom itself—a location familiar to me. Flui Village, my hometown, lay just nearby. The closer we got, the more nostalgia crept up on me. It was strange, almost bittersweet.

But before I could lose myself in thoughts of the past, an unpleasant sound brought me back to the present.

"Hrrk—!"

Yr suddenly swung the car door open and stumbled out, falling to her knees as she violently threw up onto the grassy roadside. The acidic stench hit us moments later, followed by the wet retching sound that echoed a little too vividly.

Titania's eyes widened in alarm. "W-What's happening? Is she sick?" Her tone held a mixture of worry and unfamiliarity.

I sighed softly and stepped out. "She's alright. It's just motion sickness. The journey was long, and her stomach couldn't take it."

The people here weren't too familiar with the concept. Most were used to traveling in carriages. Sure, those could cause discomfort, but it rarely reached the intensity that modern travel sometimes induced.

Honestly, Yr didn't even seem that nauseous when she was inside. What surprised me more was the fact that she'd been asleep most of the ride—and still ended up hurling.

"Well then," I said, glancing around. "Might as well take a break. We're close to a Leonamon branch here. Let's stop there and rest up for a bit."

"That sounds like a good idea," Rose replied, her hands releasing the steering wheel like she'd been holding on for dear life. Her shoulders sagged noticeably, and she looked downright exhausted. "I don't think I can keep this up much longer."

"I did say I could drive, didn't I?" I raised an eyebrow at her.

She gave me a firm look. "I'm not exactly the type to let just anyone—lover or not—take control of my car."

I chuckled under my breath. "You've really become a car aficionado, huh?"

It was... adorable, in a weird way. I never pictured her as the type to geek out over cars. But now that I thought about it, it made perfect sense. Her strong, independent personality fit the mold. The idea of her spending hours admiring car models or meticulously maintaining them in her garage? It was oddly fitting.

Without further delay, we made our way to the local Leonamon branch.

The branch here, though still bearing the familiar branding and layout, was clearly scaled down in comparison to the bustling main branch we were used to.

Leonamon products lined the shelves—same uniforms, gadgets, and tools—but one thing was missing, and it was the cars.

The reason was clear. The Holy City hadn't embraced modernity like the rest of the kingdom.

Why? The answer lay in the hands of the high priests, who acted as rulers under the King's authority. Their philosophy was strict. Modernization was seen as a stain and a violation of the sacredness of the land. They didn't want the city's holy soil to be tainted by machines or technology.

And so, the Holy City remained suspended in time, resisting the forward march of progress to preserve the divinity of its roots.

To be honest, I always found it to be an incredibly odd and rigid way of thinking—archaic, even. It was as if the city had wrapped itself in a blanket of the past, refusing to emerge into the light of the present. This antiquated mindset was the primary reason why Leonamon's business ventures here had barely made any headway. Among all the cities within the vast expanse of the Kingdom of Milham, the Holy City consistently brought in the lowest profit margins, something I was reminded of every month.

The core of the problem lay in their absolute refusal to embrace anything remotely associated with modern technology. They clung to the old ways as if progress itself were some blasphemous sin. And because of that stubborn devotion to tradition, the Holy City continued to fall further behind—outpaced and overshadowed by cities that had long since stepped into a new era. While the rest of the kingdom marched forward with innovation, the Holy City stood still, paralyzed by its own self-imposed limitations.

I should speak with one of the high priests about this. There had to be room for compromise—some way to introduce change without disrespecting their values. But if that didn't work... if the high priest refused to budge no matter how much I reasoned with him, then perhaps it would be time to pull some strings. I'd ask Princess Myrcella for a favor.

"Leon," Titania called out softly, her voice cutting through my thoughts. "Do you have any money with you? Just one gold coin will do. I didn't bring any along."

At first, I blinked, puzzled. But when I followed her gaze, I saw what she meant.

Two children stood nearby—frail, filthy, and visibly starving. Their clothes clung to their small bodies in a way that made it impossible to ignore how malnourished they were. The fabric was torn and stained with layers of grime that spoke of long, unkind days. Their eyes, however, said even more—wide, hollow, and tired beyond their years.

It all made sense now. Titania had seen them and, with that tender heart of hers, wanted to help. But she hadn't brought any money herself. That part caught me off guard. A princess—royalty by birth and name—not carrying even a coin? It seemed strange. But then again, she was human before she was anything else. Titles didn't change the heart.

"You don't need to worry about it," I told her with a gentle smile. "I'll handle it. I can give them something else instead."

Her reaction was instant. Titania's face lit up with pure joy, her smile shining brighter than the sun piercing through storm clouds. "Thank you! You're the best boyfriend ever!"

Without warning, she flung herself into my arms, hugging me tightly. She nuzzled her cheek against mine, her skin warm and soft against mine. It was the kind of gesture that made everything else feel distant and unimportant. In that moment, she felt like my personal sunbeam—bright, affectionate, and full of life.

I called the children over gently and asked a few staff members at this branch to prepare some meals for them. They didn't hesitate, immediately moving with quiet understanding.

As we waited, the silence was broken by the unmistakable sound of their stomachs growling—long, aching rumbles that echoed with hunger. It was painful to hear.

"W-We're sorry for bothering you, big brother..." the older one said, bowing her head. She looked barely older than a teenager, while the other child stayed close behind her, silent and timid.

"It's fine. You're not a bother," I said calmly, kneeling slightly to meet them at eye level. "Can I ask you something? Do you have any parents or guardians looking after you?"

I already had my suspicions just from seeing them, but I needed to be sure. Sometimes guardians would force their children into work or begging to survive. As unfortunate as it was, I had seen it before.

The two of them simply shook their heads—slowly, solemnly, eyes cast downward.

So they were truly alone.

"Then... would the two of you be willing to live in an orphanage?" I asked, keeping my tone gentle and reassuring. "It would be much better for both of you than living like this."

Chapter 646 - Connection (2)

The two of them exchanged glances once more, a silent pause settling between them. In their eyes shimmered a mix of unease and hesitation. Their bodies remained tense, rigid as though still unsure whether to run or stay. And frankly, who could blame them? Trusting a stranger in a world this broken wasn't just foolish. It was dangerous.

Even with the softness in my tone, even with how much I tried to appear harmless, I couldn't blame them for their caution. After all, how many others had approached them the same way? Friendly smiles, kind words... only to later reveal the monsters hiding behind their masks. The world was riddled with filth. People who pretended to care just to lure in the vulnerable, only to betray that fragile trust in the worst ways imaginable.

There were those who offered shelter, only to strip others of their dignity—or worse, their lives. Stories of people being mutilated for their organs or sold off as slaves weren't rare—they were horrifyingly normal. Humanity had lost its heart long ago, and now only the sharp-eyed and wary had any chance of survival.

"You don't have to worry," I said calmly, hoping to ease the tight grip of fear clinging to their chests. "Do you see that lady over there?"

I gestured with a small nod toward Titania, who stood just a distance away from us.

"She's a princess," I told them plainly.

"A p-princess?" the older one stammered, her eyes widening in disbelief. "Uh... Um, we've been rude to her, haven't we? Are we going to be executed?"

Her voice shook, trembling at the edges. The mere mention of royalty seemed to send a jolt of panic through her. The younger one looked just as nervous, her lips twitching as she tried to hold back tears.

Their twisted view of monarchy became clear in an instant. Despite doing nothing wrong, they were convinced they had committed some unspoken crime worthy of death. Sadly, their fear wasn't unjustified. Power, especially royal power, often bred cruelty. Many nobles used their status to trample others, executing on a whim anyone who so much as looked at them wrong.

"You don't have to be afraid," I said, my voice softer now. "Titania is kind. She wouldn't hurt either of you." I looked them both in the eye, slow and steady. "And just like that, I want you to try trusting me. If you give me even a little trust... then maybe I can do something for you two. Something that matters."

Another moment of silence passed between them as their eyes met once again. Fear still swirled in their expressions, but something else flickered there too and it was acceptance. Perhaps it wasn't trust just yet, but it was a start. They seemed to understand that, for now, they had no choice but to place their hopes in me.

Not long after, the food finally arrived, carried on trays that radiated a delicious warmth. The aroma spread through the air in an instant, and it was very rich and savory. And then, I heard it. A low, almost pitiful growl rumbling from both their stomachs, loud and unrestrained. Their bodies stiffened, cheeks flushing red from embarrassment. A thin trail of drool formed at the corners of their mouths, barely held back as they stared at the food like starving wolves.

It was kind of cute, honestly.

And yet, despite their clear hunger, they didn't reach for it. Their hands remained still in their laps, fingers curled tightly, as if afraid they weren't allowed.

"Go ahead. Eat," I said gently.

The moment those words left my mouth, the change was instant. Their expressions brightened. They smiled at one another, then turned to me, bowing in gratitude. Without hesitation, they dove in.

I couldn't help but smile as I watched them devour the food with a kind of desperate eagerness. Their cheeks puffed out, eyes closed in bliss, food smeared slightly at the edges of their lips. They looked like they hadn't eaten in days, shoveling the food in like it might vanish at any moment. It was heartwarming... and a little nerve-wracking. I feared one of them might choke from eating too fast.

Titania, ever composed, knelt beside them, offering gentle words and guiding their movements with subtle, motherly gestures. Her eyes shimmered with the same warmth I felt bubbling up inside me. Somehow, seeing those two eat in peace had created something quiet and beautiful between us.

"You're surprisingly good with children, Leon," Rose said, her voice smooth with curiosity as she joined in watching.

"Surprised?" I asked, not taking my eyes off the two little girls.

"Well, yes," she replied. "I never expected to see you like this. I always assumed you only cared about sex, women, and money."

I chuckled under my breath. "I won't deny that," I admitted. "But it's not like I'm completely heartless. If I see someone in need and I feel like helping, I will. If I have something to give, then I'll give it."

Rose was quiet for a moment, her gaze lingering on me. I didn't turn to look at her—I kept my focus on the two children eating. But I felt her eyes, studying me.

"I see... You're... a good person, overall, I guess."

I smirked. "What? You thought I was just some kind of scum?"

Her cheeks turned slightly pink. "Well, you can't really blame me for thinking that, can you?"

I laughed. "I guess not."

"But now... I think you're not that bad."

Huh. Was that her way of giving me a compliment? I wasn't sure, but it didn't matter much either way.

"Honestly," I said quietly, "I think this strange warmth I'm feeling might be because I've got a child of my own coming..."

Watching those two right now—watching them smile, laugh, eat with joy in their eyes—it filled me with something I hadn't felt before. A warmth that spread through my chest, unfamiliar yet welcome. Was this what it felt like to become a father?

"You're going to be a good father," Rose said softly, the hint of a smile touching her lips.

I turned to look at her, my eyes studying her face for a moment. I was genuinely taken aback by her assumption—but then again, maybe I shouldn't have been. I hadn't really shown anything resembling fatherly instincts just yet. But deep down, I knew that if the situation called for it, I'd move mountains for my child. I'd give them everything.

"Speaking of which... Rose," I said, my tone shifting with just a hint of curiosity. "You're not pregnant yourself, are you?"

A heavy silence settled between us, stretching long enough to be awkward. Her expression froze, and for a split second, it was like time itself hesitated with her.

"H-Huh!?" she sputtered out, clearly caught off guard. "W-Why would you even think that!?"

I raised an eyebrow slightly, amused. "Well... that day on the Principality," I reminded her, my voice calm, steady. "We had sex, remember? And you said you wanted me to get you pregnant."

Her entire face turned crimson instantly. "T-That was just something I said because of the atmosphere!" she shot back, flustered and defensive. "I didn't mean any of it!"

"You didn't want to have my baby, then?"

Her lips parted, but the words didn't come right away. Her blush deepened, her eyes darting away from mine like a guilty child caught in a lie. It was clear she wanted to say 'no'—to brush it off again. But instead, her voice dropped lower, almost shy. "O-Of course I do... I am your woman now, after all." She crossed her arms, clearly annoyed at herself for even admitting it. "But I told you... I'm not ready yet! And if I really were pregnant, then wouldn't my belly already be showing by now? Just look at Gabrielle."

My eyes trailed down to her stomach instinctively. True enough, there was no bulge. Her midsection was as flat and defined as ever. It was tight and lean, not even a hint of roundness. It was undeniably sexy.

"So then," I said, tilting my head with a sly grin, "why is your stomach bulging? You got fat, maybe?"

It was pure teasing, of course. The kind of thing you say just to see the storm that comes after. Her face was priceless—one part mortified, one part how dare you, and all parts adorable. I couldn't stop myself. Her expression was just too good not to poke at.

But then she glanced down, confirming what she already knew—there was no bulge at all. Just smooth, taut skin and a body that was in top shape. That realization must've hit hard, because her reaction exploded the next second.

"You're sleeping on the couch tonight!" she barked, glaring daggers. "Or... or at least, that's what I'd say to my lover if we had a normal relationship!"

She turned her head away dramatically, muttering the rest to herself. "But no, of course not... I'm in a harem. A harem! What the hell is wrong with me, even agreeing to all this nonsense..."

I couldn't help it—I pulled her close and wrapped my arms around her, smiling. "You're so cute, Rose," I whispered into her ear. "You're not fat. I was just messing with you. You're just... way too adorable not to tease a little."

She stiffened in my arms, trying to keep her composure. But I could see it—the blush creeping up her cheeks, the way her ears flushed red all the way to the tips. She turned her face away again, refusing to meet my eyes.

"...Idiot," she muttered, voice low.

Yeah... she's definitely a tsundere.

Chapter 647 - Connection (3)

Titania had both of them step into the bath, gently guiding them like a mother tending to her children. With delicate care, she took the time to wash them herself, scrubbing away the dirt and fatigue that clung to their bodies like a second skin. The entire process felt less like cleaning and more like a ritual.

After some time, once their skin had regained its softness and their hair no longer felt coarse with grime, they were led to the clothing department. There, they were dressed in garments of refined quality... fabrics that shimmered faintly under the light.

It didn't take long before they began fidgeting uncomfortably. It was subtle at first, a hesitant glance downward, a tug at a sleeve, a furrow of the brows. They eventually voiced the question I expected. They wanted to know the price.

I didn't answer.

They didn't need to know. Some truths were better left unsaid. As the saying goes, ignorance is bliss—and in this case, it truly was.

But I knew. I knew exactly how much the clothes cost.

Seven gold coins.

That amount was far beyond what people like them could even dream of possessing. It was a number that would've made their mouths dry, their hearts sink, their hopes feel more distant.

Yet, I didn't care. Not one bit.

They needed these clothes. Right now, in this moment, it was essential. It was something that couldn't be compromised. So naturally, I gave it to them without hesitation. There was no reason not to.

"Well then," I said, glancing at the time, "it's about time we head to Flui Village."

"Ugh..." Yr groaned quietly, barely hiding her displeasure. Her shoulders slumped slightly, and her face twisted into a grimace. It was easy to tell what was going through her head. She was already anticipating another miserable bout of motion sickness.

"Don't worry, Yr," I said, turning toward her with a reassuring smile. "The remaining distance is short. Just a little more and we'll be in Flui Village."

Though she looked far from enthusiastic, she begrudgingly nodded and stepped into the car. Her movements were slow, almost exaggerated, like she was dragging herself into a place of torment. Still, she complied.

And so, with the engine purring softly and the tires crunching over the gravel, we began our drive to the village.

The moment we arrived, the sight that greeted me filled me with unexpected warmth. Children were playing in front of the orphanage, their laughter echoing in the air like wind chimes dancing in a breeze. The orphanage itself had changed drastically. Its walls were freshly painted, the windows gleamed, and the entire place radiated life. It was brighter and a lot more studier.

I had donated quite a bit to this place over time. Seeing how the money had been used, how it had shaped the children's lives, I felt no urge to reveal my contribution. I didn't need to. Their smiles were enough.

Just watching them live so joyfully in this renewed environment stirred something deep in me. A subtle warmth blossomed in my chest, like embers glowing beneath the surface.

Then it happened.

One of the children spotted the approaching car. Panic immediately spread among them like wildfire.

"Ah! A monster! Sister Lily! A monster is coming!"

They screamed in alarm and scattered, darting back toward the orphanage like frightened deer. Moments later, the front door slammed open, and out came a woman in a nun's garb. Her expression

was stern, eyes scanning the area like a hawk. In her hands, a sword, which was gleaming and battle-ready. The way she held it made it clear that she was prepared to defend the children with her life.

They had mistaken the car for a monster.

"Leon," Rose said sharply, her voice tinged with worry, "please clear up the misunderstanding before she swings that sword at my car."

I couldn't blame her. Rose's love for her car ran deep... Well, borderline obsessive, really. The thought of it being scratched or damaged by a blade would've been unbearable for her.

We pulled to a gentle stop in front of the orphanage. I stepped out calmly, trying not to alarm anyone further. The moment her eyes landed on me, the nun hesitated. Confusion flickered across her face. Her grip on the sword loosened.

"There's no need to worry, Sister Lily," I said in a composed voice. "It's not a monster."

"Brother Leon!" the children cried out in delight, their fear vanishing in an instant. They rushed toward me and clung to my legs with eager smiles and sparkling eyes. I looked down at them, startled by how much they'd grown since I last saw them. They were taller now and sturdier too. Time had certainly passed.

Sister Lily finally relaxed, lowering her weapon completely.

"I'm back, Sister Lily," I said softly.

It had been a year since I last stood here. A year since I left the village that shaped who I was.

"Yes. Good to see you back, Leon," Sister Lily replied with a kind smile, her expression softening with familiarity.

Together, Sister Lily and I led everyone to the large dining table. It was massive. Far larger than the one I remembered from years ago. Back then, it was modest, barely enough for all of us to squeeze around. Now, it stood proudly at the center of the room, polished and strong.

"This orphanage really has changed, hasn't it?" I said, looking around with quiet awe. "It doesn't feel like the same place I grew up in."

"Well," Sister Lily began with a thoughtful expression, "I'm not quite sure why, but we've been receiving a generous number of donations every single month. More than I ever expected. So I thought... why not use it to renovate? To make the orphanage more comfortable for the children?"

She smiled, looking at the others around the table.

"I've also been using it to buy better food and welcome even more orphans into our care. I think... this is a good thing. Something meaningful."

I nodded, taking in her words, the improvements, the happy faces surrounding us.

Yes. It truly was.

A quiet sense of satisfaction settled in my chest as I looked around. It genuinely made me happy to know that the money I had been donating all this time hadn't gone to waste. It was being used well—better than I expected. And seeing the results with my own eyes... it filled me with something warm. Relief, maybe. Nostalgia. A strange mix of both.

Sister Lily hadn't changed one bit. She was still the same soft-spoken, kind-hearted woman I remembered from my childhood. It was comforting, honestly. Familiar.

If my memory served me right, she was around the same age as Rose now. She'd always been six years older than me, and that fact still felt a little surreal. The first time I ever met Sister Lily was back when she had just been assigned to this orphanage. She had only been fifteen years old then—barely a teenager, and yet already carrying the quiet weight of responsibility on her shoulders.

And now, a full decade had passed. She was twenty-five, and time had clearly shaped her—matured her—but hadn't changed her soul in the slightest. I remembered those days vividly, how she used to sit down with us, telling stories with this dreamy, far-off look in her eyes. Her voice was always soothing, like a lullaby on a cold night. Just thinking about it now brought back a strange sense of comfort. It really had been good times.

"By the way, Leon..." her voice pulled me from my thoughts, gentle and unsure. "Um... who are they?"

That question was bound to come eventually. Completely understandable, too—after all, I hadn't arrived alone. I had four women with me. Four stunningly beautiful women. Each had their own presence, their own aura. One of them could probably be described as "cute," but even that word didn't do her justice—her beauty and sex appeal were just of a different kind.

"Ah... well..." I hesitated. The words tangled in my throat. It was already tough explaining a relationship to a parental figure, but explaining this situation? That I wasn't just with one woman, but all of them? Yeah. It was a whole different level of awkward.

"I'm his girlfriend!" Titania suddenly raised her hand proudly, her voice firm and unapologetic, like she was declaring something as obvious as the sky being blue.

"Oh..."

"Me too!" Trill chimed in, cheerful and full of energy, like she couldn't stand being left out of the declaration.

"Eh...?"

"...Yawnnnnn~... Me too..." Yr added with a sleepy stretch, her voice sluggish but somehow carrying the same weight as the others. It was almost like she was too tired to care about the reactions, yet her words landed like a silent explosion in the room.

"Huh...?"

Sister Lily looked as though someone had just told her the sky had fallen. Her eyes blinked slowly, mouth slightly open, and for a moment, it seemed like her mind had stopped trying to process what was happening.

And then, her gaze drifted—almost mechanically—towards Rose. They were arguably the same age. Maybe that made it even more jarring for her to accept. Maybe that was the tipping point.

A light blush crept over Rose's cheeks. She looked away briefly, as if embarrassed to speak, then met Sister Lily's gaze again. Her voice was soft, almost hesitant. "...I'm his... too..."

"H-Huh!?"

That was it. The dam broke. Sister Lily's calm composure cracked, and her disbelief finally spilled over. She stood up abruptly from her seat, eyes wide, expression caught between utter shock and mental short-circuiting. Like her brain had simply given up trying to keep up with the madness unfolding before her.

Chapter 648 - Connection (4)

"Leon!?" Sister Lily's voice rang out with disbelief, her eyes widening as they locked onto mine. She looked completely thrown off, like the ground beneath her had just crumbled. "Explain to me what's going on?!"

I held her gaze, trying to remain composed. "Well... there's not really much to explain, other than the fact that what they said is true," I said with a slight shrug, letting the weight of my words hang in the air.

"It's true?!" Her voice cracked as she repeated it, her face paling as if my confirmation had physically hit her. "I... I just don't understand, Leon..." she muttered, almost to herself. "I never would've imagined... never once thought you'd grow up to be..."

Her voice trembled. Her shoulders quivered as if her body itself was resisting what her mind already knew. She looked down, trying to fight back whatever emotion was clawing at her throat. And then, she said it.

"...a womanizer!"

A heavy silence crashed over the dining table like a wave. Everyone froze. The air felt dense—like we were all holding our breath. The children, too young to grasp the meaning of the word, simply glanced at each other with puzzled looks on their innocent faces.

"What's a womanizer?" one child asked in a hushed whisper.

"I don't know," another replied, shrugging as they tilted their head.

"Sister Lily, just calm down for a second," I said, keeping my tone steady, trying to soothe her rising panic.

"I won't! I can't!" she snapped back, standing stiffly, her expression a mixture of confusion and frustration. "How can you expect me to calm down knowing that the sweet little boy I once held in my arms... the boy I raised... the one who grew into such a fine man—has now become a scummy womanizer!?"

"Hehehe... I kind of like the way she thinks, Leon," Rose said suddenly, resting her chin in her hand with a teasing smirk. "I do think of you as a scummy womanizer too..."

"You don't get to say that," I shot back, narrowing my eyes in mock annoyance. "You became the lover of such a womanizer, Rose."

"Ugh..." Sister Lily groaned as she collapsed back into her seat, the fight draining from her body. Her shoulders sagged, and her gaze dropped to the table. "I just can't believe this... I always thought you and Alice would grow up into people who'd come back and help the orphanage... help the children here after you both achieved your dreams. But... I guess it can't be helped anymore. What's done is done."

She exhaled deeply, her tone softening as she spoke. "It's clear you really love them... and it seems they love you just as much. So... I suppose I have no right to complain."

Though she still clearly had her misgivings, I could see it in her face that she was choosing to accept it. Maybe not completely, but enough. Just as the tension started to lift slightly, another presence entered the room.

A girl walked in—or rather, a woman now.

Her golden hair shimmered as it swayed behind her with each step, catching the light in soft glints. Her crimson eyes were sharp, vibrant, and far more mature than I remembered. She looked like a completely different person compared to the girl I had met just last year.

She carried a woven basket overflowing with sun-dried laundry, the scent of warm cotton trailing behind her. The moment she stepped into the dining room, her eyes locked onto mine.

"Leon..."

Her voice was quiet, but the weight it carried was undeniable. An awkward silence swept across the room again. Her expression faltered only for a second before she lowered her head, clutched the basket a little tighter, and turned away without another word. Her footsteps echoed softly as she walked out, leaving the tension behind her.

She still couldn't bring herself to face me. That was obvious. And honestly... I couldn't blame her.

"Leon..." Titania's voice called out gently. She looked at me with knowing eyes—eyes that understood everything unfolding—but she didn't move. She wasn't part of this, and she knew it.

"I'm going to step out for a bit, Sister," I said quietly.

Sister Lily didn't say a word. I turned on my heel and walked away.

I found her in her room.

The moment I stepped into the hallway, I could feel that something familiar pulling at my chest. Her room was just as I remembered. Despite all the renovations the orphanage had undergone, this room remained untouched, like a time capsule. It was the same place we used to run to, to hide, to laugh, to share secrets and dreams.

The door wasn't locked.

That was her way of saying she expected me.

So, I walked in.

She was there, sitting at the edge of her bed, back straight, hands folded on her lap, her gaze fixed out the window. Her long hair fell over her shoulder like a curtain, catching glimmers of light from the overcast sky. The silence inside was serene—almost too serene.

Outside, I noticed the soft patter of rain tapping against the glass.

Somewhere along the way, it had started raining.

Which meant that the summer was ending.

It had started to let up a bit, though. The sky remained cloudy, but there was a sense that the worst of the downpour had passed. It wouldn't be long before the sun tried to break through.

"It's been a while, hasn't it?" she murmured, her voice carrying the weight of memories long tucked away. "I honestly thought you wouldn't come back here again after our little scuffle."

There was a lightness to her tone, a feigned casualness that didn't quite mask what lingered beneath. I could tell that she was trying to keep the mood from getting too heavy, trying to pretend like this was just another conversation.

But it wasn't.

"Hey..." she said again, this time a bit more hesitant, almost shy. "Is... is one of the women with you your girlfriend?"

The question hung in the air for a moment. I nodded slightly, giving her the truth, or at least a part of it.

"Well, in a sense, yeah," I answered plainly.

"In a sense?" she repeated, raising a brow. "Don't tell me you're dating all of them?" Her voice wavered on the edge of laughter, a teasing lilt in her words.

But I didn't respond. I didn't correct her. I didn't deny it.

And as the silence stretched between us, I saw the realization dawn in her eyes.

"Wait. Really?" she asked, her voice catching slightly, like she wasn't sure if she should be amused or disappointed.

I gave a slow nod.

"Wow. You are scum, Leon," she said, her tone sharper now as her glare met mine. "I can't believe you'd really go that low... collecting girlfriends like trophies."

There was an edge to her words, something bitter, I guess.

Then the silence returned... deeper this time. The rain had stopped completely. In its place came the faint, rhythmic sound of droplets slowly rolling down the windowpane, each one landing with a soft, distant tap. The kind of silence that didn't demand to be broken.

"Well," she finally said, her voice quieter, more introspective now. "I guess if you managed to make them accept an arrangement like that, then maybe... maybe you really do love them enough for them to accept it."

She gave a soft chuckle. It sounded somewhat empty.

"I'm kind of jealous, if that's the case."

Her words hit something in me, but I didn't have an answer. I wasn't sure there was one.

"Hey..." she spoke again, her voice threading gently into the silence. "If I hadn't stopped you back then... would I have become your lover too?"

I didn't need to ask what she meant. She was talking about the kiss. That moment when things could've changed. A single second in time where the world might have shifted for both of us. It was just one of those 'what if' moments, but... if she hadn't pulled away, if we had let things go further—then maybe, just maybe, we really could have become lovers.

And honestly, I believed we would have.

But that kind of truth... it wasn't something I could just throw into the open. Not really. Not yet anyway.

"Thank you for not answering," she said softly. Her voice trembled, just a little. "If you had said we might've... I think I'd hate you forever."

She was right. If I had said yes, she would've thought I was just another guy chasing after any woman who gave him a second glance. She would've seen me as a scumbag who didn't know when to stop. But I

knew how her mind worked. We'd shared a life together once, long enough for me to understand her silences better than her words.

"I think it's best if we just see ourselves as childhood friends, and nothing more," she said, trying to sound certain. "That's probably what's best, don't you think?"

"What do you mean?" I asked her, though the answer was already there, written in every shift of her eyes and every hesitant pause.

"I think we need to draw the line," she said, voice steady. "It's not healthy—for either of us—to keep thinking about what happened back then. And honestly, it wouldn't be right. You have your own women now, and I'm walking a path that leads to priesthood. Drawing a line somewhere... is the wise thing to do."

Everything she said made sense. Logical. Clear.

But something about it felt hollow, like the words were more for her own sake than mine. She didn't mean it. Not completely.

Still, if that was the decision she'd made, if she was going to live by it—then I had to respect that.

"Alright," I said simply.

But as the word left my mouth, her body tensed. She jolted slightly, as though the sound of my agreement was something that cut through her more deeply than she'd expected.

"Are you truly alright with us parting ways like this?" I asked, needing to be sure.

Because something in the way she flinched... told me that she wasn't.

Chapter 649 - Connection (5)

Instead of answering me directly, she simply offered a soft smile and said, "Why don't you head out for now and return to the dining room? Your girlfriends might start getting worried if you stay gone too long, you know? I'm going to remain here for a little while."

"Alright," I responded quietly, giving a small nod.

With slow, measured steps, I turned away from her and walked out of the room, the door clicking softly behind me as I pulled it shut.

Later that night, I found myself lying in bed, staring blankly up at the ceiling. The dim light of the room cast long shadows across the walls, creating a quiet, almost nostalgic atmosphere. Due to the growing number of children in the orphanage, there hadn't been enough rooms to house everyone comfortably anymore. Because of that, we had decided to rent a small house just nearby to ease the burden.

It was a place typically used by adventurers who sought a few days of respite. And for good reason. After all, the house wasn't just spacious, but also luxurious compared to the orphanage or even any inns, complete with private rooms and even an outdoor bath that looked inviting under the starlit sky.

At the moment, I was in the room with Yr, who was already deep in slumber beside me. Meanwhile, the other three girls were still enjoying the outdoor bath, the faint sound of their laughter occasionally reaching my ears. The house itself, while modest in size, had an undeniable charm to it — something that was reflected in the high rental price. Still, it felt worth it. The owner had been a kind, accommodating person, which made it all the better.

I shifted slightly on the bed, my thoughts wandering back to the conversation I'd had earlier with Alice. A soft rustling sound snapped me out of my daze, and when I turned my head, Yr had somehow snuggled up closer to me.

"Leon..." she mumbled sleepily, her voice barely more than a whisper. Her eyelids drooped heavily as she rubbed her eyes with the back of her small hands, looking so utterly innocent that it tugged at something deep inside my chest.

"Come here," I said gently, patting the space beside me.

Without hesitation, she crawled into my arms, hugging me tightly before drifting off again almost instantly. Just that simple gesture, her warm body pressing against mine, filled my chest with an overwhelming warmth — a feeling so tender and deep it almost made my heart ache.

As I lay there, silently savoring the moment, the door creaked open. I turned my head and saw Titania stepping inside. Draped in a fluffy towel that clung loosely to her wet body, she was using another towel to dry her hair. Her presence immediately filled the room, almost like an electric charge, as the soft scent of soap and something distinctly her wafted through the air.

She was breathtaking. Her long, damp hair cascaded over her shoulders in messy waves, droplets of water tracing slow, sensuous lines down her bare skin. There was a raw beauty about her at that moment. This was her in her natural, unguarded, and irresistibly sexy state.

"Oh, you're going to sleep already, Leon?" she asked, flashing a teasing smile, her voice light and almost melodic.

"Well, it has been quite an exhausting trip. I figured I deserved a little rest," I replied, chuckling under my breath.

"I see..." she mused, her lips curling into a thoughtful smile. After finishing drying her hair, she casually let the towel slip from her body without a shred of hesitation and moved toward her suitcase to grab some clothes.

She wasn't shy in the slightest. Why would she be? After everything we had done together, the need for modesty between us had long since disappeared.

She picked up a pair of panties and, balancing gracefully on one leg, began slipping them on. Halfway through, she caught me staring.

"Why are you watching me while I dress?" she asked, an amused glint in her eye.

"Uh, no reason... Maybe because it's been a while since I last took the time to truly appreciate your whole body like this?" I admitted with a sheepish smile.

She let out a soft, teasing laugh. "What's that supposed to mean? Hehehe. You sound like an old perverted man," she said, her voice dripping with playful mockery. "Haven't you had enough last night?"

"I haven't," I said flatly, my voice low and honest.

"You're so hopeless..." she muttered with a cheeky grin, clearly enjoying my reaction. Yet, despite her teasing, she made no move to cover herself. Instead, she simply smiled and said, "Alright then. Look as much as you want while I get dressed."

And so I did. She moved with deliberate slowness, every motion of her body designed to tease and enthrall me. Each time she lifted an arm or shifted her hips, it felt like she was performing a silent dance just for me. Somehow, watching her dress turned out to be just as — if not more — arousing than seeing her undress.

There was something oddly intoxicating about it. Maybe it was the subtlety, the way she concealed her beauty bit by bit, leaving me yearning for what was hidden.

"Alright. Show's over," she declared with a playful wink once she had fully clothed herself.

Then, she made her way over to the bed, carefully slipping in beside me on the side opposite of where Yr lay. As she settled in, a burst of citrus fragrance filled the air, her scent enveloping me and making it almost impossible not to be aware of her presence.

After a few moments of quiet, she turned her head slightly and asked, "That girl back there... Is she a childhood friend of yours, Leon?"

"Well, yes," I replied softly. "Ever since I was brought to the orphanage as a child... We are practically family, I suppose."

"Hmm..." Titania hummed thoughtfully, the sound low and lingering. "She doesn't look like she views you as just family, you know?"

"Why do you think that?" I asked gently, slipping one of my arms under her head, letting it serve as her pillow. Her hair brushed lightly against my skin, and the warmth of her body pressed close to mine in a way that felt oddly comforting.

"Well," she murmured, her voice soft and laced with a sleepy kind of honesty, "when she looked at you earlier... I thought she was about to cry."

"Is that so?" I said, my tone low, almost contemplative, as I gazed up at the dim ceiling.

"Be honest with me, Leon," she whispered, her fingers absentmindedly playing with the fabric of my shirt. "You actually like her, don't you? Miss Alice, I mean."

A small flicker of surprise passed through me. "When did you learn her name?" I asked, glancing down at her.

"I asked Sister Lily earlier," she answered with a faint smile, her cheeks slightly puffed as if proud of herself.

She must have asked her when I had stepped out of the dining room earlier. The thought made me let out a small, almost inaudible chuckle.

"Well? You like her too, right?" she pressed, her voice tinged with a teasing lilt, but her eyes held a certain seriousness beneath the playfulness.

"I do," I admitted, my voice steady but carrying a quiet weight.

When we were young, she had been the one who taught me so many things I hadn't understood. Even though I was mentally older than her—having died at eighteen and reincarnated here into a child's body—there were still a myriad of things I was woefully ignorant about. Things like magic, the laws of mana, how to harness and control it properly... She had patiently guided me through it all.

Back then, she had been astonishingly intelligent for her age. And now? She had grown even sharper—more refined, more graceful in both mind and spirit.

She had become something of a teacher to me in more ways than I could ever properly explain. And naturally, as time passed, as we matured under the same roof, surrounded by the same walls and dreams, it was only natural that emotions deeper than mere friendship began to bloom between us.

So when she asked me if I liked her, there was no hesitation. It was only right for me to answer truthfully.

"Why don't you tell her how you feel, then?" she asked, her voice lowering to an almost conspiratorial whisper as she nestled a little closer against my side.

"It's not that easy," I said, releasing a slow breath, my chest rising and falling in rhythm with hers. "If I were to make a comparison... she's similar to Irene. Irene doesn't like the idea of polygamy... she would rather be in a monogamous relationship. But in Alice's case, it's not just preference... it's because she doesn't want to give up on her path. She dreams of becoming a priestess."

"Woah... A priestess, huh?" she mused, her voice colored with genuine wonder. "That's a beautiful dream to have. But... well, I do understand why both of you are trying to sever that thread connecting your hearts."

"Yeah..." I said, my voice almost a whisper now, weighed down by the complexity of it all. "Since priesthood—and being a priestess—means you can't have any spouse."

It was a sacred vow, an oath of purity, demanded so that they could serve the goddess Jeanne with unwavering devotion, free of worldly attachments.

Chapter 650 - Connection (6)

Here, the priests and priestesses held celibacy as a sacred vow. I was not entirely certain whether the same custom applied back on Earth, given how many different religions thrived there. But from what I did know, most priests there also honored celibacy, committing themselves fully to their faith.

"She is studying priesthood now, correct?" Titania asked, her voice calm yet tinged with a slight hint of sympathy. "I suppose there is not much you can do about it. If becoming a priestess is truly her dream, then even if you both love each other deeply... some things cannot be changed."

"Which is exactly why I am not actively seeking her out," I said, my tone steady but heavy with resignation. "Considering that I, too, have a dream I wish to pursue, I cannot, in good conscience, tell her to abandon hers simply to be with me."

"That is the right decision. It is better that way—for both your sakes," she said, her lips curving into a soft smile.

"Right," I echoed, though the word tasted bittersweet as it left my mouth.

Dreams demanded sacrifices. To achieve something you truly desired, you had to be willing to give up anything, everything, to chase it down. And nothing—nothing at all—should stand in your way. Not even love. No matter how much it hurt, I had no right to ask her to throw away her future, her ambition, just for the sake of being with me.

Of course, I still wanted to be with her. The yearning to have her as my woman burned within me.

"Well then, would you give up on her?" Titania asked softly, her gaze curious, almost testing.

"Well... that depends," I replied thoughtfully, pausing. "If she truly does not want it... if her heart lies elsewhere... then perhaps."

"Fufufu... That is exactly what I like about you," Titania said with a gentle laugh, before leaning in and planting a soft kiss on my cheek, her lips lingering for a brief second longer than necessary.

Just then, the door swung open with a sharp creak.

It was Rose and Trill.

"Ah! Nia! I knew it!" Trill said, her eyes lighting up in accusation.

"Hehehe... The spot next to Leon is already mine," Titania said triumphantly, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"That is so unfair! You left the bath first just to claim the spot next to Leon!" Trill whined, stomping her foot lightly. "It was obvious Yr would sleep beside him, so there was only one place left! You took advantage of that by sneaking out first!"

"As the saying goes, the early bird gets the worm," Titania said, grinning widely with obvious satisfaction.

"Enough already, you two," Rose said, stepping between them with a sigh. "There are two beds, you know. If you really want to sleep next to Leon that badly, there's still some space down by his legs."

"Well, I certainly do want to sleep next to Leon..." Trill muttered, pouting adorably. "I guess I'll just have to make do for now."

"Is that so? All the better for me," Rose said, flashing a smirk. "I get to claim the other bed for myself. I could really use a beauty rest tonight... thanks to a certain someone."

She shot a pointed look at me, her gaze lingering.

Well, last night, I had made her perform rather suggestive and provocative positions in a heated BDSM roleplay, pushing her body to its limits. We barely got any sleep because of it. Then, to top it all off, I had her drive early this morning toward the village. It was only natural she would be utterly drained—likely far more exhausted than she was letting on.

After a short while of teasing and banter, we all finally settled down and decided to sleep.

When I woke up, I found myself completely smothered by soft, warm bodies. The scent of womanly skin and faint traces of shampoo filled my senses. Titania and Yr were still in their original spots, though Yr had somehow managed to glue herself onto me like a stubborn cicada, clinging so tightly that it looked nearly impossible to pry her off.

Meanwhile, Trill had latched herself onto my feet, her arms wrapped securely around my ankles like a hugging vine.

Chuckling under my breath, I carefully and gently peeled them off me, mindful not to wake them. I needed some fresh air.

Noticing that Rose's bed was empty, I figured she must have gotten up earlier and gone outside.

I quietly made my way to the door and stepped outside. A cool breeze brushed against my skin, and the early morning sun painted the world in soft, golden hues.

There she was—Rose, sitting quietly, her elegant figure illuminated by the faint morning light. In her hand, she held a plain white mug, steam curling upward into the crisp air. She took a slow, leisurely sip, her expression serene.

When I stepped fully outside, she noticed me and turned her head slightly.

"Good morning," she greeted, her voice warm yet composed.

"I never would have expected you to be awake at this hour," I said with a faint smile. "Did you not say you wanted a full beauty rest?"

"Well," she said, lifting the mug slightly in a casual gesture, "I woke up a bit earlier than I intended. So I decided to help myself to some coffee."

"Well, coffee sounds nice." I said. "I should have gotten myself with one."

"You should have. Coffee is delicious when you're on a trip in a morning like this." she said.

While we were deep in conversation, exchanging thoughts with light smiles, a sudden, bloodcurdling scream shattered the calmness of the morning.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The scream sliced through the air like a blade. Instinctively, Rose and I snapped our heads toward the direction of the sound. A chill ran down my spine. Without needing to speak, Rose slammed her mug down on the table, the liquid inside sloshing violently, and we both bolted toward the source of the scream, our legs moving before our minds could catch up.

Our feet pounded against the dirt path, kicking up clouds of dust as we raced across the field. The sharp morning air stung my lungs, but I ignored it, pushing myself faster. In a matter of seconds, we reached the scene.

There, right before our eyes, was a terrible sight.

"Help! Help me, please! Help!!"

A woman shrieked in sheer terror, her voice cracking with desperation. She struggled helplessly beneath a man who had pinned her down, his intentions clear in his vile gaze.

Rose and I acted without hesitation. We closed the distance in the blink of an eye, and with swift, coordinated movements, we delivered punishing blows to the man's face, feeling the satisfying crunch of impact. His body crumpled like a ragdoll, collapsing onto the ground, unconscious.

Breathing heavily, we quickly turned our attention to the woman. Her body trembled uncontrollably as we helped her sit up, her eyes wide and glossy with tears.

Thankfully, we had stopped the monster before he could inflict irreversible harm.

"T-Thank you..." she whispered, her voice fragile.

"This man is abhorrent... attempting something this vile..." Rose muttered coldly, her voice laced with venom. "And at this ungodly hour, no less. What the hell was he thinking?"

Without hesitation, she ripped off her belt and tightly bound the man's wrists, her fingers moving with mechanical precision fueled by anger.

"What exactly happened?" I asked, kneeling beside the woman.

"I-I don't know..." she stammered, her body still wracked with tremors. "He... he just came out of nowhere..."

I shifted my gaze to the unconscious attacker, my brows furrowing. There, inked onto the side of his neck, was a tattoo — the unmistakable mark of a bandit, etched crudely into his skin.

"Why would a bandit attack at this hour?" Rose muttered under her breath, glaring at the tattoo. "Bandits... they truly have no sense of honor or shame. They act solely on impulse, without regard for anything. Honestly... it is beyond me why people like this even exist in our world..."

"Hmm..." I murmured, running a hand through my hair as I contemplated the situation. "Bandit activity around here is practically unheard of. For one to attack this early... it is either astonishingly bold, or..."

I cast a grim glance at the woman.

"...Perhaps the call of the flesh was simply too strong for him to resist."

My gaze wandered toward the vast, golden horizon, where the fields stretched endlessly under the pale light of dawn.

Maybe this was an isolated incident... a tragic, random act of cruelty.

But deep in my gut, a gnawing sense of unease whispered that something far more dangerous was brewing just out of sight.

While I stood there, lost in dark thoughts, two figures suddenly came running toward us, kicking up small clouds of dust in their haste.

It was Sister Lily and Alice.

Sister Lily clutched a sword in both hands, the blade glinting menacingly under the weak morning sun, while Alice, fists clenched, looked ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.

"Rita!" Sister Lily called out sharply, her voice thick with panic. "Are you alright!?"

"Y-Yes..." the woman — Rita — answered shakily, forcing a small nod. "This young man saved me."

Sister Lily turned her attention to me immediately, her face grave.

"Leon... what exactly happened here?" she demanded.

"Ah... this man," I replied grimly, pointing down at the unconscious attacker sprawled on the ground like discarded garbage.

The moment I gestured toward him, Sister Lily's expression twisted with rage and grief, her eyes burning with barely contained fury.

"I-I told them!" she cried, her voice breaking slightly. "I warned them not to harm the villagers! Why... why are they doing this!?"

Her shoulders trembled with anger.

Does she know the real reason why this man attacked...?