

The World 66

Chapter 66: Leonamon (1)

Irene and I stepped out of her house. She seemed a bit shaky on her legs, likely due to the aftermath of the night before. I offered to support her, but she immediately snapped, "Don't!" So, I had no choice but to respect her wishes. Strangely, she also insisted on keeping a distance of five meters between us. Right now, we stood with that invisible barrier, and it felt like an awkward force field.

"Let's make this clear, Student Leon," Irene spoke nervously. "Keep this whole thing a secret. What happened last night was just a drunken mistake, a momentary lapse. Don't mistake it for some teacher who enjoys sleeping with her students. I'm not like that. I expect you to keep your mouth shut and act like this never occurred.

Understand?"

Oddly enough, this situation played into my favor. The next step in dominating her required me to ignore her for about a month, so her request aligned perfectly with my plans. It was a shame I wouldn't get to savor her again. Her body's taste was exquisite. The anticipation of how she would react once fully dominated excited me. For now, though, I needed to maintain distance.

"Alright," I agreed. "I promise not to do anything that tarnishes your reputation as the esteemed professor of the academy. I won't do anything to make you look bad in the eyes of others. It's a bit unfortunate that you're suggesting we pretend this never happened, but if that's what you want, I'll comply."

She blushed at my words, averting her gaze. "V-Very well," she stammered. "Well then, I'll be heading back to the academy. It's lucky my place is out of anyone's view, and no one was around to witness us leaving together. Still, just to be absolutely certain, you go first."

"Alright. Until next time, Professor Irene," I spoke, shifting back to the formalities. "I'm journeying back to Leonamon, so our paths might not align."

"That might be for the best," she mused. With that brief prelude, we parted ways, heading in our own directions.

There were seven cities in the Kingdom of Milham: the Capital City, Pleasure City, Academy City, Market City, Holy City, Knowledge City, and Sword City. These cities formed a heptagonal shape, with Milham Castle situated right in the middle.

The reasons behind these names eluded me, but considering other kingdoms had cities named Emerald City and Diamond City, the nomenclature here seemed fairly standard. I found myself liking the simplicity of the names; it made memorizing them a breeze.

Professor Irene's home sat in Academy City, merely a kilometer away from the Capital City, where I was headed now. It housed the establishment of Leonamon's Company, a venture inspired by a combination of my name and Amon's. Interestingly, it came into existence after Amon sold around 10 smartphones.

As I strolled through the Capital City, my eyes caught sight of a woman selling newspapers on the street. Despite her plain, almost ragged clothes, her black hair framed a face that retained its beauty. I recognized her immediately – the woman who had turned down my confession two weeks ago.

"Newspapers! Newspapers! Good news inside! Just a bronze coin, and you'll have access to all the latest updates!"

She stood boldly in the midst of the lively streets, her voice cutting through the crowd as she beckoned to those passing by. A mere locking of eyes initiated her approach, where she skillfully persuaded potential buyers. Those ensnared by her gaze seemed more enchanted by her beauty than interested in the newspapers she offered.

Nevertheless, the prospect of purchasing a paper from such an alluring individual might inspire a daily commitment. Clearly, she was capitalizing on her beauty, weaving a subtle charm to entice.

As my gaze lingered on her, she turned, and our eyes finally intertwined. A radiant smile graced her face as she gracefully approached.

"Hey, sir, would you like to buy a newspaper?"

It was at that very moment that recognition dawned on her. Of course, she remembered me—the guy she had shot down with a response colder than Antarctica itself.

"Uh..."

It seemed like a faint trace of awkwardness hung in the air. Well, there was no real reason for her to feel that way. After all, I was the one who put my feelings out there, and she simply turned me down. Admittedly, her rejection hit a level beyond the ordinary, but still, if anyone should feel awkward, it should be me.

"How much?" I asked, breaking the subtle tension.

"Um, one bronze coin," she responded, her gaze slightly uncertain.

From my pocket, I produced a bronze coin and handed it over. In return, she handed me a newspaper. I walked away without casting another look her way. I sensed her eyes on me for a fleeting moment. After a pause, her gaze released me, and she resumed her animated street-side sales pitch.

In that very moment, a metallic chime resonated in my mind.

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You've captured the interest of Zeruel Calear. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Zeruel Calear

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Zeruel:

1. Assist Zeruel in obtaining the funds to settle bills at Milham's Sanatorium

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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I see... So her motivation likely stemmed from her mother's situation. If my memory served me right, Gabrielle mentioned that Zeruel's mother was ailing, and they were struggling financially. Zeruel was an incredibly diligent person, managing to secure a top spot in the gold class while also working. I could easily cover the funds for her, but that might not be the best approach.

She might refuse the help. What should I do about it? Hmm...

For now, I decided to put that thought aside and headed to Leonamon. As I approached, I noticed a long line forming. It was still early in the morning, so seeing such a crowd was surprising. Amon seemed to have executed my instructions flawlessly, aiming to skyrocket our sales on the very first day.

At the forefront of the line, Amon presented small glasses filled with a rich, red liquid—wine. Generously, she was distributing it for free.

This was our strategy. The act of providing complimentary samples wasn't just about boosting sales; it was about making a statement. The free samples acted as an invitation, urging people to experience our product firsthand. It was a subtle persuasion, convincing them that our offerings were worth more than just a glance.

This strategy wasn't merely about the immediate sale; it was laying the groundwork for a lasting impression, an incentive for customers to return.

"Lady! Lady! How much for one bottle of that wine?!" a person eagerly asked.

Amon's grin widened, "A mere 20 gold coins. I understand it might seem like a princely sum, but believe me, this wine is meticulously brewed, worth every coin. From the exquisite taste you've already savored, I'm sure you can discern its otherworldly quality, a league above the mundane."

"It's a hefty price, but I don't care! I want one! I need a bottle, Lady! Here, I've got 20 gold coins right now! Give me a bottle!"

In an instant, a wave of eager customers surged forward, clamoring for the coveted bottles of wine. The transactions flowed smoothly, and within moments, the stock was utterly depleted. Those unfortunate

souls who missed out displayed palpable disappointment and a tinge of melancholy. Amon, however, reassured them with a confident smile.

She revealed that the production gears were already turning, promising a replenished supply for the next day. The disappointed customers regained their spirits and discussed plans to return early the next day.

After a while, the crowd dispersed, but the buzz about the heavenly taste of the wine lingered in the air. I swear, I could almost see someone attempting to steal a bottle from its purchaser. Fortunately, the rightful owner swiftly retaliated with a well-aimed punch.

Making my way to Amon, I couldn't help but comment, "Looks like we've managed to make our product a sensation in an instant. Good job."

"Thanks to you, Master."

"No," I insisted. "Give yourself more credit, Amon. It's your artistry in selling and that magnetic personality of yours that pulled it off. If I were the one orchestrating this symphony, I'm sure it wouldn't have resonated like you managed."

"T-Thank you. It makes me happy that you compliment me," she said, pressing her thighs together. Was she getting aroused by my compliments? It certainly seemed so, with her looking at me with a blush on her face. Whenever I glanced her way, she would avert her eyes, then attempt to peek at me again, and avert them once more.

She was cute, and those adorable gestures had an undeniable effect. I could feel my arousal stirring.

"Let's go inside, Amon," I suggested with a suggestive grin. "I'll give you a reward for a job well done."

She smiled back at me, her expression now openly aroused, and nodded bashfully. "Yes..."