

## The World 661

### Chapter 661 - A Meeting With The High Priests (5)

I tapped the call button on the laptop, initiating a connection to Princess Myrcella. To my surprise, she picked up almost immediately with no delay and hesitation.

With the advancements in technology, smartphones, laptops and computers now came equipped with a convenient feature which was video calling. This function allowed not just voice but also live visuals, enabling a more personal and face-to-face interaction through the screen.

Because of that, I wasn't just going to speak with her. I would also be able to see her.

And sure enough, the moment the connection was established, her camera lit up and her face appeared on the screen.

"Huh? Why'd you call? Is something wrong?" she asked with a casual tone, her expression relaxed. Judging from the faint steam wafting through the air and the slick sheen on her skin, she seemed to be enjoying herself in a warm bath. "And where have you even been? You've vanished for four whole months. I was beginning to worry, you know."

She had really just answered a video call... while she was still in the bath?

Not only that, but her camera was fully active. The image on my screen was dangerously vivid with her bare shoulders shimmered with moisture, her collarbones soft and defined, and the camera angle offered a teasing glimpse of the valley between her breasts. Droplets of water traced lazy paths down

her flawless skin, sliding into the crevice below. Her complexion, pristine and pale like porcelain, carried the signature elegance of someone highborn.

"You're bathing, right? I can just call you back once you're done," I said, trying to sound polite while discreetly avoiding eye contact with her more exposed parts.

"Wait a moment. I'm almost finished anyway," she replied casually. Then, placing her phone against something to prop it up, she stood up from her seated position.

And with that motion, her full figure was revealed to me. She turned away just before I could see what was between her legs, but not fast enough to stop me from catching a glimpse of her perfectly rounded, snow-pale butt. Her skin glistened with water under the soft light, every curve accentuated with a gentle shine. It was impossible not to stare.

As if perfectly choreographed, two servants appeared silently at her sides and draped a towel robe over her body with practiced ease. Their movements were smooth and synchronized. They were clearly used to this routine. They didn't seem bothered at all, as though they'd done this countless times before.

After being wrapped in the robe, Myrcella calmly picked up her phone again.

"So, what is it?" she asked.

"Uh... well, now that you're done, I have a favor to ask," I began.

"What kind of favor?" she replied with a hint of curiosity.

"Are you completely dressed now?" I asked carefully. "Because I'm about to show your face to some people—specifically, the high priests."

Her brows lifted slightly. "The high priests? Why are you with them?"

"I'm in the middle of a negotiation, but it's not going well. They won't approve what I'm pushing for. That's why I need your help."

"Alright. I'll help you," she said without hesitation. "But you remember the favor I asked you for, don't you?"

"The one where I'm supposed to introduce myself to the King... as a husband candidate?"

As soon as the words left my mouth, I felt Rose's eyes lock onto me, her expression frozen, as if I had just dropped a revelation she hadn't expected in the slightest. I kept my gaze away from her.

"Yes," Myrcella replied. "I want you to present yourself as thoroughly as you can."

She didn't bring up anything regarding the Emperor. Given the political engagement between her and the Emperor—designed to solidify an alliance between Milham and Rodonia—it would've been risky for

her to mention it, especially with the threats I'd thrown around earlier. She understood the consequences. I liked that about her. She was calculated, composed... as well as effective.

It made me wonder... just how far could she go in Milham's hierarchy once she truly seized power?

"Alright," I nodded. "I'll do it once the next term begins."

Her lips curled into a gentle smile. It was the kind of smile that said she was satisfied with that answer.

"Now then, you want me to speak to them, right? Turn me around so I can face them."

I rotated the laptop, positioning the screen toward the three high priests, ensuring they could see her clearly.

"I-It's truly Princess Myrcella..."

"We can't be too sure. It might be some kind of deception. There's no way to confirm if that's the real Princess or just an illusion projected by that device..."

"Y-Yeah, you're right..."

Their doubt lingered heavily in the air.

"If this was truly an illusion, High Priest Sendron, then how would I be able to hear and respond to your words in real time?" Her voice, clear and elegant, cut through their uncertainty like a knife.

"She... She spoke to me..." Sendron's expression was one of utter disbelief, his mouth slightly agape and his eyes wide in shock.

"No! Don't let it fool you! This must be some elaborate trick!"

"Enough, both of you." Vertigan's voice snapped like a whip, silencing the two at once. "Can't you see that we're in the presence of the Princess? As high priests of this kingdom, at least try to act with some respect."

That single statement was enough to silence the two bickering High Priests. Their mouths snapped shut.

"Thank you, High Priest Vertigan," said Princess Myrcella. "Now then... Leon—well, Mr. Faust—approached you with the intent of reaching a negotiation, didn't he? But from what I gather, you're not very willing to accept his proposal."

"That's correct, Princess," Vertigan replied, his voice low and thoughtful. "Though I find myself intrigued by the promise of change, I couldn't simply trust that such a drastic shift would lead to a future better than the life I've spent years preserving. That's precisely why I asked him to bring forth some kind of formal agreement—one that comes directly from the King himself."

The Princess tilted her head slightly, her eyes narrowing just a touch. "And what if I being here was supposed to be enough? Would that satisfy your concerns, I wonder?"

A stillness filled the air. Vertigan didn't respond immediately. His gaze dropped to the polished floor, as though searching for strength in the marble below. Finally, he exhaled slowly and spoke.

"I'm sorry, Princess. But no... without the King's direct involvement, even your presence wouldn't be sufficient."

"I see..." Myrcella muttered under her breath, the corners of her lips tightening. "Well, I suppose I'll have to speak to my father about this. Though truthfully, I already know what he's going to say. With the Kingdom's economy thriving thanks to the influx of merchants and traders brought in by our efforts at modernization, he wouldn't hesitate to dismantle centuries of heritage if it meant lining his coffers even further."

She wasn't bluffing. Every word she said hit like a hammer of truth. Right now, the only real foundation propping up the Kingdom was my company. The king had practically handed Milham a monopoly, and with Leonamon's expansion looming, it was clear he wouldn't blink before trampling over tradition if it meant drawing in even more influence.

High Priest Vertigan seemed to recognize the weight behind her words. His shoulders sagged slightly as a long, resigned sigh escaped him.

"I cannot—will not—allow the legacy of our Goddess Jeanne to be tossed away like yesterday's relic," he said firmly. "Master Faust... you swear that if we agree to this modernization, the essence of our heritage will still live on?"

"That's my promise," I replied without hesitation.

He shut his eyes, as if weighing the weight of generations on his shoulders. Then, slowly, he looked up and met my gaze.

"Then I accept."

"Vertigan!" one of the others shouted in disbelief.

"You two—shut your mouths," Vertigan snapped, his patience clearly worn thin. His voice echoed through the chamber like a slap. "If we don't accept this now, everything we've been trying to protect will crumble beneath the King's feet anyway. We hold no power in the grand scheme of things. Our choices are limited."

The other two clenched their jaws in silent fury, but their resistance faltered. Reality had caught up with them, and it was undeniable now that modernization was coming. Whether they liked it or not, the Holy City would never be the same again.

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"Thank you for helping me today, Princess," I said sincerely through the screen of the laptop.

"It's nothing," she replied with a gentle smile. "Honestly, I'm just glad I could support you in this. Though... it is disappointing that the other two High Priests still haven't signed the agreement."

She was right. Their signatures were still absent, despite them giving vague promises that they would consider it. But that word—consider—was just a smokescreen. It could mean months. Years, even. A drawn-out stall to dodge modernization as long as they possibly could.

"You've sent the letters to their homes, haven't you, Rose?" I asked.

"I did," Rose answered calmly, eyes focused ahead as the carriage rolled through the cobblestone road.

"Well, they'll be writing me back tomorrow. Mark my words," I said confidently. "They won't get the chance to drag this out any longer than it already has."

#### Chapter 662 - A Meeting With The High Priests (6)

The car finally rolled its way back into Leonamon, descending into the parking garage with a mechanical hum. The engine's quiet purr died down as the vehicle eased into its spot. With a click, I opened the door—and as soon as I stepped out, the familiar routine unfolded like a well-rehearsed ceremony. Two rows of women, lined up with military precision, bowed in perfect unison as if the very air around them was holding its breath in my presence.

"I swear, I'll never get used to this," Rose muttered, her voice low as her eyes swept across the bowing women. There was awe in her tone, but also discomfort, like she couldn't decide whether to be impressed or unsettled. She then turned toward me, her gaze sharpening. "By the way, you still haven't told me what Princess Myrcella meant when she mentioned that 'favor.' What was she talking about when she said you introduced yourself as a husband candidate?"

Well... it looked like there was no point in dodging it anymore. I let out a small sigh, my shoulders relaxing as I prepared myself. Might as well lay it out.

"Princess Myrcella is being arranged to marry the Emperor," I began. "The purpose is to reinforce the alliance between the two countries. But... Princess Myrcella suspects the whole thing is just a ploy. A trap dressed up as diplomacy. That's why she asked me to become her husband candidate. If I, the owner of Leonamon, step forward and offer to marry her, then it shifts the narrative. The King would likely see more value in choosing me over some unpredictable ruler who could be a threat to his kingdom."

Rose blinked. "So basically... you're actually going to marry her?"

"Marrying Princess Myrcella is a pretty solid plan," I replied, my lips curling slightly at the edges. "If I go through with it, it could put me in a position to become the King of this entire kingdom."

Rose frowned in confusion. "But wait... wouldn't you just end up as the Princess's consort?"

"Well," I said with a knowing look, "that depends on whether or not Princess Myrcella pulls off what she's planning."

Because what Myrcella intended wasn't a simple marriage of convenience. She was orchestrating a coup d'état... against her own father. Her aim was to claim the throne for herself. But it wasn't something she could do on willpower alone. She'd need allies... strong ones. She'd have to forge connections, secure trust across powerful nations and her own people, and gather vast amounts of funding. Even then, success wasn't guaranteed. Not even close. But if she played her cards right, her chances—at the very least—wouldn't be zero.

"Now then," I said, stepping ahead, my voice carrying a note of finality, "we just have to wait for their letters of approval to arrive."

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Sendron's POV

That brat... That insufferable little bastard.

Who the fuck does he think he is? Just strutting into the Church like he owns the place, waving around that ridiculous modernization plan as if we were nothing but old relics to be swept aside. Has he no concept of respect? No sense of reverence for his elders? The arrogance he displayed... It wasn't just insulting, it was blasphemous. He dared to talk down to us. Us. High Priests.

He's going to regret ever crossing me.

I'll hire assassins—yes. Maybe slit his throat while he sleeps. Or better... I'll break him. Make him my slave. He's older than I usually go for, but he's not completely unappealing. After that? I'll uproot his entire business and burn it down until nothing's left but ashes.

As I twisted my face into a vile grimace, a young priest entered my chambers, interrupting my seething thoughts. In his hand, he held a sealed envelope.

"What is this?" I snapped.

"A letter for you, High Priest," he said, bowing his head with proper deference.

"A letter?" I arched an eyebrow, eyes narrowing. "From who?"

"The sender left no name," he replied.

I scowled as I stared at the envelope for a beat. Then, with a sharp motion, I snatched it from his hand.

"Once I've finished reading this," I said coldly, "ease yourself into my bedroom. Capisce?"

"Yes, High Priest," he answered obediently, backing away.

My fingers tore the seal open.

The first thing I read made my entire body freeze.

"Modernization is quite a good thing, huh? You can preserve moments like this and print them on paper."

My vision blurred for a second. My hands trembled.

Then I saw what was nestled inside the envelope, which were additional contents, tucked behind the letter. I pulled them out.

Photographs.

Photographs of me.

In compromising positions.

Me... kissing three young men, caught mid-act in sharp, undeniable detail. Their lips on mine. Their hands gripping my robes.

"W-Wha...!?" My voice cracked. My chest constricted. My blood ran cold.

Where the fuck did he get these!?

How the hell did he manage to take these pictures!?

My fingers fumbled, dropping one of the contents. A smaller slip of paper fluttered to the floor like a fallen leaf.

I picked it up.

"A High Priest doing some erotic things like these would be no High Priest at all, don't you think? Don't even think those are the only pictures I've got. I have plenty. And I could publish them online. If you don't know what the internet is, it's a place where, without lifting a finger, the pictures would spread—and spread—to everyone with a smartphone. And let me tell you... those pictures can't be burned. With one click, your entire career could come crashing down in a single, glorious collapse."

My knees nearly buckled. My hands were still shaking.

I was caught. Exposed. And worst of all... powerless.

I continued reading.

"I already knew you weren't going to accept my proposal," the letter read, its words practically slithering off the page. "So I sent these in advance. If you still refuse to comply, then every single picture I have will be released for the entire world to see."

My hands trembled uncontrollably, the letter rustling slightly with each shiver that crawled up my spine. My heart thumped against my chest, a dull, heavy drum of dread.

That damn brat... This was his doing.

I read further, and my blood turned to ice.

'P.S. Don't go thinking this is blackmail or anything like that. I'm just concerned for the citizens. If the country refuses to modernize while time moves forward like a raging current, then we'll all be left behind. I'm simply encouraging you to do the right thing and sign your name on that dotted line.'

My fingers slowly lowered the paper. My head dipped down, as though the weight of humiliation and fear had finally broken my posture. I stared blankly at the ornate rug beneath me, unable to muster a single word.

I'd been cornered. Played like a damned fiddle.

That man... he wasn't just bold... he was absolutely terrifying.

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Riolan's POV

"W-What the...!?"

My voice cracked the silence as I stared wide-eyed at the letter trembling in my grasp.

Its contents weren't a request. It wasn't a suggestion. No... it was a demand. One that left no room for refusal.

It was commanding me to agree to that modernization plan... the one that brat from the company had proposed. The one I'd been planning to quietly delay until it vanished beneath bureaucracy.

But this... this wasn't politics.

It was a threat.

"This is you, isn't it? A High Priest visiting a place like that—do you think that's acceptable? Shouldn't a man of your rank, especially one who preaches celibacy, be holding himself to a higher standard? If so, then this is a clear violation of everything your order stands for."

Each word slammed into me like a hammer, striking deep, cracking the foundations of the image I had so carefully maintained.

And then I looked down at what else was in my hand. I was caught right as I was about to walk into a brothel. There would be no spinning this. There was no hiding from it.

It felt like the walls around me were caving in, pushing in on both sides, suffocating me, squeezing every ounce of composure from my body. My breath was shallow, my pulse racing in my ears like a warning bell.

Who the hell is that man?

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Leon's POV

I had no doubt that those two crusty old fucks were probably signing those papers right now, their hands trembling as they read the letter I had Rose deliver straight to them.

They'd been untouchable for too long. High and mighty, moving like gods among insects just because they sat at the top of their crumbling institutions. Always getting away with whatever the fuck they pleased.

But now?

Now I held the cards.

I wondered, just for a moment, what their devoted followers would think—if they saw how corrupted, how filthy and disgusting those men really were beneath their holy robes. The very image of purity, shattered by a single truth.

If they so much as breathed in opposition, they'd collapse. One twitch, and they'd fall like dominoes.

And they knew it.

While I mused over my checkmate, my eyes slid toward Rose—more specifically, her ass swaying ever so slightly with each step she took beside me. I didn't hesitate. I reached out and gave it a firm squeeze.

She jolted, a visible shiver crawling through her back.

I leaned in.

"Help me celebrate my victory for today, Rose."

Chapter 663 - Rose's Sweet Side (1)

Rose's POV

Leon's voice rang out with a bold, unwavering assertiveness when he said those words to me. There was this quiet confidence laced in his tone that made something stir deep inside me. My cheeks flared with sudden heat, and I didn't even understand why... I mean, he was younger than me. That alone should've made his cocky attitude irritating. And it did... but weirdly enough, that just made my heart race even more.

Just how deeply do I feel for this guy, that even something so small could make me react this much? It was insane. I must really, truly be in love with him... with everything I am. My entire heart, my whole soul... it had to be wrapped around him already. Nothing else explained how just hearing him talk like that could twist my insides like this.

"You're so cute, Rose," he said suddenly.

I froze. Why was he saying something so shameless?

Me? Cute?

I didn't even know how to respond. There was no way he actually meant that, right? I wasn't cute. I had muscles, broad shoulders, and hands calloused from training. I didn't carry myself with the soft, delicate elegance that Princess Titania did. I didn't have Yr's cute face, or Trill's femininity. Compared to them, I was just... plain. Rugged. Far from girly.

And yet... the way he said it... the way his eyes looked at me when those words left his mouth... it did something to me. Something wicked.

A slow, pulsing warmth began to throb between my thighs. My inner muscles tensed instinctively, like my body was responding to something I hadn't even fully processed yet. What the hell was actually wrong with me? Was I seriously getting turned on just because he called me cute?

Then, everything changed in an instant.

He stepped forward and closed the distance between us, his face dipping toward mine. His hand found my waist as he gently pushed me back, pressing my body against the nearby wall. And then... he kissed me.

It was slow at first. Gentle. But then it deepened, turned erotic. Our lips moved together with growing hunger, and soon our mouths opened wider, tasting one another fully. Our tongues brushed, mingled, and saliva slicked the corners of my lips. I didn't care. I couldn't care. All that existed in that moment was him and the electric rush exploding through my chest.

I felt like I was dissolving.

Without even thinking, one of my legs lifted, sliding up and wrapping around his hips. I didn't even realize what I'd done until my thigh was pressed tight against his side. It just happened. My body had taken over.

"Leon..." I breathed, barely audible, when our lips finally parted. His gaze locked onto mine. My face must've looked absolutely dazed, like I was melting with my entire expression undone.

I wanted to cover my face and hide it from him, but it was already too late. He'd seen everything.

And the worst part was that I didn't even care.

All I wanted now was for him to strip me bare. Physically. Emotionally. Mentally. I wanted him to claim every last piece of me.

That's when his fingers slid up beneath the hem of my top, beginning to lift it off.

I blinked. My breath hitched. "W-Wait, here...?"

He didn't even pause.

"Don't worry," he said smoothly. "This is a place where no employees can enter. We can fuck here all we want, and no one's going to come in or bother us."

Those words—crude and direct as they were—made something inside me tremble. It was shameless, but for some reason... I found myself leaning into it. Swayed by his confidence, his certainty and his sheer dominance.

Slowly, he peeled my top away, exposing more and more skin until only my bra remained. Cool air licked across my bare skin, making my nipples harden beneath the fabric. My breathing grew unsteady and shallow.

Then, he crouched slightly, hands moving to my waist again, this time unfastening my belt. I stared down at him with wide eyes, but I didn't stop him. I couldn't. My body felt too weak and too feverish to resist.

He tugged my pants down in one swift motion.

"Ah...!"

I gasped as the cold air struck my now-exposed thighs. I shivered on instinct. I was already a little sweaty from the heat of the moment, and now that my pants were off, I knew the dampness between my legs would be even worse.

But Leon didn't hesitate. His head dipped lower, face nearing the most sensitive part of me. The place where my thighs met.... hidden only by the thin, soaked fabric of my panties.

"Ngh~..."

My back arched as I felt him inhale deeply against me. The idea that he might be smelling me—right there—was almost too much. It was dirty, perverted... and yet it sent a shiver racing down my spine.

What did that make me, if I found it arousing? A pervert too, I guess...

"Ngh... Ah, Leon...~ S-Stop... Ah!"

My voice broke as his tongue flicked out, trailing a slow, deliberate line over my covered vagina. The fabric clung to my wetness, and his tongue pressed hard against it, savoring it like he was starving.

It felt so good... too good.

I squirmed, hands weakly pressing against his head, trying to push him away. But I couldn't put any real force behind it. I didn't want to.

"Stop..~" I moaned again, voice trembling with both shame and pleasure.

But even as I said that, it felt too good. I couldn't push his head away... not seriously. My hands trembled as they moved to his shoulders, but the effort to resist was half-hearted at best.

"Haaannnn~!!!"

I tried—gods, I really tried—not to let it slip. But even as I covered my mouth with both trembling hands, the moan escaped, muffled only slightly by my palms. My chest shuddered, and my breath caught in my throat as the overwhelming pleasure surged through me.

And then I looked down.

Leon was right there between my legs, his mouth locked onto my dripping core, his tongue moving with deliberate, tantalizing strokes as he stared up at me with eyes filled with hunger and a wicked kind of satisfaction.

My cheeks burned from embarrassment. I should've felt shy, ashamed even... But in that moment, I didn't care. I just couldn't bring myself to.

"Aaaaahhhh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahhhh~! I'm going to...~!"

The pressure building deep within my core reached its peak like a wave ready to crash. My body tensed, back arching sharply as my climax rushed through me like lightning.

"Hmmnn~!!!!"

My moan echoed down the dim hallway, loud and full of ecstasy. My thighs clamped around his face, but that didn't stop me from squirting... hard. My juices sprayed out in pulses, splattering all over his face, coating him completely in my release. The sight of it made my head spin with a twisted mix of embarrassment and satisfaction.

He stood up, unfazed, with a confident smirk, his face glistening with my orgasm.

Meanwhile, I crumbled.

My legs buckled beneath me, too weak to hold me up after that intense orgasm. My whole body felt like jelly with every nerve buzzing, my breath heavy and ragged. I collapsed, slumping to the floor, drool trickling from the corner of my mouth as I gasped for air.

Then, slowly—casually—Leon unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.

Ahhhh...

And then it hit me.

That scent.

It was strong, raw, and masculine. The thick musk filled my nostrils and wrapped itself around my brain like a fog. Now I understood why he'd been drawn to my scent even through the sweat... it was intoxicating.

And now... just from smelling his penis, I felt dizzy. My brain buzzed, thoughts dissolving into white noise. It was like a switch flipped inside me, like something deep and primal woke up.

Before I even realized it, I leaned forward, pressing my face against the thick shaft. I dragged my tongue slowly over the tip, and the moment I tasted him, my mouth flooded with saliva.

I couldn't stop drooling.

Strings of spit slipped from my lips as I licked him again, then again, the tip of my tongue swirling over his head, savoring the salty taste. And as I did, I looked up at him—just like he had done earlier when he was eating me out.

Seeing his expression twist as I teased his cock with my tongue made something throb inside me. Watching him tense up, bite his lip, and shudder, it made my own pussy clench hard. Just from watching him feel good... I started cumming again.

What was this sensation? It was addicting. So good and so raw—it was like my mind was boiling, steaming with lust until my thoughts blurred into heat.

I kept licking, almost mindlessly, and my hand slipped down to my soaked panties. I started rubbing myself, shamelessly masturbating while licking him like a depraved mess.

Every twitch of his cock, every soft grunt and moan from him only pushed me closer to another high.

And then I felt it.

His cock twitched

And hard.

I didn't hesitate. I opened my mouth wide, lips stretching around his shaft as I swallowed him whole, pushing him deep into my throat.

That's when it happened.

His cum shot out like a loaded gun, the first thick spurt slamming into the back of my throat with such force that my vision blurred. My mind went completely blank, my eyes rolled back, and my body trembled.

There was so much of it.

It was thick, warm, and poured into my mouth like molten lava, filling every corner until I couldn't hold anymore. The weight of it was dizzying. My cheeks puffed out slightly from the volume, and I moaned low into his cock.

"Blee..."

I pulled back slowly, his cock slipping wetly from my mouth, and opened wide to show him the creamy load still sitting on my tongue. Thick, sticky strings of cum stretched from my lips to his cock as I tilted my head back.

"Good. Now drink."

His voice was deep and commanding.

And I did.

Without breaking eye contact, I closed my lips and swallowed every last drop.

Chapter 664 - Rose's Sweet Side (2)

After that, I gave him a boob job—or whatever he liked to call it in that husky voice of his.

I leaned in close, letting the warmth of his cock press between the soft mounds of my breasts. The moment his shaft nestled between them, I squeezed my tits together slowly, enclosing him with a snug, pillowy tightness that made his breath catch in his throat.

His reaction was immediate. I could feel the tension in his thighs as he started instinctively thrusting upward, trying to push himself deeper between the folds of my chest. His hips bucked softly at first, but with each subtle grind, the need in his eyes grew more desperate.

The tip of his cock began peeking out from the top of my cleavage. It was slick, swollen, and flushed red. A thick droplet of pre-cum welled up at the tip, glistening in the low light like dew on a ripe fruit. It oozed out slowly, dripping down the crown and disappearing between the warmth of my breasts.

There was something about the sight of it... his cock twitching, leaking and begging that made something inside me stir. My tongue slipped out without a second thought, drawn to that needy tip like it was calling me. I leaned in and gave it a long, slow lick.

The taste was salty and thick, his pre-cum wetting my tongue and trailing into my mouth. He gasped, and his hips jerked sharply, slamming his cock harder against my chest.

I could barely keep up as I felt the pressure growing. The corners of my lips were beginning to drip from the mix of my drool and his pre-cum. It ran down, soaking the flesh of my breasts, and clung to his cock like a second skin.

With every push of his hips, it felt like his cock was being swallowed completely by my chest. The flesh molded and shifted, accommodating his thrusts so perfectly that it was as though my tits were made to do this.

"Urk..."

He grunted, the sound rough and strained, as though trying to suppress the overwhelming sensation.

I adjusted slightly, angling his cock so it slid along the plush softness of my inner chest, rubbing and teasing both of my nipples in the process. The contact made my skin tingle. It sent small sparks across my body, heightening the mood even more.

I leaned closer, opened my mouth wide, and let a heavy stream of saliva drip directly onto the tip of his cock. The thick drool coated the swollen head, then trailed down the shaft in a glossy ribbon before vanishing between the cushion of my breasts. It clung to him wetly.

I reached down with one hand and started stroking him gently, using my palm to spread the slippery saliva all over his length. The sound of schlik, schlup, schlik filled the air, obscene and wet and absolutely addicting.

His cock was so incredibly hard it felt like a burning stone with the veins pulsing, thick and angry.

I guided him back between my tits, this time pressing my breasts together tighter, fully enveloping his shaft. I could feel every throb and every twitch of it.

Then I started to move, my breasts gliding in opposite directions. I pushed one up, watching the tender flesh yield under my grasp, while the other moved down. The friction was delicious. His cock throbbed violently as it was teased from both directions.

"Mm..."

A moan slipped from my throat before I could stop it. The sound of his cock sliding between my tits was music, slick and sinful, sending shivers down my spine.

The heat of his cock, the messiness, the lewdness... it all felt too good. I didn't want to stop.

Then, I felt it.

His cock began twitching and very hard.

I looked up at him through heavy breaths, panting softly as I continued pumping my breasts, up and down, surrounding him in nothing but wet, heated softness.

"Nnn, huff... huff... ah... nnnn~!"

His entire body stiffened, and then it happened.

His cock erupted with a force that caught me off guard. Thick, hot ropes of semen shot out, splattering across my face, my cheeks, as well as my lips. I blinked, gasping slightly at the warmth and sheer volume.

"Oh...!"

I stared up at him, stunned but smiling. He looked completely wrecked. His chest heaved, his face flushed and dazed. It was the first time I'd ever seen Leon look so helplessly pleased.

He looked... cute.

I glanced down at my breasts. They were drenched. Sticky white cum coated them from top to bottom, glistening and dripping in slow trails.

I swiped a finger across the soaked curve of my breast, scooping some of the thick mess up. Then, with a teasing smile, I raised my hand and spread my fingers into a peace sign. The cum stretched between them in a long, stringy strand.

"You're very good at making yourself seductive, Rose," he said, his voice husky and laced with awe. "I would've never expected you to use such huge assets against me."

"Oh, but Leon..." I purred, narrowing my eyes and letting my voice drop low, "You know... we're just getting started..."

That look on his face, flushed, breathless, and entranced, ignited something wild in me. My body moved on its own. I grabbed his cock again, letting it slide back between my tits.

This time, it was even more slippery.

His sperm made the perfect lube. My tits squished together, and I started grinding against him again, not giving him time to recover. Wet, messy sounds echoed around us. And once more... he came. Another thick, hot load shot out between my boobs, adding to the mess.

I looked up at him again. He was panting hard now, chest rising and falling, completely overwhelmed. I pulled my tits apart slightly, making him look down.

I was absolutely soaked in semen. It stretched between the valley of my breasts like globs of wet spiderwebs. It was thick, gooey, and dripping everywhere.

Even after cumming so many times, his cock still looked rock hard with the veins pulsing, like he was eager for more.

"You had your fun," he said, eyes dark with heat. "Now it's my turn."

Leon had me lie down on the bed in the bedroom that had been prepared just for him. Apparently, all the Leonamon branches had rooms like this ready—just in case situations like this happened.

He had me right there, laying against the soft mattress, my back sinking into the plush comfort of the sheets. His cock was pressed right up against my pussy, the heat of it radiating through me, but he wasn't putting it in. He just kept sliding it there, slowly, teasingly.

I didn't get it. Why was he dragging it out like this?

"P-Put it in, please..." I whimpered, my voice trembling.

"Put it in yourself," he said coolly, eyes locked on mine.

He was so irritating when he acted like this. But... I don't know... even that attitude of his made my chest tighten. I couldn't help but give in.

My hands moved on their own. I reached down and wrapped my fingers around his cock, guiding it right to the entrance of my soaking pussy. It was so thick... the head so soft and squishy.

And then—he pushed in.

"Ah...!"

The feeling of him sliding inside me made my body jolt. His cock parting my walls felt so good I almost came on the spot.

"~~~~~Haaaah~"

I let out a shaky breath, trembling from the sudden stretch. My inner walls clung to him so perfectly, as if he was made just for me.

But really... he was the one who made me this way. It wasn't a lie to say he'd molded me to fit him.

"Haaa...~ H-Hurry... Thrust into me... Pound me hard...~"

I didn't even know where those words came from. They just spilled out of my mouth.

We reached for each other's hands and locked fingers tightly, palms pressed together—and then, Leon slammed his hips forward, thrusting hard into me.

"Ahh, ahh, haaah, nnn! Hnngghhh~! Ahhh, ahhhh! Ah! Ah! Ahh! Nnn! Ah! Ahnn!"

He didn't hold back at all. From the very first thrust, he went fast, with his hips going in relentlessly, deep, and rough. But I couldn't say I didn't love it. I did. It felt so fucking good~!

I think... I'm going to get addicted to this feeling...

"Ahhh~! Ahh, ahh...! Ahhh! Ahhn! Ahhh! Ahhhh! AhnnnnN~!!! Ahhh! Right there~ Ahhhnnn, ahh, ahhh, hnngghhhhh~! Ahh...~!"

My whole body started to tingle, shivering with every thrust.

With Leon slamming into me like this, I felt like I was made of jelly. My body was shaking all over, bouncing with every deep plunge. My tits were moving up and down, slapping slightly against my chest with each thrust, and my moans grew louder and louder, echoing off the walls.

It felt so good—so overwhelming—that I swear my mind was starting to melt...

Chapter 665 - Rose's Sweet Side (3)

Leon continued to fuck me in the missionary position, his body pressed firmly against mine, every deep thrust making my back arch into the mattress. The heat radiating between us was suffocatingly intense, his hips slapping into mine with each powerful movement.

My moans poured from my lips—soft at first, then louder, more uncontrolled—as the pleasure steadily consumed me. Every nerve felt lit up and every inch of my skin tingling from his touch.

"There...! Ahnnn~! Ahhh, hiii~! I'm gonna...~"

That unmistakable build-up came crashing into me and my body tensed, and my legs curled around his waist. My breath caught in my throat as the climax surged forward, and I couldn't stop it. I shattered beneath him, trembling violently as I came hard.

Leon grunted above me, his hips bucking a final time before he yanked his cock out. A second later, thick, hot streams of sperm splattered all across my stomach. It was warm and heavy, shooting out with such force that I gasped. The sensation of his sticky, rich cum hitting and marking my bare skin made my head spin and my thighs squeeze together instinctively.

"Nnn~!!"

A soft, quivering orgasm fluttered through me in the aftermath, my body twitching slightly. Still panting, my chest rising and falling in rapid rhythm, I reached down with trembling fingers and scooped up a generous glob of his thick semen. It clung to my fingertips like syrup, stretching in thin, sticky threads as I spread them apart slowly.

"Huff... Ha... Haaa..."

With a flushed face and fluttering breath, I let my tongue slide out. I dragged it along my cum-coated fingers, tasting him deeply. The viscosity made it coat my tongue thickly, almost resisting the pull of gravity as it lingered in my mouth. I struggled a bit to swallow—it was that thick—but after a few gulps, I forced it down.

Then I looked at him, locking eyes, trying to appear seductive with lips parted, tongue teasingly resting against them. And when I did, his cock gave an eager twitch, and a fresh stream of precum began oozing out, glistening along the tip.

Despite myself, a smug little smirk tugged at my lips.

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Leon's POV

I didn't know why, but something about seeing Rose act this way—so messy, so teasing, so hungry—was beyond adorable. It tugged at something deep inside me. She was unbelievably cute right now. This same woman who used to carry herself with such terrifying authority back in the academy, now lay beneath me, completely undone. She was moaning, whimpering, begging for more of my cock like it was the only thing that mattered to her.

She was pushing my limits in the most dangerous, erotic way—but I didn't care. At this moment, there was only one thing I wanted. And it was to keep fucking her.

I shifted her to the side, lifting one of her long legs and resting it on my shoulder. Her skin felt warm and soft against me. In this new position, I drove deeper inside her with ease. She gasped, and her head tilted back, eyes half-lidded in bliss.

"Huff... huff... haaa... nnn, ahhhnnnn, ahhh... huff..."

My cock was sliding in and out of her soaking pussy with smooth, wet friction. Each time I thrust forward, I felt her cervix twitch, her inner walls tightening to squeeze around me like she never wanted to let go. When I pulled out slightly, her juices followed, slick and dripping, coating my shaft in a glistening sheen.

I kept going, hips slamming against her over and over. The wet sounds of skin smacking and the obscene squelch of her pussy echoed off the room's walls like a filthy rhythm.

"Hfff! Hff! Huff! Nnnnhaaaaah! Nnn! Oh gods~! Ahhhhh, ahhhhh, nnnnnnnnn...! Fuck! It feels good! Ah, ahhhhh! Ah! Ah! Ah! AHnnnnnn! AhnnN! You'll... make me cumm...!! I think... I'm gonna cum...~!"

Her voice broke apart as she trembled violently. I kept thrusting, faster and rougher, watching her body react to every stroke. She was melting. She was completely consumed by the pleasure, spasming beneath me with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. My cock kissed her cervix again and again, sending jolts of pressure and heat through both of us.

"S-Squirt your... semen inside me...~! Leonnnnn!"

That permission was all I needed. My hips moved on instinct now, driving into her as I felt my climax coil tightly inside me, ready to explode.

"Here it comes... I'm gonna shoot my load inside you, Rose!" I groaned with gritted teeth, breath ragged.

"Nnnnn~!"

Her mouth clamped shut as she squeezed her eyes closed, bracing herself—and then I came, hard. My semen exploded into her in thick, heavy spurts, filling her tight pussy to the brim.

"~~~~~!!!!"

She muffled her cries into the pillow, her body convulsing as my load flooded her womb. Her pussy clenched down on me with intense pressure, milking me for everything I had. And there was so much that the excess began to seep out of her, trickling between her folds.

Afterward, we both started panting, breathless, bodies drenched in sweat. She trembled like a deer caught in headlights, twitching as the aftershocks of orgasm still rippled through her. I slowly pulled my cock out of her pussy with a wet pop.

"Nnn..."

And then—

Gloop...

The obscene sound of my cum leaking out of her filled the silent space, dripping onto the sheets below, thick and slow.

Now, she was staring at me—her eyes half-lidded, lips slightly parted, skin flushed with the afterglow of what we'd just done. There was an unmistakable sensuality in her gaze, deeper than anything I'd ever seen from her before. Her body glistened, slick with sweat and my semen, her every breath slow and shaky. She looked more seductive than ever—like a goddess basking in the chaos we'd made.

That day... I didn't think and I didn't hesitate at all. I simply gave in to my instincts and let them consume me. I came inside her—again and again and again and again and again—losing count of how many times I emptied myself into her until I was drained.

I smeared her skin with nothing but thick streaks of my semen, covering her entirely. Her stomach, her thighs, her breasts... every part of her bore the marks of our sex, and I continued until my body refused to move.

I had her wrap her lips around my dick, licking me clean, sucking gently even after I'd finished. Then I flipped her over, laying her flat on her stomach, her body still trembling. I climbed over her, gripping her hips, and pushed into her from behind. I fucked her, feeling her melt beneath me.

She came. Then came again. And again. And again. And again.

Each time her pussy clenched around me, it only spurred me on further, drawing more pleasure, more cum from me until I felt completely spent, like a dishrag wrung out and discarded.

The thick, hot ropes of semen kept flowing from her stretched pussy, leaking and trailing down her inner thighs in slow, sticky streams. Her body was soft now. She was utterly melted, her limbs limp.

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After everything, we decided to make our way back to Flui Village.

As we approached, Titania was already waiting for us, standing near the open fire pit where everyone seemed to be preparing food. Her arms were tightly folded across her chest, her expression a mix of impatience and curiosity.

"So? Where did the two of you run off to?" she asked, her tone edged with suspicion.

All of them—Alice, Sister Lily, and even the village kids—were gathered around the cooking area outside. From the sizzling sounds and smoky scent in the air, it looked like they were making barbecue.

"We told you we had something to take care of, didn't we?" I replied.

"Yeah, you did say that," she replied, narrowing her eyes slightly. "But then explain this—why the hell is Professor... I mean, Rose... glowing like a walking sun?"

I paused for a beat. Honestly, I didn't really have a proper excuse—other than the obvious one that we fucked like rabbits for hours.

"Well, I suppose it's fine," Titania sighed, placing a hand on her hip. "But couldn't you at least have sent a text if you were gonna be out for so long? I started thinking something bad happened. I mean, sure, you're strong—but that doesn't mean there aren't still unknown dangers out there."

"I know," I admitted with a nod. "Sorry for making you worry."

"In exchange for that," she said, her pout barely hiding the teasing in her tone, "you better love me lots today."

"Yeah," I replied, smiling faintly. "Of course."

While I was mid-conversation with her, I suddenly felt that distinct prickling sensation that comes when someone's eyes are boring into you. I turned my head without thinking.

Sister Lily was watching me. Her gaze was quiet, unreadable, but the moment our eyes met, she quickly looked away, almost too quickly, like she'd been caught doing something she wasn't supposed to.

I tilted my head a little, curious. What was that all about?

Then, as if on cue, I felt it again. But this one was another gaze. This one... was stronger.

I turned and found Alice.

She was staring at me from a distance, her eyes locked onto mine. But unlike Sister Lily, she didn't flinch. She didn't avert her gaze. She just... stared.

It felt like we were locked in a silent staring contest. But her eyes weren't blank or indifferent. No. There was a sadness there. A quiet kind of ache.

Come to think of it... she'd had that same expression since I first arrived here.

Chapter 666 - The War For The Holy City (1)

The full-scale modernization plan had finally been approved. After what felt like ages of tedious waiting and subtle negotiations, all three of the high priests had officially given their consent.

Honestly, I didn't think it would happen this fast. To my surprise, it had only taken them three days—just three fucking days—for them to send in their formal letters of approval.

That was faster than anything I had anticipated.

"Good," I muttered to myself, crossing my arms with a sense of satisfaction swelling in my chest. "Now there's only one last thing to handle."

I had to reach out to the engineering department at Leonamon. I'd make them handle the design of the roads, the districts, and every single part of the Holy City's infrastructure. My instructions were simple. It was to transform it. I wanted a city reborn to a modern, structured, and efficient city. Especially the roads. The city needed to breathe like a living organism, and its veins—the roads—had to be perfect.

A long breath escaped me, my body relaxing as the tension drained away.

"I think I've managed to accomplish the goal I set for myself here faster than I ever expected," I said aloud, more to myself than anyone else. "Thank fucking goodness those dirty old fucks weren't as obstinate and stuck-up as I originally thought."

"You do realize that's only because you threatened them, right?" Rose said sharply, her voice laced with dry amusement. She sat beside me, one leg crossed over the other, her gaze piercing. "Those letters probably weren't just persuasive, they had something in them that sounded like a threat, didn't they?"

I simply shrugged at her question, casually noncommittal. I neither confirmed nor denied her accusation.

Whether I threatened them or not was irrelevant.

"The only thing that matters now is that we're finally able to move forward with this," I said with a firm nod, steering the conversation back to what was important.

My eyes wandered to her and lingered for a bit. Then, a thought that had been resting in the back of my mind finally took shape.

"Say, Rose... once I become the King of this kingdom, would you want to be one of the King's Consorts?" I asked without hesitation.

"H-Huh!?"

She nearly choked on air, her head whipping toward me, eyes wide in disbelief.

"You and Gabrielle seem like solid picks," I continued, completely unfazed by her reaction. "I'm going to need competent, intelligent women beside me to help run a nation. Myrcella will most likely be tied up maintaining the country's political integrity, which means she won't have time for much else. But you and Gabrielle? You're both sharp. Strategic. You've already proven how good you are at improving things. It's not far-fetched to think you'd do well helping run the country too."

"A-Are you seriously saying this right now, Leon?!" she stammered, her voice climbing an octave. "I mean, yeah, I've helped you, sure, but don't you think that's kind of overkill? We're talking about running an entire fucking country. I'm not cut out for that kind of pressure!"

I smiled faintly. "Relax," I said coolly. "Like I mentioned, I'm not expecting you to rule everything yourself. You and Gabrielle will be doing strategic work for me—planning, managing... as well as advising. I'll give you both the titles and the responsibilities, but I won't throw you into the fire without a

torch. I know it won't be easy to run a kingdom... but if there's anyone I can rely on for something this huge, it's someone I trust completely."

As soon as I said that, she looked away quickly. Her cheeks turned pink, then redder, and soon even the tips of her ears were glowing.

"I-I don't know what you're trying to imply, Leon. You're not getting through to me," she said stubbornly, looking anywhere but at me. "But... if you really trust me that much, then I guess I don't have a choice. I'll be your King's Consort."

Even though her voice was still laced with resistance, the way she said it, which was softly, like she was accepting something she couldn't deny, told me everything I needed to hear.

She's such a damn tsundere.

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Alice's POV

The scent of soap hung faintly in the warm air as I rinsed out the last of the children's clothes. The water splashed gently against my wrists, the fabric cold and heavy in my hands. I was kneeling down beside Sister Lily, who was also washing clothes, but... she didn't look well. Her face was flushed a deep red, her chest rising and falling just a bit too fast and her gaze was unfocused.

She looked almost feverish.

"Sister? Are you okay?" I asked, turning to her with concern. "You're not sick or anything, are you?"

"Ah... no, I'm fine," she said quickly, flashing a strained smile. I could tell right away she was forcing it. Something was clearly bothering her, but I didn't press. If she didn't want to say, then I wouldn't push her.

"O-Okay, then..." I replied, still worried.

"How about you, Alice?" she asked after a pause, her voice dropping just a little. "Are you going to be alright? L-Leon... he's leaving in three days, and it doesn't look like the two of you have really settled anything yet. Are you sure you don't want to talk to him before he goes?"

I let out a soft, dry laugh.

"It's not like we're fighting or anything, Sister. There's nothing to settle between us," I said, trying to keep my voice light.

"Really?" she asked, not entirely convinced. "Because it seems like the two of you are avoiding each other. Are you absolutely certain you're not upset?"

"We're not," I said with a small shake of my head. "You really don't have to worry."

She hesitated for a moment, then said quietly, "Alright... but... if you're just keeping it all bottled up, you should say something to him. You might not get another chance. Sometimes, it's better to say what's in your heart now than to live with the regret of never having said it at all."

She was right... and I knew it deep down.

After wringing out the last of the washed clothes and hanging them on the drying line where the golden afternoon sunlight could kiss them dry, I quietly made my way back into the orphanage. My footsteps echoed faintly in the hallway, hollow with the weight pressing down on my chest. Once inside my room, I sat down slowly at the edge of the bed, my body sinking into the mattress as I stared at the floor, letting out a small, breathless sigh.

"Regret, huh..." I muttered, the word clinging to my lips like a bitter taste I couldn't spit out.

If I didn't tell Leon how I truly felt... I knew I'd regret it. I could already feel the ache, like a knot tightening in my chest, refusing to be undone. The thought of carrying this feeling with me, hidden and unspoken, was like dragging chains through my life. A silent burden. One that would haunt me with every smile I gave and every moment I stayed quiet.

But things weren't so simple anymore.

We had both changed. Our circumstances had shifted, and the gap between us wasn't just emotional, it was reality.

I couldn't afford to let these feelings slip out... not now.

So, I'd do what I had to.

I'd seal them away.

I'd hide them... forever.

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Leon's POV

The day had come. It was finally time for us to return to the Academy City.

"Ughhh... vacation's over already? I hate this..." Titania grumbled, arms crossed, nose wrinkled in pure frustration. Her words were drawn out like a groan, the kind that carried the full weight of someone being dragged back into responsibility against their will. She stomped lightly on the ground like a child denied a toy.

Her annoyance was contagious, but I had other things on my mind.

Sister Lily was standing nearby, fidgeting with her sleeves. She kept sneaking glances at me, her face practically glowing red. Her breathing seemed just a little uneven, and every time our eyes met, she quickly looked away, as if she'd been caught doing something shameful.

"I'll come and visit every now and then, Sister," I said, giving her a reassuring smile.

"R-Really? T-That's... great to hear..." she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, her cheeks burning with color.

I had no idea what had her so flustered, but at that point... I decided not to think too much about it.

Then, the two girls I had brought to the orphanage stepped forward slowly. Their eyes shimmered with emotion as they bowed deeply in front of me.

"Thank you," they both said softly, their voices laced with gratitude.

I knelt down in front of them, lowering myself so I could look them in the eye. I raised my hands and gently patted their heads, offering the kindest smile I could manage.

"Now that you finally have a place to call home... do your best, alright? Live a life full of happiness," I said, my voice calm but warm. "Sister Lily and Alice will take care of you now."

Their cheeks flushed with a shy pink as they looked up at me, their smiles glowing like sunlight peeking through storm clouds.

Chapter 667 - The War For The Holy City (2)

As I said goodbye to the kids, my gaze instinctively drifted toward Alice.

She stood off to the side, her face lit with a warm, quiet smile.

I took a few steps toward her, the crunch of my boots barely audible over the rustling leaves and distant chatter of children.

"You're going to be at the academy for priesthood too, right?" I asked.

She nodded lightly, a faint chuckle escaping her lips. "Well, I still have a two-week break left. So technically, you're ahead of me."

"I see," I murmured, a breeze brushing past as I looked back at the orphanage for a moment. "I'll be visiting when I can. I want to stay grounded and remind myself of where I came from, no matter what."

"You don't need to humble us so much," she replied with a quiet laugh, her eyes kind. "We're fine, really. Just live your life the way you want."

Despite the bumps in our relationship—those awkward silences and unspoken tensions—we'd somehow managed to rebuild a bridge across that distance. Fragile though it was, it stood. A part of me

hoped that maybe, even if we never became something more, we could still find meaning in this bond. Even if we didn't become one.

"I'll see you," I said, quietly but firmly, locking eyes with her for a brief moment.

"Yes. Me too," she said, just as softly, her voice carrying a tenderness that lingered in the air.

With that final exchange, I turned away and finally departed for the Academy City.

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Alice's POV

Leon had finally left the village, heading off to the Academy City.

Meanwhile, I stayed here, trapped in the same rhythms, staring out the familiar window from my room, watching the sky fade into dusk.

The quiet was louder than usual. I could already sense how lonely it might become for the two little ones Leon had brought to the village. They had grown attached to him, that much was obvious. The way they looked at him with their eyes full of admiration and trust, it was no mystery. After all, he had saved them. He had been their light in the darkness.

Leon hadn't changed as much as I'd expected him to. Not really.

He was still the same boy I used to play with beneath the trees, the same one I taught basic spells and magical theory to when we were just children. That essence of him... it was still there.

As I sat there, eyes fixed on the wide horizon, something suddenly caught my attention.

A glint in the sky.

Something... falling.

It was distant, barely more than a dot against the fading blue. But it was definitely descending fast, tearing through the air.

What... is that?

And then... It hit.

A brilliant flash of light tore through the sky, followed by an ear-shattering explosion that split the world open. Fire blossomed in the distance, rising into the air in a towering mushroom-shaped inferno that scorched the heavens.

The floor beneath my feet trembled. And then, an invisible wave hit.

It was delayed, but devastating.

A massive shockwave surged through the air, shattering every window in the orphanage. Glass rained down like sharp confetti as the force of the blast struck me like a punch from a giant. I was flung backward, my body slamming against the hard, unyielding wall with a sickening thud.

"Ughhh!?"

All the breath in my lungs was knocked out of me, leaving me gasping and stunned. Pain surged through my chest and limbs, a harsh reminder that I was still alive... but barely.

What... just happened?

What was that?

I struggled to steady my breathing, my mind a blur of panic and confusion.

The children.

I had to find the children.

I pushed myself up, ignoring the sharp pain coursing through my back and ribs.

"Alice!"

Sister Lily's voice rang out from outside. She was already there—thankfully—with some of the children clinging to her. But wait... someone was missing.

Someone was still unaccounted for.

I ran back into the orphanage, heart pounding in my ears.

"Big sis... Alice..."

The voice was faint and trembling.

I spotted her. She was trapped beneath a fallen stone pillar. The explosion must have caused part of the ceiling to collapse. Dust filled the air, thick and choking.

"I'm here," I said, forcing a calmness I didn't feel.

I reached down and gripped the heavy edge of the column, feeling the coarse stone bite into my fingers as I strained with everything I had.

"G-Get out...!" I grunted, managing to lift it slightly, just enough for her to squeeze through.

But she didn't move.

"I-I can't... my legs are..."

I looked down... And saw that her legs were twisted awkwardly beneath the debris. They were bruised and bleeding.

I... couldn't hold this much longer.

"Ah...! Here, let's go!"

Sister Lily appeared just in time, rushing forward and pulling the girl free with careful strength. As soon as she had her, she turned and bolted toward safety.

I dropped the pillar and staggered after them, my arms trembling from the strain, my lungs burning.

"Haa... haa..."

Each breath hurt, but I was alive.

Still... I didn't know what that explosion had been.

But I knew one thing... something terrible was happening.

I turned toward the injured girl, who lay on the ground, her small hands clutching her injured legs, whimpering in pain.

"Sister Lily... w-we have to heal her," I said, voice unsteady.

But Sister Lily didn't respond.

"Sister Lily?" I looked at her, confused.

She wasn't looking at me.

She was staring out into the distance, toward where the explosion had originated.

I followed her gaze, and my breath caught in my throat.

Everything was gone.

Houses obliterated. Fires raging. Villagers screaming and fleeing toward us, many of them covered in blood, others carrying twisted, lifeless bodies.

The air was thick with smoke and the suffocating stench of burning flesh. It clung to the skin, stuck in the lungs, and burned the eyes.

Then... another sound.

Not an explosion. Something else.

The low, rumbling hum of machines.

I looked up.

Dark shapes filled the sky. Flying machines, metallic and gleaming ominously under the fading sun.

I didn't know what they were.

But I knew they were dangerous.

And I knew it was them.

They were the ones who dropped those bombs. The ones who brought death down from the heavens.

"It hurts, it hurts!!! It hurts!!!!"

The sheer desperation in the injured girl's cry carved through my daze like a jagged blade. My head jerked toward her and saw the blood pouring down her legs, her small frame trembling violently with every breathless sob.

Then my eyes shifted.

Sister Lily.

She stood frozen, eyes wide, lips slightly parted, her entire body stiff like a statue. It was like her soul had momentarily left her body.

"Sister!!!" I shouted, my voice ringing out, laced with urgency and panic. The sound shattered the fog that clung to her like a curse.

She blinked rapidly, the haze finally clearing from her eyes. Her gaze snapped toward me—then immediately dropped to the bleeding girl writhing on the ground.

Without another second wasted, Sister Lily moved.

She dropped to her knees beside the child, hands glowing as she activated healing magic. The warm light wrapped around the girl's legs, washing over the shredded, bloodied flesh like a gentle wave. Slowly, almost painfully so, the bleeding began to slow. Torn muscle began to thread itself back together. Skin closed up, raw and red but no longer open and oozing.

The screams subsided into quiet, shuddering whimpers.

I exhaled. A breath I didn't know I'd been holding.

But the moment of peace didn't last.

I raised my eyes... and froze.

The horizon...

It was a nightmare brought to life.

The landscape, once familiar and safe, had been reduced to a hellscape. Smoldering wreckage stretched as far as I could see. Entire rows of houses were nothing more than charred foundations and collapsed ruins. Flames licked at the edges of crumbling walls. Smoke coiled high into the gray sky like grasping fingers.

And the place... where Leon had stayed...

Gone.

Completely obliterated. As if it had never existed at all.

The only structure still standing was the orphanage... our orphanage. A battered but proud silhouette against the devastation.

It had held strong.

Reinforced walls. Upgrades we could never have afforded on our own. All thanks to those monthly donations that came like clockwork, shrouded in mystery but never questioned.

And because of that kindness... this place was still intact.

But we couldn't stay here.

Not anymore.

We had to—

"Ah—!"

Pain exploded through my body like a flash of lightning. A metallic object slammed into my shoulder, its force knocking me off my feet. I crashed onto the ground hard, the wind torn from my lungs. Blood welled around the wound, seeping into my clothes, warm and thick.

I gasped, my fingers scrambling to touch the injury, trembling.

Then... more.

More whistling through the air. Sharp, deadly things. Piercing through walls, ground, and flesh.

Gunfire.

The sound came next... cracking through the silence like firecrackers in a graveyard.

I forced myself to look up, blinking away tears.

Behind us... shadows emerged.

People.

Dozens of them. Marching forward with weapons raised. Cold metal gleaming in their hands.

Firearms.

Their fingers were already pulling triggers.

And we—

We were right in their sights.

Chapter 668 - The War For The Holy City (3)

Leon's POV

A sudden, deafening explosion erupted behind me. It was so loud it sent a shockwave through the air that rattled my bones and made the earth beneath my feet shudder.

My instincts kicked in, and I spun around in an instant.

A towering mushroom cloud of fire and smoke bloomed into the sky, the flames licking upward like the wrath of a god. The deep orange hue reflected off the surrounding clouds, casting an ominous glow that felt apocalyptic.

"That's...!" Titania choked out, my voice catching in her throat.

Titania's reaction was immediate. Her hand flew to her mouth, her eyes wide in pure horror as if her brain refused to register the reality unfolding before her.

But I already knew what was in that direction.

My heart dropped into my stomach.

It was where the orphanage was.

My eyes locked on the cloud. "Thankfully... it seems like it's still far enough away..." I muttered, trying to convince myself. But even from a distance, that kind of destruction was terrifying.

As I continued to stare, another movement caught my attention. They were dark shapes slicing through the sky.

Fighter jets.

Sleek, menacing machines tearing across the heavens with screaming engines and trails of exhaust. My eyes narrowed as I tried to make out the details on them.

Wait...

Symbols.

Not just symbols... emblems! Flags.

But not from this world.

A chill ran down my spine.

That wasn't any known nation from this world. The patterns, the color, the insignia. I recognized it. I'd seen it once before... when I crossed through the portal and ended up in that other world.

It was the flag of that nation.

What the hell were they doing here?

Had they come through the same kind of portal? Were they launching a full-blown invasion? Was this... a declaration of war?

"Rose!" I snapped. "Take Nia and the others! Get them somewhere safe—now!"

She didn't hesitate. The tires screeched against the dirt road as she floored the accelerator, disappearing down the road. Titania and the rest were frozen in place, too stunned to speak. Their faces were drained of color, mouths open, but no words came out.

I turned my back to them and launched into a full sprint.

My body moved on pure instinct. My muscles burned as I pushed myself to the limit. My thoughts were consumed with one thing and that was Alice and the others.

Please, please... let them be safe.

The wind roared in my ears, the world blurring around me as I dashed across the fields like a bolt of lightning.

I didn't think. I didn't care about what might happen to me. I just ran.

Faster. Harder.

Until finally, my feet touched down on the outskirts of the village.

What I saw turned my stomach.

Bodies lay scattered across the ground. Some villagers groaned, barely clinging to life. Others... weren't so lucky.

The grounds were painted with blood.

Flui Village had become a graveyard.

The air was heavy, thick with the metallic scent of spilled blood, smoke, and death. The silence between the distant gunfire was suffocating.

I charged toward the orphanage, dodging debris and shattered wood.

And then... I saw them.

Soldiers.

They wore distinct military uniforms, unfamiliar yet unmistakably human. Each held high-tech firearms, their fingers squeezing the triggers without hesitation, bullets flying in all directions.

My gut twisted in recognition.

They were soldiers from the other world. The same world Zoey and Chloe came from. The world I had lived in for those strange, distant four months.

They'd crossed over.

How...?

Had they found a way through the portal?

And now, they were attacking?

Was this the beginning of the interdimensional war?

Were they striking first to gain the upper hand?

Tactically, it made sense... but what they were doing now—slaughtering civilians, burning homes—it was pure fucking evil.

My grip tightened.

I couldn't let this continue.

I had to stop them.

Right here. Right now.

Without another thought, I summoned Ayuru. A burst of dark light formed in my palm, and she materialized.

I grabbed her tightly.

And then I moved.

With one swift motion, I launched into the enemy.

Steel sang through the air as Ayuru cut clean through their armor. Blood spurted, screams erupted, and bodies fell.

The soldiers fired back, their bullets ripping through the air around me. Some grazed me. Others struck true, but I didn't stop.

I couldn't.

I slashed them down, one after the other. Each death came swift. Precise. And unforgiving.

But more just kept coming.

Dozens of them, waves of soldiers, each more prepared than the last. Some rolled in atop tanks. Others hovered in helicopters that thundered through the skies above.

This was no small skirmish.

This was war.

If this was truly the start of the interdimensional conflict... then the bloodshed that would follow would be unimaginable.

The death toll on both sides would be catastrophic.

I turned my eyes toward the orphanage again.

It was still standing.

Barely.

But something felt off.

I couldn't sense anything inside. There was no movement inside and there was no presence as well.

Had Alice and the kids made it out?

I didn't know.

I needed to find out.

Soldiers aimed their guns at me again. I didn't even flinch.

I cut through them, heads rolling, bodies collapsing like puppets with severed strings. Helicopters spiraled out of control, crashing to the ground in fiery infernos.

Tanks rumbled forward, but I hurled powerful magic at them, blasting them apart in bursts of searing light and deafening roars.

Still... they kept coming.

An army determined to burn this world down.

Determined to ignite a war across dimensions.

They weren't going to stop.

But neither was I.

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Alice's POV

"Are you okay, Alice?"

Sister Lily had somehow managed to drag us into a narrow underground shelter, its cold, cracked stone walls barely holding back the chaos above. Dust trickled from the ceiling with every distant explosion, and the air smelled of smoke, dirt, and iron. She was now kneeling beside me, carefully tending to the wound on my shoulder. Her hands trembled ever so slightly. She was trying to be strong for all of us, but I could see the panic creeping behind her eyes.

"I think I'm fine," I muttered, wincing as she pressed cloth against the wound while also applying healing magic. "But more importantly, Sister... what is happening out there?"

Her gaze flickered toward the shelter entrance, then returned to me with a grim shadow cast across her face.

"We're under attack," she said, voice low but firm. "I don't know who's responsible. They aren't like the usual bandit groups that roam around and harass villages... no, these ones are different. Organized. Heavily armed. And it looks like they're targeting the Holy City too."

Just as we were trying to piece it together, a sudden, thunderous voice echoed through the shelter. It sounded unnaturally loud and booming, as though it came from every direction at once.

"Citizens of this wretched world, filled with nothing but garbage... we are the people of a new world, born from a realm far greater than any of you pathetic trashes could even dream of reaching."

The voice reverberated from every machine. From the roaring land vehicles and the low-hovering flying vehicles alike. It was like some twisted declaration, blaring proudly and without restraint.

"We have come to conquer this world... to rule it with absolute authority. Those who resist us will be cut down mercilessly. Those who yield will be allowed to live, but only as slaves to our glorious nation."

Every child in the shelter flinched at the words. I could feel the way their tiny bodies shook against me. Without thinking, I wrapped my arms tightly around them, pulling them into a protective embrace. Their fear seeped into me, making my chest tighten.

"Women will serve as sexual pleasure. Children will be torn from their parents and forced to work for our empire. And this world—your world—will be reduced to nothing more than a puppet, dancing to the will of our ever-growing conquest. You can struggle all you want, but it is futile. You are nothing before the might of our nation."

"...Sister," I whispered, my voice strained and shaky. I turned to her, and we both listened—our hearts racing—as the unmistakable sound of dozens of approaching footsteps echoed from above. They were drawing closer by the second.

The children in our arms started crying, small whimpers that filled the tiny room like glass cracking under pressure. They were terrified. So were we.

Sister Lily's eyes sharpened. She nodded to me once and turned to the children, her expression calm despite the chaos around us.

"The moment we say go, you all run. Do you understand?" she said.

"B-But what about you, Sister Lily? And Big Sis Alice?" one of the children asked, voice trembling, tears staining his cheeks.

"We'll stay behind to give you an opening, as much time as we can manage," she replied without hesitation. Her fingers wrapped around the hilt of a small dagger hidden in her robes, the metal glinting faintly in the dim shelter light.

"But—"

"Listen to me!" she said, her voice rising, not out of anger, but urgency. "If you manage to get out, don't look back. Don't stop. Go straight to find Big Bro Leon. He'll protect you. He will."

The children looked at us with wide, frightened eyes. They didn't want to leave, but deep down, they knew there was no other choice. One by one, they nodded, swallowing their sobs, clutching each other tightly.

And just like that, Sister Lily and I stood.

We braced ourselves... for whatever came through that entrance next.

Chapter 669 - The War For The Holy City (4)

Out of nowhere, a surge of soldiers came crashing through, their heavy boots pounding against the ground like thunder as they raised their rifles in unison, barrels glinting with deadly intent, all aimed directly at us.

Sister Lily didn't hesitate. In one fluid motion, she whipped out her dagger and hurled it with brutal accuracy. The blade flew like a streak of silver lightning and embedded itself in the throat of one of the men. His body jolted as blood sprayed from the wound, and he dropped like a lifeless sack of flesh.

I quickly gathered my mana, heat searing in my chest before bursting outward through my fingertips. Flames erupted violently and engulfed several soldiers in searing fire. Screams tore from their throats as their bodies flailed, caught in the blaze.

"Go!!" Sister Lily yelled with fierce urgency.

The children bolted, feet slapping against the ground, their terrified cries echoing through the chaos. We sprinted after them, our only goal now was to protect them. As the soldiers opened fire, bullets whistling through the air like death's breath, I summoned walls of wind to deflect the shots. The gusts howled with fury, spinning and crashing against the projectiles, slowing them just enough to save our lives.

Sister Alice, without a weapon, took on the soldiers hand-to-hand. She did everything she could to buy the children time.

But it was hopeless.

There were too many.

Their numbers kept growing, an endless tide of guns and steel. My fire flared again and again, colliding with the metal storm, while wind burst from my palms in violent gusts. I tried—desperately—to push the bullets away, to hold them back, but in the end, my spells weren't solid shields. They were

elements—intangible, flowing, and fragile against real steel. The bullets tore through like ghosts in a storm.

And then I saw it.

A single bullet—faster than the others—cutting through the air straight toward the children, aimed to take one of them from behind.

Without thinking, I threw myself in its path.

A deafening crack rang out as the bullet hit me, slamming into the side of my stomach with a vicious, burning force.

"Urk...!"

The sound of flesh tearing echoed in my ears. My teeth clenched so hard I thought they might shatter. The bullet tore through muscle, punching clean through my side, hot blood pouring out as my body jerked from the impact.

But I stopped it.

I stopped the bullet from reaching them. It clattered to the ground behind me, useless now.

And then... I collapsed.

My body hit the ground hard, vision blurring, breath shallow.

"Alice...!" Sister Lily's voice broke, panicked. She made a move toward me, but I raised my hand weakly, signaling her to focus on the kids. Protect them.

She froze for a heartbeat, then met my eyes.

Tears shimmered there, threatening to fall, but she turned away, swallowing her emotions. She began ushering the children forward again, urgency driving her voice now laced with dread.

But it wasn't enough.

More soldiers appeared, stepping into their path like shadows of doom.

They raised their rifles, cold metal pointed at the trembling children, and ordered them to their knees.

And then... their eyes turned to Sister Lily.

Those eyes—filled with something vile. Grins crept onto their faces, crooked and evil, thick with the kind of desire that made my skin crawl.

"J-Just... please don't hurt the children..." Sister Lily pleaded, her voice cracking, shoulders slumped in surrender.

My chest tightened. I shut my eyes.

Men were closing in on her.

I couldn't move.

I couldn't save her.

I was pinned by pain, helpless, broken. I could do nothing but scream silently inside.

At that moment, all I wanted was for Leon to be here. Just once—just today. If he had stayed, maybe... maybe I would've told him how I felt. Maybe none of this would've happened.

And then—like someone had answered my prayer—chaos exploded around me again.

The soldiers holding me down were suddenly ripped apart.

Their bodies split open like paper dolls—limbs flung aside as blood sprayed the walls and floor. The sound of flesh slicing echoed like a sick melody in the air.

I looked up, barely able to lift my head.

And there he was.

Leon.

Standing tall, his figure drenched in blood, his eyes cold and focused.

"What the fuck are you doing right now?" he growled, voice low and dangerous, as he glared at the men holding Sister Lily down.

The soldiers flinched and turned, raising their rifles to shoot him—but they were too slow.

Leon moved like a demon unleashed.

He didn't dodge the bullets—he cut them down.

With a blur of his blade, he slashed through the hail of lead as if it were nothing but falling leaves. Sparks danced in the air, and metal clinked to the ground in pieces.

Then, he was on them.

They screamed.

They begged.

It didn't matter.

Leon showed no mercy.

One by one, he cut them down, slicing through armor and bone like they were made of air. Blood painted the earth. By the time it was over, Leon stood in a sea of corpses, his body soaked in red, chest heaving.

"Leon..." I whispered through cracked lips, tears burning in my eyes.

"Big bro Leon!" the kids cried out, rushing toward him. They wrapped their small arms around him, their sobs muffled against his bloodied clothes.

"Wait. We're not safe yet," Leon told them, his voice calm, but firm. "You have to head for the Holy City. Take shelter there. Now."

"What about you, Leon?" Sister Lily asked, her voice quivering. "You're not staying, are you...?"

Leon didn't respond right away. He stared ahead—toward the shadows approaching, toward more enemies lining up with rifles in hand.

"Leon can take care of himself, Sister," I said softly. I turned my head, struggling to keep my eyes open. "Right?" I asked him, almost pleading.

If he didn't answer, I wouldn't be able to let go.

But he did.

"I can," he replied with certainty.

That was enough.

I smiled for him—one final smile—before we turned away... and left him behind.

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Leon's POV

I made my decision right then and there.

No more holding back.

As soon as Alice and the others had finally escaped—safe, far from the reach of those bastards—I let out a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding, and reached for the one thing that signaled I was done playing games.

My faceless mask.

The faceless mask was similar to Ayuru—it could be summoned from thin air—but technically, it was always attached to every set of clothes I wore. That's why I could put it on whenever I needed to. It was part of me. Part of what I became when I was serious.

And today, I was serious.

I was going to burn these fuckers into ash for daring to harm the people I cared about. The ones who made me who I am. The people I grew up with, laughed with, protected, and loved.

They weren't going to get away with what they did. Not a single one.

For the first time in ages, I reached deep into the pit of my soul... and invoked it.

Magic Creation.

A skill so devastating I'd almost forgotten the weight it carried. But tonight, I remembered.

I was going to create something that matched exactly what I felt inside.

And that something... was Nuclear Magic.

To create it, you didn't need an incantation, or materials, or complicated rituals.

No.

All you needed was one thing.

Unfiltered rage.

Not just anger—but fire—a smoldering, relentless inferno of wrath that could reduce cities to glass.

And right now?

I was a fucking volcano ready to erupt.

My eyes narrowed as I watched the enemy forces pour into view. It was an unending stream of soldiers, all too confident in their numbers.

I rose into the air, my body breaking free of gravity's chains like I was ascending to judge the world below. The wind howled around me, thick with heat and death.

From above, I stretched out both hands, summoning every ounce of raw fury I had into them.

And between my palms, flames sparked to life.

Not ordinary fire.

This was dense. Heavy. Pulsating with destructive power. The light from it didn't just illuminate—it pierced, slicing through the shadows with searing intensity. The mass grew—slowly at first—until it became a blazing orb of sheer, concentrated annihilation.

A miniature sun born from hate.

The enemy soldiers below finally noticed the shift. I could see their eyes widening, their shouts rising in panic. They scrambled, rifles raised, fingers squeezing triggers in desperation.

Bullets screamed through the air, but I didn't even flinch.

Guardian.

I activated it with a flick of thought. The magic barrier shimmered into existence around me, deflecting every projectile with a low, vibrating hum. Sparks ricocheted off like raindrops on steel.

I didn't even look at them.

All I focused on... was the growing sphere of fire. Feeding it. Nurturing it. Letting it swell until the heat alone warped the air around it.

And then—

In a voice that echoed with the weight of judgment, I spoke loud enough for every single soldier to hear.

"Take a look at hell."

And I hurled it.

The moment it left my hands, the sphere plummeted downward, spinning and whistling like a fallen star. The earth itself seemed to scream in anticipation.

And then it struck.

The explosion wasn't just loud—it consumed sound. A white-hot wave of destruction roared outward in every direction.

Before the shockwave could reach the Holy City, I snapped my fingers and cast a massive Guardian.

Inside, peace.

Outside, Armageddon.

I floated there, unmoved, unfazed, as soldiers burned alive below me—screaming, writhing, disintegrating under the merciless touch of Nuclear Magic.

Their bodies melted, armor twisted, bones turned to ash.

And me?

I watched them.

Emotionless.

Cold.

Empty.

Not a flicker of sympathy in my eyes.

Not a shred of mercy.

Just silence.

Chapter 670 - The War For The Holy City (5)

The entire landscape had been utterly annihilated. It was reduced to a scorched wasteland of blackened earth, twisted metal, and rising smoke that blotted out the sky.

The once-proud soldiers who had marched in with confidence and fire in their eyes were now nothing but screaming wrecks. They thrashed violently on the ground, clutching at their burning bodies as the hellish flames tore through them. Their agonized cries echoed across the battlefield. Not even their specialized military uniforms—likely engineered with cutting-edge materials to resist both intense heat and deadly projectiles—could hold up against the power of that nuclear-level magic. It incinerated everything.

Even the tanks—those mechanical titans, symbols of dominance and war—had not been spared. They now sat in grotesque heaps of molten steel, their once-unstoppable forms torn apart and left to rot in the inferno's wake.

From above, I looked down on what remained. Despite the overwhelming devastation, there were still clusters of soldiers trying to push forward, dragging their broken bodies through the chaos, determined... or perhaps too stunned to turn back.

I dropped down.

And then, I slaughtered them.

My body moved in a blur, faster than even the sharpest eyes could track. One second I was there—then gone—then blood sprayed into the air, and another soldier collapsed in a heap of torn flesh. I struck with ruthless efficiency, like a phantom reaper.

Slash. Kill. Move. Kill. Repeat.

I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. My body just kept going, driven by the fury that boiled inside me like a cauldron of wrath and bloodlust. One by one, I took them down, cutting through their lines like a butcher through meat.

By the time I finally slowed, the ground around me was slick with blood, littered with corpses, still-warm limbs, and shattered gear. I stood among the ruin, my hands drenched in thick, crimson gore that dripped steadily from my fingertips, pooling beneath me.

I raised my head and stared into the distance. The horizon was still lined with enemy troops. But something had changed.

They weren't moving forward anymore.

They were backing away, slowly, then all at once. It was clear as day now that they were retreating. Finally realizing that trying to capture this city was a lost cause.

I raised my hand and conjured another sphere of magic, flame dancing to life in my palm.

This one wasn't as world-ending as the last. But that didn't make it weak. Not in the slightest. This fireball was still powerful enough to obliterate an entire village with one strike.

I hurled it toward the retreating soldiers.

BOOM.

The explosion lit up the battlefield with a blinding, fiery glow. A thunderous roar ripped through the air, shaking the ground beneath my feet. A massive mushroom cloud erupted into the sky, its fiery tendrils reaching for the heavens like some wrathful god made of flame and fury.

Then a voice pierced through the crackling silence.

"You, who have resisted us..." it said, calm but laced with venom.

I turned toward the sound. It was coming from a small, hovering object in the air. It was a drone. Tiny, almost insignificant at first glance. But its presence reeked of surveillance. Of arrogance. Of superiority.

Given the world these bastards came from—a place far beyond our modern capabilities—no, something beyond futuristic, filled with automatas and advanced tech—I wasn't surprised in the slightest. This drone was just one of their many toys.

"You are trying to resist the conquest of this city," the voice said again, emotionless. "But do you really think you can continue to hold out? Do you truly believe your world stands a chance against ours?"

I didn't bother replying.

Instead, I raised Ayuru and sliced the drone clean in half. Sparks burst from its shattered core as it clattered to the ground.

But then, another one rose in its place.

"Your resistance will be futile. Your world will fall under our control, and you—along with everything else—will be absorbed into our domain."

I slashed it.

Another came.

"Everything you know will be reduced to ash beneath our might. You are nothing more than a fly waiting to be swatted."

Slash.

Another.

The voice kept speaking. Kept goading. Kept preaching like a mechanical prophet of doom.

"This is the age where your magic is obsolete—where machines reign. Until now, I've used humans. Humans are weak, emotional and fragile. But what do you think will happen when I replace them with machines? Machines that do not know fear. Do not flee. Do not break. Machines built to last, to endure, to annihilate without remorse. What then, boy?"

Then, without warning, the air buzzed and filled with motion.

The drones multiplied.

Dozens... hundreds... then thousands, all moving in perfect synchronization. They swarmed together and began to twist and shift, forming something massive.

A towering figure took shape. It was twenty meters tall. A humanoid titan made entirely of drones. Its surface shimmered like steel scales, and it loomed above me with an expressionless, featureless face. Its hands were clasped behind its back, like a king staring down at a defiant insect.

"Your world will crumble," the voice declared, booming through the massive construct. "And mine... mine will rise. You are nothing but a hindrance. You are an obstacle to be removed."

I didn't flinch.

I just raised my middle finger up at it.

"Bring it on," I said, eyes locked with the towering monstrosity. "Come at me with everything you've got. Then you'll see just how useless your machines really are. Your world is beneath us. And it always will be."

There was a pause.

Then the voice snorted with contempt. "You bark too much, boy. Fine. I'll bring everything I have."

With that, the drones disassembled, scattering into the sky like a broken swarm of angry hornets, speeding back toward their retreating army.

It was clear now.

He would return. And when he did, it would be with full force. It would be everything he had.

But it didn't matter.

I would destroy him. Completely.

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In the aftermath of the attack on the Holy City, the Magic Knights were deployed.

But not the veterans. These were new recruits. They were fresh faces, still green and still untested. I didn't see Shredica. Or Veronica. Neither of them were among this batch. But I did spot the commander.

They worked quickly, moving through the wreckage with urgency. Civilians were escorted out of danger zones. Medical tents were set up. They began surveying the extent of the damage, trying to make sense of the carnage.

Amid the chaos, I finally found Alice and the others waiting for me.

Their eyes lit up the moment they saw me.

They ran to me. They were relieved, grateful and overwhelmed. Those emotions all at once.

Sister Lily threw her arms around me and pulled me into a trembling hug.

"Thank goodness... Thank goodness..." she whispered, her voice cracking with emotion.

I hugged her back, even though I was completely stick with blood.

Titania and the others returned not long after. From the look on their faces, they'd also been busy helping evacuate the civilians from the danger zone. Even Yr had tried to lend a hand, in her own way, I guess.

Rose's voice cracked through the stillness as she stepped toward me, eyes wide with confusion and dread. "What just happened... Leon?"

I stared into the smoke-streaked sky, the distant rumble of collapse still echoing in my ears. "War," I said, my voice low and final. "War is coming."

The war between machines and magic—two forces that were never meant to coexist—was about to erupt.