

The World 671

Chapter 671 - The War For The Holy City (6)

Later, I sat across from Zoey, the firelight casting shadows on her face. I needed answers. I asked her about her father, who was the general, the iron-fisted leader of the very country I had fallen into by chance in the other world.

Her eyes darkened at the mention of him. "My father is ruthless," she muttered, bitterness laced in her tone. "I've never seen him act sweet toward anyone. Not once. His gaze is always distant and focused on one thing only. And that is power. He's obsessed with it. Every breath he takes is for the sake of climbing higher, tightening his grip over others."

She paused, her fingers curling into fists on her lap. "That's why he developed a specialized team... people tasked with uncovering everything they could about portals how they worked, how many other worlds existed, and how to reach them. All so he could learn to dominate even more."

It was clear from the way she spoke—like her throat burned with every word—that this wasn't easy for her to say. But with war knocking at the door, she no longer had the luxury of silence.

"I never imagined... he'd go so far as to invade other worlds just to amplify his might," she said, her voice nearly breaking. "But I guess... he's finally lost it. Years of chasing power twisted his thoughts until nothing else mattered."

I looked over at Chloe, who was hunched over her keyboard, tapping away with focused urgency. "What about you, Chloe? Do you have any idea about him?"

"I've never actually met the general," she replied, not turning away from her screen. Her fingers didn't pause. "But the rumors I've heard... they're enough to make your skin crawl. People say he's terrifying. He's cold, commanding, and relentless."

She clicked her mouse, the glow of data reflecting off her glasses. "Oh—and back when we were conducting portal research, there was a time our former team leader met with him. I overheard something... not the full conversation, but just fragments. They were discussing weapons. Weapons that could destroy magic and erase it entirely. The specifics were fuzzy, but it definitely wasn't just theory."

Weapons that destroy magic?

That made me pause. Back in their world, when I had fought there, Guardian had failed to activate. It had shattered completely from just a single bullet.

At first, I chalked it up to differences in the world's laws, like rules of magic that didn't apply in their dimension.

But if what Chloe said was true... if they had really succeeded in building weapons that could nullify or obliterate magic, then maybe it wasn't just different physics. Maybe it was by design.

I turned to Zes next. "What about you?"

She looked up at me, her face stoic. "The general is... a mystery," she admitted. "Even to me, someone who takes direct orders from him. He doesn't trust anyone. He's blinded by ambition, so desperate for power that he's willing to do anything—anything—to get it. Honestly, I think he's a madman."

She folded her arms, her lips pressing into a tight line. "To be honest, none of this surprises me. It was only a matter of time before he did something like this. That man... he wouldn't blink if it meant sacrificing everything—people, lives, even his own soldiers—just to see his vision come true."

I clenched my fists. I knew it already... how far that man would go. Back before I'd returned here, he'd ordered the complete mobilization of his army to have me eliminated. Even if it meant killing his own daughter, he didn't care. That alone showed me who he really was.

Zoey's voice trembled as she looked at me. "Leon... I think my father will use everything he has—every resource and every invention—to conquer this world. And if he succeeds... this place, all of it, will fall under his control."

I met her eyes, my expression hardening.

"Don't worry," I told her. "I'm not going to lose."

Her father might be driven by power, but my drive was something even greater. Something far deeper than his greed for power and ambition.

If he wanted to dominate this world... then he'd have to go through me first.

"Leon!"

The door slammed open with a bang that startled everyone inside.

Rose came rushing in, her expression tense and urgent.

"Here," she said quickly, holding out her phone to me with both hands, her knuckles visibly tight around the device.

I blinked in confusion, already reaching for it. I was about to ask what was going on... when I noticed the screen was active. A call was already connected.

"Hello?" I said cautiously, bringing the phone to my ear.

"Hello." The voice on the other end was rough. I recognized it immediately. It belonged to someone I had encountered in the Principality of Cohona.

"Eris?" I muttered in surprise. Then I turned my head toward Rose. "Why did you call her?"

But it wasn't Rose who answered.

"It's because I'm currently in the Principality," Eris responded from the line.

My eyes narrowed slightly, and for a second, I didn't see the connection. But then—like a puzzle piece snapping into place—I remembered. The portal I had used to go to another world... it was located within the dungeon in the Principality. If that's where I had entered, then that was most likely the very same portal the general used.

Shit. No wonder Eris was contacting me now.

"What's going on over there?" I asked.

"The prince has been overthrown," she said gravely. "Someone seized power and forcefully. And right after taking the throne, the usurper declared the prince's execution."

My grip on the phone tightened. "Is that happening now?"

"Yes," Eris said, her voice tinged with urgency. "The declaration was immediate. And now, the entire village is being forced to gather and watch it happen. I'm about to switch to video. I'll try to capture it discreetly."

The screen shifted as the call changed to video mode. I leaned closer.

The camera shook slightly as Eris maneuvered it through what looked like a window. The scene it captured made my blood run cold.

A mass of villagers stood silently, forced into place by armed soldiers. Their faces were etched with dread, powerless to intervene. In front of them knelt the defeated soldiers of the Principality... hands bound and heads bowed. And there... at the very front... was the prince.

His once-proud expression was gone. He was trembling. His sobs were audible even through the shaky audio, his voice cracking as he pleaded, tears streaking down his cheeks. He kept insisting he wouldn't go against them, begging for mercy, his fear naked.

A rifle was already aimed at the back of his head.

Then...

The sharp, merciless crack of gunfire exploded through the speaker.

The prince's head jerked forward violently. He collapsed in a heap. Then came the next shots.

One by one, the soldiers were executed with precision. Each bullet struck their heads like clockwork.

The camera caught it all.

"Right now, the entire nation's fallen into chaos," Eris narrated quietly, her voice heavy. "Martial law has been enforced. The usurper commanded his troops to gather every single citizen within the city."

"Shit! They're headed this way—I have to go!" she exclaimed in a whisper, panic now clearly setting in.

Then came a sudden, loud crash—the unmistakable sound of a door being kicked in. Boots thundered across a floor. Shouting followed.

And then the video feed went black.

I stared at the screen, motionless. My mind reeled with what I had just witnessed. I didn't know what was happening to Eris now—but if her being a good fighter was any indication, she wouldn't fall so easily.

I slowly lowered the phone and stared at it for a moment, then raised my gaze to meet the others standing nearby.

Without saying a word, I handed the phone back to Rose.

I grabbed my own phone instead.

My fingers tapped quickly as I brought up my contacts. There was only one person I needed to reach right now.

The ID on the screen as I made the call was... Princess Myrcella.

Chapter 672 - The Rise Of The Republic of Andras (1)

Princess Myrcella answered my call almost instantly.

She must've heard the news already. That, or she was bracing herself for what she expected me to say. Either way, I didn't bother easing into it. There was no time for pleasantries or roundabout words.

"I'm going to tell your father tomorrow... that I want to be your groom," I said firmly.

As soon as those words left my mouth, time seemed to freeze. The air around me grew thick, and the people who had been standing nearby fell into a stunned silence, their expressions blank, like statues carved out of stone.

But I didn't spare them a glance. I didn't owe anyone an explanation right now... not when the future of this kingdom was about to pivot on this very moment.

"I'll be waiting tomorrow, then," Myrcella responded. Her voice, though calm, had a slight tremble, not of fear, but something more complex... expectation, or maybe even hope. "But... considering how fast all of this is happening, I assume it's related to the attack in the Holy City, isn't it?"

I didn't skip a beat. "Tell me exactly, who deployed the Magic Knights to the Holy City?"

"I did," she admitted, no hesitation in her voice. "Though, I begged my brother to be the one to take action. He asked our father to issue the order. So yes, technically, it was my father who commanded them, but they only arrived as fast as they did because I made sure they did."

"I see..."

The king really had become a husk of a ruler, hadn't he? Not just powerless... he was uninterested. Passive. The kind of man who would watch his own kingdom rot from the inside out and do nothing. The kind of king who wouldn't even flinch if his crown was swept away in fire and ash. At this point, I didn't care if he lived or died. What I needed was someone who could lead. Someone with the will and conviction to act. That someone was Myrcella.

If that greedy bastard wasn't removed soon, this entire kingdom might crumble before I had a chance to take hold of it.

"Leon, let me ask you something," she said. "Can my kingdom win?"

My kingdom. She said it with fierce ownership. There was no hesitation and pretenses. This wasn't about legacy or bloodlines. It was hers. In her voice, I heard fire.

But then, after a breathless pause, she corrected herself.

"Can our kingdom win?"

That single word shift cracked the surface of her royal pride. Our. Not just hers anymore. She was including me in this, acknowledging me as more than just a political move or a warrior. That one word carried the weight of trust... maybe even something deeper.

"You don't have to worry," I replied, locking my voice into steel. "This kingdom won't fall. Not while I'm still here."

On the other end of the call, I heard her exhale, a soft, breathy chuckle, a rare sound that felt strangely intimate.

"Fufufu... I'm quite glad you're my ally, then."

The line went dead after that.

I lowered the device, my eyes sweeping across the room. The silence hadn't lifted. Every gaze was on me.

"We need to prepare for war," I said coldly.

???'s POV

The general lounged lazily on the blood-red throne, one leg draped over the other, a goblet of wine balanced loosely between his fingers.

The royal hall was quiet, save for the soft clink of liquid swirling in his cup. The wine he sipped was supposed to be legendary. It was brewed from a century-old recipe, aged to perfection in the deepest cellars of the kingdom. Or so the woman beside in front of him claimed.

She was a former entertainer... once the favorite concubine of the late prince, who had been executed just earlier. A woman purchased to serve the prince's endless carnal cravings, reduced to nothing more than a plaything wrapped in scraps of fabric that barely qualified as clothing. Her outfit—if it could even be called that—clung weakly to her hips, the thin cloth swaying with every breath, revealing flashes of skin that should've been seen only in the heat of passion.

It was clear she'd been trained to tempt. But to the general, her presence was little more than a reminder of the filth that had once festered in this palace.

And she wasn't the only one. The prince had surrounded himself with prostitutes like trophies—and worse, with slaves. Children ripped from their homes. Families shattered by royal decree. It wasn't just depravity. It was evil, systemized and sanctioned.

Even the royal guards had bathed in the filth, their hands no cleaner.

The general took another sip, letting the bitter liquid linger on his tongue, then spat it back into the goblet with disgust.

"This doesn't taste like anything aged for a fucking century," he muttered. His voice, deep and venomous, echoed off the high marble walls. Then, with a flick of his wrist, he hurled the goblet across the hall. It shattered on the floor, wine spraying like blood.

He stood, looming like a beast rising from the shadows. His cold eyes fell on the woman beside him.

"This is nothing but garbage," he hissed, stepping closer, boots thudding with weight. "Trash like this isn't fit for those of us who stand above you."

He reached her. She flinched. Too late.

His hand flew out, slapping her across the face with brutal force.

"Hiik!"

The sound rang out like thunder. The sheer impact sent her crumpling to the ground, her breath caught in her throat. A red welt bloomed across her cheek. She didn't cry. She didn't scream. But her entire body trembled.

"You filthy woman," the general growled, towering over her. "How dare you look at me in the eyes? You'll lower your gaze from now on. You belong beneath my boots... and don't you fucking forget that."

He paused for a moment, watching her shiver.

"Let me make it even clearer."

He stomped his foot against the polished tile with a loud thud.

"Lick my boot," he ordered.

Without hesitation, the woman crawled toward him, desperation in her eyes. Her tongue extended as she leaned forward, her lips trembling. She grasped at his ankle for balance, trying to steady herself.

Another mistake.

With a snarl, he lashed out, kicking her hard in the ribs. The force knocked her sideways.

"Ughhh!?"

She gasped, curling up on the cold floor.

"Who said you could touch me?" he barked. "You're only allowed to lick, not touch. Do it again. But this time... keep your disgusting hands off me."

The woman scurried across the cold floor again, her bare skin brushing against the rough surface as she repositioned herself in front of the general.

Without hesitation, she leaned in, her posture now more humiliating than before with her hands pressed tightly beneath the arch of her lower back, elevating her chest as she bowed her head and brought her lips to his boot.

Her tongue trembled against the polished leather, yet her eyes never left his.

"General," I called out.

Interrupting a man in the middle of indulging in his twisted sense of dominance wasn't ideal. He looked like a king relishing the depth of his authority, basking in the power that came with every demeaning lick placed on his foot. But there was something urgent I needed from him, something far more important than the sick pleasure he was soaking in.

"This has gone far enough. We need to find your daughter."

The general didn't lift his eyes. Instead, he looked down at the woman as her tongue traced his boot again, his voice like ice.

"My daughter is no longer of any importance," he said flatly. "That woman chose to soil herself by fraternizing with a filthy outsider from this world. She's just another insect that lost its wings, and what do we do with trash that mingles with filth? We toss them into the gutter."

I clenched my fists.

"But don't you think... maybe Zoey was forced into this? That otherworlder could've used her and manipulated her into following his agenda, all to get back to wherever the fuck he came from."

Finally, the general looked at me.

His stare was still. Eerily still. There was no rage. There was no sorrow. Just a terrifying calmness that crept into the room and squeezed the air from my lungs.

"You know the truth," he said quietly. "Zoey is already a lost cause. And lost causes don't get redemption. They get forgotten. Buried. Left to rot with the rest of the trash."

There it was.

The finality in his voice made my stomach twist. The man had carved out any trace of fatherhood from his heart. There was no hesitation in his eyes. Zoey, his own blood, no longer existed in his world.

But despite everything, despite how far she'd fallen or how deep the betrayal cut...

I still hoped.

Somewhere inside me, I wanted to believe he'd spare her.

Because no matter what... she was still his daughter.

Chapter 673 - The Rise Of The Republic of Andras (2)

Eris's POV

I don't know how I did it, but somehow, I escaped.

Now, the world around me had been swallowed by the night, the sky smothered in thick clouds, casting shadows that bled into every crack of the ruined city.

Soldiers in pitch-black military gear stalked the streets, their rifles clutched tightly, their eyes scanning every corner like wolves sniffing out prey.

Anyone who ran was shot.

No warnings. No mercy. Not even for women. Not even for children.

But for the women, things were far worse.

Before they got shot... they were subjected to horrors that were far more cruel and far more violating.

I couldn't do anything. I was just one person. And there were too many of the, too many of them armed, ready to kill at the drop of a hat.

I moved silently through the tight alleys, sticking close to shadows. The city—no, what used to be the Principality of Cohona—was unrecognizable now.

Cohona was dead.

In its place stood the Republic of Andras, a new name dripping in blood and tyranny. They said a general was the new leader now.

The entire country fell in a single fucking day.

Yes, the place had already been decaying—eaten from within by corruption. But what came next... what followed...

This was hell.

The streets were covered in corpses. Blood soaked the ground, pooling in the cracks. The stench of rot was thick enough to taste. I had to force myself to keep moving, swallowing the bile rising in my throat.

Gunfire cracked in the distance.

Eventually, I reached a remote village buried deep in the forest. Isolated and quiet. Far from the carnage, but not far enough to be safe. They could find us. Anytime.

I stood at the door of a small wooden eatery. A building Arianne and I had built with our own hands.

I knocked quickly. "It's me. Open the door."

The door creaked open, and Arianne appeared, her expression grave.

"How's the situation?"

"Not good," I said with a sharp breath. "The prince is dead. Him and all of his guards. And now they're rounding up the women and kids too."

"We have to save them."

Her voice cracked with desperation.

"I know," I said. "But we can't."

She looked at me, confused.

"The army they've deployed..." I shook my head. "It's massive. I'm talking close to a million units. There's no way—no fucking way—we can fight through that wall of death just to reach the captives."

And that's what made it worse.

Knowing they were still alive and still suffering.

And we couldn't do anything.

Not a damn thing.

Arianne lowered her gaze.

I turned my head and looked past her. A wave of people stood there—men, women, and children—faces pale, clothes torn, eyes wide with fear. These were the ones who had survived... the ones who somehow managed to escape and stumble their way here.

"I called Rose," I said. "Rescue's coming tomorrow."

Arianne's voice trembled. "Are we... really going to leave them here?"

I clenched my jaw. "We don't have a fucking choice. There's no way in hell we can get around that many soldiers. And whatever the fuck they're using out there, it's way beyond our understanding. This isn't a fight we can win head-on."

But even as the words left my mouth—

"Get down!" Arianne shouted.

Suddenly, a deafening burst of gunfire tore through the air. The sharp tat-tat-tat-tat of bullets rang out, punctuated by the shouts of frightened survivors as they dove for cover. A split second later, I hit the ground with Arianne beside me.

Sparks rained down as bullets chewed through the walls above our heads. I snapped my gaze behind me, and there it was. A floating machine, sleek and metallic, hovered ominously. Its guns were still hot, barrels rotating for another round.

"Fuck!" I hissed.

Without thinking, I ripped a dagger from my belt and flung it with everything I had. The blade cut through the air, striking the machine dead-center. It sparked violently, jerking in mid-air, then spiraled out of control. But just before crashing, it unleashed another wild volley of bullets, spraying indiscriminately as it lost altitude.

Then—BOOM!

It exploded against the ground, sending a shockwave through the earth beneath us, dust and smoke billowing up in its wake.

And then we heard it.

"They're here!"

Voices. Dozens of them. Drawing closer.

"Tsk..." I clicked my tongue in irritation. "Get to the back! Now!" I barked.

Arianne scrambled to her feet and dashed to the group of survivors, shouting at them to move. They began to flee toward the backdoor in a chaotic mess of hurried footsteps and panicked breathing. But then—

"We... we're surrounded, Eris..." Arianne's voice cracked.

I clicked my tongue again, louder this time. My blood was boiling.

This was getting beyond irritating.

What the hell is this bullshit...?

I stalked over to the ruined wreck of the machine, yanked my blade from the twisted metal, and exhaled slowly through my nose. My fingers curled tightly around the handle.

"Arianne," I said without looking back, "call Rose."

I shoved the phone into her hand. "Tell her we're boxed in. We need extraction—now."

"A-Alright..." she stammered, her hands trembling as she brought the phone to her ear.

I turned toward the treeline, toward the deep shadows between the trees where the enemy was closing in.

"I'm going to protect this place... for as long as I fucking can."

And with that, I faced the oncoming threat.

The first soldier burst through the undergrowth, rifle raised.

I didn't hesitate.

I charged straight at them, blade gleaming with lethal intent, and with one sweeping motion, I slashed through flesh and bone.

Blood splattered across my face, but I didn't stop.

More of them came rushing out of the forest.

And I rushed in to meet them.

I slashed through every last one of them, cutting down each bastard without an ounce of hesitation.

They'd murdered innocent people—men, women, and even children—slaughtered them like it was some kind of fucking game. Just for fun. Just for sport. So I didn't show them an ounce of mercy.

I made damn sure to kill them where it hurt the most.

So they'd feel it.

So they'd scream and writhe.

So they'd fucking suffer.

I didn't pause. Didn't think. I just kept swinging.

One after another, I cut them down.

My hands moved on their own, slicing, dicing—glazed with blood and burning with rage.

I didn't care.

I didn't stop.

By the time I noticed anything around me, I was drenched in blood—my clothes soaked, my face streaked, and my blade dripping.

Still, I didn't stop.

But eventually... my body couldn't keep up.

I wasn't fast enough. A bullet grazed me.

"Urgh...!"

And then—another one hit me, straight in the leg.

"Mmmghhh!?"

I tried to block it, threw up some magic, but it just melted like fucking butter against the bullets.

Still—I pushed forward.

I didn't back down.

I couldn't.

I couldn't stop.

"RAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I roared at the top of my lungs, as if screaming would force my body to keep going. As if I could convince myself that I could still fucking win this.

But before I realized it—there were too many of them.

Soldiers had surrounded me, closing in from every direction.

"Hehehe! Come on! Come on! You can do it! Punch some more! Show us what you got!"

To them, I wasn't a threat anymore.

I was just entertainment—something to laugh at while they kicked me through the mud.

But I still tried to rise.

I pushed my hands against the ground, legs shaking, arms trembling.

But my body felt so fucking heavy.

So damn heavy.

I threw a punch, but my balance gave out and I fell forward, my face hitting the dirt.

One of them yanked me up by the hair.

"Ughh... Ghh..."

"Is that all you've got? Tch. That's fucking boring," the man sneered, staring right into my face. "You killed a lot of my unit. Thought you'd at least put up a real fight."

His voice was full of disappointment.

"And damn... you're pretty," he grinned, licking his lips. "Haven't fucked anyone from this world yet. Why don't you be my first, huh?"

I spat straight into his fucking face.

The man didn't even flinch.

He just wiped the spit off with a smug look, then used that same hand to slap me across the cheek—hard.

"What a rude little garbage..." he muttered, then spat down at me. "Hey, you guys—hold down her le—"

THUD.

He didn't finish his sentence.

I heard something hit the ground—and when I looked down, I saw it.

His head.

Right there on the dirt, eyes blank, mouth still twisted in a half-smile.

My vision cleared for a moment—and I saw someone standing over his body.

Red hair.

Just like mine.

Blazing like fire.

"What the hell do you think you're doing to my sister?!"

It was her.

My big sister, Ignis.

Chapter 674 - The Rise Of The Republic of Andras (3)

The moment Ignis stepped into the chaos, it was like death itself had descended.

Her blade danced with an almost otherworldly grace, slicing through the air, tearing through flesh and bone alike.

Soldiers were cut down in an instant, their bodies collapsing before they even realized what had happened.

Arterial sprays painted the dirt crimson, limbs flew, and heads rolled, her assault was merciless and unstoppable.

They didn't stand a chance.

One after another, the soldiers were carved up like paper dolls.

Each stroke of her weapon was fluid, brutal, and efficient. It was surgical in precision, yet monstrous in power. They dropped like flies, swatted by a storm too fast to see and too sharp to avoid.

Panic set in.

Some tried to surround her. Others shouted, attempting to regroup, to form a plan or anything. But it was all in vain.

And then... came the desperation.

A few soldiers, driven mad by the hopelessness of the situation, made a final, horrifying decision. With trembling hands, they reached into their vests, pulled out explosive devices, and clutched them tightly against their chests. Without hesitation, they screamed and lunged toward her, intending to take her with them in death.

Human bombs. Willing sacrifices.

But Ignis didn't even blink.

She met them head-on, face twisted into a cold, focused fury. With a grunt, she slammed her palm into the first one's chest, driving him back. Her blade plunged into his stomach again and again, the wet crunch of steel piercing muscle and guts echoing in the air. Blood splattered across her face, but she didn't stop.

She reached into his shredded abdomen, tore the explosives free with her bare hands, and shoved them right back inside his mutilated torso.

Then, with terrifying strength, she hurled him skyward.

The body exploded mid-air in a fiery burst. The sound was deafening—BOOM!—followed by a thick, meaty squelch. Blood misted the battlefield like red rain, falling over everything.

Ignis stood still, blood dripping down her face, her shoulders and her sword.

She looked like a monster.

A beautiful, deadly, unstoppable monster bathed in gore.

The surviving soldiers stared at her, their expressions hollow and their courage shattered. No one dared to take another step forward.

One of them fumbled at his side, pulling out what looked like a communication device, probably their version of a smartphone, trembling hands trying to call for backup.

But before he could even lift it—

THUNK!

A sword flew through the air like a bullet, pinning the device into the ground. Sparks crackled from the shattered screen as it lay still.

"Eeekkk!"

The man let out a pathetic squeal and bolted.

That was all it took.

The rest of them turned and ran. Every last one of them. Some screamed, others dropped their weapons, no one looked back.

Silence fell.

Only the sound of dripping blood and faint crackles from the still-burning ruins remained.

Then Ignis turned to face me.

Her crimson-streaked hair clung to her skin. Her eyes locked onto mine.

"Thank goodness I made it in time," she said, her voice calm despite the carnage she'd just unleashed. She extended a hand toward me. "Here."

I stared at her hand for a moment before I reached out and took it.

My own hands were shaking. My entire body was covered in dirt, grime, blood with some of it mine, most of it not. My clothes clung to me, soaked and heavy. I felt like I was being weighed down by more than just the blood and sweat.

"There's no way they aren't going to come back," she continued, her tone flat and cold. "Which is why we need to get going."

"Wait. Go where?" I asked, still catching my breath.

"To safety," she said simply.

I clenched my jaw. "There are survivors here. We can't just leave them behind."

Ignis sighed, brushing strands of sticky, blood-drenched hair from her face. "No one's going to retake the Principality. It's already been abandoned by the rest of the world. At this point, the Empire might be the only one powerful enough to even challenge the force that invaded, but even then... I doubt they'd try to take it back on their own. They won't risk all their resources on a war with uncertain outcomes. Even if they win, they'd suffer massive losses. That would cripple their plans of world conquest and set them back years in preparation. That's why..." She looked me dead in the eye. "We can't afford to play savior when we can't even save ourselves."

I stared at her, disgusted. "You're seriously telling me to abandon them?"

"You're not obligated to stay," she said coldly. "And you shouldn't feel guilty for abandoning people you have no duty to save. One day, you'll understand that sacrificing others to survive is sometimes the only option."

"You've really become selfish, Ignis..."

I turned my back on her.

Without another word, I headed back to the pub where Arianne and the others had taken shelter.

She was there, waiting by the door.

"They're already coming," she said the moment she saw me.

"Good," I muttered. "All we can do now is wait... and hope the enemies don't return too quickly."

As I said that, something tugged gently at my coat.

I looked down.

A child. A little girl—no older than five or six—stood beside me. Her cheeks were hollow, her limbs thin and trembling. Her eyes were too big for her face, filled with something between fear and confusion. She didn't say a word.

She was so small, I hadn't even noticed her until that moment. I'd almost stepped on her.

I glanced around at the other survivors.

No one moved.

No one came to claim her.

No one stopped her from approaching me.

I didn't want to ask. I didn't want to know.

But...

I kneeled down, lowering myself to her eye level, and gently patted her head. Her hair was soft. Fluffy. Dirty, but warm.

Even kneeling, I was still taller than her.

She was tiny—too tiny. She probably hadn't eaten a proper meal in weeks. Maybe months. The corruption of the Principality had starved her of everything.

"...Where are your parents?" I asked quietly.

I already knew the answer. Asking her was cruel. Pointless. But I still needed to hear it from her.

She didn't speak. She just shook her head.

That was enough.

I didn't know if she meant they were dead... or if she never had any to begin with.

But one thing was clear.

I couldn't leave this little girl here to die.

I drifted off to sleep, the soft warmth of the child curled tightly against my body.

Her small hands clung to my shirt, and her breathing was calm and steady.

I didn't know why she had chosen to cling to me like this—why she seemed to feel safe in my arms—but I didn't question it. I didn't mind. Not even a little.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was Arianne. She was still standing by the entrance, her figure outlined against the pale light of early morning.

Her gaze was fixed outside with her expression a mask of tired focus. The sky beyond had shifted from inky black to a dull gray-blue. Morning had come.

We couldn't move. Not with this many people who were injured, frightened, and exhausted. Moving out now would be suicide. We had no cover, no resources, and nowhere to go. So we waited. Stayed where we were. It was also the only real chance the person we'd called for help had of spotting us. Out here, stationary we were visible. Exposed, yes, but findable.

Ignis was here too. Oddly enough, she hadn't left. She made her stance clear that she was staying because I was staying. And if things went to hell, she wouldn't think twice. She'd drag me out of here with force if she had to, even if it meant leaving the others behind. That was the kind of person she was, ruthless when necessary.

And me... I didn't know if I could live with that. The guilt of abandoning all these people just to save my own fucking skin... That kind of thing doesn't just fade with time.

It would destroy me.

"Leader!" Arianne's voice pierced the morning air. "Something's coming!"

My eyes snapped open. I carefully shifted the child off me, placing her gently on the makeshift bedding. Her body twitched slightly in her sleep, but she didn't wake. I stood and stretched, every inch of my body groaning in protest.

Muscles pulled tight, tendons stiff and screaming, pain blooming across my limbs like fire licking at dry wood. But I ignored it.

I had to.

"Eris..." Ignis said softly. Her voice was low and uncertain. I could feel her eyes on me, but I didn't meet them.

"How many, Arianne?" I asked, my voice rough with fatigue but steady.

There was a long pause. I heard her gulp.

Then... the sound began.

A low, mechanical hum which at first distant, like thunder on the horizon. But it grew louder with each passing second. This wasn't the sound of human footsteps.

It was machines.

Chapter 675 - The Rise Of The Republic of Andras (4)

Everything was crumbling—slowly and painfully—minute by minute, like the world itself was unraveling in front of my eyes.

Chaos surrounded us.

Enemies swarmed the area like shadows crawling in from every direction, and there wasn't a single path I could see that led to safety.

My heartbeat thundered against my ribs, loud enough to drown out reason.

I couldn't see a way out. It felt hopeless.

"Eris!"

Someone screamed my name. Their voice sliced through the haze like a blade, but my mind was so twisted up—reeling and spiraling—I couldn't even turn toward the sound. Everything around me was noise, smoke, and death closing in.

We're fucked. We're so fucking fucked.

But then... something pulled me back.

Not a voice. Not a weapon. And it was hell not a miracle as well.

It was the child.

The same little girl who had chosen me. Out of everyone, she came to me. And now, despite the madness, she'd woken up. Her tiny hand was clutching the edge of my coat. Her eyes, wide and glassy, looked at me with pure and frightened gaze.

I couldn't afford to falter. Not here. Not now.

I couldn't allow myself to break, not with her looking at me like that. That worried face... it stabbed into my chest harder than any fucking bullet could.

No matter what, I wouldn't let someone like her get swallowed by this cruel, miserable world.

"Eris!"

That voice again, closer and sharper this time. It was Ignis.

She was the one shouting my name all this time.

"Let's go! We can't win this!"

"I know," I murmured, my voice low and almost hollow. "But just because we can't win... doesn't mean I can walk away."

"You're so damn stubborn!" she barked, eyes wild. "You can't do anything here!"

I turned toward her and grabbed her by the collar, yanking with all I had. But she didn't budge—not even a little. She was stronger than me, heavier with muscle and resolve.

"If you're not gonna help," I snapped, my grip tightening, "then get the fuck out of here and save yourself. That's the only damn thing you're good at, isn't it?"

She blinked. Her face twisted with frustration and something else. It was pain.

"I'm telling you this because I want to save you," she said, voice shaking. "Is it really wrong for a big sister to want to protect her little sister?"

I stared at her, my teeth grinding.

"You're really saying that now?" My voice cracked, rage and sorrow lacing each word. "Where the fuck were you when I needed you? When I was stabbed in the goddamn back? When every last member of the Silver Fangs was wiped the fuck out, and I begged you for help—you did nothing! You just stood there and let me rot!"

"I didn't do anything because I thought it was best," she said, her voice dropping into something bitter and soft. "I didn't want you involved with the underground anymore. I wanted you to have a life... a normal one."

"But I can't be normal!" I screamed, the words ripping from my throat. "Don't you get it? There's no fucking way I can! Not after what happened to us. After they executed our father like a fucking dog—publicly and mercilessly. After they threw our mother into a dungeon for no reason, doing God knows what to her until she bit off her own tongue just to escape the pain."

I trembled. My whole body felt like it was cracking apart.

"There's no way back to normal for me. Not when I don't even remember what normal feels like."

My head dropped, my hands trembling at my sides.

I didn't want to become like this. This wasn't the future I imagined for myself. But the world had stripped everything from me, layer by layer, until all that remained was a hollow shell armed with a blade and rage.

If I had a choice... if life had been different... I would've chosen peace. I would've chosen to be someone who mattered in a quieter and gentler way.

But was that really the right choice?

If no one stepped up to face this broken world, who the fuck was going to clean it?

Who'd throw out the trash piling up in every corner of society?

Who'd have the strength to get their hands dirty—bloodied—for a justice no one else dared to chase?

I didn't want to be this person.

But someone had to be.

To tear down a world built on injustice, I had to become the very thing it feared.

"Eris..."

Ignis's voice trembled now. She looked at me, and I saw it in her eyes. It was the guilt, the regret, and the sadness she never had the guts to show before.

I loosened my grip on her collar and stepped away.

"You should go now, Ignis," I said flatly. "Because no matter what happens... I'm not leaving."

The child's eyes followed me, wide and innocent. She still clutched my coat, but her tiny fingers trembled.

I gave her the softest smile I could manage.

Maybe it was because she reminded me of myself back then—when I was small, scared and powerless—that I felt this way toward her. I wasn't good with kids. I never had been.

But with her... something was different. I wanted to be.

I walked out of the pub.

The moment I stepped into the street, I felt the change in the air.

It was thick.

Heavy.

Cold.

My eyes closed for just a moment.

Then the sound tore through the silence. It was gunshots, sharp and relentless, began to come from every direction like a storm of metal and fury.

My hand flicked, steel flashing as I drew my blade in one motion. The other slid from the scabbard strapped tight to my thigh.

I didn't wait.

I unleashed hell.

Blades moved like a storm around me, a swirling halo of steel against lead. I slashed, spun, and carved through the hail of bullets with blinding speed. The force behind each shot was brutal, but I matched it with everything I had—doubling my speed, pushing my body past every goddamn limit.

My mind blurred. My vision fractured. It felt like I could see dozens of versions of myself—each one cutting down a bullet in perfect synchrony.

I couldn't let even a single round slip past me.

If even one bullet got through, someone inside might get hit.

I didn't care what it cost—I'd tear through every fucking shot they fired.

"ARIANNEEEEEEEEE!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! I'M GOING TO STOP THEM ALL—EVEN IF IT FUCKING KILLS ME!"

Arianne stood there.

She looked torn apart inside—like her soul was screaming—but her body remained frozen in place, paralyzed by the weight of helplessness.

She didn't want me to die.

That much was written all over her face. But the truth was, she didn't have a choice at all.

Her lips trembled slightly as she looked away, unable to hold my gaze any longer. With a slow, reluctant step, she turned from me and began ushering the terrified survivors to safety.

"IGNIS!" I roared. "SAVE THOSE PEOPLE!"

"But—!" she shouted back, hesitating.

"NO BUTS!" I cut her off sharply, the rage boiling in my throat. "THERE'S NO FUCKING BUTS HERE! YOU HAVEN'T DONE A SINGLE SISTERLY THING FOR ME! IF YOU REALLY WANT TO MAKE UP FOR IT, THEN FUCKING PAY IT BACK BY SAVING THOSE PEOPLE!"

My feet slammed into the dirt, muscles screaming as I launched myself forward, my body a blur of fury and motion. I stormed toward the bastards hiding beyond the treeline.

Ignis didn't come after me. She just stood there, frozen again, her expression torn. She watched me as I sprinted toward the oncoming wave of soldiers, like a one-woman army charging death itself.

Then I saw her click her tongue and with a frustrated glare, she turned away, finally doing what I begged her to do.

But I didn't stop.

I couldn't stop.

My breath hitched in my throat, my blade hummed in my hand, and I broke through the forest's edge.

The first soldier emerged from the shadows of the trees. I didn't hesitate and I slashed my blade through his neck in one fluid, merciless motion. Warm blood sprayed across my face as his head tumbled, and I was already moving before it hit the dirt.

Another came. I cut him down too. My arm swung like it had a will of its own.

Then another. And another.

Steel cleaved through flesh and bone again and again until heads rolled across the ground like grotesque ornaments. Crimson mist filled the air. My hands were slick with blood, and the copper scent clogged my nostrils.

I was relentless.

I was rage made flesh.

I wasn't stopping.

I couldn't stop.

But my body... it had limits.

I didn't realize it at first, but my limbs were growing heavy. My vision was starting to blur. Pain screamed from every inch of my flesh. Blood—my own blood—was soaking through my clothes.

Somehow, bullets had made it through.

There were too many. Too fast. I couldn't parry or dodge them all. No matter how fast I moved, how hard I swung, they were just faster. The gaps between their shots were seconds and those were the tiny windows that I couldn't always catch in time.

I was bleeding everywhere. My body was failing.

But I stayed upright.

My knees threatened to buckle. My vision swam. But I didn't fall.

The remaining enemies crept in cautiously, circling me like scavengers around a dying beast. Their boots crunched leaves, rifles drawn. The huge flying machine as well as small ones hovered just above, their engines whining and ready to strike at the slightest twitch.

They didn't come any closer.

They were afraid. Even with my body riddled with wounds, they were afraid.

I could see it in their eyes.

One of them made a mistake.

He got too close.

Without thinking, I seized his wrist in a flash, yanked him into my bloodied embrace, and drove my blade into him with a brutal twist. His scream was short-lived, cut off by the sharp steel slicing through his gut.

Gunfire erupted.

But I used his body as a shield. The bullets ripped into him instead of me, turning his corpse into a grotesque barrier.

Still, I knew it.

This was the end of the line.

I wouldn't survive this.

And worse—if they captured me alive... I knew what they'd do.

They'd fuck me. Humiliate me. Break me.

I would be nothing more than a plaything for their depraved pleasure.

No.

That wasn't going to happen.

Before they could grab me—before their filthy hands could even reach me—I looked down at the corpse I held. His hand still clutched his gun, still warm and still loaded.

Without a second thought, I grabbed it, turned the barrel toward my chest—

And pulled the trigger.

The pain was instant and blinding.

A jolt of white-hot agony exploded in my chest.

And then...

Everything went black.

Like the whole world had been swallowed by silence.

I died.

Chapter 676 - The Rise Of The Republic of Andras (5)

Three months had passed since then.

In that short span of time, the world had begun to shift.

The Principality of Cohona was no more.

It had been officially and utterly erased from the map by the relentless, iron hand of the Republic of Andras.

It wasn't just a conquest.

It was a massacre.

One of the bloodiest and most brutal military takeovers recorded in history.

Almost half of Cohona's population had been executed where they stood—men, women, children—it didn't matter.

And those unfortunate enough to be captured weren't spared either.

They were lined up, trembling and broken, and gunned down in cold blood by organized firing squads that showed no hesitation.

What remained of the principality was reduced to smoldering ashes and silence.

The balance of global power trembled.

A new monster had stepped onto the stage.

Small countries began to shake, like prey sensing the arrival of a predator.

Fear was no longer paranoia.

It was logical.

The world wasn't changing rapidly, but it was undeniably changing, and no one could stop it.

King Bethlan's POV

The news struck me like a hammer blow to the chest.

The Principality of Cohona was gone now. Just like that. Replaced by a rising republic forged through blood. The Republic of Andras.

And with that, the delicate equilibrium between nations teetered.

For years, the Empire of Rodonia had been pressing forward, seeking expansion and dominion, but it had always been contained—barely—by the Kingdom of Milham and her allies.

But now, another wolf had entered the pen. And this one was hungrier. And unpredictable.

I had learned the details... the horrifying details. The Republic of Andras was not born out of diplomacy or rebellion. It rose from a single man who have the name Andras. A name that would now echo in the history books alongside the worst tyrants.

He seized power in a single, bloody night.

Usurping the throne, executing the prince publicly, butchering the royal guards with mechanical precision.

Then came the purge.

Anyone who even thought about resisting was dragged into the streets and slaughtered. The streets of Cohona ran red, and the stench of death clung to the wind.

And worst of all... the bodies. Not even afforded the dignity of burial. They were stacked like firewood, doused in fuel, and set ablaze. As if their lives had never mattered in the first place.

It was the single largest mass execution since the bloodbath of the 100-Year War.

And though my heart ached with sympathy and fury, I had no luxury to grieve. My kingdom was fracturing from within. There were insurgencies that I have to crush, and rebellions to silence.

Still... above all else, I just prayed—

Please, let my daughter be safe.

Leon's POV

I was sitting inside the academy, but it felt more like being trapped inside a pressure cooker.

It wasn't just this place—hell, the entire kingdom felt tense.

You could feel the weight of anxiety in the air.

From nobles to commoners, from scholars to street kids—everyone was on edge.

And how could they not be?

Three months had passed since the fall of Cohona, and in that time, the foundation of the world had shifted beneath our feet.

A newly declared republic had risen.

But it wasn't "new" in the real sense. The current leader just usurped the throne, murdered the prince in front of a crowd, and rebranded the nation.

Now it was a militaristic democratic republic.

They said it had millions of soldiers stationed nearby.

But numbers weren't the scary part.

It was the automatons.

Zoey told me that man—Andras—had begun mass-manufacturing artificial soldiers.

Machines with no souls.

No hesitation.

Just cold logic and firepower.

An army that didn't need rest.

Didn't need morale.

Just orders.

It wouldn't be a war between countries.

It would be a war between flesh and machine.

"War, huh? I'm kinda scared..." someone next to me muttered.

That someone had the same black hair and red eyes as me. Except she was a girl.

Estelle.

She was one of the fragments of Lilith, created after Lilith was defeated.

I was one of her fragments too. That's why we looked so alike.

You could say we're brother and sister.

"Milham's getting ready for it. They're doing everything they can to stop that country from invading. The Empire's watching closely too. As powerful as Andras is, they can't afford to make a move with this many pieces in play." I told her. "Yes, war's coming. But right now, this is still the calm before the storm. It feels like peace, but that's only on the surface."

"Hmmm... I see..." Estelle murmured, her voice casual, almost sleepy. She bit into her bread, chewing slowly. Then she looked at me. "You're going to do something about it, right?"

I glanced at her. "Of course, I will," I replied with calm certainty. "Everything is already in motion. All we need now... is time."

Myrcella's POV

I slammed the stack of documents onto the long marble table with enough force to make the pens jump.

The administrators seated across from me flinched, looking at me with a mixture of disbelief and frustration.

They stared as though I had gone mad.

Completely, irreversibly mad.

"Princess," one of them began, his voice stiff with restrained annoyance, "while what you're proposing sounds... ideal in theory, we simply cannot approve it."

He adjusted his glasses with a sigh and leaned forward.

"If we allowed every student in this academy to become a magic knight upon graduation, it would unravel the very foundation we built this institution on."

The others nodded in agreement, their eyes sharp and judging.

"The entire point of our system—the grading, the rankings—is to fuel ambition. To make students push themselves beyond their limits to earn something. What you're proposing is to rip that away and hand out rewards like free candy to anyone who shows up."

"So then... you're suggesting the kingdom should just collapse?" I said coldly, my voice echoing off the stone walls of the meeting chamber.

My eyes were locked on his.

"You're putting words in my mouth, Princess," he retorted, his tone laced with frustration. "I never once said the kingdom should fall."

"Maybe not in words—but your intentions are loud and clear. You're basically implying that we should give up on improving ourselves. That we should keep letting the academy choose magic knights based solely on class—only allowing those from the Gold Class to carry the kingdom's sword. If we continue like this, we'll end up weakened before we even realize it."

My voice rose. "But if we open the doors wider—if we allow every graduate who qualifies to become a magic knight—the number we produce yearly would quadruple. Quadruple! Do you understand what that means? That's not just a number—it's more swords on the field, more shields on the wall, more magic burning through the sky when we need it most."

I took a breath.

"We are staring down the barrel of annihilation. Three colossal threats are already knocking at our gates. First, the disturbing behavior from Hell that's been escalating for years. Then, the looming invasion from the Empire, and the rise of the newly formed Republic of Andras. You really think we can afford to stay still while the world burns around us?"

One of the older administrators grumbled under his breath and scratched the back of his head, trying to hide his discomfort.

"No matter what, even if you're royalty, we can't just throw away a tradition that's lasted for a century. It's... it's too sudden. Even if your argument is logical, it's still illogical—and unacceptable!" His voice cracked near the end, like he didn't even believe himself anymore.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "That's exactly the kind of thinking that almost destroyed the Holy City."

They all froze.

"The High Priests refused to adapt. They were so addicted to their own pride and stubbornness that they let their people die screaming. They clung to their holy traditions like a drowning man to a stone—and where did that get them?"

My voice quieted, but the weight behind it only grew heavier.

"Is that what you want for us? When death comes knocking, will you answer the door with your pride in hand, thinking it'll protect you? Or will you open your eyes and see that change—real change—is the only way we survive?"

The administrators fell into an uneasy silence. Some shifted in their chairs. One clenched his fist. But no one said a word.

"I'm not saying we throw away our traditions like garbage," I continued, softer now—but no less fierce. "I'm saying we evolve. I'm saying we adapt to survive."

I reached forward, picking up the thick bundle of documents they had refused to even glance at, and raised them in front of their faces like a sword laid on the table.

"What I'm proposing is a path—a realistic, merit-based system that allows more students a chance to fight for their future."

This wasn't some free handout. It wasn't charity. It was a challenge.

The proposal laid out in those pages didn't say that anyone could become a magic knight just by showing up. No, it demanded excellence. Only those who managed to score above 85% in all categories—physical prowess, magical capability, and academic knowledge—would qualify. It was still a difficult bar, but it wasn't a privilege reserved for the Gold Class alone.

I looked around the room, eyes meeting each stiff, unsure face.

"If we give our students a real chance, they won't give up early. They won't lose their drive when they see they've been locked out of a dream just because they weren't born at the top."

My voice settled into a solemn conviction.

"If we do this, we're not just giving hope to them—we're giving strength to the kingdom."

Chapter 677: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (1)

Angelica was standing at the far end of the corridor, her armor faintly clinking every time she shifted her weight.

The faint light from the high windows cast long shadows, stretching across the polished stone floor.

The moment her eyes locked onto mine, she moved quickly, her boots echoing with urgency.

"How was it?" she asked.

"I failed," I told her bluntly, my voice heavy with exhaustion but void of self-pity.

Angelica blinked. "For someone who failed again, you don't seem all that... sad."

I let out a faint sigh, the corners of my lips twitching into something between a tired smile and a grimace. "I've been doing this for months, Angelica," I said, keeping my voice even. "At this point, I don't have the luxury to cry just because they rejected me. Again. But that doesn't mean I'll throw in the towel. The safety of our kingdom, of everyone who calls it home... it's what's on the line here. I'm not allowed to give up."

"R-Right..." she stammered softly, her eyes wide. There was something in her gaze... something almost childlike. Like a worried daughter watching her mother head into battle.

I couldn't help but chuckle lightly, "Fufufu, you really don't have to worry about me so much. I'm not going to lose. I'll make those stubborn old bastards bend. I'll shove the proposal down their throats if I have to. I'm not giving up until they accept it."

My tone had sharpened by the end.

I wanted her to feel it. My resolve, I mean.

I wasn't bluffing, and I needed her to know I meant every word.

If I had to fight until my last breath, so be it.

We walked together down the corridor, the quiet tapping of our shoes the only sound between us.

Then, my phone buzzed in my pocket.

I pulled it out and glanced at the screen.

The words My Love glowed against the black display.

I pressed the answer button without hesitation, lifting the phone to my ear.

"Yes," I said, my voice dropping slightly and more personal. "As expected, they didn't buy it. Just like you said... they're as stubborn as ever."

I paused, listening to the familiar warmth of his voice coming through the line. Just hearing him made the tension in my shoulders ease a little.

"Right now, I'm heading back to the academy," I told him, my pace slowing slightly. "Yes... I'll meet you there soon."

The call ended with a quiet beep. I stared at the phone for a second, then slipped it back into my coat and turned to Angelica.

"Angelica," I said, stopping in my tracks. "You can go back now. I'll handle the rest from here."

"But—" she started, concern etched all over her face.

"You don't have to worry about Leon," I interrupted gently. "He's my fiancé now, remember?"

The reason I called him that... Well, let's go back. Just a little. Three months ago, to be exact.

It was a calm morning.

It was too calm for what was supposed to be the grand opening of the academy. But that first day was cut short.

It was canceled, thanks to the Rise of the Republic and their brazen attack on the Holy City.

Leon and I had arranged to meet in front of the academy.

"You're very early," I said, walking up to him with a small smile. The breeze teased at my hair. "Did I keep you waiting?"

"No," he replied, standing casually with both hands in his pockets. "Actually, I think you're right on time."

"I see. I'm glad, then."

Without another word, we made our way toward somewhere more private. Somewhere away from curious eyes and listening ears.

Once inside my dorm room, the atmosphere changed immediately.

Angelica, ever vigilant, stayed glued to my side like a shadow.

She didn't say anything, but her posture was rigid. Tense, actually.

She didn't trust Leon. I guess not yet. Her fingers brushed against the hilt of her sword more than once, as though waiting for an excuse to draw it.

I appreciated her devotion, but... it was too much. I turned to her and gently placed a hand on her armored shoulder.

"Angelica," I said, voice calm but firm. "Wait outside for a bit. Please."

Her expression twisted into one of silent protest. But eventually, she gave a reluctant nod and stepped out, though not without a final, lingering look at Leon that all but screamed 'If you touch her, I'll kill you.'

As soon as the door closed behind her, Leon looked at me and chuckled.

"You've got one hell of a loyal guard."

"Fufufu. I've heard the same about you," I said. "I wonder what kind of man earns that kind of loyalty?"

He grinned in response, and then reached into the bag he carried.

"I brought this with me," he said, pulling out a bottle with a rich crimson label.

My eyes widened slightly. "That's... Leonamon's Wine, isn't it?"

"A special version," he explained. "It's been brewed and aged for a whole year. The flavor's deeper, smoother... and a lot more expensive."

"Would it be alright for me to have a taste?" I asked, intrigued.

"Of course. This meeting between us... it's something important. I thought it deserved to be celebrated properly. I only hope you're not the type to get tipsy too quickly, Princess."

I smirked, flipping a strand of hair behind my ear. "I can hold my alcohol just fine, thank you very much."

With that, he poured the deep red liquid into two crystal glasses, then handed me one. I brought it to my nose and inhaled. The aroma was intoxicating, to say the least. Sweet and rich, with hints of berries and a subtle, earthy depth.

Then I took a sip.

The flavor hit instantly with an explosive blend of fruits, warm spices, and aged complexity danced on my tongue. It was smooth, and left a heat in my chest as it slid down.

"It really does taste good..." I murmured, genuinely surprised.

"Right?"

We drank a little more in silence, just enjoying the moment. Then, his expression shifted, his eyes locking onto mine, steady and serious.

"Now then," he said, voice firm. "I suppose it's time we talk about the real reason we're here, isn't it?"

"Right," I replied, straightening my back and setting my glass down.

"The Republic that just rose up tomorrow... it's turning out to be quite a formidable thorn in our side, isn't it?" I muttered, my voice low as my gaze drifted toward the horizon outside the window.

"Not just troublesome," he replied. "Actually, the real reason I disappeared for four entire months... is because I was in their world."

I blinked, my brows pulling together. "Their world?" I echoed, trying to process what I'd just heard.

"Another world," he said. "A world so different from ours. It's a place that's futuristic... and heavily militaristic. I didn't get the chance to visit every nation there, but I'm almost certain the one I ended up in is the one currently holding the Principality under their control."

A cold chill spread across my spine. I crossed my arms and looked at him, narrowing my eyes. "That's... deeply unsettling. If they truly came from such a world... and now they're bringing that technology, that ideology here to twist and tear apart the balance... it's terrifying. The very thought that they've got the audacity—the gall—to initiate chaos here is just... beyond me."

He nodded. "From what I've gathered, they've been studying our world for years. Meticulous observation, careful notes, building strategy... all of it done in secret. And now, with their research complete, they've decided it's time to act. This invasion—this interdimensional war—it wasn't sudden. It was engineered. I believe their forces far outnumber the Empire's. And even worse was that they possess technology that can suppress magic. It's like... some kind of power dampener."

"This is... a catastrophe in the making," I murmured. "What do you think we should do, Leon? Because clearly... this isn't something we can just brush off."

"We'll need to rally a force bigger and stronger than both the Empire and the Republic combined," he said.

I tilted my head slightly and let out a soft chuckle, a smirk touching my lips. "Hehehe... That's certainly a strong proposition. But how do you plan to actually make that happen?"

"First, you need to loosen the restrictions," he replied. "Make it so anyone who wishes to become a magic knight can do so. While you handle that, I'll move on my end. I'm going to unite the strength of Milham, Bethlan, the Elven Kingdom, the Feliann Clan, and Leonamon. With all of their power combined under one banner... we'll have what it takes to repel any force, no matter how advanced or overwhelming."

For a moment, silence filled the space between us. Then, I caught a glimpse of the smirk curling on Leon's lips.

It was a wicked, dangerous smile that seemed to shimmer with confidence and defiance. Oddly enough, it made my heart skip a beat. That expression... that certainty... it was maddeningly attractive.

"Fufufufu... I suppose I didn't make a mistake after all in choosing you," I whispered, my tone dripping with satisfaction. My eyes sparkled as I stared at him. "Well done... my heart."

Chapter 678: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (2)

"The next thing is..." I said, my voice low and thoughtful, fingers absentmindedly toying with the edge of the goblet in front of me.

"It's your father, the King, huh?" Leon replied, casually leaning back in his seat, though his eyes held a sharp edge of understanding.

I nodded, exhaling slowly. "Yes. My father... he wants to throw me at the feet of the Emperor. He probably thinks that by doing so, he can extend his own influence a little longer. I guess even he fears the Emperor's shadow looming over us. So, he's looking for a way to forge an alliance, by chaining the two countries together through marriage."

I narrowed my eyes slightly, my voice laced with disdain.

"But I can smell a ploy when it's shoved under my nose. The Empire doesn't want peace or unity. They want control. They want to sink their claws into Milham and turn it into nothing more than a puppet state. Something they can manipulate from behind the curtain, while pretending we still have sovereignty."

I locked my gaze with his, my expression serious.

"But with you beside me..." I paused. "With you, we could steer things our way. We could persuade my father to name you as my fiancé instead of him. Right now, nothing's finalized since there was no documents and no formal seal. The engagement is just talk. But that won't last long. I know him. He'll push it into permanence soon enough."

A breath passed between us.

"We're heading to the royal castle," I said. "But before we do—"

I leaned in, my eyes softening into something more playful and more sultry.

"I want to think of a way... a way that'll convince him—utterly and completely—that I should be with you, not the Emperor," I said slowly.

Leon's gaze flickered with intrigue. "And what exactly do you propose?"

I hummed softly, then crossed my legs under the table. The motion was fluid.

It was casual on the surface, yet laced with intention.

As my leg shifted, my foot grazed against his beneath the table. The touch was light and subtle... but it was there. And deliberate.

I leaned my elbow against the table's surface and propped my chin atop my hand, watching him from under half-lidded eyes.

"Why don't you suggest something?" I asked with a teasing smile, and at the same time, I let my foot move, trailing slowly along his leg. From his ankle, up past his shin... the ball of my foot brushing deliberately upward until it reached his knee.

My toe lingered there.

"I want to see what kind of man it takes to make Professor Gabrielle swoon. Or seduce Professor Rose. Or charm Princess Titania, Princess Trill, and even Miss Yr," I said. "I want to know what you're truly capable of."

He gave me a small, unreadable smile. "I'm not sure you can handle that, Princess."

My eyes narrowed slightly, but I let out a soft, amused laugh.

"Oh? Are you saying I'm just a naive little royal who can't handle something as basic as you?" I leaned in. "My, my~. I didn't expect to hear such a deeply annoying statement."

He chuckled. "I'm just saying... I don't think you'd be able to manage."

"Fufufu..." A soft, feminine chuckle escaped my lips as I rose from my seat. "Well then..."

I stepped toward him, my eyes never leaving his.

"Let's test that theory," I whispered.

And then I kissed him.

It was slow at first with my lips brushing against his with the barest contact, the warmth of his breath mixing with mine. It wasn't my first kiss. Well, not technically. I'd kissed my mother and some of my cousins before, but those had been empty of this electric undercurrent.

Those were affectionate. Familial.

However, this...

This one came from a different place. From deep in my chest, from somewhere beneath the surface.

A place that wanted, that desired, that craved something more.

When I pulled away, the world felt a little different. My heart beat in my ears.

"How was that?" I asked, letting a coy smile tug at my lips.

He looked at me with a cool confidence and replied, "It wasn't that complicated of a kiss."

I raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Then why don't you show me?"

"Gladly."

Before I could brace myself, he leaned forward—

And this time, his tongue slipped into my mouth.

My eyes widened in stunned surprise.

What...? His tongue was in my mouth.

It was moving with purpose, exploring, gliding along the insides of my cheeks, tracing the roof of my mouth and the ridges of my teeth.

It was intrusive. Intimate. And overwhelming, at the same time.

It felt like something foreign had entered me. Not physically in a sense, but emotionally. The sudden intimacy sent a shiver down my spine. I felt my toes curl, my eyes rolling up instinctively as a heat bloomed in the pit of my stomach.

After a few long seconds, we parted.

A thick, glistening string of saliva still connected our lips. It stretched between us, trembling in the air, before it finally snapped.

My lips were parted. My breath was heavy. My face felt hot and unsteady, like it was melting under the weight of everything I was feeling.

"Haaa~... Haaa~..." I gasped, catching my breath. I blinked, dazed, then moved without thinking. I climbed onto his lap, straddling him, face to face.

"Fufufu... Is this what it feels like to be one of your women?" I asked him with a sultry, lopsided smile, my voice breathy and drunk on the kiss.

"I don't know," he said casually. "I've never been one of my women. But it probably is."

I narrowed my eyes and scoffed, though the smile never left my face. "What a cheeky man you are..."

And then, without waiting, I leaned in again.

This time, our tongues met eagerly. They were twisting and gliding in rhythm.

I could feel something stirring beneath my underwear.

A damp, tingling warmth had started to spread.

It was soft at first, then steadily growing wetter with each passing second.

It clung uncomfortably to my skin, making me subtly squirm in place.

But even that discomfort didn't feel entirely bad. No, it felt... strange.

There was this heat... this intense, consuming heat blooming deep within me, curling up from my belly, rising into my chest, and flooding through my limbs like molten honey.

It wasn't pain. It wasn't nervousness.

It was something I had never felt before.

It was lust.

And it was burning through me.

My body felt like it was being lit from within.

My skin flushed. My breath came shallow and fast. Every inch of me ached to be touched, to be held, to be claimed.

And in that overwhelming wave of longing, the only thing that filled my mind... was him.

Leon.

All I could think about was him and the undeniable need growing inside me. I wanted to be close to him. Closer than I had ever been with anyone before. So close that nothing existed between us.

"Teach me how to become your woman," I whispered, my voice trembling ever so slightly as I looked up into his eyes the moment we pulled apart.

He stared at me with quiet intensity, then nodded.

"All right then," he said.

With that, he rose, strong arms lifting me effortlessly off the ground. He held me like I weighed nothing at all, carrying me in that firm yet gentle embrace as he moved toward the bed.

My heart beat faster, pounding against my ribcage so loud I swore he could hear it.

I tilted my head up, gazing at his face from where I lay in his arms. The feeling of being so small in his grasp sent a thrill through my spine.

Then, as we reached the bed, his hand moved.

He started from the base of my foot, his fingers grazing over the soft skin of my ankle. Then they traced upward, moving beneath the edge of my skirt. His hand traveled along my calf, then glided over the smooth skin of my inner thigh.

That one touch which was light as a feather, sent a sharp, electric shiver running through my body.

It was the very first time someone had ever touched me there.

And instead of fear or revulsion...

I felt something else.

Something that made my breath hitch and my legs tense.

It felt good. So good that my whole body trembled.

I didn't want it to stop.

I wanted more. So much more.

"I wore a dress today... because I didn't know what to wear for something like this," I admitted, cheeks burning as I avoided his gaze. "I am wearing something underneath though, so maybe that could help?"

He gave me that familiar grin, amused and intrigued. "Well, now I really want to know," he said. "Pretty sure I've never undressed a princess in a dress before."

I laughed softly, the sound a little shaky but genuine. "Not even Princess Titania?"

"She never wore a dress," he replied.

"Fufufu... Then I'm glad I'm your first," I whispered, lips curling into a smile of my own.

And just like that, his hands moved again.

He started undoing my dress, inch by inch.

I felt every movement, every shift of fabric as it slid off my shoulders, cascading down my body like flowing water. The silky material brushed against my skin, sending tiny waves of sensation trailing behind it.

With every inch of fabric that left my body, I felt more exposed and more seen.

Until finally, I was there... lying before him with nothing but my corset, my panties, and the garter belt that wrapped around my waist, its straps snaking down my thighs and locking them gently into place.

Chapter 679: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (3)

"How is it?" I asked him.

He paused for a moment, eyes trailing over me, and then he answered.

"Your body is lewd."

A shiver ran down my spine at those words, but I smiled through it.

"Fufufu... I've been taking care of my body," I replied with a mix of pride and teasing in my voice. "It would be a waste if I looked anything less than tempting in a moment like this."

All those years of training, of moving with a sword, honing my strength and discipline, it had paid off. I had worked hard to make sure I was strong, agile, and yes... attractive. I didn't want to be anything less than desirable to him.

And now, seeing the way his eyes moved across my skin, I felt a deep, satisfying relief.

He wanted me.

He saw me as lewd. Beautiful. Appealing.

That alone made every drop of effort I'd put into myself completely worth it.

"Now then..." he said, shifting to lean on one elbow beside me. "I'm going to make you my woman now, Myrcella."

Hearing him say my name like that without the formal title 'Princess' sent my mind reeling.

I felt something sharp and hot coil in my chest.

"Yes," I whispered, meeting his gaze without hesitation. "Make me."

With deliberate slowness, he reached for the top buttons of my corset and began undoing them, one by one.

The soft click of each button coming undone echoed in the room. My breath hitched as cool air brushed against my now-exposed skin.

Then, his hand slipped beneath the loosened fabric and cupped one of my breasts.

His palm was warm.

It was rougher than I expected, and the contrast against my soft skin sent a shiver straight down my spine.

My body jerked ever so slightly from the contact.

It felt... ticklish. Not overwhelmingly arousing at first, but enough to stir something unfamiliar inside me. It was like the flutter of wings against the walls of my chest.

"H-How was it?" I asked, my voice trembling more from nervousness than insecurity. "My breasts... they're not as big as your other girlfriends'. But it's not... disappointing, right?"

He let out a small, amused chuckle. "Yr's breasts are way smaller than yours," he said confidently. "So you don't have to worry. In fact... I actually prefer these. Modest, soft... they sit perfectly in my hand."

As he spoke, his fingers began to move, kneading my breast gently, then with a bit more purpose.

His touch was slow but steady, as though he was trying to learn the shape and texture of my body by memory.

The ticklish sensation morphed into a strange heat that crawled up my spine and settled deep in my stomach.

"Your nipple's already getting stiff under my hand," he said.

"Ah..." I muttered, looking away, "you don't have to be that descriptive."

But he just smiled, pulling the corset further down to expose both of my breasts completely. My nipples stood hard against the cool air.

They were sensitive and flushed.

"Well," he said softly, "I want to see more of your expressions. You're always so composed and always smiling that gentle smile of yours. But that's not enough for me. I want more, so I want to peel that calm away and see what lies underneath."

"I don't think there's anything amazing under there..." I whispered.

He leaned closer. "If that's what you really think, then let me fuck you, capture that face you make when I'm done breaking through all your restraint—and make you look at it. Then you tell me what you see."

Something about the way he said that made my heart pound violently in my chest. What would I look like? What kind of expression would he drag out of me?

As my mind swirled with questions, his hand suddenly traveled down my body.

I gasped when he pressed two fingers firmly against the front of my panties, right where my pussy throbbed with growing need.

"Mnnnn~..."

A strange, girlish sound slipped out of me before I could even register it, catching me off guard.

"You're... very sensitive, aren't you?" he murmured. He pulled his hand away and lifted it up between us.
"And you're already soaking wet."

I stared as he spread his fingers apart, revealing a glistening strand of fluid stretched between them like a thread of sticky silk. The sight of my own arousal made me swallow hard.

"I don't know," I said quietly. "I've never really... felt excited before."

My skin was breaking out in goosebumps, and I could feel the heat radiating from between my thighs like a fire trapped beneath silk.

He slipped his hand back down again, but this time, his touch was firmer and more deliberate.

His fingers pressed against me through the fabric, sliding up to tease the sensitive top before dragging back down to the base. His hand was slow, purposeful, as if trying to map out my body inch by inch.

The amount of juices soaking my panties was overwhelming. I could feel it... the wetness clinging to every crease of fabric, spreading with every motion. Every firm press of his hand forced more of it to seep through, soaking the material, making his palm slick with my arousal.

"Ah... Nghh~!"

I couldn't stop the moan that broke free.

It was high-pitched and breathy.

It was so embarrassingly feminine that I wanted to cover my face.

My body trembled. I couldn't stop it.

The way he touched me... made it feel like I was melting from the inside out.

Was this... what sex felt like?

No.

This was just Leon's fingers.

He must be really good at this...

"Mnnnn~..."

I clenched my eyes shut and bit my lower lip, trying to keep the sounds from escaping. My whole body felt like it was about to short-circuit.

Then, out of nowhere, he gripped my panties and yanked them to the side, pulling them taut so that the fabric wedged harshly between the folds of my vagina.

"Hnnghhhh~!"

I cried out, my voice trembling with the intensity of the sensation.

The soaked fabric pressed right where it made my head spin, and the wetness only amplified the friction.

I could feel the gush of more fluids rushing out of me, dripping down my thighs, soaking everything below.

Then he moved it.

He shifted the wedged fabric side to side, dragging it across the most sensitive spot, hitting it with perfect pressure.

"Myrcella," he said. "Stick out your tongue."

Barely thinking, I obeyed.

I parted my lips and extended my tongue.

He leaned in and captured it with his own, swirling his tongue around mine, coaxing and caressing it in a slow, sensual kiss that made every nerve in my body scream. It was like he was trying to take over my entire mind through my mouth.

Everything... and I mean everything... from my chest, my core, my throat, down to my head—felt like it was being pushed past its limits. I could barely hold onto myself.

I was losing it.

Stars danced behind my eyes.

My vision went hazy.

My breath caught in my throat.

It was exploding—

"Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnghhhhhhhh~"

I couldn't hold back anymore. My body went stiff, then arched violently off the bed. I grabbed the sheets behind me and clutched them as hard as I could, trying to ground myself.

A flood of juices burst out of my vagina, soaking through my panties and into the bedsheets below.

I felt like I was flying.

If I hadn't been gripping the sheets for dear life, I was sure I would've floated off the bed completely.

"Haaa...~, haaa~..."

I panted heavily, my chest rising and falling like I'd just gone through intense, punishing training.

"W-What was that...? Was that... what an orgasm feels like?"

"Yes," he said with a small smile. "I wish you could've seen your face when you came. You looked really good..."

"Hehhh~... Is that so?" I replied, my voice airy and dazed.

My mind felt completely blank, like it had short-circuited. I couldn't even process what was going on around me anymore.

"Then... make me show a lot more of those faces," I murmured.

I spread my legs open for him, inviting him in without a shred of hesitation.

"I'm ready for it."

"Alright then..." he muttered.

I could already see it in his eyes that he wanted to enter me now. His patience was hanging by a thread.

I wondered... what does sex really feel like?

My mother never had any sex before marrying my father, the King, and even then, the King's reproductive organ had already failed him. The only way they could produce an heir was through artificial means.

So I never got the chance to ask my mother how it would feel to be taken by a man.

And now... I was about to lose my virginity before my mother ever could. Hehehe... It sounded weird when I thought about it, but for some reason, I really liked that idea.

Once Leon had removed all his clothes, my eyes widened in surprise.

Even though he looked lean under his clothes and didn't appear that muscular at first glance... he actually had a really well-toned body. Firm, defined lines ran along his chest and abdomen. He was built in a way that didn't scream brute strength but radiated quiet power.

And then... my gaze dropped.

Something under his underwear shifted.

Something big.

"Eh...?"

When he pulled down his pants, it revealed itself.

It bounced up multiple times before finally standing straight.

This big... grotesque thing...

It was going to enter me.

And strangely enough, instead of feeling afraid or disgusted...

My heart started to melt with anticipation.

Chapter 680: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (4)

Leon moved between my legs, his presence looming over me like a shadow.

"Haa...~ Haaa~..."

Oh no...

My breath escaped in short, heated pants.

I sounded like a dog in heat.

I couldn't believe this was really happening.

Me... the Princess. The symbol of elegance and composure, admired by nobles and commoners alike. The one who walked with grace in every corridor of the palace, who carried the weight of the crown's dignity... was now lying beneath a man, trembling and gasping, completely lost to lust as he was about to have sex with me.

"You're a pervert, Princess," Leon said with a faint smirk. "I never would've thought."

"Hehehe...~ haa... haa~... I wouldn't have thought it myself..."

It was something I never imagined and had never allowed myself to consider.

That I might actually be a pervert.

Raised in a world of velvet halls and strict etiquette, where I was taught to keep my chin up and my most of my expressions hidden, I had never truly understood what sex even was. I had read the formal descriptions, the royal responsibilities tied to it... but this... this was different.

And now that I was feeling it...

I was going to experience it with my own body...

Something inside me cracked open.

Something utterly, shamefully exhilarating.

My body was shaking... my breath ragged and fast... and between my thighs, my vagina was drenched.

It was sticky and throbbing.

There was no mistaking it.

I was really a pervert.

"I'm going to enter now," he murmured.

His voice sent a shiver down my spine.

"Right. Come."

And then, slowly, he reached down and hooked a finger around the crotch of my underwear, tugging it aside.

The cool air of the room kissed the slick, glistening folds of my vagina.

I shuddered, both from embarrassment and anticipation.

Then, I felt it.

The blunt head of his penis, which was warm and firm, pressing against my entrance.

"Mnnnn...!"

I gasped sharply as he pushed forward. It was gently but persistently.

The pressure built...

My walls tensed instinctively before they gave way, slowly and steadily parting around him.

My teeth clenched as he sank deeper.

Every inch felt like it was stretching me open, making my inner walls tighten, hug, and welcome the invading heat of him.

He slid in slowly, like he wanted to make me feel everything, like every ridge, every throb, and every twitch of his member as it forged a path inside my untouched body.

And then...

He hit something deep within me.

"Nghhh!"

A sharp sting tore through me. My body arched, involuntarily reacting to the pain.

But it vanished as quickly as it came.

The ache faded... leaving only a thick, pulsing fullness behind.

I blinked through the tears in my eyes and looked up at him.

More.

He was still going deeper. My vagina clenched around him, fluttering helplessly as more of his member sank into me.

"Wait a little longer. It's not all in yet," he warned, his breath warm against my cheek.

Then he pushed.

"Hngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

It was a one final, steady thrust that filled me completely, hitting the deepest part of my body.

"It feels even better than I imagined..." I whispered breathlessly, my chest rising and falling as I gasped for air. "It feels hot..."

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"It's not as painful as people always say it is," I replied.

The pain had come and gone, but now... all I could feel was this incredible sense of fullness, like I was being claimed, stretched, and owned in the most intimate way possible.

"I'm going to move then," he said.

"Yes..."

He gripped my hips, and then he began to move.

And just like that, I lost it.

"Fnnghhh, nghhhnnn, hnnnnaaa....~! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhnnn~, ahhh~, ahh~! Ah~! Hnnnghhh, hnnnn, hnnnnn~ Nnnnnnn, ahhnnnn~!"

Moans erupted from my mouth like a symphony of filth. I couldn't control them. I didn't want to.

Every thrust sent sparks dancing up my spine.

His penis, which was wet and hot, slid through my walls with sinful ease, each movement drawing more slick sounds from my body, from my lips and down from my very soul.

"Hnnghhh~ Ahhh, ahhh... It... Ahhnnnn~...!"

Words slipped from me like water.

The feeling of being filled—truly filled—was overwhelming. Every drag of his penis along my walls left me lightheaded and dizzy with pleasure. The lewd, wet sounds of our bodies echoed through the room.

And I could feel every single thing.

The way his tip brushed deep inside me, nudging places I never knew existed, making them throb and clench in response.

"Hnnghhh...! It's hitting me so deep... Hnnghhhhhhhh~"

It was like my brain was sizzling. Melting, even.

The rational, composed princess was slipping away, replaced by something wilder, needier, and completely at his mercy.

My moans rose in pitch. My skin burned with heat. My body was jerking and bucking on its own, trying to meet every thrust.

"Hnnnnnn~! Ahhnnnnnnnn! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahnnnghhhhhh~!"

Then it happened.

That familiar, intense sensation.

The one that felt like I was going to float, like my entire body was being pulled into something higher.

It surged up from within, wrapping me in heat, tightening around my core.

[illegible]

I couldn't stop it. My back arched, my nails dug into the sheets, and a cry escaped me.

It was a loud, long, and shameless cry of pleasure.

It felt like I was soaring, bursting, and coming undone. All at the same time.

Then... it passed.

My body collapsed back onto the bed, trembling and spent.

"Haa...~ Haaa..." I panted, barely able to keep my eyes open. "It feels... so gooddd..." I breathed out, dazed.

"That's the expression I want to see," he murmured.

I didn't even know what kind of face I was making right now.

But if I had to guess...

It was probably something utterly filthy.

The expression of a princess who once carried herself with poise and dignity was now reduced to this.

She was panting, sweaty, and soaked in lust, making a face that could only be described as lewd.

"Hnnn, ahhhhn...~"

He continued pounding into me—again and again—without mercy, his hips slamming against mine with wet, rhythmic force.

Each time he pushed in, it felt like my insides were being reshaped to his will, and the walls of my vagina clung to his penis with desperation, like they were trying to memorize him... to squeeze out every inch of sensation they could wring from his shape.

I could feel my walls contracting around him greedily, sucking him deeper each time he moved.

It was like my body had a will of its own, like it was determined to etch his presence into my flesh, burning the imprint of his penis into my core so that I'd never forget how to take him again.

The friction of skin against skin.

It was hot, slick, and lewd. It felt criminally good.

Too good.

Dangerously addictive.

I wasn't just reacting to it...

I was giving in.

Letting it all take over.

Letting him take over.

Little by little, I could feel myself drowning in the pleasure, losing track of time, space... everything.

My vision blurred at the edges.

My breath caught in my throat.

I gritted my teeth, trying to resist, but the sensation was too much.

Too much.

"Nghhh~, hhnngghh~, hhnng, hhnngggg, ghnnn~"

The sounds falling from my lips didn't even feel like my own anymore.

The moment I accepted him inside me—fully and without hesitation—I felt it.

Like I became his.

Like my body had changed from something regal into something made for him.

And the scary part was...

I didn't hate it.

Not even close.

I loved it.

That feeling... of being used, being filled, being stretched, it was so good as it was maddening. I couldn't stop. I didn't want to.

My body was molding to fit his needs, reshaping itself like soft clay to match exactly what he liked.

Every deep thrust of his cock forced my flesh to part, to give way to him, and each time it did, a wave of heat exploded through my belly like a firework.

And goodness, that sensation... of my walls being pushed aside, stretched open again and again...

It was divine.

"Ahhnnnn, it's cominggg~... S-Something's coming againnnnn~ Nghhhhhhhhhghhhghhhhhhh~!!!"

And just like that, I shattered again.

My orgasm tore through me like a tidal wave, ripping away every ounce of control I had left.

A powerful squirt of clear liquid burst from deep inside me, so sudden and sharp it slapped against his crotch with a messy splash, forcing his cock back slightly from the sheer pressure of it.

"Haaaaaaaannnnnn~::~..."

I felt like I was flying, floating through the clouds without wings, untethered by anything. My body trembled, tingled, and ached with ecstasy.

The fullness, the pressure, the weight of him inside me, it was so indescribably good that I wished time would stop, just so I could stay like this forever.

"Ahhhhn, ahhh...~!"

Leon pushed back inside me, not hesitating at all.

My body, still twitching from release, welcomed him immediately.

I had already committed his shape to memory.

My muscles remembered. My heat remembered.

And it pulled him back in.

Even though I'd already gotten used to the size of his cock, the way it stretched me still sent tremors across my skin.

The moment he entered again, I gasped.

"Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnghhhhh~"

That one thrust nearly knocked me out.

My mind blanked, and my eyes rolled back for a second.

"Yes. That's right, Princess. Make more of that face," he said.

That voice... it made my chest flutter.

What kind of face was I making?

I wanted to know.

I needed to see what kind of expression I had while being fucked like this, while being taken and reshaped by his cock like it was molding me into something new.