

The World 681

Chapter 681: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (5)

"Ahn, ahn, ahhh~ ngghhhhhhh~, hnnnnnn, hnnghhh~...!"

My body trembled uncontrollably, each breath I took shallow and ragged, like I was barely holding onto reality.

I was slowly unraveling, coming apart at the seams.

My eyes rolled back so hard they almost felt stuck, lost in a haze of pleasure so intense it made my vision blur.

My vagina, drenched and gripping desperately, began to mold itself around his cock, tightening and sucking him in deeper with every thrust. The feeling was addictive.

My mouth hung open, lips twitching from the overload, my voice slipping out in broken cries.

"Ahn, ahh, ahhn, ahh, ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ahnnghhh~!"

Sweat poured from our bodies, flying in tiny glistening droplets as our hips collided over and over. The room felt hot, thick with the smell of sex, the air humid and heavy with our sounds.

My mind... it couldn't hold on anymore.

Everything was slipping... my sense of self, time, and control.

And I welcomed it.

I was being fucked senseless, and I fucking loved it.

Leon's hands gripped my hips tighter, his fingers digging into my skin, anchoring me to him like he never wanted to let go.

I felt his cock twitching violently inside me, pulsing harder, like it was preparing to explode.

"Hnngghhhh~! AHhhnnnnnnnghhh~ Hnnnn...! Ahhnn, ahhngghhhh~!!!"

My moans were getting louder, wild and unrestrained, echoing off the walls. My whole body arched into him.

And then—without warning—I felt it.

A sudden, overwhelming surge.

I was going to orgasm again.

My insides clenched, and my breath hitched as it came barreling toward me like a tidal wave.

Then—

"Hnghhh~!? Hnnngghhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

He came inside me.

Hot, thick liquid shot deep, flooding my insides, and in that instant... it was like a supernova went off behind my eyes.

I saw stars... literal, blinding stars.

My entire body convulsed as I came with him, vagina squeezing down on his penis in wild spasms.

The orgasm ripped through me like lightning.

Every nerve in my body screamed with pleasure. My fingers curled, my toes pointed, and my mouth opened in a silent gasp as I shook.

And then... everything just melted.

I don't even know how long I was out of it, but when I finally returned to my senses, Leon slowly pulled out of me, and I whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

A long, sticky strand of white fluid stretched between us, connecting his tip to my vagina.

Then—just as casually—he aimed and painted my stomach with more of his seed.

The warmth of it hit me in heavy drops.

"Haa... Ha...!"

I panted like I had just run for miles, my chest rising and falling fast, my heart thundering in my ears.

My limbs went limp.

Finally, my body relaxed into the bed.

"What... was that?" I asked, voice barely audible, almost shaky.

"That's just me marking you," he replied coolly. "You're my woman now."

"I'm... yours now...?" I repeated slowly, tasting the words like honey on my tongue.

Strangely, it felt natural. Or right, even.

It rolled off my lips so sweetly that I smiled.

"Fufufu..." A soft laugh escaped me as I brought my hand down to my crotch, feeling the warmth inside me, knowing it was his. "I'm your woman now... I'm really happy..."

That was just round one.

We hadn't even had the time to soak it in and to enjoy the afterglow properly.

We still needed to head to the castle. My father awaited us there, and we had to convince him that Leon—not the emperor—was the right man to be my husband.

"Should I keep my hair messy... so Father notices we had sex?" I asked, looking at him with a crooked grin.

"Well, I guess so," he said, shrugging. "But honestly, I think your father's gonna know just by the aura you're giving off."

"Aura?"

"Yeah. For one—you look more mature now."

"You really think so?" I smiled, genuinely touched. "That makes me happy to hear."

It sounded silly—thinking someone becomes more mature just by having sex once.

But still... hearing that made my heart flutter.

We dressed ourselves again.

Even though our clothes were back on, we still reeked of sex. It clung to us like a second skin.

His seed still coated my inner walls. Every step I took made it shift and swirl inside me, a constant reminder of what we just did.

And just thinking about it I could feel the heat building up again.

Goodness... I really am a pervert, huh?

I opened the door to my room.

And right there in the hallway—stood Angelica.

Her eyes widened the moment she saw me.

Without missing a beat, her hand went straight to her blade.

The moment she looked at me—disheveled, flushed, and freshly had sex—she must've assumed Leon had done something to me.

She probably already knew.

We had sex.

She could sense it.

And she was right.

But I didn't need her pulling her sword on him. I wouldn't let anyone harm the man I loved—not even her.

"Angelica," I said firmly, stepping forward.

"B-But...!"

"I told you—it's fine," I cut in. "I initiated it."

She grit her teeth hard, her body trembling.

She looked like she was about to pounce.

Like a wild animal backed into a corner.

"It's fine," Leon said calmly, stepping in. "Let her come at me."

I turned to him, eyebrows raised.

"If you don't let her let it out, she's gonna explode eventually. Let her take it out on me. Let her unleash everything she's holding in."

I stared at him for a moment.

And then... a smile pulled at the corners of my lips.

"Alright then... By your will, Angelica."

Angelica let out a growl, clenching her fists, and in the next second, she lunged forward.

She dashed toward Leon with rage in her eyes.

But Leon—

He didn't move.

He didn't flinch.

He didn't draw a sword. Nor created a stance.

Just... standing there.

As if he was ready to take it all.

Everything she had.

But before Angelica could even finish her swing, her sword was suddenly ripped from her grip and sent spiraling through the air.

She didn't even see how it happened.

Leon hadn't moved—he hadn't even flinched—yet somehow, the blade was no longer in her hands. Disarmed as if by an invisible force, like the very air had betrayed her.

And yet, that didn't deter her in the slightest.

With her teeth clenched and eyes burning, Angelica drew back her fist, muscles tightening beneath her armor. Then she launched it forward with a burst of explosive speed.

It was a fast punch.

Everything about it screamed discipline and combat experience. It was fluid, sharp and lethal.

A true Magic Knight's strike.

But Leon shifted.

Just a fraction of a movement. A slight turn of the shoulder. Barely perceptible.

And the punch missed.

Angelica snarled under her breath and followed up with another.

Then another.

Then another.

Her fists were blurs of motion, slicing through the air with precision and force. Each strike was honed to perfection.

But every single one missed its mark.

Leon didn't counter. He didn't even raise his arms. He simply moved. With the barest, minimal effort, he slipped past every blow like a whisper in the wind.

His expression didn't change.

He was calm. Stoic. Completely unfazed.

It was as if Angelica wasn't even a threat to him.

Her breathing began to pick up.

Her movements grew slower and heavier.

Sweat glistened on her forehead, clinging to strands of her hair as her stamina gradually drained away.

And then... her exhaustion finally caught up to her.

With one smooth motion, Leon raised his hand and caught both of her wrists mid-strike. His grip was firm, but not harsh. It was enough to stop her, not hurt her.

Angelica's body trembled for a moment, her strength gone.

And then, her knees buckled beneath her.

She dropped to the floor, panting and defeated.

I approached slowly.

"Angelica," I said softly, kneeling slightly so my voice could reach her clearly.

"You don't have to be so hostile. That's because..."

I turned my eyes toward Leon, standing tall and still as a statue beside me.

"You are not allowed to do something so absurd... with the next King of Milham," I said, my voice now colder.

Angelica's eyes widened as the weight of my words hit her like a brick wall. She looked at me, stunned, as if she hadn't truly believed it until that very moment.

"When I ascend the throne," I said clearly, "he will be the one standing beside me. He will be my partner, my equal."

"So it is only natural..." I continued, pausing just enough to let my next words sink in, "...that your loyalty extends to him, and not just to me."

I gave her a smile.

But there was no warmth in it. No softness. Only the steel behind a ruler's will.

Angelica lowered her head, defeated in more ways than one.

She had always been loyal to me. She has a completely, unwaveringly loyal. But loyalty without vision was dangerous. I couldn't have someone beside me who would jeopardize everything just to keep me from growing, just to protect me from choices that were mine to make.

I wouldn't be a true queen if I let others bear the burden I was meant to carry.

I couldn't become a ruler by standing still, coddled in someone else's safety net.

If I truly wanted to wear the crown...

Then I had to leap.

A queen doesn't get carried. She jumps—with her own two feet.

I extended my hand to her, fingers open and waiting.

"Now then," I said gently, "shall we go to the royal castle next, Angelica?"

She hesitated—just a moment. Then her eyes closed, and I could see the decision behind her furrowed brow.

When they opened again, she reached up and took my hand.

And with that, the three of us walked forward.

Toward the castle.

Toward the throne.

Toward the showdown with the King.

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We finally arrived at the castle.

The very air around the entrance felt heavier and tighter than usual. It was as though suspicion itself lingered in the wind.

Rows of armored royal knights stood more alert than ever, their eyes sharp, their hands close to their weapons. The silence was tense, as if everyone had agreed not to breathe too loudly.

It was obvious why.

The recent attack on the Holy City had rattled the entire kingdom, and the castle, as the heart of its power, had responded with unwavering paranoia. The guards were no longer just ceremonial. They were ready for war.

But I didn't falter.

My footsteps echoed against the polished stone floor as I kept walking with my heels clicking against each step.

I didn't even glance at the knights as they studied me and the man who walked at my side.

That man... was Christopher Faust.

Not Leon.

At least, not the Leon everyone knew.

But deep down, they were one and the same.

Just cloaked in a new shell.

Leon's usual jet-black hair was gone and was replaced by silken strands of pure white that shimmered beneath the sunlight pouring through the castle's high windows.

His appearance radiated prestige and mystery.

His clothes—an elaborate ensemble of deep royal blue and silver, embroidered with gold thread—looked like something only kings or emperors could afford.

The knights clearly noticed the contrast. But because he was walking with me, they said nothing. Perhaps they assumed he had my approval. Or maybe they just didn't want trouble.

Whatever the case, no one moved to stop us.

We moved deeper into the castle. The towering corridors felt colder today and less welcoming than usual. A lingering shadow seemed to hang over everything.

Eventually, we reached the massive double doors of the throne room.

They groaned open slowly, as though even the castle itself hesitated.

Angelica stayed behind, close to the marble pillars at the far end.

Leon and I advanced forward together, step by step, until we stood in the very heart of the royal court.

My father was already on his throne.

He looked exactly as I remembered.

He was bloated in pride, draped in velvet, and surrounded by women whose eyes sparkled with empty devotion.

One of his concubines was down on her knees, licking his toe with a sickening sort of delight, her naked form shivering in arousal or fear. I couldn't tell which.

Another had her bare breasts pressed to his face, giggling as if nothing in the world existed but his touch.

It was repulsive.

And yet, for a man supposedly crippled by erectile dysfunction, he looked absurdly content. More alive than he had any right to be.

I could never understand it. His obsession with women, even though his member barely worked anymore. Maybe it wasn't about sex at all. Maybe it was about power. About control.

Or maybe he just needed something— or anything for that matter—to distract himself from how pathetic he truly was.

"Hmph?"

He finally noticed me.

His bleary eyes lifted lazily from between that woman's breasts and locked onto mine.

The man who was my father.

His gaze dropped from the height of his throne like a guillotine.

"Why are you here?"

His voice was coarse and irritated, like I had just ruined his afternoon.

"I've come to talk to you about some matters, Father," I replied coolly, curtsying with practiced elegance. My fingers lifted the edges of my dress just enough to reveal a glimpse of stocking, and I placed one foot behind the other with perfect posture.

"I don't have the time. Can't you see that I'm busy?"

He waved a hand dismissively, as if I were just another servant interrupting his pleasure.

"I can see that," I said with a calm, practiced smile. "But this is a matter of importance."

The corners of my lips lifted, but the cold in my eyes made it clear that I wasn't smiling for him.

He stared at me longer this time.

Something flickered in his expression.

It was suspicion.

His gaze traced me slowly, from the tip of my polished shoes to the curve of my jaw.

What was he thinking? Could he sense it?

That I wasn't the same girl from before?

That something inside me had shifted?

Then his attention moved.

He looked to the man beside me.

"You..."

His voice dropped, laced with venom and alarm.

It was clear now.

He knew.

Leon had been right.

All it took was a glance.

And he understood.

He could tell I had changed. That I'd grown.

That I'd had sex.

And standing next to me who was exuding that aura of cool control and confidence, it wasn't hard for him to guess who it had been with.

My smile never faded.

Leon didn't flinch either. He simply stood there, smiling beside me with a relaxed poise.

The King let out a tired sigh. "Fine... State your business."

"I think it would be rather inappropriate to discuss what I'm about to say in front of so many people," I said with a playful calmness. "Especially when those people are naked... one licking your toes and another suffocating your face with her tits."

He grunted in annoyance.

"...You can all go."

His concubines scrambled like startled cats. Some clutching their clothes hastily against their bodies, others still giggling shamelessly as they hurried out through the side door, bare feet slapping against the cold marble floor.

The room fell silent once they were gone.

"Now then, state your business here."

"I love that you're getting straight to the point, Father," I said, gently brushing the edge of my dress as I stepped forward. "But before I do, I believe it would be wise to introduce this man to you."

He looked at Leon again, this time more intently.

Leon said nothing at first, but his presence filled the room like smoke.

Then he stepped forward.

With elegance befitting royalty, he bowed with his torso bending at a precise 45 degrees, one hand placed firmly over his chest.

"Nice to officially meet you, Your Majesty," he said. "My name is Christopher Faust. I am the current owner of the company Leonamon."

The King's eyes shot wide open.

For a moment, I saw something rare in his face. It was genuine shock.

And then, like a crack running down his mask, his lips split apart into a grin.

"Fufufu... Fufufu... Hehahahahahahahahaha! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

He erupted into wild laughter.

The sound was thunderous. It was bouncing off every wall, rattling the chandeliers, and drowning the stillness in manic echoes.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Is this it, Myrcella?! Is this how you're planning to defy me?! I've got to admit, I'm impressed! You really do impress me, Myrcella!"

I stood silently, watching him with calm detachment. His joy didn't affect me.

It was bizarre to see him so amused. I had expected fury with him screaming, or acting with rage, even a threat or two.

But this...

This was something else entirely.

Leon remained composed beside me, still smiling faintly, like he was watching a predictable play.

"You really do take after your mother. I can't believe it... HAHAHAHA!" He clutched his forehead, his laughter nearly doubling him over. "That bitch's genes are stronger than mine, it seems... Makes me wonder if you're even my daughter."

"I'm pretty sure I am," I replied with a small smirk. "Given how calculated I am, I'd say I got that part from you."

"That wench is more calculated than you think," he muttered, shaking his head. "I'll tell you that much. Which is exactly why I can't bring myself to fuck that woman. Just the idea of lying in the same bed with her makes me sick to my stomach. Feels like I'd get stabbed in the back the moment I close my eyes. Thankfully, my member doesn't even work anymore, so I've got no reason to stick it in her. Still pisses me off that I had to marry that bitch in the first place. But... all for the sake of peace, I guess? What a bunch of fucking hypocrites."

His eyes drifted between the two of us, settling into a strange mix of amusement and curiosity.

"Now then... the First Princess of Milham... and the owner of the Leonamon company..." he said, lips curling into a smile. "I think I've got a pretty good idea why the two of you came here."

Then his attention locked onto Leon.

"But let me ask this first. You... the owner... how do you like the taste of my daughter?"

"It is very delightful, Your Majesty," Leon answered smoothly, not missing a beat.

"This was the first time?"

"We did it just earlier today," he replied plainly.

"Oh? So you didn't want her to become the woman of the empire, and decided to make your move early. Smart. That's a lucky move on your part. You're fast."

"Father," I cut in, my voice sharp enough to stop him from veering the conversation further into his little game. "You already know why we came here, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, of course I do, Myrcella." He nodded, leaning back in his throne with a lazy grin. "But let me ask you something first... What would you do to convince me to change my decision?"

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"Let me ask you something first... What would you do to convince me to change my decision?"

The King's voice thundered across the vast marble hall, reverberating off the tall stone pillars like a roar from the heavens.

It wasn't just a question.

But it was a challenge. A warning. A test of worth.

From atop his grand golden throne, he gazed down upon us, the sheer weight of his authority pressing into our chests like an invisible force.

His gaze was sharp, piercing through the distance like a blade of judgment.

"Is your daughter marrying the owner of one of the largest corporations in the world not enough for you?"

"If that's all this is about, then I could just hand you over to the Empire instead. The Empire holds far more influence than any lowborn's company could ever hope to offer me," he declared coldly, his eyes narrowing in our direction.

He was right.

The Empire of Rodonia wasn't just a power.

It was a nation built on conquest, firepower, and an endless supply of soldiers.

A behemoth that no corporation, no matter how successful, could truly compare with.

Leonamon might've led the market with its advanced tech and global presence.

Its reach was undeniable, but it was still just a company. A well-oiled machine for commerce, not war. When it came to raw might and military dominance, the Empire outclassed it by far.

What Leonamon lacked—what no amount of profit could buy—was manpower and military muscle. Rodonia had both in terrifying excess.

And yet, amid the thick tension in the room, Leon's hand rose.

"May I, Your Majesty?"

The King tilted his head slightly, acknowledging the gesture with subtle interest.

"You may," he answered.

Leon took a slow and steady step forward. His boots echoed against the polished floor. The confidence in his stride was undeniable. He glanced at me, just for a second, and offered a soft, confident smile.

That small smile—barely more than a curl of his lips—somehow filled me with a strange calm.

It told me he had a plan. That he wasn't just standing before the King blindly. He had something.

Then it happened.

Without warning, the roots of his hair began to darken, pitch-black tendrils of color bleeding down, strand by strand, transforming him before our eyes. It was like watching ink spill over white silk, until his entire head of hair was midnight black.

A hushed silence blanketed the room.

"Interesting..." the King muttered, a glimmer of amusement flickering in his otherwise stoic expression.

It wasn't just curiosity. It was something more. A predator seeing an unexpected move from its prey.

"So... are you telling me that wasn't your true appearance?"

Leon met the King's eyes without flinching.

"This is my true appearance. I only changed my hair color," he said.

"You're a far more interesting man than I thought," the King mused with a crooked smirk. "Well, that certainly explains how you managed to win over Myrcella."

He leaned forward, elbows resting on the armrests of his throne, chin tilted slightly in amusement.

"So then... what exactly are you planning to propose to me?"

Leon didn't hesitate.

"I assume you've heard the rumor going around. About a so-called 'skillless' man dating the Princess of the Bethlan Kingdom... and also the Princess of the Feliann Clan which was currently regarded as the most prestigious clan among all Beast Clans."

The room tensed again, as though the walls themselves leaned in to listen.

"You're claiming... that man is you?" the King asked, his tone suddenly quieter and more focused. His eyes locked onto Leon's, scouring for lies.

Leon shrugged lightly.

"You can believe it or not. That part doesn't really matter. But I think you've sat on that throne for years, judged countless people, and probably developed an instinct to detect lies. I'm sure you can feel that I'm telling the truth."

The King stared at him, silent.

One breath.

Two.

Then a short, sharp snort of laughter escaped his lips.

"I see it," he admitted, reclining back into his throne. "You're not lying."

A chuckle followed, low and amused.

"It's really surprising that you managed to tame those two. The Bethlan Princess? She's a spoiled brat that always whining for attention like a child. And the Feliann girl? A feral beast of a girl—she'd rather bash a man's skull in than look at him with anything close to affection. And now... you've got Myrcella too?"

He let out a slow, exaggerated sigh.

"I wouldn't even be surprised if you ended up seducing the Queen of Milham next."

Leon grinned.

"I don't think I'd enjoy cucking you, Your Majesty."

A deep, guttural laugh echoed through the hall.

"Well, as long as it's not one of my concubines, I couldn't care less. You can have the Queen for all I care."

Hearing him speak about my mother like that... so casually and so dismissively, it made me realize just how little he actually valued her. A wife, a queen, discarded like nothing more than an unwanted trinket.

"But how exactly does your connection with these princesses help your case?" the King asked, though there was now a visible curiosity in his expression. "What makes you think that'll make me change my mind?"

Leon stepped forward again, his voice low but firm.

"It's simple, Your Highness. You're underestimating the power of the minor kingdoms around you. You see them as insignificant. Weak. But I don't."

He paused.

"Individually, maybe they are small. But united... they could form a force large enough to rival anything. Even the Empire. You're sitting on a powder keg and laughing at the fuse."

The King raised an eyebrow.

"Hoh?"

He leaned in once more, his fingers curling under his chin.

Leon's eyes glinted.

"And I'm not done. I have more connections."

"Oh?"

"The Elven Kingdom."

That single name changed the air in the room. Even the King's expression tightened.

"The Elven Kingdom?" he repeated, his voice dropping just a bit.

Leon nodded.

"The former student council president at the academy... she's the Princess of the Elven Kingdom."

I felt my breath hitch.

Miss Artemis?

Princess of the Elven Kingdom?

That... I didn't know. I never even suspected it. But now that he said it, it wasn't impossible. Maybe she used magic to hide her ears, blending in as a human the whole time.

"Why are you bringing up the Elven Kingdom too?" my father asked, his brows furrowing slightly, a spark of curiosity hidden behind his stern gaze. "If I recall correctly, the elves hate humans with a passion. Don't tell me... you're saying you've also formed a connection with the Elven Princess?"

Leon didn't miss a beat. His lips curled slightly with that calm, calculating confidence of his.

"It's not just that," he said. "I'm also in a sexual relationship with the Queen."

Time froze for a moment.

My breath caught in my throat as the weight of those words slammed into me like a hammer.

My eyes widened involuntarily, and my whole body tensed, almost as if I'd been struck.

Even though I heard it loud and clear, my mind refused to accept it. A thick fog of disbelief clouded my thoughts.

He did not just say that...

And yet, he had. My brain reeled.

It felt unreal. It was actually so outrageous that even knowing Leon's eccentric, unpredictable nature, this revelation still felt like being tossed into an entirely different reality.

My father's reaction was delayed by a beat. Then...

"Fuhahahahahahahahaha!"

He roared with laughter, like thunder rolling from the belly of the earth. His whole body shook as he leaned forward, gripping his stomach and slapping his knees with such force that the sound echoed through the chamber.

"Now that's hilarious!" he wheezed between laughs. "Not only the Princess, but the Queen too? A mother elf and daughter elf... Hah! At this point, I'm starting to wish you were my son instead!"

Leon smirked. "You could make that wish a reality," he replied smoothly. "And not just in jest. You can make it official, by giving me Princess Myrcella's hand in marriage instead of handing her off to the Emperor."

My father chuckled again, this time slower and darker, like he was genuinely impressed.

"Hehehe..."

He leaned back, a glint of amusement lighting his aging eyes, something I hadn't seen before. It was as if, for once, he was actually entertained.

"Very well... Very well," he said, nodding, his voice more relaxed now. "You're something else, Christopher Faust. You've proven to be far more than just capable, you're entertaining. So be it. From this moment on, you are officially Myrcella's fiancé."

It was like witnessing a spell being cast, one that altered the fabric of reality.

No... it wasn't just shocking. It felt engineered.

Planned down to the last detail.

Leon had maneuvered every moment with such precision that I couldn't help but feel like we were all playing pieces on his board. This was what he wanted all along.

But then my father's tone shifted.

"However..." he said. "Don't think this means you'll inherit the throne. That's not going to happen. The name Milham is the only name that will ever sit on that seat. Our bloodline is sacred. No outsider, regardless of how clever or charming, can rule this kingdom."

His gaze locked with Leon's, daring him.

"So if you were hoping to seize power through marriage, abandon the thought. It won't happen. Unless, of course..." he said with a slow smile, "you plan to usurp me."

The tension in the air thickened instantly.

There was no threat in his voice, but a challenge.

It wasn't anger or suspicion. It was almost like... expectation.

The way he said it, it was almost like he expected us to try.

Like he knew, someday, a revolution might be stirred by the very people standing before him. That was just how clever this man was—he was already ten steps ahead.

"If you do decide to rise against me," he added, "then come at me with everything you've got. Just know that I won't be holding anything back."

And like that, Leon became my fiancé.

Chapter 684: Epilogue 13 - Christopher Faust, The Next King Of Milham (8)

Back to the present...

Even now, I was still amazed at how easily Leon had turned the situation in his favor. On how smoothly he'd manipulated my father, of all people.

But then again, I shouldn't be surprised.

Leon was clever. Sharper than any blade. And his connections... his reach... were far greater than I had initially realized.

As I walked through the elegant stone hallway, my thoughts still tangled with the past, I felt a sudden, subtle buzz against my most sensitive area.

"Nnn~..."

My body jolted, my thighs instinctively squeezing together.

A rush of heat flushed through me like a silent tide.

"P-Princess, are you alright?" Angelica asked, stepping closer with concern in her voice.

"I'm fine," I murmured quickly, trying to steady my voice as I fought back the tingling sensation building within me. "It's just... I'm feeling a little hazy. I'm probably still flustered from that meeting with those stubborn old men."

But then, another stronger buzz came.

"Hngghhh~..."

My breath hitched, and a low moan escaped before I could bite it back.

I clenched my fists and dug my nails into my palm, trying to suppress the flood of sensation, but my body was betraying me.

"W-What's that buzzing sound just now?! And P-Princess, you're... you're so red!" Angelica looked at me, eyes wide in panic.

"You don't need to worry about me," I said through gritted teeth, though my voice quivered with every pulse of that toy inside me.

The vibrations surged again.

This time with deliberate force.

It was like Leon was punishing me. Or rewarding me. I couldn't tell.

Was Leon doing this intentionally? Had he noticed that the meeting was over and decided now was the time to play with me?

I'd been feeling the light tremors earlier, during the meeting. But now, they were on a whole other level. The kind that made your knees buckle and your heart race out of control.

"Ahhnn~... haaa... ahhh... N-No... I'm going to—!"

My legs gave out, trembling violently beneath me, and I clung to Angelica's arms, gasping.

"P-Princess?!"

"Ahhh... Ahhh... Ahnnghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

I came.

Right there in the middle of the hallway.

The orgasm hit me right there in the middle of the hallway, with my loyal magic knight standing right in front of me.

But strangely enough... I didn't feel embarrassed.

Not even a little.

In fact... it made me feel hornier.

My vision blurred slightly, and I was certain my face had twisted into an absolutely indecent expression. My whole body trembled as my legs pressed tightly together. I was squirting uncontrollably, soaking the pristine floor of the administrator's building. My thighs quivered, and I couldn't stop the wet warmth spreading between them.

Leon's POV

I took my thumb off the remote's button.

It was the control for the vibrator Myrcella had inside her right now which was pressed snugly against her needy little pussy.

I could only imagine the sight.

She was probably still twitching, soaked in her own fluids, face twisted in a slutty, orgasm-drunk expression. That hallway would never look the same again.

"What's that, Leon?" Estelle asked casually, eyeing the pink remote in my hand.

"Nothing important," I replied with a small smile, slipping it back into my pocket. "Well, I'm heading out. Catch you later."

"Alright. See you later~"

With that, I left the cafeteria, heading off with a knowing grin, eager to greet my trembling little princess once she came back to me.

However, just before I could take a single step toward where I was headed...

I froze.

Someone was standing in front of me. She seemed to be waiting.

A lone figure, as if she belonged there the entire time.

Her lips curled into a smile the moment our eyes met.

Not a fake smile.

Not a political mask.

But a soft, warm, disarming smile... the kind that reaches deeper than words.

Her face, too, radiated a strange warmth. There was something motherly about her... yet also dignified, like a woman who carried both kindness and quiet sorrow in her gaze.

I had seen her before.

Not up close. Not like this.

But her presence was unforgettable.

And now, for the very first time... we were face to face.

"You must be... Leon, right?" she asked, her voice carrying the smooth, practiced cadence of nobility.

The way she said it, the way her eyes met mine... it felt intentional. Like she had rehearsed this meeting in her head.

"Actually, I've been planning to meet you earlier," she continued, her tone lighter now, conversational. "But there's just been too much keeping me occupied in the castle. I couldn't get away, even if I wanted to."

Her eyes softened. "But I'm glad I finally had the time."

Then, she gracefully dipped into a curtsy, her movement so refined it could've been choreographed. One leg slid behind the other, her long dress gliding like silk, and with a delicate tug, she lifted her skirt slightly.

Just enough for me to catch a glimpse of the white stockings clinging to her smooth, shapely legs.

"Nice to finally meet you. I'm Helena Milham," she said, her name rolling off her tongue like a melody. "I'm Myrcella's mother... and the Queen of this kingdom."

We couldn't continue our conversation outside.

Not where a single misplaced word or glance could ripple into scandal.

Whispers would twist into rumors, and the last thing I needed was more attention at the academy.

"The room is... modest," Queen Helena said softly, as her eyes drifted across the space.

It was my room in the Bronze Dormitory. It was simple and compact. A single bed, a desk, and barely enough space to move around. Nothing fit for royalty. Thankfully, Yr was staying the night at Titania's, so we had privacy.

"Are you sure about this, Your Majesty?" I asked, shutting the door behind her. "Coming in here, alone, into a cramped dorm room... with a man you barely know? And no guards?"

She raised a brow, the corner of her mouth lifting into a playful smirk.

"Why? Are you planning to do something to me, Leon? Is Myrcella not enough for you?" she teased.

Her voice dropped a note deeper and sultrier. The subtle purr of a mature woman who knew exactly how she sounded.

And that giggle...

That light, refined laugh, it was so unlike the immature kind I was used to hearing. It wrapped itself around something inside me and gave it a subtle tug.

A MILF virgin...

There was something in the air now.

Even from across the room, I could sense it. It was something oozing off her. A heat. A scent. An aura I couldn't define.

It wasn't perfume.

It was... her.

"Well, with what I've heard about you," she said, crossing her arms under her chest, "it wouldn't surprise me if you had your eyes on the mother, too."

"Let's not go down that road," I said quickly, trying to bring the mood back to something less charged. "Sorry, but I don't exactly have a throne in here. Do you think you can manage with the bed instead?"

"The bed? Right away?" she replied with a sly chuckle. "You're bold."

Then her tone softened.

"Jokes aside... I don't care where I sit. I'm just a puppet, after all."

Puppet... huh?

"Then... what brings you here, Your Majesty?"

"Nothing specific," she said with a small shrug. "I just wanted to meet the man who managed to capture my daughter's heart. That's all. I wanted to see for myself if you really have what it takes... to stand beside her. I'm not thinking beyond that."

"For you to come here personally," I said, eyeing her closely, "you must've been thinking more than just that."

"Maybe I have," she answered with a faint, cryptic smile. "It depends."

She shifted in her seat, crossing her legs, and the soft sheen of her white stockings flashed again under the dim light.

Was she trying to tempt me?

The aura of a MILF was undeniably strong.

It clung to her like a perfume. It was thick, overwhelming, and hard to resist.

Still, I believed in my self-control.

"Leon," she said suddenly, her tone shifting, all playfulness gone.

I met her eyes.

Calm... serious... and full of a quiet urgency.

"I know what Myrcella intends to do. And I also know the kinds of walls she'll face, walls that won't budge just because she's determined. There's a chance she might not make it through this. A real chance."

She paused.

Her gaze didn't waver.

"And you might die alongside her."

Then, after a deep breath, she continued.

"I want you to protect her. To guide her when she's lost. I don't want to lose my daughter."

"I will," I said firmly.

There was no hesitation as well as second thought.

I had already decided that long before this conversation.

I didn't need her to come here to make me promise that.

Her smile returned. It was gentle, proud, and somehow... relieved.

"Is that so? I'm glad, then," she said quietly.

With a soft motion, she rose from the bed, her gown cascading down around her legs like flowing water.

I stepped forward and opened the door for her.

"Leon," she said, pausing at the threshold. "I wish you luck... in your own battle."

Then, without another word, she stepped into the hall and disappeared.

Helena's POV

As I walked away from the Bronze Dorm, my footsteps quiet on the stone path, I found myself glancing back over my shoulder.

Just once.

I looked at the door that hid the young man behind it. It was Leon.

Then I turned away again and kept walking.

Up ahead, I saw her.

Myrcella.

My daughter.

She was walking toward me from the opposite end of the corridor.

I smiled at her, instinctively.

She blinked, confused at first... but then smiled back.

In that single exchange, it was like we understood each other completely.

Leon... might truly be the one she needs.

Without him, I fear she might fail in her conquest.

But with him by her side...

I'm certain that they'll make it through.

"Fufufufu..." I let out a quiet chuckle. "I wish I had a Leon by my side too," I whispered to myself.

Chapter 685 - Johanne's Feelings (1)

Myrcella's POV

All of the current members of the student council had gathered inside the council office, the thick wooden doors now shut behind them, sealing in the warm hum of conversation and the rustling of papers.

Everyone's eyes were on me as I stood at the front, holding a clipboard filled with checklists, reminders, and notes that had only grown longer over the past few weeks.

I pointed to the various items we needed to get done this school year.

I think there were far more responsibilities than most realized.

The atmosphere was heavy with a sense of urgency, but also with a quiet kind of determination.

I could feel it in my chest that there was so much more we could do and so many things we hadn't touched yet.

Ideas rushed through my mind even as I tried to focus on the current agenda.

I kept writing down thoughts and scribbling additions in the margins of my notes, trying to make sure nothing slipped away unnoticed.

Right now, we were in full preparation mode for the upcoming Physical Examination scheduled for next month.

It wasn't just a health checkup or anything of the sort, but it was also a significant event for the academy. It had to be organized perfectly, both in structure and in spirit.

We weren't just aiming to make sure the event ran smoothly as we wanted the student body to enjoy and remember it.

Even though it was technically still an exam, we hoped to transform it into something far more engaging.

Something meaningful. Something fun.

That was why this meeting mattered so much.

The council members were energetic today.

Their voices were animated and their expressions bright.

They bounced off each other's ideas, suggesting new angles, new activities, new ways to make the event stand out.

And among them, the Vice President stood out the most.

Titania Bethlan, the Princess of the Bethlan Kingdom, was especially lively.

Her elegant posture, the gentle sway of her golden-blonde hair when she turned to speak... it was hard not to notice her.

She had a natural presence, both commanding and graceful, and she was excellent at thinking outside the box.

She pitched the idea of handing out medals and prizes to those who excelled in the exam, turning the competitive aspect into something celebratory.

But she didn't stop there as she went on to suggest that each class host its own small event on the side, like a themed booth, or even a fun café setup with students in maid uniforms.

It sounded ridiculous at first, but the more she explained it, the more everyone started nodding along. It was fresh and it was exciting.

Titania's creativity, I realized, wasn't random. It was inspired.

And the source of that inspiration... was probably her boyfriend. The person she adored more than anyone else—even, according to her own words, more than her own father.

Yes.

She loved him that much.

I found myself smiling, even if just a little.

I was honestly glad she had joined the council.

Despite our rivalry during the last election, I had always acknowledged her potential. If she had won the presidency, I wouldn't have doubted her abilities.

She had garnered a surprising amount of support and our final vote counts had only been separated by a narrow margin.

Now, having her here as my Vice President felt like an unexpected blessing.

A former rival had become a trusted ally.

"Princess Titania," I said softly. "Good job today."

We had finally finished our tasks for the day.

The budgeting was done. The framework for the Physical Examination was ready.

We had tightened our policies on sustainability and student responsibility. It had been a long day... but it was a good one.

"You too, President," she replied, flashing a warm smile.

I let out a small breath, glancing down at the final notes in my hand.

"It's been a while since I felt like I've worked this hard," I admitted. "We've made it past the halfway point of the year already. Graduation for the fourth years is just around the corner. I only wish I could do more, like convincing the academy administration to change their policies."

I looked up, eyes firm.

"To let everyone graduate as a magic knight, not just those from Gold Class."

Titania tilted her head slightly, listening with full attention.

"I'm sure you'll manage to pull it off, President," she said gently. "Even if not this year, you've still got one more shot next year."

I shook my head slowly.

"I don't think it's that simple," I replied. "Honestly, I wanted to make it happen this year, so the current fourth-years would have a chance to become magic knights too. And if I fail now, I doubt I'll be voted in again. If you ran next year, I think you'd win."

"I think you've got what it takes to be nominated again," she told me. "You've already made real changes. People see that. And you have supporters. Lots of them, in fact. Besides," she paused, smiling, "I don't plan on running again."

"Oh?" I raised a brow. "And why's that?"

"I already got what I wanted," she said softly, eyes shining. "Leon. And the other girls."

"I see..." I murmured.

She looked at me again.

"And now that you're Leon's woman too," she said with conviction, "I'll support you in any way I can."

My eyes widened slightly, then softened.

"I'm happy to hear that," I said.

The air in the office felt calm now.

Like the last breath of wind before nightfall.

"It's already getting late," I added. "Why don't we head back to the dormitory?"

With that, the two of us stepped out into the evening, leaving the student council office behind as we made our way toward the Gold Dormitory.

As Titania and I walked beneath the twilight-drenched canopy of trees lining the academy path, we saw someone standing just ahead.

A lone figure by the stone path, cast in the dim orange hue of the nearby lantern.

Someone I recognized instantly.

It was Johanne.

"Johanne?" I called out, blinking in faint surprise.

He turned smoothly toward us and offered a low, practiced bow with his right hand pressed lightly against his chest, and one foot slipping back in elegant poise.

"Ah. Hello, Princesses," he greeted. "Are the both of you heading to the dormitory now?"

His usual charm was there... but something felt... off.

There was a lilt in his voice, a slightly higher pitch than I remembered.

My brows furrowed as the sound registered fully.

"Johanne... did your voice get higher?" I asked.

He chuckled lightly, a hand rising to touch his throat.

"Ah, is that so? In truth, I've been experiencing a bit of throat trouble lately," he explained, tilting his head slightly. "So my voice might sound a little high."

It was strange.

That wasn't the voice I'd grown so used to.

Johanne's voice had always been a part of his presence. It was a low voice.

It had matured along with him, and I'd heard it enough times that it had settled into the folds of my memory.

But now... he sounded different. Slightly lighter.

Almost too delicate.

Too feminine to be a voice of a male.

And was it just me, or... had Johanne gotten shorter?

It wasn't something most would catch at a glance, but to me—who had stood beside him often—it was unmistakable.

He had always been tall.

Now, although still noticeably taller than me—heads above me even—there was something subtly off in the way he towered.

A difference that wasn't quite explainable.

Still, I told myself to let it go. Maybe I was just tired. Maybe the day's workload had left me seeing illusions in familiar things.

"Are you two going back to the dormitory?" he asked.

"Well, yes," I replied. "Are you going there as well?"

"Ah... actually, I'm waiting for someone here," Johanne said. "But... I suppose I could message him for now. I can't exactly allow two beautiful women to walk alone at this hour, can I?"

I smiled softly at that. It was classic of Johanne.

"How gentlemanly," I replied with a small tilt of my head. "But are you sure about this? Won't it look bad if you abandon your meeting like this?"

Johanne gave a small shrug, then smiled again.

"A fair point, but he mentioned he might be running late. So I figured I could at least escort the two of you before I meet him."

That smile again. There was something faintly feminine in the curve of the lips, in the flutter of the lashes—details I might not have noticed under normal circumstances

Still... I chose not to question it.

"Well, that would be a great help," I said, nodding slightly.

And so, I accepted.

Leon's POV

I was currently sprawled in bed with Irene, her bare body curled tightly against mine.

Her breath was soft and slow now, her head resting against my shoulder, her long dark purple hair cascading across my chest. One of her arms was draped possessively over me, while the other lay beneath her.

We'd just finished having sex.

She was snuggling close now, using my arm as a pillow, her eyes half-closed in a dreamy daze, like she was still floating somewhere between reality and bliss.

I glanced over at the digital clock glowing on the nightstand. The numbers stared back at me with dull indifference.

"Oh... yeah," I muttered to myself, rubbing the bridge of my nose with a sigh. "I forgot I was supposed to meet Johanne tonight..."

Irene had come to me earlier who was full of energy. She didn't even give me time to think before she was on top of me. I humored her, of course. How could I not?

And then, the promise I made to Johanne had completely slipped my mind.

Well, not entirely. I wasn't too late yet.

I grabbed my phone from the side table, tapped at the screen, and shot him a quick message.

Told him I'd be running a bit late.

Hopefully, he wouldn't be too annoyed.

Chapter 686 - Johanne's Feelings (2)

After what felt like a long, dragging walk through the quiet academy pathways, I finally reached the meeting place.

And then, I saw the person I was supposed to meet.

Johanne.

She approached with calm steps, the heels of her boots clicking softly against the concrete, echoing faintly in the stillness. Her hair swayed slightly with each step, catching the dim light. When she reached me, she gave a gentle, almost timid smile.

"Hello, Leon. I didn't bother you while you were busy, did I?" she asked, her voice soft, with just the faintest trace of hesitation behind the words.

It was still surreal... seeing her like this, I mean.

Even though Johanne had spent the majority of her life as a man, her current appearance was unmistakably feminine.

The curve of her waist, the softness in her features, the subtle sway in her movements, it was all clear that she was a woman rather than a man.

And yet, there were traces. Small ones.

Her posture had that familiar firmness.

The way she adjusted her coat, how she stood just slightly too rigidly, the awkward way she tried not to tug at her shirt like it didn't fit right—those small gestures gave it away.

Anyone who looked close enough could still see the man buried beneath the surface of this transformed body.

But of course, that was expected.

It had only been, what, barely a year since she turned into a woman?

And that's why we were here—to talk about how to fix this, if that was even possible.

Johanne's father, the Sword Saint, was no fool. He was beginning to notice something was off.

Even with Tris doing her absolute best to cover it up, that illusion wouldn't hold forever. No matter how careful she was, no matter how convincingly Johanne played the role of a son, the cracks were starting to show.

Right now, Johanne still looked passable as a man, thanks to layers of clothing and clever disguises, but the truth was lurking just beneath the surface. It was only a matter of time before someone saw through it.

"It's not a problem," I told her, trying to put on a reassuring expression. "I just got here myself. Honestly, I should be the one apologizing for not making it sooner."

She smiled again, warmer this time.

"No, it's fine," she said, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "You've got your own responsibilities. I should be the one waiting for you."

Despite everything, despite her current form, there was still that unshakable aura of charm around her and that something was oddly elegant, but masculine at the same time.

She didn't just look pretty. She was striking. Handsome, even. A kind of beauty that sat somewhere between genders, like she hadn't fully left one behind or fully embraced the other.

A beautiful contradiction.

"How's Tris?" I asked, shifting the conversation. "You two getting along alright?"

"We've been living in that huge house together... and sleeping next to each other every night," she replied, her eyes drifting for a moment, almost as if reliving the memories. "It's strange, but it feels like we're becoming closer and closer... like a real married couple."

She gave a small sigh.

"But with my body like this, it's... becoming a problem."

"Your father's expecting a child between you two, huh?"

"Yeah," she said quietly. "That was the whole point of the marriage. To unite our families through blood."

Johanne and Tris had been forced into a political marriage, a strategic move to join both families under one roof and strengthen their alliance.

But as long as there was no child—no physical proof of that union—neither side could fully secure their position.

"I just don't know what to do anymore..." Johanne murmured, her voice trembling ever so slightly. "It's not like I want to separate from Tris just because my body's like this. But we... we just can't do it like this. And even when I was still a man..."

She looked down, gripping the edge of her coat.

"My body wouldn't react... no matter what."

I remembered Tris telling me about that night. Their wedding night, to be exact.

They had tried to sleep together and tried to consummate their marriage.

But Johanne couldn't get hard. No matter how much she wanted to, no matter how much she and Tris tried... nothing happened.

I figured it had to be her biology.

Deep down, she wasn't male at all.

Not in body, and maybe not even in hormones.

Her body didn't respond the way a man's would because it simply wasn't a man's body.

"Even if you say all that..." I said slowly, scratching the back of my neck, "I don't really know what I can do for you. I don't understand how this happened in the first place."

And it was true. I didn't know. I wasn't some kind of magician or scientist. I had no clue why she changed, or how.

But I did remember something.

She kissed me.

Right before she changed, when she first turned into a woman... she kissed me.

Back then, I thought it was a dream, something that only half-registered in my sleep-dazed brain.

But the more I thought about it, the more convinced I became.

It was real.

"I-I'm not asking you to help me go back..." she said suddenly, her voice cracking as she turned away.
"Even though... I kind of know how to go back... but doing that again is..."

Her words faded into a whisper, like she didn't want me to hear them.

But I did.

I heard everything.

And I knew what she meant.

That kiss.

She kissed me back then when she turned into a woman and she did so secretly and quietly, while I was asleep. And if that's what triggered her transformation... then it was entirely possible that doing it again could change her back.

"How is... Tris reacting to all of this?" I asked.

Johanne took a breath before answering. "Well, she said I don't really have to worry about anything. As long as we keep acting like a proper, convincingly married couple, then my father and her parents won't think anything's strange," she said with a tight smile. "But... my father's starting to think one of us might be infertile. I mean, we've been married for almost a year now and still haven't had a child."

I nodded slowly. "Yeah... I guess that's a natural assumption. Makes sense, really."

After all, when two people had been married for that long without showing any sign of pregnancy, it wasn't unreasonable for the family to suspect something.

Either the couple was avoiding intimacy, delaying parenthood on purpose, or—more worryingly—one of them was infertile.

From an outside perspective, it would be difficult not to think something was wrong.

"Do you have time this weekend, Leon?" she asked suddenly, shifting the topic.

There was a quiet urgency behind her voice, like she had been debating whether to say it out loud.

"I want to invite you to our house. I want to talk more about all of this—with Tris too. Is that okay with you?"

I thought about my schedule. I didn't really have anything planned.

"I think I'll be free then," I replied without hesitation.

Hearing that, Johanne's face lit up with a small, thankful smile.

"Ah... well then... see you next week," she said with a warm nod, turning on her heel and walking away.

I watched her as she walked off into the distance.

Her figure—still carrying the remnants of her old masculine gait—gradually shrank from view.

There was something oddly elegant about her posture now, even if she was still awkward in her movements, like she hadn't fully adapted to her new body.

Her long strides echoed faintly against the pavement until finally, she disappeared from sight.

Once she was gone, I turned and made my way toward the next person who had been waiting to meet with me.

"Hey," I said flatly as I approached.

There she was.

She was sitting casually on the ground with her legs squatted wide open, completely unbothered by how unladylike the pose was.

For a girl, she had absolutely no sense of modesty.

She wore her usual round glasses, the thick lenses glinting with each flicker of light from the nearby academy lamppost.

The glow reflected sharply off the lenses, casting a flare that obscured her eyes in a dramatic flash, like she was seconds away from delivering some villainous monologue.

"Leon," she said, voice filled with impish glee. "Did you and Johanne finally admit your feelings to each other and confess? Because from where I was sitting, what I just saw... Mmm, it was deliciously suspicious. Just thinking about it... Ah, my breathing's getting ragged. So, tell me... Haaa...~ haa...~... between the two of you, which position are you? You definitely strike me as the top, and Johanne... well, he's so clearly the bottom."

Her fujoshi brain was in full overdrive, pumping out imaginary scenarios like a perverted machine gone rogue.

There was literal drool dribbling from the corner of her mouth.

She wiped it away with the back of her hand, but only for it to return moments later, like a faucet that wouldn't shut off.

Her imagination was clearly reaching dangerous levels.

I didn't feel like humoring her nonsense.

"What are you going to tell me, Tris?" I asked directly, cutting through her delusions with a tone sharp enough to snap her out of them.

She adjusted her glasses, sliding them up the bridge of her nose with a practiced motion.

The lenses flashed again, that same exaggerated sparkle like a scene ripped straight from a dramatic anime.

"Fufufu..." she let out a low chuckle, one that practically screamed I know something you don't.

"I'm going to tell you a secret," she said. "One that's never been told before. And I promise you, Leon... once you hear it, you'll be absolutely shocked."

She looked at me with eyes burning behind her lenses, as if she were holding onto a truth so powerful and so world-shattering, that the moment it escaped her lips, everything we knew would be turned upside down.

Chapter 687 - Johanne's Feelings (3)

"I don't think anything can shock me anymore," I said, my voice flat, emotionless.

I meant it—or at least, I thought I did.

Tris stared at me with an amused glint in her eyes, her lips curling into a knowing smile that made me feel like I'd just walked into a trap.

"Well, I'm sure you're already aware that Johanne was actually a woman to begin with, right?" she said casually, like she was talking about the weather.

I kept my face still, expression unreadable, but inside, a flicker of surprise pulsed through me.

That... wasn't what I expected her to say. Not from her. Not like this, at least.

"When did you find out?" she asked, voice light but laced with curiosity.

"During the King's Game," I answered honestly. There was no point in lying.

But the how—the actual circumstances of me finding out—that was something I'd be keeping to myself.

Her eyes widened just slightly, and she let out a small chuckle.

"That long ago? Damn, it's already been over a year, hasn't it?" she said, her voice laced with disbelief before soft laughter followed. "As for me, I've known for a lot longer. Since we were kids, actually. I

overheard a conversation once—just a snippet—between the Lord Sword Saint and my father. That's how I learned the truth. That Johanne wasn't born a man."

She smiled again—sweet and calm—but there was mischief buried in that look, a playfulness she didn't bother hiding.

"Isn't it fascinating?" she said as she rose to her feet, her tone shifting like the snap of fingers. "An ability that lets you change your gender—just like that."

I leaned back slightly, my gaze sharpening.

"Sounds like you know more than you let on."

"Fufufu." She let out that same strange giggle, her eyes narrowing as if she were sharing a forbidden secret. "I've got great ears, you know? I've heard a lot of things I probably shouldn't have. Stuff that had nothing to do with me. But I remember all of it."

"Alright," I said, voice firm. "Enough of the charades. Why did you call me here?"

Her smile faded, replaced by something deeper. It was seriousness.

"I want to help Johanne."

Her voice turned serious, her eyes steady now, sharp like a blade honed to perfection.

It was like the mask she always wore—the cheerful, teasing otaku girl—just shattered in an instant, revealing someone far more complex underneath.

In that moment, I realized—she could switch expressions so quickly, and so cleanly.

Maybe she was raised that way, taught to smile no matter what, to act like a lady in every situation. It wasn't just impressive..

...it was... admirable, in its own way.

"Help her how?" I asked.

"The Lord Sword Saint went to a witch the moment Johanne was born," she said slowly. "He didn't want a daughter. So he had her sex changed into a male."

Her expression shifted back to that playful, mischievous grin.

"But I think you already know that part, don't you?" she added with a sly grin. "Johanne is a woman. But since she was turned into a man before she even had a grasp of her own existence, she grew up thinking that was who she really was," Tris continued, pacing slowly. "Now that she's back to being a woman, she doesn't realize this is her real self. Her true form. And it seems like... she wants to go back to being a man."

She looked right at me, her gaze unwavering, her playful smirk gone again.

"But I don't want her to go back."

"You don't?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Nope," she replied, voice soft but confident. "I know Johanne doesn't feel like a woman right now, but I truly believe she'll get there. Eventually. She just needs time. And when she does... I believe she can finally be happy. Real happiness. The kind she couldn't find while pretending to be someone else. I mean, if she married me—well, that wouldn't be fair to her. Marrying me won't exactly bring her the happiness she deserves."

I studied her face for a moment.

Tris wasn't as drop-dead gorgeous as the girls I usually surrounded myself with. But that didn't mean she was ugly. Far from it.

Her features were unique, and her presence had its own charm.

Maybe this world just had absurdly high standards when it came to beauty.

"I don't think marrying you means she wouldn't be happy," I said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked, tilting her head with a grin that stretched just a bit too wide—an almost eerie grin. "Don't tell me... are you planning to add me to your little collection? Because if you are, Leon, I have to admit... my heart just fluttered a little."

Then she snorted.

"But sorry, it's not gonna work. I'd rather you do it with Johanne instead."

I narrowed my eyes slightly. "Your brain's overflowing with boy's love fantasies, huh? And that scenario doesn't really apply here. Johanne's technically a girl."

"Still," she said, her voice giddy with imagination. "Don't you think it's such an interesting concept? A girl who was turned into a boy, falling in love with a man... and then, because of that love, turns back into a girl. But even then, she can't bring herself to love him, 'cause in her mind, she's still a man. And a man loving another man feels kinda weird to her—but also kind of hot, I think. She fights it, resists it, but she still ends up chasing after him in the end. Wouldn't that make a damn good story? I'm thinking about writing it."

"Please don't use my name," I muttered.

"I won't. My characters are Leo and John."

Well... even if the names were clearly based on us, they weren't exactly the same. So maybe I could let it slide. Probably.

"And I asked you to come here because I want your help," she said, her voice calm but firm. "I can't exactly handle this all on my own. Right now, I'm trying to keep the fact that Johanne's a girl hidden from our families as much as possible. But sooner or later, they're going to find out. No matter how careful I am, no matter how much I try to minimize the clues, it's only going to make things more complicated in the end. That's why I need your help."

It wasn't really the request itself that bothered me. But the more I thought about it, the more it felt like Tris had an ulterior motive, like she was doing all of this with some deeper purpose in mind.

"What's your reason for doing this?" I asked, narrowing my eyes slightly.

"Fufufu..." She let out that familiar chuckle and adjusted her glasses, pushing them up along the bridge of her nose. "I believe I don't have any real motive and no ulterior agenda behind this. I'm doing it purely for Johanne," she said with a serene tone. "I just don't want her ending up like those poor souls who were forced into marriages by their families, only for their lives to spiral downhill until the only way out they saw was to end it all. And Johanne's situation... her consequences are much harsher than theirs. That's why I'm afraid. I think, eventually, she'll do exactly what I'm scared of."

I looked her in the eye, locking my gaze with hers.

"You're talking like you've been through something like this yourself," I said quietly.

She smiled faintly. "A personal experience? Well... you could say that," she said with a slight shrug. "But now you understand what I'm saying, right? I want to help Johanne face her emotions, guide her through them... until she accepts her fate as a woman."

"If that's what you really want," I said, folding my arms, "then shouldn't we start by finding the witch who originally cast the spell and have her permanently change Johanne back into a woman? Because right now, I don't think this transformation is permanent."

She gave me another soft smile.

"You don't have to worry," she said with confidence. "Because I've already found her."

The next day, Tris and I agreed to meet up in the Pleasure City.

It had been a while since I last visited this place.

I'd met a lot of women here. Had sex with more than I could count.

This city was a haven for anyone craving sex. A playground for the lustful.

Brothels and prostitutes lined the streets, from male to female, every type you could think of. You could spot them from a mile away, offering everything you could ever want.

Of course, the place had changed over time. Thanks to modernization, it looked different now.

It was a strange blend of elegance and filth.

As I walked around, I tried not to get pulled in by the countless prostitutes eyeing me like hungry wolves. Some of them looked like they'd gladly fuck me for free. Honestly, it was getting annoying.

Still, the person I came to meet was nowhere to be seen.

She was late.

But then, someone else caught my eye.

"Fuhahahahaha! Now, all of you, kneel before my feet and revere me!"

The voice was loud and haughty.

I knew that person all too well.

Isiliraiellyn Pantagruel.

Chapter 688 - The Woman With Hero Complex, And The City Of Pleasure (1)

Isiliraiellyn was clearly enjoying herself.

She lounged confidently in one of the chairs stationed outside a seedy pub.

It was one unmistakably set up for public displays of debauchery.

The worn-down cushion and faint scent of sex on the air made it obvious this wasn't a place for casual drinking.

And at her feet, three women knelt obediently.

Their foreheads almost touched the ground, their heads bowed low in submission, their tongues delicately licking the glossy upper leather of Isiliraiellyn's shoes like worshippers at a shrine.

The glint in her eyes, the smirk stretching wide across her face... she was in absolute bliss.

Her entire posture screamed arrogance and delight, the kind of glee that oozed out from someone who was basking in the illusion of absolute power.

To say I was surprised would be an understatement.

I never would've imagined she of all people indulging in something so humiliatingly dominant... but then again, who the hell really knows what people are hiding under their skin?

"Fuhahahahahahahahaha!" she burst out, her laughter maniacal. It echoed off the cracked stone walls like the war cry of a villain embracing her theatrical peak. "That's right! Kneel! Kneel before me! Kiss my feet for all I care! Fuhahaha! Ha—?"

Her laughter, loud and triumphant, suddenly caught in her throat.

Her eyes locked onto mine.

We stared at each other for a split second—just long enough for the realization to dawn in her gaze.

I jerked my head away instantly, pretending I hadn't seen a damn thing. My footsteps picked up. I just wanted to walk away like this never happened.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiittttttttttttttttttt!!!"

Her shriek cut through the air like a thunderclap, and before I could process it, she was already sprinting towards me.

"Hold oooooooooonnnnnn! Waiiiittttttttt!"

The pounding of her boots on the cobbled ground echoed behind me. I didn't even turn around—until a sudden grip wrapped around my wrist and yanked me to a stop.

She clutched my hand tightly, panting slightly from the short dash, eyes wide with a mix of panic and desperation.

"L-Let's talk for a bit," she pleaded, her voice slightly trembling.

I sighed internally. I was this close to letting this whole ridiculous encounter go and to just forget I ever saw it. But now, with her practically clinging to my ass like a lost puppy, it seemed I didn't have much of a choice.

Might as well hear her out.

I sent a quick message to Tris, letting her know I'd wandered into a pub.

Considering she was running late, I figured I might as well take the liberty to chill somewhere more comfortable instead of waiting around like some loyal dog. If she could make me wait at her own pace, then I sure as hell could take mine.

She messaged me back almost instantly with a thumbs-up emoji and a quick apology.

Looked like she was gonna be later than usual.

Isiliraiellyn sat across from me now, fidgeting with her fingers in a painfully awkward rhythm. She kept glancing at me and away, that sheepish grin stuck on her face like glue.

Her hands were still wrapped in pristine white bandages. There wasn't a single cut or bruise on her. She wasn't injured. It was purely aesthetic, part of her so-called look.

On top of that, she wore a black eyepatch over one eye, adding to the theatricality of her entire outfit.

It wasn't hard to tell.

This girl was suffering from something.

Well, not a sickness, not a curse, not even some magical affliction.

It was worse.

Back in my world, we called it chuunibyou.

That cringe-inducing phase where someone fully believes they're living out some over-the-top fantasy.

They create grand delusions of power, mystery, and destiny, and they act them out like they're the main character of some edgy, poorly-written light novel.

And yeah, I'd been there before.

I knew what it was like to get lost in that world, pretending you were something more than just ordinary.

The difference was, I had grown the fuck out of it.

Isiliraiellyn, though? She was still deep in it.

"Hehehe..." she let out a nervous chuckle, scratching her cheek with a single bandaged finger. "You probably misunderstood what you saw earlier. I mean, it's not something that could be considered... illegal."

She tried to sound casual, but her words were all over the place.

Then, placing a hand over her chest like some kind of royal, she leaned forward, her clothes and accessories rustling with a soft, metallic sound. Chains, buckles, and layers of fabric shifted dramatically with the smallest motion.

"I only did it to show people my greatness! That's all! There's nothing behind it, I swear!"

She spoke with such conviction, but I still couldn't make heads or tails of her logic. If I had to guess, she was claiming that what I saw wasn't what I thought it was.

"Right..." I muttered. "So what you're telling me is... you didn't hire prostitutes to lick your boots while you declared yourself some divine ruler?"

"I-I told you! I didn't hire anyone!" she stammered, her face going red. "They just... saw how great I was and did it on their own! I didn't pay them!"

The sound of coins jingling with every twitch of her body made it hard to believe.

I looked at her again, taking in her absurdity.

Isiliraiellyn Pantagruel.

A truly fascinating mess of a person.

She was a rare hybrid.

A half-human, half-demon. An uncommon mix, especially now, with both races practically at each other's throats. But well, I wouldn't put it past some wild, chaotic circumstance leading to her creation.

Physically, she wasn't lacking.

She had a modest bust, sure, but her face was undeniably beautiful. Delicate features, sharp eyes, flawless skin. If it weren't for her personality, she'd have people lining up for her.

But her personality was the real deal-breaker.

This woman had one hell of a hero complex.

Or maybe it was more than that.

Some need to be seen, admired, praised like a divine figure descending from the heavens. She wanted to be loved, worshipped... adored.

Just like a hero—or a villain pretending to be one.

"Anyway," I said finally, leaning back in my seat, "I don't really plan to report you for trying to buy prostitutes. Not my business. Still, you probably shouldn't have done something that stupid in public."

"I told you, I didn't—!" she started, then stopped herself with a defeated sigh. "You're not gonna believe me even if I keep talking, are you?"

"Nope."

Prostitutes in Pleasure City weren't limited to just sex work, anyway.

You could hire them for pretty much anything, like dancing gigs, promotional events, background roles in public shows, hell, even just for aesthetic purposes.

Or... weird crap like licking someone's boots while they laugh like a lunatic.

Just another day in this city.

"Y-You promise you're not going to tell anyone?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly, barely above a whisper. Her eyes darted around nervously, as though a hidden observer might suddenly leap out and catch her in the act.

I raised an eyebrow. "You sound like you want me to tell someone."

"N-No!" she said quickly, shaking her head in panic. "If the academy found out... I'd be screwed!"

Well, that was right. Pleasure City wasn't a place cadets were supposed to be caught lingering in—especially not for sex. That was common knowledge. Engaging with a prostitute wasn't just frowned upon. It was a landmine that, if stepped on, led straight to expulsion.

And Isiliraiellyn? Well, she was a cadet. Just like me. We were even in the same class.

That alone made it bad. But what made it worse?

She was a woman.

A woman indulging in the services of a prostitute—especially in a city known for its decadence—was treated far more harshly than any male cadet doing the same. That double standard was brutal, but real.

Then she squinted at me, narrowing her lone visible eye in suspicion. "Wait a minute... What are you doing here, huh? Don't tell me you're here to rent a prostitute too?! That's completely against the academy's moral code! I'll report you!"

Her sudden accusation was laughable.

I gave her a look. "Hey now, aren't you forgetting something kind of important? You're the one who just got caught red-handed. If you try tattling, what do you think I'll do? What do you think's gonna happen when I tell them what I saw earlier?"

"Hikkk!" she gasped sharply. "O-Oh, right..."

What an idiot.

Honestly, it felt like I was trying to argue with someone whose brain was running on a ten-second delay. Her sense of logic was on life support.

"And besides," I continued, sighing with a tinge of annoyance, "I'm not here for that, alright? I've got actual business to take care of."

"Business?" she asked, her voice a mixture of confusion and curiosity.

Just then, right on cue, the one I'd been waiting for finally showed up.

"Leon! I'm here!" a familiar voice rang out with relief and urgency. "Sorry I'm late. I had to talk to someone first, which is why I— Huh?"

Tris's footsteps came to a sudden stop, her gaze falling directly on Isiliraiellyn.

A beat passed.

And then she pointed, her expression twisting into a look of disbelief. "And who's this jester?"

With the ridiculous getup Isiliraiellyn was wearing—the bandages, the eyepatch, the over-the-top posture—it wasn't hard to mistake her for a sideshow performer.

Even Tris thought she looked like a clown.

Chapter 689 - The Woman With Hero Complex, And The City Of Pleasure (2)

"Nice to meet you," said Tris, offering a polite smile. Her voice was smooth and composed, and it was carrying the relaxed tone of someone used to socializing. "I'm Tris. You could say I'm a friend of Leon. Well, more precisely, my husband is close friends with him, so naturally, that makes us friends too."

"Ah..." Isiliraiellyn's gaze darted to the side, like she was uncertain. Her posture stiffened slightly, and her words came out disjointed, like she wasn't sure how to respond. Still, after a short pause, she seemed to find her footing. "I'm Isiliraiellyn. No—I'm the great Isiliraiellyn. You better remember the name, or you'll be cursed if you don't."

Her declaration was a bit over the top, but it felt like she was trying to push past the initial overwhelm Tris's presence stirred in her.

Despite the awkward air, she forced her name out in that usual confident, almost haughty tone she always used, as if trying to reclaim control over the situation.

"I see~, I see~," Tris said playfully, putting a finger to her chin while pretending to ponder something deeply. Then, her eyes sparkled with sudden realization, and she snapped her fingers. "I see! I see! I get it now! I totally understand! So this is also your type, Leon!"

I blinked, dumbfounded. "...I don't know how the hell you came up with that conclusion. Shouldn't we be discussing something a bit more important right now?"

"Hmm? Like what?" she asked, tilting her head innocently.

I felt like I'd just tried to reason with a literal brick wall.

Seriously, I couldn't believe this. She was the one who suggested this place in the first place, yet now she looked like she had completely forgotten why we even came here.

"The witch," I reminded her flatly.

Her expression lit up like a light bulb flicking back on. "Oh yeah! Now that you bring it up, I did talk to you last night about meeting the witch here, didn't I? That explains it. I was wondering to myself, 'Wait, why did I even come here again?' and then I thought, 'Oh right, it's to meet Leon!' But then I was like, 'What was the topic again?' And that's why I ended up being super late. Annnnddd... I also ran into someone along the way."

I stared at her for a moment. This woman was seriously the kind of person who would rather chase butterflies than deal with anything even remotely dull.

Well... considering she was a hardcore fujoshi, that kind of behavior wasn't exactly surprising.

"Well?" I prompted her.

"Don't worry. We'll meet her," she said, her tone suddenly more composed.

It held an unexpected seriousness that caught me off guard for a moment.

"But before that..." She broke into a mischievous grin. "I think we should enjoy ourselves first. Don't you think so? This is Pleasure City, after all! It's not just about debauchery and flesh. There's an entire entertainment district here! We could hit up La La Land, or maybe catch a theatre act or something."

"Sorry, but I didn't come here for any of that," I said flatly.

"You're such a buzzkill, you know that?" she said with a dramatic sigh. "But whatever. I was just kidding anyway."

Her teasing tone vanished as she continued. "However... what I said about the witch being here isn't exactly accurate. I know she's somewhere in Pleasure City, but I don't know the exact location."

"...Huh?"

My breath hitched. I nearly choked on air from how absurd that sounded.

So we came all the way here to find the witch responsible for turning Johanne into a woman—and she was the one who suggested it—and now she tells me she doesn't even know where the witch actually is?

"What the hell are we supposed to do now?" I asked, exasperated.

Before I could get another word out, a face suddenly leaned in close.

She was way too close.

Her visible eye locked onto mine, the other hidden beneath a stylish eyepatch, and a wide grin stretched across her lips. She was radiating energy, and her eye glittered like she'd been waiting for this moment.

"Are you having trouble?" she asked with that same sly expression, like a devil ready to make a deal.

She looked at me with such anticipation, like she already knew we were going to ask for help and was just waiting for us to say the words.

I let out a sigh, rubbing the back of my neck.

Guess I might as well take her up on that offer. She seemed more than eager to lend a hand, at least.

"But before we do that..." I turned to Tris. "What exactly are this witch's features?"

Tris nodded. "Well... she's a woman, obviously. She drinks tea in the mornings. She has this habit of giving advice to random people who bump into her—especially if they hand her some coins. Oh, and she's kind of short."

"Huh..." I mumbled, trying to piece together an image in my head. But as I thought about it, I realized something wasn't right.

That wasn't a description of her appearance. That was just her routine.

"So... do you have anything else? You didn't actually describe her at all. I mean, how the hell am I supposed to recognize her with that?"

Tris just shrugged with an unapologetic smile. "Sorry. That's all I got from my investigation."

I brought a hand to my forehead and groaned.

Seriously, this should've been rule number one when you're trying to find someone—get their appearance. Not just their morning habits and how tall they are.

I glanced at her, and she gave me a goofy wink while lightly knocking her fist against her head, sticking her tongue out.

"Tee-hee."

Classic. She finally realized she screwed up, but instead of apologizing, she just went full-on cute mode.

"Fufufufu..."

Suddenly, the girl beside me—Isiliraiellyn—started giggling like a demon who had found a brand new source of joy. Her shoulders trembled, and she covered her mouth at first... but then, she let loose.

"Fuhahahahahahahahaha! FUHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

She burst into a dramatic, devilish laugh, full of ridiculous flare and theatrical volume, like she was some villain from a stage play relishing in chaos.

People were turning their heads, staring at her with wide eyes, some of them muttering under their breath or laughing nervously.

I immediately turned away and tried to hide my face.

Secondhand embarrassment hit me like a tidal wave.

God, people with eighth-grade syndrome are really the kind of folks I shouldn't be standing next to if I want to keep my dignity intact.

She suddenly sprang up from her seat, the chair scraping sharply against the floor with a jolt of urgency.

"I will help the two of you!" she declared, her voice ringing out with theatrical conviction, like a self-proclaimed hero entering the stage.

I turned my eyes to her, narrowing them slightly.

Something didn't sit right with me. I couldn't help but feel a twinge of doubt. Could she actually find her?

I mean, we were talking about someone so elusive that even Leonamon had failed to track her down.

So how in the absolute hell was someone like Isiliraiellyn going to succeed where even us came up short?

"You seem to doubt me," she said, her grin unfaltering, "but remember this, mortals! I am the Great Isiliraiellyn! I possess the Eye of the Demon God—an all-seeing eye that can pierce through the veils of reality and witness everything!"

With an exaggerated flair, she reached up and lifted the black eyepatch that covered her left eye.

Some strange flickering lights suddenly sparked around her, like some magical surge had just been activated by the very act of revealing her eye.

We watched in silence, holding our breath as we waited for her to finally pull it up and show us what lay beneath.

And then, after all that build-up, she finally lifted the patch.

Her eye was red—nothing more, nothing less. Just a glowing, crimson eye.

She cast her gaze toward us, that same cocky grin plastered across her face like she knew she just won the moment.

"And someone who can see everything," she said, "is more than capable of solving any problem that dares cross her path!"

Tris and I exchanged glances.

We didn't know if she was full of shit or if she was genuinely about to do the impossible.

"You're searching for a witch, right?" she added, straightening herself. "Well, if that's the case, then I'll help you! So that the both of you can finally admit to yourselves just how amazing I am!"

Isiliraiellyn led us forward, guiding us with an oddly proud bounce in her steps.

She took us to a tucked-away corner deep within the Pleasure City—.

It was a place so obscure, it felt like it had been forgotten by time itself.

While the rest of Pleasure City was alive with life and noise—laughter, footsteps, the murmur of pleasure and chaos—this area was completely devoid of people.

The silence here felt heavy. Still. As if the very air refused to move.

"Are you sure she knows what she's doing?" Tris whispered to me, eyeing the empty streets warily.

"Well," I muttered, voice low, "thanks to you being an idiot, we're stuck relying on her now. We've got no other choice."

"I think calling me an idiot is a bit unfair, don't you think? But whatever... I'll allow it."

We walked for a while longer until finally, she stopped in front of a solid wall.

It was a massive, towering slab of stone that looked like it had been standing there untouched for decades.

"We're here," Isiliraiellyn announced with the pride of a tour guide unveiling a grand destination.

I stared ahead, confused.

There was nothing here.

It was just a wall. A dead end.

A plain, unremarkable wall that shouldn't lead to anything.

"Now, let's go," she said.

Without another word, she took a few steps forward and walked straight toward the wall.

But as I focused more—really focused—I felt it.

The air here was thick. Tense. Charged with magical energy.

The atmosphere buzzed faintly against my skin, like a low static hum pressing against my ears.

Now that I was paying attention to the flow of mana around us, I realized the entire surface of that wall was cloaked in powerful magic.

And not just any magic.

Illusion Magic.

A well-crafted veil meant to keep the unworthy away.

Without hesitation, Isiliraiellyn walked through the wall, her body phasing through it like it was nothing more than smoke and mist.

I paused, glanced over at Tris. She gave a small, silent nod.

And with that, the two of us followed her through the illusion.

Chapter 690 - The Woman With Hero Complex, And The City Of Pleasure (3)

When we stepped into the place, it felt like I had crossed into another dimension.

Everything around me changed — the atmosphere, the air, even the texture of space itself.

My body instinctively stiffened.

It wasn't fear, but awe.

A suffocating yet electrifying pressure wrapped around me, seeping into my skin like mist.

This place was thick with mana... a raw, overwhelming kind of mana. It scraped at the edges of my senses like sandpaper — coarse, uneven, and jagged — but strangely, it didn't feel malevolent. No. It wasn't evil... just immense.

Whoever was emitting this kind of presence... wasn't just strong. They were terrifying. Dangerous. A being operating on a whole different level.

That's when I caught it — a scent. It lingered like smoke, curling through the air and hitting me like a wave.

Perfume?

No. That wasn't it.

It was the smell of a woman.

Pheromones.

My brain stuttered for a moment, distracted. The kind of scent that clings to your memory like a warm breath on your neck.

Then, suddenly—

"Ahhh...! Ahhhh! Ahhhhnnnn! Ahhhh!"

A moaning voice echoed through the hall, bouncing off the walls, growing louder as we walked. It came from the room at the far end.

"A-Ah, yessssssss~! It feels gooodddddd~ Ahhhhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

She was moaning... no, screaming, caught in a wave of pleasure so intense it rattled through the door like a drumbeat of lust.

"H-Hehehe..." Tris gave an awkward chuckle beside me, scratching the back of her head. "I think the person behind that door has... uh, a very adventurous side."

"Adventurous" was one way to put it. Bold, shameless, brazen — perhaps all at once.

But Isiliraiellyn didn't even flinch. Unfazed by the chorus of moans, she kept walking toward the door, completely unaffected by the very loud symphony of a woman losing her mind in ecstasy.

I didn't stop her. Neither did Tris.

We followed, but we halted a few steps back as Isiliraiellyn reached for the handle.

And then — she opened it.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Cumminggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

The moment the door swung open, something wet blasted straight at us.

A splash — huge, uncontrolled, and direct. It smacked Isiliraiellyn right in the face like a wave crashing into a wall. The liquid flew with such force that droplets sprayed even onto me and Tris.

The air was instantly saturated.

A pungent mix of citrus... and raw, sticky sweetness filled my nostrils. The scent hit so hard that my brain momentarily went numb.

Isiliraiellyn just stood there. Frozen. Her face soaked and dripping. Her expression contorted into one of complete and utter disbelief.

"Uwaaaa! What the hell is this?!" she cried, swiping the liquid from her eyes and mouth, clearly disgusted.

A voice from inside shrieked.

"Huh?! W-Wait, who are you?!"

Inside the room stood a woman, clearly startled.

She had messy purple hair that looked like it'd been yanked at for hours. Her skin glistened with sweat, and she was completely, unabashedly naked. In her hand, she gripped a wooden dildo which was still glistening.

So that's what she'd been using to drive herself wild.

"W-Who are you people?! Why are you here?!" she demanded, voice still breathy. "More importantly, how the fuck did you even find this place?!"

She tried to stand but immediately collapsed back onto her knees.

Her thighs clamped together. Her body trembled.

"Ahhh... I'm still... cumminggggggg... cumminggggggggggggggggggggggggggggg~!!!"

The woman's eyes fluttered, and her lips parted in a silent gasp. Her body arched slightly, and then — with a shudder — a warm gush spilled from between her legs onto the wooden floor.

"Waaiiitt~... Ahhh, it's leaking out of me...~ It's leakinggggggggggggggggggg~"

Tris and I just stood there, speechless, watching her twitch and writhe in the aftermath of her climax.

After what felt like the longest prologue to a meeting ever, the woman was finally up on her feet and fully dressed. The chaotic, lust-drunk mess from earlier was now tamed — at least on the surface.

The dildo she had been using had been shoved into a cabinet, but not without me catching a glimpse of what was inside.

A collection.

The cabinet was full of them — varying in size, shape, and color. She wasn't just a fan. This woman was a full-on sex addict. The room practically screamed it.

Even now, the heavy scent of sex was thick in the air, curling into our lungs like invisible smoke. But interestingly, I only smelled her. No scent of any man or partner. It seemed she'd been doing all of this... alone.

Masturbation. Over and over again in this very room.

Eventually, she let us inside properly, offering us a place to sit.

She was drinking tea now — calmly, even gracefully — as if she hadn't just exploded in orgasm and soaked Isiliraiellyn's face a few minutes ago.

Her movements were slow and refined. She held the teacup like a noble lady, pinky slightly raised.

"So?" she finally said, her voice velvety but tinged with mischief. "What are the three of you young'uns doing in my crib?"

She set the teacup down gently, reached for a pipe, lit it, and took a slow drag. A fragrant, exotic aroma filled the room as she exhaled, the smoke dancing in lazy spirals.

Then her eyes, sharp and playful, landed on me.

"This man and this woman are looking for you," Isiliraiellyn said. "The witch."

"Aha."

A knowing smirk crept across her lips. She didn't deny it. Her reaction said everything.

Looks like Isiliraiellyn had been right all along — this woman was the witch.

"What? Am I so famous now that even cadets from the academy are itching to talk to me?" she said, resting her cheek on her palm. "If you're here to know your future or whatever, kiss my feet goodbye. I stopped that shit years ago. I only did it to scam dumbasses out of their coin."

She chuckled, blowing another puff of smoke. "But if it's advice you want... well. That'll be one gold coin, please."

Yup. No doubt about it.

She matched the description Tris had given earlier — word for word.

Without hesitation, I placed a pouch on the table. A solid, heavy pouch filled with gold.

Both Tris and Isiliraiellyn gasped in unison, their eyes wide with disbelief.

It was like they couldn't process what I'd just done.

"This pouch is filled with it," I said firmly. "So I'm going to ask you something very important."

"Oh~? Young man, you looked like you really wanted this, huh?" she murmured, her lips curling into a lazy smirk as she tilted her head back. A slow, seductive plume of smoke escaped her mouth, swirling in the stale, mana-thick air between us. Her eyes shimmered faintly in the dim light. "Well then... I'll gladly take it."

She reached out, fingers extended toward the pouch with a kind of hungry amusement. But before her hand could even brush against it, I yanked it back to my side in one swift motion.

Her smile faltered.

"...What?"

"I'm not giving this to you," I said calmly, meeting her eyes without flinching. "Not until you give me what I want first."

Her brows twitched, lips parting slightly in disbelief. Then she let out a soft scoff and leaned back, arms folding beneath her modest bust.

"You do know the phrase pay first before service, right?" she said with a casual shrug, though there was a bite of warning in her voice. "I'm that kind of woman. If you don't pay up front, then you sure as fuck aren't getting what you came for."

"That so?" I responded with a small, polite smile, already rising from my seat. "Well, I guess that's too bad, then. Sorry for wasting your time."

"Eh?"

The single syllable slipped out of her like a hiccup.

Her eyes widened, body jerking upright as if she had just been doused with cold water.

"W-Wait! Wait, I was just joking, alright? Sit your ass back down," she stammered, her voice cracking just slightly as desperation edged into her tone. "I-I can wait for the payment... after I give you what you wanted."

So, she could compromise after all. Interesting.

Without a word, I sat back down.

She let out a breath she clearly hadn't realized she was holding.

"For starters," I began, keeping my tone neutral, "who exactly are you?"

She froze mid-inhale, the smoke still curling from the end of her cigarette. Then she blinked—once, twice—then several times rapidly, her mouth slightly ajar like she couldn't quite comprehend what she just heard.

"Wait... you don't know who I am?" she asked, her voice colored with genuine disbelief.

I gave her nothing. Just a blank look.

"You came all the way here... with no idea who you're dealing with?" she repeated, leaning forward as if trying to get a better read on me. Her lips slowly peeled back into a grin. "Fuhahahahahaha! Young'uns from the Academy really are something else these days! Soft as fuckin' silk, I swear! Can't believe you lot wandered in here blind, like clueless little lambs walking straight into a slaughterhouse!"

She laughed harder, throwing her head back with her hand on her stomach. Her laughter echoed through the room.

"Fuckin' idiots," she spat through her amusement.

"I am Dorothea," she finally declared, regaining her composure as she placed a gloved hand proudly on her modest chest. "You might know me by a different name... the Black Witch. Also known as the Leader of the Witches."

Her smile stretched wide, sharp like a blade pressed against the skin.

Ah... that explained it. The off-kilter mana in the air, the oppressive pressure that had been coiling beneath my skin since I arrived.

The infamous Black Witch.

I'd heard of her before.

One of the Nine Fangs of the Underground. A name that alone stirred fear among even the most hardened mercenaries. And out of those Nine, she was said to be the worst kind of nuisance. That's because she's dangerous, volatile, unpredictable.

And a fucking nightmare.

Why?

Because she cursed people like it was second nature.

In short, she was the kind of trouble people paid money to avoid.

A real pain in the ass.