

The World 691

Chapter 691 - The Woman With Hero Complex, And The City Of Pleasure (4)

"I see..."

That was the only thing that left my mouth after she introduced herself.

Dorothea's eyes lingered on me for a few seconds longer, her lips curling into a crooked smirk that screamed trouble.

There was something unmistakably devilish in her expression.

She was like a cat who just found a helpless mouse to play with. A mischief danced in her gaze, as if she'd already decided what kind of game she wanted to play.

"You don't look surprised...? That's actually surprising." Her voice carried a teasing lilt, like she was disappointed she didn't get the reaction she hoped for. "I thought for sure you'd be squirming in panic like a little chick. Guess that little scene didn't do it for you, huh?"

Her words dripped with amusement, but I didn't flinch. I met her eyes.

"If you're someone capable of doing something like this... then obviously, I'd have to be prepared to deal with whatever comes next, wouldn't I?"

"Well, you're certainly a clever one," she admitted, then suddenly smacked her lips together with a soft, wet click.

I couldn't tell if it was a tick or something she did on purpose. But she didn't say anything more about it. Instead, she kept staring at me.

Now with genuine curiosity.

"Now then, boy..." Her voice lowered slightly, edged with something playful yet condescending. "Why don't you introduce yourself to me? It's only fair. I gave you mine. Just your name is fine. I don't give a damn about the sluts standing next to you."

My eyes flicked sideways for just a second.

Did she really just say that?

Tris didn't react. She kept smiling, unbothered as always, her expression calm and composed. Isiliraiellyn, on the other hand, seemed completely unfazed—though probably not because of self-control. It looked more like... she didn't even understand what the word meant.

Well, I suppose I might as well go ahead with it.

"I'm Leon," I said simply, keeping my voice even.

"Leon? Just Leon? No last name?" Dorothea tilted her head like a curious bird, eyes narrowing with interest.

"I don't have one," I told her plainly. "I'm an orphan."

"I see... Hmm..." She stared at me again, her eyes scanning me like I was some strange artifact she couldn't quite figure out. Then, she smacked her lips again.

It was more forceful this time, and for a split second, I swore it echoed louder than it should've.

She seemed unaware she was even doing it. Like it was muscle memory.

"You're an interesting person, Leon," she said. "I can see your aura. It's definitely unique. This is the first time I've seen something like this... Oh wait... now I get it."

Suddenly, a smile curved on her lips.

"Now I understand... I've felt this aura before. The mana around you... your presence... I kept wondering where I've felt it. There's someone who hides herself well from the Nine Seats of Fangs. I don't know

much about her, but her presence is impossible to forget. Overwhelming, even. Last year, I heard she changed... apparently because she found her long-lost brother. Now I see. You're her brother..."

She had to be talking about Elise.

It's been a while since I last saw her. The last time we even talked on the phone was months ago.

Apparently, she'd been busy with things in the underground. There were strange movements with the magic knights coming and going, and she was trying to figure out what was going on, so she stayed down there, unable to meet up even though she really wanted to.

Elise was one of the Nine Fangs of the Underground. So was Eris... who was supposedly killed while protecting people trying to escape the Principality months ago.

There was no body found though, so there was a chance she was still alive.

"I didn't think I'd end up meeting the beloved brother here," Dorothea said, yanking me back to the present. "I figured I'd never cross paths with him. But, well... the world's apparently small enough to make that happen. I'd be thrilled, honestly... but tell me something..."

Then came the curveball. Her smile turned twisted. Her voice playful again, but sharper.

It was like a knife hidden under silk.

"Was it good to fuck Elise?"

I stared at her, blankly.

I didn't answer.

What the hell kind of question even was that? There wasn't any reason to entertain it.

"If you're done with this whole fucking charade, I'm leaving." I rose to my feet, my tone flat and cold.

"W-Wait! I'm just joking! Just joking!" she panicked, waving her hands slightly. "I'm just... you know? Curious about some things. It's an interesting topic, don't you think? There's a lot of incest stories out there, but yours and Elise is quite a juicy one so I couldn't help but ask."

She gave a forced laugh, like she was trying to downplay what she'd just said.

"W-Well, if you don't want to talk about it, that's fine! I won't push. Just... don't leave without giving me that money. I could use it to buy more toys. These wooden cold dicks just don't cut it anymore."

So that's what she planned to spend it on? Dildos?

What a wild fucking woman.

"Have you tried real dicks?" I asked bluntly.

"Yuck."

Her reaction was instant... and extreme.

She didn't just look disgusted. She looked viscerally repulsed, like I'd suggested eating raw sewage.

"I don't want some other person's stuff inside me. That's fucking disgusting," she said, voice tight with revulsion. "At least with toys, they're mine. So it's not gross at all."

"That's a weird thing to say..." I muttered, furrowing my brows slightly. "But well, whatever."

Letting out a soft sigh, I slowly lowered myself back into the chair, the wood creaking gently beneath me as I shifted.

"Now then..." I leaned forward, resting my forearms on my thighs as I stared directly at her. "I'm going to ask you the real question I came here for."

Dorothea's posture stiffened ever so slightly, her smile flattening just a bit as she instinctively braced herself.

"Do you know a man named Johanne?" I asked, voice calm but firm. Then I corrected myself, tone sharpening, "No... I should just say a woman. Someone you turned into a man."

At that moment, Tris visibly straightened her back, tension crackling in the air around her like static as the conversation finally circled to the real reason we came.

Meanwhile, Isiliraiellyn tilted her head slightly, the usual boredom in her eyes replaced with something sharp and curious, as if the topic finally piqued her interest.

Dorothea stared at me, wide-eyed, caught off guard for a single heartbeat. But that moment of shock was gone just as quickly as it appeared.

Her lips curled into a sly, knowing smirk that radiated playful malice.

"Oh~?" she purred. "So you came all this way for that? What, are you hoping to turn back someone I already transformed into a different gender?"

So it was true. She really was the one who could alter someone's gender.

She leaned forward slightly, her eyes narrowing with interest. "Tell me... who told you I'm the one known as the witch who can change genders?"

I turned my head, locking eyes with Tris.

Without hesitation, Tris answered. "I accidentally overheard it. I got curious, so I decided to come investigate you. And, well... that led us here."

She spoke plainly, without embellishment, but her tone carried enough weight to make the message hit.

"I see..." Dorothea said in a low tone, nodding slowly.

Then, without warning, she stood up from her seat, brushing off the hem of her dress, and raised her hand.

Snap!

The sound echoed through the room, unnaturally loud, almost like a clap of thunder in a sealed space.

Suddenly, a sharp, jarring weight slammed into my chest.

My body tensed as a strange, foreign pressure pulled at my center of balance.

I looked down... and my eyes widened in disbelief.

There they were. A huge pair of tits, round and heavy, now protruding from my chest.

"What the heck?!"

Even my voice... it had changed. It sounded softer, higher-pitched and distinctly feminine.

I whipped my head to the side and saw Tris. Now, a broad-shouldered, masculine version of Tris stood in her place.

And beside him... Isiliraiellyn was no longer the woman she was. No, she had also become a man.

"Eh? W-Why...?" I stammered.

"Huh?" Tris blinked, confused and stunned.

All three of us... had been gender-swapped.

"Fufufufufu~!" Dorothea giggled wickedly, her eyes glittering with amusement. "You three look absolutely delightful with your genders flipped."

She stepped closer, licking her lips slightly as she gazed at me. "Now this is more my taste, Leon. You look so much like Elise now. Minus those monstrous tits, of course. Though yours are still pretty damn big. But your sister's... hah, hers are massive."

"Hey!" I snapped. "Bring us back right now!"

She only laughed, voice tinged with arrogance. "This is why I'm feared as the most dangerous witch out there. Because with just a snap of my fingers—" she held her fingers up again, mockingly—"anyone who hears it gets their gender reversed on the spot."

Her eyes sparkled with twisted pride. "My unique ability is called Essence Inversion. Even a power dampener won't be enough to fully restore you. You'll never be the same again. Isn't that just the coolest thing?" she said with a wide, satisfied grin.

Cool? No. It was terrifying.

Not just dangerous—it was a goddamn curse. A power that could rewrite someone's life, identity, and body in an instant.

"Guh... You're going to pay for this..."

Dorothea looked down at me with a smirk still glued to her lips, her eyes dancing with wicked humor.

"Oh? And how exactly? With those big tits of yours?"

Suddenly, a deep rumble filled the room. The air shifted.

From beneath the floorboards and through cracks in the walls, thick, green vines erupted violently—slithering like snakes, lashing toward Dorothea.

"Huh?! What the—?!"

The vines whipped across her body, curling and tightening around her limbs. They writhed like living creatures, coiling over her skin in a twisted caress.

Her arms were yanked backward. Her legs spread apart, completely restrained. The vines wrapped her up, holding her down like prey caught in a net.

"Wha...?! The power of Dryads?! How?!"

I stepped forward, standing just in front of her now-bound form, my expression dark.

"Didn't I tell you?" I said coldly. "You're going to pay for this."

Chapter 692 - The Fall Of The Black Witch (1)

"W-Wait, what are you going to do?" Dorothea asked, her voice trembling as her eyes widened in fear.

Her limbs were bound tightly by the dryads' vines.

They were twisting, living things that slithered with unnatural precision.

Any slight movement from her only prompted the vines to constrict tighter, coiling around her arms and legs like serpents determined to crush all resistance.

The Dryads' vines weren't just for show.

They were infamous for their terrifying strength.

Once entangled, unless you had overwhelming force, there was no hope of escape.

They'd keep draining your life force until you were reduced to a dry, shriveled husk, no more than a lifeless shell.

Panic would've been a natural reaction for anyone caught like this.

But, as she squirmed in confusion and fear, what truly rattled Dorothea was the question burning in her wide eyes—why did I have this kind of power?

Her disbelief was understandable.

No people could tame even one Dryad, let alone three.

But I didn't just tame them.

I dominated them.

The once-proud Dryad sisters now knelt at my feet, calling me "Master" with obedience in their eyes.

Through that submission, they had granted me access to a part of their mana.

It was an extension of my ability which was the power to copy and utilize the abilities of the women I'd dominated.

Though the Dryads didn't possess unique abilities and such, their powers still added a formidable edge to my arsenal.

"You piss me off. So it's only natural that I do this," I said coldly.

Right now, my body had taken on the form of a woman.

It wasn't entirely unpleasant, but it definitely felt off.

There was a strange weight pressing down on my chest.

My new breasts were heavier than I'd expected, bouncing slightly with every shift in my posture.

I wasn't wearing a bra, so the sensation was... uncomfortable.

Every movement made them sway or sag in a way that reminded me how exposed and unsupported they were under the man's clothes I was still wearing.

I finally understood why women with large breasts often complained. What men found so attractive... could also be such a burden.

"Ha! So, are you bothered by this, Leon?" Dorothea mocked, trying to sound amused despite her helpless position. "You seem like you're enjoying it, though."

I met her gaze with eyes like ice.

My eyes were flat and devoid of warmth.

"I don't think a face like that means he's enjoying it," came Tris' voice from behind me.

Her tone was firmer and deeper now, which was understandable, given that she had also been turned into a man.

"Fuhahahaha! Come on, you should be grateful!" Dorothea laughed, smugness returning to her voice. "People pay me good money to have their genders changed! They come to me, crying about how they feel trapped in someone else's body... and boom! I fix it for them. I basically did yours for free. That's charity, you know?"

She grinned wide, proud of herself, as if expecting applause.

But I didn't laugh.

Instead, I twisted the vines around her body.

Tighter this time.

"Ah..."

Dorothea gasped, her voice catching in her throat.

"Hey... wait... Where are you touching?!"

The vines obeyed my will, writhing like snakes drunk on instinct.

They coiled tightly around her legs, the pressure so intense that her flesh bulged slightly between the gaps in the vines.

The pulsing green tendrils slithered up her thighs, spreading further, winding like lovers tracing her curves.

Then the vines looped around her breasts too.

At this point, she looked like she was tied up in full-on bondage.

"L-Leon, this is lewd..." Tris mumbled, a crimson blush spreading across her cheeks.

The blush looked comically misplaced on her current masculine face, but it made the moment all the more surreal.

"Well," I said calmly, "it seems this woman thinks pranks are a game. So I figured I'd play one right back. An eye for an eye."

"W-Well... I guess you're right..." Tris muttered, awkwardly stepping back, not wanting to be caught in the crossfire.

"I don't know where this is going," Isiliraiellyn, who was also turned into a man, chimed in, her eyes gleaming with interest as she clenched her fists in anticipation, "but this is getting really exciting!"

"W-Wait... Ahhh! T-The vines... They're so wriggly and tight...! Ahhhh...!"

Dorothea's voice trembled as the vines slithered more aggressively now.

She looked... flushed. Her face was a deep pink, her breaths uneven and ragged.

Despite her words, she didn't seem that uncomfortable.

In fact, she looked as though she was enjoying it.

And honestly? Watching her like this with her being helpless, gasping and her cheeks burning, I couldn't deny it was arousing.

I never had a thing for tentacle play, but... seeing this in real time stirred something within me.

Still, with this female body, there wasn't anything hard down below to show it.

"For someone called the Black Witch," I muttered, "you're surprisingly easy to break. You act so high and mighty, but right now? You look like you'd hump anything that moves."

"Ah, n-no... of course not...!" she stammered. "I-It's just... lately I've been getting this itch down there every single day. And when you get an itch, you gotta scratch it, right? I-I mean... it's only natural..."

"Natural, huh?" I smirked. "Then why does it look like something's leaking between your legs?"

My eyes drifted downward.

From between her legs, thin beads of clear liquid ran down her inner thighs, glistening under the light.

Some droplets clung to her skin, while others dripped freely and pattered softly onto the floor below.

"Ah...! I don't know what you're talking about...! That's clearly just sweat!" she snapped defensively.

The vines, sensing her denial, moved again, twisting, stretching up between her legs, pressing against her most sensitive spot.

"Ah...! Nnnnnnnnn...!"

A moan burst from her lips.

It was loud, unrestrained, and full of pleasure.

"Ahhhhh....! D-Don't...!" she whined, but her expression told a different story.

Her eyes were half-lidded, her tongue lolled out slightly, and she was blushing like mad.

The proud, powerful Black Witch that people feared... she was nowhere to be found.

What in front of us now... was a moaning, writhing mess of a woman who had completely surrendered to the sensations assaulting her.

I decided to push things even further.

The vines began to rise. They twitched, coiled, and slithered upward like they were drawn to her heat. And then—without warning—they penetrated her.

She wasn't wearing anything down there.

For some reason, her lower half had already been left bare, exposed to the air and now to the invading tendrils.

So when the vine pressed against her entrance, it slipped right in.

I had only intended to tease her... just play around and mess with her a little... but well, it couldn't be helped.

"Ahhhhhhhh...! I-It went in...!"

She cried out at the top of her lungs, her voice cracking with disbelief.

"Ahhnn...! Ahhh... W-What... is this~!!!"

Her moans were so loud and so shameless, that I had no choice but to silence her before the whole city heard her getting off with this.

I guided another vine toward her lips, and it slid inside her mouth effortlessly, muffling the cries that kept spilling out.

At that moment, it became full-blown tentacle play.

The writhing vines were everywhere.

They were slithering across her skin, wrapping around her limbs, gliding over the curves of her body. They moved like they wanted to fuse with her and to leave their imprint on every inch of her flesh.

The ones inside her mouth and pussy moved in perfect sync, pumping in and out, gliding along her walls and sliding down her throat rhythmically, like they knew exactly how to break her down.

"Mghhh... Mghhh...! Mnnnnghhh...! Slurppppp...~ Mnnngghhh...~"

Her muffled voice was soaked in ecstasy.

She wasn't just moaning anymore, but she also was sucking on the vine like she was addicted to it.

Her tongue danced around it, tasting it, working it like she was deepthroating a cock.

Her eyes, wide at first, began to roll back slowly—bit by bit—until only the whites remained visible.

She looked completely gone. Her expression had transformed into something deeply corrupted.

It was more depraved than anything she'd shown us.

Even more than when she had shamelessly orgasmed in front of all of us earlier.

Right now, this woman wasn't just getting off.

She was unraveling.

"Mnghhhhhhhhhhh~!! Mnghhhhhhh!!! Mnnghhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her moans—muffled but still echoing through the room—were like music twisted into a sensual, depraved rhythm.

The sound bounced off the walls, mixing with the wet squelches of the vines and the lewd slap of fluids.

Tris stood there, frozen in place, her face pale with disbelief, like she was witnessing something she wasn't supposed to see.

Isiliraiellyn, on the other hand, looked more confused than disturbed. But even then, she didn't look away not once. She watched everything.

"Mggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

And then, with a final, drawn-out moan, her entire body tensed up.

Her thighs quivered.

Her back arched. And without any warning, she squirted. Hard.

A powerful stream burst from her pussy, spraying across the floor in a messy, uncontrolled splash that soaked the floor beneath her. It was loud, wet, and utterly shameless.

Her face was now the very definition of debauchery.

Her expression was completely fucked out with her eyes rolled back so deep only white was left, mouth hanging open slightly around the vine, drool mixed with pleasure dripping down her chin.

I slowly pulled the vine from her mouth, a slick trail of saliva still connecting her lips to it.

And the moment it left her throat, she let out a breathy, broken giggle.

"H-Hehehehe~... M-More~..."

...Huh. Guess the Black Witch was a hell of a lot easier to tame than I thought.

Chapter 693 - The Fall Of The Black Witch (2)

I tore all the vines off her body with a swift, merciless pull and let her collapse to the ground like a ragdoll dropped from a great height.

Dorothea lay there, panting heavily, her chest rising and falling with shallow breaths.

Her face was flushed, her lips slightly parted, eyes hazy from the overwhelming stimulation.

Then, suddenly, she gasped sharply, like someone jolted out of a trance.

"Ah...! W-Why'd you drop me like that?!"

Her voice trembled... not out of fear, but out of longing.

Her body, her mind... she still craved more of the pleasure those vines had given her.

She wasn't even trying to hide it. It was written all over her face.

But I had no intention of feeding that desire any further.

"I'm not giving it to you," I said flatly.

"Eh?! W-Why not?!"

"Because you were clearly losing yourself in it," I told her, narrowing my eyes. "You were drowning in that pleasure until nothing made sense anymore. It stopped being fun. It stopped being sane."

And there was another reason.

"I also want you to return me to normal. Us, I mean."

"I-I will...! I will!" she said desperately, like a child promising not to misbehave again just to get what they want.

She snapped her fingers without hesitation, and in that instant, the unnatural weight crushing my chest disappeared like smoke blown away by the wind.

I inhaled sharply and glanced down.

The height difference... the absence of that heavy mound on my chest... the return of that familiar, unmistakable presence between my legs.

I reached down to confirm it... just to be sure.

Phew... yeah. I was definitely back.

Thank fuck.

I let out a long breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

Turning around, I glanced back at Tris and Isiliraiellyn.

They, too, had reverted to their original forms.

Tris, however, was still caught up in the afterglow of what had just happened. She cupped her tits with both hands, biting down softly on her bottom lip, her eyes half-lidded with what looked like arousal.

But the moment our eyes met, she froze and quickly dropped her hands, looking flustered.

"N-Now, please... subject me to that again...!"

Dorothea wasn't even trying to hide it.

She seriously wanted another round of tentacle play?

Unbelievable.

She was hopeless and shameless. Utterly depraved.

"Nah. I'm done for today."

"Why?!"

"Because you were playing around," I said coldly. "I'm not in the mood to indulge someone who treats it all like some perverted game."

I turned my back to her, already walking away.

"See you," I said, my tone final.

"W-Wait...!" she screamed behind me, then practically threw herself at my leg, clinging like a child having a meltdown. "P-Please, don't leave me...! Please! I beg you! Subject me to that again! I've never cummed that hard in my entire life! So please! I'll do anything! Just... don't go!"

She was clinging to me, tears spilling from the corners of her eyes.

She looked desperate. Like seriously, unhinged levels of desperate.

She wasn't faking it. She looked like someone on the verge of breaking.

And this... this was supposed to be the infamous Black Witch?

"Fine," I said slowly, narrowing my eyes. "If you're that desperate, I'll entertain you. But you'll listen first. I came here for a reason, remember? I asked you something. Did you ever do something like this to a child who was brought by their father... Someone whose gender you changed? Does that ring any bells?"

"When did this happen?"

"Roughly twenty years ago," I replied, my voice firm.

She tilted her head back and stared up at the ceiling, fingers resting thoughtfully on her chin. Her expression twisted with effort, as if she was digging through dusty archives in her mind.

For a few seconds, it seemed promising.

But then she threw up her hands with a groan.

"Ugh. I can't remember. I give up."

"Goodbye, then," I said coldly, already turning away again.

"W-Wait! D-Don't leave, please!" she shouted, grabbing at my leg again. "I swear I can remember! It's just... hard, okay?! That was twenty years ago! I can't even remember half the people I met this week! How the hell am I supposed to remember something like that when I can't even remember where I put my shit yesterday?!"

I paused and looked down at her.

"Then you'd better start thinking right now," I said darkly. "Because if I leave, I'm not coming back. And I'm pretty damn sure you don't want that, do you?"

She knew I was right. No fake dick or overpriced dildo would ever make her feel what I did.

Not even close.

"A-Alright. I'm going to think real hard," she muttered, standing up from where she was kneeling.

She smoothed out her wrinkled, half-open clothes—still disheveled from earlier—and looked like she was really trying this time.

Her brow furrowed.

She looked deep in thought, her eyes scanning the void as if chasing after some fading memory.

"Hmmm... Hmmm... Hmmmmmmmm..."

She kept humming to herself, pacing slightly, hands on her hips, then back to her chin.

Then suddenly—

"Aha!" she exclaimed, clenching a fist and smacking it into her open palm. "That's right! I remember now! There was this old guy with white hair who came knocking at my door. Gave me a mountain of gold. Like, a whole-ass stack. Not that I've got any of it left because I blew it all on wine, food, random junk, and dildos, but yeah, he gave me 300 gold coins to do something for him. And then another 100 gold coins to keep quiet about it. So I did."

"Are you going to tell us what it was?" I asked, eyeing her carefully.

"That's no big deal," she said, waving her hand nonchalantly. "A promise from twenty years ago? Please. That kind of pact breaks apart like cheap parchment. I'm not bound by that shit anymore."

She let out a light laugh, as if that decades-old promise had meant absolutely nothing to her.

Honestly, she seemed like the last person on Earth you'd want to trust with a secret.

"Alright then. What did he make you do?" I asked, my voice low but firm.

Tris had already come back to her senses now that we were back to discussing something serious.

"He brought a baby with him... and made me change its gender. Just like you said," Dorothea replied, her voice surprisingly casual for something so heavy.

Tris and I turned toward each other at the same time, exchanging a look that confirmed what we both already knew.

The puzzle pieces were coming together faster than I could process them.

Given that Dorothea was paid a massive sum not just to perform the spell but also to keep quiet about it—and considering the man's white hair, matching the current appearance of the Sword Saint, there was no doubt. The one she was talking about... was the Sword Saint.

And that baby—the one whose gender she had altered—it could only be one person.

Johanne.

"Judging from the look on your faces," Dorothea suddenly said, snapping us from our thoughts, "you two must be pretty close with that baby I changed, huh?"

There was a casual amusement in her voice.

"Well, I guess that makes sense," she continued, laughing softly to herself. "It has been twenty years, after all. That child would be around your age by now." Her laugh quickly turned louder, more unhinged, echoing through the room. "Hahahaha! This is fate! Actual fate! Because of that spell, I met Leon! And now—now we're here together like this!"

She suddenly threw her arms up toward the ceiling, eyes gleaming with a strange, manic joy.

"No—this is fate!" she cried out, her voice almost singing, directed up to the ceiling as if the heavens themselves were listening. "It's destiny! All of it!"

I waited for her excitement to die down before stepping forward, my tone turning serious again.

"Let me ask you something," I said. "Is it possible to reverse the gender of someone you've changed—even without hearing that snapping sound you make?"

I was thinking about Johanne.

She had turned back into a woman after kissing me—something that felt spontaneous at the time, but maybe there was something more behind it. I needed answers straight from the source. From the one who held this power.

Dorothea tilted her head thoughtfully, tapping her chin. "Hmm... I don't really know for sure, but..." she trailed off, eyes lighting up as a memory surfaced. "Oh yeah! There is something. A specific act that can undo the spell. It erases the curse as well as lets the person go back to who they originally were."

Her voice dropped slightly, like she was sharing a secret.

"And that act... is a kiss."

Just like I thought.

It was possible.

"That explains so much..." I muttered under my breath, the pieces falling perfectly into place.

But Tris looked troubled, her brows furrowed as she recalled something. "But when we kissed during our wedding... she didn't turn back," she said, a hint of confusion in her voice.

Dorothea didn't seem surprised. She shrugged, casually, like this was all common knowledge.

"Well, that's because there are conditions," she explained. "In order for the spell to break... the person they kiss has to be someone they're truly in love with. That's the requirement."

She paused, letting it sink in before grinning again.

"Actually... that's the only requirement."

With another shrug, she sealed it.

"Anyway, yeah. The key is a true love's kiss. Nothing else works."

A true love's kiss.

Now everything was starting to make sense.

Chapter 694 - The Fall Of The Black Witch (3)

Tris's eyes locked with mine, her expression subtly shifting as the implications sank in.

Johanne had kissed her at their wedding, sure—but that kiss hadn't broken the curse.

It hadn't been true love. That meant only one thing.

It wasn't her.

But then... who was?

That thought lingered in her head for only a couple seconds, flickering like a phantom before the answer hit her full force.

She turned her head, slowly and deliberately towards me, her gaze locking onto me. And then came that grin. That devilish, knowing grin.

"Hmmmm~..." she purred, the sound deep and drawn out, thick with amusement and curiosity.

It was the kind of hum you made when you just stumbled across some scandalous secret that was too fun to let go.

"Don't you think it's kind of beautiful?" Dorothea chimed in suddenly, her voice soft and laced with gentle mystery. "A curse like that... lifted by something as simple and pure as a kiss from someone you truly love."

I turned toward her—and somehow, she already had a teacup in her hand, steam lazily rising from it as she took a casual sip, like she hadn't just dropped a bombshell on the room.

"Yeah," Tris said, a slow smile blooming across her face. "Yeah, it really is."

Dorothea tilted her head, her eyes gleaming like she already knew what was next. "Well then... does that answer your question?"

I nodded. "More or less, yeah."

"Good," she said, and her smile twisted into something sultrier and hungrier. Her gaze slid over to me with a slow, practiced seduction. "Now... I think it's about time you fulfill your end of the bargain, Leon."

Her meaning was clear.

Too crystal fucking clear, in fact.

She still wanted the vines.

And judging by the eager shimmer in her eyes and the lewd curl of her lips, she wasn't planning to let me off the hook this time. That look of hers... It practically screamed fuck me senseless.

"It's fine, Leon. We're going to step out for a while," Tris said smoothly, her tone surprisingly nonchalant. "You can go ahead and... reward her for her effort."

So she noticed my hesitation. Or maybe she was just being considerate.

"Well, okay. That helps."

Although, to be fair, she wasn't exactly the reason I hadn't jumped in and launched my vines at Dorothea yet—but I went along with it.

"Alright. Let's go, Isiliraiellyn. Come on," Tris called, standing and gesturing toward the door.

"Huh? Where are we going?" the other girl asked, confused.

"We don't want to interrupt them. Let's go," Tris said again, her voice playful but firm.

Tris had that tone like a mother dragging her kid away from something they shouldn't be seeing.

The door clicked shut behind them.

I turned.

Dorothea was still seated, eyes locked on mine with that same unrelenting stare.

She didn't speak.

She didn't need to.

The look said everything.

A slut's face. A witch in heat.

She leaned back on her hands, arching her chest forward slightly, putting her body on display in a way that was impossible to ignore. Her legs parted a little more than modesty allowed, and with how her skirt had ridden up... You could almost see under it. She was straddling the chair backward, and the position made her look completely exposed... she was vulnerable, but in the most erotic way possible.

It wasn't a ladylike pose.

But I didn't hate it. It was perfect.

My eyes trailed down her body.

Her figure was modest, sure, but those legs... smooth, toned, shapely... they were so deliciously firm they made my cock twitch just by existing in the same room.

And with that lewd smirk painted on her lips, she looked like someone who lived for this.

I'd already ticked one box off the list of ten requirements needed to dominate the Black Witch.

I wasn't even sure I needed her powers, not yet anyway, but maybe... just maybe... she'd prove useful later on.

Besides, wearing a woman's form hadn't been half as bad as I thought.

"Hey..." she whispered, her voice now dripping with want, "what are you waiting for? You're not going to leave me hanging, are you? I don't usually push my mind to remember the past for nothing, you know..."

The way she pouted made her look both demanding and absolutely fuckable.

"Alright, alright," I muttered, exhaling a breath and raising my hand.

I snapped my fingers.

Like obedient beasts answering their master's call, thick green vines erupted from the ground and walls, surging toward her like a living wave.

They wrapped around her limbs with fluid precision, binding her wrists and ankles in mid-air, lifting her off the chair until she hung suspended.

She was helpless and waiting.

The vines began to slither and tighten, caressing her curves, pressing against her chest and thighs in ways that were undeniably erotic.

Each movement of the vines emphasized the softness of her body, the give of her flesh against the taut green tendrils.

The way they wrapped her was intricate.

They were like the ropes of a practiced shibari artist. But softer and more sensual.

The vines flexed and squeezed, creating a bondage pose that was as much art as it was lust.

"Ahhhh~! Yes! They're here...!"

Her voice rang out, delighted and needy.

She was already wet... She was dripping.

I guided one of the thicker vines forward, inching it slowly toward her soaked slit.

She quivered in anticipation, eyes fluttering with lust.

And then I pushed it inside.

"Ahhnnnnnn~!!! Yessssssss! That feels soooo gooooodddddd~!"

Her mouth fell open in a scream of pleasure, her body writhing against the restraints, and her face contorted into pure, filthy bliss.

She was getting fucked.

And she was loving every second of it.

Her folds clenched tight around the vine, greedily pulling it deeper, and her back arched as if her whole body was begging for more.

My cock stirred. It was hard.

I could feel it rising fast in my pants, pulsing with heat and need.

Since I had my dick back after earlier being turned into a woman, the sensation was electric. That familiar throb of arousal ran up my spine like a jolt. The sight of Dorothea, helpless and being ravaged by my vines, was pushing all the right buttons in all the worst ways.

And I hadn't even gotten started yet.

"Ahhhhhhhhh~ I-It feels so good...~ M-Moreeeeeee~... Stuff more of those thick vines into my crevices... Give it to me... in my mouth... in my ass... everywheeeere~!!!"

With her filthy plea hanging in the air like a taunt, I decided to grant her exactly what she begged for. Without hesitation, I directed the vines toward the places she moaned about.

One thick vine slithered forward and plugged itself into her mouth.

Another slowly pressed against her asshole. Her hole parted with ease, greedily welcoming it in as it sank all the way inside.

Now that all three of her holes were filled, she looked even more overwhelmed with pleasure than before.

Her eyes rolled upward, almost vanishing into her skull, as I controlled the vines with precision—pistoning them in and out of her simultaneously, grinding deep into her soaked pussy, stretching her asshole, muffling her mouth with thick, slick vines.

"NMg, mghhhhhhhhhh, hhngg, mnnggg, ghhhgg~, mghhh....! Hnnnnghh, hhgghhhh~!!? Mbngghhhhhghhhh!! Mnngghghggghggghghgggggg!!"

Only incoherent, gurgled moans escaped her vine-stuffed mouth. I kept up the rhythm, unrelenting, until—

Her eyes fully rolled back—only the whites showing—and a powerful squirt erupted from her cunt, spraying all over the vines below her.

She looked utterly wrecked.

"You seem like you're really enjoying yourself," I said, my voice dry but amused.

I pulled the vine from her mouth, letting her breathe properly again.

Her tongue lolled out as she panted hard, her whole body trembling. "Yeshhhh~..." she slurred, completely out of it.

"Well... I guess it's only fair that I start enjoying myself too, don't you think?"

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock—it swayed in front of her, casting a shadow across her face.

"F-Fwehhh?"

She gasped, blinking up at it as the looming shape hovered just inches away.

"It's not fair for you to get all the pleasure while making such filthy faces that get me this hard. So, don't you think it's only right you give me a reason to use this?"

Dorothea was panting like a bitch in heat with mouth open, tongue hanging, and breath ragged.

She leaned closer, her nose twitching as she took in the scent of my cock, her mind still hazy from the relentless tentacle fucking.

Then...

"A~~mu~~~..."

She opened wide and slowly took the tip into her mouth.

Her tongue started darting across the tip of my cock, while the vines resumed ravishing her insides—front hole to back hole, leaving no spot untouched.

"Mnghhh...! Muannnn~... It's so good...~ I feel like my brain's gonna melt...~ It feels really gooodddddddddd~..."

She was moaning so loudly, it was hard to believe this was supposed to be the Black Witch.

"Hey, does it feel good for you too? You feel good, right? It feels good with my mouth, doesn't it?"

I was pretty sure her experience with actual dicks was limited to the collection of dildos she'd been buying, but thanks to all that constant practice, she'd ended up being surprisingly good at giving a blowjob.

Chapter 695 - The Fall Of The Black Witch (4)

Her lips felt divine as they wrapped snugly around the swollen tip of my cock, sealing it in with a warmth that sent a shiver crawling up my spine.

The moment her tongue began to flick across the sensitive ridge, it was like electricity shot through my nerves.

Every gentle swipe, every slow curl of her tongue around the crown, made it feel like my cock was being worshipped with care, like she truly wanted to savor it.

I could tell that she wasn't just doing this mindlessly.

Every subtle motion, every flick of her tongue, was deliberate. She was meticulous, incredibly attentive to even the smallest details, as if she knew exactly how to drag the pleasure out of me one flick at a time.

All the while, the vines coiled and twisted around her body, writhing like serpents as they slowly bound her in mid-air.

They slithered along her curves and squeezed her limbs, suspending her completely.

She was hanging, stretched and helpless, her limbs immobilized by the vines as they continued their sensual assault on her.

Dorothea's expression was the very picture of depravity with her eyes half-lidded and glossy, flushed cheeks, her mouth stretched around my cock as she looked up at me like she craved more.

Her lips moved with hungry precision, and her tongue would dart out every few seconds to flick across the tip before sealing her mouth over the head again, drawing long, steady sucks that made my knees twitch.

The vines weren't letting up either as they kept plunging in and out of her from both ends.

One thick vine shoved inside her ass, another buried deep inside her dripping pussy, moving in tandem with each other, pulsing and twisting as they fucked her thoroughly.

Meanwhile, her mouth was stuffed full of my cock, her lips stretched around it, her jaw trembling slightly from the strain, yet she kept going as if she was greedy for more.

"Mgnnnnghh... Hnnggghh~! Mnnnn! Mnnnnnnnnnghhhh!"

Her muffled moans vibrated around my cock like a living toy, the hums from her throat shooting straight into my core.

The moment the vibrations hit, my hips jerked on instinct, pushing a little deeper into her mouth.

I couldn't stop myself.

It actually felt too good and too intense, like she was milking me with her mouth alone.

There wasn't a single reason in my head to resist.

With how insanely good she was sucking me off, the only logical thing to do was keep fucking her mouth.

"Mhgghhhhhhhhhhhhhgg~... Hnnghhhggghh~!!!"

Her body jolted within the grasp of the vines, arching like she was being electrocuted by the overwhelming pleasure.

Her spine curved so sharply I could see her stomach tighten, her breasts heaving as the vines kept thrusting into her holes.

Her eyes were rolling, rolling so far back into her skull that only the whites remained, her pupils disappearing as her mind began to melt from the stimulation.

That's when I grabbed a fistful of her hair and the back of her head, yanked her in, and drove my cock deeper, straight into her throat.

Her throat swallowed me instantly.

It was unbelievably tight.

The muscles clung to my shaft like they were trying to crush me, each inch of my cock feeling like it was locked in a warm, constricting tunnel.

I could feel every single ripple of flesh tightening around me as her throat spasmed from the intrusion.

Then, right at that moment, I lost it.

I groaned, my entire body tensing, and I came hard.

Hot, thick spurts of cum shot straight down her throat, flooding her esophagus with every burst.

It was so forceful I could feel her trying to swallow reflexively as her neck bulged slightly with every jet of cum.

"Mghhhhhhhgggggg...! Mgh, mggghh... mghhgggg~!!!"

Dorothea's whole body shook violently, like she was short-circuiting from the sheer intensity.

Her eyes rolled up so far back it looked like she was possessed.

And then—

She squirted.

Her pussy erupted, spraying juices all over the floor in sudden, violent gushes.

It splattered loudly, leaving a sticky mess beneath her.

She wasn't just cumming.

She was releasing everything.

The squirting didn't stop right away, either.

It kept going, spurting in repeated bursts that stained the ground below her.

The vines inside her pussy didn't stop moving, and the stimulation kept milking more liquid out of her.

Her body trembled from head to toe, her thighs shaking uncontrollably, her butt spasming, her back arching again and again.

Her toes curled, her fingers twitched, and her head lolled loosely as if her brain had just shut down.

She looked like she'd hit a climax that cracked something open inside her.

Her throat was still clutching my cock so tightly that it felt like she was trying to drain me dry, even though I was already done cumming.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her throat.

It came out with a loud, wet pop, her lips still pursed around the shaft even after I slipped free.

A huge bubble of saliva inflated from her mouth.

It was glossy, wobbling with every breath she took.

It clung to her lips, refusing to pop, as if it was made from the friction and heat we'd stirred up together.

There was also a thick string of snot running from her nose down to her lips, shining under the light.

She looked absolutely ruined—and blissfully so.

It was obvious from the expression on her face that this was a kind of pleasure she'd never known before.

Maybe she'd used dildos in the past to chase this kind of high.

But really, there's nothing like actual sex.

Naturally, she'd feel a different kind of pleasure from this—sex and self-pleasure are two different things.

Masturbation is just you getting yourself off to relieve stress or satisfy a craving.

But sex... sex is something else entirely. You're not alone in it.

You've got someone else with you.

And the two of you are sharing that pleasure together.

You can't get that kind of connection when you're doing it by yourself.

I reached down and grabbed her chin, tilting her face up.

She looked dazed. She looked completely gone.

Her eyes were unfocused, her mouth slack, and her entire expression was painted with a dumb, blissful smile. She looked like she'd just touched heaven.

And then—pop.

The saliva bubble on her mouth finally burst.

"He..."

Only a weak, breathy sound left her lips. She couldn't even form proper words. She was far too gone.

"You really are a pervert, aren't you?" I said, smirking at her ruined face. "Getting off like this... I don't think I've ever met a woman quite like you."

"Haa... I-I'm not a pervert..." she tried to mumble back, barely audible.

She could deny it all she wanted.

But everything about her said otherwise.

From the moment I met her—I already knew what she really was.

She had been masturbating when we arrived—completely lost in her own pleasure, unapologetically shameless.

The way her body trembled from the aftershocks of her orgasm was proof enough—she enjoyed getting fucked like this.

"I still have the energy to go another round," I said, letting the weight of my words sink into her dazed mind. "But I'm not doing it with you again unless it's with my real cock buried inside you."

"W-Wha...?" Her voice broke, startled.

She blinked rapidly, as though trying to process what she just heard. Her eyes locked onto mine, wide and disbelieving.

"W-What do you mean...? I don't like dicks..." she muttered, almost defensively, as if clinging to a belief that no longer stood firm.

"Well," I said, my tone sharpening with cold resolve, "that's your loss then. I don't like putting in effort for someone if it doesn't give me anything in return. So if you want something from me—you're going to have to give me something first."

I let go of her chin, letting her head dip slightly as the connection between our eyes broke.

Then I stood upright, the shift in position drawing her gaze downward.

Now, my cock stood right in her line of sight.

"So... what do you think?"

She stared at it for a long second, biting her lower lip hard. She was clearly torn. Her breath caught, chest subtly rising and falling in conflict.

"I-I don't really like men in general," she began, her voice quiet but bitter. "When I was a kid... boys used to bully me. A lot. They made my life hell, and I ended up hating them. I hated them with every ounce of my being."

Her words were coated in venom and sorrow, yet there was something vulnerable there too.

Well, something human, I guess if you could call it that.

"But..." She hesitated. "I'm still a woman. I still have... you know? Needs."

I nodded slowly. "Well, I guess that's only natural."

I hadn't expected that kind of past from her. It explained so much. Still, I was surprised she hadn't ended up chasing women instead.

"That need only kept growing," she continued, eyes avoiding mine. "But since I couldn't stand the thought of a man touching me, I started using dildos. That was enough—at least for a while."

She let out a breath, almost like a small laugh.

"And if a guy pissed me off enough? I'd turn him into a woman just to pass the time and watch them squirm, helpless and humiliated. Honestly, it was kind of funny."

Then, as if peeling away another layer of herself, she added, "B-But... I guess I can make an exception for you."

She glanced up at me again, and her voice trembled. Not with fear, but something more like reluctance blended with curiosity.

"Even though you're a man, you kind of remind me of Elise. She's an absolute bombshell of a woman. I don't like women at all, mind you... but I found her really attractive. That's why I did what I did earlier and turned you into a woman. I thought maybe, just maybe, I could make you mine. But that... didn't turn out how I planned."

Her eyes flicked to the side, avoiding my stare, fingers curling slightly as if gripping invisible tension in the air. She was visibly torn, but also oddly sincere.

Then, after a long pause filled with uncertainty and silence...

"W-Well... I guess you can have me..." she finally muttered. "I feel like I wouldn't mind."

A slow smirk spread across my lips.

The Black Witch was now willingly offering herself to me. Just like that.

I couldn't believe it.

I had her right where I wanted.

She was completely, utterly, in the palm of my hand.

Chapter 696 - The Fall Of The Black Witch (5)

After giving me the green light, I went behind her.

She was still in a position where the vines held her up very tightly, and she was restrained so she couldn't move.

I removed the vines from her vagina, and her ass.

Both holes stayed wide open even though they weren't filled anymore.

The asshole and her vagina were puffing fumes of steams, and there were strings of liquid still connected those holes to the vines.

"Haa...~ Ha...~... Ha...."

Dorothea panted heavily, her breaths short and shaky, the sound of them echoing in the quiet room like soft gasps of need.

Her head turned slightly, casting a sidelong glance at me over her shoulder. There was a mix of heat and vulnerability in her eyes that made my pulse quicken.

She gulped—her throat visibly moving as she swallowed, as though trying to brace herself for what was coming.

This would be the first time she would be filled with anything other than a dildo.

The real thing.

Which made her a little apprehensive.

As I stepped behind her, the view that greeted me was enough to make my breath hitch.

Her legs spread just enough to expose everything to my eyes with her glistening, sensitive parts completely on display.

It was a view so lewd that I had to bite the inside of my cheek just to stop myself from lunging in without restraint.

She was something else.

An absolute bombshell. Her body was the kind of perfection that stirred something primal inside me. A woman like this, on full display, panting and waiting for me—how could I not react?

Something like this was really stirring up my appetite.

My hands moved before I even thought about it.

I reached out and grabbed her legs—my fingers digging softly into her skin.

They were smooth, warm, and soft to the touch.

Just the right amount of fat over toned muscle, enough that my grip made her thighs yield slightly, the flesh giving way beneath my fingers like warm dough.

"Nghhhh~..."

The sound slipped from her lips before she could stop it.

Just from that touch—just from my fingers wrapping around her thighs—she let out a moan that quivered with pleasure.

Her entire body shivered in response, like she was wired directly to every inch of my skin.

Damn... she was really sensitive.

I squeezed her thighs more firmly this time, wanting to feel just how much she could take.

And sure enough, they were firm, fit, yet plush—just enough to sink my fingers into and get lost in the texture of her body.

I slowly ran my hands along the smooth line of her thighs, savoring every second of it. I trailed up, inch by inch, until my palms found their place on the curve of her ass—full, firm, and warm to the touch.

Her hips, too, were made to be held—shaped perfectly to fit under my hands.

Her body was unreal.

While her breasts weren't huge, they had a subtle, perky shape that made them all the more desirable. Perfectly sized for grabbing, kissing, squeezing—I wasn't about to complain.

I didn't need massive tits to get turned on. Just her, like this, was more than enough.

With a flick of control, I moved my vines—and used them to reposition her.

Slowly, smoothly, they coiled around her limbs and guided her into a more open, welcoming stance.

Her butt lifted upward, arched and exposed, practically begging for me to slide in.

"Ahh... nghhhhhhhhh~!!"

Her voice cracked with pleasure, the sound like music to my ears. It lit a fire deep in my belly, the kind of hunger that only got more intense the longer I stared at her.

I brought my cock to her entrance—thick, hard, and throbbing with anticipation.

The moment the tip touched her sensitive, quivering hole, she trembled.

"Ahh... nnnn~..."

Her ass twitched. The soft cheeks gave a slight jiggle, and I couldn't help but let out a low, amused chuckle.

So fucking cute.

Without thinking twice, I raised my hand...

And brought it crashing down on her ass with a sharp, ringing slap.

"Ngggggggg... kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!"

Her moan tore through the air like a scream. The slap echoed off the walls, and within seconds, a red imprint of my hand bloomed across the smooth flesh of her cheek. Her entire ass clenched from the blow, muscles contracting around nothing yet like she was trying to milk air.

She arched her back even further, body reacting almost instinctively, and tried to stifle the moan rising in her throat—but it was useless. The sound burst free anyway, raw and loud, and it sounded almost like she'd just climaxed from the slap alone.

"Ah... guu..."

Her breath hitched, shaky and broken.

I didn't wait any longer.

I lined my cock up—not with her pussy, but with the other hole. Her ass was already stretched from earlier, the rim still slightly parted, quivering and wet from arousal.

Since she was already open there, I figured I'd explore that tight entrance first.

With a slow, steady push of my hips, I pressed forward.

"Uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh~~!!"

Her scream echoed, filled with overwhelming sensation.

Her ass gripped my cock tightly, as though trying to fight me at first, but I didn't stop. I pushed in deeper, inch by inch, feeling her warmth swallow me whole. The tight ring of muscle wrapped around me with such intensity it made my spine tingle.

Eventually, my hips pressed flush against her ass.

"Ahhh... S-Something is... big inside my butt...!" she gasped.

I grunted lowly, fingers digging into her hips as I started moving. Slowly at first, then faster.

"Ahhh~, aahnnn... W-What is this...? It feels good...~ It feels so gooodddddd~!!!"

Her voice lost all restraint.

Gone was the composure she had earlier. Now, every word was laced with pure lust. Her moans were heavier, deeper, more soaked in depravity than when the vines had been inside her.

My hands tightened around her hips. I slammed into her, driving my cock in and out of her ass with sharp, wet smacks. The tightness of her walls, the way her muscles squeezed and dragged along every inch of me—it was insane. The friction, the heat, the sound of her ass being pounded—it was all too much.

Her moans turned into cries.

"Ahhnnnn~ Ahhh...! Ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ahhh~!!!"

They echoed throughout the room, bouncing off the walls like a melody of raw, filthy pleasure.

And I kept fucking her, harder and deeper, until all I could hear was her voice and the lewd slap of skin against skin.

"Ahhh, nnngghhh~ Ahhh... W-What is this...?! What is this!? It feels good, it feels so good...! More! More... Please, do it to me more...!!! Ahnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnghhhggghhhhhh~!!!"

After a while, I couldn't hold back anymore and burst my cock deep inside her, shooting a thick load of warm cum straight into her ass.

"Aaaaaaaaaaghyyyyyyyy~!! S-So hot...! What is this? What is this!? It feels so good!!! It's so hot...! Something hot is... being shot inside me!"

I gripped her hips tightly, holding her in place until every last drop of my cum had been pumped into her.

The amount I released was ridiculous—enough to completely flood her ass with my cock buried to the hilt.

When I pulled out, her ass remained stretched wide open, still gaping from being thoroughly used. I let out a breath, watching her twitch beneath me.

Her ass stayed spread, raw from the pounding, and slowly, the vines that had been binding her loosened and fell away.

The moment she collapsed onto the floor, her body gave in. A sudden stream of yellow liquid burst out as she started peeing right there.

Her expression was completely fucked out—a dumb, blissful smile plastered across her face like she was in another world.

Her ass was still stretched open, and my cum started oozing out of the hole in slow, sticky trails.

"Heheh...~" she giggled mindlessly, laying in the mess.

After a bit, we decided to call it for today.

Now, she was rubbing herself against me, skin-to-skin, acting overly clingy and affectionate.

"I would've never thought sex with a man could feel like that. I swear I saw the light or something... I've been enlightened, basically," she said, cheeks flushed bright red.

"Well," I began, brushing my fingers lightly against her waist, "I could always do it again with you. But you'll have to promise me something first."

She tilted her head, curious.

"You don't do it with anyone else but me. Also, no pleasuring yourself with dildos anymore. I'm the only one allowed to enter you."

"E-Eh? Not even dildos?"

"Yeah. I want you tight, exactly the way I want. That's only natural. I've only taken your asshole for now... but if you behave, I'll give you something even more pleasurable."

When she heard that, her entire face lit up red. She blushed hard and swallowed nervously.

"If you really can't help yourself..." I said, letting my hand drift a little lower, "I might be willing to help you with something."

Chapter 697 - Self-Acceptance (1)

"U-Um, Master? I don't really get it... What is this?" Dorothea asked, her voice soft and uncertain as she stared at the item in my hand.

I had returned here just a day after our last encounter.

Before leaving, I'd told her I would bring something.

It was something that would keep her from indulging in herself while I was away. And now, I was delivering on that promise.

Along with that, I had instructed her to start calling me "Master" from now on.

There was something electrifying about hearing one of the most feared and dangerous individuals in the world submit to me with a single word. Master. Just the way it rolled off her tongue, without hesitation, made something primal stir within me.

It was thrilling. Intoxicating even.

She hadn't resisted it. Not even a little. In fact, she accepted it with the eagerness of a puppy, rubbing her face affectionately against my chest as if seeking my approval.

The infamous Black Witch... reduced to this obedient, eager woman?

I still couldn't believe how easily she'd fallen.

But hey, I wasn't going to complain.

She wasn't just some prize to me.

She was someone I absolutely couldn't afford to lose. Someone who had wandered too close to my grasp to ever be let go now.

It only felt natural to claim her as mine.

The item I handed her... was a chastity belt.

A sleek, snugly fitting device of polished black steel and leather, molded perfectly to her hips. It gleamed under the dim light like a forbidden artifact.

Its purpose was simple.

It would deny her any chance of pleasuring herself while I wasn't there.

No fingering. No grinding. Nothing.

I was the only one who held the key.

And I was certain that this restriction would only heighten her yearning for me, pushing her lust to greater, more desperate heights.

"This thing is going to be locked onto your hips," I explained slowly, holding it out for her to see in full. "It'll keep you from even trying to touch yourself when I'm not around. I've got the key. Only I have it. You won't be able to budge it, no matter how hard you try."

The moment I said that, her cheeks burned with a deep crimson blush.

Her eyes trembled as she stared at it, and her breathing grew faster, short, needy breaths that betrayed the way her body reacted.

Even though the idea sounded harsh—cruel, even—it clearly made her wet.

"J-Just thinking about how you're depriving me of pleasuring myself... it's making me horny," she admitted, her voice shaky and filled with aroused bliss. "I-I want you to fuck me again, Master... I know it's only been a day since we saw each other, but I want it again. Please... preferably in the front hole this time."

Her body was trembling now with her legs slightly shaking as she rubbed her thighs together, helpless to suppress her arousal. Her face was flushed like a ripe tomato, her lips parted, breathing uneven.

And I couldn't help but notice the wetness already trickling down her inner thighs.

She wasn't wearing any panties.

"Well," I said with a grin, stepping closer. "I suppose I could indulge you... just for a little while."

With a flick of my fingers, the vines emerged—slithering from the shadows—and I closed the distance between us.

I fucked her hard and deep—until her moans turned into incoherent cries of pleasure. Until her eyes rolled back and her body went limp, unconscious from sheer overstimulation.

Only then did I secure the chastity belt onto her.

It clicked into place around her hips, hugging her snugly, the lock snapping shut with finality.

With that, her freedom to touch herself was completely stripped away.

"I'm heading out for a bit," I said, adjusting my coat. "You should stay here. And make sure you're dressed properly. I don't want the others getting the wrong idea—thinking you just finished getting fucked. Clean yourself up. Groom properly."

"A-Alright~..." she replied, voice dazed and sweet, her blush still burning on her cheeks as she waved me goodbye—chastity belt already locked on her hips, gleaming like a mark of ownership.

With that, I turned and left.

Johanne was already waiting when I arrived—standing beside Tris.

They were both there, watching me approach.

Tris was the same as always.

That unreadable smile curled on her lips, playful and mysterious, as if she were hiding a secret only she found amusing.

"Leon," Johanne said as soon as her eyes found mine.

"Sorry I'm late," I told them, running a hand through my hair. "I had something I had to take care of first."

"It's alright," she replied gently. "I was just getting a little worried you might've gotten into an accident. You didn't answer my calls."

"Ah..."

Right. I'd been balls-deep in the Black Witch when she called. No wonder I didn't notice.

"Sorry. I must've silenced my phone," I told her.

"Really? Well... I guess that's fine," she said, visibly relieved. "I'm just glad you're okay."

"Alright then. Shall we?" I said, nodding toward the road ahead.

With that, the three of us began walking.

Our destination?

Dorothea's place.

We were going to finally reveal the truth to Johanne—that her real gender... the one she'd always had... was that of a woman.

"Are you sure this person's going to help me with my case, Leon?" Johanne asked, her tone skeptical but hopeful.

"I'm sure," I assured her. "She's even willing to do it for free."

"I wonder why she's willing to help for free, Leon?" Tris chimed in, her smile widening.

She wasn't asking out of genuine curiosity.

She knew.

She was teasing me—smiling because she knew damn well about my relationship with Dorothea.

I didn't bother responding. I just ignored her and kept walking.

Eventually, we arrived at the place.

The same location where we'd first met Dorothea—where we had to phase through a wall to enter a long, silent hallway before arriving at a lone door at the far end.

I knocked on it, once.

"Come in," said a voice from within—elegant and refined, echoing softly through the door.

I honestly couldn't believe how easily she'd shifted from the lust-filled moans from earlier to this calm, refined tone in an instant.

I slowly pushed the door open.

A soft creak echoed as the hinges gave way, revealing the quiet interior of a small, dimly lit room.

At the center, illuminated by the warm glow of an old ceiling lamp, was Dorothea.

She sat with an air of composure, poised in one of the simple wooden chairs beside a small round table.
T

he delicate clink of porcelain filled the silence as she raised a fine teacup to her lips.

She sipped.

There was a grace to it.

The way her lips pressed against the rim, the elegance in the tilt of her wrist, even the faint smacking sound as she savored the taste—it wasn't just drinking tea... it was more like a performance. A silent declaration of presence.

Even Johanne, standing beside me, visibly gulped.

She didn't need words to understand. This woman radiated power—the kind you don't challenge without consequence.

"Have a seat," Dorothea said smoothly, her voice a calm breeze laced with authority.

She uncrossed her legs, then recrossed them. That ever-present, wise smile curved on her lips as she gazed at the three of us.

"So then... what do you want me to do?" Her words were slow, measured, as if she already knew the answer but wanted to hear it spoken aloud.

"I..."

Johanne turned to look at me.

I blinked. My head tilted slightly, confused why she looked at me and not at Tris. Still, I said nothing. Let her take her time.

"I heard that you can help me," Johanne finally said.

Dorothea's expression didn't change. "Help you with what?"

"To turn me back to my real form."

She said it flatly. No dramatics and no hesitation. Straight to the point.

But the words—though brave—were vague. Almost too vague.

"To turn me back to my real form?" That could mean anything. To anyone else, it might have sounded like nonsense.

Even someone as experienced as the Black Witch wouldn't know what to make of such a cryptic request.

Unless... they already knew the story.

And Dorothea did.

Because she was the one who had done it.

She was the one who changed Johanne's gender when she was still an infant—long before she could remember anything at all.

"But you're already in your real form, young'un," Dorothea said.

The sentence struck like a bell.

Johanne's eyes shot open. "W-What do you mean? My real form? This isn't—"

"But it is." Dorothea's voice was steady and unshaken. Her eyes remained fixed on Johanne, sharp as razors yet calm as still water.

Then, without breaking eye contact, she slowly rose from her chair.

The movement was smooth, as if she floated upward, her cloak settling gently around her like smoke curling around fire.

"You might not know this..." she began, her voice dipping into something quieter. "Well, I suppose you wouldn't. You were just a newborn when I first laid eyes on you."

Johanne sat frozen.

Her chest rose and fell in shallow breaths, as if her body already knew what was coming but her mind refused to accept it.

"But I met you roughly twenty years ago."

"W-Wha...?" Johanne's voice trembled, the sound barely escaping her lips.

"You were brought to me by a man. A white-haired man," Dorothea continued, her tone unwavering. "He made a request."

Johanne's throat bobbed as she swallowed. Her eyes flicked between Dorothea's face and the floor, struggling to hold focus.

Whether these next words would comfort or shatter her... would be decided in an instant.

"And that something... was to change the gender of the baby."

Silence.

For a moment, time itself felt like it stopped.

And in that silence, I saw it—

The unmistakable expression on Johanne's face.

It was shock. Disbelief. A soul unraveling in real time. All at the same time.

Her eyes, wide and glassy, lost focus as the truth crashed into her like a tidal wave.

Chapter 698 - Self Acceptance (2)

Johanne's gaze slowly dropped to the floor, her wide eyes frozen in stunned silence.

As if the words she'd just heard had shattered something fundamental inside her.

It was written all over her face—that expression that teetered between disbelief and dread. Sure, a part of her might have wanted to believe that the woman standing before her was lying, just weaving a cruel

story for whatever reason. But... the truth was, Johanne wasn't even allowing herself to entertain that possibility.

Maybe she already knew.

Maybe her heart had sensed it long before her mind could fully grasp it.

She had been turning her eyes away from the truth, refusing to confront the reality that had always been lurking just beneath the surface. She knew. She had to know. That quiet sense of dissonance, that internal friction—she'd felt it for years. And yet, she had clung to the life she knew, unable, or perhaps unwilling, to accept the truth in its rawest form.

Tris and I glanced at each other for a moment.

Even after that shocking reveal, we didn't show surprise.

And that was because... we had already known.

Johanne's voice cracked slightly as she asked us, "You two... knew this already?"

We didn't respond with words.

I simply gave a silent nod, my eyes meeting hers with quiet understanding.

Then I saw it—barely noticeable, but unmistakably there—a single tear slowly welled up in the corner of Johanne's eye before trickling down her cheek, leaving a glistening trail on her skin. She didn't sob. She didn't cry out. But that lone tear carried more pain than any scream could ever convey.

This must've hit her like a storm.

Her entire life, she had been living in the shell of a man's body, being shaped and molded by expectations that were never her own. Raised to be someone she never truly was. Her identity, her soul—caught in an illusion that now lay in pieces before her.

The self-crisis building up inside her... it was going to be brutal.

The foundation she stood on was crumbling, and the person she thought she was—had always thought she was—was beginning to dissolve into something unrecognizable.

There is nothing more devastating than realizing that your whole existence, your very sense of self, was based on a lie. That everything you believed, everything you trusted about who you are, was a mask forced upon you since birth.

Johanne let out a breath that sounded like the weight of the world had just settled on her shoulders. Her entire frame seemed to deflate under the pressure of it all.

"...C-Can I... just get some space for now? I don't really know how to process this information," she said softly, her voice wavering as she slowly rose from her seat.

She didn't wait for our response.

Tris and I remained still.

We didn't follow her. Didn't say a word.

She needed time—time to let the jagged reality of everything sink in, to feel the full depth of what she'd just been told.

And we understood that.

This wasn't a moment for comfort.

This was a moment to grieve.

Johanne's POV

I wonder...

When was the first time I truly realized that my entire life had been built on lies?

I think the first hint came in those quiet moments—when I'd look at myself and feel like I was wearing someone else's skin. Walking down a path that never quite felt like mine.

It wasn't anything I could explain easily.

But deep inside, it was like... I was living in borrowed shoes.

Wearing a mask that didn't belong to me.

And now, everything makes sense.

All this time—I was different. I am different.

I'm a woman.

A woman who was forced to live inside a man's body.

A woman who was altered at birth... by her own father.

And the cruelest part?

I didn't even know.

I had lived twenty whole years completely unaware.

I never would've discovered the truth—never—if I hadn't accidentally shifted back into my original form.

But even now... I still don't know what to think.

Is this... really my true body?

Is this woman's form I've returned to... the real me?

Because for all those twenty years, I lived as a man. I thought like one. I acted like one. I was seen by the world as one. And now, with all of that stripped away... how am I supposed to tell what's real?

Was the man I once was... a lie?

Is the woman I see now just an illusion?

What is real?

The line between reality and fabrication—it's blurring so much that I can't even tell where one ends and the other begins.

But no...

There's something more important than just the truth.

It's not just about what I was.

It's about what I'm going to choose.

Is this life—the one I was always meant to have—the one I want?

Or is it the life that was given to me, the one that was forced onto me?

What am I supposed to embrace?

A man? A woman?

Which one is me?

Who... am I?

I've been thinking so much, my head feels like it's going to split open.

Everything feels like it's crashing down on me.

What the hell even is this?

Why the fuck did my father do this to me?

...No.

I think I understand now.

I was his firstborn.

And he was the Sword Saint—someone obsessed with legacy, with power as well as with tradition. He wanted a son. A first son.

So when I was born—a daughter—he didn't hesitate.

He twisted fate itself.

He changed my gender.

Without my permission. Without telling me.

Without a second thought.

And I had no idea. None.

"Father... I really want answers right now..." I muttered, my voice trembling as a surge of anger twisted painfully in my chest.

It was only natural to feel this way.

He violated something sacred.

He tore my identity from me. Warped my body for his own desires. Because he valued a son over a daughter.

Because he wanted a heir more than he wanted me.

It was selfish.

Disgusting.

I can't believe he'd stoop so low—to choose pride and legacy over his own child's soul.

Leon's POV

After what felt like an eternity, Johanne finally returned to the room.

He didn't look as shocked as before. There was still a heaviness to his steps, a weight in his gaze, but something had shifted—like he was no longer drowning in it.

"So? Did you manage to come to terms with the truth?" Dorothea asked, her tone cool and composed.

She sat like royalty on the edge of her seat, legs crossed with effortless grace, the porcelain teacup resting between her fingers as though this were just another lazy afternoon. Her crimson lips parted just slightly as she took another sip, eyes calmly observing Johanne like she was watching a play unfold.

"Yes," Johanne replied. Her voice didn't waver. She met Dorothea's eyes without blinking, as though forcing herself not to look away. "I've come to terms with the fact that... in reality, I am a woman."

A beat of silence passed.

Dorothea's brows lifted faintly. "Oh, I see..." she said, exhaling softly. "I can see the acceptance in your eyes. But tell me... do you truly accept the truth so easily?"

"I think I've already accepted it... at least partially," Johanne said. "I've been living in this body for months... almost a year now. And during that time, something changed inside me. The pain I used to feel when I was a man... it's gone."

He paused for a moment.

"No—more than gone. I think I finally understand why I was experiencing it to begin with. Every single month, I'd suffer a kind of pain that made no sense for a man to feel. I thought it was a disease—something irreversible... or something fatal even. I was scared, confused, and ashamed of something I couldn't explain."

Her eyes dimmed.

"But now... now that I've changed into this form... it all makes sense. That pain? It was menstruation. All those years... I was menstruating while living in a man's body. I thought I was cursed or broken somehow. But when I became a woman, the confusion vanished. Everything I used to feel but couldn't comprehend... it clicked. Like puzzle pieces snapping into place. Like my body was finally aligned with something deeper inside me."

She inhaled, then exhaled slowly, his voice gaining clarity.

"And so, I started to think... maybe this—this body, this form—is who I was meant to be all along."

There was no hint of hesitation in his tone.

He was being painfully honest, laying bare every buried doubt and emotion he'd held for so long.

"Now that you've told me the truth... that my father changed my gender just after I was born so I could be his son... it's like everything around me has shifted. The world I knew shattered, and something unfamiliar rose from the cracks."

Her gaze drifted to me.

Our eyes met.

And in that brief moment, something unspoken passed between us. Johanne's eyes widened slightly—then she blushed.

A soft pink bloomed across her cheeks like she'd been caught naked. She quickly turned away, the flush lingering as she averted her gaze.

"I've accepted the truth of what I am now," she said. "With this body... with this life. However..."

Dorothea leaned forward slightly, her eyes narrowing in curiosity. "However?"

"Please... change me back to my male self."

The moment those words left her lips, I felt like a slab of concrete had fallen from the sky and slammed into my chest.

Chapter 699 - Self Acceptance (3)

I didn't think she'd still choose to become a man—even after learning the truth. Even after having everything laid bare before her eyes.

That her body, her soul... her very existence was truly that of a woman.

And yet... she still clung to the identity she'd once held.

But maybe—just maybe—I could understand it.

If I'd lived my whole life believing I was a man, grew up with that reality ingrained into every fiber of my being, only to be told one day that everything I knew about myself was a lie... what life would I choose then?

I guess... the one that matched the person I had always thought I was.

"Hmm..." Dorothea tilted her head slightly, her sharp eyes narrowing as she studied her. "Let me ask you this—why do you still want to change back into a man, even though you now know the truth? That you were never one to begin with. What's going on in that head of yours?"

Her words were blunt, her tone casual, but it carried weight.

It was the kind of question that demanded an answer.

Because from any rational standpoint, it made no sense.

Johanne had been told the truth that she was biologically a woman. So why cling to a male identity that was, in the end, a fabrication?

"I just..." her voice trembled ever so slightly as her gaze dropped to the floor. "I need to understand something first. I want to know what motivated my father to do this to me. I have a theory. Well, a guess... but I need to hear the reason from his own mouth. And also..." she turned, locking eyes with Tris, "...I still have a responsibility. As a husband. As a man. I made a vow to my wife, and I can't just toss that aside—even if I now know I'm a woman."

There was a strange quiet that settled in the room. Her reasoning sounded logical—honorable even.

But to me... it felt off. Like she was saying the right words for everyone else's sake, but not her own.

There was this gnawing sense that she was sacrificing something of herself... for the sake of others.

Something this monumental shouldn't be rushed.

And yet here she was, making a choice already.

It caught me off guard—more than I expected.

Tris looked at her too.

Her expression mirrored my own conflicted thoughts.

She looked like she wasn't sure what to make of her "husband's" decision—but she didn't say anything to object.

"Well, I guess that's fine then," Dorothea said with a light shrug, waving her hand dismissively. "I just hope you won't end up throwing blame at me later. I've already got enough on my plate, and I don't need another person acting like I'm the villain in their story."

She gave a bitter chuckle.

"I mean, yeah, I used to mess around with this power for fun. Made a bit of mischief, did some questionable things. But I've changed. Really. I don't like being hated or hunted. I'm just someone who got paid a sum of money to do a job. That's all. I hope you don't take offense."

"I won't," Johanne said softly, her eyes calm and certain. "This is my father's doing. Not yours. You only acted on his command, so it's not right for me to hold it against you."

Dorothea paused for a moment—then smiled faintly.

"Glad to hear it," she said. "Well then, I suppose that wraps things up. You kids should get going. I've got a mountain of business waiting on me."

And with that, we turned to leave.

No more words were exchanged.

Only silence followed us as we stepped out.

We were walking back toward Academy City.

The streets of Pleasure City were coming alive with color and sound, like an orchestra tuning before a grand performance.

The sun was nearly gone, its golden light fading into violet and crimson hues across the horizon.

Night had begun to spread its wings. And with it, the real face of this city emerged.

The women from the pleasure houses were already flooding the streets with them draped in silk and lace, painted in alluring colors, their eyes gleaming like jewels under the lantern light.

They moved like liquid, smooth and seductive, casting flirtatious glances at passing travelers.

"Hey there, sweetheart. Spend the night with us, won't you? We'll take good care of you... more than you can imagine."

"We're fine with women too, by the way," another added with a sly smile. "Honestly, no one knows how to make a woman feel good better than another woman."

"We've got discounts going on tonight. First hour comes with a free massage, no strings attached. A few silvers, and we'll be yours for the whole night. Let us soothe your mind, your body, whatever you're aching for."

They weren't holding back.

Each word was honeyed, designed to tempt and seduce.

And from the looks of it, business was booming.

Some even approached us directly, their hands lightly brushing against our arms, their voices soft and sweet.

We declined them politely. Smiling, nodding, and walking past.

But I couldn't help but recognize a few faces among the crowd.

Familiar faces.

Faces I had once seen up close, under candlelight, naked and breathless.

Yeah, I'd fucked a few of them before.

Paid them in gold too.

So of course I remembered.

Back then, I looked different.

Not drastically, but enough.

Still, I pulled my hood up just a little—to be safe.

"Leon, are you covering your face because you've been paying prostitutes for their services?" Tris asked with a teasing smirk.

"That's impossible," Johanne said quickly, laughing awkwardly. "R-Right? I mean, as cadets of the Academy, we're absolutely forbidden to associate with prostitutes—or use their services. That's in the rulebook."

She wasn't wrong.

The thought reminded me of when Shredica once blackmailed me with a photo with me walking into a brothel with no disguise and no shame.

It was a rough start between us.

But looking back, I think we actually ended up as... pretty good friends.

"Is that so?" Tris raised a brow. "Well, considering it's Leon... I wouldn't be too surprised if he dipped into that sort of thing once or twice."

"I won't deny it," I replied with a smirk. "But I'm not saying it's true either."

"You're always vague. You love riddles, don't you?"

"Riddles give me a headache. So, no—I don't," I replied dryly.

We continued strolling through the neon-lit streets, laughing softly between ourselves. The city pulsed with life, its pleasures laid bare to all who passed.

But then—

"Ahhhhhhhh!!"

"Kyaaaaaaaaa!!"

Shrill screams pierced the air, sudden and sharp.

The atmosphere shifted in an instant, the casual chatter and seductive whispers swallowed up by fear.

The three of us immediately looked at each other—

And without hesitation, we broke into a sprint toward the source of the screams.

When we got there...

Bandits.

"Kyaaa...! H-Help!"

There were a lot of them—grabbing prostitutes by the elbows, yanking them roughly toward the waiting carriage like they were sacks of meat.

Some of the pleasure house guards were already dead, their bodies lying sprawled across the cobblestones in pools of blood.

"Come on, quit resisting already! You struggle like this, and I swear I'll slit your fucking throat!" one of the bandits barked, yanking a girl harder. "Don't act like this is anything new—you're just gonna be our playthings! How's that any different from your shitty job now?!"

Disgusting.

"I'm going to help them out for a bit," Johanne said, his voice steady as he slid his sword free from its scabbard with a sharp hiss of steel.

I didn't have a weapon on me. Normally, I'd use Ayuru—but she's a Cursed Sword. Showing her here wasn't something I wanted to do.

So instead, I decided to fight with my fists.

And with that, we dashed straight into the swarm of bandits.

The moment we got close, the bastards snapped to attention, drawing blades and getting into position like they thought they had a chance.

But, well... you can guess what happened next.

Johanne was the heir of the Sword Saint, after all.

And me? I don't like boasting—but I'm damn strong, too.

It didn't take long.

Limbs were sliced clean off, screams ripped through the night air, and blood painted the ground like crimson rain.

They didn't stand a chance. We tore through them—ruthless and fast. They were dead before they could even regret it.

After the last one fell, I walked over to the woman who had been getting dragged. She was shaking, her clothes torn slightly at the sleeve, but alive. I helped her up gently.

Johanne was already moving, slashing through ropes and releasing the other girls who'd been taken.

There was one bandit I didn't kill. I made sure of that.

Instead, I shattered both his feet—stomped them until bone cracked and folded.

He wouldn't be walking anytime soon. I even doubted he would be able to walk at all.

He whimpered, tears in his eyes. "N-No... please don't kill me..."

"Cut the crap," I said, crouching to meet his eye. My voice was low. "Start talking. How the fuck did bandits manage to get into Pleasure City?"

Chapter 700 - Self Acceptance (4)

"How the fuck did bandits manage to get into Pleasure City?"

There was a damn good reason why I asked that question.

Pleasure City—of all places—wasn't just some border village prone to infiltration.

It was nestled deep within the kingdom's heart, protected on all sides. Getting there unnoticed... well, it was supposed to be fucking impossible.

This city was practically a fortress disguised in luxury.

The kind of place that was so integrated into the kingdom's core that no outsider—especially a goddamn bandit—should've even come close to stepping foot inside without someone noticing.

And let's not forget the guards.

The kingdom had an army's worth of soldiers stationed throughout.

They weren't just standing there looking pretty either as they manned the gates like hawks, patrolled the streets day and night, and monitored every major entry point with brutal vigilance.

It just didn't make sense.

How the hell did an entire group of filthy, unruly bandits slip past that? No way in hell they got in through brute force. That would've been suicide.

Sure, I'd heard of cases where criminals disguised themselves as merchants or low-tier peddlers—muttering polite greetings, hiding blades beneath silks and spices. But even that kind of trickery was risky. The regulations were so tight it was like trying to sneak a torch past a guardhouse made of oil.

Getting caught at the gates... It happened all the time. A twitch, a wrong word, or a missing paper and you'd be dragged off screaming before your boots hit the ground.

And yeah, there were some homegrown bandits—those born within the kingdom's borders—but even they weren't brazen enough to show themselves out in the open like this. They operated in the dark. Shadows were their homes. Not fucking Pleasure City.

Especially not here.

This place. This place was sacred. A haven.

Pleasure City was built with more than just coin and architecture—it was forged from the desires and peace of the people. A paradise maintained by the will of kings, a place where crime was nearly nonexistent, where everyone came not for blood, but for warmth, comfort, escape.

It had near-flawless security. Crimes here were like ghosts, rumored but never seen.

This wasn't a haven for criminals.

Even the worst scumbags in the underworld knew the unspoken rules of Pleasure City.

You didn't fuck around here.

People came here not as status or class—but as humans. Man or woman, noble or beggar, all were equals the moment they stepped into this city. You came for pleasure, for peace—not to cause chaos.

And if someone did stir up trouble, the unwritten rule was simple take it the fuck outside.

So yeah, bandits showing up here? A whole damn group?

Something stank.

Something didn't add up.

I clenched my jaw. My gut already had suspicions crawling through it like worms.

"What the hell are the royal knights doing, letting these unruly men come here?!" someone suddenly shouted in the crowd.

His voice cracked with fury, his face flushed red. The bystanders around him began murmuring and yelling, their voices layering like a wave about to crash.

"Yeah! The royal knights don't do their job nowadays!"

"This country is corrupted to the core! Can't believe these fuckers still reign while the rest of us rot! This is because of that king! He should get off his damn throne and look at his people for once! All he cares about is women and money. Fucking sickening!"

"Hey! You can't just say stuff like that out loud! You'll get executed on the spot!"

"So what?! The kingdom's been rotting since his reign started anyway! That bastard should just retire already! This place would be better off turning into a republic!"

"She's right! The king has done nothing for his people! So many lives lost because of his fucking greed and debauchery! If anything, he should be the one executed right here and now!"

"The king's dying already, but fuck it—I hope he dies soon. All he's ever brought this kingdom is injustice and greed!"

The crowd was boiling over now. The air itself buzzed with heat, with rage, with the bitter sting of hopelessness.

People weren't just upset. They were literally unraveling right now. The pressure that had built up over years of failed promises and royal negligence was finally erupting.

And honestly?

I wasn't surprised in the slightest.

The king had been sitting on his golden throne for nearly fifty years, and in all that time, he hadn't done jack shit to uplift the kingdom. Unlike the rulers before him—kings who bled for their people—this one only took. And the people... Well, they were done staying silent.

Their voices had become sharp, laced with the kind of fury that no guard could put down with a sword.

I turned my gaze back to the bandit.

His body trembled like a leaf caught in a storm. His eyes wide, darting everywhere for a way out that didn't exist.

"I-I didn't know anything... I'm just a bandit! You already killed my boss!" he whimpered, shrinking back like a coward, as if that would save him.

"Is that so?" I replied coldly. My voice was calm, but my fury was coiled beneath it like a blade waiting to strike. "Then let me ask you this—why were you trying to kidnap prostitutes?"

His face twisted into something pathetic. His lips trembled, spit flying as he stammered.

"T-To make them our sex slaves, of course! You're a man, you get it, right?! What's wrong with it?! It's literally their job to pleasure men anyway! What's the difference between us using them as playthings and them getting paid to do it?!"

Fucking hell.

No.

I couldn't—wouldn't—wrap my head around that kind of twisted thinking.

Why the fuck couldn't they just pay like everyone else? Why resort to violence and chains when all it took was a coin and respect?

But no.

They had to take.

Had to ruin.

Had to degrade.

"Because unlike you shitheads," I snarled, spitting the words like acid in his face, "they're doing a more respectable job than your sorry ass ever could. They're working to feed their families, while you fuckers only destroy."

These prostitutes weren't doing this out of choice.

Not really.

Some of them had been deceived and tricked by clever words, fake promises, and predatory scams that left them drowning in debt.

And when there was no way out, this became their only path. To sell themselves just to repay what was stolen from them.

Others, they turned to this life not because they wanted pleasure or money for luxury, but because there was no other way to survive.

They had mouths to feed.

Families depending on them.

They endured this hell just to put food on the table.

Meanwhile, these worthless bandits?

They did whatever the fuck they pleased. Pillaging. Killing. Stealing. Destroying. Taking everything they laid eyes on with no remorse.

These bastards didn't want jobs. They didn't want to contribute or build anything. All they cared about was getting off and filling their greedy pockets.

Honestly, the prostitutes—those women forced to trade their dignity for survival—had more honor than these scumbags ever would.

I turned to the bandit, rage swelling in my chest, my voice low but venomous.

"You honestly sicken me," I spat, each syllable dripping with disgust. "You think with your dick, right? Then how about you die without it?"

Without a moment of hesitation, I stood up straight, the mana in my body surging toward the soles of my feet like a rushing flood. A sharp hiss of energy echoed beneath me as my boot gleamed with glowing power.

Then—BAM!

I stomped down with bone-crushing force, directly onto his crotch.

"Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!"

His scream ripped through the air like a tortured animal, echoing off the air. It was an agony that pierced through every eardrum around. His entire body jerked, limbs flailing wildly like he was having a seizure.

But he didn't die.

Not yet.

I raised my foot again, mana flaring hotter than before, and slammed it down once more.

CRACK.

His eyes bulged, almost popping from their sockets, and thick white foam began to spill from his mouth. He looked like he was choking on his own screams.

Still, I didn't stop.

Over and over, I crushed down, until my boot was soaked—dripping with his cock blood. The thick, dark liquid stained the ground beneath us, and the stench—coppery and vile—burned my nose.

I stared down at the broken body.

He was twitching still. Limbs spasming in jerky, dying movements. Maybe he was technically still breathing. Maybe his heart was still clinging on.

But there was no coming back from that.

The only thing he could pray for at this point... was death.

But my mind wasn't on him anymore.

No, something else was beginning to surface. A bigger picture. A dangerous pattern.

Something about this entire situation—this chaos, this infiltration—it reeked of something deeper.

Something... political.

I was beginning to see it.

This wasn't random.

This was about stirring unrest. Spreading fear. Inciting chaos.

This was about lighting the match... and starting a revolution.

To throw out the king.

To burn down the fucking throne.

But the question was... Who would be insane enough to do this?

Only one name echoed in my mind.

"Moriarty..."

Yeah.

If there was anyone behind this, it was him.

That bastard had been a thorn in my side from the beginning.

Maybe... it was time to face him again.

But the problem was—I didn't know where the fuck he was.

Marie wasn't talking either.

I visited her cell more times than I could count. Pressed her. Questioned her. Talked with her to tell me something. Anything.

But she never gave me a single useful answer.

Only that same smile.

"I don't think I can tell you much, honestly," she said in that soft, infuriating voice. "I don't even know myself."

Bullshit.

I knew she knew something.

But until she cracked, I had no lead.

Just suspicion. And anger.

While I was still standing there, hearing the growing unrest of the crowd—their voices loud with rage, calling out the monarchy's failures—my phone buzzed in my pocket.

A sharp, vibrating jolt that broke my thoughts.

I yanked it out and glanced at the screen.

Myrcella.

Without hesitation, I answered.

Her voice came through fast, panicked, and strained.

"There's a huge trouble!"