

The World 711

Chapter 711: Confrontation (2)

Johanne's POV

I made my way back to the house... or rather, to the place that used to be my home.

The place where my father raised me—not with warmth or gentleness—but with discipline, pressure, and expectations.

Where he forged me, hammered me into what he envisioned: a Sword Saint. Not just any successor, but his successor.

Where he shaped me to walk a path not meant for me.

Where he raised me, not as his daughter... but as the son he wanted.

Now, that house—cold, looming, and more of a fortress than a home—was crawling with guards. Stationed at every gate, every corridor, and every blind spot.

It wasn't surprising. Not after what had exploded across the net like wildfire.

That truth had torn into the Church's rigid ideals. And those loyal to the Goddess? They were furious.

To them, it was heresy.

To tamper with fate, to defy divine design—especially with something so sacred as one's gender—was blasphemy of the highest order.

If someone was born a boy, they were to be raised as a boy.

If someone was born a girl, they were to be nurtured as a girl.

There was no room for manipulation. No reshaping destiny.

A boy was born a boy. A girl was born a girl. No discussion. No exceptions.

To them, this... this was a betrayal.

When I stepped through the gates, the guards stationed there turned their heads. Their eyes locked onto me for a heartbeat too long.

Even though I was on the taller side for a woman, they hadn't noticed my real identity before. I used to keep everything tightly hidden—binding my chest, flattening any sign of femininity under thick layers of cloth. Back then, not even the guards noticed.

But not anymore.

Today, I made no effort to hide who I was.

I let it all show—

My body, my truth and everything.

Their eyes instinctively dropped to my chest, lingering for a moment as their minds tried to process what they were seeing. But they didn't say a single word.

Not a whisper. Not a question.

They simply stepped aside... and let me pass.

I walked the stone path leading to the main building, my boots clicking with each step, echoing in the courtyard like soft drumbeats of war.

As I entered the house, silence fell like a thick curtain.

The maids froze mid-step. The butlers stiffened as if time had paused.

Even the practitioners—the elite swordsmen and women personally trained by my father—gawked at me, their jaws slightly open, eyes wide with disbelief.

They looked at me like I was a ghost. Like someone resurrected from the past in an unfamiliar body.

But... could I blame them?

The person standing before them now was far from the one they'd grown used to. Far from the boy they had once greeted every morning.

Because that boy never truly existed.

He was just a mask. A shell. A carefully manufactured illusion.

And now, I had torn it off.

I walked forward, not slowing down for a second. I reached the heavy double doors that led into the lounge and shoved them open.

The creaking hinges screamed against the silence as I entered.

Inside, I found him.

Sitting in his favorite chair like a king on his throne, swirling a glass of wine in his hand, legs crossed lazily as he rested them near the fireplace, the flames casting flickering shadows along the walls.

"Father," I called out, my voice calm, but heavy with restrained emotion.

He didn't even glance my way.

"Looks like you've come back," he muttered, taking another sip from his glass. His tone was sharp and bitter. "What? You satisfied now? After stirring up that scandal? After dragging my name through the dirt? Ruining my reputation with your drama?"

He scoffed, the corner of his lip curling in disdain. "Well, congratulations. You did it. So... what's next? Planning to post another bombshell on the news? Or whatever the hell that internet thing is?"

"I didn't come to fight," I said. "I came to talk."

"We are talking, aren't we?" he replied dryly, still not bothering to turn his head.

I clenched my fists. "Then answer me. Why did you change my gender?"

There was a pause.

Then he spoke, voice low and cold. "You already know why."

"I want to hear it from you," I said, my voice sharp as a blade. "From your mouth. No more assumptions. No more silence."

He sighed—deep, annoyed and dismissive.

"Enough," he growled. "I don't have a daughter."

His hand rested on the hilt of the sword beside him, and he tapped the tip against the floor with a slow, deliberate rhythm.

It echoed like a warning bell.

"Leave now. Before I slice you in half."

So that was it.

His pride. His ego. Untouched and unrepentant.

"...Are you really that disappointed that I was born a girl?" I asked him, voice quiet but cutting. "So disappointed you had to erase who I was?"

He didn't answer.

"Disappointed enough to rewrite my body? My life?"

"I have no right to answer that," he muttered, gaze still fixed on the flames.

"You do," I snapped. "And I have every right to hear the truth."

I stepped closer, my heartbeat pounding in my ears.

"For twenty years, I've been trapped in a body that never belonged to me. A lie wrapped in flesh. You told me I was a man. You raised me like one. You made me believe it. Every damn day."

My throat tightened.

"And when I finally found out the truth... it crushed me. I couldn't even breathe."

I stared at the back of his head, my vision blurring.

"But at the same time... it made sense."

"You always told me I had to be strong. Walk like a man. Speak like one. Think like one. But all of that—it was built on a lie."

My voice trembled, but I didn't stop.

"I'm a woman. I always was. And the truth is... you were afraid. Afraid I'd go back to who I really was. Afraid that your 'successor' would no longer be the weapon you forged."

I stood there, staring at the man who had shaped my entire life with his expectations and silence.

And for the first time, I wasn't hiding anymore.

He let out a long, heavy sigh. "Is this what all of this is about?" he asked, his voice sharp but tired. "You think you didn't deserve any of it? That you should've been someone who didn't have to carry the weight of my expectations? Well then, go to hell with that bullshit. You threw everything away the moment you turned back into a woman."

"Why do you hate me so much just because I'm a woman?" I shot back, my voice rising. "Is being a woman and the Sword Saint not enough for you?"

"A woman could never become a Sword Saint," he said flatly. "Not now. Not ever. In our time, the title of Sword Saint has always been held by a man. That's how it's always been—and how it always will be. That truth was carved into history the moment the title was born and passed down through our bloodline. There's no room for exceptions. No woman could ever truly bear that title."

He rose from his seat, slow and deliberate, then walked over to the fireplace. Without a second thought, he tipped his wineglass and poured its contents into the flames. The fire hissed violently as the liquid hit it, sending a bitter aroma and thin smoke curling upward.

"I've always wanted a son," he said, staring into the fire. "Yes. A son. A daughter wouldn't have been the end of the world, but what I truly wanted... was a son. So when my wife—your mother—gave birth to you, I was devastated. Crushed. My firstborn, the heir to my legacy, came out a girl. And I couldn't accept that."

He turned his gaze to me, cold and unflinching.

"So I made a decision. I changed your gender. Did it without your mother's knowledge, and definitely before you could think or choose for yourself. I wanted no guilt, no burden of consciously forcing someone to change who they were. I just wanted it done."

He paused.

"I assume you met her? The Black Witch. Yeah, that's who I hired. She's the one who changed you into a man. When I saw you afterward—when I held you and saw you as a boy—I felt relief. Pure joy. And then I returned home, where your mother was still recovering from childbirth."

His expression darkened slightly.

"But she must've felt it. Deep down, she knew something was off. Her instincts screamed it. Even if she never saw your gender before giving birth, even if she passed out the moment you were born... she knew. She sensed it. Something wasn't right."

His voice dropped, rougher now.

"I felt guilt. I won't lie. I did. Changing you like that... it haunted me. But I didn't do anything to fix it. I lived with it. I raised you as a man and made you into what I wanted. And in the end... your mother died never knowing the full truth."

Chapter 712: Confrontation (3)

It was almost surreal—hard to even comprehend—that Father had ever possessed the kind of twisted resolve needed to hide something as monumental as my gender change from my own mother.

The thought gnawed at me.

If she had known... if she had even suspected the truth, I was certain it would have broken her.

Shattered her heart into pieces.

But she wasn't even granted that chance. She lived her life believing in a lie, and he never flinched.

"Well," he muttered with a low, sardonic breath, "I guess this is karma coming back for me."

His voice wasn't remorseful.

It was distant, almost amused in its resignation.

"But I assure you—I don't regret a single thing. If you think for one second that I'd ever look back and question my decision to make you a boy... then you really don't know me. I'd do it again. A thousand times over, I'd do it all over again without a sliver of hesitation. Because never—not once—has a woman ever risen to become a Sword Saint. And I wasn't about to let that change. Not on my watch."

He turned, fully this time, facing me like a mountain casting its shadow.

His stare cut through the air like a blade.

Even now, with time leaving traces across his skin, there was a suffocating weight behind his presence.

That unyielding pressure—the kind that makes seasoned warriors falter—still clung to him like armor.

His very posture spoke of violence restrained. A beast at rest, but never tamed.

This man was no ordinary swordsman.

He was a living weapon—his mastery honed by years of relentless combat and blood-soaked battlefields.

He had stood in warzones where heroes died screaming, and he'd walked away with nothing but another scar to add to the collection.

He had been called a monster.

And they weren't wrong.

This man—this monster—was my father.

The very same monster whose name alone made people's knees go weak.

And yet... I didn't flinch.

Not this time.

"You cling to tradition like it's sacred scripture," I said, my voice trembling just enough to betray the heat boiling inside me. "But the idea that a Sword Saint can't be a woman? That's not some divine law. It's bullshit you made up because you see women as fragile, disposable things. Decorations. Dolls. Something to shield—not someone who fights."

His eyes narrowed.

"Women have never, and will never, become a Sword Saint," he said coldly, with the tone of a man stating the law of gravity. "You really think this is about tradition? No. This is about truth. Undeniable, absolute truth. And you can't change that with ideals."

Stubborn.

So impossibly, disgustingly stubborn.

His pride wasn't just armor. It was a prison.

And I hated it.

I hated how blindly, how selfishly, he clung to it.

"Then..." I stepped forward, voice low but unwavering, "I'll prove you wrong."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Prove what, exactly?"

"That I can become the Sword Saint," I said, eyes locking with his, "even if I was born a woman."

The words didn't waver. I felt them leave my mouth like arrows fired from a drawn bow.

There was silence.

Then, for a brief moment—a blink and no more—I saw his eyes widen.

Just a flicker.

But it was there.

And just like that... it vanished. His gaze cooled again, like the still surface of a black lake.

"How do you plan on becoming the Sword Saint?" he asked, folding his arms slightly. "You think that title will just be handed to you?"

"No," I answered. "I challenge you to a duel."

A slow exhale escaped him, but his eyes didn't blink.

In the tradition of the Sword Saints, the title wasn't passed down by blood. It was inherited, sure, but it was also taken. Through victory or death, the one who stood above the other would claim the name.

If I defeated him—if I could stand over his body—I would be the Sword Saint.

"That's laughable," he said, scoffing. "You don't have the power."

Still.

Still clinging to the belief that a woman's blade would always be duller, weaker and less.

That belief had been forged into him. Sharpened into certainty.

Then so be it.

"Accept my challenge," I said, stepping closer. "See for yourself whether I have the power or not. If you win, I'll return to being a man. I'll restore your name and erase all disgrace from this duel. But if I win... you'll acknowledge the truth. That you lost. To me. A woman. And you'll give me the title."

He stared.

Then, suddenly, a low, amused chuckle rumbled in his chest.

"For someone who's a woman," he said with a grin, "you've got some serious balls."

His words weren't kind—but they weren't mocking either.

"Very well," he said at last. "I'll gladly accept."

And just like that... our duel was set.

The courtyard felt heavier than ever before.

The air, thick with anticipation, seemed to buzz with tension as we stood at the center of the training grounds.

Disciples—his disciples—gathered around in a ring, their eyes wide with disbelief. Some whispered. Others just stared. Their breaths caught in their throats as they tried to process what was happening.

Their invincible master—the man no one had dared challenge—was about to duel his own child.

The Sword Saint himself, unbeaten and unmatched.

A man whose blade could end fights before they even began.

One swing.

One flash of steel.

That's all it took.

No one had ever lasted long against him.

That's why his pupils never fought him for the title.

He wasn't just their master.

He was their demon.

But me? I wasn't afraid.

Not now.

I would defeat him.

And when I did—I'd tear down the wall he built between tradition and truth.

One of the senior practitioners stepped forward, acting as our umpire.

He stood at the center, eyes darting between us, his voice steady but tight with tension.

He gave us both a long look, making sure we were ready.

My father stood tall, relaxed, his sword hanging lazily in one hand like it weighed nothing.

Like weighing nothing was its most terrifying quality.

I held mine in both hands, my grip tight.

Every nerve in my arms was alive, every breath I took was a silent promise—I wouldn't lose.

Not here.

Not to him.

The umpire spoke, his voice echoing in the silent air.

"Victory shall go to whoever disarms or incapacitates the other. Any form of cheating will result in immediate disqualification."

Then slowly, with all eyes on him... he raised his hand.

Then—

"Start!"

The umpire's voice sliced through the air like a whip, his hand coming down sharply.

And the moment it did—

I didn't even blink.

It was as if time fractured for just a moment. My heart lurched. The world blurred.

Because in the very next breath—he was already in front of me.

Like a phantom emerging from the void, my father had closed the distance instantly.

His movements were so fast, it felt like the air itself bent around him.

And his sword... it was already in mid-swing.

I barely registered the gleam of steel cutting through the light, arcing with terrifying precision toward me.

Normally, you'd hear the loud crash of blades meeting.

Sparks flying.

A clash of wills between two swords.

But there was nothing.

My sword—still gripped tightly in my hands—hadn't moved at all.

Frozen.

Paralyzed.

It sat dormant, useless, while his weapon was already seconds away from slicing clean through me.

But then—

He stopped.

The tip of his blade halted just an inch from my neck, the cold edge humming in the space between life and death.

He never meant to kill me.

I could feel it in the way his presence loomed—not with murderous intent, but with dominance. A test.

No, it wasn't an attempt to end me. It was a scare tactic.

A warning.

To make me back down.

His voice came, cutting through the tense silence like frost.

"A woman couldn't possibly reach a speed like that," he said, tone filled with disdain. "Look at you. You couldn't even lift your damn sword."

He scoffed.

"Enough of this," he snapped, turning his back to me like I wasn't even worth finishing off. "Go back to the Black Witch and—"

But the fight wasn't over. Not even close.

His dismissal lit a fire inside me.

I wasn't going to let it end like that.

With a sharp breath, I raised my sword—burning with defiance—and swung it toward his retreating form with everything I had left in me.

He felt it.

His instincts reacted instantly.

He moved—swift and sharp—dodging my blade as if it were nothing more than a gust of wind.

His body shifted effortlessly out of my range, his sword still hanging loosely at his side, relaxed and unbothered.

His voice came again, laced with a smirk.

"Hm? Didn't you already lose?"

I gritted my teeth. "The rules said the winner is the one who gets disarmed or incapacitated. I've still got my sword. And I'm still standing."

My eyes locked with his.

"So the duel's still on."

He let out a slow, tired sigh, as though this entire thing was a pointless charade dragging out longer than necessary.

"You really think you're being clever, huh?" he muttered, shaking his head. "I could've ended this. Snapped your neck with a flick of my wrist and dropped you like a sack of grain."

He lifted his eyes to me, now sharpened and serious.

"But I gave you a chance. I gave you a moment to catch your breath and stand upright."

And yet, I didn't flinch.

Didn't falter.

His voice lowered into something rougher and darker. "But I see now—you've got no plans to give up."

My grip on the sword tightened.

"I don't," I said. "If you want to defeat me... then you'll have to kill me."

Chapter 713: Confrontation (4)

I looked him straight in the eye, unwavering, letting the weight of my gaze settle on his face like a final declaration.

This was it.

The moment I decided I would rather die than live shackled.

I had already resolved to face death the moment I accepted this duel.

There was no turning back. There was no alternate path waiting in the wings.

This wasn't just some display of courage—it was everything.

I would rather perish holding on to the pride of the woman I've always been, than strip that away, become a man, and reduce myself to his puppet—a doll molded by his vision of strength and submission.

That was a future I refused to accept.

I didn't want that twisted mercy. That hollow version of existence.

If I gave in to him, I would only be met with endless suffering.

And somehow, Leon knew.

He must've sensed it—that today was the day I planned to face Father in a duel.

That I had carved my resolve in stone. That I was ready to die if I had to.

And yet... he didn't try to stop me.

I didn't know why. Maybe he believed in me and trusted I'd survive. Or maybe... maybe he understood that nothing he could say would turn me away from this path.

But in the end, it didn't matter.

Nothing mattered anymore.

All that was left now were two possibilities.

It was either I rise victorious, or I fall trying.

"You've really grown a pair of balls," Father muttered with a dry scoff, amusement curling at the corners of his lips. "Do you actually believe I wouldn't kill my own child if he asked for it?"

"Then why did you hesitate earlier?" I shot back, voice steady. "Why stop your blade at my throat, when you could've finished it without blinking?"

His gaze flickered with something—cold and clinical. "Your blood would defile this sacred ground," he said. "A place where so many have trained, shed sweat and tears. That's all. Nothing more. Nothing less."

So that was it.

He was bound by tradition. Obsessed with it.

Right now, I wasn't facing a man.

I was standing against a monster—one shaped by years of discipline, grief, and bitter beliefs.

Whether he was my father or not didn't change that fact.

He let out a long sigh, shoulders rising and falling with something heavy.

Then, with one hand, he raised his palm lazily and curled his fingers—beckoning me forward with a mocking smirk.

"Alright then," he said, voice calm as ever. "Come at me."

I slammed my foot against the stone floor, my entire body surging forward, wind rushing past my ears as I closed the distance in a blur.

I aimed for his blind spot, slipping behind him with every ounce of speed I could muster.

But before I could even swing my blade—he was gone.

"Again," his voice rang out behind me like a whisper of death.

He was already standing there—behind me.

I spun around, breath sharp in my throat, and braced myself once more.

This was turning into something far more one-sided than I had anticipated.

As I feared... he was powerful. Inhumanly so.

A decade of tireless training wouldn't even put me close to his level.

But I couldn't stop now.

I launched forward again, sword raised, slicing the air with a cry.

But again, my blade cut through nothing—

There was no resistance and contact.

Just empty air.

He was fast. So fast, he was leaving afterimages behind—ghostly silhouettes that flickered at the edge of my vision, vanishing before I could even register them.

A blur. A phantom.

A monster.

"Again," he repeated coldly, and once more, I felt the chill of his presence behind me.

I turned again. Faced him. Tightened my grip.

Dashed.

Swung.

Missed.

Again.

Again.

Each time, he ended up behind me. Untouched. Unshaken. His stance never wavered.

His sword—never raised.

That's when I realized what he was doing.

He wasn't trying to beat me with sheer power.

He was breaking me.

Breaking my will. My resolve. My belief that I could reach him.

He wanted me to feel it—my powerlessness. The hopelessness of landing a blow.

He was toying with me.

Crushing me without ever striking once.

I clenched my jaw and forced myself upright again.

"Do you think I'm like Mother?" I asked, voice rising like a challenge.

"What?" he muttered, barely reacting.

"No," I pressed on, locking eyes with him. "More than that... do you think I'm like your sister?"

For the first time in this entire fight—his expression cracked.

His face shifted.

Something behind those eyes... stirred.

And I understood.

I finally understood why he had been so obsessed with burying the idea of a woman ever becoming a sword saint.

Why he denied it so fiercely. Why he wouldn't even entertain the thought.

Because the two most important women in his life... had died.

To him, women were fragile.

Breakable.

Things meant to be protected, never sharpened into blades of their own.

My mother died slowly and painfully with her body eaten away by a sickness he couldn't stop.

He was powerless to protect her.

And his sister?

She died trying to become the sword saint.

The path to that title wasn't noble or glamorous. It was brutal.

It demanded everything. Discipline, suffering, as well as sacrifice. A mind that could withstand fire and a body that wouldn't break under it.

His sister was the firstborn. The one meant to inherit the title. She should have become the first sword saint.

But she pushed too far. Trained too hard.

And it killed her.

That was the truth.

That's why he couldn't accept the idea of a woman following that same path.

Because both of them—his wife as well as his sister—were consumed by things beyond his control.

"I'm not like late Aunt," I said firmly. "I will become the sword saint."

"You fool," he snapped, his voice tight with something like pain. His teeth grit together. "You don't understand a damn thing."

"I do," I answered, calm and sure. "You've trapped yourself in the idea that women can't do anything. That we're weak and fragile."

I took a breath. Raised my sword again.

"But that's where you're wrong. You don't have to worry, Father."

I locked eyes with him.

"I'll free you from that curse."

I lunged forward with everything I had.

My feet pounded against the stone floor, the sound echoing like distant thunder in my ears.

The tension crackled in the air, thick as smoke.

My eyes locked onto his. And for the briefest second—I caught it.

There.

A flicker.

A moment of hesitation in his gaze.

I didn't waste that chance.

I funneled all the strength in my body into that single dash, every muscle screaming, every nerve on fire.

My breath caught in my throat. My vision tunneled. The world narrowed to him—just him.

And I broke past his front once more.

Just like before, I found myself at his blind spot, my sword raised and ready to strike.

But his figure disappeared again.

Gone—like a mirage melting under the sun.

He was behind me.

But this time...

I was already one step ahead.

I didn't stop my momentum.

I let my body twist mid-air, the force of my previous swing carrying me through a full rotation.

Wind howled in my ears as I spun—

And as I completed the spin—

Clang!

The moment our blades collided, a thunderous shockwave ripped through the courtyard.

Sparks exploded from the point of impact, scattering like fireflies in every direction.

The vibration jolted up my arm, rattling my bones.

Gasps erupted from the onlookers.

Mouths hung open. E

yes widened with disbelief, as though they'd all forgotten how to breathe.

The sword saint—my father—was known for ending every battle with a single, precise strike.

No one had ever heard the sound of a clash.

Not once.

And yet, in this duel... that sound had been born.

Because for the very first time—

He blocked.

I twisted my body mid-reaction, slipping away just before his foot could connect with my side.

My boots scraped across the stone as I retreated, kicking up dust in my wake.

I exhaled sharply, my heart thundering in my chest like a war drum.

When I glanced up again, he was staring at his sword.

And then he turned his gaze to me—those sharp, calculating eyes now shining with something unfamiliar.

Interest.

"Interesting..." he murmured, a grin slowly curling across his lips.

There was no condescension in that grin this time.

It was genuine.

He looked... amused.

"Come at me again," he said, his tone deeper now.

I didn't hesitate.

I surged forward once more, my body moving purely on instinct now.

My blade trembled in my hands with the force I poured into every swing and every step.

My blood felt like it was boiling in my veins.

And he—he no longer held back either.

His grip on the sword tightened, his knuckles whitening around the hilt.

The tension in his stance spoke volumes.

He was finally taking this seriously.

The clash of our swords rang out again, like lightning splitting the sky.

Then again.

And again.

Each strike was like an explosion.

Each movement a blur.

I gave it my all—every drop of strength and every thread of will.

My heart raced, my arms ached, my lungs burned—but I didn't let up.

I couldn't.

For one fleeting moment, I thought I was catching up.

Matching him, step for step.

But no.

Every time I thought I was there—he accelerated.

His blade became a blur, faster than thought, faster than light. He was pushing beyond, pulling ahead.

I couldn't keep up.

And then, before I could even blink—

My sword slipped from my hands.

Chapter 714: Confrontation (5)

I watched as my sword flew from my grasp, spinning violently through the air like a silver streak cutting across the sky.

It glinted once in the light, flipping end over end, before starting its descent—

Falling toward the hard stone floor of the platform below.

My heart dropped with it.

No—this couldn't be how it ended.

I clenched my teeth and threw my body forward, every nerve in me igniting like fire.

My legs burned as I exploded into a full sprint, the air whipping harshly past my face.

I used every ounce of my speed—every scrap of willpower—to close the distance.

My lungs screamed, and the soles of my feet slammed against the platform with deafening force.

I had to make it..

Being disarmed meant defeat.

It didn't matter how skilled you were, how close you were to turning the tables.

The moment your weapon touched the ground, the battle was over.

The one who disarmed the other would be named the victor, no exceptions.

But there was a sliver of hope—a razor-thin margin for survival.

The rule only came into play if the sword actually hit the ground.

Which meant...

If I caught it before it landed—if I snatched it back from the jaws of failure mid-air—then I was still in this.

My fingers closed around the hilt just before it could clatter against the cold floor.

The moment I grabbed it, I whipped my body back upright and let my instincts take over.

I entered my battle stance in one fluid motion, my breath ragged but steadying as adrenaline took hold.

My father's face remained unreadable, cold and composed as always.

But I saw it—

A flicker in his eyes. It was subtle. But it was there.

Slight approval.

"Impressive," he said, his tone calm and measured. "I wouldn't have expected you to go as far as doing something that outrageous—catching your sword mid-air like that."

He let out a small exhale, eyes fixed on me.

"Well... I suppose that's fine. As long as your sword never touched the ground, you're still part of this duel. But tell me—haven't you noticed something? You're clearly at a disadvantage."

I already knew that. I didn't need to be told.

My arms ached, my lungs burned, and sweat dripped down my back in steady trails.

But I didn't let his words rattle me.

I tightened my grip on the sword, raised my chin, and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Don't worry," I said firmly, my voice unwavering. "I'm not afraid."

"Oh?"

His eyes narrowed, and a grin threatened the corner of his lips.

Now, he looked genuinely intrigued.

At that moment, I didn't feel like I was standing in front of my father anymore.

No.

He was still my father... but something about him had shifted.

The usual disapproval, the rigid harshness was all gone.

In its place was something else.

Recognition?

I wasn't sure.

But I wasn't going to waste the moment.

I charged in again—this time not with form, not with technique, but with everything I had.

Every last drop of power and speed surged through me. My body was screaming, but I shut out the pain.

My blade swung wildly, without style or precision.

I no longer cared about the elegance of form—I struck when I felt like it, whenever an opening appeared. It was messy and chaotic.

But it was fast.

Faster than I had ever moved.

And somehow... I was keeping up.

Our swords blurred together, moving so rapidly that the human eye couldn't track them anymore.

The sound of metal clashing vanished completely—it was too fast to even make noise.

The world around us melted away.

Time... stopped.

In that space, there was nothing else but him and me.

Two blades.

One heartbeat.

One rhythm.

We were locked in a dance that had no music, no audience, no meaning beyond the clash itself.

I gave it everything—my speed, my strength, my soul.

He, on the other hand, remained perfectly composed.

Every block, every parry was effortless.

He barely even moved.

While I flung myself at him with desperate force, he reacted like it was a casual spar.

It was maddening.

I could feel it—my muscles starting to tear, my bones aching under the pressure.

Each movement felt like it would be my last.

I was nearing my limit.

My arms trembled, my shoulders burned, and my legs threatened to give out at any moment.

But I held on.

Not because I thought I could win.

But because I refused to quit.

My willpower kept me going when my body was already done.

Or maybe it was just plain stubbornness.

I didn't care if my limbs shattered—I wasn't going down easy.

But...

It still wasn't enough.

I didn't have the years of experience.

The honed instincts.

The unshakable control.

Compared to him, I was still just a flickering candle trying to outshine a raging sun.

He was on another level.

And I... I wasn't even close.

He hadn't even used his full strength.

Then, it happened.

My legs gave out beneath me like broken supports.

I dropped to my knees—and my sword slipped from my grasp.

The weight of it was gone.

The warmth of the hilt vanished from my fingers.

"This duel is over! The victor is Sir Sword Saint!"

"Ugh..."

A groan tore from my throat.

I felt like I had been hurled into a pit of darkness.

My head hung low, sweat dripping from my face onto the ground below.

My lungs heaved. My vision blurred.

I looked up at my father.

His expression hadn't changed.

Still that same cold, unreadable gaze.

But this time, something was different.

There was a glimmer in his eyes.

Interest.

Without a word, he sheathed his sword in one smooth motion—

And then extended his hand toward me.

I stared at it in disbelief.

What... was this?

What did it mean?

I blinked, unable to process it.

Was he... helping me?

"What are you waiting for?" he said flatly. "Do you hate me so much that you can't even stand the idea of being pulled up by my hand?"

My eyes widened.

He... was offering to help me up?

Still stunned, I reached out and grabbed his hand. It felt strong. And I could feel the years of training in it.

It was strange. Surreal, even.

I had never imagined that he would do something like this.

Chapter 715: Confrontation (6)

"Are you offering that because you expect me to be your puppet forever?" I asked, my voice still laced with confusion.

He paused.

Then...

"Fuhahaha..."

A low, rolling laugh rumbled from his chest.

It caught me off guard.

The entire platform went quiet. Even the surrounding practitioners froze.

Everyone stared.

It might've been the first time they'd ever heard him laugh.

Even I—his child—had never heard it before.

"You've really grown some balls, huh?" he said, shaking his head with a smirk. "Didn't think I'd ever say that about a woman... but balls, you've definitely grown."

I looked at him, my brows twitching, eyes wide in disbelief.

His expression didn't change.

It was calm, cold. And more than anything, absolute.

"No matter," he said, his voice flat, carrying a weight that felt like a stone dropped into my chest. "From now on, you'll train. And you'll keep training... until every single bone in your body breaks—until your knees hit the ground and stay there, crushed under the weight of your own weakness."

The air felt heavier after his words.

A chilling silence wrapped around us.

Without so much as a glance, he turned around, his clothes rustling softly behind him as he walked away with slow, deliberate steps, like he hadn't just sentenced me to hell.

Did that mean...?

Was he ordering me to return?

To come back to him... as a man?

"And also," he added, without turning, "I don't think kindly of boyfriends."

His voice was like a blade dipped in casual venom.

"So if you have one, I'd strongly advise you not to bring them here. Not on my field. Or else..."

He paused.

A soft breeze rolled in, brushing past me as the final part of his threat settled into the air like dust.

"...I might just cut them in half."

I stood there frozen, watching his back as he grew smaller in the distance.

Wait.

Boyfriend?

Did he just say—boyfriend?

Then that must mean...

A flicker of heat rose in my chest.

No.

I shouldn't assume anything.

I still had no idea what went on in that twisted, unreadable head of his. His thoughts were always buried beneath layers of silence and steel.

But even so—

Right now, in this moment...

It felt like I had just taken a step forward.

Just one.

But one more than before.

Sword Saint's POV

My footsteps echoed faintly behind me as I walked away with my back turned and my arms heavy.

I didn't look back.

Not even once.

And if I did... I knew I wouldn't be able to keep walking.

I wouldn't be able to take another goddamn step.

This whole thing... all of it—it was karma. Plain and simple.

Everything I'd buried was clawing its way back up from the grave to tear at me.

I never thought... not once in my life... that the secret I'd hidden for so many years would be brought out into the open like this.

The wind blew across my face as I looked up toward the sky, where the clouds drifted lazily, completely unaware of the weight pressing down on me.

Johanna.

That was her name.

My sister.

Johanne's aunt.

I had named him—no, her—after my sister.

The sister I lost.

I didn't even question it at the time. It just... felt right.

But never in my wildest thoughts did I expect Johanne to grow up to mirror Johanna's spirit so clearly.

Not just in name, but in strength. As well as in fire.

I used to look up to Johanna. As a kid, I thought she was invincible. A warrior. A goddess in flesh.

She was the reason I ever picked up a sword.

She was the fire that first lit my path.

Johanna and Johanne.

Two women. Different times.

But the same unyielding spark.

They were strong. Proud. Untamed, in fact.

But women—no matter how strong—were still fragile.

That was what I kept telling myself.

Because every woman I ever loved... died.

My mother bled out the day I was born.

The woman who raised me, the one who nursed me when I cried, was butchered during a bandit raid. She couldn't defend herself. She died screaming.

My sister trained harder than anyone I knew. She pushed her body past its limits. But her body gave up. She broke from the inside out.

And my wife...

She didn't even have a fighting chance. Her body was too weak. An illness snatched her away like a thief in the night.

They were all gone.

Every single one of them.

And the one thing they all had in common?

Fragility.

That belief carved itself into my bones the day I watched my daughter take her first breath.

She was born a girl.

And in that moment, fear swallowed me whole.

What if she was like her mother?

What if she had inherited the same weakness?

I couldn't let her have that.

I couldn't go through that again.

So... I did something no father should've done.

I changed her.

I found a woman.

A strange one—someone who dealt in odd things, whispered rumors said. It was said that she could change a person's gender with nothing but a flick of her fingers.

She seemed like someone who got off on chaos. Mischief sparkled in her eyes.

But I didn't care.

I paid her. I paid her to turn my daughter into a boy. I paid for silence as well as for secrecy. For something that should've never been done.

She didn't ask questions.

She didn't hesitate.

She just snapped her fingers—and in a heartbeat, my daughter was gone.

In her place was a boy.

I didn't stay. The moment it was done, I walked away. Left that cursed place behind.

But guilt? Guilt doesn't let you walk far.

It caught up with me the second I stepped outside. Every step afterward felt like I was dragging chains.

But I didn't turn back.

I couldn't.

I just kept walking. Kept pretending.

My wife never knew.

She was unconscious before she ever laid eyes on our child.

I paid the midwife off and told her to keep her mouth shut and to take this secret to the grave.

And when my wife finally held her—already transformed—she sensed something was off. I could see it in her eyes.

But she said nothing.

She accepted it.

And I let her.

Still, the guilt inside me kept growing. It festered.

And then... my wife's illness took her life, just as I feared it would.

Chapter 716: Confrontation (7)

My wife passed away before she ever realized what was truly happening to our child.

She died without knowing that I had changed our child's gender—without understanding the truth that had been living under her nose the entire time.

For all she knew until her final breath, Johanne had always been a boy.

She never once knew—never even suspected—that she had been born a girl.

But deep down, I can't help but feel like my wife sensed something. That behind her soft gaze and quiet demeanor, she was waiting for me to speak up.

I could see it in the way she looked at me when Johanne was mentioned.

A patient, almost pleading kind of silence. She knew I was hiding something.

I could feel it every time her eyes lingered, every time her lips pressed together before she chose not to ask. She was waiting. Waiting for me to tell her the truth with my own lips.

But in the end...

I never said a word.

I failed her. In the worst way imaginable.

And yet, even in the devastating storm of losing her, there was a bitter comfort... an ugly, shameful relief.

The burden of revealing the secret? It vanished with her.

I no longer had to carry the weight of that looming confession.

The fear of her reaction, the dread of betrayal—it all died with her.

Over time, that guilt—something that had once gnawed at me day and night—started to fade.

It grew lighter. And eventually, I couldn't feel it anymore.

My daughter... she grew up never even realizing what she truly was.

And then I used her. Coldly. Calculatedly. I used her to forge connections.

I married her off into a family that had ties close to ours.

It was as if I was playing god with her fate—tugging at the strings of her life like she was a doll, not a person.

But again, I didn't feel guilt. Not even a whisper of it.

I brushed it all off like I always do, thinking to myself that this was for the best.

That women didn't have the means to protect themselves in this world.

That by doing this, I was shielding her and giving her a place to belong.

And then... everything changed.

My child turned against me.

Of course, I always knew this day would come. Secrets like that never stay buried forever.

But when the truth was finally laid bare, instead of owning up to it—facing her with honesty—I rejected her.

I turned my back on her and told her she was wrong.

I denied her identity with the same cold detachment I had honed over the years.

It escalated.

She challenged me.

She demanded a duel. A battle for the title of Sword Saint. My legacy. My pride.

And I accepted.

If she won, then maybe... maybe I would've been forced to finally admit that I was wrong. That I had failed her. That she had the right to take my place.

But I didn't lose.

I won.

Still... in the middle of that clash—amid the ringing steel and clashing wills—I saw something I hadn't noticed before.

Determination.

Not just a need to prove herself—but something deeper

Something fierce

. A fire that refused to die out.

A drive that screamed I deserve to exist.

It was that look in her eyes, that unyielding spirit, that shattered something inside me.

I realized I'd been wrong all this time.

That I'd been judging women unfairly—through the lens of my own fear and past grief.

Maybe it was because of all the pain I'd gone through—because I was afraid of losing the last person I had left in this world.

I thought that if I saw her as a woman, she'd be weak.

That I'd have to protect her, and that would make her vulnerable.

But I was wrong.

So painfully, embarrassingly wrong.

There's no gender when it comes to strength.

If a man stood still, he'd fall just as easily as anyone else.

If he trained, he'd grow.

And if a woman trained just as hard—pushed herself just as far—then she could rise even higher than most men.

I had been blind.

Stubborn to the bone.

But now, one thing was clear.

Johanne had grown strong.

Stronger than I ever imagined. And still, there was so much more in her. So much potential waiting to bloom.

With the right training... the right discipline... she could surpass even me.

She could become the most powerful Sword Saint in history.

The power she displayed during our duel? That was a level I only reached in my mid-twenties.

And she... she was still just in her early twenties.

Her development, her raw strength, her instinct... it was leagues above where I was at her age.

All she needed now was proper guidance.

With just the right push... in five years, maybe even less, she would surpass me. And then, she would take the title.

She would become the next Sword Saint.

And for the first time in a long while, I felt proud.

I was genuinely looking forward to seeing her rise.

Leon's POV

The whole drama surrounding the Sword Saint—the gender change of his daughter, I mean—it had all started to cool down. At least on the surface.

The storm was calming because the Sword Saint himself had finally come forward.

The article I had written—he said it was true.

He didn't try to twist it and didn't sugarcoat a single detail.

He had changed Johanne's gender. That was a fact.

And unsurprisingly, the church was absolutely losing their minds over it.

Right now, they were foaming at the mouth, screaming about how the title of Sword Saint should go to someone "more worthy," and someone who hadn't "toyed with fate." They were trying to force him to step down as well as to relinquish his legacy.

But the Sword Saint? He just ignored them.

He didn't give them an ounce of his attention.

Honestly, the church was the only group still seriously upset about all this.

Sure, there were others who thought this shouldn't be brushed under the rug. That he deserved some sort of punishment for what he did.

But at the same time, many people seemed to understand—at least partially—the complicated reasons behind his decision.

It looked like Johanne and her father had finally reconciled as well.

Which was honestly a relief.

And from what I could see, the Sword Saint had now dedicated himself to teaching her with the seriousness and respect she deserved.

He seemed to have even come to terms with the fact that Johanne was in a relationship now.

He hadn't been told directly, but I think he could probably guess.

That said, Johanne hadn't actually told him that I was the one she was with.

But in the end... it didn't matter.

I was just happy that the conflict between her and her father seemed resolved at last.

Things were finally looking up.

All's well that ends well, I told myself, letting my thoughts drift for a moment.

Chapter 717: Threesome With The Princesses (1)

And while I was lost in that peaceful moment...

Titania and Myrcella leaned in—tongues sliding slowly and deliberately—until both sides of the tip of my cock were caught between them.

Then, simultaneously, they licked.

The sensation was electric.

Two warm, wet tongues teasing in perfect sync.

A sharp gasp escaped me as a wave of pleasure surged through my spine, making my entire body tense and tremble.

Titania's tongue traced slow, tantalizing circles along the underside of my cock, her wet, velvety muscle gliding smoothly over every inch.

She moved with a deliberate rhythm, savoring the way my dick twitched in her mouth with each stroke.

Meanwhile, Myrcella focused entirely on the tip—her warm breath washing over it before her tongue flicked across the sensitive glans.

She kissed, sucked, and licked with a focused precision that made my legs tense and my back arch in pleasure.

The combined sensation—Titania's deep, sensual licks and Myrcella's gentle teasing at the crown—was explosive.

It felt like my brain was melting under the overwhelming bliss, a euphoric rush of dopamine flooding through me like a chemical high.

How did I end up in such a heaven-sent situation, you ask?

Well... earlier today, the three of us were in the student council office, wrapped in a surprisingly normal conversation—at least, before things escalated.

We were talking about Johanne and other stuff until everything that we have been doing finally got finished.

"Ahh~ We're finally done with all the preparations, and those reports that come with being in the student council! Finally!" Titania exclaimed with a dramatic stretch, her arms rising above her head as she groaned with relief.

"Good work, Princess Titania. And thank you for helping us today," Myrcella said, her tone composed and graceful. "We've been short-staffed lately. Some of the members had to head back to their hometowns to check on their families after the recent bandit attacks."

She continued, her voice calm but firm. "Thankfully, the recent bandit incidents were taken care of quickly. No casualties were reported."

That was true.

The attack yesterday was among the largest unexpected invasions Milham had ever seen.

A brutal onslaught by unknown bandit groups, coordinated and swift, but still crushed within hours.

Thankfully, no one was killed.

But the psychological wounds?

Well, yeah... that was another story. Some people would definitely carry trauma from that ordeal.

Leonamon Hospital announced they'd provide trauma support for free.

"Don't worry about it. I like helping out," I told Myrcella with a shrug, brushing off the praise.

She turned to me with a soft smile. "Thank you."

Just then, Titania shot us both a look and puffed her cheeks like a sulking child.

"Mmmph... Flirting when I'm right here..." she grumbled with a pout.

"Fufufu~ Are you jealous, Princess Titania?" Myrcella teased her, her laughter elegant and playful.

"Yes," Titania replied flatly, averting her gaze like a stubborn child caught sulking.

That answer honestly stunned me.

Titania—jealous?

This was the same woman who never batted an eye when I spent time with Tris or Yr, two out of three of my official girlfriends.

She didn't even flinch when I had sex with other women, or even got one pregnant. Hell, she'd cheer me on like it was something worth celebrating.

But with Princess Myrcella... she was getting jealous?

I didn't see that coming.

Myrcella blinked, tilting her head toward me for a second before addressing Titania directly. "Why though? You've never seemed jealous about Leon having multiple women."

"T-That's because... I don't know," Titania mumbled, her eyes downcast. "Maybe it's because you're also a princess. And I guess... I'm afraid I won't be the main girl anymore."

So that was it.

Her voice trembled just slightly as she said it, but it was enough to tug at something in my chest. It was kind of cute, in a way.

I never assigned rankings like 'main girlfriend' or 'side girlfriend.' That kind of labeling felt ridiculous. To me, all the women in my life were equal... or at least, I tried to treat them that way.

Still, I guess Titania had always felt she was the first among them. Maybe even special. And now, with someone like Myrcella around, that sense of security was slipping.

Adorable.

Myrcella chuckled softly, a warm, playful smile on her face. "Hehehe~ You're so cute, Princess Titania. I always thought you were this stuck-up, cold, impossible-to-approach princess."

"W-Well, I get that a lot," Titania replied, scratching her cheek in embarrassment. "I wasn't exactly... popular during my first year at the academy. People found me hard to deal with. Being a foreign princess made others avoid me. And when someone finally tried talking to me, I'd just spit out something rude."

"But Leon changed you, didn't he?" Myrcella said with a knowing look. "In the end, we're not that different, you and I. So you really don't have to worry about anything."

"I'm not sure about that..." Titania said, still wary, her eyes narrowing slightly. "That's why I've been cautious with you, Princess Myrcella. You're the only one I think who can actually put Leon on a leash."

Myrcella let out another soft laugh, as if the idea amused her deeply. "Me? Put Leon on a leash? That's impossible. If anything, I'm the one on the leash. He's the one who walks me around—not the other way."

"Hmmm..." Titania muttered, still not fully convinced. She gave Myrcella a curious look, her tone suddenly playful. "Tell me, Princess... have you ever done it with someone else involved?"

Myrcella raised an eyebrow, confused. "What do you mean?"

"I'm asking if you've had sex with Leon... with someone else joining in."

"She means a threesome," I cut in casually, leaning back.

This conversation was turning into something interesting...

Myrcella tilted her head, the unfamiliar word catching her off guard.

I decided to explain it in simpler terms.

"Sex with three people or more. That's what she's talking about."

"Oh..." she murmured, her face flushing as she finally understood.

"I see," Titania said, her grin returning in full. "So you've never had sex with Leon together with someone else, huh?"

"W-Wait, isn't that... kinda embarrassing?" Myrcella asked, clearly flustered at the idea.

"Not at all," Titania replied without missing a beat, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Wanna try it together?"

Chapter 718: Threesome With The Princesses (1)

"W-Wha... Do it together, you say?" Myrcella stammered, her voice trembling with disbelief.

Her wide eyes reflected a swirl of emotions, like confusion, reluctance, but also something else.

Something curious.

The suggestion sounded absurd to her, at least on the surface... yet her tone betrayed a spark of interest she couldn't quite hide.

"What do you say?" Titania chimed in with that ever-present, devilish grin curling across her lips.

It was the kind of grin that meant trouble. It was playful, wicked, and knowing exactly what she was doing.

"D-Doing it together...?" Myrcella repeated, almost in a whisper.

Her hands moved hesitantly, one wrapping around her arm as she rubbed it slowly and nervously.

It was a small, almost subconscious gesture, one that betrayed how unsure she was.

Yet, at the same time, her thighs shifted just enough for me to notice.

She was pressing her legs together tightly, her knees brushing against one another as though trying to suppress the heat building between them. "I-I don't know about that..."

"It's not really that bad," Titania said, her voice a smooth whisper of temptation. "Actually... doing it with someone else can feel really, really good." Her grin deepened as she looked at Myrcella, her eyes gleaming with mischief and the promise of pleasure.

Myrcella turned to look at me then. Her expression was unreadable. It was almost half pleading, half uncertain.

I had no idea what she wanted from me.

Maybe she was silently asking for a way out.

Maybe she was hoping I'd speak up, break the tension, steer the situation back to something less intense.

But honestly... I had no intention of doing that.

Because deep down, I wanted this.

The idea of a threesome—me, Myrcella, and Titania—was already playing vividly in my mind.

So, instead of saving her from it, I just shrugged. A silent way of saying, "It's your choice."

Myrcella's shoulders sagged with a soft sigh, and her gaze drifted away from mine.

She started glancing around the room—anywhere but at us—as if hoping to find some kind of distraction as well as some kind of clarity.

And then... she spoke.

"H-How do we do it?"

Her voice was small and breathless, laced with uncertainty.

But the blush that spread across her cheeks—pink and burning—was unmistakable.

She looked up at both of us, her eyes flickering with a nervous light.

The three of us made our way to the Gold Dormitory, steps falling into rhythm as anticipation built thick in the air.

The reason was simple.

We were going there... to have sex.

Titania looked like she was barely containing her excitement.

Her arms were wrapped around both mine and Myrcella's, practically bouncing in place with each step as she walked between us.

Her impish grin had only grown wider, a picture of gleeful anticipation that practically radiated from her like heat.

Our destination was Myrcella's room.

When the door opened and we stepped inside, Titania's reaction was immediate.

"Woah~! Your room is huge! As expected of the princess of the kingdom!" she exclaimed, spinning slowly in place to take it all in.

"Really? I figured you'd have a similar room to mine," Myrcella replied, her tone almost absent.

"Nope, not even close," Titania said with an amazed chuckle. "My ceiling isn't this high at all, and I definitely don't have this many columns~!"

Her eyes were alight with awe as she gazed at the lofty ceiling and the elegant architecture. T

he difference was undeniable.

Titania's room was modest by comparison even though she was also a princess... this one felt like it belonged to a king rather than a princess, with its vast floor space and ornate design.

Titania made a beeline for the bed, hopping onto it with a soft bounce.

She stretched out across the surface, groaning with pleasure as she tested the softness beneath her.

"Ah...~ And the bed is also so soft~... Did you fuck on it already?" she asked, casually and without restraint.

"Y-You really don't have any filter, do you?" Myrcella muttered, her lips twitching with something between surprise and embarrassment.

Titania sat up slowly, her eyes gleaming.

She turned to us and tilted her head slightly, giving us that signature grin once again.

"Now then..." she purred. "How about we start? Leon, sit down on the edge of the bed and open your legs."

I didn't say a word.

I just did exactly as I was told, sitting at the edge of the bed and spreading my legs.

"Princess Myrcella, kneel between Leon's legs," Titania instructed, her voice smooth and deliberate. "And then..."

Myrcella hesitated, clearly flustered.

But she obeyed, slowly lowering herself onto her knees, right between my legs.

"Do you know how to open his zipper with your mouth, Princess?"

Myrcella shook her head, her expression a mix of shock and embarrassment.

"Bite the zipper with your teeth... and pull it down. It's simple," Titania said, almost playfully. "Of course, no hands allowed."

Myrcella swallowed hard, her throat moving with visible nervousness.

Then, with slow, shaky movement, she leaned forward—her breath warm against my crotch as she tried to locate the zipper.

Her lips found it.

She opened her mouth and bit down gently, tugging carefully, awkwardly, until the zipper came down.

She didn't stop there.

She found the button next, and bit down again—tugging at my pants until they slid down enough.

And then... it was free.

My cock sprang out into the air, fully hard, twitching from the sheer buildup.

"Ah...!"

Myrcella gasped as it slapped against her face

. The soft sound echoed slightly in the large room.

Her eyes widened as she stared at it.

It was long, thick, and already aching with need.

She was so beautiful like this... kneeling in front of me, flushed red, stunned silent by what she'd just revealed.

And then, Titania slid down from the bed and joined her, kneeling beside her between my legs.

She looked up at me, her grin now darker and more intimate.

"Come, Princess Myrcella," she said, her voice low and sultry. "Let's make Leon feel good together."

"R-Right..."

There was a moment—something silent and something charged—shared between the two women.

A shared understanding, maybe even a silent bond forming in that heat.

And then... they both leaned in, their tongues extending at once.

Warm, wet, and eager, they started licking at either side of my cock.

It was slow at first, like tasting me.

Their movements grew bolder, teasing and flicking, gliding along my shaft as if they were competing... or maybe collaborating.

Either way, the feeling was overwhelming.

Chapter 719: Threesome With The Princesses (2)

"Haaa~..."

"Hammuuu~..."

Soft moans escaped their lips in tandem as they began to lick me from both sides, their warm tongues pressing against my skin like hot silk.

Titania's tongue dragged along the entire length of my cock, slowly and thoroughly, leaving a glistening trail of saliva with each pass.

It was as if she was trying to memorize every vein and every curve with her tongue alone.

Her strokes were methodical. It was wet, heated, and full of teasing intent.

On the other side, Myrcella's lips had latched onto the swollen tip, gently sucking with delicate slurps that sent pulses of raw pleasure shooting through my body.

Her mouth was soft, almost reverent in how it treated the head, carefully but still lustful.

The sensation of two different tongues playing at once—synchronized yet chaotic—sent an electric shiver through my spine.

My legs tensed, toes curling involuntarily as a wave of sharp pleasure spiked from my groin and radiated outward.

"Mmnn... ahmmnn...~ Slurppp~... mmnnn, mmm...~"

"Ahhh~... mnn~... hnnnn~ hmmm~..."

Their lewd moans vibrated through my skin, the sounds reverberating in my ears like music from a forbidden dream.

Every flick of their tongues, every breath they exhaled against my shaft, made it feel like I was being worshipped—no, devoured by their hunger.

Their tongues were warm and textured, the roughness of their surfaces dragging across the sensitive skin in ways that were both maddening and euphoric.

My head swam, completely drowning in the flood of dopamine their mouths were pulling from me.

The sensation wasn't just on the surface—it went bone-deep.

Without even realizing it, I found myself resting a hand on each of their heads, fingers threading through their hair as I instinctively guided them.

My grip wasn't forceful. It was just a gesture of intimacy.

They seemed to enjoy the contact.

Both giggled softly against my cock, the sound muffled by their busy mouths.

Their tongues didn't pause as they kept moving, gliding and slathering my shaft with their shared devotion, while their hot breaths caressed my skin.

One would drag her tongue from base to tip, curling around the underside with slow, deliberate motions.

The other would take the head into her mouth and suck—gently and noisily—and then they'd switch places again in perfect rhythm.

Their gazes never left me.

Their eyes were wide and locked onto mine, shimmering with arousal, anticipation, and something playful.

That eye contact—it added an entirely different layer to the pleasure.

It wasn't just physical. It was intimate. Erotic. Deeply fucking hot.

Then, in a sudden shift, Titania took the lead.

She leaned forward, her lips parting as she enveloped the tip of my cock completely.

Her mouth was warm and slick, but she didn't stop at the head.

She kept going.

She pressed down further.

I could feel the resistance at the back of her throat—and then feel it yield.

My cock was swallowed deeper, her throat opening up around it in a smooth, practiced motion that made my knees want to buckle.

She didn't gag.

Not even once.

Her eyes never left mine.

That intense, unwavering gaze as she deepthroated me was so goddamn insane.

It was bold. It was sexy.

And it made my cock throb even harder inside her throat.

Then she began to move, not up and down, but side to side, wriggling her throat along my girth. T

he effect was immediate.

It was a hot, tight suction with a strange twisting sensation that nearly made me lose control.

I groaned under my breath, completely overwhelmed.

Eventually, she pulled back.

And when she did, the sight left me speechless.

Thick strands of saliva clung to my cock like silken threads.

They were long, glistening ropes that stretched between us like spider webs, refusing to break even as she leaned further away.

They shimmered in the light, viscous and wet, clinging like a badge of how thoroughly she had taken me.

Titania smirked up at me, her cheek rubbing against my still-rock-hard shaft like a cat marking her territory.

"Fufufu~ Did you feel good, Leon?"

"I did," I said, voice hoarse as I reached out to stroke her head again.

She gave a soft chuckle at my touch, eyes gleaming with pride and mischief.

Myrcella, on the other hand, had watched the entire thing with wide, almost stunned eyes.

Her cheeks were flushed, and her lips parted in a silent gasp.

Titania turned to her with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"Princess Myrcella... no. That's way too formal," she said playfully, tilting her head. "Let's just go with Cella. Sounds cuter, right? You can call me Nia, by the way. Are you fine that?"

"I-It's fine with me too," Myrcella murmured, clearly flustered.

Titania's grin widened into something downright devilish.

"Well then, Cella. Why don't you try giving Leon a deep throat as well?"

"D-Deep throat?" Myrcella's voice caught as she swallowed hard.

"Yup. Just like I did."

Myrcella looked down at my cock, still angry and throbbing, its flushed head twitching with every beat of my heart.

A thick glob of pre-cum oozed from the tip, gleaming under the light.

It was almost embarrassing how much I was leaking—but I couldn't stop.

She stared at it, entranced.

Her throat moved again as she swallowed nervously, and then, slowly, she leaned forward.

Her tongue peeked out first, shyly licking the tip.

Then, with a deep breath, she parted her lips and took the head into her mouth.

Warmth.

Softness.

Her lips sealed around it tight, and she began pushing further, her mouth taking me in inch by inch.

By the time I felt the tip of my cock brush against the back of her throat, I knew she had already taken nearly half of me.

"Remember to look him in the eye while you do it," Titania said from behind her. "Leon seems to really like that when you give him a fellatio."

Myrcella raised her eyes to meet mine.

The moment she did—

My cock twitched again inside her mouth, as if it had a mind of its own.

There was something unbelievably erotic about eye contact during a blowjob—especially when she was on her knees, cheeks flushed, lips wrapped around my dick, and eyes wide with effort and desire.

"And then slowly..." Titania added, moving behind her and placing a guiding hand on the back of Myrcella's head.

With a gentle but steady pressure, she began to guide her.

Pushing her.

Bit by bit.

Deeper.

Toward my crotch.

Chapter 720: Threesome With The Princesses (3)

Myrcella's throat quivered as the broad, throbbing head of my cock pressed against the back of her oral cavity, stretching her mouth open with delicious pressure.

The warm, wet heat of it was impossible to ignore with her saliva pooled around the base, slick and slickening, as she instinctively tried to accommodate it.

But then, her entire body shook as she pulled her head back, her lips parting in a sudden, desperate gasp.

"Cough, cough... cough, cough!"

Her breaths came in jagged bursts, each one rattling in her chest.

The gag reflex stole her composure, and she clutched at her throat, her eyes watering as she fought to recover.

Leaning just slightly forward, I rested a hand gently on the nape of her neck. "Hey," I murmured, my voice low and reassuring, "something like this can't be rushed. You don't have to do it right now."

Myrcella's cheeks were flushed crimson as she swallowed thickly, still coughing. "I—I guess you're right..." Her voice wobbled, strained and breathless.

"I remember getting that same... that same feeling when I first tried it, too." Titania added.

"Cough, cough...!"

Again, Myrcella doubled over in coughs, her hand pressed to her mouth.

I could see the embarrassment and frustration pooling in her expression, her beautiful eyes brimming with tears she refused to shed.

She croaked out, "I-I'm sorry, Leon... I just can't do it. I-It's... it's too big."

Her words were small and vulnerable, almost faint under the weight of her discomfort.

Before I could say anything else, Titania leaned in, speaking softly into Myrcella's ear so only she could hear. "It's worth practicing a bit more, Cella. It's good for Leon, you know." Titania's voice was almost

smug, but gentle, like a teacher guiding a nervous student. "Have you seen how he arches his back, how his cock twitches inside your mouth? That tells you he's loving it." Titania's chest pressed lightly against Myrcella's shoulder, her warm breath fanning across Myrcella's neck. "I'm good at taking it fully, you know," she added, pride lacing her tone. "Since we have the chance, why don't we start teaching you right now?"

Myrcella swallowed hard, her soft throat bobbing.

I think she recognized the situation—that Titania wanted to conquer her pride as much as teach her how to suck cock.

It was a cruel sort of lesson masked as help, but also oddly caring in its own way.

After all, Titania was right. The more practice Myrcella got, the better she'd be able to pleasure me, and the less painful it might feel.

Attempting a shaky nod, Myrcella whispered, "O-okay... I'll try again."

"Good," Titania said, her voice smooth as silk. "First, let's start with a proper blowjob. Your technique looked... kind of sexy before, but a bit awkward. Let's refine that." She brushed a strand of hair from Myrcella's face, her fingertips trailing down the curve of Myrcella's cheek in a whisper-soft caress.

Myrcella took a slow, uneven breath, as if steeling herself.

Then, her tongue flicked out, licking a ribbon of wetness along the underside of my shaft.

She looked up at me, her wide eyes shimmering with a mixture of shame and determination.

The sight of her—this proud princess, council president—reduced to gingerly kissing my cock, was so intoxicating that my pulse ratcheted up a notch.

I could feel my heart thumping in my chest like a drum.

"That's it," Titania murmured, guiding from behind. Her warm hand settled on Myrcella's head, guiding the angle just so. "Keep your mouth relaxed. Let the tip slide in first, then the rest. Exactly like that." She paused, studying Myrcella's features as the woman worked at my length.

Myrcella's eyes fluttered, her lashes fluttering, lips wrapping around me in slow, tentative kisses that progressed into gentle sucks.

There was an almost predatory gleam in Titania's eyes, as though she were savoring every moment of seeing Myrcella in this vulnerable position.

A flicker of cruelty shadowed her lips, and I knew—without needing her to say it—that she was deriving twisted pleasure from watching her rival reduced to this.

Myrcella—who was always above her in rank, poise, and respect—was on her knees, taking me into her mouth, guided by Titania's hands.

That dynamic was an aphrodisiac in its own right.

Myrcella's breathing hitched with each slow bob of her head, taking me further down.

Her throat stretched so delicately around me that my cock felt as if it were gobbled by the softest velvet tunnel imaginable.

"Does Leon's cock taste as good as it looks?" Titania whispered, leaning close enough that her lips brushed Myrcella's ear.

Myrcella whimpered, her breath tickling my shaft as she sucked the tip hungrily.

The sound of her wet mouthslicks, the slick suction, echoed in the charged silence of the room.

"Ah... mnnnhh..." Myrcella's moans were small, strained sounds, evidence of her concentration and the slight discomfort that still lingered.

But with each upward slide of her jaw, she took me deeper until the head of my cock nudged the back of her throat.

Then, almost against her will, her gag reflex relaxed, and she began a slow, rhythmic bobbing.

Her eyes rolled back, her cheeks hollowing around me, and her pupils dilated into hearts.

The sight was enough to drive me crazy with her abandon, her cheeks wet with tears and saliva, her hair falling in a curtain around her face as she swallowed me down.

Meanwhile, Titania's other hand slipped to Myrcella's front, pulling apart the soft fabric of her skirt until it settled around her hips.

Myrcella's smooth, lace-trimmed panties were already soaked and clinging to her, but Titania wasted no time.

With a quick, deliberate motion, she yanked them aside, exposing Myrcella's slick, glistening pussy to the cool air.

Myrcella gasped the moment her wet lips brushed the sudden coolness, her moisture shimmering like dew in the half-light.

"Fufufu... I never would have thought I'd see our precious president making this face," Titania purred, tilting Myrcella's chin upward so I could admire the flush staining her cheeks and the mix of embarrassment and lust glowing in her eyes. "Isn't she cute like this, Leon?"

I swallowed hard, my breath hitching at how utterly desirable Myrcella looked.

An elegant princess undone, her lips wrapped around my cock, her fingers clenched in my thigh.

"Yes," I managed to murmur, my voice thick with longing. "She's so fucking beautiful. And I think she'd be even more irresistible if you prepared her down there while she keeps sucking me, Nia."

Titania's grin widened at my words—an expression that combined triumph, desire, and pure mischief. "Oh, if that's what you want, Leon..."