

The World 721

Chapter 721: Threesome With The Princesses (4)

Her hand slid between Myrcella's legs.

The first touch to Myrcella's damp folds made the Myrcella shiver, her body twitching at the contact.

Titania's fingers moved with precision, brushing the perky, swollen nub of Myrcella's clit.

Myrcella's hips tensed and bucked against the pressure, a soft whimper escaping her lips as she continued to suck me

. Each stroke of Titania's nimble fingers conjured a pool of wetness that slicked Titania's fingers gleamingly.

"You're so wet, Cella," Titania whispered, her breath hot against Myrcella's ear. "Are you that turned on for Leon's cock?"

She slid another finger inside, the silky glide of addition layering on the sensation.

Myrcella's moans grew louder, her entire body trembling as she simultaneously worked to take my cock deeper and welcomed Titania's digits inside her.

"Y-Yeshhh~..." Myrcella's voice was breathless, broken by the dual pleasure of oral and fingering.

Her hands gripped Titania's guiding hand, her knuckles whitening, as she tried to focus on bobbing her head and forming a tight seal around me.

I could feel the warmth of her throat contracting in slow, delicious pulses around my base.

Every slight curl of Titania's fingers inside Myrcella flooded her with sensations that made her hips grind unconsciously.

Her eyes rolled back, heavy-lidded and glazed over in a haze of pleasure and embarrassment.

She moved with a new, unexpected confidence now that her tongue and lips had relaxed around me, swirling and pressing against my shaft with a wet, hungry rhythm.

The slick, wet sound of her job filled the air, punctuated by her muffled moans and the faint, rhythmic slurping as she took me deeper still.

"Urk...!"

I groaned, my thighs quivering, as my cock pulsed with need.

The head brushed against the very back of Myrcella's throat, and her delicate gag reflex surrendered to a higher craving as she swallowed me, inch by inch, her throat opening to accommodate me fully.

In that moment, it felt like she was worshipping each inch of me, carving each sensation into memory.

And beneath, Myrcella's pussy clamped and released around Titania's fingers.

I could see her back arching in slow, smooth waves as Titania rolled her finger in circles against her G-spot.

Each flick of Titania's wrist sent a fresh rush of liquid warmth that smeared across Myrcella's inner thigh.

She had a heady scent of peppermint body wash mixed with her feminine musk.

Myrcella moaned louder, her lashes fluttering as her body undulated in response.

Titania leaned lower, her lips brushing Myrcella's ear again. "That's it, Cella... let go for Leon." Her voice was a velvet command, impossible to resist.

Myrcella's mouth tightened as she bobbed her head in fast, deliberate moves, hollowing her cheeks to create suction that made the shaft throb deliciously.

The wet slick of saliva slid down my cock with every withdrawal and thrust of her lips.

Meanwhile, Titania's fingers moved more insistently, curling inside Myrcella with precision.

Each time she pressed, Myrcella's hips bucked harder, her cries growing more desperate.

The sounds in the room—the wet slurps of Myrcella's blowjob, her ragged pants, Titania's fingers sliding in and out of her, and the soft, slick squelch of arousal—created a symphony of erotic tension.

I could feel my own pulse racing, my cock twitching as my hips pressed involuntarily into her mouth.

For each stroke of Myrcella's head, I was one step closer to losing control.

Myrcella's throat pulsed around me, each swallow a tremor running through my length.

She bobs faster, her lips clamped tight, her eyes locked on mine with an intensity that made my heart pound.

Titania's hand slid down, cupping Myrcella's right breast, her thumb brushing the hard nub of her areola before twisting it gently.

Myrcella arched into the touch, her mouth still working my cock, as a fresh wave of warmth pooled between her legs and dribbled down her thigh.

"Fuck, yes..." I groaned, my vision blurring as my edge approached. "That's fucking perfect..."

Myrcella moaned around me, each exhale a puff of breath across my shaft. Her cheeks were damp with tears and saliva, her lashes clung together as she focused on taking me as deep as she could.

Titania's fingers curled inside her, pinching and circling that sweet spot that had Myrcella gasping and trembling.

Her other hand gripped Myrcella's hip firmly, offering stability as she pushed harder, the sounds rising in a frantic crescendo.

Myrcella's head slipped down until the head of my cock pressed against the back of her throat.

She gagged for a moment—it was soft and reflexive—but quickly regained her rhythm, swallowing and bobbing with renewed vigor.

Her wet lips slid up and down my shaft, slick and hot. The sensation was overwhelming.

I could feel my orgasm tightening in my balls, my hips jerking involuntarily each time Myrcella's throat constricted around me. A low, guttural groan escaped me as I reached my limit.

"I'm about to cum...!" I hissed, gripping the back of Myrcella's head tighter, both to guide and to feel that incredible constriction around me.

Myrcella's eyes locked onto mine, her gaze unfocused from pleasure but still fixed, as though she were the only thing in the world that mattered at that moment.

She bobbed faster, swallowing me in deep, soul-deep gulps that sent me spiraling over the edge.

My cock pulsed and throbbed, each pulse flooding Myrcella's throat with hot spurts of cum.

She swallowed eagerly, her throat milking me, not letting a single drop escape.

The taste of myself mixed with her wet saliva filled every nerve ending.

My knees trembled as my hips rocked, the force of my release shuddering through me.

Titania's fingers still curled inside Myrcella, driving her closer to her own peak. Myrcella's pussy clenched fiercely around Titania's smooth digits, her moans rising to a frantic pitch.

"Aaah... ahh... Nia..." she whimpered, her body quivering as a blinding orgasm crashed through her.

Her whole form tensed, her legs shaking as her back arched and waves of pleasure crashed over her.

The sound of her cry—it was a half scream and a half moan—filled the Myrcella's dorm room, echoing against the walls.

As her convulsions subsided, Myrcella's mouth slid off me with a wet pop.

She breathed heavily, tears streaking down her face, mascara smudged, her lips glistening with saliva.

Titania withdrew her fingers, slick with Myrcella's essence, and scooped up a strand of moisture, lifting it to her lips to taste.

Her eyes glittered with satisfaction as she licked her fingers clean.

Chapter 722: Threesome With The Princesses (5)

After Myrcella gulped down every last drop of my semen, her throat moved rhythmically in steady, deliberate swallows.

I watched, mesmerized, as her soft lips finally parted with a subtle gasp, and she tilted her head upward to look at me.

Her mouth slowly opened, her tongue teasing the empty space as if to prove it.

There was not a single trace of cum left inside. She'd swallowed it all. Every drop.

"That was really hot, right, Leon?" Titania's voice cut in, laced with something wicked. Her voice was something playful and dangerous.

For a brief moment, I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Myrcella, the always composed and refined princess—the epitome of grace and elegance—was looking at me with eyes full of lust.

A seductive grin curved her lips, and her cheeks were flushed red with arousal.

Her usual regal demeanor was gone, stripped away like a delicate veil.

Right now, she wasn't a dignified noble.

No. Right now, she was a bitch in heat.

She was eager, needy, and dripping with desire. That usual elegance, that cold poise... had completely vanished from her expression.

Then, without another word, she climbed onto the bed on her own.

Her knees pressed against the soft mattress first, the way her body moved smooth and deliberate.

Then she leaned forward, folding herself over, lowering her upper body until her forehead was resting against the sheets. Her back arched, and her ass lifted high into the air, her backside facing us like an open invitation.

It was like a dogeza position, but twisted by raw lust.

Her flushed skin glowed under the room's dim light, and the way her hips trembled made it all the more surreal.

"P-Please, fuck my pussy, Leon...~"

Her muffled voice came out softly, buried against the bedding, but the heat in it was unmistakable.

I looked at Titania—and she was already grinning like a devil.

"Come and get her, Leon. Fuck her senseless."

I hadn't expected this side of her. Not from someone like Titania.

And yet... it was incredibly endearing in a wild, twisted way.

But I couldn't afford to let myself get lost in the moment—not now.

Myrcella was on all fours, presenting herself to me so openly.

Her ass was round and plump, her pussy fully exposed and glistening with slick love nectar.

She was soaked. Practically begging.

It was only natural for me to respond to her offer, right?

So I moved behind her, positioning myself carefully, eyes locked onto her dripping slit.

But just before I could line myself up—

"Wait, Leon," Titania said, her voice firm but playful. "I want to aim it myself."

I didn't really understand why, but I didn't resist.

I let her take over.

Titania reached out and took hold of my dick.

Her touch was unbelievably gentle.

It was so soft it made my skin crawl with chills.

Her fingers wrapped around me with reverence, as if holding something sacred, and her warm palms sent a wave of pleasure up my spine.

As I leaned forward, she guided me slowly, carefully, and pressed the tip of my cock right against Myrcella's soaked entrance.

The heat radiating from her pussy was intense, her lips twitching in anticipation.

And then, I pushed forward.

The head of my cock spread her slick folds apart, and I began to sink into her honeypot, inch by inch.

Her walls clung to me instantly, her insides warm, wet, and pulsating.

The moment I slid deep inside her, juices spilled out and coated the base of my shaft.

Her pussy squeezed me tight. It was hot, slick, and velvety.

It felt like I was dipping my cock into molten butter.

Once I reached her deepest point, I gripped her hips with both hands, fingers digging into her skin.

Myrcella's eyes fluttered open, pupils now shaped like hearts, dazed with pleasure.

Then she lowered her head further, burying it into the sheets, completely submissive.

My hands tightened around her waist as I reached for Titania, looping an arm around her smooth hips and pulling her closer into me.

Her warm, soft breasts pressed against my side as she leaned in, her lips brushing mine.

We kissed.

Her mouth was intoxicating. It was sweet, wet, and addictive. It felt like I was melting into her.

While our tongues tangled, I began thrusting into Myrcella.

"Mnn! Mnn! Mnnn...~ Mmm...~ Hnnnghhh...~ Mnnn... Mnnn...~"

Her moans were raw and desperate.

Every sound she made vibrated through her body and into mine.

But I didn't slow down—

I kept fucking her relentlessly.

The feeling of her pussy clenching and releasing with every thrust was blissful.

Her flesh yielded perfectly to my cock, stretching and snapping back in rhythm.

The friction was perfect.

Her insides were addicting.

Her ass was impossibly soft, each cheek bouncing every time my hips slapped against her.

I grabbed her waist, pulled her back hard against me, and drove myself deeper.

"Mnnngghhh~... Mnnn... mmmm~... hngg...~ Hnnn...~!"

Her voice trembled with every thrust with her whole body shaking.

I kept one hand on her ass, spreading her cheek wide so I could watch the way her pussy swallowed my cock to the hilt again and again.

Titania didn't stay idle either.

She wrapped her arms around me, kissed me deeper and hungrier with her breasts squishing against my body as our mouths fought for dominance.

Our tongues tangled again and again, and I pulled her head closer with one hand, fingers gripping her silky hair.

"Ahhhh... ahhh... hngghhh~... ahh, ahhh, ah, ah, ah, ahnnn~...!"

Myrcella cried out as she lifted her face from the sheets, her fingers twisting the fabric with desperate strength.

I kept pounding her from behind, hips slamming into her ass over and over.

Titania's tongue danced inside my mouth, and I returned the favor, pushing my tongue in deep, until we were swapping spit messily between gasps and kisses.

Then I pulled away for a moment—just long enough for Titania to shift behind me.

Her lips trailed along my neck before she locked onto mine again. As our tongues met once more, she slid her hands under my shirt, then pulled it up and over my head.

And with that... we continued.

Chapter 723: Threesome With The Princesses (6)

I kept slamming into Myrcella from behind, each thrust causing her back to arch in a graceful, erotic curve, her luscious ass bouncing and rippling in time with the rhythm of my hips.

Every impact between us was a wet, lewd clap with the flesh meeting flesh, the heavy collision echoing through the room like a carnal drumbeat.

Each time my pelvis met her jiggling rear, her supple flesh would ripple outward, the shock of the impact visibly trembling across her ass.

I was burying myself to the very deepest point, hitting her sweet spot again and again, driving her wild.

Her voice trembled with every breath, moaning without restraint as I hammered her pussy.

"Ah, ahhnnn~ Ah, ah, ah, ah, ahhh, ah, ah, ah, ahh~"

Her voice filled the air, a symphony of desperate cries and erotic gasps that reverberated throughout the room like a song of pure lust.

Titania slipped up behind me in silence, her warm body pressing against my back.

Her soft, pillowy breasts molded against my skin as her hands reached around and began teasing my nipples, her fingers swirling, pinching and playing at them.

At the same time, her tongue slithered along the side of my neck, leaving a trail of wet warmth behind with every sensual lick.

The wetness of her tongue was unreal.

It wasn't just a lick... it was like being drenched in heat.

The way she trailed along my neck, so shamelessly and messily, made my body shiver with pleasure.

Growling under my breath, I gripped Myrcella tightly by the waist and began pounding into her with even more power.

Her body jerked with every thrust, her pussy gushing so hard that slick, glistening juices were splattering against my pelvis and thighs.

The overwhelming wet sounds, the obscene friction, and the sheer amount of pussy juice gushing out of her made my entire body tense.

I clenched my jaw tightly, fighting against the pleasure that was surging through my nerves.

The stimulation—coming from both ends—was goddamn unreal.

"Ahhh~... I-It feels good~... It feels good...~"

Her trembling voice was music to my ears.

I wrapped both arms around her and hoisted her up against my chest.

Her back pressed to me, her body soft and trembling as I thrust up into her from below.

My cock pushed deeper than ever in this new position, slamming right into her with each upward drive.

One arm looped beneath her breasts, holding her tightly against me.

My other hand found her mouth, slipping two fingers between her lips.

Immediately, she began licking them with desperate hunger, her tongue swirling around them like she was starving for more.

I kept fucking her like that, slamming into her while holding her tight.

Her thick, round ass jiggled every time my hips met her with force, the waves of flesh bouncing, clapping back against my skin.

Then I yanked her head back, forcing her to face me.

Her eyes were glassy and half-lidded, the pupils heart-shaped, her cheeks flushed and drooling, with her mouth still suckling on my fingers like a toy.

She looked completely wrecked. No. She was utterly fucked.

Titania moved in front of us, her breath catching as she saw Myrcella's expression.

"Woah~..." she murmured in awe, covering her mouth with a hand. Her voice trembled with surprise and arousal. "I've never seen Cella make a face that looks like this...~"

Her eyes were wide as she stepped closer, both hands reaching out to hold Myrcella by the sides of her waist.

I took hold of Myrcella's arms from behind, yanking them back and using them as leverage while I kept thrusting deep into her pussy.

"Ahh~... ah, huh... haaa...~ Ahhh, ah, ah, ahhh~..."

Her tongue slipped out of her mouth, dangling freely as her moans grew louder and more desperate.

Titania leaned forward, brushing her lips against Myrcella's before plunging her tongue inside.

Their kiss was deep, wet, and full of passion.

I paused, releasing Myrcella's arms as she immediately flung herself into Titania's embrace. Their bodies melted together, breasts pressing and squishing, lips locked in a ravenous kiss.

Titania's hand slid downward, fingers dipping between Myrcella's legs, stimulating her bud with slow, sensual circles.

Myrcella trembled in Titania's arms, completely lost in the moment.

And me... I was right at my fucking limit.

The pleasure had been rising like boiling water—and now, it was spilling over.

I was teetering on the edge, struggling to hold back as Myrcella's pussy clenched down around my cock, sucking me in tighter with each thrust.

Her ass continued to jiggle beautifully with every bounce, each ripple of flesh sending a new wave of ecstasy up my spine.

And then it happened.

"Ah...~ Hnnghhh~..."

"Guh...!"

Her pussy clenched down on me so violently it felt like she was milking me dry—and I finally lost control.

My cock exploded inside her, pumping thick, hot semen deep into her womb.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

My hot load flooded her completely, bursting out in thick waves that filled her to the brim.

She arched her back in response, crying out as she clung tightly to Titania, as if she'd float away if she let go.

After that, I laid onto the bed.

Myrcella lay on top of me, her lips capturing mine once more. Her tongue pushed into my mouth, dancing with mine as she kissed me deeply and hungrily.

Her hand toyed with my nipples, tweaking and flicking them gently as she moaned into my mouth.

Meanwhile, Titania had her lips wrapped around my cock, still slick and twitching.

Her hot, wet mouth worked every inch of me with practiced skill.

She was slurping, sucking, and licking along every thick vein.

Then she rose up, slowly straddling me with a flushed expression and fire in her eyes.

She reached out and wrapped her fingers around my cock, gripping it firmly, not too tight, just enough to guide it with a steady hold.

Her hand felt warm and soft, her touch deliberate as she aligned my tip with her dripping entrance.

Then, slowly and sensually, she began to sink her hips downward, taking me in inch by inch.

Her flesh parted around my cock, hugging it tight, swallowing it into her wet, velvety heat.

"A-Ahhhhhh~... S-So deep~..." she moaned breathlessly, her voice trembling with pleasure as she arched her back.

Her eyes fluttered half-lidded, her lips parted, and her chest rose as she exhaled a long, shaky breath.

Chapter 724: Threesome With The Princesses (7)

She placed both hands flat on my chest, nails grazing lightly against my skin, and started rocking her hips—forward, then back—rubbing and grinding every inch of her pussy along my cock like she was milking every nerve ending for pleasure.

"Ahhn~ ahh~ ah~ ahh~ ahhhh~... It's so good~! I can feel all of it inside~! Ahnnn~! I love this~!" she cried out, voice high and ragged.

Her moans dripped with raw lust, echoing in the room like music.

Her pussy was pulsing, writhing around me, walls clenching with incredible pressure.

Every soft ridge and fleshy bead inside her rippled, trying to squeeze every drop out of me with every slow, grinding thrust.

Just then, Myrcella leaned forward, her breath hot against my chest.

Her lips wrapped around my nipple, sucking, licking, swirling her tongue with gentle flicks.

Her other hand guided her own breast to my mouth, and I obeyed instinctively—taking her nipple between my lips and sucking on it.

"Mmmnnghhh~..." she let out a muffled moan against my skin, her body shivering against mine.

Titania then changed her pace, switching the rhythm.

Her hands braced against my knees, and instead of rocking back and forth, she started to bounce—hips lifting up before dropping back down, slamming herself onto my cock.

"Ah! Ahhh~ ahhn~ ah~ ah~ ahhhh~... Ahhh~! It's... it's so hot inside me~! A-Ahhh~!!" she moaned louder, her voice cracking from the intense pleasure.

Watching Titania ride me like that, Myrcella's restraint snapped.

Her body trembled as desire overtook her.

Without a word, she climbed on top of me and straddled my face, her wet, slick pussy hovering for a second before she sank it down onto my mouth.

She gasped sharply as my tongue slid inside her, licking along her folds and teasing her clit with every flick and swirl.

"Ahhhhnnnn~ ahh~ ahhh~ ahnnnn~... L-Leon's tongue is amazing~... Ah~!" she moaned, her voice quivering as her hips began to move on their own.

The taste of her pussy was overwhelming—sweet, salty as well as heady. Her juices were flowing like a fountain, and the scent—which was thick and intoxicating—completely filled my senses.

Two beautiful princesses were now on top of me.

One riding my cock, the other riding my face.

If this wasn't a final fantasy, then I truly didn't know what was.

The scent of their femininity, the overwhelming heat of their bodies, the sound of their moans echoing through the room—it all blurred together in a dizzying swirl of raw lust.

Titania's pussy clenched around me as she bounced with fervor, her moans becoming more broken and wild.

Both of them were riding me with their bodies pressing, breasts jiggling, their rhythm completely synchronized in an erotic duet.

"Ahh~ ahh~ ah...~ Ahhn~ ahhh~...!" Titania cried.

"Ah~ ah~ ah~ hnggggh~ ahh~ ahh~ ahhh~!" Myrcella responded.

Then, the two of them leaned into each other, their lips meeting in a deep, lustful kiss with their tongues intertwining and breaths mingling.

I reached up and gripped Titania's thighs, feeling the soft, pliable flesh give beneath my fingers.

I thrust my hips upward, meeting her bounces with forceful pistoning from below.

"Mnghhghh~ mnghhh~ mmmm... mnggggg~..."

"Mnnn~ nnhhgg~ mnngghh~ mnngghhh~..."

They moaned between kisses, their bodies writhing.

Their eyes glazed, pupils dilating into heart-shaped symbols of their absolute bliss.

I couldn't hold it back anymore.

With one final deep thrust, I came, the thick, hot cum flooding into Titania's tight, quivering pussy.

"Mnghgggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggg~...!" she screamed.

"Mngggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~::~!!!"

Myrcella followed, their orgasms hitting them like a wave.

Their bodies trembled violently, hands clenching onto each other, toes curling, moans echoing like a chorus of divine release.

But of course, that wasn't the end.

After catching our breath, I had Myrcella on top of Titania this time, the two of them locked in a sensual embrace.

I pushed into Myrcella again from behind while Titania suckled greedily at her breasts.

Myrcella's ass jiggled deliciously each time I slammed into her, my cock plunging deep.

The wet, tight squeeze of her pussy around me felt like heaven.

Titania, licking and sucking at Myrcella's tits, used her fingers to stimulate Myrcella's clit, making her scream and tremble on my cock.

Then we switched—Titania on all fours, her body trembling as I fucked her from behind. Myrcella joined, kneeling beside her and lifting her chest so that Titania could continue licking her tits, while also reaching down to finger her.

At one point, I had Titania sucking me off, her tongue circling my tip, while I leaned in to kiss Myrcella passionately.

The sensation of her lips while Titania's hot mouth worked my shaft was mind-numbing.

And then—both of them knelt beside each other and wrapped their tits around my cock, giving me a sloppy, wet double paizuri.

The soft weight of their breasts, the hot, slippery friction of their skin—it made me explode.

I released a huge load of semen on their faces and chests, panting heavily as they looked up at me with dazed, cum-smeared smiles.

I'd never been this horny in my life.

To finish it off, we got into one last position—

Myrcella lying on top of Titania, their bodies pressed together, breasts mashing, and lips kissing. Their legs parted, and their pussies were lined up against each other.

I positioned myself at the point where their pussies overlapped, and then pushed my cock through the slick, soft sandwich of their folds.

"Fuahhhh~...!" Myrcella gasped.

"Nghhh....!" Titania moaned.

Their pussies hugged my cock from both sides, squeezing me between them.

The amount of juice leaking from their soaked slits made everything glide effortlessly

Both pussies were wet, slippery, and unbearably good.

They leaned forward again, kissing deeply, breasts pressing together.

Their fingers interlocked, holding onto each other.

I grabbed their hands and leaned down, chest pressing against Myrcella's back.

I brought my lips close—and both girls turned and kissed me together, tongues swirling, the three of us sharing a deep, messy kiss.

"Ah...~ Ah~ ah~ ah~ ahhh~..." Myrcella whimpered.

"Ah~ ahhn~ ah... ah~ ah~ ahhh~..." Titania followed, barely able to speak.

Leaning back, I gripped one of Myrcella's arms and used it for leverage, pistoning myself forward with powerful thrusts.

Titania gripped the sheets, her whole body shaking with pleasure.

I kept going until—

"Nghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

"Haaaaaaaanhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

They both came again, pussy walls convulsing violently.

And then, with one final deep thrust, I came too—my white sperm spilling out and covering their trembling bellies.

Chapter 725: Afterglow

Myrcella and Titania lay nestled on either side of me, their soft, delicate heads resting comfortably on my arms like I was their living pillow.

Every breath they took gently brushed against my skin, warm and steady, syncing in rhythm like a slow lullaby.

The quiet rise and fall of their chests pressed against mine added to the peaceful aftermath that now blanketed the room.

The scent of sweat, sex, and skin still lingered in the air, blending with the subtle aroma of their hair, and it only intensified the satisfaction coursing through my body.

I could feel their bare thighs occasionally brushing against mine.

After a threesome that left our bodies trembling and our breaths ragged, lying here with them, wrapped in their warmth, was nothing short of heaven.

"Mmm~ Having you as our pillow after sex... it just feels so good," Titania murmured, her voice thick with drowsy pleasure as she snuggled in closer. The curve of her lips brushed against my chest as she spoke. "It really drives home the fact that I belong to you now, Leon..."

Her words sent a small pulse through my chest.

Possessiveness never sounded so tender.

"I-I get that feeling," Myrcella whispered shyly, her voice a little breathless, a bit shaken by the intimacy. "I love the way your muscular body presses up against me..."

Her cheeks were flushed a deep rose, glowing softly against the dim light.

That regal composure she always wore had melted away, leaving only the woman beneath it... a vulnerable, beautiful, and real woman.

The way both their bodies clung to me—nude, warm and soft—was addictive.

I could feel every contour of them, their curves molded against my sides.

My fingers itched to touch them again, but for now, I just soaked it in.

Never in a million years would I have thought these two princesses—so poised and so different—to be this wild behind closed doors.

Yet the memory of their cries, their moans, the way they trembled for me... proved otherwise.

Titania had always been the radiant, playful one.

Her energy was contagious, always teasing and always alive.

Meanwhile, Myrcella carried herself with quiet grace.

She was elegant, poised, as well as untouchable.

Seeing them shed those facades, seeing them writhe and melt under my touch... was still a shock I hadn't fully processed.

It was surreal, having both of them here, wrapped around me in a tangle of legs and whispered breaths, sharing the warmth of the aftermath together.

Then, breaking the calm, Titania lifted her head slightly and asked with zero hesitation, "Hey Leon, how did it feel having sex with Johanne?"

The way she asked was blunt, straight from her lips without a second thought. Typical Titania—she was direct to the point of no return. It was almost charming, in a chaotic sort of way.

"Well... it was amazing, as always," I said, keeping my tone casual but honest.

"Compared to us?" she pressed with a mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

"I can't compare something like that," I replied, shaking my head slightly.

"Ohhh~ that was a clever dodge," Titania teased with a soft giggle, her fingers lightly tracing across my chest. "Very smart of you, Leon. But jokes aside, I can't help but be curious. I mean, Johanne knew she was a man for most of her life, right? Doesn't that cross your mind while you're... you know, fucking her?"

Myrcella stirred beside me and immediately intervened, her voice carrying that cool, motherly authority. "That's not something you should be asking, Nia. It's completely inappropriate."

"I went too far. I'm sorry," Titania said quickly, bowing her head slightly in genuine remorse.

I gave a small chuckle, brushing Titania's hair behind her ear. "Honestly, I've never really considered Johanne to be a man. I've always known she was a woman."

Titania tilted her head and smiled, that sly little glint in her eyes returning. "I see... as expected of you, Leon. You can sense your target even when they're disguised as a man."

"Fufufu~ That's impressive," Myrcella giggled softly. "I've been with Johanne since childhood, but I never—not even once—saw him... I mean, her, as a woman."

It was true. Myrcella and Johanne were childhood friends, practically inseparable at one point. So it made sense that the truth would've blindsided her.

"Were you shocked?" I asked.

"I was more than shocked... I was petrified," Myrcella admitted, her eyes distant with the memory. "Hearing the truth from you instead of her made it even more overwhelming. Honestly, if you hadn't told me, I never would've known. Though... I guess I did have some hunches. Her walk had changed. She seemed smaller, her posture subtly different... and her voice—it started sounding softer and almost feminine. But she hid it well, so I just couldn't bring myself to believe it."

"Ohhh~ I had a hunch too!" Titania piped up excitedly. "Back during the sword festival, remember? And not only that—she was clearly in love with you, Leon. Even back then, she was looking at you like a lovesick puppy. I started thinking it was strange... and then I remembered that one time she suddenly collapsed from stomach pain. Turned out it was happening monthly! That's way too similar to menstruation, don't you think? That's when I started suspecting she might've been a girl all along!"

Titania's face lit up with pride, her chest puffed out as if she'd solved some grand mystery.

"I-I think... if I had more time, I might've figured it out too," Myrcella said quietly, her voice tinged with regret.

Then, suddenly, I noticed her expression shift into a faint, melancholic frown.

"I wish I could've known much earlier... I honestly wanted to get along with her—as a girl. I feel like we could've become the best of friends, even better than what we had before," she said softly.

I gently brushed her hair to the side, tucking a loose strand behind her ear.

"You don't have to worry about what you missed out on," I told her. "You can still go and become friends with her now—as women. Time or the order in which you found out doesn't really matter. It doesn't change the fact that you two are still friends."

Myrcella smiled faintly. "Fufu... You're right."

Just as I thought she was feeling better, her expression shifted again—this time into something more uncertain.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's nothing... I was just wondering... What's going to happen to Tris now... now that Johanne turned out to be a woman?"

That was a question I didn't have an answer to. Not yet.

Tris and Johanne had been married before Johanne's true gender was revealed.

And with the church's stance—refusing to recognize marriage between two women or two men—that marriage, whether they wanted it or not, would be annulled automatically.

Considering both families only arranged the marriage for political reasons—basically using them as pawns—it'd no doubt cause a huge problem now. Especially with the alliance that marriage was supposed to secure.

Tris would be forced to return to her home, whether she liked it or not.

And what was happening to her right now... I still had no idea.

Chapter 726: Tris (1)

Tris's POV

My father's hand came down hard across my cheek, a loud, sharp crack echoing through the cold room.

The sheer force of the slap made my glasses fly from my face.

I heard them hit the ground with a brittle snap, and when I looked down, the lenses were cracked, fractured like my pride.

But I didn't even get the chance to reach for them.

Before my hand could move, my mother's palm collided with the other side of my face.

The slap was twice as hard.

The blow sent me reeling, my knees giving way, and I collapsed onto the cold, unforgiving floor.

"You really are a fucking useless disappointment," my father spat, towering above me like I was nothing. "I can't believe I actually thought you'd be good enough—worthy enough—to become the wife of the next Sword Saint. What a fucking disgrace."

"And you let Johanne slip through your fingers?" my mother snarled, her sharp voice stabbing at my ears like shards of glass. She stood above me with a sneer, hands on her hips, eyes full of venom. "How the hell did she turn out to be a woman all this time? You didn't know anything about this?"

She snapped her eyes toward my father, demanding an answer.

"N-No, I didn't..." he stammered, avoiding her gaze.

Obviously lying.

But my mother waved it off with a scoff, like his incompetence was already a given.

"It doesn't matter," she hissed, turning her glare back on me. "What matters is that this woman failed. She failed the one task she had. I knew she was a disgrace, but even I didn't think she'd fuck it up this badly. This kind of failure sets a new record."

My cheek throbbed where her hand had landed.

I slowly brought my fingers to it, feeling the sting bloom like a bruise beneath the skin.

But honestly... I couldn't even feel much anymore.

Their words were just noise.

Painful, yes—but the kind of pain I had become numb to.

It was already done.

The damage was already there.

Nothing they said could undo it.

Nothing could make it worse than it already was.

Tomorrow, Johanne and I would be officially annulled.

Our marriage would be erased.

The church, bound by its laws, wouldn't allow two women to be married. That simple rule shattered everything.

Because of this, my father was now facing backlash—heavy political pressure.

Though not nearly as much as the Sword Saint, who bore the scandal's brunt.

"What the hell am I even supposed to do with you now?" my father sighed, disgust heavy in his voice.
"You're completely worthless."

"Even if the marriage is annulled, it doesn't erase the stain," my mother chimed in. "She's been married. That alone makes her damaged goods. Used up. No one wants someone like that."

I sat motionless, every word landing on me like a brick.

But they weren't done.

"There's still one option," my father muttered grimly.

"To marry her off to Earl Prisk," my mother said, as if it was the most obvious solution. "That old bastard is still hoarding wives like livestock. He doesn't care if she's been married before. In fact, I doubt he even remembers most of their names."

I felt my stomach twist into a cold knot.

I knew who Earl Prisk was. Everyone did.

A grotesque man rumored to have over fifty wives, most married off as a form of collateral damage—sacrifices from ruined families.

And now, I was to be one of them.

Honestly... maybe it was better than staying here in this house of cruelty and poison.

At least over there, I would only have to do one thing.

Spread my legs. Have sex with him. Let him use me. Just that.

Maybe that was better.

...No.

I was terrified.

No—fuck that—I was absolutely scared.

I didn't want this.

I didn't want to be sent to that place like some defective product being thrown away.

Someone... please...

Someone, save me.

I whispered that cry in my mind, silent and desperate, but deep down I already knew—

Like always, I wasn't going to get what I wanted.

Leon's POV

Johanne came running up to me, her breathing labored, chest rising and falling rapidly.

Sweat clung to her forehead, and she looked completely out of breath—as if she'd sprinted all the way just to get here.

We were all seated together—me, Titania, Tris, Yr... and even Isiliraiellyn had joined us for some reason.

Johanne's eyes locked onto mine. They were filled with urgency, panic laced beneath the surface.

"I'm sorry, Leon," she said, trying to steady her breath. "But can I ask for a moment of your time?"

Her eyes darted nervously to the others at the table.

"Is that okay with all of you?"

Titania smiled warmly, sensing the tension. "Sure."

I nodded and pushed myself up from my seat, following Johanne out of the cafeteria.

We stopped just around the corner, away from the others.

Once we were alone, her words came fast.

"Tris suddenly dropped out of the academy," she blurted.

"What?"

My mind stuttered, trying to process the words.

"Wait... she dropped out? Why?"

"I don't know exactly," she said, her tone quieting. "But if I had to guess..."

She let her voice fade, trailing into silence.

But I already knew what she was implying.

This had to be about the annulment.

"I've been calling her—trying over and over—but she's not answering," Johanne added, frustration tightening her voice. "I want to go to her estate. I wanted to tell you first."

"I'll come with you," I said firmly.

Her eyes widened. "Really?"

"Tris has helped you out so much, right? And honestly... she's kind of become a friend to me too. If she's in trouble, I will help her."

Tris might've been annoying sometimes—a full-blown fujoshi through and through—but deep down, she was a good person. A real friend. A good woman who didn't deserve any of this shit.

If she was in danger, if she needed someone...

Then I'd be the one to show up.

"Thank you," Johanne whispered.

And with that, we set out together toward the estate of Tris's family.

Toward whatever awaited us inside.

Chapter 727: Tris (2)

By the time we reached the estate, Johanne didn't hesitate for even a second.

Her feet moved with fierce purpose, each step loud against the gravel as she stormed toward the front gate like a bullet on a mission.

The guards stationed by the entrance tensed and immediately moved to block her path—but she didn't slow down.

Not even a glance.

She was burning with determination, her entire body radiating frustration and raw, anxious energy.

The only thing on her mind now... was Tris.

Just then, a voice barked from within the estate, sharp and commanding.

"What is going on here?"

The doors opened, and a man stepped out, his figure casting a long shadow on the ground.

He had a wide frame, the kind that came with years of indulgence, and his stomach pushed against the hem of his ornate coat.

His mustache was thick and perfectly groomed, sitting above lips twisted into a familiar, arrogant sneer.

Even without anyone telling you, you'd know at a glance—he was a noble.

"It's you, huh?" he muttered, eyeing Johanne with immediate disdain.

It was unmistakably Tris's father.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded coldly.

"I came here to ask something of Tris, my lord," Johanne replied, her voice calm but firm, like a blade kept sheathed.

Tris's father narrowed his eyes, his entire face tightening as suspicion twisted across his features. "Oh? And what exactly would that be?"

"I want to confirm something for myself," Johanne said, standing tall. "I want to speak to her... and hear from her directly why she suddenly left the academy."

"There's no reason other than failure, is there?" he responded dryly, brushing off her concern as if it were nothing more than dirt on his sleeve.

"Failure, you say?" Johanne's voice dropped, the anger beginning to bleed through. "What kind of failure would require her to abandon her education altogether?"

You could feel the tension rising with every breath she took.

She was trying to stay composed—but it was obvious she was one word away from snapping.

Tris's father sniffed disdainfully. "Failure to comply. Failure to meet expectations. That's all there is to it."

Johanne's jaw clenched so hard it looked like her teeth might crack under the pressure.

Her eyes shimmered, not with tears—but with sheer, simmering fury.

"I'll never understand it..." she murmured bitterly, her voice barely above a whisper. "Why do parents think they have the right to dictate the lives of their children? Why is it always them deciding how their children should live, instead of letting them choose for themselves?"

She exhaled hard, nostrils flaring. Her gaze sharpened into steel.

"My father forced me into becoming a man. I had no idea. I had no memory of it. For years, I lived a lie... and only now do I see the truth. And you? You're doing the same damn thing to Tris, your daughter, and forcing her down a path she never wanted."

Tris's father scowled, visibly agitated by Johanne's defiance. "That's the natural order of things. It's the right of parents. We bring them into this world—so their lives belong to us. It's only fair we use them as we see fit."

"So that's all they are to you? Tools to be used? That's pathetic." Johanne's tone turned venomous. "I didn't expect you to be this low, my lord. With all due respect, sure—you can try to steer your child's future. You can push. You can command. But someday, that control will slip through your fingers. Mark my words."

Tris's father stepped forward, his glare burning into her. "All of this could've been avoided if you had just stayed a man. Even knowing you were a woman—you should've kept it buried. Nothing would've changed. But instead, you let yourself be swayed. You gave in to your feelings. To that man."

He said it with such venom, it was almost like he was spitting the words.

"If you had stayed as a man, everything would have stayed normal. My daughter wouldn't be shipped off to be married to Earl Prisk."

"Earl Prisk?" Johanne breathed, as if the name had struck her like a hammer to the chest. Her eyes went wide in disbelief. "Did you just say she's being married off to Earl Prisk?!"

"She's useless to us now. She's already been married once. Whether it was consummated or not doesn't matter. She's tainted goods. A divorced woman. No man worth anything would marry her now."

Marriage customs in this world weren't just outdated—they were suffocating.

And what he said? That cruel, callous truth?

It mirrored a society where women were seen as commodities.

Once used, they were discarded.

If they weren't married off, they were pushed toward prostitution—or forced to live their lives alone.

Unwanted.

Most men here didn't want "used" women.

They were disgustingly choosy, putting virginity on a pedestal.

And that... was why I hated so many of them.

"At least Earl Prisk is willing to take her. He doesn't give a damn about purity, or marriage, or any of those things."

"You're evil," Johanne muttered through clenched teeth.

"Evil?" Tris's father scoffed. "No. I'm practical. Being good gets you nowhere. Now get the hell off my property—before I call the guards and have them toss you out."

There was no point staying any longer.

We turned and left the estate, the heavy iron gates slamming shut behind us.

Johanne walked ahead, fists clenched so tightly her nails dug into her palms.

Her shoulders were shaking—not with sadness—but with pure, unfiltered rage.

I understood completely.

I was furious too.

Hearing that Tris had been handed over to that sleazebag Earl Prisk... it made my stomach twist in disgust.

I knew that bastard all too well.

He was a perverted degenerate. Married women half his age, fathered dozens of children, and kept collecting more wives like trophies. He even groped and preyed on his maids.

Now Tris was trapped in that hellhole.

And we might never see her again.

If we did... it'd be a broken version of her. A ghost of the girl we knew. Gone would be the vibrant, cheerful fujoshi. What we'd see would be a lifeless puppet, robbed of her will.

"Damn it!!"

Johanne suddenly punched the stone wall beside her, and the sheer force of it sent deep cracks splintering through the masonry.

Even now, as a woman, her strength was terrifying.

Her knuckles bled, but she didn't even flinch.

"What do we do, Leon?" she asked, voice shaking, eyes burning with fury and desperation.

I stared at her for a moment, then answered without hesitation.

"What else?" I said quietly, but firmly. "We're going to bring her back."

Chapter 728: Tris (3)

Tris's POV

My mother and I made our way through the bustling capital, the sound of wheels clattering against cobblestone echoing beneath the carriage as we neared Earl Prisk's estate.

And from the moment we arrived—stepping past the gates and being greeted by the guards—I felt it.

Something was wrong.

The air was heavy. It was stifling.

And then, I saw them—lined up in plain view were countless maids, more than I'd ever seen gathered in one place.

But that wasn't what made me freeze.

No... it was what they were wearing—or rather, what they weren't.

Nothing but thin undergarments clung to their bodies, their skin bared and exposed to the open air like livestock waiting to be chosen.

They were practically naked, and yet...

They didn't flinch.

They didn't try to hide.

None of them looked remotely embarrassed.

If anything, they looked... vacant.

Hollow.

As if every trace of resistance, shame, or disgust had long since been wrung out of them.

It wasn't that they weren't bothered—it was that they had given up.

Maybe it was because they had lived in this wretched place for so long that they had been stripped of their ability to care.

Like whatever piece of them that once hated this was already dead.

No fire left to burn.

No disgust left to feel.

And I knew... I would be the same.

If I had to sleep with that man—if I had to lie beneath him and endure his disgusting hands on me—I'd probably be just as empty too.

And I would have to. That much was certain.

Because right now, my own mother was walking beside me, about to serve me up to him like a lamb on a platter.

"Ugh. I swear that man's fetish is completely out of control," she muttered, voice low but laced with irritation. "I can't believe someone like him can just do whatever he wants with women. Who does he think he is?"

She said that... yet here she was, willingly offering me to him.

Hypocrisy laced her every word, feeding the exact fetish she claimed to despise.

As we passed through the towering double doors of the estate, the first figure to greet us was a massive, bald-headed man.

He looked old—mid-fifties or maybe early sixties—with sunken eyes and a thick neck that oozed sweat even in still air.

This was a man that nobles would crawl to in desperation. When they had no other cards left to play, they offered him their daughters in exchange for favors.

And he accepted.

Not because he was generous, but because he loved the power—because he enjoyed owning women like property.

He would "marry" them, just enough to give the family face, then use them however he wanted.

His body was bloated, swollen with excess, like he had gorged himself on every vice known to man.

Not the kind of big that came from strength, but from overindulgence—like gluttony and sloth had fused into flesh.

His head was completely bald, and the yellowing of his teeth peeked through every time he grinned.

This... this was Earl Prisk.

The infamous beast of a man. The glutton for both food and women. A walking symbol of greed and perversion.

"Oh, hello there, Madam," he said, flashing a grotesque smile. His yellow teeth caught the light, making the sight even more revolting. "Is this your daughter? She's... quite plain, huh?"

"She doesn't groom herself that much," my mother replied with a forced chuckle. "But take off her glasses, slap on some makeup—trust me, she'll shine. I mean, I brought her into this world. And I'm quite the beauty myself."

He raised an eyebrow. "Well... I don't know about that," he said, shamelessly eyeing her up and down.

I saw the twitch in my mother's jaw, the subtle vein bulging at her temple, but she bit down on her pride and smiled through it.

"Well, in any case, she's a good one. Her marriage with the Sword Saint's daughter—er, son—wasn't consummated. Or so she claims. But even if it was, you're not the type to be picky, right?"

Earl Prisk extended his fat, sweaty hand toward me, brushing my bangs aside to get a better look at my face.

Every cell in my body screamed to recoil.

But I didn't.

I swallowed the bile in my throat and stood still.

"She's not bad," he murmured, licking his chapped lips and smacking them together. His eyes devoured me like I was a dish he couldn't wait to sink his rotten teeth into. "I'll take her."

"Good," my mother said, letting out a sigh of relief. "She's no use to us anymore, so I think she's better off with you."

"I'll take good care of her," he said, voice laced with malicious promise. "Thoroughly."

"Well then, I'll be going. This place has always given me the creeps, and I don't plan to stay longer than I need to. Goodbye."

"Hehehe~ Goodbye."

I stood there in stunned silence.

My nightmare was only just beginning.

He led me deeper into his home.

"Come on," he said, his grotesque arm slung over my shoulders like I was already his property. "We're just about ready for dinner. I want to introduce you to my other wives."

His arm was unbearably heavy.

And the stench that clung to him—his body odor—was thick, musky, and unbearable.

The kind of smell that didn't just linger in your nose but stuck to your skin.

As we walked, I couldn't take my eyes off the maids.

Still working.

Still in their undergarments.

Some were sweeping, others wiping down furniture, but every time Earl Prisk got close, they would freeze. Like statues. Then they'd lower their heads and bow in silence.

They didn't look at him.

They didn't even breathe too loudly.

This place was twisted.

Every corner oozed perversion. Every hallway felt corrupted.

Eventually, we arrived at what could only be described as a grand dining room.

A long, lavish table stretched across the space—and seated along it were women.

Unlike the maids, these women wore nothing at all.

Completely naked.

Their breasts were bared, their expressions empty. They sat motionless, eyes blank and devoid of life.

"Hello, my wives!" Earl Prisk boomed, voice echoing with sick pride. His triple chin jiggled with each word, the folds of his neck undulating like sacks of meat. "Meet my new wife!"

The women lifted their hands and began to clap.

The sound was dull.

Lifeless.

There was no excitement.

No welcome.

Only hollow obedience.

Like dolls forced to perform a scene they no longer had the will to understand.

Chapter 729: Tris (4)

Then, with a slow but deliberate motion, Earl Prisk raised his hand into the air—his thick fingers spread wide, commanding attention.

As if controlled by an invisible string, the entire hall instantly fell silent.

The clapping ceased almost immediately, as though someone had cut the sound with a blade.

But... one pair of hands kept going.

The faint echo of that last, late clap rang through the now-quiet space like a blasphemy.

Earl Prisk's eyelids fluttered shut, his jaw clenching tight.

"That could've been perfect..." he muttered through gritted teeth. "But someone just had to go and ruin everything."

His voice was calm, almost low, but seething with rage, like a storm pressing behind thin glass.

Then, his eyes snapped open, blazing with fury, filled with something primal and terrifying.

His gaze pierced through the crowd like a knife.

I didn't understand why he was so enraged.

But it was clear now that that single, out-of-sync clap had shattered whatever illusion of perfection he had created.

That one imperfection had tipped him over the edge.

"Marka!" he roared, his voice booming off the marble walls, the sheer volume flapping his lips as he bellowed her name like a curse.

"Yes, Lord Husband," came the immediate response from the woman responsible.

Her voice was meek and almost robotic.

She stood up without hesitation.

The moment she rose from her seat, her fully nude body was exposed to everyone.

Her skin gleamed faintly under the ambient light, completely unashamed or unaware of her own nakedness.

She walked forward toward Earl Prisk with the slow, quiet obedience of someone used to this sort of spectacle—someone long since stripped of resistance.

When she finally stood in front of him, she was so close that her bare skin nearly brushed against the mound of his bloated belly.

Earl Prisk stared down at her.

With one hand, he gently caressed her cheek.

But then—without warning—he pulled his hand away wide, winding it up.

Then came the slap.

It landed with a sickening CRACK—sharp, wet, and thunderous.

The force behind it was enough to send the woman tumbling to the ground, her legs folding underneath her like a puppet with cut strings.

The sound alone was brutal—like a whip crack echoing off the walls.

It felt like something in the air shattered right then, something unseen but fragile.

And yet... none of the women seated at the table moved.

Not a flinch. Not even a blink.

They sat there like statues, as if nothing had happened.

"I hate it when you do something like that," Earl Prisk growled, taking a heavy step toward Marka. "You know that, right? So why the hell did you do it?"

His voice rumbled through the room like thunder, each word dripping with disgust and disappointment.

"When I raise my hand to stop you from clapping, you stop. And just stop. You do it exactly how I want it. Not like what you just did!"

With no hesitation, he reached down and began striking her again.

Once. Twice. Then again.

His big, meaty hands came down with brutal force, slapping her across the face, her shoulders, anywhere he could reach.

Each hit landed with a wet, echoing smack.

But Marka... she didn't move.

She didn't scream. Didn't beg. Didn't even raise a hand to protect herself.

She just stayed there—motionless, empty-eyed.

It was like the pain couldn't even reach her anymore.

"I'll punish you later for being a bad girl," Earl Prisk muttered, his voice dripping with cruel promise.

"Yes, Lord Husband," Marka replied softly, as if the words were stitched into her tongue.

Despite the red welts forming on her skin, despite the tremble in her legs, she rose—on her own—back to her feet.

Wobbling. Unsteady. But she stood.

She didn't utter a single word of protest. Didn't so much as groan.

And the other women? They didn't even blink.

They just kept sitting, hands folded in their laps, staring ahead like none of this was strange.

Like this was part of a routine.

To them, this was normal.

Just another moment in the twisted rhythm of their lives.

That was all there was to it.

And I... I hated how this made me feel.

Watching them—all of them—accept it with blank stares, with hollow eyes... I felt sick.

Disgusted.

Even if they didn't feel a thing, they had surrendered to this reality.

And I knew deep down—I would become just like them soon enough.

"Hey, you," Earl Prisk suddenly said, snapping his eyes to me. "Why aren't you in your wife uniform yet?"

"E-Eh? U-Uniform?" I stammered, frozen in place.

He began walking toward me—slow, deliberate steps that made the floor creak.

My body stiffened.

Every instinct screamed at me to move. To run.

But I couldn't.

I just stood there, heart hammering, legs trembling, waiting for whatever was coming.

Then he reached me.

His thick hands clamped down on both of my shoulders.

"Can't you already see the uniform?" he sneered, gripping the fabric of my clothes with his stubby fingers.

And then—without hesitation—

"This is their uniform!"

He ripped my clothes apart.

The sound of tearing fabric filled the room. It was sudden. Violent.

Effortless.

He didn't even strain. It was like he was peeling wrapping paper off a gift.

Even my bra came undone in that one motion.

All of it—gone.

I let out a gasp and immediately raised my arms to cover my exposed chest.

"This is their uniform," he repeated. "It's the only thing you wear here as a wife. And when I say the only thing, I mean nothing."

He smirked, lips curling into a cruel, twisted grin.

"Don't cover yourself. Or I'll do to you what I did to her."

My arms shook.

But slowly, I lowered them—revealing my breasts to him.

"Good. Good," he said approvingly. "And what a fine pair of breasts you've got. Even if your face isn't appealing, your tits... they're something else," he chuckled darkly. "Perky. Firm. Not sagging at all. You've been taking real good care of them, haven't you?"

He reached out and started fondling them—grabbing and squeezing.

I couldn't even speak. My voice refused to come out.

"Huhuhu... I'm getting excited," he said with a twisted laugh. "My wives!"

"Yes, Lord Husband," they all responded in eerie unison.

"Prepare her for me," he ordered. "Clean her, groom her, and make her presentable for the ritual tonight. As for Marka... she needs punishment for that little indulgence earlier. I'm going to be thorough with her."

"Yes, Lord Husband."

Chapter 730: Tris (5)

"For now," he said, stepping back and licking his lips, "let's have dinner. And after that... we do it. Make sure she's properly prepared by then."

That was when it hit me—this place wasn't just hell.

It was only just beginning.

And there was nothing I could do.

For now, I had no choice.

I had to grin and bear it.

After dinner, the Earl's wives—naked and eerily graceful—gathered around me in silence.

Their movements were synchronized, almost ritualistic, as they gestured for me to follow.

Meanwhile, Earl Prisk had departed in the opposite direction, accompanied by another group of women.

Marka, the one he'd slapped earlier, was among them—walking as though nothing had happened.

The women around me moved without words, leading me through dim hallways lit only by faint, flickering lanterns embedded in the stone walls.

The path narrowed, then widened into a vast chamber ahead.

Steam curled thickly in the air like rolling fog, heat hanging in every breath I took.

It was humid, heavy... like the walls themselves were sweating.

It didn't take long to realize we were in a bathhouse.

A massive one.

Without speaking, they guided me toward the center, where warm pools and stools lined the marble floor.

"Sit, here," one of them instructed, her voice flat but soft.

"O-Okay..." I replied hesitantly, the heat already beginning to make me lightheaded.

I lowered myself onto the small wooden stool.

A moment later, warm water cascaded over my head and shoulders, pouring down my back in waves.

Their hands—delicate yet firm—moved with an almost mechanical grace, soaking and washing me.

Soap bubbled in their palms as they lathered me, their fingers trailing along my arms, over my chest, and down my legs.

"Our husband is a good man," one of the women murmured gently, her tone oddly serene as she massaged the soap into my skin. "What he did earlier... it's not typical of him. You don't need to worry that he's mad or anything."

"I see..." I murmured, the lie sitting on my tongue like ash.

I didn't believe her, and she knew it. We both knew she was lying.

Still, she kept going, lathering my body, her fingers gliding along my stomach and back, soft but emotionless.

"Our husband is good," she said again, more slowly this time. "As long as you're obedient. That's the rule in this household. If you disobey, expect a slap. Or worse."

"Right..." I nodded, voice hollow.

"You just have to grin and bear it, alright?" she said, looking into my eyes for the first time.

There was something behind her eyes. Not coldness... but resignation.

It was then I noticed them—faint scars crisscrossing her skin.

Faint lines and welts along her ribs, hips, thighs—places easy to miss if you weren't looking closely.

Earlier, I hadn't seen them.

But under this light, with steam clinging to her bare body, they stood out starkly.

Was she covering them up before? Using powder to hide the damage? Maybe. It made sense.

Earl Prisk didn't seem like the type to tolerate "imperfections."

He valued beauty.

Smooth, unmarred skin.

If he saw what he had done to her—what remained of her—he might discard her.

Or worse.

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked.

"I was his first wife," she said. "Well... not the first. But the only one still alive."

She looked distant, like she was remembering something buried deep.

"I wasn't the original. But I've stayed with him the longest."

"So why are you still here? Why do you put up with this?"

"My parents were farmers... they lived on his land. When he visited, he saw me. Chose me. We didn't have any power to stop him. No one did. And so... you can guess the rest."

I swallowed, feeling the sympathy rising up in my throat.

She had been stuck in this nightmare for so long... and hadn't even tried to escape?

"You're thinking it. Why I didn't leave," she said, reading the look on my face. "But truth is—I could. I've lived here more than seventeen years. I know how to get in and out."

Her voice grew quieter.

"But if I leave... the others won't survive. The women who keep getting sold into this place... if they don't have someone here to support them, they'll break. Completely."

She looked down at her hands for a moment. Scarred. Trembling just slightly.

"I stayed because I had to. Someone needed to be here. Someone needed to help them. That's all I can do."

Her words echoed in my mind.

It was her silent rebellion.

She stayed, not because she was weak—but because she had chosen to bear the suffering for the sake of the others.

"If I left... they'd all be lost."

I couldn't respond. I didn't know what to say.

My eyes dropped to the floor.

Then, she shifted the topic.

"Changing the subject for a bit... have you experienced it?"

"I was married once," I replied. "To a man. But it turned out he was a woman. So, our marriage was never consummated. I've never had any experience—not romantically, not sexually."

"I see..." she murmured.

There was a long pause.

"Then... let us prepare you."

"P-Prepare me?"

"Lord Husband... is rough. Especially with girls who have never done it before. If you go in there with no preparation, you'll only suffer more. So... let us help."

Their hands moved again—this time with intent.

They started fondling me.

Their fingers roamed over my breasts, slid down my stomach, brushed along my thighs.

Teasing. Stimulating. Warming me up.

They didn't bring me to orgasm. But I was right on the edge of it, and I was trembling.

Then they stopped.

"You're ready now," she said, her voice soft. "Please... go to the room in front of you."

I looked at her. Her eyes were calm, almost sad.

"Lord Husband is waiting for you."

I swallowed hard. My heart pounded.

This was it.

This was the edge of the pit—and I had no idea how deep it went or whether I'd ever crawl back out.